

BRENDA ZINE
For Teens, by Teens
Volume 9 Issue 1



Teen Choice Winner



Ashley Parker

My name is Ashley Parker. I am a high school senior, but I've been taking dual credit college classes. I am a member of the National Homeschool Honor Society. I plan to attend Eastern New Mexico University this fall, majoring in graphic design. I like history, art, reading, music, and working with kids. I love to draw anything that is happy, like flowers, houses, or banners. I'm also slightly obsessed with typography. My favorite pen brands are Sharpie and Micron. This is my fourth year submitting and being a part of the Blended Zine.

Schools

Farmington High School
Homeschool
Piedra Vista High School
Tibbetts Middle School

Staff:

Katherine Fisher
Pablo Viramontes

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Night on the Lawn

The Witness

Emotionless faces staring at me
Dagger-like eyes staring with every eye squint

My heart pounding deep within me.
Thoughts scrambling, mind racing
Calm breaths from those judging

Hot sweat rolling down the face and back, as well as the palms
Popping the knuckle Can't breathe Heart racing
Didn't do it! Wasn't me!

Lunch lingers in my mouth.
Pointless?

Cassandra Cresswell
Farmington High School
Poetry

Christina Meechan
Farmington High School
Photography

To Be or Not To Be

To be put in custody
To be convicted by a not guilty plea
Misdemeanor or felony looks like the life for me
Arrested and put in a penitentiary

Probation is a maybe
By the evidence they have
But the allegations says otherwise
According to the evidence she has
There is only innocence on the face you see

Larry Miller
Farmington High School
Poetry

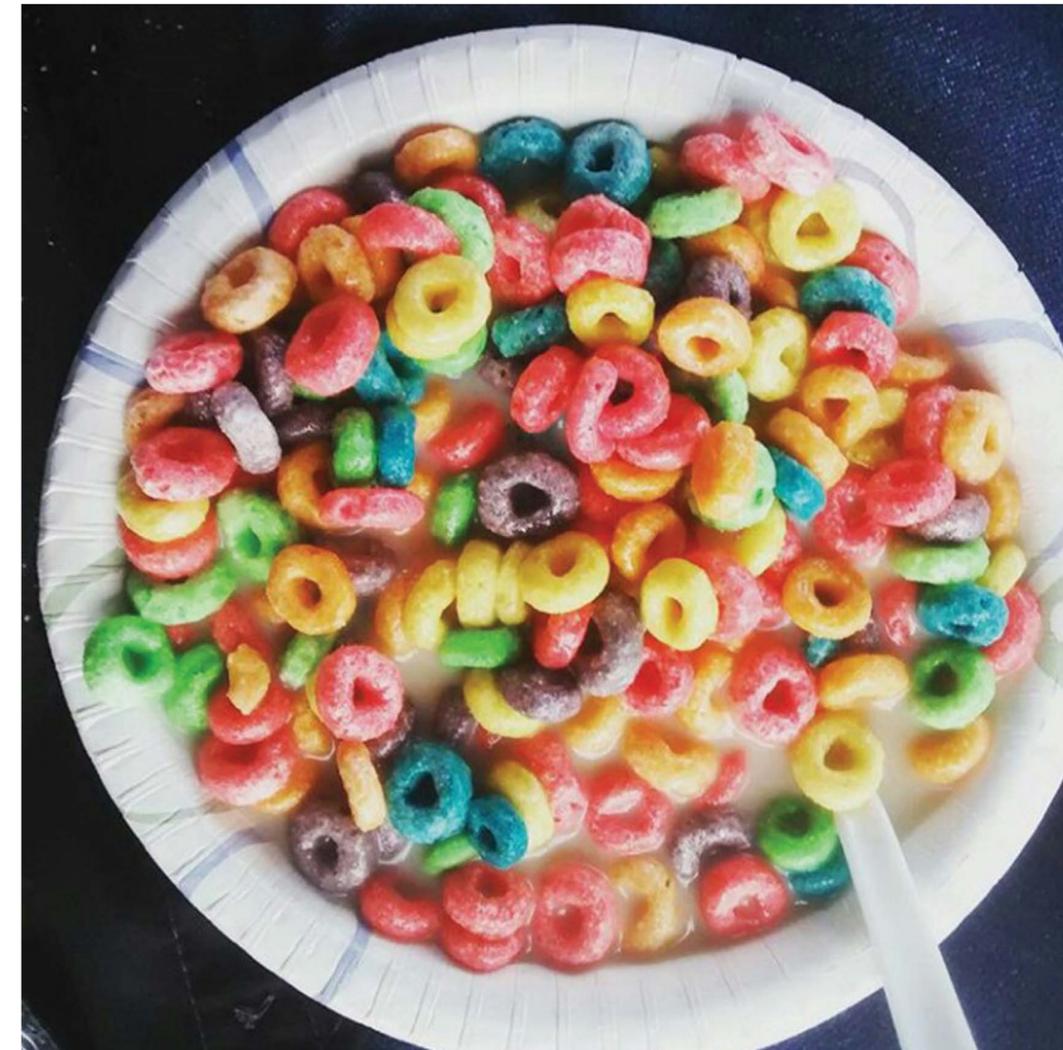
The jury deliberates and decides
A life sentence to be
Damages done in the defending
Please, Oh, help me for I am no longer free
For my lawyers were lacking

