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2012



wel-kin

Noun. Chiefly literary. The Sky;
the vault of heaven.

FRASER HIGH SCHOOL WELKIN LITERARY MAGAZINE PRODUCED BY:

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Featured Artists:

Alexis BeBaker

Amanda Coco

Ashley Christenesn

Kiley Hunter

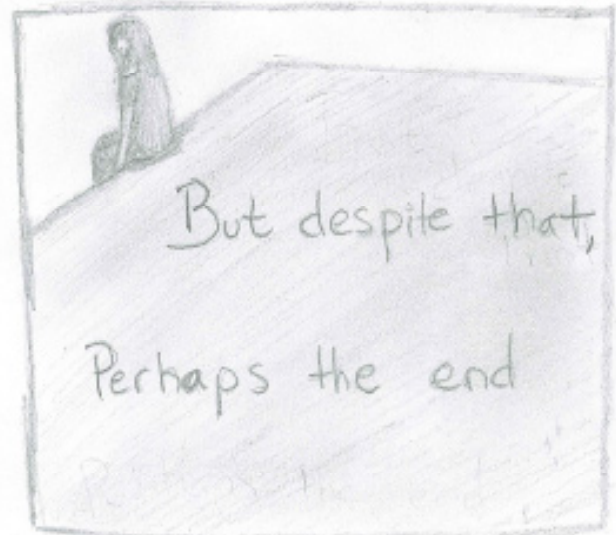
Jake Kowalski

Elizabeth Tocoma

Lacey Trelfa

RESET

Created by: Amber Macleod



Read the story at roseddb.deviantart.com

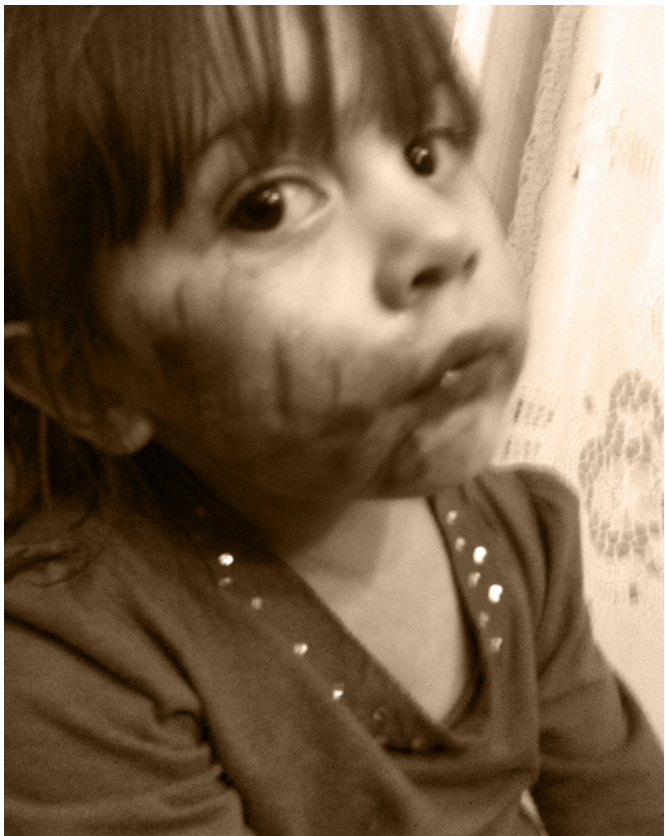


Ashley Christensen '12





*Ashley
Christensen
'12*



“Burned”

Elric D. Kelly, '14

Keep your red hair to yourself.
Wake up and feel the nasty truth.
Work and do just as I'm told
But you're still nipping at his heels.
Fall asleep, with no problems.
Don't lose any sleep.
I won't anymore either.
Walk right on by.
Go ahead and leave.
Don't turn your nose up
Or walk along the street.
Live for yourself, sure.
God only knows
How high you'll get
Or just how far you'll go.
So when a million people read this
When a million people learn
I know they'll all walk past you.
You're just a dirty cigarette burn.



