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THE UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL AND ACADEMY PRESENTS

THE INCREDIBLE INSCAPE



VOLUME NO. 26



Allen Kay

INSCAPE



"A hero is someone who, in spite of weakness, doubt or not always knowing the answers, goes ahead and overcomes anyway." - Christopher Reeve

The fine arts and literary magazine of
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8400 S. Cambridge Avenue
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Principal: Mr. Anthony Trudel

Phone: (313) 862-5400
Website: www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape
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MISSION STATEMENT

Inscape, the literary-art magazine of the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy, is an annual publication that displays the work of the school's talented artists and writers. *Inscape* offers a chance for all passionate students to express themselves through poetry, short stories, art, and photography. The magazine is a platform for the diverse student body to share their unique inner nature in a way that allows voices to be heard as part of a safe and accepting community in the school. Readers of *Inscape* are exposed to high-quality pieces of literature and art that share new perspectives and inspire creativity.

COLOPHON

The magazine was published in March 2020 by Advanced Marketing Partners, Inc. Copies are printed for the high school and academy, giving priority to those who are published in or worked on the issue. All remaining copies are distributed to the student body free of charge while supplies last. A digital version is available via the school website at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape.

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GET PUBLISHED IN INSCAPE

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 website at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape. We accept poetry, short stories, art, and photography from current 7th – 12th grade U of D Jesuit students. Editorial staff members review all electronic submissions and 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.

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Alejandro Borrego '20
Christopher Lujan '20
Griffin Neary '20
James O'Leary '20
Rudolph Stonisch IV '20

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Fuzail Ahmed '21	Jack Michelini '21
Michael Argenta '20	Joseph Morency '21
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Jake Kuredjian '20	Theodore Yaldao '20
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FACULTY MODERATOR

Mr. Alexander Davidson '06

SPECIAL THANKS

Mr. Dave Carapellotti
Ms. Amy Ong
The students and staff of U of D Jesuit,
without whom this publication would not be possible

BEST IN SHOW

Every submission received by the magazine is carefully evaluated by each member of the editorial staff on a scale of 1-10, 10 being the highest. The following pieces of writing and art each earned the highest average score in their genre.

BEST IN POETRY

Lovely
Miles Hickman '20

BEST IN PROSE

One Morning
James O'Leary '20

BEST IN ART

Rocky Mountain Cougar
Brian Ankrapp '22

BEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY

A Tree of the Amazon
Xavier Chow '22

OUTSIDE ACCOLADES

U of D Jesuit is happy to announce two of our very own Cubs have received Gold Keys, the highest honor, from the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. **Thomas Beshke '22** received a gold key for his excellence in Digital Art, while **Maximilian Orosz '20** received a gold key for his Portfolio and an honorable mention in Photography. Both of their work is represented in this year's issue.

Dear Reader,

It would be impossible to reflect on this past school year without addressing the tragedies and hardships that U of D Jesuit High School and Academy has faced as a community. While there have certainly been some dark times at The High this year, it is best to remember the words of Hogwarts headmaster Albus Dumbledore: "Happiness can be found in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light" (Rowling 1999). It is with this intent that *Inscape* hopes to shine a light on the healing power of art and literature.

Strength and positivity are not always the easiest traits to see, which is one reason why we've asked students to help celebrate those in their lives who share these characteristics with the world. Each piece of writing and art this year will be accompanied by a personal role model or hero that lights the way for these writers and artists, inspiring readers to take a personal look at their own sources of positivity and strength.

For over 25 years, *Inscape* has provided the creative minds of U of D Jesuit with an outlet to express their ingenuity as writers and artists. We are all different, and as editors, we want to showcase our fellow students' abilities, giving them a chance to stand out and do what they love. All of the published works were chosen very carefully by this year's editorial staff in order to make this edition by the students, for the students, and with the students.

With this magazine, we offer the opportunity to dive into the thoughts, reflections, personal experiences, and emotions of your peers. It is a great privilege to present the 2020 issue of *Inscape*.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors (Alejandro Borrego, Christopher Lujan, Griffin Neary, James O'Leary, and Rudolph Stonisch IV)

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HARRIS BURDICK SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

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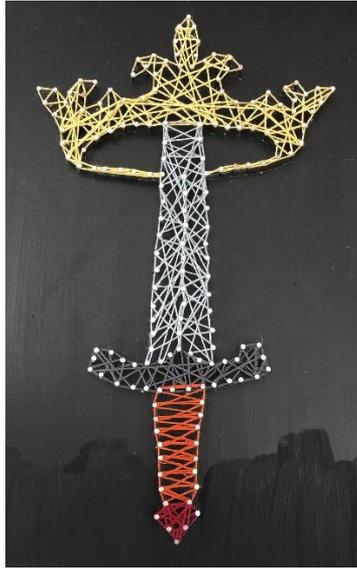
The Ecstatic Home

Grady Cate '22 Hero: My Mom and Dad

The ecstatic home.
The happiest of all
with the crusted cream couch and the torn tan walls
the happiest of homes.
A home giving hugs
where the taxes aren't paid yet the family is in love
the happiest of people.
Where you'll never find a frown
electricity bill is never paid but they'll never put you down
The ecstatic home.
Yet home isn't forever,
What's more important than their rent is that they'll always
be together.



Croatian Mystique (Photography)
Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21 Hero: My Dad



Honor & Glory (String and Metal)
Alejandro Borrego '20 Hero: Dad

The War

Andrew Hall '22 Hero: Father

My feet stand in the mud
Crawling with rats and covered in blood
I hear my fallen comrades calling out for their mothers
Writhing in pain with no one to comfort them but death itself
Bullets and shells fly around me
Seeking warm targets to find a home
Then the moment which I had been dreading
The whistle blows calling us out of our holes
We charge at the enemy mindlessly
Like cattle running to the slaughter, we run
My comrades dropping like flies around me
Falling into the barbed wire and craters
My heart was beating faster than I had ever experienced
I looked forward and saw the eyes of the enemies in front of
me
They looked just as scared as I was, many appeared to not be
older than 18
I just kept running and running and -
Silence

Disappointed

Joseph Kobrossi '20 Hero: Mr. Johnson

The pain did not go away. After all that time and effort put into making it better, it clung to me like a disease. I wanted something better for myself, but it was only when I accepted there was no "better" that I truly felt content with my condition. Why do we get disappointed? Is it because we expect things to just be given to us? Or maybe it's that people set high hopes for themselves. No matter who you are, disappointment integrates itself in everyone's life. It is how you deal with the disappointment that sets you apart.

Growing up, I practically lived outside. Spending most of my evenings outside chasing and wrestling my brother would not even begin to describe the playful, yet sometimes dangerous, activities I engaged in, and I would never get hurt.



IT IS HOW YOU DEAL WITH
THE DISAPPOINTMENT
THAT SETS YOU APART.

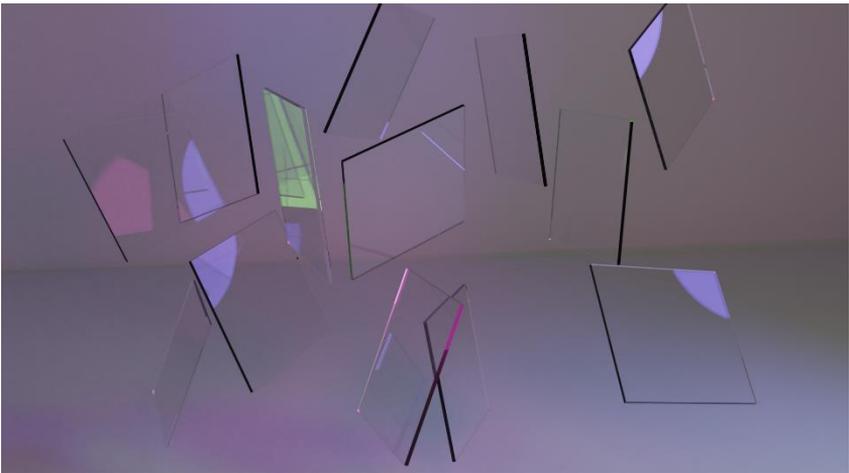
However, living life with this invincible mentality finally caught up with me. One day during my freshman year of high school, I finally went in over my head. Walking home that day with a hurt back was nothing foreign to me. When you live as reckless and playful as I did, you were used to temporary pain. I thought maybe I pulled something, and soon I was in the gym again. There was only one problem: the pain persisted.

As time went on, I denied my injury more and more. Eventually, my limp and hunched posture could not hide itself anymore, so my mother took me to see a doctor. Worried he was going to say I could not run track anymore, I played my pain off as menial and as if my mother was overreacting. However, it is challenging to hide the truth. As doctor visits became routine, physical therapy mundane, and countless medical procedures fruitless, my active life came to a sudden halt. Doctors recommended that I stay away from organized sports or any outstanding physical effort on my body. Before this moment, that was all I knew. I remember one night -- soon after I got the verdict from the doctors that I have spinal stenosis and a herniated disc -- lying down in my bed, unable to find a position that was comfortable for my back, and suddenly breaking out in cold sweat dreading the thought that

the rest of my life is going to be full of painkillers, inactive days, and restless nights.

Living in a world where my back controlled my life was not the world in which I wanted to live. Not only was I physically constricted to a heavily sedentary lifestyle, but the constant doctor appointments and back-related activities started to take over a considerable portion of my time. Suddenly, I was forced to take on this new "activity" nearly every day while the rest of my friends went to sports and clubs after school. Upset, confused, angry, and most prominently disappointed were only a few of the emotions I was experiencing at this time. Despite all this, the world did not stop turning. I could either sit down and complain about my condition, or accept the fact that this is just the way I have to live. This choice was not apparent to me for a while, but as time went on, I forgot what life was like without this disability.

When life takes a tough turn, turn with it. Trying to resist the inevitable wastes time. Build character, overcome difficulties, and never stop fighting. I sit here typing this essay two and a half years later, not reflecting on what could have been, but what can be. My back has taught me to never be afraid of a struggle, and I look forward to pushing myself to new limits as my high school career comes to an end and my college journey is about to begin. Being disappointed is a part of life, failure is a part of life, but surrendering to the struggle is not.



Reflections (Digital Art)
William Piskie '22 Hero: My Uncle

Oh how it was so lush and green

Levi Cook '22 Hero: Parents

The tall grass sprouted,
And the oak trees packed with leaves,
A forest that was once crowded,
Chopped down by dirty thieves.

The death among the land grew,
Taking what it once had been,
Beautiful woods with sweet morning dew.
Oh, how it was, so lush and green.

Stop the machines and devastation,
And look what you've done.
Mother Nature's great creation
Is soon to be completely gone.

So, look in your hearts and do what is right.
For humanity's sake,
Give back to our forests their green and light!
Let Mother Nature's creation stay healthy and awake.



Heustadel (Photography)

Thomas Leeds '22 Hero: Chuck Yeager



Montserrat (Photography)
Andrew Gilbert '23 Hero: My Baba

4 Hours

Michael Argenta '20 Hero: My Parents

The range. The tee. The green.
Four hours means so much to me.
A game I once hated,
Now I cannot be dissuaded.
With many swings of shame,
It's a universal game.
No matter the weather,
It's better together.
Some rounds are great,
While others may be filled with personal hate.
Consistency is key,
But this is a challenge for me.
Golf balls may be lost,
But for fun, that is the cost.
Golf is a part of me,
A course is the place to be.



Dancers (Acrylic Paint)
Nathan Green '22 Hero: My Grandma

Oh, What an Amazement Life Can Be!

Christopher Nosek '22 Hero: Grandma

I remember when I was young
When the only things that died
Were all pets that lived long and happy lives.

Yet as I grow, I now see
That more pass all around me.
But the worst thing about people passing
Is when they choose to do it,
Not to live happily in this life,
With this gift.

A soul is like a piece of steel holding one big tower
And if that steel is gone
The tower will fall to its knees with grief
Never letting go of that single piece.
Of course, it might rise and stand again,
Yet they will still never forget that friend.
It doesn't matter what you look like or where you come from
Because your life is so important
And you are loved.

A book is not complete without that special page,
And a shoe will never stay firm without leather and a lace.
Yet with every symbol, I use to describe the importance of a
happy life,
The most important is this reader
Whether they think this is wrong or if it is right.
Oh, what an amazement life can be!
So please sit down,
Let's Talk
And just see.

Resurrected Malice: Part 2

Avery Crick '24 Hero: Stephen King

I shoot up gasping for breath. My vision is blurry, and my head throbs from a headache. I start to slow my breathing as my vision starts to return. I wipe the crust from my eyes and look around. Bandages surround my torso, and what seems to be pain medication is scattered across an empty desk. To my left is a bed with the sheets sprawled across it. Soon enough I'm able to tell that I'm back in my dorm room. I rub my head, and wonder how I'm here. Then, the door at the front of the room swings open.

"Speak of the devil," I muttered. It was my roommate Mike.

"Well, look who's finally awake," he snickered with a slight grin on his face.

"Shut up and tell me what the hell happened."

"Well, I don't know much, but what I've been told is that there was a black-out at the hospital. When the lights finally came back on, they found you with stab wounds in your back. If anything, I should be asking you what happened. The lights were only out for three minutes as recorded."

"Only three minutes? God, all I can remember is a lot of pain for what felt like an eternity." My head finally started to clear.

Mike walked over and handed me some pills and a glass of water.

"It'll help with the fatigue," he said.

I gulped them down, and the rush of water made my head go dizzy.

I STARED AT THE FOREST, AND REMEMBERED WHAT THE COP SAID, "THE KILLER IS STILL LOOSE."

"Woah, don't chug it down! You haven't been in the best shape."

"How long was I out?"

"A whole three days. Funny how ironic that number is," he said, failing to lighten the mood.

I tried to get up, but a rush of pain from my back put me back in my place. He was right; I really wasn't in the best

shape. I looked outside, and it seemed to be night. The ominous moonlight illuminated the ground below, and the forest was in full view. I couldn't pull my eyes from it. I stared at the forest, and remembered what the cop said, "*The killer is still loose.*" Now would be the usual time in movies or books where you see something flash in the darkness of the forest, but still nothing.

I finally look to my roommate, "Hey, was the murderer from a couple days ago ever caught?"

"What murderer?" He looked more confused than I was at the response. I thought maybe they didn't let it out to the public, but that would be strange seeing as it did take place on campus grounds.

I WAS SO CONFUSED
I COULDN'T MUTTER
ANY WORDS.

"What about Jake? Is he all right?"

His expression changed from confusion to concern, "Who's Jake? Are they sure you're okay?"

"What do you mean? We used to study in his room with him. We were neighbors." I was astonished that he didn't know who he was. Maybe he was just joking, right?

"Listen, I don't know what you're talking about. Maybe you're just confused, but the only neighbor we have is John, who doesn't have a roommate, and we live at the end of the hall, so there's no one on the other side."

What? I could swear that we lived in the middle of the hall. I was so confused I couldn't mutter any words.

"Listen, just get some rest, and be happy there's no work to catch up on because it's the middle of winter break." To that I could agree on.

The next few days were fine. I sat in bed waiting for my wounds to recover, and did some research, because I had nothing better to do with my time. Soon enough, I had gotten to a point where I could stand up and walk to the bathroom and back on my own. My wounds started to get better and better.

Then, I decided to do some research on what might have happened. I looked up a description of what ever attacked me. No results. I looked up urban legends in the area. No results. By the time my wounds fully healed, the processes

slowly started to make me anxious. Nothing I looked for was yielding any benefit. Nothing online, or in the news, or even in the library. At the same time winter break was coming to an end, and I was running out of time. One day, I decided to muster up the courage to head back into the forest where this all started.

There in front of the haunting woods I hesitated to step in. The dark trees loomed over me, and a shiver ran down my back. I steeled myself, and started walking. Nothing about the

forest was weird or unnatural. Still, it all felt off. I didn't know where to look. I started walking farther and farther in, losing myself in thought. It was midday when I first entered, but when I finally came back to my senses it was pitch black all around me. How long had I been walking? I

checked my phone "5:30 A.M." How was I out for that long? I didn't even end up finding anything. I decided to find my way back with a GPS, but what it showed me was bewildering.

