

INSCAPE



2021

**UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT JESUIT
HIGH SCHOOL AND ACADEMY**

Alan J...

INSCAPE



"I have nature and art and poetry, and if that is not enough, what is enough?" - Vincent van Gogh

The fine arts and literary magazine of
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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 the spring of 2021 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 through the magazine's website at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape. The deadline for next year's submissions will be in January 2022. 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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Miles Smith '21

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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

Old Sparky
Grady Cate '22

BEST IN PROSE

Code Blue
Nic Gascon '22

Survivor or a Victim?
Frank Blackman, Jr. '21

BEST IN ART

Karelian Brown Bear
Brian Ankrapp '22

BEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Scenes from Hawaii
Graham Elliot '21

Dear Reader,

Last year's 2020 issue of *Inscape* was printed during the first week of lockdown due to the Covid-19 virus. No one at that time could predict what the next twelve months had in store for our country and for the world. It would be wrong, however, not to spotlight the good that has come from this experience as well. As you hold this year's issue in your hand, we are still standing strong and making the most of the situation. As a school community, though we may be separated by remote learning, social distancing, and face masks, we are still able to connect through the values we share as U of D Jesuit High School and Academy.

Like most organizations, *Inscape* experienced its own fair share of challenges. Despite these obstacles, the staff has worked hard to continue our more than 25-year tradition of publishing the work of our school's talented writers and artists. Thank you to everyone on the staff who helped make this issue a reality.

Over the last year, we've learned that art and literature are there for us through anything. These months have allowed students time to pursue their passions, grow creatively, and enjoy all that nature has to offer. We are grateful to all of those who shared their work with the magazine so we can showcase the fruits of your labor and inspire others with your writing and art.

We hope *Inscape* can bring some positivity and show just how important it is to express your creative side. This issue is a collection of poetry, short stories, essays, photography, and artwork that gives readers the ability to see into the minds and hearts of the student body and their experiences over the past year. We hope you see the Cubs' ongoing mettle and resilience, of which we are so proud to share.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors (Marcus Ellison, Jack Michelini, Ricardo Peres-da-Silva, Liam Richards, and Miles Smith)



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2020 SCARY STORY CONTEST WINNER

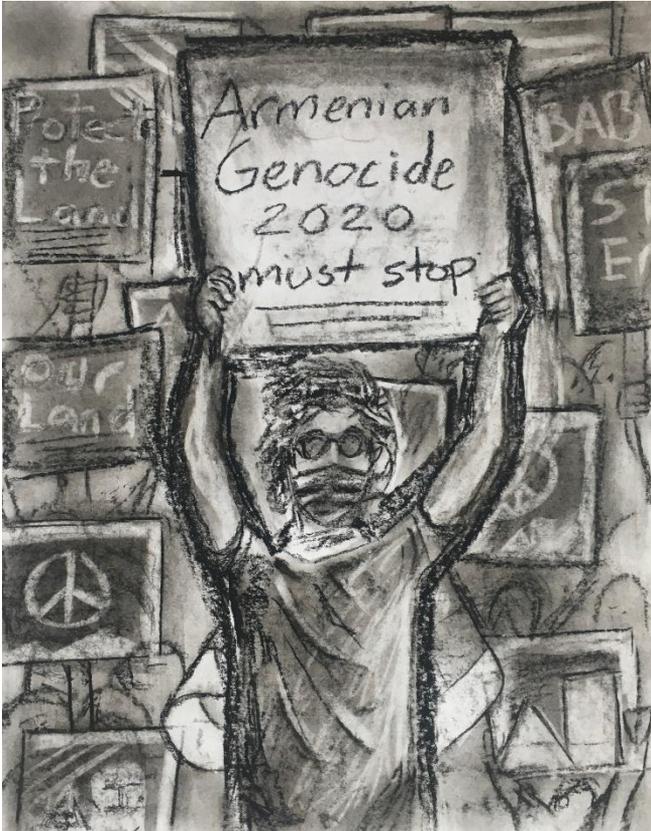
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300 Days

Joseph Wisniewski '22

The outrage that I felt was only just the beginning
Disappointment erupting from cancellations and closures
Boredom breeding irritation
Culinary creations abounding, fragrant reminders of
indifference
Dull days permeated with repetition and lack of motivation
My new reality defined by loneliness
An overwhelming sense of misery
But in these moments of stillness and silence,
I find myself drawn to Christ-
My Savior and strength



The Protest, Alex Koceyan '21 (Charcoal)



Széchenyi Chain Bridge, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

The Times We Bear

Benjamin Roberts '22

In times of sadness, our head may hang low,
But the help of others brings a smile to our face.
The sorrow that seems to disrupt our lives
Is washed away from the spirit in others' eyes.

Although times may take us to dark places,
And we feel like there is nowhere to go,
The shine in many faces
Bursts our heart into a glow.

And then we realize we belong on this Earth,
For God has planned our meaningful birth.

The Murder at Grand Central Terminal

Fuzail Ahmed '21

"A man was walking off the train after a long ride from San Francisco to Grand Central Station when he was shot multiple times and robbed right after getting off the train. His wallet and necklace were stolen from him right before he was murdered," my partner finished telling me. "Is that enough information for you?"

"Yes, that's plenty, Benedict. Let's go quickly before the evidence runs cold," I told him hurriedly. We ran into our Chevy Equinox cop car and drove straight to the train station.

We parked the car on East 42nd Street and went inside. Once we got inside, we gave our credentials and began walking over to the scene of the crime before we were stopped by a man in an army uniform.

"Whoa, where are you boys going?" he asked in a firm voice.

"We are from the 78th Precinct, sir," I responded calmly. "And we are here to help solve the murder of this man."

"Fine. Show me your badge and you boys can go." We pulled out our badges and went on to see the man lying by the train on the marble floor.

I quickly began noticing things about the man. He didn't look much older than me, so I would say he was in his mid-fifties based on the amount of his gray hair and all of his wrinkles. He also was a man of importance. This was a hard fact to retrieve, but I could tell he was important based on his clothes. He was very neatly dressed as though his clothes were excessively dry cleaned. Also, he was wearing a brand-new fur coat.

"...we are here to help solve the murder of this man."

This might not seem important now because it is the middle of the winter, but I needed to keep track of all the details.

My summary suggested that the victim was a rich man and a man of importance. Just as I concluded examining the victim, Benedict rushed over towards me.

"I got a match on him, Magnus." He was seriously out of breath.

"Well...who is he?" I demanded.

His face suddenly went pale as he quietly mumbled, "Frank Berginger, Chairman of the Federal Bank."

"You said they stole a wallet and what?" I asked.

"A necklace. Why does that matter, though? The chairman of the Federal Bank is lying dead right under your nose!"

Suddenly, a million questions began pouring into my head. I started staring up because of the beautiful teal ceiling with the beautiful art would help me think. So, head up and eyes closed, I began to dig deep into my brain and ponder. *Why would the suspect or suspects steal a*

Why would the suspect or suspects steal a necklace?

What is so valuable about a necklace?

necklace? What is so valuable about a necklace? Why the chairman of the bank? Well, obviously, it's so they can rob the bank. Why is the necklace so special that they would want to steal it? They got his wallet and that's enough, so why would they.... I quickly cut myself off.

"Benedict, I got it!" I exclaimed in excitement.

"The Chairman of the Federal Bank is the only person in the world except for the President capable of accessing every account in the bank. Quickly pull up a picture of Mr. Berginger."

"Okay. I don't know *why* when he is lying right in front of you, but okay," he responded. He pulled his tablet out and began typing and doing other stuff hackers do on their small tablets. Then, he turned the tablet around and showed me. The necklace was not a necklace at all. It was a flash drive. I knew it.

"Benedict, I figured it out. This wasn't just a hit and run. This truly was a murder with purpose. Whoever these people are, they aren't just going to rob the Federal Bank. They are going to drain all the money from it," I explained, excited that I solved the case.

"Oh, man! That's a lot. How are we going to find these people, though? We have absolutely no idea who they are," he stated emphatically.

"First, let's look at the CCTV footage. If we see anything that gives us a clue to find them, we will use it."

"Sounds like a plan. Let's go!"

We left the crime scene and headed into a room right at the entrance of the grand terminal. We entered a small dimly

lit hallway and proceeded to a room that read *Security and Safety*. It was a dark room with only one light that looked like it was about to go out. There were also about 30 different miniature TVs and one man behind them watching them all. He

If I could get a general idea of the face, I could have someone sketch it out at the precinct and we will be able to find them.

was a fairly large man, about 35 years old, and clearly did not want to be there. We opened the door, but he didn't hear us. I staccato knocked loudly, and he turned around.

"Oh, uh... Hello gentlemen," he said in a very deep voice. "Are you with the police?"

"Yes, we are." We pulled out our badges to prove that we

were police officers. "We need to see your security footage from the time of the crime. I believe it was around 10 A.M."

"Ah yes. One second." We waited for a little bit. "Ah, yes, here it is I found it." We walked over to the second TV in the third row. I could see three men wearing everyday casual clothes. No masks or anything, but they were clearly avoiding the cameras. One was clearly the leader because he was directing the other two to tell them what to do. At this point, no attention had been called to the crime yet.

Suddenly, Mr. Berginger was shot by the leader multiple times. The second man who was short and muscular took the wallet and ripped the necklace off Mr. Berginger's neck. The third man was the lookout and made sure to protect the other two. I started to make out a face. He began looking back and forth from the camera to the body, looking worried and afraid. If I could get a general idea of the face, I could have someone sketch it out at the precinct and we will be able to find them. However, as I was looking at the TV, the footage shorted out, and it went black.

Before the footage blacked out, I saw a tissue fall out of the second guy's pocket and ran out of the room to get it. After I found the tissue and picked it up with a pair of tweezers, there was something that caught my eye. Upon looking closely, I noted a small clothing fiber. The precinct, back at the lab, could easily analyze the fiber and give me the location of the three men. Benedict quickly caught up to me. I told him the plan, and we left to go back to the precinct. As soon as I got

there, I ran inside and gave the lead forensic scientist the tissue. I then requested that they hurry with finding me a location.

About one hour later, our lead forensic scientist came back to me and gave me an address of where the fiber would be. Benedict and I got back into the car and drove to the address given to us. The address was 2657 10th Avenue, Manhattan. We left right away and quickly arrived at the address. It was a deserted grey warehouse with no lighting. Luckily, it was around noon, so the sun was still up, allowing us to see. There was only one window, and we could see that there was a light on inside. We also saw a back door, so Benedict and I entered through there.

As soon as we entered, I saw the man that looked like the man that I saw on the CCTV footage. We quickly snuck behind a wall to get ready to look for the drive.

"Benedict, go distract them while I look for the drive."

"Why me? You go. I really do not want to," he fought back.

"Because I solved the case, which means you're bait," I responded.

"Fine, but you're bait next time," he said.

"Ok, fine. Just go!" I left our hiding spot and went to look for the flash drive when I overheard one of the men talking to Benedict.

"Hey, Benny, you lost that cop? 'Cause me and Richy here were planning on snagging the money from the bank and moving to Cuba, so, what do you think?"

"Fine, but you're bait next time," he said.

Again, I had a million thoughts rush into my brain. *Was Benedict's cover blown? How are the men so chill?*

I began to play the events of the day in my head and remembered the tape. *How did the tape short out? Why did Benedict not want to be the bait?*

That's when I realized, the third man wasn't here because he was with me the whole time. Benedict Jacobson murdered the chairman.

Peering into the area where the man was talking to Benedict, I hoped I was simply imagining things. My heart suddenly dropped. Benedict was standing by the men, and the small muscular one was talking to him.

"BENEDICT!" I yelled.

"Oh crap," he muttered.

"You're the third man? You blew the security footage. Therefore, you didn't want to be bait," I told him in a demanding voice.

"I'm sorry. Magnus, I had no choice." He looked me dead in the eyes as he told me this.

"Why?" I asked in desperate need of an answer.

"You want to know why? Fine, I'll tell you why. It's because I have been your partner for four years, and every time you were the one to solve these cases. You were the one to get the credit even though I was the main reason you were able to solve them. You think anyone ever came up to me and gave me a pat on the back for closing a case? NO!"

"That's it? You robbed the federal bank because you wanted more attention?" I asked confusingly.

"No. This was all sparked when you got a bonus and extra money for solving the Matthews murder case, even though I was the one to solve it. You have always received the credit and money for solving these cases when I didn't get a penny. I needed that money to pay for my kid to go to college. Instead, you got the money and for what? A new coat? So, yes, I decided to commit a crime of my own. That's why I did all this."

"Well, I cannot let you get away with this. Put your hands up. You are under arrest for the murder and robbery of Frank Berginger," I demanded.

"Ha! I don't think so." He reached for his gun and before he was about to shoot, I reached for mine to shoot at him. I aimed at his chest and fired before he was able to do the same to me. I could hear the bullet pierce his chest. The other two ran away in fear. I ran over to my partner and realized I had just killed my friend, partner, and brother. This case was closed.

The other two guys were later caught on the street during a drug bust. After the incident, I retired and used the money that I received from the bonuses and donated all of them to underprivileged kids going to college. I also gave half of my money to the Jacobson Family so Benedict's son could go to college. As for me, I became a private investigator looking for crimes to solve, without taking a penny so that what happened to Benedict wouldn't happen to anyone else ever again.



Ambassador Bridge, Thomas Beshke '22 (Digital Art)



Obligations

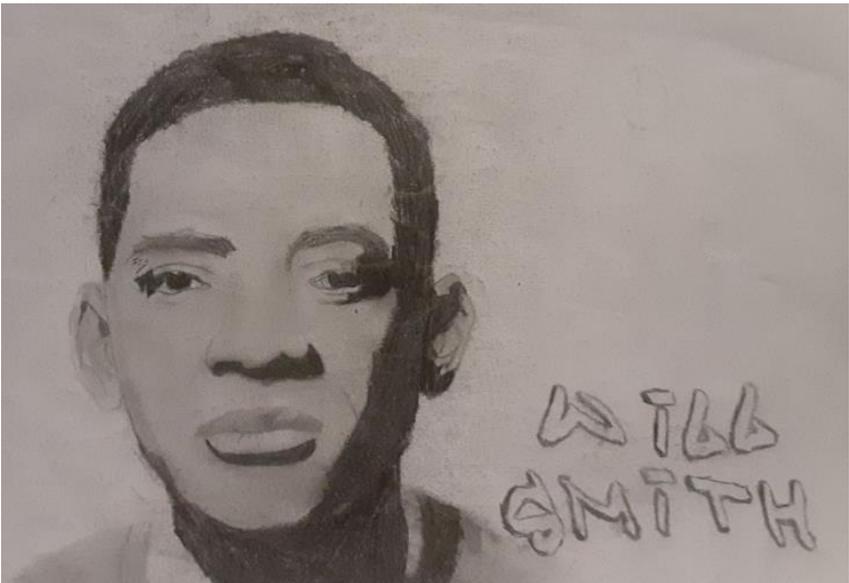
Nic Gascon '22

These current years should be precious time
When youths are wild and free,
When cares are few and worries small
And life is leisurely.
But the weight of pressure on my chest
Can never be ignored.
And the noose of burdens around my neck
Keeps tightening its cord.
The load of school crushes my soul
With the cycle of the cell,
Slavery and the Civil War,
And transcendental hell.
I struggle just to keep afloat
And keep myself from drowning,
But swim practice is a must
Every afternoon and morning.
And then at home there is no peace
From the weight and from the noose.
I care for my father's broken form,
An obligation I did not choose.
I long for a much simpler life
Spent hiking on a trail,
Or on a beach along the sea
Where nature's glory prevails.
These current years should be precious times
With this I do agree.
I wish I could stop and rest a bit
And live life leisurely.

True Heroes

Jorge Torres '22

A hero is not someone who flies or has superpowers
A hero is much more common than thought
They are like any other person
Hoping to spend every second of their life with their family
Like a father who will defend his children at any cost
They have risked their lives for the common people
Through the hot arid desert
Or through the freezing cold tundra
Wherever needed they will be there
For they have decided freely
That no matter what occurs
They will defend their nation and its people



Fresh Prince, Julian Allen '24 (Graphite)

Look on The Bright Side

Joseph Morency '21

As I drive, I shake as if I'm a carton of orange juice being ready to be poured. I manage to make it home where I then ask my dad what is wrong.

My family has always been into cars. My love for automobiles has been around for as long as I can remember. What fascinates me about them is their mechanical makeup. So many parts and pieces have to work simultaneously and together to make the car as a whole work. The automobile is like my life. So many little pieces that all have such a big job. I wouldn't be the person I am today without the people around me and the challenges I have faced.

Both my father and I just couldn't quite figure out what the problems were. This looked like a job for the local mechanical shop. Upon inspection, it was determined that my 2012 used Lincoln MKZ, with 80,000 miles, had a faulty driveshaft, rotors, and brake pads. The cost of the parts and installation fee resulted in a bill of \$1,900.

My dad turned around and walked right out the door.

We returned home and started conducting our research. Just like in school, we searched for reliable sources to obtain what we needed, a drive shaft, rotors, and brake pads. After hours of searching, we finally found what we needed. A local parts shop named Detroit Axle had the parts we needed. Once

the parts arrived, we began our grueling, but interesting, process.