I could try to appeal
But my fate, they have already closed the deal
My bond is too high
Sentenced to sit in a room that is empty

Parole looks like a good thing
Too bad it's not happening
For me to be released
I have to be deceased

Chat Échaudé Craint L'eau froide

Wyatt Walls
Farmington High School
Photography





Interstellar

Yasmine Jahangiri
Farmington High School
Sharpie Markers

The Verdict

A single drop of sweat rolls off my brow
As I question if it was good enough.
Did it convince them?
Was my innocent client to walk away a free man?
My palms are clammy,
As the jury walks in once more.
I see the look on his face
As we both already knew...
His life hangs in the balance.
Although I try to remain calm,
My heart pounds right out of my chest.
I could only imagine how he feels.
The horrendous two week trial
All comes down to right now.
Silent was the room,
But for only a brief moment.
The talk dies down to small whispers,
As we all rise to hear...
The verdict

Joseph Garcia
Farmington High School
Poetry

Sunset

Kaitlyn Thompson
Farmington High School
Photography



The Witness

I saw everything
 They come to me for answers
 They ask questions, way too many questions
 I hate this
 The man who killed her is guilty, he killed her
 Why are they coming to me for this
 I do not want to go over that memory again, it's too painful
 I play it over and over again in my mind
 Once it stops, they start asking questions again
 It starts all over again
 Why are they asking me all of this, can't someone else answer
 Why make me go through that memory
 Why make me replay that day of the poor innocent girl
 Why me

Nicholas Garrison
 Farmington High School
 Poetry



Untitled

Mariah Shelby
 Piedra Vista High School
 Pencil



still Day Beneath the Snow

Pablo Viramontes
 Piedra Vista High School
 Photography

Did Someone Say

Squirrel?

Mariah Romero
 Farmington High School
 Photography



Dog

Dillon Nakai
 Homeschool
 Pencil



Leap of faith

Mariah Vargas
Farmington High School
Photography

Endurance

Kody Becenti
Farmington High School
Photography

Contacts

The eyes are the gateway to the soul
But people use contacts to see clearly
But these contacts can distort their personality

Maybe they're blue, but they want you to see brown
Or maybe the grass is greener on the other side
So that's what you see
Instead of what they're trying to hide

But what they're hiding
Is them clear and true
Without it
They would be no different than you

Maybe I'm right
Maybe I'm wrong
Maybe they're just trying to sleep happy at night

They say they are only improving themselves
So say the convicts when they get out of jail
Is that why most of them go back in their cell

All I'm trying to say is people act fake
You can only act so much until you meet fate
You are still here buried deep inside
So far down, under all of the lies

Just be you
Who else better to be
If people don't like you for being you
They aren't going to like anything that you do

The only person you need to impress
Is the person who you will always have to live with
I'm talking about you

Kazhia Small
Farmington High School
Poetry



Invisibility

Paige Nakai
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

Music on
World off
Nothing matters
Other than me
And the melody
I'm relaxed
No rules
Just me and the music
Whether it's sad
Happy
Or messed up
It seems to all come together
All of the puzzle pieces fit
That one moment
I feel invisible



The True Star of the Show

Steven Simkins
Farmington High School
Graphite & Colored Pencil



Steampunk Stratocaster

Noah Manz
Farmington High School
Wood, Copper & Brass



Untitled
Veeny Revilla
Farmington High School
Mixed Media



KATABATIC ATTACK

I came,
 For a chance to complete a first ascent in this other worldly frontier
 But the wind fights me at every stage
 What would happen if they return?
 They tumble through space before they hit the surface with a crackle of dust
 For the next three days I make steady progress
 A sudden burst of Katabatics strike!
 A sudden downdraft surges past me
 I make my first tentative moves on the rock face
 I must reach the top!
 The time is now! With any luck I could reach the summit soon
 My new home is a nook inches from the void
 The howling winds return, I fall!
 I swallow my doubts and let the winds lead me over a bulge and across an improbable slab
 The wind can take you prisoner, or it can set you free
 I turn once more and savor the silence

Thomas Weaver
 Farmington High School
 Poetry

Kaleidoscope

Dennis Gutierrez
 Farmington High School
 Digital Media

Untitled

Tivekon Nameno
 Farmington High School
 Digital Media

Death Row

Sitting here... Awaiting death...
 Remembering.
 Life before prison.
 Laughs, Love, Hugs, Kisses.
 Never to experience these again. . .
 Just one more chance.
 That's all. . .
 A pill? Lethal Injection? Or perhaps electrocution?
 Hmm.. Tough decision, Ain't it?
 The agony of waiting. . .
 Will it be done today? Tomorrow? Next month? When?
 Tired of waiting. . .
 Let it be done and over with. . .

