

# Blended Zine

VOL. 5 ISS. 2

FOR TEENS BY TEENS!



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Tony Cordova  
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Kelsey Raham  
Alex Valdez

Thanks to all of the  
teen artists that  
submitted to  
*Blended!*

## School Key:

Aztec High School  
Bloomfield High School  
Farmington High School  
Heights Middle School  
Home School  
Kirtland Middle School  
Lybrook Middle School  
Mesa View Middle School  
Piedra Vista High School  
San Juan College  
Shiprock High School



All selected pieces in this issue of *Blended*  
Zine were chosen from a pool of over  
200 submissions





# Index

Archuleta, Autumn: 4  
Begay, Isaiah: 21  
Bejar, Abrianna: 14  
Beliditto, Cherisse: 22  
Brown, Peter: 16  
Brown, Shayla: 5  
Camacho, Marco: 15  
Carpenter, Hayden: 21  
Chavez, Madalyn: 6  
Cordova, Tony: 22  
Cote, Brianna: 13  
Cruz, Edgar: 10  
Culler, Kayce: 6  
Doherty, Nicholas: 16  
Eisenfeld, Mia: 10  
Ensign, Eric: 16  
Foutz, Lizzie: 14  
Ganz, Kachina: 23  
Gomez, Aaron: 24  
Gravelle, Judy: 18  
Grinnan, Kyle: 25  
Gusdorf, Alex: 11  
Harris, Kateland: 24  
Hensley, Livia: 7  
Herrera, Latisha: 17  
Herzer, Taylor: 12  
James, Dallin: 19  
Johnson, Alexandria: 30  
Johnson, Kaley: 9  
Lesser, Savannah: 18  
Litke, Jensen: 19  
Messier, Sarah: 26, 27  
McKim, Casey: 31  
Pavlik, Mackenzie: 4  
Pino, Veronica: 26  
Pudden, Caleb: 20  
Rahm, Kelsey: 13  
Ramirez, Dimond: 11  
Rangel, Nicole: 17  
Rhames, Brandon: 8  
Ridgley, Madison: 16  
Roundy, Betsy: 5  
Sartin, Grace: 8  
Schumacher, Sydney: 28  
Stackhouse, Sierra: 30  
Staley, Lane: 28  
Standridge, Dana: 7  
Sturdevant, Bryan: 29  
Tallball, Summer: 9  
Thompson, Erin, 31  
Valdez, Alex: 22  
Viramontes, Pablo: 29  
Wulfert, Isaiah: 12  
Yang, Xinyu: 20

