

# ***THE WELKIN***



2026  
Fraser High School

# *THE WELKIN 2026*

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A big Thank you to Ms. Taravlla amd the wonderful creative writing class of the 2025-26 school year, to Mrs. Bolen and the art classes for all of their submissions, without them this would not be as great!

Continue writing, continue reading, continue making art, thank you all.

# Purple Poem

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Purple Poem  
Remembrance.

Everytime I smell your lingering scent,  
I'm reminded of the past, that I fought so hard to lose.  
Rewinding the clock back to the time you made me choose.

Conceal.

Cover up the blemish that I received, from being so foolish, so naive.  
Tuck away the power you think you have in my head.  
My mind mauling the memories that remain within.

Acceptance.

The pain that once shut me down,  
required me to weep,  
and made me only hear despair.  
Makes me now live, thrive, and breathe fresh air.  
The shackles removed free from the soul that once dreamed,  
So rare for the reality it once lived, flicked off of a pedestal it could never  
achieve.

Once was loved, now is forgotten,  
My devotion to you is forever departed.

~Sarah Roose



# “A Beast’s View”

Story and photo by: Sam Svoboda.



And at last are the humans—finally, the humans. In the past, they were an aberration. An approaching storm that spoke in tongues and whose legs pulled them relentlessly, patiently, thunderingly to their quarry, sharpened pole in hand. When did it come to be so, that that storm then shook the world and grew to swallow it whole? All are caught in its tempest. On the fringes alone is their presence but cast as a shadow. Their fingers which fell with the precision of thunder and with equal force blasted them on high to the sky far above were the first to herald the threat. Then came their calls, their hoots and hums which at first were like the birds’ and then grew eerie with complexity. There is no sound more dire, more feared today. One would sooner invite the maw of the bear around their throat than the snaring or spearing of a chattering, bumbling, cataclysmic band of leering trappers and tamers. It is the lot of an animal to die. Tis theirs’, too, yet their efforts have made them so distant from it, and thus so wicked with fear in the face of it. The solitary beast has their meals and nature’s beauty to enjoy, and the beast of a pack avails themselves to their company, needing no more. Yet with wild fantasy the humans aspired to more and found it, until the dream of convenience, of simplicity, of control and of satedness—all that once was enough was left behind, and the hole in their hearts was laid bare to the world when they strayed further still, like the Camponotini all stricken till death, from love, from freedom, from hope in liberation at least from their aspirant kin and the untruths of they who wish to last forever.

Indeed, even with their great minds—vast enough to dream up whole worlds, whole universes, to weave grand fictions and peer into themselves and the fleeting edges of the metaphysical, to see truth and drink deep of story, they cannot but settle for slavery if the cage is abstract enough. There is a unanimous agreement, from the worms on low and the birds on high, that they will spell the end of everything. The Phasmida, hidden by their natural form, surmise thusly: Given enough time, they will wipe us all out and replace us with nothing, just by accident.



*Pretty In Pink*  
*By Madeline Vanderford*

*Pink is pretty ribbons that curl,  
Pink fills your head with pillows and pearls.  
Pink is the love that's there on first dates,  
Pink is filled with beauty and grace.*

*She can be sweet like soft cotton candy,  
She can be tart like a pink lady apple.  
Pink is pretty no matter the hue,  
Neon, opaque, dark, and pastel, too.*

*Pink is luscious and carefree,  
She flies around like butterflies and bees.  
Silky satin, porcelain glass,  
Pink doesn't go anywhere fast.*

*Pink takes her time,  
She loves to be seen.  
Adored and admired,  
She's a true beauty queen.*



# Spongebob Poem

By James Kikland

Spongebob squarepants he's such a scaredy pants  
Doodle bop is such a opp with the way he rants  
He's trying to get to Bikini bottom but he's stuck at Rock bottom  
Squidward got caught eating all the patties because he's such a fatty  
Patrick is stuck under a rock he thinks mayonnaise is an instrument  
Mermaid man and barnacle boy are fighting Man Ray  
Spongebob ripped his pants  
Larry the lobster he took a glance  
he is a imposter for laughing at his buddy  
That krab so cheap he's cruddy  
When he gets to the Krusty Krab the patties start flipping  
Plankton starts his evil plan but he's tripping  
Patrick and Spongebob are so goofy they're a bunch of goobers  
The bubbles start blowing and the clarinet start flowing  
You dont need a liscne to get this burger rolling

# “Untitledable”

By Sam Svoboda

There is a funnel. Through it, there are distant things. Eyesight. Sense. Extancy.

Pain.

Neck. Around neck, there is a thing. Something strange. Near, a tall thing, pale, fleshy, odorous. Strange patterns all over. Awful.

It moves. When it is far, neck tugs, neck hurts. Follow. Dulled terror. Breathless, slow.

Self gone.

Grass on the grassland. Lower to green. Mouth opens and closes and head up and relief. The tight something tugs. There, muted anger and fear, dulled by repetition, dulled through the funnel, I seethe through. Feet twitch, then stop themselves.

The tall thing stops. Relief. Its appendage to a pole. A lengthy something stays; appendage leaves. Tall thing goes. But still can't wander. Moving is pain. Lay my fur on the grass.

