



Inscape

University of Detroit Jesuit
High School and Academy

2022

Inscape



"It's my hometown, but it's also a great town. There's a lot of stories here when you peel back the layer." – Joel Vetsch

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
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Title Page Art by Nino Dioso '23 (Ink)
Cover Art by Thomas Beshke '22 (Digital Art)

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 in grades 7 – 12 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 Spring 2022 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.

Typeface throughout is Verdana. Title font is Umbriago NF W01 Regular. Accent font is Bungee Shade. The magazine is printed on Husky 60# Opaque offset; the cover is printed on Tango 10pt C1S cover. The magazine is designed in Microsoft Word.

GET PUBLISHED IN INSCAPE

Submissions are accepted during the first semester of every academic school year and can be uploaded to the magazine's website at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape. We accept poetry, short stories, art, and photography from current 7th – 12th grade U of D Jesuit students. Editorial staff members review all electronic submissions and evaluate the writing and art based on originality, technique, purpose, appeal, theme, etc. Editors rank each submission 1-10, with 10 being the highest. Scores are averaged, and the entries with the highest averages are accepted. Accepted pieces are published in the annual magazine each spring with slight editing as needed.

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Alexander Vecchio '22
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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, with 10 being the highest. The following pieces of writing and art each earned the highest average score in their genre.

BEST IN POETRY

Old Horse
Grady Cate '22

BEST IN PROSE

The Book's Cover
Jorge Torres '22

BEST IN ART

Eye Study
Luke Wegrzyn '23

BEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Sunset on the Hills
Owen Dorweiler '23

OUTSIDE ACCOLADES

U of D Jesuit is happy to recognize some of our very own Cubs who have received honors from the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. From digital art and design to drawing and illustration, the Scholastic Art Awards gives young artists a chance to showcase their talents. **Thomas Beshke '22** received two Honorable Mentions for his Digital Art. **Dylan Donley '24** received a Silver Key for his Painting. Both of their talents are represented in this year's issue.

Dear Reader,

It felt like a 1,000-pound weight being lifted off our chest to be able to work on the 2021-2022 *Inscape* magazine fully in person with the whole staff together this year. For over 25 years, the goal of the magazine has been to showcase our fellow Cubs' passions, and this is something we continue to strive for as senior editors. It was a complete joy to create this year's issue with such a fine staff of fellow editors.

Inscape has proven to be a safe space for people to come together, to connect with each other, and most importantly, to bond over our love for creativity. Just like our diverse student body, no two pieces of writing or art are alike. It is the power of art and literature to continually bring people together through this shared common passion, even in the most difficult times of our lives. We cherish the opportunity to publish the work of our talented students.

During their years at The High, the students grow a special bond to the city of Detroit and to the people who live there. The city of Detroit has gone through a process of growth as it overcomes difficulties and immense amounts of doubt. Just like Detroit, students have experienced a few really hard years. This magazine gives an opportunity to highlight the special work that came out of these hard times.

The editorial staff is proud to celebrate the unique works of literature and art that our student body has created since last year's issue. We are thankful for the students who have trusted us with their work and who are willing to let us share their gifts with a wider community.

We hope you thoroughly enjoy the 2021-2022 issue of *Inscape*. We here on the *Inscape* team had a fantastic time making this issue a reality.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors (Andrés Borrego, Grady Cate, Thomas Kelley, Alexander Vecchio, and Joseph Wisniewski)



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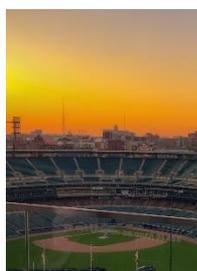
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Freedom

Okechi Agomuoh '24

Our responsibility to march was inherent, indisputable, and self-determined.

Our shoulders heavy with the will of millions of our mistreated brothers and sisters,

Together, we fought for the freedom of our past, present and future.

The vigor of those fighting for their God-given rights was unyielding.

Turning back, neither a desire nor a choice

Until the freedom bell tolls, the only direction is forward.

No nerve shall rest, and no spirit will be diminished.

But when the day comes, when that faithful Act is passed

With joyful jubilation, we will sing Freedom at Last,

Freedom at Last.



Seljalandsfoss, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)





Pingeyjarsveit Rainbow, Antonio Said '25 (Photography)

The River Continues to Flow

Grayson Johnson '24

I drove myself to go to the river,
Using all the energy I could achieve.
My only hope was to escape my painful reality.

But this time was much different,
It was heartbreaking to even believe.
The dreadful feats that had occurred to thee.
It seemed to me as if this problem had no remedy.

The river was stained a brownish-black and gave little sign of
blue;
Its beauty was stripped from its roots left with nothing else to
do.
I would have stopped it before if ever there was a clue.

From that experience, I was forced to learn.
Through rain, fog, wind, and snow,
The river continues to flow.

The Demon and the Ball

Solomon Draus '22

Dennis Rodman brushed a hand over his short pink hair and sighed deeply. The echoes of the final seconds of the halftime show swirled around the hallway. He could feel it, the little quivers that pushed and prodded the air around him. The stadium air was nerve-racking for every player that breathed it. When someone said that it wasn't, they were lying. Except for Rodman. He had been doing this for years, of course, but he possessed an innate reassurance that superseded the butterflies, or even the air itself. He felt that he had been doing it for centuries even. A certain part of him was convinced that he had done nothing else since the dawn of time. He pressed his eyes closed, hard.

The rest of the Chicago Bulls basketball team walked past him, towards the court floor. Some of them expressed words of encouragement or reassurance, pats on the back. He knew what they meant by it, but it wouldn't work for him. It never did. He wished they did something for him, the voices of comradery. He wished he got butterflies, that sweaty armpit feeling, that looming, subtle nerve that shot through his body. He wanted to feel something like that. The truth was that Dennis was plagued. Plagued by something he didn't quite entirely understand, something that transcended his lifetime, perhaps even the entire human race. He had to shut it out, ignore the greater picture and focus on this detail, this infinitesimally small floor of wood and polyurethane, where so many players and fans dedicated large parts of their lives, where blood, temporary and irrelevant as it was, was spilled, where emotions exploded into legendary displays of athleticism and adversity. All in the name of sport, these people invested themselves. He had to entertain, shut it out. It was always there, though, that primal desire to stimulate his seasoned, almost supernatural senses.

Feeling was fading from him, slipping his grasp slowly. He pierced his nose, his lip, his ears. He wore strange clothing and dyed his hair in wild patterns almost every week, to get a reaction, to make himself feel something for once. It worked, a little, but it was never sustainable. The more he examined and studied the universe, the harder it was for things to be new and fresh, to be exciting. It was things like this that lots of people would call demons. Dennis had a lot of demons, and,



now, head in his hands, eyes fixed on the scuffed tile floor of the hallway, was the time to face them, drive himself to banish them, difficult as it was, for the next half hour. Banish all but one, that was. Laplace. He opened his eyes, let him out.

"Hello, Dennis."

In his mind, Rodman did not respond, only acknowledged him.

"It's time again now, is it? Time to open the microscope up real wide, huh?"

"Yep. Let's do it. We need to be extra focused tonight. It's a big game. That's what everyone's been saying."

"Yes, Dennis. Game six. I know you don't always find this fun, but, Dennis, I hate it when you shut me out. I know you feel the same way sometimes, but I can tell today is not one of those times. I'm a part of you that you don't always embrace, Dennis."

"You're right. I don't have the determination tonight. Not the determination that Mike needs. You know how he gets, how he lives for this," Dennis admits. "It's this power we share, Laplace. That's the reason I don't find this exciting anymore, man. There's nothing new. When we can see everything, it's almost like there's no point in experiencing this at all."

"Dennis, this power is all that I am. You'll get used to it, when you spend more time in the universe as I have, always looking through the lens of this power. Every molecule, its trajectory, its location. It's exciting, really, to know it all, have it all in your mind. We can know all that has happened, all that will. For now, though, just focus on the ball. You will know where it's going. Every time. Focus up, Dennis. Focus up."

Dennis turned it on and snapped his mind to the game ball, reluctantly. He knew exactly where it was. In the hands of the lead referee, near the court's center circle. Dennis got up and jogged out into the stadium floor. The polyphonous roars of the fans filled his ears. Strobe lights danced all across the floor for a few seconds, across Rodman's face, across the crowded stands, across the walls. Across the banners. The referee blew the whistle. Dennis walked up to the edge of the center Bulls logo, poised and ready. He looked at Luc, and at the other team's center. He looked at the ball, the ref that held it, the contraction of his muscles, the skin on his hand, the minutiae of it. And he could see it. It was going to be Luc's, no doubt. The referee tossed the ball high up into the air for the



tip, and the fans were on the edge of their seats. Dennis saw the place, though. He stared up at the single spot in the air.

Luc tipped the ball backwards and ever so slightly to the right. It hung, almost, right on the tip of its parabola, where it belonged, where it always had been. In the blink of an eye, Dennis was airborne, and the ball was plucked straight, clean out of the air by his taped fingers and calloused palms. He tossed it to MJ, and they were off, advancing up the court. He could see the chain of physics, the ball soaring from MJ's hands to Kerr's, to Luc's, and back to MJ's. It was beautiful, honestly. That much Dennis could agree with the fans and players on. With the ball in his hands, MJ was good, great, even, but not perfect. Showtime. Dennis was already in position by the time the ball was making abrupt contact with the bright orange ring of steel. He leaped up again, made contact in just the way he intended, saw the deflection off of the opposing center's fingertips, and met his hands to the leather basketball, all in one smooth physical reaction. He brought it down and held it close, with ease. The crowd cheered resoundingly, in a way that reverberated all throughout. Through the air molecules, into his ears, and all through his bones. A smile spread across Dennis' face. Nothing was ever new to Dennis, when he could see all the trajectories of the universe, when he knew precisely where to grab the ball, without fail. But there was another fact that crossed his mind, that he thought might be true for a second. No, there was nothing new. But this surely would never get old.



*Eloquence of the Neighborhood, Quincy De Klerk '23
(Photography)*





A Flower Shaped Like a Circle, Matthew Jamil '23 (Watercolor)

The Withered Rose

Daniel Kuzniar '24

The flower's bloom has passed.
A petal falls...
True beauty never lasts.
A petal falls...
The prime of nature, gone so soon.
A petal falls...
And the adventure ends for the Boone.
A petal falls...
The world can't take a breath.
A petal falls...
And everything sacred succumbs to death.
A petal falls ...
The rose withers, and time moves forwards.
All is still...



PRAY That I'm Not PREY, Antwan McMullan '25 (Photography)

The Curse of Insatiable Curiosity

Jude Sutton '22

They didn't know many things.
Like everyone, a lot of people don't know much,
But that's the problem. Others are okay; they don't care to
know more.

But what of them, them cursed with insatiable curiosity
To know more, to learn, to engulf and encompass all
knowledge in their growing?

It's insufferable to them

To see someone know something they don't, to wave it
proudly to everyone else like a flag,
A flag planted on freshly conquered soil.

What I'm really trying to ask is...

Can someone get too fat from a consumption of ideas?



Riders of the Tide

Jude Sutton '22

They could parry it no longer.
The seafoam crashed against his eyes, blinding.
For the sea, it knew his secrets, it knew them.
They, finally alone at calm sea.
It seemed odd for it to treat them like this.
The waves lapped at the side of the "boat."
Then, they stopped, it all stopped, absolutely.
That should be fine, no more crashing waves and deafening
sirens,
But that was the problem.
Why was it so calm?
It's like when you tell your parents something bad you did,
And they don't yell or anything; they just stand there looking
disappointed.
You know, if you're ever in this situation, it's just infinitely
worse than any form of admonishment.
So, why wasn't the sea scolding him, why wasn't it boiling?
They don't know that their reaction was the punishment,
The questioning, the worrying, the bureaucracy of the mind.
The sea knows it's far worse than any form of physical
Battering,
And it worked, and they're alone, at sea.



Me, William Piskie '22 (Photography)

By the Day I Die

Luke Fisher '25

It had been a long and full life by the time she died. The islands had treated her well. On the beach of their own little island, just north of Kauai, the old man stood there motionlessly under the shade of an outstretched palm tree on their Maluhia Beach, their Beach of Peace. It had always been her favorite spot to visit while she was still with him. She was his wife, his life, and his joy and now she was nothing more than an engraved stone in the sand.

They had no children to help him grieve, no children to help him bury her, no children to comfort him and tell him to stand strong and everything would be okay.

He looked up from the small gravestone and stepped out from the dark shade of the palm tree's branches and looked out to the seas that lay tumbling before his eyes. The weather reflected his mood, gloomy and full of anger. It was cold, but not cold enough to put on a coat, the air was wet and suffocating, and the raging waves crashed into each other as they sprayed misty water up into the sky.

Defeated, he turned around and looked away, wiping the salty tear from his cheek. They had always wanted children but never could have any. Without her, the home that they had built together lay dark and silent.

It was a long and tiring walk home as he dragged one foot in front of the other. Soon, he found himself to be at the foot of a wooden stair. He remembered her laying it down there, nailing it to the step above and that into the small porch that lay in front of their, now just his, house. Everything he looked at reminded him of his wife. Reminded him of how empty he, like his house, was.

Slowly, the old man walked through his own front door, putting his head down almost in shame as he tried not to look at anything that surrounded him.

One foot in front of the other, he walked into their bedroom and with a long and pent-up sigh he sat down on the bed's edge.

Cautiously, the old man looked up at the top of his bedside dresser and gazed upon the numerous framed pictures that lay atop it. The most prominent of them all just so happened to be the oldest as well. Contained within a dark



mahogany frame was a black and white photo from over seventy-five years ago. It showed a smiling young boy and girl, no older than eight, under the burning sun smiling with ice cream cones in each of their hands.

Slowly, the old man got up from his bed and walked over to the frame. His face was motionless as he put his hand at the top of it and, looking away with a tear of shame falling down his cheek, he flipped it down so he would not have to bear its pain any longer.

Then, something behind the photo caught his eye. Laying there for what must have been years was a small folded up piece of paper caked with a thick layer of gray dust.

The old man picked it up and looked at it closely, trying to remember if it was his or not, so hesitant to open it due to even the most remote chance of it reminding him of his wife. He made up his mind; he had to know. Quietly, he blew the dust off of the top and opened the paper up. Immediately, he recognized his wife's handwriting and set it down apprehensively, afraid of it.

The old man stood there for hours, going back and forth in his mind, debating whether or not to pick it back up. Eventually, his curiosity got the better of him, and he slowly and cautiously pulled it open and looked at it.

It was a list. In his wife's neat handwriting at the top it read:

By the day I die, I want to:

1. Marry
2. Settle down
3. Make the world a better place
4. Build a house on an island
5. Grow old with my husband
6. Die happy
7. Leave my husband a happier man than when I met him.

The old man looked at his wife's list as he walked into the kitchen and with a groan sat down at one of the chairs and pulled out a pen.

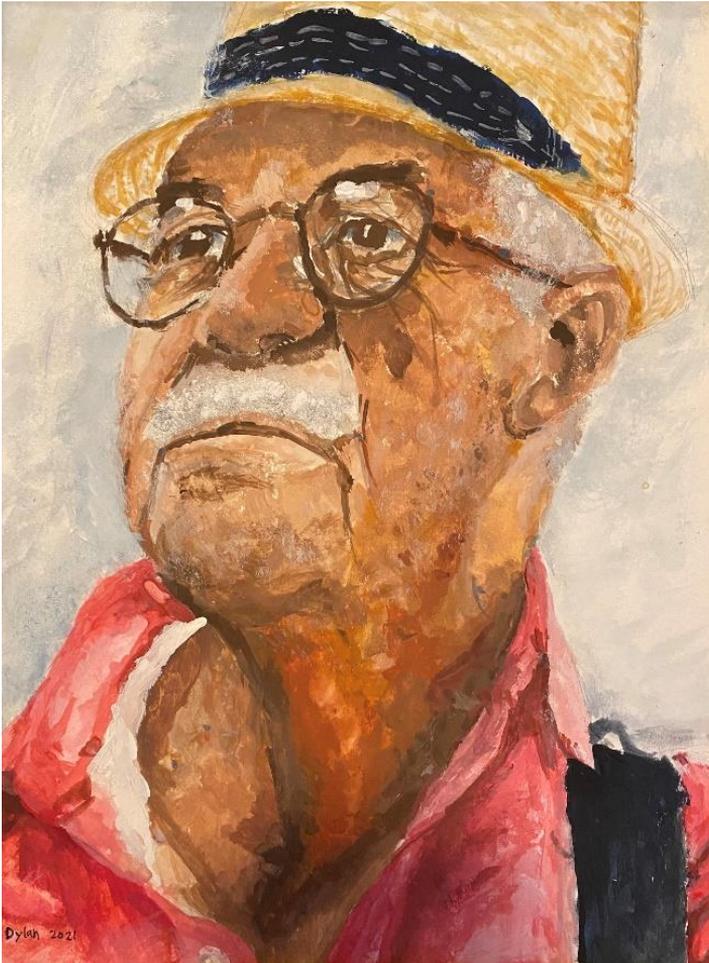
Looking over the list, he saw how most of it had been crossed off except for the last two. Slowly, the old man took a deep breath and clicked his pen before pressing it to the sixth listed and drew a line through it.