Katelyn Tyler
 Farmington High School
 Poetry





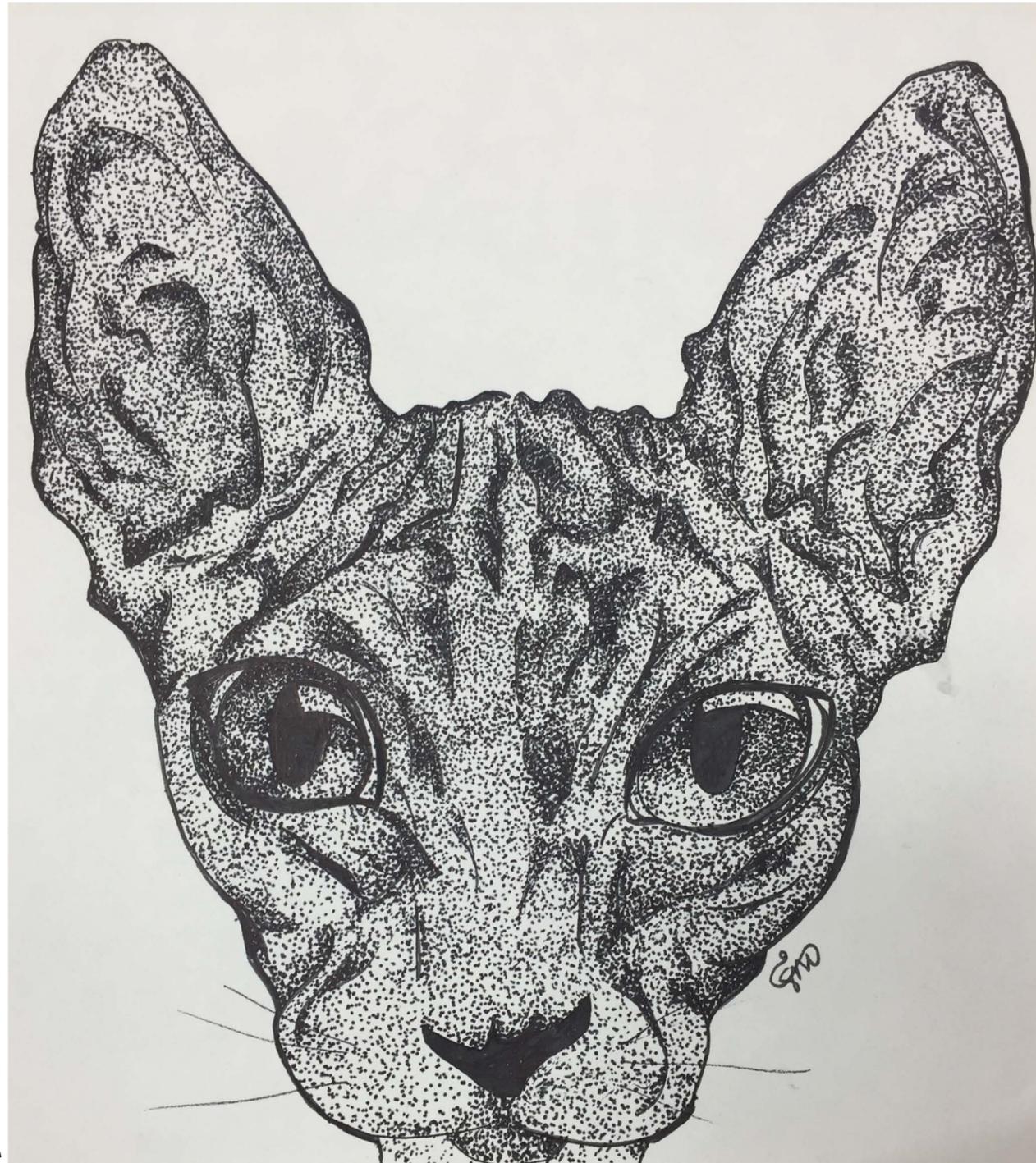
Roadtrip

Grace Sartin
Piedra Vista High School
Photography

3.1

Gun goes off,
Runners start to fly
Across the green
From Point A to Point B
The person ahead is just in reach
Past one more wannabe runner
From the top of the hill
I see the finish line
Hopefully there will be someone with water

Solomon Johnson
Farmington High School
Poetry



Untitled
Sam Mayo
Farmington High School
Ink



The Victim

Ashley Pruitt
Farmington High School
Poetry

Will I live?
Was it worth it?

Doing the family thing
Celebrating my son's tenth birthday

He walked with a limp
He entered with a grin

Not knowing the pain
Not know what was happening

My son screaming and angry
Sadness filled the room

Red covering the floor
I could not speak

I could feel the cold
I could see a bright light

Scent of gunpowder
Smelling fear all around the room

Will I live?
Was it worth it?