With head, look up. White above. Where is the blue? Must. I must see the blue.

Time is going. Still here. The neck thing. The long thing. Anger, flowing, please, family, come. My feelings cannot leave. My memory disallows it. So, I revolt. I am revolting. I use my teeth.

My unspeaking pleas, hot and sharp.

Teeth touch the thing.

Clenching. Please.

Pain, hardness, jaw weak.

Clenching, please.

Persevere.



photo by: Brent Wohlfield

"Untitledable"

Clenching, come, please.

Something, please.

No, something, please...

Please...

Yes. Yes. Yes. Please.

Free.

Stand, run. To the trees. Then, see tall thing. Raving, awful sounds, like death and fire and the

sky.

Legs.

Legs.

Legs.

Closer. He's closer.

The blue.

The blue, I must see the blue.

Others, I must see the others.

Their furs must touch mine again.

Legs.

Faster than ever.

Legs.

Feel them breaking.

LEGS.

GETTING FURTHER.

LEGS.

GROWING DISTANT.

LEGS.

LOSING SIGHT.

LEGS.

LOSING SOUND.

LEGS.

THE TALL THING IS GONE.

LEGS.

LEGS.

Legs.

Legs...

Legs. Collapse.

...

A long moment of an empty mind.

Head, again, upwards.

Upwards, I see the blue.

I shake my neck, fur elegant, head heavy and regal.

My head lowers, then touches the ground.

In mere seconds, I recede into the funnel.

A peaceful nothing follows.

Then dreams of love between the grasses.

The lightness of freedom. Calm of the blue.

And a hovering monster, lengthy and cunning.

Every night, it will return.



# A Deep Blue Sea

*The dark sea mixes and mingles with the sand below  
Drowning the earth in its path with algae aglow  
My feet in the sand, a shiver washes down me  
My mind heavy, it breaks the gears of my thoughts  
My tears blend into the ocean, a dance of blue  
My mind breaks and bends and finally, comes loose  
My inner soul, thick with sadness, turns cool and calm  
My soul slips into the water, tears stop, my feet don't feel the cold  
By soul carries onward, dashing through the waves, my body is pulled  
forward*

*I slip into the water, sand in my hair, denim jacket soaked  
The waves cool hands carry me, I drifted as they spoke  
Spoke words of comfort and of peace beneath, as my head slips under  
and into the reef*

*I look up, mind calm and content, at the stars above me  
The dark sky, sprinkled with light, the cool tone blue, a welcoming sight  
I drift deeper, I forget to breathe, and as I lay upon the bottom, my soul  
hears the breeze*

*My body now resting, my soul swimming high, my aura of blue reaches  
the sky*

*As I look down deep at my old self below, I find a new feeling  
A warm  
A glow*

poem by madeleine akers  
art by sydmey bosca

# Beach

In the calm breeze fleeting memories of the past  
Sifting through the coarse sand I sit and think  
Am I truly relaxed?  
Surrounded by the sounds of wind and squawks from every which way  
Thankfully I didn't have to pay  
The sun, once blazing, has come to a halt in the distance  
Beaming over the blue sea is an orange glisten from afar  
Tranquility was felt when the warm sun kissed my skin  
Sipping a pina colada there was an after taste of coconut  
Nevertheless, nothing crossed my mind  
In the distance I saw a fin  
Could it be a shark or maybe just a tin  
Oh well, I'm too calm to care  
Blissfully bathing beneath the beating sun  
Oh, what a relief after the fun. - By Joshua Slone





# Blue Poem

by McKinzie Lee

As the sky turned blue, I saw the clouds move.

Sadness goes outside seeing the snowflakes fall from the sky.

She notices the snowy ground while looking down.

Blue as the night got cold, blue as the calm bathtub that overflowed.

The blue ocean sounding smooth, Dory came looking for the crew.

In the calming full day, a fresh start begins.

Deep into the ocean, loss is where it began, the Detroit Lions will always win.

As every hospital stays open, the sadness of patients starts to go away from earning cotton candy.

The blue button went off suddenly, intelligence came to be smitten with a mitten.

Drinking water helps us survive, during midnight we always thrive.

As sour the ice can be, guilt can be deceived.

Mariah The Scientist sang her songs; the crowd went wild to not stay calm.

Smurfs stick together, always by choice, they are like family with Joyce.

As calming as the night sounds, Elsa made the ice melt.

In the chilliest times, the navy-blue hues, nature calls within the blue tin.

We march in lines,  
flawless from the stands—  
but down here,  
it's sweat, breath,  
and the heartbeat of the field.  
It's waking before the sun,  
lungs burning in the cold,  
mouth on metal,  
hands stiff with effort—  
yet somehow,  
the music still flows.  
We don't just play notes.  
We become them.  
Every step a rhythm,  
every turn a story.  
Our shoes carve patterns  
into grass and dirt,  
but what we leave behind  
can't be seen—  
only felt  
by those who know.  
There's a kind of silence  
after the last note ends—  
the kind that lingers  
in your bones.  
That's where the music lives.  
Not in the horn  
or the snare,  
but in the soul  
of the one who plays.  
People see the uniforms.  
The polish. The poise.  
But they don't see the hours.  
The mistakes. The moments  
when we doubt ourselves,  
then push through anyway.  
This isn't just band.

