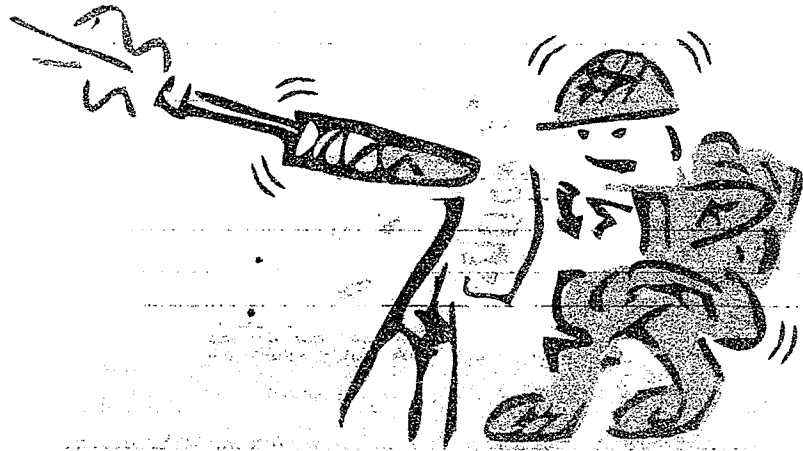


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# INSCAPE

u of d's literary magazine



back from  
the nam  
1997-1998 issue

*INSCAPE* :

Back from the 'Nam

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All who read *Inscape*

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WWF Monday Night Raw

Frozac and Lithium

Cuba (once again)

Meat (in general)



by Dominic Sinaceta

## ESCAPE WITHIN WITH *INSCAPE*

Congratulations on your choice of the *Inscape* : *BACK FROM THE 'NAM* issue! Before you begin to read, here are a few words about just what it is that you will be reading. *Inscape* is designed with space-age polymers and intended to serve as a method of relieving stress and escaping the perils of daily life. The *Inscape* difference comes in the form of an escape within, to focus on yourself and your inner workings. These poems, stories, photographs, drawings, and other miscellaneous works illustrate the passions, aspirations, and manias of the human entities who create them. We, the escaped mental patients here at *Inscape* , have compiled these inward escapes and publish them in the hope that they will aid you, the reader, in understanding yourself and learning to escape within.

And so, as has been my pleasure to do in the past, I present to you the latest issue of *Inscape* , U of D's only student literary magazine.

*Inscape* Editor Graham Atkin '98

### A Slight History of the Vietnam War

Vietnam lies along the eastern coast of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, bordering Cambodia and Laos, in Southeast Asia. Throughout the late nineteenth century the French had attempted to colonize Vietnam, succeeding in 1883, making it a French colony.

The French ruled Vietnam until the second of September 1945, when Ho Chi Minh, the leader of the Vietnamese Nationalist organization, the Viet Minh, declared Vietnam's independence from France, leading France to take military action against Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Minh. In 1954 France lost to the Viet Minh at the battle of Dien Bien Phu, a loss which forced them to negotiate for peace. During these peace negotiations Vietnam was divided into sections: The area North of the 17<sup>th</sup> parallel, controlled by the Viet Minh, and the area to the South of the 17<sup>th</sup> parallel, controlled by the French.

In 1954 Ngo Dinh Diem became the first president of the South, while the Viet Minh in the North remained under the control of Ho Chi Minh. North of the 17<sup>th</sup> parallel the Viet Minh had now become openly communist and this greatly worried the U.S. government, particularly Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who, afraid of the spread of communism in Asia, persuaded the U.S. to send both military and economic support to Diem's government in the South.

The U.S. involvement gradually increased, bolstered in part by attacks upon the South by the Viet Cong, the communist guerrillas in the south, attacks which increased after the assassination of President Diem in 1963. In August of 1964, when North Vietnamese patrol boats fired upon the United States destroyer "Maddox," Congress overwhelmingly supported the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which allowed the President to take "all necessary measures to repel attacks...and prevent further aggressions."

In June of 1965 there were 50,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam, by the end of 1965 there were 188,000, and by 1967 there were 389,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam. The U.S. ground troops in Vietnam were unable to make the expected advances against the communists because of the Viet Cong's guerrilla tactics, so in 1969 the United States began to withdraw its more than 500,000 troops, beginning with 25,000 that year; and by 1971 the U.S. had withdrawn all of its ground troops from combat in Vietnam.

In 1973 an agreement was reached between South Vietnam, the U.S., and North Vietnam. This did not, however, stop the fighting, which continued until April 30, 1975, when the South's president, Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu, resigned and fled to Taiwan. On July 2, 1976 the Socialist republic of Vietnam was formed, reuniting the North and the South for the first time in twenty-two years.

During the war, the U.S. suffered almost 60,000 casualties, with more than 1,300 still missing or unaccounted for.

From the personal journal of an anonymous lieutenant:

They told me I was crazy.  
They told me I had imagined the whole thing.  
I was not; I did not.

Charley had gotten the drop on our company as we walked back to camp after a grueling day of fire fights and booby traps. I watched Johnny fall on his knees, then on his face. I was made their prisoner. I spent 18 months in a tiger cage, a cage which I came to lovingly refer to as "Uncle Sal." They tried to make me go crazy. They tortured my mind and tried to convince me I wasn't human or who I said I was. But "Uncle Sal" stopped them. Oh, yes he did. He hid from them some writings, carved into his bars, put there by the former inhabitants. These writings were beautiful -- they told of life, of happiness, of sorrow, of triumph, of tragedy, of humanity. I came to memorize those writings and to recite them when the dehumanizing torture became too much to bear. I was saved by those writings.

Although I did, after 18 months, leave that camp, I took those writings with me. I told my commanding officers of my saga and of "Uncle Sal," and they promptly refused to believe me. They said that I was no longer human -- that I was mad.

To preserve my own sanity, and to save yours, I have written down those works. Read them. Enjoy them. Understand them. They are humanity at its most real.

And so, with a group of escaped convicts from a local mental facility, I put together this:

**INSCAPE: BACK FROM THE 'NAM**

Enjoy.

a poem  
by David Zohrob '99

i try to write  
but i am not a writer  
(this poem is not important)  
it is not going to change the world  
(or anything, really) : it's inconsequential

i try to express a feeling  
in just a few words  
(heavy words) but  
they only sound empty

i am not a writer (i  
wish i was) :  
writers can talk without  
speaking (metaphorically)  
and cry without a tear

but i cannot.  
i can only just write little poems  
because i am not a poet.  
(i just try to be)

The Noodle Joust  
Christopher Sabatowich, '01

*For Desmond, who fought valiantly but was defeated.*

Today it has become time  
To tell of Desmond in Rhyme.  
Who fought in the Noodle Joust.  
He is a man who is hard to oust.

Once he was a class clown.  
Who wore a thorny crown.  
The he twice fought valiantly.  
He jousts and jokes brilliantly.

When he took up the foam jousting noodle,  
He did the same thing as Yankee Doodle.  
And then he put his hat on the head of a deer.  
Thus his weapon mimicked a pair of antlers.

Like a wild, dominant male moose,  
He wouldn't let the subordinate loose.  
Then the noodle of the subordinate fell.  
And finally rang the first round bell.