*So many parts and pieces
have to work simultaneously
and together to make the
car as a whole work... So
many little pieces that all
have such a big job.*

We started with the brakes and rotors. I learned how to remove the tires, calipers, rotors, and brake pads. Came to find out that my brake pads weren't even that worn down. This was a tactic by the shop to make more money off us. Because

we had new pads, we decided to install them. Every single piece fit perfectly into its designated position. We placed the caliper with the fresh pads back on the brand-new shiny rotors.

Next up, the hard part. The drive shaft is what makes

all the wheels turn on an all-wheel-drive car. It consists of an attachment piece that works as a ball and joint to a long, heavy pipe. As the pipe rotates, so do the front and rear tires. It is located in the undercarriage of the automobile.

My father has accumulated many tools and has done many projects, but this was a first for the both of us. We jacked up the car and crawled under.

Rust for as far as I could see.

After we located and examined the drive shaft, we ran into our first predicament. The exhaust was under the drive shaft and may need to be

removed. The brainstorming began, and we determined that we would drop the back end of the exhaust, detach the drive shaft, and pull it out from the back.

Easy, another task done.

Next up was putting the brand new, rust free drive shaft in. As I lay upside down, the blood rushed to my head, and we finally got the drive shaft in. At that moment, I realized a few life lessons. When there is a problem, fix it. Don't be afraid to ask for help. Do your research. I love challenges. And there is nothing like the sense of satisfaction one gets from finishing a job themselves.

We took that 2012 Lincoln MKZ with brand new brakes, rotors, and drive shaft for a ride. It ran perfectly. All of our problems were solved, and in turn we saved around \$1,600.

Until...

About a week later, my brakes were sticking. My caliper wouldn't release when I wasn't breaking. The brand-new brake pad was worn down as if it was years old.

I wasn't angry, though. Look on the bright side, it was another challenge for my dad and I to overcome. Another opportunity for him to teach me more life lessons.

I love challenges. And there is nothing like the sense of satisfaction one gets from finishing a job themselves.

Under the Wave Off Kanagawa

after the woodblock print by Katsushika Hokusai
(1831)

Jack Paroly '21

It has been three months since I left my home in Japan,
but this drawn out journey is finally coming to an end.
I regret my choice to go on this voyage every day.
I was initially excited to study Chinese technology,
but I soon realized I had no interest in the subject.
I spent weeks studying models of ships and weapon designs,
but all I wanted was to continue being a merchant.
Despite everything, the worst part of the trip is being on this
ship.

I am sick of the blistering sun and the ocean breeze.
I have always disliked the ocean due to my irrational fear of
waves,

but now I am surrounded by them with no way out.
Wave after wave, I feel as if I am in an endless trap.
For days, I have seen nothing but the vast sea,
and I can hardly wait to see land again.

Although I am with a crew, I have never felt more alone.
The men along with me have been very serious about their
studies,

and no one has made an effort to talk to me.

I have grown excited to return to Japan where I belong.
It will be nice to reunite with my friends and family.

Today, at long last, I saw the peak of Mount Fuji on the
horizon.

Seeing the jagged yet beautiful peak strengthened my
thoughts of returning home.

I can vividly picture my mother and father waiting with open
arms.

My heart began to race just at the thought of my journey
being complete.

It was a cool morning on the water and all seemed normal.
The rising sun lit up the sky with colors of red, yellow, and
orange.

Suddenly, the colorful sky began to turn dark and grey.
Thundering storm clouds, being propelled by strong winds,
raced towards us.

The waves became uncontrollable and thrashed our ship left

and right.

The ocean was too powerful; there was nothing we could do. For a brief moment, I saw a ray of sunshine and had a glimmer of hope, but that ray of light was swallowed up by a wave headed directly towards the ship.

This wave towered above the others and was our inevitable doom.

It was at that moment I realized how beautiful the waves really were.

It was as if Mother Nature was looking directly at me with her angry dark blue eyes.

I then saw the whitewater come crashing down directly on us. I was thrown and whirled around like a ragdoll by the wave.

My head pounded and my mind became fuzzy.

I began to slowly run out of breath, and I knew this was the end.

The light gradually faded out of sight as I submerged into the abyss.

All I could think about was how I was alone, and I missed my home.



Sunrise over Lake St. Clair, John Moreno '24 (Photography)



Izanamis Garden, Solomon Draus '22 (Mixed Media)

How One Day Changed Everything

Azola Martin '21

They say junior year is the most challenging year in your high school academic career with a lot of focus on your grades for college applications, the junior research paper, as well as scoring high on the SAT/ACT. However, for me, this so-called “challenge” was so strenuous it nearly broke me.

My whole world began to come to an end on the Thursday morning of October 19, 2019. I woke up to my phone inundated with text messages. When I checked our group chat that included my closest friends, there was talk that our friend, Titus, had attempted suicide. Immediately, my heart sank, and I could not even fathom what I had just read. I spent hours trying to figure out what just happened to one of my best friends, who I saw less than 24 hours ago. These feelings left me lost, confused, heartbroken, and most of all numb. I was numb to all that was around me to the point where I felt emotionless and did not know how to be present in the moment. Being in school was extremely difficult for me because, without his presence, the school day was mundane. This was only the beginning of what seemed to be a pattern of never-ending heartbreak.

For nearly a month, I made daily visits to the hospital, checking in on Titus while he was in a medically-induced coma. A few weeks following Titus’s suicide attempt, a freshman at my school and a teammate of mine decided to take his own life. It seemed so sudden because, again, I had just talked to him the day before and now he was gone. Shortly after, a former student from my school who was an upstanding varsity basketball player passed due to suicide. As a freshman, I looked up to him, and now I did not know how to carry myself. It felt as if everyone around me was losing hope.

After a while, even I began to lose hope, falling into a deep state of depression where I was not myself anymore. There was a dark cloud hovering over my head that followed me no matter where I went. I tried everything to shake this feeling, but nothing seemed to do the trick. My friends tried to shower me with positive energy and excitement, but that only made things worse. Going to school became more difficult at this point. I would just go to class and soak in the information without the same enthusiasm I normally had.

With the support of my friends who came through for me day in and day out, I was able to cope. During school, they would check to see how I was feeling, whether in class, the hallway, or at lunch. The late nights spent waiting at the hospital around my friends, as well as Titus's family, brought me comfort and security. It opened up my eyes to see all the love in the people I am surrounded by. My friends weren't just there for me. We were all there for each other as we all shared the same pain, and our friendship became a brotherhood.

This bond allowed me to make it through the semester and realize that I can persevere through any challenge I face. I was able to take all of my final exams and finished the semester with a career-high grade point average of 3.75, despite all of the adversity I had faced in the three months prior. I finished my junior year and never let go of the light at the end of the tunnel. I learned that I am a lot stronger than I may realize, and with the love and support of those around me I can triumph through any situation or obstacle.

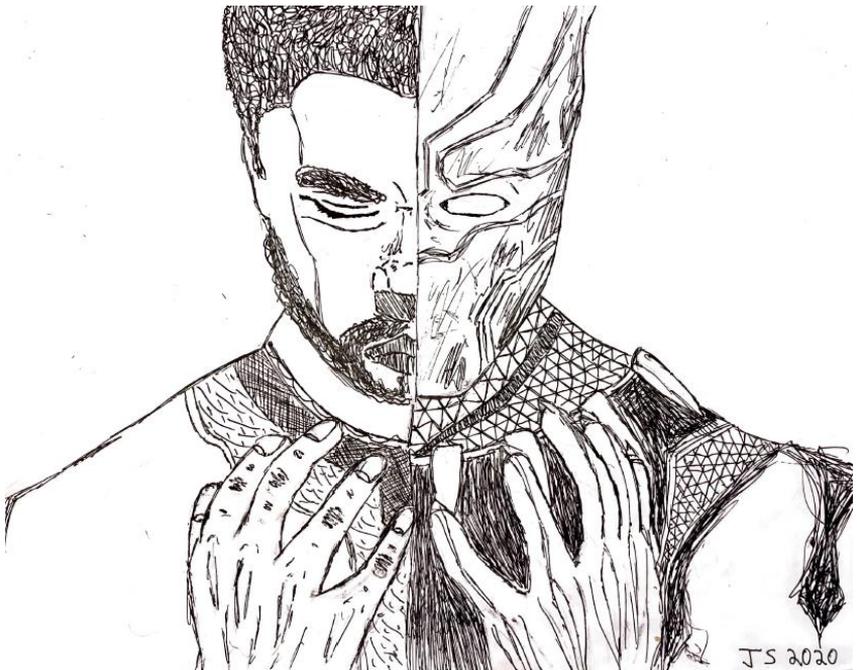
In addition to those hard few months following the death of two fellow schoolmates and the comatic state of my best friend, the second semester of my junior year brought even more challenges.

During the month of January, following the holiday break, things began to improve for me. There was a fresh start with school in regards to my classwork, I had a club trip to Cincinnati, and the gloomy dark cloud that followed me around seemed to disappear. To top it off, Titus's condition was beginning to get better as well, with doctors predicting a hopeful recovery from his injuries. Later that month, I found out he peacefully passed away. I was heartbroken, and the agony of his loss flooded my mind once again. However, this time around I was not as strong as I had been before. I quickly fell into a downward spiral of depression, and my head was constantly filled with suicidal thoughts.

These feelings became so bad that it resulted in me being hospitalized twice for concerns about my safety. After the second time, doctors believed it would be best that I stay at a psychiatric hospital for some time. That was my rock bottom experience. Never in my life had I needed so much help to motivate myself to keep pushing. My desire to live another day was minuscule. My psychiatric hospital stay truly opened my eyes and "scared me straight" back into living the life that

I had always wanted for myself. I was able to free myself of the daunting depression and daily suicidal thoughts with the aid of extensive therapy sessions and group counseling.

In those few days, I had a lot of time to think to myself and truly evaluate where I was in my life, how I got there, and how I could grow from it. I decided that once I was out and back on track, graduating high school and matriculating to college was more important than ever. My dedication to getting back on track was definitely reflected in my second semester GPA when I earned an all-time high for myself in any of my high school years. I was able to overcome so much adversity and loss that I at least owed it to myself and the people who supported me along the way to continue to accomplish great things and chase my highest aspirations.



*In Memory of Chadwick Boseman, Joseph Stachelek '24
(Ink)*





Fortress of Guaita, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

Hope

Carlos Abundis III '23

All around me, I see things that occur.
So much has happened that all events start to blur.
I've seen water and air grapple as the fire fights flower.
And those with the ability to make change, their words turn
sour.

All around me I watch the turmoil,
on TV where flags wave and relations spoil.
Leaders dispute nonstop
As others tell people to go when they need to stop.
For in my lifetime, I have never seen a situation so dire,
that I feel we are locked in a downward spiral.
However, I know that life will return, and we will break
through,
Because I know that there are good people in this world,
People like you.

The Deathly Hallows

Liam Richards '21

In the midst of Dumbledore's death,
The charm that protected Harry has left.
As he leaves Hogwarts to begin his journey,
He needs to find the final horcruxes lurking.
He begins his search with his two best friends,
But Ron and Hermione will eventually have to make amends.
As they rally together and begin to make a stand,
The friends receive news: the ministry has fallen into
Voldemort's hands.

They find the first horcrux, Slytherin's locket,
But fail to destroy it, right out of Dolores's pocket.
They search and search for the next horcrux
And begin to think they are all out of luck.
Then, who comes to the rescue but Aberforth?
Dumbledore's brother shows them a way to Hogwarts.
The search for Ravenclaw's diadem begins
But is almost thwarted by Malfoy and the Carrow twins.
They destroy the horcrux in the midst of the fire,
And Harry discovers Snape's love and lifelong desire.
He goes into the building to discover Fred
Lying on the ground covered in cloth, dead.
Neville kills Nagini using Gryffindor's sword.
Harry realizes he has to die to end the war.
He enters the forest and gazes at his mother's face
And confronts Voldemort, who is waiting to chase.
As Harry dies, he visits Dumbledore,
Who tells Harry there is always an open door.
Harry is revived in Hagrid's arms,
And his sacrifice casts a protective charm.
To end the story, Harry snaps the Elder wand
And banishes Voldemort to the great beyond.

My Michigan Hero

Ian Hauser '22

My great-grandfather, Americo DeCiantis, is my true Michigan hero. He was born on July 29, 1922 and was the first child of his family to be born in America after his parents immigrated from Italy. My grandma told me that he was named after the Italian explorer, Amerigo Vespucci, who is credited with discovering the Americas. Americo grew up in Detroit and graduated from Pershing High School. After graduating from high school, my great-grandfather worked for a couple of years before entering the army to fight in World War II.

Americo went through basic training and was later stationed in the Philippine Islands where the Japanese presence was unbelievably high. He remained stationed in the Pacific for a couple of years until the conclusion of the war. When he returned to Detroit, he married my great-grandmother Esther. Esther was so nice, and she cared for everyone she knew. They made a very good husband and wife and were married for 70 years. Together, they raised four children - one of them being my grandma. Americo was a role model to his children and a loving husband to Esther.

My great-grandfather never went to college. He worked as a cement mason his entire life. My great-grandfather always had so many stories when I went to go see him with my parents. One thing I remember from our visits was he had an extreme love for Animal Planet. Americo always liked to cook and so did Esther. He was very proud of his Italian heritage and always enjoyed having his family and friends at his house.

My dad and my great-grandfather were very close. My dad would go to work with my great-grandfather when he was in college and law school. My dad always looked up to my great-grandfather. This is the reason why my middle name is Americo, to recognize how much my great-grandfather meant to my dad.

One day when my dad was visiting my great-grandfather, Americo gave my dad the bayonet he had brought home from the war. He told my dad to put it in a safe space and that one day, my dad would pass it on to his son. The bayonet meant a lot to Americo, and I know it means a lot to my dad. My dad said that it would be mine when I am much older,

and that one day, I would pass it down to my child.

A couple of years ago, I began to notice my great-grandfather getting more tired and losing some of his energy. Sadly, while my great-grandfather would talk to me, I could tell that he was kind of "out of it." He was able to go through a whole conversation and then ask "Who are you?" at the end. It was very sad when that happened.

My great-grandfather passed away this past March. He was 94 years old. My great-grandma, grandma, and my dad were very sad, but they knew that he loved us all very much. I am grateful that I was able to know my great-grandfather. I realize how lucky I am to have spent so much time with him and learn about his life. I am proud to be named after him and will take great care of his bayonet when my dad gives it to me when I am older.



Fruits and Flowers, Andrew Donovan '21 (Watercolor)

The King Among All

Myles de Jongh '23

As Summer came and my friends remained the same
There was the game that once had a name
My King standing upright and tall before me
As my opponent shakes my hand to agree
My pawns knowing their duty
When to sacrifice and open up my Queen's true beauty
Along these 64 squares I have my battles
The bishops are acting as snakes in a silent, yet deadly rattle
The end game approaches and the end is near
After the crushing anxiety, we both wiped our tears
To be determined and focused wins the race
Yet one mistake can send the pieces back to their base
I have conquered my fears and seen the face of the sun
In great cheer the crowd sees that I have won



Above All Else, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Ink)



Leviathan, Julian Allen '24 (Graphite)

Death Bed

Tyler Johnson '23

While I was laying here lifeless,
Hearing my family crying,
I'm finally happy again.
I hear my brother blaming himself,
My mom is on the floor crying to bring me back,
I hear my dad on the phone talking to my aunt,
I hear the pastor preaching, and I hear the gospel music
Playing.

All I hear is tears and pain in everyone's voice.
I feel all the bumps as they take me to my final resting place;
I feel claustrophobic as they lower me into the ground,
Putting the dirt over me.
I don't understand why they are sad;
I'm in a better place now.

Immersion

Jake Vogelheim '21

I had the good fortune to be raised in a stable community and attend private schools. As a student at the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy, which is located in an economically depressed area, I became part of a community much different than my home address. I experienced the richness of a learning environment that has a diverse student body coming from varying cultural and economic backgrounds. U of D Jesuit teaches students to have deep empathy for others and imparts a call to justice through service. However, it was my participation in the Focus Hope's Generation of Promise program that was transformative and awakened a new understanding of myself and my community.

The Generation of Promise program supports the development of a new generation of leaders who will advance racial equity in Michigan through education on key issues, creating relationships across race and culture. It focuses on personal growth and discovery, and it guides the participants to uncover hidden biases, challenge racial and economic

It was my participation in the Focus Hope's Generation of Promise program that was transformative and awakened a new understanding of myself and my community.

stereotypes, and create meaningful societal change. The program is organized around presentations of key topics affecting the community which led to respectful and empathetic discourse that challenged each person to broaden their knowledge and widen their perspective about complex social and economic issues. The topics truly resonated and inspired me. I was amazed by others' knowledge and passion, and it

instilled a new sense of optimism upon realizing this generation will be different - empowered with deep knowledge, unbounded tolerance, and deep desire for equity.

One of the most memorable days was the opportunity to have lunch at a facility called On the Rise Bakery located in Detroit. The mission of the bakery is to employ men who were

recently released from jail. I had learned about the stigma of being an ex-convict from the stories shared at the Generation of Promise. During my visit, we met with the Capuchin Brother who ran the bakery. He spoke passionately about giving these men another chance at life. We spoke to some of the employees and worked side by side with them for the afternoon, learning their stories and how important it was to be given the chance to earn a fair wage and a new start at life.

This experience truly resonated with me as I realized the possibility that one day, I might use the knowledge gained by completing a business degree and leverage my entrepreneurial spirit to create a small business that could help our society. This program roused a new understanding of my potential and how I could be an agent of change.