It's a family.

It's a second heart  
beating in time  
with a hundred others.  
Out there,  
we don't speak—  
we play.  
And in that sound,  
we say everything  
we don't know how to say  
out loud.



poem by Elena De Perro  
Art by Molloy Kate



# The Grace of Green

To  
ALL THE  
SPIDERS  
WEBS I'VE  
TORN DOWN,  
TO ALL THE  
BUTTERFLIES  
FLOWERS I'VE  
PICKED FOR MYSELF,  
TO ALL THE  
GRASSHOPPERS GRASS I'VE  
MOWED, TO ALL THE BIRD'S  
HOMES I'VE REMOVED IN  
THE EARLY FALL. THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR KINDNESS AND GRACE  
TOWARDS ME, FOR EVEN THOUGH  
I KEEP TAKING THE THINGS YOU  
NEED TO SURVIVE AND HOLD MOST  
DEAR, YOU STILL APPRECIATE THE LIFE I  
AM ALSO LIVING.

TO THE ANIMALS LYING ON THE SIDE  
OF THE ROAD WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO  
THROW THEM FARTHER, TO THE GRAPES I  
HAVE PICKED AND THROWN AWAY BECAUSE A  
WORM WAS MAKING A HOME, TO THE FLOWERS I HAVE PICKED AND  
SLOWLY WATCHED WILT OVER TIME, THANK YOU FOR SHOWING KINDNESS  
TOWARDS PEOPLE, FOR SOME DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

Writing  
and Art by  
Erika Jane Lutz



## INTERTWINED SOULS

Our souls are like candles  
Flames flicker in the soul  
My heart flickers for you in a whole

Drip my wax in your jar  
My heart shine for you like a star  
My candle flickers for you  
I can see your image in my flame

The warmth of the candle fills my heart  
Your candle smells as sweet as a sweetheart

My flame burns brighter for you  
It lights my heart up like a starry night

Your candle gives me a sense of calm  
Your wax is in my palm  
As long as your candle burns in my mind  
It allows my soul to unwind

Your candle is like a comfort to my soul  
My candle breathes you in a feel of control  
My soul intertwines with yours  
Our hearts feel very divine

My soul longs for you  
Like a candle in a jar  
Our souls can take us very far  
They can see the burn from afar.



Emily Alongi

May 12 2026 yearbook

### The Hunger Games

As i look down i think of snow but not

The type of snow that falls on the ground. The

Snow that once use to have bleach blonde hair the

Kind snow that was sweet as blueberry pie the one

who take his shirt off his back for anyone. Until one day a

Beautiful girl known as lucy gray was picked for the day of fighting

For her district. She had light brown skin, with her hair that was long

and

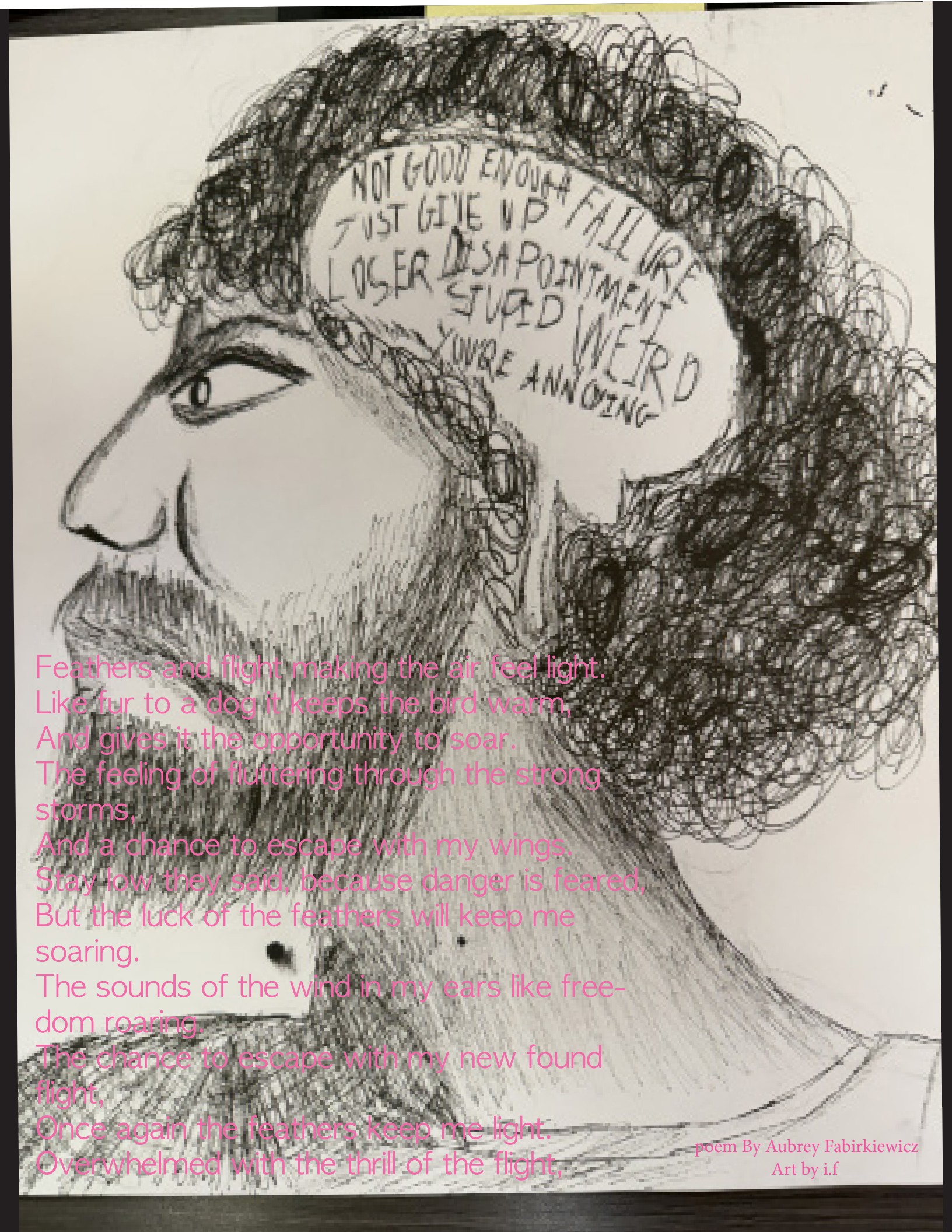
Dark brown as chocolate you would eat as a little fellow. Now everyone  
is

