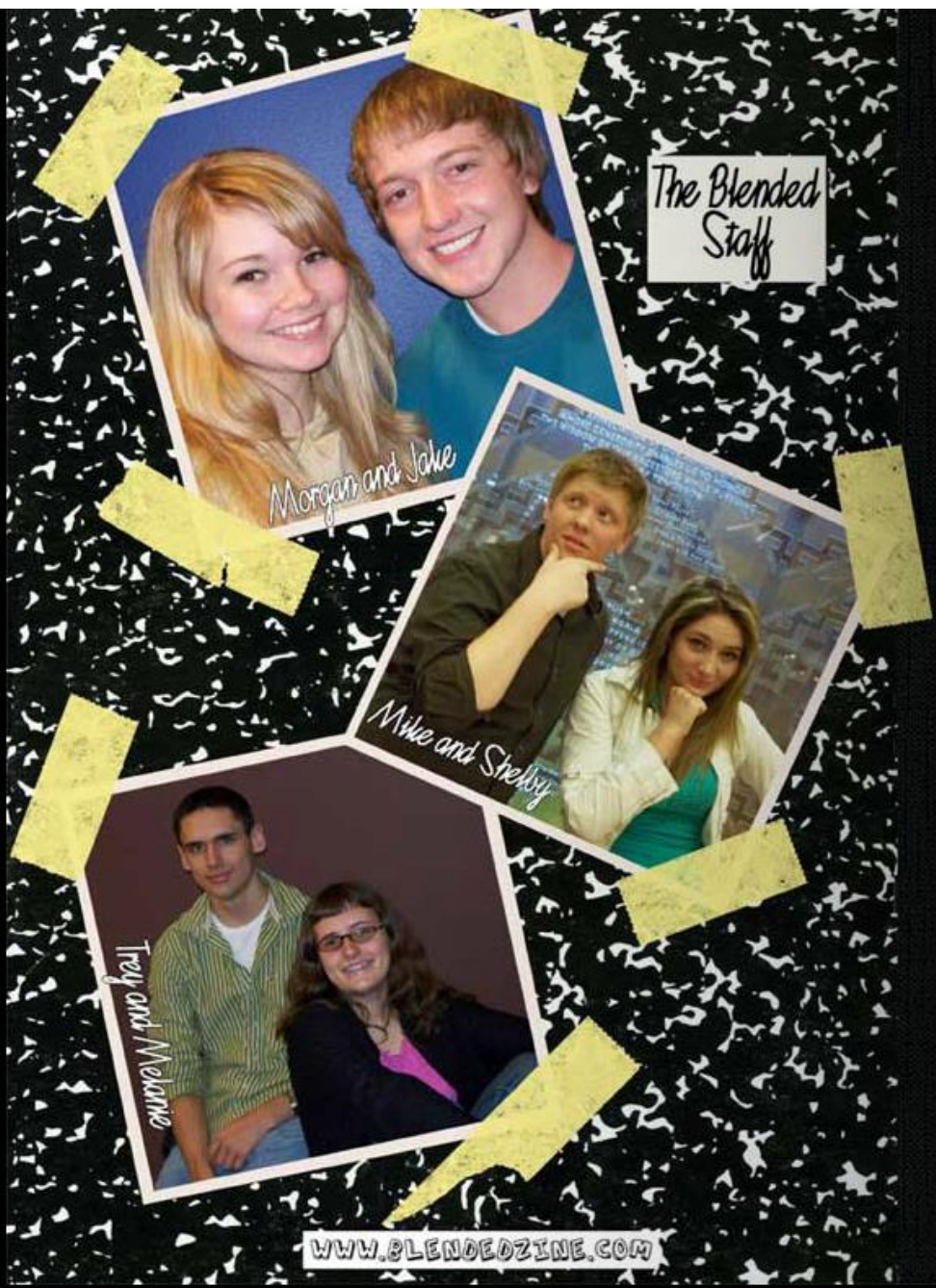


BLENDED A ZINE

For Teens  By Teens
Vol. 1, Issue 1 January 2008



The Blended Staff

Morgan and Jake

Mike and Shelby

Trey and Melane

This is the first issue of *Blended*, the art and literary zine of San Juan County created for teens by teens. We asked teens ages 13 to 19 to submit their art and writing for publication in this revolutionary new medium for expression. *Blended* represents the uniquely blended, yet diverse cultures of our area through the eyes of teens.

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6



17



5

BLENDED STAFF

Morgan McPheeters, Editor (Senior, PVHS)
 Jake Mayfield (Junior, FHS)
 Melanie Leeson (Freshman, SJC)
 Trey Saddler (Junior, Homeschooled)
 Mike Winer (Junior, PVHS)
 Shelby Reese (Senior, PVHS)

Be sure to check out page 31 for info on how YOU can get your work published in the May 2008 issue of *Blended*.

