

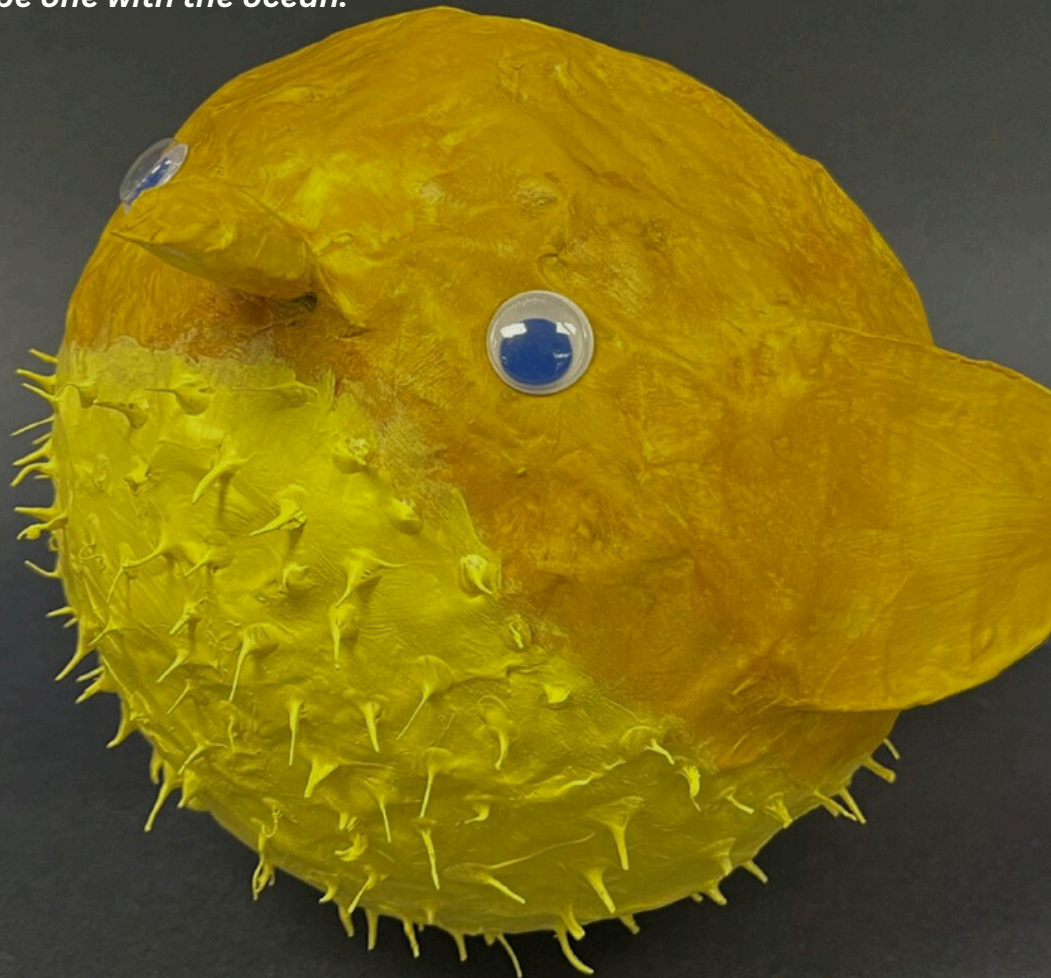
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THE OCEAN

*A vast body of water could consume me whole.
It can be vicious and yet calm.
Its bright blue hues draw me closer with each tidal wave.
The sun is beating down on me and the waves
Creating beautiful ripples in the ocean's movement.
I want to dip my toe in
I must test the waters before I get in
It is warm and feels good on my skin
I go deeper
And deeper
No longer can I tread the water
I feel as if I may drown
Drowning is such a scary thought
But I'm not frightened
For one day I shall be one with the ocean.*

By: Emily Beaudry



Artist Unknown

Twenty Years From Now

By Peyton Claeys

Art by Emily Gayed

I want to be a criminal investigator when I'm older. Ever since I was little, I would watch crime shows and documentaries, and I knew that's what I wanted to be. What I needed to be. In twenty years, I will be 37 years old and working as a criminal investigator/detective living my dream life. I will be living in a beautiful white house with blue shutters and a huge yard. I will be



married to the love of my life, Jackson Biesiada, and we will be rich with 2 beautiful children who we will give the best life to.

