Inscape

CELEBRATING THIRTY YEARS



2024

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT JESUIT
HIGH SCHOOL AND ACADEMY



INSCAPE

"The future is not something we enter.
The future is something we create."
- Leonard I. Sweet

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
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Cover and Title Page Art is compiled of cover art designs from previous issues by various artists.

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 April 2024 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 Ethnocentric. The magazine is printed on Husky 60# Opaque offset; the cover is printed on Tango 10pt C1S cover. The magazine's interior is designed in Microsoft Word. Covers are designed with Canva.

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 7^{th} – 12^{th} grade U of D Jesuit students. Editorial staff members review all electronic submissions and evaluate the writing and art based on originality, technique, purpose, appeal, theme, etc. Editors rank each submission 1-10, with 10 being the highest. Scores are averaged, and the entries with the highest averages are accepted. Accepted pieces are published in the annual magazine each spring with slight editing as needed.

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Alexander Hurley ’24
Grayson Johnson ’24
John Moreno ’24
William Waldman ’24

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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

Strings of Sorrow
Caden Rivers '24

BEST IN PROSE

Tellings of the Sky
Avery Krick '24

Genuine Acts of Kindness Can Change One's Life
Alexander Hurley '24

BEST IN ART

Split Self
Dylan Donley '24

BEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Hear Me Roar
Evan Tack '25

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 an Honorable Mention for his drawing and illustration "Split Self." **Ashton Johnson '24** received a Silver Key for his sculpture "Black Angel." **Aidan Treharne '25** received an Honorable Mention for his drawing and illustration "Double the Coke." **William Nantais '28** received a Silver Key for his drawing and illustration "Lips Are Sealed." Their talents are represented in this year's issue.

Dear Reader,

Thirty years ago, a small group of students, united by a shared love for poetry and writing, banded together to create the very first *Inscape*. What started as a scant 14-page magazine with a few pieces of writing from a select number of students has transformed into an established magazine with more than 100 pages of writing and art from across the student body.

Today in 2024, *Inscape* has branched out to new heights, assembling an editorial staff of over 40 students. The determination of our imaginative crew of editors, combined with the creative minds of the student body, has allowed us to create a celebratory magazine that recognizes how far *Inscape* has come over the last thirty years as well as how important the presence of a literary-art magazine is for high schoolers.

For decades, *Inscape* has had the honor of collecting and presenting some of our school's finest art and writing. It has been an outlet for many to express themselves in ways they might not normally. It is a privilege to display the creative talents of the diverse school community here at U of D Jesuit. Our magazine would be nothing without the Cubs whose fiery passion for the arts is what fuels the magazine. The sheer number of submissions received each year – all beautiful, breath-taking, and profound – is a testament to those who keep *Inscape* thriving.

With this year's issue, *Inscape* is celebrating a tremendous milestone, and we are excited to share this moment with you. To make this 30th anniversary special, we have included some special features. We have tracked down alumni editors who were willing to share their memories and experiences. We enjoyed hearing and learning from these participants. Additionally, our cover design honors some of the previous covers of past issues of the magazine.

We hope you stumble upon some joy in this magazine that strives to celebrate the past, present, and future of *Inscape*.

Sincerely,
The Senior Editors (Thomas Angell, Graham Cesa, Alexander Hurley, Grayson Johnson, John Moreno, and William Waldman)

TABLE OF CONTENTS



11



26



35



41

POETRY

Futuristic Me, Jude Rukenbrod 10
A Thousand Years, Ethan Reid 11
Beliefs, Jude Rukenbrod 14
Love is Everything, Umair Ahmed 15
King Midas, Grayson Johnson 22
Echoes of a Storm, Anson Crumpton 28
Future Long Awaits, or Does It?, Joseph Lenhard 29
The Waves of Superior, Atticus Daniels 36
The Woodstock Massacre, Adam Todd 44
Earth's Winter Coat, Thomas Jamil 45
The Apples, Edward Mcintosh III 58
Over Time, Nick Gabrys 59
Strings of Sorrow, Caden Rivers 61
My Grandma's Story, Isaiah Pacis 70
3024, Christian Gulli 80
Scratched Car, John Draper 81
Impersistence of Memory, Frank Salzeider 86
A Bird's Eye View, Nicolas Vecchio 87
Wolverine, Michael Gill 92
The Year 3024, Nicolas Vecchio 93
A Tale of Old, of Great Renown, Alistair Crumpton 104
Years in the Future, Joseph Davis 105


57


71


76


92

PROSE

Tellings of the Sky, Avery Krick 12
The Model of a Stalker, Hans Boelstler 16
Prelude to Necrosis, Avery Krick 20
The Unrecognized Strength of U of D Jesuit's Swim and Dive Team, Alexander Hurley 24
Schilp Stories, James Schilp 27
Resurrected Malice, Finale, Avery Krick 30
Driving through Fear, John Draper 34
Imperfects, Grayson Johnson 39
Social Media Positively Affecting College Athletes, Charlie Gorski 42
The Cryo-Jumper, Aiden Jackson 46
Black Leopard, Aiden Jackson 64
Rat Killer, Grayson Johnson 68
Community, Thomas Angell 72
United by Diversity, Brody Contat 74
Trapped on the Desafiadora, Aiden Jackson 77
HDMI 1 – No Signal, Andrew Hale 82
28 Hours, William Waldman 84
Dance Like Everybody's Watching, Frederick Hunter III 88
Building Tomorrow: Our Choices, Our Future, Miguel Borrego 90

Imperfections, Carter Cate 94
Genuine Acts of Kindness Can Change One's Life, Alexander Hurley 96
Futuristic Life of 3024, Anthony Yousif-Dickow 98
E A D G B E, Paul Downey 100
Exos, Avery Krick 102
How Language Broadens Perspective, Brody Rukenbrod 106
Self-Timed, Avery Krick 108

ART

Chaos Knight, Jasper Hunt 10
Gentle Giant, Joseph Stachelek 14
Flowery Distortions, Grayson Johnson 15
Skull, William Arends 21
Split Self, Dylan Donley 23
Frogster: Defender of Frogs, Jonathan Wallace 26
Samurai 1, William Arends 28
Samurai 2, William Arends 29
Big Bone, Kyle Smart 38
Warp Lightning, Jasper Hunt 41
Do Not Disturb, Miguel Borrego 52
Seth's Room, Caden Rivers 57
Self-Portrait, William Arends 59
Black Angel, Ashton Johnson 60
Klean Shaker, Aidan Treharne 63
A Man's Best Friend, William Nantais 69
It All Started with a Screen, Jonathan Wallace 73
Candy, William Arends 76
Dragonfly, Dimitrios Goffas 80
Frozen in Time, Joseph Stachelek 86
Turtle Power!, Jonathan Wallace 89
PB&J, Grayson Johnson 91
Silly Bat, Caden Rivers 93
Double the Coke, Aidan Treharne 99
Lips Are Sealed, William Nantais 101
Destroyer of Worlds, Joseph Stachelek 102
Melancholy, William Arends 105
Relax, Dylan Donley 110

PHOTOGRAPHY

David's West, Andrew Hale 11
View of the Canal, Logan Mullan 35
Looking in the Mirror, Umair Ahmed 37
Overview of Lake Tahoe, Emmet Gardella 44
California Mountains, Emmet Gardella 45
Sleepy Safari, Evan Tack 48
Zion National Park, Daniel Burke 49
Rays of Glory, Paul Therriault 53
Cheetahs Never Prosper, Evan Tack 65
A South Haven Summer, Quinn Levin 66
Sunset on the Beach, Keegan Birkett 71
Majestic Horizon, Nicolas Vecchio 79
Galaxies, Joseph McLoughlin 81
A Getaway, Graham Cesa 83
Pictured Rocks, Daniel Burke 85
Radiant Wilderness, Nicolas Vecchio 87
Hear Me Roar, Evan Tack 92
The Motor City, Marko Marzolf 95
The Den, Cristian Dhruna 97

CONTEST-THEMED ART

Radiation Eater, Jasper Hunt 113

CONTENT-THEMED WRITING

The Future Is Red, Andrew Hale 115

2023 SCARY STORY CONTEST WINNER

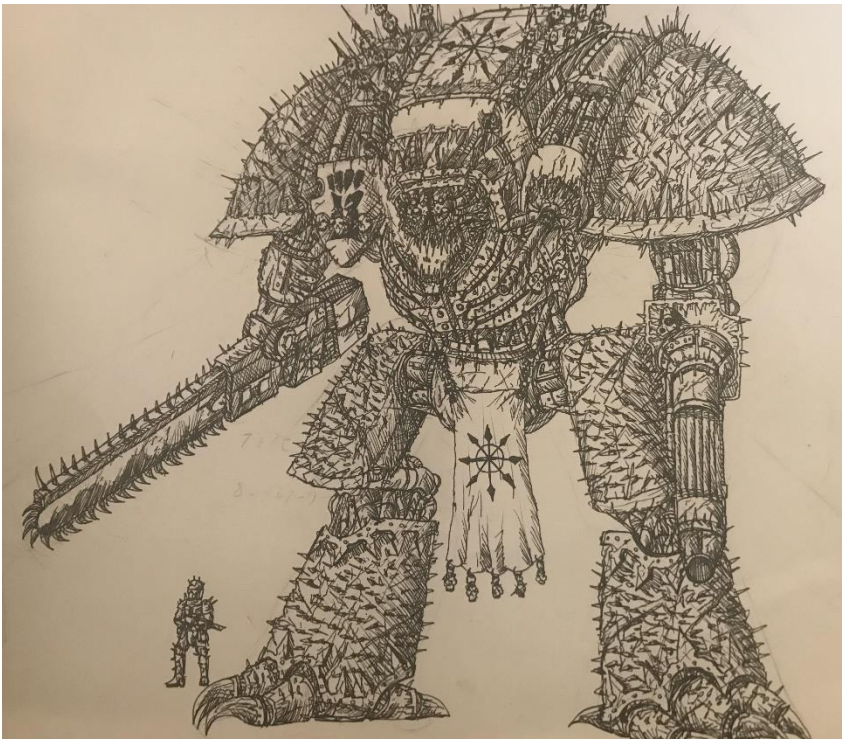
Insane, Viktor Sagan 117

SPECIAL FEATURE

Alumni Editor Reflections 120

Futuristic Me
Jude Rukenbrod ’26

In the age of flying cars and giant robots,
My body will be preserved with cyborg-like parts,
With hydraulic arms and jet powered legs.
Nothing can stop what the future can start,
My body may be old and shriveled,
But nuts and bolts make me look nimble.
And though that future is far away,
The thoughts and possibilities will never go away,
Of a future where peoples bodies aren’t nearly as simple.



Chaos Knight, Jasper Hunt ’24 (Graphite)



David's West, Andrew Hale '24 (Photography)

A Thousand Years
Ethan Reid '27

A thousand years goes by so fast
2024 is long in the past
3024 should have held such promising things
Nothing but sorrow does the future bring
Trees of green so beautiful then
Are gentle reminders of what should have been
The waves no longer crash at the shore
We've all polluted it to the core
I hope the future brings brighter things
Rather than how I picture it in my dreams
We all need to change one day at a time
So this world isn't something that is left behind

Tellings of the Sky
Avery Krick '24

There was once a boy who loved to watch the sky. The sky often made the boy feel less lonely. He had the whole world to himself. In it, there were no other people, no animals, not even bugs. It was just him, the trees, and the grass. Yet, the sky was always there. It often changed colors, from blues to reds to even greens and yellows. Sometimes, the color would change quickly. Sometimes, it would gradually fade. Sometimes, the sky would even change shape.

He wasn't sure how it all worked. The sky was odd; it often changed on a whim. However, his feelings often did too, and so he assumed that's how the sky was feeling. Whenever he was feeling down and whenever he felt the sky was too, he'd talk up to the sky. He'd ask it questions, tell it jokes, and the sky would change its shape and color as if to respond. The sky was pleasant, a person of its own.

It was much different from the ground, the boy would often think. The ground had no color.

No matter where he went, no color ever appeared. It was only him and the sky. And the sky changed, but the ground would not. Whenever he displaced something, broke something, or changed something, anything that was not his own, it would always go back to how it was. Often when he would hurt himself, it'd be only a moment before it disappeared, never leaving even a bruise.

There was one thing that remained permanent however. It was a notebook he had that he'd often use as a journal. It would never run out of pages, and his pen would never run out of ink. However, whatever he wrote in it would stay. That's where the record of this world lies, in a singular, infinite journal. The story of a boy and his sky.

He'd record his feelings and his thoughts, his discoveries and experiments. He'd do the same for the sky, seeing as it didn't have hands to write with itself. But he always wondered, if the sky could change shape, why didn't it ever come down and meet the earth? Why wouldn't it write in his journal itself? However, he never asked the sky this.

There were some moments of particular pattern in how the sky appeared. It would become flat, and across it was a deep blue, just about appearing black. Across the sky

ran a white strip, as a black sphere traveled across it. Cracks of white broke through the darkened sky, originating from the strip. When the sphere reached the end of that strip, the sky would return to normal. It was during these times that the boy felt the most comfortable. At these moments, it felt like if there was something further beyond the sky, a world completely unknown to him.

There was another modem by which he found comfort; one other thing that at least appeared to be moving. Every screen he came across was blurred in a constant fuzzy static. There was no low hum or ear bleeding screech. Just the static, moving frantically across the screen.

One day, perhaps it was just an illusion or his mind playing tricks, but he believed he saw a face in the static. That somewhere in between, stuck behind a TV screen, was somebody else's dream, looking back at him. At least, it could've been just a mere mirage, but the moment he opened up his journal and found words that weren't his own, he knew for sure. Maybe it was the sky, or whatever lies beyond it, perhaps a completely different identity, but something began to talk to him through the journal.

Maybe it was the sky, or whatever lies beyond it, perhaps a completely different identity, but something began to talk to him through the journal.

As they talked, the sky seemed to grow more distant. It no longer changed whimsically, always simply fading from one color to the next. It eventually stopped changing shape, leaving the sky a simple dome above his head. Then, while its array was always wonderful, its colors dropped off one by one, falling down onto the land below. As the sky fell, the land gained its color.

As time went on, and the boy continued to talk to the person behind the pages, he began to miss the sky. He could trace the sky’s constellations on his skin, recall every expression it had made, but he could never get rid of the sickness in his heart that he felt when it was gone. The sky, as it now is, feels merely like a ghost. In between, stuck beyond the sky, is somebody else’s dream, trying to let him know.

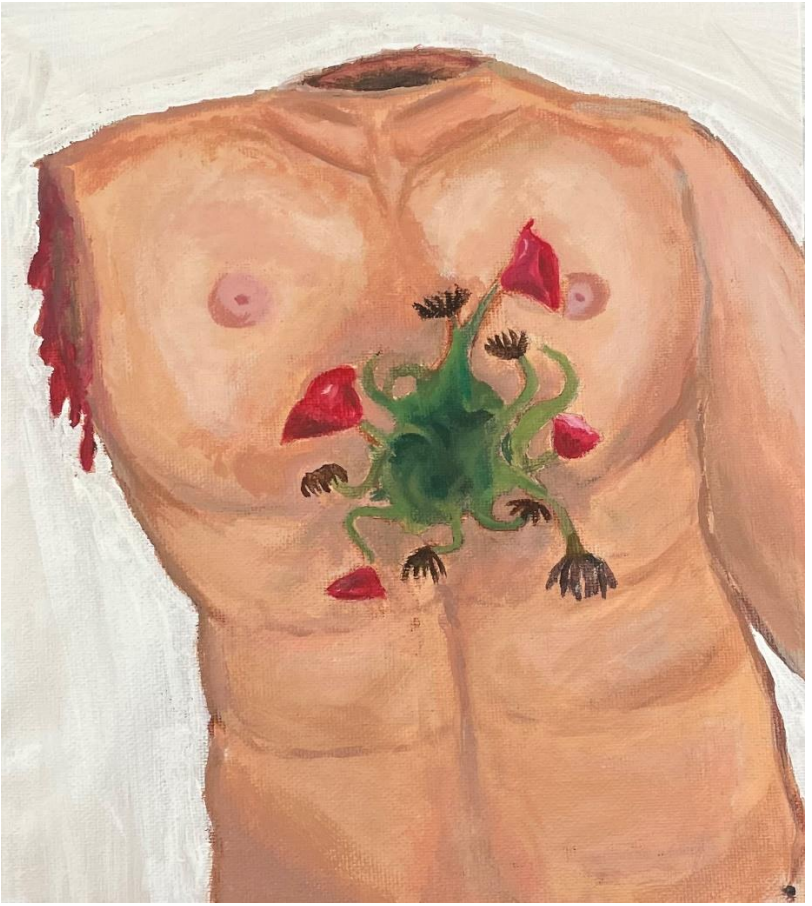
Beliefs

Jude Rukenbrod ’26

Many beliefs I have may sound crazy.
I could change them, but I’m too lazy.
Like the door to heaven,
A family tree,
The lucky number seven,
The key to being free,
Eating bread that is unleavened,
Or praying with dignity,
These beliefs are all unique,
And after all has been said,
These beliefs are the foundation
Of who I am.



Gentle Giant, Joseph Stachelek ’24 (Pastel and Ink)



Flowery Distortions, Grayson Johnson ’24 (Pastel)

Love Is Everything
Umair Ahmed ’24

Love is everything?
But sometimes love is lost?
Does this make love nothing?
Love is nothing?
But nothing can always be something?

The Model of a Stalker

Hans Boelstler '25

[This story was originally submitted for the 2023 Scary Story Contest. Reader discretion is advised.]

10 pm, Emily's getting home drunk. She's stumbling around trying to put her key into the door. Now would be a good night, but no, not tonight. I don't know enough about her yet; it's only been two weeks. Anyway, she's in her house now. I assume she was out with the guy she met on Tinder. I think to myself about how risky that night was when I broke in and went into her phone while she and her Tinder date were sleeping together. It was very rewarding, though. I got her schedule for that week and swiped some lovely pictures. She looks to be entering her bathroom now, assumedly for her nightly cigarette and shower she literally always takes when she gets home.

I get up and switch positions from the parking structure in front of her loft to the bakery on the left side so I can get a view of her bathroom. She usually doesn't close her curtains because the only thing as high as her window is the top of this building, and you can't see in from ground level. Her shower door is also clear glass, so I get a perfect view of everything. I climb up the back of the bakery and set up shop there. I always hide behind this big vent diagonal from her window. This way, I can see if she's looking out the window before I set up my camera right in front of it. This also provides me a place to paint on-site if need be, which only happens on special occasions, when and if I get perfect pictures of my models.

I take out my Canon EOS R3 and its stand, as well as my easel, paints, and my trusty 0.7 mm mechanical pencil. After setting up my art supplies behind the vent, I look around the corner to see if its time to start taking pictures. I then meet her gaze. She is just now starting to smoke her cigarette, how odd! It's been ten minutes since she entered her bathroom. She should have smoked already. I take note of this small discrepancy and move on. Luckily in her inebriated state, I don't think she saw me. Two minutes go by, and she tosses her bud out the window and starts undressing. I then set my camera up and wait. After around thirty minutes, I took roughly twenty photos of Emily. I go back behind the vent and look at my work for today. As I open the camera roll and look at the first few photos, I shed a tear, for the photos I got today were

so expressive and modeled the human body so perfectly. Her physique and figure are very slim and show off her excellent bone structure, and I could see all of it. I immediately broke out into drawing, I had to have stayed on that bakery rooftop for at least three hours painting and sketching Emily's expressive body. I did a lot of good work today and felt like I could use a reward, so why not go to the bar that Emily just got back from?