Photo By:
Amanda Coco, '13

"Cool Metal and Precious Dreams"

Rachel Moore '14

It slipped on my skin so easily... Almost as if it were just like breathing. I shook violently as the crimson-colored snake slipped from my veins, and dripped into a pool around my feet. My chest breathing for me, being the robot on auto pilot... something everyone chose to believe in. *"Very few look at people the same when they give into the dark side to feel something. They find us to be freaks, and they rarely ever show the compassion that most of us desperately want."* I think this as I let the blade dance across my skin and create another crimson river, so that the pool may deepen and drown me. Some days you just want the floor to swallow you up whole. Some days you just want to wish everything away. *"You also just want to feel something again,"* I think as the pain races through my veins.

I take a sharp breath as the air stings my wound and helps me feel better. The metal blade feels safe in my hands, but like the enemy all at the same time. The rigid part is under my fingers, it feels like I'm touching a mountain. I close my eyes, and I can see the mountains. I can feel the fresh air and the sun on my face. People who are like me....

We weren't always this way. We were created; we are hybrids of a race that only ever feels sadness and pain. We wish to get better, and feel better. Only true happiness can bring that to someone like us. Some get it right away, the others are envious of those who can smile and feel freedom from the clinging of the sorrowful chains locked around their ankles. I close my fingers around the blade again, making sure that it's still in my hands. *"Do I honestly need this?"* I remember asking multiple times. I never was able to come up with an answer. *"I just want to feel something..."* I make another quick slash in my arm and fall to the floor. I curl up, and sob. Sobbing helps the fear loosen its iron hold on my stomach and heart. The cold whisper of air breathes a soft blanket over me. The fear is gone, and blackness is settling in. I see the mountains again... I can hear the laughter I'm leaving behind. The sun, the warmth that will never come again, and the skies that will never be blue again. I feel the wetness of tears as I close my eyes for the last time, and in my head... I'm already by the mountains, I'm smiling, I'm laughing, the sun is warm on my skin, and the sky is blue. I'm crying as my last breath is shallow and easy. It is my breath. I don't need to be on auto-pilot to realize that my last breath... is my own. I'm me as I walk off to my precious dream... I am my precious dream.

Photo By: Lacey Trelfa '12



“DO WE LIVE REAL?” ‘14
By Elric D. Kelly

BREATHE DEEP
AND PRAY YOU BREATHE IT IN
INTOXICATING
WITH A STRAIGHT CLEAR HEAD
WILL NOBODY JUST GET IT?
WHAT ABOUT ME?
HUMILITY IS A GOOD THING
BUT I NEED HELP
SOMEONE COME AND TALK TO
ME!
I HAVE A LIFE TOO!
IF AN ANGEL CAME DOWN
AND KISSED ME IN MY SLEEP,
I'D GO AND TELL THE WORLD
BUT THEY'D LAUGH AND CALL
IT A DREAM.
EVERYTHING SEEMS SO FAKE
THE SCENT AND SOUND SURREAL



NOTHING MAKES ANY SENSE
JUST SHUT UP
NO ONE'S GOING TO PAY ANY
ATTENTION
COMPASSION'S DEAD
SO IS KINDNESS
WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
JUST TURN ALL THE LIGHTS
DOWN NOW
WATCH YOUR WANDERING EYE
HOLD YOUR BURNING TONGUE
IN FIFTEEN MINUTES
WATCH US WANDER
SECRETLY DEAD
BUT WE WEAR A GOOD MASK.



Photos: Ashley Christensen ‘12



Photo By:
Elizabeth
Tacoma, ¹²



Photo By: Amanda Coco ¹³



I'll Always Remember ♥

Starria Coppins '14

**I'll always remember the first time I saw you.
When you dazed into my eyes telling me I was everything.**

**I'll always remember the first time we talked.
We were just getting to know each other, but it seemed like forever.**

**I'll always remember that one special night.
The night that seemed to never end.**

**I'll always remember that one disagreement.
The tears, the screaming, but the warm hugs at the end.**

**I'll always remember that one summer month.
It was a month of no talking, no laughing, just silence.**

**I'll always remember that Sunday afternoon call.
The call that made only one question pop into my head, "Why?"**

**I'll always remember your tons of excuses.
Half of them hardly made sense.**

**I'll always remember those silly conversations.
The ones where we talked about fairies and dragons.**

**I'll always remember that amazing laugh.
The laugh where I could actually picture you smiling.**

I'll always remember that you said you'd always love me.