His hand started to shake as he lowered the pen down a line and once again read the words. The old man's aged, wrinkled hand began to shake as he pressed and drew a line through the words.

Like the rush of an oncoming wave, emotions flooded him. Joy, regret, love, sadness, but most of all peace. His eyes were flooded with tears as slowly he said out loud, "Maluhia, my dear. Be at peace."

Gently, he set down the paper, and as his voice cracked in a faint whisper, he said, "Be at peace, for I am."



Pintura, Dylan Donley '24 (Gouache Paint)



Door of Doom

Noah Hunter '24

Leaves crunched against the forest floor.
I can hear a call for my name.
And then I see a closed door.
I did not want to play Death's game.
I have lived my life so poor.
The trees were ever so tame.
The door opened with a roar!
For it was only I to blame.
There was so much to explore.
Suddenly, the clouds cried in shame.
But Death, I could not ignore.
Then, it turned all to flame.



Springtime, John Moreno '24 (Acrylic Paint)





Slither, Dylan Donley '24 (Ink)

The Vine

Connor Pattie '24

The vine is nature's wire.
It sits tangled on the church house spire.
It serves as a gateway for all who care,
to hear the message waiting there.
The vine is nature's bridge.
It sits upon the steep cliff's ridge.
It allows any man to create,
a chance at reversing a tumbling fate.
The vine is not a holy thing,
only an opportunity waiting
For some person to come along,
to reach out and hold on strong.



The Pine Tree

Gabe Morreale '24

While I was in college studying dendrology,
I was asked on an assessment to answer the question,
 "Define a pine tree."
In the moment, I was confused and thought I needed aid,
For this test would make or break my grade.
The more I sat and thought,
A couple answers caught.

A pine tree looks over everything,
Like an airport control tower, searching for the good and bad
 things.
A pine tree gives structural support,
For objects ranging from hammocks to children's forts.
A pine tree is loving and caring,
Giving its blood so that people around the world can enjoy its
 sharing.
Unfortunately, pine trees are taken down,
Stabbed repeatedly and left with a painful brow.
But pine trees live forever,
And are always present in our daily endeavors.



Sunset on the Hills, Owen Dorweiler '23 (Photography)



Stratus

Avery Krick '24

There was never a moment the sky didn't bleed. Red starlight flooded across every surface leaving nothing without its paint. It refracted off the dense portions of the atmosphere and turned the crust of the earth into a shallow pool of light, as if the sky was lined with glass fragments. The light danced and trailed. This star flared over the horizon lined by buildings. As it passed through their glass walls, it turned every solid surface into its own mosaic. Even then, only nothing is absolute. No matter how hard it tried, the light could never cover what it wanted. The sky was divided, a dome making its way to encase our atmosphere. No matter how far it reached, it seemed that the light was never cast upon this dome, completely void of luminosity. Even so, under the dome, light still held its ruling, and so it seemed the two were always in foil.

With a sigh, I humor the nostalgia. My father used to tell me of a time when the heavens were painted blue, and waters reflected both their softness and rage. As it spread, it grew lighter and lighter, and as it centered, it led to its own deeper space. He'd tell me these stories by the window of our apartment, and I could live in a moment where his blue stories of the past met with the red skies of the present. The two would harmonize beautifully, and their softer duet would lull me to sleep.

He told me of a time we spent together in a prairie where we lived, when cities would stay stationery and millions lived in and between. Not far from our house was a hill we would sit on, looking up at the clouds and forming pictures from our own imaginations. With every picture he made, he conjured up a story, drawing to it as he spoke. He'd be in character, yelling with all his voice and emotion as if he was in the story himself, his voice conquering even that of the wind. He told me of a time I always wished to remember. When we had moved up and to the city from our home in nowhere, his voice grew weaker. It became somber and calm, nostalgic on the boisterous roar it once had. The man I remember was one with no regrets, and while he missed it, he was proud of what we had and content with what we have.

A gust of wind brought my mind back to the present, its cold fangs biting into my fingertips and nose. I relaxed my



shoulders so as to let the cold become a part of myself. I do not hold myself a wall to keep its frigid fingers off my chest, but rather a threshold for it to pass by as a phantomic feeling, such as all the rest. We are a part of everything, and so is all that we make. A crossroad between God and his creation, and we hold no right to set up boundaries between them, asking for tariffs of truth to acquire some false validation.

I look back towards the sky and its divide, studying the contrast of the quiet red to the overwhelming dark and just how well they converse. As I watched, another sound drew to the forefront of my head, a clamor and strident sound of crowds. Turning around, my arms rested on this building's slated ledge, my head tilted down to take in the entirety of what's below. Seas of people had gathered in this city's square, bleeding out into the surrounding streets. With their uproar was the sound of steam engines, starting up and squealing when they raced into tunnels. The situation of humanity was emphatic, and of course the ones who fear it most try to provide some hope of salvation for the millions beneath them. They themselves hope that their efforts will be rewarded, when no matter the greatness of the feat, their actions are still swallowed by their own predilection.

Every individual has been marked, identified, and classified by every aspect of their identity; economic class, social status, personality, perspectives, beliefs, views, ideals, sexuality, orientation, faith, value, disposability, threat, and the list goes on. Segregation and discrimination have been written into the lives of every person here, and they don't even know it. Every person who steps onto that train is a prisoner, and everyone who doesn't is a dead man. A new identity will be stapled onto them, the division in which they will live. The lower the number, the lower the letter, the closer you are to nothing, a place not even worthy to be a cog. A destitute wasteland where life can only hold itself together with the hands of death.

The clamor beneath me developed and increased, and as it did I watched a small white speck form in the crowd and jump onto the tracks. With everything happening, protests are only to be expected, and so they throw up their white signs and shout their message, thinking it would do anything. When faced with uncertainty reality crumbles and delusions rise, some form of comfort and coping within it all. Even then, no one is right. In the face of absolute power, right and wrong



crumble and burn. The fools who think that their own dark coating is the truth and the naive who think that reality is their friend, they're all wrong. What does that make me then? No more than an observer, powerless to do anything and can only spout nonsense, and so that is exactly what I plan to do. Preaching my own sovereignty and reaching selfishly for my own desire, I'm no better.

The bleeding tone started to hush itself as some form of enforcement had made its way down and detained the human blockade. Some scattered and fled out into the streets, where they would spend their last day cowering alone, and others were pushed out of sight, either to be executed or forced onto their own sentence. Humanity doesn't have time for such delays, so I do not pity them, but I admire their brazen foolishness. Soon enough, the once boisterous scream of the crowds had dwindled and diminished, sounding itself a ghastly hymn as its voice exhausted itself in echoes through the glass pillars of this city.

Soon, the crowds went right back to being loaded, and ennui washed over me. My eyes drift from place to place, searching for anything to land on. Alas, nothing came of it, just a vision of the resplendent fires that would consume every surface as the sun already does. How would it really look, that great fire? I wish I could stand witness to it myself, perhaps I'd find my own meaning within it. Could that fire itself be viable, would it even allow that privilege to anything in existence? What would come from it, a scorched fraudulent crust that displayed its grim haughty smile or a spring that would become the zenith of our time? Perhaps one day I could appear above this crust and behold the paragon, or maybe I might never dig myself out of the pit God has thrown me into. The idea that I might succeed in returning is enough to make my heart palpitate and throb.

As the lines dwindled down, I grabbed my bag, pivoted on my feet, and turned to the door centered in the middle of the roof. Tearing it open from its rusted hinges, a burst of warmth met my face, attaching itself to the cold I still held on to. Starting down the stairwell, the sound of steps rang through the metal plates that made them, and the air responded in turn. A shadow, cast on the walls by the dark pale green light that illuminated the standing tunnel, attached itself to me, and I watched as it mimicked my every move. I could not keep myself bound, my mind jumping to every detail it could; the



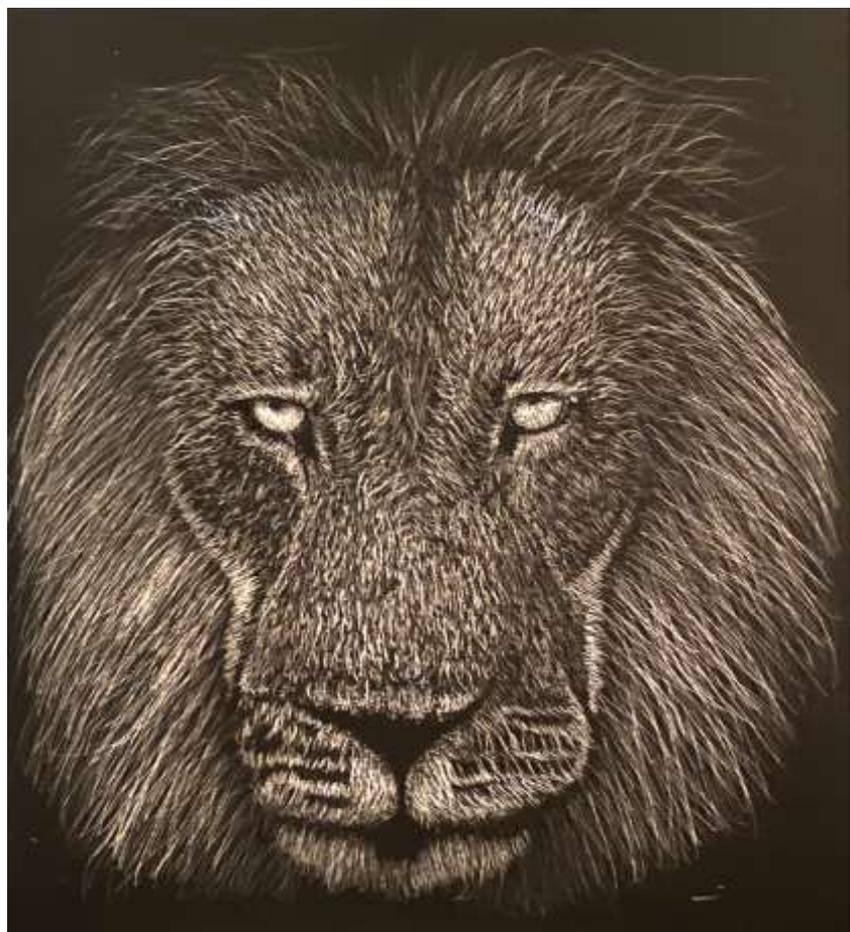
scraping of my shoes against the dust-covered stairs, the shining railings explicit somberness, every indentation and mark on the tiled walls, the shadow cast by the stairs onto itself trailing down to the end. By the time my mind was my own again, I had stepped into that ending shadow, being pierced by the red light of the exit sign. Beneath it of course, a door, shined and heavy, vacuumed into its position. With another strong pull, it too unhooked its jaws.

A simple office building, couldn't even let the ground floor uphold a simplicity. In front of me was nothing more than a labyrinth of cubicles and abandoned hopes. No window reached this side of the building, and so for once I could witness the blue light and shadow cower in its place. As I walked again, my mind left. The silt-covered monitors, empty boxes stacked to mountains, papers mimicking snow and sleet paired with dust that fell with its own winter. Past the maze was a wall that ended short in an open doorway. Peering around that corner is the lobby, swallowed by a hollow lifelessness. Everything was still, and as I walked through it, I felt I was still as well.

My eyes were caught on the tiled floor, featuring a yellowed depiction of a rose compass. The picture was worn, and a single direction was faded off, North. I could imagine a time when the building was first opened, the bustling corridors and the clear image of the compass. I looked at the whole lobby, and I could see just how it was before the world caught fire. It was so clear in my mind that for a moment I would've believed I was there, even though I had never stepped into this building before. I shook my head and erased the image from it, then swiveled it to the glass doors of the entrance. The red light had once again started to peer in, bearing its fangs to the shadows that lay in these halls.

I stepped into its jaws and reached the doors, my hand sliding onto the brass pillars it has for handles. I held my other gloveless hand to my eyes and wiped them clean, hoping to feign a truth on my face. I pulled the glass gateway open and stood on its threshold. To my welcome was a cold front of air and the sound of hundreds of conversations that filled my head. They coalesced in my ears into one unanimous roar and made the frigid surface of my skin pierce deeper.





Heart of a Lion, Joseph Flynn '24 (Scratchboard)



Old Horse

Grady Cate '22

I offered this horse a peregrination
across the attractive land of sand,
but in an attempt to grasp at reluctant salvation
we've been swallowed by the Sea of Tan.

Within its crevices our feet drag
without a lingering thought of fear.
I think for the horse and remember his past
as our hour of death draws near.

At last, across, we see a mirage.
The sight brings me down on a knee.
I think of a place to drink and relax
as we watch it dissipate into the sea.

My eyes deceive me, I cannot even sob.
I feel the wobbling knees of the horse.
I beg for forgiveness, I cry out to Ra
I wish I could offer him more.

We sink in the sea yet it offers us none
of the sweet nectar it contains.
I carry the horse by his long and untame mane
for the sea has now gotten to his brain.

Periodically the horse lets out a cry
through the quiet storm abrew.
His back is collapsed from a mighty slide
down the waves this sea can produce.

I lay with the horse, for he needed I,
And when I needed him, he did not ask why,
Or where we were to go? What is the mission?
Now he lay in my arms with his back completely fissioned.

Go, old horse, but do not forget me,
For I will find you again when I escape this sea.



The Book's Cover

Jorge Torres '22

"Jorge? You don't look like a Jorge."

I've heard that exact phrase from dozens of people. Growing up, I never understood what they meant. I thought to myself that maybe they knew another Jorge and that I simply did not share the same features as their Jorge. Or maybe my personality wasn't that of what a Jorge should have. People whom I had just met, and who knew only what I looked like and nothing else about me, instantly characterized me as someone who *shouldn't* be a Jorge.

What *does* a Jorge look like? To me, Jorge seemed extremely fitting. I was raised in a family of Mexican immigrants. They were raised in Mexican culture, so growing up it was all I knew. We spoke like Mexicans. We celebrated like Mexicans. We dressed like Mexicans. We ate like Mexicans. We looked like Mexicans. Or, at least that's what I *thought*.

My mother has extremely pale skin that burns red after an hour of being in the sun. Naturally, my siblings and I share her pale complexion.

So, to me, *that* is what Mexicans look like. There was nothing special about us.

I remember once when I visited Mexico my aunt told me to go to the local corner store alone. I remember feeling terrified. What if my Spanish was bad? What if they think it's weird that I'm alone? What if they don't recognize me? What if... what? Why was I so terrified?

"Tu no eres de aqui, guerito," I heard from the other side of the store, as she said that I, a white boy, didn't belong here.

Suddenly, everything that I doubted about myself became reality. In America, I was too pale for my name, and now I was too pale for my culture. I felt that I belonged nowhere, and I began to distance myself from my culture and roots.

One day, my father played "El Chofer" by Vicente Fernandez while driving home. Instinctively, I asked him to turn the volume down. I felt ashamed and hated getting looks from people for playing music that wasn't in English. He turned the volume down a little and then asked me if I remembered how much I loved this song growing up. If I remembered that last time we went to Mexico I begged him to buy me a CD of



Vicente Fernandez's *Para Siempre*, and he did. If I remembered how I would sing this song while cruising through the streets of my parent's hometown, Capilla de Guadalupe.

