

TEEN WRITING & ART SHOWCASE






Gail Borden
LIBRARY

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Winter

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We hope you enjoy reading Gail Borden's twenty-fifth Teen Writing and Art Showcase!

The library has published entries exactly as they were submitted. They reflect the views and opinions of the teens who created them.

To submit your work for publication in a future showcase, email zone@gailborden.info or visit www.gailborden.info/teenwriting for details. We want to see your amazing creations!

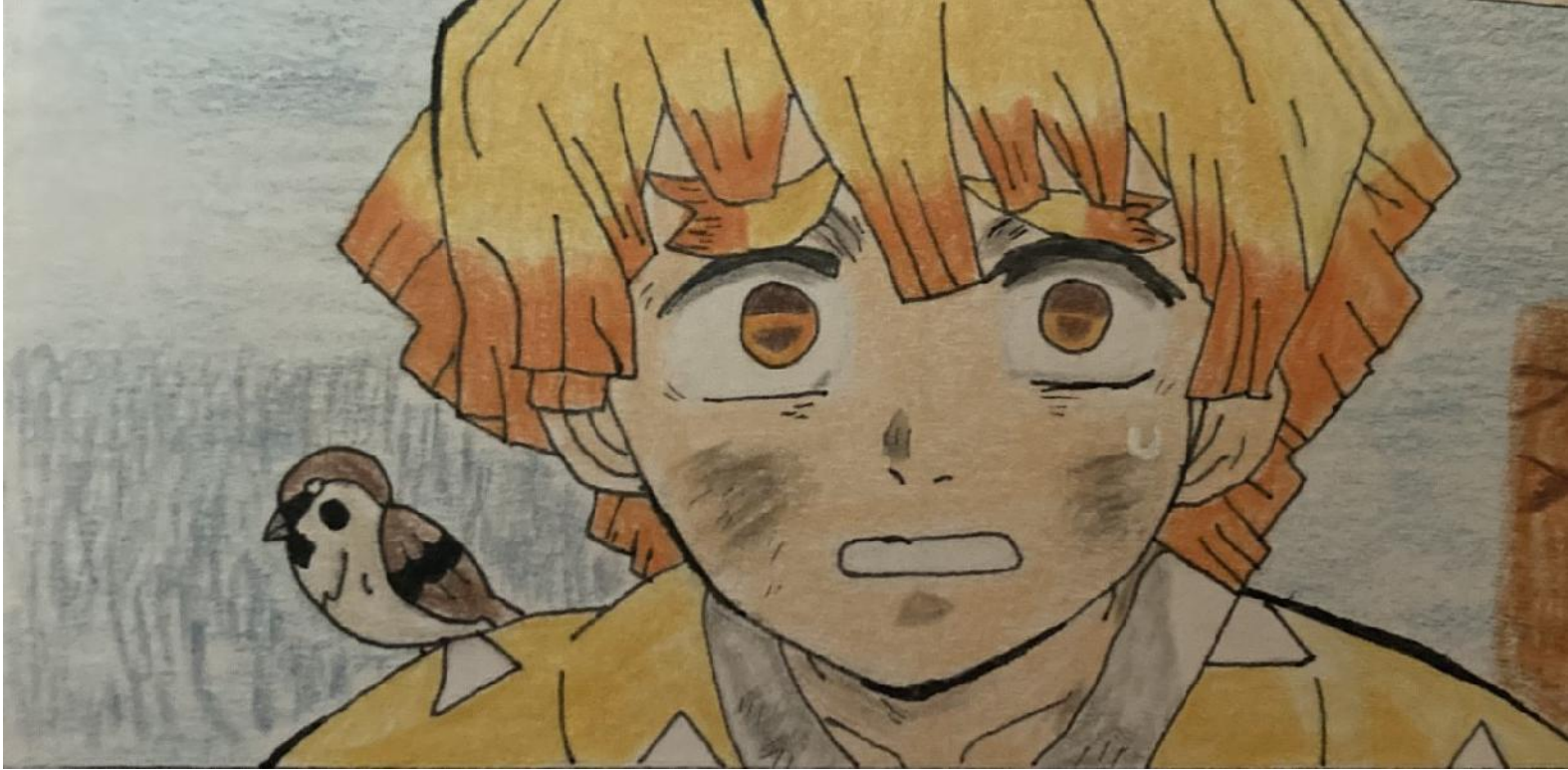


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Zenitsu Demon Slayer

ASHLEY PINEDA



FRONT COVER

Mr. Winter

HANNAH CASTRO



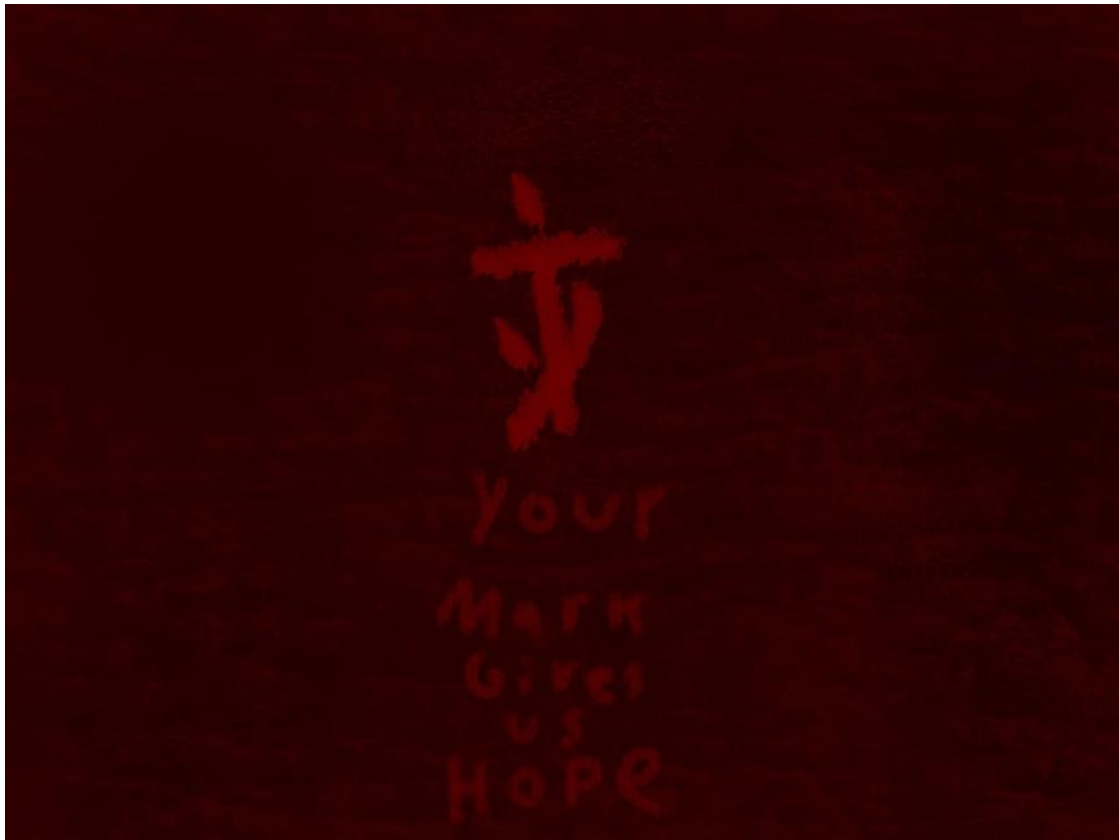
BACK COVER

Astronaut Amane

ELIZABETH FROHLING

▲ Your Mark Gives Us Hope ▲

JOAQUIN VEGA



▲ The Sharingan ▲

JORGE SANTIAGO CORDOVA GARCIA





Perplexion

ROBYN KOPENY

The Lady skimmed around the hall, the hem of her dress barely seeming to touch the ground. She was alone, but talk and laughter rang throughout the grand dome stretching far above her head, so far the intricate paintings, coloured with gold and silver, were swallowed into darkness before the peak came into view. The floor would've been a classy parquet, if it hadn't been made up of vibrant aquamarines, forest greens, and burnt oranges. The walls themselves, holding up the dome, were simply white and black and something in between.