I'll always remember...



Photo By: Lacey Trelfa '12

“Infinity”

unknown

You tell me what to do.
You say it's for the best.
You say to have a better life,
I have to take this test.
I have to get this pointless number,
Something called a score,
And if that number's big enough,
My life won't be a bore.

But this score is just a number,
It won't dictate my life.
I refuse to let a silly test
Cause me all this strife.

You say I need this little number,
For endless possibilities,
But isn't that,
In itself,
Limiting my opportunities?

But a silly number,
High or low
Matters not to me:
My possibilities cannot be counted,
They reach out to **infinity**.

"Afraid"

Jeffery Hood, 15

They're afraid of us to dream because dreams become the truth.

They're afraid of us to hope because hope becomes our strength.

They're afraid of us to live because it will shatter their reality.

And

Most importantly they're afraid of us because only we can take back



Amanda Coco '13



"Wind"

Jeffery Hood, 15

*I follow the wind. I ride
the wind if I should stop
I'll follow the road. I'll
ride the road and one day
I'll ride the wind again.*

Scholastics Silver Key

Viktoria Corbin, 13

Kenny

BY SAVANNA DI STEFANO '14

The coins in the plastic Pepsi container jingled to a steady beat, partially to enter the oblivious thoughts of pedestrians and partially because the up and down tapping motion of the man's arms and legs helped keep the body as warm as it could be.

Body after body glided by, each in a different world of its own, avoiding eye contact with the resentful presence of the faded figure resting against the stone wall.

The men traveling around the city corner paused to engage in an everyday conversation with their friend. One pulled out a plastic grocery bag, lumpy from the pork stored inside of it and handed it down to their friend, who sat on his couch: an upside down plastic bucket covered with a minuscule layer of worn, disarrayed newspaper cushion. The man set his gift aside, with a grateful smile, next to his bed, which was rolled up inside a black duffle bag.

The pair of Christian men stood and listened to what their friend had to say. The black, scruffy beard moved quickly as knowledge escaped his lips.

He knew it was going to be a rough night with a tough crowd. He had come prepared. He had his portable bed to crawl into when the traffic was cleared, the engines shushed, and the sirens faded in the distance. He was not certain that he would be able to reach his daily wage, near \$30.00: \$20.00 for a room and \$10.00 for a meal before entering the comfort of sleep.

One paycheck. That was all it took. One day with a steady job and money in the pocket; the next day: nothing.

The man spends his days on the walkways of the city. He walks the path of God with his kitchen in his hand and a bed under his arm. He smiles at the people, giving them what never comes back: time. He gives his time to make them smile, to make them laugh, to make them think, and, maybe one day, to make them saved.

The past? It is not important. He befriends the nameless and enters the hearts of the unknown. Many are the plans in a man's heart, but it is The purpose that prevails.



AMANDA COCO

'13



Elizabeth Tacoma '12



Ashley Christensen '12

No Time to Spare

Beka McCombs '14

As I look down at the world below,

I saw all the people that passed.

I thought about the moments I've lived:

Sometimes, you just move too fast.

From the day I was born, to the day that I died,

My time with you just couldn't last.

I thought we had more moments to spare,

Sometimes, you just move too fast.

Sometimes, you just can't help it.

Sometimes, you just can't fight.

And that time, that you don't stop me,

I'll get you in the middle of the night.