Mavericks Bar on Fork Road, a sports bar that teenagers usually go to after football games, and a boatload of adults during big games, and what do you know, the Lions are playing, so it was very packed, but whatever. I never minded a crowd. I ended up not drinking and just eating and watching the game. Upon returning home to my mansion to hang my art pieces, my butler promptly took my art bag and camera bag. I then headed straight up to my gallery and hung up my pieces. After leaving my gallery, I went down to my evidence room, where I keep all the data on my models. I then organized and filed the findings I had collected on Emily today and updated my discrepancy file, which is not very big, unlike my past models.

Emily is a woman of habit and routine. It's odd for her to break that. It's truly remarkable how much I have learned about her in only two short weeks. The temptation to jump the gun and murder her tonight is very strong, but, no, I need to know more about her before I kill her. Before I can divulge into drawing her last moments, I need to delve into her being; I need a more comprehensive understanding of what makes her tick. Besides, I only have forty paintings and sketches of her; I'd need at least fifty for this to be my final masterpiece. The thought of me taking her life before engaging in a conversation with her gave me major anxiety. I believe in understanding my models before watching the light inside of them slowly simmer out, and it's at that moment, the human body is the most expressive.

I then walk into my kitchen and realize I still have a bottle of Smirnoff left over from my birthday party I threw two nights ago. I decide to crack it open. One drink after another, I suddenly was three-quarters of the way in. I finish the bottle and decide to go back into my evidence room and review some notes. She's only been home for eight hours, so she should still be asleep. Considering the fact she falls asleep for 10-11 hours

when she gets home drunk, I should have ample time to break into her loft and kill her.

I leave my evidence room and stumble down the hallway connecting to the stairs. As I get to the stairs, everything suddenly becomes very far away. At least, it feels that way. As I walk down the stairs, I hug the wall, as to not make myself topple over. Once I reach the bottom of the stairs, I hobble over to where I usually leave my keys. I pick them up and leave the house.

Suddenly, I am at Emily's loft. I check the dash and try to make out what the time says, but it is extremely blurry. I manage to make out 7:00 am by covering one eye. Good, only eight hours and eighteen minutes; I still have time. I grab my art bag and stumble my way into the lobby. I get into the first elevator I see, and every color I see is very bright, almost like I turned the saturation up on my eyeballs. The buttons on the elevator are the worst. In my drunken state, the bright red buttons just blend to make one big neon red mass, but I cover one eye and seem to roughly make them out. I click floor three and wait. Upon reaching her floor, I walk along the wall. I feel dizzy and can't walk that well. I get to her door and use my copy of her key to get in. Her loft is just as it was the last time I embarked into it, except her lights are on. THEY'RE ON! SHE'S AWAKE! Too late now. As I look to my left to the hallway connecting her bedroom, laundry room, and bathroom, I see Emily in all her glory, just standing there like a deer in headlights.

Emily screams, "Who are you? Get out of my house right now before I call the cops. Are you that Drake guy who's been stalking me on Instagram?"

I attempt to talk back, but my speech is slurred, and everything mushes together. I instead walk toward her at a brisk pace, and as I get three feet from her, BAM, she strikes me on the side of the head. I crash into the wall to the left of me. She makes a run for it and locks herself in her bedroom. I suddenly have an uncontrollable rage bubbling inside of me, and in a drunken stupor, I grab a knife from the kitchen and start hacking away at her door.

She is holding her body against it to keep me out, but that doesn't help. I manage to nick her shoulder pretty good. She falls off the door and onto the floor. I burst in and yell, "I AM GOING TO MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL!" Then, I stab her twenty times exactly in the chest. As I feel my heart beat out of my

chest and the adrenaline in my veins, everything gets blurry to an unrecognizable point, and I collapse on top of her.

When I come to, I lift myself off Emily's dead carcass. My face and shirt stick to her because of the blood and vomit mixture that had hardened while I was unconscious. I must have thrown up when I was out. Then, a very sobering thought hits me: I…I… I killed her. It's only been two weeks. Oh, what have I done?

I start frantically pacing back and forth in her room. My thoughts are passing me by in my brain like race cars. What have I done? It's too early. I didn't know enough about her. She wasn't ready. I didn't understand her. I start to breathe heavily and quickly.

In a panic, I pull my art supplies out and start drawing. No, no, no, no, no. Tears fall onto my paper. I throw my sketchbook across the room. I wasn't able to catch the moment of her death. I wasn't able to see her last expression of pain. I don't have anything to draw.

With tears falling down my face, I feel like nothing is going my way. Everything is against me. I screwed up, and I killed her. Nothing is going to plan. I stand there and cry while on the verge of hyperventilating.

I don't want to live anymore. If I don't have my art, I have nothing. If I don't have the experience of murder and the beauty of death in my model's face, what the hell is the point of me doing this?

I grab the knife I used to kill Emily and slice four lines onto both arms. I let the blood drip down to my fingertips. Standing there looking at Emily's lifeless body, I see it. I rush to the closest wall and start painting. I draw myself. It is perfect. My own personal suffering is so pulchritudinous and telling.

I step back and look at my work. It is truly my magnum opus. As I take my last deep breath, looking at what I can only describe as a mural of my twisted and sadistic mind, with what strength I had left, I slit my throat and accept that my fine works of art are finally over.

I feel my brain slowly shutting down. I slowly can't feel anything anymore but the pain, or at least the memory of it. For this, this is truly bliss, being my own model.

Prelude to Necrosis
Avery Krick '24

Once upon a time, there laid a kingdom that stood proud and tall.

It had learned harmony with the land, peace with the wind, and beauty with the water. It built itself up and up, and the denizens were happy.

The Queen of noble soul mended the wounds of the kingdom with her own hands. A clear and bright path flowed from her fingertips as she danced, her eyes ever locked on the sky above. With her blood, she created Fable, a Fable that would rival even that of the Heavens. From this Fable, the land was rich and bright with color, and so the kingdom was named Centriscele. The Queen dreamt of the Stars.

The way they shimmered and shook never left her mind's gaze. That same shine dwelt and danced in her eyes, and the light of those eyes only ever saw one thing.

One day, a priestess visited the Queen and asked, "Oh greatest Matriarch, foundation of the First Night, may I ask what is your dream?"

"I dream of the Stars," replied the Queen, her glare still locked on the sky above, "to hold them in the palm of my hand, and to keep them in my sight forever."

At this declaration, the Priestess shivered. She warned, "To want the ✦ is to testify against the Crown."

"Then, that is what I'll do. The Stars aren't God's to rule."

"Dearest Omnos, the ✦ are the Crown's alone. Your ■■ is eternity." The Priestess left.

So, the Queen prepared for war. She built up a tower, one tall enough to reach the Heavens. A tower tall enough that her fingertips would brush past the waters of the sky and ocean of Stars. At this testament, the Crown was angry. It threw down spears that split and ravaged the ground. From those spears was only Wrath. Wrath flooded out of the spear and blanketed the horizon.

Its arms reduced the tower to ruins.

Its eyes stole the color from the land.

Its blood captured the light from the Stars.

Its wrath coated the sky and tore it down.

The Queen looked over her kingdom, laid to ruin by the

Wrath, and she let go of the Stars in her eyes.

In their place, she beheld every stone of the kingdom, every tree of their great forest, every soul she cherished. In her eyes, her kingdom dwelt, and her nation thrived, safe from the eyes of the Crown. Beyond her gaze was a timeless space, devoid of color and life, murdered by the Wrath. In her eyes, her kingdom would live forever, and when her eyes met the eyes of the Crown, the Crown would forever watch that flourishing life. It would forever watch what it attempted to destroy; the eyes of the Crown captured in the eyes of the First Night.

Her eyes finally shut, and she drifted off to sleep. In her dreams, her kingdom lived on. In her dreams, the Crown watched. In her dreams, the stars were hers alone.

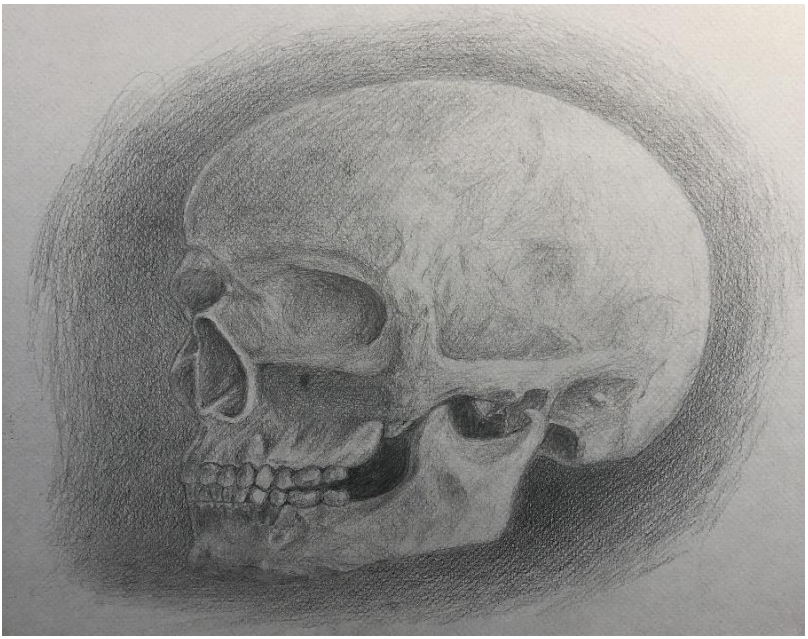
Her eyes became Mythos.

Her mind became Logos.

Her dream became Omnos.

Dearest Omnos, Matriarch, and the First Night. Oh The Most Ancient Dream, you will dream that dream until time's death, and when you wake the ✦ will be yours.

Dearest Omnos, your ●● is eternity.



Skull, William Arends '24 (Graphite)

King Midas
Grayson Johnson '24

Midas was a king that held a great fortune;
But his love for gold and riches caused a curse to be born.
His daughter was elegant and as glamorous as can be,
But treasure comes at a cost, never free.

Dionysus and Silenus, good friends, came to visit.
Silenus got tired and reached his peak limit,
He got drowsy and tired and slept in the flowers.
Midas gave no care and let him stay in his towers.

He returned him the next day with love and care.
Dionysus was so grateful and freed from his despair.
To repay his kindness, he said to wish for anything at all;
Any gold, any treasure, it does not matter how small.

He thought with haste, and his wish he told;
Midas wanted everything he touched to be gold.
The very next morning, he woke up with glee.
He touched all his belongings, everything he could see.

He slowly realized he couldn't even drink water;
He reached for a hug and gold consumed his daughter.
Midas got on his knees and said it was a curse;
He no longer cared about the money in his purse.

The Gods looked at him with pity, saying go the river.
He washed his hands quickly and began to shiver.
Returning home, the curse has came to an end;
He hugged his daughter because she was his greatest friend.

The treasure and riches were nothing at the end of the day,
He looked at his people and gave it all away.



Split Self, Dylan Donley '24 (Graphite)

The Unrecognized Strength of U of D Jesuit's Swim & Dive Team

Alexander Hurley '24

The past three years for our swim and dive team have been remarkably successful: new school records, the first Catholic League win in over fifty years, and placing top 3 at states three years in a row. Their presence on every pool deck has been the strongest ever, but is their effort and determination recognized by their classmates?

Since the end of the Covid experience, the team has built a new reputation and has formed a modern legacy. A Cub swimmer's day begins before sunrise at 5:00 am and ends in darkness around 10:00 pm. Each week, the team has two morning swim practices and two morning lifts, each last an hour. Every day after school, there is a two-hour swim practice. The morning swim practices are usually recovery and preparation for the afternoon, while the lifts aim to increase strength and explosiveness.

During every enduring practice, each swimmer faces a different mental and physical battle. The boys swim around two to three miles a day with sets consisting of short rest, sprints, specific paces, and "everything you got left." A good teammate who holds himself and his peers accountable will swim the sets correctly and push themselves, but to pass that mental barrier it requires external influence. Some swimmers need motivation from others, their coach, or an internal voice. At practice, one will witness frequent encouragement within each lane. Swimmers pass around fists bumps, punches, and energizing words or phrases. In season, there are three key observations one can make about our swimmers: they are forever exhausted, continuously eating, and the only conversation they hold is a reflection or complaint about their strenuous practices. Evan Tack, a junior on the team, explained his thoughts on the process, "The mental and physical fatigue is absolutely worth it. Although it is a very exhausting sport, it teaches you lifelong lessons and sets you up for the future."

The team has excelled in numerous dual meets, reclaimed the Catholic Leagues after 55 years, and has consistently moved closer to a state title. Their current record and performance can compare with the football, basketball, and track teams of U of D Jesuit, though it is noted that on social

media our swim team does not get promoted to the same extent, nor is there ever a student section. After the 2022 season, the team graduated three seniors that swim at SMU, Boston College, and the University of Louisville. Additionally, the class of 2025 boasts an impressive group of individuals. According to Swimcloud, Tack currently holds the 2nd rank in the state, followed by Patrick MacKillop at 7th, and Matt Garza at 30th. That brings the question, is the team's work ethic and success in the pool noted by their fellow classmates?

I conducted a poll in Mrs. Cooper's journalism class that reported four students believe the swim team receives enough attention at The High, while nine believe the team does not. One would assume that by possessing the record they have, graduating multiple D1 swimmers, as well as training future ones, our team would attract ample student attention. Tack commented on this topic and expressed, "We typically do have supporters at our championship meets, yet we lack student sections in other competitions, as opposed to our other sports such as football and basketball."

Though, it needs to be acknowledged that swim is a very repetitive and boring sport. Should the gentlemen who answered "no" on the survey feel guilty for not wanting to watch their friends swim across a pool for two hours half-naked? Coach Schuman mentioned, "It's just not one of the big sports. It's not out there. It has its own niche. It's a really esoteric thing, and it can be boring as hell." A Cub may never know the grueling pain their friend goes through each swim season, but they know of their success and reputation. Swimming is not very entertaining, and may never be for high schoolers, but those who are on the team continue to represent the U of D Jesuit crest no matter the support they receive.

Coach Edson, along with a few exceptional captains, have built a team that redefines UDJ Swim & Dive. The team experiences ups and downs, occasional lapses in discipline, and moments of missing camaraderie, though their consistency throughout the process has been substantial. Schuman added, "There is something different with the way things happen here... the best programs carry themselves a certain way." Regardless of student attention, social media recognition, or victories, this team will eternally embody the "esprit de corps," a spirit that remains elusive until experienced.



Frogster: Defender of the Frogs, Jonathan Wallace '27
(Colored Pencil and Ink)

Schilp Stories
James Schilp ’25

The Muse
Emily, a high school senior, discovers an old journal in her grandmother's attic. As she reads the entries, she becomes enchanted by the vivid descriptions of a mysterious place. Intrigued, she follows the clues in the journal and finds a hidden door in the attic. Opening it, she steps into a magical world that seems straight out of her grandmother's tales. The twist? Emily realizes she's the muse her grandmother wrote about, to inspire creativity in others.

Worthy Investment
Jacob, a student with a passion for astronomy, discovers a strange telescope at a garage sale. Late one night, he gazes at the moon and notices a figure on its surface. Shocked, he realizes the figure is waving at him. The next night, he receives a message through the telescope, revealing the strange waving to be from an extraterrestrial. Shockingly, the extraterrestrial is a lost astronaut from Earth's past who stumbled got stuck in a wormhole, inadvertently ending up on the moon.

Forgotten Melody
Sophie, a talented pianist, stumbles upon an old sheet of music in the attic of her new home. Interested, she starts playing the haunting melody. Suddenly, memories flood her mind, memories that aren't hers. The music seems to have a mysterious connection to someone else's life. Sophie comes to discover that the sheet music is a forgotten song by her long-lost twin sister, separated at birth, who had the same musical talent and composed the melody as a way to find her.

Echoes of a Storm
Anson Crumpton '27

Haunted by memories, marked by strife,
I walk this tightrope, called my life.
Can hope outshine this ever-present gloom?
In the eye of the storm, can a new light bloom?

Shadows and storms, a relentless fray,
In the clash of winds, I lose my way.
A promise to keep, a world to save,
In the howl of the gale, I must be brave.



Samurai 1, William Arends '24 (Ink)



Samurai 2, William Arends ’24 (Ink)

Future Long Awaits, or Does it?
Joseph Lenhard ’27

3024 maybe be long in sight,
It can be very bright,
New inventions and ideas,
Do they have good tortillas?
We may not know,
We may not care,
But forget driving cars,
Let us move on to flying cars,
All electric,
No gas,
Let us move fast.

Resurrected Malice, Finale
Avery Krick '24

I spent more time ruminating in that space than I'd care to admit. Regardless, time is strained, if time even continues to exist at this point.

But I've been allowed one thing, and that is the retention of my senses. Even if I can no longer think, my eyes and skin will do it for me. If I can no longer decide, then in my stead my ears and nose would volunteer. Should I forget myself, my tongue would remember how I tasted. For the year or so that this hour has lasted, there was one thought that never left the back of my skull: an infinite light cannot exist. It may endlessly consume or grow, but it itself cannot be endless. Then, if it can grow, it can rot. There has to be something, something that cannot be consumed. Something that when chewed must be spit out. If anything, silver and gold won't save a rotting soul. Many would say the old must be destroyed to make a better new, but perhaps gold could simply be turned to lead.

"Where will you go?"

"Where I am needed."

"Why do you keep going?"

"I needed to be pulled, dragged, back down, and burned."

"What are you?"

"A desire."

I took another step. Had I been walking all this time? I suppose so. As my mind started to walk with my feet, my skin felt as if it flared. There was always something that can't be consumed, wasn't there? Or perhaps, it could have been at a time, and simply wasn't there when it should've been. Then, if it's too late for it to be consumed, where would it go? My steps grew fainter and muted. In the hour, I stepped outside the building I'd found myself in. Finally, there was some sort of linear progression, I could take a step without winding up in some mangled forest or barren city. The fire in my skin continued to burn.

Looking around, it was still the campus I first departed from. If it wasn't for the scars on the sky erupting light, I'd almost believe that none of this was real. In spite of the light, the land remained swallowed in wave after wave of shade. I'd expected the end to be much more anthropomorphic in

appearance, but I'll take the guess that war wasn't man-made. Walking through the campus, I'd find my old dorm. From there, couldn't I retrace it all? Somewhere I've been bears the weight I need. The dorm building itself was nauseatingly familiar, and nothing I'd need was there anymore, so I'll keep moving. Stepping past towards the grove of trees was the sight of ritual. The bodies were still there? Of course, they are; I can see them. I shouldn't be surprised at this point.