## Staff

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*Deadline for Submissions:*

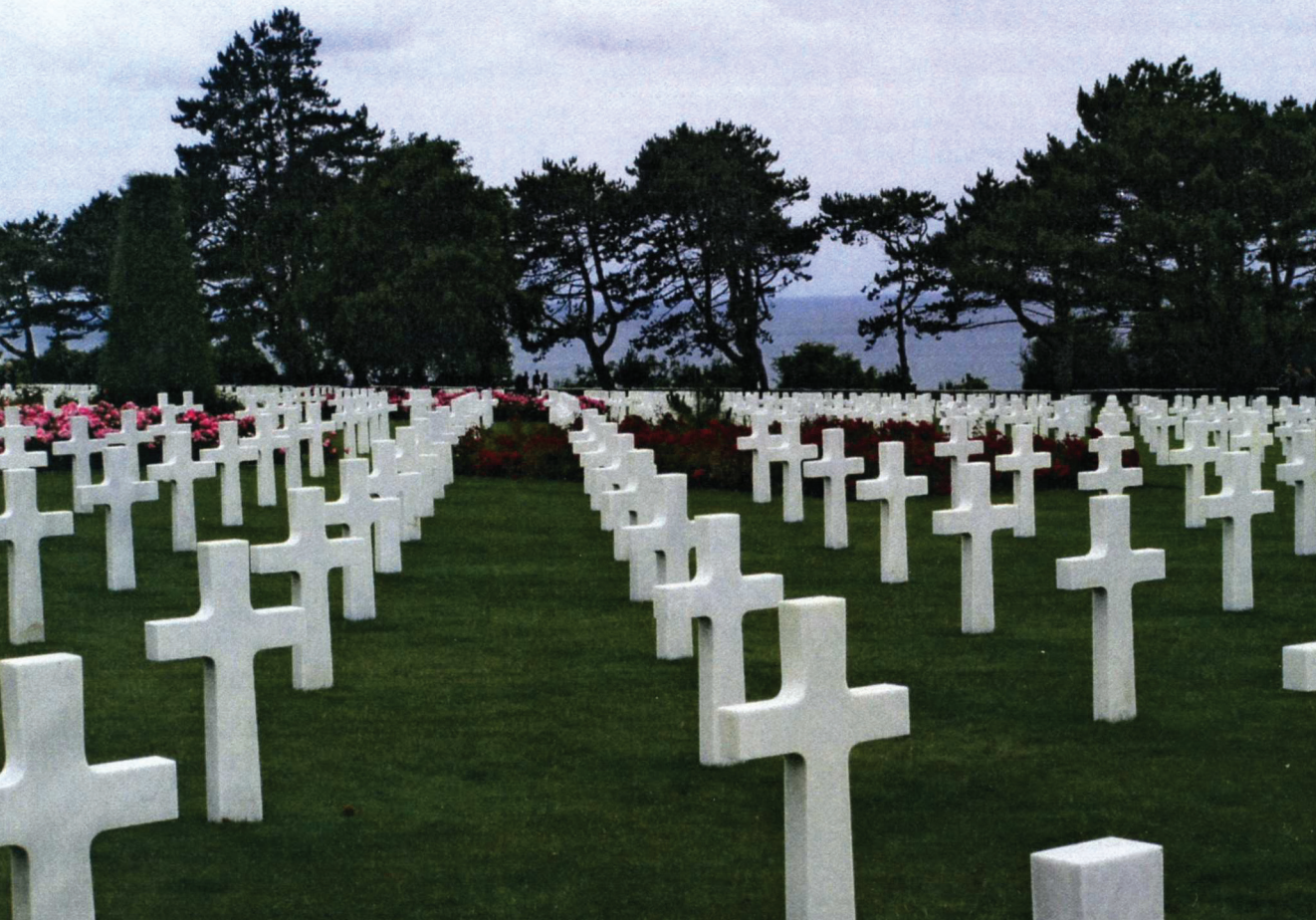
**February 1, 2013**

*Email [blendedzine@gmail.com](mailto:blendedzine@gmail.com) with questions or comments*



# In Memoriam

Mackenzie Pavlik  
Farmington High School  
Photography



## Moving On

Autumn Archuleta  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

Changing comes slowly,  
Changing new ways is difficult;  
Coming up with new approaches,  
Could you do this all in one year?

Amazingly it's possible to change and move on,  
All in one year you know.  
Autumn comes and goes,  
and we slowly move on for the better.

Trying hard is the key,  
Temptation is a hard thing to concur.  
Truthfully moving on from the past is the best way,  
to get over the past.  
Targeting the things you wish to see in,  
the future helps move you on.

You're moving on from the bad things you've done.  
Yes, we have done bad things.  
Yelling doesn't help.  
Yearning for it to change doesn't either.  
You have to move on from the past.

Moving on is the only thing you can do to face the future head on.





All alone I wait, I wait for you to come to me  
At last I want to see your face in the night time sky  
The stars to the moon and back for my love cannot wait  
Temperatures fading as I feel frozen like there is no life in me

Baring to see your face, with razor sharp claws coming to attack me  
Protecting me is my faith in which is to still love you with my life  
Only I can make the choice to let go, let go of what I never had

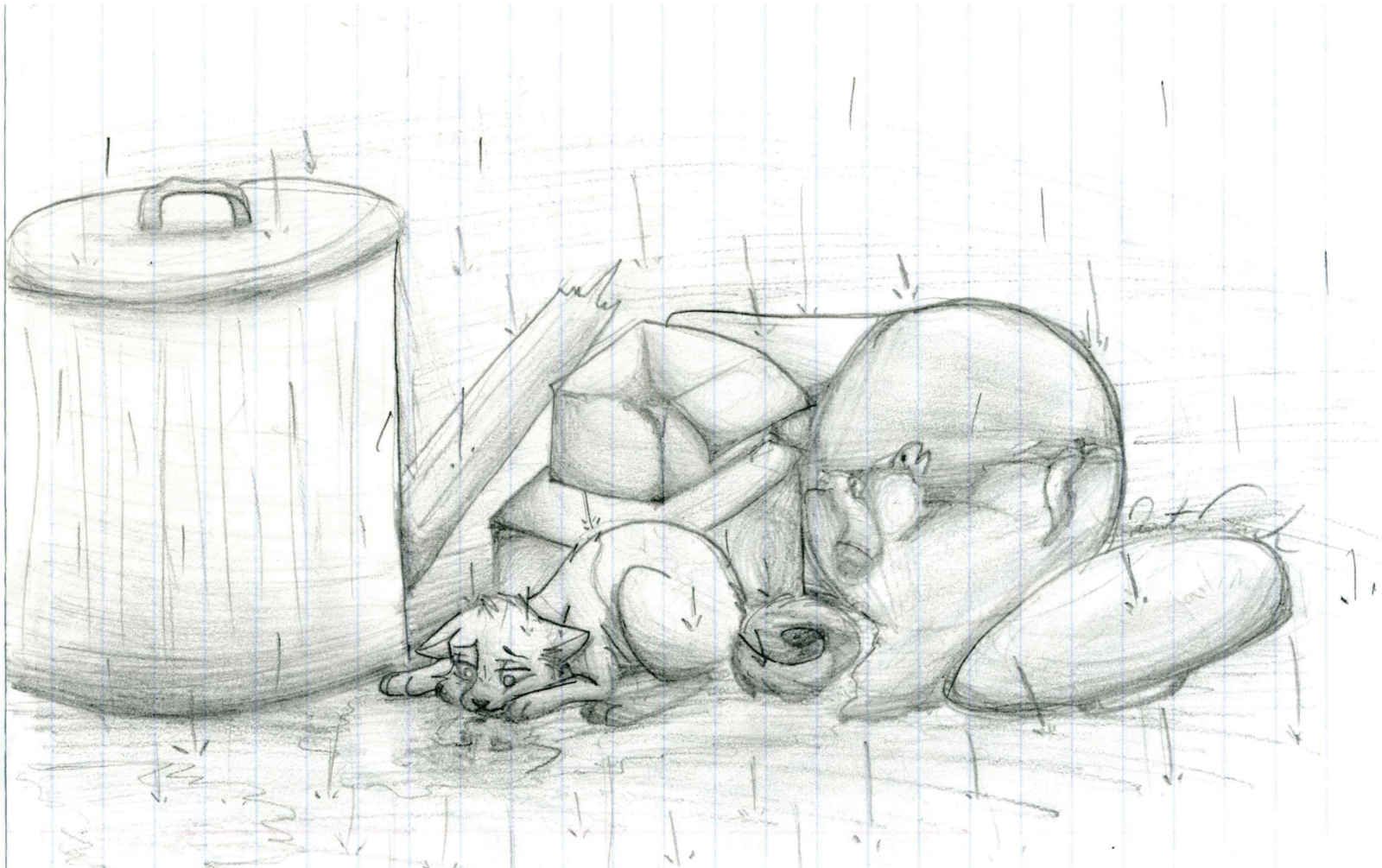
One person to take responsibility for what one owns  
That's a challenge someone will just have to risk

