

Seashells

Kelsey Quinn Leary





Emily = driftwood

Jake = cocoonat

Chase = platypus

Kelsey = sun fish

Hayley = sand shark

Sydney = blue pearl

Katie = guppie























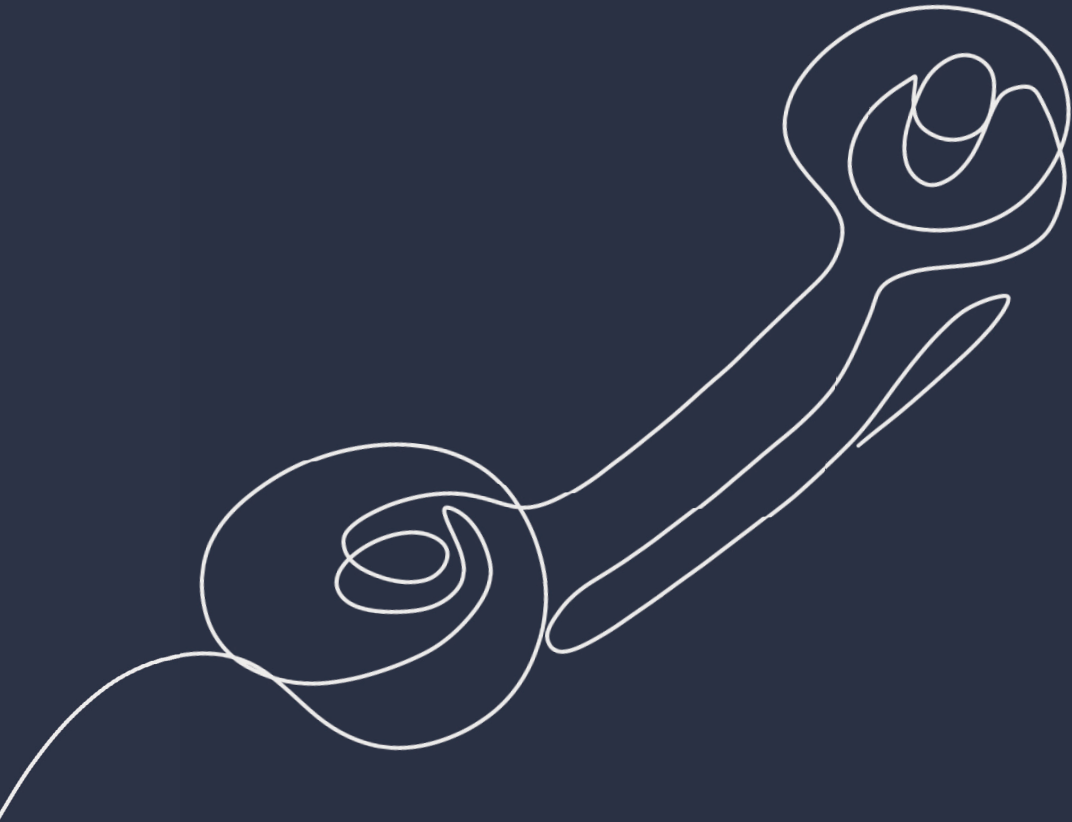


I remember glimpses.

I remember hearing the phone ring. I remember sitting on the face-shaped stools. I remember seeing tears run down my family's face.

I remember a few weeks, maybe months earlier, laughing and running up and down the hallway. I remember being stopped by the grown-ups. I remember them lifting Jake's shirt to show the bruises on his back. I remember not understanding, but I also remember not questioning.

I remember things changed after this, but I didn't understand why.



