

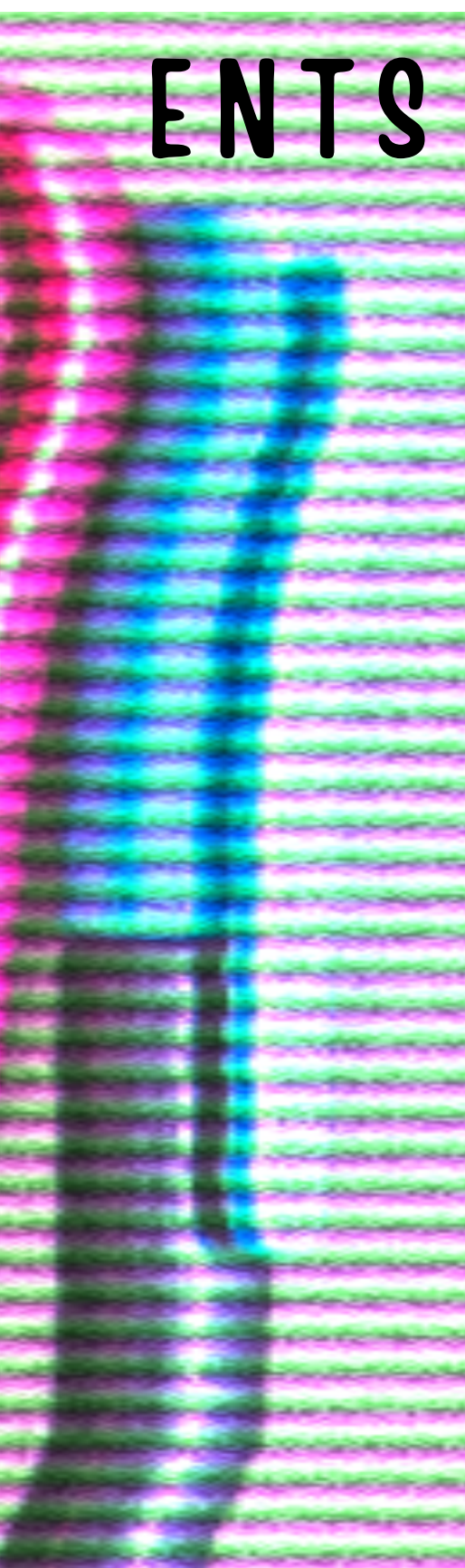
inkling

VOL. 1 | JUL 2021





CONTENTS



PAGE 2

LEFT BEHIND
by Chloe Budakian

PAGE 4

UNTITLED
by Kyana Ellis

PAGE 6

UNTITLED
by Abby Hiemstra

PAGE 9

SOMETIMES
by Loghan Weber

PAGE 10

**BEATEN, BATTERED,
RESCUED & LOVED**
by Kalena Scheifele

PAGE 12

ANXIETY
by Liah Hawkins

PAGE 13

THE NANNY
by Aidan Runstedler

PAGE 16

FROST BITTEN
by Sarah Nicolai

PAGE 17

IN THE END
by Chrysoula S.

PAGE 20

UNTITLED
by Sarah Murphy

All of the materials published in this magazine are original works of fiction and the copyright of their authors. All works have been published with the permission of the authors.

LEFT BEHIND

by Chloe Budakian

"Tell me a story," Angela pleaded, her doe-like eyes held the curiosity that only a child could possess.

"Okay, but just this once. I think it's time that you hear this," I replied as she helped me to my wheelchair. For a moment, I hesitated. Was she ready? I figured it was time that she knew.