Cover design by Jake Mayfield and Morgan McPheeters

fundamental



Suzi Lawing,
17, Drawing

THE STA

Mike Winer,
17, Photography



You were the one to help me
To tell me what to do
You just seemed to know the key.
Life was better there with you.

you

Come home, come home now, that's all
Life is going down the drain.
It's like I'm ready to fall,
Come and save me from the rain.

promised

I'll try, that's all I can do,
To continue life this hour
Everyday to make a new,
And not jump off this tower.

Laurel B.,

17, Poetry

I
R
W
E
L
L



Marianna Kleiner,
17, Photographic
Manipulation

summer
night

MY LOVE

Riccie Shipley,

17, Poetry

So sweet the comfort you giveth to me
In my time of loneliness and sadness
You are always there to fill my tummy
On the shelf, in the fridge I find gladness

When I need a friend you are always there
A shoulder for me to lean and cry on
Your salty sweet flavor tells me you care
When I'm with you food, all troubles are gone

I meet with you three or more times a day
When we meet I'm distracted by flavor
I feel so carefree I want you to stay
Your filling tastes forever to savor

But if we keep meeting I know you'll kill me
A heart attack caused by obesity

Somsee'rae Sells, 17, Painting



max



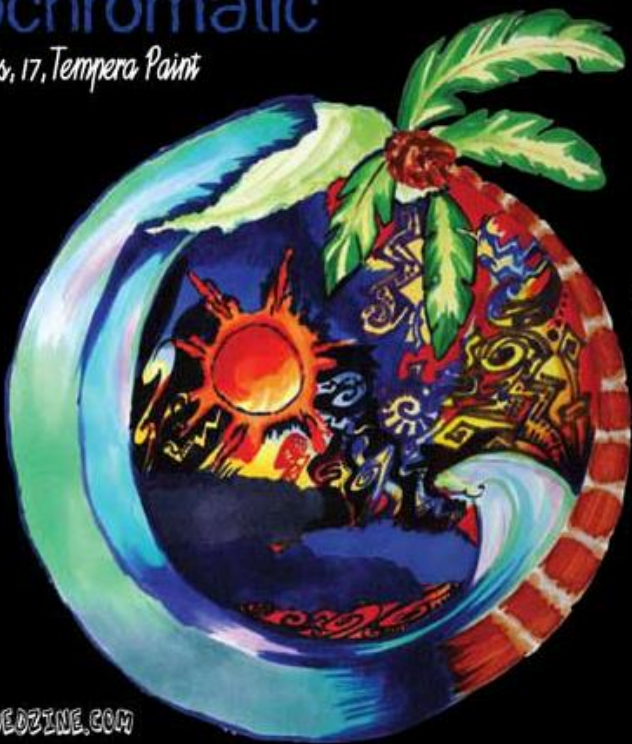
monochromatic

Sonsee'rae Sells, 17, Tempera Paint

line girl



Sonsee'rae Sells,
17, Sketch



circle of life

Suzi Lawing,
17, Drawing

ramone

Erin Delwenthal, 17, Photography



oh, the places you'll go

Jamie Chavez,
17, Photography



SECOND LINE

*Morgan McPheeters,
17, Photography*

HERE I AM

*Jake Mayfield,
17, Poetry*

I am here.
You are there.
Thinking as we are twirled,
through the vastness of space,
By our world.

With these thoughts flowing,
the world is slowing,
but still I cannot know
the course I will choose
without any knowledge of where here will be to show.

Where will we go?
can we change where fate will flow?
So don't think of the aftermath.
To make our lives complete,
each of us must shape our own path.

I must inquire,
does it also set you on fire
to ponder the distance
from here a moment ago
to that place's current existence?

You feel like you're enclosed,
Your voice reaching its highest point,
Its sound blocked from the ears,
You just want to cry out loud.

FROM

Tears, anger, and sorrow run in the mind of you and you only,
To get away from your tormenting scars, something runs through your path,
A sign of death, sadness, and anger warns you,
"One time" you say, can kill many.