# Dark Delay

Shayla Brown  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

# Outcast

Betsey Roundy  
Kirtland Middle School  
Pencil



Kayce Culler  
Kirtland Middle School  
Photography

# Over the Edge



The girl was a writer claims the yellow worn pencil, resting next to a paper sheet.

She was also a tall girl, say the long, dark, navy jeans on the big bed.

Long strands in a silver and black brush say that she had hair of golden brown.

A great bookworm was she, from the look of the many piles of well worn books.

But she was not one for sports, proclaims the old ball in the corner, barely used.

She was a clinger to memories, sigh the photos gathering dust on an ivory shelf.

Birds to her were the best animals, says the notebook filled with bird drawings.

Something happened to make her go away, because she disappeared they say...

## Girl

Madalynn Chavez  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry





The pain, the sorrow, the hurt we all feel;  
We hoped, we wished, we thought it wasn't real.  
Thought maybe it was a fluke, a stunt, just a joke.  
But it wasn't, it was there, and it made us all choke.

Never thought of the horror,  
That could come at any time.  
But why would anyone commit such a crime?

The widowed, the loved one, and those that survived,  
Forever scarred from the day that brought tears to their eyes.  
The pain changed us all, made us realize danger;  
Anyone can be hurt, even by random strangers.

The heroes, the fighters, and those who tried to help,  
We thank them, for being there,  
Thinking of all and not just themselves.

It brought us all closer, we came together as one  
The flag still flew high, and no could say that they won.

Our anthem was blasted, even louder than ever,  
The words "the land of the free,"  
Sounded even more clever.  
It made us stronger, and made us open our eyes,  
And we still heard that anthem through all of the cries.

We're still here, still fighting, still America the free,  
And if you think about it, there's nothing else we could be.

So even if there is that little tiny bit of fear,  
Just remember; we're America,  
And we are still here.

# Still Here

Livia Hensley  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

## Looking Through the Monster

Dana Standridge  
Aztec High School  
Acrylic

## Teen Choice Winner







Brandon Rhames  
Home School  
Photography

## Peaceful Awakening

Softly stepping on the snow,  
Being the first to step,  
Like an explorer,  
Going through uncharted land,  
Footprints,  
Happy footsteps,  
Angry footsteps,  
All original,  
Uncovering the damp earth below,  
The brown soil contrasting against the pure, white snow,  
Right foot, left foot  
Right, left,  
Making a trail for future adventurers,  
footprints

## Footprints

Grace Sartin  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry





# Traits of a Soldier

A soldier's life is not for all, he must be willing to give his all.  
He is ready to go at any time, even if there's trouble at the first sign.  
His actions and duties are oh so great, not afraid to find out his fate.  
A soldier is brave, he is thrilled to always be the one who can save.  
He is proud, in his mind there's no one saying something's not allowed.  
When help calls he's ready to reply, there will be no one for him to deny.  
A soldier's job can be very hard, he must be able to just play the card.  
There is no turning back, a soldier will never be told that he lacks.  
He will not ever be judged, for he is not someone who is going to trudge.  
For there is nobody with bigger goals, soldiers are the savior to other souls.  
When fighting he'll remain cautious, noises around make them nauseous  
Soldiers will have to be daring, but they will still always stay caring.  
I must say thanks, and that you will always be someone who will outrank.  
I hope this care package is useful, and that these gifts make you cheerful!!  
!!Merry Christmas!!

Kaley Johnson  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

## The Sun Dreams of Shadows

Summer Tallball  
Shiprock High School  
Photography





## The Less You Reveal, The More You Let Them Wonder

Edgar Cruz  
Piedra Vista High School  
Photography

You are the spark to my fire,  
The apple in my eye,  
And the meaning to my life.  
You are the key to my heart,  
You brighten up my day,  
And every time I see you,  
I just wanna say..  
I love you forever...forever and  
always  
My love...  
FRENCH TOAST!

