Time Travel Beanbag

By Kaya Contest

Winner

carrying a basket.

Does time travel exist? I would've said no up until about a week ago. It all started when I moved halfway across the country to Connecticut all the way from California, and I found the purple beanbag chair...

get out of the hot ocean sun for a while." My mom responded, annoyed. I heaved my duffel onto my bed. I

"Tell me again why we have to move." I groaned as I dragged my duffel bag into my tiny new room. "We've been through this a million times Maya. We're moving because we need to try something new,

couldn't help but notice that the room was bare except for the bed. I slid open the closet and looked around. Two shelves and a purple beanbag chair? Beanbags don't normally interest me, but this one caught my eye. It was mostly dark purple, with a swirl of lighter purple starting from the center. There was no visible zipper, either. Exhausted, I pulled it out of the corner and collapsed into it, my weight sinking right in. Suddenly the room was spinning. I squeezed my eyes shut, and after a few seconds, the spinning stopped. When I opened my eyes, I was standing in a dark alleyway. I stepped out into the sunlight and heard loud footsteps behind me. I turned around, and immediately saw a large group of men dressed in long red coats with gold buttons heading in my direction. I stumbled backwards into the alleyway, and they finally passed me. I watched from the shadows while the mob knocked on a door and a thin woman in an apron answered. She looked like one of the poor women that struggle to put dinner on the table for her family every day that you see pictures in textbooks. They grabbed her arms and dragged her out of sight. The woman screamed and screamed for her children and husband and said that she would pay her taxes, but they swept her off to what I assumed to be the jail. My head was rushing. Where was I? What was the date? I couldn't help but think that it looked an awful lot like the late 1770's. Another woman emerged from the corner

"Excuse me!" I cried. "What is the date?" The woman looked at me strangely.

"It's July 2, 1776." She answered, and then briskly walked away. I felt my jaw dropping to the ground.

"Thank you!" I called after her. How in the world had I just traveled back in time more than two hundred years? I suddenly remembered the beanbag. As soon as I had sat down in it.... I had gone back in time. That was it. The purple beanbag was capable of time travel. After looking around and seeing no one, I walked out of the alleyway onto the cobblestone pathway. Lining the street were several small shops, such as "Harriet's Pies," and "Seamstress." I didn't really have a destination in mind, so I headed for a large building at the end of the street. Out of all the shops, this one was obviously the fanciest and most expensive. I wondered what it was used for. The large French doors swung easily inward when I pushed on them, and all the men inside turned towards the door, obviously very tense.

I could see the muscles in their necks stiffen as I said, "Hello. I'm Maya, from the future." Fifty-six pairs of eyebrows knitted together.

"You're not a spy are you?" One man asked. He very much resembled Thomas Jefferson. After some thought, I realized it could be him.

"No. Why would I tell you if I was, anyways?"

He shrugged, "I don't know." I made out some murmurs from behind him such as, "She obviously is a spy!" and "What, do they think that they can just send over spies and we won't notice?"

"I guess we better call it off, men." He said. He took a piece of parchment off the table and threw it in the trash can. "Just to be safe." The men behind him nodded in agreement.

"Wait, don't do that. I'll just leave," I said putting my hands up and slowly backing out of the dimly lit room. Thomas Jefferson merely shook his head. "You may not be a spy. But we can't risk anyone finding out about this. We're going to have to do this another time." The room filled with sighs. I looked around the room, and walked out of the building. It suddenly hit me that I had just experienced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Strange, I thought, I never read about them throwing the Declaration of Independence away in textbooks. I pushed the thought to the back of my head and made a run for it, realizing that war could break out any second.

As soon as I reached the purple beanbag chair, I sat down in it and braced myself. The strange spinning sensation returned quickly, and I was once again standing in my new room in Connecticut. That's when I noticed that instead of a room, I was standing in a very small cottage. I walked out the door, and saw tons of redcoats everywhere, knocking on doors, dragging people to jail, and collecting taxes. Then, the thought suddenly occurred to me that the Declaration of Independence had never been signed. The Revolutionary War had never happened. And most importantly, America had never given its freedom. America still belonged to Britain... and we weren't free. What I knew as the state of Connecticut was now a colony, as were all the other states. And all I could think of was that it was all my fault.