DEEP

Finally, your wishes come true,
They finally notice you now, somewhere you can't tell,
Suffering from the destruction of the outside, but now your inside,
Tears hit it hard, mom and dad stopped, your picture in their room.
The pain and happiness of your years, gone...
One time, all you hear, hearing in your soul, heart, and mind,
The words that enlighten you as you sleep...
"I love you"

WOUND

SCARS

*Senom Naseyowma,
14, Poetry*

Mother, Father yelling, pushing, and pain cries from their eyes and ears,
The message of this is just, "Get out!"
Your insides hurting from the sight and feeling,
You're getting blocked out,

A

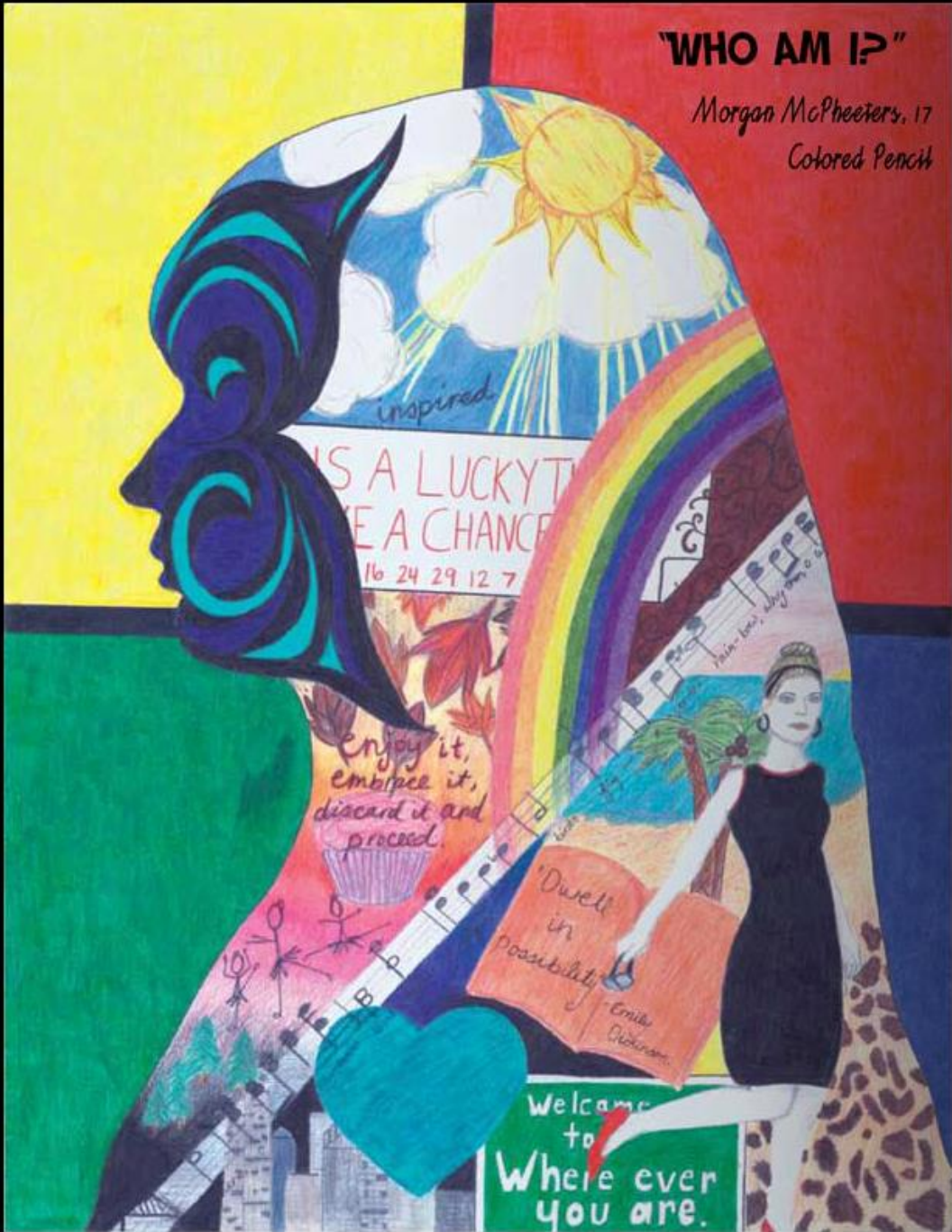


KID

*Max Lobato,
17, Photographic
Manipulation*

"WHO AM I?"