Then came the second round he fought  
Desmond shall be victorious, we thought.  
But here he soon became the subordinate  
A bigger moose became the dominant.

In the end he did not become one of the champs,  
Nor did my homeroom put out enough amps.  
Instead, we fully accepted our lot in the games:  
That is, our pictures will not be in frames.

In Ecclesiastes said Coholeth:

3,1 To everything there is a season,  
3,1 and a time to every purpose under the sun.  
3,4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh.

-Untitled-  
by Brian Rippon '01

Morning hues of gold and pink,  
Trace patterns on the floor,  
Divine designs of lace and thread,  
Play shadows on the door.

The blackened night is over now,  
The frigid darkness gone  
Foggy dreams of love and war,  
Enveloped in the dawn.

Shadowy mists of white and grey,  
Drift in and bend the rays,  
While zephyrs teases the silver veil  
And stir the frozen haze.

Poor Judy  
by Jovan Hunter '00

There once was a girl named Judy  
All the boys thought that she was a  
cutie.

The other girls became jealous  
And they cut her hairless  
Now she; the beast, not the beauty.

Michael's Emotion's  
by DuJuan Robinson '01

Red is the anger men bring to half my heart  
Black is the hatred that fills the other part

Yellow is the fear when finally caught  
After a tedious chase Michael thought  
Poor Michael confused with all time had brought  
More emotions came flowing into Michael's head  
Knowing his enemies wanted him dead  
Pink was embarrassment his mom sometimes gave  
Yellow the fear of facing the grave  
Blue is the sadness for Mike is not here  
He'll not have to worry, no not anymore  
About who wants him dead, why, and what for  
"Daddy's not with us," said mother to son  
For Michael is dead it's over and done

Exams Paul Krystyniak '01

Working Hard just to pass,  
to be judged in class.  
It all comes down to one single test,  
Hoping to do better than the rest,  
All this seems useless to me,  
When you just forget it the day after the test.  
Working, trying to excel,  
What you really would like to do is  
rebel  
Working Hard just to pass.

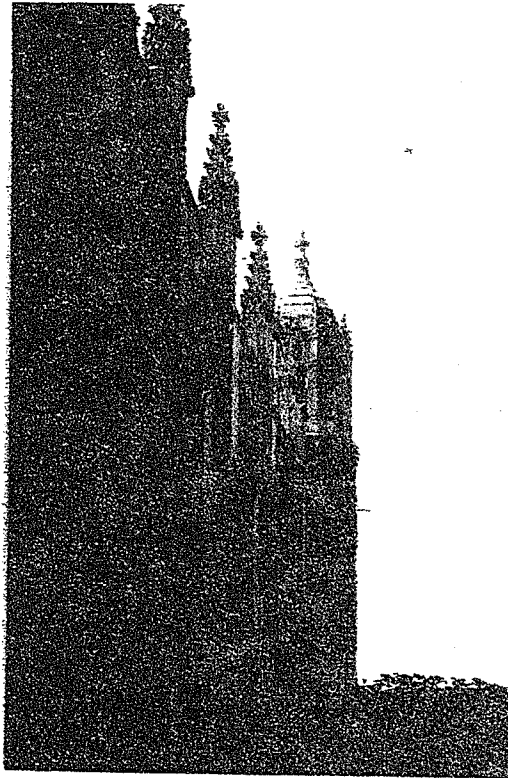


photo by Graham Atkin

A Mine Jeanne Proust  
Tom Feeney '00

I am half in love  
with easeful life,

Drowsy green desires  
who sleep past noon

And wake, waiting to  
be novelized. Skewered

And wriggling on a pen,  
smeared across a page,

Cast into a corner of  
a cork encrusted room,  
accumulating memories like dust.

The Remotest Northwest or Mrs. Richard F. Schiller  
Tom Feeney '00

A bus stop (still)  
in Gray Star,  
after a long night without sleep,  
the sun and

I rise  
to pin my thoughts along a line to dry.

Tom Feeney '00

spontaneous demonstration for higher bread rations

good hearty bread  
strong perfect bread  
wholesome bakery bread  
fresh steamy bread  
hot satisfying bread  
to bliss beyond bread  
bread from earth to sky  
bread

Superman Greg Payne '01

I know a man who can bend steel beams,  
and can defeat enemies by any means.

He can leap over buildings with just one bound,  
and when you need him he's always found.

He can fly 'round the world in half an hour,  
and in one minute he can build a tower.

He doesn't wear tights yet he still looks cool,  
and he makes Batman look like a fool.

Now I know you are asking, "Who is this man  
who can do all these things that you say he can?"

Well if you must know who this hero must be  
don't act surprised because it's...

ME !!!!!!!!

I Am Scott Radloff '01

I am a genial guy who thinks deep thoughts.  
I wonder what the future holds for me.  
I hear my adult self calling me forward.  
I see ghosts of the past in the corners of my life.  
I want to do my best with my life.  
I am a genial guy who thinks deep thoughts.

I pretend that I am already an adult.  
I feel the weight of adult responsibility on my shoulders.  
I touch the future.  
I worry about the consequences on the world's future of  
people's actions today.  
I cry when I think of pollution killing innocent animals.  
I am a genial guy who thinks deep thoughts.

I understand that I am not yet an adult.  
I say that I am trying to grow up.  
I dream that I will be successful in my life.  
I try to get good grades.  
I hope that people will understand who I really am.  
I am a genial guy who thinks deep thoughts.



The Last Shot  
Joe Schroeder '01

The billiard balls have been racked  
the game has begun  
the first ball has been shot  
the ball travels faster than a bullet from a gun  
before you know it  
the last shot is called  
the 8 ball is hit  
it's a perfect shot into the hole ,  
but oh no!  
in goes the cue ball right in that hole!

Falling  
Greg Payne '01

I'm falling down a bottomless pit,  
I'm falling and I just got hit.

By some junk that was thrown away,  
like a yearbook of a guy named Jay.

Also by a chewed up wad of bubble gum,  
some apples, and even a plum.

Oh, now I see three rusty rakes,  
and an old Christmas fruit cake.

I now see texts from college grads,  
and the plastic wrappings from new note pads.

Now library books that are overdue,  
and recipes for tomato stew.

I bet you're asking how I can see, right?  
Well while falling I found a small flashlight.

Well now I must stop for my life will soon pass,  
For I'm 'bout to fall on some glass.

Next Time  
Jayson Smith '01

Next time I will win the game. Next time I will show no shame. Next time I will do better.  
Next time no mercy. Mercy, ha, I laugh in its face. Do you like mercy? I will show you  
none. So don't ask.

Trampled Pine  
by Joe Mueller '99

Two years old already,  
yet dead beneath the sole  
Of a commercial city slicker.  
You give us life; we kill you.

Four Important Questions  
by Joe Mueller '99

Why,  
Where,  
Who,  
AM I?

Untitled  
by Joe Mueller '99

To live as a hermit  
To truly be free;  
No phone calls,  
No money  
No color T.V. ;  
To pack up my bags  
To live 'neath the trees,  
To live as a hermit  
Is the high life for me.

Fifteen Dollars for Some Food to Eat  
Jovan Hunter, '00

One day I was walking down the street,  
some boys tried to beat me.  
They took my shoes,  
tried to take my clothes  
and also took fifteen dollars of my dough!