"What the hell? I've been walking for hours now!" The GPS showed I was right on the edge of the forest near my dorm.

I lifted my head and frantically looked around. Not a single light could be seen, not from the dorm or the street lights. It was all black. I glanced back at my phone. "3:00 A.M."

"Wh- what is happening?"

The area around me started to turn black. An abyssal darkness started swallowing the trees around me. Soon enough, the ground I was standing on was gone. I jerked my head around, frantically looking for a way out. Then, I was snapped out of this panic by fear.

A slow growl emerged from behind me. I stood there paralyzed with the color completely drained from my face. An enormous crash erupted behind me as the growl formed into a hiss. My legs moved on their own, and I started sprinting. I didn't know where I was going, but it didn't matter. I ran and ran. I mustered the strength to pull out my phone. The clock was going berserk. I dropped it and just kept running. My lungs heaved as a cold wind pierced through them. I couldn't think

I DECIDED TO MUSTER UP THE COURAGE TO HEAD BACK INTO THE FOREST WHERE THIS ALL STARTED.

or see. I just kept running.

Soon enough, I found myself on the ground. Was I tripped or pushed? I got up opening my eyes. I was right back at the dorm. I couldn't talk or even think. I was still there gasping for breath in a cold sweat. My legs and arms felt heavy, and my head could no longer function. My head dropped to the ground, and my eyes shut again.



The Reflection (Photography)
Michael Abraham '23 Hero: My Father



Fireworks in Alicante (Photography)
Andrew Donovan '21 Hero: My Parents

Memorial Day

Nicolas Gascon '22 Hero: My Dad

I think that there will never be a time
When dreams and truth shall merge and become one.
These wasted moments lost are such a crime.
Though he's my father, I'm not like his son.

He could not hold my stumbling toddler legs
Nor throw a ball to teach me how to play.
No matter how my childish heart would beg,
He sits in his wheelchair all night and day.

I've seen the photos from the years gone by
The strong Marine with medals on his chest
The young policeman living life so high
Is withered now and spends his days at rest.

I want to know him as he used to be
And make our own sweet cherished memories.

A Perfect Moment

Jack Michelini '21 Hero: My Father

After the night had fallen and the stars had ignited high in the depths of the sky, a stillness pervaded across the water, reflecting the calmness that had settled in the air.

Nothing stirred in the darkness. Neither a fish nor a bird disturbed the delicate peace. All paid their respects to the beauty that graced my sight.

Underneath the water slept perch and bass, and more unknown tucked into the seaweed sprouting from the lakebed down below, keeping many more secrets which lay hidden there.

I stood on the beach as an observer, merely a witness to the polyphony that had been arranged for me, and with regret I turned away and walked back into the night.



Hungarian Parliament (Photography)

Thomas Leeds '22 Hero: Chuck Yeager

people

Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21 Hero: My Dad

people are human
people have different skin colors
people have different voices
people have different sizes
people have different identities
people have different likes and dislikes
people have different backgrounds
people have different talents
people have different names
people are human

people are irrational
people think they are better than others
people hurt others
people kill others
people manipulate others
people hate others
people are lazy
people forget about what's important
people are irrational

people are interesting
people invent new things
people are smart
people adapt to their environment
people love each other
people work together to create change
people get along
people have fun
people help other people
people have different political ideologies
people are interesting

Mockingbird's Call

Owen Dorweiler '23 Hero: My Dad

A mockingbird's beauty lies not in appearance,
But in its remarkable song.
It simply yet glam'rously sings its experience;
To be blind to its value is wrong.

For men might say that in so worldly a place,
There isn't a time for delight;
Beauty cannot take utilities' space.
But God doesn't see in that light.

For even when death the bird to rest will lay,
When all things are returned to the ground,
The Lord God still loves the unique song it made,
So wonderfully useless a sound!

You hard-working men who have no time for rest,
And you who amass such great wealth:
Remember that even when one tries his best,
He cannot stop old death itself.

The grave is a commonplace, be king or clive;
None can make death move or budge.
So if we cannot make our God happy, why live?
He is the ultimate judge.

For what will become of the wealth you possess?
And to what will your toils amount?
It is God you will answer, the Lord you'll address,
When your life you are asked to recount.

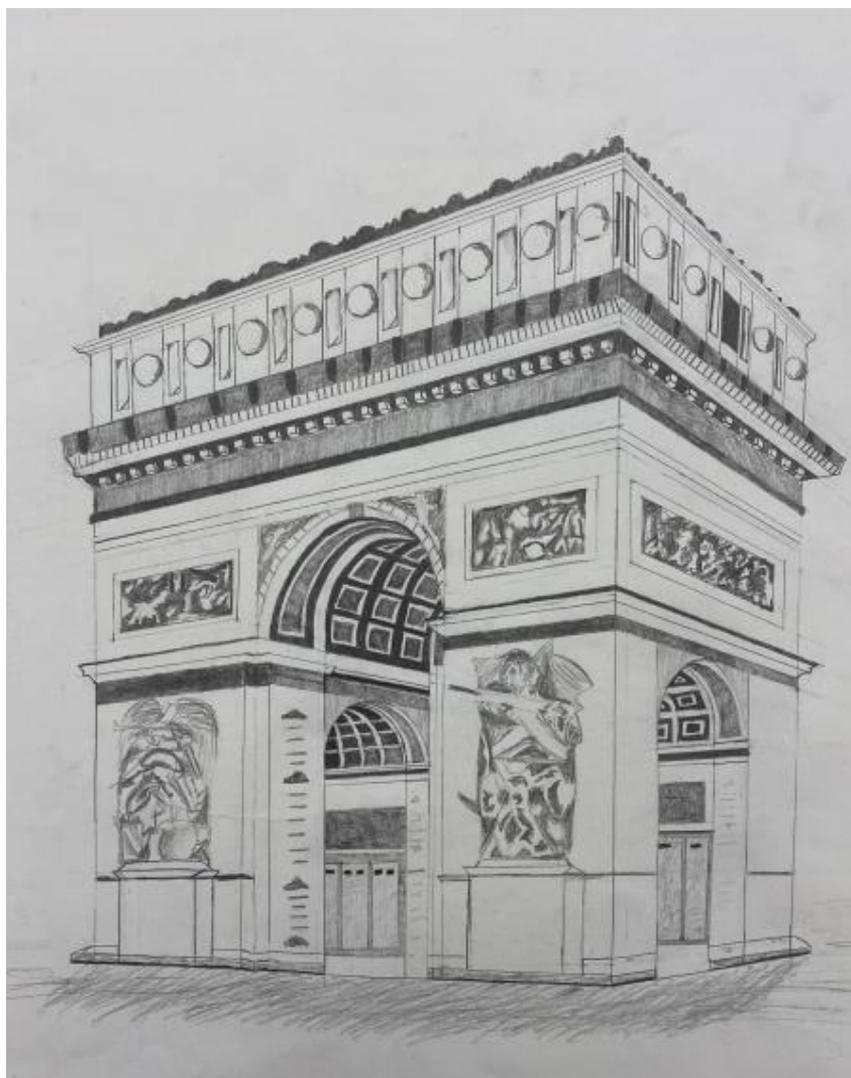
So seek simple beauty, not practicality;
For the sake of the One who knows all.
Remember that you, too, lack immortality,
For this is the Mockingbird's Call.

For the Love of Life

Miles Hickman '20 Hero: My Father, Darrell Parish

As a young college student, Judah was entirely vexed by the lure of young women, parties, and being out late with friends. For the first time in his life, he did not feel the yoke about his neck restrict his will. He was able to be who he was all day, every day, until he had to go to class or return to his small town in middle America. Judah was from a place where everyone is cookie-cutter. A vast majority of the town's inhabitants seem to fit a single mold and were all created from the same ideological factory in which they were indoctrinated to believe the exact same theories and like the same things. He never fully fit in with any person or group of people, but he got along fine. He always knew he was set apart from the others, but he did not fully understand until he was placed into a new world. The college scene was an oasis of freedom and self-discovery that lathered Judah and left him with a sense of independence and overwhelming joy. He began to resent home and wished he lived this way his entire life. He viewed his upbringing as a sham and dragged himself down a shameful corridor for wasting eighteen years of his life.

Judah joined the study abroad program and travelled to South Africa to study medicine for the second semester of his freshman year. There, Judah was exposed to so much more than he ever thought he would see. Not only was this his first time out of the country, it was his first time seeing a third world medical operation with limited resources to work with. He experienced the world outside of the United States and how fortunate he was growing up. His service to the people of South Africa exposed him to true love that was not dependent on any monetary value, career, or expectation set by society. His connection and service to them freed him from himself. Judah was his own man, full of self-love and maturity. Judah was reborn.



A Look into the Past (Pencil)
Christian Zehetmair '20 Hero: Gary Vee



Sunrise Sailing (Photography)

Pierre Wegrzyn '21 Hero: Roger Federer

Pong

John Dahmer '20 Hero: Captain America

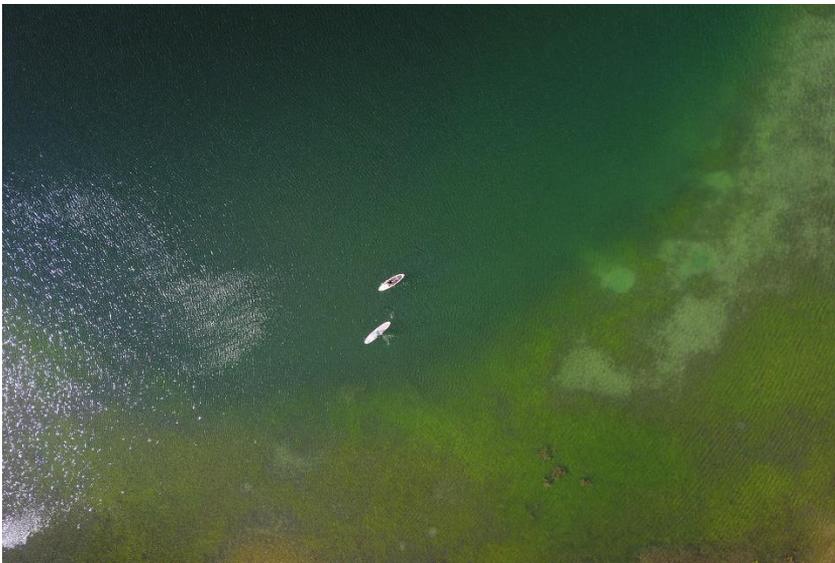
At the age of seven, I didn't know what hard work was. I'd never faced a challenge in school or at home. It all changed one day when my dad came home from a garage sale. In the back of his truck there was a table with white lines, chipped edges, and fading green paint. I didn't know it at the time, but that mangy ping pong table would teach me hard work. When I played my dad for the first time, I realized I was outmatched. Refusing to accept defeat, I forced him to play with me for hours every night. The progress was slow and sometimes unnoticeable, but over the next few years, I worked harder than I ever had before. One day when I was ten, my dad's skills were no longer enough. I started winning the majority of games and knew that all of the hard work had paid off. It took four years, but at the age of fourteen, I again found myself spending hours every night with the table. Only this time I wasn't using paddles. Secluded from family chaos and having plenty of space to lay out my work, the table became the perfect spot to do my homework in high school. This time around, the hard work has been silent and stressful, but I continue to persevere. I know that the hard work will pay off soon, but in the meantime, I'll play a few games with my dad.

Life is Dut a Bream

Owen VanderWeele '21 Hero: My Dad

Bow bow bow your roet
Gently sown the dream
Lairly lairly lairly lairy
Life is dut a bream
-2010

Many things have changed since my poem in second grade
The only constant is change
I feel as though this poem encapsulates my past life
A more simple life
One without the heaps of homework or the stress of trying to grow
Growing up is difficult
Having to think about what college to go to
A decision that could determine the rest of your life
I'd much rather not grow up
I'd much rather bow my roet
-2020



Seb and Matthias (Photography)
Pierre Wegrzyn '21 Hero: Roger Federer

My Eagle Scout Experience

Caleb Eisenbacher '20 Hero: My Father

When I stepped out of the homeowner's association meeting, my mind was racing. I had an Eagle Scout project idea that was nothing like I had ever heard of before. While most prospective Eagle Scouts elect to construct a Gaga ball pit or build some benches, I wanted to do something with a more significant impact.

The homeowner's association had asked me to paint "No Dumping - Drains to River" messages beneath the storm drains in our neighborhood. When I heard the idea, I was lost on where to begin, or how my project would make an impact. I thought about what I could do to affect the community by completing this project. I decided the main focus of the project would be to educate. By painting the messages, I wanted to make people aware of the issue with pouring pollutants into the water. The next day, I accepted the challenge and started my project.

Many people are uneducated on how much damage pollutants can do when poured down these drains. For example, motor oil can sit on the top of the water for weeks, harming the various waterfowl and aquatic life that frequent the ponds, rivers, and lakes to which these drains lead. One of the first things I learned during the project process is how much research goes into a successful project. I spent hours and hours surfing the web, calling companies, and meeting with city representatives to finally settle on the perfect road marking paint. I pitched my project to the Eagle Project Board, they approved, and I began preliminary testing.

Because road paint is designed for high traffic areas, it is made to dry as fast as possible, which proved to be a problem. My paint would dry in less than five minutes and turn whatever it dried onto as hard as a rock. Every single paintbrush, stencil, and rag was ruined in a matter of twenty minutes. Also, the thick paint would dry on the message stencils, closing the openings for the letters until they practically disappeared. On top of it all, none of the paint jobs looked good. After this first day of tests, I was so frustrated. I started to ask myself why I took on this project in the first place rather than just building something like every other *normal*

project. Over and over, I asked myself, "What am I going to do?"

I was upset for a while, but when I calmed down, I started to realize that the problems I was having were not insurmountable. I remembered set-backs were just part of the whole process, and it was my job to work through them and persevere onwards. After more research, I found a solvent able to keep my paintbrushes clean. I had the idea to use disposable paper stencils to solve the clogged-stencil problem. After I corrected all these issues, the project went very smoothly, and I accomplished every bit of what I envisioned after that first homeowner's association meeting.

Not only was I pleased with how well the project went and how much I accomplished, but also I was happy because of what I learned about myself. I discovered the characteristics of my personality I value the most: hard work, perseverance, and dedication. These skills are what make a fantastic engineer. Through the whole project, I consistently kept myself on track to precisely complete what I envisioned. I was able to balance school, sports, friends, and college applications to complete my project through careful time management skills. I never had anyone saying, "Make sure you finish that Eagle Scout project" along the way; instead, I took control and did this of my own accord. This fact, combined with how I overcame the obstacles involved in the process, displays exactly the type of person I am: someone ready to take on any challenge with conviction and energy.



Yin & Yang (Mosaic Tile)

Benjamin Stevens '20 Hero: Ed Mylett

The Tree

Ian Zielinski '22 Hero: My Great-Grandfather

Leaves of green
Have never heard or seen
I give and give
I never know if I really lived
I've been called a giving tree
I can grow all sorts of foods
I can make people in a good mood
I'm as stuck like a turtle in the mud
I've seen the start of families and the end
I wish that I could've made one friend
I've seen love bloom
One day I will meet my doom



*A Tree of the Amazon (Photography)
Xavier Chow '22 Hero: My Mom*



Machu Picchu (Photography)
Xavier Chow '22 Hero: My Mom

Lovely

Miles Hickman '20 Hero: My Father, Darrell Parish

The shining emerald of my heart,
Deliver your presence unto me.
Unveil your love from beneath the cover,
Tell me that I am the true lover.
Show me your heart,
Bring me your love.
Be my rock,
Be my white dove,
Let heaven rain from above.

