

INSCAPE



2023

**University of Detroit Jesuit
High School and Academy**

Inscape



"To be whole. To be complete. Wildness reminds us what it means to be human, what we are connected to rather than what we are separate from." – Terry Tempest Williams

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
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Mission Statement

Inscape, the literary-art magazine of the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy, is an annual publication that displays the work of the school's talented artists and writers. *Inscape* offers a chance for all passionate students 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 2023 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. Accent font is Baby Wildly. 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.

Senior Editors

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Quincy De Klerk '23
Matthew Jamil '23
Oliver Marks '23
Mason Vlademar '23

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Kiernan Tague '25
Nicolas Vecchio '25
William Waldman '24
Luke Wegrzyn '23
Matthew Whipple '23
Ryan Witt '23

Faculty Moderator

Mr. Alexander Davidson '06

Special Thanks

Mr. Dave Carapellotti, Advanced Marketing Partners, Inc.
Mr. Nicholas Hilden, Dean of Student Activities
The students and staff of U of D Jesuit,
without whom this publication would not be possible

Best in Show

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

Best in Poetry

Poems Without Names: Poem One
Tarek Joumaa '23

Best in Prose

1,440 Minutes
Matthew Whipple '23

Best in Art

Bones
Dylan Donley '24

Best in Photography

The High
Quincy De Klerk '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. **Dylan Donley '24** received a Gold Key for Drawing and Illustration, qualifying him for Nationals. **Cristian Dhruna '25** received an Honorable Mention for Photography. Both of their talents are represented in this year's issue.

Dear Reader,

While we have the honor of addressing you on the first pages of this year's issue of *Inscape* as senior editors, we are not the true stars of this magazine. For over 25 years, *Inscape* has been a creative showcase for the diverse and creative student body of the University of Detroit Jesuit. These contributors are the true stars. Their emotional, beautiful, and unique pieces of writing and art are breathtaking. It is a perfect representation of the men who are proud to be a part of the Cub community.

Working together as an editorial staff has truly been an honor. From escape rooms and the *Inscape* Olympics to boxed lunches and fowling, getting to know the 41 sophomores, juniors, and seniors on staff has been one of the best parts of being an editor. From the fall scary story contest to the submission and evaluation process to creating the final version of the magazine, our teams have worked hard together and should be proud of their solid work this year. We are grateful for their efforts. It's been an outstanding experience to come together as one to make an excellent magazine.

As editors, we have the privilege of discovering our classmates' hidden creative talents. It's a pleasant surprise to see a submission of art or writing from a student that we might not have known had this creative gift. We are thankful for the students who have submitted their writing and art and who have trusted us with their work. The power of writing and art has continually brought people together and allowed them to share their passions. The contributors to this year's magazine are definitely passionate.

We are excited for you to see the wonderful work that makes this year's issue of the magazine so special. We are proud to celebrate these talented creators. They are a true representation of the U of D Jesuit student body. Thank you to all the writers and artists who allowed us to showcase their work and share it with a wider audience.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors (Alexander Bell, Quincy De Klerk, Matthew Jamil, Oliver Marks, and Mason Vlademar)

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A Broken Key

Luke Fisher '25

Tip Tap. Chuck Waller sat on the comfy black chair with a cold drink in one hand, and a cigar in the other as the jazz club's lights began to dim. Soon, that sweet melodious music filled the room as men and women, rich and poor, people from all walks of life met on the dance floor. Chuck wasn't a man for dancing though. He had no partner and would much rather sit and watch the dance floor's gift to him than disgrace it with his own moves. For over an hour, he just sat there, only moving from his perch to refill his glass every now and then.

But suddenly, his sweet music stopped as the man blessing those white keys with his presence stood up and looked over the crowd before setting his sights upon Chuck. Something about the way his eyes gazed deeply into Chuck's soul caused him to at last set down his drink, far from empty at this point, and stroll up towards the stage. Gently encouraged by the saint who sat there, Chuck rested before the large black piano and, for the first time in years, lay his hands upon the keys. Chuck hadn't played since the summer of 1896 when he was but a boy yet there was something about the situation that felt natural.



Chill Bay Coast, Julian Krueger '25 (Photography)



God's Cabin, Kailyan Dunlap '25 (Digital Art)

He started slow, a few chords, progressions, and riffs, but as the hours flew by Chuck Waller tapped further and further into his past as his fingers led themselves along those black and white keys. Something about playing this smooth music under the low ceiling's dark lights ignited a spark within Chuck, each key plucking at a heavenly string in his soul, making him feel alive for the first time in his life.

And so, a new era began in Chuck's life, one filled with joy, passion, and music! For months, Chuck would play in various jazz clubs throughout Harlem and for those few hours every weekend night, Chuck felt alive.

But as soon as it was there, it was gone. While playing the very instrument he loved so dearly his sacred fingers were crushed as the fallboard came crashing down and Chuck heard ten loud breaks in one soul-killing moment.

Chuck's head hung low in sad desperation as he heard the final verdict; he was never to play again. Chuck's life was over, his soul snatched, his passion killed, and his purpose denied.

Years passed and Chuck never moved, never sparked, and he dared not enter a club again, only catching glimpses as he heard a few stray notes escape out onto the dark and lonely roads he roamed.

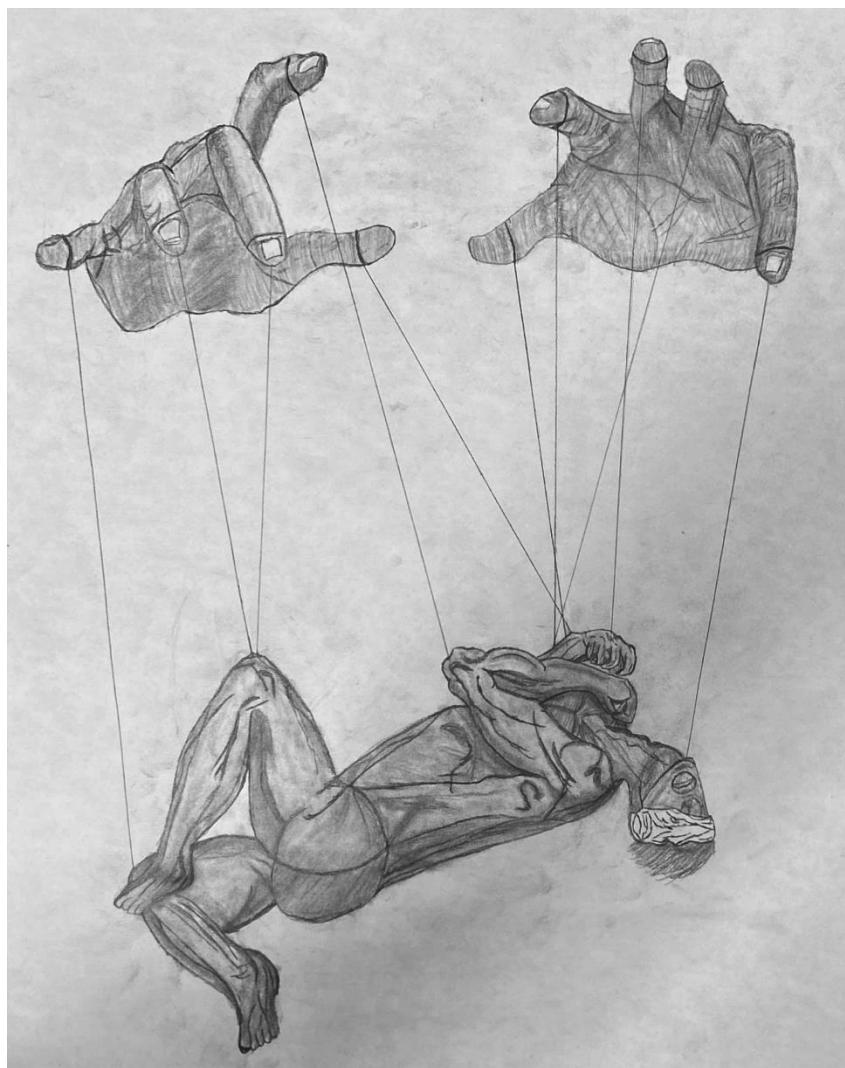
Yet, nature has a way with the soul that nothing else can claim. For one day as Chuck malingered down a dull gray walk, he heard that sweet smooth noise that hadn't blessed his ears in years. Hurriedly he rounded a street corner and saw a sight that brought tears to his eyes. Playing in the street were three men of years half his own, each guarding a tool of the Lord's will. One held a saxophone, one a trumpet, and the last sat before the grandest piano to grace the Earth. But this was not what caught Chuck's eye, but rather a woman no younger than him, dancing and moving with the music, her bright aged face giving life and color to all who passed her on the bland sidewalks.

With a smile and a reassuring nod, the woman outstretched her hand and offered Chuck to dance. He didn't know why but he accepted and let the music wash over him like the sea does the sand. And suddenly, as if by its own accord his body began to swing and sway; he was dancing! Chuck had found her, and she made him spark!

All the Same

Griffin Zaliwski '25

Every day is the same,
Wake up to the same alarm clock,
in the same bed,
at the same time.
Always waiting for the weekend,
Just for it to be too short.
Zoning out at the same time,
Think about the same ideas,
Missing the same lessons.
I hope that tomorrow will be different,
Deep down I know that it is all the same,
And I will wake up again,
Back into the same cycle.



Control, Hans Boelstler Jr. '25 (Graphite)

Dogs and Detroit

Jack Stevens '23

Fire up the grill. Sizzle. Wrap up the dogs, and hit the streets. Every Tuesday, for the past two years, I'm the first to the school kitchen to grill hot dogs, pack beverages, and gather supplies for the marginalized community of Detroit.

We walk through the streets of Greektown and the Riverfront with the intention of serving a meal and delivering supplies to those in need. The Labre Ministry connects my school with a community of artists, musicians, parents, grandparents, and others who are living their lives on the streets of Detroit.

Over the years, I've connected with unique people like our friend who goes by the name Knowledge. I look forward to his philosophy lessons each time we meet.

Working with Labre gives me the opportunity to learn about life's different trajectories and to see diverse perspectives through the people I meet. My role is not only to provide a warm meal but to listen to and validate the feelings of our Detroit community members. Our common goal is to let them know that we care about them.

Labre is my way of giving back to a city filled with diverse talents, wisdom, and kindness. I'm proud to serve my community of Detroit.

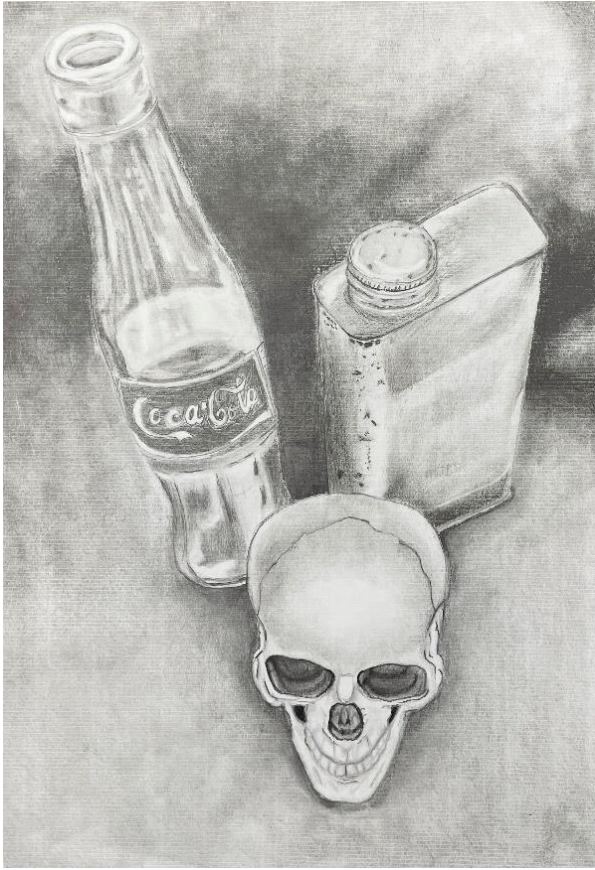
The Labre Ministry connects my school with a community of artists, musicians, parents, grandparents, and others who are living their lives on the streets of Detroit.

The activity might begin in the kitchen of my high school, behind the motto of "Men for Others," but we extend compassion well beyond our doors. On every walk through Detroit, we grow with each person we meet and every story we hear.

Labre is my way of giving back to a city filled with diverse talents, wisdom, and kindness. I'm proud to serve my community of Detroit.



Mohawk Cove, Julian Krueger '25 (Photography)



Skull Candy, Grayson Johnson '24 (Graphite)

Life Is Like a Pencil

Lucan Tague '28

Life is like a pencil.

It goes dull over time, like a book in the rain

It needs to be sharpened like a sword,

Don't let your life go dim like a candle in the night, but let it
burn bright with adventure.

A pencil can be powerful; you write your story, day by day,
correcting your mistakes along the way.

You turn the page expecting glory, but instead find tragedy –
in your story let your pencil find the glory.

Life is like a pencil.

Life Is a River
Van Swanson '28

Life is a river.
You never know when it will end.
Sometimes it softly carries you along and sometimes waves
come out of the blue.
It has unexpected twists and turns.

Life has fast and slow currents.
You cannot change the flow's direction.
All rivers flow to the same ocean.
And you never experience the same place twice.
You are different like a water drop compared to the ocean.
All rivers are different.
Only dead fish go with the flow.



Beauty in Banff, Ryan Witt '23 (Photography)

1,440 Minutes

Matthew Whipple '23

There are 1,440 minutes in every day. No single minute should ruin the other 1,399. Every day, when my friend Lamont Solomon Jr. got dropped off at school, his dad would fist-bump him and say, "1440." Lamont Solomon Sr. encouraged Lamont to make every minute count and tried to set him on a positive path for the day. I cried at Lamont's funeral 1,455,013 minutes ago. Lamont was gone in one life-changing minute. No goodbyes. Lamont killed himself on November 24th, 2019.

Now, I can only look back on the memories and yearn for the treasured "normal" moments of our friendship. Lamont and I initially became best friends while we suffered through endless hours of football conditioning. We were always at the back of the pack due to weight problems, enduring body shaming together. The shared humiliation deepened our friendship, and we became each other's biggest cheerleaders.

Three years later, I'm sitting on a plane writing my college essay, with hopes and dreams for the future, missing one of my best friends. Putting my feelings on paper has forced me to acknowledge the guilt that I didn't see his pain nor bear the load for him the way I am certain he would have for me.

It's clear to me now that his sadness was masked by a million-dollar smile and a loving personality. I have asked myself countless times, how did I not see his suffering? I slept just 3 feet away from Lamont the night before he killed himself. He appeared to be perfectly normal, cracking jokes, eating pizza, and talking about girls. Yet deep down, Lamont was fighting demons.

Prior to Lamont's passing, I had not been exposed to the stigma that surrounds men's mental health. Losing Lamont and grappling with the inconceivable guilt due to my lack of awareness shook me to my core. In a time of such anguish, I felt I couldn't share or communicate my feelings. I had to be strong for the people around me, so I concealed my pain and wore a brave face. Through this experience, I learned that our society is doing a disservice to young men, especially black men, by not addressing mental health challenges.

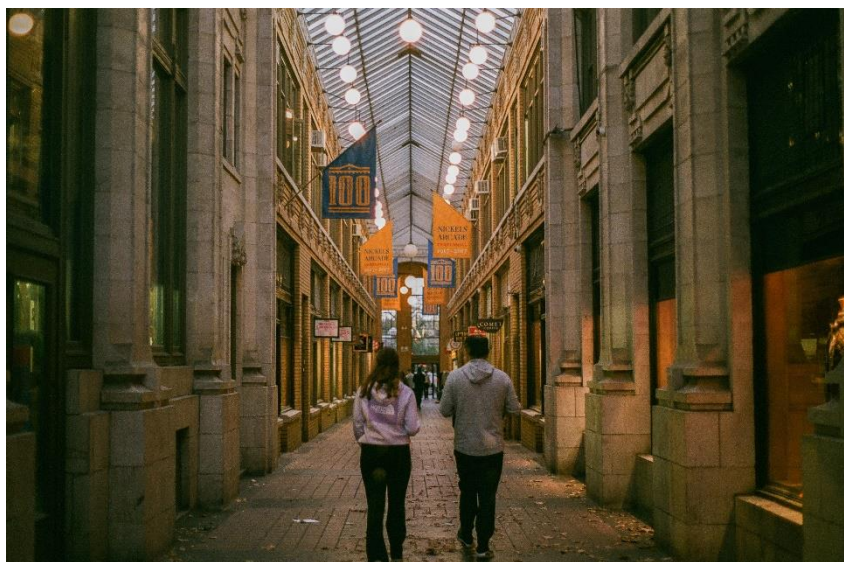
Looking back, I recognize that I was dealing with something that I wasn't emotionally mature enough to comprehend. I was on a devastating journey, and I was on my own. While grappling with the loss and trying to find my way



An Isolating Light, Christian Antaran '23 (Watercolor)

out of my own sorrow, I had a moment of clarity. I became determined to honor Lamont's life and friendship by turning my grief into action. I channeled the daily words spoken by Lamont's dad about 1,440 minutes per day into something positive, bringing awareness to suicide and breaking down the stigma surrounding men's mental health.