I went home and told my brothers.  
They said "O look at you."  
"you worried about  
fifteen dollars and getting beat and  
we need something to EAT!"

I left home  
and went to the telephone.  
I called my auntie and asked  
"Could you give my family something to eat  
or give me fifteen dollars because I got beat."

She told me that  
she is "broke  
as our cold iron stove" so I said  
"Whatever"  
and hung up the phone.

So I went walking  
and I saw mama.  
She said "boy come here"  
I said "ma let me tell ya"  
She said "boy be quiet before I get to slapping ya."

"You made me come  
and buy some  
meat even though I gave  
you fifteen dollars for  
you and the boys to eat."

I said "Ma  
you don't understand.  
I got beat.  
They took my shoes,  
and auntie wouldn't give me nothing to eat."

So there it was  
as you can see  
my mother gave me  
fifteen dollars  
and some food for me and the boys to eat.

Meo Goes The Cow Matt Mancinelli '01

Meo goes the cow,  
It's all he can say,  
Meo goes the cow,  
His life wasting away.  
He sits in his stall,  
Sits there all day,  
Never gets out,  
Never can play.

He'll grow up big,  
He'll grow up Tough.  
But is it good meat,  
Are vitamins enough?  
He knows wooden walls,  
The walls of his stall,  
He knows not of trees,  
He knows not of leaves.

He's trapped in a world,  
He can not escape,  
He's trapped in his world,  
A world full of hate.  
Only farmers and butchers,  
No little girls,  
Axes and knives,  
No bows and curls.

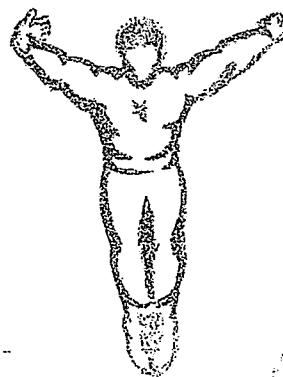
The Cow sees no joy,  
He's born on death row,  
The cow, just a boy,  
Knows where he will go.  
He looks forward to nothing,  
Not a walk, or a treat.  
He looks forward to nothing,  
But to sleep and to eat.

Meo goes the cow.

Ocean Wonder

Micheal Hemak '01

Endless rowing, out to the sea  
I our rickety boat.  
Creaking, rotting wood  
Barely keeping us afloat.  
Rowing the jagged oars  
With a specific rythm,  
Our hands with at least  
Seven solinters in them.  
The smell that can only  
Be produced by the sea,  
Overwhelms both  
My Grandpa and me.  
The occasional spray  
Of water on my face,  
Leaves salt on my lips  
For me to taste.  
And then just as quickly  
As summer vaccation begins and endss,  
A massive whale leaps out of the water  
And gracefully dives back again.  
I cling to my grandpa  
Not believing what I just saw,  
But I couldn't helping being consumed  
In a state of complete awe.  
Constantly twisting, turning and twirling  
Giving us a personal show.  
Such a breath-taking sight  
I did not know.  
And finally an eruption  
Of mistly water from its blowhole,  
Left my Grandpa and I  
With uplifted souls.  
A memory with my Grandpa  
Is what the purpose of this trip was.  
I think I've achieved my goal!



by Randy Homic

I Seem to Be.....  
by DuJuan Robinson '01

I seem to be like the day  
but really I am night  
I seem to be quite nice at times  
But I am really full of spite  
I seem to be invulnerable  
But really I am pierced  
I seem to be insensitive  
But really I am  
How different are what I seem to be  
And what I really am

CLONED ---  
The Fourth Gospel  
by Kevin Greaney '99

Jesus came to save us from our sins. The moral war of cloning rages on, but many people believe it (cloning) is a sin, "playing God," if such is possible. Now let's assume that the weathered, crumbling bones of some ancient being are found, much like the "Iceman" found frozen in ice a few years ago. These bones have that which is necessary to clone. Run this through a machine and ...Behold--- JESUS! The second coming! Jesus is born as a result of our sin of cloning. He may not be raised by Joseph and Mary, but Jesus's childhood was only led by loving parents and his own decisions. I know this idea is ludicrous and highly improbable, but what if this actually happened? Would you laugh at Jesus for being a test tube baby like you are laughing at me and this article? Think about it.

Fred Dewey '01

Old Man and The Mirror

As I look in the mirror I reflect on my life,  
Going to parties and flying my kite,  
Picking up chicks and getting my kicks,  
These are all wonderful things I have done in my life.

I listen to music mostly punk rock,  
I would watch Cheech and Chong,  
And wear mismatched socks.

But now all I do is sleep 24/7,  
Soon I will probably be resting in heaven,  
I'm stuck with this lady whom I call my wife,  
She is a hag and she nags,  
But we don't like to fight.

Soon I will be going to my final resting-place,  
I try not to think that when I look upon my face.



The Sirens  
Nick Robinson '01

As Odysseus and his crew came closer to the island of the Sirens, they began to tie Odysseus up. Yet, before they could tie his hands the Sirens started singing their beautiful song. Odysseus jumped down and headed for the steering post of the ship. Once he had command of the ship, he commanded all of the men to take out their wax and listen to this wonderful music. This was a hard task considering that the crew couldn't hear a word he was saying. Yet, once they did hear the Sirens' enchanting song they did everything to get to the island. As they grew closer to the Sirens' island the water got shallower and shallower. When it got to the point where the ship was going to crash, Odysseus and his crew stopped the ship and swam the rest of the way. This was one of his biggest mistakes Odysseus has ever made. Odysseus and his men met with some opposition at the shore. There were three beautiful women standing behind an army of sea nymphs. Odysseus and his men were taken underground and put in a large cage.

Then Odysseus said, "You are the Sirens, enchanters of men. We mean you no harm. Why must you forsake us?"

Then the three Sirens morphed into a huge three-headed monster. They turned and said, "We are really Fylla, daughter of Scylla. We were told to eat you by the almighty Poseidon, god of the chemical compound H<sub>2</sub>O. He does not like you and said that if we kill you he will give us free transportation back to our mother. We are loyal so don't try to beg, but if you are quiet while we pray to Kiser we will make your death quick and painless."

"Who is Kiser?" asked a bewildered Odysseus.

"Odysseus, denier of gods, does not know about Kiser, god of the breath mint. We pray to him every time we eat so we will have good breath to sing with after we eat our meal."

"May I pray to Kiser so that I can spend eternity in the underworld with cool breath?"

The Sirens began to converse and decided to let Odysseus out to pray. Once out Odysseus began to pray while thinking up a plan. He prayed that he would have the coolest breath in the world. As Odysseus got finished with his prayer and gave a sacrifice, a beam of light came down upon him. He felt his mouth become colder. It got to the point where the air in front of him began to freeze up into ice and drop to the floor. He asked Fylla to come closer and smell his fresh breath. Once they were close enough, Odysseus took in a big breath and blew his breath all over Fylla until they were frozen solid. He then used his breath to freeze the bars on the cage his crew was in, making it easy for them to break free. The excited crew their way off of the island and got on their ship. They sailed away and never looked back.