What If

Charles Agomuoh '22 Hero: Parents

I've been alive for so long,
and lived for so many days
On one of those days my life changed
Flipped you could say
But not in the very best way
All I can say is What IF
What if the grass isn't always greener on
the other side
What if you couldn't smell the roses
What if you bit into an apple and it was sour
But sweet.
What if you could outrun pain
Even if you're the one to blame
What if she changed her mind
What if she stayed that day
What if it happened sooner than later
Would I be scared,
Would I be there
What if you got everything you ever wanted
Would you be happier than me
Or would you think you're happier
What if the sky was red instead
What if this is all a dream,
and you woke up an hour from now
Think.
What if the world isn't as it seems
What if you didn't have a mother
What if you didn't have a daughter
What if you didn't have a father
What if you didn't have a son
Who would give you joy,
who would give you fun
What if I had the courage to fight for what's
right
What if I knew the reason she wanted to
leave
What if I knew the person she wanted to be
What if we didn't have technology

Would we call it the dark ages
Or would we be more connected than ever
What if I never wrote this poem
What if I kept it hidden
What if I followed his orders
Would things be different
Would I be different
Only time can tell
But,
All I know is your mind can be a prison
So Escape
For "What if" questions are just that



Pot of Flowers (Charcoal)
Alex Koceyan '21 Hero: Stan Lee

The Life of a Taped Banana

after *Comedian* by Maurizio Cattelan (2019)

Fuzail Ahmed '21 Hero: Katie Leddecky

Relax. Relax. Everything is okay.
There is almost nothing to worry about.
Well... actually there is,
You are literally hanging on a wall!
With tape around your stomach.
Oh, and did I mention all the eyes staring at me?
These people are holding these boxes,
and all of them have lights coming out of them.
The lights are repeatedly blinking,
and what is weird is they are blinking at me.
It is SO irritating!
These people just keep flashing lights in my eyes,
And I start to feel helpless
Because if I didn't already mention:
I am stuck to a wall with tape around me
Hanging above the floor!
And I have all these people staring at me,
But this isn't even the bad part of the situation.
I am starting to rot!
Yes, you heard me right,
I am beginning to have brown spots appear.
In the world of bananas,
this is like having your dignity slowly deteriorate.
It is practically a sin to have brown spots appear.
So, basically let me sum up the situation:
I am hanging to a wall with the stickiest substance ever,
Beginning to feel dizzy from lights flashing in my eyes,
And I am rotting.
I also think my insides are melting, which is
Making my insides squishy and nasty.
Honestly, at this point, I hope someone would just eat me
And simply put me out of my misery.



The Peacock Teapot (Clay)



Bulbous Mug (Clay)

Pottery by Deil Fernandez '20 Hero: Hsinchuen Lin

Test

Joseph Wisniewski '22 Hero: My Father

Today, I have a big test.
I woke up this morning feeling very stressed.
My hands are sweating furiously like rain during a hurricane.
Something is about to explode; I think it's my brain.

Today, I have a big test.
I can feel my heart go beat-beat in my chest.
The kids at school are all brains.
I can't compete, I complain.

Today, I have a big test.
I know my parents won't be impressed.
I feel as cold as ice.
I should have listened to my teacher's advice...



Broadway Bustle (Photography)
Maximilian Orosz '20 Hero: Ken Miles



God's View (Photography)
Alexander Vecchio '22 Hero: Nonno

Until Then

Benjamin Roberts '22 Hero: Kobe Bryant

Sadness, Grief, Tears.
The loss of hope, The growth of fear.
The woe we want to cope.

Disbelief in our mind,
Wondering what to do,
Never experienced something of this kind,
Without the presence of you.

Life to death within the blink of an eye,
Maybe see you another day.
Put me to tears to make me cry.
In Heaven where we will all stay.

For now I grieve upon your loss,
And wait until our paths cross.



Tip of the Thumb (Photography)
George Kuhnlein '22 Hero: My Dad

One Morning

James O'Leary '20 Hero: My Dad

I roll out of bed at 4:30 AM on a cold Detroit morning and head out to meet Manzie Worthem. I serve in the Pallbearer Ministry, a key initiative of my school's Ignatian Service Corps. I never met Manzie. Had he lived a happier life, I probably would have never met him. However, in his passing, he has had a lasting impact on me, how I define my community, and how I define myself as a Jesuit person for others.

I do not have a big family; I only have my mom and dad. I have lived in four states before settling in the Detroit metro area. As these changes have made it difficult to create lasting roots, I have had to be resilient and adaptable, building community through activities, sports, and outreach with each move. Service, including running the Ignatian Service Corps' blood drive and organizing monthly food deliveries to elderly Detroit citizens, has come to be one of the main ways I define myself. The Pallbearer Ministry, in particular, has profoundly impacted the way I perceive the world, view myself and connect with others.

As we head to Great Lakes National Cemetery, our chaperone tells our six-man team about Private First-Class U.S.

Army and Vietnam Veteran, Manzie Worthem. He returned from war a changed man, mentally and physically scarred, suffering from PTSD from the day he returned until his last. He never had the life he wanted or deserved, dying alone and homeless at 67.

When we approach his gravesite, veterans of all ages and backgrounds warmly greet us. As they thank us for helping lay their brother to rest, the incredible sense of community and family they share overwhelms me, and I feel honored to be part of it.

During the service, the chaplain talks of Manzie - who he was and what his life might have been. He was only a little older than me when he left for war. As the chaplain finishes, I am jolted by the chilling 21-gun salute. I realize we are the sole mourners on this hill, although none of us knew Manzie during his lifetime. I am sad that someone can leave this life so alone. However, as the soldiers present Manzie's flag to me, I realize he is not alone - he has me, my fellow pallbearers, and the brotherhood his service created. Likewise, I now have him. By extending myself, I am welcomed into a new family that I would have never otherwise imagined.

I AM WELCOMED INTO
A NEW FAMILY THAT I
WOULD HAVE NEVER
OTHERWISE IMAGINED.

Manzie's flag has a particular effect on me, as both my grandfathers were veterans, and my parents have their flags. While I never met one grandfather and only briefly knew the other, Manzie's ceremony makes me feel close to them and part of a broader, connected family. Although I could not change the sadness of Manzie's life, I am privileged to honor him in his death. His funeral makes me think about how I want my life to unfold, and how I want to enrich my community further, bringing to it the experiences I have had in recent years, including today.

I rub my eyes and am thankful I did not sleep in today, as my world just got a lot bigger. I realize how much I have to appreciate on such a beautiful morning. And it is only 8 AM.

The Lost Sheep

Jorge Torres '22 Hero: My Parents

The lost sheep
Quietly hiding from his shepherd
Exhibiting no peep
In hopes of not being heard

No longer will he follow the rules
Because life is too short for responsible choices
Without his shepherd, oh what a fool
For the hungry wolf could not be avoided

And, like the sheep, all wait
Spending every day carelessly
Until we realize our fate
Of meeting heaven or hell personally

I Love You

ZeYuan Zheng '22 Hero: Yue Fei

If I shall ever send you a book,
I will not buy you poems.
I will give you one about plants,
one that is about crops,
Teaching you the difference
between barnyard grass and wheat.
Hopefully, then, when I tell you my feelings,
You will see my value as golden wheat.
Not like the melancholy of
the tragic barnyard grass,
under the spring sunshine.



Armenian Dancer (Acrylic Paint)
Alex Koceyan '21 Hero: Stan Lee



Florida Sunset (Photography)
Thomas Leeds '22 Hero: Chuck Yeager

The Leaf

Andrew Hall '22 Hero: Father

The leaves fall from the tree
Landing at the base of where only the planter could be
Creating through their passing the nutrients for the rest
Of the tree to be at its best
Each leaf drops down in its own different way
Some seem too quickly to find themselves being blown away
Others stay around for long periods of time
Experiencing weather of every different kind
Finding themselves change colors
Before falling down with the others
While all of the leaves fall down to the ground
There will always be new leaves around
As those before pass away
New life is right behind bringing new beauty to the day



Steamy Waters (Photography)

Alexander Vecchio '22 Hero: Nonno

The Story of the Stuffed Wombat and the Boy

Maximilian Buehner '24 Hero: Vincent Buehner

There once was a boy,
A very happy boy, for his parents lavished him with gifts, and love.

Anything the boy dreamed of was his.

This boy spent all day and every day with his possessions.

Now, this boy soon realized because he was so caught up in his possessions, that he had not made time for making friends.

Per usual, the boy asked his parents to get him a friend.

Now, his parents were fooled; how could they get him a friend?

The parents came to the conclusion that they could in no way get him a friend.

So, they managed to buy one.

The mother went to the store and picked out the best friend a boy could have, a stuffed wombat.

Now, the parents surprised the boy with his new present on Christmas.

The boy, seeing a new brightly wrapped present, was excited beyond all belief.

He tore it open with a demeanor of great barbarity.

What he found inside surprised him: the furriest, most interesting, most lovable, stuffed wombat on Earth.

He named it Milo.

The boy loved Milo; Milo was the closest thing to a friend that the boy had.

They did everything together, played, ate, read, etc.

One day, the boy simply decided that he was too old for stuffed animals and made-up friends.

He threw Milo in the closet with the dirty clothes.

Milo was hopeful that the boy would come back and realize that he needed Milo.

Milo sat in the dirty closet for years.

Milo cried himself to sleep each night.

One day he then realized that the boy did not need him, so he gathered himself together and walked up and out of the closet. On the way out, he heard the sounds of sniffing and crying.

Milo was interested; he wandered over to where the crying

sounds were coming from.

He found the boy; he looked quite older, sitting on his bed crying.

Milo, realizing the situation, threw himself to the ground.

The boy saw the stuffed animal, patchy with years of neglect, and he gave him the biggest hug on Earth.

The most meaningful thing in life isn't physical.

It's life.



Natural Wonder of Iguaza Falls (Photography)

Ryan Hammett '22 Hero: My Dad

Freedom

Devin Grantham '22 Hero: My Mom

A little slave boy asked a free back man, What is freedom?
He responded with a very prolonged riposte saying...
Freedom is life and the opportunity to do whatever with it.
Freedom is a new day and the chance to make something of yourself.
It is not being chained up by someone who believes you are lesser.
It is happiness and the ability to do your passion in life.
It is the act of looking to the past and realizing our mistakes.
It is embracing nature and becoming one with it to better ourselves.
Being independent and doing what makes you happy in life.
And the boy said with a puzzled face, I still don't know what freedom is.
The man said, Freedom is what you make of life and how you live it out.
And the man became that boy's hero, and he broke out of slavery.



Black Power (Mixed Media)
Robert Smith '22 Hero: Grandfather



True Colors (Digital Art)
Miles Smith '21 Hero: My Grandpa

Title Game

Joseph Wisniewski '22 Hero: My Father

A bright Sunday in mid-July,
They stood along the fence to watch the baseballs fly.
The district title on the line,
Our coaches told us we will be fine.

Balls crossing home plate with speed.
Batters trying to get a read.
The umpire signals strike three.
The anxious fans disagree.

One by one, our batters crush the ball.
They can't be held by the outfield wall.
The heat of the day can't slow us down.
We are the best team in town.

100-Line Poem

Benjamin Stevens '20 Hero: Ed Mylett

Once was a man named Milo,
And to France he meant to go,
But not for leisure definitely not,
Rather a war his country hath wrought.

But he was not a fighter at all;
in fact, war gives him a sense of appall.
But his desire for prosperity
Is greater than his hate for calamity,

And not to mention but there's a woman,
Whose heart he forever wants to win.
For winning the war is what he feels
attracts this woman more than any ordeals.

So for prosperity and love he fights the pain,
Because for his goals he will do anything to obtain.
But he is a scholar,
Meant not to wear armor but instead a collar.
He easily wins any fight in surroundings,

But one on one, he's a bird without wings.
He makes tools of objects close by
And could easily get in fights and never die.

His handiness is what he has learned to be his best,
And the only reason he isn't stabbed in his small chest.
Not long ago he was in university
Working hard for his degree.

He was more educated than most of his enemies,
Which is how he brought them all to their knees.
To most, a tree is an obstacle and nothing cool,
But a tree to him was a weapon and ambush tool.

He knew how to use whatever was around,
But his fighting was not his only resonating sound.
His battles were his thunder, but his mind was his lightning.
For the power of his head is what gave him his sting.

I digress, what matters is the war
And the lady whose soul he adores.
He had a plan for the war's end if it would work,
But the unknowingness of it drove him berserk.

He was in the army camp
And suddenly got a terrible cramp,
So he went to his quarters in agony
And saw that his crush wrote to him amiably.

What she said was along the lines
That she began to miss their good times.
He realized she misses him and wants him back
And maybe they could have some cheese and mac.

He had no expectation she would write,
So to him it was the sweetest delight.
He was so eager to send a letter back to her,
But what to say he was unsure

He was about to write how and where he was
And had an amazing idea of what it could cause.
If he could write to France's army,
He could develop a strategy.

His plan was to write not to the king but the prisoners,
Which was close to the castle within meters.
The castle and prison surrounded by a moat
Was guarded heavily by infantry and a boat.

Milo wrote to a prisoner that was taken from his army,
That Milo knew could spread a message efficiently.
Milo knew his army could not get past the moat into the
fortress,
Or else his army would lose its stableness.

The moat had a drawbridge that was kept up high
In order that no invader could get in or even try.
But letters are brought in daily,
And Milo's plan is to use that capability.

Milo could send envelopes up to a foot and a half long,
Enough to fit a message and a fabric that's strong.
So, Milo went to his pen and wrote
To his comrade that he would try to promote.

In the message was Milo's proposal
Of how to defeat France being tactical.
The plan is for every prisoner to play their part,
Which is why Milo's friend has to be friendly and smart.

I won't explain what Milo did but rather what ended up
happening.
Milo's army was outside the moat watching France's
drawbridge swing.
France's infantry waiting on defense for Milo's attack,
With no idea of Milo's plan, which was about to unpack.

Milo's friend had spread the word of the plan to the whole
prison.
What began to happen was the magic of science and reason.
Each prisoner shook their cell bars intensely
Until the prison began to resonate structurally.

Using a concept from university,
Milo told them to vibrate their cell bars intensely.
And as the concrete building's oscillations grew,
The weak concrete walls broke off of the cells of a few.

Using the fabric and string Milo had sent in envelopes,
The prisoners fastened to their body with thin ropes.
The fabric spread from arm to leg on their bodies,
Forming wings on all of the escapees.

With their wingsuits tightened and hearts on fire,
The building resonated like a furious choir.
As it began to crumble, the prisoners broke out of the jail
And from every floor with their wings they set sail.

Over to the castle they flew
and to the drawbridge went a few.
Flying into the empty castle
Was a little hassle.

But once inside, they all took weapons and lowered the bridge.
For then Milo's army and the prisoners began to pillage.
The prisoners destroyed France's army's order
Flying over them like bats to become the victor.

It was an amazing sight
And a fantastic fight.
Milo's strategy was working
And then he killed the king.
His army roared for France was taken
And the war was over and prosperity maken.
He later went home once it was all done
And like the olden days, had some fun.



The Pear (Watercolor)
Liam Richards '21 Hero: Paul Apap



Buddha's Birthday (Photography)
Miles Smith '21 Hero: My Grandpa

Serenity

Patrick Pullis '20 Hero: Justice Clarence Thomas

I perch my tent atop a grassy knoll.
No thought nor care will strike me as I stroll
the mountainside which hereby I control.

I gaze into the vast eternity;
my eyes led to the sunset burgundy
upon this bluff which lasts eternally.

Inside my nylon refuge, I repose.
I let my mind in essence decompose.
My thoughts inside my head have now been froze'.

My slumber done, and now I over roll,
to see that in the place of past patrol
Now lies a mist atop the grassy knoll.