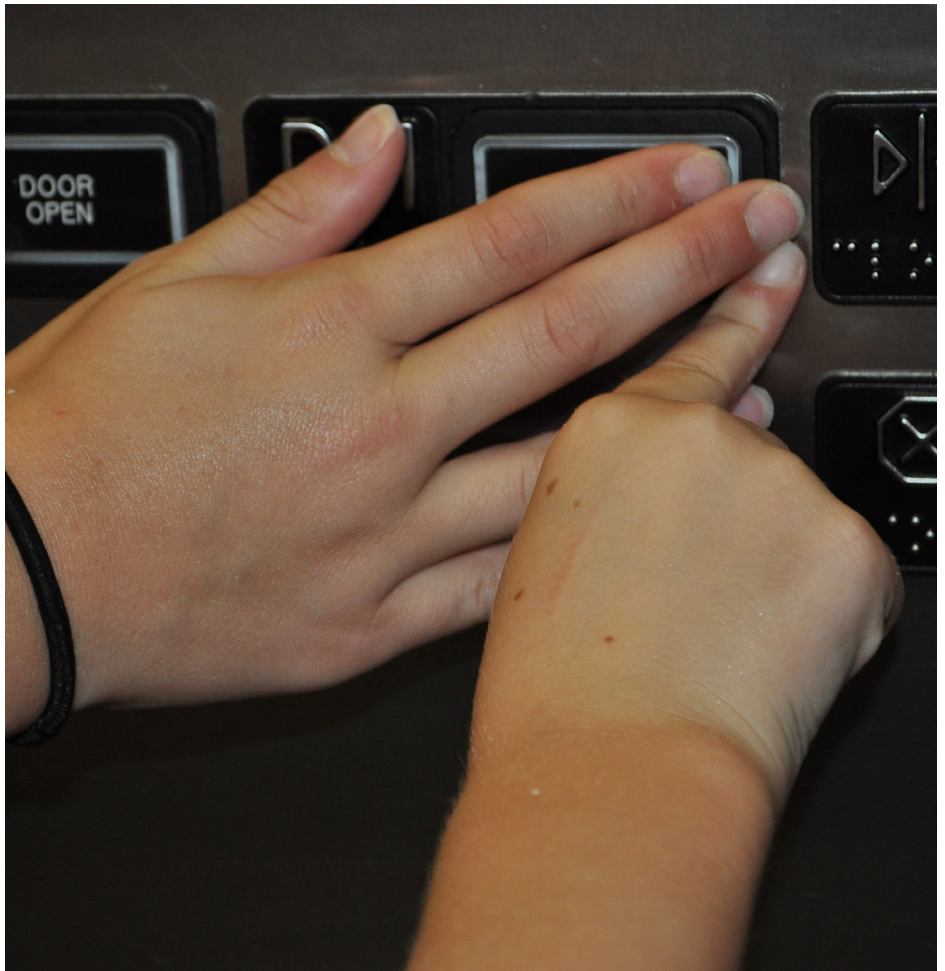


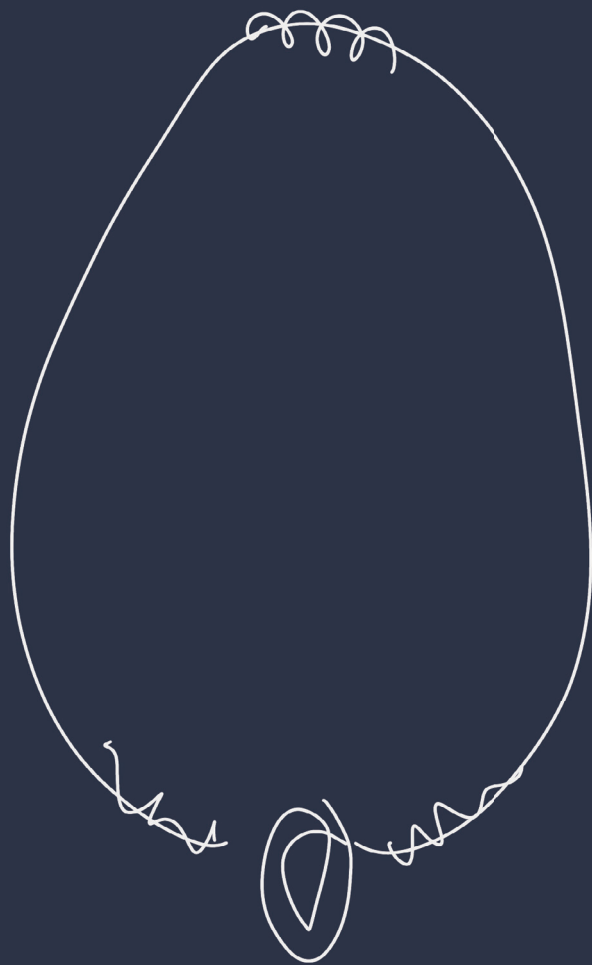












The seashells were our safe place amongst
all the confusing change.
So we clung to that.



