

INSCAPE



2018

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT JESUIT
HIGH SCHOOL AND ACADEMY

INSCAPE



"A people without the knowledge of their past history,
origin, and culture is like a tree without roots."

- Marcus Garvey

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
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SPECIAL THANKS

Mr. Dave Carapellotti

Mr. John Simmons

The students and staff of U of D Jesuit,
without whom this publication would not be possible

Submissions are accepted during the first semester of every academic school year and can be uploaded to the *Inscape* group page on myUofDJesuit or through the magazine's webpage at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape. We accept poetry, short stories, art, and photography from current 7th - 12th grade U of D Jesuit students. All electronic submissions are reviewed by staff members who evaluate the writing and art based on originality, technique, purpose, appeal, theme, etc. Accepted pieces are published in the annual magazine each spring with slight editing as needed.

Dear Reader,

It is not every day you are presented with an opportunity to enter into the creative mind of your peers. Our truest and deepest thoughts are rarely put on paper; however, *Inscape* provides U of D Jesuit students with a platform to express themselves through poetry, short stories, photography, and artwork.

The theme of this year's edition is where you have come from and who you have become. As members of a school that prides itself highly on the diversity of its student body, we thought it would be especially powerful to encourage artwork and literature that provides examples of how we are different and yet still how we are alike. The pieces in the magazine are a reflection of people we may see every day but never really know. Reading this year's literary magazine is an opportunity to grow closer to your brothers.

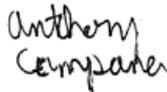
So sit back, get comfortable, and enter into the 2018 edition of *Inscape*.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors



Calvin Adam



Anthony Campana



Jack Condit



Grant Gardella



Benjamin Gaynier



John Hurley

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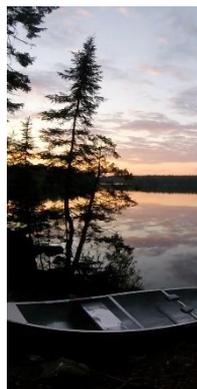
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Up in the Hills

Colin Hayes

Up in the hills, stretched for many miles, was the colour of green. And this colour would bend up, go down, and make peaks and valleys. In one such area, there was a plateau. And on this plateau was a river. And this river would twist and wind, around both trees and structures alike. This river would also fall off the plateau into the sea. Near the middle of this plateau was a city. This was the busiest city for miles around. All sorts of trade and commerce would be going on, but this city had a few problems. On the outside, it may appear to be nice, but the people are treated worse than most. The price to live isn't worth the endless payments. People you may find, but friends are few and far between. The increase in technology might make tasks easier, but what happened to the days of satisfaction from doing a job well? All of these worries go away while in the hills. Just peace and your task at hand. This is why I chose to live out here; above the plateau, across from the river, where the colour green would stretch for miles. Living here, up in the hills.



Grassy Mountain, Nicholas Love (Photography)



Fly by Rio, Quintin Banks (Photography)

A Hue to Choose

Jack Audi

By fluid sand my gangly feet did walk,
Subsiding foam relented tickling
Along the sun's horizon was a blue
Contrasting with the deepest color red,
Suggesting me to think about my ways
And wondering about the ways to come;
Between the hues I had to choose but one,
Decision rends my heart with stark discord.
Eliminated was the purple tint,
For compromise would surely fail to ease
Realities in which my mind could bear.
And so the choice was left again unsolved
Maybe I didn't enjoy "long walks on the beach"

War

James O'Leary

The chatter of gunfire
Echoing across the barren wasteland
Like the cry of a magpie
As War takes its stand

Fathers and Mothers
Sons and Daughters
Brothers and Sisters
Are fighting bravely
To make the world
A better place for
You and I

War is cruel
War is cold-hearted
And
War is unforgiving
Be assured
War will come again

But your beloved did not die in vain
They have saved lives
And
Made the world just a little bit brighter

This is not the end
For a goodbye is never final
You will see your loved ones again
When you cross the river to the other side



Solider and Girl, Jackson Stacheleck (Ink)

A Flicker of a Smile

Jac Stelly

We find ourselves in untrailed woods
With each step fallen branches applaud
The dirt on your ankles
I stop turned looking for the road
But instead an ushering hand on my wrist
You chuckle at the fear of being lost and I follow

Bring on the fear between unlit pine
Fetch every pain of steps without route
For those who hold a map make no discovery
Let us forage until nightfall
Lay camp and huddle around our fire
Celebrating that flicker of a smile



Dusk Til Dawn, Anthony Siewert (Photography)

The Darkness that Consumes

Evan Olmstead

Everywhere I look I see it
I try to escape but can no longer
Hate, darkness, greed, anger
Consumes the spot we once knew
I want it to stop, to go away
I try to make it stop
I yell out, why in this fallen world
Do we hate but not love
Take but not give
Disappoint and not impress
A world full of so many emotions
So many people all hurting inside
Looking for a way
To break free, into the light
They try but fail again and again
They soon accept this failure and move on
They look where the light is gone
They miss the obvious spot
It is where everything is not.

Akira

Drew Basile

Universe in your eyeball
White-seared sclera scorched by fire
Lenses wafting with the static heat
A god, each blink is creation
Pupils dilated, the black voids like
Smooth obsidian swimming in crystal
Iris throbbing with bands of color
Galaxies in the green, hazel nebulae
Cobalt stars bursting like blue ice
Flesh and bone, the flick of lids
A kaleidoscope of rods and cones
Each vision births the city in newfound neon
Brighter than before, louder, larger
The universe is not so big now
Dwarfed by the concrete towers
The blacktop fractals
Outshone in the sulfur bulbs
The twin-beam headlights
And the universe is a body
It is a pair of shoes and a ball of tissue
A beating heart sheathed in chiseled bone
It is two feet firm on the ground
Where before sight flew between the clouds
The white eyes tint with neon
The universe waits for better things



Fire and Water, Anthony Siewert (Photography)

Different Pieces in Different Places

Christopher Wilson

I should probably start this story off with the premise that high school sucks. No matter who you are, what you own, or who you know, high school is a maze that no one understands, yet we still go through it as if we do. Hi, my name is Adalene Baxter, and I'm currently a senior. I just want to be the first person to say whoever said senior year was easy needs to get punched. See, I came up with the bright idea that taking three AP classes would be a good idea my senior year, and, as usual, no one stopped me. So here I am right now typing this memoir in my AP English class.

By now, you're probably thinking, "Why are you typing this?" and "If senior year is so hard, shouldn't you be paying attention?" Maybe you should mind your business! But since you're so inquisitive, I'm writing this because I'm lost. I don't know where my life is going, and I don't know where I'm going to college. I could be a karate master with a dojo who challenges Jim Carrey to a match, or a crazy librarian who shanks people who talk in the library. I honestly don't know, and I'm terrified. I'm also writing this memoir to apologize to all the "friends" I've lost over the course of four years. It has come to my attention that sometimes I can be wrong in arguments, but that's only 0.0000001% of the time, so don't get too happy. There are so many memories that haunt me and have taken a piece of me, and I need these pieces back before I graduate. So I'm going to be going back to iconic sights that symbolize a key moment in my past friendships.

It's exactly 12:15 PM, and I'm sitting in the bleachers where I first met my ex-best friend Ashley. She was a crazy freshman looking for love and a good GPA. I was a confused introvert looking for a way to set the school on fire. Who knew that when these forces collided, they would create something so beautiful? She was skipping gym that day, and I was looking for matches. "Hey," she yelled. "Do I know you?" I yelled back. "Aren't you that crazy girl who keeps threatening to set the school on fire?" she asked. "Go to hell, blonde!" I reply. "If you ever burn down the school, my dad's a lawyer. He can get you off," she replied. "If the police find out that you saw me looking for matches, they might charge you as an accomplice," I reply. "It's a risk I'm willing to take," she responds. That day we

became best friends, and we were inseparable until the infamous birthday scandal.

The story is that on her birthday I tried to set her house on fire, but that's not what happened. See, I lit a sparkler when all of a sudden it was time to wish her a happy birthday, so I threw the sparkler on her grass without stomping it, and, well, some of her grass caught on fire. Her parents tried to press charges. They had no proof, so your girl beat the case. Every time I pass the house, I look at her burnt grass, and it reminds me of a chocolate cookie because of all the dark patches. I'm sorry Ashley, and I wish you best on your college journey.

The next spot I'm going to is the art room. After ending the friendship with that trash can, I mean Ashley, I decided to just go off the grid. I didn't talk to anyone, and for a while, it hurt badly. Some days, I would go back to those bleachers and reminisce of the time of freedom and teenage rebellion. She would pass me in the hall and not say a word. Her shoulder was colder than a glacier and was accompanied by a glare so nasty it could paralyze snakes. Two weeks later, I met a fascinating guy named Emiliano in my school's art room. He transferred from Mexico, and people loved him. I loved him, and he soon became my new best friend. Or as people at my school like to say he became "my next victim."

I was in the art room hot gluing my acrylics back on to my nail when this handsome man walks through the door. Plaid shirt, dark brown boots, khakis that had room for two, and dark brown eyes. While thirsting over this magnificent man, I accidentally hot glued my hand to the table. The teacher immediately called the school nurse, but graham crackers and juice boxes don't fix every problem. Eventually, my hand was free from the glue, and I was able to make it to my next class. While in the hallway, Emiliano runs up behind me. "Aren't you that girl who glued her hand to the table?" he asked. "I think the real question is did the desk glue itself to me?" He laughs, and we walk together to the next class. "I'm Adalene Baxter, but you can call me Baxter," I say. "I'm Emiliano, but you can call me Emil for short," he replies. From a first glance, it looks like this is the friendship I've been waiting for, but in reality, Emiliano turned out to be a two-faced liar.

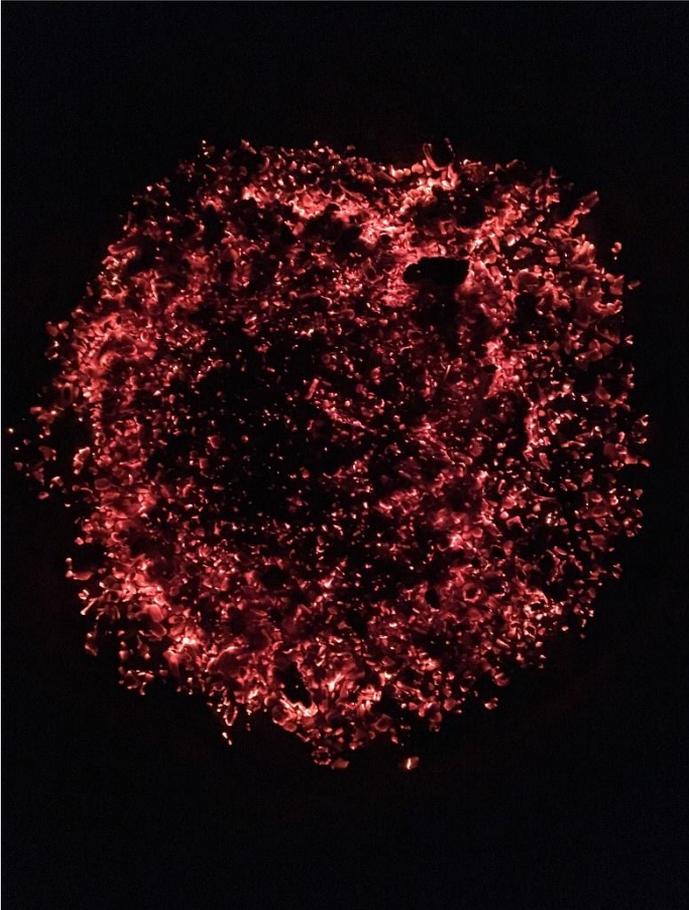
During the fourth week of us being friends, I found out that he was telling my secrets to everyone. So, I did what any sensible person would do. I called in an anonymous tip to the police from a pay phone saying that he had a plan to shoot up

the school. In hindsight, maybe that was a little too far, but imagine going to school and everyone knows your deepest, darkest secrets. I was a walking target, and I finally decided to put my foot down. The school was on a five-hour lockdown, and Emiliano was arrested, but he couldn't be charged and was let off scot-free. I'm sorry, Emiliano, for almost ruining your high school year. I hope that traumatic experience taught you not to double cross someone smarter than you. I hope you become a prominent artist in Spain like you always dreamed.