Mia Eisenfeld  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

# My Love







# Wrapped Up In Romance

Dimond Ramirez  
Heights Middle School  
Colored Pencils

A new year is upon us  
So many things to do  
Participate, Practice, Procrastinate  
A whole year to attempt  
A new year is upon us  
Recycled resolutions reappear  
If at first you don't succeed  
Try, try again  
A new year is upon us  
A feeling of hope  
Dreams, desires, delights  
Wishes of triumph

# New Year

Alex GUSDORF  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry



# Lifeless Branch

Taylor Herzer  
Kirtland Middle School  
Photography



# One Lone Tree

One lone tree,  
so shy and cold.  
The only friend it has is the desolate snow.  
But it melts away quicker than it came.

One lone tree  
small as a shrub  
With barely any water,  
and absolutely no room to grow.

One lone tree  
with bitter inclination,  
Will forevermore feel sadness,  
And self commiseration.

Isaiah Wulfert  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry







# Love In A Tree

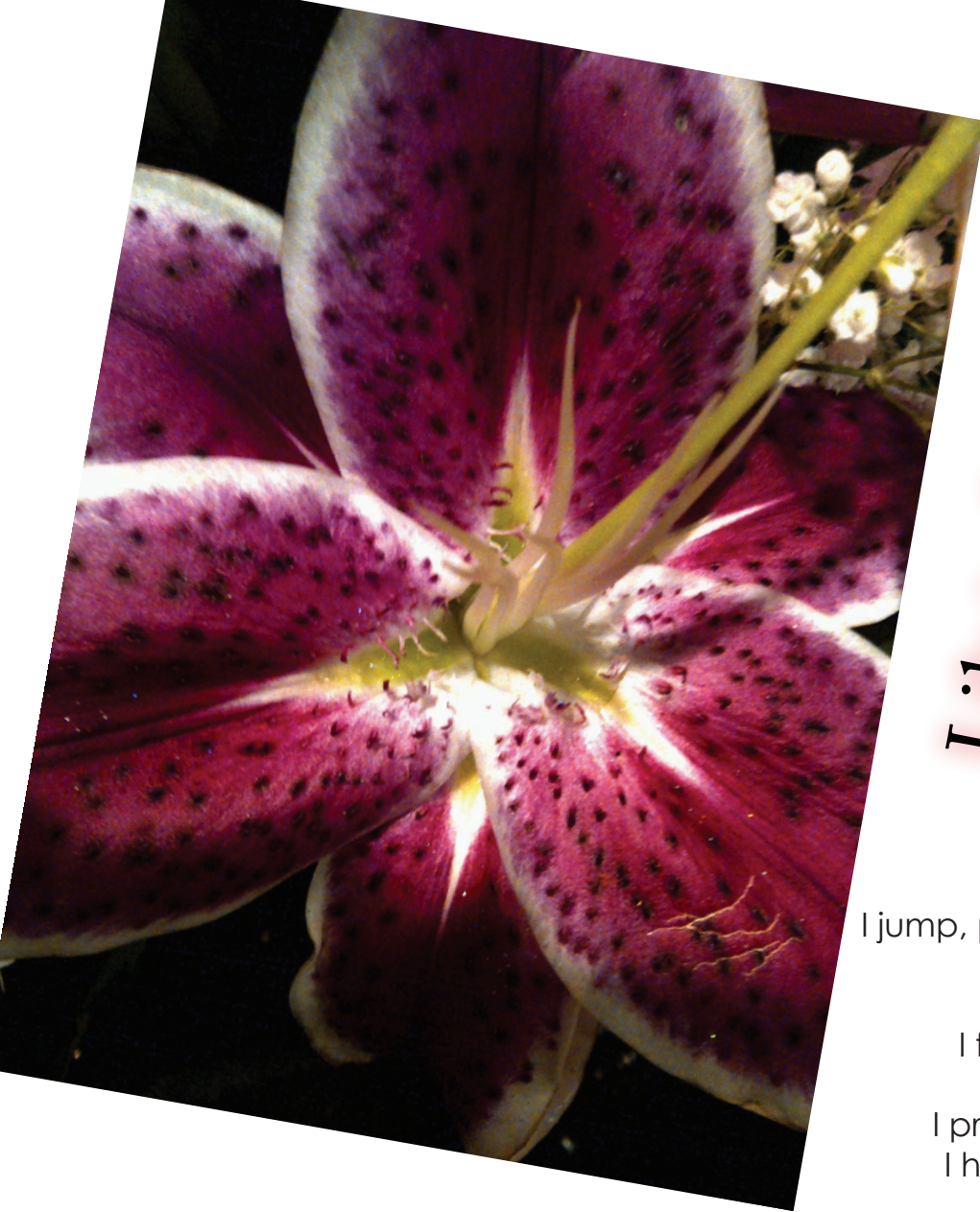
Kelsey Rahm  
Bloomfield High School  
Photography

## Tree

Your leaves bright in color,  
Little did you know that the winter will take them away from you.  
Just like soldiers took lives from little children.  
Just like the Japanese took many American lives in Pearl Harbor.  
Every year your leaves fall, you lost life, color, and hope.  
No one will ever understand what it is like to lose something you love,  
over and over again year after year,  
This is why I adore you.