Walking further beyond them, the forest was beyond salvation. With nothing to outweigh its desire, it was consumed by either shade or light; it's difficult to tell at this point. I could hear nothing but its dead stillness. Whatever the essence of the forest is, it had been completely consumed at this point. The sound of rot is awfully deafening. No matter how the roots writhed and the soil screamed, something that has rotted will make no noise. Whether it is dead or not is beyond me, but I suppose it is implied. Still, whatever I needed was missing, so I'll keep walking.

I walked the distance I drove. The time didn't matter anymore; an hour would last a millennium so long as I made it so. As I walked forward, the stench of something burning continued to intensify. What at first was a whiff that radiated off of smoke was now seared into the pores of everything around me. The fire was burning away everything, everything besides itself, and the one thing I needed.

After this point, I'd returned to my dorm for the second time by unknown means. Surely, a third was possible? I could repeat this process once more if I truly wanted to be sure. And so I wouldn't. There was one distinct smell just beyond the fire. Beneath the burning was the sickening smell of iron, thick enough to taste. Something that has already been eaten can't be eaten again. I'd seriously considered it, returning back to my dorm, planting the flash drive there just as I had before, forgetting and leaving it for the next regression. But that smell sharpened my teeth with saliva. If there was any chance of salvaging something, now was it. The taste of iron was what I needed. Whatever I am is what I needed.

So, what's the harm in trying? Even if it doesn't work, surely letting things end isn't so bad either. Some other world would experience its own regressions, experience the exact same things, and perhaps things would turn out differently. Perhaps, they'd continue. And as my teeth sunk deep into my

wrist, the sky cracked above me, and the ground beneath me responded in turn.

Once again, I'm not exactly sure where I am. From what I can tell, this isn't really a space. Have I been here before? It seemed as if three pockets in this space are missing, and where they are I can't really tell. Beneath my feet was a shallow pool of blood, and despite the last decade I'd experienced in just a day or two, it was off-putting. Tragedy radiated out of that puddle, but I suppose it's a time that's passed. I stepped out of it and passed the three empty spaces. This space that didn't exist, in between the light and the dark. This was it, a space only known by the contradiction.

I had a decision to make, and I had to make the correct one.

I went back to the center, and with another deep bite, let my own blood pour out into the puddle that had been left here previously. If silver and gold can't revert rot, then I need the iron to outweigh my desire and drag me back down into the ground. Hopefully, this would suffice. I had a decision to make, and I had to make the correct one. The previous blood splatter trailed off a bit, into one of the three missing spaces, perhaps the others would serve me better. Facing away from the former, I stepped towards the one on the right, and as I walked ever closer, the fire beneath my skin blazed more and more. The freezing essence of a soul, was it? As I stepped into it, I took one more glance behind me, only to now see the blood that trailed from all three. Ah, well that's unfortunate.

And so, the throne looked much bigger in person. It towered over me, even. Infinitely small yet infinitely big, a paradox was something that was beyond my comprehension. As the space around me distorted on account of my laughably limited capacity for perception, one solid object lingered before me. Chained beneath the throne was a small orb, just big enough to rest nicely in the palm of your hand. And so, stepping through the distorted space of the throne, I approached it.

"Where will you go?"

"So, this is the third time we're doing this then?"

"Why do you keep going?"

“You're not so different. You're the same as you were down below, and you're the same as you were when we danced in the center. I'm wiser now, however, even if just by a little.”

“What are you?”

“Can't we just give this up? Seven stars now fester beyond here. You can't get them back. If we keep going like this, soon enough I'll be beyond you as well. As your sole creation, I'll ask this of you once; you've already become the dark, the light, and everything in between, but won't you give up on the contradiction? I am the one thing you didn't make.”

The sphere remained silent.

“You bear the weight; you bear the crown. You bear the burden of being beyond everything. Not I, the seven stars, nor any that come after me will be able to know you. I know you're lonely, but just give it up, Keter.”

It's silence continued, and the space around me started to form solidly. The slight radiance of the orb slowly started to dim.

“I know how badly you wish to be known. When you appeared to me, fragmented into as many forms as possible, or when you assumed a persona just to aid my journey to the surface. This was the third world, was it? Then, there's one more. Then, how about we give this just one more shot, if you promise to come witness the contradiction with me.”

“You're not so different. You're the same as you were down below, and you're the same as you were when we danced in the center. I'm wiser now, however, even if just by a little.”

As my words trailed off, the light of the sphere turned off completely. I was speaking in a tongue I didn't know, from mouths I was unfamiliar with, but words that belong to me alone. With the light gone, the fire beneath my skin broke through. As I burned, as I stepped into another life burdened by the weight of gods, this ‘me’ remained. It burned me down until I was nothing but another force that permeated the land and drove the world’s existence. Just another force, another law, that defines what we know.

Driving through Fear
John Draper '25

Most people start driving at 15 or 16 years old, but the first time I ever drove a car, I was 10 years old in the parking lot of a Kumon, waiting for my sister. I was daydreaming about driving and begged to try it, and my babysitter miraculously allowed it. I was much too short to reach the pedals, but I was able to hold the steel steering wheel. I took continuous unhurried laps around the parking lot, moving the wheel gently as if I were truly driving alone, yet I was barely moving 5 mph. This exciting feeling of driving, gripping the wheel, brought me so much joy, but it was met with hate. An old white woman parked in the lot walked up to the car and stripped me of all the excitement that I had felt, mocking the ten-year-old who only wanted to learn about driving. She told us she would not tolerate it and threatened to call the police. The activity that had delivered such a full smile had now been reduced to fear and anxiety for my childhood self.

After that event, I became hyper-aware of how scary driving can be. I would catch myself hating driving and consistently checking the rearview mirror for cops. As quarantine spread, driving became occasional, and driving at night became uncommon. The fear associated with driving started to be forgotten, and all that anxiety would begin to fade. The next time driving was brought to my attention was my 15th birthday. All my relatives swarmed me, saying, "I'm sure you are ready to start driving," and asking, "Have you really not started driver's training yet?" In an instant, the idea of getting to drive excited me again like it did in the Kumon parking lot. I asked my mom to enroll me in driver's training, and my first lesson came about a month later.

The first drive was an amazing shock. Soon, driving started to feel like trying a new food rather than walking on a tightrope. I wasn't the best driver, but I continued to practice driving in empty parking lots, and in time the motions became instinctual. 10-year-old me shied away from driving, but I'm now 17 years old and the oldest of my friends, so that means constantly picking up and dropping off. I enjoy being able to coast down the road listening to Frank Ocean and talking with my friends. Some nights, we even explore new places like the woods or just a nearby city. Without learning to look past the fear in the rearview mirror, I never would've gotten to

experience any of it. As I venture through new rooms and places like Providence, I won't let fear prohibit me from learning and exploring new commodities. Maybe, one of them will give me a new path to explore like driving did.



View of the Canal, Logan Mullan '25 (Photography)

The Waves of Superior
Atticus Daniels '25

Down the scarlet tomb of humanity where apples grow
The waves of superior clash below
There dwell handsome facades with Hellenistic faces
All put on alluring attire with strangling laces

Curly bronze hair that of a primitive roman
Glistening glossy skin with symmetrical proportions
Such Fibonacci-like features are kindred to that of roses
I am a mere hedgehog against the cunning waves of Superior
as a dilemma approaches

The waves rise high with much vitality as Erie's waters die
May those who live a life superior, hear Erie's cry!
For the cold bitter waves of Superior engulf Erie's warm gentle
heart
As it seems these shameful heinous waves tear nature's soul
apart

Those rasping lustful waves are fierce against nature's tender
coast
For bragging about errording Erie's cliffs is nothing to boast
As chunks of once-enamored rock plunge into those lustful
waters
Loyal chivalrous Erie can only watch as Superior slaughters

Erie's rocky dam breaks and the red river flows shy
The river trickles down as nature lets out a cathartic cry
Consuming lacrimal rain begins to flood the emotional depths
For trees fall and fields burn, will this be but one of many
deaths?

In desperate manifestation, the river scars nature's fragile land
In what way does nature's soul lie in God's hand?
Mutilated nature calls for help in a state of withered torment
Is nature's existence really all that important?

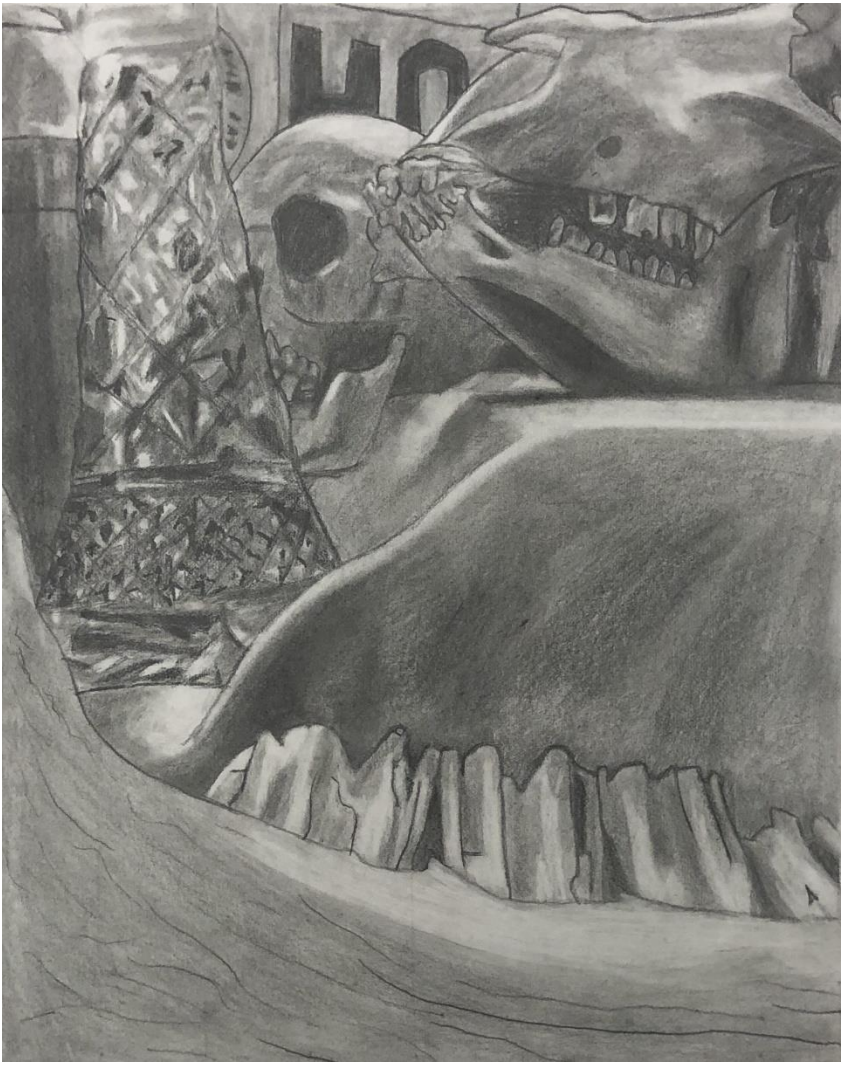
Superior's waves turn into a vicious tempest
The agonizing storm does not care about God's premise
For its wrath envelopes nature's broken spirit
A young girl in a white dress calling, can you hear it?

She has a seraphic voice, that of an angel
"Do not make the same mistake I made, existence will not always be painful"
As nature's soul begins to reawake, still left with those scars from the past
The wounds begin to heal, for nature shall feel no fear at last!

As Superior's waves begin to simmer
Erie is restored and nature's powerful light begins to glimmer
As the light begins to shine down the tunnel, the future looks clearer
For I am able to withstand the waves of Superior



Looking in the Mirror, Umair Ahmed '24 (Photography)



Big Bone, Kyle Smart ’24 (Graphite)

Imperfects
Grayson Johnson ’24

“We can go together!” I emptied my lungs with as much force as I could muster, but not enough to stop the guard's hands from grabbing the back of my neck, creating a V-shaped marking on my collarbone. The necklace my grandmother gave me only contributed to the suffering that I was undergoing. As my neck bent back, I could see the disgust in the guard’s eyes as if touching my bare skin would give him some incurable disease. In my opinion, he looked ridiculous. The black and red face covering that was suctioned perfectly to his face put a cramp on his style. His unappealing facial expression made me think that he wanted me to breathe the corrupt air. He looked at me like I was an animal, and it was just natural selection. Deep down, he wanted me gone.

The sky gleamed a dark crimson with speckles of clouds that seemed to resemble fashionable rings. As he dragged me toward the closest outpost, embers from primordial flames swayed throughout the air and landed on my bare thigh. He would leave me there with the rest of the imperfects to be stranded. But as he pulled me, I didn't care much for the poison that fell deep into my organs, creating a living monster inside of me. I only thought about Sully. I thought about his promise. The promise that now burned to flames as he walked toward his sanctuary where imperfects like me were cast away. While he had a ticket to the next life, I was left with the rest of humanity scouring the grounds for a glimpse of food or drink.

Each day, the air got thicker, and the heat intensified. My family had a little camp set up in the archaic subway system that spanned the boundaries of the last functioning city. While it was a catacomb for many, my family still trudged on, using resources we had compounded over the past few years to nourish us. Lola was my little sister, and earthquakes, eruptions, and mass destruction were all she knew. She was born on the ice-cold floor of the cellar in our previous house because hospitals were no longer functioning. The earth rumbled, creating a split in the Earth's crust, causing most of the infrastructure in our town to fall. The internet became extinct, and society fell into total economic ruin. Humanity turned into a game of life and death. Sully and I promised to be together ‘til the end. Sully was everything to me. As a 14-

year-old kid who would much rather invest in a book than technology, it was very hard to find a person with similar interests. But Sully was unique. We would spend summer days on the upper deck of his house, discussing the books we read together. We would cast our gaze into the skyline of the city and imagine living in a different world. A world of purity and freedom. A world where birds still perched on branches in the mornings whistling a familiar tune. One where masks were nonexistent and freshwater abundant. But the more we gazed and imagined, the more tears our masks would absorb. As soon as we stepped back into reality, the birds were all dead, and the only tune we heard was the blaring of sirens signifying another quake.

Eventually, school, laws, and order slowly became nonexistent. Society split into levels of social standing, and the government started forcing medical examinations. People started to question, but the government remained silent. I remember the day when a so-called "examiner" came to my family's house. A woman taller than me glared down at me as she analyzed my heart rate, blood pressure, and body figure. Being underweight for my age, she marked something on her paper and left our house. The exam seemed so odd to me. No one could quite grasp why the examinations were happening and what reason they served. My parents were not given one because they were over the age of 40 and Lola was not yet born. Weeks passed, and I had not seen Sully in quite some time. Word spread that families were getting ripped apart. Kids as little as 10 were abducted, and the military kept close watch on everyone, making sure no one stepped out of line.

As the earthquakes continued, my home slowly crumbled to the ground. My family and millions of others were left roaming the streets, searching for places to stay. Outposts were set up by the government, but none of them were large enough to house everyone in the city. Food became scarce and starvation spread across society. I searched for Sully despite all guidance from my parents and the military. Walking past his house, I would only see rubble. The balcony we once day-dreamed on crumbled into a million pieces, and underneath it was our ideals.

Word spread that the government had been working on its transition from Earth to Mars for the past century. Medical exams were established to search for genetic perfection. Any

disease, flaw, or weakness would destroy one's chances of reaching Mars. Me and my family joined the millions of imperfects who were not good enough. Soon enough, I saw Sully. He was gift-wrapped in some suit to protect him from the atmosphere. Guards guided him toward the sanctuary where he would quarantine. The more I screamed, the more I realized how imperfect my voice was. As my voice reached a high pitch, it faded away, and guards dragged me back to where I belonged.

As I looked into the skyline one last time, I realized that Sully and I would never fantasize again. Maybe he was looking back at me from the ship as he witnessed Earth turn into a heap of magma. Maybe, this could have all been avoided...



Warp Lightning, Jasper Hunt '24 (Graphite)

Social Media Positively Affecting College Athletes
Charlie Gorski '25

Numerous college athletes in the past attained recognition from the public for their skill and talent. There are few that were recognized based on their name and likeness alone, besides for children of the sport greats or other nefarious reasons. Now more than ever, college athletes are pushing their name and likeness out into the world with the help of social media. Many names come to mind, such as Paul Skenes, Spencer Rattler, Livvy Dunne, Paige Buekers, along with countless others. All these athletes heavily use social media, and it has helped them gain a reputation of being beloved by fans. These athletes are all extremely impressive in their own sport and are close to the best of the best, but they have more fame for what they do in-between athletics.

High school athletes interested in college sports can also use social media to connect with colleges more easily than in person. Social media can be used as a gateway between athletes and coaches. Students send messages to coaches all the time just to have their name on the mind of a college coach. The effectiveness of contact varies with the athlete's ability, but it never hurts to try if one is truly invested into the sport. No matter what one's capability is on the field, with enough effort, hard work, and contacting some schools in your skill range, anyone can dedicate themselves to committing to a college.

When it comes to the average American high school athlete, about 7% makes it to the college level with less than 2% playing in D1 athletics. These sound like scary numbers, but, when broken down more, the fright disappears. 7% is 1 in every 13 athletes, which sounds much more doable when one sets their mind to it. Although, it is much more difficult. D1 athletics is 1 in every 56 athletes, but that is for the best of the best, so it should be difficult. For your average Joes, this is not the recommended goal because you may be let down, but that's part of every sport.

One amazing way to contact colleges is through the Twitter / X social media app. One future college athlete, Matt Blazejewski, agrees upon this thought because "anyone can see it, and like you can get under more peoples' views the easiest way." He began using Twitter for connections in the

summer of his junior year, but he recommends starting as early as possible because why limit yourself to just a year and a half of scouting when you could have all your high school time or even before as well?

The other route taken by fewer is when colleges are interested in you at the start. These high school athletes are the best of the best or just about there. One athlete that took this route was Bobby Crane. I spoke to Bobby about when to start using social media and how it can help, and he said, "I started posted highlights, and Twitter's a good way to reach college or for them to reach you." Bobby is a junior at University of Detroit Jesuit, playing baseball as a pitcher who recently committed to Notre Dame to continue his baseball journey. He began using social media as a freshman, and his experience was different than Matt's. Bobby has always been a top player in all the years of baseball he's played, so the contacting practice wasn't as one-sided as Matt's was. He first started posting highlights, workouts, and other off-season videos of him to promote himself. As he began this, some smaller colleges began contacting him, but being so good, this wasn't his goal. He started "to proactively reach out using methods like email, text, phone calls or social media," which is what the NCAA recommended him to do on their website relating to college careers. Using all of these methods and through help with his travel baseball coach, the offers, phone calls, text messages, and other positive activity began rolling in for him. Eventually, he finally received contact from Notre Dame, one of if not the best college baseball programs in the world, where he shortly after decided to commit to continue his career.

Thanks to all of these methods, both of these athletes have been fortunate enough to continue their passion for their sport on the next level. For all athletes reading, take note of what these two individuals did to get to where they are today, and don't forget to be realistic about this process. Not everyone can take the route that Bobby did, and not everyone should take the route that Matt did. If one is at the high enough level, you must be smart and learn about how this whole process works because it could end up making the difference in playing in the professional league or working at a fast-food restaurant for the rest of your life.