The Game of Hockey  
Matt Hammer '01

Another goal is scored,  
All the parents are getting quite bored.  
Just watching their sons lose,  
They'd rather be on a vacation, or a cruise.  
Just then, a player butt ends another,  
#6 then nags him, like his mother.

A gafozzle is given,  
After #6 appears permanently smitten  
By a vicious hobnobbing to the head.  
Sadly, big ol' #6 is indeed dead.

Jabobbled now be the referee  
After a Tonya Harding-style beating to his left knee.

By now, the rent-a-cops have cometh,  
Only to be beaten like a drumeth.

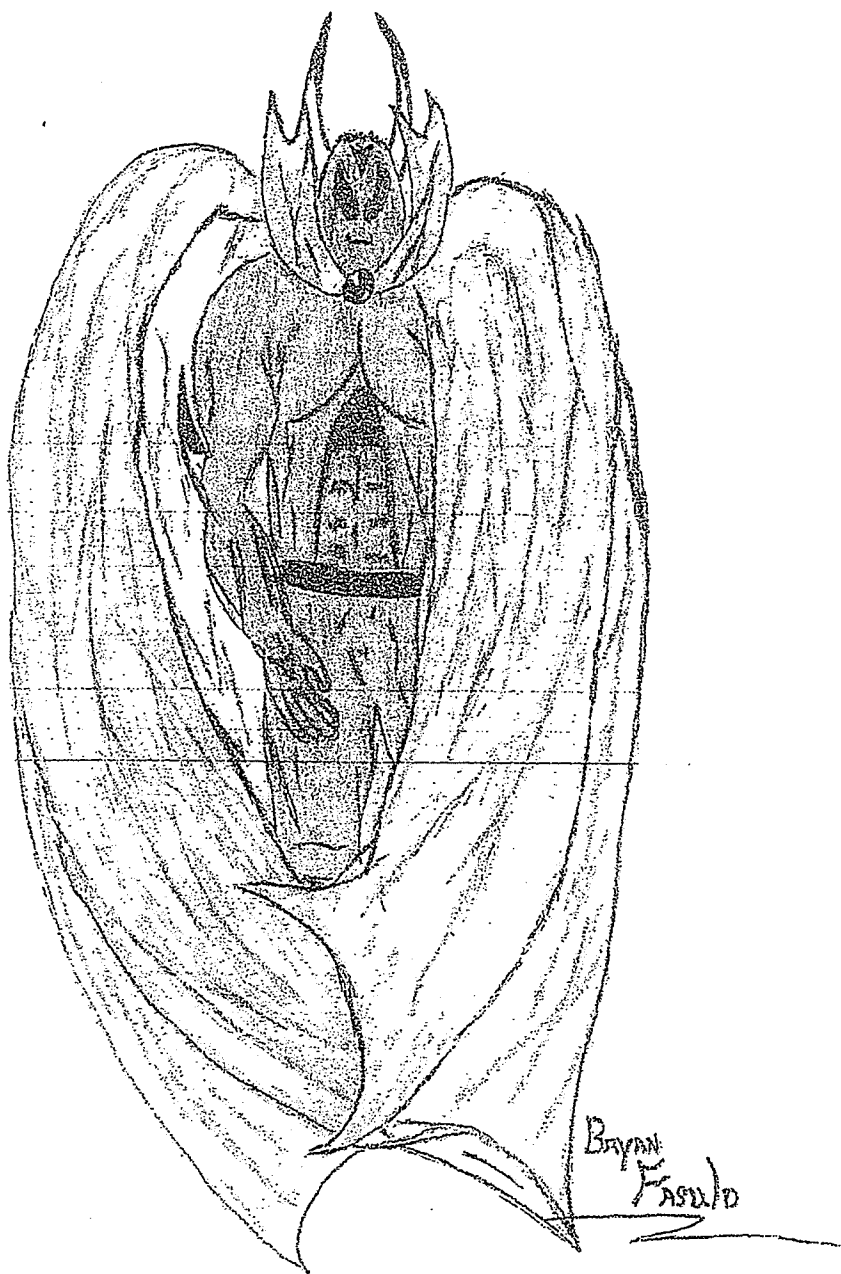
The cowardly had now fled,  
#6 now lay dead.

The blind old ref has lost a leg,  
And now skates around with a peg.  
The rent-a-cops were kicked around,  
And beaten into the hard, cement ground.  
Alas, you finally see, the game of hockey  
Can, at time, be like a blender set to puree.

3<sup>rd</sup> PERIOD  
Alex Gerald's '01

Thirty seconds left up 4 to 3  
they pull their goalie, so it's now 6 on 5  
Twenty-five seconds... a pass to the point  
shot... deflected, off a skate  
Twenty seconds... somewhere in the corner  
four are fighting in the rumble for the puck  
Fifteen seconds... can't see it blocked by feet  
pass to the slot, Oh no!!  
Ten seconds... wind up for the shot  
will it be blocked?  
Five seconds... A blistering shot  
will it go in?  
Goal!!

We win 5 to 3



blessed be the shadowless freedom of dark  
Tom Feeney '00

cold dark night, howling calm  
tumultuous peace, freedom to surge on  
in boundless quest for self, hazy urge  
to clarity of night

moving, needing scared with night  
roaming now from street to street, expansive  
bliss of sky filled clear cold, fresh true  
air pounding endless, ah

never ceasing, having being  
now in cold of  
boundless driving darkly night

The Happy Guy  
Amit R. Shah '01

He was extremely happy,  
not much else to say,  
He always had a good day.  
He would make sure everything went right,  
anything that went wrong was taken a light.  
He was full of blithe,  
how I wish to be,  
with a smile on his face that everybody would see.  
Always cheery and looking up,  
his face was never cloudy and filled with muck.  
He rarely if ever became upset,  
and refused to let his anger stay in him and set.  
As good a quality as there could be,  
This way of not letting the hostility and wrath be in the heart,  
and not letting it hurt the fantastic part.  
Life is fun always be always content,  
This is a life that has been well spent.

Good ol' days Matt Mancinelli '01

Good morning buttercup don't you look great.  
Thank-you my darling, my wonderful mate.  
You look so young, like in the olden days.  
You flatter me, darling, in so many ways.

Oh, my dear, remember the fun in the sun.  
Yes, yes dear, but those days are done.  
It was so enjoyable, on the sand in the chairs.  
But now I have wrinkles to match my gray hairs.

Oh buttercup, remember the excellent times.  
Yes my dear, but I'm all out of rhymes.  
The sugar in coffee, right after the walk.  
You'd think you were a poet, the way that you talk.

I remember our wedding, the cake and the bell.  
I remember the horse that pooped on Michelle.  
All of the great gifts we got from our pals.  
The Pez dispenser, we got from the gals.

My days with you, darling, were so very nice.  
Thank you, my dear, and you cook the best rice.  
But this is the point where our lives meet their ends  
Here comes Kevoorkian, in his Mercedes Benz.

Me, Myself and I  
*Jovan Hunter, '00*

Me, Myself, and I  
VIRGO  
Is that who I am;  
Who I want to be?  
I am a dreamer  
I am a peacemaker  
A friend to many.  
Sometimes withdrawn  
But always desiring happiness for  
myself and others.

