

Welkin 2011



Wel·kin

-noun

Chiefly Literary.

The sky;

the vault of heaven.

Thank you to the Fraser School Board
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Welkin 2011!

Welkin

2011

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FORGOTTEN IMAGINATION

by olivia iagnemma

The trees stand tall,
Gentle giants,
Wind swoops past them.

A whistle tune,
The sky changes to noon,
Murky purples and pinks paint
the sky.

We giggle and dash
Into the crowded darkness,
Leaves crunch and die,
Beneath our heavy touch,
The path seems ageless
In the distance deer run to
safety,
A shot of beauty.

Their bulky trunks intimidate
us,
The useless branches tower
above our bodies,
We're free beneath these woods.

Rushing deeper into the
mystifying forest,
The familiar paths disappear,
Light above a comfort zone
dims.

The trees are mysterious like
our minds,
Hiding the truth,
The key to our youth,
Beyond the deep mass of
darkness,
Is a different society of our
imagination.

Our dreams become reality when,
Fireflies roam,

We laugh with the gnome,
The moon sings,
We bow to the kings.

Elves dance,
We're taking a chance,
Vampires smile,
It's worthwhile.

Werewolves howl,
A hoot from the owl,

We spin and spin,
Until we land on our skin,
Our heads clash,
We wish upon an eyelash.

A call from reality awakens,
We hug the trees,
We're leaving our boundaries,
They give so much yet take so
little.

A light gleams bright,
It leads our way home,
Away from these friendly trees,

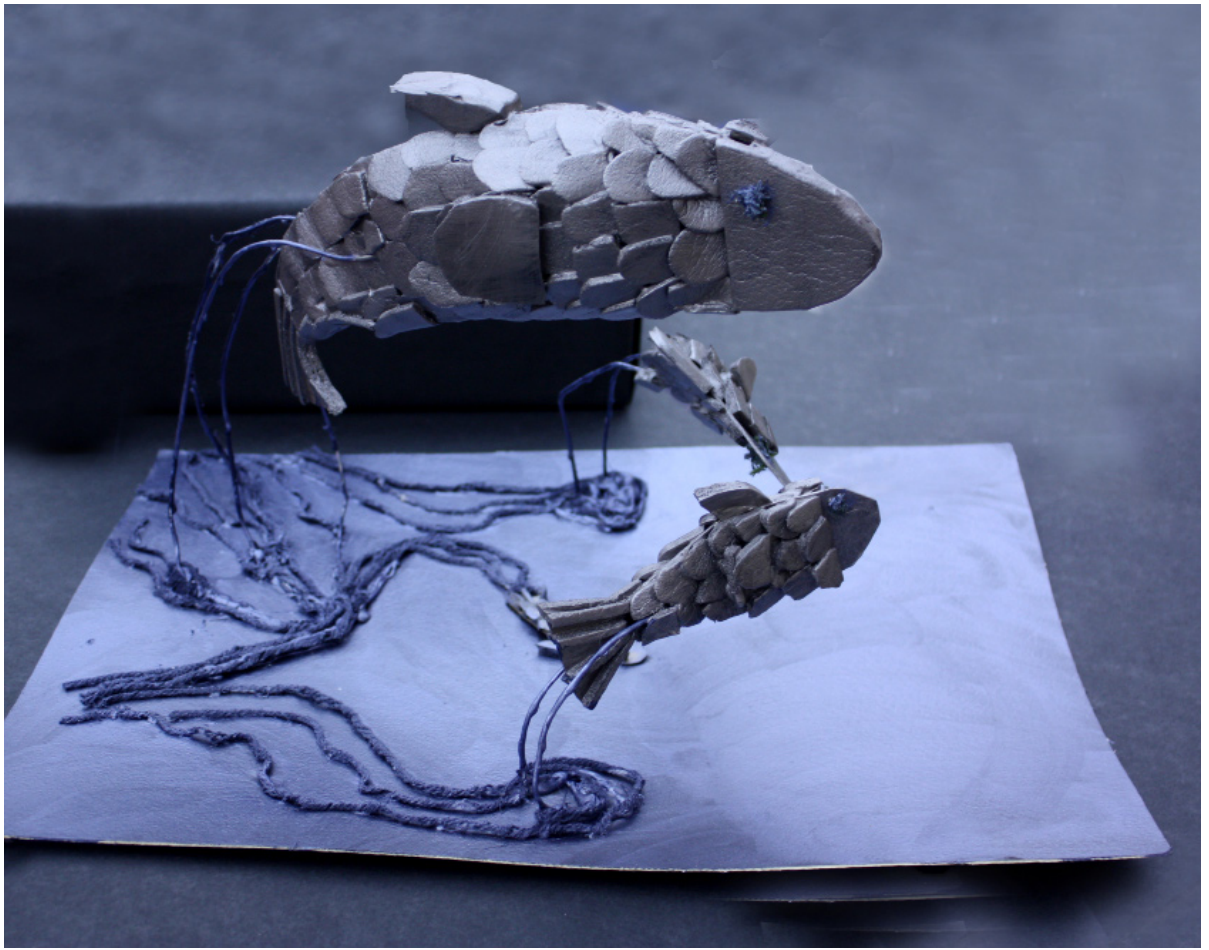
The heavy beasts moan,
They know we're leaving,
For when we do return,
It won't be the same.