The last place I'm going to visit, which is by far my favorite, is my school's garden. This was the lowest point in my life, and I don't particularly like remembering this time. I bleached my hair blonde and proceeded to dye it bubblegum pink. I also decided to give myself bangs, and let me be the first to say when people on TV shows give themselves bangs they look majestic, yet, when I give myself bangs it looks like Edward Scissorhands just finished cosmetology school. With my uneven bangs and all, there was a girl who saw something in me, Nadia. She was a senior at the time and had a full ride scholarship to college. One day while I was in the garden, she walked up to me and said, "It looks like you need a friend." She was right. I did need a friend, but it was so hard to let my guard down. I had just been hurt badly, and I didn't want to hurt her and didn't want to be hurt by her. So, I nodded and sat down. I gave it some time, and we gradually talked more and more. She told me her problems, and I told her mine. I felt warm. I hadn't felt that feeling in a long time. We had one more month together before she graduated, but she started distancing herself from me. I already knew where this was going, so I distanced myself from her as well. On her last day, she came to the garden and hugged me and said, "I wish I could tell you how I felt about you, but what good could it possibly do? Adalene Baxter, you're an amazing person, and, in college, people will understand you and the pain you felt here, you won't remember."

I cried that day. Cried more than I've ever cried before. Nadia, I'm sorry for just everything. There were things I wanted to say to you, but I was too scared to tell. I finally understand what you want. You were scared to tell me, but I wish you would have told me. Nadia, college will be so kind to you. They'll love you for who you are, and you won't have to lie. I love you, and I hope college is the best experience for you.

Wow, I finally feel something. I feel whole again like all the pieces are back together. Who knew confronting your demons could help a person grow? I feel found, and for the first time, I recognize the girl in the mirror. That girl has uneven bangs, but she loves them. She's been hurt badly, but she wants to move on. She wants friends, and she'll have them one day, maybe not today, but one day. She is content with the way life is right now while still hoping to make each day after high school better.



Burning Darkness, Steven Wall (Photography)



A Closer Look, John Jeannotte (Photography)

If I Could Fly

Justin Clark

If I could fly like a bird in the sky things would be so peaceful,
But since I can't I leave it to nature to help me deal with
ignorant people.

If I could fly up high in the sky I wouldn't do it solely,
But since I can't I just have to learn to be all lonely.

If I could fly I would go super high and take a look at the moon,
But then I'll get a little hungry and will be forced to
come down soon.

If I could fly so high in the sky I would visit my cousin Devin,
But it might be a waste of time if he didn't end up in
heaven.

If I could fly across the sky I would love to visit the world,
But if the wind is blowing hard-- I'll get caught in a swirl.

If I could fly I would go back in time to when I was slim and
shy,

But maybe I should just accept I'm just not that kind of
guy.

If God wanted me to be able to fly, he would've given me that
power,

So I should just be myself, and quit being bitter and
sour.



Fish Bulb, Konstantin Olsen (Digital Art)

Imagination

Nathan Lichwalla

The brightly colored building bricks lay across the bedroom floor in every primary color. It is virtually a mine field of joyfully colored plastic bits that will surely bring a strong man to his knees if care is not taken with every step. At the center of the brilliant chaos sits a little boy. The sun is shining through the window as he hums tunelessly to himself in between bursts of muttering. His childish fingers easily fit the plastic pieces together with speed and confidence as he creates the world of his imagination. He is happy and at peace in his world of make believe. He doesn't realize that at this moment his life is simple and uncomplicated. An older more burdened version of himself may not remember this moment, but it will always be part of him. At times of total peace and happiness, he may even close his eyes and see those bright primary colors.

Snowboarding
Kurt Rimelspach

Snow laden mountains
Winter snow masked with snowboards
Chair lifts are barren



Snow Day in Detroit, Joshua Nolen (Digital Photography)



The Midnight Pines, Caleb Eisenbacher (Charcoal)

Why Does It Snow?

Griffin Neary

Why does it snow?

Does it snow for fun and joy,

Or does it stop all of those plans completely?

Does it cover hills for sledding and skiing,

Or does it trap all hope of running and jumping?

Does it create sights of glimmering beauty,

Or does it hinder sights of spring bloom and flowers?

Does the cold weather jog memories of hot chocolate,

Or does it remind us of the cold fingers and toes?

Does it snow because we look forward to it,

Or does it snow because it brings us dread?

The Cockroach

Calvin Adam

It's not that I'm scared of bugs; it's just I'd rather not be near them. My friend, Triston, and I were sitting on a pier in Spain, enjoying the view when a cockroach crept up out of a crack in the concrete. It freaked us out a little bit, and I jumped to my feet. We let it be, and thankfully, it crawled away. Then, my mind started to wander. I looked out at the sea and saw a sailboat. I thought about how the only thing pushing it forward was the wind. It was moving so fast, but it couldn't hold my attention. So many people were enjoying themselves, swimming and playing soccer. They had no worries. I could hear others laughing, snippets of Spanish conversations, and waves crashing into the rocks beneath me. I wanted to jump into the water and swim out into the middle of the sea.

A castle overlooked the beach; you could see it from miles away. Its walls, built into the top of a mountain, towered over the city like a skyscraper. A few days earlier, we climbed to its summit. It took almost two hours to ascend the steep staircases. We passed by a shrine to St. Barbara, a metal statue of a soldier, and cannons that pointed towards the outskirts of the city. By the end of our journey, the group was tired and sunburnt. When we finally reached the top, we were taken aback by the view. The city was beautiful. I could see hundreds of buildings and mountains in the distance. There was a cool breeze that gave us a new energy. I closed my eyes and took in a deep breath and could taste the salt in the air. Then, I realized my mind was drifting. I was staring out into the distance, and time stopped. Nothing could disturb me; there was a certain calmness in the air. Triston and I sat there and just watched the hours pass by.

We walked back into the city, passing street vendors selling fake jerseys, sunglasses, and art. I could smell the cinnamon of freshly made churros. So much was going on around me, but I couldn't stop thinking back to what happened. I traced my thoughts back in my head to that cockroach. Sure cockroaches are everywhere, but this was the last place I expected to see one. Then, I started to think about that cockroach's life. He has it pretty good if you ask me. He's living on a beach in Spain, one of the most beautiful places on

Earth. The only downside is that he's a cockroach, but in a way, I envied him because he didn't have to go back to reality like me. In less than a week, I would be flying back to Michigan and he would still be on the beach. At that moment I looked at my life in a totally different way. That cockroach helped me realize that it's okay to stop once and awhile to take a break from the rest of life. Having a constant stream of stress flowing into your life isn't healthy, but taking a time to stop, reflect, and enjoy the moment can be rejuvenating.



Duomo di Firenze, Andrew Donovan (Photography)



Whisper and Glide, Jac Stelly (Photography)

The Shadows That Dance With
Jac Stelly

Intimacy settles in the closeness
between the two, neither knows steps.
Neither leads. A whisper of sincerity
slows two rushing hearts and makes longer
each moment and each breath the same.

The music sways. It smiles
as it eases itself to the evening sun
painting the room in warmth. The contact
prays for no farewell. It wastes no moment.
It holds onto the present tighter than the presence.

The shadows melt from their form,
those that had been decided for them,
and they meld into one, then nothing.
Their closed eyes dismiss these shadows,
the now softened edges of what is behind.

The sun gives the day her final wink,
and the two out-dance such shaded outlines.
Now in darkness, only the two remain,
but what surrounds? Eyes that stay closed
see much more of something so close.

The Rising Fog

Jac Stelly

The rising fog still rested upon the sleeping city
and a lone car cruised along.
It cut through the violet night's lingering cold
as silent hope for warmth brewed with the coming dawn.

In that car a long journeyed pair
and soft songs with instincts of a dream.
Acoustic strings and charming voices under red light
behind their floating conversation.

A sound and buzz from a glowing screen
sent words of new-age violence.
More news of rash division
in a people doomed so connected.

He turned himself into her dark eyes
and that hazel cheered under the passing street lights.
The brown had given way to blue but this green moment
cradled a dimpled smile in which sadness only left a shine.

She raised her brow leaving the outside behind
showing sympathy as if to a lost child.
Her lingering blush and fading redness of eye
screamed truth in intrinsic sweetness.

They needed no words to express
every late-night drive's destination.



Self Portrait, Isaiah Friday (Charcoal)

Mr. Fair

Aaron Szuminski

I never knew how to do bad,
I had only goodness in my heart,
Doing anything anyone needed me to do,
But for what reason?

No favor was too hard to fulfill,
No reward was ever given,
For that was what I lived for
I suppose.

Doing such deeds made others very happy.
I often found myself replying to this,
"No problem, it was my pleasure."
But was it?

I often think of how much more there was to my life.
Or was I only destined to serve others?
I never found the time to find out
Who I was.

My time had run out,
All these doubts and questions in my mind,
Never to be answered.
It is too late.

Night Thoughts

Max Rowley

At night is when I find Peace
I enjoy the silence of the night
I let my awareness decrease
As I walk under the streetlight
I let the cool air consume me
My thoughts come with the breeze
My dreams become reality
I find myself with ease
At night my emotions flourish
I roam the streets without guard
My released soul now nourished
My dreams rapidly bombard
I sit in an empty park
Enjoying my piece of mind
I imagine flying with the larks
As you come sit by my side
Not a word is said between us
We both feel the attraction
Our feelings have no reason to be discussed
You immediately become my distraction
We leave the park together
Not sure what is in store ahead
Our souls are now tethered
Our dreams cannot be unread

Eraser

Drew Basile

I scrub at the blackboard
Styrofoam handle in my palm
Strips of felt, pressed wool
Choked with chalky dust
The graffiti does not go away
It smears, a swirl of powder
Caked on the slate
An apology is an eraser
The stain always remains

Nothing.

Jonas Padilla

Here I am,
Looking at nothing...
Sometimes nothing means more than something.
Sometimes a lack of something can have a more profound
effect than the physical presence of
that thing.
Sometimes it's there.
Then it's gone.
My memories so opaque and unclear.
There was good, and certainly not a shortage of bad.
Now there is nothing.
And nothing is neutral...
I think?
Maybe based on the pain of the past, neutral is good.
Neutral is a sponge that wants to absorb new experience and
be open to new things.
If dirt, hate, narcissism, and greed seep into the pure water,
surely the sponge will collect them.
Neutrality is something to nurture and protect.
The bad is gone. And its absence has shed light on its
strength.
Good is something that can be made out of almost anything.
Positivity is not finite.
It is a renewable resource.
So I'm looking at this nothing, like an empty field, the crops
burned down, nothing is left.
The fire however; has also disappeared.
It is time to sow the finest of seeds.
And reap whatever it brings.
I have a blank canvas, and I am the artist.
...So I'm looking at this nothing,
And I smile.