Honestly, the years in between to when I get there are a bit confusing. I mean, I know what I want to study at college, but I don't know what college I want to attend. I have some ideas like MSU or Wayne State but there are so many options I just want to make sure I pick the right one and am happy.

In twenty years, I will be married by then, and I would've had my dream wedding. My family there and my best friend Kailey Viviano right by my side as my maid of honor. I will be in a beautiful, extra wedding dress because I'm extra now and in twenty years.

Moreover, I will not be a strict parent. I want my kids to live out their teen years to the most because they are the most important and memorable years. Obviously, I will not let them become a bad person but I'm not going to restrict them from having fun and doing what makes them happy. Also, I will preach the bible to them and let them know that God is number one and will always be there for them when others aren't. Like verse Mark 16:15 says, "He said to them, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creatures'". In the end, in twenty years, I will be happy, faithful, successful, and loved and that's all I need.

CHILDHOOD SUMMERS

*Rays of sunlight flow through the grass,
Fluttering memories of the past.
Of happy times and playful things.
Frolicking barefoot throughout the summer breeze,
Hearing the birds chirp in the trees.
Lying back on the fresh smelling cut grass.
Looking up at the sky,
Watching the white fluffy clouds float by.
Dirt stuck between the toes,
Sun burnt skin on the nose.
Summer days are like gold,
Summer memories we forever hold.*