Because of this newfound call to action, I became a leader in a school club called "Be Nice." "Be Nice" is an initiative to end the stigma around men's mental health. We teach men that being vulnerable and talking about their feelings isn't a sign of weakness, but rather strength. In our group sessions, we talk openly about our fears, challenges, and insecurities and decompress in a safe space. Grief lives within people who have lost a loved one. I have learned to live with my grief through the power of action and helping others. Saving one person from experiencing the inner turmoil that Lamont must have endured is something that drives me daily. It is my mission to use the 1,440 daily opportunities I have been blessed with to make a positive impact, not only in my school community, but also in the world. Lamont will not be forgotten. His legacy will be one that I will carry with me throughout my life, inspiring others to join me in making their own 1,440 daily minutes count.



Endless Choices, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

The Walk

Kiernan Tague '25

The walk to class is always woke,
As it makes its practitioners feel sad and broke
As Monday approaches, the weekend is none,
But with a new week came a bright shining sun
Let us enter in joy,
Free of hope and despair
There's hope for the future,
What we say, and what we do,
How we act and how we eat, how we sleep, and how we stew
We're here for a reason,
Though it may not be clear,
Just know, God wants you here

Our Place in the Universe

Luke Baranowski '25

We are but specks in the vast expanse
Our place in the universe, but a chance
Yet we are more than just a fleeting thought
We are the sum of all that we've been brought

We are the fire that burns within
We are the dreams that never end
We are the love that fills the soul
We are the whole that makes us whole

Our role in the universe may seem small
But we are the ones who stand tall
We are the ones who form our fate
We are the ones who determine our place

So let us stand with courage and pride
Let us reach for the stars up high
For we are the ones who hold the key
To our destiny, and what will be



Calm Waters, Danilo Manriquez '25 (Photography)

Face of the News

Paul Jazrawi '23

The smells of the teacher's pumpkin spice candle filled the air and complemented the suspense. Every student went silent. What intrigued me most on the day I shadowed U of D Jesuit High School was the system of announcements. That sounds boring, but it wasn't just a voice on the PA as I had expected. We sat in homeroom and the teacher pulled up a live stream on the smartboard. An intro plays, and a voice like in the Arby's commercial says: "THIS IS THE CUB BROADCAST!" Two students appear on the screen and begin with, "Gooooood morning, Cubs! Today is Wednesday, November 2nd. I'm Logan, and I'm Connor, and this is the Cub Broadcast!" "The Arabic and Chaldean Club meets tomorrow. Be there for some cultural talk and food!" How could they be newscasting in high school like on TV?

My brain was rushing with so many thoughts. I had never seen or heard anything like this at school before. "Can I do that? Can I be up on screen and talk to everyone? This



*Windows Background-Like Scenery, Caden Rivers '24
(Watercolor)*

school is so cool.” I had my mind set on this high school. I had the sudden urge to take a risk and show myself to so many people, something I would never do as a middle schooler. I saw a new door but didn’t know what was behind it, and that was what pushed me. I had the urge to be known in this school, so people would see me and say, “That’s Paul from the Cub Broadcast!”

There were a few steps that it took to accomplish my dream. I had to email the moderator, do observations, and then finally muster the courage to be okay with making a mistake live on air to the 900 kids in school. What pushed me to continue was the positive attitude the experienced seniors had toward the club and toward me. As a visual learner, I could take mental notes of their behavior and carry them out. I picked up easily on how they speak and I had no problem getting behind the camera for the first time. “Three, Two, One, Action!” The words would flow off my tongue like water. I was happy to be there, and the tone of my voice reflected it. Any mistake or slip-up I made was aired and done. There was no erasing so I needed to accept it and move on. I cataloged my mistakes so that I wouldn’t repeat them in the future. I learned to go with the flow and not worry about what others thought, as self-doubt would have rolled in and taken me down the wrong path. I worked relentlessly on my public speaking skills. I needed to tune out the crowd and focus on bettering myself. By the end of the school year, my senior buddies tried to make me the club president. Quite the honor for my first year (Our moderator said no, 7th grade was too young).

There was no more worrying to do. I sharpened my mind and through that, I found a love for public speaking. My commitment to this club was getting stronger and my love for taking calculated, and sometimes, not-so-calculated risks grew. I stuck with the club through 12th grade. I started paying more attention to detail, like changing the tone of my voice and using hand gestures while I’d speak. The Cub Broadcast has taught me how to move on from mistakes and learn from them. This experience forced me out of my comfort zone. I plan to carry this out into college by taking on opportunities and leadership roles because of how much I grew. Living in regret caused a stressful life, which was not how I wanted to live. I have learned to move on from past mistakes and regrets. I am now proud to be recognized as Paul from the Cub Broadcast.



Moon, Dylan Donley '24 (Ink)

Poems Without Names: Poem Four

Tarek Joumaa '23

Fear incites the worst of a mind,
making a loser hard to find.
Yet when we lose those we love,
we charade, it was never tough.
Deep in the ruff, right later on
we feel a hole, a missing bond.
That's why I will always be sure to see
only you and only me.

Regret

Jon Kelly '25

I had done much good in life
Done so much
Did more than I wished
I dedicated my life to my work
But work did not save my life
I could have lived differently
Done many other things
For I was unhappy at what I did
I had many regrets
But my time was near
As I laid dying
I shed a tear



Sun, Dylan Donley '24 (Colored Pencil and Ink)

Resurrected Malice, Part 5

Avery Krick '24

Disquieting waves upon waves only attuned to the rasque I felt every moment simply for existing. Constantly questioning my own motivation, I don't know what drove my intrinsic need to know what was happening, what force inside me allowed me to gaze upon an empty throne. Constant etterath with every step and an anxious paro with every twitch of my muscles. With every world I stepped into, every time I existed past the threshold, I couldn't conjure a reason as to why I was the only constant. Whether it be in condition, position, or time, only I was concretely built into the world's fiber. No, I wasn't chosen to be a prophet, a miracle worker, or any role of my own betterment. I was chosen to stand witness to the downfall of everything I know, the priest at the marriage between existences. Whatever force beckons my movements, I beg it to stop.

I grasp the screen and pull it onto the floor, letting it fall and shatter. It's all so tiring, and I want it gone. If I were to turn and open the door behind me, what else would happen? If I were to fall asleep, where would I wake up next? Uriel asked

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Enoch why he questioned, and now I ask Uriel why I know. I never even asked, and now my thoughts are riddled with cryptic meanings and mind-numbing clamor. Leave truth alone, let it rest, let it sleep. Be content with the individuality within our personal existence. Just let me sleep.

Eventually, I'd like to think it all stopped. I couldn't hear my breathing, the hum in the air, the rattle of the doorknob, or the hymn pulsing from the sky.

However, silence was all it was. An hour, maybe more, if I can remember, when the heavens would go silent, and all things on earth would stop for the descent. I had an hour and an hour only before everything would melt like wax, before the earth would crack into fire. Of course, it would never be enough time, not even enough time to consider what should be done moving

forward. Should I stop it, can I stop it, should I accept it, should I resent it? My fingers have never known the cold essence of a soul, and yet it seems that any path I should choose would be marked red. If my body were then to enter the earth, it'd breathe in infection.

Can you tell I don't know where to go? Have I said it enough? This search for an end for something that doesn't deserve it, something that was never given enough thought. What use is any more questions? So, on their own, my hands reached for the doorknob, and I stepped through the threshold, only to find an empty hallway. Stepping outside, the world felt the same. No more pillars of light, no more eruptions of darkness out of the earth and sea, no sign of conscious life. A moment where the world went back to how it was before, the hour when heaven went silent.

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Across what I know, there has always been a choice between good and evil, judgment left in human hands then to be judged, no longer a record of events but rather thoughts.

"Where will you go? I'm not so sure."

"Why do you keep going? I have no reason."

"What are you? I'm trying to figure that out for myself."

Perhaps if I could give form to mind, put my actions into words, I could continue down this path. If I could simply see the world around me as different, dictate my own perception, perhaps I could choose something besides good and evil, perhaps I could choose humanity itself. I could choose it and all its sorrows and joys, a mediator between contradicting forces, the hero of a fruitless journey.

The Past

Jon Kelly '25

I lay there
In my cold bed
Wishing I had been born at a different time
But I had to exist now
Too late for exploration
Too early for the vastness of space
For I could only wonder what was contained
In the blackness above
The dark swallowed me
And my thoughts had consumed me
I fell into a deep slumber
To wake up again in this nightmare



Space Guy, Connor McGow '25 (Graphite)

Echoes of the Heart

Alexander Grabowski '25

Beneath the moon's soft glowing light
We walked the woods, all through the night
Nature's symphony, a gentle breeze
Carried our love, through rustling trees
The stars, they shone like diamonds bright
Guiding us on, towards the night
We whispered words, of love and grace
And in that moment, time stood still in place
My heart, it sang a song so true
For in your eyes, I saw my future
The moon and stars, they bore witness
To our love, a sacred bliss
And as the dawn began to rise
I knew in you, my heart resides
Together, forever, hand in hand
Nature, our love, forever grand.



Space, Quincy De Klerk '23 (Photography)

Paper Clips and Pop Can Tabs

Owen Dorweiler '23

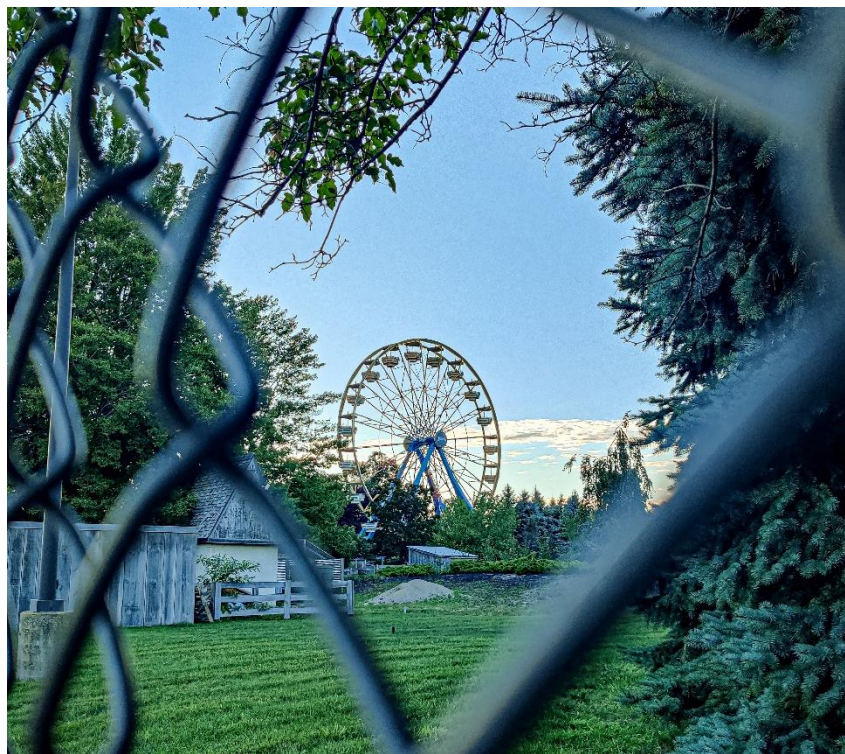
My alarm clock goes off. I know I'll doze off again after hitting snooze if I don't force myself to stay awake. I reach over and pull on one of two strings, which runs up the wall of my bedroom, across the ceiling, and down the opposite wall where it flips the light switch on with a satisfying click. No going back to bed now. My contraption is the pinnacle of function over form; the strings run through pop can tabs attached to the ceiling with more string and my middle school self's most valued material, tape. While other kids my age were content with video games and hoverboards for their birthdays, I was overjoyed to unwrap a three-pack of tape dispensers, some plastic straws, paper clips, and a stapler. With these items I could do anything; I could make a solar oven (though one that didn't cook anything), I could catch grass on fire (well, not quite), or I could stick paper clips in outlets for a reason that I quite frankly cannot remember. Lighting grass on fire with straws and sticking paper clips in outlets were equally bad ideas, and I have pursued neither to date and would recommend that any young, budding tinkerer stay away from high voltages.

All of my ideas have arisen for one reason: I love finding different and better ways to accomplish tasks. I am never satisfied with the way things are done if I think I can make an easier, more efficient method. Controlling the lights from your bed is much better than getting up and walking across the room to do so. I want to do things that no one has done before, like using conductive plastic to create ultra-thin 3D-printed electroplated circuit boards, a more recent project. The feeling of doing something in a new, never-before-accomplished way is simply exhilarating for me, even if it is first met with many failures, of which I have definitely had my share.

If you were to make a graph of the level of my success and the extent of my research before starting a project, you would find that they are proportional. In my early years of tinkering, many of my failures resulted simply from a lack of knowledge about the subject I was working on, as demonstrated by my conviction that directing sunlight through a straw can intensify the light enough to start fires. But when I was younger, I cared less about making something functional than the simple fact that I had made it. I had created

something with my own hands. Sure, most of the time the projects were useless or unintentionally hazardous (let me remind you once again that paperclips and outlets usually don't mix), but every project was a reflection of me – a reflection of my mind, a lens that's not content to see things as they are. As I grew older and my projects became more rooted in actual science, I still experienced many times that my inventions did not work. But because of my research, I am able to better direct my efforts in tinkering so I am closer to my goal when I start. I still do lots of trial and error, but that is just the way innovation is achieved.

Tinkering helps continue my fascination for science and engineering, but it never satisfies it. I know that as soon as I'm done with a project, I'll find a way I can improve it further or I'll find a new problem to fix entirely. And thus, the cycle repeats, and I will find a new, captivating project I can work on. And who knows, maybe that idea could change the world.



A View from the Outside, Sean Heinzman '24 (Photography)

The World is Ours

Kiernan Tague '25

Bum! Bum! Bum!
Said the drum
Singing out its joyful beat,
As it felt grounded through his feet
Rattle! Rattle! Rattle!
Rang the cymbal,
As it felt strong but awfully nimble
A strong but nimble man is none,
As he has often just begun
I rang the bell,
And with it came hope,
The world we live in is not broke



Mary Poppins, Connor McGow '25 (Graphite)



The Void, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Digital Art)

Poems Without Names: Poem Three

Tarek Joumaa '23

Deep, black, infinite, and void.
 That is the sky we loved and enjoyed.
 Yet we separate and see different lights,
 I remember the moon,
 I remember the nights.
 Though the magnitude, large it seems
 there is one thing that crosses, it beams.
 It splits time and transcends space,
 it makes an arduous day full of grace.
 The dove flies high. The dove is grace.
 The love I feel is full on my face.

Sherbourne Park

Aiden Jackson '26

Sherbourne Park was as alluring as ever. Flowers blossomed, birds were singing beautiful hymns, children were running around ecstatically playing all sorts of games, and trees were rustling in the wind. Although the city of Ealdwin was often divided, the park was a place where everyone seemed to get along. Sherbourne housed many beautiful colors, which contrasted with the mostly gray and black city.

As Hardy Fleming walked through the elegant park, he began to feel happy, as he usually did when entering the park. Fleming was confused about life. He asked for answers, but he received none. He usually felt mopey and miserable, but whenever he entered the park, he could not feel anything but happiness.

Whether it be the energetic birds, the alluring pasque flowers, or the towering trees, who always seemed to smile at him. Fleming always was attached to one specific goldfinch who had grown a liking for him as well. He always looked for it when going to the park, and this day was no different.