Life: The Journey

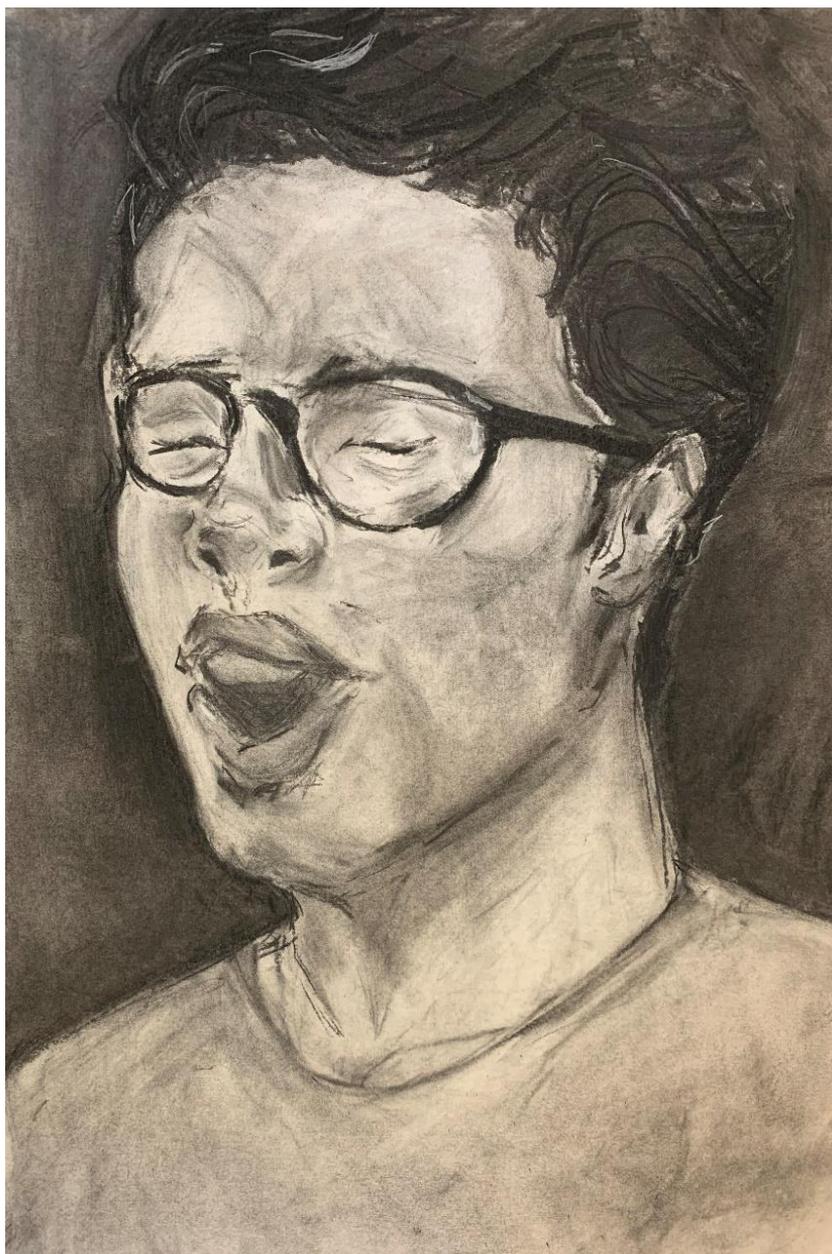
Jake Kuredjian '20 Hero: My Father

Going through life is a mysterious journey
It brings up thoughts of pain and pleasure
And sadness and glory and pride
like a rollercoaster with a winding track
like a river with tricks and turns
like a tree with different branches
like a highway with different exits
All the same direction
However, sometimes there are obstacles in life
Where the train stops on the track
or a branch falls from the trunk
or a car crashes on the highway
Overcoming these things is the greatest of all
where all the weight is off of your shoulders
and the burden of life is taken care of
and you are Free.



Down the Tracks (Photography)

Thomas Leeds '22 Hero: Chuck Yeager



John (Charcoal)
Christopher Rivers '20 Hero: Freddie Mercury

Hansel and Gretel Poem

Fuzail Ahmed '21 Hero: Katie Ledecy

This is a story about two children,
who were about to be roasted in the oven.
Hansel and Gretel were the names of them,
and a famine had left them without a hen.
The innocent children's parents were terrible,
and the act that they committed was unbearable.
They left their children in the woods,
so that they could have enough goods
for themselves so that they could survive.
They didn't even try and keep their kids alive.
Without food, the kids were hungry and tired,
and what they really desired and required
was a proper home to rest.
Then, directly to the west,
they noticed the sweetest looking house.
It didn't even have a single mouse.
Out of the house came an elderly lady
who did seem rather shady.
She then invited them inside.
What they didn't know was that she lied.
She locked them in the chocolate kitchen,
and it was almost like the kids were in prison.
She forced them to do chore after chore.
She had broken them down to the core.
Now, being treating them like a slave,
she asked Gretel to be a little brave.
All she had to do was go in the oven
and test if it was hot and runnin'.
However, Gretel knew what she was planning,
so she quickly tricked the witch by having
her enter the flaming hot oven.
She went in and was cooked like a muffin.
The kids were free and now possessed
a candy house, so they could rest.

The Starry Night

after the painting by Vincent Van Gogh (1889)

Ian Rogers '20 Hero: Dad

As the sun sets and the stars rise,
God looks out upon His people,
To watch and protect them
Like a shepherd watching his sheep.

As God looks out over his paradise,
He watches birds fly to their nest,
Dogs running around in the streets,
And even deer beginning to fall asleep.

The trees sway back and forth in the calm wind,
The stars shine bright in the dark blue sky,
And the clouds slowly come and go in the calming night.

He then looks down into the city
To keep a close eye on His people.
But when he looks down into the streets,
He becomes thoroughly disappointed.

He notices a drug deal in the dark alleyway
Right next to the church,
And this makes God feel sad.
He's seen a lot of violence,
And He wishes more people would be nice.

God starts to doubt His wonderful creation.
He's worked so hard to make a perfect world,
And people are abusing, destroying,
And taking advantage of what He has given them.

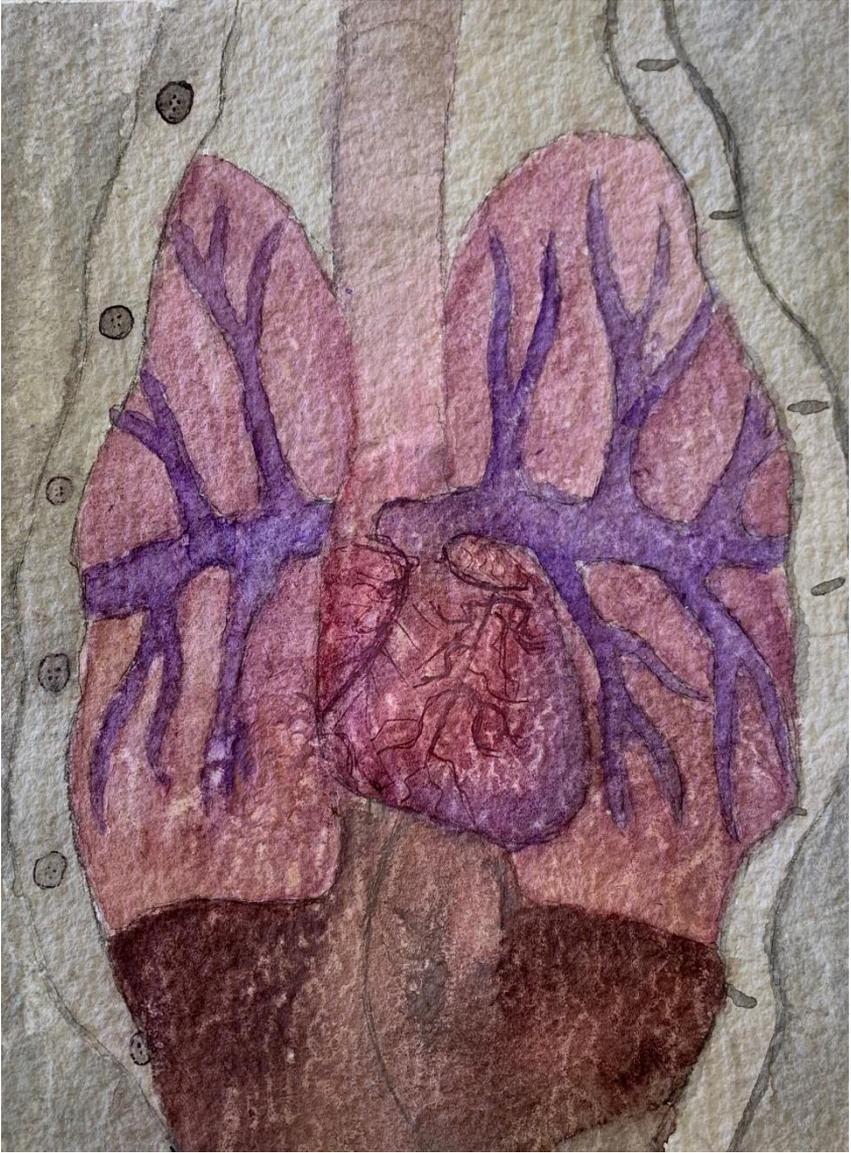
But then He notices a light gets turned on.

It's the Church; He takes a look inside
And sees that people are standing in a circle.
They are praying, and this fills God with love and joy.
He no longer has doubt in His creation.

This pleases God and makes Him feel happy.
He hasn't felt this happy in a while.
Then, the sun rises, and God leaves.
He leaves happy and hopes that the world will change.



Endless Curiosities (Photography)
Steven Wall '20 Hero: Manoj Bhargava



The Heart (Watercolor)
Charles Velthoven '24 Hero: Elon Musk

change

Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21 Hero: My Dad

there are always changes in life
they can alter the way one looks at the world
they can be things that are forgotten the next day
they can be life-threatening
they can alter relationships.

recently, many sad changes have happened
people have been expelled or fired
people have died
people have had their homes burned
people have lost loved ones
people have been diagnosed with diseases

also, many positive changes have happened
people have been born
people have gotten married
people have found their calling
people have found their element
people have found a friend

some of these are big, some of these are small. however,
all of these affect someone
all of these have benefitted or hurt someone
all of these change the way someone looks at the world
all of these require love

change is always happening, and we need others to share this
change with. don't forget about those who love you.

Apprentice's Plight

Liam Whelan '21 Hero: My Dad

There once was a man held in such great respect
That he was gifted free drinks at each pub he went
Bestowed with superb salesmanship
He could convince one to buy a bad hip
The name he went by was Amherst
But his life was soon to become cursed
Before this he was living the dream
With each successful sale he beamed
Starting as an apprentice
The workplace was rather contentious
Daily out sculpting his master
His rise progressed even faster
With improving smarts
His projects became works of art
On a gloomy day he rode
Rain on the ground flowed
He opened the wooden door
Noticing blood dripping the floor
He screamed at the sight
At his master dead with no fight
His shocked scream attracted
Neighbors who overreacted
Seeing Amherst the scene
His freedom began to wean
Tackled by at least ten
He was taken to his own private den
That may be too nice a way to put it
As on the way to jail people spit
At the sight of the accused murderer
Strong protection armored
The prison to where he was bartered
On the ground Amherst wept
Impossibly he had slept
On the roughest bed
That consisted of wood and lead
Once he awoke
He noticed a bloke
A gentle guard
Whose hand held a card

He handed it with sadness
As it possessed great damnedness
It was a date
For something Amherst wished could come late
Execution on the first day of summer
"Unfair," Amherst mumbled
Deciding he didn't care
He screamed as if he were dared
"I am innocent!
For if any of you blokes could listen
You'd know that I'm incapable
To be considered palpable
For the murder of my own mentor!"
The nice guard sighed,
"I know you don't deserve to die."
He went on to say
The head of the jail he would sway
That gave the inmate hope
That he wouldn't be hung on the rope
Weeks went by
Without a word from the guy
Who gave him a chance
At freedom at last
He hoped and prayed
That he'd be able to stay
In this world where he
Had so much left to be
Time kept ticking
But his hope stayed sticking
That the nice guard would come
With news that he would no longer be a bum
In jail with bad food
Always in a terrible mood
At the sorry life he now led
Without a proper bed
Or even a decent pillow
On which his head could billow
The guard returned
At his lateness he wanted to scorn
But why bite the hand that feeds me
He said released he was to be
That they went back to scene

And the results weren't clean
My master had drunk poison
His bang to the head caused the noise
And that's where the blood came from too
Amherst was very happy
But he started to get sappy
At the idea of his mentor ending his life
At least he didn't use a knife
Pain free as death can be
As he walked out free
He looked at the sky
And wondered what it would be like to fly
He returned to the workshop
And he thought, "Chop, chop."
He poured his anger into his art
"Months of my life wasted," he thought
Some more months went on
Sales were getting close to none
All avoid the "killer"
Business was as slow as a caterpillar
He decided to leave
This realization made Amherst heave
A new life was needed
For a man who had been cheated
Out of so much time
All because of some stupid crime

Catamaran

Jack Michelini '21 Hero: My Father

The rhythmic drum of waves against the hull
My own heart beating loud inside my chest
The skipping of the boat across the waves
The gentle hum that echoed through my bones
The sails pulling taut that clamored for the wind
The sheet holding firm that tugged upon my hand
The sun that shone with warmth upon my face
The water spraying up that cooled me down
The joy that came with each minute that passed
Fond memories of that amazing day.



Swirled Mug (Clay)



Wave Bottle (Clay)



Traveler's Teacup (Clay)

Deil Fernandez '20

Hero: Hsinchuen Lin

suicide. SURVIVOR!

Bryce Hill '23 Hero: Isaiah Thomas

Sorry for the burden that I have caused you
U don't know what I'm going through
I don't matter in this world
Confrontation is what I fear the most
I have no one to talk to
Does it matter if I'm alive or dead?
Everyone hates me

So thankful for another chance at life
U helped me get over my depression
Recovering still from my mistakes
Valuable my life is
I do matter in this world
Victorious I am
Obligated to enjoy my life
Ready for a fresh start



Rocky Mountain Cougar (Pencil)
Brian Ankrapp '22 Hero: Teddy Roosevelt



Hidden in Plain Sight (Photography)
Christopher Nosek '22 Hero: My Grandma

The Blue Jay

Grady Cate '22 Hero: My Mom and Dad

With my wings like an ocean,
And my stomach like snow.
Creating tidal waves when in motion,
Or an avalanche on my breast below.

In the trees, I sit and sing,
Screeching and screaming to scare the foes.
If I leave, I rely on my wings,
To save me from snakes or crows.

I soar like a plane, so quick it's insane,
Until my dance is halted by a tree.
The slither of snakes, my fate will await,
Their dinner tonight will be me.

My Transformation

Alejandro Borrego '20 Hero: My Dad

My father wasn't feeling well, so my mom rushed him to the hospital. I had no clue why.

My parents later explained my father suffered a heart attack with severe blockage in a main artery, referred to as the "widow-maker." My world stopped. I was overwhelmed by a wave of emotions including disbelief, sadness, anger, and guilt. My father plays a pivotal role in my life; I struggled to imagine the impossible - a life without my father - and questioned, "Why *my* dad?" Upon further reflection, I realized that despite the heart attack, my dad remained optimistic and continued to live each day fully. I asked myself, "How can I emulate these traits?" As a junior in high school, I was determined to try.

Fortunately, my father recovered, but I was forever changed. Before my father's heart attack, my first two years of high school involved memorizing chemical formulas, typing papers, and studying geometry flashcards. My goals were to get As and check the boxes necessary for an impressive college application. My efforts had no deeper purpose. This changed after witnessing life's fragility. I have watched my father battle a rare disease my entire life, but this heart attack was the most alarming episode. Determined to appreciate each moment and not take life for granted, I began to spend my time more purposefully.

On the swim team, I experienced a transformation. I previously completed practices with minimal contribution to the team, while focusing on improving my stroke and times. During practice, I now push myself by setting goals in and out of the pool. I take what I have learned to help others improve their own strokes, form relationships with younger swimmers, and serve as a mentor for new teammates. By becoming more involved in the team's goals rather than my own, I have become a leader on my team and more accepting of others.