By: Catherine Barnes



Art By: Soren

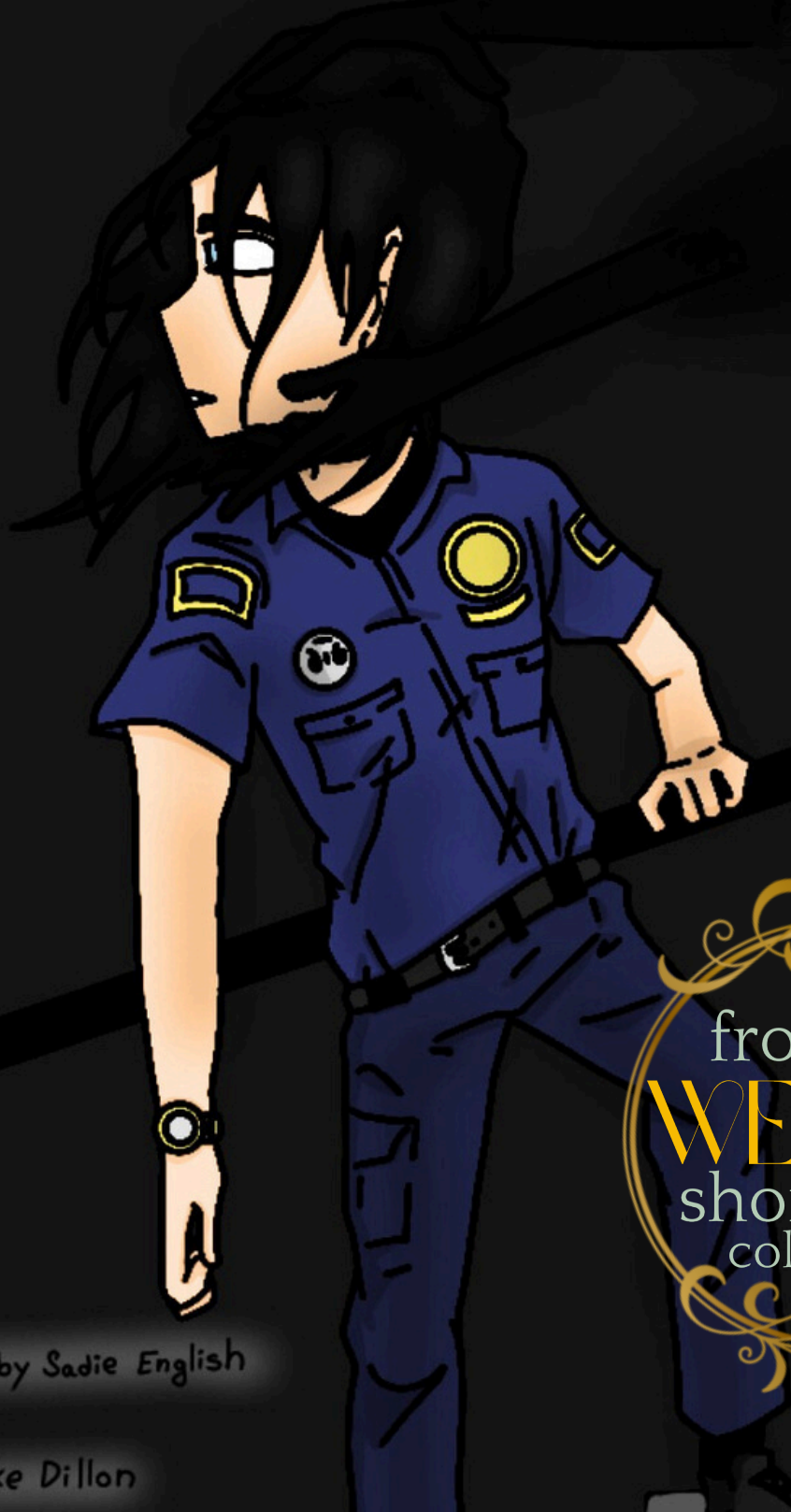
CHANGING

*In winter I'm dull and bare,
pale and lifeless patiently waiting.
In the spring I am growing, changing.
Moving with the wind, coming back to life,
starting new things.
In the summer I am happy, blooming, full of life,
bright and colorful.
Then comes fall, and I start to fade, to die
to turn to something I am not known for.
I am a tree that is ever-changing.*

By: Olivia Golden

Photograph by Kara Hamlin

Loud Silence



from the
WELKIN
short-story
collection

Story and Art by Sadie English

Writing by Luke Dillon

Loud Silence

There she was, a tall, dark-haired, olive-skinned woman in her early 30s with her rear placed firmly upon her couch, her youngest offspring seated comfortably beside her. They were watching television. After noticing the young boy begin to doze off, she uttered calmly “Tony, it is time you should head up to bed” she took him by the hand as the duo got up and began ascending the long flight of steps. At some point during this trek, the woman stopped and looked at the small boy.

He was young, no older than seven, with golden blond hair, and olive skin similar to his mother. The look she gave him when she heard the distant whisper was one both of inquisition and of mild concern she inquired to the boy “did you say something”, the child in his relatively high-pitched voice retorted simply and tiredly with “nope.” and proceed to casually continue the walk up the stairs. The woman however remained still standing as the sound got clearer, she looked around for a few moments before taking another step at which point she realized what these whispers were saying in a distant and airy voice she heard “wake up” ... “wake up” ... “we miss you”.

Stopped with the shock of the echo, she looks around briefly, considering the possibility of her husband being home early and enacting some sort of practical joke. This consideration was abruptly stopped however due to the lack of the noisy screech the door makes whilst becoming ajar. Moments later when the shock subsided the exhausted EMT dragged herself the remainder of the way up the ascending stairway to the dark bedroom at the end of the hallway at the top.

The woman had lied down and just told herself the voice was not but an overworked mind. A brief chronological period later she slipped into the calm of her dreams. The woman awakes 11 hours later with nothing but minor cranial pain which she not entirely misdiagnoses as exhaustion. Walking down the short hallway she peers curiously into the next open door to find both her offspring still in the realm of their own dreams.

Glancing at the clock she is suddenly reminded that she needs to arrive at her place of work in less time than it would usually take to get there so in a rush she descends the stairs and runs through the carpeted house to her kitchen. The very moment she enters the tiled floor she slips speeding towards the ground like an apple from a tree unlike the red semicircular fruit however she manages to catch herself sustaining little harm other than a minor headrush which dissipates almost as quickly as the event transpired.

The very second she stands stably on her two feet she is almost knocked over again this time however, it was not by her miss judgment of balance but a brief red glow surrounding her vision and ahead on the calendar in dripping black ink was one word
“AWAKE”.

The woman quickly closed her eyes and rubbed them almost comically with the palms of her hands upon allowing the bright fluorescent light back into her retinas the room was as before, a slight mess in the sink from last night's dinner, steam seeping from the slightly ajar dishwasher, and a calendar dated with June 14, 2023.

This state of shock would not be very long lived as she grabs her boots and heads to work. The day goes surprisingly painlessly considering the field that is of course, until she returns home, being Saturday, her husband is off and greets her at the door when she arrives with a calm “hello” as the vibrations leave his mouth the scene flashes red again and a horrible ringing sounded in her ears when she blinked the red dissipated but that wasn't all that vanished her husband was gone without evidence of him ever existing.