"I wonder what he's doing now," said the gleeful Fleming with his signature big smile on his face. "That bird's always doing something... Adharc, the Golden Gambler." He looked around for the bench he always sat at, and made himself comfortable. He readied his daisy seeds and sat patiently. He had the day off, so why not treat the birds? He then heard the all too familiar song from Adharc. Adharc's song sounded like a simple, distorted version of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." The goldfinch then flew and landed on Fleming's shoulder. "There's my Adharc," said Fleming as he fed the ravenous bird a few seeds.

Fleming sat in the park for hours. He felt nothing could detach him from his happiness in the park but his sleep schedule. He had a great time seeing all of the animals run and fly around the park. "I don't want to leave," said Fleming in his head, while his grin faded away. "But- I have to. It's for the better."

Fleming continued to visit Sherbourne Park every so often. He noticed the magic of the park seemed to fade away with time. Every time he visited the park, something seemed to be absent, the charm and virtue he received when visiting

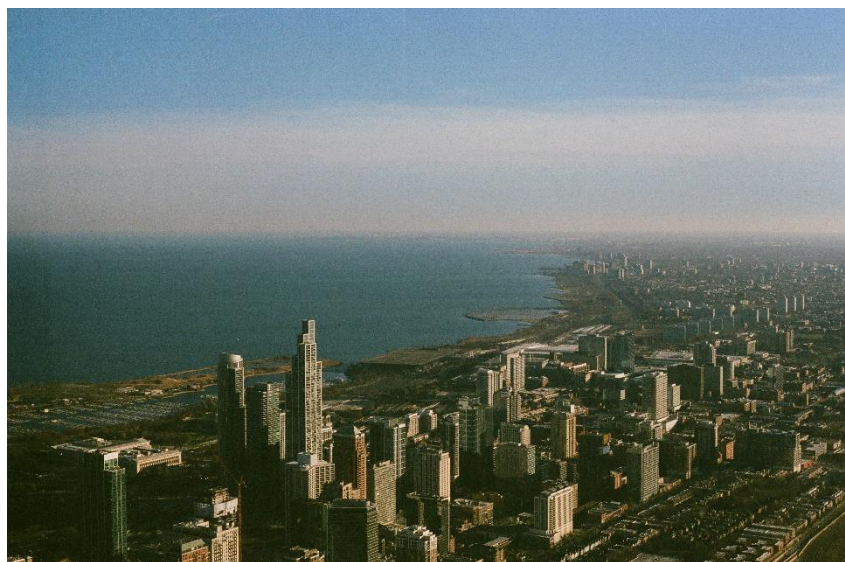
the park seemed to be disappearing over time. Time: it was one of Fleming's greatest enemies.

One year passed, and Fleming sauntered to Sherbourne again. It was desolate and bleak. It was no longer the buoyant area where people went to have fun. It started to blend in with the city as the greens, yellows, reds, and blues, all started to fade away into a monochromatic color scheme of gray. Fleming sat down on the bench he usually did, however, now the bench's color was fading. He sat down, thinking to himself, *"Why can't I just be happy? Why must I be spat on and thrown in the rubbish?"* He said, "I- I can't even enjoy the park anymore! I hated my job, but it's the only thing that gave me purpose and it's been taken away!"

Fleming's anger began to consume him. He just kept thinking about the moment he was let go. Fleming thought about the ways he could have improved, but thinking about what he could change in the past didn't help him think about the future. He began to get trapped in his thoughts even further. He wondered if there was any way to save himself. So, he started to pray. Fleming prayed for hours, hoping something would change, hoping something good would happen.



Chicago Skyline, Paul Downey '24 (Photography)



On Top of Chi-Town, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

He laid down and fell into a deep sleep on the bench. Fleming would have a vision from God himself. He could feel God reach out to him, a giant hand emerging from a vast, black void. It was too large for Fleming to grasp it. He tried to speak, but he just couldn't; it was like the aura of God alone had silenced him. God spoke, and He said in a booming voice, louder than anything Fleming had heard before, "I will grant you the first steps, but must walk the rest of the way."

Fleming jumped up, wide awake. He was sweating, and the cool winds had taken effect; he was shivering due to the severity of the cold. He did not care, instead further considering his options for restoring the park. He thought about the dream and thought more, mentally stumbling around his thoughts as if he was attempting to run a race with his legs tied. He eventually felt confident with one of the options: writing to the mayor of Ealdwin. This was his only shot, and he did not wait on this opportunity. God had told him he would help him with the "first steps," and this was where the steps began. He returned to his residence and slept, excited for the morning. When he woke up, he got out his pen and paper and started writing.

"Dear Mayor Baldwin Brecknock,

I have written to you today to ask if we can start an initiative to work on Sherbourne. As you probably already know, the charm and beauty of the park are beginning to dwindle. Now I know this isn't as important as dealing with other affairs, but the city has been getting more and more bland and defamed. If you just allow me to give a speech to the people, maybe we can fix this.

*Sincerely, Hardy Fleming
1502, Penhallick Ave."*

Fleming looked at his letter as if it was his child. He had confidence it would be read. He visited his sister, Olivia, and gloated to her that it would be read. While she was not as ardent as he was, she still supported Hardy.

A few days later, Fleming checked his mailbox. He did this every so often to check if he had gotten something back, and sure enough, he did. The mayor had seen it! The letter he received read:

"Dear Hardy Fleming,

Mayor Brecknock has allowed you to hold a speech in the city square on Friday. You are granted time between 12:45 PM to 2:30 PM."

Fleming was so jubilant he started to dance around the house. He visited his sister again to spread the word.

"What? No way, give me that paper! There's no way..." said Olivia while she reached for the letter. Once she held it in her hands, she exclaimed, "This is amazing!" Fleming would take the entire rest of the week sorting out his ideas, neatly preparing his best attire, and rehearsing his speech.

As Friday arrived, Fleming started to get more and more anxious. He worried about making a fool out of himself, about tumbling on his words, about everything. He knew he needed moral support, so he visited his sister more often than he usually did. He would ask her what he should do and say.

When it came time for the speech, Fleming was sanguine. He walked to the town square to see a podium set up for him, with guards surrounding the area. A huge crowd of people were surrounding the outskirts of the podium, wondering what the speech was about. He walked over to one of the guards.



Clear Glass Beach, Julian Krueger '25 (Photography)

"Hello sir, Hardy Fleming, I'm supposed to speak here."

The guard looked at Fleming, his fire-red uniform shining in the bright sunlight. "Just step up to the podium sir."

Fleming went up to the podium. He readied his papers, cleared his throat, and spoke.

"Hello everyone, good day," He adjusted his footing so he didn't stand at an inept angle. "Now as I'm sure you've all observed, quite recently this town has been slowly becoming more—" He took a breath in.

"Depressing?" a voice from the crowd asked.

"Yes," Fleming responded. "Remember when everyone used to go to Sherbourne Park? And have fun? What happened? We've been ignoring the park as we usually do with our responsibilities. No effort has been put into trying to rehabilitate the park, so I come to you all with an offer. Not taking the time to give people more reasons to be happy seems a bit rude, don't you think? I only need your time and some equipment. All together, we can single-handedly bring back the jubilation and exuberance of the park, and bring happiness and serenity to this small, gray city. Who's with me?"

The crowd cheered wildly. Fleming felt something. He felt like he was part of something. It didn't matter how small it was, he felt he found purpose in life.

The next day, the work started. Hundreds showed up with their own personal tools: seeds, equipment, everything they needed. Fleming first instructed the crowd on what to do.

He then told them the work they were going to be doing was straining and hard work. They all understood. Fleming was determined to get this done.

After weeks of work, and countless hours, Fleming started to think this was a futile project. He started to lose motivation, as not only was everyone else getting tired, but he was too. Olivia noted that Fleming started to talk to and visit her less. She started to get worried. So she decided to visit him to confirm if everything was alright.

"Hello? Hardy?" Olivia stood waiting in front of the mahogany door. It seemed to stare her down. All of a sudden, it flew open, blowing a gust of wind toward Olivia's face. She was able to get a good look at Hardy. His hair was messy, his eyes drooping, and his face was showing no expression.

"Olivia? What are you doing here?" Hardy asked.

"I wanted to know something," she said while nervously looking down at the muddy brown-colored porch. "Are you alright? You haven't been visiting lately," she said, readjusting her footing and looking straight ahead at Hardy.

He then lifted his arm from his side and started to scratch the back of his neck. "Well... I've been losing motivation to carry on with the park," he said in a soft, somber voice.



Ground View, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

"Just let me in, and let's talk," said Olivia.

"Hardy, we all lose motivation for things, and sometimes we stop completely. But imagine how many people you'll make smile if you can return the park to its original state!"

Hardy then looked at Olivia, his eyes now open, his face dull no longer. As a wave of happiness ran through him, he passionately said, "You're right." She looked back at him. "If you need help with anything just visit. Family should always be there for each other." Hardy watched as she left the house. Now feeling determined, he was ready to work on the park again.

Fleming then returned to Sherbourne Park the next day for another day of work. He waited patiently for the helpers to arrive, taking a while to look at the park, to see what work the park needed.

When the helpers arrived, Fleming briefed them on what they had to do. His demeanor had changed a lot since the start of the project, and many noticed it. He was much more positive than he had been the weeks prior. During the hard work, Fleming assisted many of the helpers in various ways, trying to keep up the positivity.

Months of work. Months of effort. It was finally done. Sherbourne had been rehabilitated. The trees were much more *salient*, the flowers much more *vibrant*, and the park itself became more beautiful than ever. Slowly and slowly, the hymns of birds and cries of children were able to be heard again. Hardy had never been any prouder. He felt he had done something of worth. He made people happy. That was all he needed.

Fleming decided that for old times' sake, he should waltz through the park again. He made sure to bring some daisy seeds, knowing there was only one purpose to bringing them. Fleming sat patiently near the bench he usually did, tossing the seeds around willy-nilly. And soon afterward, after birds started surrounding him, he heard the all too familiar melody of the wry Moonlight Sonata. It was Adharc. The bird Hardy adored. As a wave of pure glee rushed through him, Hardy said to himself, "*Welcome back Sherbourne Park.*"



Flora, Dylan Donley '24 (Gouache Paint)



State & Gratiot, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Shoes

Myles Williams '25

The shoes sit in the closet, worn and frayed,
A reminder of the miles walked.
Once polished and new, now beaten and grayed,
A testament to the roads made.

They sit, in the dark corner,
Quietly gathering dust.
A symbol of the journey taken,
And the paths we must.

When I open the closet door,
I can't help but feel pain and regret.
For the memories left behind,
And the time I will not get

But maybe it's how it should be,
A reminder to have things pleasant.
To appreciate the journey,
And to make the most of what is present

Nature's Symphony

Luke Baranowski '25

The trees stand tall, a beautiful sight
Their branches reach toward the light
The sky above, a canvas of blue
As the clouds dance and the winds renew
The river flows, a rushing sound
As it carves its way through the textile ground
The mountains stand, a majestic view
A sight to behold, so pure and true
The sun rises, and a golden orb
Bringing warmth and life to the earth once more
The dawn breaks, and a new day begins
As the world awakens, ready to spin
Nature is a force, wild and free
It shapes the world, it shapes you and me
It reminds us of the beauty in all
And the power of the natural world's call



Water at Dusk, Ashwin Hessler '25 (Photography)

A Collector's Story

Ryan Witt '23

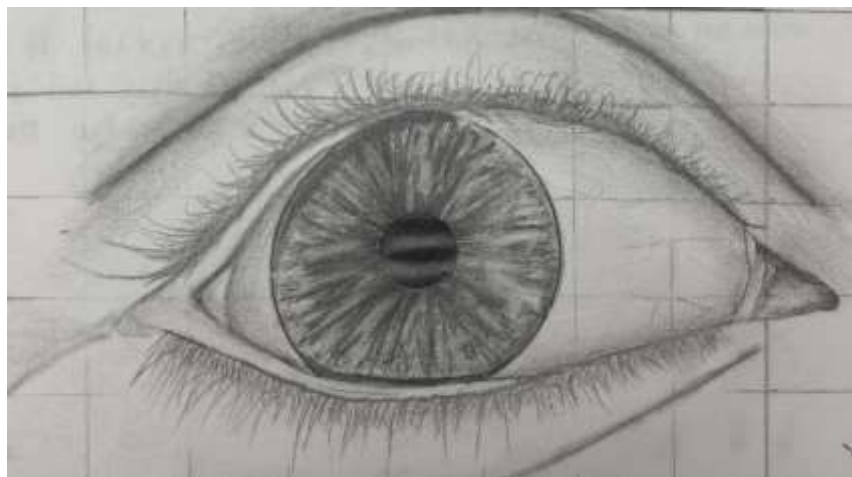
"Mr. Watson, could you sign this for me?" The Miami Marlins' nineteen-year-old stud shortstop Kahlil Watson was noticeably shocked by someone referring to him as "Mr." In that way, I'm similar to my father, who referred to everyone as "Sir" or "Ma'am." Mr. Watson then approached me and made small talk as I gave him a ball to sign. I thanked him, proudly took my ball, and ran up the stadium stairs in a rush of excitement. That was April 14 of this year, the day I got my first autograph at a game. My collecting milestones are numerous and occur more frequently than before, as I try to scratch my ever-growing collecting itch.

As COVID-19 swept the world, I created a sports card page on Instagram called Vibecheckcards. I bought and sold cards, and I was involved in the sports card community prior to its explosion. Social media provided the collecting community with a forum and marketplace to unite together as one. This served as a great outlet for me, helping me with communication and business skills, including how to sell and market my goods. It was a place that helped me grow as a person. However, our community shared a common theme outside of just sports cards: we were collectors.

I look inward for why I'd do almost anything to get my next card or autograph, despite the tremendous time and expense involved. Collecting started as a hobby but is now something more. When I buy a new card or get a new autograph, it's a rush, and I want another. One question every collector has been asked is "Why?" Why do you collect autographs? Why do you collect pieces of cardboard with an athlete on them? Why do you spend so much money on that? Most people stick to the simple answer. I enjoy it. It's fun. Without a doubt, anyone who collects, deep down, enjoys the bragging rights aspect. There is monetary value in any collection. But, collecting is also an investment, where the right card and autograph has the potential to be valued in the millions – like the world record 12.6-million-dollar Mickey Mantle card graded a 9.5 out of 10. To me, collecting provides stability and a sense of order. I can keep it forever. It will never leave me, and I can count on it to be there. I crave and need that steadiness, enough to chase it anywhere. My collection is something that I control, keeping and selling whatever I want.

Losing my father when I was only 9 made me scared to lose things in my life. My collection gives me a connection back to my father, and it has kept him close to me, even if he is gone. I share a lot of traits with my father like respect and loyalty. Respect in how we treat others, even something simple like "Mr," "Sir," or "Ma'am." Loyalty is not only in support of my hometown teams. But deeper than that, in relationships. When I create a deep relationship with someone, I am dedicated and loyal to that person, willing to do anything for them.

Looking around my room, I see my framed, autographed Kenneth Walker III and Blake Griffin jerseys. I see photos signed by Cassius Winston, Spencer Torkelson, Riley Greene, and De'Andre Swift, all members of my hometown teams. I even see an old-time Gordie Howe autographed, black and white photo. There are boxes of sports cards everywhere in my room. Hiding in drawers, under my bed, and on all the shelves lining the walls of my room. I look to the very top shelf, where my father's dirty, worn-out Chicago Cubs hat is proudly on display. I remember his hat before I had my collection. In that way, my collections give me a connection back to my father.



POV, Paris Gomez '26 (Graphite)



Euphoric, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Digital Art)

Tragedy

Luke Baranowski '25

The world keeps turning, day by day,
 As the hustle and bustle never end
 But beneath the surface, there's a hidden fray,
 Of pain, of suffering, of broken hearts and broken friends.
 Ordinary life can be a cruel thing,
 With its monotony and its endless woes.
 We go through the motions, trying to keep up our swing,
 But sometimes, tragedy strikes and no one knows
 But in the midst of all this sorrow,
 There's a glimmer of light in the dark.
 The love and support of friends, who lend their hand to
 borrow,
 And remind us that we're never truly alone, no matter how
 stark
 For in the end, life is a delicate balance,
 Of joy and pain, of laughter and tears.
 But it's through the struggles we face and learn to embrace
 That we find the beauty of living and a way to persevere.