The bark falls,
The twigs break,
My heart begins to ache.

Because the truth,
Simply exclaims,
What we're so scared to
realize,
A change.

Holden by Jackie Rodriguez

We're all wandering the streets,
Because sometimes the streets are more welcoming
Than that house some call home.
Yes, there are roadblocks,
But it's all part of the journey.
The journey is certainly not easy,
And we'll surely gain some bumps and bruises.
Heck, we might even end up in rehab,
With bruises on our chins and bumps on our heads.
But the challenging journey will be worth it.
All those parts will come together.
We'll leap over roadblocks,
So that someday we can call that house, home.
Because the streets are sometimes cruel,
And we're all wandering the streets.



Tiffany Russell, '12



Katie Costa, '11



Brittney Puttman, '11

Escape by Matthew Perry

I walk around with my label-gun
and stab you with your permanent mark.
You belong here, with them.
Sulking and alone.

Or you belong with them,
Rich and stuck up.

Or with them, synthetic beings
with synthetic organs.

Or with yourself, secluded and different.
Maybe you need no label,
Maybe just an escape

Michaela Frakes-Zieger, '13



Hannah Aupperle, '13



The Rain Drains Out by Megan Grant

The rain drains out thousands of them talking,
But for those of us who are watching from above,
We see them whispering by the fire
The love reflects in their eyes going on sixty years.
There's no love like that
The kind of love that brings us all hope.



Paige Czarnowski, '11



Dream by Jenn Richardson

Last night I had a dream
You were here I swear
but when I awoke
You were nowhere near

I see your face
everywhere I go
Every old car driving down
the road
I see you

Last night I had a dream
You were everywhere
You were beside me
running your fingers
through my hair

Last night I had a dream
I know it wasn't but
So real it seemed.

I see your eyes everywhere
I see your smile every night
And every morning I wake to
a tear in my eye

for I look around and you're no
where to be found

Krystal Scales, '12

Closer to Happiness

by Andrew Bruff

In the middle of June
I grew closer to happiness,
and she closer to me. I took
my time looking for the right
moment to grasp her

In the middle of June,
I found a hope and a dream
within her. My hopes and my
dreams blossomed in parallel
to hers. I had to decide,

In the middle of June,
whether or not I've found
what I had been searching for.
I wore black basketball shorts,
and she wore cut-off jeans.

In the middle of June
we sat in the dirt
at a parking lot with our friends.
I held her hand: my thumb
fiddling with hers. Our eyes met

In the middle of June.
I leaned over to whisper
in her ear to finally grasp
happiness and make our dreams
a reality. And happiness grasped
back.



A Blank Canvas

by Jessica Coppens

The lines on this paper
are like a therapist.
They lean into every word
that I have to say.

The lines on this paper
know me better than I know myself,
but if they could spread rumors
the world would know I'm crazy.

The lines on this paper
are all I can trust.
They'll cling onto my secrets
until my eraser gets a hold of them.

The lines on this paper
are a blank canvas.
This is where I vent.
This is where I create.

My thoughts and feelings are candy
and this book is gaining weight,
but these lines are strong.
I will continue to test their strength.

The Bicycle By Andrew Bruff

Watching every day from its handlebars,
It hangs from a perch.
The wheels—dried—hang like tentacles
From rusted spokes.
Its fork is turned slightly toward the door;
Watching every day from its handlebars.