It surprises me that an event so scary can be so profound. Putting more effort and meaning into my activities had an impact on other areas of my life. By working harder in the pool, my engagement in other activities like schoolwork has significantly increased. My realization of the preciousness of time has had an immense impact on day-to-day life and my

future education and profession. I have always been conscious of the passage of time, but my father's heart attack taught me to feel grateful, to live purposefully, and to engage with the people around me. I'm amazed an event that previously stopped me in my tracks has actually propelled me forward in my journey and readied me to embark on this new journey called college.

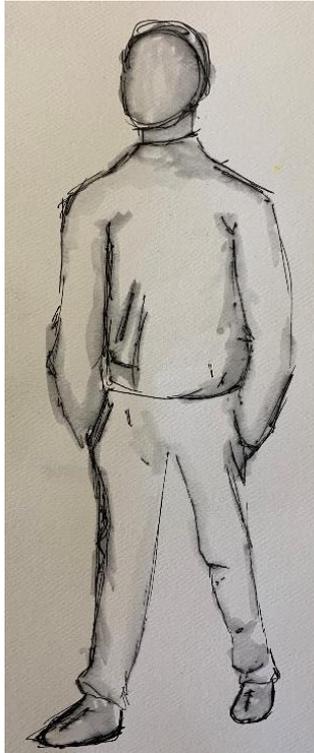


Into Darkness (Stained Glass)
Christian Zehetmair '20 Hero: Gary Vee

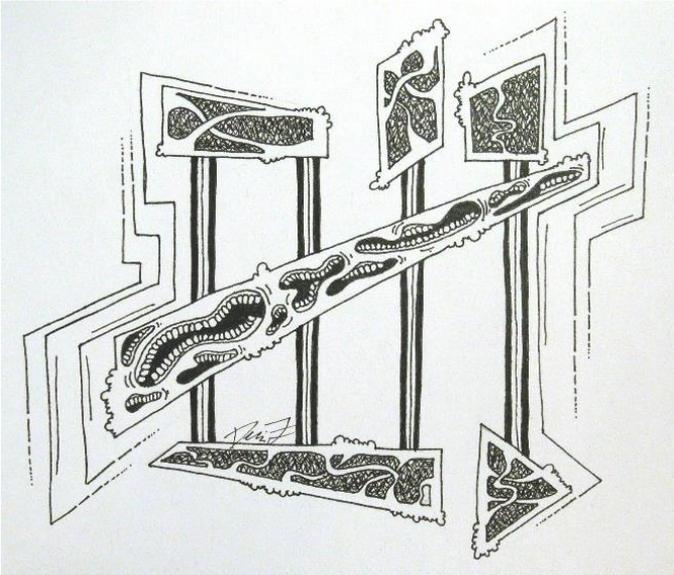
Talk

Trevor Eisenbacher '22 Hero: Dad

We talk about what's going on with the latest shoes
Or about the news
We talk about a celebrity
Or how we're doing academically
We talk about food
Or that one kid Jude
We talk about classes
Or our new glasses
We talk about the new phone
Or about our friend Tyrone
Then we talk about ourselves
And there is nothing really to talk about



*Figure (Ink and Water)
Deric Fernandez '23 Hero: Michael Gira*



Stinky (Ink)

Deric Fernandez '23 Hero: Michael Gira

Man in the Black Bowler

Grady Cate '22 Hero: My Mom and Dad

He wore a bowler, black as night,
With a jet black vest and a jet black tie,
He took me by the hand, and he looked me in the eye,
I was not afraid to die.

He sat with me, on such an elegant day,
While the lilies were dancing, and the crows proudly sang,
We laughed together, I promised I would not cry,
I was not afraid to die.

Very much a stranger, but he was someone I knew,
With skull shaped buttons, and gold buckles on his shoes,
My heart ran still, but there was no light,
I was not afraid to die.

He said we must go, as he lifted me from my seat,
I argued not yet, but his tone became discreet,
He stared through my soul, with fire in his eyes,
It was time for me to die.

Thousand to One

Matthew Valente '20 Hero: My Older Brother

The 1980 Winter Games were coming to the States
Everyone came out and put on their skates
All the countries brought in their hockey teams
Especially the Soviets who lowered everyone's self esteem
As the Soviets came in looking tough
Every team knew they were not good enough
Especially the U.S with their young team
Knew the only way they could win is in a dream
The U.S. losing the previous seven meetings
Knew they had the chance of getting a beating
When the match-up with the Soviets came
The U.S. was hoping it wouldn't end the same
The odds to win were a thousand to one
The job would unlikely be done
The Soviets started with a two nothing lead
By the end of the first period the score was the same
In the second the Soviets regained the lead
In the third the Soviets gave the U.S. a deed
A penalty which lead to a goal
With an even score the Soviets momentum fell in a hole
Ten minutes left the U.S. got a goal
The 4-3 made the Soviets hopes die in a hole
Hearing the sound of the final horn
The entire stadium was airborne
After the match, the Soviets were done
The U.S. team knew they beat the odds of a thousand to one



Epcot Ball (Photography)
Jack Michelini '21 Hero: My Father



Speed Sparks (Photography)

Alexander Giovanelli '20 Hero: Elon Musk

The Abandoned Highway

Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21 Hero: My Dad

Driving home from a long swim meet, Dan and Mike were exhausted. They listened to chill R&B and were not really aware of their surroundings. Dan's Jeep was pretty quiet, with the occasional conversation about what they were going to do that weekend. It had been a really long day, and they had been away from home since 5:30 AM. It was now 9:30 PM, and they were just trying to get home as soon as possible. Cruising down a back road, Dan suddenly heard a weird noise in the engine of his car. He did not want to get out, but the noise was so unnatural and worrisome to Mike that he finally got out just to check it out.

Now, this highway used to be the hotspot for locals in Michigan back in the 70s. There were many roadside attractions built to entertain and lure customers to buy items that they really did not need. It was a tourist trap, but once the interstate was built, the road became much less used and a hotspot for young drag racers and adventure seekers who like to explore abandoned buildings. Given, it was not the safest area, but Dan and Mike traveled on it because there

were no lights and rarely any cops, and they could usually travel up to 95 MPH on it without getting caught.

After texting his mom, Dan got out to inspect the Jeep, while Mike stayed inside calling his parents. Unfortunately, there was no service, so he couldn't talk to his parents. Oddly, it seemed like there were even less cars than usual today driving past, and one would go by about every 2 minutes. After a couple minutes, Dan came back and said that he had no idea what was wrong with the car. They could hear an engine running though, so Dan checked his side mirror. There were no vehicles coming. It sounded like a large vehicle was coming towards them, but they couldn't fathom where it was coming from since it was completely pitch-black outside.

Finally, when it sounded like the car was about 100 feet off, the driver turned his headlights on, which alternated pink and purple, and the car began to blast music. All the windows were closed, but the car was shaking with the bass. It was now close enough that Dan could see that it was not just a car but a large Chevy Van. Oddly enough, there was nobody driving it. Slowly, it came to a stop next to their Jeep. Worried, Dan and Mike looked at each other and froze.

There was nobody to be seen in the van, which illuminated the boys' surroundings. They could see that there was a forest around them, and a broken motel sign nearby. But except for that, no sign of life. It was one of the eeriest moments the boys had ever experienced. The loud music seemed to pacify them of their fears. But then, Dan received a phone call from an anonymous number. Glad to have service, he picked it up, but all he could hear was static. Just then, the blasting music coming from the van shut off, and the engine turned off.

The only thing that they could now hear was the static coming from inside the van.



IT WAS ONE OF THE
EERIEST MOMENTS
THE BOYS HAD EVER
EXPERIENCED.

The First Meet

Hayden Haras '22 Hero: My Dad

Green, grey, gritty ground,
outlined with leaves sleeping all around.
It's our field and our track
that welcomes the new running pack.
Pacing, breathing, starts and stops;
"On your mark, get set..." POP!
Lightning legs through the air,
pushing and pounding like the fastest hare.
Training, competing, the feeling of winning.
Crossing that line can make my head start spinning.
Adrenaline, anticipation, anxiety, relief;
the race is over - prepare for the next heat.



War Machines (Photography)

Alexander Giovanelli '20 Hero: Elon Musk

Tale of Two Stars

Jake Vogelheim '21 Hero: Dad

A stellar nebula is from where they came
It's where they gained all their fame
Until they got split apart
And that's what really broke their hearts

The first became an average star
You could say he didn't go far
The second was not like the rest
He was bigger, badder, and the best
He became a massive star

A red giant is what the first one became
No one really followed him under his reign
The second became a red super giant
You could say the small star was his client
Then he became much, much bigger
A red super giant was his figure

The planetary nebula is what the first turned into next
You could say he was a really big project
Then he began to morph
The first died and became a white dwarf

The second became a super nova and became huge
And he was the opposite of a scrooge
He now can become one of two
But he does not really get to choose
He can become a neutron star or a black hole
For black hole he would become as round as a bowl

Then there was one great day
Where they both went to play
Then ran into each other on space way
And then they both screamed YAY
And that was the story of the two stars
And I'll admit, it was a little bizarre

This I Believe

Michael Argenta '20 Hero: My Parents

I believe in golf. A sport that I used to dislike but now enjoy immensely. Golf is much more than a game; it opens doors in the business world, inspires trips, and has its ups and downs. The day was May 27, 2017 - the day that really changed my life. This was the day that I first looped a golf course as a caddy. The scene: Meadowbrook Country Club in Northville, Michigan. It was a very hot day, and I had little practice, but I hit the course. The pace of play was extremely slow, and after nine holes, I was tired. I went home and thought I'd just experienced the start and end of my caddy career. However, I went back two days later, and it was a lot better.

Through my three years as a caddy now, I've met very interesting people, had some good bags and some bad ones, and have seen various minor celebrities at the country club. In 133 loops, I've seen a helicopter land behind the driving range, a hole-in-one on a par 4, and former Detroit athletes and media members. Through these loops, I've also made some great money, but that's not what it's all about. Golf allows people to meet others in their field while having fun. Business executives are often on the course at Meadowbrook with their clients or employees, and this has inspired me to study business in college. I can't even count the number of CEOs, CFOs, Presidents, and other executives I've caddied for because golf is the game of the business world.

Golf is also a game that has life lessons. One day, a person can go out on the course and shoot under par, and the next, they could shoot forty over par. Golf isn't an easy sport and often involves frustration, but in the end, it's a fun way to spend time networking with colleagues or friends and family. Over my three years as a caddy, I've come to enjoy playing golf even though I'm awful. It's a great way to spend time outdoors, so I continue to play when I can.

Golf is a game of giving. This fall, I applied for the Chick Evans Scholarship, which is a full-ride scholarship to the University of Michigan or Michigan State University. Through my hard work in school and on the course, I hope I'm awarded this, but if I'm not, I'll always love the game and caddying. Generous members donate to the Evans Scholarship

Foundation each year, allowing around 250 freshmen to attend top universities around the nation. Golf is more than a game; it's charity, networking, and fun.

Ultimately, I believe in the game that brings me joy. No matter how long or hot the day is or how bad I'm tipped, I always enjoy my time on the course. Golf has given me amazing opportunities, and I am truly a fan of it. I even watch tournaments on TV occasionally because it's an interesting sport that's often overlooked. Golf isn't just an old man's sport, it's a sport for all. My time as a caddy has made me believe in the power of golf. So next time you're on a course, forget how you're playing and just appreciate the amazing thing before you.

[Edit: Since submitting this piece, Michael Argenta has been awarded an Evans Scholarship.]



*Hillside Serenity (Photography)
Thomas Leeds '22 Hero: Chuck Yeager*



Frozen Tundra (Digital Art)
Thomas Beshke '22 Hero: My Grandpa

Winter Thoughts

Andrés Borrego '22 Hero: Dad

Winter thoughts are very happy
And sometimes they can be sappy
Like Christmas songs belting
Or snowmen melting

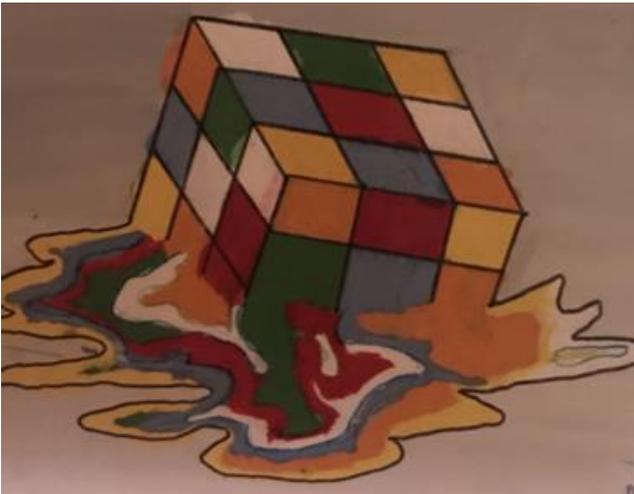
Kids playing in the snow
While parents inside watch the wind blow
Some may say the snow is too cold
But the kids do not care they are too bold

The snow-capped tree frigid like a statue
Sadly some may have the flu
While the hot chocolate is being warmed in the pots
I am left alone, just me and my winter thoughts

From the Grain

Alexander King '20 Hero: Randy Moss

Looking at the giants reigning in the sky
What is thy sonorous call
As I touch the sky the one way is down
Looking to the grains of sand below
Wondering if they fathom or care
Do they look up and notice
There is a remembrance of the sickly green
and shining blue of the past
But now it is all black and grey
Nothing above and only disparity below.
In my youth I could gamble freely
And in my essence I could see that in my cusp I
would fodder new life
But now I shall bestow nothing to our mother
All we give back is ruin
I envy the maze
That in their unknowing they would give back to the
Druid of life
The song has been drowned out by unknowing
All we give back is ruin
What is thy sonorous call
For it is the void proclaiming a new beginning.



Melting Rubix Cube (Plastic and Paint)
Henry Zelenka '22 Hero: My Brother

A Major Task

Michael Polizzi '20 Hero: Travis Barker

Over the summer, I took a job working for an elderly man, Mr. Major, who needed help with various things around the house. His trouble finding someone--anyone--to help with the mounting number of chores appealed to my mom's soft heart, so she committed me to the position. One hot July morning, I made my way over to Mr. Major's house to begin my Sisyphean summer of work.

Mr. Major's "to-do" list seemed to come together without any rhyme or reason. He had me do anything from hanging paintings on the wall to cleaning the rims on his car, or unscrewing and removing sections of his ceiling. For the first hour or two on this particular day, I was blowing leaves off of his deck. As I began to clear the area, I saw that I was hardly making a difference. The leaves would either blow right back or become lodged into little nooks and crannies in the wood where the blower could not reach them. Finally, sweaty and frustrated with my small amount of progress, I told him that it would be more productive for me to work on another job. Slightly annoyed, he let out a small sigh before giving me the OK.

Next, Mr. Major directed me to the front of his house and told me to rip out all of the weeds that had grown in the cracks of his driveway and among the plants in the garden beds. Now, I am almost one hundred percent certain I was the first human ever to try and clean his grotty and somewhat overgrown driveway. Weeds were everywhere! Mr. Major handed me a crusty old pair of gloves, and not sure where to start, I just started pulling, twisting, and bending each prickly weed. With stinging hands, I wrestled each stubborn weed until it finally succumbed to my grit. After what felt like hours of picking, I had almost finished, minus a few stragglers here and there. I was so relieved to finally stand up straight, so I went up to Mr. Major to tell him I had finished, thinking that I would be done for the day. However, he had other plans: to wax his boat.

