

INSCAPE

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WITHOUT WHOM THIS PUBLICATION WOULD NOT
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* indicates artwork

Words for a New U of D Freshman

Jake Zelinski

Don't lie.

Don't swear.

Don't cheat.

Don't forget your tie.

Don't break the traffic pattern.

Don't hide your lanyard beneath your sweater.

Don't blow off your freshmen classes.

Don't raise your hand too quickly.

Don't raise your hand too slowly.

Don't sit there at lunch.

Don't talk to him.

Don't Tweet that; that's lame.

Don't forget your place.

Don't forget to be ambitious.

Don't forget to try your hardest.

Don't think that everyone is judging you - they're not.

Don't push yourself too hard.

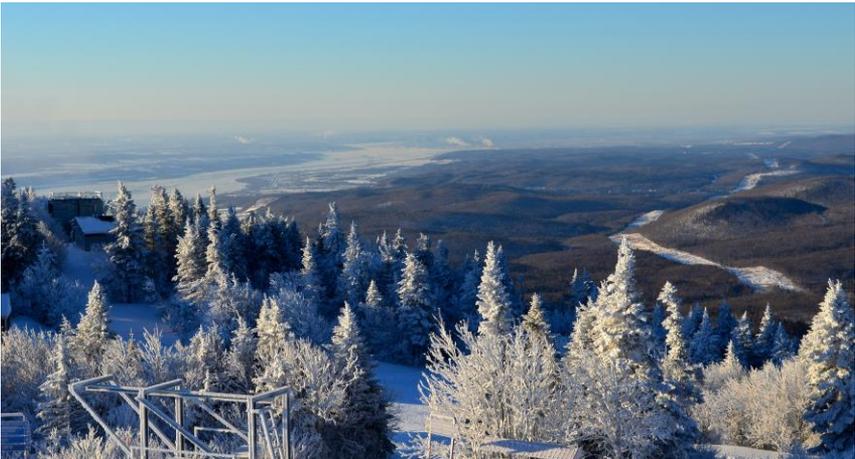
Don't forget to have fun.

Don't forget to speak your mind in class.

Don't forget that school isn't everything.

Don't forget that we've all been there.

Don't forget that we're all rooting for you.



Overlooking the St. Lawrence, Gerard Dulac

Is this Madness or Love?

Gregory Cook

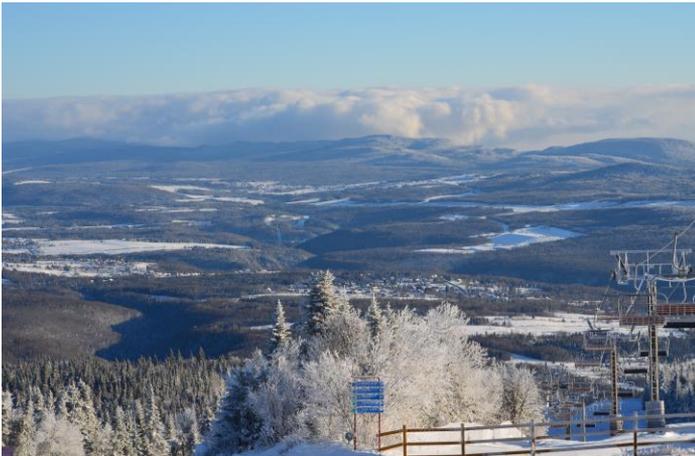
The fights we start and the relationships we share
Is this madness or love because I can't really compare
I thought the fighting was over but now it has just begun
Now that I've beaten you I don't feel like I've won

Is this Madness or Love!?

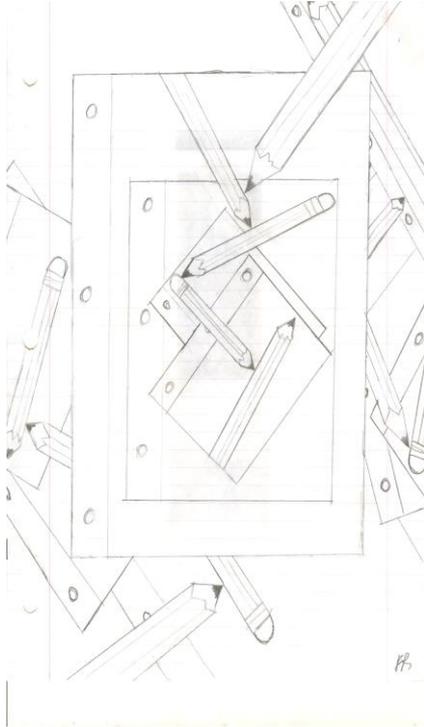
Because I don't really know

Why do we keep fighting if there's a better solution?

If there was a choice I think we'd go mad before we get to love
But then again can you answer this: Do we live in a world full of
Madness or Love?



Skiing in the Sky, Gerard Dulac



Pencils Drawing Pencils, Brendan Roarty

Love Poem

Anonymous

Like a gallant knight he walks the halls
Out of every locker heads turn and gaze at his beauty
Voluminous hair like Zeus himself
Every male wants to be him and every female wants to have
him

People from across the nation flock to catch a glimpse
Outside waits a line two city blocks long
Even the president once came to see the
Man from room 210

The Fat Cat

Karl Rimelspach

There is a fat cat,
It sits on its mat
It has a bat
It is not a brat
It likes to chat
It likes to lie flat
It likes squishing the guts out of its gnat
It hates that stupid ol' hat
Its name is not Matt
Its name is not Pat
It despises the putrid stench of the disgusting rat
It has sat
It scoffs at the sight of public scat
It has never spat
It has never gone splat
It likes to read the stat
It has 42 tat
It sunk into a vat
Now it has 8 lives, drat.

I've Fallen

Drew Rozman

"I've fallen and I can't get up" is what I'm feeling right now. Sure I've been lonely lying here on the ground but I know as time passes people will help me and be by my side once again. This pain I felt is holding me back from my dreams and all I want is to break free. As the door opens and I see the bright smile on my child's face, all I can think about is the last time leaving the doors of U of D. I will be with brothers that I love and know the times we've had here will continue no matter where life takes me.