Staff **Picks**



Fran's Pick: World of the Weird

By Tracey Turner Want to grow a bacteria colony, learn about ESP, ghosts, venomous fish, sliding rocks of Death Valley and deja vu.? This is a book you can read any which way you want. You'll love the colorful two-page spreads.



Shelly's Pick: Chasing Lincoln's Killer By James Swanson

Almost every American knows that President Lincoln was assassinated in the Ford Theater by John Wilkes Booth. What came next? This book tells about this event from the perspective of his assassin, his brothers-inarms, and those close to President Lincoln.



Gigi's Pick: The Adoration of Jenna Fox

By Mary Pearson lenna wakes up from a coma with only flashes of memory related to her past life, the Accident, and her own personality. As her memory returns, she realizes that there is more hidden about her accident and recovery than her parents are telling her.



Erica's Pick: I Kill Giants

In this graphic novel, bullied Barbara Thorson tries to stand up to everyone, including giants both real and imagined. When she finally comes face to face with the biggest monster of all, she learns what it means to face her inner demons.



Mamie Doud Eisenhower Public Library, 3 Community Park Rd., Broomfield, CO 80020

rne 4 **Teen Zone Newsletter**

www.broomfieldlibrary.org 720-887-2360

September—November 2010



On-Going Programs

All teen programs are for students in grades 6-12, unless otherwise noted.

Registration required. Sign up at the Teen Zone desk or call 720-887-2360.

Math and Science Tutoring Tuesdays, 5-7 p.m. Starts Sept. 7

Boost Your Brain

1st & 3rd Mondays, 4-5 p.m. (9/20, 10/4, 10/25*, 11/1, 11/15) *No meeting 9/6 and 10/18, make-up meeting 10/25

Write Out

3rd Sundays, 2:30-4:30 p.m. (9/19 & 10/17)



The Big Leap: Middle & High School

Dr. Lisa Templeton and a teen panel will lead a workshop for teens and parents on school transitions, friendships and cliques, handling stress, negotiating technology, and growing independence. Thursday, Sept. 30, 6:30-8:30 p.m.



Psycho Circus Murder Mystery

Ever thought of running away and joining the circus? Think again. Play an eerily entertaining and challenging circus murder mystery game. Free dinner provided.

Friday, Oct. 29, 6-8 p.m.



Eat Your Veggies

Thinking about becoming a vegetarian? Stir It Up Cooking School shows you how to cook two healthy recipes. Parents are welcome from 1-2 p.m. to learn essentials of a vegetarian diet from a nutritionist. Saturday, Oct. 16, 1-4 p.m.



Yu-Gi-Oh Tournament

Break out your cards- it's Yu-Gi-Oh for the whole family! Players of all levels welcome. Please bring your own deck. Ages 9 & up.

Tuesday, Nov. 23, 2-4 p.m.

Special Events

Teen Read Week

Read 3 books during the month of October to earn a small prize and

your choice of a free book or \$5 off your overdue fines. You'll also be entered in a Borders gift card drawing. Registration open Oct. I—17.

October 1-31, 2010

One Book. One Broomfield Writers' Workshop

Join Jamie Ford, author of **Hotel on the Corner of** Bitter and Sweet, for a writers' workshop. Ages 12 & up. Register at Reference Desk.

Saturday, Nov. 6, 9:30-11:30 a.m. Saturday, Nov. 20, 1-4 p.m.

Dungeons & Dragons Imagine a world of bold



warriors, mighty wizards, and terrible monsters where only the bravest heroes dare tread. Come learn how to

play D&D. Grades 6 & up. Sponsored by Total Escape Games.

Science Programs

All science programs are sponsored by the Science Task Force. Registration is required.

EcoTrack

Local experts host a family GPS scavenger hunt. Each geocache has hands-on activities about sustainability in our community.

Sat., Oct. 9, 1-4 p.m.

Chemistry Creations

National Chemistry Week is here! Join Sandoz scientists for hands-on experiments. Take home new scientific creations. Ages 9-14.

Sat., Oct. 23, 2-4 p.m.