Eagerly waiting in the garage.
I open the door in the morning
“Please be the day you ride me:”
I take the car.
I do look over; I can appreciate it
Eagerly waiting in the garage.

Desperate—without hope.
As I pull out of the driveway
The garage door closes, as it does every day.
Voids of darkness in exile
As lonely as the last spark of flame.
Desperate—without hope.

“What did I do wrong?
I sit neatly on my kick-stand when you ask.
My back aches from rides to school,
Which I humbly agreed to: it was my job.
My retirement wasn’t supposed to be this.
What did I do wrong?”

I’ve never felt blamed;
After all, I didn’t cause the flat tire
Or the squeak when I sat down.
The chain had unhooked from its own gears.
Watching, eager, desperate but
I’ve never felt blamed.

Two Hearts by Jake Kowalski

I've met a girl in my first year of high school
I've always wanted to get to know her
So I introduced myself Say, how do you do?
That's when the good times all began

We became great friends for half of a year
We talked whenever we were both near
Whether in the lunch room or in hallways
She knew from the start that I loved her

Wow, why would you break an innocent heart?
Though crystal teardrops fall on my guitar
Can't keep my eyes off you
No one is more beautiful than you
We're strangers in this world though we're similar in a way
Two hearts just keep on crumbling further away

Until one day that's when I found out
She had someone else on her own
I thought that you were mine
No, she said, you're just out of your mind

Someone graduated in 2010
Attractive senior was my friend
Until one day she ignores me
And walks away the other way
What was I supposed to do?
That's when I knew she's a hard lovin' girl

Until she tore that sheet of paper into tiny pieces
Then threw them country miles away
Then it was blown further away by the wind
I wasn't sayin' that you're not pretty
Though this is where the heart crumbles in

Wow, why would you break an innocent heart?
Though crystal teardrops fall on my guitar
I can't keep my eyes off of you
no one is more beautiful than you
we're strangers in this world though we're familiar in a way
Two hearts just keep on crumbling away

It was now the time for her to leave
That's when she left Fraser High
And that's when I started to cry
But I'll always see that star in the sky

Wow, why would you break those ocean tides?
Wipe those teardrops off from the strings of my guitar
I love you and it will always be that way
You remember love is a beautiful thing
There's so much to say
A memory that will never be forgotten
Two hearts just keep on crumbling away
Further, nowhere near, further away
Two hearts just keep on crumbling further away
Further, nowhere near, further away
Further away
Further away
Further away



Jeremy Webster, '12



Alison Sunklad, '13

What is Love? by Jeff Thomas

What is Love?
I ask myself,
late in the night.
Is it beauty?
Is it grace?
Will I get it right?

What is Love?
I ask myself,
when everyone's asleep.
Is it charm?
Is it wealth?
Or something underneath?

What is Love?
I ask myself.
Is it something true?
Love is what I see
when I think of you!



Margo Rentz, '11



Lizzy Tacoma, '12



Ashleigh Corriveau, '11

true sorrow

by nina awwad

It's the saddest thing,
Don't you think?
When you see a star, gleaming bright,
So alive
That no one else sees?
The one person
You believe in more than anything.
The one person
You know, that if given a shot,
Would show them all what they had!
The one person
That you swear God must have sent down
For a reason

It's the saddest thing
Don't you think?
When true talent is taken to the grave.
When a star, the same one that used to gleam
brightly,
Starts to fade...

It fills my heart with true sorrow
That only after death you are heard.
That a star must completely fade
To be seen

If only you could have seen it
Gleaming, shining bright, so alive.
But no, people are just too blind to beauty.
It's the saddest thing

Secret

by Taylor Herrera

Her small, soft hand grips my hand tightly. Her little feet scurry through the piles of leaves on the forest's ground. Her two blonde pigtails bob up and down as she hurries along the path.

"Where are we going? You've been dragging me through the woods for at least ten minutes, Beth. If this is another bird's nest, you can let go of my hand right now, 'cause I don't care."

Her little feet keep bustling through the forest. "It isn't another bird nest! This time I seriously found something!" Her sassy voice rings out through the forest.