TATTOO

WARNING:
Tattooing is a permanent procedure. It is not recommended for children under 18 years of age. If you are under 18, you must have parental consent. If you are 18 or older, you must be of legal age in your state. If you are pregnant, you should not get a tattoo. If you are taking any medication, you should consult your doctor before getting a tattoo. If you have any medical conditions, you should consult your doctor before getting a tattoo. If you have any allergies, you should consult your doctor before getting a tattoo. If you have any skin conditions, you should consult your doctor before getting a tattoo. If you have any other medical conditions, you should consult your doctor before getting a tattoo.

18+

























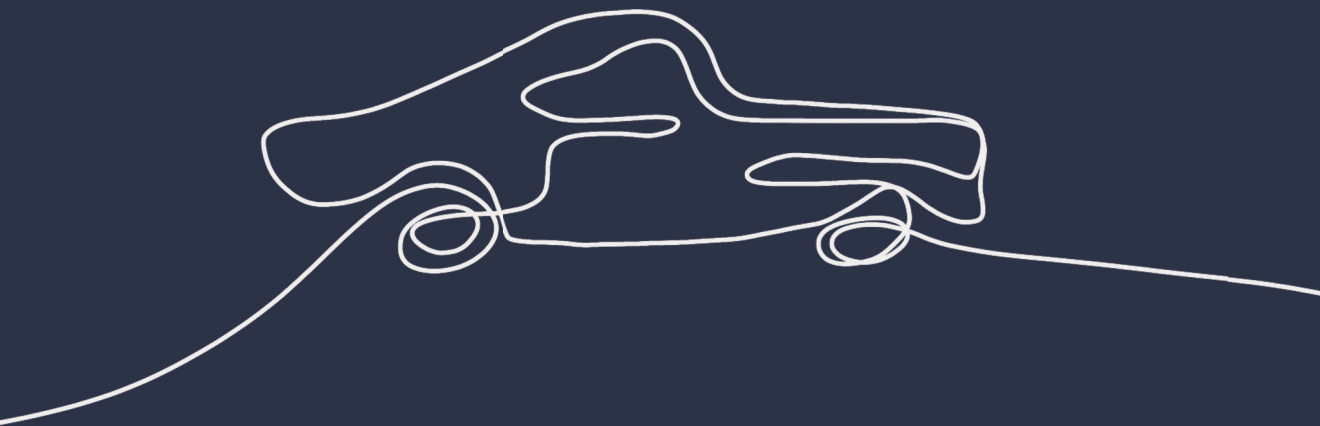






We waited for Sydney to get out of camp so we were running late. We filed into the car, we fought over who sat where. All very familiar. We were going to visit Jake. We were happy. Then the car pulled over. I think Janice was driving. My mom muttered out words I think my brain has blocked out. The trees on the side of the road were so green. Why hadn't I realized how green they were? Everyone was quiet. Why was no one speaking? "Someone help her." I grabbed her hand. I think we turned around after that, made our way back home. I remember now that we stopped for gas. The 5 of us got out to use the restrooms while the grown-ups pumped gas, or collected themselves. I don't remember why, but we giggled about something in the bathroom. It feels weird to think about now, but we were kind of unphased.

Our whole world had just shattered to pieces, but honestly, we didn't know. I think we still don't know. The next few days come and go from my memory. We spent a lot of time together trying to make sense of something incomprehensible, while somehow also pretending like nothing happened.







For my cousins