On the Tracks of Life, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Back on Track

Joshua Peck-Dimit '25

The innocent boy off in his bed
Young spirit broken, heart already dead
He puts on a mask, a fake smile to please
All to put his parents at ease

He hates all the stress from school
Each class making him a fool
His parents pushing him past break
All to make his head ache

He tries to sleep but the thoughts are still there
Making him shed but a couple tear
He finally talks to heal his pain
Never to be sad again

Mesos

Avery Krick '24

Train wheels squealed down into the cave, traveling further and further below. Abel's voice was said to ring out of the caverns of purgatory, but here I can only make out the roar of an engine. Think of it, humanity being shoved underground due to circumstances beyond our control. Perhaps, it's time the world decided on a new apex. Sometimes, however, there's still the doubt that this decline is dictated by human manipulation. We've made cities at seas, titans of metropolis on wheels, and even reached the sky. Now, we migrate under the earth, into the crust, and abandon everything we've worked towards. What even is the identity of what threatens us? Is it the burning red sky, is it the anomalies and abstractions on earth, is it the giants that left the nomads in ruined attractions?

Picture this, for just a mere moment, a hastily constructed train with glossy black armor, a silver flimsy interior, warm orange lights that reside above pipes, casting bars of light and shadow upon the cabin residence. Beyond the window, merely pitch-black darkness, complete abandonment of the natural light that both gives and takes life. Enoch spoke of giants, informed by Uriel, who blessed Isaiah's lips with fire. And now Uriel resides above me, as a simple little lightbulb. Its light burns my scalp and it melts the cold from my skin, chasing it away from its resting place. That light embeds itself deep inside, and dwells into the heart of every person here, bringing feelings of regret, anxiety, and dread in silent tones. Unlike the cold it won't simply pass through, it doesn't rest itself on my shoulders, it merely casts shadows and brings paranoia.

The train continues its journey, as the ear-drowning silence fades and conversation springs up in different hotspots of the room. You can hear both strangers and familiars all talking to each other, be it about nebulous topics or acrimonious criticism of our condition. Some speak with pithy, others are arid, but regardless, as time ticks by people grow accustomed to the train and make it a temporary home. Who would think a three-day ride to conviction would result in the disparagement and destitute pilgrimage? As the night grows thicker, the shadows beyond the window press harshly on the glass as if to break it. As the lights in the cabin flicker out, and people rest their heads to sleep the first night, I can see how Uriel's warmth beckons all forces beyond inside. As I thought

there was nothing I could do, I thought I was free from consequences.

Minutes ticked by and the train began to shake. Some tried to sleep through it, others sat up and watched beyond the window, completely mesmerized by the nothing that was out there. My foot bounced, and my eyes remained unblinkingly at the floor. Temptations were strong, and Uriel beckoned me to look. They asked why man questioned, and you tempted answers regardless. However, those answers were false, and any who knew better rejected them. If the seven imprisoned stars resided at the end of heaven and earth, then that is where this trade treads. Do not look, do not perceive. Of everyone here, how many could tell that we just entered an anomaly? A zone of eldritch ruling that distorts the different sections of the world? It's been an invading force, bringing with it the life it harbored wherever it came from. It proved the theory that meta-physicality is subjective.

As the train slowly crawled its way through, resisted by the shadows outside, I could feel the infinite eyes piercing through the glass. Uriel beckoned and called, and more and more people gazed out at them. So and Mi were resting just by my side, my current responsibility, and by God I hope they sleep through it. Time became a paradox, and how long we would need to march through this was indeterminate, how long



The High, Quincy De Klerk '23 (Photography)



Through the Crosswalks, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

it would be night was untold. Keep your eyes at the ground, breathe, and go back to sleep. I wished air could exit my lungs, that the cold could nestle back into my skin, and pass through my heart. Eventually my chest heaved, and I could exhale. My only indication that things were over was that now everyone who was looking out the window was gone. Without a trace, without a sound, tens of people were lost in whatever unfortunate fate took them. So, I too took the chance to peer outside.

For the moment, all that existed was the same darkness as before, cracking the glass. Beyond that glass existed another world, and the aberration of it ran alongside the train. It hulked along, limbs were too many and bent in places they shouldn't. It reached heights over the train, and it laughed. It laughed and laughed for what felt like hours. Its laugh stole the air from my lungs again, and eventually it sank into the darkness above us. Uriel, unsatisfied with my lack of compliance, ushered what can only be called the angel of twisted remains at our side, and so I braced for impact.

The train rattled violently and halted. All those who survived the initial oblivion were jerked awake. The train was hoisted up by the car just behind us, and everything fell forward. Pinning myself against the seat, I held So and Mi at

my side, begging them to keep silent. However, I suppose that didn't matter, as screams and shouts erupted through all the cars, echoing through this coffin and just beckoning for the oblivion to return. As if just a doll, the train was thrown forward, crashed against the floor and slid. My head bashed against the window and then again into the seat in front of me. My grip grew tighter and, without a moment's notice, the cavern filled with the sound of metal tearing and wails, growing closer and closer.

I grabbed So and Mi by the hands and pulled them to the front of the train car, helping them through the capsized door. We ran through and into the darkness, never looking back. Stomping along, following the wall, getting as far as we can out of the anomaly. However, just because we were out didn't mean we couldn't be followed. When they couldn't run, I put them on my back. When I couldn't run, I continued to do so anyways. We ran and ran until my scarf fell from my shoulders and my head with it. We ran until my bones cracked.

Dust and Ocean *Luke Baranowski '25*

The city bustles on, a never-ending game
Of striving, climbing, still in vain.
We toil and struggle, chasing after dreams
That fade to nothing in the morning beams.
We build and build, our towers reaching high
But all we've made will crumble by and by.
We fill our days with noise and endless motion
But all we leave behind is dust and ocean.

Words Words Words

Avery Krick '24

Dictation of thought, creators of reason

Definition of what

Determination of how

Creation from nothing given by treason

Give form to cut

Turns lost to found

Define our makeup

Be it fictibris or paro

Make objects up

Question watashiato

Invoke falesia

Cause waldosia

Sonder perceives

Craxis deceives

Make us nothing

Make us everything

Tell me where I am

Tell me how I am

Tell me why I am

Tell me how to be

Dearest Words Words Words



Serene Skies, Peter O'Donnell '26 (Photography)



Cocina, Dylan Donley '24 (Graphite)

Poems Without Names: Poem Five

Tarek Joumaa '23

The beautiful sounds of those black and white keys,
forming combinations with poignant melodies,
both him and I rejoice at those sounds,
routinely enjoying our musical rounds.
Soon enough we learn our own,
soon our songs will be sewn.
Separate, we did at last
losing patience rather
fast. Using pianos
separately, for
in another
room was
my melody.

Walking in the Rain

Alexander Grabowski '25

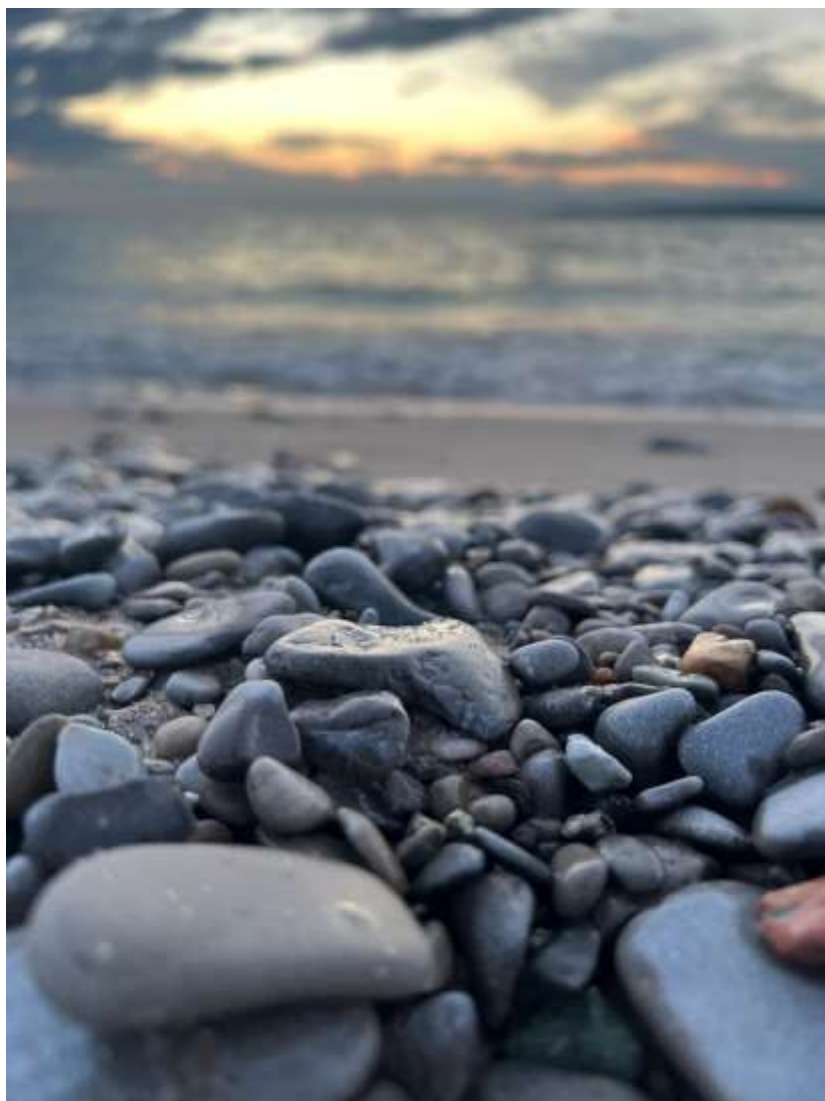
The raindrops fall upon the ground,
A mournful symphony of sound.
A reflection of the pain I feel,
As my heart and soul are bound.

The streets are empty and forsaken,
As I walk alone with bitter tears.
Memories of what once was,
Now are shrouded in past years.

Gone are the days of laughter and love,
Replaced by a void that echoes within.
A gaping hole in my heart,
Where my love had once been.

I try to find relief in the night,
But the darkness just amplifies my pain.
And all I'm left with is this rain,
And a heart forever stained.

So I'll walk on in this downpour,
Until my tears and raindrops blend.
And maybe in this heartache,
I'll make my own amends.



Rocky Seaside, Nicolas Vecchio '25 (Photography)

An Irish Dancer

Luke Fisher '25

She looked beautiful tapping and swaying in the cool evening air. Her hair cascaded effortlessly down her shoulders and guarded her rosy red cheeks against the harsh lakeside winds. An Irish dancer born of that land, filled with the fiery joyful spirit of her ancestors. Although he looked on from afar, no feature escaped his sight. He wished and wondered, hoped and prayed that by some miracle she felt the same. Maybe one day they would sit over a cup of coffee and just enjoy being around each other. She was the type of girl that he would endure a cup of coffee for. But to no avail. She would never go, for he knew not how to dance. Unlike her, he wasn't blessed with those breathtaking gifts. Yet, she knew him, and he knew her.

He looked on from afar not because it was what she wanted-he didn't know for certain what she wanted. For a long time, he had seen her and the world's natural beauty she contained within and spread to others. No, it was due to himself that he looked from afar. All the signs were there but he never saw them, never had the courage to talk, let alone act. As far as he knew it was a toss-up if she felt the same. There was no natural beauty of his own for her to see.

She saw him out of the corner of her eye, not staring but rather gazing. There was something about him that she just couldn't quite put her finger on. Maybe it was his nervousness or the awkward way he talked whenever he was around her. She thought he was cute but never knew if he liked her. All the signs were there but she never understood them.

Dancing with renewed vigor she smiled, focusing on each movement, each slight tap of her shoes. Deep down she hoped one day that he would only come and talk to her after, instead of retreating into his shell as he normally did.

But she couldn't help it. Out of the corner of her eye, she looked back. Even though he was far away, no feature escaped her sight. That cute way in which he curled his lip or adorably tried to nod his head in sync with the music. He wasn't much of a dancer; she knew that for a fact. Yet that's what was so interesting about him. He was different. If only he would come and talk to her.

And so, if slightly defeated, she continued on and graciously finished her dance, being gifted with a standing ovation after.

But this time, things were different. Behind the stage, hidden away from the admittedly nerve-inducing crowd, she sat in her chair, lost in thought. Yet out of the corner of her eye, she saw his out-of-place smile reflected in her mirror.

He didn't know what drove him to do it, but this time things would be different. Tired of just looking from afar, he worked up the courage to go and see her, go and talk to her. "Hey," he said with an awkward smile, "You looked awesome out there!"

"Thanks," The Irish Dancer responded with a smile, glad that he was there. "I'm not sure how to say this," he said nervously, "but do you want to get coffee sometime?"

With a smile, she let her hair down and said "I'm not much of a coffee person. How about we get some tea." And side-by-side, they walked out, each beaming, just glad to be around the other.



Watering Whale, Luke Fisher '25 (Watercolor)



Eye of the Wrestler, Joseph Stachelek '24 (Graphite)

Regret

Demetri Borrego '25

Like someone is churning your stomach like butter
And you wish to go back and change.
The blank wall you stare at
While praying over and over again that it's just a dream.
The blank wall you stare at with hopelessness,
Knowing that what you've done is now written in stone.
The blank wall you stare at telling you to go to bed,
But you still make yourself relive every moment over and
over again.
That blank, barren, bland wall
that only leaves you with worried thoughts running around in
your head.
No matter how much forgiveness you are given,
You still end up staring at the blank wall.

Lamont Solomon, Jr.

Jackson Glover '23

A life is lost to suicide every eleven minutes. At just fourteen years old, the eleven-minute clock hit zero on November 26, 2019, with the insurmountable and devastating loss of my friend, Lamont Solomon.

My high school experience, while enjoyable, was also filled with overwhelming loss. It required me to rise to the challenge of picking myself up again and again. Maya Angelou's words, "Out of a past that is rooted in pain... I rise," deeply resonate with me and have spoken heavily to me as I live each day since his loss.

What followed losing Lamont was an overflow of people reaching out, as I withdrew and distanced myself. I shut down and would not express my feelings. This was new. This was sadness. This was grief. This was pain.

Three months after losing him, the world shut down and the impact of lockdown coupled with my emotions from his loss was detrimental to my mental health. I realized I could not do it alone and began therapy. Therapy brought me solace and clarity. It ignited something in me – having the need and wanting to honor my friend and make a difference.



Night on the Seine, Matthew Kelley '25 (Photography)

Poems Without Names: Poem Two

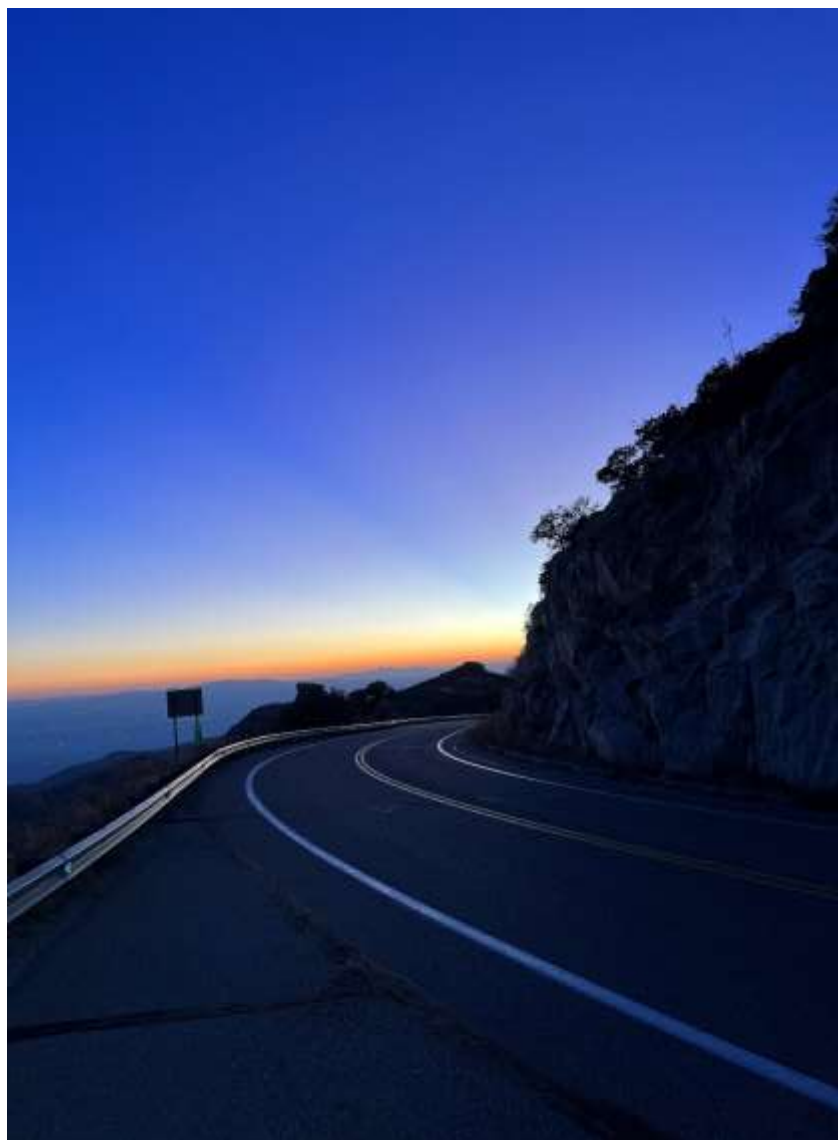
Tarek Joumaa '23

What a time in a life to make your life,
how large those years seemed to be.
How far the end always looked,
yet here we are, nearly free.
In these years I've found others,
and others found me too.
The only person I couldn't find,
was me in the deep blue.
Towards the end we sharpen our gaze,
fix our minds on what we see.
Here comes a perfect flake of snow.
Here comes a beautiful, gentle, blade of grass.
The dark, cloudy sky
The light fog of breath
No snow on the ground, yet the air during
our gentle walk on a cool summer's day.
I knew who I was, just then.
Just when time stopped, I was able to let the wind guide me.
Goodbye, goodbye, dear old friend.
You've set me free.