Devil's Valley, Justin Smith (Photography)

The Call

Grant Gardella

So why was my job so interesting? In reality, it wasn't; that is until December 8 1941. The United States was in peril. Japan had delivered a massive blow to the United States military less than 24 hours before and thus brought America into the war. President Roosevelt had just delivered a speech declaring that the United States was now at war with Japan. Both countries were military powerhouses, and both had significant drive to go to war. Needless to say, the war was going to be ugly. On the other hand, who am I to start my story in the middle? So let me take you back to where it all began.

Growing up, I was always a good student. I really liked history and was interested in working for the government, so when the opportunity to become the president's assistant came about I was all over it. Then again, there were also hundreds of other people who would kill for that position. I graduated from George Washington University with my class in 1935 and became very close with one specific professor. Professor Hallow and I naturally got along and had become good friends throughout my years at George Washington. Even after I graduated, we kept in touch, and I went to have a drink once or twice a month. When I asked him for a letter of recommendation to get the position of the president's assistant, he was glad to write me one. Little did I know my professor and President Roosevelt were friends and they went to school together. I can confidently say now that the only reason I got my job was because of him. By some miracle, President Roosevelt read that letter and picked me over other overqualified candidates. That is where my story begins, my first day in office May 8, 1938. I remember clearly getting a tour of the White House and getting shown the ropes by my predecessor. Then, I walked in the Oval Office to see Mr. Roosevelt pacing back and forth reading papers. When I entered the room, he stopped and looked at me and started the conversation with an enthusiastic "How you doing, son?!" I was somewhat rattled and replied, "Good sir how are you?" "Good, good you're Hallow's friend, eh?" I responded, "Yes he was my college professor." After that, we continued to talk and I could tell he liked me. He said any friend of Hallow is a friend of his, and it sure seemed like he was speaking the truth.

As I continued my work, the President of the United States was in many difficult positions with all the conflict going on in the world, and there were many long nights I stayed up and tended to Mr. Roosevelt as he pondered difficult decisions. No night was longer than that of December 7, 1941. I remember it clear as day. Three terms into his presidential career, he was faced with something he had never dreamed of dealing with. Japan had attacked the naval base at Pearl Harbor and killed over 2,000 Americans. Roosevelt didn't sleep a wink that night, and neither did I. Instead, we wrote a speech that he would give the next day, a speech declaring war on Japan. I had never seen Roosevelt so nervous in all my years in the White House. There were more sleepless nights than ever. Then one day, he told me about his proposal, the Manhattan Project. A project to produce the first atom bomb in an attempt to gain a tactical advantage in the war. I never knew much about the project, but I knew it was a longshot and it would most likely end the war. Then, the unthinkable happened. Roosevelt died of a stroke. The reins went to Harry Truman, the vice president. Mr. Truman and I had always gotten along, and with the untimely death of the president, we seemed to get along even better. It was like we both knew that the country needed us to step up, so we did. Mr. Truman's presidency began just where Roosevelt's left off, with lots of decisions to be made that would be extremely important to America's future. Like during Roosevelt's presidency, there were many sleepless nights. Many of those sleepless nights were spent pondering the same thing, what to do with the Manhattan Project. Mr. Truman and I often talked of the project in private. I, of course, spent the most time with him because I was at his disposal all the time. I wasn't supposed to know about it, but when he found out I've known since before he became president, he didn't have a problem discussing the matter with me. We talked in the Oval Office about what would happen if the project worked. There were so many different scenarios, and I think we talked about every single one. What would happen if the bomb works and is 100 times the size of anything currently known? What if it's only 10 times the size? What if it blows up the town where it was built? What would the public think? There was so much uncertainty, and that bothered Truman more than anything. The only thing he could do to sooth the pressure of the decision was to talk about it. Of

course, there was only so much he was permitted to tell me, but I knew enough to hold a conversation. Then, the news came. July 16 1945, the Manhattan Project worked. Mr. Truman knew very little about the real success of the bomb, but he knew it was huge and was at his disposal. As the war dragged on, tensions were rising as they always do in war. The pressure on President Truman was increasing, and America was growing tired of war. It wasn't just the people; it was the people who knew about the new weapon. The day came early in August 1945 when the board essentially told Truman the time to drop the bomb was now. At no point in his presidency had the pressure been so high. That night, we didn't talk about the bomb. In fact, we didn't talk at all. The next morning, he was still undecided. We talked some, and in the end, we came to the conclusion that it was too inhuman to do use such a cruel weapon on people that were mostly innocent. So later that day, President Truman explained to the board that he would not be authorizing a bomb strike with the new weapon. From that decision forward, sending more troops to Japan was getting increasingly difficult. Americans began to lose faith and war debts were increasing rapidly. Some soldiers also began to lose faith, and they felt they were fighting for no reason. President Truman was receiving lots of criticism from the public, and they didn't even know about the bomb he had at his disposal. The army ordered many bombings on Japan. We said we were hitting Japan with everything we had, but that, of course, was a lie. At times, I thought it might have been best to just drop the bomb and hope that the war would rapidly end. I'm sure Mr. Truman had similar thoughts on occasion as well. As the war pushed on, it grew to a stalemate. Japan had another follow-up attack on Hawaii that cost even more American lives. Island hopping also killed so many innocent people. After months, both the United States and Japan had exhausted their resources, and eventually on June 8, 1949, the fighting stopped. After what I understood as a nautical battle near the Hawaiian Islands, the bullets stopped flying, and later that year in August, a peace treaty was signed. It was like both countries had come to the realization that the war was doing too much harm for too little reward. That was the end of World War II.

There were many celebrations in the weeks to come, but not because we won, but because it was over. The United States finally seemed to be pulling out of its recent troubles.

The stress on President Truman became bearable, and it seemed that life in the Oval Office was back to normal. Then, it occurred to me that I had never really known what normal was in the White House. From the day I started, there was always some serious event about to happen or some substantial tension throughout the White House. Now, it seemed much more peaceful. Of course, there were still things to handle as there always are when running the best county in the world, but it was a slowness I wasn't used to. I quit that job about a year after the end of the war. It was time for me to move on. I spent almost 15 years of my life there, and that was more than enough. I learned so many lessons, and it was stressful and hard and at the same time. If I had the chance to go through it again I would. Sometimes, I wonder what the world would be like if we had dropped the bomb, or even if the public knew we had it at our disposal. If I had to guess, I'd say that there would have been many angry people, and I feel the American people would have completely lost trust in their government. I can't help but wonder, yet I still believe we made the right decision. Sure, it was hard on the country, but I'm sure the losses would have been greater had we dropped it. So that's it, words can't describe what I went through, but I gave you the best picture I could. And all of this of course needs to be strictly confidential. I need not say what would happen if the public knew about the bomb.

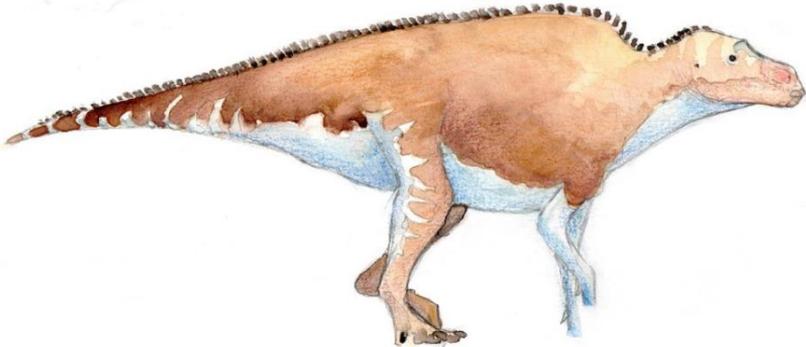
Sincerely,



Time

Jack Michelini

Time begins with a small cry
It twinkles in some little eyes
It brings a gift and passing by
Makes you feel warm inside
Time passes on with the spring of youth
A sprout of hair or loss of a tooth
A little pain that you must soothe
And heart that you must guide
Time flies by when it brings anew
A baby bottle or tiny shoe
Another voice or maybe two
Another thing to chide
Time will leave with knobby knees
A little pain each time you sneeze
With little left that you can see
But still with lots of pride
Time has gone for quite a while
The thought of you still makes them smile
And even name for you their child
When one once loved has died



Maiasaura Peeblesorum, Brian Ankrapp (Watercolor)



Ronald, Jack Condit (Ink)

Time Bomb

Jacob Adamic

Time is ticking
While I'm thinking
Of words I'll never say
Time keeps ticking
While people are leaving
I'll never hear their voice again
Time still ticking
While I'm waiting
Wishing they would stay.

Altitude

John O'Connell

As I look over the edge of the cliff
My entire body grows stiff
God forgive me if I fell
I'd likely be the newest addition to Hell

But who's to say what would really occur?
Would I be dead? For sure?
When nobody witnesses a tree hit the ground
Does it still make a sound?

Perhaps these things are unrelated
But indeed I feel it must be contemplated
Is everything really what we see each day?
Or is it something different in every way?

It's scary to think of all we do not know
Perhaps Earth is just a reality TV show
If I slip off this cliff and fall
Will I really die at all?

And if I can question this
How can I know what is not true, and what is?
The way to answer this anecdote, I have not a clue
But I must sound crazy, I'll just sit and enjoy the view



Drawn to the Mountainside, Ethan Hall (Photography)

Aokigahara

Justice Thomas

Throughout the woods we go
With you I'm not scared but calm
Running but moving slow
I'm still pretending not to hear the bomb

Dead and broken
Lifeless bodies all around
Last words have been spoken
Blood all on the ground

My love for you is true
But I cannot be with you
I have taken my life for you
I just wanted to say "I do"

For you shall do the same
Dangling you will hang
They made us do this
Now they will feel our pain

Lost and confused
It's all over... Hearts have been bruised

To whomever it may concern
We are gone... There is no return

If Only
Esaias Ester

If only the world was perfect and nothing ever went wrong,
if instead of killing and hatred people could bond with joyful
song.

If only people got what they want and helped others to fill their
time
instead of holding grudges for years or some other really long
time.

If only people saw the good in others and repeatedly stepped in
and wouldn't be noticed because it would continue to happen
again and again.

If only people would address their problems instead of running
away
and when they have heard that tragedy struck and didn't just
say okay.

Police brutality and child abuse are just a couple of things
that can occur if someone were to cut off an angel's wings.

If only vows would bond two people together forever and always,
if those same two people didn't try avoid each other in the
slimmest of hallways.

If only people would just tell others how they really feel
instead of expressing themselves on a screen where others'
minds are killed.



Music, Keith Jefferson (Graphite)



Winter's Eye, Tommy Schmitz (Oil Pastels)

Blankly We Stare

Jeremiah Steen

The loneliest moment in someone's life
is when they are watching their whole world fall apart
and all they can do is stare blankly.

The superior and inferior complex is an illusion
based off the duplicity of a group who is inferior
but they have come to an immoral conclusion
unfortunately, they lack the interior.

Watching my mama cry was the hardest thing,
while she watched my life being put in the hands of strangers
then I'm placed behind bars in various chambers.
She broke her back day and night raising me to be a king,
but I wasn't a damn thing besides a numbered disclaimer.

The inflation of our destitution and mass incarceration
is going to result in our elimination.
We need to gain a knowledge of self,
then we can recreate our wealth
and become our best selves.

But for the time being,
I'm around brothers that look just like me,
probably did the same shit as me but all
we can do is stare blankly.