And I did recall those moments, down to the finest detail. Going to get tacos late at night with my aunt. Getting boliz de cajeta at Paletas "El Feo." Getting freshly squeezed orange juice in the morning with my dad. Getting guasanas from a vendor cart in the plaza. Celebrating my birthday at my cousin's ranch in San Jose de Gracia. Being dragged to morning mass on a weekday by my late grandmother, something I wish I had cherished more in the moment.

I had internalized the labels that others created about me. I'd let others' stereotypes stop me from embracing my culture, as if they had a say in who I was. But my Mexican roots are a part of who I am, irremovable, no less than my spine.

No, my skin color doesn't define me. Nor the language I speak, nor my level of intellect, nor my sociability. Most importantly, neither does my name. Even if others tell me otherwise, a stereotype will not take away from the many rich and unforgettable experiences I've lived through.

So, whenever I'm feeling down, I get my speaker, open Spotify, and play some tunes. And whether it's J. Cole's "January 28th" or Vicente Fernandez's "El Chofer," I enjoy them both equally, knowing that whether in English or Spanish, they don't make me any less Mexican.



I Saw the Fire in Your Eyes, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)





Duality, Aidan Scheible '22 (Ceramics)

The Duel

Jasper Hunt '24

The pink petals fell as the combatants gripped their blades.
Their eyes locked as they circled, old and wrinkled, young and
brash.

The younger one, by fate, was betrayed by the older, his
heart and soul, turned to ash.

The older one, who sought only to protect, but was prepared
to see this through.

The men charged each other, swords raised, and one brutal
strike struck true.

The body of the old man lay dying in the glade.

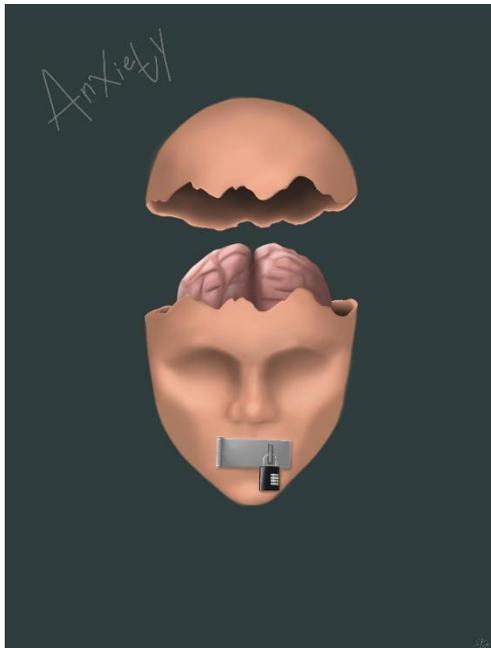
The younger man sat and wept for the man he knew.



Rose

Jude Sutton '22

We are born with shackles,
Bound to the world.
Some remain oblivious.
They die shackled.
Their graves remain shackled
To the soil to the loam.
Some feel their shackles.
They tighten them.
Tighter the lock turns.
They throw away the key
March into the ground,
Proudly shackled.
Some move,
And they feel their shackles.
They, aware they're chained,
Act, move, yearn,
And they cast them away!
They are shackled no longer.



In My Head, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Digital Art)



Resurrected Malice, Part 4

Avery Krick '24

Tired of breathing, chest heaving, muscles screaming, and eyes stinging. A dim white light flickers just around the corner, displaying a hallway that's become no more than a nightmare. I throw my body at the door to close it with the little bit of strength left, then slumping down, resting against its wooden barrier. A slit of a vertical window still let the light in, giving shape to what objects rested in the shadows of this room.

Staggering to my feet, I feel my way around in the darkness, taking in the full feeling of reality. Living in every world but my own, forgetting what is permanent and what can change. Time is no longer consistent, and the physical world is falling. As the advent of God approaches, time and space rip and tear, life and death itself become non-existent. While my hand may tremble, the flash drive stays stoned in my grip.

My hand stretches across a desk and feels the bevel of a monitor. Frantically patting the tower beside it, my fingers scrape against a USB port, and I struggle to slide in the flash drive. My heart thumps against my ribs, ringing a drum in my ears and sweltering heat throughout my neck. I searched for the power button, praying that it would flicker and burn that satisfying light, but to my discretion, no light was shown. Slamming my finger back into the button frantically, I could see nothing else. The world escaped my head, and all I could think was to press again and again.

The only thing that pulled my shackle back to reality was the disappearance of the light I had left. Standing just beyond the door was my guardian angel, grotesque and twisted, blocking the only light left. It was strange to think that just moments ago, I was alive.

The fabric of my bedsheets, the soreness of my legs, the tears that fell down my cheeks, all of it was as real as my senses could tell me, but even more so, the small silver flash drive that was clasped in my hand. Without even taking another moment, my room was in shreds, searching for my laptop, but the world is not kind to the ones with knowledge. No matter how fast I bolted to the door, collapsed in the hallway, and kept running, I could never find what I was looking for.



Stepping outside, I felt the cool air freeze the sweat running down my neck. My phone read just the day before it had all started. Did I even need the flash drive? Could I stop it all before? Without even settling on a thought, my legs were already running towards the woods. The weight of my body felt as if it would snap the numb stumps I walked on, but still I kept going. Whether I'm a fool securing their seat atop the mounds of hell or a hero to be lost to the annals of time, it didn't matter. I had no motivation at this point. I had no reason to keep going, nothing other than that my head was no longer my own.

A maze of trees, each path an endless dead-end. Where was I going, what was I doing, what plan did I have? Too many questions, no answers. I searched what I thought to be my own mind, falling into its river where I was told nothing but lies. Excuses to run when none were needed, fabricated reasons to resist something larger than my own coil, false validated truths to continue existing.

The black veils over their faces, their robes adorned with a carmine red coating, and the making of their body splattered onto my hands. The steel in my sides and hands, the body I'm missing, the body I have. The tears in my eyes, the breaking of my mind, the torture on my body. I could see it and hear it all, but it was no longer me. As if I was real only by the rotting spirit that puppeted my hands. By the outer gods that cup the world in their tendrils, may I cup my own head in my hands? Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and may remonstrance be subjected to the context of both truth and ideal.

Despite my insipid efforts, darkness coalesced from the surrounding shadows, as their deaths marked its beginning, a simple mistake, a simple detail, and yet catastrophic consequences. Never would I have asked the question of whether a shadow could writhe in pain, but before it had to cross my mind it was already answered. A life that gives none, and takes it from even those without. When given form it took hostility to all life it saw, and when its hollowed sockets traced my existence I became nothing more than fodder. Again, running.

The scavengers of heaven and hell, messengers of ending times, merciless in their intentions. Bones beat the ground at the rhythm of the drum-sounding march. No matter



how fleeting my skin may be, fate spins its wheel until the thread runs out.

As the border of the forest approached, my legs started to fall weak, and my steps became unbalanced. Even if I were to escape the wooden prison, whether or not it follows is completely unknown to me. So, even as the click of my shoes on the pavement ticked with my heart, I did not stop running. I needed to know what was on it, I needed to know what it said. All I needed was time.

Stomping through the campus, I pulled every door that I could, but none would open. With every tear in my muscles, another part of my head died, and with every question, another drop of blood. A single word, hysteria, an infection that had not only taken over my conscience but also the feeble bag of flesh that it controlled. With a dry mouth, numb limbs, burning head, lying eyes, and nothing but the sound of my heartbeat in my ears, could reality even be comprehended if it was there?

The world played its game in cards, and time showed its passing in pictures. An orange lit room, a moonlit forest, red stained soil, a barren concrete floor, and then one building after another until finally, a hallway. It clicked between two filters, worlds that neither of which I belonged to. A simple hallway, lit by a white ceiling light trailing down, simple wooden doors lined the walls. A simple hallway, lit red by burgundy sprays, decorated by entrails with no owners, doors broken open and inviting a new gory horror. The filters switched second by second as the clock ticked, breaking what semblance of sense I had left. My hand reached for the door at the very end, slowly approaching as the ticks grew louder and the cross between perceptions grew more rapid.

A dark room, a single strip of white light that gave form to what was hidden in the shadows, and a glaring monitor filled with static. My eyes were chained to the screen, whether it be the disappearance of the light from outside or the slow turning of the doorknob, my sight did not move, and it would not even if I had begged it. The static started to clear, and all that was shown was an empty throne atop the clouds. Burned into my memory is that void seat, and as the static started to return, the throne's exterior peeled off like skin and bled.

There is no one to sit on the throne.





Self-Portrait, Joseph Stachelek '24 (Graphite)

How Do I?

Ryan Hall '24

I learned how to forgive and forget,
But forget I always tangle with.
How do I forget when everything I knew is gone?
When my feelings were left and all left to the dawn?
Please stop, and go away.

Forget my old ways and old feelings.
I must learn how to forgive and always forget.
Letting go is the first step
To learn how to forgive and accept
The true meaning of forgiveness and love.
These I must always remember and say
Because I don't know the rest of my days.



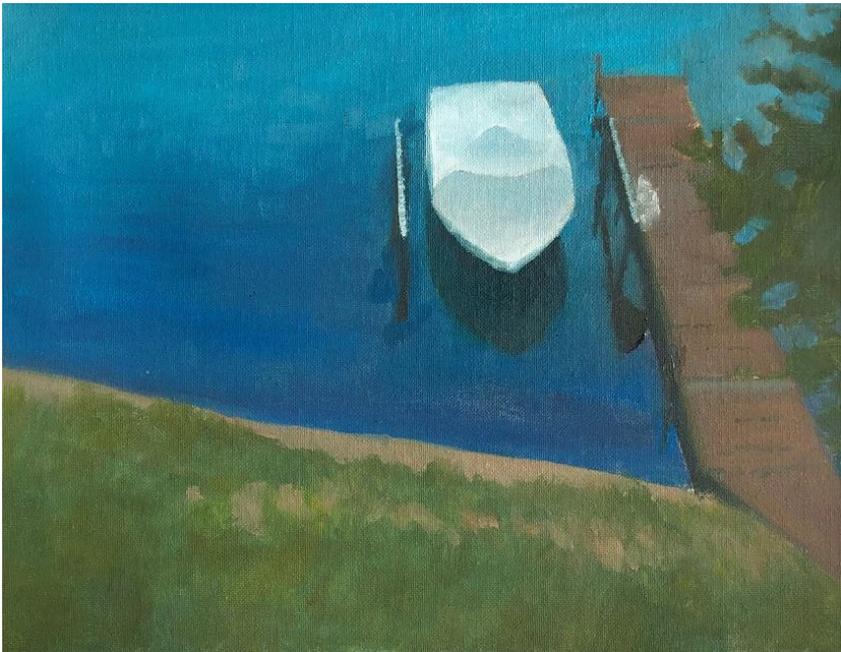
The World Was Once a Peaceful Place

Owen Dorweiler '23

The world was once a peaceful place and not a place
contrived,
Where one could go live out his life without his rest deprived;
And you would think as we evolve our haste would surely
cease,
But year by year the paces of humanity increase.

We have become obsessed with always wanting more to do
And never stopping, always moving towards a goal or two.
The people who take other paths the men of time condemn
As if the thought of slowing down had not occurred to them.

But think of this when all you want is worldly self-devotion,
When all your hopes and dreams and fears are finally set in
motion –
The ends that we all seek might not in fact have any worth
If nothing we have done in life has gain beyond this earth.



Boat on Blue Lake, Brian Ankrapp '22 (Oil Paint)





Seaside Serenity, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

Ocean Tide

Connor Black '24

The ocean tide, so beautiful from every side
The water, moving so calming like the swaying of the trees
All there was, was me and the tide
The sky whistled as if there was a breeze.

The water so clear, you can see through the bayside
Feeling the wind, the whistling sea breeze
The ocean so calm, watching it subside
The water was so blue, it looked ready to freeze.

The beauty of this, made by our Lord
The raindrops on your shoulder, to the sun in the sky
The color of the water, to the calmness of the tide
All this beauty, will soon subside.



Why Michigan?

Nicolas Gascon '22

As the son of a quadriplegic, I've gotten to know my way around several local hospitals. Henry Ford hospitals have the best-tasting iced water. Detroit Medical Center hospitals have the most diverse food menus. And Beaumont hospitals have the best selection of gift shop magazines. Food, water, and entertainment are all important, but it wasn't until my dad was admitted to the University of Michigan Hospital that I realized the most important thing of all: communicating with patients as human beings.

My dad, a police officer with the Los Angeles Police Department, was in an on-duty traffic accident resulting in a spinal cord injury when I was 9 weeks old. Having an uncapped tracheostomy tube, he was unable to speak louder than a soft whisper, and my mom and I would usually read his lips to understand. Through the years, he suffered a host of medical complications leading to hospitalizations both long and short. Medical staff would often enter his hospital room and communicate directly with my mom or me. Doctors would explain surgical procedures to my mom and obtain her signature for consent, and nurses would ask me if my dad was in pain and chart the appropriate response. It made perfect sense to me that we would speak for my dad since the hospital staff had such a difficult time understanding him.

During my freshman year, my dad was admitted to U of M Hospital for the first time because neither Henry Ford, DMC, nor Beaumont could diagnose his new medical ailments. The first time a U of M doctor entered his hospital room, he asked my dad a question about his stomach. My mom began to answer, but the doctor stopped her and said: "I'm sorry, but I'd like to get the answer directly from him." I was stunned. Not only had I never witnessed anyone shutting my mom down like that before, but I had never seen medical staff insist on speaking directly with my dad despite his communication difficulties. Slowly and painstakingly, my dad explained his medical issues to the doctor and, slowly and painstakingly, the doctor made the effort to understand my dad. When the doctor left the room, my dad, with the biggest smile on his face, said, "He treated me like a person."

My father passed away in 2020 due to complications from his spinal cord injury. His death did, and still does, bring



forth overwhelming emotions: love, pride, and staggering grief. But I will never forget that the simplest thing, making an effort to meaningfully communicate with him, made such an impact. This is not only why the University of Michigan is my first choice, but also why I choose to major in Communication with a focus on health and media. Undergraduate courses such as Communicating Science, Health, and Environment would help me to identify and address equity issues in healthcare involving the disadvantaged. An opportunity to intern with Wolverine Wellness, the office responsible for promoting student health and wellbeing, would provide me with experience effectively communicating technical information to non-expert audiences such as medical patients. The ability to communicate directly with people, and for them to communicate with us, is one of the basic tenets of human dignity. I hope I make my dad proud with my chosen path.



The Drought Is Over, Nicolas Gascon '22 (Photography)



Intellect

Jude Sutton '22

Is intellect burdensome?
Does it provide pessimism?
What gives us optimism?
Is it worth it to gain intellect
And wallow deeper and deeper
Into the bleakness
It provides,
Or will the human will push us on?



Slurpfish, William McLean '25 (Photography)





Nootka Lupine, Thomas Leeds '22 (Photography)

The Woman of the Perennial Garden

Grady Cate '22

A perennial garden we had met
in a field as endless as it was full.
She glanced with her alluring eyes yet
I stared at her priceless smile of gold.

She carries a touch of mulberry silk.
Her eyes glossed with a cerulean blue.
With perfect pale skin, as white as milk,
her affection received by very few.

I stood within the perennial garden
staring at the woman sent from above.
I swore to God to not be a burden
if I would be promised her eternal love.

If I could say without a second's haste
to spend more time talking would be a waste.

Timing Self

Avery Krick '24

It's strange, isn't it?

Don't expect anything of me. I do not understand what has happened very well myself, but I'll explain it best I can. As far as I can tell, it only started a few days ago. Did it? I don't know myself, but it was dark. It wasn't black, and it wasn't white. It was something that had no color. When I stood within it, I was subjected to a consistent flat tone that buzzed in my ear. It wasn't the first time it had happened. This empty space was something horrifying, but I did not feel scared, as my eyes felt dead. I saw no shapes, felt no presence, and only heard that single tone. The space wasn't one that was physical, I still don't know if it was real.

While I looked into the empty space, I felt no distinct emotion, just as it had no color. I could tell my body was breaking apart, and yet I felt no pain. When I opened my mouth to talk, I heard no sound, and when I looked down at my hands, I saw nothing. I don't know how long I was there, whether time even moved or not in the first place.

