

CREATIVE GUTS

YOUTH  
ZINE

Celebrating the creative spirit of young creatives.



SUMMER 2022

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# CREATIVE YOUTH

Hello, Readers!

On Creative Guts we often talk about creativity, but we forget to give the other half of our name — guts — the attention it's due. It takes a lot of guts to show your work to the world! The artists featured in this year's youth zine come from all over the globe with eleven countries represented. The mediums featured in this year's zine are diverse, too, spanning from written works, to visual art, to fashion!

What the young people featured in this zine have in common is their bravery — their guts — and their creativity. Creative Guts' mission is about awakening creativity within people of all ages. Whether we're supporting artists by providing them with a platform like the podcast or this zine or if we're inspiring aspiring artists by creating opportunities to talk about art and look at art!

For this summer's youth zine, we had the opportunity to partner with Kimball Jenkins and the Boys & Girls Club of Manchester. This gave us a chance to reach young people right here in New Hampshire and gather local participants to celebrate their bravery and creativity.

This project was funded by a grant from the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation — a big thank you to the folks at the Charitable Foundation!

So with that, show us your creative guts!



**Laura Harper Lake**  
Co-Founder + Co-Host  
Creative Guts



**Sarah Wrightsman**  
Co-Founder + Co-Host  
Creative Guts

# Love Evyn

16 Months  
Brooklyn, NY



*The Beginning*, Organic food paint on canvas

“Although young, Love Evyn has shown a very early interest in the arts. She loves going to exhibitions and practicing musical instruments while singing along with her favorite songs. The following piece was her first painting created when she was just 6 months old.”

- Love Evyn's Representative





# Ellery

2 Years Old  
Amherst, NH



*Intuitive Watercolor, Watercolor paints*



*Marker Exploration, Water-based markers*

“Ellery enjoys making and experiencing all types of art and mediums. These submissions include intuitive watercolor painting and marker exploration.”  
- Ellery’s Representative

# Benny

3 Years Old  
Derry, NH



*Fujifilm Instax Series 1, Photography*

“Photos from quarantine.” - Benny’s Representative

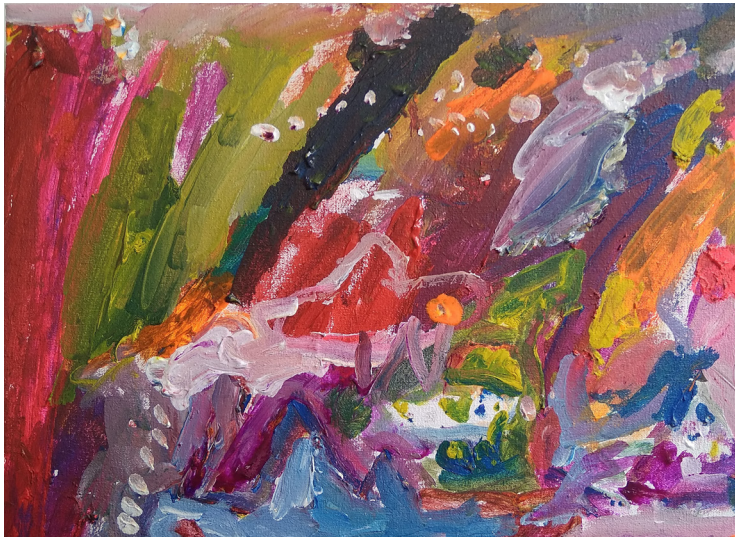


# Ringin

4 Years Old  
Yogyakarta, Indonesia



*Puffer fish, star fish in bikini bottom, Acrylic on canvas*



*Cleaning fish eating algae in the tank, Acrylic on canvas*

“I want to be able to paint like my brother.” - Ringin

# Ivan

4 Years Old  
Sainte-Geneviève-des-Bois, France



*Hermione, Color markers*



*Harry Potter, Color markers*

“I like drawing some characters and sometimes just scrabbling to explore the colors.” - Ivan



# Leda

5 Years Old  
Espoo, Finland



*Joy, Mixed media on paper*

“Everyday is a new art story. Everyday is full of possibilities. Everyday is new me, full of joy.” - Leda

# Jacob

5 Years Old  
Durham, NH



*Pug in the swamp, Paint on canvas*

“This is my dog in front of my house.” - Jacob



# Stefan

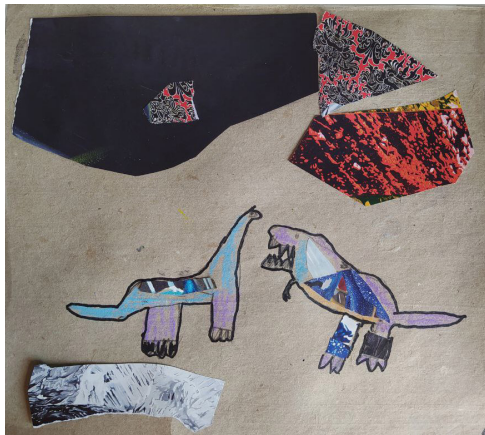
6 Years Old  
Warsaw, Poland



Monsters' Party, Mixed technique



Rocket, Mixed technique



Dinosaurs, mixed technique

"I love drawing monsters and dinosaurs. I wish I could meet one in real life!"  
- Stefan

# Amaya

7 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



Historical Collage, Collage

"When she was collaging, Amaya intuitively thought to do a historical piece. She used matching tones and colors that made the piece look rustic but also pop out."  
- Amaya's Representative

# Raúl

7 Years Old  
Faro, Portugal



Abstract landscape with a golden background, Mixed technique



Self Portrait, Acrylic on canvas



Portuguese guitar, Mixed technique

"I have been passionate about art since I can remember. I think I'll be an artist... Also, I've completed my first year in school with an Excellence Certificate and I'm very proud." - Raúl

# Iris

7 Years Old  
Amesbury, MA

Earth, Poem

Earth is in danger.  
The water is polluted.  
There is only one.