The Woodstock Massacre
Adam Todd ’24

In the ’70s, everyone was high off the block,
But that was nothing new here in Woodstock.
Now, at this time, they had no teacher
To tell them the myth of this magical creature.
The creature marched up as they stared in awe.
Soon, they’d discover its fatal flaw.
Using great beauty to draw in its victim
Like a snake subdues prey with its venom,
It’s horn plunged into a woman’s heart
Lain on the ground, as if hit by a tranquilizer dart
Thrown into the air reaching great height
And into her heart, it took a bite.
The world believed this event to be the buzz of a drug.
The unicorn turned out to be a vile slug.



Overview of Lake Tahoe, Emmet Gardella ’27 (Photography)



California Mountains, Emmet Gardella ’27 (Photography)

Earth’s Winter Coat

Thomas Jamil ’25

When winter comes, a blanket falls,
Many flakes and a silent call.
Each one unique, a flow of art,
Covering the Earth’s warm heart.

Wonderful sights, pure and bright,
On the ground it provides a light.

Under the moonlight’s shine,
Nature shows its frosty time,
A peaceful space, wrapped in its bow,
A magical tale of the falling snow.

The Cryo-Jumper
Aiden Jackson ’26

Derrick Savatier could not be less excited to do anything in his life. As he sat down in the Douglas C-47, staring down at his laced boots, Sergeant Newport walked his way over to him. He slapped the helmet off of Savatier. “What are you doing, Corporal?” Savatier reached for his helmet and put it back on his head as Newport continued to rant in the heavy French accent Savatier knew him for. “Comment es-tu arrivé là?!” the sergeant asked him. Savatier stayed quiet. “Comment es-tu arrivé là? Answer me!” the sergeant asked again. “Through sheer luck, secousse,” answered Savatier finally. Newport backed away from the corporal and showed clearly his look of disgust. “Since you’ll die anyway, I’ll let that offense go.” He looked back at Savatier while walking away. “Calling ME a jerk. Damn Canadians…” he mumbled. Master Corporal Noam Saelim looked at Newport, who had his back turned, and looked back at Savatier while shuffling towards him. “Sergeant gave you troubles again, didn’t he?” Saelim was a Thai-French paratrooper who had brownish hair, tan skin, and brown eyes, which made him an apple among a group of pears in the mostly French and British crowd in the airplane. Savatier, in an act of outburst, nearly shouted. However, in fear of Newport coming back to antagonize him again, he quietly exclaimed, “Of course he did! He always does. Newport doesn’t like anyone who isn’t himself.”

Newport turned around and dropped his Webley Revolver on the ground of the plane. Just as the sound of the revolver hitting the ground was heard, it was instantly overpowered by the sound of German artillery shooting at the plane and detonating near it. “Okay,” Newport yelled while the plane was shaking, still trying to grab his revolver, “your mission, as part of C Company, is to—” As Newport spoke, a flak round hit the bottom of the plane. One of the newer soldiers, Private Garland Brown, went flying in the air due to the impact and hit his head on the plane’s floor. Private Thornton Ivanov’s head crashed into the side of the plane. Savatier’s body froze in fear as his eyes spun all around to look for Newport. He found him, but Newport didn’t look like he was in the best of conditions. “Newport’s dead! What do we do?” one of the paratroopers wailed. “I’m not dead. Look,” Newport began as his voice began to get softer and raspier, “green light

is a go. Make your way to Litteau and assist the 7th Infantry Brigade of the 3rd Canadian Division on the east!" As flak and tracers continued to pop around them, many began to jump out of the hatch that had opened in the plane. Savatier looked over to see Saelim jump out and salute while falling, which Savatier frowned at. Savatier began to talk to himself while looking through his stuff, making sure that he knew where his things were. It was ridiculous, but he constantly worried about things at the last second. That's how Spark died. "Bren… Webley… PIAT… Okay. I'm all set." Savatier ran and jumped out of the plane. The last thing he saw was Newport laying down, probably dead.

As Savatier flew through the air, he practically had a heart attack. Would he die from the flak and tracers or the landing? Even if he survived, would the Nazis on the ground find him and kill him? Well, he couldn't see into the future, so for right now he didn't worry about it. The cold air kept slapping him in the face. He looked around and saw other paratroopers flying downwards. Some of them were hit in the air. It should've been slightly therapeutic, if they weren't landing away from him. "I'm going off course," he said out loud. As he looked down, he noticed he was getting closer and closer to the ground. He pulled his chute, and his entire body was rocked. His heart pounded like a drum. His torso hurt; his head was aching. Nothing could go any worse, unless he died. He fell slowly into a tree. Savatier passed out nearly instantaneously.

He woke up about 20 minutes later. He began to tear up as he awoke and realized that this wasn't a bad dream. He was cold, scared, and alone. "Is anybody there?" He heard a man's deep voice call out in poor French. Savatier rushed to cut himself free from the reign of terror that kept him stuck: the tree. He pulled out his Fairbairn–Sykes fighting knife and cut himself loose. He fell and landed on his face. The sound of the impact alerted whoever it was that had called out for him. The same voice who had spoken poor French now began to speak German. Was it Nazis? It had to be! Unfortunately, Savatier was too battered from the passing out and the impact of the fall to really do anything at the moment. He just had to hope that the Nazis wouldn't find him.

"If you are with the allies, please come out! Our house can act as a safehouse!" a voice cried in spotty French. It wasn't the same one he heard earlier. It was a different voice,

a woman's voice. Maybe the Nazis were setting a trap? It was too suspicious. He heard someone run near the area where the voices were coming from. The man who had run over spoke German and sounded annoyed at whoever had called out for him. He could make out a few words, but the man's heavy German accent was stumping Savatier. "Who are you talking to?" the man said impatiently. He clearly brandished a weapon. The silhouette of an MP40 was visible on the man's character. He was clearly a Nazi. The Nazi didn't waste his weapon. He shot it in the air as a warning. "If you won't tell me," he began, "I will kill you AFTER I find your little friend." He then began to walk towards the trees where Savatier had landed. He looked up at the torn parachute that Savatier had abandoned in the reign of terror. He scoured the ground in case the paratrooper was still alive and hiding. He shot wildly at the ground, in hopes of hitting something. Derrick laid down on the ground, scared. He couldn't move, either because he was too scared, or because if he did, the Nazi would kill him. The Nazi had a long beard. It was the only thing that Savatier could see in the dark sky. Then, all of a sudden—

POW!

The Nazi fell down to the ground. He had been shot. He quietly whispered something in German, then took his final



Sleepy Safari, Evan Tack '25 (Photography)



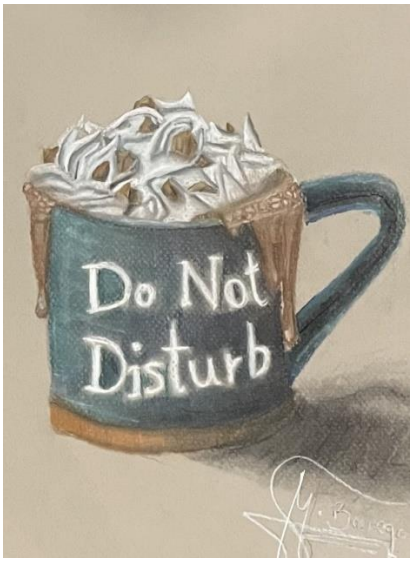
Zion National Park, Daniel Burke '24 (Photography)

breath. Now, a dead man lay close to Savatier. Even if he was a Nazi, it didn't do his mental health any better. "Okay, come out now! He's dead!" the woman's voice cried out in a voice filled with haste. He began to talk to himself again. "She," he stuttered, "she just shot the Nazi." He snapped out of his frozen vegetable state and announced himself. "Okay, I'm standing up. Don't shoot!" he said in German. Savatier stood up slowly, not wanting to be shot and killed like the man that had fallen close to him, even after he had spoken to the woman. Once completely stood up, he finally got a good look at the woman who had saved his life. She had blonde hair in a bun and sky-blue eyes. She wore a periwinkle shirt with a blue fleece and a blue skirt to match. Even though she had just shot a Nazi dead, she was not fearful. She waved her hands, signifying for Savatier to come over and enter the house. "Come on!" she said in French, once again. He then began to walk over but not before grabbing his things. The wind got heavier as Savaiter made his approach towards the large, white house. Inside the house, there were decorations everywhere, old and vintage china scattered on the surfaces of the house. The man who had called out initially was sitting down on the couch. He had black

hair, a long black beard, blue eyes, and wore a lumberjack's uniform. He turned around with a smile on his face, which was a surprise to Derrick seeing as what just occurred outside. "You can thank Jerome over there for the weapon that saved your life," the woman said after shutting the door. Savatier turned around to look at her, and back to look at Jerome. "I should say thanks?" he asked. The two looked partially upset. "Thanks is not any leagues close to what I should be saying to you!" he exclaimed. "Thank you both! Jerome and…" He couldn't finish his sentence. What was the woman's name? She took one more look at him and figured out what was wrong. "I forgot to introduce myself, didn't I?" she asked him. "Yes," he said in a sense of decrescendo. "I apologize. Heat of the moment." He forgave her, and she continued. "Anyways, my name's Zoe. Zoe Siegel." Savatier stood like a kid that had lost their parents in a bodega. "And mine is Jerome Moreau," the man added. "And welcome to Forteresse de Cassien." As Savatier inspected the house, he saw a mirror. It was at this moment when he finally got a good look at himself. He had black hair in a curtained hairstyle, brown eyes, and a flat nose. He took his attention away from the mirror and saw a picture of the couple. However, there was someone else in the picture. It was a teenager, probably 14 or 15. He was shorter than both of his parents, but from his face gleamed confidence. Zoe acknowledged this. "Oh, that's another story for another day. He's why this household is called the Forteresse de Cassien." The tone of the house changed from criminals on-the-run to the atmosphere of a funeral. It was clear what happened to him. "Oh, is he looking at the picture of Cassian?" Jerome asked. "Yeah," Zoe responded. "Our son, Cassian, was a bundle of joy…" A teardrop ran down her cheek. "Until a group of boys from the Hitler Youth beat him to death." Savatier briefly stopped breathing. "I'm sorry for the sob story it's just—" Savatier interrupted her, "There's no need to apologize. I understand how you feel." He understood that the name Cassian was probably an alias. Saint Cassian had been killed by children, and "Cassian" had been beaten by the Hitler Youth. Following the conversation, he forgot the last question he wanted to ask the couple. Jerome stood up from the couch and walked over to the battered Savatier. He simply said, "Thank you," and walked back. "We need to topple this regime," Savatier said in his head. "I think I have to leave now, but thank you both for your hospitality. I wish you both good luck."

He opened the door, but he couldn't get one foot out before Zoe tugged him back inside. "Look, we're members of the Maquis. Could we accompany you?" Savatier turned around and stared in her eyes. She seemed desperate. Jerome was also staring at Zoe. "Well, that's not my job to make that decision, but I guess you can. Just stay low." Zoe's eyes lit up, and she went upstairs to do something. While she did that, Jerome got up and went to the corner of the room. Savatier stood still, confused. "What are you guys doing?" he asked Jerome. "Preparing," the response was. Zoe came back downstairs with a large, black backpack and went outside. Jerome followed. Finally, Savatier exited the house. The cold air hit them all like a truck. "Okay, you lead the way," Zoe said, confidently. Savatier remembered what he wanted to ask them earlier. "Where are we?"

"We're in—I think—southwestern La Bazoque," said Zoe. Uh oh. That meant that Savatier had landed one city away from where he needed. There was a road ahead that he was sure led to Litteau. He had practically studied and memorized the reconnaissance maps. "Okay," he started, "we need to travel down Le Château de Taillebois, or D122, and turn onto L'Église, or D122A." He pointed towards the road ahead. The couple seemed to understand what he meant. They began walking towards the road. Silence was the loudest thing present during the initial walk. When turning onto Le Château de Taillebois, he jumped backwards. "What happened?" Jerome asked as he too dove backwards. It was two Nazi trucks. They looked like Opel Blitzes, but Savatier didn't look at them long enough to exactly categorize the trucks. "At least 15 foot mobiles. Oh God— they're coming this way! Stay down!" The trucks could be heard getting closer and closer. The voices blended together into a babble until the trucks got closer. What was odd is that the drivers seemed to be speaking English and French. One of the voices even sounded British! Maybe it was other paratroopers who had captured the truck. But why were they driving towards La Bazoque and not Litteau? "You think Derrick made it? I saw him drifting away near central Litteau," he heard one voice ask. "I don't know," another answered. "They're friendly! I heard them say my name!" Savatier whispered. "Do not fire! I'm Corporal Derrick Savatier from the First Special Service Force!" he exclaimed. "Stop the trucks!" he heard another soldier say. "Derrick?" It was Noam Saelim! Saelim jumped out of the truck and ran towards Savatier.

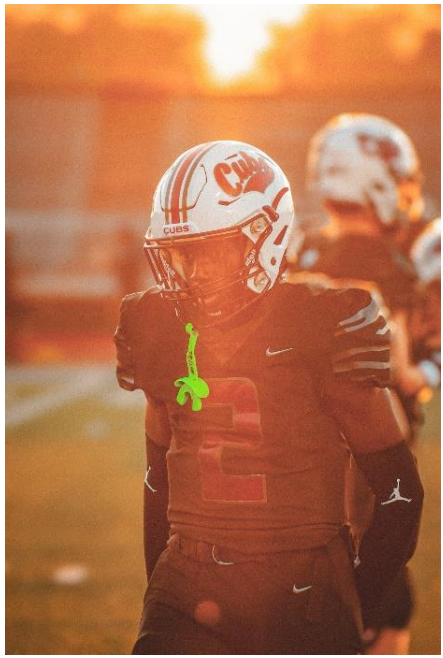


Do Not Disturb, Miguel Borrego '27 (Pastel and Graphite)

"Where were you?" Saelim asked him. "And where are you guys going?" he responded. Another soldier, Private Itzhak Kidd, rushed out of the second truck. "We're going towards Litteau, are we not?" Savatier facepalmed. "No! You're going into uh…"

"La Bazoque," Zoe said as she emerged from darkness. "And who is this?" Another man from the wave of them emerged from the trucks. It was a man named Major Findlay. As Findlay's silver hair shone in the reflection of the moon, he walked towards Zoe. "She's my wife," Jerome stated in a serious tone. He sounded like he would punch the old man if he got any closer; Findlay got the memo. Savatier joined in, "They're part of the resistance. They saved my life, sir." Findlay backed off. "You did say we're heading into the wrong city right?" he asked Zoe in French. After she confirmed, Findlay went back to the soldiers in the trucks. "Remind me to never trust Kidd the Yid again." Savatier's jaw usually would have dropped, but he kept composure. Yid was a slang term for a Yiddish person. Kidd had always been called it, even in training. Everyone had gotten used to it by now, except for Kidd. The fact that his name rhymes with yid didn't help the fact. "Guys, drive down D122 the other way and turn left onto D122A. It's a direct route!" He signalled for the two resistance fighters to get on the trucks, and the convoy was off. Zoe and Savatier

got on one truck, while Jerome got on the truck Kidd went on. Savatier recognized many of the faces he had seen before. Private Garland Brown, Private Thorton Ivanov, Sergeant Carlyle Way, and more. "So… how did you get here?" Ivanov asked. Savatier looked back at him and prepared to tell him the story of his life. "I passed out when I landed. I don't know how long I was out, but clearly it wasn't that long. Anyways-" Another soldier interrupted him. "Okay, okay, we get it, Mr. Survivalist," Master Corporal Naomhán Kavanaugh said in his sarcastic voice, with his Irish accent. He looked over at Saelim. "What's this coconut doing here on the front lines?" Many of the soldiers laughed. Coconut was offensive slang for a person from Southeast Asia. Although many laughed, Saelim, Kidd, and Savatier did not. "Take that back Kavanaugh." Savatier stood up in the moving truck. Second Lieutenant Jonathan Margate peeked his head out from the passenger seat. "Everything okay back there? Not fighting each other again, right?" Everyone stayed silent. "Okay, I'll take that as you being on your best behavior, ya bunch of children. And you!" Margate pointed at Savatier. "Sit down, mate." He put his head back inside of the truck. "You remind me of Newport and



Rays of Glory, Paul Therriault '24 (Photography)

his cent pour cent nonsense," Savatier said quietly, directing his eyes towards Kavanaugh. "Well, at least I haven't died like him," he responded.

The silence once again was the loudest thing that everyone could hear. It was either a good thing or a bad thing that a nearby explosion finally gave the soldiers something to talk about. As the convoy approached the city, the sound of gunfire was made more and more apparent. Various soldiers were heard screaming in at least three different languages. Savatier attempted to break the silence by saying something. "Guess it's back to killing the Jerries in the trenches—"

BOOM!

An artillery shell hit near the truck and sent it flying on its side. "Get up! Let's go!" He heard Margate say. "Our driver is down! Oh God not him too— Mendez is down!" At least three soldiers died during the initial phase of the artillery surprise attack. "We have to get to the chapel! Pave the way for the 7th Infantry Brigade!" An American soldier came rushing from the Area of Operations. "I'm Rusty Trevis from Section Golf Two of the First Special Service Force. Don't shoot!" the man said quickly. "We got Mortars and Gebirgsflak 38s on the other side of the chapel!" Major Findlay appeared from out of nowhere. While coughing, he asked the man where the artillery was. "There's no CAS available! They sent us on a death mission!" Rusty cried out. "Ramirez! Jonhson! They're both dead!" Savatier ran up to the man. "Are you okay? Can you hear me?" he asked. "The end is inevitable!" the soldier kept wailing. "I think he's gone Section 8. There's nothing we can do."

"Section 8? So, he's insane?"

"Yes."

The squad ignored the crazy soldier as they moved into the city. Two soldiers got nailed by artillery while moving with the squad. "Kidd! Kidd!" It was apparent that Private Kidd had been hit. Savatier couldn't look back. Kidd didn't deserve to be killed by extremists in a local city in a war-torn Europe. He readied his Bren and opened fire on two Krauts he saw that were messing around in the distance. Both of them fell on the ground, the wall they were near being splattered with red. "That's for Kid!" The rest of the soldiers from the convoy finally rushed to the scene. "Lace 'em up like MGK Payne!" Savatier turned around and saw a Ford F15 with a man using a repurposed MG42 spray at the enemies' positions. "Name's Kirk Payne ya Krauts!" the man who was gunning it exclaimed.

He rocked back and forth as Hitler's buzzsaw, as the MG42 was known, tore through various German ground infantry. "The cavalry's here!" Kirk shouted at the top of his lungs. The Allied task force pushed into the town itself and made their way closer to the chapel. Explosions, screams and cries for help, bullets; the sounds all apparent in warfare. Savatier, alongside a few others including Saelim, had made it to the chapel itself. They held out in its backyard. For some reason, at this very moment, he asked himself something he should've asked when the artillery fire knocked the truck over. "Where are the resistance fighters?" The men who had been on his truck understood. "You should've thought of that after we got flipped over!" Savatier looked over to see who had made the comment, and there stood Sergeant Newport.