<sup>1</sup> A future basketball player and actor  
That's what I want to be!  
A devoted father  
A sharing person  
A Christian believer  
That's me, myself, and I.

To Be Young  
*DuJuan Robinson '01*

Remember dear,  
What  
When we were young we went  
to the theater,  
Ah, yes, those days  
When we wore colors like never before  
wild hair, our own teeth  
I still have mine  
I don't  
Not having a care in the world  
Care free you mean  
Let me finish!  
Uh, wait, arthritis is acting up  
Where's the ointment?  
On the nightstand  
Oh, to be young!

Road Rage  
*Scott Radloff '01*

The road is a patchwork quilt of cars.  
Red, yellow, blue.  
Small, medium, large.  
I am a large green car in the flowing fabric of rush hour.

The quilt moves by inches, jerking along  
As if hidden beings were sleeping restlessly underneath.  
The movements become more erratic.  
Taillights flash angrily like the eyes of a demon.

Suddenly a blue patch crowds the space of a red patch.  
The red patch swerves and honks angrily.  
A yellow patch stops suddenly to avoid the riot of colors.  
I slow down, careful to maintain my place in the quilt.

Red and blue exchange rude gestures.  
Their taillights are bright in the evening light.  
Then, without warning, red slashes across blue,  
Anxious to retaliate for the injustice.

The pattern of the quilt is torn and rumpled.  
The peace is shattered by the anger.  
The highway is a battlefield  
And I am a warrior intent on survival.



## The Unidentified Flying Object

Scott Radloff '01

Everything seemed normal as Dr. Calvin "Cal" Turner kissed his daughter goodbye. After all, he did this everyday, always remarking "God goes with you, darling." Then she always kissed him lightly on the cheek. His daughter was the only perk to his life. His beautiful wife had died six months before, and Amy was all he had left. Everything seemed normal as Amy kissed him, smiled and ran to join her friends in the school yard.

Cal drove to work that morning contemplating the love he had once had, and how she was brutally murdered by cancer. He thought that no one could ever possibly understand his thoughts, or the sadness he constantly felt. He pulled into the parking lot, gently slowing his car to a stop. His depressing thoughts vanished as a most peculiar thing happened; his colleague and best friend Rob came running out very excited.

"Finally! I thought you were never going to get here! Did you oversleep or something?" Rob literally pulled Cal from his beat-up old car.

"What is wrong with you this morning, Rob? I get here at this time every morning!" Cal barely had time to grab his briefcase before he was hauled into the building.

"Well, you *SEEM* late," Rob huffed as he dragged his friend up the stairs. "You've got to see this. I've never seen anything like it. Mary has never seen anything like it. Heck! Even *Marty* has never seen anything like it!"

"I can't imagine anything that Marty hasn't seen. After all, he built this lab. I think he's seen everything. I really do." Now Cal was intrigued.

"Well, he hasn't seen this; and neither has our esteemed director Mary, and she's been around since the Ice Age."

When they arrived at the observatory, Cal could not believe his eyes. Mary was standing in front of the Global Monitoring System (G.M.S.) with a blank look on his face.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't bet you, because if I did I'd be down on the beach with a tin cup, and monkey by now," Cal remarked to Rob.

On the monitor there was a strange craft. It was small and looked fragile. There was strange writing, and a symbol on it, and it appears to be alien.

"Okay people," Mary bellowed. "Let's get to work. I've checked with every major space program in the world, and our intelligence analysts. Nobody knows anything about our little orphan up there, so we need to get the answers ourselves. Rob, get a status report. *Marty*, I didn't hire you to stand there looking stupid, so go track its course and see if it will collide with our planet. Cal, inform the president, then you can get our code books and see if there's a match. We need to figure out who sent this thing and why. Until we know otherwise, we have to assume it's potentially dangerous. The military is standing by and tracking stations around the world are prepared to watch over it, too."

The team spent a hectic day trying to figure out who sent the ship and if it were armed. Sensors were launched that could detect no sign of weapons or force fields. Everyone worked hard to solve the riddle but by evening they were no closer to knowing the answers to their basic questions. The analysts were getting cranky and tempers were beginning to fray. They were tired of crunching numbers and studying codes. Cal stood up with relief, gathered his reports and headed for the door. He stopped by Mary's desk on his way out.

"I've got to get going, Mary, but I'll be working on this from home. I can log into the computers and keep going," Cal said quietly.

"I guess it is getting late," Mary looked at her watch. "Thanks for staying so long, Cal. I know Amy is waiting for you."

"Yes, she will be wondering where I am. She worries about me." Cal finished the sentence in his head. *Ever since her mother died.*

Cal's mind was buzzing with thoughts of the implications of the little craft as he drove to get Amy. He looked up into the evening sky and was amazed that there was no sign of the ship that had turned his life upside down today. It seemed as though it should be obvious to everyone. *Of course, he thought wryly, it's a good thing everybody can't see it, or we'd have a*

*panic on top of everything else.* Somehow Cal didn't think the ship posed a serious threat to their world. It had been determined that its course would not intercept that of their planet. Their most sophisticated sensors couldn't detect any trace of weaponry. Cal tried to imagine why the ship had been sent, and by whom. Maybe somebody, somewhere, sent the ship out to see what was there. Maybe somebody far away was just like him, trying to prove the existence of life on other planets, in other galaxies. It would be neat if that were the case, and if Cal's planet was the one they found. His imagination was working overtime, constructing different scenarios of their eventual contact with the senders. It calmed him down a bit, just as he was pulling in to get Amy.

Amy was obviously watching for him. She came outside and slammed the door, hunching her book bag up on her shoulder. Cal watched in amusement as she stomped her way to the car. It appeared as though The Princess had had a less than perfect day. Or, she was just really ticked that he kept her waiting.

"Hi, Dad." Amy sat down on the seat with a *plunk* and slammed the car door.

"Take it easy, princess," Cal cautioned with a smile. "You know this car has seen better days. I'd hate for you to get in like that and fall through to the ground."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," Amy grinned at her father's humor.

"I'm sorry that I'm late, honey. Something came up and I just couldn't get away."

"Oh, that's okay," Amy said breezily. "You called. I knew you were okay. I just didn't have a very good day in science today."

"What happened?"

"It's that Mrs. Jones." Amy's teacher was often the source of her unhappiness in science. "She started in again on her 'there can't possibly be life on other planets so why are those scientists wasting their time and our money looking for it?' speech. She is so closed-minded. And you know, Dad, that she has positively no imagination. Just because she can't see it she can't imagine that it exists. She's probably an atheist, Dad. After all, we can't see God!"

"So, let me guess," Cal smiled at his daughter's expression. *So, tell me how you really feel, he thought.* "You decided to protect all of us poor, malignant scientists."

"Well, Dad, somebody had to do it and everybody else in the class is afraid of her. Besides, she said you were *certifiable*! You! My father! Crazy! That was just too much."

"Certifiable, huh? That's a new one. Thank you, Amy, for your gallant rescue." Cal ruffled her hair.

"Well, you might not be so happy after all," Amy mumbled.

"Why? Did she send you to the principal's office for mouthing off or something?" Cal asked.