I let her drag me farther down the path 'til she finally stops. She stays silent and still like a statue. The birds chirp off in the distance. A branch snaps a few feet away. Beth's head whips in the direction where it snapped. Letting go, she sprints toward it. She keeps going until she's swallowed up by the forest. I don't see her anywhere. I can't go back without her. There's a scream from the direction she ran. My legs pull me forward faster than I knew I could go. I see her a little farther away. One of her hair ribbons has slipped off and is now hiding somewhere in the forest. Only one blonde pigtail remains in place on the side of Beth's head. Jamming my hands into my pockets while walking toward her, I try to dig out the extra ribbon mom told me to take before we left the house. The sleek black silk finds its way into my hand as I crouch down next to Beth. She's sitting in a pile of orange, fiery leaves, gasping for air. Ruby red blood is dripping from her knee. Frail sticks break under my knee as I kneel down next to her. Her green eyes look teary and distant. Her small hand clutches at a small, dull yellow feather. I take the black ribbon out of my pocket and stare at it for a few seconds. I focus on the sheen of the beautiful silk.

"Hey, Beth, did you know that ancient Egyptians believed black to be a very good color?"

She sits there silently, not even a blink.

"Yep. They said it represented life. Because the fertile soil along the Nile is also black."

She stays silent.

After a few fluttering blinks, she turns toward me. Her dark green eyes still seem distant. She stands up, looking in the other direction.

"Troy, we're close." Her usually upbeat voice is solemn and hushed.

"Close to what? What is it that you found?"

She lurches forward, dragging her feet through the dry leaves. I follow her closely, trying to make up for letting her get so far ahead of me last time. Her breathing has slowed and evened out but her knee is still bleeding. She keeps shuffling forward without noticing it. She leads me past bushes and trees I've never seen, through thickets and thorns. The path she follows is rocky. Gnarled roots, stones, and dark purple leaves litter the thin path, which is laden with animal tracks and fallen berries. The path starts to widen into a large dusty circle. In the center of the circle stands an ancient gnarled tree. Its thick trunk is an unsettling shade of gray. Purple leaves sway upon the branches of the tree like thousands of small flames. Beth moves towards the tree. Her small hand reaches toward the gray bark. I follow slowly with an abundance of caution. My gut is as twisted as the tree's outreaching roots. Beth still has the dull yellow feather clutched in her small fist.

"They're almost here, Troy," a breeze falls through the tree leaves, blowing her pigtails behind her. The black of her pupils starts reaching out to the edges of her eyes, coating her blonde lashes till they're black as the tree's leaves. Her lashes lazily drift down to her cheeks as she breathes the breeze in deeply.

All I can do is watch. The black keeps reaching across her. Coating her from her head to the cold, crunchy leaves beneath her feet. Shadows swirl toward her from behind trees and throughout the darkened forest.

“Troy.” Black-coated lips form my name. She keeps whispering my name over and over. It mingles with the chilled breeze, hovering around me with hesitation.

“Beth.” My hollow voice floats away with the breeze. I repeat her name over and over. She hasn’t shown any signs that she heard.

“They’re finally here.” Blue sapphires shine through the sinful slime right where her green eyes used to glow with warmth. “I have to go, Troy. I can’t stay anymore.” What my sister hides under floats toward me, raising a hand to my cheek. “Don’t worry, Troy. Black is a good color, right?” The coating slowly starts to fade down her arm ‘til only her feet are hidden. Beth hovers in front of me and hands me one of her black ribbons and lets a tear roll down her cheek before she lets herself be hidden again. The sapphires shine through the darkness as a blue light glows around her.

“Troy.” A gentle shake pushes me. “Troy!” A fist hits my shoulder. My eyes open to the cold metal of the ship and the shine of the nearby stars. Jasmine sits at the edge of my bed, her brows furrowed.

“Again?” Her tone is hushed so the other roommates don’t hear.

“Forever.” I glance at the black silk ribbon that’s been around my wrist since Beth.

“You can’t live with the hope of vengeance. We might never find them. It was bad enough that it was the reason you joined the service.” Her eyes look out the window with the same sorrowful and distant look that Beth had.

“It doesn’t matter. This has happened and it’s the only thing that matters to me.” It’s all still so vivid that I can’t deny myself the fight. The vengeance. The hope. I’ve never been able to forget Beth’s teary eyes.

“Don’t you want to forget?” Her voice is soft and subtle, trying to conceal and tenderly calm at once.

“No.” I look at Jasmine’s sapphire eyes with a fresh wave of pain. “No, I never want to forget.”