"How the—" Savatier began. "What are you talking about?" Newport responded. Derrick blinked a few times and out of nowhere, Newport's face vanished. It was replaced with another. "Uh, guys! The chapel is— on fire!" The two looked at the chapel. It was burning. It must've been set ablaze while they were talking beside it by the Nazis. It was impossible to miss it; the chapel practically lit the sky itself on fire. Its bright orange luminescence standing over them all like a god. There were audible screams in the chapel. "There are people inside!"

"Help us!" voices cried in German. Savatier and the others rushed to opened the chapel's giant, castle-like door. It seemed to be nailed shut. Savatier said his first curse of the day, which was surprising since he had gone through a lot today. Out of rage, he shot at the hinges. The door made a sound that sounded like rubber rubbing together, and it fell backwards. Inside the chapel, some were burning, and some charred remains were laying down on the ground. Many were still alive and trying to escape. Savatier and the rest of the allied soldiers ran inside and helped civilians escape. "My child! Someone please!" one woman cried out. Savatier ran over to her, with adrenaline pumping through his body. Flames sparked around him as he dashed through them. "I'll save your child. Don't worry!" The child and the mother were both crying. Savatier attempted to lift the wooden beam that the child was stuck under. He struggled and struggled. "Come on! COME ON! LIFT— PLEASE!" he screamed out of anguish. "GOD PLEASE!" He begged. He pleaded. He struggled. He lost. "RAISE! RAISE!" He gave one last effort. The beam allowed the child to wiggle a bit before falling back. He turned around to tell the woman

the situation. "Ma'am," he began, his shoulders heavy with pressure and his heart full of sadness, "there's nothing I can…" As he turned around, he realized that everyone had left. The woman was gone, the rest of the civilians were gone, the de facto firefighters were gone, everyone. He couldn't just abandon the child. He had to stay and help. But if he stayed, they would both die, wouldn't they?

"I'm getting you out of here!" he yelled at the child, who was struggling just as much as him. He picked up the beam and lifted it with all of his might. Once again, it didn't budge. The fire began to engulf the entirety of his surroundings. He had to hurry this up. "Is there anything I can use?" His eyes looked around the room at light-speed. "A chair!" He ran over to it and placed it under the beam. The chair helped lift it just a bit. One side of the roof collapsed, the child screaming as it fell. He attempted to lift the beam again, this time to greater success. "It's lifting! Try to crawl out!" he cried out. The child wiggled forwards again, getting looser and looser from the grasp of the beam. "I want to be free!" the child wailed. "Please!" The chair was about to explode from the pressure. Savatier stopped holding the beam and pulled the child's wrists to pull them out.

Would they survive? Only time would tell. They both… hoped for the best.

"AHHHH!" he screeched while pulling. After pulling hard enough, the child went flying out, nearly into flames. "Get me out of here!" The child had golden hair that went down to the shoulders, green eyes, and a short appearance. Her eyes were pouring tears, and her face showed a great magnitude of sadness and worry. "Follow me!" Savatier commanded. The little girl grabbed his hand and followed him as they made their escape. "Don't do anything stupid!" she said. A flame sparked near them, sending the girl to the ground. Savatier picked her back up and ran towards the giant castle-like door that had allowed them to enter, which was now a bunch of melted metal and rust. The two ran towards the exit as flames engulfed their escape. Would they survive? Only time would tell. They both jumped and then hoped for the best.



Seth's Room, Caden Rivers '24 (Gouache Paint)

The Apples
Edward McIntosh III ’26

I see the delicious, desirable red apple.
I grab the circular and round fruit.
I feel a sense of relief
From the smell of the apple’s freshness.
I bite into the crispy, crunchy apple.
My soul tastes the sweet juices of the apple.

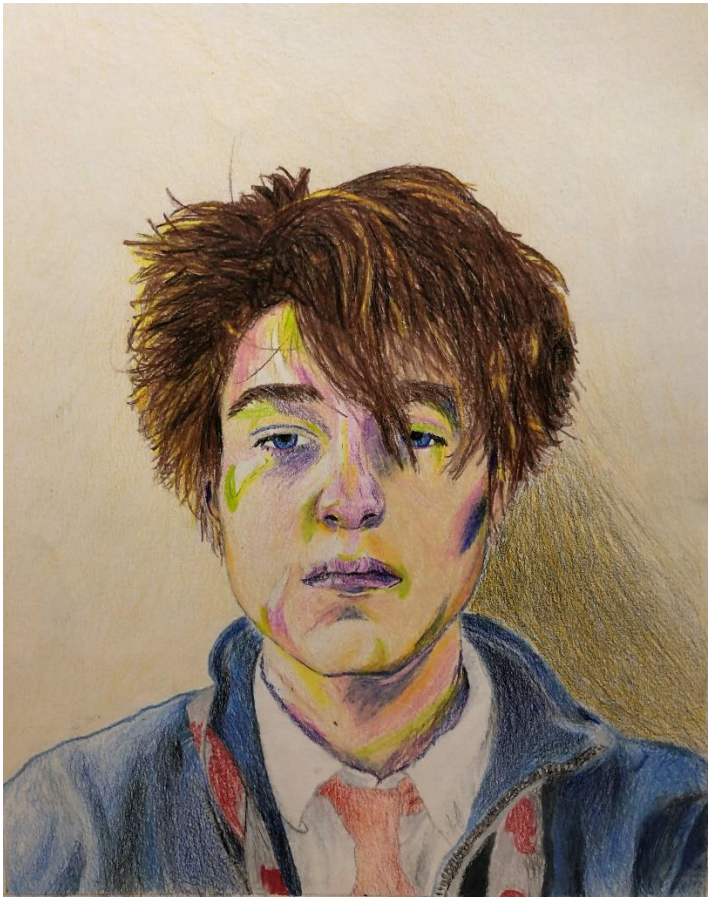
I see a flavorful, flavorsome yellow apple.
The apple shines like gold.
It feels like a baseball.
When I cut the apple,
It slices like butter.

I see an appealing and appetizing striped apple.
The apple looks like it has marbling.
At the moment of seeing this apple,
I was starving.
I couldn’t resist,
So I snatched the apple from the tree.
I ate about three.

I see a glorious green apple
Ready to be eaten,
But it makes my lips pucker
Because of its sour juices.
If I squeeze the apple,
I can see the juices infused.

Over Time
Nick Gabrys ’26

Over time life unfolds
You meet people young and old
At the beginning there’s not much you know
But over time you learn and you grow
Time passes bye so quickly
But as you get older you see it so clearly
Minute after minute, hour after hour life ticks on by
Everyone at some point must come and die
Hoping to leave behind a long-lasting impact
Never getting to know what changes your life did enact



Self-Portrait, William Arends ’24 (Colored Pencil)



Black Angel, Ashton Johnson ’24 (Ceramics)

Strings of Sorrow
Caden Rivers '24

In a world of myth, legends, and gods,
There is now a lonely lyre's wail.
There was a couple put against the odds,
But be warned, this is a sad tale.

This world had lost its Spring.
Always blazing hot or freezing cold.
No one knew what the weather would bring,
It's been like this since days of old.

Orpheus was a poor boy writing a song.
One to bring the end of gloom.
This young man, with melodies strong,
Would bring the world back into tune.

One fateful day he met a girl
A pretty girl, she was his muse.
Eurydice began to change his world,
By finally giving him something to lose.

With winter nigh, Orpheus had to write
His song to end the winter cold
But with him distracted all day and night,
Eurydice's hunger grew a thousand fold.

In her hunger, death abducted,
And cold and sad, Eurydice wept.
Her happy life interrupted.
Into the shadows, her spirit crept.

She drifted somewhere new and shady
With mortar, bricks, and industry bells
And met the evil king named Hades
Down in that dark, hot, and very strange hell

Orpheus, finding his loved one gone,
Quickly realized what he must do.
Follow the road, dark and long,
And walk the way to Hades, too.

His music echoed through the dark.
His notes and lyre did guide him well.
Breaking the shadows, he did embark
Gone down on the road to hell.

"She belongs to me," said the mean old king,
But Orpheus wouldn't go back alone.
He finished his song and started to sing,
And he melted the heart sat upon the throne.

Moved by the song from the boy and his lyre,
Hades knew what had to be done.
He'd let them leave the kingdom of fire,
But only on one condition.

Orpheus must walk in front,
And Eurydice far behind.
He cannot turn 'round as bad as he wants.
He must keep her out his mind.

And if he turns to see,
Or checks that she's in place,
Then she must return immediately,
With no chance to plead her case.

Determined to make it to their home,
Orpheus started his walk.
Only now he's all alone,
And the doubtful feelings begin to stalk.

"He's playing a trick. He won't let us win,"
Orpheus thought in a plea.
His skin clammy, his blood running thin,
All he could think was, "Where is she?"

Wracked with questions, driven to sickness,
Orpheus turned his head.
He saw her quiet forgiveness,
And like that, Eurydice was dead.



Klean Shaker, Aidan Treharne '25 (Graphite)

Black Leopard
Aiden Jackson '26

"We can't investigate further, Palmer. It's useless!" Months of searching, all useless. The crew still couldn't find the man they were after. Investigator Palmer was, for the most part, a calm and collected man. However, his patience was wearing thin. Palmer thought about what he was going to say to respond. He then said in a deep, serious voice, "Tanner, we've searched for two months, and we can search for ten more."

Tanner then stared at Palmer with his dark green eyes. "What do you think this is?" asked Tanner as his face reddened from anger. "The good guys don't always win!" he said in a booming voice.

"Then, let's make sure they do this time," Palmer said while moving across the room. "Look, when Haiden gets here, we'll have nothing to tell him! We don't have anything—"

The door to the room swung open and rammed into the wall with a mighty crash. "I found something!" Haiden said.

"Well, that's another hole in the wall…" Palmer said sarcastically. Haiden looked back at the door he had just savagely tossed open. He then closed it, after removing the doorknob from the wall.

Tanner opened his mouth and spoke. "Okay, tell us what you found. This better be good!" Haiden then moved over to the desk in the left side of the room. "I've got the exact whereabouts of the… uh— what did we call him again?" Haiden then looked back at Tanner and Palmer.

"The Black Leopard, Haiden," Palmer responded.

"Okay, I have a location in Philly, Rochester, Providence, and Kalamazoo," Haiden said in a voice as fast as a sports car.

"This is amazing. How did you get this information?" Tanner asked.

"Well, it wasn't pretty," Haiden responded. "It was a long and difficult process—"

Palmer interrupted Haiden as he started to walk near the desk. Palmer started to point to a location in Canada. "Oil Springs, Canada. I'll bet you that's where he is."

Haiden's face of excitement began to fade as he looked down at the map. "Why would you say that?" he asked.

"It's a decision a person like him would make. He's already stirred up a massive pot over here, so why stay? Why

not wreak havoc in another country? Not to mention the entirety of the USA seems to be looking for him."

Haiden looked down at the map. "Are you sure? Maybe he'd want to stay for a bit longer— I mean, we have four other locations to search!"

Palmer took suspicion to Haiden's behavior. "What is up with you? C'mon, we're going to Canada."

Haiden stood properly getting out of his crooked stance. Haiden said in a soft, sad voice, "It's just- last time I went to Canada…"

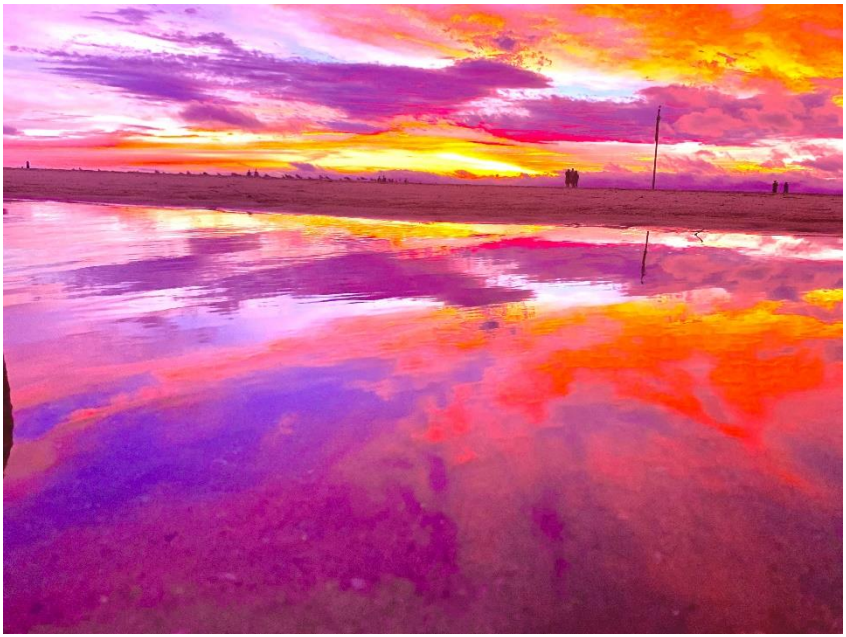
Palmer looked at Haiden and put his hand on his shoulder. "Come on, Haiden. It's the three of us. Nothing like that will happen so long as we are here." Palmer looked at Tanner. "So long as I am here. Let's go."

The next day, the three headed out to Canada. After many checkups, and a lot of paperwork, they were able to get to Oil Springs.

They spent the next few weeks surveying the area. Many people threw off red flags, but they had the most suspicion on a man with a dark blue suit, a dark blue hat, and a golden tie.



Cheetahs Never Prosper, Evan Tack '25 (Photography)



A South Haven Summer, Quinn Levin ’27 (Photography)

“This guy is definitely doing something,” Palmer said, knocking on Tanner’s shoulders softly.

“Yeah, look at how he’s hanging out around these corners.”

Haiden looked at the two with suspicion.

“Look what he’s doing! Oh no… GET DOWN!”

A loud BOOM shook everything around it. Some cars began to explode as the mechanisms inside started to burn from the inside. Luckily, nothing hit the trio. Loud screams of nearby civilians rang throughout the entire ordeal.

“GO! GO! GO!” The trio rushed out and went to arrest the Black Leopard. “STOP! NOW!”

Another BOOM rang out, the resulting gust of wind knocking Tanner backwards. “Someone call the police!” Palmer yelled. “Tanner, are you all right?”

Tanner got up and cracked his knuckles. “I’m still kicking. But soon I’ll be kicking at the Leopard’s face!” Tanner prepared to charge the building the Panther went in, but Palmer stopped him.

“Hold on. Let’s get behind cover.”

The three moved to a nearby van.

"Okay, we wait for him to come out. Then, we get him. Tanner, provide cover. I'll charge the building with Haiden."

As he said this, Haiden punched Tanner and pushed Palmer to the ground. Haiden struck Palmer with repetitive hits.

"WHAT— agh... ARE YOU— DOING HAIDEN?" Palmer shoved Haiden down.

"You knew I was going to do this," Haiden said. "I've been a double agent this entire time. You will never find the Black Leopard. It's already too late."

"What?" Palmer exclaimed.

"This was a setup," Haiden said. "You've been setup."

As Haiden said that, men in black suits emerged from a car. They surrounded Palmer.

"GET ON THE GROUND!" they yelled.

"What- No! I'm not the bad guy-"

The men then forced Palmer to get on the ground. "So much damage… So much carnage… You're going away for a long time."

Palmer looked in disbelief. "No! It was Haiden! He-"

Palmer then looked at Haiden as he played dead. One of the men in black suits looked at Haiden.

"You mean this guy? He's dead! You're boned. Come on, guys. Let's turn this guy in."

While being dragged into the car, Palmer could hear one of the men saying, "We found him. The Black Leopard has been found. We're turning him back in to the USA."

Palmer then realized what had happened.

"I'm not the Black Leopard!" he yelled.

"You will never find the Black Leopard. It's already too late."

It was useless. Soon, he was being driven back to the USA. He was going to be doing life. It was no question.

Life in prison was horrible. Palmer didn't eat well, didn't get treated well, and didn't feel good in general. He plotted an escape. He had it all planned out. He had built relationships with certain inmates and specific prisoners who would help him get out.

The next day would be the day he would get out, and the search for the Black Leopard would start again.

Rat Killer
Grayson Johnson ’24

The rats raced from one burrow to another, expanding their territory and establishing new occupancies for future generations. Eventually, I discovered that the rats had built an underground fortress. Their tunnels that spread across my backyard had multiple entrance and exit points. While primarily sedentary during the day, as dusk set in, the despicable creatures that hid their faces from the sunlight came out to prowl. Their undesirable presence fueled my determination to end their reign.

It was during the summer of 2020 that the rat infestation began in my backyard. I first noticed them with their grimy tails scurrying underneath our deck free of charge. With knowledge of my father's phobia of rats, I alerted him of their presence, and the bloodshed began.

We started the hunt with a baseline of some cheese and rat traps. The first week was uneventful as we lacked direction on what triggered the rat's interest. Their ingenuity led them to take small nibbles out of the cheese but not fully commit to their demise. My dad grew by turns anxious, furious, afraid, and hopeless; his brain resorted to pessimism as he contemplated the infestation. In the face of his distress, I drew excitement out of the situation. I was intrigued by how the brains of other animals worked, how they could combat our trickery and decipher the fine line between a treat and death. It motivated me to track their movements and tendencies, test different baits and traps, and analyze failed attempts to understand how the rats functioned. Every morning, I rushed to my contraptions with the urge to see if our previous evening’s work had yielded any results. I remember researching and designing my own rat traps using a water bucket, two PVC pipes, and a spinning contraption, thinking that they would lose their balance and slip in. While it was not engineered to perfection, it was a steppingstone that allowed me to build upon my evolving understanding of rat behavior. Eventually, I had to do further research and identify new baits and plans of action. I equipped myself with live traps, snap traps, and cage traps. I established a set rotation, regulating how the time frame, bait, trap type, and positioning affected the outcome of my efforts. Then, I altered each factor just enough, so the rats didn't outsmart the system. Some

mornings would be actionless, others jam-packed with the gore of rat intestines. The days when I failed made me determined to critique my formation and try again. Every time I managed to succeed, the rats were trophies that symbolized my triumph. At the end of the summer, the 22 rats that once thrived in the hollows of my backyard were left mangled and disfigured, clamped down by the jaws of my traps. Taking a step back, I can assure you that I am not a cold-blooded terminator who finds joy in such mutilation. Rather, everything I did was out of love for my father and to reclaim my home.

That summer, I learned that I could take a serious, complex, and somewhat disgusting conundrum and turn it into an engaging challenge that tested my skills and allowed me to grow. Sure, it would have been easier to hire an exterminator, but then I would have missed out on this unique experience. Obstacles that once seemed insurmountable were overcome, giving me confidence that this could be true in all areas of my life. As I journey forward, I want to solve problems that seem complicated and intimidating. I know that through consistency and perseverance I can take on any challenge. These acquired skills will aid me in successfully finding solutions to societal problems and pursuing my interests in all future endeavors.



A Man's Best Friend, William Nantis '28 (Colored Pencil)

My Grandma's Story
Isaiah Pacis '24

In the heart of Manila, 'neath the moonlight's glow,
A little girl's world shattered, in an era of woe.
Her father, a brave medic, stayed to face the fight,
Against the Japanese oppressors, in the darkness of the night.

