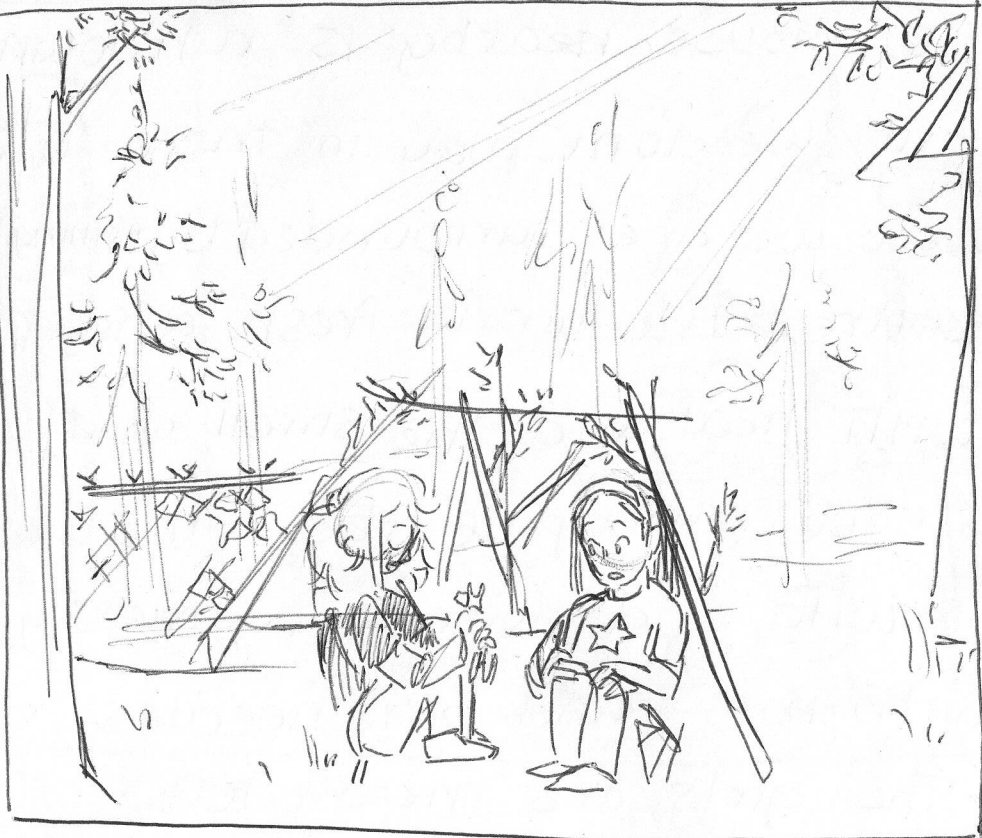


Katelyn



CAITLYNNE COATNEY



CHAPTER ONE - SUMMER

The beginning of summer in the Pacific Northwest and two friends making a house out of the sturdy pine branches and playing pretend, making believe with small horse toys. The sun shines through the pine needles as we play. Katelyn is ever cheerful.

The house nearby is ruin down.
but we dont play in there. Out
here we are surrounded by nothing but
nature. The air is fresh and ripe
with heat and the smell of the
surrounding pine trees. The grass
is wild and outgrown, messy
with moss and pine needles.
The girls are messy too.



CHAPTER TWO - FALL

Today, Katelyn fell down. Dinner, finally ready was called. Plain rice with pasta and canned tomatoes. She was hungry, maybe that's why she ran. But Katelyn ended up tripping over one of the boxes. She skinned her knee and started crying. Hungry and hurt,

the tears were fueled by a
need to go to dinner and a
burning pain in her knee.

After a moment of crying,
she sniffled and stopped. No
one had come. Shuffling, she
picks herself up and winces
from the pain. With a shaky
breath, she resigns herself to
a dinner in pain.