Brianna Cote  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry





## Lily in Springtime

Lizzie Foutz  
Bloomfield High School  
Photography

I am a dancer.  
I twirl, leap, and spin.  
I jump, pirouette, and point my toes.  
I am a dancer.  
I feel pain and fear.  
I feel defeat and failure.  
Yet, I keep going.  
I practice, I smile, I perform.  
I have grace and beauty.

I do not dance because I am happy,  
I am happy because I dance.

I hear the applause.  
I perform and do my best.  
I get nervous  
that sometimes I fail.  
I don't give up.  
I am a dancer.  
I am brave and strong.  
I dance not for fame and glory,  
but for how I feel inside.  
Dance happiness, joy, love, and excitement.  
Determination and beauty.  
I am a dancer.

## I Am A Dancer

Abrianna Bejar  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry







# Escape to the Night

Madison Ridgley  
Kirtland Middle School  
Photography

## Strength

We were brought down with grief  
But we will rise up with relief.

9/11 was in the past  
It's a memory that will always last

Even though it caused grief  
Because we are Americans we sought relief

We are strong with soul and heart  
We are amazing ever since the start

My respects go to those in this tragedy who die  
We will bring flowers to your grave where you lie

Marco Camacho  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

I pray for nothing to go wrong  
For nobody to be missed and gone  
Because in courage we're all strong

This day we will remember  
On the 11th of September



# Portrait

Nicholas Doherty  
San Juan College  
Photography



Have you ever been alone  
Thinking there is nothing to do?  
Just think of all the possibilities,  
You'll think of something to choose.

"How do you do this?"  
Some may say  
What's going on in your head?  
Is an answer at bay.

I've been bored before  
And you probably have too,  
But now its you "Time to Shine"  
To think of something to do.

But you never know, do you,  
Saying "What will happen next?"  
Just let your "Mind Blossom"  
But don't be too complex.

When you ask others,  
"I'm bored, what to do?"  
Don't ask others  
Because all you need is YOU!

The time is now,  
Your mind is too.  
So grab the pencil  
And write "Things to do."

All you need is the company of yourself.....

Eric Ensign  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

## The Company of Yourself

## Let it All Go Forever

Peter Brown  
Lybrook School  
Poetry

I will never find  
all I left behind  
the lost memory of my past  
that faded away so fast

The time I was gone  
was a little too long  
It made me forget  
It made me regret  
the time I messed up  
ran out of luck  
and took off in the rain  
left you alone in the rain

you handled all the agony  
dealt with the misery  
put your life back together  
let it all go forever





Your heart doesn't compare to mine  
It doesn't matter who's it is  
All that matters is that it's  
Your heart

Your heart has a special way  
A way to love things  
More things that are imagined  
Than any other heart

Your heart may be leading you  
It may be bad, but you know  
You know what it wants because  
It's your heart

# Your Heart

Latisha Herrera  
San Juan College  
Poetry

# Grassy Fields

Nicole Rangel  
Piedra Vista High School  
Photography









A river of hope, perseverance and memories

A river of hope, A river of perseverance, A river of memories continuously flowing  
Never stopping. Never holding back.  
Never slowing down.

Each drop. Side by side.  
With each other a power to be reckoned with.

But the second a drop is taken away  
It can not do anything

The mighty river though still flows mightily  
With no one to stand in its way

Still if too many drops are taken away  
The powers cease to exist

Lesson be learned that we are as the mighty river  
Together we stand strong

But by ourselves we never will  
Reach our full potential

Some say they work alone  
But how did they get to where they are

Whether people know it or not  
They still had help

Roughness or love  
Hate or compassion

Everyone has had someone  
Get them to where they are

So let the river carry you  
To wherever you are going

Let the group bring you up  
In every single way

Jensen Litke  
San Juan College  
Photography

# A River of Hope

Dallin James  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

# Conquer Anything





# Serenity

Xinyu Yang  
Farmingington High School  
Photography

A time for nature to be recognized,  
When the golden leaves,  
Fall from the trees,  
It reminds me of time,  
And that everything should change,  
Once in a while,  
When you step on a pile  
Of crunchy leaves,  
You shall be reminded,  
Autumn,  
For me the most peaceful time of the year.