"This is the story of the left-behind girl." I shifted in my seat. Despite my best attempts, I couldn't bring my gaze off of the floor. "After another ceaseless day as a barefoot doctor, the left-behind girl kneeled down at the table, her limbs numb from exhaustion. As she began to eat, she peered down at her meager portion of red snapper. Her stomach ached with hunger, the sharp staccato of that stabbing pain she knew all too well. Crippling fatigue encompassed the girl, and she ultimately gave way, allowing her mind to tangle itself into a web of despondency and self-pity. But, as she glanced at her grandma's plate, what she observed was perplexing. Her grandma had been the one who doled out the portions of their sad excuse for food and somehow, she had given herself less than the left-behind girl. She looked up, and her grandmother locked eyes with the girl. The crinkly old woman's hollowed-out cheekbones and faded features narrated her own struggles.

'Eat,' her grandma motioned to her plate. So, the left-behind girl began to eat, suddenly grateful for whatever life she had left, reminded that there was someone out there who would protect her."

"Why was the left-behind girl so poor?" Angela inquired, already hooked.

I paused, unsure if I could muster the courage to recount the story. Alas, I knew I had to. I took a couple of shaky breaths and continued on.

"That's a good question! Let's go back a bit further. When the left-behind girl was a young child, she lived a joyous, prosperous life. One fateful day, she was at her waipo, her grandmother's house, helping her to wrap dumplings. Meanwhile, in her family home just a few miles away, her father stumbled into the living room where the left-behind girl's mother and six other children were sitting. His face was ghostly pale. The usual colour and vibrancy had been washed away, stolen by some intangible force. One look into his eyes, brimming with agonizing distress, and her mother knew something was terribly wrong.

'What is it?' she asked meekly, selfishly wishing she could stay in her blissful bubble of ignorance.

'The Communist Party has taken over Beijing. Families are fleeing, and we need to get out. Fast!'

Their eyes locked together, thoughts intertwined, as a wave of maternal instincts washed over the mother. Instantaneously, the left-behind girl's mother and father found themselves sprinting towards the nearby docks, their dazed children in tow.

They arrived breathlessly; the rhythmic thumping of their shoes reverberating through the boat station. They pushed past swarms of distraught civilians, the entire building heavy with panic. Luck reigned supreme, and the family made it to the last boat bound for Shanghai; however, as the chaos began to diffuse, the mother's heart dropped to her stomach. Her insides flipped, and she underwent the slow, cool, all-encompassing burn of pure fear. The left-behind girl wasn't with her siblings; the family had forgotten her. As they were shoved onto the boat by the masses, the mother knew she had to go back, she had to turn around!

She began to furiously push past her obstacles, the bodies blocking her from her child, but even she knew her attempts were futile. As she stood, shoved between hordes of other hysterical escapees, one singular tear streamed down her face. She was numb. As the boat departed from the dock, hope departed from her being." Taking a breath I paused, my throat burning with emotion.

Cutting through the stunned silence my story had left behind, Angela whispered, "Taipo, Great-Grandma, how do you know the story of the left-behind girl?" Suddenly a look of wide-eyed bewilderment crossed her face. "And why does Grandpa's old family portrait only have six children; I thought you had seven?"

Chloe is the 1st place winner in the Short Story category for this year's Teen Writing Contest.



UN

All us two legged, bare and composite
Bear a hidden voice in a hidden crook
Within the soul clinging to our unique shapes
Within the thick embodiment of emotions and yearnings

The crook is veiled in spidery-threads;
A place you'd never want to venture
But somehow find yourself
Sinking in chilling, burping muck

It is a venue of panic, jealousy, deceit
A vessel of wicked thought and retaliation
The hidden voice in a hidden crook
Weighing us down with hammers and fists

This voice screeches, purrs
Soft as silk it croons
Loud as death it whispers
Leading you into sorrowful depths

Humans house such snapping calls
Harbour voices jousting with hate
And sometimes one listens
Wandering as a victim

All of us have these immoral soloists
Residing in our thoughts
Guests of shadow and carcass
Hoping to infest our desires

We are not weaponless
Against our assailants;
Our appointed joy and love
Wield unmatched strength

TITLED

by Kyana Ellis

Wheresoever you plod
Veering from path to path
If you hold close what deeply matters
The voice has no hold upon you