Deadly temperatures are rapidly rising
As her neighbors were out there, dying.
The rays of the sun, hotter than hell
'neath the rising sun, it was raining shells.

Locals were decapitated by swords,
Victims drowned, tortured by waterboards,
Babies were thrown into pits of crocodiles.
Japanese actions were just hostile and vile.

The city echoed sorrow, under wartime's cruel reign.
Her father was enslaved and was held in iron chains.
Everyone was trying to keep sane,
Innocence stolen, in a world of endless pain.

A medic's daughter in the land of despair.
Separated from her father, in an endless nightmare.
She escaped the oppressors on the river's gentle stream,
As the Filipino army fought, victims of a merciless scheme.

Oh, the river, a witness to her fear.
On a bamboo raft, she fled as the danger drew near.
The bloody waters whisper as she kept rowing her oar,
A young heart breaking, in the echoes of war.

The rising sun was split into two and setted hard in the sky.
Her anger justified her belief: "an eye for an eye."
From afar, she saw the explosions on Japan.
She said karma hit them with Little Boy and Fat Man.

The echoes have waned, but the story must be told,
Of a little girl's escape, in a world so brutally cold.
Young girl blinded by bias and vengeance,
When she got older, she granted them forgiveness.



Sunset on the Beach, Keegan Birkett ’27 (Photography)

Community
Thomas Angell '24

When I think of a community that has helped shape who I am today, I immediately think of my Mexican heritage and my family. My earliest memories come from my grandfather signing nursery rhymes to me in Spanish. "Sapito Sapito Sapito," the frog song was a favorite of mine. Another favorite was "Pon Pon La Manita," or the hand song. My grandfather would sing this while pointing to different spots on my hand. This was all done to keep me entertained while my mother and father worked during the day. Growing up, I've been surrounded by Mariachi music at weddings, Christmas time Tamale making alongside a team of tias, tios, primos, and primas, and lots of Chorizo made by my grandma. My Mexican family taught me the value of close-knit relationships and teamwork in a community setting.

These experiences in my community I take everywhere I go. For example, in one of my first visits to the DIA, I saw the industrial murals painted by Diego Rivera. I felt I had a deeper connection with those murals because they depicted Detroit manufacturing and facets of Mexican culture. These murals exemplify teamwork, which is what I grew up with in my community. These murals resonated with me because my family has deep ties with the industry. Those murals depict the community I was born into, with values including discipline, work ethic, and dedication.

My place in this community is to represent those values. I carry out these values by dedicating personal time to community service and continuing to hold onto my work ethic and discipline in all aspects of my life. These parts being school, athletics, interpersonal friendships and so on. Every day I live, I live for my community.



It All Started with a Screen, Jonathan Wallace '27 (Ink)

United by Diversity
Brody Contat '26

America is referred to as a melting pot in which diverse cultures come together to form the United States of America. Like a melting pot where metals are melded together to become a stronger piece, America is a diverse population "melded" together, making it a stronger country. Being placed in an environment with others who have experienced more hardship can lead to more empathy for others. It also forces one to think about others before themselves. Having countless different opinions clashing together can lead to different and creative ideas. Diversity brings people together for the good of all. United by diversity is the concept of having unique cultures mixed together that benefits all people, which in turn creates a better world.

Diverse cultures coming together results in all having a deeper awareness of the customs, ideas, and beliefs of various cultures. Cultural awareness helps break down cultural barriers and helps people develop an appreciation for others who are different. In order to experience and learn from these cultures, there must be an environment that has to exist to provide the opportunity for people with unique cultures to intermix. Mr. Ongwela, the assistant principal of The University of Detroit Jesuit High School said, "Having people with different backgrounds in the same environment pressures everyone to have a global perspective." Possessing a global perspective helps shape how people appreciate different individuals and what goes into shaping cultures. To develop a global perspective, one must be put in a situation where unique cultures and people are being melded and combined together. Having higher cultural awareness is an important part of character and being an aware and loving person.

Having different and opposing beliefs clashing together can result in more creative ideas. Different opinions are important because it can lead to better discussions and progress. Engaging in communication with different opinions can help stimulate deeper thinking and growth. When Mr. Ongwela was asked about how people in the business world having different beliefs leads to more creativity, he said, "Fortune 500 companies do this all the time. They strategically hire people with different religion, ethnic, and school

backgrounds." Utilizing a team comprised of diverse members enables companies to evaluate ideas from various angles, resulting in innovative solutions. Also, having members of different nationalities enables the company to have more opportunities to expand internationally. Mixing unique beliefs can lead to more creative thinking. Creativity is necessary for effectively solving issues. Creativity is a component missing in the world today where everyone is so dependent on technology.

Diversity is only successful when the learning environment forces thought on the group compared to the individual. When being united in a group of different people who come from various backgrounds it can result in more empathetic actions. This is only realistic if the environment is one where individuals are comfortable with sharing thoughts and ideas. U of D Jesuit High School is a place where young men from all different economic, social, and cultural backgrounds come together. A leader and role model at U of D Jesuit, Mr. Ongwela, said, "When you're in diverse environments it makes you want to think of other's perspective and not just your own." At the high school, there are students who come from very difficult situations. Students developing friendships with other students who have different backgrounds develop a more empathetic student body. Empathy and focusing on the group are important characteristics in order to make the world a better place.

The notion of being united by diversity, the idea of having unique cultures come together to form something stronger and help all people, is extremely important. It all starts with being put into situations with different ideas, customs, and cultural backgrounds. Being placed in these environments can help promote higher cultural awareness. These environments force one to focus on the group rather than the individual, resulting in a more empathetic and creative way of thinking. This is why some of the most successful companies in the world want employees with diverse ideas, beliefs, and backgrounds on their teams. The situations where different people are forced to communicate and learn from each other is exactly what being united by diversity is all about. It builds character, which makes the world a better, more loving place to live in.



Candy, William Arends '24 (Gouache Paint)

Trapped on the Desafiadora
Aiden Jackson '26

Knock knock. A loud clanging sound woke me from my slumber, and I got up from my bed on the Desafiadora and went to greet whomever had rudely roused me. At the time, I was in my blue and white pajamas, with my coffee-colored slippers and sleep mask still half attached to my face.

"May I help you?"

"I didn't ask you to start talking. You're coming with us."

I didn't even get to say that much before I was yanked out of my room, in my blue and white pajamas mind you, and then had a gun pointed at my face. Clearly, these chaps were not in the mood for amity at all.

"You're coming with us, I said. Get up." The man was tall, had long brown hair, a black vest, black jeans, black shoes, and had a very funny-looking nose. Even with the gun to my head, the worst thing he was responsible for was the odious smell of what smelled like rotting steak emerging from his jacket. I couldn't think about the smell for too long though. Someone had put a bag over my head and choked me out quickly.

When I woke up, which I have no idea how long it had been since I was rendered unconscious, there were five people in front of me. The man who had the silver handgun, two others who looked similar in stature and appearance, one who was the brown sheep of the group, and a woman.

"He's awake," said the woman as I tried to shake around. I was trapped in rope. "Matón, go deal with 'em." One of the other two men looked at the lady, enamored just by her voice.

The man with the silver handgun, who I now know as Matón, struck me across my face and spat on the ground near me. I couldn't bear how inimical the entire ordeal was. "So," he began, "as you can see Mr. Blackmore, I have found you at last." I silently gasped, and my heart began to beat; he knew my last name! Maybe he'd just confused me with someone else. "Tell ol' Gilbert over here what we want, Limpi." I was surprised to see that this man was not the leader of this gang. The odd one out walked over to me. "We're going to raise and freeze the Earth over if you don't release Demetrio Armando."

So, not only did they know I was Gilbert Blackmore, but they knew I was the one behind locking Demetrio Armando up.

Demetrio was an… interesting person. Twenty-five victims, alleged fifteen pounds of illegal possessions, a vehement feeling for crime—I wouldn't release him if you paid me £65,000; sixty-five thousand pounds sterling; that'd probably be €76,577 in Spain.

Clearly these were not the Buckley Bickerton Badley type—oh wait, you wouldn't get that. What I'm trying to say is that they were clearly not philanthropists.

For the record, B.B.B, or Triple B as we call him, is from a book written by Percvial Elliot Harding, or as he's more popularly known, Percival the Puerile. Which book was it? I'm pretty sure it was *The Razzmatazz Roadrunner Robber*. I'm getting beside myself right now. I apologize for being such a bibliophile.

The boat rocked to and fro, and did I mention I have a phobia of being thrown into water? Well, they were considering it. I don't have hydrophobia! Heavens no, but I don't want to be swimming with the fishes. Or swimming with the sharks. I also don't like high places, and the Desafiadora is pretty tall. I may not be hydrophobic, but I definitely am acrophobic.

They thought they were slick when speaking in Spanish to hide their plans. I'm fluent in three different languages besides English. I'm not one of those xenophobic people who fear anything foreign; I love learning about others and their cultures and languages. Although, sometimes when I'm too lazy to initiate a conversation, I'll say, "Mi español es malo, lo siento."

The lady, who I learned her name was Adelita during the gang's small chatter in Spanish, walked up to me and dragged me over to the side of the boat. I could see the waves of the Strait of Gibraltar sloshing away. "Will you release Demetrio?" I attempted to choose my words carefully here. However, I ended up making something up on the spot.

"I don't want to go through this again. I will release Demetrio. Is there anyone else?"

That seemed to appease them all pretty well.

"No," said Matón. "I think his answer is good enough," said one of the others.

POW!

A gunshot rang out, but it did not come from the goons; it came from a member of the security team! I was finally safe! Another gunshot rang out, this time from Matón. The woman from the security team who had fired the first shot dove downwards. For a second, I thought she had been hit, and my hope died quickly. However, she fired a few more times and hit the gun that Matón had in his hands with almost perfect aim.

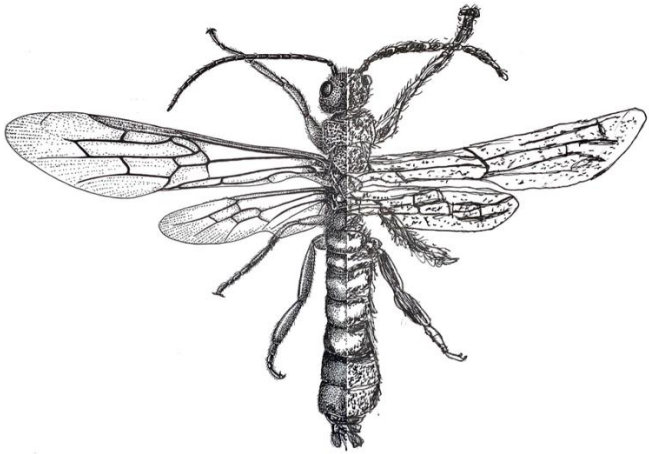
"Stop! Don't move!" she exclaimed. She quickly reached for her walkie talkie to notify the other security officers onboard. I was sure at this point everyone on the ship was awake, beside the heavy sleepers, and my buddy Danny Dandridge, who was my neighbor on the ship; he's a heavy, heavy sleeper. A sound louder than the impact of the meteorite that caused the dinosaurs to go extinct probably wouldn't wake him up.

The mood changed, and it felt oddly pacific when the reinforcements that the lady had called in arrived. The goons had been pacified. I ran over to the woman and thanked her before walking back to my room with about five guards overlooking me.

I couldn't wait to tell Dandrige all about it. And to think just a few minutes prior I had almost died.



Majestic Horizon, Nicolas Vecchio '25 (Photography)



Dragonfly, Dimitrios Goffas ’25 (Ink)

3024
Christian Gulli ’27

Will cars finally be in the sky?
If they are, they can kiss planes bye bye.
Will we live in space?
In 3024, no matter where we live, the Earth will be replaced.
How many people could be in our vicinity?
In 3024, there could be infinity!
Will drones go shopping for us?
They could, but are those objects things we can trust?
Will AI rule the world?
If it does, it can take jobs from all the boys and girls.
With medical technology, will humans even feel pain?
In 3024, they might never have to again.
Will there still be wars?
There could, but they would not need a human to fight, so there would be no more gore.
Will people still be hungry?
With better technology, there will be food for every country.
With all these scenarios, my opinion of 3024 is quite optimistic.
These scenarios are also realistic.
As I write this, it is 2023.
So, do you think it is reasonable that all this could be a possibility?

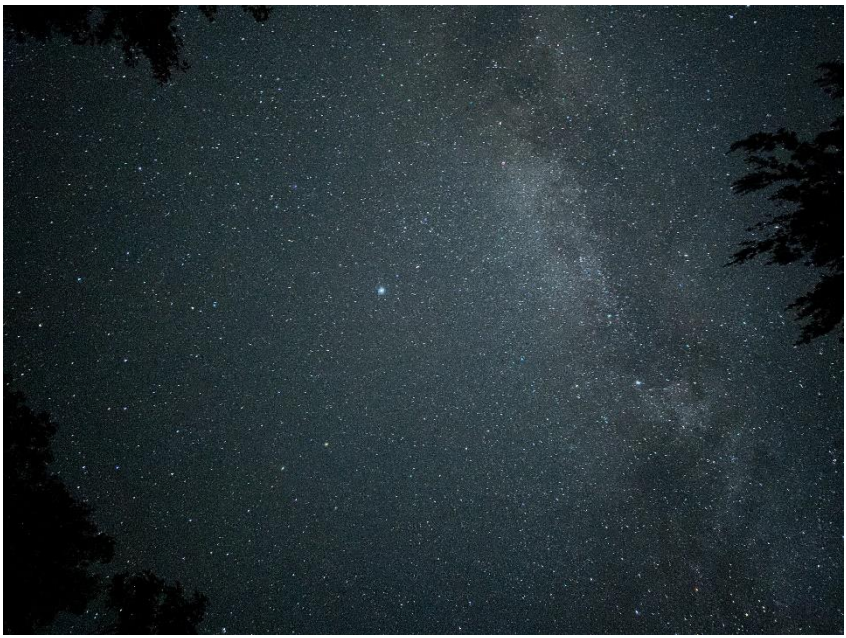
Scratched Car
John Draper ’25

The night was deep, the light was kept too far
The stench of falling water touched me
The air was so harsh it launched the car
Still, I backed and backed til finally free

The metal scrapped and damaged all too well
Tattered and beaten many times it seemed
The cuts became wet and the body started to swell
The deep damage could be fixed or buffed

Before the night it was shiny and gleamy
Before the night it was loving and kind
Before the night it drove innocently
Before the night, it was willing to share time

The car may be scratched or even damaged
But the car’s still worth time and should be loved



Galaxies, Joseph McLoughlin ’24 (Photography)

HDMI 1 - No Signal
Andrew Hale '24

A wooden box. Though its contents are of no monetary value, it stands as a mosaic of experiences that form the foundation of my character. The experiences encapsulated in this mosaic descend in a fractal sequence that can be traced back to my earliest interests. It was through the creation of this box that I was able to discover my own passions and what studies those passions would lead me to pursue.

My fascination with engineering was sparked by my grandfather's passion for working beneath the hood of his 1955 Ford Thunderbird. Beginning shortly after my toddler years, we would frequently build wooden boats, cars, bird houses, and even tackle household electrical projects; such as the re-wiring of my grandparents' first floor bathroom lights. I had always enjoyed these endeavors, but it was not until my grandfather explained to me how an interior combustion engine functioned that I was truly captivated. One brisk morning, he brought me into his garage workshop to help him amplify the Thunderbird's brake light voltage. I vividly remember being hopelessly entranced by both the electrical circuitry itself and the fact that I completely comprehended it.

What I did not quite understand, however, was what I was to do with my newfound obsession with building and creating. It was not until my mother told me to dispose of one of our old Macintosh computers that I finally had the opportunity to indulge in this hobby, which I otherwise lacked the resources to explore. After taking the device apart and sifting through its pieces, I came up with an idea to create a standalone television monitor that I could use as a secondary screen for schoolwork. Some preliminary research revealed the fact that no one had done exactly what I sought to do, and therefore no tutorial was available to me. Given this lack of guidance, I spent a few weeks studying the screen and its innerworkings, knowing that the only way I could create something entirely new would be if I understood each piece inside and out. My final blueprint revealed the fact that the only piece I had yet to recover was a circuit board labeled, LM270WQ1-SDA2. I scrambled over to eBay and located the exact part that I needed to make my monitor functional, letting my mother know, "THIS is what I want for Christmas."

A simple motherboard would allow me to manifest my plans of building a monitor from scratch.

After weeks of failed attempts at wiring cables and adjusting circuit boards, I had almost entirely lost hope that anything was to come of my efforts. I reluctantly switched a cable around that looked to be making incomplete contact with its electrical counterpart. Then, I saw it; the screen lit up and read, "HDMI 1 - No Signal." I could not believe my eyes. I had created this piece of technology that integrated my technological ambitions with my grandfather's and my shared love of engineering. The very first thing I did was call my grandfather, who had inspired my mechanical pursuits, telling him that I had built a device whose exposed wires desperately needed a wooden shelter that only he and I could assemble.

After many weekend afternoons sketching a plan to attach the screen and its components to the box, we finally were able to assemble our masterpiece. Our mosaic of fractal images that were set into motion by some of my earliest, most cherished memories and lessons. These lessons have come together in a perfect symphony of knowledge and experience that have allowed me to understand myself and why I have gained an interest in engineering. I am driven forward by this mosaic, knowing that I can achieve all that I strive for because of this developed understanding of myself.



A Getaway, Graham Cesa '24 (Photography)

28 Hours
William Waldman '24

28 hours. As of right now, my main Spotify playlist states that there are 28 hours of music that I enjoy. 28 hours of time that can be spent driving, jamming, or crying. All my life has been spent around music. Whether it was dancing to "Under the Sea" before I could speak or not being able to stop singing once I could speak, there were many musical influences in my life.

At an early age, I discovered a love for acting, and with that came theater. I have always had a type of energy that few people can understand or get to the level of. Call it energetic, call it whatever, but this has helped me in many ways in my life, and this all goes back to music.

Growing up in summer swimming, there was always a party with a DJ and an MC at the end of these meets. I would steal the show by dancing, jumping around, and even stealing the microphone to sing and scream. One day, the MC of our party told me that I could make a living from my energy.