I gained this new empathy and understanding through hearing personal stories about the impact and effect that violence, poverty, and racism had on the people associated with the program. Sharing this intimate dialogue through meaningful conversations with others energized me to be a part of the solution. These discussions gave me hope for my generation's ability to collaborate and make positive change in our society. They also equipped me with an understanding about the Black Lives Matter movement and how it has given a voice to so many. I was able to learn about important experiences of black oppression, which helped me to understand the frustration and anger it has caused, and it inspires me to be part of positive change.

The Generation of Promise program gave me tools to inform my view on important topics, transforming the foundations of my beliefs beyond all expectations. The program has inspired me to be part of the solution for social justice and open my mind to various future career paths, finding ways to merge my love of business with helping oppressed and disadvantaged people. Generation of Promise has transformed who I am. I look forward to making a difference and continuing to learn and grow in support of and as a voice for social justice in my community.

The program has inspired me to be part of the solution for social justice...





Urban Development, Thomas Kelley '22 (Photography)

Code Blue

Nic Gascon '22

"Honey, I think we need to call your mom."

I looked up as the doctor spoke to me, but her words barely registered. I studied her face, not much older than mine, unlined with inexperience, with only a furrow in her brow to convey the seriousness of the situation.

"I think it's time we call your mom," she repeated.

I nodded slowly and looked back into my dad's hospital room. I'd been here for three days, visiting three or four hours each day after school, keeping a silent vigil by his side. Trying to concentrate on finishing my biology lab report or history reading, I stayed with him as he silently slept beside me. He's been in the hospital many times before for his various medical issues, but this time was different.

Walking into the family waiting room down the hall, I dialed my mom's phone number and heard her weak voice answer. I closed my eyes, imagining her red, tired eyes and greasy hair. She didn't need this. She's had the flu all week and was barely able to get off the couch. She didn't want to get my dad any sicker than he already was, so she purposely stayed away from the hospital, unable to visit him.

"Mom? You need to come now. The doctor said you need to come." Before I could explain, I heard the announcement on the speaker system.

"Code Blue, Room C236. Code Blue, Room C236."

My dad's room.

"Mom, come quickly. Please!" Before she could respond, I hung up the phone and ran down the hall.

Before I could get to his room, I could smell it, what I call the sickly smell. I thought I'd gone nose blind to it, but there it was, the sickly mix of antiseptic, sanitizer, and illness. Pushing my way into his room, I saw one man on top of my dad, pushing down on his chest aggressively while another woman stood over the bed holding defibrillator paddles. There were six or seven people in the room, all shouting different instructions, and the machines attached to my dad were all sounding their various alarms. Despite the assault of smells, sights, and sounds, I could only focus on my dad's face.

I stood there for what felt like an eternity, just looking at his face. His eyes were half open, but unseeing, and a small

froth had formed at the corner of his mouth. I couldn't stop looking at him until someone physically took me by the arm and gently told me that it would be better for me to wait outside.

Trying to blink back the sting of tears in my eyes, I slowly walked back to the family waiting room, lost and helpless. I remembered that, just last week, my dad asked me to take him on a late-night run to Wendy's for him for a Baconator cheeseburger and a baked potato. It was late, I was exhausted from school and swim practice, and I still had a ton of homework to do. The last thing I wanted to do was go to Wendy's.

I slowly shook my head, trying to erase that memory from my mind.

"Please?" my dad asked, looking at me with a slight smile. "You could get a Frosty for yourself."

The old Frosty enticement usually worked, but I really didn't feel like going.

"Not tonight, Dad. I really have a lot of homework to do. We'll get Wendy's tomorrow." The slight smile faded from my dad's face, and he nodded his head before maneuvering his wheelchair back into his bedroom.

Wiping the tears from my eyes in the waiting room, I slowly shook my head, trying to erase that memory from my mind, telling myself that I did the best I could. It hasn't been easy growing up with a quadriplegic father. Growing up, I always envied the kids in my neighborhood whose dads played baseball with them or went on bike rides. I wanted a dad who could do things with me, not just a dad who needed me to do things for him.

"Nic?" My mom rushed into the room, and I stood and hugged her tight. I couldn't control the tears anymore, and in a rushed jumble, I told her about the code, the CPR, the frothing at the mouth.

"Shh, it's okay, it's okay," she murmured softly as she held me tight, swaying slightly, in a way that she hasn't done in years, since I was a little kid or maybe since I grew taller than her. "I'm so sorry you were here alone. I should have been here."

As we waited for the doctor in a silence filled with dread,

another memory came to mind. During Christmas break, my dad asked me to play a video game, Metal Gear Solid. Because he no longer had the use of his hands, he sometimes asked me to play for him while he watched. I usually didn't mind if I was playing NBA 2K or something good, but MGS was released in the '90s, and I hated playing those old school games with crappy graphics.

"Please?" my dad asked with his slight smile.

"Not right now. I'm kind of tired. Maybe later." The slight smile faded, and my dad slowly nodded his head as he wheeled away.

My memory was interrupted by the impossibly young doctor walking into the waiting room.

"Mrs. Gascon? I'm so sorry. We did everything we could."

Before I could register what the doctor was saying, I felt my mom scream.

"NOOOO!"

I could feel that scream in my bones, vibrating against the grief, the loss, the anguish of losing the man who meant the most to me in this world.

"NOOOO!"

I could feel that scream in my heart, echoing against the guilt, knowing I could have, should have, done a little more to make him happy.

"NOOOO!"

I could feel that scream in my soul, knowing that no one tried harder than my dad and, without him, my world would never be the same again.

As my mom and I walked into my dad's hospital room for the last time, I couldn't stop looking at his face. This was the face of the man who, despite the hardships thrown his way, always did his best. This was the face of the man who knew he couldn't spend time with me playing baseball or riding bikes, so he made sure we would eat or play video games together.

And this was the face of the man who didn't need me to do things for him but tried to do things with me.

...no one tried harder than my dad and, without him, my world would never be the same again.

To the Figures on Auguste Rodin's *Gates of Hell*
Palmer Nittis '21

Writhing in pain
Try as you may
You cannot escape this
Inherit your fate
Recognize sin
Burn it away
Virgil can't guide you
Down off these gates
You lusted and gluttoned
Desired with plain,
Irate sinful eyes
And heretics' names
You're all violent frauds
And treacherous gits
On doors colored maud
Entombed in hell's pits
Alighieri wrote of you
In his comedy
And Rodin has cast you
For the whole world to see
Now I, a student,
Interpret your place
Suffering eternally
On a sculpted door face



Noir Avec Or et Argent, Nathan Green '22 (Acrylic Paint)

The Forest of the Mind: Part I

Fuzail Ahmed '21

"I need to get an A. If I don't get an A, I'll fail this class. God, I hate math. What's the point of it, anyway? It's not like I'm going to use it in the future. What if my parents yell at me again? Oh man, I'm so screwed."

"Mr. Jonas!" yells Ms. Mathers. "Mr. Jonas!"

"What? Yes, I'm sorry. What's the matter?" I asked politely because she seemed kind of mad.

"You were supposed to turn in your test five minutes ago. I gave you that extension because you said you were almost done. Remember?" she told me, more calmly this time.

"Oh, right. One second." I quickly jotted down some random number. "Here. It's done." I handed her the test and walked out of my Algebra II class.

Next was English. I had another test in English. It was on some book called *Wuthering Heights*. It was a good book, just too long. I walked into Room 219 and saw Mr. Smith standing at his desk, eager to hand out the test.

"You read, Jonas?" he asked, excited to see how well his students retained the information of the novel.

"Absolutely!" I told him, even though I knew I didn't want to take this test. I walked over to my seat that I've had since last year's 8th grade English class with Mr. Smith.

"All right, ladies and gentlemen, settle down. Let's get ready for the test," Mr. Smith announced.

"Oh boy, here we go again," I thought to myself. Mr. Smith placed the test on our desk, and I immediately knew I was screwed.

I began panicking like never before. "I can't fail another class; I'm already failing two. Well, maybe I won't fail. I actually read the book. Oh, why does it matter? I'm useless. Okay, I better start before the time runs out like it did in math today. Actually, it doesn't matter. I am going to fail anyway." My thoughts kept rushing through my head like I was running through a forest. It was dark and hot in this forest, but I had beads of ice-cold sweat dripping down my face. I was being chased by a dark cloud. I was sprinting as hard as I could, but I really wasn't going anywhere. I was done for. That dark, pitch-black cloud was going to catch me, and I would never get out of the cloud. The cloud would slowly consume me until I

was erased from existence.

I kept on running until I reached a cliff. I got to the cliff and realized that I had to jump if I were to have any chance of getting away from this cloud. As usual, the thoughts began flooding my head again.

"Do I jump or not? If I jump, I'll probably die, but if I don't jump that black cloud is going to catch me, and I have no idea what's in there. I really do not want to get consumed by the cloud. If I jump, maybe I'll land safely because maybe there's water down there.

"However, if I stay and get consumed by the cloud, I'll most likely die. Is that okay, though? Do I want to die? I won't panic in class anymore. I won't have to stress about everything all the time anymore. If I get caught by the cloud and die, that'll all go away. I don't have any friends, so no one will miss me from school, but my parents will. I don't want my mom to cry. I cannot die."

I decided that I'm going to jump.

I take one last look at the cloud with fear in my eyes, fear of being consumed by that dark cloud. I take one step forward and jump. I felt like I was falling for hours and suddenly I landed exactly where I was before the forest. My head is down, and no time at all has passed. I pick up my pencil with my shaking hand and begin to write.

I overcame the terribly fast thoughts that were going through my head.

I suddenly have a clear mind, and I am actually able to focus. I am nice and calm now. I got through the attack of the dark black cloud, and now I can ace this boring, old test.

"Pencils up, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Smith said as I wrap up the third and final question. "How did everyone do?" he asked, rather excitedly.

"Gooood," the entire class stated monotonously.

"Good. I'm glad," he stated happily yet disappointed that his students don't seem to care about his class.

I was actually pretty happy with how I did on the test. I feel that I overcame the terribly fast thoughts that were going through my head. However, no matter how calm I felt, I knew that one day I would be sent back into that forest and have to face the dark cloud once again.



Still Here, Alex Koceyan '21 (Digital Art)

The Forest of the Mind: Part II

Ricardo Peres da Silva '21

Jonas looked up from his computer screen to a forest of gray. Gray siding. This was his life. Stuck in a monotone gray room with gray cubicles filled with gray chairs and gray computers. His desk had two pictures of his dog, Murphy and his young son, both in gray frames. Outside, the office was a monotone gray building inside a suburban industrial park. He drove his gray sedan to work daily and then back home to his gray house. He would go to work out every day in the gray gym. His life was gray.

Fifty-one weeks out of the year, Jonas's mind was filled with gray. After a year of struggle, he and his son would go to visit his parents in the Italian countryside for the last week of the year. This week was his week of color, spending time in the beautiful oak cabin surrounded by bright green fields, the shining blue streams, and his mother's beautiful garden with the dark red roses and the magenta lilacs. He would wake up early to take a walk by himself, listening to the birds chirping and the wind singing. The sun would warm his face as he took steps in the soft grass, and he would always stop to smell the flowers. Coming back inside, he would enter the old estate to a huge breakfast spread of coffee, pastries, cakes, bread, jam, and fruit. Gianna, the maid, would be calling the others to come down. It was always him, his parents, his son, and his brothers. They would exchange laughs and bring up good stories from their past. Jonas could just imagine, sitting at the long family table, enjoying the true pleasures of life.

This was his break, his love, his pleasure. A messy divorce, suicide attempts, and a nicotine addiction were all under control because of this weekly trip. It was his refuge, and it kept him going. It was his tree of knowledge in a forest of confusion.

*It was his tree of
knowledge in a
forest of confusion.*

Before Jonas's parents moved to Italy, he did not have that refuge in the Italian cottage. His parents worked just like he did, in an oil refinery in Canada. Without that refuge, Jonas's mind was constantly loading, trying to find something to motivate him. As a child, sometimes he would

think about life. What is life without a purpose? His forest was full of burning trees, large reptiles, and evil spirits. His life was full of uncertainty, doubt and darkness from this place of evil inside of him. Society made him feel like he was without a purpose.

Over time, the forest turned around. The fires stopped. The reptiles died off. The state of the forest was replaced with gray bushes in a misty fog. The past ten years of exhaustion, deprivation, struggle resulted in him giving in. He was done protesting, trying to battle his inner demons. Time was just a construct anyway, and there

was no point in trying to turn the whole forest green. All he could do was tend to the tree of knowledge. Trying to make things better only made things worse. Let the rest of the forest deteriorate.

He was done protesting, trying to battle his inner demons... All he could do was tend to the tree of knowledge.

Twenty years later, Jonas lied in bed with his condition worsening. People came in and out of his gray hospital cell. Mostly past coworkers lamenting his early stage four cancer, and distant family members paying their last respects. Nurses in gray coats. A gray bed. On his side table, the two pictures of his son and his former dog continued to stand next to him as he suffered.

Toward the very end of his life, his son finally came to visit with a priest in a gray vestment. After the last rites ceremony, his son put something on his desk. With the aches and pains of old age permeating on his frail body, Jonas painfully turned on his side to look at it. In front of the two pictures on the gray table was a red rose, one from the green meadows in Italy. The rose shone with light from the son, like a fruit falling on the ground. On the gray table, in the gray room, located in the gray hospital complex. Finally, the forest was growing.

Why Me?

Yohan Lewis '24

If you have to ask Why me?
When you're feeling really blue,
When the world has turned against you
And you don't know what to do,
When it pours colossal raindrops
And the road's a winding mess,
And you're feeling more confused
Than you ever could express.

When the saddened sun won't shine,
When the stars will not align,
When you'd rather be
Inside your bed,
The covers pulled
Above your head,
When life is something
That you dread
And you have to ask Why me?...

Then when the world seems right
And true, when rain has left a gentle dew,
When you feel happy being you,
Please

Ask

Yourself

Why Me?

Then, too.

Unknown

Andrew Hall '22

I try to see what cannot be seen
And feel what cannot be felt
I seek what is not found
And discover what can only be thought of as impossible
My mind eclipses the very thought provocation of existence
And am fantasized by the dread of the inevitable end
I do not fear death,
As only when you stop fearing the certain demise
Can you truly live life



Arch Rock, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

Out West

Michael Pricer '23

Out west, what a place to be
O what glorious sights to see
The lush woods stretching far and wide
Rushing rivers act as a fellow guide.

Out west, Nature's beauty on true display
The mountains as big as God's warm embrace
Hear the roar of the crystal waters cry
See the birds flutter their wings as they fly by.

Out west, where God's true self is revealed
See God's creation in the passing field
Hear the winds make their way through the trees
Nature is here for all to appease.

Dreaming of a Dream

Malik Brisban '23

You dream of a dream that will never come true.
If they did, would you really want them to?
You say the dream is about me and you;
However, you can never understand another's point of view.
They say a dream is nothing too real,
But if they feel real, is that still the deal?
You tell me a dream is not much to chase.
Can you still say that when you see the look on my face?
If there is no finish line, why is life considered a race?
I think I'll chose to stay in my dreams because they are my
happy place

In My Head

Christopher Nosek '22

It's 11:45. The start of my most dreaded period. This class always takes forever to get through, even though every class is the same length. I would blame the teacher for this drawn-out boredom, yet the school told me that it would be best to look inward on these issues instead of pointing fingers.

It's still 11:45, and nothing interesting has yet to have happened. So far, it has just been the same everyday occurrences: walk in, discuss homework, start the new lesson. It's always the same three-step routine for this class. However, I instead just tune out the class. I mean, the teacher doesn't even know my name, so what is the point for me to care what he has to say?

Some tell me that I have to pay attention, but what is the point of spending time paying attention to material I feel as though I don't need? I don't want to go into a career like this: sitting behind a desk for hours staring at a screen. Though, I don't really know what I want to do in life. All I know is that it has to be important.

After checking the homework, I looked out the window and decided to instead stare at the beautiful rolling hills that were planted outside the thick glass windows of my classroom.

I stared deep into the glamorous landscape when suddenly, as though in a horror movie of some kind, the door to the classroom slammed open!

It was the vice principal. He stood in the doorway with a river of sweat puddling atop his brows. He must have been running what with how out of breath he appeared.

He looked into the class with such an urgency that his mind must have turned off his hearing because as he stood there my teacher questioned his presence.

"How may I help you, sir?" my teacher asked, receiving no reply.

The vice-principal, finally moving after what felt like an hour, instead pointed towards me with no words attached. So, I stood up and walked to the door.

The eyes of the class were glued to me the entire journey.

The vice-principal then violently pulled me into the hallway, closed the door, looked me in the eyes and harshly

whispered, "The president has been shot."

A chill quickly rolled through my spine, only to be brought back up like a yo-yo because there was no time to load such feelings. I knew what I had to do because I have been trained for moments like this.

I walked out the front doors of the school briskly, with the vice principal shadowing my movements. I strutted to the black Chevrolet Tahoe that was embellished in the secret White House logo. Once inside, the driver drove me straight to the airport where a jet was awaiting my arrival. The inside was flushed with reds, blues, golds, and whites, and many other executives looking to reach the same destination as I. The jet then took off for Washington D.C.

While we are flying, I believe that it would be best to quickly explain who I am and what is happening. About five years ago, I was elected by Congress to a position that helped bridge a growing gap of secrecy between the government and the people. Whenever a crisis arises or is expected to arise, I must go to D.C. and work with the president and their cabinet to find a solution and be a voice for every person. However, my job must remain a secret to the masses. Mostly because I am expected to pick a neutral and natural view on political matters, and if revealed to be a government worker, that neutrality may be lost. However, I cannot work alone, so along with me, there are 49 other "representatives," though I am the most important because of my skills. I have been present at some of the most important meetings in the past five years of history, but there is not enough time to discuss these matters because we have finally arrived in D.C.