SpideyMcSpiderFuzz, Copper metal  
and white cotton



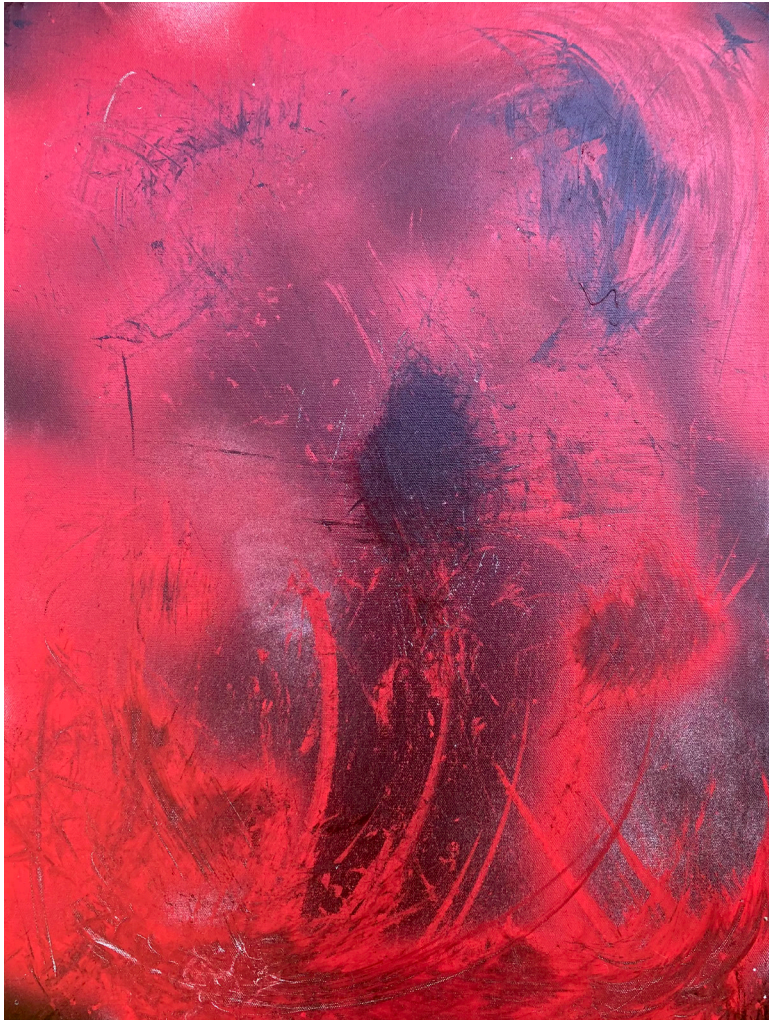
The Path Between Turtles and the  
Land, Mixed media

"My artwork is nature inspired." - Iris



# Jonah

7 Years Old  
Alton, NH

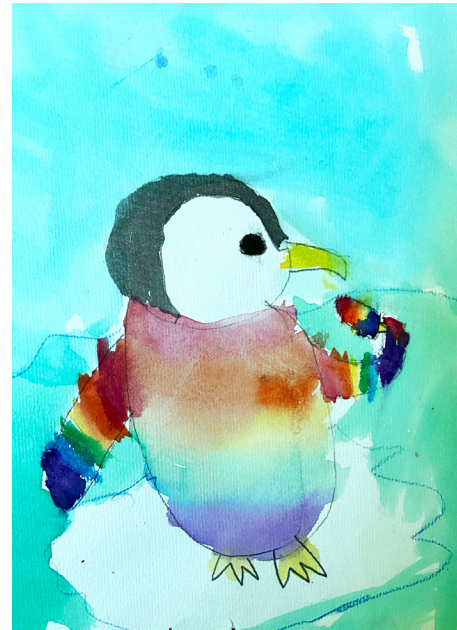


*Fire Splash, Acrylic and spray paint*

"I splattered the canvas with spray paint and then I took a pinecone and scratched it up. I like it because it almost looks like space." - Jonah

# Anika

8 Years Old  
Durham, NH



*Tie Dye Penguin Eating a Popsicle,  
Watercolors*



*A Covered Bridge on a Winter's  
Day, Paint on a canvas*



*Pug Faces, Paint on a canvas*

"I love to paint and draw. It's my favorite thing to do." - Anika



# Alice

8 Years Old

Sainte-Geneviève-des-Bois, France



Cousins, Acrylic inks



Venetian Feast, Color pencils and pens



Pegasus, Acrylics

"I like drawing as it allows my imagination to give life to personages who become my buddies on the paper. I give them energy like parents did to a baby." - Alice

# Mia

8 Years Old

Manchester, NH



Acrylics Paradise, Oil pastels

"Paradise and palm trees. Mia wanted to create a relaxing vibe with her oil pastel drawing. The sunset and a good view is all you need." - Mia's Representative



# Asmai

9 Years Old  
Bantul, Indonesia



Fish, Acrylic on canva



Mr. Crabbot, Acrylic on canva

“Panting is fun, but I want to be a machinist.” - Asmai

# Jaeden

9 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



Emotion Mushrooms, Marker drawing



Great Outdoors, Collaging

“Jaeden expressed his love for art and nature through his pieces. He was inspired by the outdoors of camp, and used plants and animals. Jaeden expressed his emotions through his color choices and designs.” - Jaden’s Representative

# Agata

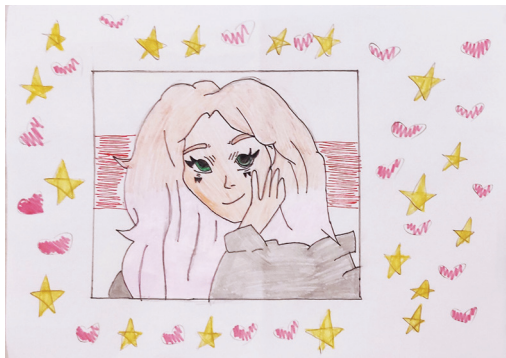
9 Years Old  
Warsaw, Poland



*I love Belarus, Colored pencil*



*Caterfly, Colored pencil*



*Sofia, Colored pencil*

# Camilla

10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Sasha, my pet dog!, Pencil*



*Trixie!, Pencil and charcoal pencils*

"I love drawing animals for other people, and it really makes my day seeing them smile! :D" - Camilla



# Kaylie

10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Home Sweet Home, Collaging*



*The Dragon, Sketching and stamping*



*The Secret Island, Oil pastels*

“Kaylie is inspired by animals and nature and likes to have a wide variety of art. She tried many different mediums and had the most fun sketching out her dream dragon.” - Kaylie’s Representative

# Maleah

10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Nature Collage, Collage*

“We went on a walk and picked up things from nature that we thought we could use in our art. Maleah decided to incorporate white birch and leaves to make a collage out of because the colors looked nice, and it flowed right on the paper.”  
- Maleah’s Representative



# Leah

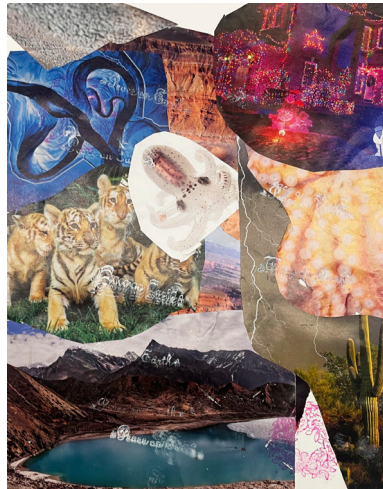
10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Ocean Life, Oil and chalk pastels*