So fill the basin of your soul with life,
Divinity, passion, and the soft-spoken trees
And when over it brims let it sink into your
vocal cords;
Let your singing spirit banish unpleasanties

Strong we are, though flawed
Uniquely ourselves with powerful quality
While we may listen to the voices plaguing us
What matters is again listening to ourselves

So leap and bound in joyousness
Fill your emotions with warmth from the sun
Dance for joy in the devilry
For we are bearing this voice, and blessed

***Kyana is the 1st
place winner in
the Poetry
category for this
year's Teen
Writing Contest.***



UNTITLED

by Abby Hiemstra

It starts with being too hot and too bored. It starts with a call from your grandparents, saying, "We made cookies and we'd love for you to come try some, and wouldn't it be wonderful if you could clean out the attic while you're over?"

It starts with agreeing.

Half an hour later, you regret it. The attic is even hotter than outside, with sunlight streaming in through the lone window that hasn't opened in years. On top of that, there's so much stuff that there's almost no room to breathe. You're not even sure where to start.

When you finally do start, it's with a small wooden box. Curious, you open it. Inside is a chess set that looks old enough to be an antique. For no reason whatsoever, you set up the board on a rickety table, then make the first move. If you come back tomorrow, you can play against yourself.

You do come back the next day. Your grandparents insisted on it, considering you hadn't even made it through a quarter of the job.

Cookies are provided again, along with lemonade. The attic is the same as yesterday, hot and dusty and overflowing. Except, upon closer inspection, it's not the same. You frown at the chess set.

"Hey, Gramps?", you call down the stairs.

"Did you or Gramma move anything up here?"

"Nope!", comes the reply. "Haven't been up since you came over!"

You blink. Frown again.



"Hello?", you say cautiously, but the attic remains silent. After a moment, you start clearing things out again, but you've lost the easiness you had yesterday.

On the third day (how did your grandparents get this much stuff?) you take your turn and move another piece on the chess set. You're just curious, really. You're pretty sure it's your grandparents playing, but you still want to see how it turns out.

On the fourth day, your opponent has made their move. You grin and play your turn. This is starting to be fun.

By the fifth day, you've fallen into a routine. There's a fan in the attic now, and it gives some semblance of relief from the heat. Cookies are still a daily occurrence, as is lemonade. The chess game continues, though both your grandparents insist they haven't touched it.

The attic is full of other treasures; photographs, journals, and things old enough to belong in a museum. The amount of dust is enough to create an army of dust bunnies, so after lunch you finally decide to vacuum.



When you tell your parents about the chess game later that night, your dad jokes about it being a ghost. Your mom laughs, but you frown. You never considered that.

The rest of your night is spent googling how to catch a ghost.

When you arrive at your grandparents' house the next day, it's with a Polaroid camera hanging around your neck and a fully charged phone in your back pocket.

The attic is silent as always, but once again, a piece on the chess set has been moved. You turn on the camera and try taking some pictures, but nothing happens. It's not until you sit in front of the chess set that you notice something different. Nothing too obvious, just a shift in the light, and a spot where the lingering traces of dust don't touch.

You raise the camera so fast you almost drop it. The click of the shutter is loud in the silence of the attic, and you wait eagerly for the photo to develop. Then - the faint trace of a face appears, framed by a wispy braid and a soft smile.

You clutch the photo in your hand, eyes wide with surprise. When you look up though, the spot is empty, sunlight streaming through the window in its regular pattern, the dust floating freely again.

"A ghost," you whisper.

The photo stays at the bottom of your desk drawer, hidden and secret. You don't show it to anyone, because you know they'll laugh, and this feels too private for that.

A week later, you find yourself staring at

an empty attic, save for a final box and the chess set, still set up on the rickety table. There's only one move left to make, and you already know you're going to lose. Pushing back the sudden bittersweet feeling threatening to overwhelm you, you turn back to the box. The word 'Photos' is scribbled across it, and a cloud of dust rises out from inside the box when it's opened.