I took a step and started walking, and yet I could not move a single inch no matter how long I walked. Soon, I felt as if this mass of nothingness had its own mind. It didn't move, didn't speak. I'm not sure if it was really there. Yet somehow, I knew it was there, as I could feel its presence, its emotions, its thoughts. I tried to talk to it even though I could not hear my own voice, and, as my lips moved, its attitude changed. I've always wondered what it was. It was not human or animal, as it didn't have a physical shape. It was not a demon or an angel, as it was neither malicious or righteous. It was not a monster, as it was like me. It was not life or death, as it could not touch me.

As time stood still, our conversation grew long. I continued to talk to it, and as I did my thoughts began to settle, my senses starting to return. My emotions reluctantly grew, fading into my head. As stilled time continued, the constant buzz died out, and I could hear my thoughts, and then my own voice. Soon, my senses had all returned, and to some extent I felt whole, but still, I could see only nothing. I only saw it. As I changed, so did it. Soon after, it started to take shape around me, colors fading onto every surface. Around me was now a room, one I had been in before, but I cannot recall when.



I wondered where it had gone, and so I opened the door to the room. I stepped out of the room, in front of me a pitch-black hallway, and to my left a staircase.

Down that staircase, it was still dark, and while I could not see it, it was no longer empty as it was before. At the bottom of those stairs, I knew it was there. It didn't show itself, but I knew it was there. I didn't go down and try to see it, as I knew that's not what it wanted. So, I turned back around and went back into the room, shutting the door behind me.

Now in the room, there were more than walls and a floor. There was furniture; a bed, a desk, a dresser, a closet, a chair, a bookshelf, and a nightstand, all fit into this small room. I put my hands to the objects, and I could feel them. I reached for a lamp and switched it on and off, and so there was light again and again. My excitement wasn't as intense as one would expect. I was familiar with this room, as this room felt like it was already supposed to be there. With nothing left to do, I climbed in the bed and went to sleep.

When next I woke up, all I could feel was panic. I couldn't feel anything else; I couldn't feel it. Fall out of bed, stumble to the door, step into the hallway. There down the staircase, I could once again tell it was there. My shoulders relaxed, and relief washed over me. There it was; it hadn't left. I didn't want it to leave. It was all I had.

I couldn't see it, but I knew it was there. It felt inviting and warm, but I knew it still didn't want me to see it. So, as my heart rate slowed, I stepped back into the room and went back to sleep.

The next time I woke up, time resumed, or at least some stand-in for it. I could see a sun shine into my window and a world beyond this room, but I knew nothing was there.

That night, it showed itself to me, not in whole but in pieces, fragments. Every piece was represented by some twisted form, displaying horrors of unimaginable proportions, and yet still I wasn't scared of it. I knew its kindness, and so together we sat in the room it had created, and it rested in the corner and on the walls in the darkness of the night.

I decided to talk to it again, just like I had before in that same void. Just like before, they reacted. They did not move or speak, but their emotions swayed and their thoughts coalesced. I would tell them everything, every night, until I could no longer think and I could no longer listen, and so I fell back asleep.





This pattern continued, for how long I do not know. I grew dependent on it, as it helped me sort and organize my thoughts, determining answers to questions that had none, the only thing I could talk to about anything, and the only thing that would answer me honestly, with sincerity, and respectfully. I changed my mindset, who I was, several times purely based on the reactions it had to my questions. It became my judge, and, as time flew by, more and more fragments settled themselves in the room. Each kept their twisted frame, monstrously human. Still, I wasn't scared of them.

They weren't monsters. They weren't anything I could identify at the time. They weren't even they; they were all just parts of it. I do not know what it looks like whole. I no longer want to, and it doesn't want me to. So, everything was all right, and we could stay like this forever.

May 14th, 2019. Highest count of fragments present, 136.

"Is all of you here?"

Yes. It did not speak, but it still gave its answer. I felt happy. While it was not whole, it was all there with me.

"Will you show yourself?"

No.





Peace in Oscoda, Atticus Daniels '25 (Photography)

"Will you speak even just one word?"

No.

After this, it was the first time in the eternity I've spent with it that it did not answer anymore. No matter what question I asked, it gave no reaction the rest of the night. I would be lying to say I wasn't worried. As all the pieces had gathered, one by one they started to leave each night. I could never tell which fragment had left, but I always knew something more was missing. While it was responding again, its reactions grew faint, and it felt more distant. My worry continued to grow.

"Have I said something wrong?"

No response.

"Did I make you angry?"

No response.

"Will you tell me what I did?"

No response.

Fragments continued to leave, distance continued to grow, and my worry with it. What I was feeling I do not know. Every night, my body would shake. Every night, my mind would go numb from thinking. Every night, a piece leaves, again and again and again. How can I make it stop? How can I make it all go back to the way it was?

I failed.

The last piece, the brightest night.

Whether by some cruel twist of fate or the playing hands of some god, the last piece held a rather important significance. The first I ever saw, the first I ever spoke to, the first to ever respond. The one down the stairwell.

So, with vision blurred by sorrowful waters, I begged.

I pleaded. I screamed my voice bloody. Anything to make it change, anything to make it stop, anything that I would know, some sense of familiarity, some knowledge as to what is happening, any idea of what could be done. I screamed for any semblance of reality.

It stood there.

It would not talk.

It did not react.

It did not move.

It was gone.

The world flickered, dark to light to dark, and within that second it was gone. All of it. Nothing of it remained except this hollow shell of a world it created, and what was in its place? What stole the space it once stood? I don't know. I still don't know. Empty sockets glared at me, endless teeth, a widened grin, bone arms that stretched from one side of the room to another.

The figure was skeletal, its arms and legs too long to be human, its frame too large to even sustain itself, yet here in front of me it stood, denying the laws of its own construction. Hostile, envious, jealous, wanting, thinking, contradicting. It wanted me, dead or alive I do not know.

Still, I wasn't scared of it. It felt familiar, yet this wasn't what I've known. This wasn't the one I knew. It was different entirely.

Everything I knew has been replaced by this. With it brought a phantom. One I wish to never meet. One who wanted me dead by its own hands, but it could not even keep its rivaled force at bay. What could I possibly be in the middle of? Two forces beyond what's known as real, each reaching for my throat.

They aren't monsters.

They aren't human.

They aren't life.

They aren't death.



They aren't demons.

They aren't angels.

They aren't Gods.

A world, a figure, and a phantom.

Every night, a pattern continues. The figure stands before me, inching closer every night, held in place by the phantom. Still, the phantom cannot keep up and grows weaker. Still, I don't fear them. I don't fear the day where this phantom fails. I won't die. The pattern continues night after night, again and again.

This situation I've fallen into contains mostly repetition. In everything that's happening, in the way I feel, in the way I write, everything seems to keep repeating. Whether it's something old or new, it repeats until it can't, and something else takes its place.

A day of ruin. A day where the phantom can no longer fight. What would happen, I did not know. I won't die. So, I sat and watched the figure, as it took its first step, then the next, then another, and another. I won't die. It loomed over me. I won't die. It stationed its face in front of mine. I won't die. It peeled back its jaw. I won't die. It showed rows and rows of an endless number of teeth. I won't die. A single second.

Dark

Light

Nothing

So, I was back to nothing. I cannot see; I cannot hear. There is no color; there is no shape. What I feel is pain. What they are was clear from the beginning.

Fear

Insanity

Reality

Each stands around me. They're all so distinctly different, but I can no longer tell which is which. Their presence alone tears the skin off my body. Peeling down my back, down my arms, down my neck. I feel pain. It hurts. It hurts so much. If I want it to stop, I have to decide.

Which one do I trust? Which one is which? Which is the one I've known forever? Which is the one that wants me to stay with them? Which one wants me dead? If only I knew. If only I could tell. I swear it. If I knew I'd be fine, right? Right? Who do I go to? I know it, I know I do. Don't doubt me. I'll figure it out. I swear it. I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear. I know, I know, I know, I know.



They're tearing me apart. I can't tell. Why can't I tell? I've had enough time. Why can't I just figure it out? Why does it hurt? Why don't I know? I've been pleading for any of them to say one word, just so that I could know. If I choose the wrong one, I'm dead. I will die.

It's strange, isn't it?



Chanka, Joseph Stachelek '24 (Scratchboard)



The Dreadful and Regretful Teenager

Isaiah Pacis '24

Having no friends
Felt like I have no purpose.
What's the point of my existence?
My confidence has disintegrated.
No happiness left to regenerate,
Numerous of insecurities
Pointed by this cruel society,
Knowing my place in this world.
Unfortunately, I'm not capable of reaching my goal.
I felt no devotion,
Hiding my emotions,
Pretending to be okay,
Concerned for my grades,
Anxiety running through my veins,
Parents giving a lecture,
Feeling like a failure.
Next day, sitting in the corner.
I go outside in the storm.
I sit alone on a bench.
My coat is drenched.
I'm a soulless teen that just doesn't care anymore,
Watching the sunrise that shines on the ocean water.
The rainbow surrounds the rising sun.
What a perfect way to end it right here.
I've been beaten so much it's just beautiful,
Too much I can't handle to the point where it's just peaceful,
Watching the beautiful sunrise,
Sunlight shining on the horizon,
Stairs form that lead up to the clouds.
Waving goodbye to the world that is now below,
I still don't feel happiness.
I should have stayed alive and lived my life to the fullest.
Now, I regret my decision.



My Michigan Hero

Luke Baranowski '25

Not many people meet their hero at 90 days old, but I did. Of course, I can't remember any of it. As about a two-month-old baby, my mom noticed I had a slightly swollen right arm. The doctors assured my mother that it was fine, likely just some irritation and that there was nothing to worry about. Well, it turns out they were wrong; thank God my mom persisted and kept taking me in for more tests. After some scans led doctors to believe it was possibly cancer, we were referred to oncology specialist Dr. Kimberly Les, MD, at Beaumont. This is the story of how Dr. Les became my personal Michigan hero.

The first step she performed was a biopsy, which confirmed cancer cells in my arm. Then followed a seven-day waiting period to confirm the type of cancer, which turned out to be congenital fibrosarcoma (a tumor that occurs in the bones and soft tissues). Lucky for me, it was caught in time, and they hoped surgery was all that was needed. Dr. Les performed what turned out to be a rather tricky surgery to remove the tumor that was wrapped around my elbow, triceps, and tendons. My parents learned that if it had happened years before, hospitals probably wouldn't have had the technology and surgical tools to perform the surgery; they would have likely just amputated my arm. Several people who know Dr. Les commented to us how lucky I was to be in her hands, as she is a gifted surgeon. I later found out that I was the youngest patient she ever operated on -- and the youngest she ever cured.

I had checkups over the next five years, but I only remember going there for the last year when I was five years old. I do remember being nervous, but feeling great when I left, mainly because I didn't need a shot. We still celebrate every year on the exact anniversary (the spring equinox) that I was cured. We call it our second Thanksgiving because my dad's friend even wrote a children's book about it called *Two Turkeys for Luke*. That's the thing about heroes. They don't need to be athletes. They don't need to be movie stars. They don't even need to be politically powerful. The best ones impact someone's life. Dr. Kimberly Les, MD is truly one of those heroes. She saved my life, and probably countless others. Take a bow, Dr. Les -- another great Michigan hero.



A Stork's Question

William McConico '24

One day when I was reading a book,
The stork came to me and said,
"Why do you read?"

I told him I read for adventure,
The knights and princesses
And stories of the past.

I told him I read for the news,
The here, the now, and next.
After all, news changes fast.

I told him I read for knowledge,
The sciences, literature, and arts,
So my mind can be vast.

He responded, "No, no,
You read to escape me,
A mistake that will be your last."



Machu Picchu, Old Mountain, Antonio Said '25 (Photography)

A Warrior's Nightmare

John Davis '23

Born of the mightiest heroes, Mabuz was born in a world of war and hardships, manifesting strength through mighty battles of brawn. His might was matched by no other, showing unnatural size and strength. His trophies were that of mighty beasts whose heads lay dormant on his wall and weapons forged from the proudest forgers in the land. He carried all of the treasures with pride and found himself a god in the presence of mere mortals. One fateful night, Mabuz drifted off to a well-deserved slumber after vanquishing the almighty beast of the north, as they called it. His eyes drifted away and his muscles became placid.

Mabuz looked at what seemed to be a house replicated exactly like his, and as he walked through the door, he saw a towering pale man leaning over a bed. The tall man was dressed in weapons, armor, cloth, and fur but still exuded a rather thin figure. Mabuz looked at the bed, and it was himself. He was vulnerable and numb to the intimidating presence of the pale man. The pale man put his hand on the Mabuz that was asleep and afterward rotated his head unnaturally to look up at Mabuz. The pale man who dared to touch him at his weakest evoked anger and fury into Mabuz, causing foam to form at the sides of his mouth.

Mabuz then sprang out of bed. He frantically looked around his resting area, determined to find the pale man but to no avail. Several hours later, Mabuz was on a hunting trip with a few of his comrades. As he was venturing out, he came across a frail, old lady. She was dressed in long tattered robes, her face, arms, and legs all covered in wrinkled skin. Mabuz, with a smirk, walked up to the old lady, while also giving a nod to his companions. Mabuz put his large-built hand on the woman's frail, tiny shoulder and spoke in a scornful tone, "What a dismal and lonesome old bag you are," Mabuz burst in laughter. "I dare say you have lived half the life I have." His other three comrades erupted in laughter as well.

The old woman stared and smiled. This brought a pause to their hysterics, and it grew silent. Mabuz turned and looked at the old woman. She looked up and started to cackle, "You, the mighty hero you claim to be, will never die righteously!" She began laughing even more maniacally, "I curse you for an eternity of suffering. You shall roam the world for a worthy foe,



but no matter where you go or who you face, all will fall before you. You will still die peacefully in your slumber.”

“What a cheap imitation and such foul words you spout, old bag!” Just as Mabuz threw his last curses at the old woman, she had vanished. Mabuz looked behind every tree and rock in the vicinity to try and make sense of the anomaly but to no avail.

Days passed, and Mabuz found it nearly impossible to take a single moment of rest. He was terrorized at the concept of sleep. He couldn’t face the thought of the fall of his own pride. The words of the cursed old witch still beat rhythmically in his head, and he searched high and low throughout his village to find her but not a sign of her was left; she truly was gone.

As time passed, Mabuz grew more and more unhinged. Sleep had completely left his mind as the only thing coursing through him was revenge. Finding and reversing what the witch had done to him. Eventually, all his comrades left him, as well as friends and family, even his own accomplishments as well, leaving Mabuz to roam the earth alone as an eternal hunter. Mabuz continued to hunt and find the witch who had wronged him, searching through every single person, plant, and animal, even until the name Mabuz had no meaning.

It was simply altered to Death, the Perpetual Hunter.



Whitetail, Dylan Donley '24 (Colored Pencil and Graphite)

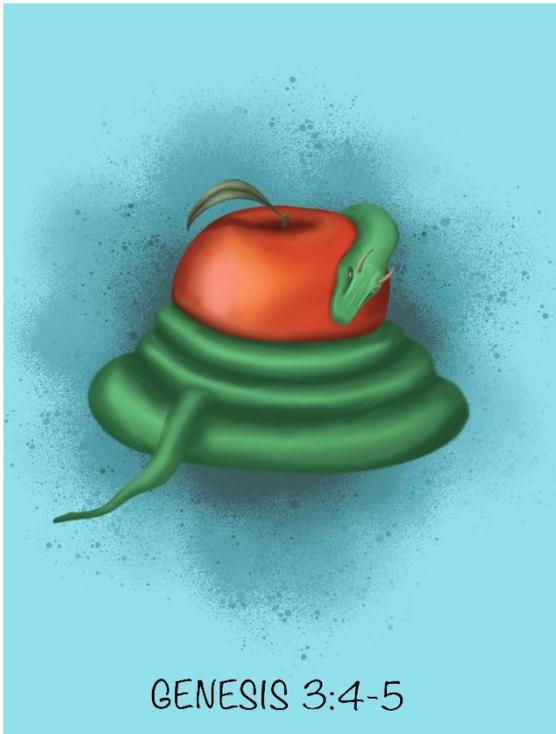
And I Walked Through the Woods

Paul Haupt '24

And I walked through the woods.
I read years ago of a man who did so out on his own,
So I thought to myself, I wonder if I could?
I set forth and lived with next to nothing on the bone.