# Autumn

Caleb Pudden  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry





# This Is Fall

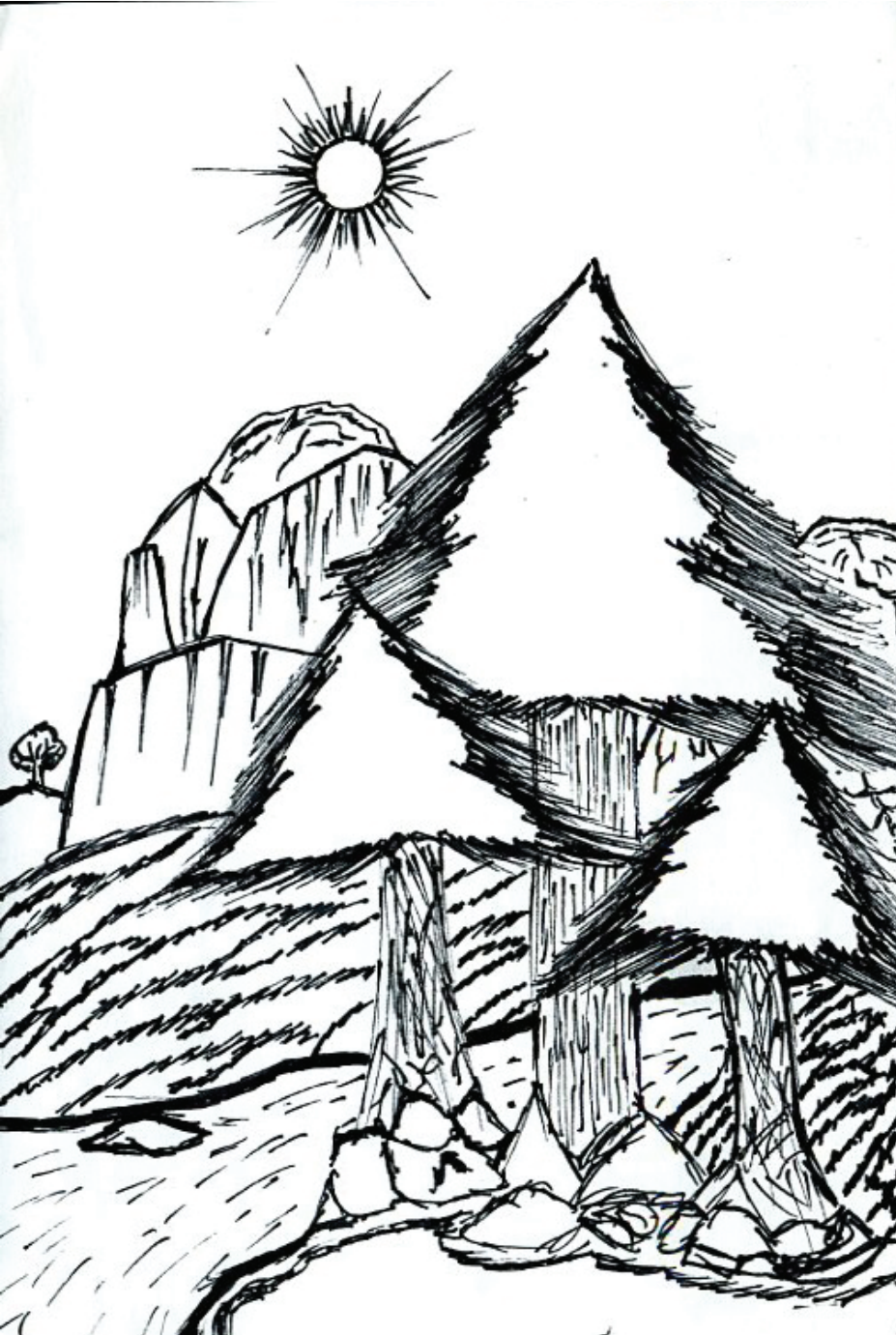
Hayden Carpenter  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

Colorful leaves falling,  
to the empty ground,  
the bright sky,  
becoming darker as the day goes on.

leaves crumpling,  
as I walk along the leaf-covered ground.  
wind howling  
softly, and very slowly.

Gingersnap cookies,  
my mother made fresh at home.  
sweet and tart,  
melting in my mouth.

crops being roasted,  
at the county fair  
warm fall air,  
filling my nose.



## Forest

Isaiah Begay  
Farmington High School  
Drawing





# Northern Lights

Alex Valdez and Tony Cordova  
Bloomfield High School  
Acrylic



## I Am From...

Cherisse Belditto  
Lybrook School  
Poetry

(In the style of a poem by Mary Pipher in [Writing to Change the World](#))

I am from Chester & Doris, Tom & Dorothy, David & Esther.

I am from Tahachi and Pueblo Pintada, where the dirt road meets on with the highway.  
From a small town with schools and a little store.

I am from potatoes with hamburger meat and feast eaters, dumpling stew, frybread, cake  
and spaghetti eaters.

I am from funny, crazy, anger, and a lovable family.

I am from "Hózhójí ba' awéé," "a beauty way of life."

I am from the conflict between medicinemen and preachers, and from non-religious  
people doing nothing more than trying to be good.

I am from shepherders and jewelry-makers, teachers and railroad workers, and even a  
Navajo-nation president.

I am from toy horses, 2007 Expedition, and The Lord of the Rings.

I am from dogs, horses and cats; from playing basketball and singing.

I am from J.K. Rowling, Stephenie Meyer and Andy Sixx.

My own loud concert with an audience of women in blue jeans and men in regular clothes.







# Anonymous

Kachina Ganz  
Piedra Vista High School  
Acrylic





# Ruminations

Aaron Gomez  
Farmington High School  
Poetry

Like an astronaut, untethered, searching, waiting, floating, wasting. A giant vacuum, pulling, nowhere, a colossal rubber band frozen midway across the universe, we sit, and we act, suspended, never realizing that the very futility which makes us believe we can do what we do is actually enabling us to destroy ourselves.