My team and I arrived in the city of pillars and democratic royalty. Waiting at the bottom of the steps was the secret service, dressed in their black suits almost appearing unfazed by the events that had just occurred. They then cordially moved us into a black Tahoe that twinned the sister vehicle from before. My team and I stepped into our lavish transport and took off towards the White House.

As we neared the White House, there was something quite anarchic about what we witnessed. There was a mob of protestors hugging around the gates of the White House holding flags and posters that presented statements like "What's next" and "There is no future in this system." They were also chanting about the "destruction of futures."

However, I could not get a good read on what exactly they protested.

Our car rolled to the gates to the White House when, suddenly spotting us, the mob ran over to break in. They slammed their fists on the windows and pushed the car back and forth like elephants trying to snap a tree. Their anger was attentive and controlled on an intent to attack the White House and anyone who enters.

The Secret Service then showed up, freeing our car from the people's grip, allowing us to enter. I watched as the gates slammed shut, locking out the anger that surrounded the events.

I composed my face as we stopped, and once opening the doors of the car, I entered.

I made my way to the Situation Room and showed my security pin to the guard. After noticing who I was, I watched as he ducked into the door and said, "He's here."

His tone was shaky and quite sharp as he stated this, and the room went quiet.

As I entered, I noticed that all of the lights were off, allowing for only the illumination from the television screens that mirrored the same scenes I experienced outside on each one.

I sat down and immediately asked the other executives and secretaries about the events I witnessed outside.

"We don't know," the secretary of defense stated. "They have waited out there all day, and one of them shot the president."

Apparently, a very important bill was set to be passed, and the president decided to instead veto the bill, a bill I told the president that it would be in his best interest to sign. Because he didn't, anger arose within the country quite quickly. So, while giving a speech in the rose garden, a protestor apparently jumped the fence and shot the president mid-speech.

"Well, where is the vice president right now? He must be sworn in," I responded.

"He ran."

"What do you mean he ran?" I asked.

"The vice president only took the job because he wanted the paycheck. He did not want the full responsibility of being president," the defense secretary concluded.

Typical, I thought quietly to myself. This isn't the first time leadership within this country fell, especially when we most needed it.

I continued the conversation, "Then, we must swear in the House Speaker."

"She does not want to either. She resigned just minutes ago. In fact, most of the cabinet members, including myself, have resigned."

"Why? This is your constitutional duty," I stated.

"Sir, most of the people that are looked up upon, hardly even look to themselves when times become tough," the defense secretary stated.

I had no words. No other leader was left, except me. Yet, my job should never come to such an extreme position as president. In fact, many should not even know who I was. I was walking against the constitutional current I agreed to and my confidence to do it.

Noticing my stammering, the defense secretary looked at me and said, "Strength is a hard and painful injection to take, yet after taking, its medicine can save so many."

I knew what I had to do. My fears and qualms were unimportant at this time, and the secrecy of my position had to be placed aside as well. The country needed a leader. So, I stood up, took charge, and walked out of the room with a mighty power no one could dissolve. I then walked to the press area to share this decision. I confidently strutted down hallways until I finally got to the door to the press room. I grabbed the handle.

Yet, before I could even open the door, I was interrupted.

"Excuse me, young man, but if you are going to be in my class you must pay attention."

I turned suddenly from the window only to come face-to-face with the stone face of my professor.

"If you don't pay attention, you'll fail the class, and that means no graduation, no college, and no future. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," I told him with the only breath I could muster up from the embarrassment of his confrontation. I must have zoned out again.

"Good," he responded. "Now, as I was saying..."

I looked at the clock as he walked back towards the white board. It's only 11:52. I told you this class takes forever.



Screen Time, Solomon Draus '22 (Graphite)

The Call of the Bells

Owen Dorweiler '23

The bells, they call me to a higher place;
A joyous clamor sadness may deface,
As like the tolling bells among the dead,
I briefly think of them and bow my head.

The rich and wealthy, they have met their end,
Are lying now beneath the earth again.
But there is greater rest that this can't give,
The highest reach of peace for those who lived.

The poor, forgotten people on this earth,
May lack the worldly goods of worldly worth,
But what they lack below they gain above,
For they are friends of God, the God of Love.

And so, this brings about a greater peace,
The peace of one, now great, who was the least,
Who, like the saints, have joy without an end,
Because they made their God their greatest friend.

The bells, they call me to a higher place;
A joyous clamor sadness may deface,
Unlike the tolling bells among the dead,
I know that I can choose the path ahead.



A Normal Day of Dreaming, Umair Ahmed '24 (Ink)

Survivor or a Victim?

Frank Blackman, Jr. '21

Secrets to Jewish Wealth Revealed! by Rabbi Celso Cukierkorn. This is the first book that I read entirely in the past three years. The book had a lot of great quotes and tips about how Jewish people are able to flourish and prosper, but the novel posed one question that I found very interesting. "What's the difference between a survivor and a victim?"

This question in particular stood out to me because it made me reflect on my own life... what I've been through. The novel says the difference between a victim and a survivor is that a victim experiences an event and they let that event be the story of their life and do nothing to pick themselves back up from it. A survivor, on the other hand, is one who goes through something and figures out a way to make themselves better from that situation. Before I asked this question to anyone else, I asked myself, "Frank, how have you lived your life thus far?" The answer I gave myself was "survivor."

I laugh a lot. I mean I laugh at literally everything. It's a part of my personality. But there was a point in my life where I wasn't laughing, last October to be exact. I wasn't laughing

because nothing going on in my life was worth laughing about. Everything was so serious. That's when I knew that something was wrong with me.

I was homeless the summer leading up to my first year of high school. I started off my high school career with a 2.0 GPA. One of my closest friends was in a coma from an attempt on his own life, and my mom was diagnosed with Stage III breast cancer in the same week. How do you explain that? The answer is you can't. Because that's life.

When life showed me its true colors is when I knew it was time to change my approach and my mentality. Once I changed my mentality, I challenged myself to not only continue to make myself better but improve other people's lives as well. I challenged myself to use my story to influence and inspire others.

One of the ways I've accepted this challenge is through a club that I initiated called BeNice. BeNice is a mental health awareness program that my school and nine other Metro Detroit schools had the opportunity to establish in their various school communities. After the passing of my close friend as a result of suicide, I felt that this initiative was perfect for me and my classmates. Our chapter started after I gathered nine of my peers to help me bring this idea into fruition and create something positive at our school. We felt there was a void that needed to be filled in the mental health space in our school community, and we created BeNice to fill that void. Our chapter focuses not only on the education of mental health, but it also allows kids to have a space to open up about what they're going through.

Starting this club, losing my friend, and watching my mother fight for her life has taught me a lot. I learned to never let another human tell me I'm less than them or anyone for that matter. I learned that my story, my struggles, they don't define my future, but how I choose to live my life moving forward absolutely does. And lastly, always, always, always BE YOURSELF.

Every story has an ending, but the hardest part about writing a story is figuring out where to begin. Like many, I don't know where my story would start, but I do know that while the first couple chapters have been rocky, the next chapter will be better than ever, and I also know that my story is far from finished because I'm a survivor.

The Watch

Jack Michelini '21

Jerry knew that some things could be counted upon not to change. His alarm clock always went off at precisely six o'clock in the morning. His car always made a creaking noise when he slowly applied the brakes. His assistant at work always gave him his coffee with a little too much creamer. Up until one Tuesday morning, the second hand on his silver watch had always caught for an extra second any time that it passed the number seven.

That morning, the second hand didn't stutter as it always had. Rather, it stopped entirely.

His kitchen had been hot that morning, not surprising considering he was in Las Vegas during the middle of July. He had finished his breakfast when he noticed the clock face staring back at him, menacingly still. Jerry sighed, and made a mental reminder to send a letter to the store where he had bought the watch. Or he could ask his secretary to do it for him. He took the watch off and set it on the counter.

CRACK

Jerry flinched as he felt a pain in his head, and his vision was temporarily obscured by darkness. When he reopened his eyes, he was no longer standing in his kitchen. He was still in his kitchen, sure, but it didn't look like his. The cabinets were a lighter shade of wood, not the black painted cabinets he was familiar with. His counter and backsplash were both a stark turquoise color, quite unlike the simple granite he had before. As he moved a room over, he saw that the hardwood of his living room had been replaced by a green shaggy carpet.

After a brief moment of shock, Jerry's mind began struggling to catch up with what the eyes were supplying it with. He ran his feet on his newfound carpet to verify his eyes weren't deceiving him. He hadn't remembered hitting his head earlier, and he also remembered waking up that morning. Finally, he felt something on his wrist, where he found his watch, despite him having taken it off. Other than that, it

looked remarkably the same, with the time stuck at 6:40.

Jerry shook his arm, though nothing happened. He reached to unlatch the watch from his wrist, but he was unable to undo the buckle. He grew more irritated with himself, and reached in his shirt pocket for his cell phone. It was then that he realized he wasn't wearing his usual dress shirt as he usually did. Rather, he found himself in button-up suspenders that went over his shoulders, and the pocket with his cell phone was nowhere to be found. Getting frustrated, he walked back into the kitchen, grabbed a knife from the knife block next to his stove, and attempted to pry the watch buckle open. After much difficulty, the knife slipped and glanced against the watch face.

CRACK

After that familiar sound, Jerry opened his eyes to a very different scene. Rather than standing in his kitchen, or any kitchen for that matter, he was standing in the middle of a desert dotted with scrub. It looked to be early in the morning still, and the rising sun led to a muggy feel in the air. As Jerry examined his new outfit (a tweed jacket with brown slacks), he looked at his wrist again where, unsurprisingly to him, he found his watch smiling back up at him. He took a closer look at the watch face but found it unscathed from where the knife had hit it. Not knowing what force was doing this to him and not wanting to tempt fate further, Jerry chose to ignore the watch, and instead he set about looking for anything recognizable surrounding him.

Hours passed, and Jerry began to feel himself getting tired from not just the walking but also the sweltering heat. He had been unable to find anything to drink, and his parched tongue made breathing all the more difficult. His feet had begun to hurt long ago, as the wingtip shoes he found himself wearing were ill-suited for the day's events. His stomach was growling for food. As the sun began to set, Jerry lied down and began to nod off.

CRACK

Jerry awoke with a jolt. As he opened his eyes, he saw



the dark night lit by a flash of lightning, despite the lack of rain. Just as soon as the lightning came, however, it was gone. A few moments passed, and again Jerry saw the world lit up, though this time in the distance he saw the silhouette of a rider on horseback. After the next flash, Jerry saw the rider grow closer to him, though how the rider would have seen him he had no idea. In its hand, it clutched what looked like a club. Panicking, Jerry did the only thing he could think to do. As the next flash of lightning illuminated his world, and brought the rider closer, Jerry reached for a nearby rock and brought it down upon the face of the watch.

CRACK

Jerry looked around and didn't notice anything different. When the lightning came again, however, he saw that the face of the watch was cracked. As he was greeted with a few more seconds of darkness, Jerry began to run. When the next flash came, Jerry looked behind him at the rider, who had made up much ground. The rider's face was obscured by a mane of grizzled hair. The man's eyes looked familiar and seemed to stare straight through his own.

Another flash of lightning, and the man was nearly on him. The man's skin seemed leathery, and the wrinkles showed many years of age. The rider raised his arm, which Jerry saw held a crude club carved from a piece of wood as old as the rider was.

CRACK

Jerry felt the blow to the side of his head as the rider made contact with his skull. Time seemed to suspend as Jerry felt himself fall down. Just before his head hit the ground, a flash of lightning gave him one last look at the rider. On the rider's wrist, the one holding the club, Jerry saw a gleam of silver, and a broken watch face.

CRACK



The Travelling Merchant, Levi Cook '22 (Graphite)



You, Me, and the Seasons

Avery Krick '24

You, Me, and the Autumn Leaves

Looking up at the burning tree
Hear the songs of fleeting birds,
Harmonize with crunching leaves
The howling wind makes amends of peace,
With you and me, unbroken sheath.

I see you standing near the oak
Of burning branches that curse no smoke
The wind, instead of make it rise,
Would rather have the flames slowly glide.

The fire twirls through the air and hits the ground,
The chilling wind blows and whistles to keep us safe and
 sound
The warm embrace of this weaving spiral,
Complements your burning smile
You're the reason my world goes round,
You're the only reason I have found.

Stay with me my darling, dear,
Against the world, no sense of fear
We'll hold each other warm and tight,
Under the burning tree and freezing night.

You, Me, and the Winter's Snow

The light reflects off glistening snow,
And comes back with a softer glow
Just how many nights have we spent,
Nestled near the fireplace, huddled by the heating vent.

The snow begins to pile up,
And as we watch, we hold our cups
The greatest clash of warmth and cold,
Yet cozy and peaceful silver lining of untold.

And as we watch the falling specs of white,
We can see the night, and despite the falling of the snow
We can sit in stillness night, watch the parade and show
And observe as the world unfolds.

With the burning tree's fire gone,
A pure white flower of snow and ice
Will take its song, to sing it sweet
This song of peace,
This song of unmoving space,
Will be played to the end of fate.

You, Me, and the Spring's Blossoms

Showers of beating rain,
Hit the roof and laugh
Their laugh of stronger chain
Yet the beat of the ruthless water,
Can make you fall asleep and wonder

What was it like before?
The sun and the shaded floor,
As the rain stops its fall
The sun has come to hear its call,
It shows itself once again
To me and you and all our friends

All our friends of endless color
Frolic in fields of endless plunder
With petals drifting in the wind
The hum of birds and their kin

We'll sit under the same old tree,
The same old us, the same old three
The shade of the giant oak
Covered in a shadowed cloak
We'll lean on each other like we always did,
And say what we always said.



You, Me, and Summer's Sun

Playing in this blistering heat,
Eating frozen treats of sweet,
We'll run around just like we're kids,
And take our place up on the grid,

The sun's rays fall down upon this darkened earth,
And shine its rays to stop the hurt,
Paired with blue, that perfect team,
Of sun, sky, and crashing sea,
Endless places to call home,

Endless ways to make it known,
The leaves full of green and life,
Ignore the strife,
And harvest with a scythe,
The happy memories, to see what these seasons really
meant,
To say what we always said, I hope I see you once again.



Sunset on the Cove, Linus Gowman '24 (Photography)



Scenes from Hawaii, Graham Elliot '21 (Photography)

Life Through a Unique Lens

Pierre Wegrzyn '21

Cruising through the air, about two hundred feet above the surface and more than a mile from shore, I can see the calm waters of Lake Ontario that appear to stretch forever. But I am not flying. I am back on shore, reclined in a beach chair. It is my drone doing the flying, and I am the one piloting it.

As a little kid, I would go to the movies with friends or family, and when everyone was discussing their thoughts of the film, I would quietly ponder to myself, "How in the world did they do that? How did they get the camera to stay following the car? How were they able to get the camera so high?"

I began to discover answers by watching Casey Neistat on YouTube in eighth grade. Casey was, and still is, a prominent creator on the platform and is known for his cinematic vlogging that often comes from a drone. In September 2016, Casey posted a video titled, "GREATEST DRONE EVER!! DJi Mavic Pro" demonstrating how to use a drone to film videos. I was hooked. Casey wasn't in Hollywood, and he didn't have a camera crew, but he was able to capture such amazing cinematic shots. *I have a creative mind*, I thought. *I just need a drone.*

I researched the DJI Mavic Pro and found that the drone was far out of my budget. I decided the only way I was ever

going to take to the skies was to work for it. I began to work as a host at our family's restaurant. I did this for the whole summer and was able to buy myself an early Christmas present: the DJI Mavic Pro.

With my newly acquired aerial technology, the remainder of my year was spent practicing in my backyard and perfecting my cinematic expertise. Soon, I took my drone to Lake Ontario, hoping to elevate my work on a more aesthetic level. I am very glad I did.

I discovered a small sailboat, about 35 feet long, quietly making its way back to port about a mile from shore. At the right moment, I positioned the Mavic Pro on the side of the sailboat and snapped the picture as the sun was setting in the background, creating a warm orange glow that reflected off of the Canadian waters--a sensational photograph.

Although I amassed many beautiful photographs over the next year, I decided that the sailboat image still reigned supreme, and I submitted it to my high school's literary magazine. To my delight, the picture was featured twice in the magazine: first in the table of contents and then on page 28.

Another highlight that came with the publishing of the magazine was when Mr. Dery, my Media and Communications teacher, reached out to me and asked if I wanted to have a spot on the school's daily broadcast to talk about my passion for drone photography and filming. I happily accepted the offer.

The three-minute-long interview was streamed throughout the school, and it served as the catalyst to my aerial photography "career." Shortly after the broadcast, my English teacher, who is also a rowing coach, asked me to film an upcoming meet. I was even paid to do it, and some people gathered around to watch me fly. I felt really professional.

Since then, a number of people have requested my services, and I have been delighted to help. I do it because I truly have fun flying the drone and not because of the payout. Making money is what motivates many people to get out of bed in the morning, but I hope that mindset will never apply to me.

Flying the drone and falling in love with my hobby have taught me to pursue what I love: experiencing the world from an extraordinary perspective and viewing life through a very unique lens, literally.