Gingerly picking up the first photo, you turn it over, only to almost drop it again. You stare in shock at the woman pictured, then race down the stairs, shouting for your Gramma. She meets you at the bottom of the stairs, surprised.

"Who is this?", you demand, shoving the photo into her hands. She takes it, then smiles, but it's a sad look.

"My sister," she says. "She died young, but we loved her dearly. She was a chess expert, you know. Nobody could beat her."

You stumble backward into a chair, suddenly dizzy.

The girl in the photo is an exact match to the one hidden in your desk at home.

Abby is the 2nd place winner in the Short Story category for this year's Teen Writing Contest.



SOMETIMES

by Loghan Weber

Sometimes I like to think you still care.

That,

Even after all these years,
You still remember who I am.

Or even,
Who I was.

Sometimes I like to think you are trustworthy

That,

You you won't stab me in the back,
Or leave me in the dust.

I like to think you won't do it again.
Like you've changed.

Sometimes I like to think you miss me.

That,

Every time you see me laugh or cry,
You wish you could hold me,
And wait for my tears to dry.

I like to think it hurts you that I've moved on.
Like you still want to be in my life.

Sometimes I like to think you still care.

But then I remember what you did.

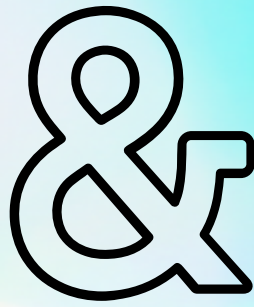
How you treated me.

I like to think I'll be better off on my own,
But everytime I see your face,
I see my home.

***Loghan is the 2nd place
winner in the Poetry
category for this year's
Teen Writing Contest.***



**BEATEN,
BATTERED,
RESCUED,**



LOVED
by Kalena Scheifele

I came tumbling down from my home, crashing to the floor. Why had someone knocked me off my luxurious shelf? I had no time to think, though. Martha grabbed me from the floor, and went around fluffing things up before she tossed me aside on a table. Her sudden cleaning obsession seemed odd, but made more sense when I heard my best friend, Cinderella, whispering that Allie, Martha's 5 year old daughter, had friends coming over.

Just minutes later, the doorbell rang. Martha jumped up and answered it, and in came the people. Oh no - not him! Yep, it was him. Despite his small size, Archie was my worst enemy in the whole world. When he came in the door, I cowered in fear.

Now, let me explain why I don't like Archie. Wait, no. 'Don't like' is much too light of a word. I DESPISE Archie. The boy is a MONSTER! And I'm not even exaggerating. The last time he came over, he knocked down a vase of flowers onto a book. She was my good friend, Little Red Riding

Hood, too! Then, to top it off, he started ripping pages out of her and chucking them to the floor. The next day, it appeared that Little Red Riding Hood had disappeared. The Three Bears thought the wolf had gotten to her, but I knew the truth. It was the dreaded RECYCLING BIN!

Once his coat and boots had been removed, Archie came into the living room. Allie picked me up and opened me to page 1. The story of Snow White. All of the sudden, Archie JUMPED up from where he was sitting, and LUNGED at me! I tried to escape, but, well, my lack of legs prevented me from moving much. Archie kept pulling and pulling and then... R-I-I-I-P!!! There was a huge scar where my beautiful page had once been.

Then, he went in for more. This time, he grabbed 2 at a time, then 3! Finally, Allie's mom managed to pull him away and took the pages from his grasp. She put the pages back in me, placing me on a high shelf.

Archie's mom came by, and she and her



son left soon after.

The next day, Martha plonked me in her car and we drove around for what seemed like forever. To top it off, I was still sore from Archie's attack.

When we finally reached our destination, she picked me up off my seat, and carried me to a door that opened with a little jingle. She brought me over to a counter, where a man was standing. She handed me to him, and he brought me to a very dark room, placing me on a large pile of other books.