The woman in a state of complete shock made the determination to go upstairs and sleep. Lying in bed with the ringing remaining and getting ever worse the airy voice returned
“awake” ... “Wake Up” ... “WAKE UP” the voice ended up so loud as to feel as though it was there with her.

The woman began to yell back, completely unsure what it was talking about and eventually devolving to a plea for the ringing to end along with the voices. Still in her work uniform, with her knees bound to the floor, unable to stand the pain, she let out one final
“STOP” as the sharp sound left her mouth, her vision shut down for a moment.

It was all black. When she was again able to open her eyes, everything was severely blurry she could barely make out an IV drip to her left and could feel the all too familiar unpleasantness of an oxygen tube in her nose the fluorescent lights in the room were bright but strangely familiar it took her a few moments but she had realized she was definitely in an ER bed at first she thought her husband had brought her to the hospital after collapsing there was however something severely off about this.

She hurriedly asks the doctor about Tony and Eleanor he though, hadn't a clue what she was talking about instead he asked if she knew how long she'd been out for she not being sure of the time said “no” .

The doctor got up and opened the curtains and simply said “it's been 36 hours”. Which inflicted the worst Deja vu she had ever experienced. She blurted out “this happened already”.

The doctor responded with “Deja vu is common after an accident like yours”. She didn't know what accident he was referring to.

So, she inquired “what accident?”

She came to find out that she had fallen out of the ambulance after a fire occurred.

As the shock began to dissipate a few things came to her, the first being that she could feel the 2nd degree burns on her left arm, a pain which she winched at but could also feel the painkillers she'd been given slowly deal with.

There was however a second and far more alarming realization there was a calendar on the clean white wall of the room with a big bold “April” at the top with red crosses over the days leading up to and including the 26th which on its own wasn't very surprising the part that put her into a state of complete shock was the small lettering at the top that read “2012” in flash she realized what happened and the last 11 years of what she thought was her life was a trauma-induced hallucination.

The End.

Luminous Longing

Light is a reminder of
guaranteed hope,
Knowing it's always
there helps people to
cope. When darkness
appears it tends to
cause pain, But the light
always comes,
reassuring us again.
There's always a bright
side no matter how bad,
Even through anger and
hate and sad. When we
see a light at the end of
the tunnel, It keeps our
chins up, masking our
struggles. Don't ever
give up, through light
will be given, An
indescribable feeling
that keeps us driven.

By: Kara Hamlin

Father's Day

I hate Father's Day. I can feel it creeping up on me each year like a kid late at night in a dark house.

I hate Father's Day.

The blue cards decorated with tools, cars, fishing, and hunting.

I hate Father's Day.

The strong smell of Elmer's glue while making macaroni crafts in elementary school to gift our dads.

I hate Father's Day.

I watch administrators decorate for the daddy-daughter dance as I sit and think about my dad.

I wonder if he ever thinks about me.

I hate Father's Day.

- By: Ashlynn Soto



- Art By: Nadya Krawchenko

SENIOR YEAR

*Thirteen years of school
It's all they ever knew
Now they expect them to know what to do
When it all ends on a random day
Senior year whispers memories
And screams about achieved goals like they're winning
the Nobel Peace Prize
Seniors' wild laughter and bellowing tears
Come in waves
Fluctuating as fast as their semesters fly by
The tears will not linger
For they have better things awaiting
As they walk away
They occasionally glance back
Reminiscing on what once was
Emphasizing their gratitude for what they didn't know
they had
Senior year isn't comparable to the previous twelve
years
It is something new at the end of the journey
To make them excited for each next step
Poised to pursue passions and pave paths
This is senior year.*

By: Isabella Norbeck

Artist Unknown





MY MIND

DARKNESS

I feel it inside, Like a festering wound with cyanide.

It claws away at my mind, Coming out from deep inside.

Eyes of hallowed caverns that seek the rawness of flesh.

It can smell my anxiety like a carcass of death.

*She is someone I don't recognize: Always leering behind
shadows, hanging in my mind's gallows.*

Why won't you go away?

Why won't I stop becoming you.

By: Emily Gayed

Art By: Emily Gayed

Self DISCOVERY

Story
And
Art By:

Sadie
English



from the
WELKIN
short-story
collection

Self-Discovery

Nobody liked the woods that surrounded the small town - people claimed that there was something dark that resided in them, and it was something that was just simply evil. The townspeople warned Shaun about the woods, but he believed he knew better.