The Lady seemed to notice none of it. Though her eyes occasionally caught on some detail, flicking from side to side, up to down, they focused on nothing. Whatever her thoughts and feelings, they were hidden behind a blank wall.

A shadow of a crow swooped against the walls, its mournful caws calling its companions. Soon, the entire hall was filled with ugly screeches. The shadows dove at The Lady, claws outstretched, wings batting at the air, but they passed right through her.

Crows were not the only ones drawn by the ruckus. Soon, shades of white cut through the mass of black, too intangible to be anything but clouds of gray over shadow. These "shadows" - or perhaps, the opposite? - made no sound. They appeared, a glimmer of light over dark, and disappeared just as quickly.

It didn't matter. The Lady saw nothing, processed nothing. Her gown, clearly once intricate, tiered, lined with ribbons tied into little bows, was torn to shreds. Or perhaps it had been that way all along. For this was a place beyond time. A prison beyond crime. A maw beyond the creature it might belong to, swallowing all whole.

The flickers of gray had not appeared in some time. Still, The Lady paced in slow circles, her walk no less purposeful for its speed, as if she were making sure all she passed took in every detail. She held her head high, her mouth set in a firm line.

Laughter weaving with tumult, dark weaving with light, all colours weaving with none - what was real? The Lady, or the crows?

The Sharingan

ZEDRICK BAUTISTA

my Snap is xzzy67



↖ Itachi's Eye
!!

[Handwritten signature]

↗ Zedrick!



Lil' Companion

VALERY MARTINEZ



Cloud Breach

TATI KREML