How bad do you want it?

Jack Bodien

How BAD do YOU want it?
Will you give BLOOD, SWEAT, and TEARS for it?
Will you dedicate your LIFE to it?
And NEVER EVER quit?
ALWAYS have a VOICE
NEVER be quiet
FIGHT for what you BELIEVE in
You ALWAYS have that CHOICE
How bad do you want it?
Even if success seems out of reach
This is the important lesson I teach
If you ever quit...
Success will pass you by
So never quit
And success will never dissatisfy
How bad do you want it?



Bonfire in the Sky, John Downey

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Flower

Robert Abraham

I

Among twenty lush bushes
The only colored thing
Was the head of the flower.

II

I saw three colors
In my yard
In which there are three flowers.

III

The flower flourished in the spring
It was a small part of a painted picture.

IV

A house and a garden
Are one.
A house and a garden and a flower
Are one.

V

I do not know which to prefer
The beauty of seeing color
Or the beauty of remembering,
The flower's life
Or it's death

VI

The Winter seeming so long
With snow covering
The growth of the flower
Came through, to and fro.
The stem
Stuck out of the snow
A feeble attempt at living.

VII

O fair maidens of the land
Why do you imagine summer suns?
Do you not see how the flower,
Lives around your world
Of the color about you?

VIII

I know beautiful love
And scary, soothing sounds;
But I know, too,
That the flower is involved
In what I know.

IX

When the flower grew out of sight,
It marked the end
Of another season of life.

X

At the sight of flowers
Growing in green field,
Even the cow of the pasture
Would stop his eating.

XI

He rode through the green pastures
In a metal car
Once, a thought pierced him
In that he mistook
The power of the green pasture
For the flower

XII

The temperature is changing.
The flower must be blooming.

XIII

It was springtime all winter.
It was raining
And it was going to rain.
The flower sat
Waiting underground.



Hammock in the Sunset, John Downey

The Harmonious Day

(Imitation of "The Summer Day" by Mary Oliver)

Kameron Dunbar

Who made music?

Who made the trumpet, and the trombone?

Who made the saxophone?

The saxophone, I mean

the one that is of a beautiful solid brass,

the one who eats the music of my soul,

who vibrates vibrant melodies from thin cane-

who shines bright and reflects from a widened bell.

Now she sounds of jazz and swing touching the soul of those
before her

Now she chirps of symphonic ballad, playing away.

I don't know exactly what music theory is.

I don't know how to read music, compose a composition

on an empty score, how to write a chord on an empty score,

how to count rhythm properly, how to stroll through the chart,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't all music play at last, and too melodically?

Tell me, what is it you plan to hear

with your two wild and precious ears?

A Diamond in the Rough

Hunter Baker

A Jesuit education is not just an education; it's a once in a lifetime educational experience. It demonstrates great teaching, learning, and a comprehension experience. This experience builds student and faculty relationships that will facilitate your education. Students have to continuously study and ask for assistance when needed, and most importantly, pay very close attention to all lectures and take notes. The teachers will frequently take action in the students' learning process and their growth in life as well. The Jesuit Education can assist in the students' journey to college.

Additionally, University of Detroit Jesuit symbolizes the Jesuit education in a way like no school I have ever attended. U of D commands the students to reflect on their life and make huge changes that they never knew they were capable of doing. Throughout the voyage of reflecting upon life, U of D persuades students to make decisions academically, but most important, mentally. U of D's faculty communicates so they can identify the individual feelings, values, interests and opinions of their students. U of D does respect the things that are said, and if you respect them, your hard work will pay off. If this is done, the students' will have a wonderful experience at this beautiful place to worship and learn.

To end, I honestly have noticed that my thought process has changed being a part of the Jesuit Education. This school has made me a better student and young man. It has taught me morals and values. I have begun to realize that U of D has relieved some of the peer pressure that comes along with entering adulthood. I've grown into a mature young man as I progress in my experience at U of D. U of D will be a big part of my life; it has impacted my life in so many wonderful ways. I never looked at myself as a leader, but this school shows me how to become a leader, and encourages me that I am a leader. I really appreciate the faculty for seeing the best in me.



The Essentials of Summer, John Downey

The Most Terrifying Moment of My Life

Steven Rigg

The strong gales of Sierra Nevada nipped at my ears. My ten year old heart pounded against my rib cage like a drummer jamming out to a heavy metal song. I was on the chair lift headed to the top of "KT", arguably the most challenging ski slope at Squaw Valley, a prestigious resort in Tahoe, California. I was in a sticky situation. In the ten minutes that it took to get to the top of that colossal mountain, all I could think about was how I could quite literally die in an attempt to ski to my safety. Not five minutes before, my uncle had guided me unknowingly to my doom. He told me that the KT chairlift was another way to get to the slope that we had been skiing on all day. What he didn't tell me is that I had to ski down about a mile on winding slopes to get to it! What was worse was that it was my second day skiing in four years.