Nothing Remains

Luke Baranowski '25

The world is but a fleeting thing,
A passing phase, a momentary fling.
All good things, they say, must end,
Leaving memories that we cannot mend.
The clock ticks on, and the hands they spin,
Echoes of the past, a ghostly din.
We hold on tight, but all in vain,
For time marches on, and nothing remains.



Tucson Sunset, Joseph McLoughlin '24 (Photography)

(Insert Name)

Matthew Jamil '23

On most nights, when I'm trying to go to sleep, I sit in bed and let my thoughts and curiosities run freely. In order to remember my ideas in the morning, I started to keep a sleep journal on my bedside table. When I would see what I wrote the following day, I was often shocked at my findings. Most of the time, there would be questions such as "If we didn't need sleep, would we be more technologically advanced?" or "How is Julius Caesar related to Caesar salad and Little Caesars Pizza?" Sometimes, I wrote down ideas like "completing a solid-colored puzzle" or "having a 24-hour-long read-a-thon with my friends". One idea I wrote down in my sleep journal was so compelling that I started working on it that very night.

Inspired by my grandfather's coin collection, I wanted to start my own collection, but with state flags. I decided that going on Amazon to simply purchase these items would be too easy, and expensive. So, I did what any logical person would do. I sent an email to every governor's office in the country to request a free flag. I did not, however, have the time to write 50 emails, so I simplified the process and created a spreadsheet to send the emails for me. After doing some research, I found a code that would allow me to send all 50 emails with the click of a button. I started working on a message that would automatically send the email with the specific state's name on it. The message read:

Hello, Governor (Insert Name)

My name is Matthew Jamil, I live in Sterling Heights Michigan, and I am currently a high school sophomore. I am sending this email in regard to my personal collection of state flags. I am currently missing (Insert State)'s flag. I have decided that my best bet in expanding my collection is by contacting the governor. So, if you want (Insert State) to be included in my collection, please send your state flag to the address below if possible. Thank you for your time in reading this email.

*Kind Regards,
Matthew*

By just past midnight (around 3:00 a.m.), I clicked a button that sent all of the emails at once, and then, I fell asleep.

When I woke up, my inbox flooded with responses from different governor's offices. Within the first day, I received 23 emails: 13 automated responses, 10 rejections, and 0 acceptances. After a few days, the emails stopped, but then I received a letter from West Virginia. They sent me a large flag that I displayed proudly above my bed. I expected this to be all, but then Arizona, Maryland, and New York came shortly after. I was overwhelmed by the response. Then, it all stopped. The letters stopped and the automated emails stopped, but I started to think.

I started to think about why some states, like Wyoming, were "not able to spend taxpayer dollars on my personal

This project kick-started my passion for politics and policy. It gave me a broader understanding of the political and economic state of this country and enabled me to seek out opportunities for change.

collection" while some were more than willing to. I dove deeper into these states' budgeting reports and started to discover the discrepancies in their spending. I began to explore how policy, on both the state and national levels, influenced everyday Americans and began to advocate for causes that I believed in, such as immigration reform and environmental justice. I had regular conversations with my

friends and family about why the policies made by elected officials matter in their everyday lives. I wanted them to care because the decisions of those who represent us, directly affect us.

This project kick-started my passion for politics and policy. It gave me a broader understanding of the political and economic state of this country and enabled me to seek out opportunities for change.

... then, five months later, I got a package from North Dakota.

Power of Thought

Alexander Grabowski '25

The world is but a canvas, to our minds the brush
We paint our reality, with every thought, every hush
Each stroke a new creation, a world of our own
But do we truly see it, or are we just alone

In a prison of perception, trapped by the mind
Do we truly experience, or are we just blind
To the vastness of existence, the endless potential
Or are we just a cog, in a world that's fundamental
Perhaps it is both, a balance of yin and yang
A dance of free will and fate, an ever-evolving tango
But one thing is certain, the power of thought
It shapes our world, it can lift us or bring us to naught

So let us be mindful, of the thoughts that we choose
For they are the architects, of the life that we lose
Or the one that we live, a masterpiece or a mess
The power is ours, to create or to suppress



Layers of Arizona, Joseph McLoughlin '24 (Photography)

Red

Emory Stone '26

She truly forgot how addicting it is to live in a world where you aren't judged. That sharp sting of her paintbrush hitting her canvas as the canvas drowns in red. She's an artist but not like any other. She's soft. She wanders blankly in her dull mind looking for inspiration as she drowns away in red.

She kind of hates it when people say she's mature for her age. She didn't want to be that way; she was forced to.

The promise she made to herself that night would soon be broken as she dipped her brush into the paint, pushed it to the canvas, and another stroke of red came out.

She kind of hates it when people say she's mature for her age. She didn't want to be that way; she was forced to. She surrounded herself with blue while her gray wanted red. She just wanted to be a child, but that wish was soon broken. Being the way she is makes her want to keep painting while

all she can think about is how no one cares.

Although she thinks her art is beautiful, it isn't to the people around her. She misses life back when nothing mattered. Everything was about having fun and making friends. Schoolwork, assignments, essays all pushed back by constant procrastination. All she can do is paint.

As if anyone would care if she was gone. Everyone would post fly high on their story as if she was in a better place than she could have on earth. If they just paid a little more attention she would have gotten better. Instead, they let her canvas drown in red, her two sips of alcohol turn into ten. She smokes too many puffs on her vape as her body bleeds out, and her love fades away.

She misses life back when nothing mattered. Everything was about having fun and making friends.

Because. That's how it feels to be gray. Her favorite color used to be blue. Like her mom. But she notices a different color. Red.



Michigan Theater, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Ready, Set, Let's Go!

Jackson Glover '23

Life, thus far, has been full of abounding adventures. My adventures include incredible victories and tremendous defeat, devastating loss, and vincible gains. Life perpetually changed directions, leading me down winding and unfamiliar roads. As my personal evolution took place, I now understand that those roads led me to where I am today.

During my eighth grade year, a profound epiphany struck me as I walked into the unknown, a world in which I merely dreamed I would ever belong. I was awarded my Montessori internship with Judge Marlena Taylor, then Wayne County Assistant Prosecutor for the City of Detroit. This experience, this adventure, changed my life. I found my passion — the courtroom. I felt like I was floating on air. As I learned the ins-and-outs of law and saw firsthand what it entailed, my heart sank as I realized I had an insurmountable obstacle in my way, a lifelong foreboding fear of public speaking. I knew that in order to effectively and successfully represent clients in the courtroom, I had to devise a plan to overcome this obstacle.

My dream to practice law required me to combat the barricade which stood in the way. I recognized I needed to push myself further than I ever believed I could be pushed. How did I do this? I became a member of the University of Detroit Jesuit High School's Forensics team. Forensics – the actual definition of speech and debate. Bingo! I had discovered the path to overcome my obstacle.

Flooded with worry and wrought with nerves, it was time for the first competition, which also happened to be the first competition of my life. The judge randomly distributed slips of paper, determining the order of competitors. I looked down to see a large number one. I would be the first competitor. I felt the lump in my throat grow as butterflies began to circle my stomach. I performed my pieces and did not place. It left me feeling discouraged and supported my original fears. I was ready to throw in the towel. After encouragement from my coach, Mr. Davidson, my teammates, and my family, I reset and remembered I had committed to important and significant goals and would not give up.

Hours of practicing and memorizing my pieces resulted in knowing them backward and forward. I welcomed criticism.

I was eager for feedback. I wanted to be better. I had to succeed. I heard the feedback, followed through, and took it to heart. I was open-minded and appreciative.

As the second competition arrived, I was still nervous but now had a fresh new mindset. I used visualization and played back all I learned. I was ready to execute. As the competition began, I took the time to look each person in front of me in the eyes and took a deep breath. It calmed my nerves and forged a personal connection with my audience. It resulted in a sixth-place standing. I made the 'Leader Board'. I had improved, and it left me motivated. I needed to keep the momentum going. As I prepared for the third competition, it became even more personal. I now understood this was the key to my future. I took first place in the next three competitions!

National Qualifiers were now upon us. It was an incredible long-shot to make it to Nationals. I was a rookie. But something inside me caught fire. I wanted it. I put in the work. I devoted my time and implemented everything I learned. And just like that, I was headed to Washington, D.C. I felt a natural confidence and at ease on the big stage in D.C. I was having fun! I made it to the national stage. I made it! I set out to overcome my obstacle and I crushed it.



Different, Liam Dugan '25 (Ink)



Bones, Dylan Donley '24 (Ink)

The Power of Creativity

Quincy De Klerk '23

There is a common saying in the filmmaking world to “fix it in post.” At the University of Detroit Jesuit High School, I have gathered a reputation for always being willing to help people and being one of the “go-to guys” for video editing. When my classmates send me video footage to edit together, I am eager to open Premiere Pro and start a new project. However, the footage doesn’t always arrive in an ideal condition. Color corrections and shaky footage are both easy fixes, but I often receive footage with missing parts, limited seconds of content, or other unforeseen challenges. It seemed as if I was spending more time trying to figure out how to make the elements work together rather than actually doing any “fun” editing. My perspective changed when I realized that these “limitations” are an entry point for an unexpected creative opportunity, which I can use to better the project as a whole.

The creative process when working in the field of post-production is a unique blend of artistic ambition and technical skill. In a great deal of the videos I have done, I was given a lot of creative control as an editor. From choosing music to designing the entire intro and ending sequences to shooting supplementary B-roll footage with a drone, my creative skills



The Leaves Don't Change, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

have been put to the test. Most of the time I pull inspiration from different videos or live events that I have watched or experienced. However, the process of recreating things from each requires a different way of thinking, a creative way of thinking. I persevere to find creative solutions to stitch together the given content while loving every second of it.

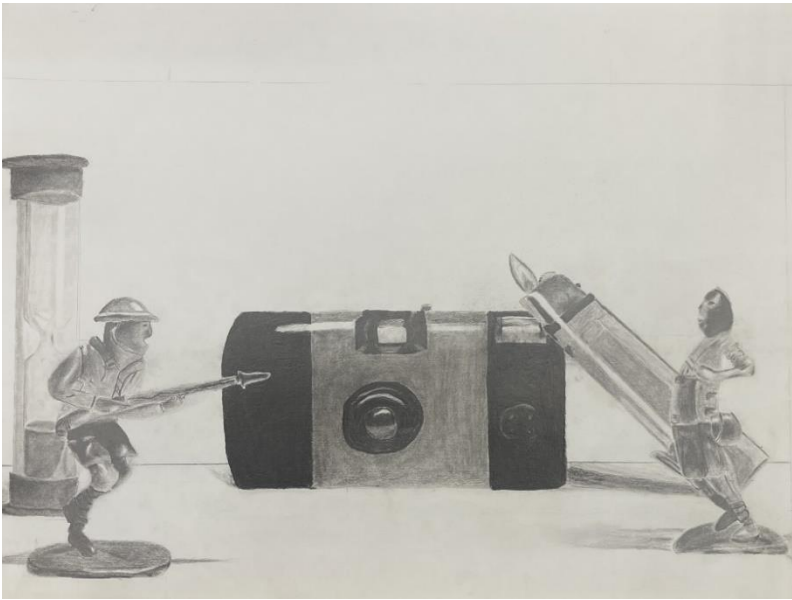
Recently, I finalized a video with an intro modeled after Apple's WWDC22 intro. There were 3D elements in their intro that I wanted to recreate for my school. I did some research and found that Cinema 4D, which was bundled with the Creative Cloud subscription, could import CAD files. I thought I had all the tools I needed and got to work. I used some skills from a CAD class I took to design all the 3D elements inside SOLIDWORKS. However, when I went to import them into Cinema 4D, it repeatedly threw an annoying error.

After more digging, I discovered that the Cinema 4D included with Creative Cloud is a lite version of the 3D software, not the whole thing, which could not import CAD files. With that new information, I decided to switch to Blender in order to get a more powerful 3D animation engine. I jumped right in to learn how to create animations. Blender's interface was drastically different from other pieces of software I worked with before. Bordered by panels upon panels of different commands, effects, and adjustments, the possibilities for creativity were endless but extremely overwhelming. There were times when I thought about giving up, but I just kept thinking of how cool the finished product could be. I began to spend hours watching YouTube tutorials and experimenting with different functions to try and get the effects that I desired. Eventually, after two months of hard work, everything was ready to be exported from Blender and loaded into After Effects and eventually Premiere Pro for the final assembly. Once I hit that export button, I knew that what I had made was something that I had worked hard on and was proud to present.

People bring me their footage because they know I am trustworthy and will persevere to find solutions even to the most difficult problems. I have learned there is satisfaction in powering through challenges. Video editing is a metaphor for what I'm looking for in a college experience: helping others, persevering through the acquisition of new skills, combining tools and technical knowledge to solve problems, and finding reward in both the process and the product.



Adventure, Dylan Donley '24 (Graphite)



Time's Ticking, Matthew Jamil '23 (Graphite)

3-26

Avery Krick '24

20 little legs marching along the path
 The children hum the call
 The preacher exclaims his word
 The sister tells us holy
 We are going nowhere soon
 They speak of sin
 They say that he comes
 The children scream in song
 I'd like to run away
 But I know I'm not that strong
 I'd like to turn away
 But to leave would be wrong
 2 guilty legs walk back along the path

Childhood

Demetri Borrego '25

Seeing rainbows appear from the reflection of the sprinkler's
water.

Running into the freshly cut grass barefooted
And smelling the fresh air with a hint of burgers being grilled.
But I hear the brothers' rampant footsteps coming near
I know that I should stand strong,
But my confidence does not trump my fear.
I run and run and run
And I know we are just playing around,
But I will not let them win this one.
As I am in arm's reach I hear a calling
Like a saving grace, "Boys, finish up your race!"
We all rush inside and step onto the cold tiles
And we can smell all the food
And see all the warm smiles.



Sunset Hooping, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Hundreds of Pieces

Sam Giovanelli '23

I've always jumped at the chance to take things apart. Whether it was a nerf gun or even a microwave, disassembling things just to see how they work sent my mind into a frenzy of dopamine and curiosity. Anything I managed to get my fingers on became a creative outlet to explore the intricacy of mechanical objects. Often, I would dissect my childhood toys without any concern of punishment from my parents. To me, simply exploring the moving parts heavily outweighed the backlash I could have potentially received.

However, just because I loved to see how something mechanical worked didn't always mean I could put them back together. More often than not, I would take things apart just to see how they worked and then it would become completely useless. A toy in hundreds of pieces is essentially nothing. Surprisingly, however, on rare occasions I was able to put things back together, in what seemed to be regular working conditions.

I was never an artistic kid; instead of painting and drawing, I developed a sense of design and creation as a way



Graffiti Alley, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

to express my own creativity. Whether it was model rockets or bushcraft huts, hands-on construction projects were my domain. I would always find myself in the workshop, perfecting building projects for hours. It wasn't until many years later that I would take on my biggest project yet: transmission swapping my BMW.