K-9 Science

Officer Jason Collins and his K-9 Nik are coming to the library. Learn the science behind a dog's keen sense of smell. Ages 9-14. Sat., Nov. 13, 2-4 p.m.

Careers in Science

Local scientists give a behind-the-scenes look into their jobs. Come find out all the perks a career in science holds. Grades 6-12. Sun., Nov. 14, 2-4 p.m.



Bean Bag Battle Winners

The following three stories were winners of the Bean Bag Battle contest last March. The stories had to be under 1,000 words and include a bean bag as part of the story.

Big Brother's Blue Bean Bag

By Bryton

Zachery sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He had been working on his orbital mechanics paper for far too long. The calculations were making his head pound, and his back was aching from leaning over his desk for hours. He had hoped to have it finished hours ago, but a misplaced number had caused innumerable errors, and he had to redo the entire sections on Kelper's equations.

Zach stretched and leaned back in his desk chair. He was finished with the paper for now, Kelper or no Kelper. He decided to treat himself to some well-deserved relaxation.

Karen growled in frustration and flipped through her text book again. When she couldn't find what she was looking for she quickly scanned the next book beside her. She was trying to finish her trigonometry homework and was having more than a few problems with the more advanced identities.

It was absurd. She, Karen Meaweather, was having trouble with math! Usually, her problem was that she could finish her homework so easily she didn't have anything to do for the rest of the day! She could just work from the book and copy the identities - her textbooks gave her perfectly clear examples - but she was no slacker, and copying wouldn't help when exams came and she had to remember these formulas verbatim.

Sighing, she decided that she couldn't do the problems tonight and would have to wake up early tomorrow to finish. She tidied up her desk and put the books back on the shelf. It wouldn't be very helpful if she had to search all over for her homework.

Suddenly, she had an idea. A rather crazy idea, one that would have made her little sister call her suicidal (except said little sister was sleeping over at a friend's house and therefore not around to hear the idea.) She would go ask her older brother for help! After all, Zach was studying all those crazy orbital things, he should be able to explain a "simple" trigonometry identity!

Also, she felt that her and Zach had made some progress in their relationship. He was a cranky pain in the rear sometimes, but when she started taking more advanced courses in school he seemed to at least tolerate her more, if not respect her intellect. She hoped that the respect she earned would win her an audience with him now, at least one where he would actually answer her questions.

Karen smiled, pleased with herself as she hurried towards his room. She knocked on Zach's door, but there was no answer. She frowned and slouched her shoulders. She didn't think that he would be gone. Where could he be? He was an eighteen year old, antisocial math geek. He certainly wasn't out partying. She tried on the door once more, but still got no answer. Perhaps it was the late hour, or just her general frustration, but something gave Karen the boldness to open the door and peek in her brother's room. It wasn't dark, so he was either away briefly or still in the room. It wasn't a very large room, so she quickly deduced that he was indeed away.

"Zach?" she called softly, hoping he wouldn't be too angry at the intrusion. She walked into the room and shut the door quietly knowing that this was a very bad idea. She looked around his room at all the different papers, computers, and textbooks. It truly was an impressive sight. To her left she saw a door aiar. She had never been in her brother's room before, so she had no idea where it led. She swallowed the lump in her throat and headed towards the door. Inside was a small storage room, with shelves of books lining the walls and a reading lamp casting a warm glow over the interior. Karen gasped when she glanced over by the lamp.

There was Zachery, sound asleep on a lush, blue bean bag chair. She was surprised by the color, and the fact that it was a bean bag and not a regular chair. He had a book on his chest that he must have been reading when he fell asleep.

She smiled softly as she approached his chair. He looked so peaceful while he was sleeping. All the world saw of Zach was his scowl, so it was odd to see such a calm expression on his face. It was even odder to see his tall body almost completely engulfed by the blue bean bag. She looked down at his sleeping form and suddenly felt jealous. It looked so comfortable and she was very tired...

Zach sighed contently and snuggled closer to the person next to him. Then his eyes sprang open. There was somebody next to him?! He looked down and saw his rather annoying little sister cuddled up against his chest. Despite the fact that this situation was highly unexpected, it was very comfortable. He briefly wondered what had caused her to cuddle up to him like this. He wasn't exactly the most affectionate person on the planet. Still, it was kind of nice. He relaxed and was about to go back to sleep when Karen stirred.