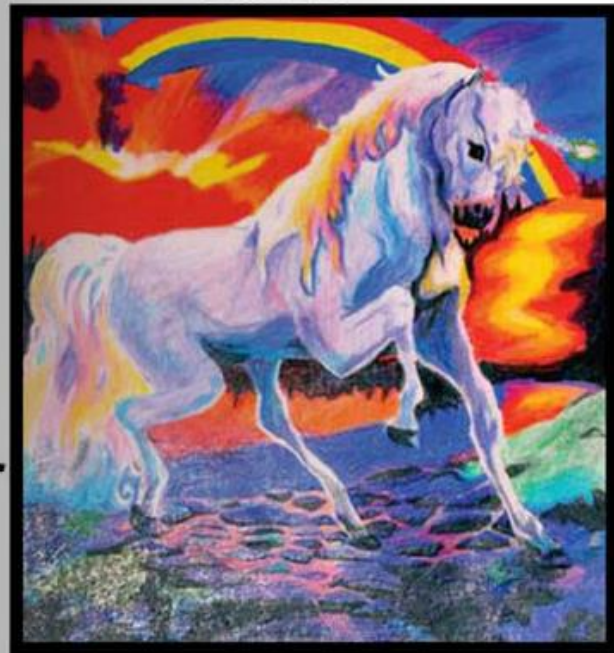
Morgan McPheeters, 17
Colored Pencil



Marianna Kleiner,
17, Photography



**FALL
LOVE**



Sonsee'rae Setts,
17, Drawing

unicorn

WHEN WE'RE YOUNG

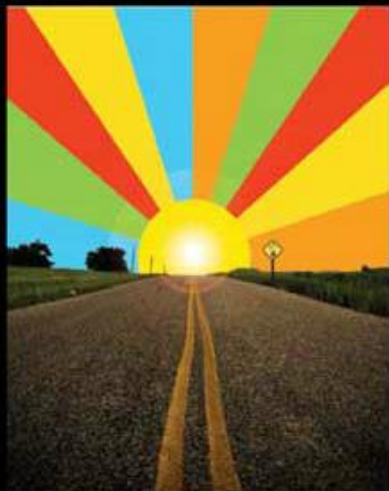
Riccie Shipley, 17, Photography



Monday morning is a car's dead battery,
Like the stopping of a human artery.
With the clicking and clicking its mechanical life came to an end.
Meaning my day would be predetermined.
It's like not being able to find any clothes,
and hobbling for sandwich bags in Wal-Mart's rows.
Dropping my breakfast on my lap, and wishing I could just lie down and nap.
Not wanting to face the day, wanting to just hobble away.
Reality hits because time is lost, and I must get to school at any cost.
I tell my Mom I just want to sleep,
But she's got places to go and people to meet.
My ankle is still throbbing and I feel like sobbing.
Why didn't my car just start this morning?

Rose,
17, Poetry

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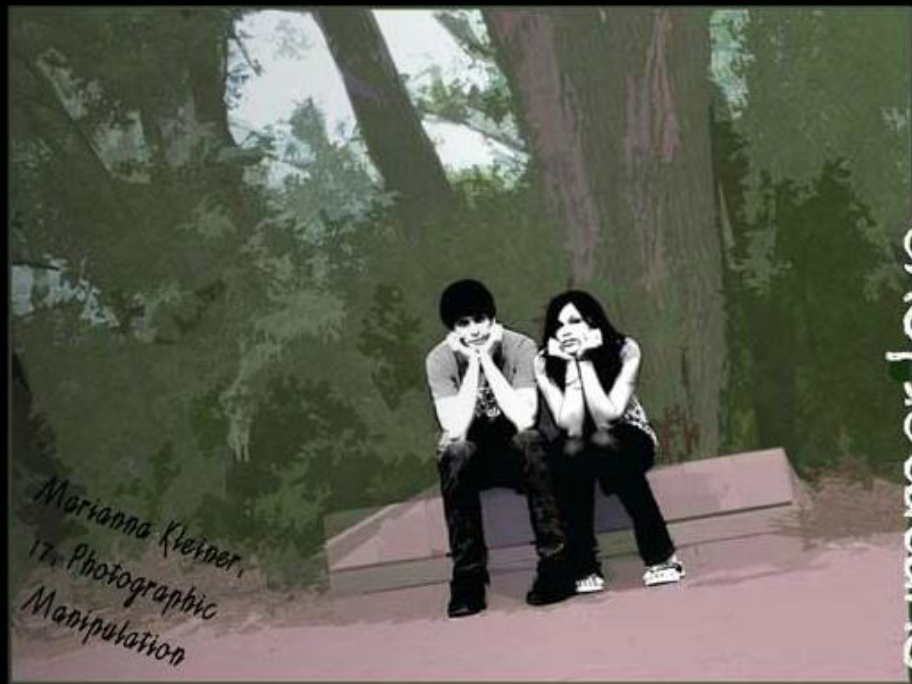
digital sunrise

Jake Mayfield, 16, Photographic
manipulation using Illustrator and
Photoshop



ATOLL

Soph Leung, 17, Watercolor



Marianna Kleiner,
17, Photographic
Manipulation

summer love

I'm handing you my heart...
Praying you won't break it...
If you don't intend to keep it,
Please don't take it...

I'm giving you my hand...
Hoping you'll help me stand...
I'm telling you I'm scared...

So, if you fall in love,
You won't know I'm already there...

I'm letting down my walls...
Hoping it'll be you that falls...

I'm already telling you everything,
So, I know this break is gonna sting...

I'm holding onto what's left of my heart,
Hoping you won't tear it apart...
I'm setting my heart on you,
Hoping you won't leave and it shatter...