Shaun walked up the creaky steps towards the bright red door of the cabin, tiredly dragging his suitcase behind him. As the sky darkened to a navy blue, he hurried inside, not wanting to get bitten by any of those pesky bugs. He ventured inside, flipping the lightswitch on the wall next to him. Shaun watched as the bulb bathed the room in a soft yellow-orange glow. He closed the door behind him and glanced out the window.

Man, did it get dark fast.

He made his way to the bedroom and turned on the bed-side lamp. Once Shaun's eyes had adjusted to the newly found brightness, he set the suitcase onto the mattress, taking his notebook and pencil out and placing them on the nightstand. He looked back at the suitcase and decided he would finish unpacking in the morning. He changed into some warm sweatpants and a soft white t-shirt before he zipped his suitcase back up and placed it at the foot of his bed. He turned around and a wave of unexplainable dread washed over him as he saw the closet, diagonal to his bed, had its door open. He hesitated before he just shook off the strange feeling and simply closed the door. Shaun turned on his heels to walk back to the living room so he could turn off the lights, but his motion swiftly came to a halt as he reached the doorway.

The light was already out.

“Did I...did I turn it off already?” He asked himself. He suddenly felt cold, a chill running up his spine as he slowly walked back into his room, closing the door, and getting into bed. He grabbed his notebook and a pencil off his nightstand, beginning to write about his day.

“I’m excited. I think I’m going to finally find myself at this pla-”

His writing slowed to a stop when he heard a sound ring out through the silent cabin. Shaun slowly turned his head towards where the sound came from and he felt as if his heart had stopped. He sat on his bed, staring wide-eyed at a face that was mostly

Obscured by black shadows - one that looked like his. It was barely visible through the gap between the closet door and the wall, but some of the features were just barely visible. The most visible of which was the right eye, opened wide and rimmed with a faded red. A hand was holding onto the side of the door, not fully out in the open, but Shaun knew it was there.

There came a new noise, different from the one from before. It sounded as if two bones were being ground against one another for an agonizingly long period of time. Shaun continued to stare at the closet, feeling his tense body begin to tremble uncontrollably. He swallowed and began to write in the notebook once again, not taking his eyes off whatever was in his closet.

“Nevermind. I think I already did.”

A bead of sweat dripped down his forehead as he closed the notebook, putting it back on his bedside table. As he ceased writing, he kept his gaze locked on the figure. His hand trembled while he took in the horrifying image of the face once again, slowly reaching for the lamp. He closed his eyes as he heard the closet door creaking open. Taking a deep breath, he turned off the light.



The End.

FORGOTTEN



A place once alive and lively now dead and a shadow of itself.

Once this place was an attraction that helped grow the city.

This place was once a beacon of hope.

Now it's a place where hope goes to die.

A cloudy and dark place that no longer is attractive.

Gloomy place that is just existing in the city now.

The past is ignored and the place is now forgotten.

This place has no future and will not survive.

A city with potential but nothing came of it.

A city once big and filled with activity has now become nothing.

By: Sawyer Dubay

Artist Unknown

LOVE

*Love comes into everyone's life at some point in time,
If it's a mother taking their first touch with their new-born baby,*

Or if it's exchanging your vows with your forever person.

*Love can come from where you least expect to come,
Love can be the book in your hand about your favorite fictional characters,*

Love can be finding comfort in the sweater you wore when losing someone meaningful.

*Love is found when you first come into the world,
Love will be found in something when you take your last longing breath.*

Love is as fragile as a heart; it can be endless, or it can shatter in seconds.

Love is when you feel as free as a bird that can soar its wings and fly where it wants,

It feels as if you can touch the stars and moon and float back down to earth after,

It's as if cloud nine is real for the moments you feel love.

Love can be the pitter-patter of a pet's paws prancing the halls,

*Love is found everywhere throughout the world,
It is what makes us feel alive in life and what people need to thrive.*

By: Crystell Denton

Artist Unknown



SOLAR SYSTEM



*Typically I am the sun
A yellow, happy, bright ball of flames
I am the center of my own universe
I create light and ideas will grow
But when I am alone
I am pluto
Full of dark and dull, reds, blues, and grays
I feel small and far away from everything else
I have been reduced from a planet to a dwarf planet
I am small and lonely
Some days I am a great big yellow ball of flames
Others I am a dull, red, blue, and gray mess*

By: Emily Beaudry

Art By: Erika Lutz