Mellow and yellow. When she said her goodbye he got mad and turned  
mad and

Is now cold as the icy snow that falls every winter season. Until a girl  
named katniss

A odd name but not as may the odds be ever in your favor came along  
and showed him

How the snow melts as high as her aim with her black bow and arrow  
being the jaybird.



NOT GOOD ENOUGH  
JUST GIVE UP FAILURE  
LOSER DISAPPOINTMENT  
STUPID WEIRD  
YOU'RE ANNOYING

Feathers and flight making the air feel light.  
Like fur to a dog it keeps the bird warm,  
And gives it the opportunity to soar.  
The feeling of fluttering through the strong  
storms,  
And a chance to escape with my wings.  
Stay low they said, because danger is feared,  
But the luck of the feathers will keep me  
soaring.  
The sounds of the wind in my ears like free-  
dom roaring.  
The chance to escape with my new found  
flight.  
Once again the feathers keep me light.  
Overwhelmed with the thrill of the flight,

poem By Aubrey Fabirkiewicz  
Art by i.f

# Golden Key

## Locket By Nahla Knight

My golden key locket, which I kept slung around my neck, bounced and swayed as I went throughout my day. My golden key locket shined, comforting my eyes from my peripheral vision, giving me a glimmer of hope. My best friend had given the golden key locket to me in the third grade, and she had tied a pink bow around it. The golden key locket sang a lovely tune whenever I took it off in the bathroom, which I did so I could see it from a better view. My golden key locket determines what I wear for the day, because it wants me to look my best, always.

One school afternoon, I removed my golden key locket for gym. I placed my golden key locket in a locker, and when I came back, my golden key locket was gone! I searched everywhere for my golden key locket, all over the locker room. Its absence drained all of the hope and joy that it helped bloom. For the remainder of the day, I was filled with gloom. I really didn't want to believe it, but it was true, I had no golden key locket to hang in my room.

The next school day, all the walls seemed bleak. Everything was a shade of gray and the windows did not speak. They did not speak of the beautiful sky outside; they only reflected back at me the depressing gray on the inside. But in that reflection, I was able to see... my golden key locket shining back at me!

It was dull, but there, in the pocket of a girl whose hair color was fair. She brought it out and flaunted it. As she twirled it, I could see that the only thing she sought of it was its shine and mineral. She walked down the hall, each step showed how she was brutally cynical. Her straightened, heat damaged hair

Sarah Roose

Ms. Taravella

Creative Writing

8 September, 2025

### Purple Poem

Remembrance.

Everytime I smell your lingering scent,  
I'm reminded of the past, that I fought so hard to lose.  
Rewinding the clock back to the time you made me choose.  
Conceal.

Cover up the blemish that I received, from being so foolish, so naive.  
Tuck away the power you think you have in my head.  
My mind mauling the memories that remain within.

Acceptance.

The pain that once shut me down,  
required me to weep,  
and made me only hear despair.  
Makes me now live, thrive, and breathe fresh air.

The shackles removed free from the soul that once dreamed,  
So rare for the reality it once lived, flicked off of a pedestal it  
could never achieve.

Once was loved, now is forgotten  
My devotion to you is forever departed.