Old Sparky

Grady Cate '22

Pending are my bawls and bellows,
Muted is my screech,
The gainsboro walls, my empty stall,
Death awaits me in that seat,

Trepidation overtook me, mortified are my thoughts
Cannon Fodder to "Old Sparky" I am become
With my calls unanswered and fate set in place,
Perhaps I've accepted, I am comfortably numb.

Poorly and unhinged, mind wandering deep,
Into the caverns of my brain,
The crows sang their song, of Osiris and Ptah,
The others know I am insane,

The pillars unveiled the guardians, abhorring my existence
Their stature running tall
My inevitable demise, mortality thrown aside,
I have always belonged to Baal.

The throne awaits my swift departure,
Flesh and remorse fill the air,
My faults and sins have rewarded me,
The lightning God is mighty fair.

I wear a silver crown and chestnut gauntlets,
My nerves have thrown a party
I'm frying and ululating, electrocuted to death
Feel the wrath of the almighty "Old Sparky."



*Christmas during COVID-19, Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21
(Photography)*

My Life Through Flags

Jack Michelini '21

One of my interests can be summed up in a single word: flags. For much of my life, I have been enthralled with their history, their design, and the connotations that they carry with them. Flags are so much ingrained in my life that it is impossible to miss them when you open the door to my room. They adorn all four walls, my door, and the ceiling. Each of these flags represents something different about me -- my heritage, an experience that I have had, or another aspect of my life.

On one hand, the significance of some of my flags are straightforward. The Detroit, Michigan, and American flags are all based on where I live and are merely a manifestation of my pride for the places I am from.

Other flags hold special meaning to me based upon experiences I have associated with them. I was very fortunate to be able to take a trip to Rome with my high school orchestra class. After our visit to the Vatican, I bought both the Vatican

City flag, in part to represent my faith, and also a European Union flag, which serves as a reminder for the trip as a whole. My trip to Rome with classmates was very important for me in many ways; I not only got to spend time with friends, but I also got to explore and experience a different part of the world. I am naturally curious, and that trip, along with my interest in flags, allows me to feed that curiosity.

The Bavarian flag, though I bought it because it is very aesthetically pleasing, also reminds me of taking trips with my family to Frankenmuth, a small, Bavarian-style town in Michigan. I have the first U.S. naval jack for two reasons, my interest in history and also my admiration for many of the founding fathers. I love history, and I like to explore it through a variety of lenses, whether they be geography, important figures, or even linguistics. I enjoy seeing the way that things change over time, and flags are a tangible way to explore that.

However, the most significant flags for me are the various Irish flags I have hanging in my room. Though they are important to me in part because of my heritage, they hold even more meaning because of the fond memories I have of a shared "Irishness" with my family. When I was younger, my family would visit my grandparents at their condo in Florida. Each year, we paid a visit to an Irish shop, followed by dinner at the Irish restaurant right next door. Even though my grandmother, whose grandparents were Irish and Scottish, passed away earlier this year, I am still able to have a connection with her through the Irish flags in my room and the memories of those trips associated with them. My relationships with members of my family are very important to me, and I am reminded of them whenever I see the various Irish flags hanging from my walls.

Flags are certainly a niche topic, but I enjoy that. It is not an interest that many teenagers share, and in that way, I am allowed to celebrate my individuality. Even so, flags are more than just an interest for me, they are a reflection of who I am. The flags I have collected represent many things -- a trip, my love of history, a fond memory, or a special relationship -- but most importantly, they serve as reminders of the things that matter most to me.



The 313, Nicholas Lundberg '21 (Photography)

Born and Raised

Jaxson Graham '23

In the city where I'm from...

There's Music, Motown, and Motor.

People call Soda, Pop.

They don't say Hi; they say, What Up Doe?

You don't rep your hood, you rep the D! Families were built
from labor at the Big 3.

Ford, GM, Chrysler - The Motor City!

Cars run the city like wheels move the rides.

Potholes bully your tires as you ride on your way to UDJ on
the city's westside.

Going to Belle Isle for the fireworks, the night plagued by a
darkness that calls the people, they "POP" and light up
the sky.

Vacant houses and empty lots screaming for development.

Cruising down Jefferson, headed to The Renaissance, looking
at how it appears larger than life.

Being on Woodward Ave. Dream Cruising, watching from the
sideline as the cars stroll by, like fashion models on
the runway.

The city, Detroit.

The High

Marcus Irwin '22

U of D Jesuit High School, some call it The High because...
the stress levels are high, the work rate is high,
the school spirit is high, the grades are high,
the anxiety is high, the emotion flowing through the hallways
is high,
the comradery is high, the care for others is high,
Everybody at The High is satisfied for we stick together and
keep our heads high.



*Dreaming in Black and White, Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21
(Photography)*

Missed It by That Much

Andrew Donovan '21

“Missed it by that much!”

- Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

In Lenin’s eyes, Karl Marx, the man himself, missed the mark when it came to communist theory by not thinking practically enough. Vlad didn’t think the proletariat had what it took to acquire class consciousness or the necessary revolutionary spirit. He pessimistically believed that the working class might stop short of the full conversion to socialism if they became content with the quality of life improvements from unionization. Unlike Karl, Vlad didn’t believe material conditions would be enough to push the proletariat to revolution. Only Vlad’s crack team of communist party elites could be the catalyst for the revolution. They were educated in light of Marxist principles and were committed to implementing socialism by any means necessary.

In his attempt to fix what he saw as flaws in Karl’s reasoning, history suggests Vlad seemingly over-compensated and missed his target, too. Initially, the communist elite were meant to hold power while the revolution was in progress and then hand over the power to a proletariat dictatorship. Vlad

Today, the conversations surrounding Leninism, communism, and any political systems... often miss their mark.

never made the hand-off. He wasn’t willing to trust the workers with self-government, because he couldn’t personally test each and every one of them to gauge their commitment to socialism. His small group of elites were more efficient and easier to monitor. Vladimir got caught up in pragmatism and logistics. He

never left the transitional state and failed to come to the conclusion of the process.

Today, the conversations surrounding Leninism, communism, and any political systems and theories, including our own, often miss their mark. Misinformed people, political hobbyists, and general instigators prefer to engage these complex theories at a surface level with shallow, incomplete, and often incorrect definitions. They state that capitalism is a “free-market” system and socialism is government-controlled

markets, or they assert that capitalism is when an individual owns and runs a business and socialism is when the government owns and runs businesses. All of these definitions are binary, surface-level, and factually incorrect. States hire and employ workers within a greater capitalist system. Free-market capitalism and government planning are present side-by-side in the United States, but that does not mean the country is divided into capitalist and socialist sections. Instead, we are on a continuum. This should allow for reflective and complex conversation, but we are trending in the opposite direction with discussions commonly moving towards combativeness and close-mindedness. The presence of an element of one of these systems does not make a nation fully one or the other.

All of these definitions are binary, surface-level, and factually incorrect.

When people start arguing over these false binaries, they fail before they begin. When nuanced understandings are nowhere to be found, no progress can ever be made. It's like trying to finish a puzzle with half of the pieces missing. Things may be fitting together, and it may look like progress, but you will only ever make it part of the way. This problem isn't exclusive to political discourse. The near-entirety of Twitter is composed of half-baked opinions being shouted into an echo chamber. Any complex topic that should prompt the most interesting discoveries attracts self-proclaimed "debate lords" who will dominate conversations with volume, aggression, and unbridled (and misplaced) confidence. Their objective is agitating their opponent and/or "winning" through the use of logical fallacies and inappropriate debate tactics — mere parlor tricks. Nobody listens, and nobody learns. The talking points these keyboard warriors rattle off in an attempt to smother opposing views do not bring us any closer to a better understanding of the topic at hand or measurable progress in the conversation. It becomes a meaningless game when "winning" is the only objective.

Just because Vlad and Karl "missed it by that much" doesn't mean we shouldn't study and dissect their legacies. Real understanding comes with deliberate studying of topics and willingness to listen to opposing viewpoints. Through open-mindedness and academic pursuit, people can start hitting the target.

Resurrected Malice: Part 3

Avery Krick '24

I looked up at the large brick building, my mind still calming down from shock. I looked back once more towards the forest but couldn't see anything past the first few lines of trees. I slowly got to my feet, still shaking all the way. My gasps for air slowly lessened, and I had a moment to recollect myself. I thought back to how only moments ago I was running for my life. The low growl and hiss of that creature, and the cold bitter air that swirled around me. Just the mere thought of it sent shivers down my spine.

I started to stumble towards the building, hoping for a moment of refuge, but upon second look, the building was worn. Not a single light was on, and windows were shattered or boarded. Turning the corner to the front face, the doors were ripped in half, splinters covered the floor. The inside was worse than outside, as floors had caved and furniture had rotted away. I made my way to the front desk and sat under it for just the smallest bit of closure.

There was nothing that I knew that would put me in danger, but regardless I felt the need to run, to hide. Under the desk shielding me from the outside, I steeled myself. I sat there for hours, but the sun never rose. No help came, and the only sounds were the crickets from the forest and my own heaved breathing.

After the time I spent there, I finally urged myself to get up. I started walking through the halls, just trying to get an idea of what happened. Every room seemed the same, torn furniture and other objects strewn all over the floor. A whistling breeze blew through the halls as I walked, almost as if to guide me. I stumbled and looked into room after room until I came across my own, right in the middle of the hallway.

Shoving the door open, moonlight seemed to illuminate the room far more than others. I dragged my legs forward and looked in disbelief. Written over the walls, the floor, the ceiling, and even the cluttered items on the floor were only three words: stop, dark, and light. The words were written in what seemed to be a black tar that slowly moved in the moonlight. The words crossed over each other to the point they were barely readable, and not a single thing was left uncovered.

On the floor was my laptop flickering in and out. Just to

confirm my disbelief, I reached into my bag and pulled out my actual laptop. The resemblance was uncanny, going down to even the smallest scuff marks. I fell backwards upon reaction and sat there until I could once again recollect myself. Looking at the laptop, the screen glitched in and out, and it was clearly unable to be used. Although, sticking out the port was a flash drive. I don't know why, but I grabbed it. I shoved it into my bag and ran out of the building. I couldn't stay there any longer. That place knew things that shouldn't be known, nor did I want to know them.

I rushed toward a worn-out car nearby and managed to get it to start. As the gas still worked, I knew it couldn't have been more than a year. I sped off outside of the campus and never stopped. Driving into the nearby town, the condition was the exact same. Buildings were broken down and abandoned. Not a single sign of life could be seen except for rotting plants. Past the city, even the forest was scorched by death; it was now just a wasteland. Looking to every building, I saw the same thing written across its face, "redemption." That word showed up time and time again, and the anxiety continued to grow with it. Traveling to the next town over and even the one after that, it was all the same thing.

Smog infected the air, fire could be seen in the distance, and masses of smoke replaced the clouds, blocking out the sky. Despite the lack of clouds, thunder could be heard, and lightning flashed in a constant storm farther along the horizon. I drove and drove until the car finally broke down. I settled along the side of the road next to the barren forest. In the distance was a city. I looked towards it and could barely take in the magnitude of the sight. A silhouetted city, cast out by flashes of lightning and fire. The sky above it was filled with black smoke that swirled around one point, a shattered moon. Storms flourished and could be heard from miles away. Looking closely enough, you could see the flames constantly rising higher. The ground trembled slightly due to its own destruction, and the sky was no more. I didn't know what to make of the situation, and so I just stared at the unfathomable. Every few minutes, a beacon of light would strike down through the clouds of smoke, and in response, darkness broke out of the Earth's crust.

I looked down to the flash drive that I had placed in my hand. On it was another message, "There's nothing there." I could only take that as where I was headed, my hometown,

the city in the distance. I wanted to confirm for my own eyes that everything I had known had been lost.

I slammed my hand against the side of the broken car in frustration. Was this it? Was this the end? Was it the apocalypse, Ragnarök, or even Judgement Day? It didn't matter at that point, everything was gone. Finally, the emotions overwhelmed me, and I silently wept myself to sleep.

When I woke up, I wish I hadn't. An alarm blurred in my ear, and bedsheets were draped over me. I sat up and looked out the window. Everything had reverted back to the way it was before. I rubbed my head as a small pain coursed through it. I wondered if it had all been a dream; that was until the color drained from my face, and I looked back down at my hand. The flash drive was still there, still with the same message, still the same as before. It fell from my hand as I started trembling. Overcome with panic and fear, I screamed.

I didn't know what to do. It couldn't be true; I didn't want it to be true. It was finally all starting to get to my head and drive me insane. What I've seen, what I know, is not something humans are supposed to know. What else was there that I could do?



Tiki Mask, Nino Dioso '23 (Ink)

Maple Red

after the painting by Edward Clark (1963)
Cooper Arends '21

Staring at a blank canvas wondering what to draw,
Suddenly an idea comes to mind. "Aha!"
An ocean is what I will make.
A few quick brush strokes are all it will take.

After my first stroke, I spill the blue.
The paint spills all over my shoe.
I take a break and decide to grab lunch.
I grab a sandwich and some punch.

As I cut the sandwich, I slice my hand,
A stabbing sensation the pain is so grand.
The pain hits, and I begin to swear.
The blood starts shooting everywhere.

I look over and check my art.
My painting is ruined; I need a fresh start.
I decide to paint over it with orange and black,
But a white bottle of paint I whack.

The paint spills across;
Looks like a painting I will toss.
As I start taking it out with the trash,
A man comes up and asks, "How much in cash?"



Shisa, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

I Know Korean

Miles Smith '21

“Mujigae cheongseolmo baji” is my favorite phrase in Korean. I learned it when I was eight years old as an Australian living in Seoul, South Korea. Yet another random, foreign place to me. Moving there did not phase me. It didn't excite me either. I really had no understanding of how drastic living in another foreign country would be.

I never thought living there would change my life. I still had my Lego and could still play imaginary war, the two most important things in life to an eight-year-old of course. The only differences for me were there was no American candy and everyone looked different to me. I had bleach blonde hair and bright blue eyes. Wherever I went, I either had to wear a baseball cap or prepare for the paparazzi. I didn't mind it. I liked the elderly who would rub my hair to cleanse me of the evil spirits and the younger kids who would pose for pictures with me. I would pose for the quick pictures as they rambled on in a language I didn't understand.

I first started learning Korean at my international

school, Seoul Foreign School. The school was full of people from all over the world. I had friends from Japan, England, Turkey, the United States, India, Malaysia, Argentina, and even from my home country of Australia.

Every morning, the teacher would try to teach us Korean. She had a laminated piece of paper with dozens of cartoon pictures. There was a picture of a dog, a cat, a chair, all types of random things. She would point to one item, and the rowdy class of eight-year-olds would shout gibberish. We all tried to pronounce the Korean correctly, but we were useless. I knew a few words and would unenthusiastically mumble the rest. I had no passion to learn Korean. There seemed to be no point in learning it.

Maybe it was because I never needed to use it. I was never put in a situation where I needed to know Korean. The locals I met knew a few English words. Their small arsenal of English words was just their starting point. Most wanted to have conversations in English. It seemed like every Korean wanted to learn English, but not many westerners wanted to learn Korean.

Like everyone else, I had no desire to learn Korean. Although, unlike many westerners in South Korea, I accepted South Korean culture. The culture was alive; traditional foods, nature, or the ancient temples and palaces. The culture surrounded me and took me in. Korean culture is something that will be with me forever.

It was a great mistake not to learn the language at the time. That does not stop my appreciation of their culture. Before moving there, I did not understand the importance of learning and immersing myself in new cultures. I was scared of diversity. However, being forced into a setting where I was the minority changed me.

Once I moved back to Australia and then America again, no one believed I lived in South Korea. They would ask me to say something in Korean. This would remind me of all the time I spent there and my love for the culture. My lack of knowledge of the language does not hold me back, and with a grin, I say my favorite phrase. It may be nonsensical, but it represents a turning point in my life. I learned to immerse myself in every new situation and with every person I meet. So, I say back to them in my best Hangul accent, "Mujigae cheongseolmo baji," which translates to "rainbow squirrel pants."

A Slave to the World

Noah Casey '23

After a hard day's work, you seek harbor in your home,
Wondering what the dinner bell will bring from your unfruitful
salary.

I sit between your better half and your juvenile offspring;
such a shameful life.

I eat glacial cabbage soup with despair and depressing
thoughts in my heart.

I fall asleep in my jaggy chair, leaving behind the day's faults
for my fantasies.

I awake to the drops of rain falling through the slats in the
roof and the glare of the moon.

I venture off to a day of hardship and struggle.

I fickle my family inside my once barren heart.

I witness the drunken laborers get off the shaft elevator
before I get on.

I get onto the gloomy and dusty elevator to go down into the
abyss of the world.

As I arrive 100 feet above hell's gate, I feel my lungs fill with
the soot of the day's hardships.

I walk to grab a crumbling pickaxe and begin destroying the
Earth's glorious beauty.

The lunch bell rings like hell to signal my messily break.

After my messily break, I go back to the hell the rich man has
created for me a slave to the world.

I hear a crack in the Earth's mighty ground.

My mind goes blank and then remembers the fickle within my
heart.

More despair has come over my heart and then finally peace.