My brother was obsessed with cars, and as I was getting older, he relentlessly submersed me in the world of auto mechanics and racing. I was skeptical about it all, but he really wanted to share this passion he felt with me. It was at a drift racing event called Gridlife that I fell in love. The cars flew by me sideways at 100 miles per hour: engines screaming at max RPM, billowing clouds of tire smoke, and spewing hot shreds of rubber out the rear towards where I was leaning on the wall of the track. It was that day that I told my dad that I wanted a project car of my own.

After years of looking and saving every penny, I found the perfect car: a 1997 BMW 328i E36. I was in love, but the only problem was that it had an automatic transmission. From the day I bought it, I researched manual transmissions and the parts needed to transform my E36. I became obsessed. Watching numerous videos on how to wire the electronics correctly, reading BMW blueprints, and studying transmission diagrams became my whole life. Then came the day of reckoning: I had the perfect transmission, every part, and the confidence of a Roman Gladiator. I was ready to fight my fight, and spent no less than 50 total hours finishing the project. However, that didn't come without error. I failed, over and over. Snapped bolts, missing parts, and unexplainable physical exhaustion came incredibly close to stopping me dead in my tracks. Turns out, 18 hours of car work makes you incredibly tired, yet nothing stopped me from finishing my dream.

Then came the time to start the car. Everything was in place, and seemed ready to go. As the key went in, my heart started beating at millions of miles an hour. I was nervous, but my dad gave me some encouraging words. "Come on, let's go! What are you waiting for?! Just do it!" They weren't exactly heartfelt words, but it was a good feeling knowing that my dad was confident in me. As I cranked the car over, a wave of relief washed over me as the car started, but it wasn't over just yet. I had yet to put it in gear, and when I did, I almost exploded with joy. I did it! The back wheels started spinning, and so began the happiest parts of my life.

Time Flies

Jack Zeiman '25

Time will tell the minute and the hour,
most would go back if they had the power.

One day you're a kid going outside to play,
the next, you realize the chance has slipped away.

If I could go back to that destination,
trust me I would,
without hesitation.

As a kid,
a day feels like a year,
but as you get older,
they begin to disappear.

As a kid, you always dream of your plan,
But before you know it,
you're almost a grown-ass man.

Delusional

Griffin Zaliwski '25

The warm vibrant colors,
Were just a memory.
Exiled for years,
All it took was one bad day.
Killing for another taste,
Interceded by my therapist.
Need for reality and not dreams.
Gained nothing but sorrow and remorse from the ordeal.



Inevitability, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Pastel)



A Blur, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

What Can I Do to Help?

Oliver Marks '23

"I can't wait until we have our kitchen table back!" My mom exclaimed this as I started organizing medical supplies into separate cardboard boxes soon to be dropped off at Standard Trucking in Hamtramck, Michigan. Our kitchen mirrored a mini Amazon warehouse. There were boxes of pain medication, vitamins, first aid kits, and other humanitarian goods. In total, there were over 300 pounds of supplies collected during the drive, more than twice my initial goal of 125 pounds! After weighing the boxes, my dad let me use his Tahoe to deliver the supplies to Hamtramck.

When Russia invaded Ukraine, I was scared, not only for the Ukrainians, but also for my family in Ropczyce, Poland, only about 80 miles from the Ukrainian border. I was born in the United States after my mom immigrated from Poland, but my babcia (grandma), dziadziu (grandpa), and cousins still live there. The invasion also made me think about the Kryzaniwskyj's and the Czubytyj's, some of our Ukrainian family friends, and how much worry they must have felt for their family back in Ukraine. I also thought of my friend Patrick who was studying abroad at Jagiellonian University in Kraków, Poland. I immediately texted him. He told me how he had "seen lots of Ukrainian refugees at the train stations and around

town” who looked scared and tired. I thought to myself, “man, what can I do to help these innocent people?”

I decided to introduce a donation drive for Ukrainian refugees at school. I knew it wouldn’t be easy, but I also knew I could overcome any challenges that the project could contain, just like I had done when rehabbing for over eight months after my knee surgery. I also knew I had to act fast because school would be closed for Easter break in two weeks.

Father Amore at St. Aloysius, who ran a similar drive, gave me a list of medical supplies that were most needed by Ukrainian refugees and a company named Standard Trucking in Hamtramck that they had used to get the supplies to the refugees. After discovering Standard Trucking was featured in a FOX 2 Detroit news article, I knew that they were a trustworthy company.

I then created a flyer using Canva with the list of supplies needed, a due date, and a description about the donation drive. I made over 40 copies of the flyer to distribute to every homeroom and hang up around school.

For two weeks after school, I stopped by the faith and service office to bring home any donations. After two weeks, there was a huge pile covering my entire kitchen table and the floor around it with donations from the drive. On the last day of the drive, I took down the flyers and thanked Mrs. Rigg, the Director of Service, for allowing me to run the drive. She responded, “No. Thank you Oliver for doing this. You went out of your way to help a lot of people.” I then went home and organized the supplies into separate cardboard boxes. Finally, I drove the supplies to Standard Trucking.

Months later, my family and I went to visit our relatives in Poland and I witnessed the effects of the war firsthand. I saw military trucks driving down the highway towards Ukraine. I saw Ukrainians waiting in lines for Polish passports and at medical centers. I even visited a Ukrainian refugee shelter in the Kraków train station and saw many families with their luggage, sleeping on cots, and eating breakfast that was donated to the shelter. This made me think about my drive and wonder if any of those people in the shelter were using the supplies that I had organized.

The donation drive taught me the importance of being ambitious, understanding, patient, generous, and aware of other people’s situations. I’m glad that I was able to help so many Ukrainians.



Look, Luke Wegrzyn '23 (Pastel)

A Lover's Lament
Alexander Grabowski '25

Beneath the pale moonlight,
My heart aches with sorrow,
For my love, who has taken flight,
Leaving me here to borrow.
The gentle breeze whispers her name,
As I walk the deserted shore,
Memories of our love, aflame,
That burns within me evermore.
The rustling leaves, they seem to sigh,
In harmony with my lament,
For my love has soared up to the sky,
And left my heart forever bent.
But though she's gone, my love remains,
Etched deep within my soul,
For in my heart, forever reigns,
The love that made me whole.
So, I'll hold fast to memories past,
Of the love that once was mine,
And in my heart, it will forever last,
Till the end of time.

Love Never Blind
Joshua Peck-Dimit '25

The perfect flower
Not bitter, nor sour
Each leaf from the heart
And stems from the mind
Never apart
Easy to find
With different traits
All Intertwined
No closed gates
Love isn't blind
A mountain that seems, oh, hard to climb
A happy life if you just take your time

You Lost

Carlos Abundis III '23

You lost.

Maybe you gave it your all, and maybe you didn't. You wish you did better, you should have done this, you would have done this if they didn't—all in the past. You can't do anything about it now, and you are angry, with your coach, your teammate, your opponent, but most of all yourself. It is all you think about, it takes over your whole day. Millions of thoughts and questions circle around in your head. How the hell did you end up here? Why did the things you pride yourself on suddenly become the source of your shame? What if you won? Would it have changed your life? You didn't have that magic that creates champions. You resent those who won, and that diminished hope you cling onto as a child clings to a blanket is but a whisp of memory. You knew it was somewhere deep inside you, the desire to win, the will to succeed, but now it's gone. Didn't you want to win? Did you have what it took? You're angry.

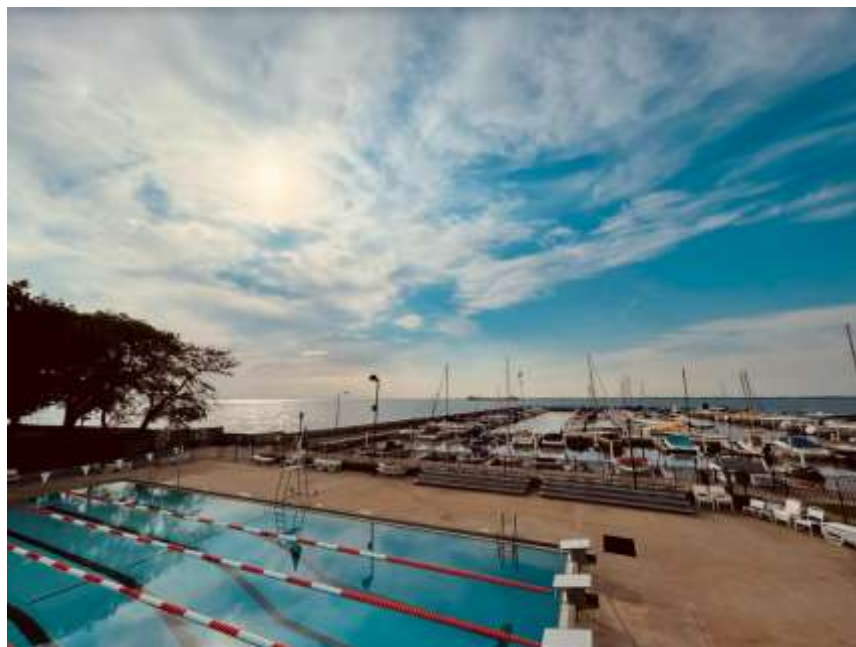
It's so easy to give in to that anger. Perhaps you think it motivates you, makes you want it more and gives you something to prove. But that anger, it's toxic: It moves through you like a raging fire, burning your mind, your heart, and your soul. But you allow the anger to be one with you because that anger makes you feel powerful, that your emotions and your feelings and your frustrations and insecurities and everything else in your head is going to be felt by everyone so that you won't feel so alone and vulnerable.

After a while you may be over it, and ready to move on. But you don't want to let it go, something about this anger and rage that you want to hold onto it tight. Because if you let that anger go, let it disappear, what are you left with? Nothing, and that is terrifying.

So, you hold onto that anger, because it's addictive, and you let the anger become you. It's all you think about. You're scared and you're not sure where to go or what to do. But at a certain point, you realize that this anger isn't helping you, it's destroying you. It's rotting you from the inside out, making you forget everything you did to get here in the first place. All of your hopes and dreams, your motivations, they're just gone. You're just a shell, and you're desperately trying to remember who you were and what you were doing before this happened.

So, what now? You can keep being angry and keep digging yourself deeper into this pit, continue to be bitter and continue to feel sorry for yourself, or you can stop, take a new direction, and try to learn something from all of this. I'm not saying it will be easy, but it certainly beats the alternative. Because you are going to realize, maybe today, maybe tomorrow, maybe ten years from now, that the only thing you can control in life is you. Your response. Your reaction. How you dealt with the stuff life throws at you.

Do you want to look back and wish you did that differently too?



*Cool Summer Morning at the Pool, Alexander Hurley '24
(Photography)*

Letter To and From Uriel and Enoch

Avery Krick '24

Why these questions? Why fear?

Why opposition? Why Abel's tear?

Are you not proclaimed holy?

Were we not his people solely?

Isaiah will stand on the court

Here I stand before this prison

Moses will stand before the law

Here I gaze upon the seventh star

You ask why it was what you saw

What is the purpose of ignorance?

You ask me why you are

Why reside here so far?

See the blood born to giants

They have a name you know

Disgraces to his holy

The watchers and the nephilim

You know their judgment

Yet I cannot agree

You cut their movement

What is an angel with no wings?

Is this all wholly?

Is it not horrific? Is it not hollow?

Is it not justice? Is it not hallow?

Why destructive floods?

Why spill so much blood?

What is the harm of knowledge?

Why stand at heaven's edge?

You ask to cage birds

Birds with no wings

You ask to imprison kings

Kings of tyrannical words

Forget my name, forget this vision

Take blessings, you can be forgiven



Mystical Methoni, Yiannis Papadakos '23 (Gouache Paint)

Where Dyslexia Has Brought Me

Alexander Bell '23

Nervous, scared, apprehensive: I didn't know what to expect when I went into the office, but it wasn't eight hours of testing. I knew that I needed to be evaluated and that my reading problems might be due to dyslexia. But no one told me it would take that long or be that hard. And even when it was over, I waited weeks to learn exactly what they had discovered about my brain.

It turns out that – like my father – I'm dyslexic. I take longer to process and understand concepts than some of my neurotypical peers. I sometimes have difficulty with spatial arrangements. And grammar is ... interesting.

Learning about my dyslexia produced the weirdest combination of relief and frustration in me. On the one hand, I was thrilled to learn that I wasn't stupid or inadequate, but rather that my brain processed concepts differently than my peers. On the other hand, I still had to succeed in an academic environment designed for non-dyslexic people. So, I had to embrace a personal philosophy of asking for what I needed.

At first, I was hesitant. I didn't want to appear "needy" or come off as trying to "game the system," but my mother helped me see the truth: I am not needy or lazy; I am neurodivergent.

That truth didn't really hit me until the next school year. In seventh-grade art class, I was asked to create a sign using paint and found objects from a box the teacher provided. The box was filled with figurines, buttons, pictures, pieces of fabric, and random slips of paper that might have been cut from magazines or some other printed material. The one item that spoke to me was a small piece of paper printed with the words "Nothing to Lose." I selected the paper along with a few other items, but the paper is the only thing I really remember today.

At the moment, I think my draw to that object was instinctive. In hindsight, it was absolutely perfect. When I brought the project home, I showed it to my mother and she hung it up on our family corkboard. Later that evening, she stood in front of it and said, "You know, this saying really represents you well."

I thought about that for a while. After all, I hadn't set out to make a project that represented me. But the more I



Crystal Bay, Julian Krueger '25 (Photography)

contemplated what I had made, the prouder I became, and the more I appreciated what my mother had said. Learning to be a successful student despite my learning disability taught me to take chances, to ask the question even if I thought the answer would be no, and to advocate for myself.

That phrase, “Nothing to Lose,” has been my unconscious motto since I was diagnosed with dyslexia. As a person with a learning disability, I had to let go of my pride in order to learn how to maximize my intellectual and academic abilities. With my mother’s support, I learned to ask for help, engage in class discussions, and devote 100% of my effort to my homework and class projects.

I also discovered that I am an unusually creative and ambitious person. Ever since I was young, I have been full of ideas for products, services, and applications that can make life easier, more interesting, or simply more fun, like an affordable GPS-tracked golf ball. As an aspiring entrepreneur, now, I hope to leverage that creativity, harness it in a collegiate environment, and achieve my version of success. Whether I invent the next great gadget or develop the next hot app, I know my dyslexia is actually working for me now. Like Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and Steve Jobs, people with dyslexia have been on the leading edge of almost every life-changing invention humans now depend on, and I look forward eagerly to joining their ranks.



*Wave Dude, Connor McGow '25
(Graphite)*



*Puddle Guy, Connor McGow '25
(Graphite)*

The Daily Grind
Alexander Grabowski '25

The alarm sounds, signaling the start,
Of another day, in the grind of life.
A never-ending cycle, of work and strife,
As we strive to make a living, to survive.

We wake up early, to face the day,
With a to-do list, that never seems to wane.
A constant hustle, a constant race,
To keep up with the demands, of this rat-race.

The bills pile up, the stress mounts high,
As we struggle to make ends meet, beneath the sky.
The daily grind, a heavy load,
That wears us down, as we try to stay afloat.

We're pulled in different directions,
By the responsibilities we must uphold.
And amidst the chaos, it's easy to lose sight,
Of the beauty in the world, that surrounds.

But we push on, with heads held high,
For in the struggles, we find the strength to rise.
For even though life may be tough, and the road long,
We keep moving forward, to the next song.

For Love

Joseph Davis '26

He places them on his tongue
They dissolve and gasp for water
Saliva takes the liquid's place
They slowly proceed downward

He feels a joy
He has never felt before
He's not himself
He's someone else

Ten minutes pass
They start to wear off

He tears the place up
Looking for more
Mattress after mattress
Door after door

Saddened and lonely,
He gives up

In desperate need for more

He enters withdrawal
He seems unhappy now
Not like once before
All he wanted was happiness
Though he only did it for love



Thoughts from Above, Christian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Rollercoaster of Life

Maddon Martin '28

Life is a rollercoaster.
It has ups and downs
Bumps, twists, and turnarounds.
It can be very scary
And speed your heart up,
A tingle in your stomach
That makes you want to throw up.
It seems like there will not be an end to the very long day;
The time trips and ticks away,
Or every time you blink it's a new day!
But when it goes up, it gets really fun,
Laughing, and dancing, or playing in the sun.
Though it may seem awesome,
Life won't be fair,
But you won't be able to stay there.
For I have been riding for thirteen years.
I've had many laughs and shed many tears,
But I never gave up.
For every down in life,
There will be an up!
This is God's ride, and he is the hoster
Because life
Is a rollercoaster.