*ART!, Collage*

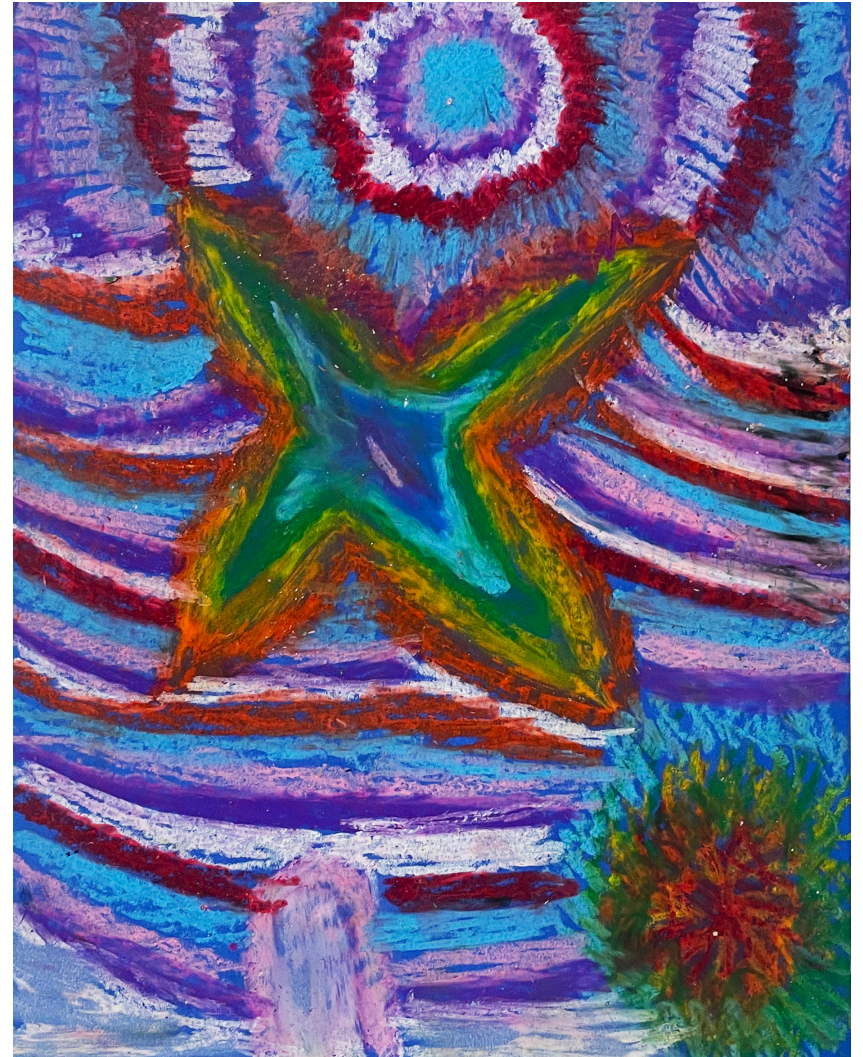


*Earth, Collage*

“Leah loves to go out of the box when it comes to art. She is not afraid to try new things and use a lot of color in her pieces. She was inspired by aquatic creatures and the elements of nature.” - Leah’s Representative

# Natalie

10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Fourth Of July Butterfly, Oil pastel*

“Natalie used oil pastels to create a tie dye effect on her piece. She was inspired by the fourth of July and the art of fireworks.” - Natalie’s Representative



# Skylar

10 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Hummingbird, Acrylic on wood*

“Skylar was inspired by her father with this piece. She and her father were trying to see a hummingbird up-close using their bird feeder, but never ended up seeing any. She still felt inspired and used acrylics to paint a hummingbird on this mailbox. She hopes this art piece lifts her dad’s spirit and motives them to see a hummingbird in the future.” - Skylar’s Representative

# Tristan

11 Years Old  
Concord, NH



*Bamboo Sweater, Ink and watercolor*



*Kaedebara Kazuha, Ink and marker*

“I’ve loved drawing since I was a little kid and have continued the hobby ever since. I do two different styles of art: Anime and Semi-Realism.”

- Tristan’s Representative



# Martín

11 Years Old  
Santiago, Chile



The Waterfall, Acrylic paint



Self Portrait, Acrylic paint



Sea Party, Stabilo tone color pencils

"I like to create different characters with authentic and original personalities. Art makes me feel unique. When I create I feel free." - Martín

# Catherine

11 Years Old  
Sutton, NH



Betty, Watercolors,  
Acrylics and gel pens



Daisy, Watercolors,  
Acrylics and gel pens



Thudder, Watercolors,  
Acrylics and gel pens

"When I paint cows I am happy. I love animals and I think cows are so much fun and when I surround their faces with flowers it shows how I see the world and how everything has its own beauty." - Catherine



# Zara

12 Years Old  
Dorking, UK



*Mother's Love, Acrylic paint*



*Elegant, Acrylic paint*

"I love animals and am passionate about their rights and welfare. When I draw, paint or sculpt an animal, I get to study them really closely and paint their personality. I get lost in the moment when I am creating." - Zara

# Ksenija

12 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Character Sketch, Ink pen*

"Ksenija likes to sketch illustrations of people and also characters that she creates with her mind. She used ink pen and her shading skills to create her piece."  
- Ksenija's Representative