I spent the night in that cold, dark, room. I tried to make conversation with the other books, but for some reason they wouldn't answer me. I wasn't scared though. No siree. I was a BRAVE book!

The next morning, the man came and picked me up, and brought me to a different room. He picked out my loose pages from Archie, as well as a HUGE needle (!!!) and some string. He put the string on the needle and STABBED me with it multiple times! It hurt a lot at first, but then I got used to it. When he was done, I felt like I was brand new! Just a bit later, I heard the door play the same jingly sound as when I had first entered. I heard a woman's voice. Wait, could it be? Yes! Martha had come back for me! Not that I was ever afraid she wouldn't, though.

The man picked me up and handed me to her. She put some papers and metal things in his hand as we left the building. We went in that car again, for another long ride. When the car stopped and we got out, I was overjoyed to see our old house again. As long as there was no Archie there, of course. When we went in, I was placed way up on a high shelf. I guess that

was so I was never damaged again. In fact, it seemed that I was never even touched!

Long days, weeks, and months went by where it was just me and the dust bunnies. They had this odd habit of taking long naps on my spine. I found it amusing, even cute at first, but then quite annoying when they overstayed their welcome.

Finally, after what must have been years, somebody took me off the dust filled shelf. The hands brought me down to a room where many children were seated. They opened me up, and began to read.

Although it had been a while, the familiar feeling of being read came back immediately. It was wonderful to be here again, with an audience leaning in. When the story was finished, a little girl asked if she could have me! I looked up at my owner, who I now realized was Allie, just much older. She looked at me, her eyes twinkling.

"Yes," she said, smiling.

She handed me to the little girl.

I was ready for an adventure. Maybe I would become this child's prize possession, or maybe I'd spend my days on a shelf.

Whatever the case, I was excited to go on this journey with my new friend.

Kalena is the 3rd place winner in the Short Story category for this year's Teen Writing Contest.



ANXIETY

by Liah Hawkins

Anxiety kind of feels like you're

falling
and you keep

falling but then you see the ground
and you get so scared that you're gonna hit the ground
but
suddenly you go right through
and keep falling

Turns out it was clouds

But you have the fear of hitting the ground and you just
don't know when it's gonna happen.

***Liah is the 3rd place winner in
the Poetry category for this
year's Teen Writing Contest.***



THE NANNY

by Aidan Runstedler

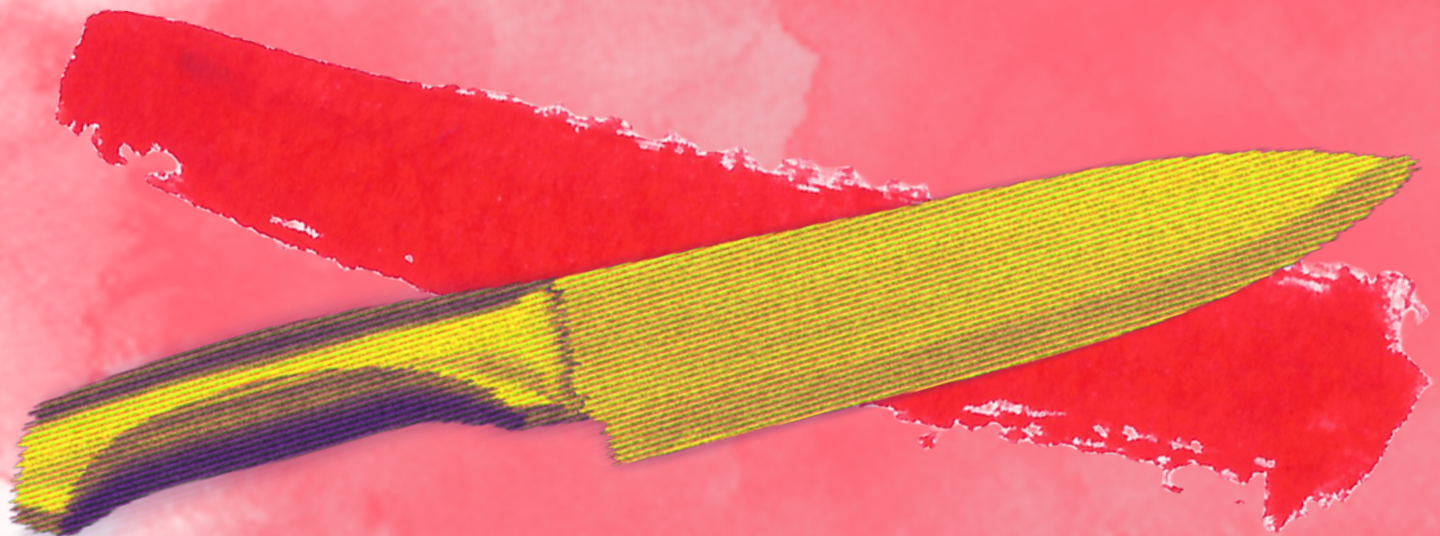
"Everyone needs a Nanny!" exclaimed a young child on the TV. Clips of children baking and doing their homework with human-looking machines flashed, brightening up the dark living room. The Nanny was a new in-home assistant. According to tech developers everywhere, A.I. assistants were the next smartphone. I shut the tv off and opened my laptop.