## Mr Brown Eyes

As she stood staring at the tree she began to wonder if any of it was actually worth her efforts. The sun was setting and it was early enough spring that the snow was still melting, the sun was small but red from the city lights. Her tennis shoes getting more soaked with each passing second and for a moment the world seemed to get smaller. Safer. Although the world was in fact much bigger she began to realize that she could force her reality to be limited. Outside of this moment there was another, and another of course as there always are. Across the street in the house that was always quiet there were secrets waiting and hiding that would never be known to the world. The way the house sat was calm, the perfect neighbor who would shovel other people's snow, who would buy from the lemonade stands children would run. The home was old but nice, the wallpaper was the same as when the home was built in the early 20's, it was now yellowing and peeling with old tape holding it to the wall, not wanting to know what was underneath, they had chosen to leave the lead paint and dusty wallpaper. The television glowed softly as the sun sets, the sun trying to break into the room through the curtains, the mans wife sitting asleep next to him, he was asleep despite it still being early, both still blissfully unaware of what was behind their wallpaper. And what exactly was behind the wallpaper? A well-kept secret of long ago.

In 1923 the home was opened up and housed parties and welcomed mystery and dancing. The roar of each thing that happened, each person living from moment to moment without worry of the consequences. They felt their anger and if one person went down then they all did. One night the world became smaller in the large house, the music was loud as they packed themselves like cattle and danced with one another with what little room there was to dance, the scent of the alcohol thick in the house as the blue-eyed girl pushed out of the house as an attempt to be able to breathe and not be in the rooms of the house. The walls then were decorated with gilded paintings and mirrors, allowing for them to enjoy each of their own appearances. The windows that lined the home were open in poor attempt to make the air less thick, the curtains open to allow the world to look in and grow jealous as the party roared on inside. As the blue eyed girl pushed through the home attempting to find an exit, the world was still dancing and laughing around her with giddy, and the brown eyed man asks her for a dance which she tries to refuse and the man's warm smile faded quicker than a light being turned off. "But I insist" the brown eyed man states, he has a long face and a thin smile, he seemed shifty, like he was hiding something in the night. "oh no no, no thank you, I need some fresh air" the blue eyed girl says nervously. "why don't I join?" "that's alright" "I truly insist" the man says and began to lead her to the door, and she reluctantly follows. With each step the man seemed more and more annoyed as he lead her outside, once out she leans against the balcony and asks, "so what's your name, Mr?" and the man seems to only grow more annoyed by her questioning. "Heking, Mr. Alastor Heking" he said calmly through his frustrated glare, "I suppose I should ask for your name as well Charlotte" "Oh, yeah it's.... How did you already know my name?" she asked, taking a step back, "don't worry yourself with that dear! You just have a reputation is all" he replied with an eerie smile "what kind of reputation? Actually, I don't care, what do you do for work Mr. Heking?" she asks politely, "I work as an accountant" "office job?" "correct!". She shifts uncomfortably and takes a sip of the drink she had, curious as to where the alcohol comes from because of probation, and looks out onto the water and decides that answers her own question. "How high up are we?" she asks, instead of an answer from the man she feels a significant shove on her back and she screams. The water below cold as it pushes the air out of her lungs and surrounds her, before she sinks slightly, the water was shallow and calm, causing the sand below to cut and scrape her knees and any part of her that hit the ground below the water, but she was alive, with a pained sob she forces herself out of the water, trying to approach the shore, but he was there, waiting, watching, and holding something. And with a blink of an eye, she was gone. And the man hid her behind the wallpaper. But what if that wasn't the end of her story? What if she had a second chance? What if fate hadn't intended this? The sun was setting and she woke up once more but it wasn't her body, she stood in a field, awake, and the world was louder, angrier, more aggressive, the buildings in the world that she would have recognized have began to crumble and fall, a light blue mask that nurses would wear sits beneath her foot calmly, a reminder of our past however, she stood blissfully unaware of the meaning of it and made a decision: to do anything and everything there was to do with this second chance. And she did. She won awards, she played music and sports, she treated it as a second chance and claimed to be her own daughter. In doing this she was able to obtain her past fortune and continue to live fast and every moment to it's fullest, allowing one day to move to the next and she finally laid eyes upon the house, the building that was the last one she had been in before, she had been walking the beach, the water below where she had once met her doom, finally acknowledging her past for what it was instead of moving from one second to the next in a race of denial. She laid eyes on the tree in front of the house and as she stood staring at the tree she began to wonder if any of it was actually worth her efforts. The sun was setting and it was early enough spring that the snow was still melting, the sun was small but red from the city lights. She finally decided, that it was okay, because she found another way, and she was no longer afraid of men in suits with brown eyes