The woods have always been where I can stay over.
They have never abandoned or forgotten me,
Even when the winter months get colder,
When snow is all you can see.

As my journey continues, I begin to realize the faults of my old
me,
Almost like the tree was a judge, and we had a conversation.
The time passed in the woods has taken a toll on my vitality,
But it has shown me how I should be in this creation.



The Evil Apple, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Digital Art)



Hello?

Hans Boelstler '25

"I am going to the pharmacy, honey. I will be back in an hour," my mom said, following with a sound of a door closing.

It's not safe here, I thought. I was in my bed with the covers over me trying to slip into the false reality of dreaming while ignoring my fear of being home alone at night. I was trying my hardest climbing the steps of falling asleep, but I kept opening my eyes to pointless sounds, thinking it was the final day I breathed. "I am going to live. I am going to live. I am going to live," I kept saying in my head.

Then, I heard the door open. I get up from bed. "Mom?" I said out loud, opening my bedroom door and walking down the stairs to the kitchen. "What's that smell?" I walk over to the table where the smell seems to be coming from. I push a chair over "FINN!" I yell.

Finn was rotting on the kitchen floor, ribs out, barely any skin, and bugs feasting away at my rotting dog. The stench of this decomposing friend was unbearable and putrid. I ran up the stairs, thinking I would be safe from the smell, but it follows. I threw up in the upstairs hallway from the disgusting stench, continuously throwing up until it felt like my insides were coming out of my mouth. Finally, I am done throwing up which felt like hours.

I look over, and I find nothing was on the floor after hurling my brains out. I find nothing, not a prize for my hard work you could say. I leaned against the wall on the verge of tears. "Where's my mom, Finn?" Then, it hits me like a bus, the realization of everything. Shock filled my body. It felt like pins were rushing through my body. Sitting against the wall crying now breathing, faster and faster heavier heavy, I felt light-headed almost like I was going to fall through the floor. SLAM. My head slammed the floor from hyperventilation.

Lying on the upstairs floor, I seemed to slip into a dream, the sensation of falling. BOOM. I hit the ground; I found myself on my back on the living room floor next to the first step of the stairs. I got up with a bleeding head, the adrenaline rushing through my veins faster than a race car. I could not feel the gushing blood coming from the back of my head.

I got up and looked around. I saw a loose panel in the floorboards. I went over to see what's underneath, a tiny blood



splatter next to the board. I picked at it, eventually lifting it and finding bloody guts.

Jolting back due to the sight, I got up crying and ran upstairs to my mom's room. "MOM?" I rushed over to her bed.

She sat in her bed straight up. I uncovered my mother to see her gutted, giant hole on the left side of her head and bugs crawling out of every orifice. I quickly fell back on my hurt head, crying out with a scream only dogs could hear.

Drowning in my pit of sadness and sorrow, I felt my body sink in and collapse. A nerve broke, cracked, snapped. I saw the world differently now. I got up and grabbed my dead decomposing mother by her blood-stained dirty blonde hair and dragged her down the stairs. She made a thud going down every step, leaving a bloodstain on each one. At the bottom step, I dragged her to the living room, the loose floorboard staring into my soul.

It was like staring into the barrel of a gun, looking at the floorboard, mom in hand, it invigorated me. I ripped up the floor with great force, tearing the wood with a smile. To the shed, I walked and grabbed an old rusty shovel, came back, and proceeded to dig into the dirt under the floor. I tossed my decomposing mother into the hole where my floor once was. I buried her and walked up to the bathroom with a phone.

I looked into the mirror, looking at my own foul reflection seeing nothing but a being who has evolved above all else. With the gash in my head, I reached my hand back, dabbing my fingers into the cut. I used the blood from my fingers to draw a smile on my face and tears in my eyes.

I called the police, telling them, "Evaluation is key and explains everything." I slowly walked down the stairs with happiness and the feeling of evolution and also blood dripping from my head like a waterfall. At that point, I was outside with my hands up. The cold hit me like pins and needles on my bloody cheeks and then...

"Jacob Heathen Crater, Age 27, Male. Jacob Crater, you are here today due to the murder of your mother, Sarah Crater, and your dog. How do you plead?"

"Your honor, Jacob is not completely guilty of this crime. He pleads NGI: not guilty by means of insanity. This plea is based on the psychiatric evaluation documentation provided by a psychiatrist."



*****THIS IS A PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION THROUGH FACE-TO-FACE CONTACT*** PT VERBALLY CONSENTED TO TREATMENT AND AGREES TO PARTICIPATE IN THE EVALUATION.**

PT seen today for psychiatric evaluation, accompanied by a court-appointed guardian. PT is a 27 y/o Caucasian male.

Per Police Report: Bottles of filled antipsychotic medications, benzodiazepines, mood stabilizers littered the house unopened. Pill scattered. Neighbors frequently reported hearing yelling and screaming from the house so often that it was not alarming and became the "normal."

Chief Complaint: PT appears hyperactive, hyper-verbal speech, and demonstrates impulsive behavior. PT reports that he experiences frequent blackouts leading up to the death of his mother and dog. PT endorses that he is not in control of his body and an outside force/hallucination he refers to as "IT" is responsible for coaxing his actions. PT denies his current medical diagnosis, believes he is sane. PT cannot reconcile his actions for his role in the death of his mother. PT states that he felt "not in control and farther evolved than anyone." PT believes his delusions have become his reality, indulging in auditory and visual hallucinations. PT's speech is rapid and spontaneous, evident of his ineptness to connect with present reality and disorganized thoughts. PT's primary care provider was his deceased mother who failed to help him take medications as prescribed and did not assist him with obtaining injections. PT's psychosis is rapid cycling mania.

Past: Denies previous hospitalizations.

Fam Hx: Hx of schizophrenia on father's side. Hx of alcohol dependence on mother's side.

Medications: Seroquel 500mg po qD, Depakote po 500mg po qAM & 500mg po qHS, Haldol D 100mg IM every 2 weeks, Bendryl 50mg po qD, Risperdione 10mg po qD, Chlorpromazine 50mg po BID

Substance Use Disorder: UDS revealed abnormal levels of benzodiazepines. Positive for crack cocaine.

Social: Single, living with deceased mother. Raised only child with single mother. Father not involved in his life. Per hospital records, mother has been in and out of rehabilitation for alcohol and heroin use.

Left AMA: against medical advice. PT's Highest level of education is Grade 5. Currently unemployed, deceased mother

was sole income provider and caretaker. Occupied time by walking and playing with deceased dog. Poor relations with neighbors and little to no friends.

MSE: Restricted affect, pacing and hyperactive behavior, poor hygiene, intermittent eye contact, spontaneous speech, inability to remain still, disrupted thoughts. Endorses visual hallucination. Endorses auditory hallucinations. Denies suicidal ideation. Endorses homicidal ideation.

Plan: Immediate inpatient hospitalization, follow up with Psychiatrist for documentation provided to court-NGI

Dx:

Schizophrenia, Mania 3, Grandiose 3
Manic Depression
Substance Use D/O
Substance-Induced Psychosis
Benzodiazepine dependence

"Jacob and his mother both suffer from "Munchausen syndrome by proxy," and Jacob seems to have something to do with age regression, for example: the childish room and small child clothes he was found in and also found in dressers and closets in his room. He also thinks he's 13. By diagnosis, you can see he is Manic Stage 3. He seems unattached with reality and goes under grandiose manic delusions."

"With this evidence, it does prove Jacob is not fit to be sent to jail. We will have him sent to a mandated lifelong hospitalization to be further examined and treated but until then case dis-"

I started screaming at the top of my lungs, bashing my head into the courtroom table, hoping for freedom.

"HELP! HELP ME! HAAAAHA LET ME BE!" I screamed in hopes of IT helping me. I continued to bash my head into the table, but those stupid guards lifted me off the chair and into their arms. They carried me away. All I wanted was IT.

These stupid people dragged me to a door that looks like burnt paper. "I want out... NOW!" I screamed, getting closer to the burnt paper door. It seems it's still burning.

I reached the door.

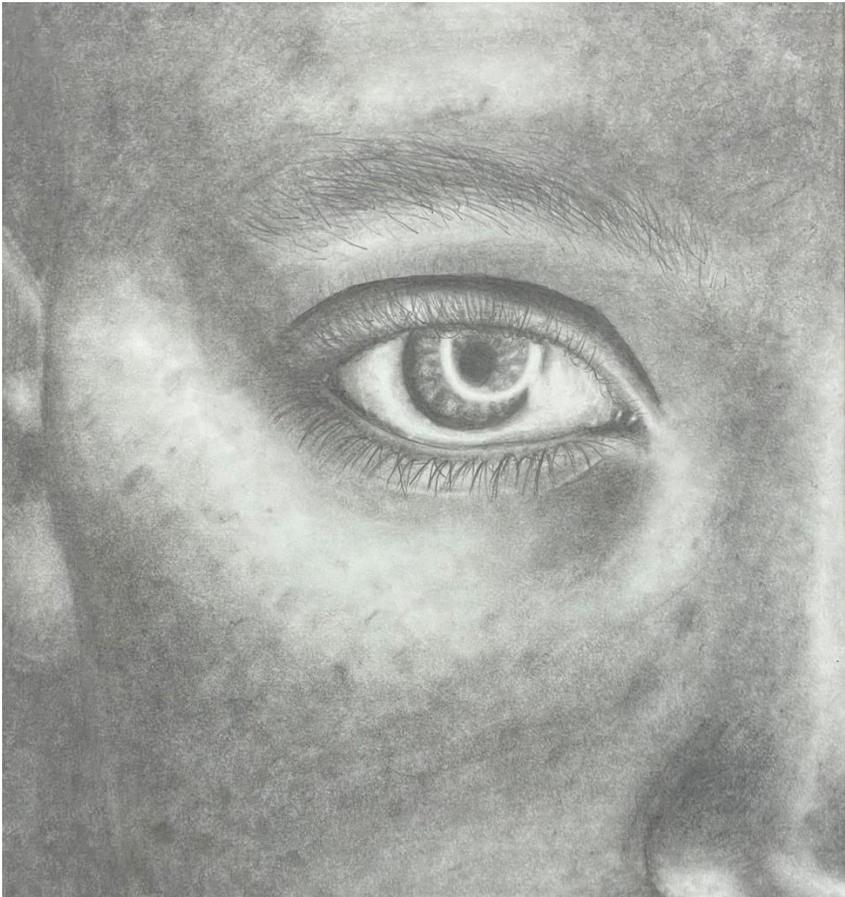
But nothing is here. I can't control my body. It's being puppeted. I feel enslaved.

I am unconnected.

I am...



I am...
I am...
I am...
Is this reality?
I can't tell.
Was this real?
Or just a bad dream?
Faint screams in the background can be heard.
But I am...
Am...



Eye Study, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Graphite)



The Sparkling Sunset

Andrew Hale '24

I look in awe as the sun falls down
Back to the ground where it could not be found
The waves before me that dove with a grunt
To the powdery gold that lie in front
The two bright lights slowly dim out
On the glistening water that does not stand out
Only to come back in the most repetitive of ways,
The two bright lights shine their last rays
From blue, to pink, to gray, the sky will stay
Dark and cold 'til light of day
I sit and think about the day
That has passed and has gone away

Buttercups

Avery Krick '24

The fields contain an array of petals,
Be it lilies, roses, violets, or gloves.
So as passing by, one can only stop and admire.
Eyes tired of work can fall on every leaf,
A simple sweet euphoria.

A cluster of buttercups sit beside the road,
So, with wrinkled hands powdered in dust and coal,
The petals are carried down to home.

Now, in a small vase those flowers reside,
New life added to the room in which one would confide.
A clock ticks by as one would patiently wait,
To think soon she would come into the room,
A brand-new smile on her face.

So, when the clock strikes 8 once again,
Get up and head back to where you work.
Then, on your way home, pick a few more.

Wait for her to come, and do it again and again.



The Setting Sun

Johnathan Faraday '24

Oh, the setting sun, how beautiful does it get?
Every time I look at you, you remind me of magic.
Even though it hurts my eyes, it still makes me smile.
Even though it is blinding, I still feel like I'm binding.

The setting sun is the start of the evening.
There may be tears in the evening, but in the morning, it
changes.

When the sun sets, that is the end of the day.
After this, a new day starts, and there are endless
possibilities astray.

The sunset is the best part of the day.
It is nice, beautiful, and gives hope to all that there is
still life out there.

The setting sun is a phenomenon that never gets old.
Oh, how the sun sets so bold!



Natural Allure, Jack Stevens '23 (Photography)

Back Home

Luke Fisher '25

Death. Not rare nor special in most senses of the word. Death is something that all of us will inevitably do like learn to read or write. Although, looking at it, death does not seem particularly special. That does not mean it is unimportant.

"Am I dead?" he asked as his eyes fluttered open and he saw the Void.

"Yes," I responded with a smile. "Nothing more than an accident at work. The line you were repairing shorted out and electrocuted. You died in a flash. Be thankful. There are many worse ways to die."

"Thankful!" he shouted incredulously. "How could I be thankful when I'm dead?"

"How could you not be?" I asked. "Death is completely normal. Everyone goes through it eventually. You just happen to be experiencing it a little earlier than most other people. But then again you never were like most other people, were you?"

He just looked around, trying to take it all in.

"If I am dead, what's going to happen to my family, my friends?"

"There is no use lying to me," I responded peacefully. "I know you better than you know yourself. Your mother died when you were little, and your father left you for money and

"Everyone goes through it eventually. You just happen to be experiencing it a little earlier than most other people."

alcohol. You lived alone for twenty-five years, closed off from others, afraid to let them in and risk feeling left out and alone again. All the while, you never realized that you already suffered from loneliness."

He just looked around, amazed by all that he saw. Everybody sees something different when they die. Whatever it is that makes them feel calm and peaceful.

"Does that mean that my mother was here?" he asked as if a great revelation washed over his mind.

"Your mother and your father, too," I told him.

It took him but a moment to realize what my words meant.



"That means that... that all my searching for him was worthless?"

"Yes and no," my voice echoed through the calming void. "Your father only stood where you were a few months ago. So, no, you could not have found him. But you searched high and low for him to solve the root problem that you still have yet to realize. You were and still are right now alone."

"Alone?" he asked, not yet understanding.

"Yes, alone."

He looked around as if trying to spot something or as if I were looking at someone else.

"For your entire life, you have been intrinsically linked with these very real emotions you feel. Loneliness is more deadly than obesity or even a pack of cigarettes a day. At the time, you didn't realize it, but your loneliness is what caused you to die. Your mind was focused not on what you were doing but what you were feeling, and that caused you to make a mistake. Thus, here we are."

"So, it's my fault I died," he questioned.

"Not at all," I responded with a chuckle. "Loneliness is never your own fault. It is in your nature. As I said, intrinsically linked with human existence as a whole. In fact, as normal as death is, loneliness is even more normal!"

"More normal than even death?" he asked.

"Most normal. Everyone feels lonely at some point. Whether it is because no one wanted to sit with you at lunch or because your friends weren't available that night. If loneliness isn't stopped, it can spread throughout your whole life as you begin to cut yourself off from social interaction and even basic communication with others."

"How can loneliness spread?" he asked, still not yet grasping what he was hearing.

"When you are lonely, you begin to feel rejected. Your mind does not like the feelings it experiences when it encounters rejection, so instinctively it puts up barriers to

*"For your entire life,
you have been
intrinsically linked with
these very real
emotions you feel.
Loneliness is more
deadly than obesity or
even a pack of
cigarettes a day."*

prevent it. You stop seeing friends, and soon after you stop even talking to them."

"But why would anyone do that?" he asked.

"Your life was short, sad, and lonely," I told him peacefully. "You never met your wife, experienced the joy of fatherhood, walked your daughter down the aisle, but the worst part of all is that you never met yourself. You never got to find out who or what you wanted to be due to the emotions that had complete control over your life."

I began to get up and start walking through the Void with him.

"So, does that mean I failed life?" he asked with intrigue as he looked up at me.

"No," I responded with a smile. "It's impossible to fail life because as fantastic as life itself is, it isn't what in the end matters. Just like your life, our little walk is over, and now you are presented with a choice."