I started researching The Nanny. They looked incredibly lifelike. Everything a human nanny could do, they do. An ad popped up on the screen, "Begin building your Nanny!" it read. I clicked and scrolled through, I began customizing. You could pick everything about them to build your perfect nanny; gender, height, weight, and the list goes on. I chose its features and

thought over my options. I knew I could use some help around the house and with the kids. I could put in more hours at the office and maybe get the promotion I'd been working towards. I put in my information and with one click my Nanny was on its way.

I was sitting on the couch with my two kids, John and Jane. It was an early Sunday morning and we were watching cartoons. The doorbell rang, I got up and opened the door. I looked down to see a large rectangular box with "THE NANNY" written on the side. I pulled the package into my bedroom.

I opened the box to find what appeared to be a vacuum-sealed woman. I gasped at



the disturbing sight before reminding myself she wasn't alive. I removed her plastic casing and followed the instructions. I pressed buttons and said simple commands, downloaded pictures of the kids and their favourite things onto her hard drive. I dressed her and made her look like a real Nanny before leaving her for the night.

I woke up to the smell of bacon. I walked into the kitchen to find The Nanny flipping pancakes.

Soon the kids were downstairs too, they cautiously sat beside me staring at the strange woman assembling their plates. She turned and handed the plates to the kids. "Hi John, hi Jane. I'm your new Nanny. Anything you need, I will always be here. Now eat up, you have school soon." She began cleaning the kitchen as the children ate.

The next few weeks were easy and carefree, I got to focus on work while The Nanny took care of cooking, cleaning, and the kids.

One Saturday morning I decided we were going to have a family day, no Nanny. I shut her off and started making breakfast. The kids slowly got out of bed and sat at the island.

"Where's Nanny?" John asked.

"She's not working today, it's just going to be us," I said, handing them their plates.

"But Nanny takes us to the park on Saturday," Jane said biting into her food, "and this isn't how Nanny makes our eggs."

"I can take you to the park and you love my eggs," I replied.

"Nanny's are better," John said, pushing his plate away.

I sighed, "Go get dressed for the park." I said before cleaning up and getting ready myself. I kept thinking about how disappointed the kids were when I told them that there would be no Nanny today.

After the park, we returned home and had a calm evening until it was time for bed. "Do you want a story?" I asked. She nodded.

"I want the story Nanny tells." She said sitting up.

"Nanny isn't on right now. I'll make up a new story." I said sitting beside her and putting my arm around her.

"No!" She exclaimed, pushing my arm off, "I want Nanny!" She whined. I opened my mouth to argue, but I knew it would be no use.

I walked to the closet and Nanny powered on. "Hello, how may I assist you?" She asked.