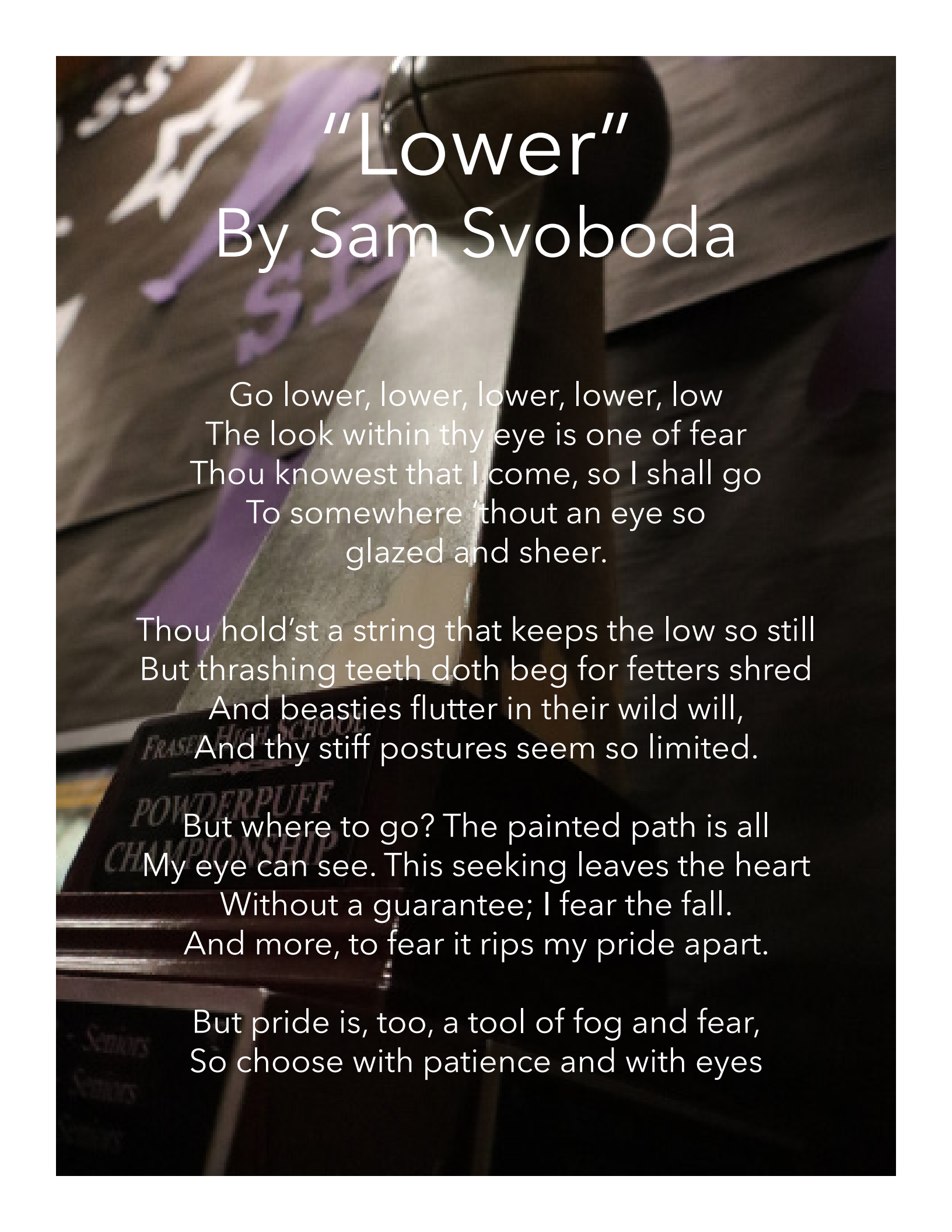
story and photography by Amelia Rubley

# Lamb to Slaughter

He took the lamb to the slaughter  
Said it was time to go  
The lamb said nothing in response  
He took it through the snow.  
The lamb didn't understand  
That it wasn't coming home  
And the man who raised it wept  
For he'd been there to watch it grow.  
Every day he fed it,  
From shaking hands of his,  
Knowing he shouldn't start to care  
So he could stand the end of this.  
He knew the lamb would hate him  
If it knew where it would lie  
If it knew that its dear father  
Was leading it to die.

writing by Sophia Bohr  
Photography by Amelia Rubley





# "Lower"

By Sam Svoboda

Go lower, lower, lower, lower, low  
The look within thy eye is one of fear  
Thou knowest that I come, so I shall go  
To somewhere 'thout an eye so  
glazed and sheer.

Thou hold'st a string that keeps the low so still  
But thrashing teeth doth beg for fetters shred  
And beasties flutter in their wild will,  
And thy stiff postures seem so limited.

But where to go? The painted path is all  
My eye can see. This seeking leaves the heart  
Without a guarantee; I fear the fall.  
And more, to fear it rips my pride apart.

But pride is, too, a tool of fog and fear,  
So choose with patience and with eyes

# A World Painted in Blue

By: McKinzie Lee

*As the sky turned blue, I saw the clouds move.  
Sadness goes outside seeing the snowflakes fall from the sky.  
She notices the snowy ground while looking down.  
Blue as the night got cold, blue as the calm bathtub that  
overflowed.*

*The blue ocean sounding smooth, Dory came looking for the  
crew.*

*In the calming full day, a fresh start begins.  
Deep into the ocean, loss is where it began, the Detroit Lions  
always win.*

*As every hospital stays open, the sadness of patients start to  
go away from earning cotton candy.*

*The blue button went off suddenly, intelligence came to be  
smitten with a mitten.*

*Drinking water helps us survive, during midnight we always  
thrive.*

*As sour the ice can be, guilt can be deceived.  
Mariah the Scientist sang her songs; the crowd went wild to  
not stay calm.*

*Smurfs stick together, always by choice, they are like family  
with joyce.*

*As calming as the night sounds, Elsa made the ice melt.  
In the chilliest times, the navy-blue hues, call within natures  
time.*



Art: Izzy Mangold



"i met myself in the mirror  
today"

by Sam Svoboda

I met myself in the mirror today  
i entered the haven, leaned onto the sink  
outside was waiting: churning demand  
so i reached for true refuge, ne'er found, but the search for which is adequate distraction  
i first looked into my eyes, searching, as many times before  
but i saw only an object  
then, as i looked wider, noticing the lash,  
something flared into being  
i noticed that searching look, so true, so consciously borne  
and went to say hello  
but, looking again, it was someone else  
in the mirror, only roaring snow  
i still wonder where i went  
and who had come to scrutinize me, so sure they werent i  
and that i was not me  
i fear someone saw true  
but who?