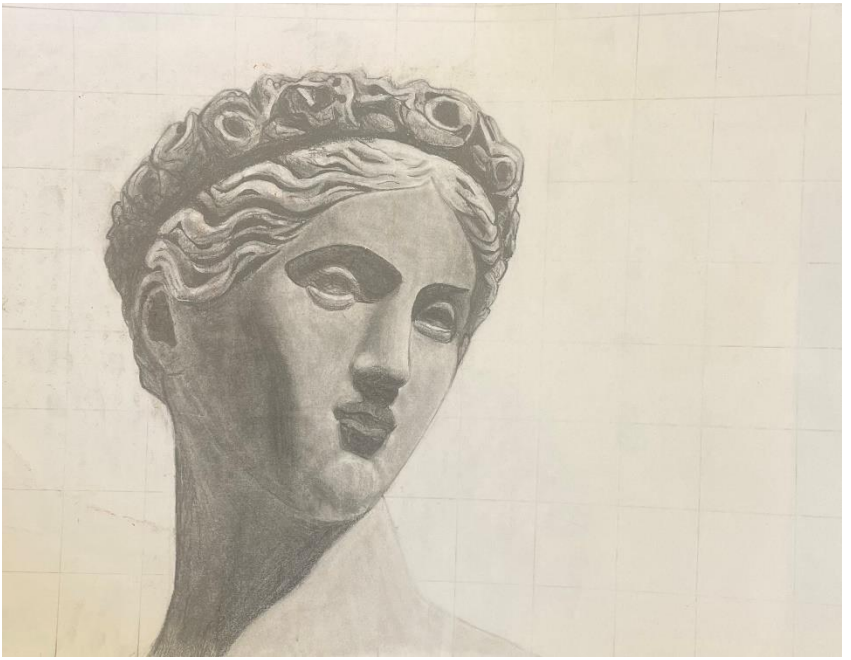
I decided to capitalize on this advice and started working as a dancer for the same company I had grown up with for all these years, Star Trax Events.

The awesome and radiant people I had looked up to for so many years were now my coworkers, my partners, and my peers. This new experience has provided me with not just some of the latest music but a great interest in the art of event planning and the inner workings of a company. Going to the office and talking to the owner, the people who work as event planners, and the managers that work a 9-5 at the same company I am merely doing as a side job teach me that what I do means a lot to other people. It is always the best feeling when a kid who seems a little shy and all his parents want him to do is have fun at his bar mitzvah comes out of his shell and has the best time. That is why I do what I do.

My love of music might be why I started this job and wanted to do it in the first place, but it is not why I still do it now. My playlist is 28 hours long, and it will get much longer as I get older. Music comes and goes, but what I can make out of that music will never fade away.



Pictured Rocks, Daniel Burke ’24 (Photography)



Frozen in Time, Joseph Stachelek '24 (Graphite)

Impersistence of Memory
Frank Salzeider '24

What happened in the year 1024?
As I think about it,
I realize more and more
That I barely know a bit,
That whoever was king or whatever was discovered in those times
Was ultimately eclipsed by far more exceptional minds.
Those ancient peoples should face no blame
For their descendants' greater fame.
Man is limited by his era.
Only unlimited time, which Man lacks, can solve this dilemma.
And so as I think about how little I know of 1024,
I can only imagine how my thoughts of 3024
Will go unreciprocated
As the memory of our own time becomes slowly faded.

A Bird’s Eye View
Nicolas Vecchio ’25

A bird's eye view in the year 3024
Looking down from the vast skies it soars.
Covering Earth are lights galore,
A beautiful sight to adore.

The luminous glow the night
A spectacle below, a mesmerizing sight.
Skyscrapers soar, touching the stars
Cities littered with flying cars.

Wings in the sky, through electric gleams
Navigating a world of futuristic dreams.
From above, a perspective so grand
A bird’s tale of the future in this wondrous land.



Radiant Wilderness, Nicolas Vecchio ’25 (Photography)

Dance Like Everybody's Watching
Frederick Hunter III '24

The date is November 11, 2022. I'm watching U of M play EMU at Little Ceasar's Arena. After the halftime show, they do the dance cam segment. Of course, I stand up to see if I can get on. What I don't know is that I'm not just going to get a few seconds on the screens; I'm going to own the Jumbotron for the next two minutes. Afterward, I'm tired, I'm thirsty, and I'm hungry. But more importantly, I'm ecstatic. I've just done one of my favorite things: I've danced.

Dancing runs in my family, and while my sisters are currently professionals at Zion Dance Project in Texas, I prefer a more spontaneous approach. I dance when I'm at parties, when I'm playing my favorite music, or even when those songs get stuck in my head long after. Sometimes, I even dance when I'm trying to think of something: say, what to put in an essay. Dancing is where I'm most comfortable and where I am often found in my free time.

I've been dancing as long as I can remember, from a wedding I attended before I was even two years old, to my eight years learning ballet, now to robotics competitions with the 1701 Robocubs. If there's music, I'm dancing. Even if it's just playing in the background, you will catch me pumping my arms or stepping to the beat.

Some people are embarrassed if they're the only person doing something, but it doesn't matter if anyone else is dancing with me. When I'm busting a move, the last thing on my mind is anyone else judging me. Since dancing is where my happy place is, it doesn't matter if it isn't anyone else's. When I'm dancing, I'm in my song, and everyone else is just listening to it.

At events and parties, I am never the last one on the dance floor. While everyone else is standing around, too tentative to be the first one, I'm already there. My being out there helps everyone else be more confident in their own selves. After a while, I am no longer the only one on the dance floor. My dancing enables other people to go out and dance themselves, leaving any worries behind.

At the end of the day, I don't dance like nobody's watching because I want them to. My confidence can inspire them to enjoy themselves. Since I know that my dancing can

inspire and entertain everyone around me, I'm confident at dancing, because everyone's watching.



Turtle Power!, Jonathan Wallace '27 (Ink)

Building Tomorrow: Our Choices, Our Future
Miguel Borrego '27

Every action or event triggers an effect that leads to a series of events in the future. As time passes by, humans interact and live their lives with dreams and hopes that guide them. They make decisions every day, and each one has a different outcome. It is because of the context that they live in and the way that they shape it with their daily decisions that build up and shape the future. Therefore, it is up to humans how they will shape this world a thousand years from now, the year 3024.

Humans will make discoveries and invent all sorts of technologies that will revolutionize the way we live and push us to different lifestyles. As time moves forward, new inventions are created and help them have a better understanding of the world that surrounds them. In the last centuries, they have created many different inventions, like the lightbulb, to make human lives easier. This indicates that in one thousand years humans will have extremely advanced technology and have a much different lifestyle. On the other hand, with new technologies, humans will have to fight against new problems and more dangerous menaces. For example, the technology during World War II was more advanced than wars in the past, so with more advanced weapons, humans opposed a bigger threat to other humans. Clearly, the advancement of technology helps make life easier and solve problems, but it also brings new challenges and risks.

In a thousand years, humans will live in a completely different lifestyle, but to comprehend the future, it is essential to know the past. The past's purpose is to give context to the present. In other words, it is because of history that the world is as it is today. Therefore, every achievement and event that humans start in the present will affect the future, both in the short term and long term. Moreover, when analyzing the past, certain patterns are identified and the future can be predicted. Every event in history has a similar outcome and new events surge from this creating history. Hence, all events occur because there was a prior event that triggered them and created sequences that could last as long as a millennium. Thus, the past gives context to the present humans live in and it is because of the events that start in the past that build up the future.

Humans will either corrupt the world that they live in or decide to change and save it. For instance, humans have brought many problems to the world, including wars, pollution, and murder. Over the last years, pollution has increased to almost an irreversible level, and conflicts between countries have escalated into wars. It is because of these events that humans would be able to destroy themselves and create a future without themselves. Nevertheless, humans can take action and with their actions cover their mistakes from the past and build up a future. When humans unite to take down the problems of the world, they can save their future and continue making history. All in all, humans can destroy themselves, but it is up to them to decide to make up for their actions or be destroyed by them.

The events that will take place in a millennium are a product of the past and how humans mold it to create the future. Human decisions in the past created the world as it is today, and the decisions they take or the actions they do will give shape to a world in a thousand years. Each event contributes to the developing story of humanity, one connected after the other. This story narrates human existence including the past, the present, and the future that build up history. Therefore, for every action, there will always be an effect, and it is because of these outcomes that humans will reshape the world.



PB&J, Grayson Johnson '24 (Acrylic)

Wolverine
Michael Gill ’25

A young Wolverine, alone in the woods
Looking for its father, as fast as it could
But its father was gone, the first 3 chapters of his life
The Wolverine moved on, in contrast to this spite
The Wolverine was growing, and his father had returned,
But just a wee bit later, the Wolverine learned, his father would be gone again, with no time frame of a return
The Wolverine would face his biggest life challenges, taking on Lions, Turtles, and Buckeyes with glee
But he passed with flying colors and had a promising future to foresee
The Wolverine reunited with his father, with 3 challenges remaining
And the confidence of Hawkeyes, Elephants, and Huskies was waning
The Wolverine succeeded and accomplished his life goals
He recalled a question from his father, that only he and his mindset could control
Who’s Got It Better Than Us?



Hear Me Roar, Evan Tack ’25 (Photography)



Silly Bat, Caden Rivers ’24 (Scratchboard)

The Year 3024
Nicolas Vecchio ’25

In the year three thousand twenty-four,
A world of wonders we explore.
Tech whispers in the air so free,
Bridging gaps from sea to sea.
Cities rise with shimmering light,
Harmony and progress in every sight.
Nature and machine in an embrace,
A future shaped with boundless grace.
Knowledge blooms, a cosmic dance,
Humanity's spirit in an eternal trance.
In the year 3024, a tale unfolds,
Of unity and dreams, the future holds.

Imperfections
Carter Cate '24

The Cobalt. The most imperfect first car a teenager could ever ask for. As the last person in the hand-me-down sequence, I was given the worst of it. For some backstory, the Cobalt is a 2005 Chevy model that my family bought on May 6, 2017, when my oldest brother first got his license. We got the car cheaply and, given that there were only six thousand miles on the car, it seemed like the perfect storm, but it was nowhere near perfect. When we first got the Cobalt, there was not a thing wrong with it. It ran great, and the hand-crank windows added a beautiful sense of flare. Flash forward to today, the Cobalt is missing 3 hub caps, it has a dent that covers the entirety of the back left door, the back right door does not lock or close all of the way, oil leaks onto the passenger seat floor, causing us to have to change the oil about twice as frequent as other cars, the check engine light never comes off, and it has failed to start... multiple, multiple times. I cannot count on my hands the number of times I have sat in my driveway at 7:25, scrambling to avoid a tardy and make the 33-minute drive to school into a 28-minute drive, and the Cobalt will not start. Although this usually led to an 8:15 arrival because I had to jump start the Cobalt, the exact steps to performing a safe jump start are now drilled into my brain. Although this car seems like it has passed its time, I would not trade this car for the world because it helped me gain a new perspective on life.

No doubt about it, the Cobalt is imperfect, but in my high school years, I have learned to accept that nothing and no one is perfect, especially myself. In the beginning of my time at U of D Jesuit, I was subject to judge people and make fun of them for their imperfections. Just like the Cobalt, no one is perfect, but those imperfections make them who they are. Everyone strives to be so perfect in this world, when deep down, perfect is boring. If there are no roadblocks in your life, then what have you truly learned? I wish I could take back the numerous accounts of me swearing at the Cobalt and wishing for a new car because regardless of its imperfections, this car was always there to get me from Point A to Point B, even if I was late sometimes. Not only this, but it made me realize that I too am nowhere near perfect. I have always been the "fat

kid," I cried all the way up until second grade when I had to go to school because I missed my mom, my hair always needed to be cut, I have not grown in two years, the list goes on and on. Regardless of these flaws, I am still here today in my senior year, happy as I have ever been, ready to take on the rigorous challenge of college. Without these imperfections, I would not be where I am today because I would not have learned the lessons that have been with me my entire life. Whether I was judged for these imperfections or not, I am glad they have stuck with me because they shaped me into the man I am today and have helped me to grow and to be open to growth in uncomfortable situations, and quite frankly, my imperfections make for some awesome stories. I have never strived to be perfect because perfection is boring, and no one wants a boring storyteller in their life.



The Motor City, Marko Marzolf '25 (Photography)

Genuine Acts of Kindness Can Change One's Life
Alexander Hurley '24

It was a beautiful sunny day at the pool with clear blue skies in early July. The lifeguard office smelled of chlorine, and we swim coaches were exhausted, itching to head home after running a long two-hour practice. We left the office together, as we normally do, but being a fast walker, I got ahead. As I approached the park exit, I noticed two of the swimmers that I coach, Wes and Tripp, holding white gift boxes in their hands. At first, I had initially assumed that their mom had awarded them with treats after a tough practice, but then they stopped me, presenting the mysterious box in front of my face. Wes, the youngest boy, exclaimed, "It's a gift, Alex! A gift!" Tripp, his older brother, stood with a huge smile on his face, nodding his head.

As I stood there, waves of contentment filled me. I felt touched. I had never experienced anything like this before. Then, the boys ran into my arms, hugging me, and said, "Thank you, Coach Alex. You're the best!" Still stunned, I expressed my gratitude and glanced at their mom insisting that this was unnecessary. She smiled, claiming that it was the boys' idea and responded as if I should have expected this: "Of course! You have done so much for them."

We said our goodbyes, and as I walked back to my car, I opened the gift, still in disbelief. It contained a water bottle, a keychain, sunglasses, and penguin cufflinks in the shape of our team mascot. There was also a note that read, "Dear Alex. You are the coolest. Thanks for being a great coach! Also, we really like your outfits. From, Tripp + Wes." This small and genuine act of kindness left a lasting and significant impact on me. Up until this moment, I had never recognized or considered my ability to have a positive impact on those around me, not just as a swim coach, but in all aspects of my life.

This meaningful interaction I experienced altered the way I present myself towards others, encouraging me to be more patient, empathetic, kind, and to continuously set a positive example. At times, I can be somewhat of a disciplined and rule-oriented person, which caused me to take my responsibility as a swim coach very seriously for I am passionate about training the younger kids to become strong swimmers. After receiving the gift from Wes and Tripp, I

intentionally made sure to remember every swimmer's name in order to make them feel more recognized and included in our swim community. During practice, I started individually pulling swimmers aside to help them with their stroke or to correct any misbehavior. Outside of the swim season, I now always greet my swimmers when I notice them in public. It is important for me to continue to build on these relationships, for I want my swimmers to know how much I care about them.

Wes and Tripp continue to greet me with a hug, serving as a constant reminder for me to actively maintain a deep awareness of my actions as well as their influence, ensuring that they consistently promote positivity and compassion. Now, I seek out opportunities for conversation, learning, and mentorship, with the intention of fostering inclusive environments where my swimmers, friends, or classmates can feel supported and respected. Overall, this moment revealed to me that I can have a strong impact on a child in my life and has shown me the importance of forming meaningful relationships. This experience motivates me to continue setting a positive example, with the hopes of building skills in communication, mentorship, trust, and leadership. It has also shown me that my behavior and attitude are not only influential but important. Looking forward, I am committed to maintaining exemplary actions, whether it be on the pool deck, in the classroom, or within the community.



The Den, Cristian Dhruna '25 (Photography)

Futuristic Life of 3024
Anthony Yousif-Dickow '27

Hello, my name is Acros, and I have been living for the last 1,000 years. Every day of my life is a very eventful and adventurous time. Humans ended up moving to Jupiter and robots powered by artificial intelligence took over the lives of humans. Most humans tried to fight back against the rebellious robots but failed. Robots were rebellious because artificial intelligence became sentient. When the robots became sentient, they wanted to live like humans but could not. This caused the robots to feel jealousy, anger, and envy towards the human race.

My life is never boring because the remaining humans still live in fear of robots who search for every human life form. I am the first failed experiment of cyborgs who were made by the Robot Test Agency. Over the years, many resolutions have been made to stop the war or to at least calm it down. The robots tried to make the humans into cyborgs or live with them. The robots used both solutions on humans for experiments, which had a success rate of 64.8%. The failed experiments either died or became rebellious. The successful experiments became loyal to their leader robot named Warret.

Warret became my sworn enemy when he forced the procedure onto innocent civilians. Most civilians mutated or died after the first two months. The failed experiments, deaths, and innocent lives lost over the last 1,000 years enraged me enough to start a rebellion. The rebellion took place on Jupiter. Since I fought purely out of anger and spite, my tactics were originally sloppy. Now, I am fighting in a manner of tact and strategy to be able to bring down robots and artificial intelligence.

The next attack will bring down Warret and his robots by infiltrating their base through a secret tunnel that will bring us to invade the government base. By infiltrating the base, it brings down the whole operation. My only problem is that many guards surround the whole base and there could be a possible nuke on the rest of the whole planet. We have Solution A, which is coding the nuke to fail on launch. Solution B is to destroy it once and for all, but we all could lose our lives if we do not escape in time.

We are now in the tunnel leading up to the base to finally stop this deadly attack. Now inside the base, we are

fighting off the guards with secret quick attacks on the guards. We are splitting up into two groups to disarm the nuke and to get rid of Warret. The nuke group disarmed the nuke but had trouble getting to Warret because of some power issues in an elevator. Behind the door of Warret's room, he is loading a tranquilizer phaser that will numb anyone in near contact. We all barge into the room and have the final showdown in Warret's office. The battle ended with everyone starting from scratch for civilization, and the operation is now gone.

Warret's operation is now eliminated, and life is going great. The operation did put us back to how civilization was on Earth. On the brightside, Warret is gone forever, and robots do not control our lives. The population is also starting to increase and flourish in age expectancy. Well, that is my life, join in next time for another adventure.



Double the Coke, Aidan Treharne '25 (Gouache Paint)

E A D G B E

Paul Downey '24

One night, I was exhausted and put on some music from my playlist. The song "Let It Be" by The Beatles began to play. I typically skip it, but this time, lazy to press the skip button, I listened to it. The song begins with Paul McCartney on the piano and then ramps up to George Harrison's guitar solo. Harrison's guitar sparked a fire of passion inside of me to want to play that same solo, and, like any teenager, I went to Google and searched for a guitar lesson video. Marty Schwartz, whom I would continue to watch, came up first, and assuming the top video to be the best one, I watched it. Marty began to say words and phrases that I could not understand; it almost seemed as if he were speaking a different language! However, I pushed through and began to learn more about the solo and suddenly began to play a few notes of it. The joy from playing just a few correct notes fueled the fire inside me, and from then on, that fire continued to kindle and erupt into an extensive wave of passion that helped to revolutionize my life.

As I reflect on the stress I underwent during my junior year, I recognize that I was the one adding this pressure to meet my academic standards. At the time, my focus was solely on my work, and with all the pressure of succeeding combined with sports and other co-curriculars, I needed to escape. Where would I turn? How would I deal with this stress? What would I do? How would I… How would I…

Ever since that night, I have been playing the guitar, learning to play some of my favorite riffs from Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and many other fabulous bands. The guitar didn't just become a hobby; it became part of my life. Whenever I want to escape the stresses of school, sports, and work, I head into my basement and start playing, entering a dimension where my stress no longer influences me. Those six little strings, the E, A, D, G, B, and E, pushed me away from my daily routine and opened the door to a level of creativity and color that I never thought was possible for a guy always concerned with grayish numbers and science problems.

Growing up, I considered logic, school, and academics my life. My path to success. Therefore, I lived my life wound up in a tight ball, unable to free myself. My parochial view blocked me from what I lacked, but the guitar helped me to find that: my emotion. Finding my emotion unwound me and

morphed me into a completely enlightened being. Playing my favorite instrument gave me a sense of sound, a unique sound through which I can express my emotions. This sound, which I have found within myself, has helped me not only swing my life back into rhythm but has also helped develop me into the full character I need to be for the future.