I'm telling you my feelings like they matter...

Melane W. Gracen, 17, Poetry

I'M HANDING
YOU MY HEART

Ivory and Green

Meagan Koyke, 15, Anime



O'KEEFE

*Erin Delventhal,
17, Photography*



Meeshi,
17, Poetry

Warm beneath the thousands of layers
At one moment you catch an edge
Your whole day can be ruined
Melting on your skin
Clothes wet
Cold breeze freezes your body

Drink some hot chocolate
Nothing will get any better
A bad Monday morning is like getting snow in your pants!

bAD

D
bAD
V



Max Lobato, 17, Photography

tree

I
♥
TREES

Note to self:
beware of sharks!



Mike Winer,
17, Sticky-Note Art



castles in the sky sea

Morgan McPheeters, 17, Marker



not just dirt

Melanie L. Leeson, 18,
Photography



MAX RIVER

Max Lobato, 17, Photographic Manipulation



skittles

Sage Lowmyer, 17,
Drawing



Erin Delventhal, 17,
Photographic Manipulation using Photoshop

the wall

Laurel B., 17, Poetry

HERE AND NO WHERE

He is willing to help, so it seems
He needs some too but others come
first

Most of the time he says what he means
And I feel as though I want to burst.

I can't trust these feelings of mine
I want to, I like him with me here
We walk and talk and it seems just fine
But there will always be that one fear.

That fear of losing, that fear of death
All the good has to come to an end
I know it will hurt with every breath
And with every road there is a bend.

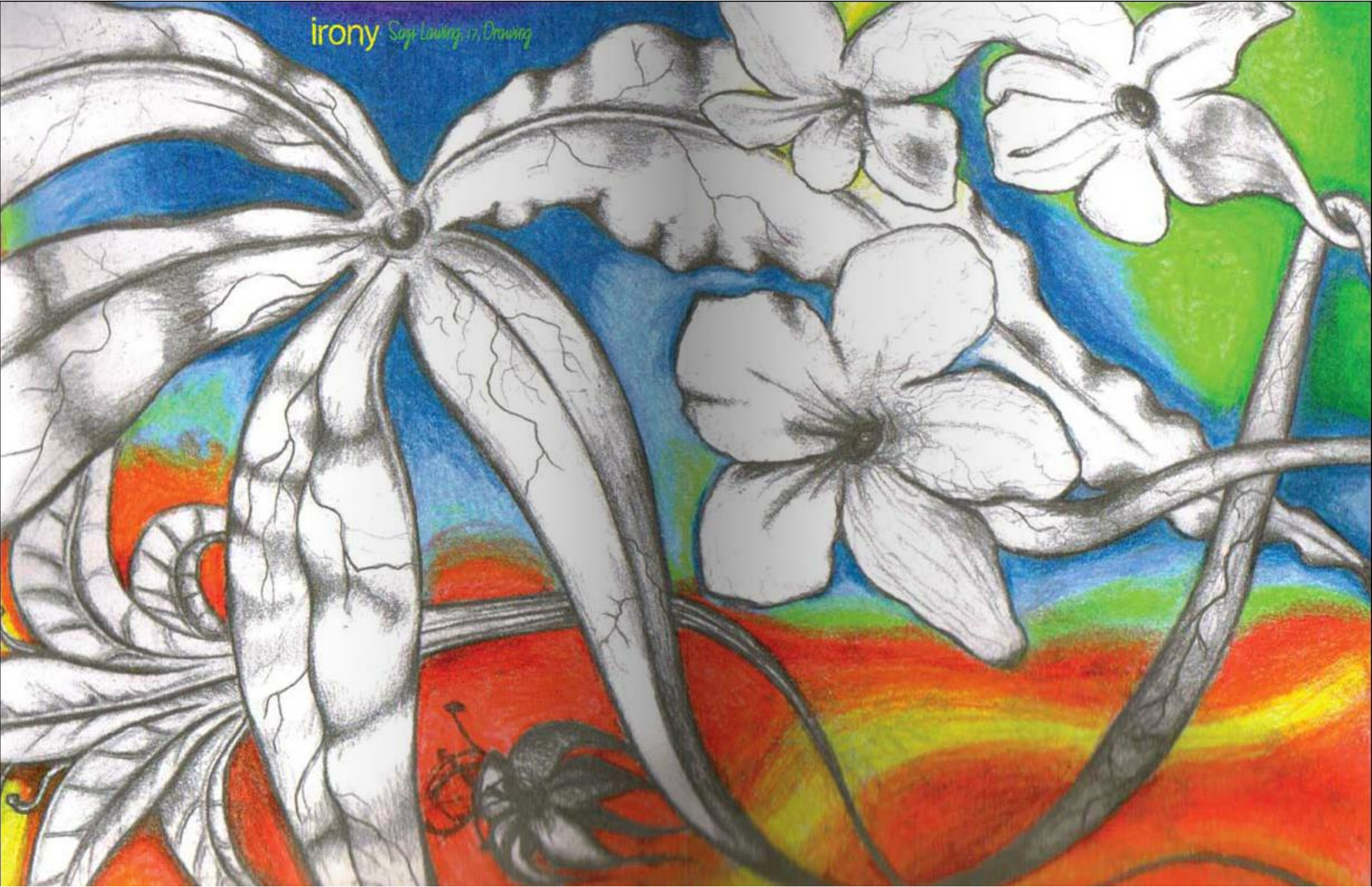
For reasons unknown, I'm drawn to him
And I hope our light won't soon dim.