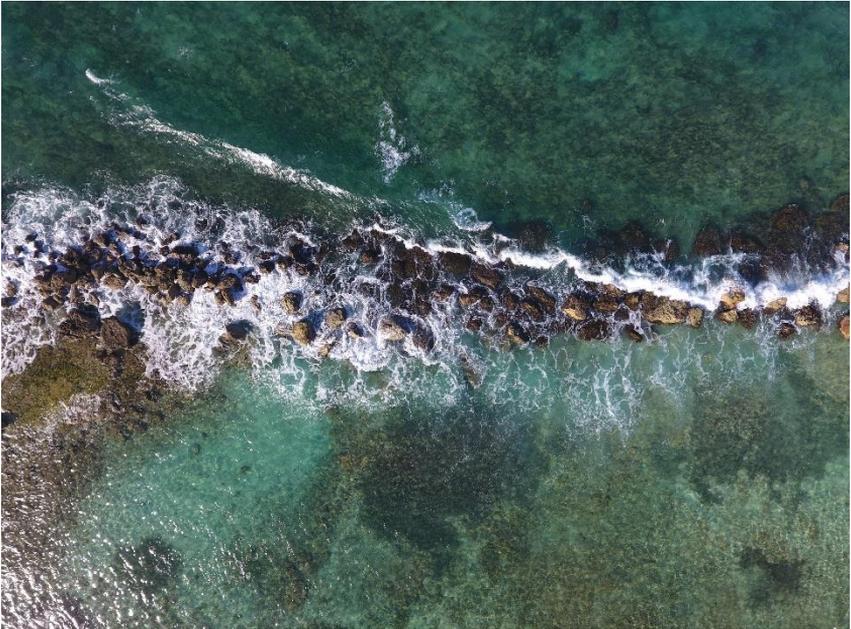
The Franklin's Fable

John Hurley

While working on his land in late August
The Franklin was preparing for harvest
For the up and coming months of Fall
The flowers and grass will stop growing tall
This time of year can be quite stressful
Cold months of winter are unpredictable
While the Franklin was strolling around
Noticed a couple seeing property they found
The Franklin approached them and greeted
It was clear that the couple was quite heated
Both partners had some major disagreement
They traveled here recently and live in a tent
Hungry and skinny the couple looked
The Franklin offered a meal he just cooked
"Come inside," the Franklin said, "it's warm"
House wasn't big, roughly the size of a dorm
Fixed up some hot soup and tender chicken
The couple ate too fast and got sicken'
A mess all over the center table
So far, this makes for an interesting fable...
The Franklin had to clean using a sweeper
This couple were definitely not keepers
The timeframe for harvesting is tight
Decided to let them stay for one more night
Deep sleep in bed did not happen
The next day better have time for nappin'
In the morning, the Franklin questioned the couple
Apparently, a future mother was due for a quintuple
The couple wanted a tour of the property on carriage
A problem arose when asked about marriage
A wedding was planned to happen very soon
The Franklin's land was beautiful at 12 noon
"Small price has to be paid," the franklin said
The couple agreed looking ahead
A few minutes passed, and the couple is gone
As night rolled in, sleeping time before dawn
Sun rose, and the couple knocked at the door
The Franklin was working on a major chore
Late he came, and the couple was mad
Rain all night made the land look bad

The couple noticed a ceiling leak
Wedding is planned for next week
Very irritated that the Franklin is
His house is a mess and hair in a frizz
Harvest is ruined by rain in the yard
Managing two tasks at once is hard
Now a wedding for the couple is at stake
The Franklin should take a peaceful break
Decision was made to ask the couple to leave
As they left the situation extremely naive
Wishing none of this happened praying to God
The Franklin needed help so called up the squad
Grandpa, dad and brother all showed up
They all shook hands and asked what's up
There was clearly a problem with the harvest
Ahead of the Franklin was a future of darkness
The couple was also very annoying
Disrupting life the Franklin was enjoying
Brother aggressively asked, "What can we do?"
Well, first I'm hungry I made some beef stew
Gathered around the center table
Radio was shut off with a fix of the cable
Meeting was held to discuss the problem
Agitated, the Franklin became like Stalin
Normal life the Franklin longed to return
Yikes that beef stew cause some heartburn
Dad thought killing the couple would be good
That is unacceptable, we don't live in the hood
The Franklin continued to talk about how.
Life is calm out here don't disrupt the peace
Grandpa remarked, "We can't just call the police!?"
"We have to kill them," dad said drunk on rum
Next morning came, and the family so dumb
They thought killing was the best option
And the family wasn't smart enough to take caution
When the couple arrives at the door soon
We have to hit a homerun just like Aaron Boone
Everything has to run smoothly as planned
Dad, you take charge, you are in command
The Franklin saw the couple approaching the house
The wife was wearing such a disgusting blouse
Only a few yards away they were
Too much liquor caused a vision blur

“Wait!?” yelled the Franklin, he noticed something
I think a gun the couple has, the Franklin’s heart thumping
Knocked down the door and barged into the home
So loud, heard all the way from Birmingham Seaholm
Bam Bam Bam was heard by the brother
The home was completely filled in smother
Peeking, the brother saw the Franklin and his dad
Lying dead on the floor, blood stained plaid
The killer slowly creeping around the corner
Brother telling himself he isn't a mourner
Crying for mother he knew he shouldn't
Straight to the chest he took a bullet
Hiding outside was the weak but wise grandpa
A shovel in his hand smacked the couple, hoopla!
Knocked them out then rode away on a white horse
Celebrating his life without any remorse.



A New Point of View, Joseph Dery (Photography)



Deep Blue Sea, Joseph Dery (Photography)

My Creation Story

Drake Jones

From God I was created,
Through my mother I was conceived,
He has given me a certain path to follow,
This I believe.
Beginning as a young fledgling in the world,
To become someone greater,
To deliver what I have to the world as a waiter
From my homes in the park to the hills,
I am still on this long journey of mine,
While carrying out the Lord's will,
Where will I end up, I don't know,
When will it end, I don't know,
With God and loved ones by my side,
I am never traveling solo.

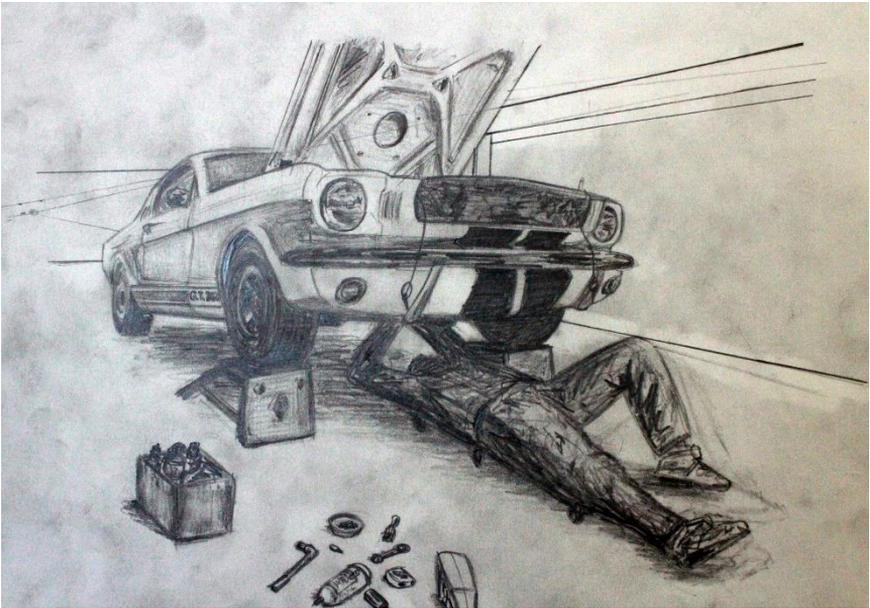
Sprinting Stationary

Jac Stelly

Spilling pleasure and pain
through the tip of a pen.
Permanence striding
each step preserved
in the squelch of mud.

Like blindfolded escape
into velvet darkness
with hands unworried of fall.
A posture — a mindset —
both driven by imagined light.

Off balance over root
thrown by stump and trunk
but the shoulders drive forward.
Whether it's away or it's toward
nothing stops.



Fixer Upper, Jackson Stachelek (Graphite)

Oh Racecar! My Racecar!

Michael O'Connor

Oh racecar! My racecar! You have broke once again,
The block had a crack, yet the trophy in my hand,
The pits are near, the rattles I heard, the dash lit up,
While tires smoke and turbos spool, the car in neutral and
knocking;

But O racecar! Racecar! Racecar!
O the bleeding clutch lines,
Where on the lift my Racecar lies,
Engine cut and ceased.

O Racecar! My racecar! Fire up and rev your engine;
Fire up - for you the checkered flag is flung - for you the
crowd cheers,
For you, trophies and champagne - for you, the first place
pad,
For you they cheer, the race fans from far and wide, faces
turn to you;

Here Racecar! Dear driver!
These pistons beneath your headers!
It is some vision that on the track,
Your engine cut and ceased.

My Racecar does not rev, his exhaust falls silent and rubber
lay still,
My driver does not feel my clutch, he has no brakes nor
throttle, the trailer is hooked up and ready to go, its hatch
locked and sealed,
From the race to the course the trophies you have won;
Fire it up, rev your engine!
Let the tires lose their tread,
Race the track my Racecar races,
Your engine firing `till the end.



Pear, Jeffrey Best (Ink and Colored Pencil)

She, Too, Weeps, Like Metal on a Glass Wall

Joe Nelson

A reflection of her anatomy,
Like a fractured piece of ice, truncated,
Drifting onwards into infinity,
To the ocean's palms, manipulated.
Her image conforms to the TV screen,
Gilded, like a market commodity,
Legs, emphasized, breasts, bolded, lips, unseen,
Ripe for the glare of the community.
Mirror image inscribed in the public,
The sheathèd reflection of injustice,
Pulled apart and pinned to public's picnic,
Exposed before the end of a musket.
Helpless, like a sundered pig by them all,
She, too, weeps, like metal on a glass wall.

Amen, Amen

Jac Stelly

Blessed be these dark days
that draw tired eyes outside.
In any one of its many ways
blessed be the resistance to cry.

Let these leaves fall on
as a boy stands proud as he should
hugged by another autumn dawn
in a dense and loving wood.

Be stirred by the drift downwards and brown.
O Blessed be these dark days.



Parable of 10 Bridesmaids, Justin Cayao (Stained Glass)

I feel the shadows of death

Lake Henderson

I feel the shadows of death every day
Nobody feels the same things I say
As I'm home I sense the darkness
My body almost feels as if it's heartless

Digging deeper into the feeling
The shadows make me look up to the ceiling
Many of the seasons change my thoughts
Inspiring me to obtain the weapon I bought

Some of these feelings have made me paranoid
I feel as if my sense of reality has been destroyed
The shadows come to me and I feel death
As I take my last breath



Nighthawk, Brian Ankrapp, (Colored Pencil)



Greenery, Jack Condit (Acrylic Paint)

Stress

Nathan Lichwalla

It feeds on the pressure
It is ever hungry
It never has enough
My fear, its greatest
pleasure

It speaks to me
It knows me by name
It won't be ignored
It won't let me be

It drags behind
It presses down
It clings and coats
It hides in my mind

It has a direct gaze
It has laser focus
It knows how to hinder
It wants to haze

And yet....

I know its game
I have its number
I have my own arsenal
I know how to tame

The beast that waits
To call me by name

The Game

Nick Blum

Pitch, swing, contact, out.
Pitch, swing, contact, out.
Pitch, swing, contact, out.
Don't let this bring a doubt.

Next game.

Pitch, swing contact, single.
Pitch, swing, contact, double.
Pitch, swing, contact, triple.
Could this only be a ripple?

New game.

The unquestionable doubt,
All stands out.

What will happen in this game;
Will it bring you shame?

What will happen in this game;
Will it bring you all the fame?