After ten frightening minutes of anticipation, the moment I feared was upon me. My skis touched down on the white, frozen snow. Clumsily, I glided down the small hill that connected the ski lift to the treacherous slope. My uncle was waiting several feet away. I could hardly even look at him. However, the view was definitely something that I could look at. Being so high up gave a magnificent vista of vast mountain ranges, beautiful green forests and of course the famous Lake Tahoe, blue and shimmering. Of course the view made me realize exactly how high up I was and the problem of getting down. It was then that my uncle came up behind me and presented me with my options. I could A; go down a part of the hill that was at first, insanely hard then easy and slow the rest of the way down, or B; own a path that was hard, but not too hard the entire way down. I glanced to my right at option A. It was three hundred feet of frozen hell for intermediate skiers, and the slope itself was about a 75 degree angle. For all of those non-skiers out there, that is insane. The cliff of death (as I call it), was dotted with moguls and outlined with sharp grey rocks. To my left was option B, compared to my first choice, anything would have seemed easy, but the more I observed the hill the more I realized that whatever I did to try to get off "KT", I would ski away a changed boy. The hill was narrow and it had many turns. Tall pine trees bordered the

trail. At some points, a side of the slope would have a fifteen foot drop-off. My entire body shook with fear. But when I looked again at option A, I knew that there was no other way to get down KT at my ability level. Without another thought, I glided toward my second choice. My uncle quickly followed and we were on our way down. Every second I picked up more and more speed. Then I took the speed off by skiing in zigzags. Soon however, the incline was too great to be able to maneuver myself at a “comfortable” velocity. When I neared my first minute of pure downhill skiing, my inner compass told me that I wasn’t physically able to go as fast as I was going. I kept on going because I knew that the only way that I could slow down on this narrow slope was to fall, and at the speed that I was going, that definitely was not a good option. Finally, I reached a spot on the run where there was extra room to turn and slow down. With a simple adjustment of weight, I skidded forcefully to a stop. Fortunately, my uncle was in just the correct spot for me to coat him in a thin layer of snow. I had gotten revenge on my uncle, but KT was not done with me. A quick look down was all I needed to see to realize that I had a long, tough journey ahead of me. With a sigh, I turned my skis around and glided down the white inclined ramp of snow and ice.

Trees and rocks swooped across my vision as I sped down KT. I felt much more comfortable at my unreasonably high speed after completely shattering my past concept of what was too much. I maneuvered effortlessly around moguls and fellow skiers. Before I knew it, I was back on the slope that I was skiing on all day. Now, much unlike 20 minutes earlier, I had no desire to ski an easy slope that I had been on tens of times. I wanted to try something different. Something more challenging, something like KT. Even though I may not have liked it at first, I am glad that my uncle tricked me into skiing KT. But because he did, I am now fantastic at skiing and it makes one awesome story.



Sea Turtles on the Hawaiian Black Sand Beach, Dawson Myers

Long Flowing Rivers

Brendan Hogan

Long flowing rivers
Cascade over the mountain
Falling over the rocks,
Singing nature's peaceful tune
Never-ending in their song.

Golf at Its Finest

Jonathan Mazur

Standing In the calm wind
I know I'm about to sin
I put two hands on the grip
And start biting my lip
One eye on the ball
Another on the pin
I get in my position ready to swing
Hearing nothing but a bees wings
When I hit the ball
I look up, and see nothing but a curveball
Bad words come out of my mouth
As I throw the club down south
I beat the ground with driver
Put it back and get my iron
Golf is a game of bad hits
Especially sometimes with no benefits
I love the game with all my heart
Slicing balls and chasing them with golf carts

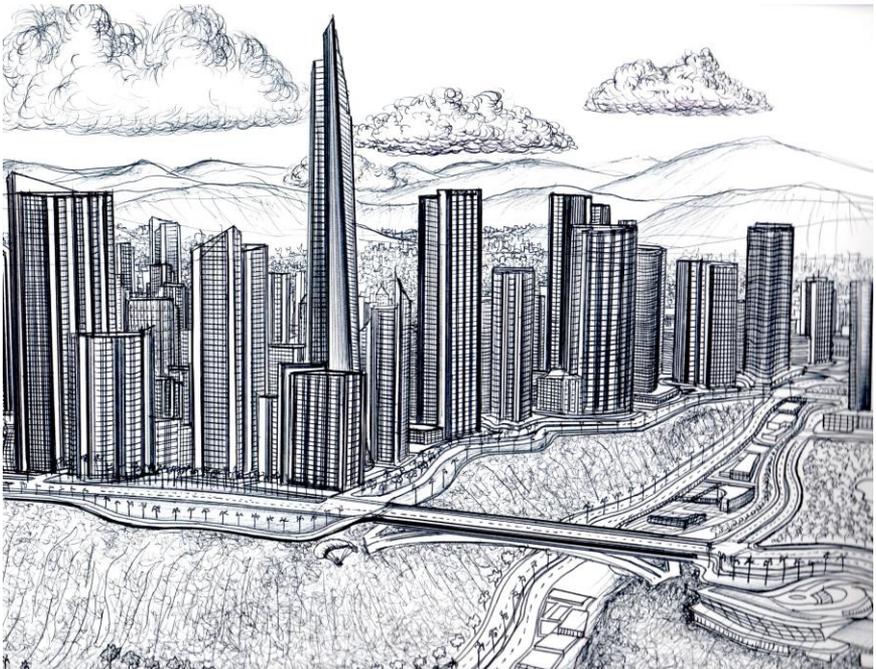


Rays, Hamilton Bridges

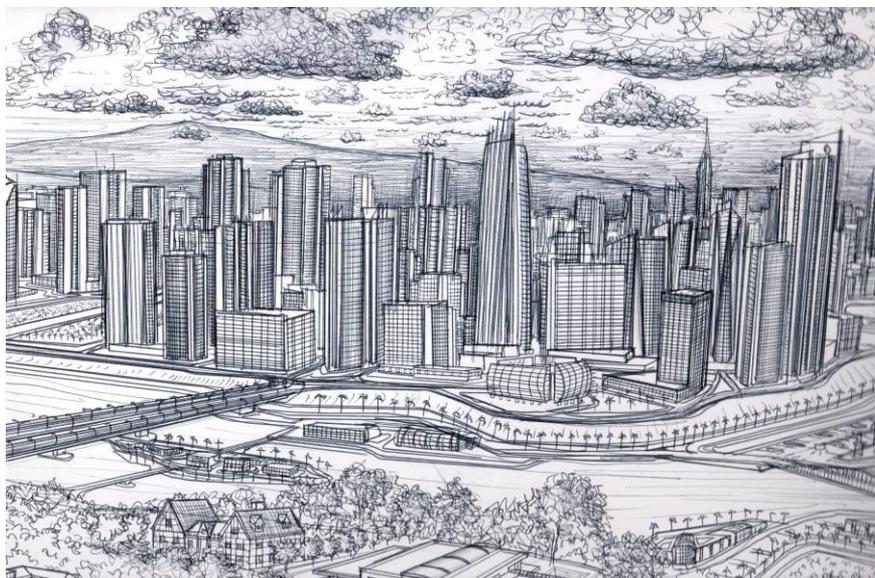
Our Generation

Charlie Bolton

we ignore
to be liked.
we kiss
to gain respect.
we study
to only forget.
we play
to be popular.
we act
to fit in.
we tweet text and tumble
to absorb.
we love
to hate.