# Derelect

Kateland Harris  
Bloomfield High School  
Photography





I thought this was the end,  
 The last and final bend.  
 I was all alone,  
 Living in a broken home.  
 With no will to fight,  
 And no thought of flight,  
 I possessed no hope,  
 And could no longer cope,  
 Until I remembered the light,  
 And my strength to fight.  
 For You are always there for me,  
 The one that will never ever leave.  
 Now I see the truth,  
 Life can't end if I have You.  
 So who am I to say goodbye?  
 Who am I to let this die?  
 Before this month I barely knew,  
 The kind of hurt your heart can put you through.  
 Thrice before have I felt this pain,  
 Twice more do I struggle to stay sane.  
 This time I endured a parting,  
 Which I could not stop my eyes from smarting.  
 Together, it all hit my heart,  
 And I felt it stop with a start.  
 Giving in I tried to shut it out,  
 To stay happy and avoid self doubt.  
 How could I survive this at all?  
 How could I get up after this fall?  
 That is till I remembered You,  
 And everything You put Yourself through.  
 My friends also reminded me,  
 That I owe You my fidelity,

# Strength in Weakness

Kyle Grinnan  
 San Juan College  
 Poetry

And that You carry my pain on Your shoulder,  
 And of my faith You are its holder.  
 So who am I to say goodbye?  
 Who am I to let this die?  
 I sit up late at my countertop,  
 Many hours are lost in thought.  
 If I saw this coming,  
 Would I do as I did,  
 Or would I start running,  
 Like a little kid.

I always thought that I could take what was dealt,  
 But there is a difference between thinking and what is felt.  
 Back and forth my thoughts were tossed,  
 Many times the score was lost.  
 Where will I go from here?  
 What now do I have to fear?  
 Do I blame it on myself?  
 Do I store it on a shelf?  
 Will I go and risk my life?  
 Will I cause others strife?  
 Do I choose to stay alive?  
 Do I choose to survive?  
 When I heard Your response,  
 And felt it cut through the Devil's taunts.  
 You have given me what I can handle,  
 So though I cry, I light another candle.  
 I kneel down and offer up my prayers,  
 Asking to help me, and all the naysayers.  
 So who am I to say goodbye?  
 Who am I to let this die?





I'm walking down this road with limits.  
Some stops bring sunlight and joy.  
But others bring rain and sorrow,  
My favorites with sunlight and rain.

The kind where the dark clouds shadow the earth and the sun blinks through the crevices,  
Providing a glimmer of hope.  
A blessing in surprise is more like it.  
So terrified to face the day, but face it to find it was one of the best.

This road shows no signs of stopping.  
Some days I want to stop it all and bury myself in the ground.  
Other days I want to run until I can't feel my feet.  
Sometimes I am caught in the middle, just walking aimlessly.

There are days where I scream until my voice disappears.  
Just hoping to get a response. But I get nothing.  
Others I remain quiet.  
I just observe all the beauty I can find in the world.

I know eventually it has to end.  
I'm not afraid of it ending.  
But I have a long walk ahead of me.  
I just want to make it out with a response/  
I want to find a reason for everything/  
I want to ask why,  
How,  
When?

The limits are exceeding.  
The road begins to narrow.  
My breathing slows and my heart ceases.  
I come to a complete standstill.



# Ying Yang

Veronica Pino  
Bloomfield High School  
Graphite



I can't push on.  
I can't stop.  
I can try.  
I won't stop.

I make up my decision.  
Without turning back.  
My breath sharpens.  
This isn't over.

I must up the courage to move.  
I take one step at a time.  
The road is now a winding ribbon caressing the ground before me.  
Suddenly, there's a new sort of feeling stirring.

The sensation of freedom.  
The sensation of love.  
I have known this before.  
I have felt this before.

I know where I am and I know where I stand.  
A large clearing appears before my eyes as my feet abruptly stop.  
I lie down on the cold, gray earth.  
My thoughts begin to bloom.

Instantaneously, a wild meadow of flowers blossoms.  
Around my head forming circles.  
Forming paths.  
They lead on to other clearings.

I unexpectedly discover the meaning.  
This has been here all along.  
I was acting too egotistical.  
Too egotistical to notice the beauty of the thoughts I'm capable of.

There are no limits to this road I am walking.  
There importance of me.  
I can make a difference here in this domain I have created.

# No Limits

Sarah Messier  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry







# Stranger

Lane Staley  
Farmington High School  
Sharpie

## Who Knew

She is a big sister,  
whispers the little blue car bed in the small room next to her.  
Wears us a lot,  
say soccer and softball cleats in the small dark closet down the hall.  
A lover of animals,  
tell the many animal books that take up her shelf.  
I'm here too,  
barks the little cairn terrier out in the open pen in the bright back  
yard.

Then something went right,  
said her little brother's life.

Fun was learned,  
laughed the well worn carpet where they played  
Parents must love her,  
mention the two chairs in the big living room.  
Drawing must be a favorite thing to do,  
Show the two full sketch pads on the bright yellow bookshelf.  
She is awesome,  
says her little brother.