Karen Logsdon, ‘11

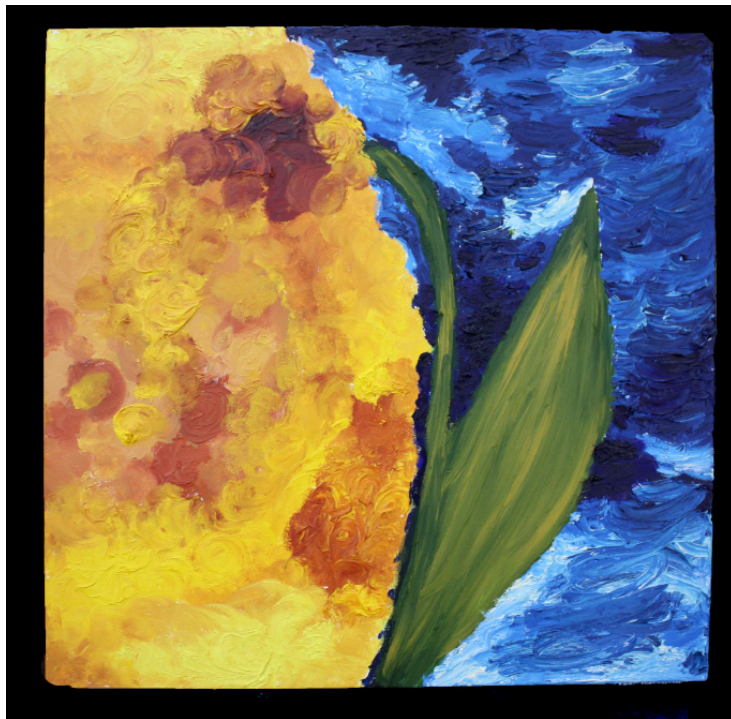
Beautiful Silence by Jennifer Blair

The quiet presses all around.
Filling the air with its beautiful nothingness.
Stars twinkling in the silent night,
Winking through austere branches;
Swimming in the sapphire sky.

His round reflecting eyes search the distant darkness;
Exploring the endless abyss of radiant night,
He spreads his wings and celestially takes flight.
Alighting in emaciated trees,
And nimbly taking off once more,
Gliding through sapphire sky.

No shackles bind his proud wings,
As he flies through the soundless night.
Neighbor to the moon,
Joined with her in flight,
Tied together in the endless sapphire sky.

Give me wings,
To be this proud bird.
A nomad, married to the voiceless night.
No restraints,
Just silence,
Blanketed in the sapphire sky.



Olivia Palmer, '12

Forever Mortal

by Olivia Iagnemma

I situate atop a slick tinted green platform,
Diminutive waves crash upon the rock,
Seagulls flock,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

I'm alone,
This is how it's supposed to be,
The crisp air pinches my skin,
Goosebumps hatch within,
A navy green ambush neighbors the water,
The substantial trunks barrier reality,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

My feet are planted to the mineral,
Water begins to soak within my toes,
The waves rise,
Triton enraged at my serenity wants only to destroy,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

Fish swim to shore,
Begging for what food I sustain,
Nothing,
They continue biting,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

The breeze appeases,
I stay still,
Voices resonance from uphill,
My tranquility dwindles,
This place is my "happily ever after,"
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

The breeze appeases,
I stay still,
Voices resonance from uphill,
My tranquility dwindles,
This place is my “happily ever after,”
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

I’m immortal atop this rock,
I defy the clock,
As time continues moving,
As people continue aging,
I’m free to live in this moment,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

But to live alone is arduous,
This moment will in no way last,
I desire to move forward,
To learn and forgive,
And to be a captive,
Of love,
The distance is unclear,
So it seems to appear.

My feet touch the ground,
Sharp pain paralyzes my foot,
Blood trickles from my toe,
I smile,

I have found my sound.
Leisurely the distance shows itself.

Coney Island

by Jessica Coppens

The blond-haired gentleman opened the door
for us we walked to our table in the corner
where we sit every Friday night.

The waitress with the arrogant red lipstick
poured us water: Need a few minutes?
I nodded, preoccupied by the man

eating his Coney dog like a pig.
His date rubbed the corner of her mouth
as his napkin swiped the chili chunk.

Coffee? I looked up at the coffee pot
and nudged my mug to the edge of the table.
The aroma smothered all of my senses.