Photo By: Elizabeth Tacoma '12



"Out of the Dark"

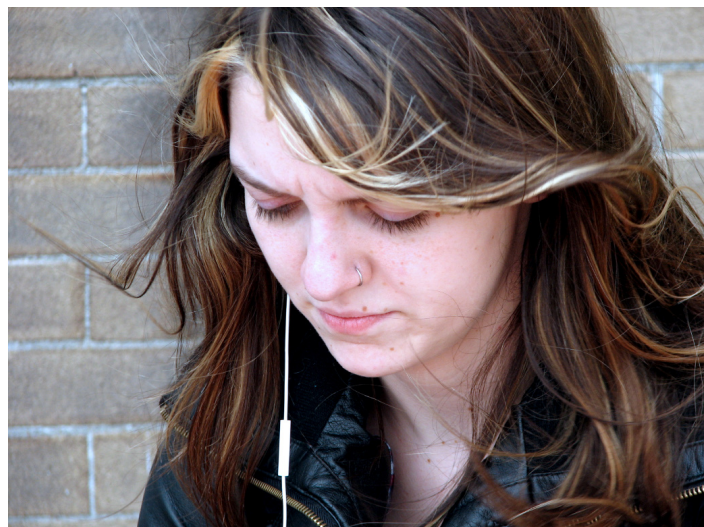
By Elric D. Kelly '14

*Why can't I just let you go?
I'd love to just stop and refuse to speak
About anything that I ever felt for you.
I'm writhing in bed because I can't fall asleep.
All you do is cloud my mind.
Sometimes you have to tear it open
In order for the wound to get better
So I'll listen to every song
That has ever reminded me of you
And I'll think about our times
The beautiful memories that I had
And I'll look into your eyes
And I'll feel my heart tighten.
I'll feel my soul fall
And I'll watch my spirits drop
And I'll watch my mood plummet, without a
stop.*



Photos: Ashley Christensen '12

*After all this darkness
I will go to her
And I will begin to speak
And I won't think about you.
No tear will ever run down my cheek
And now I'll feel fine
And I will hold my head high
And I won't ever cry
And I will come out of the darkness
And be in love with the light.*



There's a stranger in my home. He's here every day. I see him. I watch him. I think he lives here, but I can't be sure. I think I know his name but my mouth refuses to form the syllables.

The stranger, he sits at the corner of my couch. He sinks into the plaid cushion and doesn't move for hours. He stares; at a glowing computer screen, at an empty house, at a skittish beagle, at my and my brother's angry faces, and at my mother's broken one.

Sometimes I stare at him and think I know who he used to be. I think I know who he is. I hear music strummed and hummed and sung from long ago. I hear a voice not yet twisted by self-loathing and cynicism. I hear a younger man comfortable with himself and accepting of his mistakes. I think I remember jokes. I think I remember my mother's smile rather than her tears and hoarse voice, raw with screams. I think I remember accepting him into my family, but never into my heart.

But that man I think I sometimes remember has vanished. One day he left without taking a single step. He allowed himself to be kidnapped; kidnapped by wrath and guilt and loathing of both the world surrounding him and his inner being.

It's hard to say when he left. I think he started to leave before I even met him. Perhaps it started with the abandoning of his children. Then it continued with being tossed aside by employer after employer.

Over time he allowed pieces of himself to be stolen away. Until one day the man I knew changed his face. It became jagged and ugly and hateful and wild. He began to judge. Then he began to drink. Then I detached myself and prepared for the worst.

Then the worst happened.

Summer laziness was ripped away. Bruises surfaced on pale skin. Hearts broke. Tempers flared. I watched things fall apart. I watched myself pull things back together. I tried to heal, but anger made it difficult. I held what I could together and knew it wasn't enough. So, I collected the pieces I could find for the second time.

Months passed and my anger grew while the stranger was away. I held it inside. An inferno raged inside me, but on the outside it was hidden. Someone told me to forgive, to let go of my anger before it burned me up. I was told I'd become a stranger if I didn't. I held it in and told no one and promised myself I was too strong to burn.

The stranger has returned. I shun him. I hate him. I don't dare look at him, knowing that my blood will boil over at the sight of him. The stranger takes the seat in the corner of the couch and he watches. Eventually I'll pack his bags. I'll tell him to leave. I'll tell him he doesn't deserve the dog crap in the back yard. I'll tell him I hate him and what he's done and who he's become.

The other day I saw a stranger in the mirror. Her eyes were dark green. Her hair was dark brown. She looked angry. She looked hurt. She looked resentful, but she looked strong. She looked hardened, but proud of her scars.