Jamie Chavez, 17, Photography

untitled

irony Sage Lawling, 17, Drawing



freed

I long to be forgotten
Broken and forgotten
Cold and forgotten

Hide my face in the shadows
Self loathing tearing away at my soul
Ripping, bleeding, crying, feeling.

I'm safe here in my misery
My sorrow, my pain
My sanctuary

Tales of love taunt me cruelly
I desperately cling to shards of warm memory.

Memories of love and family

A father, a mother, a friend, a lover.

I pray for sickness to end me.

Fix me, free me

Where is my savior
My life, my happiness.

I fear myself
Afraid to be honest
Afraid to be real.

Hide my face in the shadows
Hide my pain, mask my sorrow

Afraid of dying alone
Dying without love
Without happiness
Life cut short

Death will grant me freedom

My mind stolen
My heart broken

My words spoken
Deceased

Anonymous, Poetry

A BED OF LEAVES

The weightless leaf dives
Off the tree into a
Freefall.
Making me feel weightless
And spiritually free,
Disconnected from the world
And everything around
Me.

It becomes a struggle to get out.
Carried away towards the shore,
To me this is how
Sleep becomes,
An abundance of
Carefree feelings
All around.
But once the leaf has hit water
The waters grasp
Becomes too strong
The leaf has to let go,
Reaches
And lets go.
The leaf gets thrown ashore,
And I stumble out of bed.