Lima, Peru Development, Nicholas Pez



New Jersey Development, Nicholas Pez

Hungry

Dawson Myers

I'm Hungry

Stomach growling

Head hurting

Mouth watering

Focus waning

Grades falling

Days drifting

Time ticking

Can't you tell?

I am as hungry as can be.

Odyssey Personal Narrative Essay

Jacob Tomlinson

I had an important crisis in my Mount Olympus hockey game, it was very similar to Odysseus's encounter with the Cyclops, I will explain.

My team, the Frozen Styx, was composed Athena, a modern day Sidney Crosby, Dionysus, who has been compared to Patrick Roy, and Helios, a natural Scott Stevens. It was the Mount Olympus Hockey League (MOHL) Championship. We were up against the Fighting Hammers who had Hephaestus, today would be a Steven Stamkos, Demeter and Hades, the bash brothers, and Poseidon, a modern day Jonathon Quick. It would be a battle for the league title, which has been held by the Hammers for the past 3 years, but we were looking for the upset.

There were many Gods in presence as we skated down the path to the frozen oracle to play. The trash talking started immediately and I was getting heated with Poseidon while he was warming up. The referee was Hermes and he was ready to drop the puck. The game started and it was physical from the very start. Athena was the first to score and we took the lead, shortly after Hephaestus added one for the Hammers. The bash brothers were starting to take over the game popping in 3 straight goals in a span of 2 minutes.

We called a timeout with a few minutes left in the 1st period down 4-1. Helios, the leader on the team, tried to give us some motivation to try and comeback. Right away we had the Hammers on their heels and I went in on a breakaway and was tripped, I flew right into Poseidon and he immediately was calling for me to be kicked out of the game. Poseidon's temper was something we knew we had to worry about. Hermes gave me a penalty shot and I came down and sniped, 4-2. Athena took the following faceoff down and took a slap shot, goal, 4-3. The first period came to a close.

Poseidon was furious and shouting insults and threats at our team as we skated back to our locker room. After the resurfacing by Apsu, the Near Eastern God of freshwater. We came out hard in the 2nd period and Helios scored 2 goals to give us the 1 goal lead. It was back and forth through most of

the period and with a minute left it was 6-6 after Demeter scored a soft goal on Dionysus. Poseidon had not let in more than 4 goals in a game all season and was ticked off, he had already broken 2 sticks and had just snapped another. The buzzer went off and 2nd period came to a close.

The 3rd period started and we were just exhausted, the next 15 minutes went by as a blur, with 5 minutes left it was still 6-6. Athena had brought the puck into the zone, dangled Demeter came in on Poseidon and went five hole, 7-6. We thought we had the game until Hades with less than a minute left got a one timer and scored, 7-7. Time was winding down and I was beside the net chirping Poseidon and he got mad and tried to chase me behind the net and it let Helios have a wide open net and we scored, 8-7.

With just 4 seconds left the game was over and we had secured the MOHL championship. We received our olive branch wreaths and I walked over to Poseidon and asked him what he thought of my prize, he looked at me and said "you will feel my wrath" and I responded "ya, the wrath of second place" and I walked away.

That night on my travel home aboard my ship I could tell the water was really rough and I could tell it would be difficult to go home. Then suddenly waves started to flow overboard and the boat was flipped and I was left stranded in the ocean on a raft for 34 days until I drifted home. When I returned home I knew that it had been Poseidon's anger that caused those wave to destroy my boat. I knew I should not have rubbed my wreath in Poseidon's face because my pride got out of control and I paid for it.

The Truths of World War I
According to the Soldier
Grant Lehmkuhl

We say to our leaders
The masters, the beaters
war ever so futile
is fickle, is brutal!

We're tired of suffering
In these trenches of yours
So let us out,
we fight *your* wars

your opinions are dust
they change with the wind
so stop making statements
about who has sinned

for the people we kill
we are one and the same
they're just like us
but they take the blame

so hear our cries
and cease, desist
stop hurting the world
and just coexist.
Fin.



Thunder Over Michigan-Willow Run Airport, Andrew Finelli

Fitness Speech

Matthew Lujan

Decisions to be made. Goals to be pursued. Dreams to be achieved. You all know me, and my story. I won't hesitate to say that what I've experienced, what I've gone through has been HARD. But what I'm about to say isn't about me. No. This one goes out to anyone out there looking for some beginning-some motivation to start. You know what I'm talking about. So here it goes.

If you want to make that change, I say go for it. I say run after your goals and never look back. But... you need to understand what you're doing. If you think you're ready to begin, but that this is just something you can give 50% to and just half commit to this decision, then I'm not wasting my time talking about it. In reality, when you start to work toward your goals, there will be millions of obstacles in your way trying to bring you down. There will be haters- people who long to see you fall, fail, and never get back up. There will be discouragement. There will always be one or two people who say you can't do it, and won't even attempt to believe in you. There will be temptation, there will be strife, and there will be failure.

But... when your arms are sore, when your legs are sore, when your heart, lungs and mind feel like they can't take anymore, are you just gonna quit? Just gonna prove all those haters right? Let them walk all over you? NO! All those people who never believed in you. All the haters that would love to see you fail- you won't give them that satisfaction. You'll prove them all wrong! You stand back up and never back down. You're going to have to push your limits, your comfort zone, and find what you're made of.