I beckoned upwards to the great golden gates in front of me. "You can pick what will make you happy. Either this wonderful paradise," next I motioned towards a deep dark icy pit in the ground right in front of the gates, "or you can pick this perdition, this hell that will make you feel lonelier than you ever did in your life. Your life shapes your choice, but, in the end, the choice is still yours."

The man looked up at the gates then down at the pit.

Slowly, one foot in front of the other, he instinctively walked towards the pit, the misery, but then, right as he stood on its edge ready to fall, he looked up and saw the gates sitting open inviting him in. Looking back and forth, he slowly walked past the pit and towards the gate.

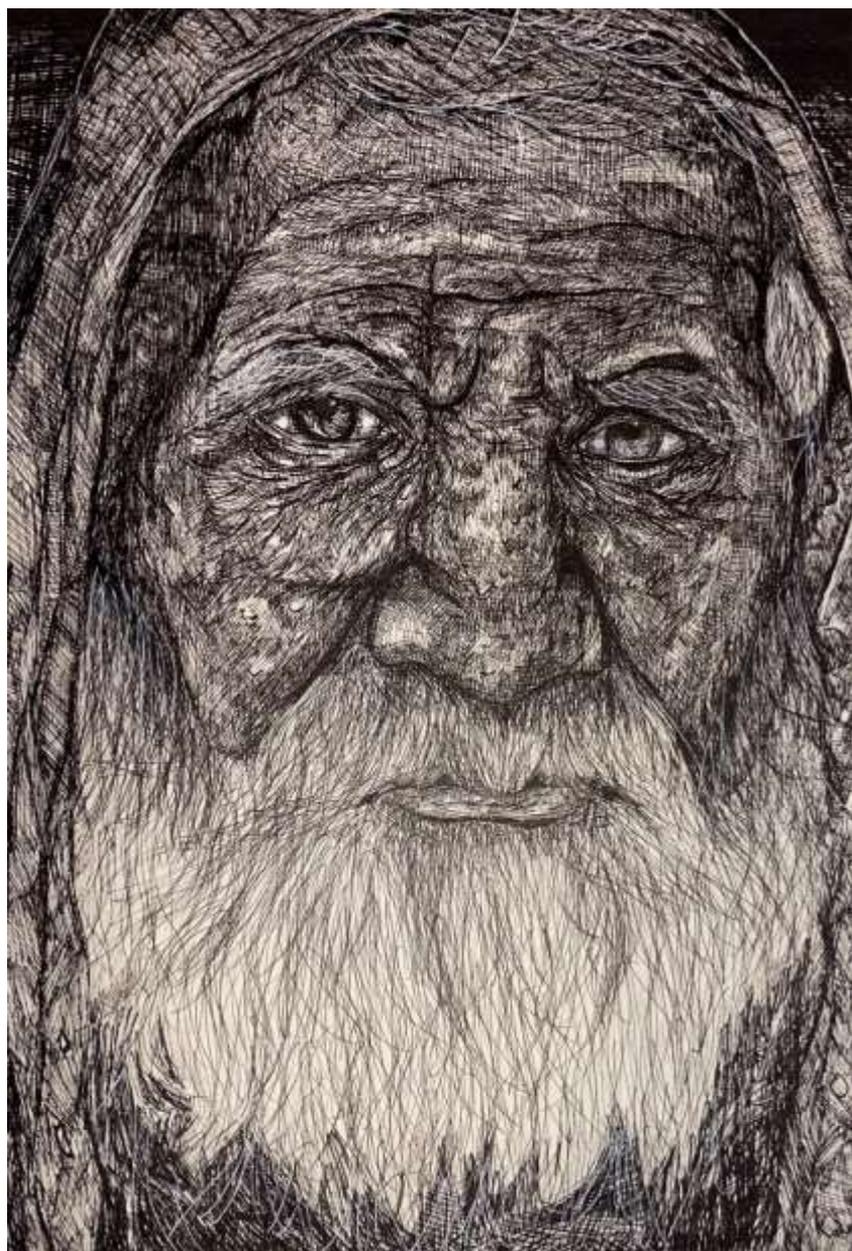
Finally, he stepped through, and the gates slowly began to close after him. At long last, he felt peace wash over him as for the first time in his life he felt true joy.

Turning around one last time, he asked, "What is your name?"

"I have a few!" I called back. "God, Yahweh, Adonai, but you can just call me Father."

And just like that, a great white light inside the gates enveloped the man as I saw him vanish. One single tear full of joy, peace, love, and all other emotions dropped from my eyes as slowly I walked away once again.





Youth, Nino Dioso '23 (Ink)

Batter Up

Joseph Wisniewski '22

As I walk up to the on-deck circle, I go through the same routine every time. Being a lefty batter, the last thing I want to see is a six-foot six lefty pitching on the mound. All I can think to myself is, "Man, this guy is big, and he is throwing heat." While trying to get a feel for the pitcher's off-speed arsenal, I begin stretching. I swing my arms forward and backward with the bat to loosen up. As the batter in front of me strikes out, I tighten my batting gloves, apply some extra pine tar for grip on my bat, and take a deep breath. I know it's time to go to work. Understanding a challenge is ahead of me, I know it is nothing that I have not seen before.

With a 0-0 count, I am expecting his best fastball that he wants to blow right by me. As the pitcher releases the ball from his hand, expecting a fastball, I get ready to swing just as a nasty curveball drops in the zone like a bird falling from the sky. Instead of being discouraged, I think about all of the curveballs life has thrown at me.

I can't help but replay my junior year of high school football. I am having the best game of my life, making tackle after tackle in the opposing team's backfield, with numerous college scouts in attendance. Then in a split second, a curveball is thrown at me. I am laying on the ground in pain after feeling a pop in my left knee. I did not let the end of my football career bring me down. Instead, I immersed myself into service work around the school and within the community. My work brought me closer to my peers, teachers, and administrators.

As I step back into the batter's box, I know if I see another curveball like that, I will be ready. Making sure my batting gloves are tightened and I have a firm sticky grip on my bat, I am ready to go for the second pitch. The pitcher releases another pitch, so now I think "here comes my fastball." To my surprise, the pitch slows down and has a slight break to the left. Watching this disgusting changeup fall into the strike zone, I realize this is not the first time my plans have changed.

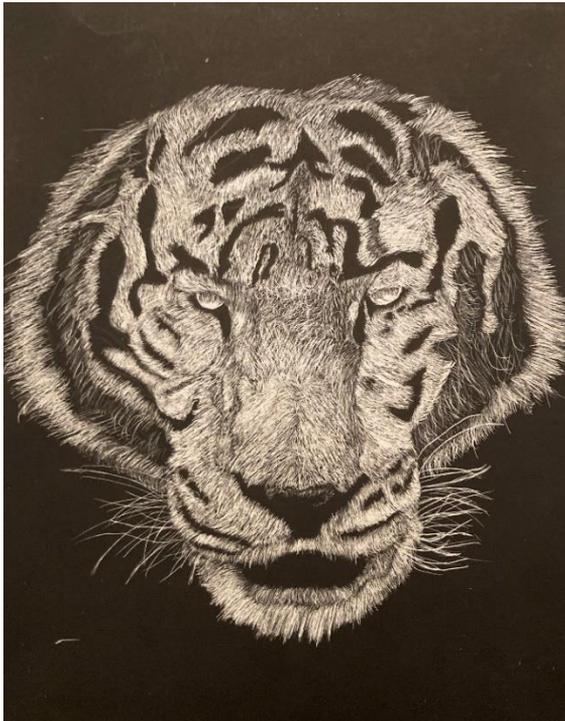
I'm about to graduate from the middle school I attended with my three best friends since preschool. Not one worry in the world as we plan to attend high school at our local public school, but a changeup was thrown at me. My parents began to mention the idea of attending University of Detroit Jesuit, 45



minutes from my home. Worrying constantly about how my life will change, I wouldn't be able to spend my high school years with my best friends. Those worries were quickly squashed the day I walked through the doors of my new school. I discovered a whole new group of friends and continued the close-knit friendship with my guys back at home. I was introduced to more diversity and understanding of new cultures. All of this while I was receiving an excellent education.

The fastball had to be coming. I just had a gut-wrenching feeling of excitement. As the pitcher releases the ball, I smile. Here is the fastball I have been waiting for. A straight, juicy meatball was coming at me. I knew how to react. Just like the way I react when I get the opportunity to let my witty sense of humor brighten someone's day by cracking a hilarious joke. Never missing out on an opportunity like that, I took my hardest swing.

Rounding the bases after hitting the game-winning home run, I realized I am prepared for whatever pitch life throws at me.



Tiger, Ashton Johnson '24 (Scratchboard)

For Whom the Bell Rings

Avery Krick '24

Bronze arches stack and layer on top of each other
Forming a tower that reaches above the world
Around each pillar a staircase spirals
Reaching for the last step above the clouds

Atop this tower is where she experiences the world
 Gazing over sun yellowed clouds, a glance of the world
 below
Dangling her legs over the ledge she hums a familiar tune
Soon evolving into song that echoes through the tower
 With each step she takes light falls and fades
 With every wave of her hand the stars and heavens
 would bow

So here she dances and sings, under God's bell.
 So here she lives, in a world of her own making,

Her gaze could melt space
Her fingers freeze clouds solid
 Celestial bodies patterned her hair
 Empty space weaved her dress
 Looking across the sky she wondered every
 moment
 Whether what was made was right for her
 Whether what she had was who she was

Her tears created hail
Her smile a simple sunlight
 Every action she made changed what she knew
But everything was always the same as it was
 And so the world looked back to her and told her
No matter what she changed
No matter how she failed
 Everything it had to offer would be given up to her
 Perhaps she was alone with herself
 Perhaps she was never alone
 Perhaps she feared the bell atop her
 tower



Perhaps she hated how it loomed
above her

Yet when that bell rang
She laughed and cried once more
With no reality of what is true

A simple content made her smile again.



The High from the Sky, Alexander Vecchio '22 (Photography)



Yin and Yang, Vincent Beuhner '22 (Mosaic)

The Puzzle of Life

Andrés Borrego '22

"What was I thinking?!"

That was my reaction to opening the box of a 3,000-piece puzzle of an oceanscape I had ordered. Staring into this box full of so many puzzle pieces — each one unique in its own way — I imagined the puzzle as a metaphor for life. As the different pieces of the puzzle, I am a mix of cultures and experiences.

So, I pushed forward and dug in. "Border pieces first," I told myself. The border pieces form the foundation of the puzzle and offer a guide to completion. In my life journey, my family created my foundation by instilling values birthed in my dual heritage. I like to say that I am "Grexican," half Greek, half Mexican. Growing up, I learned the tight-knit family values typical of our cultures such as "Saturdays are family workdays and Sundays are family fun days" and the value of hard work and perseverance. While how I completed the puzzle was up to me, the border formed a guide to completion, much like the lessons learned from my parents, tíos/tías, theas/theos, abuelos/yiayia, and papou have formed a border and foundation for my life.



After completing the border, I moved on to assembling the different fish, sea creatures, and coral spread throughout the puzzle. To me, this was the most fun part of the puzzle because, while complicated, it allowed me to carve my own path. Just as some elements of the puzzle are easier to assemble, so are some aspects of life. For example, sports have always come easy to me, and my success, while satisfying, has not been deep-rooted. On the other hand, the sense of accomplishment from completing the more complicated puzzle features was much deeper. Much like when I tackled a difficult subject in school, it is these experiences that have led to my growth and a lasting sense of accomplishment. Completion requires perseverance and tenacity, and with it comes a great sense of achievement.

Finally, just one part of the puzzle was left - the endless, blue ocean. The remaining 500 seemingly identical pieces made me think of the uncertainty of life. As I navigated my way through the mountain of blue pieces, I began to notice subtle differences. Subtle shades of blue — turquoise, cobalt, aqua, teal — began to develop. Just as determination and perseverance helped me navigate the complexities of the ocean, these skills will help me navigate the uncertainties of life. What college will I attend? What curriculum will I pursue? I will continuously strive toward my goals regardless of how difficult the path may look.

Step by step, after many hours of back-breaking determination, I neared the end of assembling the ocean. The giant pile I initially dumped out of the box dwindled down to a final few pieces. I placed the last pieces one by one, turning them every which way until they snapped into place. Finally, 2,999 pieces were assembled, with one final empty space. I reached over for the final piece. "WHERE IS THE LAST PIECE?!" I yelled. As I searched for the piece, my younger brother walked by, pulled the final piece from his pocket, snapped it into place, and walked away. While I was upset with my brother, I considered it another lesson learned from puzzle building: sometimes a collaborative team approach is necessary to complete a task.

I won't always know what life is going to throw my way. With a strong foundation rooted in my cultural values, growth gained through a challenging experience, and understanding the value of collaboration, I am confident in my ability to assemble the puzzle of life.

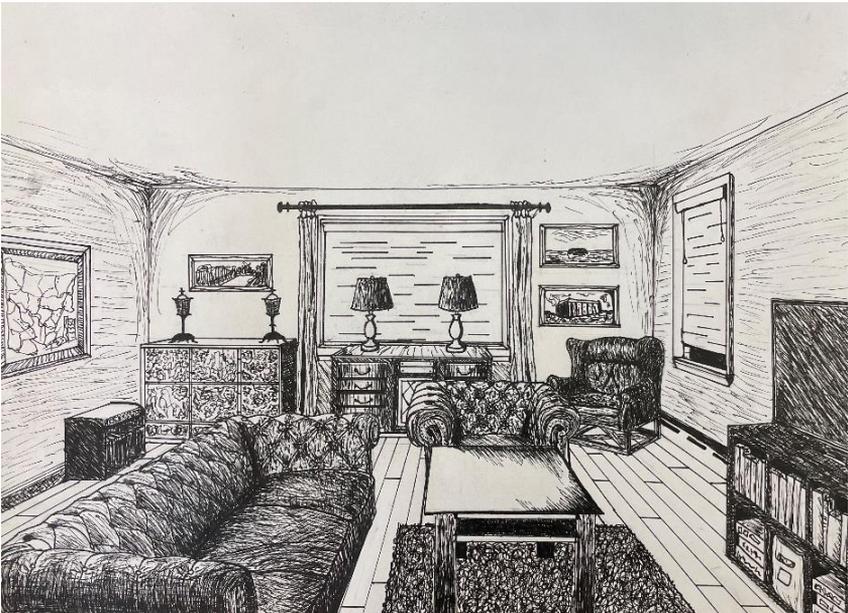


Forever

Ryan Hall '24

The tree swaying in the east shows its ways
Where the owl finds its hideaway
Looking to conceal its feelings and passion
Steering away from all the of its wrong actions
Trying to find help from somewhere, somehow
But its soul won't allow

Its heart hardened, the soul turned away
Will he turn back to his master whom he must obey?
Thinking and thinking will I do it?
Finally spring, new beginnings
Lots to look forward to new meanings
Finally, away from the old tree with the snake lurking
On to new ways forever and ever



Living Room, Joseph Stachelek '24 (Ink)



18th Birthday

Christopher Nosek '22

As I drive down by the lake on my 18th birthday, the light of an almost ancient sun rises above the mountainous clouds. Triumphant showing its brilliant array of reds, blues, and purples, it feels to have lived below the Earth's core for centuries. A ray of light shines out of the clouds, runs down the waters and glares through my car window. The light arises from my chest to my face, explaining every wrinkle that time has gifted thus far. I look out over the barren lake as life begins to spring out for what feels like its first full day ever. The lake dances and sways, and the birds sing and float on the new winds of the morning. The trees then begin to rustle off what little leaves and frost remain on their dark rough trunks after a cold December night. All has begun again.

Yet what if this is no new day, but the last of the brightest? Will the sun shine tomorrow? Will the waves dance and sway? Will the birds float and sing? Will I feel as alive as I do now? My happiness leaves me as I trip and fall into a melodramatic haze. The end of an era has arrived.

I like to see the future as a new piece of glass. It is clear, smooth, and untouched in any way by anyone. Yet this image shatters as I think harder. I no longer sit and clap on the stands with the other children. Instead, I run in the race of time. I am liable to trip, fall, and worst of all, fail. I drive on, fearing how such a day could possibly change from the clean, clear morning of right now. I am only left wondering what feelings are to come from the next dawn.