Stefani Bunner,
17, Poetry

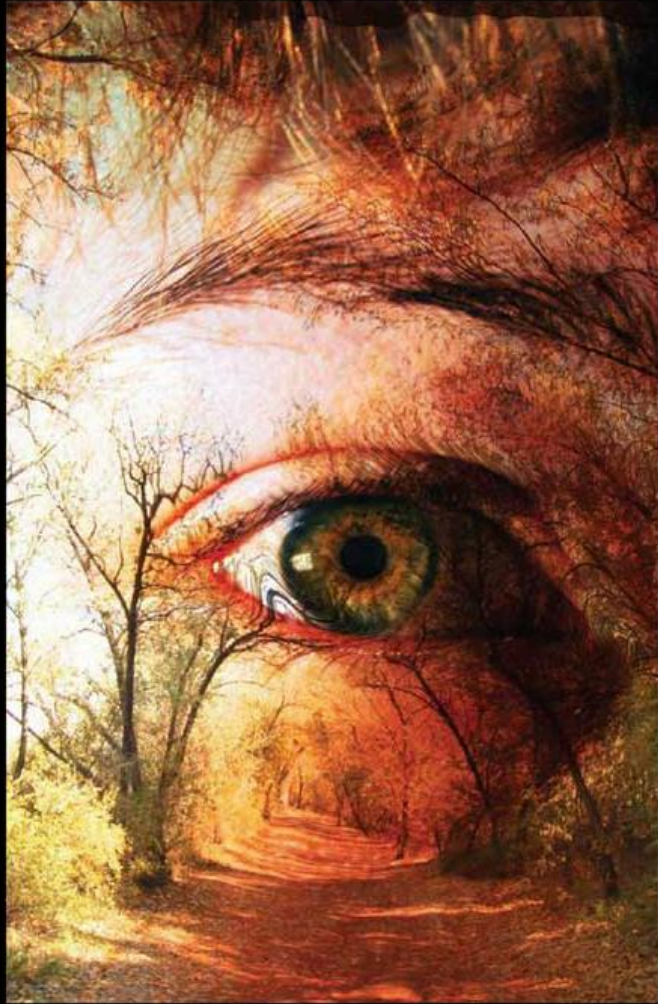


ANGELS
Meagen Yazzie,
15, Anime



Sylas Brown,
18, Photography

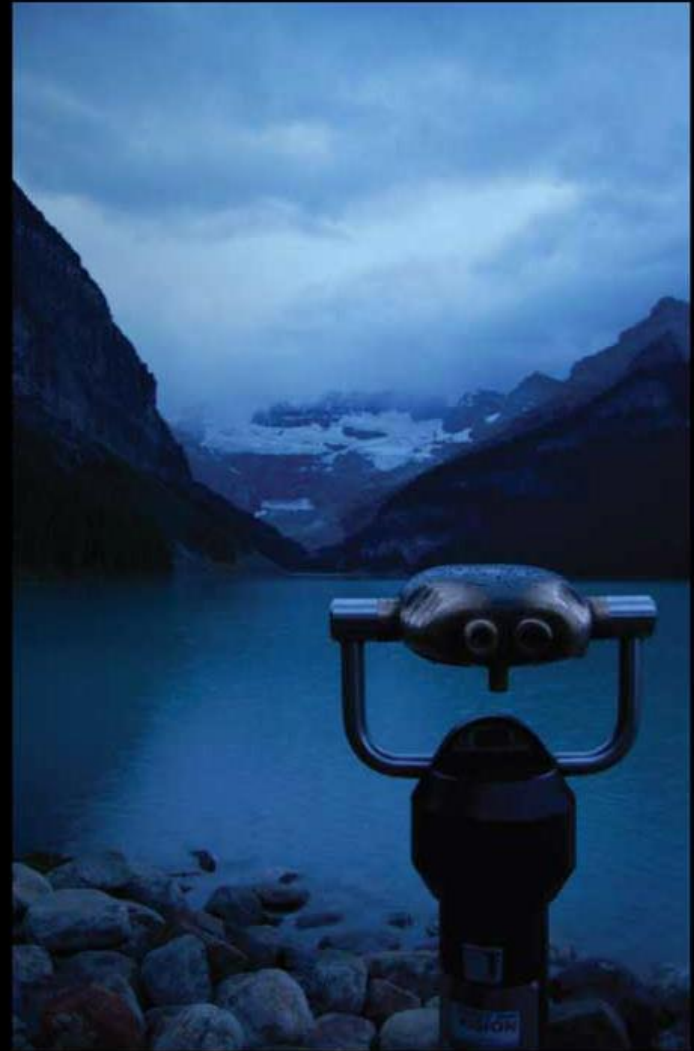
CAMPING TRIP



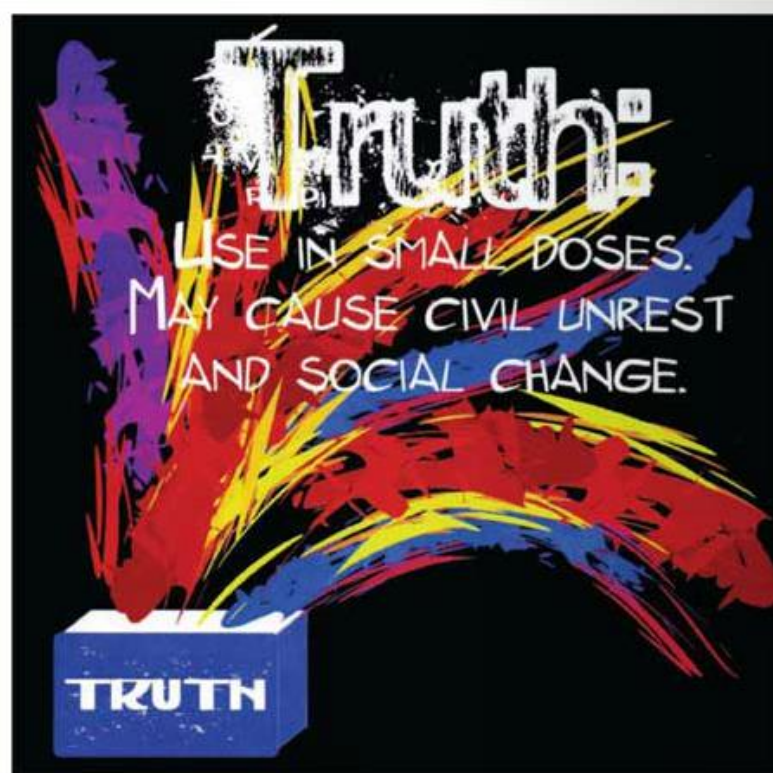
the trees have eyes

*Erin Delventhal, 17,
Photographic combination
using Photoshop*

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Erin Delventhal, 17, Photography



pandora
has a
new box

Jake Mayfield, 16,
Illustrator CS3

BEGINNINGS

Somsee'rae Selts,
17, Sketch



An ordinary day, a trip to town
Family time enjoyed with special friends
Sudden disaster, then it all crashed down
No one knows, much less comprehends

Fear, pain, agony, waiting in the night
Hoping for rescue to arrive in time
Frantic calls to 9-1-1 with no hope in sight
One by one beating hearts ceased in their prime

Laurel B.,
17, Poetry

Two young boys survived that awful fate
Their minds and hearts forever altered
The world is cruel and full of hate
Souls full of love, hope and courage faltered

Just a few hours of one fateful day
Changed it all when life was stolen away

STOLEN
LIVES



Melanie L. Leeson,
18, Photography

wont my mommy bee
so proud of me...