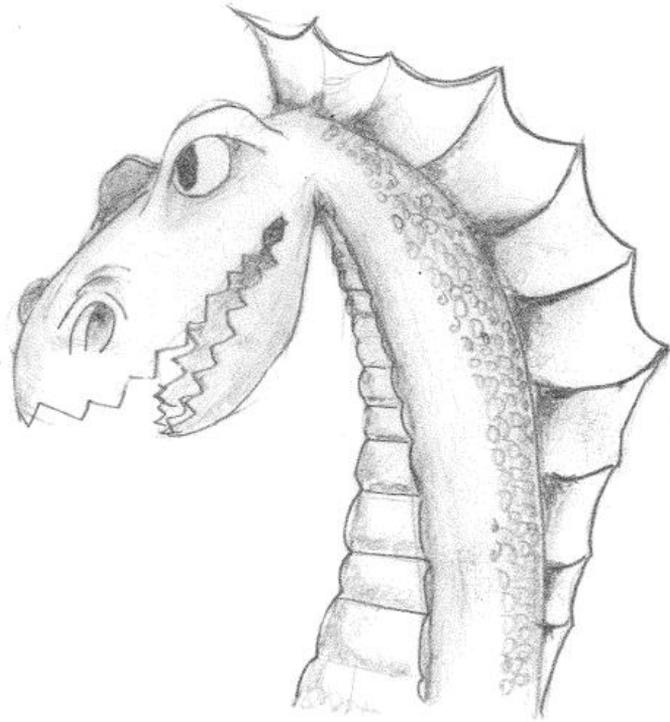
Don't ever doubt, Learn and sprout.

Show the others who hate,
And keep your head straight.

Pitch...



Kosmic Crusader, Vincent Rever (Photography)



Dragon, William Pederson (Graphite)

Philly

William Zimmer

Home of the Brothers that keep it comin' -
Home of the cheesesteak that keeps the cheese runnin' -
Home of the Phillies that keep the town buzzin' -
The Philadelphia spirit is one that never stops truckin'.

The Eagles are now in the Super Bowl,
Fighting the Pats for the champions role.
Only one can win, but we can only hope
That Tom Brady and those Pats will choke.

Ashamed

Ryan Kellett

Shame shame shame when I look at my skin
Because we kill who's not the same our history is sin
It's a mystery that the whitest color commits the blackest of crimes
For hate, for fear, for love of the dimes. Dollars thousands millions
Tell me if it makes up for the billions we've whipped, chained hurt, killed, kidnapped, conquered, raped
Build them up slowly over the years just to knock them and drown them in their own tears
Convince them they have a voice just to take away their sound
Appropriate their culture
Prey on them like vultures
Flip their world like a coin
Just to burn it like a tenderloin

Shame shame shame when I look in the mirror
It's only getting clearer
That blood red comes with white
I guess if they're not white then they're not right and they're asking for a fight
But it's not right. Everyone is out here asking for a light
These people need some brighter days
The world's canvas needs more color ways
That's why I'm not mad, just surprised when the colored say
They hate white people. Is that really all you have to say?

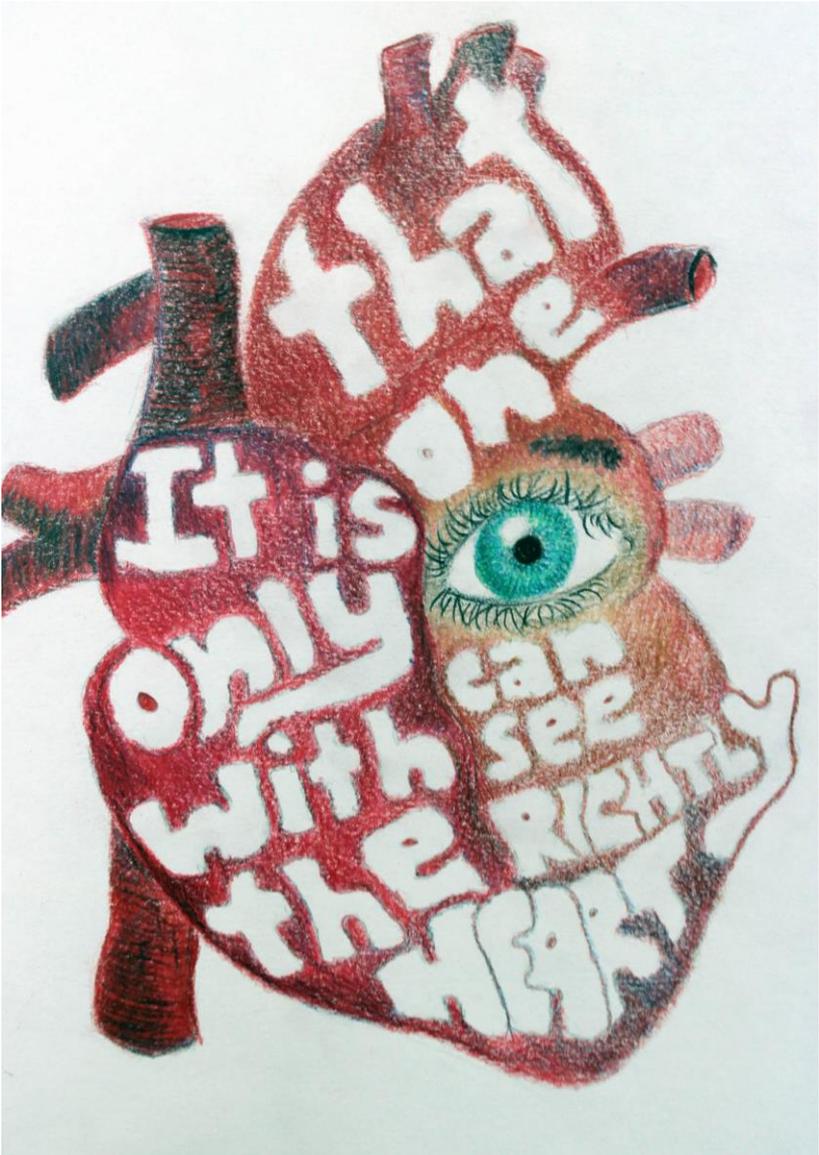
To all my fellow white people answer me this. Take your car your money, your house, your life
Tell me if it floats in the ocean of blood spilled
Of every non-white man, woman, and child we killed
Tell me if you feel bad. Tell me if you're mad
Tell me if you wanna take the blame and make a change

If you don't and you won't then think about our past
Name a time we weren't destroying other cultures to the last
It keeps going on, just watch the news
Still a world where if you're not white then you're gonna lose
Your life
Why aren't we giving everybody a chance
To live their best life and make it in America
If everyone was really equal, then I swear we would tear it up
Who could stop this world if everyone had a shot?
If the people were equal, they would prosper but they're not
So they don't. Because they can't. And I won't
Stand where I am on my pedestal and say that it should be
this way
I'm admitting my race is spitting on this world every day

Shame shame shame when I look at the headlines
Please draw a red line over the leaders my white people put
up there
Nation run by another one who ran off of a dare
Who tries to put more whites in power while groping women
in his lair
He gives our ancestors a run for the money
They got from whipping people that they thought looked
kinda funny

I hope all my fellow white men will take this in
I'd rather be a good person than rake this in
People are people. That should be enough
No matter the color gender form or shape, life can be rough.
Don't make it tougher for others
Be a source of love and spread it to each other
We're only alive for so long. Help others thrive before you're
saying so long

So long



Seeing Clearly, Jack Condit (Colored Pencil)

The Joyful Yellows

Peter Loch

Fired up by the roar of the band
Dancing with my legs kicking high
We were all jumping up to those joyful yellows
Down on Mack Avenue that trumpet sure can blast
Blast the sounds of the joyful yellows
The sun is up and so are our glasses
For we lift them because we have those joyful yellows

Bird Cage Blues

Jac Stelly

The Blues aren't written down.

They aren't played in notes.
The sweet giant sits down
and the flaking bench welcomes him
like a front door waiting open.

Beneath it all there's a rhythm of dirt,
like rough handed generations.
The ash tray resting on his piano
lets endless questions rise
with a smell just as timeless.

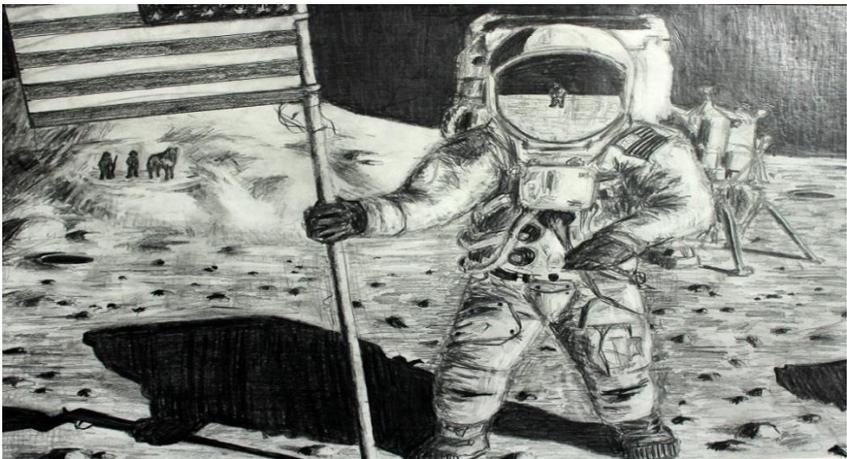
The Man Who Never Gave Up

Noah Zielinski

Once a man was walking down a road This road was his path
to his future but this wasn't just a straight path
His path was full of bumps, curves and holes
That didn't stop the man
Every time the man encountered a bump, curve or hole He
would fall, get hurt or get lost
In the beginning everything was so much bigger than
expected

Everything this man encountered it affected him differently It
would hurt him
It would throw him off his path It would also set him back

But all of these things didn't stop him for reaching his goal He
always told himself that he was going to get there
He always believed in himself He was so motivated
He reached his goal
He reached his goal and went past his goal Because he didn't
believe in giving up
He was able to achieve more than what he wanted
This is the story of the man who never gave up



Man on the Moon, Jackson Stachelek (Graphite)

Walking Miracle

Christopher Lujan

I am a miracle, alive and well,
Writing my own story that only I can tell.
It all started on that metal operating table,
Where I was fading, weak and unstable.

All of my family gathered on the first day of Spring,
Excited to see all of the joy I would bring.
Fear struck their hearts after my birth
As my time appeared short on planet earth.

I could not breathe, I was turning blue,
But my doctor rushed to the rescue.
He placed me on the table, ready to fix me.
With the help of God, my savior he would be.

My creator made me without an esophagus,
Causing me to lose consciousness.
My doctor placed a tube inside of my chest
To help me breathe, and put my pain at rest.

He lifted my stomach up, and resolved my problem,
Saving my life, forming me into the person I have become.
After hours on that table, I was given back to my family.
All was right in the world, and we left for home happily.

I am a confident and giving young man in the world today,
Following God's plan for me in every way.
I am thankful for my blessings and gifts from my Lord.
A walking miracle, my life restored.