Love / Racecar

Jonathan Martinez
Farmington High School
Photography



The Prison Bus

A sorrowful dark, rainy day
Lingering smells of cheap tobacco
Spew out from a guard's Marlboro cigarette

Nearby men cry intensely
As their childhood dreams
Are crushed by the knowledge
That utter desolation awaits them

Cold steel agitates wrists
Already stained with blood

The bus comes to a screeching stop
Guards ferociously scream at the condemned
To exit the gloomy hell that is
The Prison Bus.

Mark Lillie
Farmington High School
Poetry

1942

Caleb Lybrook
Farmington High School
Photography

Victory

It feels like being out in the middle of the ocean
Using every ounce of energy just to keep your head above the water.
I hate what I've become
I can't sleep, is it too late?
I'm being crushed by my thoughts,
But it wasn't me
Brutally has the time treated me.
Day by day, night after night
I'm alone.
I'm feeling everything but I feel so empty.
I'm the kid with the story no one believes.
He utters a cry from the depths of his soul
"Oh Lord, I wanna go home"
I've lost all control.
I believe in a God who won't believe in me.
Why won't this pain go away
I'm not waiting on a happy ending
I'm just waiting for the end.
I'm here.
My mind is wandering in a million different ways,
I can't concentrate
I wanna scream, my eyes are screaming out help
I'm not going to make a sound.
The world taught me hate when I deserved joy.
They let me go.
I'm free. I did it. I won.
But if they only knew
It was me.

Camrey Brock
Farmington High School
Poetry

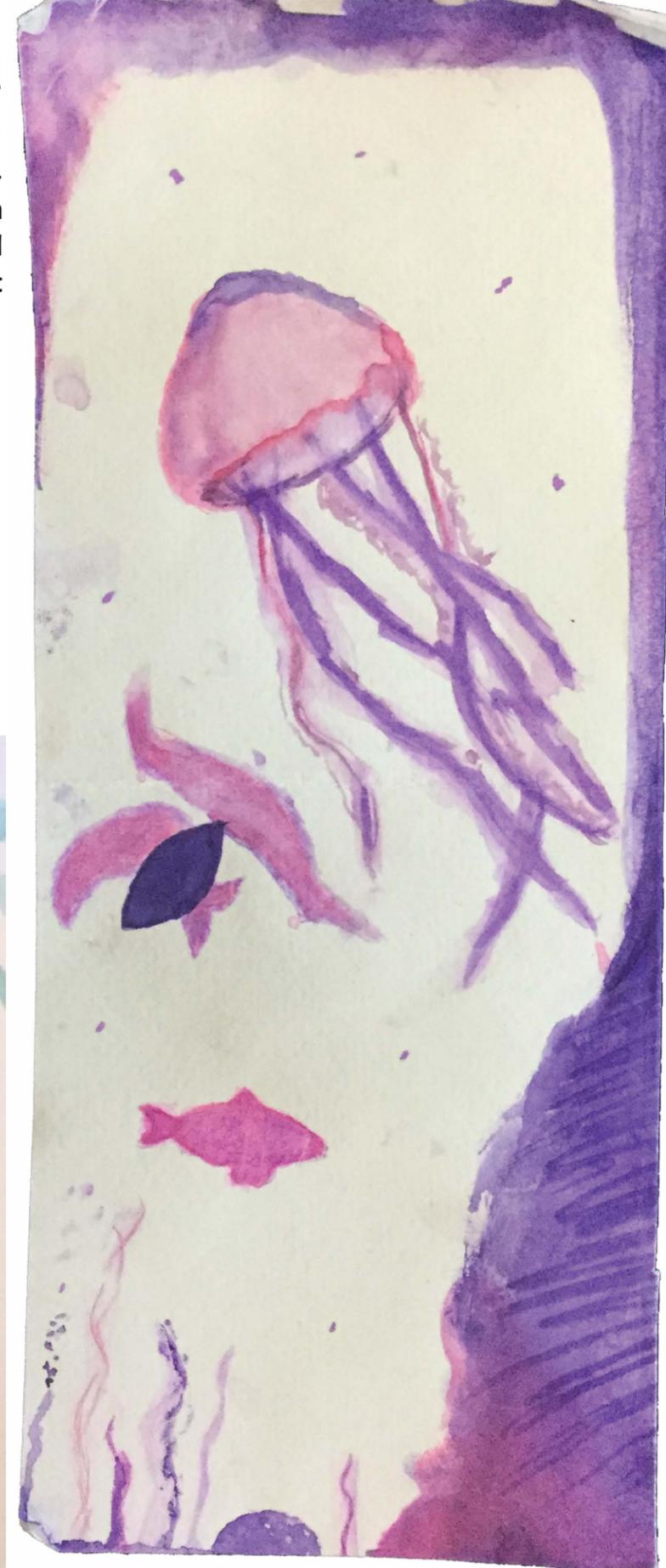


Purple Underworld

Ariel Simpson
Tibbetts Middle School
Acrylic

The Squid

Louise Williamson
Tibbetts Middle School
Water Color



Mountain Days

Bryce Washburn
Farmington High School
Photography



Silhouette

Hope McKinnon
Farmington High School
Photography



“Push to Call”

Emily Montoya
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

The button on the wall says above it
“Push to Call.” There is a bottle cap
On top of that button.