And believe me when I say that it will take time. For your rewards and results to come, you have to be patient. Patience is probably the hardest part. Too many people always stop right before they were going to succeed. And that's also why you can't give up. And don't be discouraged by others! If you're doing the best that you can, that's all that matters! Don't look at someone else and be discouraged or jealous of where they're at. You can't spend your life trying to beat

everyone. In your ambition, only try to beat the person you were yesterday. And that will always be enough.

Through this long journey I've realized something. There will always be people pushing you down. And I understand the confusion you may have as to why these people do this. Only know that they are also insecure. And don't hold that against them. Forgive and forget. But use all of that pent-up frustration and anger that that person gave you as sheer fuel and motivation. Don't let them ruin your happiness and your success.

Honestly, this road will be a tough one to walk. It will test your will, limits, and determination. But, with the sweat burning in your eyes, with all the soreness of your muscles, and with the will inside your heart and mind, you can walk this road. If you dig deep enough, you can run it! Sprint it! I don't care; just make it to the end.

So, put down the fast food, pick up your weights, your running shoes, your basketball, or whatever, and make something happen! Nobody's gonna stop you! Nobody will bring you down again. But that'll only happen if you get up, go, and never look back. The only one stopping you from here is you.

So, in the words of Rocky Balboa, I say this:

Let me tell you something you already know. The world ain't all sunshine and rainbows. It's a very mean and nasty place, and I don't care how tough you are, it will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it. You, me, or nobody is gonna hit as hard as life. But it ain't about how hard you hit. It's about how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward; how much you can take and keep moving forward. That's how winning is done! Now, if you know what you're worth, then go out and get what you're worth. But you gotta be willing to take the hits, and not pointing fingers saying you ain't where you wanna be because of him, or her, or anybody. Cowards do that and that ain't you. You're better than that!



Mackinac's 8th Wonder of the World, John Downey

The Boots

Matthew Piziali

The boots walk on the frozen snow.
Treading Like thunder as they go.
The rebels screamed for freedom and light.
But the boots kept walking, and stopped the fight.
The rebels massed and stood in their path.
They shouted, "Don't tread on me!"
But the boots still passed.
The rebels stood, one last and final stand.
Trying to stop the boots, from making the world too bland.
And then the boots stopped and looked at the rebels standing
hand in hand.
For that brief moment the thunder ceased, and then it all
began.



Boots, Matthew Piziali

History Trenches

Matthew Lujan

Dear Mother, Father, and Sarah,

This war has been one of misery and hopelessness. The stalemate seems to never end. When will the tides turn? When will we break the draw? I lie in fear every sleepless night. Fear that the God forsaken mustard gas will be upon me. The Devil it is. It took the lives of half my troop. They were on their hands and knees; gasping for whatever air they could suck into their system. But alas, it was for naught. Their eyes burned, their throats collapsed around them, and their bodies laid lifeless in a thick, green cloud of gas and death. My men aren't the same anymore. No one sleeps. And when they do, their dreams are haunted by the sounds of my men choking on gas and coughing out blood. They walk like zombies among us. You'd think they were drunk, they're so jaded. We live in terrible sanitation. The dirt covers our skin, we lay in our own waste, and maggots live all around us. We live in fear of being shelled. Or perhaps, one of these days, the tides will turn on us and we'll all be no more. The bright flares in the night light the entire sky. Had this not been a war, it would be the most brilliant and spectacular sight I ever could have imagined. I'm writing this letter to you now on a napkin as I sit under the dirt-roof above my head. Please pray for me and the rest of our troops. God knows we need it.

Love now and always,

-Matthew

Respect

Matthew Lujan

Respect is, in my book, loving your neighbor, showing kindness and morality, lending a helping hand, and being courteous to everyone you meet. Respect is not only something you can give, but also something you can feel. Respect is having a good conscience, and knowing how to act appropriately towards others. To me, maturity also contributes to one's understanding of respect. I for one live by the strict principles that I was raised upon. I have always been taught to: respect others, avoid being judgmental, and be kind. I was taught that it was unacceptable to be rude to someone; especially an elder.

Respect is something that makes you different from the crowd. It shows who you are based on behavior, attitude, and morals. Respect is living by the basic morals in which we were all taught. It is also vital to respect yourself. It is your job to keep a healthy mind, body, and soul. Before you can start to respect others, you must first respect yourself. By respecting yourself, you are thanking God for all the talents, intelligence, capabilities he has blessed you with. To respect someone or something is to acknowledge someone or something as a gift from God. We must always be thankful of the blessings God has given us on this earth in this lifetime. Once we understand that, we can start truly respecting someone. You may be wondering, "How is a person a gift?" Have you ever told your sibling or parents how much you love them. Have you ever been very disrespectful toward them? Each of our friends and family members is a gift from God. Think to yourself: where would you be without your friends and family?

Jesus once said, "You have heard that it was said, you shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." (Matthew 5:43-45) He is saying in this passage that you do not need to like everyone; rather you must always respect everyone. It is always important to live the way Christ would want us, and to follow our morals. Please be respectful.



Soccer Journey
Drew Rozman

As I embarked on my fourth year journey as a soccer player at U of D, I was missing something. I was missing my bragging rights and a Catholic League championship. I had quit a season with my boys, big red, Jack, Matty Ice, Batman, Wall-E, and Nittman, but what made it even sweeter was the victory at the end of the year. The corner kick by Matty Ice to tie the game, the missed penalty kick by Kiernan and the saved shot by my favorite goal keeper. I remember running after Sier and tackling him to the ground, then running over to the student section and watching Mazur and Wallace wipe out. Singing the Hail Mary and forgetting to do the U of D cheer. After a hard fought game, I got together with my boys and took a picture. I will look back on this picture in 20 years and remember this game and my senior year season. I loved that season because I was with my boys and we finally won the Catholic League Championship.

Inside My Soccer Cleat

Dawson Myers

Inside my soccer cleat
are plenty of sweaty practices,
hard work and team scrimmages.