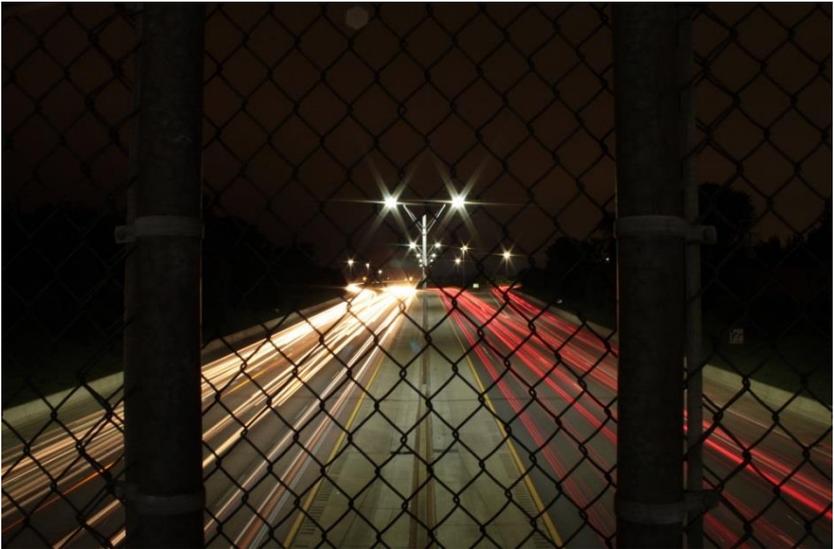
Snake in a Cake, William Pederson (Graphite)

A noiseless, patient caterpillar

Jake Cromwell

A noiseless, patient caterpillar
Begins with an egg then into larva
After a few days he grows legs calling himself a caterpillar
He sits on a leaf he ate a lot of food and waited a few weeks
So he can turn into a pupa
He soon breaks out of the pupa into a beautiful butterfly.

And you O my mental and physical growth
Starts out small then into big
From baby to adult
From very immature to mature
You O my growth.



Time, Anthony Siewert (Photography)

Innocence

LaMar Price, II

“Speed, I am speed.”
A line remembered before he
Is even able to read
From a movie watched on a TV
In a house with colors that are dreary
An escape from what lies just past the entry
An escape from the screams of shattering glass and the
encore of artillery
An escape from remembering his brother Tony
In the other ear
He hears the records of Luther, Barry, and Teddy
He hears the records sing to him
As he awaits the comeback of McQueen
This is a boy’s reality
A boy whose life ends in...

3

2

1

BANG!!



Tilted Towers, Kyle Baker (Photography)

What Do We Know?

Grayson Huldin

Why I'm doing this I do not know
Normally I would just let this deadline go
Because for me writing has often been a no
Science math religion all were a go, but writing never, no.
Recently I've questioned what I know
Wondering is fearing failure the way to go?
That's the best way to live right?
No, there has to be a better way I know
But down which path do I go
I don't know
But one day it has to be okay to say I don't know
So I guess here we go
This may get rejected but who knows
But hey it also might answer my question so here we go

After All

Jac Stelly

There was nothing but a trumpet
Its gleam pierced through moving smoke
Its sound eased me to the edge of my seat
And it drew me alone
A new sketch of Spain

Shaded in a club hidden
Behind a Detroit steam stack
Through a door of heavy oak
An old stone covered by fresh moss
And its stare held by a trio's tapping foot

A single cup claims my table
My hands are drawn by its warmth
And my eyes closed by its smell
This constant of morning
Steals a midnight moment

I feel myself hunched at home
Feet not yet touching floor
I hear coffee hit my brother's cup
And from bedroom to kitchen
A father's yell

"Hey you're too young for coffee
You are far too young"

Pat Who Ran in the Hallway for Fun and Died

John Kobrossi

What everyone despised,
Was that dreary demise,
That was caused by a kid named Pat,
He always ran in the hallway, late for class
With his backpack to his side, his shoes untied;
And then he went faster,
Which was bound for disaster.

Oh that rushed, reckless rascal,
Speeding,
Late for class,
And speeding,
And faster,
Faster,
Crash!

He knocked into several people going down the stairs.
They all fell tumbling down the cramped stairwell,
Collecting more as they go, like a snowball down a hill;
Limbs hit limbs as they in turn hit shiny metal railings and
hard stone steps.
And crushed there at the bottom,
By the people he once shoved, was Pat;
Dead.

The funeral was normal length,
Sermons, processions, candles, and prayers,
Contemplations over mistakes made on stairs.
Oh those wretched stairs,
Who couldn't give an easy punishment;
Stand as a constant reminder, for those who run in the halls.



Focused Doodle, Gavin Tubay (Marker)

Journey to Prometheus

Drew Basile

I alone made the climb
 Gods' lands, the villagers warn
Ten days by donkey
Fourteen by foot
 That mountain is made for the punished
On the third day, a storm raged
And washed out a moraine
I intended to travel
 You will be punished, the villagers sneer
Four days were spent
Wandering the switchbacks
Until I arrived at a rocky pass
 Bad omens; bad omens
On the eighth day, a boulder
Snapped my donkey's legs
Like wishbones
 The augur swirls her finger
 Through the dregs of my sacrifice
A dozen days, and lightning cratered
the earth and the air smelled of sulfur
 Bad men, bad things on the mountain
On the fourteenth day, a canopy of snow
Blanketed the woodlands
On the fifteenth, I reached the mountain's peak
And met the manacled Prometheus

Affixed to his boulder atop a jagged bluff
His hands chained
His feet fettered
His skin peeled back by the aquiline beak
Yellow bile draining from his liver
Ribbs from his stretched skin pulling
The setting sun illuminating
The caverns of his face

I ask him
 Prometheus
 Patron of forethought
 Did you not think before
 Bestowing fire

The withered man lifted his chin
Aye
Each day I watch
Those avian beasts
Descend upon me
And regret my mistake
Faint words escaped his lips
Though each night I see
The smoke rise
From the village below
And know
The right choice



Spider, Aaron Spunar (Colored Pencil)



Seashells by the Seashore, John Cullen (Photography)

Porcupine

Drew Basile

What is to say
To the quill-tipped creature
When the wind is harsh and cold
And warmth comes in numbers

What is to say
To the nests, the cages of heat
The bristling splays of banded needles
Sharp in thistled bellies

Who is to blame
The quill-tipped creatures
When the cold is only so cold
And the spines linger in hearts

We are porcupines
Sharp are the thorns

Turn Round and Round

Jac Stelly

Save me your two tone sunsets,
those only yellow and blue,
and show me every cloud.
Like paint-soaked cotton.

I dream escape from clear views.
Bench marked vistas stain
what they intend to preserve.

Nothing set to fit plastic frame.
The colors between colors
paint the canvas of my eye.

Turn round and round
until you can see without
obstruction of mistakes.
Let that dizziness strike fear.



Deprivation's Reward, Jac Stelly (Photography)

FACULTY SPOTLIGHT



Biography

Mrs. Lynne Grady is currently in her fifth year teaching Math at U of D Jesuit. In addition to teaching, Mrs. Grady loves to get to know her students personally and strives to be a part of the school community.

Inspiration

Every day, Mrs. Grady is one of the first to arrive at school and has always parked in the same

spot. But one day, a member of the swim team happened to park in her spot, even though nearly every other spot was open. Thinking of how to get back at this swimmer, Mrs. Grady began to picture a funny, Shel Silverstein-esque poem. As the day went on, her idea began to take shape and formed into this creative poem.

Get Outta My Spot!

Lynne Grady (with Erin Chekal and Brendan Dillon)

You rise at dawn the sun you've seen not
To get to school for your parking spot
But as you arrive much to your dismay
That silly Toyota is now in your way!
Curses, Curses and gnashing of teeth
I begin plotting to place my jack beneath
And take off their tires, perhaps key the door
Cinder block through the windshield
Siphon the gas, I refuse to yield
Bananas in tailpipes perhaps tow away
A boot on their car to mess up their day!
Let the air out their tires 'cause slashing goes too far
Put it in neutral and push push push that car.
Have auto club take it apart piece by piece
Move it to Atrium or send parts to my niece!
But then I recall early practice will end
And MY spot will be mine once again!

CONTEST THEME: SHARE YOUR ROOTS

The focus of this year's issue of *Inscape* is sharing roots. The student community at U of D Jesuit High School and Academy is a diverse one. *Inscape* offers the chance for everyone to praise their individuality through writing and art. This year's theme asked writers and artists to pull from their own history and personal experiences to create works of writing and art that reveal something special about themselves. Everyone deserves a chance to tell their story in their own way.

The pages that follow offer unique pieces of poetry, prose, and photography that reflect the stories of the students that make up the U of D Jesuit community.

BEST THEMED ART



Garrett Kanehann
Artist of "Alaskan Experience"

Biography

Garrett is a current freshman at U of D Jesuit. He enjoys traveling and hanging out with his friends. He is also into photography.

Inspiration

This picture comes from Garrett's recent trip on an Alaskan cruise. When journeying down a small river, Garrett was overcome by the nature around him. This glacier is just one of the many shots he was inspired to take on this memorable trip.



Alaskan Experience, Garrett Kanehan (Photography)

BEST THEMED WRITING



Jonas Padilla

Author of "Looking Past the Mirror"

Biography

Jonas Padilla is currently a junior at U of D Jesuit. His involvement at The High is expressed both through the Student Senate (as a homeroom representative and an Academy Big Brother) and participating on the Varsity lacrosse and wrestling teams. His impressive determination and respect for commitment emanates from balancing schoolwork and social life throughout these winter and spring seasons.

Inspiration

Jonas's inspiration stems from his mother who was born and raised in Belgium. In fact, Jonas has been visiting Belgium with his family since he was a young child. An emotional connection has formed between Jonas, the culture, the history, and the people of Belgium due to his exposure. As Jonas has grown older, he has begun to realize that the Belgian people are very conscious of their own culture. According to Jonas, the Belgians are also very interested in America and express loving attitudes towards every other person in the world. This discernment somewhat surprised Jonas, as he is accustomed to Americans predominantly concentrating on America and not always other countries or cultures. Jonas is determined to continue his family's tradition of visiting Belgium in the years to come.

Looking Past the Mirror

Jonas Padilla

Every year I visit the homeland of my mother.

Separated by language and customs,

As a child I was isolated, alone, just me and my brother.
Deaf and Mute, we were the odd ones out and then some.
Subconscious nationalist thoughts in my head were active.
Frustrated, my closed mind had created a cage for myself.

To live, limited to one culture, is not fully to live.

I will not evade the complete human experience.

I will cherish Belgium in its entirety, even the seemingly
intangible language.

It would be a waste to base myself solely on the place I live
nearest.

Now older and matured,

My perspective of life has been significantly less blurred.

Now after my trip and upon my return,

Keeping in mind new viewpoints which have been learned,

I still receive one and only one question:

"How were the waffles?" they know not my lesson.

The waffles are rightfully famed, this part is true,

But there is more to Belgian culture than the Americanized
view.

Very few ask an intellectual query,

Like how was the scenery in cities like Durbuy.

Ignorance is universal, no one free from blame.

Some Belgian inquisitions of American culture seem quite
strange.

I take pride in my roots, The fiercest of the Gauls!

And from my exposure, the cage around my mind is
shattered and opened to all.

To perceive the human condition,

Life cannot be seen through a toxic tunnel vision.

A closed mind is a prison.

I am embrace my roots, which hold me up like an oak.

I embrace my base, and the nourishment to grow.

I Fill Water Bottles

Peter Loch

Sacrificing yourself and your time for someone else can be one of the most gratifying feelings there is. People help others in many ways: a simple task, being there for someone, or maybe giving someone all the answers on the ACT. Just think about today; how many people have you helped? Didn't that feel good? I'm sure it did, and it's equally gratifying when someone helps you. I like to think of myself as a pretty kind person. One way I give back and help is being manager of the Varsity hockey team. I believe in filling water bottles.