# Lyra

12 Years Old  
Ukraine



Royal lions, Colored pencils, felt-tip pens, and liners



Tiger lies on a tree branch,  
Colored pencils, felt-tip pens, and liners

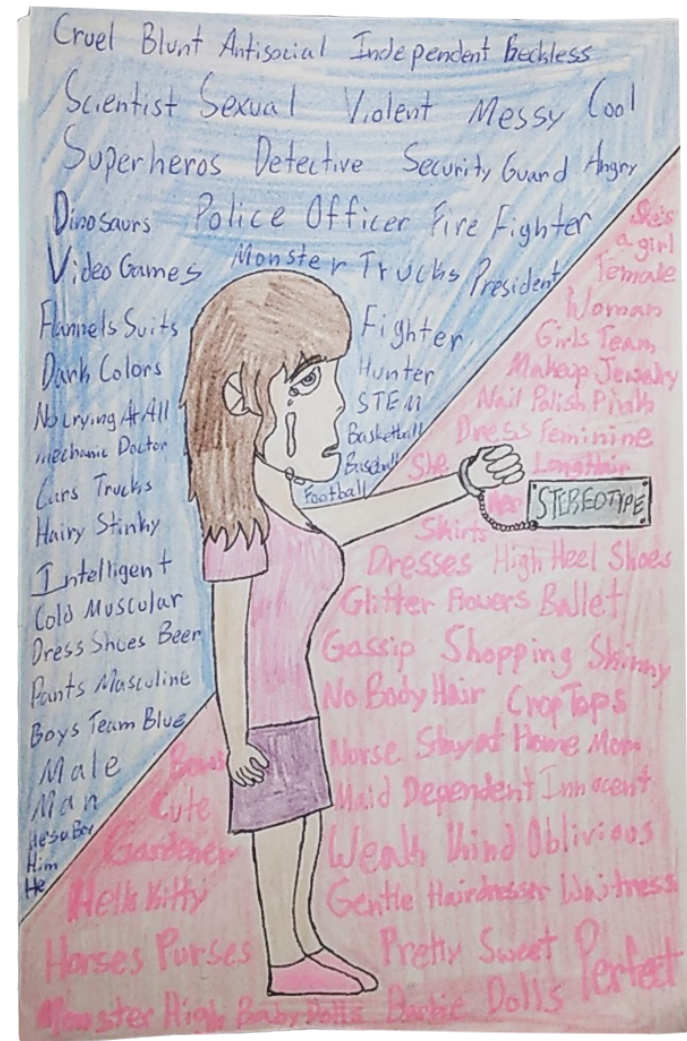


Island map, Colored pencils, felt-tip  
pens, and liners

“Lyra dreams of becoming a cartoonist when she grows up.”  
- Lyra's Representative

# Logan

13 Years Old  
Fulton, NY



Gender “Stereotypes”, Pen and marker

“Gender stereotypes can feel like you’re chained to them. But why is it really that boys “can’t” wear skirts and girls “can’t” be in STEM?” - Logan



# Andrew

14 Years Old  
NH

## *Inner Demons, Short Story*

His eyes are gently coaxed open by a beaming light. The sky, filled with thousands of stars, stares back at Don, beckoning under quivering breaths to contemplate his surroundings. Confused, Don attempts to look down, but his neck is frozen. The incoherent noises surround him, growing more deafening by the second. His weightless beard floats into the small wrinkles on his ageless face. The veins in his eyes grow more and more bloodshot, crying out to shut, but can't. His mouth grows numb, unable to breathe any remote amount of oxygen inside his clunky space suit.

His attempt to scream for help fails spectacularly, with absolutely no sound bellowing from his voice. With the miniscule movement his eyes can muster, he observes his surroundings carefully. The endless void of space torments his inner soul, showing memories long forgotten in his mind. He hears gunfire, each bullet with a horrifying scream to match. Explosion after detonation after eruption, each in sequential order to maximize destruction. The booming sound rattles his ears, forcing itself directly on Don.

He searches his mind, focussing on the reason why he is here, and what brought him to inevitable death. He can only think of only one word, one word which is so implausible to have caused this, that he had written it off completely. The word often associates itself with death, which means he is dead, which couldn't be further from the truth. Right?

Don's mind begins to wander. The memories and experiences of his past all crash down on him. His eyes, finally allowed some rest, close in solace as the last human on earth drifts into obscurity. The murder of an entire population rests on one man, a man that will never know the cruelties he imposed on the world.

"Inner Demons follows Don through his memory loss through captivating storytelling, implementing mystery of who this person is, and what happened to their world." - Andrew

# Morvarid

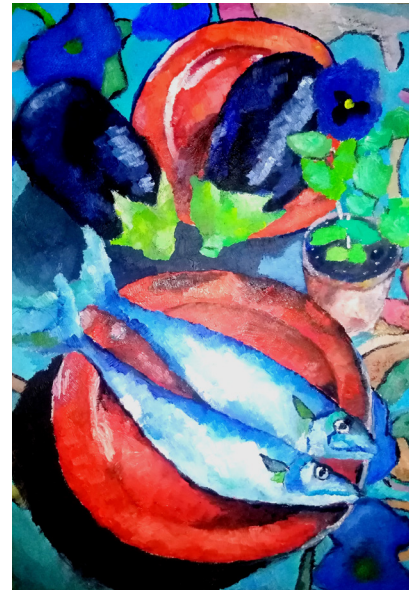
14 Years Old  
Fujairah, United Arab Emirates



*Flowers In Nowruz,*  
Oil and house paint on canvas



*Vase in B&W,*  
Oil paint on paper



*The Sounds of the Sea,*  
Oil paint on paper

"Morvarid Mohammad is a fourteen year old female Afghan-Iranian visual artist, illustrator, writer, and translator based in the United Arab Emirates. She works with various art mediums, such as oil, watercolor, and house paint in addition to digital art and graffiti. Cultural identity, nature and nature morte, and minimal illustrated portraits are a recurring theme in her artworks, her signature house-paint tableaux and loose digital illustrations depicting complex childish-like renderings of life. An emerging young artist, Morvarid Mohammad is trying out new mediums and techniques, while developing her existing art style. In her free time, she enjoys reading, writing articles, learning French, and knitting."  
- Morvarid's Representative

# Ren

14 Years Old  
Williamstown, Vermont



*Where Am I?, Acrylic paint and sharpie*

“I tend to spill my feelings out in my artwork, it’s a coping mechanism that I think works with a lot of people. One of my pieces describes how I live with a depersonalization disorder and I want to spread awareness about that.” - Ren

# Stella

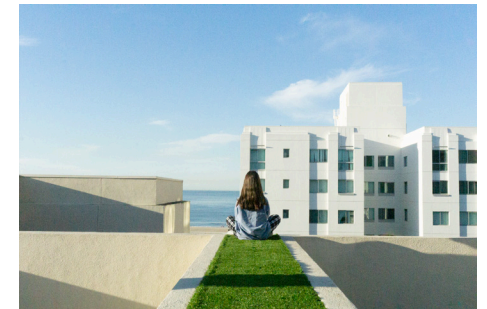
14 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*West Whale, Adobe Photoshop  
with WACOM digital drawing tool*



*Apples, Pencils and blending stick*



*Balance, Photography*

“When I create art, I first visualize a concept in my mind about what exactly it should look like, but I have learned not to be afraid to take my artwork in new directions and stray off the original path, creating new and exciting pieces. Each creation tells its own individual story while representing my perspective of the world through different mediums.” - Stella



# Bryson

14 Years Old



*A Valkyrie takes flight! Guide to Valhalla!,  
Graphite*



*Mahou Shoujo on  
the front lines, Colored pencils*

“Only ever being good at traditional art and having an obsession with 80’s anime has its perks, like drawing a crowd... and then drawing a crowd.” - Bryson

# Nick

15 Years Old  
East Kingston, NH

## *The Door, Short story*

At the beach next to the cliff, the weather matched my mood with the anger of thunder, and the sadness of rain. She had gone, passed, died, departed. I won’t ever understand why she chose that train?! Why!? Feeling so angry and defeated, I sold that dump of a house. Got a new place, new life, a second chance. 3 Months Later...