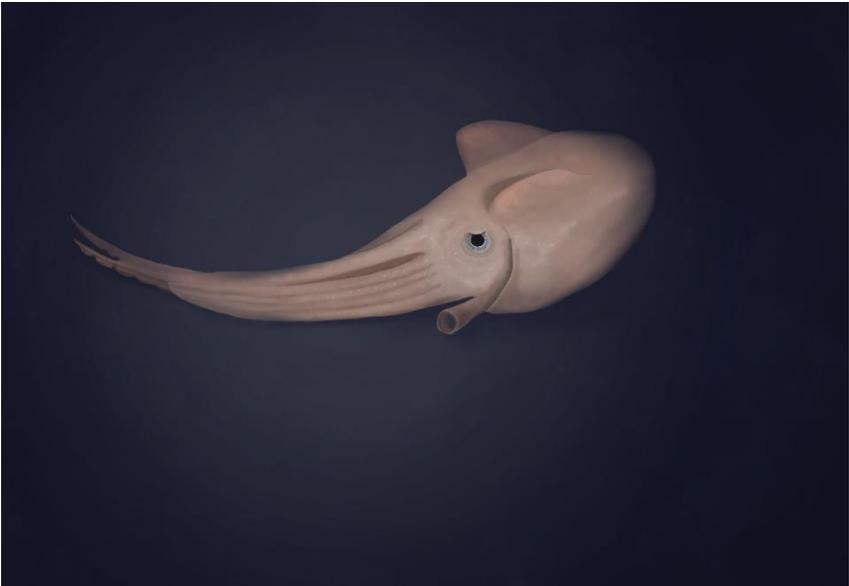
I didn't know a thing about his boat and was sure the job would be fairly straightforward, but when we arrived at the dock, I was greeted by a very large vessel, maybe 40 feet long.

He handed me the wax and told me to get going. A grueling 45 minutes later, I was done, or so I thought. When he checked out my work, and hit me with a "Ehh, it looks a little blotchy. Why don't you try it again?" In my head, I could hear the wisdom of former coaches preaching the acceptance of defeat, and I nearly listened to their words.

Instead, I buckled down, determined to get it done. Another 45-ish minutes later, I had Mr. Major check it again. I never thought the words "try again" would anger me so much. After going over the boat a third time, he begrudgingly let me go home.

That summer with Mr. Major taught me a lot of lessons about myself. After working for him, I was always exhausted at the end of the day, yet I couldn't help but feel satisfied with completing the work I was given. I found that I actually enjoy working hard and learning new things. Although he gave me seemingly endless, tedious jobs, I know Mr. Major is not a bad guy.

It was a good reminder of the hard work I am capable of accomplishing. It was also a great reminder about how I can surpass limitations that I sometimes may set for myself.



Vampyroteuthis (Digital Art)

Brian Ankrapp '22 Hero: Teddy Roosevelt



Circles (Photography)

Jean-Luc Baudeloque '20 Hero: Brennan Baudeloque

The Path

Maalik Matthews '22 Hero: My Dad

A boy and his father walked down the path to the store
The boy not looking where he walked followed a bug looking
for more

The boy was stopped by his father saying don't run into the
street

The boy was curious even if he was staring at his feet

The father told the boy the road is a path to a path to life
The more we walk down it, the more we are exposed to pain
and strife

The crossroads and intersections are the decisions you make
along the way

The stores and shops are the opportunities and experiences
to be made in the day

The car is the clock of your life and continuous path that
makes it go

The traffic lights are the stops and failures even if we grow
Most of all we must realize the importance of the destination
at the end

Because when all is said and done, there is nothing else to
amend



Solitude in E Minor (Watercolor)
John Watha '22 Hero: Mr. Chandler

Admonition

Robert French '20 Hero: Siddhartha Guatama

Mrs. Davis had already seized his hand and dragged him out into the hallway towards the office. He struggled to keep pace with her long strides on his short legs as she pulled him through the dimly lit corridor. After a few swift seconds, he found himself in the office. Mrs. Davis jabbed her finger at a miniature folding chair built for someone of his stature, and he sat down hard. He could feel a stinging sensation in his nose, and the tears welling up behind his eyes. But he couldn't cry. He must not cry.

"Why can't you act your age?!" she demanded. When the shouting began, he couldn't hold back from weeping any longer, and soon his face was contorted with sobbing.

"Oh, and now you want to cry about what you've done?!" admonished Mrs. Davis. "You got yourself into this situation, young man. Now sit in that chair and pull yourself together while I call your mother."

At first, he was crying out of fear. Now, he was crying out of regret. He desperately, desperately wished that he could take it back. He desperately, desperately wished that he could apologize and run away and cry alone in the closet. *What would Momma say? What would his punishment be?* His mind raced and his little heart was beating out of his chest.

HE COULD FEEL A
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HIS NOSE, AND
THE TEARS
WELLING UP
BEHIND HIS EYES.
BUT HE COULDN'T
CRY. HE MUST
NOT CRY.

"Mrs. Tompkins?" said Mrs. Davis into the phone. "This is Mrs. Davis. I'm calling because your son has had some behavioral problems lately, and..."

He couldn't bear it. Sobbing harder, he wrapped his arms around his head and stared at the coarse, whitewashed cinderblock wall. It felt like the lights themselves were accusing him.

"Disobedient! Stupid! Childish!" they shouted. He shut his eyes.

After what felt like an eternity, he felt a firm, smooth, cold grip on his wrist, pulling his arms away from his face. He didn't even try to struggle against it.

"Your mother told me to tell you that she's very disappointed in you, and if you don't behave yourself, you'll go to bed without any supper," glowered Mrs. Davis. "Now, stop your crying."

He desperately tried to hold in his tears, but to no avail. He couldn't meet Mrs. Davis's eyes, because he knew that she was only growing more furious by the second.

"Stop crying!" shouted Mrs. Davis. "How old are you now? Six?"

He shook his head and held up seven fingers.

"Seven?" asked Mrs. Davis, taken aback. "You're seven years old. You're too old to cry. Fix your face."

Yes, he thought. *Too old to cry.* With some effort, he managed to bring himself back under control.

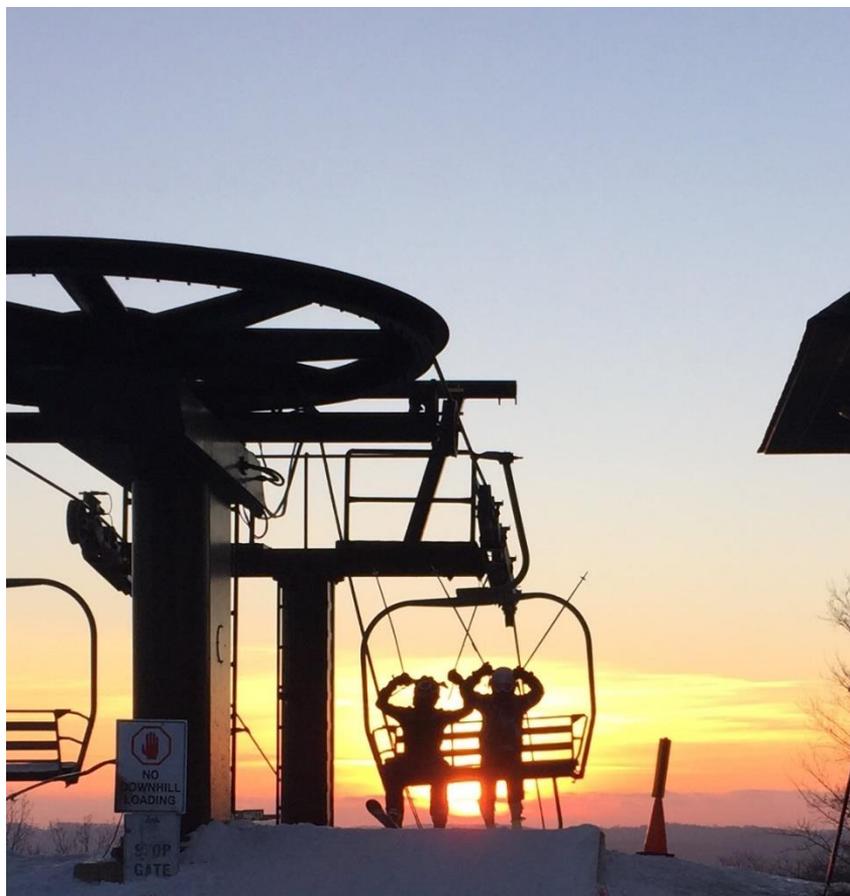
"Your classmates are here to learn. They can't do that when you're acting out. You have to learn to act your age. Be better," said Mrs. Davis.

He wiped away the tears and snot streaking his face with his shirt sleeve.

"No, no, no!" shouted Mrs. Davis. She grabbed a tissue box off of the table and held it down at his level. He took one and started to clean his face.

"Okay. Are you ready to go back to class?" asked Mrs. Davis. He nodded soberly. She took him by the wrist once again and they started back into the classroom. This time, he'd do better. He was sure he would. He had to.

HE COULDN'T
MEET MRS.
DAVIS'S EYES,
BECAUSE HE
KNEW THAT SHE
WAS ONLY
GROWING MORE
FURIOUS BY
THE SECOND.



Sunset Skiing (Photography)
Alexander Bell '23 Hero: Kobe Bryant



Golden Hour (Charcoal)
Christian Zehetmair '20 Hero: Gary Vee

A Star in the Night

River Sarsfield '22 Hero: Grandfather

When you look up into the starry night,
A dark blanket with little specks of light,
Realizing that you are so small,
In the scheme of it all,

When you think that the world is so cruel,
Think about how you are so miniscule,
Realize that you have been given a blessing,
Instead of thinking your life is depressing,

Don't believe that things will worsen,
For each star is like a person,
Different in so many ways,
Now go be thankful for the rest of your days.

The Story of Big Foot

Marcus Ellison '21 Hero: My Mom

While working his job in 1958,
A man found something that was truly great.
While cleaning up sticks and brush near Bluff Creek,
He saw something that'd make anyone shriek.

He told his friends, and they had already seen,
The massive footprint that was outlined so clean.
The media made a name for the creature:
Big Foot, named after his most glaring feature.

Many searched the forests far and wide,
They thought that the creature couldn't hide.
But it was found out years later, the print was from a man.
It was a joke, but many were already too big of fans.

Some claim that they have seen the gigantic monster,
But none have been confirmed true, so many ponder,
Is Big Foot real or is he truly fake?
It is a question that makes our heads ache.

Some still believe in Big Foot and some do not,
I guess we will never know, 'cause rumors are all we got.



Prairie (Photography)

Jean-Luc Baudeloque '20 Hero: Brennan Baudeloque



Through Thick & Thin (Photography)
LaMar Price II '20 Hero: Marshawn Lynch

Stage

Drake Jones '20 Hero: Jackie Robinson

Taking a deep breath before the big moment
A buzz roaming in the air
Ready to take on the role if I dare
To ponder if anybody would pay attention or care
To the words I utter, hoping they hear more than just a
stutter
With bravery rivaling a lion but wanting to hide in my shell
And maybe scream inside
Possibly go off script and tell a little tale
Because this is my stage and don't think that I will ever bail
On this moment
It's my time to speak and I'll own it
As I exhale finally and take my place
Because now everyone has entered my space
Where the light focuses on me
And I finally speak...



The Spirit of Brooklyn (Photography)
Maximilian Orosz '20 Hero: Ken Miles

CONTEST THEME: SUPERHERO

It's rare these days if a movie theater is not featuring at least one movie dedicated to a comic book superhero. In this new golden age of blockbuster superheroes, it can be easy to forget that not all heroes wear capes. This year's themed contest asked current Cubs to think about the traits that make people "super," to reflect on what it means to be a hero, and to identify heroes in their lives today.

The following pages offer the poetry, prose, artwork, and photography from those U of D Jesuit students who accepted this year's challenge. Their writing and art are reflections of the many characteristics it takes to be a hero. If you look closely enough, you might even find those heroes right in your own backyard.

The writer and artist whose themed submissions had the highest average evaluation score from the editorial staff were selected to be this year's featured artist and featured writer.

BEST THEMED ART



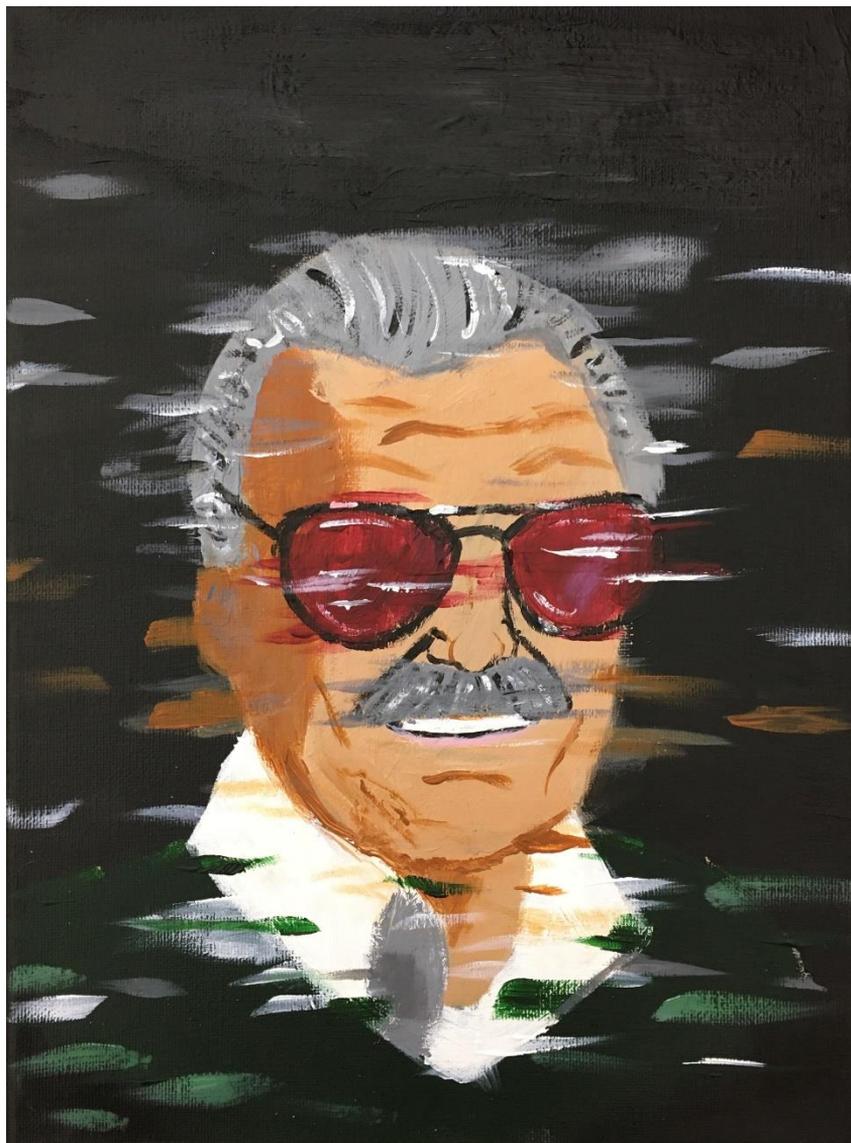
Alex Koceyan '21
Artist of "Rest in Power"

Biography

Alex is a junior at U of D Jesuit. He attended A.G.B.U. Manoogian for middle school. He is also on the Varsity Wrestling team at The High. Apart from his drawing and painting in his Advanced Art class at U of D Jesuit, Alex also participates in performing arts in the form of Armenian dancing.

Inspiration

Stan Lee is a hero to many people in the world and his passing was very hard to hear. Alex wanted to honor him with his art, so he decided to paint a somewhat abstract portrait of him. The style of his painting was inspired by a graffiti artist who goes by the name Doke who also creates videos on YouTube.



Rest in Power (Acrylic Paint)
Alex Koceyan '21 Favorite Superhero: Spider-Man

BEST THEMED WRITING



Jack Paroly '21
Author of "A Real-Life Hero"

Biography

Jack Paroly is currently a junior at U of D Jesuit. In the spring, he enjoys playing lacrosse as a sport. He is an active member in many extracurricular activities in the school, including the Ignatian Service Corps, Pallbearer Ministry, and Labre Ministry. He is a founder of the spikeball club and plays the guitar in his free time.