So, as I drive down by the lake on my 18th birthday, I sit and think of what will come next as I turn my car and begin to head west.



What's So Easy About Pie?

Andrew Hall '22

What's so easy about pie? Through my personal experience and countless hours of watching British baking shows, there is nothing intrinsically easy about the process. One of my favorites to make is a lemon meringue pie. The blend of sweet and sour in the lemon curd, coupled with fluffy white meringue provides the perfect bite. Yet, while it is easy to admire the finished product, the amount of work that goes into making each pie is often forgotten. It takes on average upwards of seven hours to make this pie, but only a few minutes to completely devour it. The egg whites in the meringue need to be beaten to the perfect consistency and kept cooking at the right temperature or everything will simply fall apart. The same applies to the lemon curd, as even just too much of one ingredient will create an unsavory experience for whoever is eating the pie.

I would be lying if I were to say that I got the process right on the first try, or that I still get the process right even though I have been making it for several years. Additionally, even with all of the previously mentioned difficulties, a baker still needs to get the most important, and often most challenging, element of a pie correctly. The crust.

Ingredients:

Butter

Flour

Salt

Water

That's it. These ingredients are seemingly simple. What's so hard about mixing some water, butter, flour, and salt? Yet, that is the beauty of baking. It is almost like a chemistry experiment: how everything needs to be put together at the right times, at the right temperatures, in the right amounts, or the reaction will not yield the desired product. I have been making pies with my mother and grandmother for years, and I can still never seem to get the crust correct. It is always either too flakey, too wet, or it just decides to fall apart when I take it out of the oven. Thus, sadly, I often find myself buying a pre-made crust, yet we do not need to talk about that.



This of course brings us back to the original question: What's so easy about pie? The answer is that while the pie is difficult and sometimes extremely frustrating to make, there is nothing that brings people together more easily than a tasty pie. Whenever I think about eating pie, I cannot help but find myself in a warm, loving environment. Family get-togethers with people laughing, enjoying the time we were having together. Birthday parties with parents and grandparents claiming that they were not as old as the candles read. Most importantly, perhaps, is that pie is something that is to be shared. It is impossible to (even though some of my family members claim that they could) eat a whole pie by themselves. Thus, all that hard work and dedication is worth it because you are sharing it with the ones who you love and hold closest to your heart. Thus, making what is difficult about pie, easy.



King of the Swamp, Brian Ankrapp '22 (Graphite)



Any Other Day

Jack Dauer '24

Any other day,
I look to play,

Look to play in the nature God has made,
What astonishing sights seen as I dade.

Nothing can compare,
To the fresh, crisp air,

Or the clear, whistling creek,
That is so strong, yet so meek.

The leaves bend at my touch,
As I look for God in my clutch.

He is surely present all around.
Worshiping Him is what I am bound.

It is any other day,
When I see God in the pathway.



California Coast, Oliver Marks '23 (Photography)



The Tree of Life

Quincy De Klerk '23

There was once a small tree
That was planted when it was very small.
The tree was very delicate
And had to be cared for every day.

Others did not realize how delicate
The small, young tree was.
And so, the tree began to grow.

The tree was about 13 years old
When it began to suffer.
Mother Nature created strong winds,
Which tore branches from the tree.
Mother Nature made strong storms,
Which struck the tree with lightning,
But the tree grew on.

The tree kept fighting,
Its own life against its environment.
The tree grew so much that
It became the dominator of its environment.

It had enough space for all animals
No matter the kind.
It treated everyone fair,
Even though it had been hurt.
And it became
The tree of life.



My Camera and Me

Alexander Vecchio '22

When he pulled me aside, I feared the worst was about to happen. He began talking, but I could not hear him nor comprehend what he was saying. At that moment, my mind was elsewhere, thinking about what I could have done differently and telling myself not to cry in front of this man I had just met. I wanted to run, but my legs were stiff as a board and my feet felt like they were stuck in cement. I was finally able to compose myself as I heard him say, "Thank you for trying out for the team, and I encourage you to try again next year." I thanked him for his time, gathered my belongings, and exited the field. I made no eye contact nor spoke to any of my friends, who would bombard me with questions. I made a beeline to my mom's car, hoping to avoid judgmental eyes. Once I was in the safety of the car, the stream of tears rushed down my face uncontrollably as I broke the horrible news to her: I had been cut from my school's freshman soccer team.

I felt like a failure and a disappointment to my family. To say soccer was my world was an understatement, and to have all that ripped away from me in a sentence felt like a part of me was ripped away as well. In an instant, I found myself with a gaping void in my life, and I was unclear of how to put the pieces of my life's puzzle back together again. Playing soccer since the age of five, I yearned to somehow find myself back on the field so I could feel the joy of playing the sport I loved again and eliminate this grueling pain. Yet, I realized that I needed to find that missing piece to replace soccer to make me feel whole and happy again.

But life is full of surprises! A few weeks after I was dismissed from the team, a piece of the puzzle fell into place in ways I would never have expected. My parents received an email from the school requesting someone to take pictures of my brother's soccer game for the yearbook. I quickly volunteered to take the pictures for something fun to do and put my amateur skills to work. Armed with my dad's old camera, I went to the game. A wave of embarrassment and fear washed over me when I stepped on the field and saw what would have been my teammates exiting the field after practice. However, with my camera in-hand, I focused on my new adventure of taking pictures instead. The sadness that I had been feeling slowly faded away as I snapped picture after picture. It was



just my camera and me taking pictures of the game that I had once loved. The satisfaction of getting that perfect shot boosted my confidence. Of course, failures came with my new journey to be a photographer, but my determination and persistence to take the best pictures motivated me to improve. With this new passion, the void that I was experiencing was suddenly filling in.

My camera and I are inseparable: it has become a part of who I am. Photography has challenged my comfort zone but has opened many new doors leading to a wonderful adventure of new activities, joining clubs, published photos in the school literary magazine, a summer internship as a photographer for a sports team and being a finalist in the southeastern Michigan scholastic art awards program. I learned that experiencing failures and difficulties can lead to change and new possibilities if you are open to trying something new and putting in the effort to find success. For now, my puzzle is a complete picture with these new pieces in the right place. I am a photographer and proud of my accomplishments.



High Plains Thunderheads, Brian Ankrapp '22 (Oil Paint)



Winds of the Four Corners

Avery Krick '24

Trees sway as triumphant bells,
The plains of grass bow their heads.
The wind bellows its triumph song and tells
Stories weaved into a gossamer of threads.

Meeting at the end of the world,
They sing a simple trigram.
As the winds begin to collapse and fold,
They mutter a simple "I am."

An existence both everywhere and nowhere,
Passing over head and through every heart,
True to thought, irrational but fair,
Tracing words to their very start.

Whether a swirling storm or tender breeze,
No matter how they may twist and turn,
Be it a hymn that makes oceans freeze,
Or to make the land wither and burn.

The world tells of every tale,
Spindles together every story.
The force that pushes the sail,
The might that overwhelms all glory.

Humanity in its whispers,
Rage in its screams,
Sorrow in its twisters,
Pain in its gleam,

The wind cries on its own,
And laughs in its hushed tone.



CONTEST THEME:

MOTOWN: OUR HOMETOWN

In the city of Detroit, our motto is "*Speramus meliora; resurget cineribus*," which translates to "We hope for better things; it will rise from the ashes." After Detroit's fire in 1805, the city has risen time and time again. We are witnessing another type of rebirth this year. As most of the country is starting to ease its health and safety protocols that have kept us inside our homes for two years, our local cities are slowly coming back to life. Individuals are finally branching out and getting reacquainted with their hometowns. This year's themed contest wanted to focus this resurgence on our beloved city by asking students to create writing and art that celebrates Detroit, a city of many names – Hockeytown, Detroit Rock City, the D, 313, the Motor City, and Motown. *Inscape* wanted this section of the magazine to focus on Detroit's beauty and its unending hope for better things.

The following pages offer poetry, prose, and photography from those U of D Jesuit students who accepted this year's challenge.

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



Alexander Vecchio '22
On the Banks of the River

Biography

Alexander Vecchio is a senior at U of D Jesuit and has been attending the school since seventh grade. He is an active member of several extracurricular activities in school, including serving as a senior editor of both the school newspaper, *Cub News*, and the school yearbook, *Cub Annual*. He is also a co-chair in the Student Senate. Outside of school, he spends his time taking pictures, playing video games, and flying his drone.

Inspiration

Trying to capture the city of Detroit in a different perspective, Alex took his drone out and looked for places to fly downtown. He eventually stumbled upon the Milliken State Park Lighthouse, located at the end of the Detroit Boardwalk. Seeing the perfect opportunity for a picture, he flew his drone up, hoping to capture the lighthouse with the Detroit skyline in the background. In doing this, he hoped to show the past and present, hoping to display just how far our beloved city has come. This is just one of the many images he took that day, but this is the one that stood out to him the most.





*On the Banks of the River, Alexander Vecchio '22
(Photography)*



BEST THEMED WRITING



Joseph Wisniewski '22
Welcome to Detroit

Biography

Joseph Wisniewski is a senior at U of D Jesuit who resides in Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan. He is one of five senior editors on the 2022 *Inscape* editorial staff. Although his original passion was competing on the football and baseball fields, Joe has grown to love literature over his four years at The High. He looks forward to staying involved within the literature community at the University of Michigan over the next four years.

Inspiration

Joe's inspiration for his poem, "Welcome to Detroit," came from growing up in Metro-Detroit his whole life. Joe wanted to express the passion that the members of Detroit have towards their community. He wanted to acknowledge the struggles that the city has endured, but highlight how the city has improved upon them. He is excited to watch the strides that the city will continue to make in the future.



Welcome to Detroit

Joseph Wisniewski '22

Detroit, the city with great fight,
The skyline shines bright
Reflecting the beauty all night
Displaying the lustrous white of the moonlight
Many buildings that stand with great height,
Enjoy this Motown delight

Detroit, the city that reignites,
Remembered only by its gunfights
And members of gangs with fists clenched tight,
Together the city unites
Filled with people of immense might
Never brimming with fright
They created a city that is quite the sight
Glamorous gardens and restaurants to grab a quick bite,
This is Detroit, copyright.



New Life

Sean Heinzman '24

The root wrapped,
Intertwined with the metal,
Old and rotted,
Thick and short.

People passing,
Old and young,
Agile and stiff,
Calm and stressed.

The root wrapped
Of new and vintage,
Quiet,
Observing the mintage
Of the skyline of Detroit.

People passing.
The Detroit Exploit,
Of years trespassing,
Surpassing, and harassing.

Declassing and reminding.
The dividing.
The east and the west,
The repress.

People passing.
Long time waiting.
Finally, the time has come
For what was abandoned is now found.

The root wrapped
No more,
Bittersweet sure,
But it's all for the better.



People passing,
A new city, a new road
A new grand tour,
A detour.

A root wrapped,
Taken away,
All in place,
For the new road,
For people to pass.



Through the Trees, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)





Golfin' in the D, Luke Fisher '25 (Photography)

Home

Matthew Jamil '23

Home.

Home is where we come together.

Home is where historical change is made.

Home is where two countries collide.

Home is where we go to school.

Home is where we dwell.

Home is Detroit.



My Home

Paul Haupt '24

I see the streets outside
and the cars whooshing by.
Steam rises from the manholes,
street lights illuminated by it.

I see the stadiums,
the relentless cheer of the crowds
through good and bad,
always believing this year is the year.

Nevertheless, it may have troubles,
but it will always be my home.



The Face of U of D, Quincy De Klerk '23 (Photography)

Miracles in Motown

Steven Hicks '25

It was one hot, sunny day in Detroit, Michigan. Two teenage best friends, Blair and Ricky, are outside of their local corner store playing their saxophone and trumpet to raise extra money so they can buy better instruments. While Ricky was playing his saxophone, a famous singer Diana Ross approached him and said, "You are very talented. You and your friend should come to my show tonight at the jazz club and be my opening act!"

While jumping up and down, they both shouted, "YES! I can't believe this!"

The best friends ran swiftly to Blair's house. When they arrived, they saw big orange flames coming from the roof. The boys were shocked and too stunned to speak. Blair was hysterical, and Ricky tried to provide support, saying, "I'm so sorry." Firefighters told Blair and his parents that everything was destroyed and nothing could be saved. Everyone was in disbelief. Blair and Ricky were on the verge of not opening for Diana Ross, but Blair's mother told them, "Don't give up on your dreams. Your father and I will find a place for us to live."

Realizing that this performance was a chance of a lifetime, they decided "the show must go on," and they refused to give up. Blair and Ricky hopped on the Grand River bus and headed Downtown to find the perfect jazz attire. They stopped at Henry the Hatter to get sized for a Dobbs hat, similar to the one Blair's grandfather wore and found shoes at City Slicker. They knew that to be performing at the Latin Quarter Ballroom with Barry Gordy's other Motown artist meant they needed to be dressed to the nines. They used Ricky's birthday money to buy their clothes. Although they didn't have much money, Broadway Menswear had the perfect suits to complete their look. While at the store, the owner noticed the boys' talent, and he paid for their clothes. He told the young boys, "Strive to be great in life and never give up." They promised to perform from their heart and invited him to the show.

Later on, the boys arrived at the club. When they were trying to get in, the security guard didn't let them in. Ricky asked, "Why are we not being let in? We are the opening act for Ms. Ross." The security guard gave the boys a ten-second warning before he called the police. Ricky and Blair ran to the



corner to come up with a plan to get in the club.

Blair said, "Ricky, we should just climb the fence and go through the backstage door."

The first part of their plan was a success. When they reached the door, it was locked. Thankfully, a janitor heard their aggressive knocking and opened the door. Blair and Ricky quickly headed to the bathroom ten minutes before the show started to get dressed. They prayed and manifested that those bigger opportunities would come from this performance.

When the boys were about to hit the stage, the security from the front door stopped them angrily and asked, "How did y'all get in here?"

Ricky stuttered, trying to answer the question. He said, "We snuck in through the back."

The security guard was furious. Right when they were about to get thrown out, Diana Ross spotted them and said, "Leave them alone. These guys are with me, and they are my opening act."

Ricky and Blair were beaming with pride, and the guard was amazed! With time being lost, Ms. Ross told them, "Get on the stage and break a leg."

The boys introduced themselves to the crowd, and the crowd started booing. The boys were discouraged, but they started playing and, to their surprise, shocked the audience. When the performance was over, they received a standing ovation.

Just as Blair and Ricky were leaving, an executive from a major record label stopped them, and said, "You young men are talented. Here is my card. Come to my office Monday afternoon."

The boys were crying tears of joy. They couldn't believe it!

Monday came, and both of the boys showed up with their parents. The meeting was coming to an end, and the executive offered Blair and Ricky an 800-thousand-dollar contract! Everyone in the room was super happy, and Ricky shouted, "Miracles in Motown."

That fall, the boys went on their first tour around the 50 states. Because they were new artists, they traveled by bus. The tour was known as playing the Chitlin Circuit. They became some of the most successful musicians in Detroit, Michigan! Their popularity became bigger than their performances, and



they used their gifts to write music for Diana Ross and the Supremes, Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles!

With their newfound fame, they were able to be a blessing to their family. The fire that almost destroyed their dream actually was the fuel they needed to birth a miracle in Motown. Their will to not give up and overcome obstacles is a story for all to realize to never give up when you desire to live your dreams because one opportunity can change your life.