Sun over Mountains, Joseph McLoughlin '24 (Photography)

Contest Theme:

Born to Be Wild

"The clearest way into the Universe is through a forest wilderness." – John Muir

Akin to the lyrics of the famous Steppenwolf song, the students of University of Detroit Jesuit are constantly "looking for adventure in whatever comes our way." For some, that adventure can be found in the great outdoors. Everyone needs nature to provide them with their basic needs of food, water, and air. It can feel good to get out of the house and enjoy nature, breathe the fresh air, listen to the birds, and just relax. For many people, the wilderness is an escape from the world and a happy place. And for some, the wilderness is a place where they can truly reflect on their inner self and find some peace. No matter who you are, the benefits of being outdoors are endless. This year's themed contest asked current Cubs to reflect on the wilderness and the beautiful nature and wildlife around them.

The following pages offer poetry, prose, and photography from those University of Detroit 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.

"Be nice to the environment. Be nice to animals. Be nice to people. If you do that, you will leave a mark on the world."
- Enock Maregesi

Best Themed Art



Kiernan Tague '25

On the Rocks

Biography

Kiernan Tague is a sophomore at the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy, and he has attended since 8th grade. Kiernan is an active member in multiple extra-curriculars, including swimming, *Inscape*, Labre Ministry, and Student Senate. Outside of school, Kiernan spends much of his time hanging out with friends, golfing, and also enjoying long days on the lake.

Inspiration

"On the Rocks" was taken in Sicily, Italy, which is arguably one of the most beautiful landscapes on Earth. While on a hike, he found the rock formation, saw the view, and knew he needed to take a picture.



On the Rocks, Kiernan Tague '25 (Photography)

Best Themed Writing



Vincent Aurelia '25

The River

Biography

Vincent Aurelia is a sophomore at the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy. He is from Royal Oak, Michigan. At U of D Jesuit, he plays on the tennis team, plays guitar for the jazz band, and is on the executive board for Model United Nations. Some of his hobbies include skiing, drawing, playing the guitar, and reading.

Inspiration

Vincent wrote his poem "The River" as part of a project for Mr. Davidson's English I class during his freshman year. He had to write several original poems for the project, and his favorite poem that he created was "The River." Vincent was inspired by several different poems that he read while analyzing them in class, and he used those selections as inspiration to write a poem about nature.

The River

Vincent Aurelia '25

Winding through cliffs and meadows
Trees and hills on the water cast shadows.
Gurgling gracefully in the little gullies, cascading over rocky
falls
Hear the loons warble their enchanting mellow calls.
Swans and salmon swiftly swim upstream
Crystal clear, it reflects the sun's golden gleam.
The wind chases the water downstream causing the brush to
gently rattle
While the shore and current wage a never-ending battle.
It cuts through the feeble sand
A snake slithering through the land.
It keeps going and going, always in motion
Until it reaches the vast blue ocean.



Elephant, John Palizzi '25 (Watercolor)

Born to Be Wild

Robert Murphy II '25

Born to be wild, wild at heart
Riding free, never to part
From the open road, the wind in my hair
I'll go where the wild takes me, without a care

With the thundering engine, my spirit takes flight
I'll ride till the sun sets and the stars shine bright
I'll blaze my own trail, make my own way

In this wild world, I'll forever stay

I'll ride with the wind, let my spirit soar
With the open road, I'll forever more
Be born to be wild, wild and free

Riding forever, just wild like me

Nature's Hidden Worlds

Zachary Shamoun '25

In every leaf and blade
Is something ever shaded
That will always be left in the dark
Under every rock and boulder
Is a world much different and older
Where critters crawl and animals fall to make their mark
Beneath every root and fallen trunk
Is a new mystery to debunk
With rotting wood and bark
And as we watch the weather
We fare in times of tether
We can only wait for a spark
For in the sky
Where birds fly
The clouds opened up and called me to depart



Hanging Lake, Ian Kobb '26 (Photography)



Woods, Jack Zeiman '25 (Photography)

Wisdom Tree

Jackson Glover '23

A tree bearing the purest crop of all
A tree shedding shade upon a sun-beaten body
A tree providing comfort in a world so uncomfortable
A tree where the chosen one layeth thy head and rest thy
 weary eye
A tree standing among the tallest
A tree called wisdom.

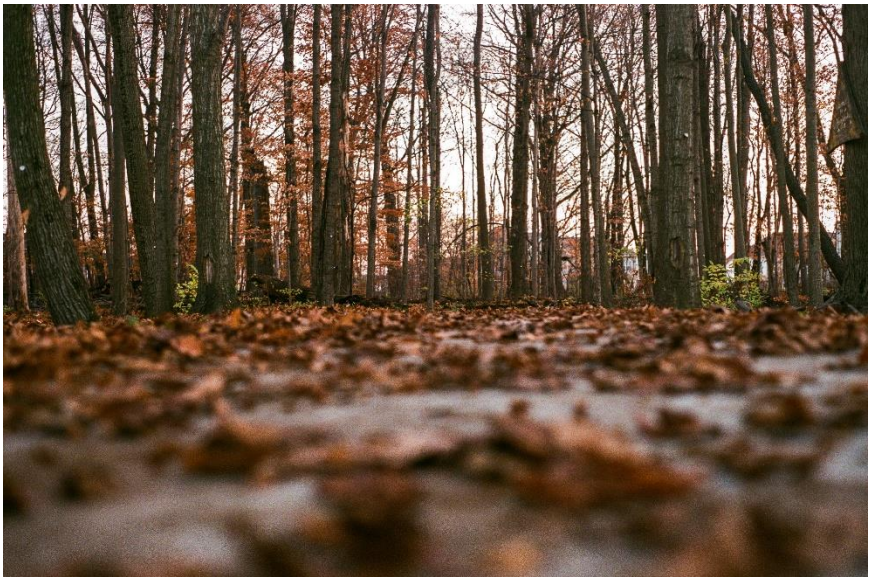
The Forest that Speaks

Deon Farmer '26

The lush green forest has many voices
Some high-pitched and some low
As the plants and animals live and die
Some new voices will grow

All the voices are in harmony
Their voices profound
During the day, everything is speaking
During the night, not even the faintest of sound

The trees speak when the wind is blowing
The baby birds speak when they're ready for food
The squirrel speaks when getting its acorns
They each have their own mood



With the Leaves, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

The Existence of Sea Turtles

De'Angelo Alexander '23

Sea turtles are marine reptiles that have been around for over 100 million years, making them one of the oldest groups of reptiles still in existence. There are seven species of sea turtles, each with its unique characteristics and habitats. One of the most well-known and widely distributed sea turtle species is the loggerhead sea turtle. These turtles can be found in oceans all over the world, except for the Arctic and Antarctic regions. They typically inhabit coastal areas, such as bays and estuaries, and can be found in both sandy and rocky habitats.

Loggerheads are known for their large, reddish-brown shells and powerful jaws, which they use to crush the hard shells of crustaceans and mollusks, which are their primary prey. Adult loggerheads can grow up to 3 feet in length and can weigh as much as 400 pounds. Sea turtles are also known for their incredible migration patterns.

Some sea turtles travel thousands of miles between their feeding and breeding grounds. For example, leatherback sea turtles, which are the largest sea turtle species, migrate from their feeding grounds in cold water to their nesting beaches in tropical regions. Sea turtles are also known for their strong sense of direction and navigational abilities. They use a combination of environmental cues, such as the earth's magnetic field and the position of the sun and stars, to guide their travels. They can also return to their feeding or nesting areas even after being displaced by large distances.

In the wild, sea turtles face many challenges and threats, including habitat destruction, pollution, and fishing practices that accidentally capture and kill sea turtles. In addition, sea turtles are also threatened by poaching and the illegal trade of their eggs, which are considered a delicacy in some cultures. Climate change also can cause sea levels to rise and sand erosion makes it difficult for a sea turtle to lay eggs on the beach.

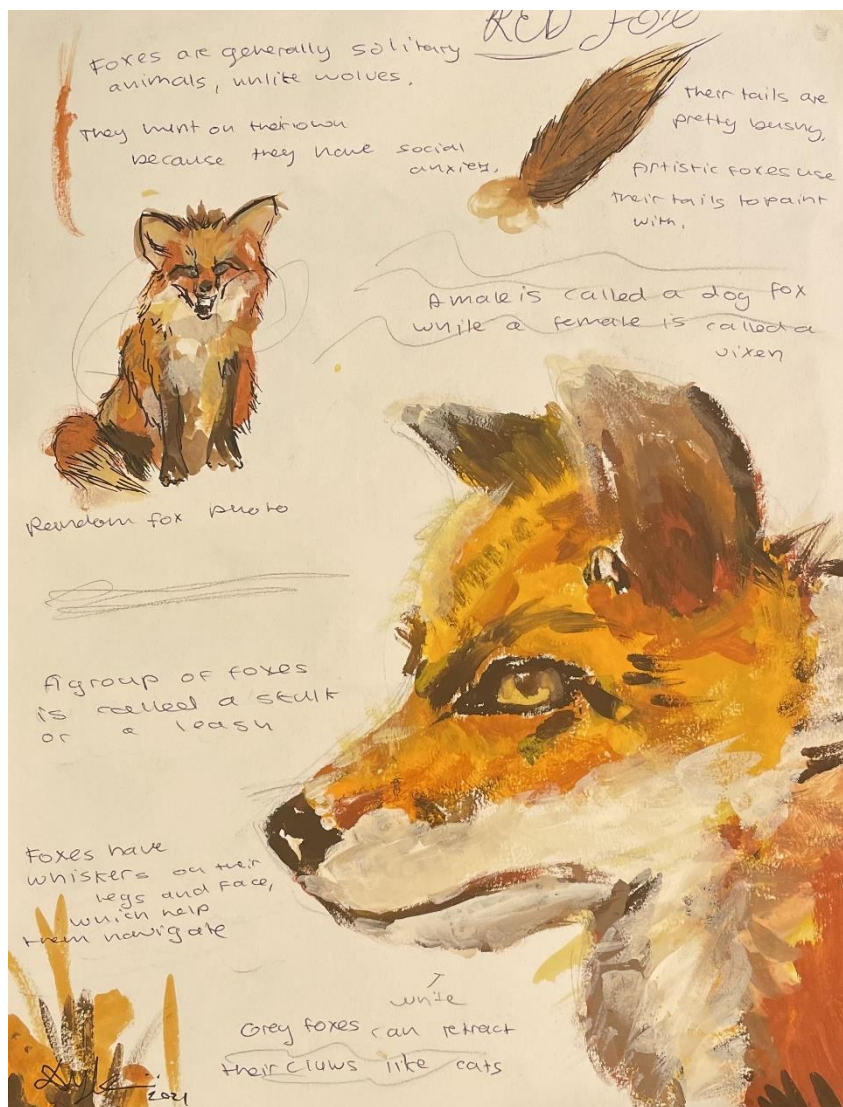
Conservation efforts have been put in place to help protect sea turtles and their habitats, including the creation of marine protected areas and the development of fishing gear that reduces the accidental capture of sea turtles. In addition, conservation organizations and individual volunteers play an important role in the protection of sea turtle nests and the rehabilitation of injured and stranded sea turtles.

In terms of behavior, sea turtles are generally solitary creatures and spend most of their lives in the open ocean. They are also known for their ability to hold their breath for long periods, allowing them to dive deep underwater in search of food and shelter. They are also good swimmers and they can migrate long distances in their lifetime.

In conclusion, sea turtles are an important species that play a crucial role in maintaining the balance of marine ecosystems. They have been around for millions of years and have adapted to the changing environment, but today they are facing many threats, such as pollution, overfishing, and habitat loss. To ensure that sea turtles continue to thrive in their wilderness, it is essential to protect their habitats, reduce human impacts, and support conservation efforts. With the help of conservationists, scientists, and individuals, we can work together to preserve these magnificent creatures and the wilderness they call home.



Grand Teton National Park, Andrew Burke '26 (Photography)



Journal Entry #4: *Vulpes Vulpes*, Dylan Donley '24
(Gouache Paint)

Life Is a Journey

John Draper '25

Life is a journey, with twists and turns,
sometimes it's happy and sometimes it burns.

Down in the South, where the sun shines bright,
we learn to dance in the heat and fight.

Life is a rollercoaster, up and down,
but we keep on moving and never frown.

We grow up strong, with roots deep and wide,
and our spirits soar high like a hawk in the sky.

Life is a gift, we learn to treasure,
through all the joys and all the pleasure.

We hold on tight to the memories we make,
and our hearts never break.

Down in the South, we know how to live,
and in life, we truly give.



Edge of the Grand Canyon, John Moreno '24 (Photography)

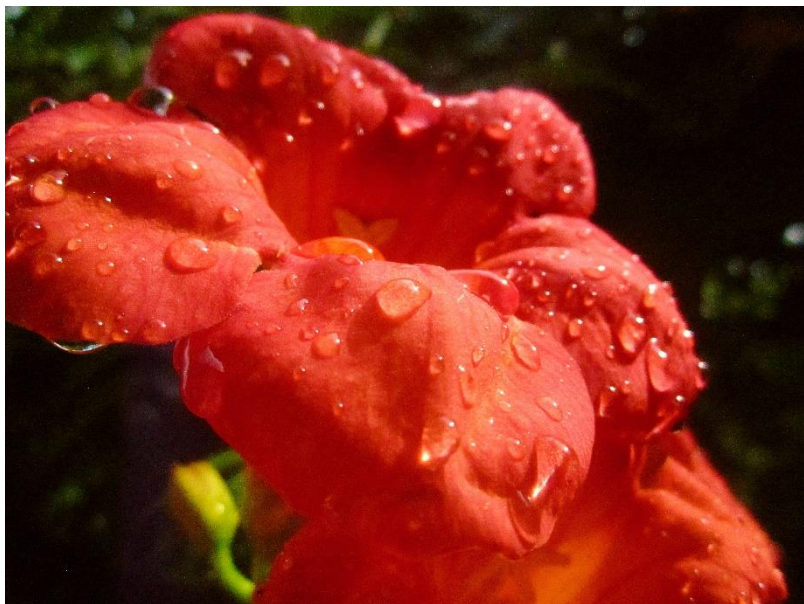
The Hidden Truth of the Dandelion

Justin Hendon '25

The hidden truth of the dandelion,
sitting as calm as a fearless lion
Swaying side to side as the wind goes by,
eventually letting go of everything you worked for without a
try
Without determination to keep what is yours
the wind'll easily trick you for sure
Some may also try to take you off your path,
quicker than the speed of flash
Sometimes the wind will blow you back with a bang,
but when it does you get right back like a boomerang
Always remember that you decide what pushes you off your
track,
and you determine how big will be your comeback
Little dandelion in the grass you were,
not letting anything from its past damage its future



A Splash of Color, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)



Bloom, Max Buehner '24 (Photography)

The Cheerful Tree

Pierre Jazrawi '25

A tree, so tall and lively, no flaw in sight.
The tree stood so elegant and bright.
It makes everyone cheerful,
and the bad things fearful.
The tree has stayed the same all my life,
and it shines from day to night. Nothing harmful in question.
The tree is here to bring attention.

If the tree may die, let us hold it in our hearts,
because we always know, another one will start.
And if I die, may another one live,
to see the tree that will relive.
Bark so rich, and leaves with color,
these trees will thrive, in the summer.
If one does not have a chance,
to see the tree and take a glance, it would be a bummer.



Bearded Dragon, Grant Niedzinski '25 (Scratchboard)

The Giver of the River

Graham Rebain '25

Sailing across a lake,
Searching for the river's mouth,
Hoping the legends aren't fake,
I've gone much too far south.

Rowing up the river,
Looking for its source,
Trying to find its giver,
It is another lake of course.

An Ode to the Frog

Kiernan Tague '25

Oh Mr. Frog,
The hate you give
Through that wretched croak,
It deafens me, making me feel like a bloke
You're always there, I can't escape the wretched croak
All animals live carefully,
Scared of what's to come
Never knowing when
A breath could be their last
Croak! Croak! Croak!
Here came the frog,
And with it came death
I was scared, but all of a sudden, I awoke.