"No. She said everyone is entitled to their own opinion, even if it's wrong. She also said that we all had to learn to back up our opinions with fact. I have to write a paper proving the possibility of life on other planets. Don't worry though, Daddy. If you'll just loan me your books and stuff, I'll put something together. I asked her if she planned to write a paper proving the impossibility of life on other planets, but she didn't answer me. She just turned that funny shade of purple."

"Well, Amy, in this case I have to agree with Mrs. Jones. Everybody is entitled to their own opinion, and those opinions should have some relation to fact. Remember, you know more than the other kids in your class about this because of me and what I do and what I discuss with you. You probably even know more than Mrs. Jones. When is the paper due?"

"She gave me a week."

"Well, I think that should be plenty of time. Sometimes, honey, your sense of timing is impeccable."

"What do you mean, Dad?" Amy queried.

"Let me tell you about my day," Cal replied with a smile. He then proceeded to tell her about the strange space ship. It took a long time to tell.

\*\*\*\*\*

Inside the strange little craft the lights on the control panel glowed eerily in the darkness of space. Several lights flashed in sequence before fading into darkness. All was dark as the transmission was completed. Then the words "Message Received" appeared on the display.

\*\*\*\*\*

Cal and Amy ate a quick dinner and cleaned up the kitchen, working together and talking the whole time. Then they each got their homework and went to their desks in the study. They passed the evening quietly and soon it was time for Amy to go to bed. Cal sent her up to get ready and soon she called down for him to come, too. She was already in bed when he got there.

"Dad, are you sure the space craft isn't dangerous?" she asked.

"There are no guarantees, Amy, but I really don't think we have anything to fear from it."

"Don't worry, Dad. I won't say anything to anybody about this until you tell me it's okay. I'm just really glad that you told me. When I see Mrs. Jones tomorrow and she asks me if I've started my paper I can say, 'yes' and know that she will be blown away by the truth. Do you think you'll really have the answers by next week?"

"If we don't, I'm sure the military will blow it up or something, and then everybody will know it's there and Mrs. Jones will have her proof, anyway. You want a bedtime story tonight?"

"Sure, Dad," Amy murmured.

"Okay. Once upon a time there was a little girl and she had an evil science teacher," Cal began. Amy smiled sleepily.

"This was not just any little girl; this was a really special, brave little girl who had to protect all the scientists in the world from the evil teacher." Cal was beginning to really enjoy this story when he realized that the deep breathing he heard was Amy. She was already fast asleep. He tucked her blankets under her chin and kissed her gently on the cheek. He turned off the light and headed back to his study to continue his work.

\*\*\*\*\*

A strange message appeared in the darkness of the little space craft. "This completes the mission. Goodbye. We will miss you." The quiet whir of the machines on board stopped, leaving all in silent darkness.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was quite late when the shrill ring of the phone roused Cal from his work. He thought about not answering it - he knew it was the lab and he had no real answers. All he knew for sure was that this ship did not come from anybody on his planet, and he had called that information in two hours ago. He reached for the phone, though, because he hoped somebody else had some new information for him.

"Turner here," he said.

"Cal, this is Marty. You may want to come in. After the data you gave us during your last phone call we were able to make progress. We think we've cracked the code." Marty sounded tired but excited.

"I'm on my way." Cal hung up the phone, gathered his files and stood up in one motion.

He jogged up to get Amy. He couldn't leave her home alone - and he knew she'd kill him if he didn't let her in on this, the most important scientific discovery of her life. He roused her gently and quietly told her what was happening. She sat up in an instant and reached for her clothes. Her eyes were wide open and so was her mouth. She talked non-stop all the way to the lab.

"So how far up is it, Dad? It must be way up there because we can't even see it at night. Did you tell me there were lights on it or not? Who found it again? Oh, boy, this is so cool. I only wish I could get Mrs. Jones to go with us. I can just imagine her face. Do you think I'll still have to write a paper? If this gets in the newspapers, I could just take in the articles. That would be proof, wouldn't it? Boy, that would really be cool, to give her proof without writing the paper." The chatter never stopped. Cal didn't answer her questions because she didn't stop talking long enough for him to fit a word in edgewise. His ears were tired by the time they pulled in to the lab's parking lot. Suddenly the flow of words ceased. He looked over at Amy, expecting to see her unconscious, rendered incapable of speech. She was fine. Her eyes were wide and clear.

"You okay, Amy?" Cal asked gently.

"Sure, Dad," Amy assured him. "I just don't want to act like a kid here. It's really great of you to bring me, and I just don't want to get in the way. I'll be quiet now."

"I love you, Amy." Cal kissed her.

They hurried up the steps and into the lab. Everybody was still there, looking ruffled but satisfied. Cal headed for Marty with Amy on his heels. Marty handed Cal a piece of paper. He read it and showed it to Amy.

PIONEER  
NASA 1987  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
PLANET EARTH

Cal and Amy looked at each other and at Marty and Rob, stunned. Amy broke the silence.

"Where's planet Earth, Dad?" Her voice was quiet and small in the lab.

"I don't think we have a clue, Amy. We know it isn't in our system, because we've explored everything there and found no sign of life. I guess we'll have to expand our search." Cal turned to Rob. "What about the symbol? Do we know what it is yet?" He studied the rectangle with the stripes and the corner of stars.

"No, not yet." Rob shook his head. "We think it's some kind of symbol for the guys who sent up the ship."

"There are still several unanswered questions," Mary spoke quietly, "and I have a feeling we may never have all the answers we want. Not in our lifetime, anyway, but maybe in Amy's." She smiled at the little girl.

"We've been on the phone with everybody, Cal, and they agree with your assessment. We don't think the ship is dangerous." Marty smiled at Amy. "Now we can focus on studying it and getting as much information from it as possible."

"The biggest question is answered already," Amy said with a grin. "I just can't wait to tell Mrs. Jones!"

"GRAD TO GRAD"  
by Nick Robinson '01

This essay is on what skills, values and lessons that a graduate from the eighth grade at the Academy should have. The three values are: religious growth and understanding, learning to love other people, and always exhibiting a strong commitment to justice. I will also explain the different ways an ideal graduate would get these values.