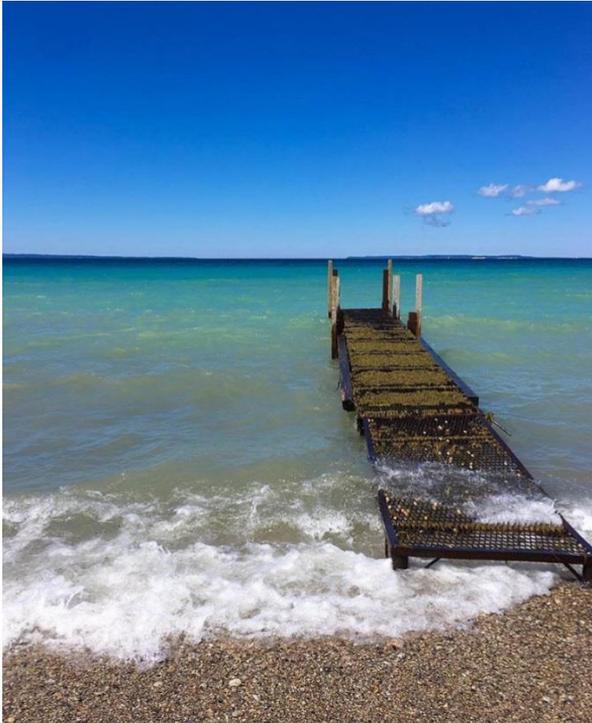
My freshman year had a tumultuous start. During a freshman football game, I severely broke my right hand. It was so bad that I had to get surgery to fix it, ending my season. Naturally, I was pretty depressed about the whole situation. Then, my friends approached me with an idea about being manager for the hockey team. They told me I'd get to hang out with the team, take stats, live tweet games, and fill up water bottles. Initially, I thought that it was pretty lame. I kind of always thought that the manager wasn't really part of the team, that the manager just got bossed around all day. But after many days of convincing, I finally decided to do it.

When I first started, I only knew my five or six friends on the team. Half of the guys barely talked to me and didn't really care about what I did. Everything was playing out just as I had predicted. But as the season grew on, I saw that the guys on the team and the coaching staff appreciated what I did. Going all the way to Hartland just to fill up water bottles and take stats may not seem like a big deal, but everyone on the team appreciates that type of dedication. Even the parents on the team started to thank me. Even though I did nothing for them personally, they appreciated me dedicating my time for the program. The overwhelming support and appreciation from freshman year propelled me to help again sophomore year. I even convinced one of my close friends to join me. Sophomore year was special because the JV Cubs made a run at the MJVHL Championship, but they fell short in the championship game. It was really a great group of guys, and I've never had so much fun spending my Friday and Saturday nights watching JV hockey.

Now, I'm a junior, and Coach Bennetts decided to pull up "The Kid" to Varsity. This year has been similar to freshman year, still getting to know most of the guys, but I still have a great group friends with me. I can already start feeling like part of the team

Even though I help the hockey program in a small way, it has a great impact. It's crazy when people come up and thank me. I just think to myself, "You know I barely do anything right?" But small acts of kindness are important, and the small acts seem to be have the greatest effect sometimes. Next time you're trying to figure out whether to help someone or not, even if you have to sacrifice your Friday and Saturday nights, do it. Your work will not go unappreciated.

This is why I believe in filling water bottles.



Vibes, Thomas Beshke (Photography)

"I am always looking for the small things to capture. I am adventurous and like traveling for photography."

A Runner's Prayer

Sean Butler

Thanks for the pain—
Burning leg muscles
Aching, breathless lungs
Throbbing head,
Questioning this warmup,
workout, race, cooldown.

Let me find it—
Victory, glory, bragging-
rights, revenge, duty,
forgiveness, atonement,
peace, fulfillment, love,
Whatever—

In a steep hill, a sprint to
the end, first place, or
Matching the opponent or
teammate step for step.
Striding smoothly,
Breathing deeply,
Passing by,
Finishing the race.

This is me,
Running. Smiling. Thinking.
Feeling.
More than just me.



Armenia: Old and New, Jake Kuredjian (Photography)

"This shows the oldest Armenian Orthodox church in the country next to the newest church, which shows how the Armenian religion has maintained strength and grown over many years."

Imperialism is American

Jeremiah Steen

America was built
on the backs of the slaves
with the hands of the Irish and Chinese
and claimed by the white man.

This poem is not going to rhyme,
but in time
it will make sense.

The definition of Imperialism is
a policy of extending a country's power and influence through
diplomacy or military force.
This is a graceful way of saying Americans will force their
ideals on other people and they will deceive, manipulate and
kill anyone who gets in their way.

Imperialism started in the 1870s
five years after the Civil War.

The Civil War was a battle against the North and South for
freedom and equality.
Imperialism is equivalent to a threat of terror,
that in no way shows freedom or equality.

We lost approximately 620,000 soldiers during the Civil War
and America hasn't learned its lesson yet.

Imperialism brought about bullets, blood or death
and fearless armies snatched traditions and cultures
from people who just needed a helping hand.

The White Man's Burden is a burden he placed on himself
and once he takes that burden off of himself then and only
then will
America be truly great.

Imperialism is American.

A Glance into the Past

Stephen Stapleton

It is a cool brisk morning in 1783. Soldiers breathe a sigh of relief as the bloodshed takes a moment to pause. The formation of our great country finally comes into being, and for what? Independence? Liberty? All things that we fought for in the name of democracy while equally subjecting people of all different races and colors to the whip and chains of American freedom. While British rebels fought for lower taxes, African slaves were beaten and bruised for nothing but a bowl of cotton. And for what? Is this the country I wish to serve until the day I die? Or is this the country that I fear at any moment I could be killed by an officer sworn to protect my life?

One of my ancestors came to America on a boat. He was whipped and beaten and told to forget his name; he was a slave. He lost his name across the bottomless pit of the Atlantic and was given the name Stapleton. A name I now bear knowing that the past has held me captive and controlled my opportunities, despite the fact that this country is "home of the free" and "land of the brave."

In order to glance into the future, it is important to take a look at the past and discover the identity of this country we hold in such regard. First, this country was an independent country founded on democratic and Christian values. These values could not be more different today as the people in the highest positions of congress wish to control and dominate other countries in a grasp for power. In the streets, there are people crying pleas to stop injustice as race wars explode out of many cities in America, such as Ferguson and Charlottesville, not to mention the many police shootings that happened after Trayvon Martin was killed walking down the street. These are events that happen every day in this country, and it is impossible to look towards the future unless we address these past events.

When I was little, my dad was driving me home from practice one day, and he said, "Another black man got shot today." He looked depressed so I asked, "Why was it a big deal? People get killed every day." He replied and said, "The man was selling loose cigarettes and was beaten to the ground and killed, when

he shouldn't have even been arrested." I said, "Why did the police kill him?" Finally, he replied and said, "I'm black, my skin color, my ancestors skin color, your skin color. Things will always be harder for us. Anyway, you can leave the house and never come home because an officer sworn to protect you will put a gun to your head. To them, you and me are the enemy." The rest of the drive home was silent. I couldn't understand what he was talking about until I experienced it myself. I saw videos of Philando Castile being shot to death and the Charlottesville riots. I saw tweets and comments on Instagram of how black people should just be grateful that we're equal and that racism doesn't exist. Finally, I saw one of my favorite football players get fired for taking a knee during the national anthem. When he said it was for police brutality, I saw everyone talk about how he doesn't respect the military. People said the soldiers gave their lives so you could play football and have freedoms so be silent and enjoy it. They told him to stop exercising his freedom of speech because at least he had the freedom of speech. The America I live in is very different from the America you live in.

I only say all this to conclude that America is not the greatest country on earth, nor is it the most accepting and loving. Yet, the potential for America as a country and a community is higher than any other country in the world. At its core, America wants to believe that it is peaceful and protective, but that is simply not the case. Instead, that should be a goal for our future. A goal that does not only include white males or upper class citizens but instead includes every citizen in America. This goal should include everyone from an African American millionaire, to a poor white homeless man, to an Indian farmer, all the way to a Mexican immigrant. These are the ideals that we strive for. Those ideals are the reason so many soldiers sacrifice their life. Not just for the majority but also for the minority because together we are all Americans. Together, we are all created equal.



The Calm before the Storm, Anthony Campana (Photography)

"I really enjoy competing, and there is always a moment before that tests your nerves."

The Rough Diamond Field

Drake Jones

Another step onto the rough diamond field,
Grasping the ball and bat which I wield,
From hitting off the tee and to live pitching in the game,
Something about the sport that ignites my soul aflame,
The crack of the bat making the ball go to a great distance,
To go far in the sky and out of existence,
The running on the bases to sliding in home plate,
Where the call will determine my team's fate,
The thrill of winning making it through in the end,
Feeling the faith to make the wins extend
Ever since I was little to who I am now,
Baseball will always be a part of me,
Why change it now?

A Wallet with Depth

Jac Stelly

As he finds his seat
his breaths cut short and abrupt
Muggy fingertips bounce
up down to every pocket
frisking to find
something to quiet his mind
slow his ascending heart
He grips at his wallet
shaking over frayed leather
He opens a small pocket
and from it a prayer card
folded and faded
On one side Francis
with bleeding palms open
On the other a name

Leo Allen Stelly

The boy closes his eyes
and escapes that chair
that stale airplane smell
that unnatural light
that intrusive engine

His mind runs to that Louisiana smile
looking through thick glasses
and holding the hand
of the angel he'd missed for far too long

Just Doing It

Alex Coger-Bonet

My heart beat faster and faster as I approached. My hands became clammy as the gate whooshed open for me to get into the rollercoaster. There were many happy faces around me, but all I knew was that I was terrified. The cold, menacing bar clamped down on my lap, and the cart lurched forward. As scared as I was, I knew that the time for questions, indecisiveness, and fear was over. I had to just do it. I believe in just doing it. Not going 120 mph down the lodge on the way to school or getting into a fight with someone for the fun of it, but trying new things regardless of the fear you have.

Three years ago, I traveled to Spain with U of D's Immersion Program, and there I met a man named Roberto. While waiting for the rest of the group to show up in the Central Market, I sat on a bench and proceeded to watch the people walk by and play a little flappy golf. And that's when Roberto, a 60ish year old man with a polished wooden cane, sat next to me and began talking to me. That's when fear got me. He was speaking way too fast. This man has been speaking Spanish his whole life; how am I going to talk to him? But I just did it. We spoke about the city that I stayed in, how I liked it, and the best places to eat by the beach. As we spoke, students showed up, and it was time for me to leave. I'll never forget what Roberto said: Americans are the only people who wear hats at night. Later on, I learned that Roberto came from a bar and was waiting on his ride. My intellectual conversation with a drunk man wasn't as intellectual as I thought. There really wasn't anything to be afraid of.

Just doing it also applies to things at home, too. Last year, the time came for Student Senate elections, and I was happy to be a part of the process. I voted for the candidates that I thought would be best for the school during the preliminaries. Unfortunately, things changed multiple times over, and there was an opportunity to run for office and represent the cubs. After hearing all sorts of opinions from so many people, I decide to do it. What's the worst that could happen; I lose? Well, I did just that, but the experience of running and being a leader was so moving that my ten seconds of fame - and knowing that I had what it took to do the job - made it well worth it.

So take chances. Try new things. Talk to the girl or guy you've been thinking about. And really, just step out on faith. The outcome isn't what's important. It's the growth that you experience after your attempts that make you a better person.