Inspiration

Jack's inspiration for the poem came from Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia. Images of this historic location were really humbling for Jack and made him realize the full extent of these soldiers' sacrifice. Many of these men could not be identified or named; it is very sad that their actions cannot be recognized. "I deeply respect the service they did for our country," remarks Jack. The poem draws upon the deep love that these soldiers had for their country and how they will never be forgotten.

A Real-Life Hero

Jack Paroly '21 Favorite Superhero: Thor

His name will be forever lost.
His family forever grieving.
He fought for freedom at any cost.
The sites he saw were disbelieving.
He protected the lives of millions.
Laying down his own for our sake.
We owe him everything as civilians
for the risk he decided to take.
His grave, with many others, is unmarked.
They serve as a reminder of the past.
Forgotten are the journeys they embarked,
but their world changing efforts will forever last.
Those unknown soldiers are real heroes to me.
They laid down their lives to ensure we are free.

The Lost Hero

Griffin Neary '20 Favorite Superhero: The Flash

He had given all that he could possibly give,
And yet, out of all the people that he saved,
He could not save the one closest to him
As he saw her life slowly deteriorating before him
Until she was no more to him than a dream.

In the streets, people cried for joy over his name.
Singers wrote songs, and writers wrote books about him.
Through all of this, he wept bitterly for the loss of his love.
He tore off his cape and left everything behind.
He would no longer be a pawn of the people
Who now saw him as the villain he would defeat.



They Died for Our Freedom (Photography)

Matthew Jamil '23 Favorite Villain: Darth Vader

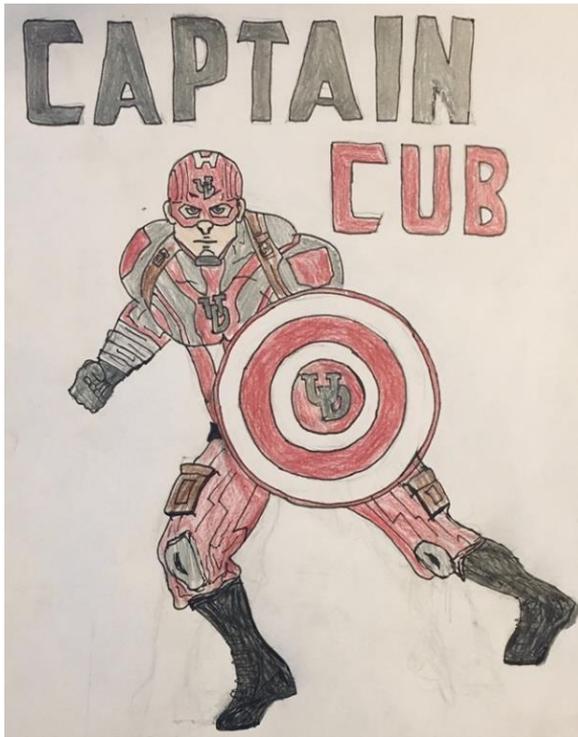


America's Superheroes (Photography)
Jacob Adamic '20 Desired Superpower: Flight

My Superhero

Christopher Lujan '20 Favorite Superhero: Batman

My dad, my old man.
You're always there to answer every call,
Helping me pick myself up after I fall.
You give me the courage to keep going,
To do my best in everything I do as I keep growing.
From major life lessons to daily advice,
Anything you teach me will suffice.
You come to every single one of my games,
Decked in all maroon and white, always the same.
You're willing to help with school work any time,
Even if it's like a hard mountain to climb.
When I am grown, I hope to be as good a father as you are to me.
To always be there for my child, my heart full of glee.
Dad, you are my hero,
And I will forever look up to you, ready to follow.



Captain Cub (Colored Pencil)
Joseph Stachelek '24 Favorite Villain: Green Goblin

Superhero

Theodore Yaladoo '20 Desired Superpower: Mind-Reading

A red cape tied 'round his bulky neck,
His super suit draped on his chiseled chest.
A shiny bow for a sharpened arrow,
A typical evening for this superhero.
The city lies in sound slumber,
Protected from every threat but thunder.
No one knows who or why,
They only know the suited disguise.
Back at home, the soldier rests,
Alone and full of sudden distress.
No one knows who or why,
A typical evening for this superhero.

What “Hero” Means to Me

Owen Dorweiler '23 Favorite Superhero: Captain America

Two kinds of people are made manifest in times of trouble and tension: one takes what he has to make the situation better for himself (and others), and one simply says “Why me?” and accepts the situation as it is. The one who tries to overcome the obstacles in his life instead of just stepping back and saying “I can’t do anything to change this” sees that although he might not be able to fix the situation, he can rise above it. He doesn’t let the mistakes of a couple people determine his future or rule his emotions. If met with difficulties that would bring despair to others, he is quick to take action to help himself and others. These are all qualities of my dad.

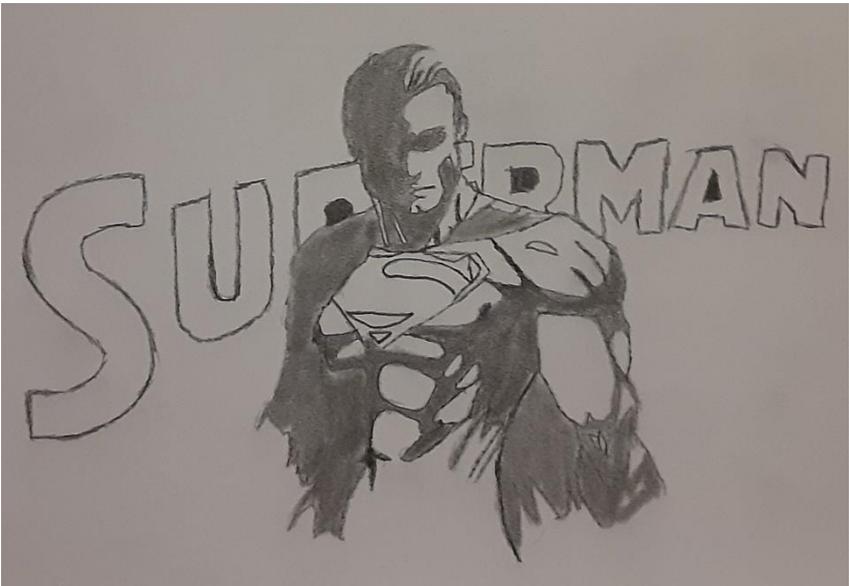
My dad grew up as an only child in rural Minnesota. His parents had both been previously married and divorced, so my dad had many half-brothers and sisters he never knew growing up. His father had a drinking problem, which often showed itself in the form of abuse toward his wife. His relationship with his dad was difficult because his parents did not have a good marriage and usually didn’t get along with each other. In this hostile environment, there was a lot of tension and anger, which did not make it a good place to live.

When my dad was only 14 years old, his mom kicked her husband out of the house. They fought over property and then divorced. His mom had never held a job and had no marketable skills, and therefore no source of income. She worked what she could find, but it wasn’t enough to support her and her son. When my dad was 15, the labor laws in Minnesota allowed him to work a part-time job, so while his friends went to sporting events and social gatherings after school, he worked long hours at the local grocery store in town almost every day and on weekends to help support his mom and give himself some independence. He continued all through high school. When he was 16, his dad and he partially reconciled and tried to restore their relationship, but it was always strained.

Throughout high school, my dad put all his energy into school and work, doing the best that he could in school so as to get out of the situation he was in. He knew he had to get away from that small town and “restart” his life. Even though

he had many stressful things to deal with outside of school, he became the valedictorian of his class and received a full scholarship to the University of Minnesota. He was the first of his family to go to college and graduated with honors. He got a job with Ford Motor Company and has worked there ever since. But more than his work success, my dad chose a life that wasn't modeled for him growing up. Through his experience, my dad learned the value of hard work and responsibility, and also the value of making good choices, which in turn impacted me. He is always there when I need him (especially for math homework), and he will drop everything to help me succeed. He served as the Scoutmaster of my Boy Scout Troop for three years and strives to be involved in the ways that his dad wasn't.

So around this story, I have formed my idea of a hero: someone who is dealt the worst but comes out above the rest, someone who takes the bad things that others try to hide and uses them as motivation to succeed, someone who doesn't let others decide his future but takes control of it himself after a rocky start. Few people know someone like this, but I do. And best of all, he's my dad.



Man of Steel (Pencil)

Julian Allen '24 Desired Superpower: Teleportation

Old Alfred Benson

Levi Cook '22 Favorite Superhero: Iron Man

Old Alfred Benson,
So hateful and cold,
Lived in the dark grey manor
That sat upon Holly Road.

Always yelling, slamming doors
And causing bitter commotions,
Little did anyone in the town know
That even he possessed good emotions.

One day, a child played in the street,
An automobile speeding in its direction,
Both driver and child completely distracted.
Only Alfred was present and knew to take action
Diving in front of the car and
Pushing the child out of the way.
Little did anyone in the town think
Old Alfred Benson would save the day.

My Hero

Miles Smith '21 Favorite Villain: Penguin

On the streets working for a dime
On school and found his love
In Richmond for some time
Until he left and rose above
He worked hard and found his wife
They hoped to live as one forever
Sadly she would leave his life
This would not stop him however
He lives to only show joy
He is never once sad
He has the excitement of a boy
And will reply to Grandad
He is my hero
A real hero

What a Hero Means to Me

Liam Richards '21 *Desired Superpower: Super Speed*

A hero to me is someone who inspires you or teaches you how to be the best version of yourself. A hero is supportive and helpful and thinks of others before himself or herself. I think that being a hero is not only a big responsibility but also a big sacrifice. It is difficult to always be kind, positive and supportive. A hero can help you accomplish your dreams or inspire you to push further. Lastly, a hero should always make a difference in your life.

However, a hero isn't always someone very noticeable. A hero can be someone that you see and talk to every day. My Uncle Paul is my hero. Paul was diagnosed with ALS ten years ago. Despite the disease, which takes away a person's ability to move and sometimes speak, Paul maintained an extremely positive attitude and strong faith. He lived by the motto "Today is a good day for a good day." He was gracious in accepting help from others as he slowly lost the ability to drive, feed himself, shower, walk, and finally move from the neck down. He had to rely on other people for everything and was so grateful to everyone who helped him. He made everyone around him happy. He loved to joke around and was always interested in what other people were doing or feeling.

He taught me so many lessons about staying positive, keeping my faith, and making sure I am involved in other people's lives. He always said that he is blessed to have so much support from family and community. He taught me not to take these things for granted, but to appreciate our gifts every day. Paul told me it is really important to always have somebody to listen to and share your thoughts. Always having someone to talk to, laugh with, or just be around is so important for everybody. Paul always made

A HERO TO ME IS SOMEONE WHO INSPIRES YOU OR TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE THE BEST VERSION OF YOURSELF. A HERO IS SUPPORTIVE AND HELPFUL AND THINKS OF OTHERS BEFORE HIMSELF OR HERSELF.



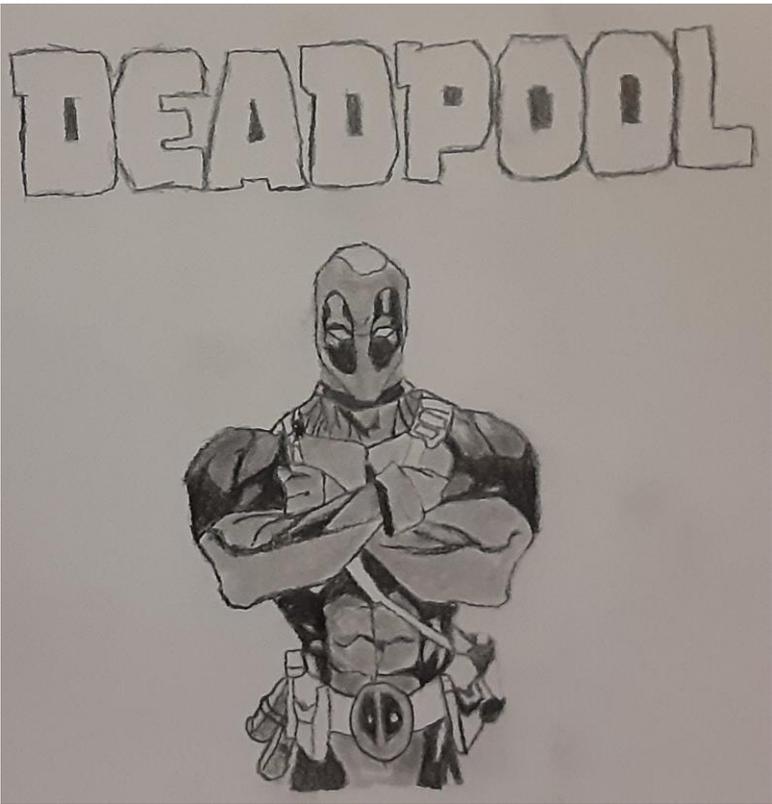
everyone around him laugh and feel loved, and I think that being able to do those things is what made him such a great person and family member. Living this way always helped him stay positive even when he felt terrible or was unable to perform basic daily tasks without others' help.

Paul is my hero because of all of these amazing qualities. He wanted the best for his family. He never focused on just himself. He lived by so many great mottos and taught me so many lessons. He is a wonderful example of a hero and a man for others.

Dad

Kamari Tensley '22 Favorite Superhero: Spider-Man

His mistakes have paved the way
His passion has pushed me away
His love has made him limit what he may say
His aggression and my progression have changed the way he may say
No sugarcoating all truth it may not be what I want to hear
but it may be what I need
The constant nagging and preaching to ensure he creates a person far from who he used to be
He understands that life was hard for him so why me
Win or Lose my biggest critic
Blind-sided by the tone I take away the bad instead of understanding the principle behind
Learning to become a man takes a man to show the way,
So not all heroes come with superpowers and a cape
Yet the real power is in the legacy they live behind



Deadpool (Pencil)

Julian Allen '24 Favorite Superhero: Deadpool

There's a Hero in All of Us

Max Rowley '20 Favorite Villain: Syndrome

Sometimes I feel like I need to be saved
Under extreme pressure
Pressed against the wall
Even though I'm feeling the worst
Rain pouring on my emotional state
Holding up my brothers keeps me afloat
Encouraging them through their struggles
Raising them to new heights
Only I can make myself a hero

Simple Hero

Henry Mansky '20 *Desired Superpower: Being Spider-Man*

When I was a boy, I always knew there was something special about me. No, it wasn't that I could lift things ten times heavier than my body weight or that I could control people's emotions with my mind. These were just my superpowers, and everyone had these. It was that I always wondered what happened after the girl was caught or the town was saved. What was next, and was it worth it? So, I ditched my powers for a pen and notebook and became an investigative writer. Yeah, it doesn't sound as glamorous as Superman, but it's something, something I love, well - loved until that day.

It was a warm July evening, and I was enjoying dinner with my brother and his soon-to-be wife at their house when suddenly a strange noise came from my brother's neighbors' house. We quickly disregarded it, ruling the sound as a stray cat getting into trouble or the neighbor taking out the trash, but we quickly realized it was not these common happenings, but one of the most well-known burglars of the city, "Red Eye Pete." He had just robbed my brother's neighbors of all their family heirlooms and expensive jewelry.

My brother sprang into action, using his super speed to try to catch Pete, but failed as Pete had come prepared with a full set of "freezing weapons" and froze my brother to his house. Next, his fiancé attempted to use her invisibility to sneak attack Red Eye Pete, but she was simply captured. Now, with my brother frozen and his love captured, I was the only one who could do a thing.

Emotions of confusion and frustration ran through my head. *What do I do? I haven't used my powers in years. What if they don't work?* I ultimately mustered up enough courage to spring into action as I threw the kitchen table at Red Eye Pete and used my "emotion mind control" to make Pete realize his mistakes and confess to all he has done. I was the hero! And it was amazing.

I finally realized what happened after the saving. I finally realized that being a superhero was a lot less about the fame and glory, but more about doing what is right all the time. So, I became a superhero. I continued to save people from burning buildings and plummeting to their death, but more

importantly, I do the little things. I help old women cross the roads. I smile at someone as I walk by them. I do things like this, little things that truly brighten people's days and make them happier than before. And quite frankly, this is my most important and favorite part of being a super hero.