Fall from Grace

Andrew Hall '22

I am disoriented
In the never-ending
darkness
 That is
The
 Human existence
Greed
Malice
Spite
Anger
 Encapsulates us
Controls us
 And changes us
There is a light at the end
Taken by few
 Only to be stomped on
By the manipulative power
 Of many



We Stand Together, Alex Koceyan '21 (Digital Art)

The Big Race

Fuzail Ahmed '21

Eduardo Ramirez looked so nervous. He had been waiting for this moment his whole life. He was an extremely poor boy who had been given the opportunity of a lifetime. He lived in Hamtramck, which is one of the poorest cities in Michigan. He had been recruited by a University of Michigan swim coach to compete at a swim meet in Ann Arbor to see if he was worthy of swimming at the pristine college. He was only a sophomore in his poor high school, yet he had the speed of a senior. Now at the swim meet, it was time for his race. He looked at his mother who had supported him through everything.

"*Mi hijo, mi amor.* Get ready for this. This is the biggest moment of your life. You have worked so hard for this one moment. You can do this. I have seen you work so hard, and I have seen you put everything you have into this one moment. So, go get it, *mi hijo*, and remember that no matter what *te quiero*," she told him in a calm and innocent voice.

"I know, Mama. I know. I will do this, *y gracias* for everything. *Gracias.* I hope Papa can see me from God's home," he responded

"Oh, *mi amor.* He can. He can," she said as her eyes began to water up. "Now, go. Go and let's do this!" she told him confidently.

Eduardo headed over to the starting blocks. His hands started to shake. This was a huge moment for him; his sweaty hands and the sweat beads on his head showed it.

When he got to the block, he pushed his spiky hair down and put his swim cap on. He then put his goggles on top of his cap. He started to get even more nervous and almost scared that he was going to upset his mama and let her down.

He started to think about what would happen if he failed. Would he not be able to go to college? Would his mama be mad? Would he never succeed in life? All the thoughts started to rush into his mind.

However, once the whistle blew three times, he knew the race in front of him was done. Once it blew, his thoughts all vanished, and all he felt was adrenaline and nerves. Then, the long whistle blew, and it was time for him to go in the pool.

He jumped in the icy water, and all his feelings washed

away. The starting official told all the racers to take their mark, so he got into his starting position, and in this split second before the beep signifying go, he knew he was ready and he was meant to be here.

The alarming beep sounded, and Eduardo blasted off the wall, starting his race.



*Detroit Princess Riverboat, Thomas Beshke '22
(Digital Art)*

At the Window
Carlos Abundis III '23

Green stretching to the sun,
Not many but more than one.
Every day at them I stare
off in space to what is not really there.
Instead, I see a world of my own creation,
where my mind fathoms each and every combination.
I fly high above the hills and trees,
or I create drugs to cure disease.
Fame or fortune, whatever I choose
I drive fast cars and give interviews on the news.
But everything I've done or built goes and fades away,
when I realize that this is a plant,
And this is just another day.



The Bigger Picture, Anthony Blouin '23 (Photography)

The Quiet Day

Fuzail Ahmed '21

In September 2016, I got out of swim practice and noticed that I couldn't hear out of my left ear. After being a swimmer for many years, I thought that it was a simple case of water in the ears. I was wrong.

Doctors still don't know what happened, but they told me I lost 70 percent hearing in my left ear. As soon as the news was brought to me, I fell into a state of shock.

I felt angry that this was happening to me, that I lost my hearing. I asked my mom, "Why me? Why did this happen to me when my brother and sister are fine?" We talked it through, and she told me that I could have a few days to feel bad, feel sorry for myself, but then I had to deal with it and accept that this is how things were going to be. She also said something I will never forget, that there is always someone who is worse off than me and maybe I was going through this to learn from it and to be able to be better.

I did what she said. I let myself take in a range of feelings until I was ready to deal with it. I felt nervous because I had to wear a hearing aid, and I did not want to be made fun of for it. For a couple of days, I was sad. Then, I realized that I had people that cared about me to help get me through this. I had my family and friends who were there for me. I also realized that even though I lost my hearing, it could have been a lot worse. I could've lost all my hearing in both of my ears or all my hearing in my left ear; I still found ways to feel lucky and grateful.

Once I received my hearing aid and I wore it, I was no longer afraid of what people would say. I was determined to show them that even though I have a hearing aid, I haven't changed and I am still the same person I was before the day I lost my hearing.

It took me a while to get used to the idea of being deaf in my left ear, but when I did, I was better than I was before my hearing was lost. Losing my hearing made me advocate for myself when I needed help or had to explain my problem. It made me positive because I knew that if I could turn the hearing loss into something good, I could do anything. I was more patient, confident, and positive. I knew that even though I couldn't hear very well, I could still be the best version

of myself. I also knew that there were people who had no hearing at all, and I was the fortunate one because I had only partially lost my hearing.

The hearing loss was a blessing in disguise. It made me more patient because I had to struggle sometimes to hear. It made me more confident because I knew that even though I had a disadvantage I could still do and be whatever I wanted.

I never want to hang my head low when tough times come upon me. I always want to do my best and always see the good side of things. In Arabic, my name actually means "Excellent in Character," and I try to live up to my name and be the best person I can be and face any challenge that comes my way with positivity, confidence, hard work, and determination.



Dancing in the Rain, Daniel Palizzi '22 (Mixed Media)

The Jungle Monster

Fuzail Ahmed '21

I am so tired right now. I am just going to lay in my comfortable bed and stare at my glow and the dark stars on my paperwhite ceiling. Then, hopefully, when I wake up, I'll be more awake to have dinner with my grandparents in the dining hall. I lied down, shut my eyes, and almost instantly passed out.

Suddenly, it felt like I was awake again. Although this time, I was in some sort of jungle or something. As I recall, this is not the place I went to sleep. I was in some sort of mud pile. My knees were under the hot mud. There were trees all around, and they were all about 300 feet tall. My grandma read me a story once about trees called redwoods, and they were the tallest trees in the world. The trees I was under, looked to be the tallest in the world.

I quickly climbed out of the mud and stepped onto the dark green grass. I looked all around me and noticed that I was in a rainforest. I just didn't know how I got here or where exactly I was. The air around me smelled like saltwater; it also tasted like saltwater, too. It was also extremely humid, probably because it must have rained recently. I could see many different animals like snakes on the trees, a panther, and a pack of wolves. I was starting to get kind of scared, too, because it was beginning to get dark, and I had no idea where I was. I began to run because I was in the open. I had no idea where I was, and that meant I had no idea what was out here with me.

I ran and ran until I saw this warehouse-type building.

*I had no idea where I was,
and that meant I had no
idea what was out here
with me.*

It was a tall grey building, and it only had one window at the top over a tall door. It was covered with trees everywhere, and something about this building gave off a bad vibe. There, under the window, it read "Dark Industries." The name alone made me scared and not want to go in.

However, it must've been built by humans because as my grandma said, "We are the smartest animals on planet Earth."

I slowly crept toward the mysterious grey warehouse and came up to a gate that said, "DO NOT ENTER." I probably should not have gone in, but I was lost in the jungle, and it was almost dark out, so I had no choice.

I walked into the building and saw that there was nothing there. It smelled like mold and wet, dirty socks. It was pitch black, and the only light was the moonlight seeping through the window into the middle of the warehouse. I walked around for a little bit, starting to feel scared until I noticed a piece of paper hanging on a metal pole on the right side of the open room.

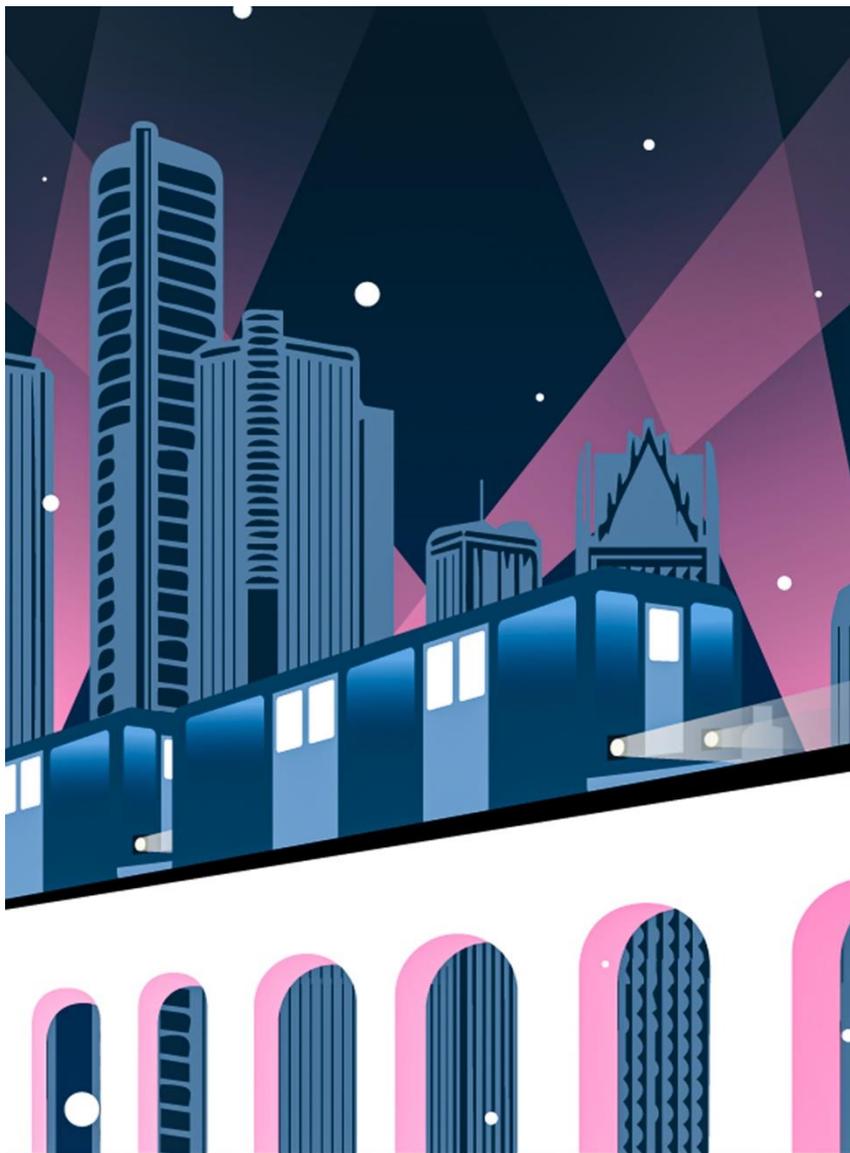
I walked over to the paper and noticed that it was written in English, and that made me happy. Since it was written in English, I knew that it was written by a human being. Then, I got close enough to the note to see what it said. It said, "He who has arrived at this destination is in serious danger. I was attacked by an evil demon-looking monster. I barely was able to write this note when..."

It just cut off. I knew something was here; I just didn't know what. Under the note, there was a secret metal door, and it had three locks with the key right next to them. Inside, I could hear a muffled growl. Now me being a 12-year-old, I wanted to know what was under the metal hatch.

I unlocked the door, and out darted a shadowy figure. It moved so fast into the darkness I could not see it. I began to run because I got really scared. I ran out of the "Dark Industries" warehouse and back into the jungle the way I came. I ran and ran and ran until I came to a cliff that was right under the stars with no trees around. I was in the open and was vulnerable, so I stopped running until I heard the growl behind me. I decided I had to jump or else I would be eaten like the other man was.

I looked behind me and noticed the shadowy figure creeping towards me, so I looked to the other side of the cliff and noticed there was no way I could make the jump, so I looked down and also couldn't see the bottom. I decided to jump and take my chances. I moved back a little to get a running start and jumped into the dark void, and suddenly I was back in bed awake and sweating, thanking God it was all just a dream.

*I knew something
was here; I just
didn't know what.*



People Mover, Thomas Beshke '22 (Digital Art)

Four Boys Who Trespassed and Burned Alive Because of It

Owen Dorweiler '23

There lived a boy just down the road,
In a secret club with a secret code.
And every day that boy would run
To the neighbor's farm in the setting sun.
To meet his fellow clubmates three,
Beneath the gnarled willow tree.

And there they lit the candle bright,
A lighthouse in the sea of night.
As darkness slowly sauntered in,
The boys would gather round, wherein
The members would recite the code
Beneath the tree just down the road.

It happened on the third of May,
(The boys were meeting in this way)
That a fright'ning storm blew from the east,
Which on the earth a wind released.
Their candle tumbled from its perch
And burnt the tree down to the earth.

The barn went up in flames like coal,
And when the morning bell did toll,
The people found four little boys,
Who, frightened by the thunder's noise,
Had taken shelter in that barn,
And burned to ashes, "safe from harm."

So, all you lads, who think it grand
To form a club on someone's land:
Remember the story of these children like you,
Who, thinking they could trespass too,
Had met their own untimely end,
In the barn around the bend.

Free Spirit

Ricardo Peres-da-Silva '21

The light turns red. At a crowded intersection in New Delhi, barefoot, ragged children hurriedly walk between eight narrow lanes of traffic, selling small trinkets. Noisy engines rev, and motorcycles cram between cars, but the children continue to walk. Gas and smog permeate my nostrils, and loud engines and honking cars create a ruckus. The light turns green, and everyone puts the pedal to the metal, cursing each other out in a hurry to get to their destinations ASAP. Meanwhile, these poor kids stand helplessly on the road, forlorn and left in the dust.

The desperate look in their eyes resonates with me to this day. Seeing real poverty for the first time in eighth grade made me question everything I had taken for granted. Arriving home with post-trip depression, I stumbled upon a Netflix documentary about minimalism. Minimalism is the idea that people should only live with what they need and take pleasure in more important things than material goods, such as nature, relationships, and self-improvement. It inspired me to donate about half the possessions in my room and to commit myself to live more sustainably by using reusable products, and recycling and composting. I learned that I was happier with less. Without this endless materialistic desire weighing me down in life, I felt a burden lifted off my shoulders with more space in my room and less pressure to conform to society. However, I was just a fourteen-year-old kid, clueless of what the future would hold for me and wondering if I could ever maintain this same minimalist lifestyle.

Plot twist: I could not. In high school, I drifted back into the same materialistic mindset as before. I wanted what everyone else had. My once empty room became full of new books, clothes, and gadgets. Once again, I was stuck in the never-ending cycle of ignorant consumerism. I had no idea what I was doing, and why I was being transformed into a stereotypical private school kid.

Three years later, in the midst of a cold, grey, dull quarantine, stuck in my average suburban neighborhood, something clicked inside my brain that brought back everything I had been so passionate about in middle school. With a resurgence of my minimalistic habits came an insurgence of

self-prioritization. I started enjoying many of my old hobbies, such as photography, music, and spending time outdoors. I even began reading for pleasure after a six-year hiatus. Doing these activities made me happier than I had been in a while, and this allowed me to appreciate who I am as an individual without worrying what others thought of me. I realized that all I need to be happy is to use my time doing things that I truly love.

This summer, I expanded my horizons. I began a photography account and began sharing my photographs with the public. Instead of buying new clothes, I started buying second hand clothes from thrift stores. I started a business with my friend giving swim lessons to neighborhood kids. Despite COVID-19, this summer was truly the best three months of my life. I made amazing memories and got to truly spend time doing the things that I love. As society gets richer, more materialistic, and less relationship-based, I want to live in the here and now. No longer am I stuck in the rat race of trying to get the nicest vehicle, or the newest iPhone. Instead, I can now focus on what I want, which often has no relation to material goods at all. This minimalistic mindset that has helped me in some of my darkest hours now pushes me to achieve my highest potential as I embark on this next phase of my life.



Belle Isle Conservatory, Thomas Beshke '22 (Digital Art)

Home

Nic Gascon '22

From the moment he enters the high school,
He can smell it.
It's the same smell as
His hair, his skin, his clothes -
No matter what kind of special soap he uses.
As he walks on deck in the natatorium,
He takes a deep breath and inhales the smell he knows so
well:
Swimming pool water.
The sight of the water calms him,
So deep and blue.
He dives in, feeling the icy cold shock
As the water surrounds him.
He watches the bubbles swarm him
As he exhales beneath the surface.
As he breaks the surface of the water,
He takes a breath and tastes the sour bleach of chlorine.
He moves his arms and legs through the water,
Finding his rhythm,
Singing a song in his head,
And knowing that he is home.

15 More Hours

Marcus Ellison '21

I wake up, and before I can even open my eyes completely, I can hear my parents running around the house, trying to get everyone ready. Today, we are leaving for our family's annual summer fishing trip in Colorado, but here's the catch, we have to drive 20 hours to get there.

I can already smell my parents' morning coffee as I stumble out of bed. My two sisters are already showered and eating breakfast in the kitchen. They both are screaming at me to hurry up so we can leave. Obviously, I annoy them and take my time getting ready. I hop in the shower and let the cold water run across my face to wake me up. Once I'm done, I am greeted by the whole house screaming at me to hurry up. I get dressed, and before I can even eat breakfast, we're all crammed into our five seat Ford Focus.

My sisters and I are shoved into the back with the snacks for the road, and our blankets and pillows leave no room for me to stretch or put my feet up. To make things worse, I get stuck in the middle seat, but I guess it's too late to change now. My parents are torturing my ears with some stupid podcast they listen to about eating healthier. When I reach into my backpack for my headphones, I feel nothing.

"Mom, can we turn around so I can get my headph-" I asked.

Before I can even finish my sentence, she responds with a loud "No." I hear my sister chuckle as she plugs her headphones in and closes her eyes to sleep. My other sister fell asleep within the first 5 minutes of being in the car, so I guess that just leaves me, sitting here with barely any space to breathe, let alone sleep, listening to a nutrition podcast, with no headphones, for 19 hours and 30 more minutes.