Sydney Schumacher  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry





# Afghan Christmas

Pablo Viramontes  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

Families at home with children excited,  
Preparing to unwrap, with faces delighted,  
As they sit to eat all gathered around,  
A moment of silence befalls them all,  
And one to think of their family,  
Deployed in Afghanistan,  
This Christmas in Afghanistan is to our brothers,  
In arms who protected us from foes  
So that we may enjoy this Christmas day,  
And every day feel safe that the brave men and women,  
Serving in our military are the reason we still have America.



# Peaceful

Bryan Sturdevant  
Bloomfield High School  
Photography







Sierra Stackhouse  
Aztec High School  
Photography

# And Nothing Could Go Wrong

I don't know you  
And yet I still love you  
Your life at its fullest  
As its greatest ability  
You're what the world needs  
The world needs your originality

# My Child

Alexandria Johnson  
Mesa View Middle School  
Poetry

God chose me  
Me, out of all the people in the world  
To pose you, how can I be so lucky  
How can someone as normal as me  
Produce someone as extraordinary as you  
I love you forever more  
....My child







Lost  
Alone  
In the cold  
With no place to go

Waiting  
Wanted  
Tears carving a path in cold  
Stone

Blind  
Unseeing  
Hope and glory  
Rendered- asunder

Torn  
Jaded  
Mourning the light  
Surrounded by darkness

Broken  
Bleeding  
Caught in a place  
Of no healing

Blessed  
Forgiven  
Sustained by the  
Promise of mercy

# Downtown

Erin Thompson  
Piedra Vista High School  
Photography

# Becoming

Casey McKim  
Bloomfield High School  
Poetry





# Submission Guidelines

- **NEW Deadline!** Submission due by February 1, 2013.
- All submitted pieces must be original.
- Entries from all mediums/categories are welcome.
- Artists must be 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. Only one release form is necessary for each artist.
- Submissions should be appropriate for publication; please keep violence and profanity to a minimum. The Blended staff has the right to deny publication of any submission.
- Submissions must be picked up at the release party and no later than two weeks after the release party in the teen zone. **SUBMISSIONS NOT PICKED UP WILL BE DESTROYED.**
- The Blended staff reserves the right to edit any submission, including, but not limited to, grammatical errors and excessive profanity.
- Please keep writing entries fewer than 2000 words.
- You may submit multiple pieces.
- Please label all submissions with:
  - Artist name
  - Complete address
  - Telephone number
  - Age
  - School
  - Title of piece
  - Medium/Category
- Work may be submitted in the following formats:
  - Original piece
  - High-quality digital reproduction
  - High-quality email attachment (signed release form still required)
  - In-text email (signed release form still required)
  - On a disk
  - Text submissions should be Word documents or PDF files in Times New Roman.
  - Image should be in .jpg, .tiff, or .psd formats.

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

Blended Zine  
2101 Farmington Ave  
Farmington, NM 87401

Email:  
blendedzine@gmail.com

If you have any questions please call the Teen Zone at 505-566-2201 or visit our website at [www.blendedzine.com](http://www.blendedzine.com).

All submissions received after submission deadline will be considered for publication in the next issue.

# Release Form

## For Publication In The Zine

A Release Form must be included with your submission for publication in **Blended**. Be sure to read and follow the submission guidelines 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Title and Medium of Submitted Piece(s) \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Library Card Number: \_\_\_\_\_

I am interested in receiving information to sell my art at Art Festivals

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

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Teen

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

This release form must be signed by the parent or legal 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 **Blended**, 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



# Blended Zine

would like to thank



FARMINGTON  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
FOUNDATION



Youth  
Alliance



for their continued support of  
San Juan County artists



THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR  
OF THE  
STATE OF NEW MEXICO

*Having Learned of the Outstanding Achievements of*

**BLENDED ZINE**

Sponsored by:  
**The Farmington Public Library**

*Does Hereby Extend His Recognition and Acknowledgement; and*

*WHEREAS, Blended Zine, sponsored by the Farmington Public Library, was created in 2007 as an artistic outlet for teens residing in San Juan County; and*

*WHEREAS, together with the Farmington Public Library, Blended Zine provides innovative and constructive influences for adolescents, equipping them to represent the local community in a positive manner; and*

*WHEREAS, the first issue of Blended, the program's publication, was printed and distributed in January 2008; and*

*WHEREAS, Blended incorporates literature and art to showcase the blending of local cultures through the eyes of local teens; and*

*WHEREAS, select participants of Blended Zine were recently given the opportunity to display their work at the Lieutenant Governor's Office at the State Capitol in Santa Fe; and*

*WHEREAS, Blended Zine is to be commended for its community involvement and commitment to artistic expression in San Juan County;*

*NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED BY THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO that recognition and acknowledgement be extended to Blended Zine and that this official expression of pride be forthwith sent on behalf of the people of the State of New Mexico.*

*Signed and Sealed at the Capitol in the City of Santa Fe  
this 12<sup>th</sup> day of December, 2011*



  
JOHN A. SANCHEZ

Lieutenant Governor

THE  
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR  
OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO  
JOHN A. SANCHEZ





## Zine Staff:

Brandon, Maddie, Isaiah, Norma, Edgar, Yvette, and Xinyu



**“Coming together is a beginning.  
Keeping together is progress. Working  
together is success.”**