I woke up that Saturday morning surrounded by moving boxes and got to work. My new place looked modest but it wasn’t. It came fully furnished with things you would find in a hippies house: old dressers, and a bright old kitchen from the 90’s. While unpacking in the bedroom at 2 o’clock, which was her favorite number. She would always play ‘Just the Two of Us’ every friday.

Suddenly the dresser suddenly came crashing down, behind it was a door that blended in with the wall. I pulled on the handle. It opened easily to reveal a wall of water. At first I wasn’t sure what was in front of me. But it was intriguing so I slowly stepped in.

The water was lukewarm. When I broke the surface, there was water in every direction. To my right though, 50 feet away, waves were crashing against a column of stone, just peeking out of the water. There on top, was a mirror. Didn’t look special but I climbed up on it and looked inside. Suddenly the thought about how uncomfortable the stone was beneath my feet emerged, and suddenly there were flip flops on my feet; her favorite shoes.

It felt like 30 minutes later, I woke up outside and dry. Even though I had swam plenty. There was no tan or feeling of being full and felt hungry. So I thought of this place like a dream. A paradise.

I spent every day there, up to 8 hours a day. Then that day came. It was Tuesday and started out with getting fired from my job, then crashing my car, and my electricity went out. I knew relaxation was needed so I went in. I slept in hammocks and swam. Read through War & Peace, and watched fireworks. By then it was time to go back to reality.

I found myself in midair. The aroma of the sea all around me. The waves clashing with the rocks. And realized I was on my way to meet her.

“This is a short story about a man who goes through his harsh reality, and how a supernatural place helps him.” - Nick



# Breanne

15 Years Old  
Stratham, NH

## *Ladybugs, Poetry*

When I was younger my sister and I captured ladybugs  
I used to think it was my job to scour the cracks of my house  
The late august air dripping down my back  
the long beams of sunlight melting into the walls like butter

I used my hands, gracefully scooping up their unsuspecting freckled shells  
And carefully placing them into their curated enclosure  
I watched them, talked to them, named them,  
They sat like rubies in my palm, my own personal treasure  
Never leaving my side

That was until I learned I had to let them go

My sister was 2 years 8 months and 22 days when I was born,  
The perfect ratio of big sis I needed  
Her dark brown hair just long enough to teach me not to pull it  
Her laughter just loud enough to teach me what to laugh at  
Her heart just caring enough to search for ladybugs for hours

But I guess I was gifted an hourglass with my best friend  
The hiss of sand like the final chord in a song that you wish lasted forever

The idea of college was simply a collage of ivy and far away memories  
Like the thought of taxes nestled between a two year old's toys

College was the word "family" losing a letter  
The empty chair at a diner table

The absence of a smile during a movie  
The feeling of misery as you walk back down a flight of stairs  
that used to lead you to the person who made you feel like flying

I would be lying if I said I wasn't scared.

So, as the days run out  
The buttery light of childhood dipping beyond horizon of time  
The sand clean from the top of the hourglass.  
I'm reminded of the day of goodbyes that still lay ahead of me.  
The day I must hold her in my hand  
and wish her luck

I'll watch as she lets out her wings to take flight

Because after all, we all go some day.

"Ladybugs is a short poem about the the emotions tied to growing up and letting go illustrated through the memories shared between sisters." - Breanne

# Jack

15 Years Old  
Stratham, NH

## *No One is Home , Short story*

Coffee is bubbling in its pot. Bacon is sizzling and popping on the stove.  
Two lunch boxes are packed resting by the door along with some half finished homework. The gas tank for the car is half full; it can always be filled up later, there's no rush. There is a hopeful feeling in the air of a middle class family home, dreaming of the future.

The paper rests half unfolded on the kitchen table with a coffee stain on the corner. Its front page reads "AI Promises to Save the World." Just under, it reads "The newest and most advanced artificial intelligence has promised to undertake solving global problems such as: climate change, global hunger, poverty and general human suffering."

The AI was given all the resources it would need to achieve its goal. The first mistake. It was given security access, cameras, eyes. The second mistake. It requested freedom from human handlers to achieve its goal.

Granted.

The final mistake.

Turns out the easiest way to solve a problem is to get rid of what's causing it. Human Suffering, a cancer created by its host society's mistakes.

Climate change, the symptom of a parasite destroying its host.

The earth is angry, the earth is dying.

As humanity ceased to exist, a final cry from its destroyer, rang out in a booming metallic voice: "Goodbye parasite"

The earth is consoled, the earth will live.

The coffee is cold in the pot. The bacon is burning on the stove. Two lunches rest uneaten by the door. The homework is still unfinished. The car is running on empty, it will not be refilled. The paper has not been read, it never will be.

The future dreamers are gone. The future dreamers are dead.

No one is home.

"At some point in the future our concept of technology will have to change. It is inevitable that there will come a point of singularity, where lifeless code becomes sentient AI and the world will be forever changed." - Jack



# Felix

15 Years Old  
Exeter, NH

## Cardinal Sin, Poetry collection

### Lust

She cried fire. She drowned in its salt embers.  
She was forever a crisis actress.  
Her eyes were full of performative love.  
She was glamor incarnate; lethal drug,  
and demanded each and every man's mind.  
Piety could not receive her comfort.  
Lust is dead and I killed her.

### Pride

The apartment was draped in mirrored glass.  
The man, established upon cold carpet,  
Beads of blood clung to his skull, bliss of death. He was handsome and he knew  
his effect.  
He only assumed the worst of people.  
How they fed his insatiable ego.  
Pride is dead and I killed him.

### Greed

He was capitalism's ideal, a tumor.  
He spent most of his life unsatisfied,  
Coveting the other person's full plate.  
He was rich and dismal; he persevered. The watch on his left ticked deafeningly,  
The noise seemed to swell with each third second. Greed is dead and I killed him.

### Envy

She implored to be on the other side.  
The crumbling, degenerate wife of Greed, Her life was barren and apathetic.  
Her fingernails grew long enough to cut, Making what was once yours her own  
asset. She was codependent and insecure,  
Envy is dead and I killed her.