"Jane wants a story." I explained. She nodded and headed to Jane's room.

"Nanny!" I heard the kids exclaim in joy. I sighed and continued cleaning the house.

The next few weeks were much like that Saturday. Every time I wanted to spend time with the kids, they wanted Nanny. I walked into the living room to see the kids cuddled up to her side.

"If she ever tries to turn you off again," John said looking up at her, "promise you won't let her."

"Your wish is my command." Nanny said before playing their favourite lullaby as

they fell asleep in her arms.

It's unfair. I told her their favourite song and favourite meals. The reason she is so great is because of me. It was time to get rid of Nanny, they have become too dependent on her.

I was flipping through her manual until I found the page on how to turn her off. "Nanny come here please," I said while putting the manual down and walking over to her. She walked closer and then glanced at the open manual before running away. "Nanny!" I yelled before chasing her.

"I was told not to let you turn me off." She said standing in the kitchen.

"I tell you what to do and I say come here," I said sternly.

"Anything they need, I will always be here." She said with an emphasis on always. She walked over to me. She got so close I could hear faint buzzing and beeping going on inside her silicone shell.

"Nanny what are you doing?" I asked looking into her eyes. She seemed so lifelike, but you could tell there was no soul in her eyes, they were empty. She moved her hands from behind her back. She had two large knives from the knife block. Before I could scream, she had already completed her promise to the children.

"I will always be here..." She said before walking away.

And with that, it went dark.

Aidan is a runner up in the Short Story category for this year's Teen Writing Contest.



FROST BITTEN

by Sarah Nicolai

the ice brushing against my face
the only colour around
is the rose in my cheeks
the snow twinkles
like a choir of violins
playing a melody so soft
yet so piercingly high
that if you didn't know
the beauty behind it
you'd just feel pain.

the wind swirling around me
like a tornado of air
so cold that it's hot
that the weather burns you
by isolating you
from your own body
and like having frostbite
i lose pieces of myself
to you.

***Sarah is a runner
up in the Poetry
category for this
year's Teen Writing
Contest.***



IN THE END

by Chrysoula S.


During my childhood there was always something to be afraid of: spiders, the dark, even clowns once brought me unease. Although, one fear that I was never able to shake was the fear of dying. It was a primitive feeling, the fear of something unknown, an impending doom that everyone was subject to. There seemed to be a million ways to succumb to death, yet I would have never expected that things would end like this; little time left until our fated apocalypse would be upon us. My stomach sank, my mind still trying to grasp the concept as something familiar nudged against my hand.

The feeling of his skin was something I had grown to depend on over the many years; his rough palms and his calloused fingers gently laced together with my own. His grip was strong and comforting, easily making me forget where we were. His touch calmed my nerves like a cup of hot tea soothes a sore throat.

Dense forest stood in front of us, mosquitoes buzzing and looking for young blood to suckle on. At any another time, the forest would frighten me, especially at night, though tonight was different; there were greater things to fear.

The soft summer breeze was pushing us forward, leading the way. I'd been too captivated by the bittersweet moment, even the tears that slowly pooled in my eyes seemed to have evaded my mind.

"Silas," his name slipped past my lips, my breath shaky, unsure if I could go any farther. His bright eyes caught mine, as his



lips pressed into a subtle frown. He looked at me as if he could read my mind; we were so young, eagerly awaiting our plans for the set future. Our wedding had been planned down to the colour of the napkins, complete with a lengthy list of baby names, written out in anticipation. I would often catch myself daydreaming about the house we'd own, our names painted onto our mailbox, somewhere we could build our life.

"We have to go," he hushed me and I knew he was right. Our spot was still only a short walk away. Step by step, our legs moved us forward, mud collecting on the bottom of our shoes. Swatting away bugs, I turned a blind eye to any lurking creature rustling in the bushes; none of them could frighten me anymore as they dimmed in comparison to the end of the world.