The cap on top is very important. I forget, why but
I will always think about and know that it’s important.
When I needed help I pushed that button. I don’t
Always push to call but when I do a lot. When you answer
Everything is better, when you talk and give advice everything
Changes. When I hear your voice my thoughts clear.
That’s why I push to call

“At Least You’re Not Petroleum”

Julian Moore
Piedra Vista High School
Essay

It had just been another boring day at school, listening to another lecture, just as attentive as you’d expect from a sophomore in high school. My mind started to drift as I had no interest in figuring out why on Earth some kid named Jimmy—from the textbook—would want to purchase five hundred watermelons to put in his room, thus, disrupting the magnetic polarity of earth, sending us into a downward spiral within our universe, creating a time warp that would eventually change the mass of all whales on the planet, and why “X” equals negative potato. I mean I know that’s an equation I’m definitely going to use in the “real world,” but I still found no interest. So, I started to bore through the textbook for something to occupy my time and eventually found a small paragraph describing how “re-animating extinct organisms is on the rise thanks to new technology.” So, being curious, I started researching and exploring the confines of certain government websites and found a laboratory nearby that was conducting experimental trials of said “re-animation.”

The next day, I made my way to the laboratory, and used one of the IDs that was hanging on a coat, seemingly abandoned outside the main office. I used the ID to get past the security, obviously lacking the type of excitement that their job description promised so much of. I tried to stay as inconspicuous as possible. After exploring for ten minutes, I found a lab door that had been left open and lead to an empty white room containing a large needle-like machine hanging from the ceiling and what seemed to be a piece of biological material on a table underneath it. I approached the table slowly, examining the room that I had assumed was an examination chamber of some sort. Once close enough, I saw that the piece of biological material had in fact been a scaled, rough piece of skin, almost resembling that of a snake or lizard. As I reached out to touch it and examine it closer, a large vibration filled the room and the doors behind me closed! The noise emanated louder and louder until finally my ears rang and I slowly started to lose consciousness from the vibration. I leaned against the table touching the skin, as I looked up, only to be greeted by a green light that illuminated the mass of the room and blinded me for what seemed like hours.

When I finally awoke from what seemed like some sort of hyper-sleep, I could only see blurred splotches around me that I had assumed were police or security—for I thought I had tripped an alarm of some sort. When my vision finally cleared, I realized that these men were not police but what appeared to be scientists in white lab coats. When I stood up, I towered over the men as they all backed away slowly and started to yell; I thought they were scorning me for something when I realized they were afraid. I looked down to see if they had confiscated the ID— I couldn’t help but roar! Yeah, not yell—not scream—not shriek in terror—but roar! I had turned into a velociraptor!

Most people would have been afraid or somewhat angered by this, but for me, this was great! I started to think about all the things I could do for people now that I was a used-to-be extinct species of dinosaur. Now, that I was a raptor, I could help people be happy when they were having a bad day... I could go home and walk into the kitchen and ask my Mom if she wanted help making toast and why we don’t call toasters “tanning breads.” I would laugh and she would scream and throw pots and pans at me until, eventually, I didn’t want toast anymore.

...Continued on page 24

Then, I started thinking of even more possibilities! Like the next day I could go to English class and ask “Hey guys? What’s Mrs. Ormond’s favorite kind of dinosaur?” As everyone ran away and started hiding underneath desks, I would announce the answer, “A Thesaurus” and laugh and proceed to try and make other people’s days better. At this point, I had become tired from thinking so much and wanted something to eat; so, as I entered the usual pizzeria I noticed a new employee and asked the cashier who she was because I had never seen “herbivore”!

My hunger began to get the best of me and I was on a strict “no human diet,” so I proceeded to order more than I should have; I ordered the all time favorite meteorite pizza with “triceratoppings,” and “ostrich wings” with extra hot lava sauce.

After eating for a while, I decided to embark on another adventure to see if anyone else needed my help. Eventually, I heard a radio broadcast announcing that we were on the verge of war, so I headed down to the nearest recruitment base and asked the commanding officer what I could do. He looked around his office and was unsure of the next move to make, as if he would lose every pawn he had whilst playing chess, if he made just one wrong move. He turned around slowly and said, “Well son... Jurassic times call for Jurassic measures,” as he pressed a giant red button on his desk and looked out his window. I expected to see a large nuclear blast in the distance, but instead, his office filled with colorful confetti and he handed me a balloon that said, “You passed!” Apparently, my whole experience was a test to see which citizens were truly patriotic.