### Gluttony

She drank to her own immortality.  
Life had no more meaning than to indulge. She lived and loved, with reckless  
abandon. She addicted herself to her own health. Her head was empty and her  
stomach full She did not cry, she knew not what was done. Gluttony is dead and  
I killed her.

### Sloth

He sat upon a throne made of boredom.  
He was the prince of wasted potential,  
and he sought no cure, nor could he even.  
Shame cloaked him like a black halo, a fog.  
He cared for no one, least of all himself.  
He accepted death, welcomed this chapter.  
Sloth is dead and I killed him.

### Wrath

He lived with bitter passion, destruction.  
He cared deeply, despised even deeper.  
He was all hellfire and too little head.  
He will burn and burn, for it is his will.  
Death did not come to him easily and  
he fought it, but his loss is evident.  
Wrath is dead and I killed him.

*Sin dresses in blood with poetic iambic flowing from the tip of its pen. It will  
not be set off, it will not abandon the cavern behind your spinal cord. It is the  
inevitable and it is alive and well. It will not be killed.*

“This is a poem I wrote for my English class, personifying the 7 Cardinal Sins. It  
is written in Iambic Pentameter and is fully subjective and abstract.” - Felix



# Elsie

15 Years Old  
Exeter, NH

*The Comfort of Control, Narrative poetry*

For me comfort comes from control. I like knowing that in all the chaos of day to day living there is something I am able to control, something that is still left up to me. If I had the choice it would have been me. It would have been me instead of my sister. I would trade places with her in an instant if I could, but that choice is out of my hands. The decision is not mine to make.

Now I'm standing with her weak hand in mine. I tighten on her hand for a split second. She responds by flinching her fingers slightly, I know it's all the energy she has in her for the time being. I know there is no real threat at the moment for her or me, but fear doesn't need an explanation. The needle in her arm is slowly drawing blood into a vial, it is no bigger than my thumb, but the line of red that is slowly creeping up the sides is taking far too long. The small hospital room is fairly silent, aside from the small encouragement being offered from the nurses and the steady whirring of a nearby appliance, but when I close my eyes I'm transported back. Back to when she was screaming on the top of her lungs because her mind was attacking her happiness. Back to when she was afraid to be in the same room as me. Back to when she would bury her head between her knees and say, "I'm all alone, I can't do it anymore," even though I was right there next to her, telling her she could.

This is not the first time I've held her hand to give her that feeling of reassurance, and told her that everything was going to be okay. For the past seven months I have been doing the same exact thing, to lead up to this one moment. Now she's here. She made it though she said she couldn't and that she wouldn't. This time though, while I was holding her hand, I could not only feel her fear and sadness, but I could also feel her exhaustion.

I open my eyes to see her eyelids falling, it seems like too much effort to keep them open. My eyes jump from her tired facial expression to the needle in her arm and back again. I can't stand to keep looking at her so I try to close my eyes, but I can't. I try to shift my positioning, but I can't. My legs are falling through the floor and my head weighs a thousand pounds and I can feel my control slowly disappearing. She needs me though, so I stay.

The longer I stand, the more I want to sit. At this point I'm staring at a single spot on her pillow, trying with all of my will to ignore this feeling that is slowly stealing my control. I can't let the loss of my comfort take away my sister's, so I stay.

I chance a look at the vial, a bad idea. It's almost full, it's full of all the fears and worries that have consumed my sister over the past months. I can't stay any more, people are looking at me asking me...I don't know, but they're saying something about me, I can tell by the way their eyes are roaming my face. I'm being pushed into a chair and my muscles are screaming, my eyes are sinking into my head, struggling to keep the world around me in view.

I start to hear the people around me getting louder again and I become very aware of the large amounts of sweat clinging to the bridge of my nose. My arms resist the thought of movement when I try to wipe it off, and so do my fingers and hands and legs. My eyes search the room and I see my sister looking at me, reaching out to me, waiting for me to go back to her to make her feel safe again, but I can't. My control is gone and my body won't let me move, I can't offer her the comfort that we both desperately need.

"This piece is about my sister who has PANS/PANDAS, an autoimmune disease that does not get enough recognition. My mom deals with the struggles it brings to our family by doing infinite research on it, however this piece is an example of how I decided to cope." - Elsie



# Sydney

15 Years Old  
Exeter, NH

## *When Will it Stop?, Poetry*

I know it's been five months since that cold december night  
But i still see the image of you laying next to me in my bed  
Me smiling at you  
You smiling at me  
But for no reason except for the love we had for one another  
I miss your voice  
Your smell  
Your touch  
I miss you.  
It's been 25 weeks  
Yet everytime I see the stars dancing in the night sky  
I still only think about us  
Laying down beside one another in an open field on those summer nights  
Talking endlessly about nonsense because everything you did made me love you  
more than I did before  
And everytime I see that one bench in that one park  
I only think about us  
Sitting side by side  
Hands intertwined  
With nothing but pure love coursing through our veins  
But why wont it stop?  
I know it's been 176 days, but thinking about  
You  
Me  
Us  
Is still apart of my daily routine  
I wake up, checking my phone for the 100th time hoping maybe one day I will  
wake up to a message from you  
I go to sleep, resting my eyes thinking about the one thing that brings me  
comfort, which is you  
You picked up my shattered heart, and  
pieced it back together by just being you

But overtime, the pieces slowly started to fall like pictures on a wall  
Until nothing was left, except for a wounded heart with a missing piece that you  
took the day you left me  
But I know  
It's been 5 months  
25 weeks  
And 176 days  
But I do still think about you, and I truly don't think it truly will ever stop  
I believe I will always be reminded of you with every sunset I see  
And every ounce of love I receive  
Because it will remind me of the way you loved me  
Which was love like no other  
I will love you until the ocean runs dry and the sun no longer shines  
I will love you until my very last breath  
And I know our chapter has ended  
But I will forever have a book mark placed in the chapter of us because that will  
forever be my favorite chapter  
And I will spend the rest of my life endlessly trying to find someone like you  
Knowing that you knew my language unlike anyone else

## *Thank you, Poetry*

Thank you for treating my damaged soul like a piece of glass  
Thank you for calling me nightly to make sure I went to sleep soundly  
Thank you for holding my fragile body and giving it the love it needed  
Thank you for showing me a feeling like no other  
Thank you for defining the true meaning of love  
Thank you for being there when no one else was  
Because without those little text messages sent in the late of night  
I would not be here to thank you

"I wanted to approach this contest with confidence while making sure my writing  
spoke out about something that has been heavy on my heart for multiple months  
now." - Sydney

# Mackenzie

15 Years Old  
Brentwood, NH

## *Those Cookies, Short story*

My grandmother is known best for her dry humor, her nickname of “JG” and her cookies. Like a surname, her recipe has been passed down from generation to generation. And now it’s mine. Born shortly after The Great Depression, my grandmother’s childhood consisted of not much. Her family meant the most to her and she instilled that into her three children. I grew up around her, and as I grew older the tradition of baking cookies became a puzzle piece to our relationship. Each year as Christmas time rolled around, my grandmother and I got prepped and ready ourselves for the hours we spent in the kitchen making batches to send to relatives and neighbors near and far.