I slid the menu out from behind
the ketchup bottle. I must have read it three times
before I decided on getting chili cheese fries: my usual.

I looked over at the clinking of plates
as the old Korean man picked up the mess of a half eaten
hani at the table across the restaurant.

From the corner of my eye I saw a flash of red,
Ready to order?



Alison Sunklad, '13

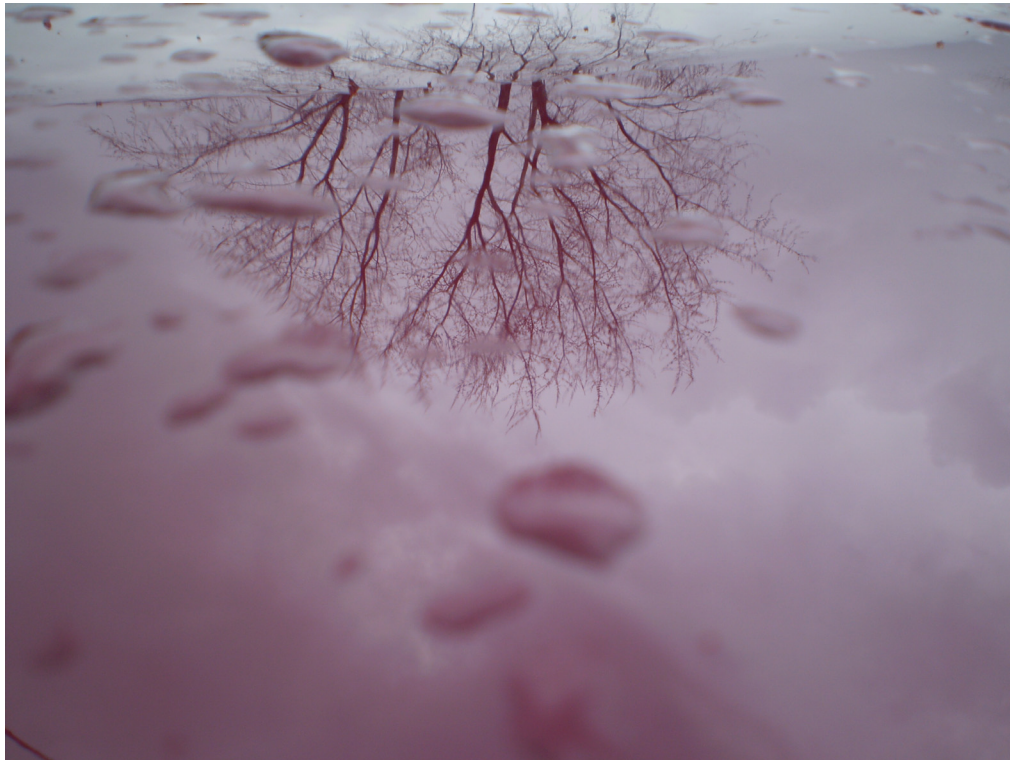
When You Have a Thought of Despair

by Logan Wilson

When you have a thought of despair,
remember the ones who always care.
For no matter how depressing the world seems,
and no matter how the world seems so unclean.
Life is a gift to be praised,
and you should always keep your head raised.