He frowned as she started to wake up. Should he keep up on his grumpy façade in this quiet moment of sibling bonding time? Karen sighed softly, but then as her situation dawned on her, her eyes snapped open and her bright eyes met with Zach's darker ones.

She blushed furiously and quickly stood up away from his embrace. "I-I um..." She couldn't think of any logical excuse that would explain her actions.

Without another warning she fled from the room and into the safety of her own space. By the time she reached her bed she was smiling again. That was one of the best sleeps she had had in ages and, she thought giggling, she now knew that her grumpy big brother preferred to sleep on a bright blue bean bag chair.

The 14th Chapter

By Michelle

It was that look, I knew it well. And I count down the signs to run. First sign: his eyebrows furrow, Second: his face becomes the deepest shade of red; Third, a single vein bulges on his forehead. I also know precisely when to run. I am Anne Smith. I'm 16 years old and live in a two-room apartment with my stepdad; I get my own room while he shares the other with a kitchen, TV room and dining room. My mother was murdered two weeks after marrying my stepfather, Beckett. Actually the police only ever filed her as a missing person, but I know better. I saw what happened, I hated him, down to the last wrinkle in his skin, but I was afraid... he had the worst temper and I have to go each day without saying anything to him so I won't upset him. Usually I don't even know what I have done to make him so angry, but this time, I am more than well aware. It went a little something like this, I got home from the grocery store balancing countless bags in my arms and praying I wouldn't topple over, when, what do you know? I trip on an in-the-way bean bag chair and fall over, and the jumbo size ketchup bottle flies out of the bag and heads straight for the iron skillet on the stove, it connects with the handle hard, splatters me with ketchup and launches the skillet into the air whereupon it decides to crash into the TV, Beckett's beloved fifteen dollar, garage sale TV. I stare in horror as it shatters the screen. And here I am, face to face with this monster, still covered in ketchup and counting the oh-so familiar signs. I know what I have to do, I'm mentally tracing my path in my head. Down the hall, through the door, lock it, remove the billboard, take out book... My book, I got it from a trunk of stuff that was my mothers, it was called, 'Certain Places and Certain Things...' and right now, it was my only hope. I open my eyes just in time to see the vein on his head. I run. I make it to my room and lock the door but I have to hurry, it's only a matter of time until he breaks the door off the hinges. I rip the billboard off the wall and hug the book to my chest. It was my last glimmer of hope. I promised myself I would save it for when I needed it the most, which was right now. I flip it quickly to the 14th chapter and read the name aloud, "Take me away, away, to another place and time." He bursts through the door right as I slip away, leaving the horror and mystery to the outside world...floating through the endlessness of blissful peace...forever.

Teen Advisory Board



Are you interested in volunteering at the library? You can take care of some of your community service hours by joining the Teen Advisory Board (TAB).

What is TAB? TAB members are teens in grades 6-12 who volunteer two hours a month to help us make the library a teen-friendly place. They share their opinions and ideas about library-sponsored teen events at TAB meetings and help to create this newsletter. TAB meets every 1st and 3rd Monday from 4 to 5 p.m. in the Eisenhower meeting room of the library. If you'd like to join TAB, stop by the Teen Zone Desk to fill out an application. Questions? Give us a call at 720-887-2360.

We asked TAB members two questions:

I. If you had a super power, what would it be?

Paul: Firing Lasers Teleportation William: Shape Shifting Autumn: Controlling Fire Sophia: Lexi: Wouldn't want one Shape Shifting Nate: Controlling Food Bryce:

Montana: Flying Jennifer: Time Travel **Magical Powers** Julia: Invisibility Amanda: lanelle: Mind Reading

2. If you were lost in the mountains, what one item would vou want?

Paul: Handheld Portal Device

William: letpack

Working Helicopter Autumn: Teleportation Device Sophia:

Car with GPS Lexi: Nate: Millennium Falcon

Giant, Waterproof Paper Airplane Bryce: Montana: Stuffed Animal for Company Time and Relative Dimension in Space lennifer:

Julia: Wings Flying Carpet Amanda: Janelle: A Genie

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