Finally, after a long day of running around, I came home and texted my girl, telling her how much of a “hot messosaurus” she is, and proceeded downstairs into the living room. I was going towards the TV stand to get a movie before bed and wound up bashing my claws into the side of the couch! The couch flew backward and had a giant hole in it, and I roared out like a “tyrannochorus” before finally retiring to my bed. I thought quietly to myself about all the accomplishments of the day and how becoming a Velociraptor wasn’t really a bad thing. I thought to myself, “ I mean, how bad could it be, right? At least you’re not petroleum...”



Money Smiles

Brandon Whittington
Farmington High School
Photography

My Violin

I sit and face the pain. It hurts. I can’t move. “I can’t take this anymore.” I whisper to myself. I run my mind off and raise it up. As darkness closes around me, I feel a slight sting. The sting feels amazing but it’s not the best. I push through the good part. Once I get over the sting, that’s when it’s worth it. That’s what I live for. It all goes dark. The pain is gone. I’m almost there. It all comes back. It’s like a kaleidoscope of memories. And then, oh then. The darkness goes darker but it’s the brightest thing I’ve ever seen. It’s blinding. But it doesn’t blind me. The only thing that is blinded is my soul. My feelings. I’m numb. I’m numb to everything.

My violin.

My one true love.

A block of wood that I treat like my child.

With it,

I feel no pain. I feel nothing. And nothing could be better. I couldn’t wish to be anywhere else. Nowhere else could make me so numb and happy. Not anybody, not any season, nothing.

Cyla Holiday
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

Untitled 17

The tick of the clock,
That rings down the bell.
Everyday movements, continuous,
Precise, predictable.
Waiting for the day,
To see the gracious blue sky again.
This empty room, filled with a dark void.
That continues to
Fill my consciousness.
Seeing no meaning of life nor death.
Such agony that has transpired,
Through a small deed.
Life outside this temple,
What is there for me?

Skyler Charley
Farmington High School
Poetry



Flower

Reina Cotie
Farmington High School
Photography

Sunning

Rain

When it rains
Does it ever shine?

Of course,
You know the
Clouds can cry.

Yeah, but the
Sun also shines.

That's a beautiful
Moment you know

When happy
And sad collide.

Kylie Heard
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

Samantha Hank
Farmington High School
Poetry

Gunshots and screams piercing
Through the air from that fateful day

Horrible thoughts about what really happened
Will there ever be justice

As if their beating hearts have been torn out of their chests
Replaced with a ticking time bomb

Distraught

Transition

Matt Hewey
Farmington High School
Photography



A Flowery Philosophy

When I was in middle school, I wore a flower in my hair every day. Like the kind designed to be worn for that purpose, with clips and embellishments. I had them in all shapes and sizes. I had little flowers, big flowers, green flowers, black flowers, flowers that existed, and flowers that were generated from the imagination.

However, nobody else wore flowers. I stood out. I was alright with that. I matched them to my outfit with pride, threw my hair over my shoulder, and swung along to the beat of my own drum. But other people didn't appreciate my behavior. I got sideward glances and snickers casted my way in the school halls. Yet, I still choose to wear my flowers, for I truly loved them.

My friends would ask me, "Why do you wear those? Aren't they childish?" I said "no" every single time. I defended myself, defended my flowers. I did this for nearly two years.

Throughout the duration of these years, I gained new flowers, lost some, broke some, but always maintained my collection and practice of wearing them. But my resolve to wear my flowers was weakened continuously. The attack on them never stopped. My mom would often say, "You know Hannah, you really need to ditch the flower look. Does anyone else have them?" I would shake my head no, and place a protective hand to the cover the object she was suggesting I leave behind. "One day, you'll look back on photos and realize that I'm right. You'll thank me. You'll wish you'd listened sooner."

I was told from many that I should just get rid of them, because in a sense, they weren't normal. Box them up and let them go. Take them to a donations bin. Be normal, no more flowers. And after all that time, my resolve for my flowers broke. I didn't want to be different from all the other cliché Instagram girls anymore. I understood what the people were saying to me. So I decided to listen.

And I gave my flowers away.

Hannah Herring
Farmington High School
Essay

The Victim's Family

Salty tears rolling down the faces of the family
Into their mouths as they give their testimony

Hints of mental impairment as the accused gives his speech
About it being an accident

Images of the last time
With their now dead family member



Untitled
Alec Garcia
Farmington High School
Photography

Death Row

The needle they are preparing
Soon to be injected into my arm
Asking what I want for my last meal
My last meal, I can't believe this
Sweaty lips.