Fight for Detroit, Jason Gumma '25 (Photography)





Revolve Around the D, Jason Gumma '25 (Photography)

The Grand City
Thomas Angell '24

I walked downtown
Instantly my breath was taken
A city full of hope
A blank slate just asking to be written on
The possibilities are endless with this city
Detroit



Abandoned Dreams

Andrew Hall '22

The tall enigmatic building looms overhead
Keeping guard over the rest of the city
The crumbling facade stands firm
Still supporting windows that are no longer there
Shattered glass shines in the moonlight
Broken by the brute reality of nature
And the destructive forces of man
For now the once bustling halls and corridors
With their high ceilings and peeling paint
Are filled with all different kinds of new inhabitants
The spiders paint the walls
While the birds paint the floor
It is not long before the building will crumble
Becoming nothing but sheer rubble
But it serves as a reminder of what was
And maybe most importantly
What could have been



Fisher, Charles Velthoven '24 (Photography)



Detroit's Soul
Keon Nesbitt '25

The days of the past are gone
And the will of the selfish has carried on
The same evil of the past is here
And it is enough to drive everyone into fear
They believe that objects are objects and nothing more
But they cannot fathom what the world has in store
Rocks, grass, wind, and trees
There is a purpose within all of these
Souls are born from the love and care of the earth
And that is how the things that are loved have been birthed
Homes, cities, villages, and towns
Are filled with care, love, ups, and downs
Detroit has a special soul
For it is a city that cannot be controlled
If this city considers you to be bound to the ways of the past
It will not hesitate to leave you as an outcast
Detroit loves its residents and does whatever it can to shelter
them
But the people who remain greedy are all exempt from
Detroit's care
Detroit was not born of love but a sense of strength and
responsibility
And it will always frown on those whom it has put in captivity
Detroit's soul and strength does not have an equal
Therefore, it will always tell you not to mess with its people

Steamy Competition
Danny Miller '22

Detroit's own steamer,
American? Lafayette?
Prevails one wiener.





A Look from Below, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

Detroit

John Draper '25

Streets are ghetto and dirty
Lights are bright and filled with beauty

Corners and corners filled with gangs
Hope for all those looking to change

Road with potholes and cracks
Teachers working back-to-back

Horrible weather day and night
Spontaneous weather dark and bright

Dirty water in the city
Lakes of water for all to pity

Shootouts left and right
Joyful kids riding bikes

My home is the best place to be
Come and enjoy the D



Christmas Downtown

J.J. Schoeck '24

Walking through the town
Going to Campus Martius
Will I go skating or will I walk around
Trees lit up on Christmas Eve
Lights around the city I never want to leave
A new year is coming around
2022 will be a new time around town
Christmas is over which means the fun times are over
The wait for next year will leave me hungover
New Year's resolutions are done
Hopefully next Christmas will be made
Detroit is my favorite place
Hopefully next year will be an ace



Finding Faith in Detroit, Michael Gill '25 (Photography)

Bad Boys 2 Championship

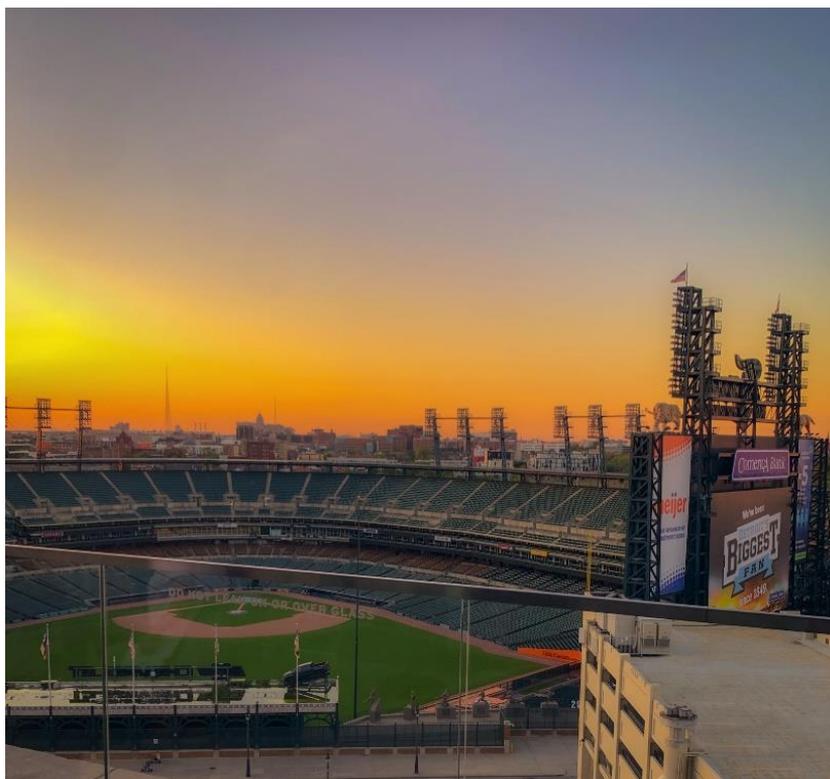
Charlie Stonisch '23

On July 14, 2004, Detroit Basketball made history again. They defeated the Los Angeles Lakers 4-1 in the NBA championship. They were doubted, questioned, weren't respected by anyone in the league. The year prior, the Pistons had the second-worst record in the entire eastern conference. They knew they had to turn their franchise around, not for them but for the city. The Pistons wanted to win for the city. They made business moves in the off-season, selecting Darko Miličić with the second overall pick in the 2003 draft. We all know how that draft pick turned out. The Pistons also signed some players in free agency and were ready for the upcoming season. At the start of the season, they did not look like the Detroit Pistons from last season. They were first in the east and looked like a contending team, but they knew they needed one more piece to the puzzle. On February 19, 2004, the Pistons acquired Rasheed Wallace in a three-team trade from Boston. This was it; the Pistons were on the top of the league. The season finished, and they were first place in the east. In the first round, they beat the Bucks 4-1, and they dominated the rest of the competition to make it to the finals. The problem was they were playing Shaq and Kobe, who were building a dynasty over in LA. The Pistons were the underdogs in this matchup but, in the end, looked like they were playing the worst team in the NBA. They beat the Lakers 4-1 to win the NBA Championship. Larry O'Brien was coming back to the D!



2 to 3 Years Ago, William Piskie '22 (Photography)





A Detroit Sunset, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

Train Station

Sean Heinzman '24

The train station, the behemoth of the city.
Looming over the people, once filled with the people.
Now, no longer a gathering place for all
Just a shell of its former self.
Rotting and falling down.
But now, she has new life, a life with Ford,
A new life, that has yet to be discovered by the people.

The Rat of the Sky

Jorge Torres '22

I search the sky with nerves;
All it takes
Is for one to persevere,
And not make mistakes.
What if the wind makes you roam?
Just please, keep up the pace.
Detroit raised and fed you like its own,
So please, pigeon, win this race.



City Shines Bright, George Kuhnlein '22 (Photography)





Motor City Creations, Grant Robertson '24 (Photography)

The Bench

Sean Heinzman '24

A man on a bench.
The bench on a platform.
The platform on a building,
The building, vintage.
The trains, whooshing by.
The trains, making their stops.

The man on a bench.
The bench, sitting, waiting.
The man gets up.
Walks away.
The bench, now ready for its next customer.
But the bench was never sat on again.
For the bench was removed during the remodeling years later
At the train station of Detroit, Michigan.

Motown's Calling

Jack Stevens '23

Whether it's the smell of crisp downtown air
Or the green trees found in Cadillac Square
Whether it's the fans becoming family at a game
Or the people from the city who grew to fame
Whether it's the Q-Line cruising down Woodward Avenue
Or at the top of the GM staring at the view
Whether it's the gritty and tough workforce
Or the new construction taking course
You should really make it downtown
'Cause there is no place like Motown



Lights of the Night, John Moreno '24 (Photography)



2022 HARRIS BURDICK

SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER



Matthew Jamil '23

Author of "Mr. Linden's Library"

Biography

Matthew Jamil is a junior at U of D Jesuit. He has been a member of the *Inscape* magazine for two years now. His favorite author is Elisabetta Demi, author of children's books such as *The Kingdom of Fantasy* and *Geronimo Stilton*, because she got him into reading and writing when he was young. Outside of *Inscape*, he is a member of the Pastoral Team, as well as the Student Senate here at U of D Jesuit.

Inspiration

Matthew's inspiration for his Harris Burdick themed story came from the TV shows *Black Mirror* and *Ozark*. He liked the ominous aspect to both of the shows and how immediate actions from each led to inescapable problems. Matthew was excited especially for this year's contest because of how much the Harris Burdick pictures encapsulate what he must write about, while also simultaneously giving him his own free will. Matthew thoroughly enjoyed writing this year's short story, and he has high hopes for his future when it comes to making new masterpieces for people to enjoy.



Mr. Linden's Library

Matthew Jamil '23

"It starts slow, but it will definitely grow on you," said the librarian holding the book with a detached look on his face. "It used to belong to the owner of the library, Ben Linden."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," replied Cynthia. "When will the book be due?"

"Oh, take all the time that you need. It might take you a while to untangle all of the thoughts in the book. Here's my business card. Call me if you need any help with it." The card read, Brandon Brown, 937-194-2569.

"I think I'll be fine Mr. Brown," remarked Cynthia snarkily. "You know I am in law school."

Mr. Brown proceeded to put the card in the book. "Just use it as a bookmark, sweetheart. You never know when you might need some help from me."

Cynthia grabbed the book, thanked Mr. Brown, and went on her way.

*"It starts
slow, but it
will definitely
grow on
you."*

It had been a long afternoon for Cynthia. She had just wrapped up her Criminal Justice class at the University of Dayton. She wanted to become a lawyer and represent the marginalized. She did struggle in school, but she was getting the hang of things.

The day prior, Cynthia had an appointment with her therapist to discuss her severe stress related to school. Her therapist suggested a list of things to do in order to destress: take a walk, watch television, talk with friends, take a bath, bake, or read. Cynthia decided that reading might be the best choice for her, as she had enjoyed it a lot in her undergraduate years.

The next day, she went to the library and got the book recommended to her by Mr. Brown. It was a long book, which wasn't an issue for Cynthia, who was a fast reader, titled *A Look Inside*. Mr. Brown told her that it was about a young boy who likes to explore his small abandoned town in post-World War II Poland. Cynthia wasn't particularly excited about the topic but decided to try something new.

When she got back to her apartment from the library, she made herself a box of Kraft mac and cheese and poured herself a glass of red wine. She had lived on her own since



her roommate transferred schools, but she didn't mind the quiet ambiance. She found that she thrived on her own and that she could accomplish more work that way. However, she was still in the market for a new roommate to offset the price of rent.

When she finished her dinner, she washed her dishes, did laundry, and studied for her midterms.

Following her busy day, she finally had a chance to lie in bed and start the book. When she first opened the book, the pages were completely empty. Astonished at this spectacle, she blinked

her eyes, wondering if it had been the wine playing tricks on her, but when no words appeared, she called Mr. Brown, the librarian. The phone rang twice and then went to voicemail. She called again with no response. She decided to go to sleep, and call Mr. Brown back in the morning.

Cynthia had had many elaborate dreams throughout her life, but this night she had more than ever before. These dreams were not only bizarre, but they were also very personal and reflected her day. In one of these dreams, Cynthia had been sleeping, and a mysterious force had been squeezing her tightly. It was only then that she realized that this wasn't a dream.

She opened her eyes to find that the book from the library had vines growing out of it that were wrapping around her body. She cut the vines off of her, only to find that they had continued to grow.

Cynthia had had many elaborate dreams throughout her life, but this night she had more than ever before.

When she got a hand free, she called Mr. Brown, this time he answered.

"Hello dear, is everything all right? You sound frightened," said Mr. Brown worryingly.

"This... book... is... possessed!" exclaimed Cynthia, running out of breath. "It's... growing... vines...!"

When she first opened the book, the pages were completely empty. Astonished at this spectacle, she blinked her eyes, wondering if it had been the wine playing tricks on her...

She doubted the power of the book when she was talking to Mr. Brown at the library. He had warned her about the book. Now, it was too late. The vine had wrapped around Cynthia's neck until she was no more.

After Mr. Brown heard screaming over the phone, he searched for Cynthia's address from her library card and rushed to her apartment. When he got to her apartment, he knocked down her door and went straight to her bedroom. He walked up to her nightstand, ignoring Cynthia's cold, dead body, picked up the book, and left.

When he got back to the library, he opened the book to find the bookmark on page 194. This time, however, there were words written on it. Not words written about a boy exploring an abandoned town, but words of a young woman going after her dreams.

It was a look inside the life of Cynthia.

Mr. Brown thought out loud, "Why did it have to be Cynthia? Why was she the one?"

2022 HARRIS BURDICK

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Every October, Inscape hosts a short story contest for the student body. All students in grades 7 – 12 are invited to participate. Each year, the contest changes. This year, the editorial staff decided to base their contest on The Mysteries of Harris Burdick.

According to a popular children's story by author and illustrator Chris Van Allsburg, a mysterious man named Harris Burdick entered a publishing shop hoping to sell fourteen of his stories. He brought with him a title, illustration, and tag line for each. He left his work with the publisher but was never heard from again, leaving everyone to wonder what these stories were about.

These elements have inspired schoolchildren around the world to base their own stories on Harris Burdick's work. Similarly, Inscape asked students at U of D Jesuit to try their hand at this challenge. The winner was selected based on a vote by the 2021-2022 editorial staff. Thank you to all who participated, and congratulations, Matthew!



SENIOR EDITOR BIOGRAPHIES



I have been so grateful to have had the opportunity to be a part of *Inscape* since my sophomore year. Throughout my time working with Mr. Davidson and the other editors, my appreciation for the students at U of D Jesuit has grown astronomically, being able to see all the different kinds of talents they possess and seeing that *Inscape* can give students an outlet to express

these talents makes it even more special. I have enjoyed every moment working with the other editors to put together our 2022 issue of *Inscape*. My favorite part about *Inscape* is being able to have fun bonding events and hang out with the editorial staff, but at the same time work together to create an amazing magazine. – Andrés Borrego



I am so thankful for my time working in *Inscape* for the past three years. It has truly been a great pleasure serving as a senior editor. Through *Inscape*, I have learned how much of a privilege it is to work with others and how important teamwork really can be outside of school, even for a magazine that promotes such a subjective activity.

I am proud to call myself a member of *Inscape* for as long as I have been, but more importantly, I have pride that we can all collectively say that this year's publishing is our teamwork. Thank you, Mr. Davidson, for the opportunity you presented to me in sophomore year, and thank you to the friends I have made through events, meetings, and layouts. – Grady Cate



We are now in the midst of our third edition of *Inscape* printed during Covid. All three of my years on this staff have been printed throughout the pandemic. Looking back to sophomore year when I entered *Inscape*, I saw it as something Mr. Davidson just asked me to do, but this blossomed into a three-year tenure that is now coming to a close. The past

three years I've spent on this editorial team have taught me not only how to be a critical thinker but also how to be open-minded. The entire scoring process is tedious, but you truly get to see someone's art. I would like to thank Mr. Davidson for giving me the opportunity to not only be an editor but a senior editor. I feel incredibly grateful and honored to have spent my past three years serving on this team. – Thomas Kelley



Three years ago, I was a shy and quiet sophomore looking for clubs to join, and I found myself joining *Inscape*. Now, for the past three years, I have had a blast working with and meeting many new people from our school while creating an award-winning magazine. My favorite part of working in *Inscape* is seeing our ideas grow into an actual magazine viewed by students, parents,

and so many more. With the help of everyone involved, I think that we have created one of the best magazines to date, and I am honored to be a part of it with an amazing group of people. I would personally like to thank my fellow editors and Mr. Davidson for making these past three years special and definitely something I will never forget. - Alexander Vecchio





I still remember when Mr. Davidson placed an application to be an *Inscape* editor on my desk sophomore year. To be completely honest, I really wanted nothing to do with it, but after some consideration, and my mom making me do it, I turned it in. Little did I know this would be the start of one of the most enjoyable and beneficial journeys of my life. I am forever

grateful that Mr. D trusted me with the position of senior editor for the '21-'22 edition. My favorite parts of being an *Inscape* editor are getting to know and grow closer to new students every year and getting to see the creative side of my peers at The High. I would not have traded this for anything! Thank you.
- Joseph Wisniewski

LETTER FROM THE MODERATOR



Thank you for checking out this year's issue of our school's literary-art magazine. As more and more of our lives return to "normal," I am proud to say that *Inscape's* drive and dedication to creating a space for our student artists and writers never waned during the pandemic. On these pages, you will see the same caliber of talent from our Cubs. Thank you to the students

who trusted us with your creative works over these past years of uncertainty. I am happy to say that my faith in the magazine never wavered thanks to the amazing staff of 10th-12th graders that I am blessed to work with throughout the year. It's been so fun to get to know you all beyond the classroom setting and to see whom I want on my team for next year's fowling event. Thank you to Andrés, Grady, Tommy, Alex, and Joe for your wonderful leadership this year. – Mr. Alexander Davidson



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