Just a Bear, Paris Gomez '26 (Scratchboard)

Scuba Diving Amongst the Blue

Jude Rukenbrod '26

In the deep blue of the ocean,
Creatures live all about no matter the notion,
My scuba skills were just brand new,
And I had a fear of not knowing what to do,
So we dove into the water looking for fish in the tide,
And were met with stunning creatures from every side,
From stingrays to sharks, the mystery was there,
And some things that we saw gave us a scare,
For instance, a barracuda lingered not too far from us,
He just stared and watched without causing a fuss,
He then darted off in an explosive silver flash,
Leaving flying sand all around in a quick dash,
We then dove through a cave darker than night,
And came out the other side to an amazing sight,
A large school of fish speckled and true,
Striped of yellow, orange, and blue,
And although the ocean is colorful and fun,
It was time to make our final run,
While returning the gear my instructor could lend,
I realized good things must come to an end.



Swedish, Charles Walton '25 (Ceramics)



Waters of Yosemite, Henry Balasia '24 (Photography)

My Loch Ness Meditation

Aidan London '23

At times like this people often feel the need to talk. I believe the best response is silence. A meditation. What is in front of me natural, uncorrupted, beauty. A beauty no artist could ever portray. A master painter could capture some of the beauty that this land provides yet they could not express it all. The delicate yet ominous mist provides a feeling of uncertainty and cover for the trees. The ever-diverse trees and foliage that surround the land create such an outstanding view it feels wrong to experience it on a motorboat. Mother Nature is never wrong and knows what she's doing. Times like these remind me why she shouldn't be messed with and what she is capable of. Yet not in a scary fire and brimstone god kind of way. A way that you treat a wise and blind old man, respect him, learn from him, protect him, as his knowledge and understanding are priceless yet he has no way to protect himself. You must be the one to stand up for him so his value is protected. You must be the one to protect this natural land.

The Majestic Scene

Andrew Hale '24

I step outside and smell the fresh air
Of the crisp spring morning that was so fair
I look out afar and see the vast sky
The blues, the grays, the whites, so high
Down below the mountains were striking
Most especially to those who were hiking
To my right and my left, there was a great pond
Along which were trees that formed a strong bond
The depth and splendor were tough to mask
So all I could do was sit there and bask
In all of the beauty that God had wrought
For this was the sight that was all that I sought.



Yosemite Falls, Oliver Marks '23 (Photography)

Imagination of Death

Griffin Zaliwski '25

Who are we?
You might think that we are defined by a degree,
Or by a guarantee.
Think about it for a second.
You may want to be remembered as a legend,
Or to be remembered as one who was not reckoned.
I ask myself every day,
Will I be defined by that very day?
Or will I be remembered by what they say?
Before I pass,
I want to lay in the grass, or on the side of a mountain of
mass,
And watch the setting sun as it slowly surpasses.
While my ideals might be more realistic,
I want my death to be artistic.
Even though I imagine myself fighting for a dramatic and
drawn-out death,
Wanting revenge for those who took my strength,
I feel that I really want the thin and pure mountain air to be
that of my last breath.



Prey, Evan Tack '25 (Photography)

The Wonderful Season After the Snow

Griffin Zaliwski '25

The Season after the cold icy snow,
Is known for its cool but "warm" winds that blow.
From drab and brown,
To beautiful colors found all around.
When the ice melts,
It makes it warmer for coats made of pelts.
Why do we cherish this warmth?
Because the departure of icy winds from the north,
Allows us to eat food other than broth,
Made by us when we wear this cloth.
So therefore, the best season in Beijing
Is definitely the nice warm season of Spring.



Mt. Denali, Ricardo Armijo '26 (Photography)



Jeff, Aidan Treharne '25 (Scratchboard)

Time Flies

James Schilp '25

Bzzz bzzz bzzz I feel so free,
Don't fly so low or you'll end up in the weeds,
Follow your friends for we all seek
The powdered gold that will keep us on our feet.

We know death for losing our friends
time is valuable when you don't have a lot to spend,
Time flies like brush in the wind,
Taking it for granted is my only sin,

Winter's coming we're losing power,
We're losing energy, these are our final hours
Next few minutes are very sour,
I thought I would live to see the first flower.

The Lungs of the Earth

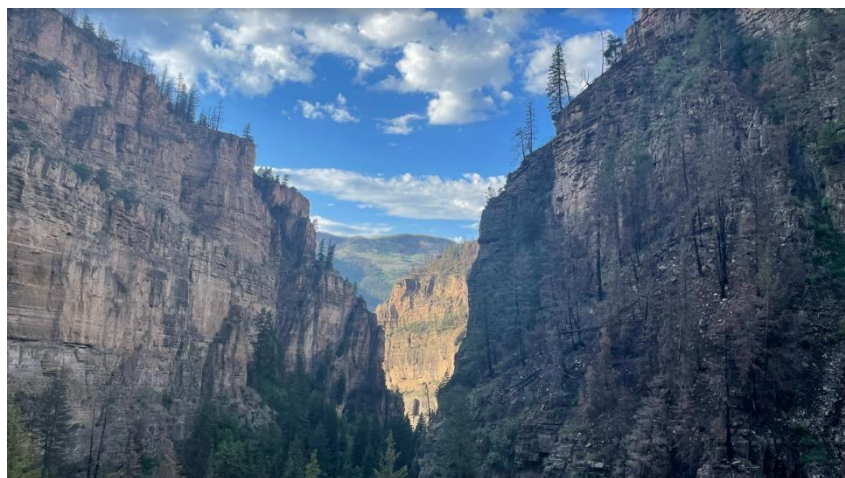
Ethan Murphy '26

The earth is a vast and beautiful place. It is abundant in some of the most beautiful and precious things in the universe. It has supported our human society for thousands of years, it has provided us with food, water, protection, and most importantly land. Land is the most valuable resource on the planet. Despite this, people have fought over land since the Paleolithic Age. Almost all wars throughout history have been fought for control of some amount of land. Today humans inhabit 70% percent of the world, but there are still some places that the earth has forbidden us from, there are some places in the world that are so dangerous yet so vital for the survival of humanity. One of these places is "The Lungs of the Earth" otherwise known as the Amazon Rainforest.

My name is Charles Shackleton. I have been an explorer for 45 years of my life and I have been through it all. The Daintree Rainforest, the Sahara, Antarctica, Greenland, and Siberia. These are just some of the countless places I've adventured into, but the Amazon remains the harshest. The Amazon Rainforest is the most biodiverse place on the planet with over 3 million different species. All of these species have a specific function that keeps the rainforest alive, but the most dangerous species of them all is the jaguar. They get up to 400lbs and can take down a human in a matter of seconds. I came face to face with one once in the Amazon.



*Summer in the Smoky Mountains, Connor London '26
(Photography)*



Hanging Lake Canyon, Ian Kobb '26 (Photography)

I was whacking through the dense, hot jungle with my machete at around noon. I had been walking since eight o'clock, so I was getting pretty hungry. I sat down against a rock to notice a bullet ant mound. I was lucky not to sit against that because bullet ants have the most painful sting in the world. That wasn't what caught my eye though. What caught my eye was an enormous 500-lb male jaguar staring at me in the bushes. I was scared for my life, but I knew not to run, otherwise, it would attack the back of my neck and kill me. I stood up and stood my ground as the jaguar approached me. I went to pick up a stone from the ground as a weapon when all of a sudden, the jaguar launched at me with full force. It pinned me to the ground while mangling me. At this point, the jaguar had broken my left arm and left severe cuts. I knew I wasn't gonna be able to kill the jaguar so as a last-minute counterattack, I bashed the tiger with the stone forcing him into the bullet ant mound. It was only a matter of seconds before hundreds of ants started biting the tiger. The poor tiger crying in pain quickly ran off into the jungle.

This was the scariest moment in my life. The earth may be beautiful, but there are some places that the earth has forbidden us from. The Amazon is definitely one of these places. The jaguar attack was only a warning from Mother Nature as it could've ended up much worse for me. The earth is a beautiful and diverse place, but there are just some places to be left alone.



Rose, Matthew Jamil '23 (Photography)

Nature's Call

Jack Zeiman '25

The winds breeze flows through the trees,
The sound of the colorful woodpecker
makes the trees rattle.
The fluffy clouds soar above,
as I gaze at the one that is shaped like a dove.
A bald eagle swoops down to the still water,
looking for a good fish to slaughter.
As I pull out my hand from the muck in the shallow river,
An intricate stone begins to shimmer.
Mountain peaks, covered in snow,
that is how I know,
To the wild I must go.

My Garden

Edward McIntosh III '26

The garden looks very beautiful
From the colors of red, brown, orange, and green
In the garden the foods are plentiful
With one being a sweet tangerine
The garden smell so delightful
Plato and I created the garden place
Knowing this made us extraordinarily prideful
So, when we see it, lights up our face
The garden is very quiet and peaceful
While there I check the soil
Working in the garden makes me less wasteful
In the garden I use to toil
The garden is so appealing
It always gives me a great feeling



The Suns Below the Sky, Joshua Starkey '25 (Photography)

2022 Scary Story Contest Winner



Matthew Jamil '23
Author of "Wild Card"

Biography

Matthew Jamil is a senior at the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy. He is a Senior Editor of *Inscape*. His favorite author is Charlotte Bronte, author of many classics like *Jane Eyre* and *The Professor*. Bronte gave Matthew a different perspective on reading novels and re-established his love for reading. Outside of *Inscape*, he is a member of the Pastoral Team, Student Senate, and Environmental Club.

Inspiration

Matthew's inspiration for his scary story came from his own friend group's love for the game Uno. He wanted to incorporate his friend's personalities with the different characters in the story, to give it its own personal flare. He also drew inspiration from aspects of his favorite TV shows like *Black Mirror*, *Stranger Things*, and *Ozark*. The scary and mysterious tones in these shows inspired the overall plot of his short story. Matthew was especially excited to explore the new prompts and images with this year's contest. He thoroughly enjoyed creating this story and hopes to continue to write short pieces of literature after high school.

Wild Card

Matthew Jamil '23

After the mysterious disappearance of their good friend Levi, a group of friends gathered together to play their favorite game, Uno. This was the first time that the group had been able to have fun together since Levi went missing, but things just felt different without him. Levi kept the group together, and without him, the group was slowly falling apart. Milo and Nicole noticed this and set up the hang-out to attempt to bring the group back together. They invited Jasmine and Julie to Milo's house but little did they know, there would be an uninvited guest who joined.

When the group arrived at Milo's house, they awkwardly sat down at a round table and started to play Uno. After the cards were dealt, Milo began by throwing a red "2". Nicole, not having a red card or a 2, throws her only wild card, and chooses yellow to be the new color. The lights in the room suddenly flicker, and a strange gust of wind knocks only the wild card off of the table. Being the prankster he is, the group initially suspects that Milo planned this. Upon seeing how shaken up Milo was, the group quickly realizes that this was no prank. As smoke began to fill the room and form fog near the ceiling, Julie sees the formation of a figure through the smoke. Jasmine also sees this, points it out to the rest of the group, and recognizes the figure as their friend, Levi. Nicole leads the group as they approach the figure.

As they got closer to the figure, they began to realize that although it resembled Levi, it lacked the confidence that he normally possessed. Levi looked frightened. As Nicole reached out her hand, the man reached out to her in the fog, longing for something that was already gone. He grabbed her hand, pointed to a cabinet, and disappeared into the air. Silence overcame the room as the group hesitantly approached the cabinet. As Jasmine opened the cabinet, the group looked over her shoulders to see what would be in it. Inside, there were two Uno cards, both of them being wild cards. These cards confused the group until Milo turned them over to discover a map on the back of them.

However, the map was incomplete and was missing two pieces. The group began to look through the rest of the deck and discovered two more wild cards that completed the map.

The group instantly recognized where the map was pointing. The group ran out of Milo's house, crammed into Julie's 2008 Kia Soul, and started driving towards the elementary school playground, which is where the map pointed. When they pulled into the parking lot, they wandered the playground, only to find nothing. They then remembered that Levi loved to climb a maple tree right next to the playground. They ran to the tree and found Levi shuffling a deck of Uno cards. When he saw the group, Levi chuckled and said, "You guys up for a couple of rounds." Filled with joy, everyone starts to hug Levi. However, when Milo goes up to hug him, everything goes dark.

Not too long after, Milo wakes up and realizes that Levi is still missing, and has been missing for over three years. Milo struggles to come to terms with this and still wishes that he had his friend Levi to talk to. When Milo went to school that day, he went to his locker to grab his books. In his locker, he found an Uno Wild Card. This is when he realized that Levi was not gone forever.

2022 Scary 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 host a scary story contest based on a specific set of possible prompts.

This year's editors curated a collection of spooky images and selected their top three. Similarly, they created their own spooky sentences. The top three sentences were paired with the top three pictures, and those became the possible prompts students could use to inspire their scary story contest entries.

The entire 2022-23 editorial staff reads all of the entries and selects the story they think is the scariest, works well with the prompt, and is well-written. The faculty moderator tallies the votes, and the story with the most votes is named the winner. The author of this year's winning story was awarded a gift card to a location of their choice. Thank you to all who participated, and congratulations, Matthew!

Senior Editor Biographies



I am so thankful and blessed to have been given the opportunity to work as an *Inscape* Editor with Mr. Davidson. The large display of talents and skills that I have been exposed to due to this position has opened my eyes to the uniqueness and story behind every Cub I walk the halls with. I have enjoyed many excellent memories working with the other editors and putting together our 2023 issue of *Inscape*. My favorite part about being a part of *Inscape* is having fun with the editors at the bonding events and creating a fantastic magazine together. - Alexander Bell



Being able to work on the *Inscape* editorial staff for two years has been one of the best experiences I've had at U of D. Over those two years on staff, I have been able to practice my time management and organization skills. As I prepare to head into engineering in college, both these skills continue to play critical roles. The task that tested them the most while preparing for this issue was during the scoring process but it allowed me to truly recognize and appreciate all the creative skills that are brought together at 8400 S. Cambridge Ave. Thank you Mr. Davidson for the opportunity to be a part of this amazing club and thank you to all of my fellow editors for being such great people to work with. - Quincy De Klerk



Four years ago, I was first introduced to *Inscape* as a way for me to have my art and writing published in the school magazine. Eager for my art to be seen, I submitted a picture I took at Arlington Cemetery. After finding out that my picture was going to get published, I realized that I wanted to help other people get their work published in *Inscape*, so, I joined

the editorial staff during my sophomore year. Being on the editorial staff has truly been a great experience. As an editor, I have been able to see the great opportunities that the magazine grants artists and writers throughout the school. It has been a great pleasure to serve as a senior editor and I am forever grateful for the memories I have had while working on the magazine. – Matthew Jamil



Wow. I can't believe that after three long years, my time as an editor on *Inscape* is finally coming to an end. I still remember being a sophomore and looking for different clubs to join just so I could meet new students when I saw an application to become an editor on the *Inscape* literary-art magazine. I realized that Mr. Davidson was the moderator,

and I immediately signed up to apply because I remember how much I enjoyed having him as a teacher in my freshman year English I class. I'm grateful that Mr. D trusted me to be a senior editor on the 2022-2023 edition of *Inscape*. My experience as a senior editor has taught me valuable life lessons such as becoming a better leader and better at communicating. I will never forget the great memories and experiences I have had as an *Inscape* editor. Thank You. – Oliver Marks



I am so grateful to have been able to be a part of *Inscape* for the past three years. When I was invited to join *Inscape*, I was unsure about it. I have never really been a person that enjoys reading or drawing but through working with Mr. Davidson and the other editors I have had the opportunity to see the creativity of the students at U of D Jesuit. Now, I enjoy

reading everyone's writing, and I am able to appreciate the effort everyone puts into their art. *Inscape* gives students the opportunity to express their talents and they are cool to see. I want to thank Mr. Davidson and my fellow editors for a great three years of being a part of *Inscape*. – Mason Vlademar

Letter from the Moderator



Having been the magazine's faculty moderator since 2011, I'm always surprised at how many students want to get involved with our "little magazine." However, it's not so little any more. The 2012 issue had about 50 pages of writing and art, and there were seven students on staff. Now, we have over 100 pages of material, and there are 41 editors, making

this one of the larger extracurricular activities at our school. I'm so proud of the group of young men who wish to branch outside their comfort zone, not only to write and create art and share their work with the world but the students who want to create a space where these writers and artists feel safe and proud to put their work on display. It's simply fantastic! Thank you to Alex, Quincy, Oliver, Matthew, and Mason for your wonderful leadership this year. – Mr. Alexander Davidson

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