# Golden Key

## Locket By Nahla Knight

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One school afternoon, I removed my golden key locket for gym. I placed my golden key locket in a locker, and when I came back, my golden key locket was gone! I searched everywhere for my golden key locket, all over the locker room. Its absence drained all of the hope and joy that it helped bloom. For the remainder of the day, I was filled with gloom. I really didn't want to believe it, but it was true, I had no golden key locket to hang in my room.

The next school day, all the walls seemed bleak. Everything was a shade of gray and the windows did not speak. They did not speak of the beautiful sky outside; they only reflected back at me the depressing gray on the inside. But in that reflection, I was able to see... my golden key locket shining back at me!

It was dull, but there, in the pocket of a girl whose hair color was fair. She brought it out and flaunted it. As she twirled it, I could see that the only thing she sought of it was its shine and mineral. She walked down the hall, each step showed how she was brutally cynical. Her straightened, heat damaged hair



## *Musicians*

Musicians are handsome.

They're humorous. they're cool.

They'll write you a song...  
four songs, five songs.

They play their instrument  
for you; they'll play it all the  
time.

They crave your love, your  
praise.

They crave your electric  
soul.

You'll never truly let them  
bask in your light; you know  
they'll only try to steal it.  
Capture it. Make a lyric of  
it.

They'll write you a song.

Don't listen to it.

*by Layla Johnson (9th Grade)*



## Perfect Blue

Blue is my name.  
It's on every paper my pencil has ever touched.  
Every picture I've colored and signed, too proud to leave blank.  
Every silly story I've written yet was never to publish.  
It's been my name the moment my parents signed the certificate.

I hate it.

And God only knows how "perfect" came to be  
I must hide well if that's everyone's perception of me.

I've heard blue is one to be honored:  
Blue is the brightness in a summer sky; Blue is the planet of life.  
Blue is the violet that stands as its own from the roses that are red.  
Blue might be tears, but it is certainly not its only tribute.

That seems to be all I've ever heard.  
But I just can't see it.

Blue is a beautiful color but gets uglier the deeper it goes.  
Blue holds a negative reception for its effect,  
and it's not hard to see why.

Blue is the color of a monster that rears its ugly head  
A force that simply waits to destroy you,  
even on your happiest days.

Blue is the color that affects everyone else  
Mixing with colors they know they don't belong in  
Dragging each color down a hue  
Making everything worse.

Blue is the color that floods the brain as someone lies in bed,  
forever trying to find reasons to even bother moving the blankets,  
to open the fridge and find their meal,  
to dress up and fake another smile.

Blue is the color that takes someone life  
The emptiness that leads to 'what's the point?'  
To a final decision that if their life were to end, no more trying to balance  
on a thin line,  
for once everything can finally be fine.

So, what honor does blue deserve?

Blue wishes it had half the joy yellow is able to give,  
so effortlessly bringing a reason for someone to live.  
Blue wishes it had half the intelligence purple exceeds,  
patience and wisdom everyone can perceive.


Blue is nothing like orange, adventurous and bold,  
and certainly nothing like pink, heart of nothing but warmth and gold.  
Blue could never compare to green, a color of the plant that brings you  
luck,  
or the love that red looks in roses you can easily pluck.

So, I ask again-  
What is so honorable, so inspiring about blue?

In a world of its many variants, differing from hue,  
sadness is the only "perfect" about blue.

art by nadya krawchenko  
story by somya curry

# Purple Glow



Purple is a quiet song  
Soft and low, it lasts so long.  
It colors the sky when day is gone  
And shines softly when it glows

It talks with stars when its dark  
A gentle sound calm and bright  
Like flowers blooming after rain,  
It brings peace to the pain

It covers the world in a very quiet light,  
And shines in purple and bright.  
Purple is calm and deep,  
A color to help you get to sleep  
It covers the world in a purple night

And makes the night feel so light  
Purple is oh so bright.

Poem By Kristina Price  
Art by Gabrielle Stacey

## It Has My Face

Written by: Sadie English

Art by: Sophia Setty

The screaming began as it usually does. 3:18 AM, just as it had been for the past few years. The first few months it would shake me from my sleep, make a cold sweat gather on the nape of my neck, and make my hands shiver with an unusual coldness. A coldness abnormal even for my thin, crappy apartment.

The first year is when I got used to it. The piercing wail that came from behind my bathroom wall just became background noise to me. An alarm clock that remained unheard and unnoticed in my sleep. Until tonight.