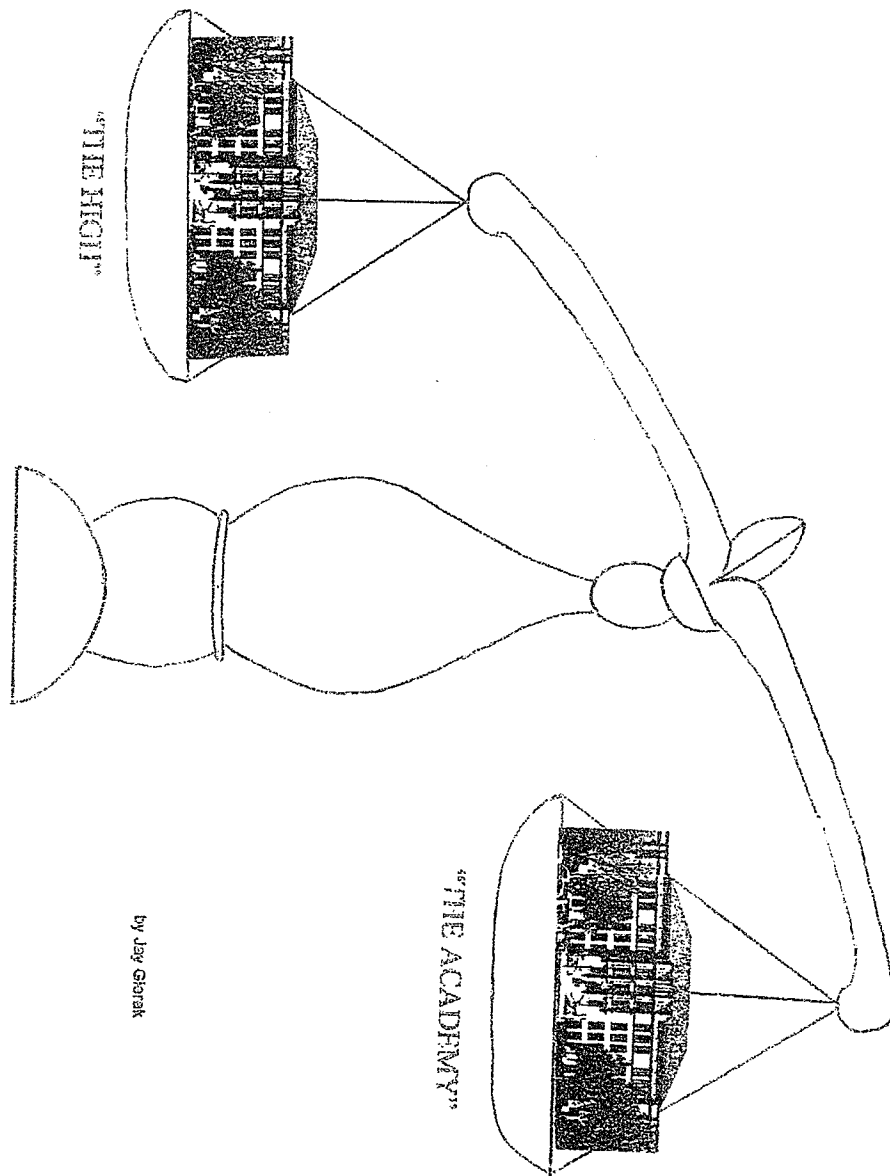
Religious growth and understanding are very important in the U of D community. Though U of D has a variety of different ethnic groups and religions, the school focuses mainly on the belief in Christianity and Catholicism. Therefore, upon graduation, an ideal student should know an extremely decent amount on Christianity and what Christians believe about Jesus Christ, God, and the kingdom of God. Though an ideal graduate usually has a good grasp on his religious beliefs, the Academy doesn't pressure them in this important decision. They let all the students decide for themselves what they believe. They do provide informative classes to teach them the glory of the Catholic religion. The Academy definitely helps its students shape their religious values.

The U of D Academy helps you learn the importance of loving and caring for other people in your life. The staff of the academy is extremely caring towards the students. They teach the students to love and care for others by caring and showing love towards the students. In theology class, the students are taught how love can make them more closer to God. They are also taught how compassionate Jesus Christ was and how God loves you and all his creations. Students also show care towards each other. Sometimes, it may be just loaning another student some change to call home, or comforting him when they see he is down. Students are very friendly towards each other as a result of this unconditional love for fellow students. So no matter what the situation, a student always has a friend at U of D. This is how the Academy teaches love and affection to its students.

Finally, the Academy specifies the importance of justice. The ideal student should graduate from the academy with the knowledge of how unjust acts such as terrorism, pollution, and the violation of human rights can affect a home and community in negative ways. The graduate is also aware of the unjust way that he may treat friends or family when he is angry, frustrated, or just plain fatigued. The

graduate is taught to seek new ways to channel his negative emotions without hurting other people's feelings. Thinking of other people doesn't stop at family and friend for the ideal graduate. This student finds that through Christianity, we are taught to work for a greater, more just society. In doing this, the student is more compassionate toward those who are victims of injustice or can't help themselves out of the bad situation they are in. Graduates learn to help through service projects which include: going to work in local soup kitchens, donating clothes, hygienic items, and Christmas gifts to the homeless people of Detroit. An ideal graduate from U of D would definitely spend his own time to seek out justice for all God's creations.

In conclusion, being compassionate and loving towards other people, helping to fix the community and care for victims of injustice, and growing religiously are the kind of values an ideal graduate from the U of D Academy would have. I believe that with these kinds of virtues, values, and other skills that are taught at the Academy, a graduate should definitely be able to survive the harsh terrain of the U of D High School.



by Jay Garak

Alex Gerald's '01

## WAR & PEACE

WAR  
BLOODY HATEFUL  
KILLING FIGHTING TERRIFYING  
CARNAGE DEATH LIFE CALMNESS  
LOVING FIRGIVING HELPING  
GOOD CALM  
PEACE

## Man's Best Friend?

Matt Mancinelli '01

Puppy  
Playful, Happy  
Loving, snuggling, kissing  
Friend, Partner-Enemy, Competitor  
Biting, Scratching, Growling  
Violent, Dangerous  
Beast

Matt Hammer '01

## Music

Music,  
Inspired, Structured,  
Composing, Writing, Listening,  
Notes, Songs / Din, Racket,  
Honking, Yelling, Shattering,  
Loud, Annoying,  
Noise

Dominic Sinicola '01

### LAMENT OF A CRIPPLE

Their laughter rips at my spirit  
Their names reduce my hope

"Freak"

Their stares are worse  
They no longer know me  
Their eyes seem scared  
Scared by ignorance

"Outsider"

I was like them  
I felt invincible  
Too much confidence

"Fool"

The future is a demon  
I am helpless  
The shadows are coming

"Coward"

They do not help  
Not realizing their damage  
Such a shame

It would be wrong if they were to feel my pain  
There's a sledgehammer in my trunk  
Here they come  
Pushed me too far...

"Disturbed"

fish as bliss incarnate

Tom Feeney '00

glorious swirling and turning,  
a fish flying joyful through lighter than air,

with a tale in its mouth from the foot of its fin,  
yelled jabbered and squeaked the wisdom,  
wild wonderful true

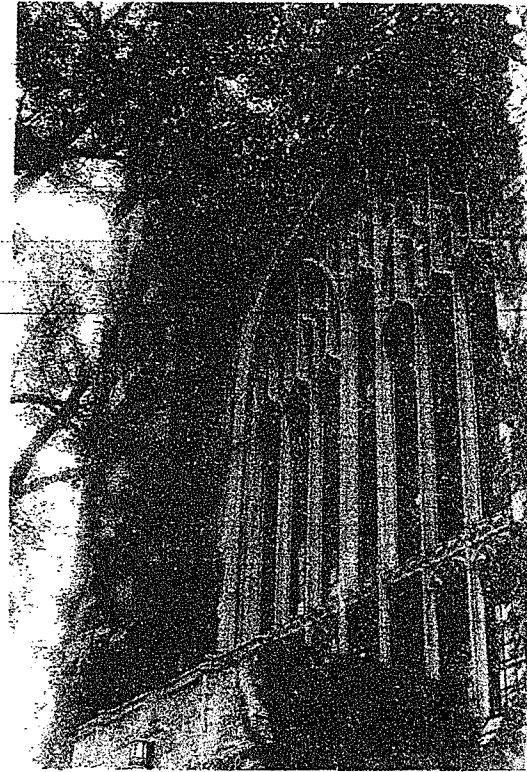


photo by Graham Atkin

Amit R. Shah '01

She committed suicide,  
a cowardly, horrific way to hide,  
from the problems that lay on the inside.