The ride continues, and things get worse and worse. It starts to get extremely hot in the car, but my parents refuse to turn the AC on. I can't turn a window down because I'm sandwiched between my two sisters who are both taking up 90% of the backseat sleeping. I'm forced to stare out the window as the trees pass by along the highway. My parents have turned off the podcast and moved onto something worse, their music.

My parents' music taste is terrible, and for the next four

hours I'm punished by a steady stream of country music and old school rap. They ignore me as I ask if they can turn it down.

So, for the rest of the ride I'm stuck here, with no entertainment, terrible music, and no room to move, just staring out the window as the time passes by. Only 15 more hours to go.



Tranquil Grandeur, Carlos Abundis III '23 (Photography)



Joker, Nino Dioso '23 (Ink)

CONTEST THEME: THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Most people have been stuck inside their homes since the world came to a stop in March 2020. After over a year of isolations, lockdowns, quarantines, working from home, and remote learning, it is easy to focus on the feeling of being trapped or alone during these times. This year's themed contest wanted to break away from those negative emotions surrounding the pandemic by asking current Cubs to reflect on the beauties of nature or the benefits of being outside. *Inscape* wanted the themed section of the magazine to feel like a breath of fresh air.

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 wonders and adventures available in the great outdoors.

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



Ryan Hammett '22

Natural Splendor, Teton Range, Wyoming

Biography

Ryan Hammett is currently a junior at U of D Jesuit. He participates in Varsity Tennis and Varsity Track, running the 1- and 2-mile races. Some extracurriculars that Ryan is involved in are ISC, Mock Trial, and the Student Senate. Outside of school, he is very involved in youth sports, coaching 5th and 6th grade cross country and basketball. Ryan is also involved in a youth group leadership team at his church. Some of his hobbies include geography and travel.

Inspiration

The inspiration for this picture was his whole trip out west to different national parks, including Grand Teton. This picture represents a trip in which Ryan was truly in his element, traveling and exploring new places. The calm colors represent the tranquility that he feels during travel, and the grand scenery represents the magnitude of beauty that makes Ryan so obsessed with traveling. According to Ryan, the best part of travel is when he gets to go off the beaten path and stumble across unique, beautiful landscapes. This candid picture was one such moment of peace.



*Natural Splendor, Teton Range, Wyoming, Ryan Hammett '22
(Photography)*

BEST THEMED WRITING



Robert Schilp '21

It's Not Just a Boulder, It's a Rock

Biography

Robert Schilp grew up living in America, China, and Japan. He is a senior at U of D Jesuit and has been here for three years. He has loved his time at The High, excelling in academics and athletics. He is a leader of the Outdoors Club and a member of the Varsity Baseball team. Writing and reading have become part of Robert's many passions. Outside of school, he spends a lot of his time fishing and being with friends.

Inspiration

Roberts's inspiration comes from his life moving around the world. He shows his struggle of finding a constant he can hold on to. His constant was a Floridian beach that continues to impact him today. Robert says he was inspired to write this piece because he wants future generations to have the same experience he had with nature.

It's Not Just a Boulder, It's a Rock

Robert Schilp '21

My eighth-floor apartment building towered above the antiquated park where I played as a kid. With siblings too young to comprehend my words and a city full of kids that spoke a different language, the park provided me with the entertainment any seven-year-old needed. The rusty monkey bars hadn't aged a day since they were built in the late 1970s, and the brackish river next to the park provided mysteries to occupy my curious brain for days. As a young boy growing up in a foreign land, I trusted my innate instincts to climb on structures and play with sticks to keep me company.

When I was seven, my family of seven moved overseas to Hiroshima, Japan. After spending the school year in Hiroshima, my family would return home to Royal Oak in the summers. Every summer was accompanied by a one-week vacation to Englewood, Florida. My grandparents bought property in Englewood back when it looked more like a jungle than a place where people lived. I pretended the beach behind my grandparents was a lost island, and I was the first to explore it. The beach became a sanctuary to me. As a young boy who moved every few years, I had trouble finding a constant in my life that I could hold onto.

A coral reef 50 yards off the beach was where I did most of my adventuring. Hidden creases between the coral were the best places to find ocean life, and my post-vacation scratched legs acted as souvenirs that reminded me of countless hours I spent fishing on the rocks. I started fishing the reef as soon as I was tall enough to keep the reel out of water, and my father taught me to fish the way he and his brother learned; give the bait some action, and don't forget to rinse off the reels when you're done. From tarpon rolling to pods of dolphins feeding on reef-grown snook, there was never a dull moment.

Over time, the absence of a constant in my life was replaced by the feeling of being on that beach. Regardless of the stresses in life, the reef was a place I could forget problems the seven-year-old me never thought I would have. Just me and the Ocean.

Things have changed now. There's barely enough sand between my grandparents' house and the ocean to call it a beach, and fish don't bite like they used to. With rising ocean

levels and warmer temperatures, I look at the reef now and feel shame.

A beach renourishment project launched in April of 2020 proposed to pump 1,009,000 cubic yards of sand towards beaches on the Manasota Key. Although this sounds appealing to tourists and home-owners, 25% of all ocean life shares a symbiotic relationship with coral, so the impact on species that reside off the coast of the Manasota Key will pay a debt that humans owe. Excessive sand coverage suffocates coral and can lead to permanent damage.

I intend on preserving the world that acted as the missing constant in my life. Small decisions today can make a big impact down the road, and I want future generations to have the opportunity to explore the world through their own eyes, not through photos of the past.



Blaze over the Mountains, William Piskie '22 (Photography)



Peaceful, Michael Hannosh '21 (Photography)

A World Without COVID

Myles de Jongh '23

Free like a bird flying high
Winter is here and maybe the fresh snow and ice
Will wash away the fever
If we call on Mother Nature and believe her

Roaming like a galloping horse
Spring will come soon and there'll be no remorse
The flowers will bloom
As rain pours down from the moon

Love is like breathing air
Never silenced by voices of despair
For when the cure surely comes
Our freedom has begun



Morning Glory, Alexander Vecchio '22 (Photography)

You Just Might Find A Moose

Owen Dorweiler '23

I started my hike at dawn, when you could just see the sun's golden rays peeking through the treetops of the Appalachian Mountains. You always know the weather will be perfect if the sunrise sends a purple hue across a cloudless sky. It was the kind of day you read about in books but never encounter until you've gotten out of the dull grayness of the city into the fresh countryside. Mountain country, that is – the paradise with clear, sparkling lakes tucked between pine-covered peaks and clear, crisp days like this one. On a day like this, you just might see an Appalachian cottontail cross your path, a flying squirrel, or even a moose, big and tall and quick-tempered. You never know how nature might surprise you, and that's the beauty of it.

My father always wanted to see a moose – it was a life-long aspiration. He used to tell my mother, "Charlotte, someday I'm going to walk into that woods and not come back 'till I've found myself a moose. I know one's out there, just waiting for me to see it. Someday..."

Then, he'd start talking about how much trouble work had been lately and why he hadn't been able to take a break to hike. It went on like that for years, him making excuses and letting the world pass him by. He died before I was born from a heart attack, and my mom told me all of this when I was old enough to understand. That day, I secretly swore that I would not die before I saw a moose for my father. That's what was on my mind as I closed the door to my cabin and adjusted my pack.

I pulled the map out of my pocket, letting my eyes wander over the various trails and mountains. I thought about how many people had stood on this ground before me, gazing in awe at the spectacular surroundings. Although I had seen this area many times before, something new always caught my eye, which gave me a new appreciation for God's creation. I decided to take the path that wound east around the base of Mount Parapet, named for the band of rock that surrounded it like a wall. You don't climb a mountain to see a moose – everyone in Maine knows that. I took a deep breath of fresh New England air and headed down the unmarked trail.

As I walked, the sun slowly rose in the sky, periodically peeking out from behind the mountains like an old friend stopping by to say hello. I tracked my progress as I passed familiar landmarks: the owl's tree, the stream, and the pine forest where the trees were packed so tightly that you could walk into it and forget the sun was out. Little by little, the shadows shifted, and soon I was at the foot of the biggest waterfall in the area, a massive forty-foot cascade of watery thunder. I looked up and saw the sun straight above me, making a rainbow in the mist created by the falls. I unpacked the lunch I had made for myself that morning, and found a spot cushioned by forest moss and soft pine needles, where my feet could dangle over the shallow water. I'm alone out here. It's just me and the woods. I smiled. Yes, the weather today had turned out to be absolutely perfect, sunlight breaking through the trees and sending a sea of light rolling across the ground. The perfect day for moose-ing.

After I had finished, I resumed my search, refreshed and light-hearted. It was only midday; I still had half the day ahead of me to find that moose. As I sauntered down the path, I looked up at Mount Parapet, looming far above me I was getting lower. I knew that the lake and the stream that fed

into it weren't far away. I hummed as I walked and listened for the welcoming sound of water gushing over rocks. I guess I went on autopilot because about two hours later, upon consulting the map, I noticed that I missed the lake. Or had the lake missed me? Either way, when I looked at my compass, I was heading north, not east.

Lost. Those words still make me shudder. When you're out in the wild, one wrong move can send you down the path of doom really quickly. I surveyed my surroundings: ahead of me the trail continued sloping upward... upward! The trail should be angling down! Had I turned around completely? Or was I on a different trail? I climbed a pine tree to get a better view. To add to my despair, I saw the sun sitting low in the sky. To the left side of the trail was something of a valley, and across from it – Mount Parapet, whose monstrous figure I now viewed with dread. My blood ran cold. I was on the opposite side of a valley from where I was supposed to be. I calculated how long it would take to retrace my route. Too long. I wouldn't make it back before sundown. I decided to try my luck and cut straight through the valley toward the mountain, a risky move, but one that could have meant the difference between spending the night unprepared and getting home.

You never know what you could come face-to-face with on a dark Appalachian night. A bobcat? Cougar? Black bear? I tried to push these thoughts out of my head. As I raced the sun through the dense forest, I completely forgot about the moose. When you're desperate, all else slips your mind, and nothing can deter your focus. Survival instinct takes over. So, as I passed a pond at the bottom of the valley, I almost missed it – a big dark shadow of a creature standing next to a large pine on the opposite side of the water. In my mind, something clicked, and I remembered what I was looking for. I stopped and stared. Could it be? It was.

There, gazing at me from the other side was a moose standing taller than a six-foot man, its great antlers forming a great bowl on top of its shadowed head. As I looked at the moose and it looked at me, the animal's majestic silence and stillness captivated me. We stood there for a long time, exchanging stares, before the moose slowly turned around and ambled off into the curtain of night.

That evening, the last golden sliver of sun disappeared behind the horizon as I opened the door to my cabin and gave

a sigh of relief, thrilled that I had gotten home safely. But most importantly, relieved because that day I had accomplished what I had set out to do. I thought about what would have happened had I not gotten lost – another long day of disappointment. Just another day of trying to find something in the same place as before.

Before I fell asleep that night, I reflected that sometimes what you want is right in front of you all along, but you have to have enough awareness to notice. Sometimes, you have to get off the trail to find what you're looking for. Then, when you least expect it, you just might find a moose.

Golden Lion

Jack Michelini '21

The lion rears its golden mane,
as with spring comes the world's rebirth.
Efforts to cage this beast in vain
for its domain remains the earth

Yet mother nature runs its course,
uncaring how strong one may be.
Upon the lion she will force
its mane to white, and strength to weak

Until the day the lion dies;
its final pose the one it keeps.
Until one day a breeze may fly
and spread the dandelion's seeds.



A Blossom of Hope, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

I Wish I Was Outside

Joseph Morency '21

The rays of sunshine pierce my skin as it rises in the east.
The cool wind finds its way through my hair.
The smell of pine trees and flowers fill my nostrils.
The sound of birds chirping and the river flowing serenades
me.

My eyes scour the vast land in front of me.
The rocks on the river bottom push against my heels.
A fish floats meters away from me curiously watching.
The water submerges me as I dive in.

I open my eyes...
To see the beige painted ceiling and the dusty fan in front of
me.

Waking up early for yet another day stuck inside during
quarantine.

I wish I was outside.

Pride of Diana

Miles Smith '21

Nature seems to care,
But we never notice it.
Soon, it won't be there,
And we will have a fit.
We will,
Even though it is our fault.
But we will continue to destroy
Over and over
Till there is nothing.
This is the prophesy;
Ignorance will make it true.
Listen to the weep of Diana
As every creature
And all the lands
Are taken.



Winter Dawn, Bryan Ankrapp '22 (Digital Art)



Dunes at Twilight, Brian Ankrapp '22 (Digital Art)

The Legend of Dead Man's Bridge

Kyle Cronan '22

Once upon a time, on a warm summer night several years ago, there was a group of friends setting up their campsite and getting ready for a fun, long weekend they had planned for several weeks. It was not long before the sun began to set, so the friends set up their tents and started to make dinner before settling in for the night.

The next morning, all is calm, and it is so quiet you could hear the birds singing beautiful songs. It is a very pleasant way to wake up in the morning. The friends begin to make breakfast and prepare for their day. It is now late morning, and the friends all decide to go exploring in the massive forest that is on the property of the campgrounds. Rumor has it that these woods are haunted and anyone stupid enough to enter would be lucky to come out alive. Or that is at least the tale that is told to all new campers. The friends will soon find out if there is any truth to this tale.

The friends enter the forest with caution, scared as they do not know what to expect. The friends slowly enter the forest and start to see the light of the world outside of the forest slowly start to diminish. So far, nothing seems too out of the ordinary, lots of trees, dead trees, brush, the usual layout of any common forest. They travel for a while, and come across a sign that reads, "Beware of what lies ahead." They all get

more nervous but decide to proceed down that path anyway, having little faith that these warnings have any truth to them. Soon, they stumble upon another sign that says, "Danger! Dead Man's Bridge Ahead! TURN BACK NOW!" The friends decide to push forward as they can see the bridge in sight, and it looks like the exit is just past the bridge. It is starting to get dark, so the friends decide to take the bridge, hoping nothing happens.

When they arrive at the bridge, they slowly start to examine it from afar. The bridge seems safe. In fact, the group believes that there is no way that there is anything wrong with this bridge. So, they decide to cross the bridge one after another. The first, Dan, gets across with no problems. This gave reassurance to both Mike and Jack. However, when Jack starts to cross the bridge, he starts to feel a slight chill. When he gets to the center of the bridge, he hears a voice whisper, "Jack, come to me." Puzzled, Jack looks around, and there in the water, he sees a black t-shirt with a skull and bones on it. Next to it appears to be a skeleton head. Jack screams, and both Mike and Dan come running to his side. They ask what is the matter. Jack points in the water where he saw the head and the shirt, but neither one of his friends can see it. They decide that it's time to go back to the campsite and settle down after their long day.

Later that night, Jack is awoken when he hears, "Jack, wake up. It is time for you to come to me! Leave your friends and come!" Jack slowly gets up and tries to be as quiet as possible, but as he starts to unzip the tent, Dan and Mike begin to wake up. Dan and Mike try to stop Jack from leaving, but they are unsuccessful. They quickly try to get their shoes and jackets on.

By the time they are outside of the tent, they see Jack running towards Dead Man's Bridge, and just past the bridge, there seems to be a faint blue shape standing. Dan and Mike run to try and catch up to Jack, but Jack is so close to the bridge already. Dan and Mike were getting very nervous. Jack makes it to the bridge first and sees the blue shape turned out to be a ghost standing above the water that flows under the bridge. Jack hears the ghost say, "Jack, it is time to join me! Jump, and you can join me forever!" Jack, as if in a trance, starts to climb the railing on the bridge. Just as he was doing this, Dan and Mike reach the bridge, and they shout, "Jack, get

down. Don't do it!" But the ghost's power is too much and calls out to Jack one last time and says, "Jump now!" Jack jumps.

Right before Mike and Dan's eyes, they watch their best friend jump. Once he jumps, both the ghostly spirit and Jack disappear. Mike and Dan rush to the side of the bridge to see if they can see their friend, but nothing is there.

The boys are angry and upset by what happened. They go to the front office to report the incident. They don't believe the two boys, but they send someone out there to take a look. They saw nothing. The staff member just laughs at them and thinks they were pranking the campground. The boys are told to both go to bed for the night and stop screwing around.

The boys go to sleep as instructed. Not long after they fell asleep, they both share a similar dream. They both see the blue-looking ghost and Jack. The ghost says to them, "Beware for not all souls who walk across my bridge make it out alive."

The boys both awake and agree to pack up and head home, afraid that the ghost will come for them, too. This was the worst camping experience. A weekend that was supposed to be filled with fun memories and adventures in the great outdoors turned to mystery and death, a weekend that will never be forgotten.

So, the legend of Dead Man's Bridge might be real after all? No one will ever really know, but one should stay clear of Dead Man's Bridge.

Trees & Leaves

Brennan Stahl '21

True peace, an absence of drama.
A leaf falls, hits the ground for a hiker to step on with a
crunch.

No matter the state, the forest is tranquil,
The chirp of the birds, a babbling brook, rustling of the
leaves.

So much noise, yet so quiet.
Snapping of a branch, scurrying of squirrels,
There is a loud silence among the Trees & Leaves.