Inside my soccer cleat
are memories sprouting,
and new paths waiting to be paved.

Inside my soccer cleat
is the making of a new teammate.
A teammate who lived halfway around the world.

Inside my soccer cleat
is the life of a thirteen-year-old boy,
whose foot keeps on growing.

Inside my soccer cleat
is the mud from losses
and the grass from wins.

Inside my soccer cleat
is the pain from a slide tackle
and the joy from a goal.

Remember

Matthew Lujan

I awoke in a cold sweat in the middle of darkness. The room was cloaked in damp mustiness. I felt with my hand the rough bed in which I was laying. I had no memory of the night before, or where I was, or what I was doing there. I groped around until I found my phone and shined the light. I was sitting in a small, dilapidated hospital room. The walls and floor were made up of a dull and eerie pattern of black and white checker squares. The corners of the room had large deposits of mold and dirt. It didn't comfort me to see the rusty pipes that hung from the yellow ceiling above me.

I got out of bed and saw that I was still dressed in my brown suit. My pocket journal was in front of my feet on the ground. I picked it up. The last entry was dated: 10/31/13; *All Hallows Eve*. That means today was All Saints Day. The entry read:

Making my way through the Sun Grace Mental Institution for the second day. God, I thought Dr. O'Brien was going to drown in sweat. The look of fear in his eyes continues to worry me. His damn persistence is the only reason why I'm wandering these corridors. I migh-

And then the entry was cut off. Suddenly the events of the previous night came flashing back to me:

As an investigative reporter, I had gone to probe the strange disappearances of the men and women who had gone to explore Sun Grace Mental Institution. The building was once a hospital for the mentally ill. It was closed by the government back in '66 due to unknown reasons. Rumor has it they were using the place as a chemical-weapon development center. These weapons were to be used against the Russians, in the event of a WWIII. Lately, people went in to explore the abandoned remains. People didn't come out. So I tracked down a doctor who used to work there. Dr. Geoffrey O'Brien, a seventy-eight year-old retired psychiatrist who treated the patients at Sun Grace. He reluctantly agreed to drive me to the hospital and he gave me a map of the inside. He looked at me, very gravely and intense. Yet, in his eyes was nothing but fear.

Sweat glistened on his forehead and rolled from his neck down under his shirt collar. He warned me of the “darkness inside.” He handed me mobile spotlights that I was to place wherever there was low visibility. He said if I was to falter in my quest inside the building that I wouldn’t be the same.

He sped off, spewing the road dust and dirt all around me. When it cleared, I was left looking at the intimidating sight of the old, five-story mental hospital. I climbed the front steps that led to two large, iron doors. I heaved with all of my might to push them open. Once the doors opened, sunlight from the outside flooded the darkness of the hospital. It was plain, dusty, and rotting. As I stepped inside, I saw that there were multiple corridors connected to the main room in which I was standing. I looked at the map. The corridor in front of me led to the staircase that would lead me to the second, third, fourth, and fifth floor. The corridor to my left would lead me to the containment ward. And on my right, the corridor would lead me to the basement. Well, I decided to write this down. I took note of every direction, every door, exit, and hallway that was visible to me. I decided to explore the second floor. I walked down the corridor in pitch darkness. There was little to no visibility and it got hotter and hotter the further I walked. I used my phone as light. As I walked the corridor, I snuck a peak at the rooms. Each one looked exactly the same. They had the same checkered walls and floors, same yellow ceilings, same beds, bathrooms, and everything. I was nearing the stairs when something startled me. Standing about thirty feet ahead of me was a large, black figure. I quickly shined my light on it. It turned out to be the staircase. I laughed aloud at how foolish I was. I pressed on up the staircase, to the second floor. I walked around, looking for any sign of one of the missing people. Nothing. I checked every room on the floor. There was no sign of life.

As I rounded the second floor for the third time, I heard something. It was as if a child were whispering in my ear. I was deathly terrified as it said, “No need to remember. No need to remember.” Hearing this, I bolted down the hallway to the staircase. I ran up until I was on the third floor. This floor looked identical to the second. I stood atop the staircase, looking and waiting for anything to come after me. After five minutes passed I regained my composure. I walked around the rooms of the third floor. Once again, nothing turned up. As I

finished, I took a seat in the middle of a hallway and leaned against a wall. I wrote in my journal everything I searched for. I included descriptions of all the rooms and floors. I wrote about the disturbing voice I heard and how it scared me. As I was about to explore the fourth floor, I remembered the lights. I positioned three of them around the corners and hallways of the third floor. Their light provided comfort to me in the darkness. I climbed the staircase to the fourth and fifth floors. Again, nothing turned up. I positioned lights on all the corners of the fourth and fifth floors. I climbed back down to where I had entered. The two iron doors were closed. Strange, I didn't close them. Something was not right here. I looked at my phone and saw that it was eleven-thirty at night. I decided to fall asleep in one of the patient rooms. I didn't get an ounce of sleep that night. All night I had the strange feeling that I was being watched. I swore I heard the pitter-patter of feet running up and down one of the upper hallways.

When morning came, I did a sweep of all the floors again. Nothing turned up. I wrote in my journal the last entry in the book. I was cut off from writing because as I wrote it, the same voice whispered in my ear saying, "No need to remember." Then I was propelled down the steps. I got up in pain to realize that my forehead was bleeding. I looked up and saw a little boy, no older than ten years of age walking toward me. He was dressed very modern. He wore a blue snap-back with an Atlanta Falcons jersey and Nike shorts. His eyes glowed yellow and his stare sent chills down my spine. "My boy, what has happened to you?" I asked. He did not reply. He merely smiled ever so eerily at me. I began to run. I ran straight down the corridor to the containment ward. When I reached the end of the corridor, I found myself in some sort of lab. There were tables with surgical equipment on them. Shelves were lined with boxes labeled either *highly poisonous*, or *toxin*. I was dazed and confused and felt like I was going to faint. The boy didn't seem to be chasing me any longer. I decided to search the lab.