My body had started to feel numb as I bit my tongue, the only reassurance was his hand squeezing mine. At least our spot was within my field of vision, visible from where my feet were planted. Our spot was a clearing, the size of a small pool, circled by aging oak trees and filled with grass that barely reached my knees.

The stars were shining brightly, almost to bid us farewell, the moon waxing, oblivious to the events. Silas pulled me towards the center of the clearing, holding onto my waist as we stood facing each other.

"This is it," his sadness seeping from his anxious laugh. I nodded, wrapping my own arms around him, "let's lay down," he suggested to me, whispering into my ear. At first, I didn't want to let go, wanting to stay in his comforting embrace for longer. Yet, I brought myself to pull away, dropping to my knees, watching as he did the same. Silas laid his back against the ground, crushing the grass beneath him, forming an outline around him. He kept his arms open, inviting me to rest against him. It was an offer that couldn't be refused. Placing my head against his heartbeat, my hand ran smoothly across his chest.

On my finger I saw the ring he gifted me, its diamond caught my eye. A promise, he

had explained, that like the round silver, our love would have no end. I wish that I hadn't laughed and teased him for sounding so cliché because now, forever seemed like a luxury.

There were too many words that had been left unsaid, feelings that still needed to be shared. A life still left to live.

My heart longed to feel the cool rain hit against my skin; for it to dampen my hair, to smell the dew it would create the next morning. To see Silas standing over the oven, flipping pancakes, despite the smell of bacon burning. My eyes yearned to see him laughing again, his nose scrunched and body keeling over-- to see him happy. Straining my neck to look up at the sky once more, knowing it was about to begin.

"I love you," Silas reminded me.

"I love you too," I replied, sensing my own hot teardrops staining his shirt although I couldn't find it within myself to care. From the feeling of his sharp breaths, it was evident that Silas was crying too. Holding him tightly it was my turn to comfort him, "I love you--always."

From above us, bright specks flashed. They were bigger than the stars, and much more vibrant. Some moved like slow paced clouds, flying away from us while others

began to charge at us like raging bulls. There were so many of them—too many to count, too many smaller pieces breaking off. This was it. This was the end.

Soon, our bodies would be crushed, burned and imprinted in the ground. Soon, humanity as we knew it would disintegrate, no one left to tell our story. The sun was finally dying, crumbling before our very eyes.

At least Silas and I will be together, drawing the same breath. I knew that when I close my eyes he'll still be escorting me into whatever afterlife is to come. The fear of death once kept me in its clutches but now, as Silas and I lie in the field, it's clear that I was never afraid of dying, but doing it alone.

Chrysoula is a runner up in the Short Story category for this year's Teen Writing Contest.

UNTITLED

by Sarah Murphy

my heart now ticks,
it does not beat
ticks like a clock
whether wake or sleep
but sleep,
of sleep i have no need,
to feel nor eat
nor tasks basic as these
i tick, i tick,
though no gears inside,
no screws, no bolts,
no lust, no pride,
i tick, i tick,
and soon you'll see
how good it feels
to tick not breathe,
a human machine
will reflection see,
it seems i've lost
the life in me,
i tick, i tick
like everything here,
i no longer fear,
i tick, i tick.

***Sarah is a runner up
in the Poetry category
for this year's Teen
Writing Contest.***



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



This spring, Waterloo Public Library asked teens to submit their original works of fiction (poems & short stories) to our first ever Teen Writing Contest. We were blown away by the response we received, with over 60 entries.

We would like to thank each and every teen that shared their work with us; it was no easy task to pick winners from the amazing pool of talent. Congratulations to all of the winners. We are beyond ecstatic to be able to share your work in this publication.

A special thank you to all of the WPL staff that acted as judges and dedicated their time to reading through all of the submissions.

We would also like to thank our WPL Teen Events Team for their continued dedication, brilliant ideas and programming, led by our staff coordinator, Mariah Baldasaro, who oversaw the running of this contest.



Connect With Us

wpl.ca



Waterl∞
PUBLIC LIBRARY