She ended her life,  
with one deft stroke of the knife,  
taking away a little glory,  
and her version of life's story.

Nobody will ever know,  
nobody could ever show  
what love was to her,

and her reasons behind being shy and unsure.

She was dumped by her love,  
taken from a high that was far above  
the earth's surface and all reality,  
which ended up being broken in all totality.

There were no means of repair,  
no way to revive this gentile person with soft, brown hair.

It was over like that,  
she lay there quietly on a crimson mat,  
for everyone to see,  
how bad life for her could be.

To see her there gave us all a scare,  
that someone could do as she,

And be gone from the grasp of you and me.

Amit R. Shah '01

First Try

She was young & beautiful.

With short, dark hair,

And a face to which any man would stare.

Her eyes were small and round,

Glowing a perfect shade of brown.

She stood there, always smiling about any day.

Her face bright like a sunray.

She was loved by all, including me,

But unfortunately it wasn't meant to be.

I would have asked and said something,

But I could never say something with that certain, genuine ring.

One day someone asked her to go on a date,

She stopped, stared and replied that would be great.

That person wasn't me because I was shy,

I was afraid of rejection, like any guy.

After a while, when she was free,

I decided that this time it would be me.

One sunny day I asked her on a date,

The answer I expected was not so great.

I was right.

Rainbow Colors Brian De Guzman '01

Red is the color I see of my true love...  
Orange is the color of my  
Yellow is the color of my inner child...  
Green is the color of my darkest fears...  
Blue is the color of my life  
Purple is the color of my dreams  
Brown is the color I see when I'm down  
Black is the color I see as a choice I can make  
White is the other color that I see as the other choice I can make  
Grey is the color of the choice I make

Blue is... Brian De Guzman '01

Blue is the song I sing after a sad thing...  
Blue is the way I look at life...  
Blue is the color of love...  
Blue is earth as looked upon by astronauts...  
Blue is the color of my soul  
Blue is the air on a clear day...  
Blue is what I bleed when I get cut...

Swimming Fred Dewey '01

Me,  
We,  
In the sea,  
Swimming to,  
Hawaii.

"Life" Brian De Guzman '01

Full of emotions, carefree  
Heart-throbbing, Brain-filling, Soul-thrilling  
Problems/Enemies  
Full of sadness, Full of madness  
Heart-Breaking, Brain-teasing, Soul-searching  
"Hard as you want/see it to be"

Greg Payne '01

Diary of an Alien

To me Earth is a weird place,  
One of the weirdest things I've ever seen.  
It has so many weird things,  
Everything will make you scream.

They have humans that talk,  
That touch, taste, smell and see.  
Unlike me and my friends  
Who do that telepathically

They have vehicles called cars  
That never leave the ground.  
They have pets called dogs and cats  
That they could purchase at the pound.

Their colors aren't green  
Like me or my kin.  
And they don't have scales,  
They have fleshy stuff called skin.

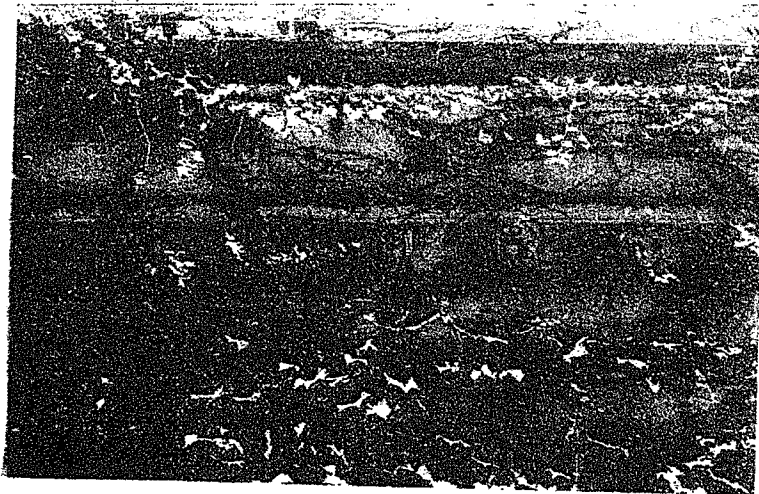
Now I must leave  
For my master is coming here,  
Because unlike humans  
I can sense that he is near.

# The Essence Of The Rose

by Bert Guillou

The crimson-dipped petals, like tongues, sprouting from and crowning the stem in their circular, layered pattern. The stem is the heart of the rose, the true, everlasting part of the rose. Petals come and go with the seasons, but the stem must endure the cruel, biting frost while the petals wither and fall. What, then, is a rose in Winter? Is it still a rose? It is, but none recognize it without the ephemeral sprouts atop its thorny, uninviting body. A rose, likewise cannot be solely the petals, for what would hold them together? The petals often receive the praise, the admiration, but who endures and suffers? Rather, let us praise the rose as a whole: stem, thorns, and petals

together. What would a rose be without its thorns? Would it thrive; would it survive? The rose needs its thorns just as it needs its roots, its stem, its petals. Why is it, then, that we think only of the petals when we think of roses. Perhaps that should be attributed to the faulty human tendency to make judgement solely on the first impression. Surely, the beautiful, enticing head makes the first impression, but what of the entire essence of the rose? First impressions cannot give a full, rounded image of something; a closer scrutiny is required to truly capture this essence of an object. Only by adding first, second, third, bad, and good impressions can one truly capture and understand the true essence.



# U of D



# JESUS?

by Desmond Crenshaw





photo by Graham Atkin

*The Bards of Old*  
*by Graham Atkin '98*

O, where have gone the Bards of Old,  
who once from dark and gothic spires  
did lend their silver tongues and golden quills  
to the utterance and voice of mortal man?

Is now the fairest muse gone by?  
Do not the hearts of men still beat, and boast, and pine?  
We are left as voiceless ghouls in need of blood  
to shape and cry the soul's lament.

When icy Death's chill grip is at us,  
and pangs of love too much to bear,  
had not their works some comfort carried,  
their words our thoughts consoled?

The soul of man is no more changed  
than it was once or ever will:  
but where are now the poets and authors  
to sing our passions to the world?

# Go wild.

You know the piece we're talking about. It's the one you've always wanted to write—that epic work of creative talent that summarizes who you are as a person, the status of society, and the plasticity of cheddar cheese in zero-g, all the while following the rhythmic form of a west Bolivian tribal chant. Well, maybe not. Whatever creative expression means to you, you can express it in Inscape, U of D's premier literary magazine. We're accepting submissions now for our next issue, and we'd love to print your work. So, if you're ready to go wild, bring your original writing or artwork to the friendly Inscape editors, and your work will soon be in print. As long as it's two-dimensional and black-and-white, we can print it. Just, please—nothing in the western Bolivian native tongue.

I n s c a p e