Megan Molloy, '11



Samantha Robling '13



Amanda Coco '13



Megan Ross
Gold Key at Regional Show



Taylor Conley
Gold Key at Regional Show



Olivia Iagnemma
National Silver Medal

Glow in the Dark

by Brian Benavides

Air bites my hide
Dark and cold as ice
Far and alone out of sight

I light the night
With a spark suddenly
I am warmed
In my mind In my heart

Orange and yellow
Dance as one slow
Due in my eyes
Now I am mellow

Black grows jaded
By a glow that fades it
I roll and face it

Flames erase
My thoughts of pain
I lay and feel
Safe



Jordan Rentz, '13

The Candle by Jackie Rodriguez

Fire burning down
Slowly but surely
Everything will fall

Consuming further
Breaking apart
Foundations are weakening
Dissolving into dust

Fire burning further
Slowly but surely
Everything is falling

Nothing left
Only ashes remain
Powders of a memory
Dissolved into dust

Fire burned down
Slowly but surely
Everything has fallen

Jordan Rentz, '13



Dear Hurley by Taylor Herrera

The purple door opens quietly. The simple white room is cold; chills circle through the air. A computer sits against the far wall surrounded by a tangle of cords. A bright green circle slowly pulses on the computer's body. My hands are shaking at my sides in the doorway. The old house creaks a little, encouraging me to go forward. I listen. Placing one foot in front of the other 'til I'm standing in front of the computer. Dropping down, the screen lights up. A black cursor blinks at the top of a white page. Cautiously my hands reach down to the black keys. Fingertips brush lightly against them. I gingerly push a key down; the black cursor lurches forward leaving behind a single "D." Then it's an "e," "a," "r," and a space. "Dear" sits in the corner of the page silently waiting for the next word. The clicking of keys leaves the name Hurley trailing behind "Dear." My stomach drops, guts squeeze and knot. My hands hover over the keyboard. "Dear Hurley" still waits patiently while tears stream down. There are solid steps behind me. He unplugs the computer and pulls me off the ground to my feet.

"He understands how you feel. He would hate how you keep blaming yourself." Taking my hand he leads me out of the room into the hall, shutting the door behind us. "You can try again tomorrow, but he wouldn't want this for you. Hurley wouldn't want this." His soft voice trails off.

He goes down the stairs to the kitchen, leaving me in front of the door. Hurley's picture on the wall catches my eye. He's smiling. Even now I can only hope that he's smiling somewhere. I'll try again tomorrow. One day I'll finish my letter to Hurley. One day I'll finish my letter to my brother. One day I'll place it next to him with tears in my eyes and a sob in my throat. One day I'll place it next to him and offer a sorrowful smile while thinking of his boyish bright smile. One day.



Kimberly Bernock, '11

My Unmarked Grave by Nina Awwad

Across the street
Past Ms. Johnson's house
Down the long road an to the left
Into the woods
Under the willow tree
Next to the creek
In a bluish greenish shirt
With teddy in my hand
Is where I eternally lie
Hiding forever with an unmarked grave
Facing the lake
Is where I drew my last breathe
Where teddy and I last saw the light
Now under the dirt
 In a few hours I think,
 My parents will start worrying about me
By the end of the day they'll call everyone.
By morning they'll come looking for me.
In the next few days they'll lose all sleep.
Within a week people will talk
That teddy and I will never return home.
The searches will start to decrease in size,
They'll start to sleep more,
Even though I have yet to return home
And finally when two months shoot by
They will all give up.
And the little boy in a bluish greenish shirt
With teddy in his hand will fade
Looks like my killer will forever walk among them
Grinning every time he walks across the street

Pass Ms. Johnson's house
Down the long road and to the left
Into the woods
Under the willow-tree
Next to the creek
Looking down at an unmarked grave
Facing the lake
Where I eternally lie.

Lauren Collins, '12



Olivia Iagnemma, '11

Journey

by Emily Gutman

I didn't think I'd be here again, sitting in this seagull-filled parking lot, listening to my dad finish up singing "Don't Stop Believin'." He always had to skip words or mumble a couple of lines because he never knew all the lyrics. He just liked how the song always made him feel when he drove.

"It's really not the same, just sitting here listening to a song like this. It just doesn't do it for me. You've gotta be in motion for the full effect," he said.

I always pictured a red Mustang driving off into the sunset when I heard this song. That was only because the very first time I heard it, I saw a red Mustang drive past me. My dad always said, "Now that's the kind of car you need to listen to a song like this."

The song finally ended, along with my dad's rendition of it. We opened the grey Honda's two doors, stepped out and walked to the sidewalk along the docks of Metro Beach. This had been something my dad had been trying to make a tradition for us for the longest time. As we walked across the parking lot and onto the grass leading to the sidewalk, a horde of fish flies flew up off the ground into my face. Although my eyes were popping out of my head, I tried playing it cool and acting like the squirmy grey insects didn't bother me. One by one I plucked the insects off my blue jeans and button up shirt, half listening to my dad's typical "The amount of boats shows how the economy is doing!" speech and half trying not to tear my clothes off and be done with the gross flies.

"You know, this is the one place that hasn't gone down in ruins. The people here take care of it. They enjoy people enjoying what they've kept nice for so long. I can respect that." My dad was talking to me but his words seemed to dissipate in the air. They ended up being questions with obvious answers that any father would know: "What's your favorite subject right now? Where's your favorite place to eat?" One time he asked me to remind him when my birthday was that year. It seemed like he was a distant uncle, asking me questions like that. But I knew all he wanted was just some kind of way to connect with me.