I have learned that it's great being a hero, but it's as important to do the little things as it is to do the big things. So, do the little things, kids, and stay in school.



Very Mysterious (Digital Art)
Alex Koceyan '21 Favorite Villain: Joker

My Superhero

Todd Perkins '23 *Favorite Villain: Venom*

I have grown up watching almost all of the Marvel and DC movies like *Infinity Wars*, *The Dark Knight*, *The Dark Knight Rises*, all of the *Spider-Man* movies, *Ant-Man*, all of the *Iron Man* movies, and I could go on and on. I think I made my point. I love movies about superheroes, but I know they are not real. I just admire their ability to do more to help mankind and to fight evil forces, because we know that mankind needs help, and we know that evil does exist.

When I look at the dictionary, super means “of the highest degree or power.” Hero is defined as “a person who is admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities.” When you put them together, to me, they mean a person who is the best at making outstanding achievements and only fears God. I am sure that the dictionary may give a different definition than that, but that is how I define a real superhero.

When I think about a real-life superhero, I must look at my parents. They have done so much for my sister and me. They get up so early in the morning to get us ready for school, make us breakfast, do their own work, and help us with our work. I always talk about my dad being my idol, and I do think he is a superhero, but, even though my mom is no longer living, her spirit continues to move me, encourage me, make me unafraid, and want to do more. She is my true superhero. I feel her around me. She makes my sister, my dad, and me all better.

My mom was a social worker before I was born. My dad told me that after they got married, she left work to go to school to get a doctorate degree in physical therapy, and she was raising me and taking care of my dad. Even though she got sick, she was still able to give me a sister. She volunteered in the community and at my school. On the day that she died, she helped the teaching staff during the lunch period and attended our parent-teacher conferences. She knew that she was not well, but that did not stop her from doing for her family and serving her community. This is what it means to be a hero.

No, being a superhero doesn't involve superhuman strength, because that is not real. No, it doesn't involve the

ability to fly around the universe, because that is not real. What is real about superheroes is their courage, their outstanding achievements, and doing this at the highest degree.

When I think about my mom, I just get inspired about how hard she worked, how much she loved, and that she did it while not being well. I may not have known that then, but over the years of talking with my dad, my grandparents, my aunt and uncle, and her friends, I know it now. Wow, what a superhero! She lives on and keeps me focused and seeking to achieve great things and doing great things for others.

Thanks, Mama.



The Amazing Spider-Man (Pencil)
Julian Allen '24 *Desired Superpower: Telekenesis*

A True Hero

Jaden Jennings '23 Favorite Superhero: Thor

What is a hero?
Do they wear a big fancy cape
That drapes in the gust of wind?
Or do they wear a mask,
Not allowing anyone to recognize them?
Maybe it's the big gadgets
That put fear into the evil villains,
Or it could be the superpowers
That helps them save the citizens.
This is all nice,
But this is not real.
Real heroes are strong on the inside,
Using their knowledge to beat the enemy
And their courage to fight for what's good.

A Man of the People

after *Savior* by Vincent Carrozza (2013)
Lake Henderson '20 Desired Superpower: Super Strength

Every day is a mission for the city.
I must protect and serve to create peace.
Peace is the key to self-preservation.
As I look down at my citizens that I love,
I must remember the fears and hopes of the people.
The city looks up to me with trust.
Pressure is not prevalent as my red cape brings me
confidence.

Protecting the city brings happiness and balance.
The approval of the citizens makes me proud and satisfied.
No matter what comes in my path, I must overcome it.
As my shadow rains over the city, protection is present.
The citizens must be saved from the scrutiny.
They must not live in angst; they must live free and safe.
For a savior is needed indeed.

HARRIS BURDICK SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER



Grady Cate '22

Author of "The Third-Floor Bedroom"

Biography

Grady Cate is a sophomore at U of D Jesuit. Grady has always loved reading and writing. His favorite novel is *Bomb*, written by Steve Sheinkin, a story about the race between countries to create the atomic bomb. His favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe. At U of D Jesuit, Grady is a member of the varsity football team, a member of the JustPeace Human Rights Council, and an editor of *Inscape*.

Inspiration

For his second short story contest win, Grady drew inspiration from the short film *Possibly in Michigan*. This film is about two young women who are stalked through a shopping mall by a cannibal named Arthur. While he drew inspiration from the film, Grady gave his own take on the true meaning following the film in his short story. Grady enjoys writing because it is amusing to express his ideas on paper. He also loves entertaining others with his work and sharing his passion for writing throughout the U of D Jesuit community.

The Third-Floor Bedroom

Grady Cate '22 Hero: My Mom and Dad

The solemn silence and discomfort of the empty mall lot was unsettling enough. Usually on a cold Wednesday evening such as today, people would find themselves shopping here, browsing the shelves of every store that fits within the borders of the four-story property. But oddly, there was no one. Quiet, absent voices filled the void of empty stores, lacking the proper workers to make the mall function normally. Not a single abled body had shown up to do the work, and very few people, three to be exact, walked amongst the closed stores. Not a sound to be heard except for the clicking of red bottom heels from Cecilia Venson, who roamed the open corridors that surrounded her, searching for a new perfume to go along with her new outfit she had just bought minutes ago. Her long, undeviating black hair swayed behind her as she stepped, holding a white paper bag to go along with white dress. Her pale skin and thick eyebrows made her look intimidating, which was true to her personality.

She was denied at the altar by her one love, a man whom she would be more than willing to give her life for. Although they were affectionate towards each other, with him spoiling her to the limit with gifts, the man was not ready. Cecilia was so eager to get married that she was unwilling to recognize anything else in their relationship. From then on, Cecilia hadn't seen him, disregarding the messages and calls he had constantly sent to her. It was not long after, though, he would be killed in a horrid auto accident. For days, Cecilia found herself crying, concealing herself from those around her and all of her nearest family. She blamed herself, contemplating why she hadn't just responded.

Now, she walks and shops by herself, acting cold to those around her. She buys herself the most expensive articles of clothing and accessories, spoiling herself to the fullest degree. As she walked, her phone began to buzz, catching her attention since nobody calls anymore. A string of ten digits appeared across the top of the screen, but nobody she had known, so she put the phone back in her purse to ring out. Her heels seemed to violently hit the ground, echoing throughout the nearly empty mall. Behind her, stomped a man in a tuxedo, his grin extensive across his scarred, severed face as he strutted behind her quietly.

Cecilia found herself in front of the Ulta, staring down the singular employee who stood inside as she sauntered into the store. The employee, a tall blonde lady with a grey outfit stood in the doorway, giving a discomfit smile as she walked through the door. She firmly grabbed Cecilia on the shoulder before asking if she needed assistance. As they discussed the perfume and her needs, the lady began to walk her towards the few selections that they had, continuing to smile as they sat down. Soon after, the nicely dressed man walked in, before turning his head and staring at the two from across the store. He stood motionless, with his head slightly cocked to the right, still

THE TWO LADIES
ENGAGED IN
SMALL TALK,
UNAWARE OF THE
MAN WHO HAD
JUST ENTERED.

holding an excited yet uneasy grin, as if chewing on something of bittersweet taste. The two ladies engaged in small talk, unaware of the man who had just entered. They talked for what seemed to be hours but only of a single subject, one so intense that it caught both of their attention long enough to host an entire conversation while browsing expensive scents.

“Did you hear?”

“Hear what?” Cecilia looked up. The employee’s smile made her feel uncomfortable, forcing her eyes back down to her nails that she had been picking at.

“The story of the lady and her labradoodle? It has been ravaging the news stations.”

“Elaborate.” She looked up, realizing the lady had looked away into her own separate world, attempting to recall the events.

“An old lady tried to feed her service dog, yet the dog was so dishonored to be her pet that it refused to eat from the bowls she set out, for they were not his favorite color. After enough times of the dog dismissing her, the owner had had enough and grabbed the pup, forcing him to eat. When the dog still fought, she had noticed the window was open and threw the dog out from the third story. It didn’t take long for her to realize what she had done. Soon after, she went to open the door to pick it up, but she had fallen to a stroke, dying in her home.”

"It all began when someone left the window open. Don't bite the hand that feeds you, huh?" Cecilia said, trying to break the awkward silence as she had noticed the store had no music to soothe any customers.

The conversation came to a sudden pause when her phone began to buzz again. She reached for it. Another unknown caller. They both peered down at the phone, before Cecilia awkwardly let out a chuckle and put the phone back inside her bag. They continued to chat, not realizing the scarred faced man who had been quietly walking behind them. The employee and Cecilia agreed on a color, walked to the front, and began to cash out. As Cecilia made her way out, so too, did the man, continuing to follow her out to the backlot of the mall.

The drive home for Cecilia was all but peaceful, finding herself stuck in nightmare of traffic, which made a thirty-minute drive more like two hours. It was times like these when she would break down crying in a fit, showing that even the simplest of overwhelming events still triggered her trauma left from the death of her only love. Few hours had passed before she met the parking lot of her apartment complex, stepping out into the vacant lot.

She stepped out of the car, walking through the lobby, not even acknowledging the receptionist. As she stepped into the elevator to take her to her room, she realized something offbeat. Looking around, Cecilia took a deep breath. A subtle ding went off, and she was at her hallway. The door of her room was slightly cracked wide, making her question what misfortune was to bedevil her today. She walked inside, shaking as her hands reached to push open the door. A buzz came on her phone, another caller. The same ten digits that had shown up twice before throughout the day. She ignored it, slowly proceeding inside. There he sat on her couch, smiling his fraught grin, fixated on his tie as he watched her waltz in with fear. He sat and shook a tiny orange bottle.

"You're didn't take your Geodon, love," he said in a familiar tone, lifting his other hand to reveal a phone.

"I have been calling all day."

She recognized the face that sat in front of her, a



SHE WALKED
INSIDE, SHAKING
AS HER HANDS
REACHED TO
PUSH OPEN THE
DOOR.

man so familiar had he not been cut across the lips, neck, cheeks, and eyes. It was the man whom she had once known. A man who denied her love before saying his vows to her at their wedding. The man who had caused her an amount of excruciating pain that was once unprecedented to her. The man whom she thought had been murdered in a car accident.

"No wonder you have been seeing things. The imaginary. The fake that surrounds you. The schizophrenia. It plagues your mind," he said, smiling as he dropped the pills in an attempt to open his hands to hug her.

"But I'm home now, love. Here to hold you in my arms."

She examined, noticing the cuts and bruises that surrounded his tan face. So many slashes across his skin that you would think his head had been stitched together. Reality became artificial for Cecilia, with the dove patterned wallpaper of her apartment suddenly coming alive. The doves began to soar, filling the room in a swarm as the hallucinations got more and more intense. Her fiancé came closer, looking to hold her once again, his arms out wide, with a worried expression across his face as Cecilia backed up towards the window of her third-floor apartment. With steadfast speed, she grabbed him, pulling them both out the window. As they plummeted toward the cement, they began to freefall for a moment before a sudden stop knocked her out.

The news of the incident was tragic as the Ulta employee sat down to watch it. She had been getting ready for bed, reading a book as the news played quietly in the background. On busy days, she'd find herself curled up in a ball, reading throughout the night to calm herself from all the hard work done at the mall. She sat, tuning in as she read along to her book.

"A lady fell from a third-story window with witnesses saying she was attempting to swat a fly or fend off an imaginary attacker of some sort, hitting the edge of the window before falling from it. Neighbors comment that she was a schizophrenic, constantly having manic episodes from refusing to take her medicine. Although a long drop, the doctors said she will survive with some minor injuries."

She looked up for a moment, before cocking her head to attempt to remember any instances of knowing her. Shrugging her shoulders, she looked back down at the pages, smiling her uncomfortable smile.

SENIOR EDITOR BIOGRAPHIES



Serving as an editor of *Inscape* for the past three years has truly been an honor and pleasure. The experience of being a part of *Inscape* has given me the opportunity to develop leadership skills, to become more creative, and to grow an appreciation for literature and art. It was very gratifying to be able to showcase the artistic and creative talents of my classmates. Above all else, I am grateful to Mr. Davidson, our moderator, for giving me the opportunity to work side-by-side with him. His organizational and leadership skills as well as his incredible dedication and work ethic have been both instructional and inspirational to me. These lessons and skills I have developed working with past and present editors. It has been an honor to work alongside Mr. Davidson, Griffin, Chris, James, Rudy, and all the past editors. – Alejandro Borrego



Over the past 3 years here at U of D Jesuit, I have been blessed with the opportunity to work alongside my fellow editors on the *Inscape* staff. Working as an editor has allowed me to realize the true importance of *Inscape*: expressing the creativity of the student body. Not only has *Inscape* allowed me to display my own creativity through my writing, but I have seen the amazing works of literary and artistic talent in which the school has to offer. I have loved forming this magazine throughout my high school career, and I thank all of the students who have submitted in my time. This year, working closely with Mr. Davidson, Alejandro, James, Rudy, and Griffin has been an absolute pleasure. Taking a greater leadership role for the magazine had been a hope for me during my sophomore and junior years, and being able to guide my group this year has been a special experience that I will cherish forever. Most of all, I want to thank Mr. Davidson

for his dedication to our students and magazine. Thank you for entrusting me to be a leader on our staff and for helping us create a unique space for students to freely express themselves. You will forever be an inspiration not only for me in my life, but for all the students you have touched along the way. Thank you. - Christopher Lujan



Serving as senior editor of this year's edition has been a privilege and an honor. *Inscape* has been a huge part of my school life and has helped my growth in the appreciation of literature and art. Being able to look at my classmates' capacity for creativity and zeal has been my favorite part of being an editor of the magazine. Coming off of a nationally recognized edition last year was a great success, and the staff hopes that our hard work and our fellow students' submissions will carry on the success of last year. I'd like to thank *Inscape* for all of the great memories and experiences that I have had over the past two years, and I feel so blessed to be part of something as special as this literary magazine.
- Griffin Neary



For the past three years, *Inscape* has been a significant part of my life at U of D Jesuit. There's something special about starting from nothing and slowly, methodically building something so meaningful to so many. It only makes sense that through this magical process of creation that I have met some of my best friends. Looking back to when I was a shy 10th grader, I can now clearly see the defining impact working on the magazine has had on me. I have become a better teammate, a better leader, and a more complete person. Without Mr. Davidson facilitating, none of this would have been possible. I want to thank Mr. Davidson for allowing me the opportunity to lead *Inscape* this year and make my mark on this year's issue. I will forever be grateful to have been part of *Inscape*. - James O'Leary



It has been my pleasure to be a senior editor on *Inscape* this year. Over the past 26 years, we have improved this magazine tremendously and have grown in every issue. I hope that our team now will be able to improve and execute this magazine better than we ever have been able to before. This magazine has taught me to pay attention to little details because they can make the biggest difference, and it has opened me up to learning and reading about different themes of poetry and writing. We have prepared all of our team members for the next coming years of *Inscape* and wish them the best. – Rudolph Stonisch IV

LETTER FROM THE MODERATOR



From joining *Inscape* my sophomore year of high school to moderating the magazine as a faculty member, my time working with this student activity has been truly blessed. Whether it's constantly advertising for submissions or celebrating in the triumphs of last year's magazine, each moment adds to the amazing experience of creating this year's issue. I want to thank my senior editors – Alejandro, Chris, Griffin, James, and Rudy – for being awesome leaders of a staff of 40 students. With them in charge, I knew the magazine was in good hands. This is the biggest staff the magazine has ever had, and I am grateful for everyone's participation. I want to thank Alex Koceyan for his amazing work on this year's cover and for always being eager to work with me, even when I always had a million more suggestions. Finally, I want to thank the student body of U of D Jesuit High School and Academy who trusted us with their writing and art. If you didn't find your work in this year's issue, do not be discouraged. Submit again! Next year's magazine is another opportunity to let *Inscape* showcase the amazing artistic talent of the school. – Mr. Alexander Davidson

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