So nervous

So salty

The smell of steak and lobster

They have prepared for me

Is just amazing

The needle piercing

Into my arm slowly

But I know what is happening

My final thoughts slipping away

My family

My friends

My everything

Is gone now

Garrett Black
Farmington High School
Poetry

Confined

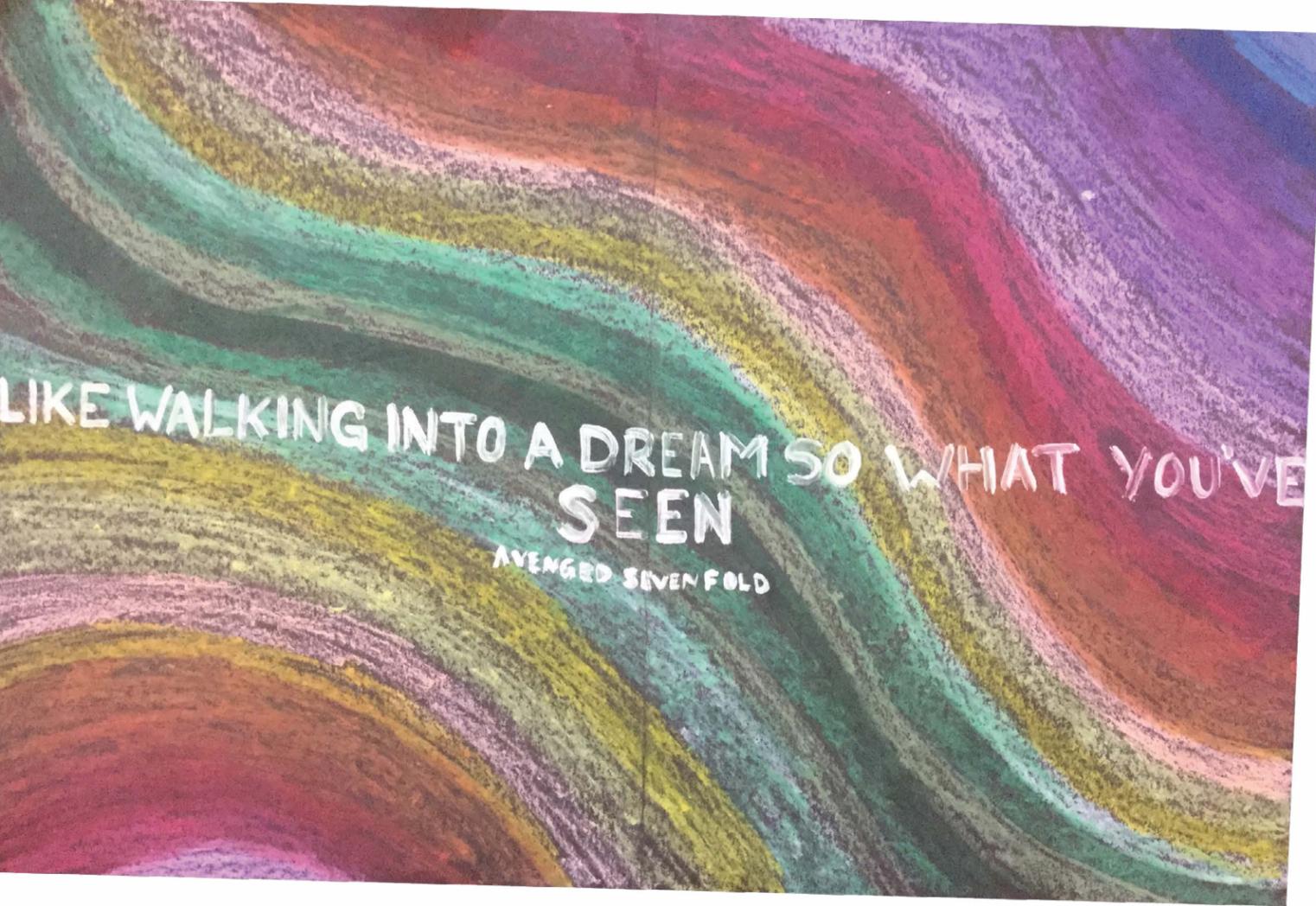
Years have been blank walls,
And Rough patches on my skin.
I've lost my grip on sanity,
Overpowered by my sins

Confined and empty minded,
I feel as though I'm trapped.
Boarded up; enclosed in silence,
How will I adapt?

Vacantly brained,
Meaningless stares,
Movement's now a rarity
Include me in your prayers

Prickly paints and unwashed sheets,
My spirit is distressed
It's hard to watch my final years
Fall bland and colorless

Hannah Brewer
Farmington High School
Poetry



Life is Taking Us Too far

Kiara Quezada
Tibbetts Middle School
Paint

The Letter I never Sent

Karen Tarango
Tibbetts Middle School
Poetry

The letter I never sent... how I wish I would have sent that letter. It contained an important message that was meant to be delivered. I was too embarrassed, too dumb, too naïve. What if someone else opened it up before the intended person had the chance to? All those secrets locked up in one place. There is no way I could have known what would happen. I wish now, I could go back to that day. It would have changed that outcome. Now, every day of my life, I will be with this feeling of guilty and grief. I never knew it would have saved his life. How his parents would have thanked it. How vacuous I was, not thinking of that outcome. I'm so sorry...I didn't send that letter.