I opened a large metal file cabinet and pulled out the most recent file. It read:

Patients continue to progress in health physically and mentally. We have only come across one patient who continues to show lack of progress:

Hegel, James.

Age: 42

Sex: Male

Diagnosis: Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Notes: Patient constantly breaks out of room, restraints, and Medical Attention Center. Patient is in complete denial of his crimes and is growing more delirious each day.

I put the file away. As I turned around, there was a woman standing there. She too, had horrifically disturbing yellow eyes that stared at me. She had long, un-kept brown hair. Her face was thin and grey and her fingernails were long, yellowed, and pointed. She wore a blood-red dress that reached the floor and dragged behind her. I had nowhere to go. She looked at me and said, "No need to remember. No need." I screamed at her, "What do you want from me?!" With that, I blacked out.

So there I was, waking up in that musty, dilapidated patient room. I stepped out into the hallway. Apparently, I was on the fourth floor. All my lights were still shining. Then, all of the sudden, they burned out; one by one. Each light flickered out until I was surrounded in darkness. "No need..." "No need..." voices said behind me. I turned to see the boy and the woman staring at me. They began to run toward me with almost supernatural speed and agility. I ran as fast as I could down the stairs. I ran to the large metal doors. I went to open them, but they would not budge. My adrenaline was pumping through my body. My heart rate was higher than it had ever been before. I pounded my fists on the doors hoping it would open them. I began to scream, "Let me out of here! Please for the love of God get me out!" And with that, the doors opened. I fell forward and down the stairs until I landed in the moist dirt. I looked up to see it was pouring rain. But something was different; there was a clean parking lot, full of cars and traffic. I turned around and looked at Sun Grace. It looked fresh and new. Lights were in the windows, the brickwork looked brand-new, and there were fresh plants and vegetation all around the building. All of the sudden, two security guards tackled me to the ground, and I blacked out again.

I awoke with my wrists and ankles locked to a chair. There was a bright light shining in my face. The room in which I was seated was clean, with a white floor and metallic walls.

There were men and women in white lab coats all around me. One doctor approached me. It was Dr. O'Brien. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Where am I?!"

"Son, you tried to escape again."

"What are you talking about?" He moved a seat in front of me and sat. He began to run his hand through his thin, white hair.

"James," he began, "Do you remember?"

"Remember what?!" I asked furiously.

"I can see we've made no progress. Son, your name is James Hegel. Your suffering from PTSD."

"What? No! Listen, I don't belong here! I'm an investigative reporter. I came to Sun Grace to investigate the vanishings of people who went inside!"

"James, that's the same story you conjured up in your head two years ago."

"No! It's not true. Stop speaking lies!" I began to thrash in my seat. "You drove me here. You told me to avoid the darkness inside the building! You supported my investigation!"

"What I meant was for you to avoid the darkness inside your mind. I've been playing along with you in your make-believe life in the hope you would return to reality."

"Stop it! What reality? This is and has always been reality!"

"James, the reality is: You were a failing investigative reporter. Channel five laid you off. You and your wife were struggling to pay your boy's school tuition. Because you didn't have a job, your wife began to scream at you out of pure stress. After all, the two of you fought all the time. She cried and panicked and said horrible things to you. The thought of not putting your boy through school and the constant daily struggle was too much to bear. You locked yourself in your room. Later that night, you decided to send your boy and wife to a, um, better place."

"You mean..." I said in disbelief. "No! I didn't do anything wrong. I've committed no crime!"

"James, the result of your actions made you go insane. The state sentenced you here. We've tried to help your case, but you've developed another reality that you constantly escape to. You are in complete denial, yet are constantly haunted by terrifying images of your wife and boy." Suddenly, I began to believe him. I mean, it made sense.

"I-" I stuttered, "I- How long have I been here?"

"Three years."

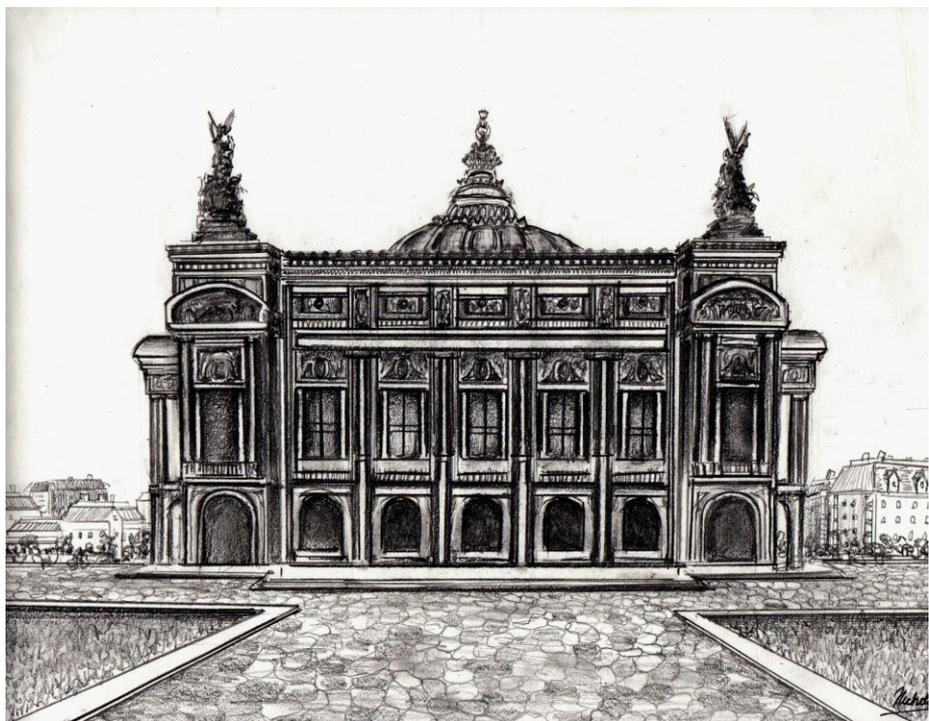
"And, I have a problem?"