The stranger looked tired, though. She looked so tired.

I thought I knew her name. It was on the tip of my tongue. I thought I knew the stranger and memories flooded my senses. Tortillas burning on a stove top, garlic from a elder's kitchen, the salt smell of waves and sand, the copper scent of skinned knees and busted lips, tears from bad decisions, smiles, laughter, the sting of being abandoned, the sting of abandoning others; all these things flooded over me and I knew the girl. But the girl had changed with the passing of time. She no longer wished to be a princess; she'd rather fight as a knight. She was strong from healing her own wounds. It wasn't that she couldn't get help; it was that she never wanted it. The stranger was cold and didn't trust because she had learned better than that.

I smiled at the stranger. She didn't smile back. She mistook my empathy for pity and she wouldn't allow herself the luxury of pity. In the stranger's mind she didn't have it bad enough to deserve it.

There are two strangers in my home.

Photo By: Kiley Hunter 13



"The Wolf in the Sky"

Jenn Richardson¹³

Long ago, before life existed as it does now, there lived a pack of wolves in the woods that bordered a small clan's territory. It was mid-spring, and hunting was rich, both for the wolves and the clan's hunters. The hunters often brought back elk and deer, and it was rare for them to return empty-handed. One of their youngest hunters, Uric, a scraggly boy, was the least respected by the clan, as he never gave thanks to the spirits of the animals he killed, as was taught to all hunters.

It was a full turn of the moon. Uric had separated from the other hunters, and gone off to hunt alone. He stumbled upon an old snare that he rarely checked, as it never trapped much. Uric had never disassembled it, hoping to capture something. Peering through the bushes, he saw a majestic young wolf. He knew he should free her. It would mean great respect from his clan, as wolves were protected and sacred animals. They were often considered spirit-guardians. Yet Uric found that respect wasn't enough for him. Uric had a deep-rooted hatred for wolves. He feared them, and just generally disliked them.

Uric knew there was little chance of her attacking him. He watched for a moment, as she struggled to stand with both back legs held by the rope, and saw her fall back to the ground, whimpering in pain. The ropes had begun to cut into her legs as she struggled. They were firm, thick ropes, and he'd never known an animal able to break them. Uric looked at her again, but decided he didn't want to do anything for her. So, he left her there, as blood began to drip from her legs.

The wolf whimpered. She'd seen the hunter there and given up hope of escaping, yet he just left her. She let loose a howl, and heard it reverberate back through the trees. She waited there, not that she had a choice. The pack had to hear.... She hoped they had heard.... Her mate would be her only hope. She listened for any sign of the pack, and heard a faint calling howl in the distance. She returned the howl, twice as loud as before and tinged with pain and sadness.

The alpha trudged into the brush, searching for his mate. He had heard her calls, and desperately wanted her back. She had separated from the pack as they hunted, and loped off after a deer. She knew why they hunted as a pack, but she wanted to provide. He whined, then caught her scent...her fear scent. He followed it to where she lay, and found her. She struggled to stand one more time and she fell. He padded to her side as her breath quickened and then slowed to a stop. He let loose a howl, one full of sadness. This was the howl for a fallen pack member, and, specifically, the male's howl for his lost mate.

Uric had stopped when he heard the howls cease. He watched as the alpha lay beside his mate and heard the pack's howl for the fallen huntress. He was suddenly overcome with guilt and even sadness. He decided to talk to his clan's leader, and tell her all he had done.

“You made a poor choice, Uric. But you will grow wiser in your years. Look to the stars tonight. You will find a message from the spirits. You can answer your questions then.” Alahna told him, as she ground her medicines together for an ill clan woman.

Uric stared up at the stars that night, and found that some stars seemed particularly bright. He followed the constellation, that group of stars, and found a lunging wolf, legs bound in the trap. Alahna stood beside him. “The spirits found a place for her, just above your head and mine. There is where she’ll forever remain. There is where she’ll remind you of what you’ve done. Let her be a lesson to you. Give everyone, clan mate, animal, plant, everything, give them the respect that they deserve.