HAND OF MARS

Jamie Chavez,

17, Photography



Marianna Kleiner,

17, Photographic Manipulation



FAIRYTALE

LIFE IS LIKE AN IPOD...

Every moment...
Like every song...
Has a meaning
Of its own...

Each song brings back senses that make me smile
or make me sad
Life is like an iPod on shuffle
Never know what song is coming up next
But no matter what,
I eventually hit one that brings a rush
It eventually turns out for the best.

Roll the windows down...
Listen...
Wait...
Hope...
Sing along...
Turn it up...
Hang out...
Play around...

Music can change a mood quickly
Just like everything in life.

Laugh...
Swoon...
Tear up...
Remember a moment...
Remember the people...
Run around...
Enjoy...

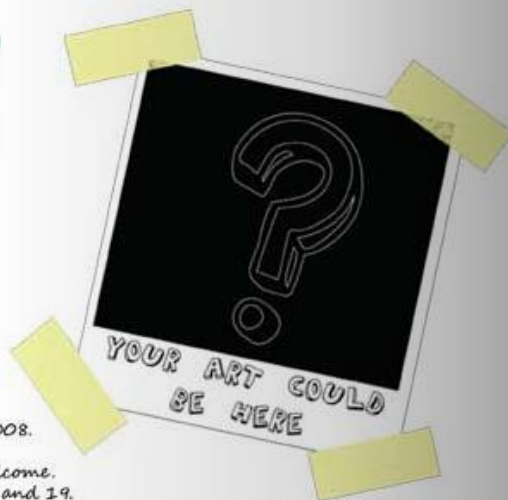
ON SHUFFLE
Carotee Mitchell, 17, Poetry

Life



Jared Engels, 17, Art

WANNA GET PUBLISHED? HERE'S HOW...



Submit your work for publication in the May 2008 edition of Blended.

Deadline for submissions is March 14th, 2008.
 All submitted pieces must be original.
 Entries from all mediums/categories are welcome.
 Artists must be teens between the ages of 13 and 19.
 Include a signed release form with submission. If artist is under 18, their parent or legal guardian must also sign.
 Pieces submitted will NOT be returned. If you do not want to submit the original piece, a good, quality copy of your piece may be submitted instead.
 Submissions should be appropriate for publication, so please keep violence and profanity to a minimum. The Blended staff reserves the right to deny publication of any submission.
 The zine staff reserves the right to edit any writing submission, including, but not limited to, grammatical errors and excessive profanity. You will be contacted if the staff deems editing of your work necessary.
 Please keep writing entries fewer than 2000 words.
 You may submit multiple pieces.

Please label the following on the actual submission(s):

- Artist Name
- Complete address
- Telephone #
- Age
- School
- Title of Piece
- Medium/Category

The artist retains all rights to submitted pieces.

Work may be submitted in the following formats:

- Original piece
- Quality copy/printed photograph of original piece
- Email attachment
- In-text email
- On a disk (CD or floppy)

For text submissions, files should be Word documents or PDF files.

For images, files should be in .jpg, .tiff, .ai, .psd or .pdf formats.

Submit your work and completed release form to the Farmington Public Library or mail submissions to:

FPL Blended
 2101 Farmington Ave
 Farmington NM
 87402

or email to zine@infoway.org

The zine will be published and distributed in May 2008. Any submissions received after the March 14, 2008 deadline will be considered for the next publication in the fall.

RELEASE FORM FOR PUBLICATION IN BLENDED

A Release Form must be included with your submission for publication in Blended. Be sure to read and follow the submission guidelines on page 31 before filling out.

The Farmington Public Library reserves the right to reproduce artwork in any form.

Artist Name _____
 Last First

Mailing Address _____
 Street Apt. #

City State Zip

Phone # (____) _____ Date of Birth _____

Email Address _____

School _____ Grade _____

Title of Submitted Piece _____

Medium/Category of Submitted Piece _____

I hereby certify that the work submitted to Blended zine was created by me and is original. I have read and followed the submission rules and guidelines.

Signature of Teen _____ Date _____

This release form must be signed by the parent or legal all guardian of participants under the age of 18.

I hereby grant the right to use the participant's name, creative works, and visual images in the Blended zine, on blendedzine.com, on the Farmington Public Library web site, for documentary or media coverage, and for promotion of other Farmington Public Library programs without recourse.

Signature of Parent/Legal Guardian _____ Date _____



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TEEN ZONE