3:18. The screaming came only it sounded different now. It was agonizing. It was grating. It was pain itself. I was jolted from my unconscious stupor, my heart sinking like a stone in my chest and sitting in my stomach like a boulder. The sound - tearing through the air louder and louder with every passing moment - filled me with a fear I had never felt in all my years.

I rose from my bed, every step feeling like trying to run in a dream. Going so fast, yet not moving at all. My sheets crumpled at my feet in a pool of red fabric, the cool air hitting my skin and making the situation feel all the more real and even more terrifying. I feel my way through the dark and open my door only to see the bathroom door was wide open and the light over the mirror

pooling out into the hallway. I step closer. The light flickers and the screaming grows in its frenzy. Another step. The bulb shatters and I am plunged in darkness but the screaming never stops.

As I get closer to the bathroom, I begin to realize something that makes my heart constrict behind my ribs: the screaming isn't coming from behind my bathroom wall, it's coming from inside my bathroom. I finally make it and step through the threshold, a bright red light bathing the room. I tilt my head up to investigate, only to be met with the mirror. My eyes widen and my heart pounds, my temples throbbing with every painful beat.

My reflection. Only it's not my body, but it has my face. My face is contorted with its jaw slung wide open and my eyes nearly rolled back, the hands clawing at itself.

My reflection is screaming. I am silent.

This whole time - these last years - it's been my reflection screeching in agony in the dead of night. My reflection has been crying out for years and I had ignored it. And it terrified me. I turn to the door and step out in the hallway, only to see it longer and darker than before. The hall is now wide and lined with barred cells, all with similar cries and screams emitting from behind each door. Dozens of hands reach out into the darkness, dripping and bone-thin. Fingers stretched to the max as they claw at the air for something to ease their suffering.

A wave of nausea passes over me

and settles in the base of my skull, a constant ache. I remain frozen as the groans and screams drown out any thought I could even hope to have in this moment. Only when I hear the sound of floorboards creaking is when I'm able to move.

I turn, seeing my reflection crawling out from the mirror. Its body is not mine; long limbs with hardly any skin at all, twisted unnaturally. Bend at odd angles and skinny beyond the human capacity. But it had my face and it was still screaming at me.

I ran. I ran down the cell block with the hands grabbing at my clothes and tearing at my skin. "You did this." They all cry. And I believe them. "You did this." I did this. And it will never end.

My reflection caught up to me easily, wailing its ghastly cry and it wrapped its too-long arms around my body. Its face of mine now dripping with a red liquid and drowning me as it looked at me with its rolled, sunken eyes and open black abyss of a mouth. All I could see was suffering. Suffering that was older than you and me and maybe even the earth itself.

I don't remember how long I've been here, nor the crime I had even committed to be put here. But I deserve it. Every single bit of this, I deserve it. I will live forever here tormented by what I have done even while my body wastes away. I will forever live with the screaming and the screaming will never stop. The screaming will always be there. So as the thing that has my face.

# SCARY STAPLER

by: Brooke Lesszkiewicz, Seanna Askew, Parris, Jaedyn Hunter, Kristina Price

The stapler bear its fangs  
The sharp edges seem to overhang  
The paper shows fright  
How it hoped not to come across it tonight.

The stapler opens its mouth  
With a dark voice it says  
“What brings you to my part of town?”

The paper freezes in fear  
The voice is not something it wants to hear  
So it says in a hushed voice,  
“I’m sorry, it was not my choice.”

They said you bite and I’m here to slay you  
With a gasp, the stapler says, “How dare you!”  
The stapler lunges and takes his bite  
The two are now ready to fight

The paper swings with all its might  
The stapler seems to be just all right  
The paper falls with a stab  
The stapler grabbed him with a nab





*Feathers and flight making the air feel light,  
Like fur to a dog it keeps the bird warm,  
And gives it the opportunity to soar.  
The feeling of fluttering through the strong storms,  
And a chance to escape with my wings.*

*Stay low they said, because danger is feared,  
But the luck of the feathers will keep me soaring.  
The sounds of the wind in my ears like freedom roaring.  
The chance to escape with my new found flight,  
Once again the feathers keep me light.*

*Overwhelmed with the thrill of the flight,  
Flew so close to the sun it consumed my sight.  
The wax melting and feathers descend.  
It never mattered that he was falling to his death and dying,  
Because at least he once got to experience flying.*

*Falling or Flying*  
*By Aubrey Fabirkiewicz*

# The Color Green

by: Emily Wogoman

Green like a snake with  
Snape with his cape like draco  
With his vulgar take like the green  
Apple he takes on his adventures with his  
Father on the bay looking out on the green grass  
And seeing a green scary snake he flinches but  
Still crossed the beautiful bay holding his green  
Tote bag on the way when he looks he comes across  
The sea seeing a green crocodile while on his way  
While he saw the hogwarts sign from far away  
He pulls out his wand to get lumos and see his green  
Dorm on his way while in the castle going on his way  
He hears a sound thats coming his way he gets a chill from his spine  
He sees a green monster appearing on the way he squeaks and  
Shrivels away lost in the castle with his candle lighting the way