CHAPTER THREE - THE HORSE

I would always go over to her house to play. It was always messy but the one thing we played with besides each other were the My Little Ponies. My memory is fuzzy from time but Katelyn used to be a horse girl. I think. Maybe we both were...

often times they would go on adventures. Whimsical fantasies that we'd want to do. They were always magic. With different characters and personality, they would adventure to a magic world of nature and larger than life plants and creatures. We would brush their hair and give them homes.



CHAPTER FOUR - LUNCH

"She was a mousy girl... one the poorer kids in the neighborhood. Her house was always messy. It looked neglected. She looked neglected... Her mom was on the older side."



CHAPTER FIVE - ALONE

KATELYN

She and her mom didn't have much. They had each other and a couple of boxes. Boxes of "surely important things," her mother would insist.

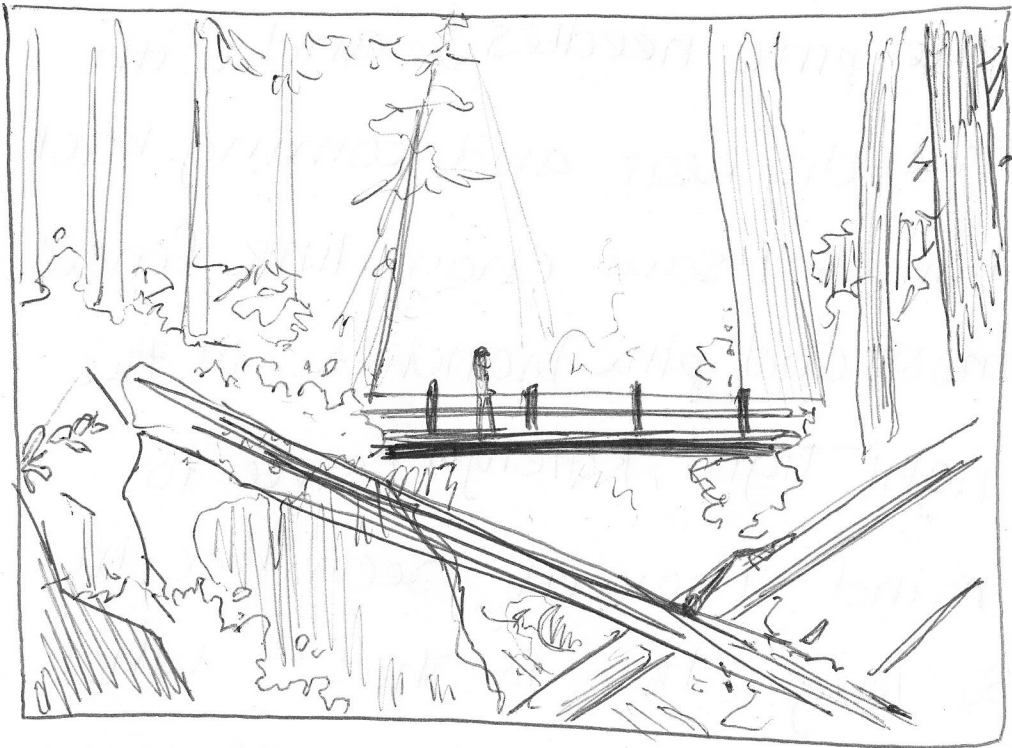
It was them, the clutter and her imagination. On the boxes were all of her stories and journies scattered everywhere with doodles

depicting it all. She sits in the living room. The boxes that surround her are a city and a new hero rises to protect it.



CHAPTER FIVE - ALONE
KATELYN

She and her mom didn't have much. They had each other and a couple of boxes. Boxes of "super important" things her mother would insist. It was them, the clutter and her imagination. On the boxes were all of her stories and journals scattered everywhere with doodles



CHAPTER SIX - NOSTALGIA

I traveled home this week... took the time off, booked the bus ticket and worked out the times with my parents. I was excited, not seeing them or my dogs in a while I missed them. When arriving home, it was warm and sunny. The light shone in through

the pine needles... and with
the dry heat and coming back
home - I saw chain link fences,
moss and pine branches... In the
right light, Katelyn came to
mind. I haven't seen her in
so long. "How is she?" "What
is she doing right now?" were
the questions that came to me.