We stopped at the point of the boardwalk where we could see Detroit. Every time we stopped there he said, "You can always tell how clear a day is by how much of Detroit you can see. You see that square on top of the rectangle? That's the Renaissance Center, close to where Grandma lives." Standing behind me with one hand on my shoulder, he stretched out his free arm and pointed at the figure he was explaining. At that moment I forgot how uncomfortably close he was to me and just enjoyed the view.

This was the only point where we would just sit down and rest and take in the scenery. He sat on a bench dedicated to dead people and I stood on the railing separating me from the water. I watched as the snow-white swans floated by with their cygnets trailing close behind. On sunny, windy days I would see the sailboats with their white sails on the horizon, slowly coming toward land. On the dark cloud-filled days I saw ducks on the rocks nesting with their ducklings.

Today I noticed how low the water level was underneath the beating sun. There was seaweed on the shore and more rocks were showing than usual.

Just as I got comfortable my dad said “Let’s get a move on!” and I followed him on our normal route to the boardwalk. I never protested or said no when he said this; I just followed what he said. We usually stayed quiet for the rest of our walks. I just listened to the creaks of the old, rotting wood underneath my feet. It was something I looked forward to, the boardwalk. It was darker because the tall trees shadowed it. I felt like I was in a tunnel, looking over the whole beach.

We always passed the private outdoor pool at Metro and he continually told me to get a job there. I never wanted to because there were too many people there in the summer. I didn’t understand how anyone could fully enjoy a poolside experience when there were a thousand and one people in the pool. It seemed like a sardine can with little fish squeezed inside. I repeatedly said “Maybe next year.” He would say “Okay, Emma, maybe next year,” probably knowing that I wouldn’t take the job the following year anyway.

We made an unusual stop at the actual beach part of Metro. We both sat on another bench dedicated to another dead person.

“I just want to sit with you,” he said.

“Okay,” I said

A few moments passed as we watched the families frolicking around in the sand. I took my feet out of my shoes and began squishing sand between my toes. It felt warm and grainy against my skin.

“I care about you, Emma. I hope you know that. You’re my little girl and I’m glad we spend this time together.”

His face was hard. He was still looking at the families playing in the sand.

“I like spending time with you too, Dad,” I replied.

We took a couple more minutes to admire the waves crashing on the shore. My dad slowly stood up, signaling he was ready to go on. I stuck my sandy feet back inside my shoes and got up to finish our walk. We followed the sidewalk back to where we had parked and crossed over the same green patch of grass that had the swarm of fish flies before. I held my breath as we crossed over it, hoping that nothing would fly up and hit me in the face or stick to my shoes. Luckily, the fish flies made their home elsewhere on the grass.

As I reached for the door handle on the Honda, I noticed my dad just looking at me. I looked at the ground until I couldn’t stand it anymore. As soon as I met his eyes, he averted his gaze. As I closed the door and buckled my seatbelt, I waited for him to put the key in the ignition and the roar of the car to scare away the seagulls resting on the sunroof.

“I’m sorry,” my father said.

“Why....”

He turned on the car before I could finish.

Once again, “Don’t Stop Believin’” was on the radio. I prepared myself for the show of off-key singing and hand gestures. We pulled out of the parking lot and onto the freeway as fast as possible. My dad began to sing along at the line “...hold onto that feeeeeelin’!” making hand gestures and putting in vibrato whenever he could, just

as I predicted. Before I knew it I was singing along too, not loud enough for him to notice, but enough to know that I was actually singing and not just mouthing the words. I watched the cars rushing by on the freeway, wondering if the people in them were listening to the same song on the radio.

I hadn't noticed the sun was setting until I looked out the window. The sun was unusually huge and lit up the bright blue sky with streaks of red, pink, and purple. I watched as the sun went down until a flash of red caught my eye. I immediately looked at the red blur and realized it was a car. Not just any car, a red Mustang. I looked back at my dad, still singing along to his favorite driving song. I didn't mind much that he was singing off key and looked like he was directing traffic inside our little car so much. It was better than silent motionlessness. I looked back outside to see if the Mustang was still in view but found that it was long gone.



Amanda Coco, '13

Gavyn Ray, '11



Kara Hibbert, '12



Marquez Simon, '12





Sarah Poole '13