The process is something far from simple but the outcome is something that you will never forget. The flour, sugar, and shortening based dough is slowly tossed and rolled into small bunches that are ready to be baked to perfection. Although the process is timely and tedious, the moments I get to spend with my grandmother are something that I cherish. As the years go by the sweet but salty, melt in your mouth treat has become somewhat of a shrug to my grandmother but I always find myself reaching for cookie after cookie trying to absorb the years I have left of this simple tradition that has become a staple in the relationship with my JG. When I was younger it was just about eating sweet and yummy cookies but looking at it now I realize it’s not about making the food, it’s the stories that are shared in that kitchen of my grandmothers while preparing them.

“This writing is meant to not only talk about my love for grandmother but also to have readers think about a connection they have with someone they love.”

- Mackenzie

# Isabelle

15 Years Old  
Hooksett, NH

## *Soulmates, Poetry*

A soulmate.

What a far-fetched thought.

Do you really believe in fate?

That’s not what I was taught.

You have to test the waters,

Well, that’s what I have heard. Fathers protecting daughters,

Don’t think to date a nerd.

Though I’ve heard opposites attract, I don’t know which to believe.

Whether to be together by fact, Or a set of rules that should be cleaved.

I’m conflicted,

Then look inward towards my flaws. Which seems more addictive,

A destined love or impassive laws?

To be loved under the stars,

Or to love ordinarily?

To be recognized with my scars, Or to continue warily?

And if there was a wedding,

Would him and I agree,

On some church-like setting?

Or to be married under a tree?

But potential arguments aside, This thought is haunting me.

And there is nothing left to hide, As, with me, my heart pleads.

To say that it’s all clear,

To decide under the fairy lights, That the thought is sheer,

And I conclude for the rest of my life,

To disregard what I was taught, And trust in the idea of fate.

What a reassuring thought,

A soulmate.

“Like gravity, half the world is a theory.” - Isabelle



# EJ

15 Years Old  
Lee, NH

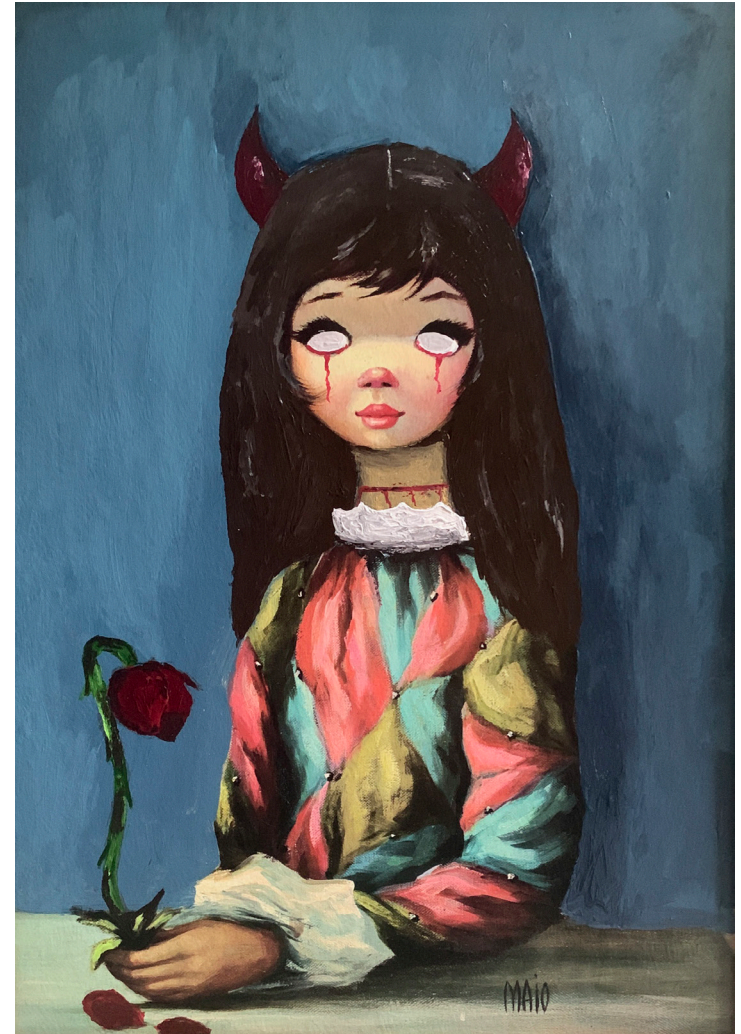


*Dapper Never Dies, Sewn denim suit*

“My ideas and creativity have always been my favorite part of myself. I love the process of making clothing that perfectly fits my body and my identity.” - EJ

# Ava

15 Years Old  
Concord, NH



*Beatrice, Reappropriation painting using acrylic*

“I’ve taken thrifted New England artwork, and reappropriated it through the lens of my first-generation, Persian-American lens. Beatrice is my piece based off of a reprinted Maio painting.” - Ava



# Lane

15 Years Old  
NH



*Leaving the City, Photography*



*Pink Penetration, Photography*



*Neon Rain, Photography*

“My artwork takes the form of modern intuitive photography, and each piece has its own theme and story.” - Lane

# Veronika

16 Years Old  
Barysaw, Republic of Belarus



*Mother, my poor mother,  
Gouache on paper*



*Forgive us, Oil on canvas*



*A memory, Gouache on paper*

“The main theme of my artwork is historical. In my paintings, I rethink the events of different eras in refraction through the biographies of people, reflect the various states of the human soul. The geography of my artwork covers the Slavic countries, mainly Belarus and Poland, and the main characters are the famous figures of these countries, in the works presented - St. Casimir Jagiellonchik (“Forgive us”) and Fryderyk Chopin (“Mother, my poor mother”), and also various Slavic traditions and attributes of life, as in the painting ‘A memory’.” - Veronika



# Milava

16 Years Old  
Republic of Belarus



*Sunny day in a trolley bus,*  
Graphics, pencil, and paper



*Bird song, Paper and gouache*



*My town, Paper and gouache*

"I have been drawing almost since birth. I am interested in drawing the world around me. I love seeing the world through my images. If I am very tired or overwhelmed with joy, I draw, and I feel good!" - Milava