The Woods

Owen VanderWeele '21

The woods behind the house
My woods behind the house
An escape from the outside world

In the woods lies the resemblance of a fort
Built by children, torn down by nature

Now all that stands are a few sticks
And a shadow of what was once there

The woods behind the house
My woods behind the house
My escape from the outside world



Karelian Brown Bear, Brian Ankrapp '22 (Colored Pencil)

A Fresh Breath

Jack Stevens '23

Old, used, circulated air
Too many people
Too many cars
Too many houses
Too much everything
This is the city, of course
I left the normal
Left everything behind
Found new passions
And above all
I took a deep breath
A fresh breath
I'm alive again



*Little Traverse Bay at Twilight, Andrew Donovan '21
(Photography)*



Ridges, Alexander Vecchio '22 (Photography)

Underwater

Mason Vlademar '23

So deep in the ocean, it is all darkness.
The ice-cold water pushing against your skin,
making you want to go back up,
but the sea creatures are as beautiful as spring flowers.
Being a free bird in the sky,
flying wherever it wants,
doing whatever it wants.
The only thing stopping you from staying underwater
in the blank ocean is the oxygen tank tied to your back,
which will eventually run out,
Leaving you stranded,
crying out for help.



Glamorous Glacier Flyover, Ryan Witt '23 (Photography)

Moss

Miles Smith '21

My knee rested on the soft moss. The whole ground felt like a blanket. This moss was everywhere. The whole place looked desolate. There were not many trees, but the ground was thriving with life. All types of moss covered the Norwegian land. The whole place was like another planet. Nothing seemed real. There were massive mountains that surrounded the deep fords. All of it was brand new to me.

I continued to scout the land through the sights of the air rifle. I wasn't hunting, just shooting at targets for fun. Even though I was holding a rifle, I felt a part of nature. It might have been because of how alone I was. There were no other people in sight. It was only me. The closest town, Sortland, was a thirty-minute drive. Sortland had a decently sized grocery store with a few stores surrounding it. Not much else. I was far enough away that there was no traffic near my home. I was able to listen with no distractions. I could hear everything. There were occasional noises from hidden beasts. Or the loud crunch of moss under my feet. Everything excited

me. All the noises.

I sat down and listened. I did not think of anything else. I remember hearing that if you block out more senses you can make one of your senses stronger. So, I closed my eyes hoping to hear better. Birds. It was a rhythmic whistle that repeated itself over and over. I felt like I could join along with them. I'm pretty decent at whistling, so I gave it a shot. There was no reaction from the birds. They ignored my out of tune whistles.

I knelt down on the soft ground and continued to scout the land. Behind me was the massive fjord. I stared at it out from the top of the knoll. It was so inviting yet scary. At some points, I wanted to jump right in. The beautiful, deep blue water lured me in every time. Then, the frigid temperature and stern shouts from my family pushed me away. So, I just watched the flat water as hawks dived at it. Occasionally, fish would touch the top of the water, creating tiny ripples. Even from miles away, I could see the tiny ripples, the little bit of white color the water creates as it crashes over itself.

There were a few boats. One of them was a neighbor's, Oddgar. It was a large white one with a sleek front and flat back. The back was suited for fishing with large rod holders on each side. Oddgar caught a large fish, and I could see every single one of its detailed scales. I wanted to see more of the fish. I started to feel sadness and pain all over my body. I could almost see its life in my own. There was so much information in my head that I couldn't understand. I continued to try and understand what I was feeling through the fish.

The forest behind me rumbled. All the little birds scattered from their trees. My heart dropped. The birds were silent. Everything was silent, and so was I. I stood up and stared into the wall of trees. In front of me was a little field about half a mile long. At the end of it was the forest. I stared down the field and tried to look for what was in the forest. As I took a few steps forward, I could no longer hear the moss crunch. The moss was there but made no sound. It was mute. Was it only silent to me? I focused more on the trees ahead of me. I could not see much through them. My vision was blurry. I was too far away. The forest was closer than the fjord, but I couldn't even distinguish a single tree. The forest was one giant wall of greenery.

There must have been a large animal in the forest. Why did all the birds fly away? Something scared them. I wanted to

find it. I began my search towards the mess of a forest. Some of the trees seemed to be parallel and lopsided. As I got closer, I still couldn't see much of it. It must have been moving away from me. I tried to run, but I kept on tripping on my own legs. Every stride I took was out of order, or my foot landed on the wrong side. My balance was horrible. There were too many notches in the ground that I couldn't see.

Walking closer to the forest, I felt a gust of wind. The wind was cool and refreshing. It was not very fast. I could feel all the wind that hit me. It was the sherpa of my adventure to the forest. It slightly tapped me on one side, and I followed that direction. Even with my impaired sight, I was able to move quickly. So many bugs hit me. More than normal. I felt every single one all over my body. I usually hate bugs. At this moment, they adored me, and I adored them. I was happy they landed on me. Why did they choose me? Was I special or, did I just smell bad? Either way, I was glad. Each time one landed on me, I connected with them. I related my struggles and loves with them. Even these small bugs were able to share stories and listen to mine. They stayed with me and comforted me through the whole journey.

As I got closer to the forest, my heart started to pound. I had no idea what was in the forest. I didn't want to step in. There was so much I didn't know about this new world. Would I come out the same? I was hesitant to step in and leave all the things I loved. Slowly, the wind nudged me in. I took one step into what seemed like nothingness.

Once I fell in, I could see, hear, and feel everything. It was warmer than the field. There was no strong wind like on top of the knoll. The wind was more like the one I had become comfortable with. It helped me up. I could feel all the moss under my feet. It crunched very loudly now with each step. There were birds everywhere. They came back, or had they always been here? There was no beast in sight but rather a few deer. The deer did not seem afraid of me. I felt a bit like that one Disney princess.

The area was covered with all types of plants. All of them looked like they were from a different planet. One caught my eye. It had a light greenish-blue ball inside of a white flower. It had some sort of pearl inside of it. I didn't touch it but just stared at it. The inside of the pearl was deep. I could

see into it. There were only a few of these pearls. I wanted one, but I knew they needed to stay hidden.

The forest felt like home. Everything was connected to me. I loved everything around me and wanted to stay. That was until I heard my Mum shout from the top of the hill. I have no clue how I heard her from so far away. I listened and left the oasis. It was a sad departure. I have been used to this my whole life. Leaving friends and family is always hard. This was my newest one. Even though I had only stayed for a few minutes, which felt like a couple of hours, it was the hardest place to leave.

I took one large step out of the forest into the field. I could see my Mum standing alone a bit away from me. Running was not hard anymore. I sprinted up the knoll to her. She had already begun walking back to the house. I followed her back, forgetting the air rifle on the hill.



The Great Outdoors, Graham Cesa '24 (Photography)

2020 SCARY STORY CONTEST WINNER



Matthew Jamil '23

Author of "The Scream Heard from Around the World"

Biography

Matthew Jamil is a sophomore at U of D Jesuit. Matthew's favorite novel is *The Five People You Meet in Heaven* by Mitch Albom, which tells the story of a man and his experience in the afterlife. His favorite author is Elisabetta Demi, whose books got him into reading as a child. At U of D Jesuit, Matthew is a member of the Pastoral Team, the Student Senate, and the editorial staff of *Inscape*.

Inspiration

Matthew drew inspiration for his scary story from his love for crime TV shows, like *Money Heist*, *The Staircase*, and *Shooter*. Prior to writing his story, Matthew had already developed ideas of his own for a crime story. When he saw he could share those ideas with others through this contest, he converted them into a horror story to meet the event guidelines. Matthew enjoyed his opportunity to share his passion for writing with others and wants to continue to do so in the future.

The Scream Heard from Around the World

Matthew Jamil '23

The night was a quiet one. It was October 30, the eve of Halloween. The long and narrow streets were abandoned with nothing besides dim street lights revealing a path for daring drivers. It had always been dangerous to drive on the eve of Halloween. Ever since the incident on that cold and ghostly night back on October 30, 1945. The day the Scream was heard around the world.

"Whatever happened on that day anyway?" Clarice asked her Uncle Ben. "I always hear older gentlemen mutter about it at the station."

"People from your generation do not know this day or the events that took place on it, but if you ask any person in any country around the world, they would all tell you the same story," Uncle Ben replied. "Good old Mr. Roy Douglas down the street tells this story the best. He tells the story with great detail."

"Can I go see Mr. Roy Douglas after supper?"

"I don't know, sweetie. It is a rather chilling event that happened on that day. Are you sure you are ready to know the truth?"

"Yes, Uncle Ben, I have been waiting to know ever since I found out that something happened. I feel left out."

"If you really feel that way, Clarice, then I guess you could go see Mr. Roy Douglas after supper."

"Thank you so much, Uncle Ben!"

She ran up to Uncle Ben and gave him a big hug. His warmth comforted the anxious girl, who had no idea what was next to come.

This is not the first time Uncle Ben had comforted Clarice. A few years ago, Clarice's mother died from leukemia, and her father died just five years before her mother's death while in Japan during the war. Uncle Ben helped raise the young child on his own. She was a rather intelligent and curious kid for her age. Uncle Ben was quite surprised that she did not know the truth about her family or about the eve of Halloween on that night in 1945, when the scream was heard around the world.

While at supper Clarice did not eat much. Uncle Ben had made her favorite, shepherd's pie. It was her mother's recipe.

"Why aren't you eating, dear?" asked Uncle Ben.

"I don't know, Uncle Ben. I guess I'm too excited to talk to Mr. Roy Douglas."

"I wouldn't be excited to hear this story, dear."

"May I be excused from supper early? I am really not that hungry anyway, and I am getting more and more impatient as the minutes go by."

"Oh, fine, darling. You can go to Mr. Roy Douglas's house."

Clarice ran out the door, ecstatic to the fact that she will know the truth shortly.

"Talk to you soon, Uncle Ben!"

"Be careful when crossing the street!" Uncle Ben yelled as Clarice ran out the door.

As Clarice crossed the street, her Uncle Ben watched from the front porch. As she ran across the road a large suburban Cadillac just grazed

her long skirt. Her uncle cringed at the sight of this but was glad she was safe.

As Clarice approached Mr. Roy Douglas's home, she got more and more anxious. As she knocked on the rusty copper door her hands trembled. She knocked on the door with three quick knocks. Nobody answered the door. She knocked three times again. Still no response. She realized that the back gate was open, so she walked along the side of the home, and as she approached the fence, a dog started barking at her. A tall man with a hood over his head came running after the dog.

"I am deeply sorry about my dog. He gets excited when he sees new faces," said the old man. "What are you doing here anyway?"

"My Uncle Ben sent me," mumbled Clarice, her voice still trembling from the dog. "Are you Mr. Roy Douglas?"

"Yes, I am. What are you in need of?"

"My uncle told me to come here if I want to figure out what happened on October 30, 1945. He said that you told the story best."

"Ah, yes. Your Uncle Ben is an old friend of mine. Come in, darling."

Clarice noticed a strange feeling of nostalgia as she

Clarice noticed a strange feeling of nostalgia as she entered the home. It felt like she had been there before.

entered the home. It felt like she had been there before.

"Have a seat, darling. I will make some tea for us."

"Thank you for offering, but I just want to get right into the story, Mr. Roy Douglas."

"Oh! You're eager, just like your mother."

"You knew my mother?"

"Yes, I did. She was my first love. That is actually where this story starts," said Mr. Roy Douglas with a somber look in his eye. He sat down in the chair next to Clarice.

"Are you sure you are ready to hear this?"

"Yes sir, I have been waiting to hear this since I ever knew of such an event."

"Ok, darling. Brace yourself because this story will come with many surprises for you."

Clarice sat up in her chair with a confident look in her eyes.

"The day was October 30, 1945. I had just gotten back from war when I went out to the movies with a beautiful young lady who just happened to be my wi-

"What was her name?" interrupted Clarice.

"I will get there, darling. Just be patient."

"Fine."

"As I was saying, we went to go see a scary movie, but the tickets were sold out, so we decided to go on a drive and listen to the brand-new radio I had just gotten installed in my car. We were singing along to all the tunes when all of a sudden another car swerved into our lane and ran our car off of the road and into a ditch."

"Why would they do that, Mr. Roy Douglas?"

"Well, they were old friends of mine. I did business with them a while back. I owed them some money. Anyhow, they approached our car and looked in to see if we were alive. When they saw that we were still breathing, they smashed out the windows and pulled us out of the car."

"At first, we thought that they were helping us, but then they took a brick and knocked both of us out. From there, we did not know where they took us. We woke up to see my old friends who had knives in every pocket. They told me and my wife to tell them where our daughter was, but we refused. They

*"Are you sure
you are ready to
hear this?"*

said that they would torture us, but we did not want them to touch our daughter. She was our angel. This is where it gets gory. Are you sure you would like me to continue?"

"Yes, I am positive."

"My friends then took my wife and tortured her. They started to peel off her skin while also putting alcohol on her bare arm. This is when she let out a large screech. The loudest one I have ever heard in my lifetime. This is what they call the scream heard from around the world. They had been trying to get her to tell them where our daughter was. She refused until she was killed."

"I am really sorry, Mr. Douglas. I never knew."

"Don't be sorry, darling. It will all make sense in a few minutes. So, as they had been distracted with torturing my wife, I had escaped to go and protect my daughter, who was only one at the time. By the time I got to my house, my daughter and her babysitter were gone. The two most important people in my life were gone but not forever. My friends said that they would raise my daughter as long as I paid them back over time. I agreed and moved right across from my friend's house to keep an eye on my daughter as she grew old. Now, she is the most beautiful, intelligent, and independent young woman I know."

"Where is your daughter now?"

"She's sitting right in front of me."

"Dad?"

"Come here, darling."

As Clarice and her father embraced in a hug, someone knocked down the door. It was Uncle Ben.

"You were not supposed to tell her until the money was paid off," yelled Uncle Ben.

He then took a knife and cut off Mr. Roy Douglas's face right in front of Clarice, who watched in terror as her father was killed in front of her. Uncle Ben signaled her to leave. As they left and crossed the street, a car came and struck Clarice, flinging her across the street.

"AHHHHHHH!"

These were the last words of Clarice. They were the same as her mother's, and they were the second scream that was heard around the world.

SENIOR EDITOR BIOGRAPHIES



Being a member of the *Inscape* staff has been a blessing. As a senior editor, I have grown as a leader, expanded my appreciation for art and literature, and become a better writer. It's been a privilege to work with the other senior editors throughout the year to create this magazine. From the time we were chosen as senior editors, we have worked hard to create an amazing mag-

azine, and I'm proud to say we have done so. Assuming a leadership role is something in *Inscape* I've wanted to do since joining the staff, and leading my team this year has been an experience I will cherish forever. Thank you to *Inscape*, my fellow editors, and Mr. Davidson for making these past two years truly unforgettable. – Marcus Ellison



I consider myself very fortunate to have had the opportunity to work as an *Inscape* editor for the past three years. Coming into sophomore year, I wasn't sure what to expect being a member of *Inscape*, since on the outside it seemed to be merely an additional responsibility. However, working as an editor has given me some of my favorite moments of high school. I'll

forever cherish bonding with the boys while fowling at the Fowling Warehouse in Hamtramck. Though this past year has certainly not been what anybody would have imagined school would look like, I'd like to thank my fellow editors, and especially Mr. Davidson, for making this year one of *Inscape's* best. – Jack Michellini



It has been a pleasure to serve on the *Inscape* staff for two consecutive years. Despite COVID-19, virtual learning and many other obstacles, I am so happy that we continued with a new edition of *Inscape*. I have loved my time working with the senior editors to create this brand new 2021 edition of *Inscape*. My favorite part about *Inscape* is how it acts as a medium to allow students to let

their creativity run free. I think students always cater their work around teachers and classes, but *Inscape* allows kids to truly express themselves by creating writing and art in their own style. This magazine is truly one of a kind. I have learned so much from my time on *Inscape*, and thank Mr. Davidson, my fellow senior editors, and the rest of the staff for a great two years working on the *Inscape* staff. – Ricardo Peres-da-Silva



The past three years of being in *Inscape* has made me appreciate not only art and literature but teamwork and cohesion as well. Seeing all the moving pieces from all the different editors is very exciting, especially this year. I was honored to be a Senior Editor this year. With the help of all everyone involved, I think we have created one of the best magazines I have been a

part of. My favorite part of being an editor over the three years is looking at how much creativity goes into the magazine, as well as my classmates' passion for different types of art and literature that they might not be able to express elsewhere. I would like to thank all of the editors and especially Mr. Davidson for helping me through this amazing three years with the magazine. I feel very grateful to be a part of something as special as *Inscape*. – Liam Richards



I am so glad I was able to be a senior editor, leading such a great group of guys. *Inscape* has been my favorite club during my time at U of D Jesuit. It has really grown my love for art and literature. Being a senior editor has given me the opportunity to enhance my leadership skills. Even during this pandemic, all the editors were able to focus on the goal.

Our goal is to create a great magazine showcasing all the students' best work. I am very hopeful of where this magazine is heading. Every year, we continue to improve the magazine. It has been great working alongside Liam, Ricardo, Jack, and Marcus. I am especially happy and thankful for Mr. Davidson. – Miles Smith

LETTER FROM THE MODERATOR



Thank you for checking out this year's issue of *Inscape*. Our literary-art magazine is one of my favorite activities that I get to be a part of here at The High. It would be nothing without a team of such excellent sophomores, juniors, and seniors. I am so impressed by their dedication this year to make sure we still had a magazine of quality even though this school year was going to be radically

different from any we've experienced before. I'm grateful for the leadership of Marcus, Jack, Ricardo, Liam, and Miles who all had to seriously adapt under these new circumstances and did so with grace. From virtual staff bonding events to socially-distanced layout meetings, it's been an honor and a pleasure to work with this amazing team of young men. – Mr. Alexander Davidson

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