Denuo2ula

Ashley Parker
Homeschool
Ink & Watercolor



Stencil Project

Rachel Kimber
Farmington High School
Paint

3rd Place



Ashley Parker
Homeschool
Sharpie



Rat Race

Caleb Lybrook
Farmington High School
Photography



Teen Choice Winners
Selected through Facebook Voting

Reimagined

Cover Art for
Classic Books

Teen Artists Wanted!

Teen Zone is celebrating a 50x50 event by participating in Recovering the Classics to showcase 50 classic book covers, designed by the teens from San Juan County.



- Select one of great books in the public domain to reimagine covers for the well known classics
- Design your cover, on your laptop or visit the Teen Zone to use one of ours
- Join us at one design-a-thons scheduled for Thursdays from 3-6pm.

Classic Book Cover Art will run on the flat screens at the Farmington Public Library. The art will be made into a poster and displayed at the Farmington Downtown Art Walks.
#ReadFarmington #recoveringtheclassics

Ongoing submissions accepted through December 31, 2016. All submitted works that follow guidelines will be considered.

- Artists must be between the ages of 13 and 19.
- Signed release form is required.
- Book must be in the Public Domain
- All pieces must be submitted digitally in .pdf, .png, or .psd format.
- Work may be submitted in the following formats:
- High-quality digital reproduction, 300 dpi or higher.
- High-quality email attachment
- On a flash drive

Submit work & completed release form to:

Farmington Public Library Teen Zone
2101 Farmington Ave.
Farmington, NM 87401

Email: teenzone@infoway.org

Artist Name (First & Last): _____

Mailing Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone #: _____ Date of Birth: _____

Email Address: _____ School: _____

Book Title: _____

Book Author: _____

I hereby certify that the work submitted was designed by me and the cover is for a book in the Public Domain. I have read and agree to the submission guidelines.

Signature of teen: _____ Date: _____

I hereby grant to use the participant's name, creative works, and visual images at the Farmington Public Library, Downtown Art Walks, for documentary or media coverage, and for promotion of other Farmington Public Library and Local Art Events without recourse.

Signature of Parent (if participant under 18): _____ Date: _____

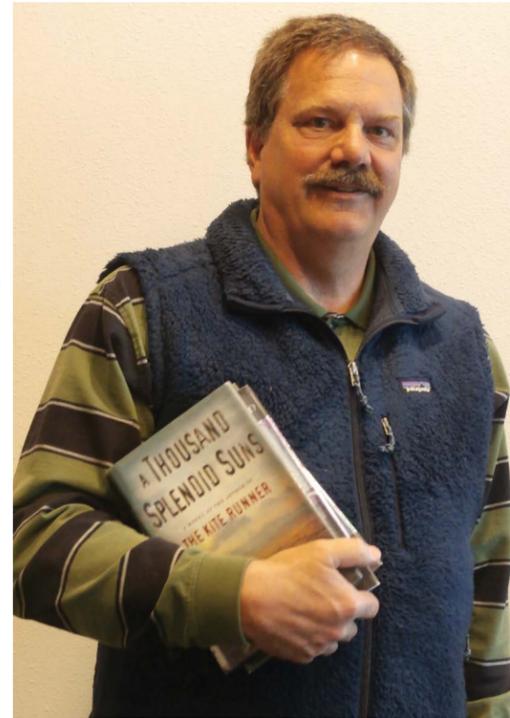
Teacher Recognition

To date, Mr. Pavlik's classes have submitted the most pieces to Blended Zine. Thank you for encouraging your students and supporting the teens on San Juan County!

Mark Pavlik

Many thanks to the Farmington Public Library for reaching out to the youth of our community and providing relevant venues by which to express thought, creativity, and involvement. Blended Zine is another classic example!

Family, faith, service, traveling, the outdoors, and embracing new experiences have defined who I am. In my 28 years as a teacher in Catholic schools, Dept. of Defense Schools in Europe, BIA schools on the Navajo Reservation, and now the public schools of Farmington, I have sought to inspire thought and creativity through literature, writing, discussion, and real world experiences: riding a German Strassenbahn to the Heidelberg Schloss; setting a stone on the Long Walk Memorial at Bosque Redondo; reading Rudolfo Anaya's Serafina's Stories; Pancakes & Poetry or writing poetry along the banks of the Animas River. Encouraging students to think, tapping into their creativity, and then having to engage in some type of communication is what it's all about. Albert Einstein had it right when he said, "Imagination is more important than knowledge." Some of my catch phrases capture who I am and who I encourage my students to be: Work hard, play hard; Think big, dream big; Imagine what's possible.



Thank you, Farmington Public Library!

Blended Zine would like to thank the following for their continued support of San Juan County artists:



www.facebook.com/BlendedZine