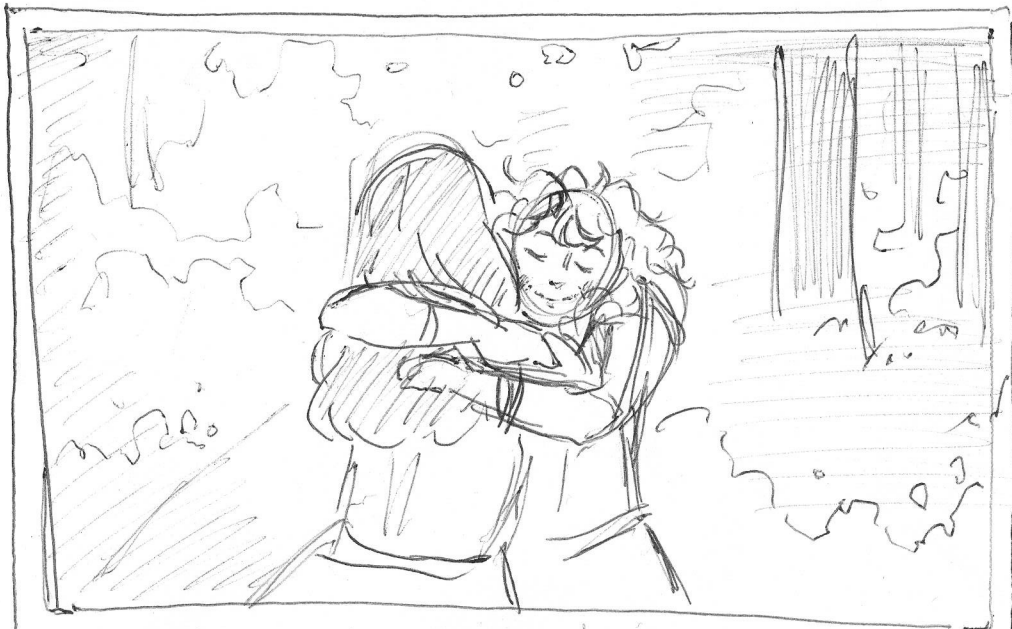
CHAPTER SEVEN - TRAVEL

Katelyn didn't get out much and Washington was rarely warm - neither of these facts stopped today from happening though. On Alki beach, the sun was shining and children were laughing as they boldly ran into the cold waves. Katelyn was nervous but

far more excited. She rarely got to see things like this. But her friend and her mom and dad had invited her and after rummaging for a swimsuit (that was a little too tight) Katelyn was ready. Now here she stood in the sun and crisp breeze with a towel in her hand.

Turning to her friend, she happily announced,

"This is gonna be fun!"

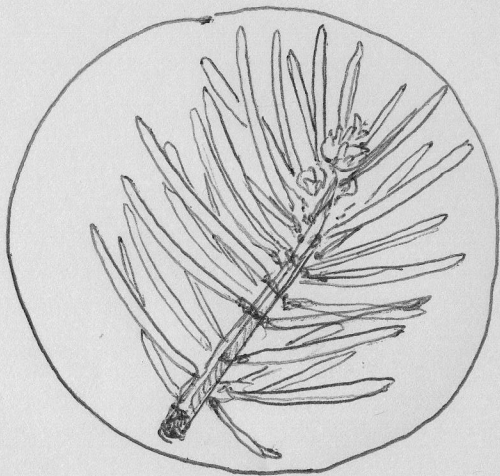


See you next summer! - Tasha

CHAPTER EIGHT - FAREWELL

The last time we parted ways was

ordinary - friendly hugs and an excited promise of "next time" not knowing it would never come. There was a drift. It was sudden and unexpected. Friends one moment then forgotten the next. Maybe it was a different schedule, a different class or new friends ... we didn't eat lunch together again.



BY TASHA
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