Ode to a Dumpster Fire

Drew Basile

The flaming mass, it surges
Melting plastic pooling in the kerosene
Sulfur clouds blooming over squat brick houses
Burning, blazing, heat scorching the rusty metal
The metal, warping, waving, dancing with the undulate fire
Bonfire of the vanities, I say
Bonfire of the unbroken windows, the uncracked concrete
Pyre of the unlit night
Scrape away the roof tiles
The chain-link fencing
The copper pipes
Feed them to the alleyway inferno
Demanding sacrifice with red liquid arms
Hot orange teeth that bite like knives into smoky singed air
Bonfire of the poverties, I say
Savonarola of the streets
Burn the rubber tires, the broken chairs
Breath in the sulfur fumes
Smell the rotten ash in your nostrils
The swirling cinders in the clouds
Smell the dirt, the grime
The streets slick with grease and oil
Licked up in hungry gulps
Hear the wails of the good people
The cackle of crackling fire
The flaming mass engulfing a city

Fifty States

Jalen Knall

Again, Again, Again! Over and over, Alabama, Alaska... I had to repeat time in and time out all-day long. My 5th grade teacher, Ms. Gross, assigned something that would soon change my perspective.

It was Wednesday when we were first informed about a 50-state quiz that would be held on Monday. "There will not be a map on this quiz and spelling counts." I was unprepared for something like this. Every day, we would go over the states, but the small amounts of practice could only do so much.

It was time for me to do one of the most humiliating decisions, ask for help. I rarely asked for help, especially with school work. I was a very independent and proud student. Putting my pride aside felt as if the world would come to an end.

This was the worse weekend I've ever experienced. From early in the morning until late at night, I repeated and listed all 50 states. I took many practice quizzes just to get a perfect score.

When Monday arrived, I knew this was it. Test in hand, I zoomed through all the states, completing it first. The next day, I saw a perfect score on my test. It was then I realized everything isn't meant to be done alone.



Hanging Hammocks, Calvin Adam (Photography)

"This picture from Harbor Springs, Michigan reflects my love for nature and Up North."



"This picture is of Positano, a small city in the Amalfi Coast in Italy. I chose this picture mainly because I thought it was cool, but also because my family is Italian and it gives me a connection to my heritage."

La Città Bella, Michael Polizzi (Photography)

I am Four Quarters

Christopher Jelinek

Sono solo un italiano che cerca di arrivare in America; one quarter of me is filled

I am an Italian and am trying to make it to America

Já jsem Češka, který se snaží dostat do Ameriky; two quarters of me are filled

I am a Czechoslovakian and am trying to make it to America

Ich bin ein Deutscher, der versucht, es nach Amerika zu schaffen; three quarters of me are filled

I am a German and am trying to make it to America

Soy cubano y estoy tratando de llegar a América; four quarters of me are filled

I am a Cuban and am trying to make it to America

I am an American, and I am completely full with all the countries of my ancestors.

Weirdness

Kyle Baker

Everybody has a personality; everybody has an appearance. Everybody's personality is different and unique because people express themselves in unique ways. Some people prefer contact sports; I prefer the civil game of table tennis. Over my lifetime, I have viewed my personality and myself in different ways, and I have trouble coming to terms with my personality, the way I look, dress and act, etc. My physical appearance to others has mattered to me the most. I am a pretty hairy guy. Hair covers my arms and legs, even my feet and my knuckles. That's weird, right? I have been like this for as far back as I can remember. I even have pictures of me as a baby and having a full head of hair. I went to a public elementary school, and every day I, my sister, and the rest of the neighborhood rode the bus. One day in second grade, a boy named Alex made fun of me for my hairy arms and called me "gorilla boy." As only a second grader, this really hurt my feelings, and for a while I hated my hairy arms, and I wished the hair would just go away.

Weeks later, I found myself experiencing almost the same emotion: disgust. It was a crisp, fall day, and I wanted to enjoy the weather. I called upstairs to my mom, "Going for a bike ride!" I distinctly remember her voicing her concern, warning me to be careful, but she let me go anyway. Alone. As I sped onto our street, racing home towards our house, my bike tire caught on the root of a tree stump just right enough to send me flying over the handlebars. My face smashed the pavement, and my jagged eye teeth struck deeply into my lip, creating a huge gash in my mouth. Much bleeding followed. The wound healed eventually, but it took several surgeries and over twenty stitches to get my lip looking normal again. But to this day, the right side of my lip is wrinkled just a bit.

I used to hate this crinkle in my lip for so long. I wished if only I could re-do that day so my face would look better. I thought all the time, "If only I could fix face, then I would be happy." I have grown to accept it and to realize that it is a part of me. For most of my high school life, (I still do this occasionally) I have been worried what others think of me and how I am or could be perceived. I became possessed over having the right clothes, shoes, having to have the nicest things. Always being the best. I have trouble telling myself that

I am good enough. Due to this, I can be rash and lash out at others unnecessarily. I would also find myself trying to correct the natural quirks that I have at school, thinking that others would think that I am a “freak” or a “weirdo.”

But over the past year, I have learned to embrace these things, to accept myself and my quirks. I even encourage my cousin at school when I can tell he is holding himself back, not exactly being himself.

Whether it’s doing a dance move in a storage unit hallway to a Japanese jingle, or ranting about superposition and favorite speedsters, or eating crazy amounts of food just because, I believe in being weird, being myself. Not acting how others want me to, but being myself, for myself, and for my own growth. I believe that I am unique and special and so is everybody else. I believe in being weird and being myself. After all, if I do not believe in myself, who else truly can?



Fishing in Ireland, Grant Gardella (Photography)

“This image reflects my Irish heritage.”

2017 SCARY STORY CONTEST WINNER



Thomas Worden

Author of "U.H.F. (ULTRA HIGH FREQUENCY)"

Biography

Thomas Worden is a senior at U of D Jesuit. He is a truthful trickster and tricky truth-teller. He spends most of free time practicing the banjo, surfing the free channels of the World Wide Web Information Superhighway, contemplating the sacred monkey-business of the American Dream, freestyling stream-of-consciousness poetry, meditating in the mysterious sthagati-stylings of the Thuggee and the Tantric Buddhists, and looking at the world's mysteries with the same sensation of hearing warm spring winds blow through a copse of pine trees.

Inspiration

Thomas has long since upheld television as a powerful, incomparable art form in and of itself. Tom is very fascinated with all forms and genres of television. However, presented with the golden opportunity to compose a truly frightening yarn for the *Inscape* Scary Story Contest, Tom's mind swiveled in the direction of another form of television he finds enticing - the types of shows one doesn't see by simply flipping channels in the saccharine, day-lit hours - public access television. "We are so concerned about what may slink and scurry unseen through the dark," Tom muses, "that we forget the unfathomable, horrible things that may lurk in the light."

U.H.F. (ULTRA HIGH FREQUENCY)

Thomas Worden

Where the signal he had tuned into came from was of little importance to him. He was still trying to make a sliver of sense out of what was on his fresh, out-of-the-box "Waveformat-60" TV set. It was late, on a sulvid Wyoming winter night - it was a time when bathrobe and slippers sufficed for dress-wear, and there was little else to do than live out the voluminous side of the American Dream, sitting tranquil in front of the TV set. And here, on the cusp of yet another all-nighter, he was sitting in front of his brand new, chrome-edged model, with the grease-slicked dial set to... what number was it? He tried to draw his eyes away from the fascinating spectacle unfolding before him on the screen. He squinted. Even sitting a few feet away from the dial, he couldn't seem to make sense of what the dial was set on - he could see 15, and he could see 16, but the dial was settled somewhere between them. The dial wasn't in the middle space - it was on a number, nestled ever-so-naturally between 15 and 16.

A vague rippling sensation travelled up the length of his spine as he settled his gaze back onto the tubeface. His brain scarcely began to process the strange little reality of the dial, as the hi-resolution picture delivered further and further flashing images. What channel was this? What signal was he on...? At times, it seemed to be continuous streaming video of a prismatic shower, bouncing flashing lights seen through a filthy camera lens - at others, it gave clear images of slow-motion footage of strange organic shapes - vegetables and cuts of meat - seemingly torn apart by themselves, mulched by invisible teeth. On and off, on and off were flickering, unfocused reels of black-and-white "B"-flicks, at points printed over with more of those burning circles of sickening colors. They weren't any single color - it seemed to be a number of them, stewed together, but at once, they seemed to be some unique color altogether, wholly apart and separate from any color he had seen before... Enraptured as he was, he at first didn't register the sound - they were voices. How could those be voices...? They sounded like bullfrogs spliced with the whirrs, buzzes, and fuzzy crackling of an old computer

monitor. Still, between glowing pictures of close-shot human eyes blinking and large, spectacular fireballs going off in scorched, empty fields... he could pick up the sound of voices, crackling and slurred through the sound-system. They were addressing him. Calling him by name. Speaking.

Richard.

A rapid time-lapse sequence of peat-moss growing over a bleached animal skeleton... but what animal could that be? What animal has six eyes, a bone-fused mouth, and petrified feelers lining its body's length...?

Yes, Richard. You.

A series of dazzling lights, all of that same strange color he still couldn't quite name... in the light, swimming in the blinding rays, were strange creatures... from what he had seen in old magazines and internet articles, they reminded him of abyssal creatures, pallid-skinned things that floated in the deepest trenches of the ocean, squamous and malformed, slick with viscous slime...

That's right, Richard. You, the Richard watching this channel, at 631 Stanholm Drive, the only Richard watching this channel. Any moment now, Richard.

It was a face... it had been a face. How could he not have seen it?

Yes, Richard, the Richard sitting alone at home. Always so alone. The Richard on the cheap-looking couch. The Richard in the moth-eaten robe.

In an instant of focus, he realized that the images and visuals had been slowly coalescing into a pair of uncanny wall-eyes... a forced game-show host grin, toothy and white as toilet porcelain... a chiseled structure, strangely symmetrical and bone-framed. It was looking at him. It could see him.

We've been waiting so long to do this. Just stay still, Richard. This will only take a moment. You won't feel a thing.

He thought, as the face became clearer, and seemed to float closer and closer, that he could see every pore and in its skin... but was it skin? It looked fake, a plastic film stretched over far too many edges, flecked with organic filth and crusted stuff. He should bolt from his seat, send his foot through the TV screen. He fumbled for the remote. Gripping it, it felt soft and cloying, like the skin of a worm, coated in a cold mucosal ooze. It squirmed wildly and began to squeal for a moment, before his hand shot back. He didn't dare look to

see what the remote looked like. The TV still demanded his attention.

The face began to scream. It seemed to strain itself to open its Tony Blair mouth of chalky teeth, but even from between the slightest crack he could hear its ear-piercing shriek, continual and steadily rising. Reaching a nauseating crescendo, he found he had been foaming at the mouth, as a fragment of froth dripped down onto his robe. The face seemed to press against the screen now, bending it like rubber. Eyes still wide, mouth now wide open, jaws unhinged like a snake. He could see what was down its throat. The face changed, and he could finally see. He understood what he had been looking at.

A knocking at the door.

He couldn't take his eyes away, twitching and spasming as the TV screen grew in front of him, as the walls melted into a sea of liquid rainbow, as the floor seemed to pulsate beneath him, rising and falling with the heaving breath of a giant.

Another, louder knock.

He was screaming along with the face now. Knocking becomes banging. Urgent. Desperate.

The door seems to crumple like paper as it splinters open. Colored light floods in, silhouetting something standing in the doorframe. The sound of the face's scream is drowned out by the sound of alien music.

With a final, painful push of mental strength, he manages to turn his eyes just so, to see what has just broken down his door.

Somehow, he isn't surprised. Unnaturally tall. Dressed in a fine pressed suit. That same game-show-host grin, wall-eyed and leering. He stares at it for what feels like an eternity before it speaks.

"YOU'VE JUST WON A FREE GUEST SPOT ON THE NEXT EPISODE OF OUR SHOW!

THANKS FOR TUNING IN! CONGRATULATIONS, RICHARD!"

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