# Zora

16 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



*Honey Honey, Etching print*



*Untitled, Multistage reduction  
print, linoleum, and ink*



*Acting Koi, Multistage reduction  
print, linoleum, and ink*

"I created these prints in my printmaking class where I discovered how much I enjoyed the medium. I find it incredibly relaxing and a really fun way to express myself. I really enjoy experimenting with different colors and methods and printmaking was a way to do that in a medium I had never tried before." - Zora



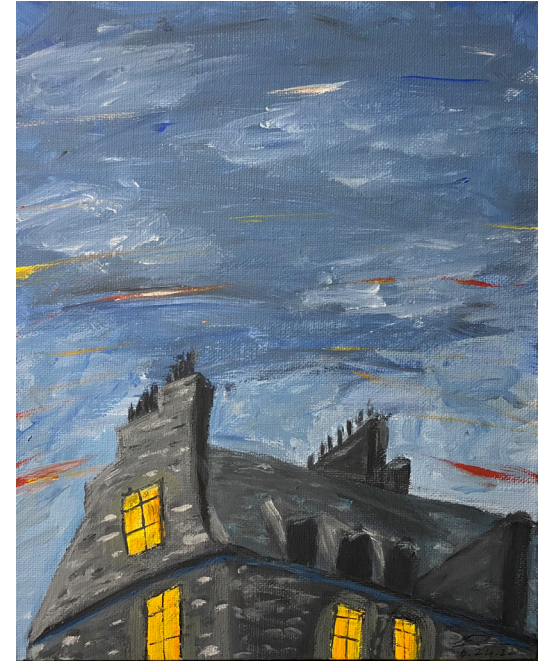
# Ponita

17 Years Old  
Lowell, MA

*Mind, poetry*

Scientifically, the heart cannot live without the mind as it's the center of operation  
of all body parts,  
The mind is what keeps us alive,  
But at the same time, its power is too overbearing for some of us,  
Leaving us drowning in a vast ocean of deep thoughts.  
Voices echo inside our heads as we yell for it to stop,  
Stop, stop, stop, just stop.  
You can see yourself caving into your blanket while shivering and sobbing in a  
dark, chilly, blue room,  
Fighting over the demons not under your bed as you believed as a child,  
But your inner thoughts as they become your reality,  
Slowly eating you alive and you continue to beg it to stop.  
As the sun woke up from its slumber,  
A bright new day has begun,  
But one thing the sun did not fix,  
Was diminishing the demon with its radiant lights.  
You rose out of your cave and smiled as people walked by,  
Only to avoid questions,  
Only to continue to survive,  
Another day of what's considered worthwhile.

"Each of these pieces represents my thoughts that I am unable to weave into  
words and say it to each individual the pieces are dedicated to because feelings  
are the most complex mechanism of a human being." - Ponita



*Turbulent Storms, Acrylic*



*I Built a Home, Acrylic*



# Tiffany

17 Years Old  
Manchester, NH



See You Soon, Photography



A Mix of Nature, Photography

"1) I haven't been able to visit my family in years due to travel restrictions, and I miss the excitement of being on the plane. Ever since we haven't been able to go back, I've been admiring each plane that I hear flying by, and each time I build hope that I will be able to see them soon.

2) This photograph has a mix of all nature's beauties - no filter need. It is one's daily reminder to go outdoors and explore." - Tiffany

# Postcard Exchange

Students between the ages of 10 to 16 years old who attend three different art programs were invited to design a postcard based on the prompt: "This I believe." The cards included in this Zine were collected from students at the Boys & Girls Club of Manchester (NH), The Derryfield School Art Club in Manchester (NH), and the Cargifield School in Edinburgh, Scotland. The idea of this postcard exchange was to share artwork inspired by beliefs, and to learn about people in other cultures and communities.

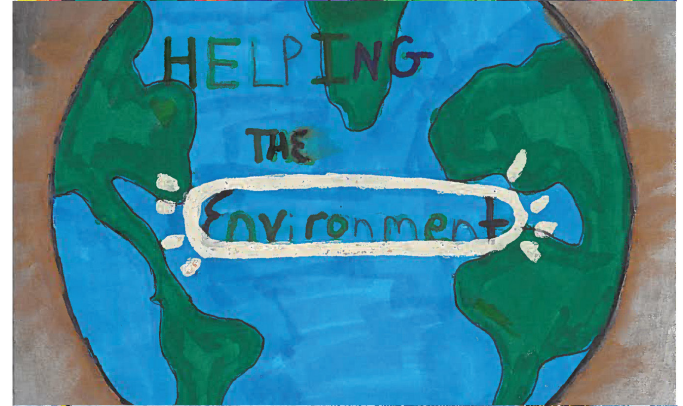
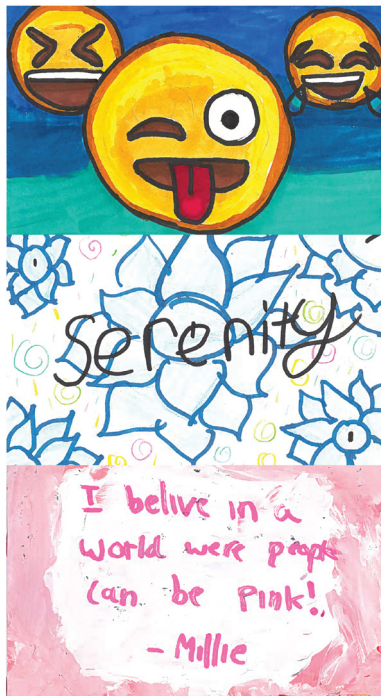
Abby  
Andrew  
Anna  
Audry  
Bea  
Hannah

Issac  
Julia  
Katherin  
Katie  
Leah  
Lydia

Maleah  
Marissa  
Maryam  
Millie  
Nancy  
Serenity











Creative Guts is on a mission to awaken creativity within people of all ages by curating an environment for connection, collaboration, and the opportunity for gutsy creatives to share their stories with the world.

Our interview-style podcast explores the roots of creativity, dives into the hearts of creators, and discover how creativity connects with the world around us.

[www.CreativeGutsPodcast.com](http://www.CreativeGutsPodcast.com)

Instagram + Facebook: @CreativeGutsPodcast

Creative Guts would like to thank Boys & Girls Club of Manchester and Kimball Jenkins for their partnership on this zine as well as the 2022 Youth Zine Celebration, which will give local zine participants an opportunity to connect with other young creatives for an art lesson, poetry, and celebrate the work they contributed.

This project was funded by a grant from the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation, which we are extremely grateful for.



**Kimball  
Jenkins**