Uric went on to become a well respected clan member. On every hunt, he would give thanks to the animal who gave up its life for their survival. But he never forgot the wolf. He looked up every night, and saw her in the stars. He could always find her. Even as the stars shifted, he’d still see her bright and bold every night.



Photo By:
Elizabeth
Tacoma '12



Photo By:
Ashley
Christensen, '12

“Together Love is Heaven”

Jake S. C. Kowalski ‘13

Dedicated to Kasha Haps

Life isn't a sunset without a, without a heaven

Young lovers watch this scene unfold.

Our hands intertwine walking this shoreline.

Your heartbeat is a miracle it's unconditional.

The Caribbean breeze rustles palm trees.

Dining by the ocean shore, hands held across the table

You're my glass of champagne, I'm your bottle of wine.

The man upstairs sees signs, they'll never change

Together love is heaven, love is heaven together

Tonight, yesterday, tomorrow, sunset or dawn on the edge of this earth

You're here with me, I smile, you leave, I shed tears.

Your heartbeat conquers us tonight, owning the world together

Your touch, his smile, your kiss, and his eyes, it's all beautiful

Be mine and only through years of love

He told her stories that brought her memories back.

Remember chasing each other across framer fields catching fireflies?

We haven't had the sense of time 'cause we're two loves having fun underneath the stars

We broke them crazy rules, broke them curfews

Above, the starlit sky says, you young lovers have a good night.

Lovers sat on their rock, romantic sunset burning love

Your heartbeat is the rhythm of the waves that meet this shoreline.

That tropical breeze whispers a love song.

Two young lovers walk this Hawaiian beach

His crazy thoughts she hears and laughs.

Someday I hope you'll be my loving wife.

She said, you wanna have it come true you're gonna have to catch me.

She took off faster than the wind, laughing with a twinkle in her eyes.

They ran across the shoreline screaming with the tone of fun.

The man upstairs whispered in his ears, run, run, fetch her heart

The message sent clear down they both went in their own world.

They both cried and their true kiss lasted seeming forever.

That's when he pulled out a black case.

She took his hand, since you caught me, yes.

Together love is heaven, love is heaven together

Tonight, yesterday, tomorrow, sunset or dawn on the edge of this earth

You're here with me, I smile, you leave, I shed tears

Your heartbeat conquers us tonight, owning the world together

Your touch, his smile, your kiss, and his eyes, it's all beautiful.

Be mine and only through years of love

Photo By: Kiley Hunter, 13



“Under A Dying Sun”

ALEXIS DEBAKER ‘12

I THINK IT'S TOO MUCH SOMETIMES, TOEING THIS LINE DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE COLORS OF A SUNSET, BUT BEHIND THIS GATE ALL I SEE IS GRAY.

I ENVY YOU, SPIRIT, TO BE UNSEEN, TO BE UNHEARD.

I REACH FOR YOU, SUNLIGHT, BUT YOU ARE EVER JUST OUT OF MY REACH.

YOU TURN ALL THE PRESSURE TO ME, AND STILL YOU REFUSE TO SEE.

YOU MAKE ME INTO WHAT I NEVER WANTED, AND THEN TRY TO PUSH ME BACK TO MY FORMER PLACE.

YOU CAN NEVER HAVE IT BOTH WAYS, YOU JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT.

YOU CRACK THE WHIP, BUT YOU DON'T REALIZE I'M NEVER GOING TO BOW.

OUR WEAPONS ARE THOSE WE FORM BEHIND OUR LIPS.

OUR LIVES WE SWEAR TO DESTROY WITH BITTERNESS.

OUR DREAMS SHATTER UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD.

OUR FEARS LIKE GEMS TO THE OTHER, MORE PRECIOUS THAN WATER.

WE DANCE IN CIRCLES, YOU AND I, LOOKING TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE.

WE FIGHT BATTLES THAT CAN NEVER BE WON IN A WAR THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST.

WE STAND STRAIGHTER AND MEET OPPOSING GAZE, UNSTOPPABLE FORCE AND IMMOVABLE OBJECT.

WE, TWO, MASQUERADE TANGO

UNDER A DYING SUN.