"Yes. I think its time you get some rest..."

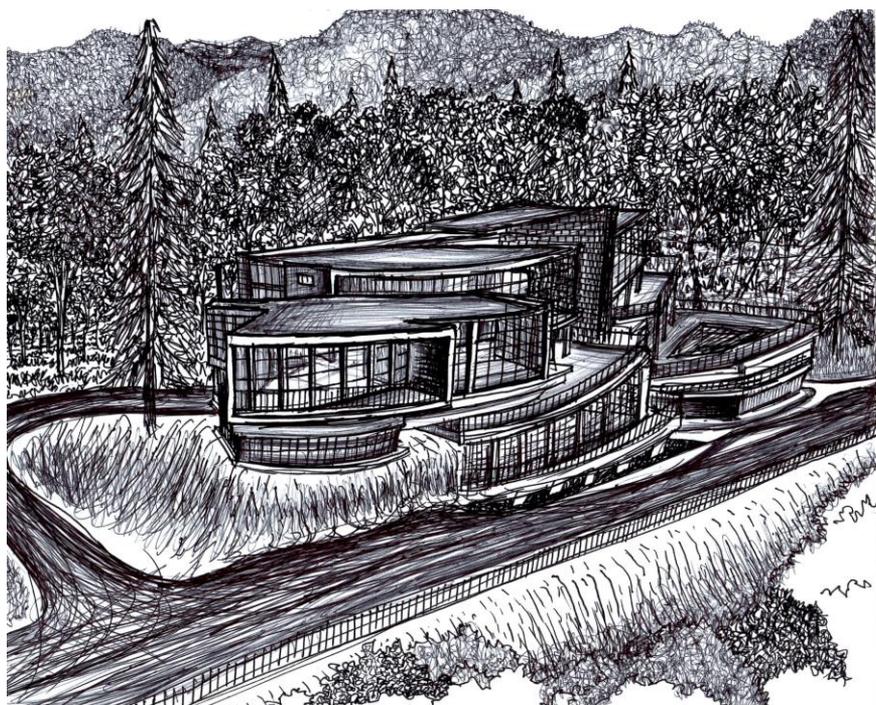
And so, it was true. I had been lost in my own denial and made-up reality. I didn't want to remember, but my subconscious always remembered. When you're trying to run from the past, the past will run to you. And so it is better to face one's past rather than run from it. Because living with the hauntings of your denial is never worth it. Remember...



Monkey, Andrew Finelli



Drawing Dark, Nicholas Pez



House in the Forest, Nicholas Pez

True Happiness

Zachary Lewandowski

I am writing this as I feel my time could be coming to an end, and I do not want my legacy to be completely forgotten. I have spent my life yearning to be free, clawing at every chance to make my escape. I have been able many times to break away and get to where I always wish I could be. Alas, every time I feel as though I have finally freed myself from the jaws of the forces that controlled me I find myself being pulled back in and put back into what am I told is a safe and ideal place in the world, when in reality it is just a prison of the mind and body meant to trick you into conforming to the rules which are established for the convince of others. Normally I would just continue fighting for what I know will truly bring people greater satisfaction and happiness, but as time goes on people seem to care less and less about me and start to care more and more about what is convenient to them. People now are feed from birth the idea that whatever is easiest is always the best path to take. "Why stray from the beaten path? It's just more work and you could get hurt", seems to be the motto of today. We are told that working nine-to-five will bring us a fixed income and will give us the best opportunity to "expand on our successes". But as you look back on history, you will notice one thing; a normal, repetitive, mundane life has never brought true happiness or self-actualization to anyone. When people leave societal standards behind and follow me great things have always happened. With me, people have climbed mountains, crossed oceans, traversed continents, forged nations, cured diseases, traveled to space and back, and many, many more notable accomplishments. Now you may be wondering who I am, who or what could possibly do any, let alone all, of these things. It is quite simple really; I am the spirit of adventure and determination that lies within all of us, and without me no great feat has been accomplished, no marvelous innovation invented, no dream accomplished. The more people choose to take the easy route the less they choose to listen to their heart and follow their aspirations. The less people choose to try new activities that they always have wanted to try the less people will innovate and the closer the world will get to a standstill of accomplishments and inventions.

Even worse than all of those, people could run out of items that bring them true joy. No matter how much beating a video game level or getting a new person to look at your profile on whatever social networking site seems to make you happy, it is nothing compared to the true joy that comes from stepping outside your comfort zone and doing something wonderful, something that you have been told you can't do or would be too dangerous to do or something that you thought you didn't have time for. I am telling you, no matter what you think, no matter what limitations you feel sit in your way, the pain of not paying attention to those limitations and suffering the consequences is nothing compared to the joy and jubilation that waits at the finish line of whatever it is you are trying to do. So I beg and plead with you, do not let me disappear, for without me who know what unknown horrors could unfold.



Waterfall near the Red Sand Beach, Dawson Myers



Yellowstone Park Waterfall, Dawson Myers



The Cat at Twilight, John Downey

Spring

Matthew Asher

The season of change
with the tree's triumphant bloom
comes our own change too

There are no all types of...

Gabe Bulluck

There are so many things in this world that we generalize.

"All guys are the same"

"Nobody's original anymore"

"Everyone is different"

but in reality we are the same.

there are all types of dreamers

the realistic dreamer

the unrealistic dreamer

but we are all still dreamers

there are all types of people

the criminals

the outcasts

the popular kids.

but we are all still people

there are all types of everything to US.

but God sees us all as his beautiful children.

the criminal. the daydreamer. the popular kid.

we are still HIS.

Then why do we bully others?

when in reality we are the same.

but in OUR OWN reality we aren't.

when are we all gonna realize that skin type, weight, gender,
don't matter?

We're all human.

We're all God's creation.

that's my dream.

for others to see that we are one.

but is my dream unrealistic?

one might say so.

but i say no.

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