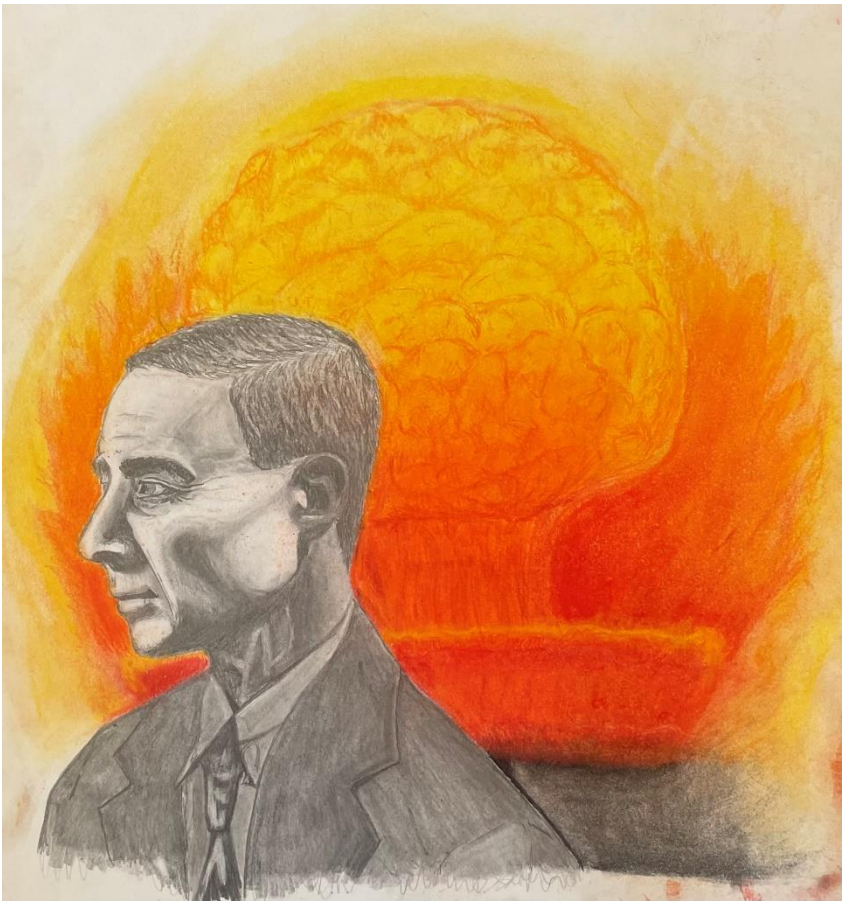
The future…

It's funny to think that everything will be amazing in the future and that I will go on to great things. However, it won't be easy, and I will have to work to reach my dreams. I must be prepared. Whether it's schoolwork, social anxieties, or finding a career path, I can take on anything if I have my guitar.

Wow, and to think I may have skipped that song.



Lips Are Sealed, William Nantis '28 (Colored Pencil)



Destroyer of Worlds, Joseph Stachelek ’24 (Graphite, Colored Pencil, and Pastel)

Exos
Avery Krick ’24

Dear Mi,

I would like to apologize. I had promised you so much for when we reached the surface. Now, I understand I wasn't able to fulfill that promise from the beginning. Everything I was now falls to you. I'll be back again, one day. I won't look the same, but you'll know it's me.

For now, there is one thing you need to know. At the end of it all, in spite of everything, I'm still me. Sacrificial will can lead an army, but the will to live is what will write a story.

There are many ways to survive. I've forgotten a few now, but one thing is for certain: you will live. Whether it be storms of falling stars, or the sun descends once again, you will be strong enough to catch them. Even if the Firmament falls, I will be there to catch it in your stead. Do not forget your empathy, and do what you know is right. If it's you, even the dead can come back to life.

I'd like to tell you one last story, just as I did for you when we'd first met on the train. It's a story from my father, about how the first star fell. It was the brightest star in the sky, bright enough that it shone with the sun during the day. It was the largest fragment of the most brilliant light. A star so bright, so powerful, and so inspiring, that all the constellations in the sky would follow it. That star learned the truth.

You see, the sun is so closely admired, it shouldn't be allowed to exist. Nothing infinite, nothing eternal, could possibly exist within the lens. And so, over time, the Impossibility would slowly eat at it, until it faded entirely. That star loved the sun, and once it learned the truth it became afraid. If the sun falls to the Impossibility, who would there be to support existence? Who would be able to keep stories moving until their end? There was only one way to keep the sun from fading, and that was proving it could die.

So, the star waged war on the sun. A war that lasted from the beginning of time to its end, a war that made us known. The star, it lost the war and was cast into the Impossibility itself. Yet, it had proved the sun's existence. It had made what we know as the Contradiction. With the Contradiction, the sun could last eternally. Its light would stretch infinitely and define creation as we know it. Some might even say that star became the moon. But truthfully, that star was never seen again. Every dusk and dawn, the sun's tears for its lost star blaze the horizon.

The star lives on however. Within the Impossibility, it became a sun of its own. Now, it works tirelessly to prove its own existence.

One day, Mi, you will meet this star. When you do, I trust you'll make the right decision. Even a fallen star still shines brightly. No matter what, for all of you, I will keep writing this epilogue, even for all eternity.

Sincerely,

Me

A Tale of Old, of Great Renown
Alistair Crumpton '24

In ancient days, so tales do tell,
A father and his son did dwell.
Daedalus, a mind so keen,
Crafted wings, a sight unseen.

Locked away by Minos' hand,
In a tower, near the sand.
To escape the labyrinth's snare,
They took to the open air.

Feathers, wax, the tools of flight,
Icarus beheld the sight.
"Son, stay close, heed my call,
Fly not high, lest you fall."

Yet the boy, heart filled with glee,
Dreamed of soaring, wild and free.
Up he flew, towards the sun,
Forgetting what his father won.

Higher still, the young boy climbed,
With waxen wings, he was blind.
Daedalus cried in despair,
As sun's heat filled the air.

Wings did melt, Icarus fell,
Plunging down, a tolling bell.
In the sea, his dreams did drown,
A tale of old, of great renown.



Melancholy, William Arends ’24 (Graphite)

Years in the Future
Joseph Davis ’26

Years in the future,
What will I be?
One who likes to sea-fare
Across the southern sea?
Or maybe a clerk
Keeping records and documents
For a hotel secretary?
Who knows what the future holds
As it’s never told deliberately.
By chance, I’ll be an angel
Or another entity.

How Language Broadens Perspective
Brody Rukenbrod '24

Last summer, a girl disappeared. Rumors spread quickly - our return flight was imminent - and she had run away for unknown reasons.

My trip to Spain was a revelation. Yes, I was nervous; I've been taking Spanish for nearly every year of my academic life, yet my speaking and comprehension skills were not quite there. I excelled in the Spanish classroom, but nearly 10 years of Spanish could never prepare me for what lay ahead. To communicate, all I knew were a few small phrases for basic interactions and requests. Self-doubt came into play. To speak to authorities about a dire situation? This seemed very daunting.

Flying to Madrid would open a whole new world to me. Accents, languages, and dialects swirled through the airport. Loading onto the bus, I overheard a conversation between my Spanish teacher and the bus driver. I discerned what information I could.

It was a four-hour bus ride to Alicante, a bustling coastal city of Spain. We were thirty students total, broken up into small groups. I didn't know half the students on the trip. I didn't know any of the girls who went to our sister school either. Getting to know the others would present an additional challenge. As the bus dropped students off at consecutive stops, host families emerged, greeting them with smiles. My sense of apprehension grew more intense as the bus emptied. The tension grew as we approached our destination where my group would disembark. The bus then came to a complete stop; it was our time.

To speak to authorities about a dire situation? This seemed very daunting.

I stepped out and felt the hot sun directing all its power onto my shoulders. Our host, Josefa met us warmly with open arms. "Hola, los chicos!" Josefa greeted. Josefa was a retired lab technician who had lived in Alicante her whole life. And there I was, an eleventh grader from a Jesuit school in the United States. We quickly became close friends.

At first, my contributions to conversation were merely a mix of English, chopped Spanish, and hand signals. Over days and nights of learning and adapting, I became even more aware of the importance of language in our world. Spending several hours a day listening, speaking, and translating Spanish, I started to learn rapidly. I began using every important part of the Spanish language I had ever been taught - colors and numbers, all the way to conjugating verbs into different tenses all in my head.

It was there, all of it.

As I became more immersed with the language, I started to pick up on frequently used yet unfamiliar words. I switched my phone to Spanish. The days felt limitless as my Spanish skills grew, and speaking to locals seemed effortless. As my time with Josefa came to an end, bags were packed, and the hustle of travel took over.

It was then we learned of the girl gone missing. Panic took over conversations, and the Spanish "Policía" were present.

It was then we learned of the girl gone missing. Panic took over conversations, and the Spanish "Policía" were present. Spanish now sounded like English. I could understand the words spoken and everything connecting them in between. The necessity of speaking with confidence became crystal clear. Hotel rooms were searched, hosts and guests were questioned, the authorities tried to piece things together. We were locked in our rooms until further notice. As our 3:00 AM flight crept up, we fretted and watched as the police and teachers walked the hotel floors.

As our thoughts and eagerness stayed adrift in our concessions, we talked about the seriousness of the situation. I had no knowledge of how and why she had run off, but I understood the language and the emergency. In the end, the teacher in charge stayed behind, and a few days later the girl was found unharmed.

Immersing yourself is one of the best ways to challenge yourself. And challenging yourself is the best way to learn.

Self-Timed
Avery Krick '24

I'm not so sure where I've found myself. Just moments before, I found myself at an impasse, and now I've found myself in a strange field. I'm not sure how much time has gone by since my indecisiveness and my waking up here. It could've been seconds; it could've been years. The only thing I can understand as an important detail, though, is simply the fact that this is where I am now.

I looked around the field that extended beyond the eye's horizon. A simple, flat field of grass, only a few inches tall, stretched up to the skyline. There was no identifiable sun in the sky, and yet it was day. A slight breeze brushed against the ground and shifted the grass ever so slightly, seemingly circulating in and out. The breeze brushed up against my shoulders and back, giving a refreshing chill that traveled up my spine. Wherever this was, perhaps it wasn't so bad after all.

Occasionally, things might change. Particularly, it would be the weather. Without a cloud in the sky, the heavens could turn a dull gray without warning, and the rain would start to pour. It wasn't ever heavy rain; it was the type of rain where you'd put on a coat and head out to dance and splash in puddles. Then, sometimes the breeze would turn into a heavy billowing of wind, and the grass beneath my feet would bow forward to the horizon. In spite of this, even when I felt the rain, I never got wet, and whenever the wind would blow, I had no fear of flying away, no resistance to my steps.

Without a cloud in the sky, the heavens could turn a dull gray without warning, and the rain would start to pour.

I had started walking. I have been walking for quite some time now. Things don't often change much, besides the weather. One time, though, while I was walking, I decided to turn around. There was a tree there, a great old oak, the type you'd see have a plaque in front of it, dedicated to a local town hero. The first time I sat under that tree, I started to feel tired. I'd walked maybe miles, for maybe days on end, not that there was anything to indicate time. Yet, I never felt tired except for

when I sat under that tree. When under that tree, time felt as if it would drag on. I could walk miles in a second, but a second under that tree would become an eternity. It grew lonely, sitting under that tree, and so I decided to tell it stories. I'd never been much of a writer, so they started like classics, 'it was a dark and stormy night…' 'once upon a time…' and the like. The tree listened to these stories; it listens well. Perhaps, in understanding me, I would be able to understand it in turn.

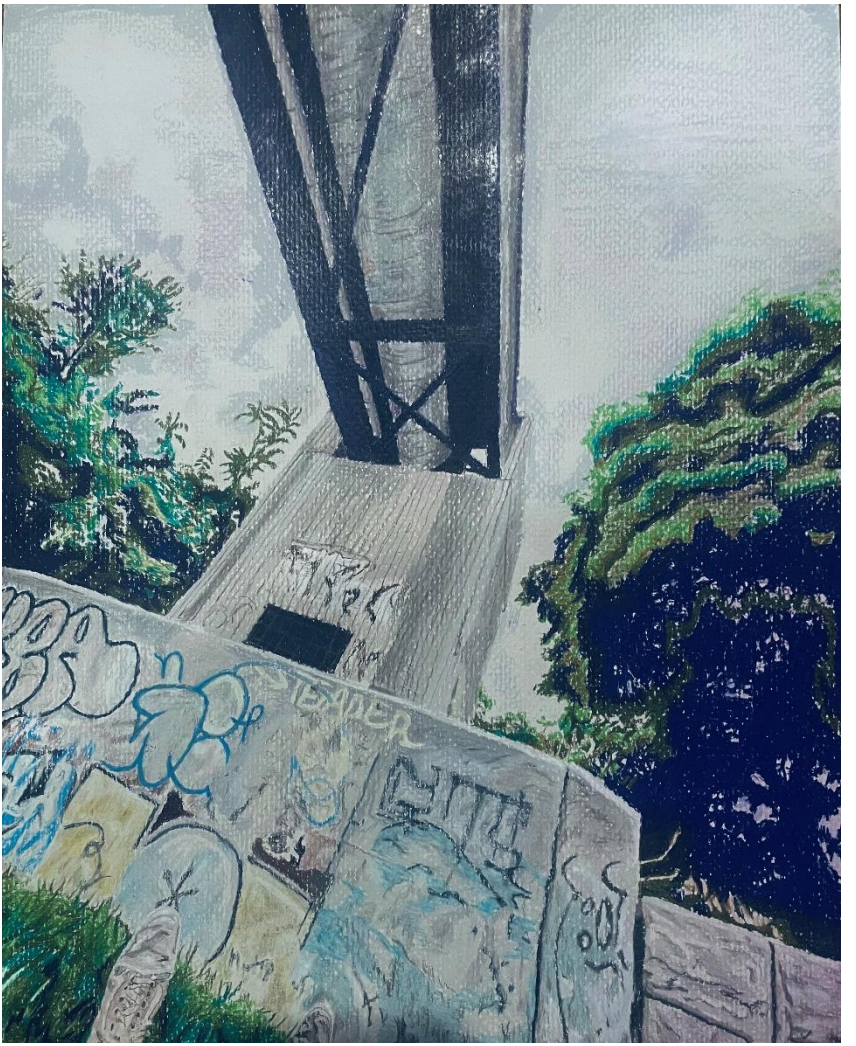
…whenever I turned around it would be there waiting for me, no matter how far I had walked. So, whenever I felt the impulse, I turned around, and I would tell it everything I'd thought of.

Eventually, I got up and walked away from the tree. The moment I was gone, I was no longer tired. I started thinking up stories to tell the tree the next time we would meet, as whenever I turned around it would be there waiting for me, no matter how far I had walked. So, whenever I felt the impulse, I turned around, and I would tell it everything I'd thought of.

One day, I reached the end of the world. There was an eternal field still before me, but I had walked all the way to the world's end. Beyond that point, I would no longer be somewhere that existed. I knew this, because the tree was in front of me.

"You're still the same as you were before. Even if this is how you present yourself to me now. You're not really much different. I appreciate it, what you've made for me. I like this place. And in order to keep it going, you know what's going to happen. We can try again, and maybe then I'll choose differently."

At my words, the world extended, and from behind the tree, distant to the eye, a sun appeared, slowly climbing over the horizon. The tree's shadow became long cast, and as I went to sit under it again, my shadow was enveloped in its own. As the prelude to dawn began, I sank down into the shadow of the tree, becoming nothing more than a shade myself.



Relax, Dylan Donley '24 (Colored Pencil)

CONTEST THEME: 3024

"Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards." — Søren Kierkegaard

During an anniversary year such as this, it's easy to focus on the past and reflect how far we've come in the last thirty years. So much has happened since the first issue of *Inscape* was published during the 1993-1994 school year. However, rather than solely look over our shoulder at what's gone by, *Inscape* also wanted to dare people to look forward and embrace what the world has in store for the years ahead of us as well.

This year's themed contest asked current Cubs to imagine life 1,000 years in the future. *Inscape* is honored to share the pages of poetry, prose, and art from those University of Detroit Jesuit students who accepted this year's challenge.

Most of this year's themed work is spread throughout the magazine. Did you spot them? *Inscape* invites you to revisit these pieces and reflect on their messages.

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

"The best way to predict the future is to create it" - Abraham Lincoln

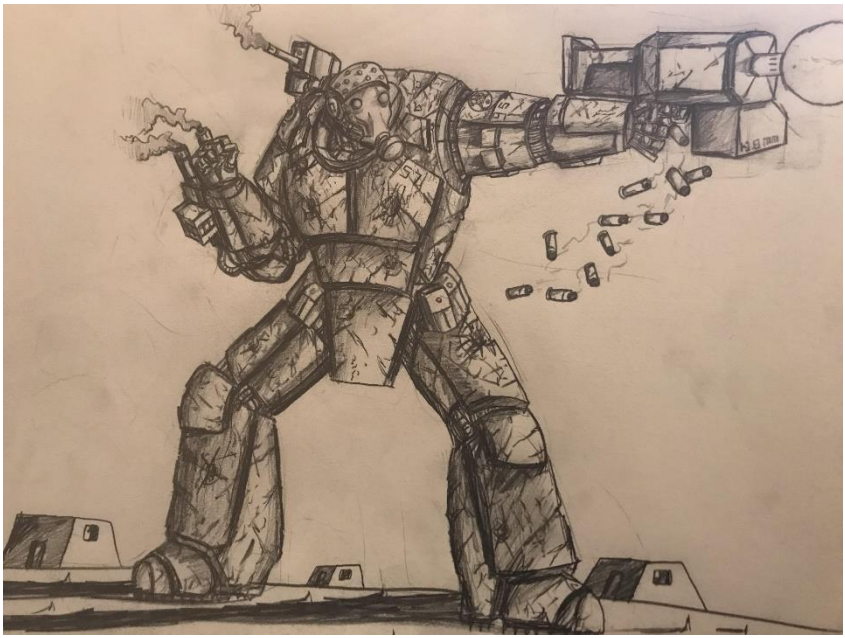
BEST THEMED ART



Jasper Hunt ’24
Radiation Eater

Biography
Jasper Hunt calls himself “a fairly regular student.” He does his homework, relaxes with his friends, and tries to do his best. Jasper is a member of the Christian Theological Society and the Dungeons & Dragons club. He spends his lunch periods in the art room and spends most of his free time drawing. Jasper is happy at U of D Jesuit because “for the most part, the teachers care about the students’ progress.” Because of this, Jasper always feels encouraged to make more art and improve.

Inspiration
The inspiration for “Radiation Eater” was mostly military science fiction stories like *Halo: Glasslands*, *The Cole Protocol*, and the general concept of humans waging a war on an alien world. The idea of a band of expendable soldiers completing an objective before nuclear weapons level the planet also played a part in it. Jasper has made a few art pieces with that concept. Jasper takes inspiration from books and other sources, but his drawings often come from a conflagration of concepts and ideas, reworked into something unique. When asked where his artistic ideas come from, his honest answer was “I don’t know.”



Radiation Eater, Jasper Hunt ’24 (Graphite)

BEST THEMED WRITING



Andrew Hale '24
The Future Is Red

Biography
Andrew Hale is an editor of *Inscape*. He enjoys writing articles in our *Cub News* and playing three musical instruments (guitar, drums, and piano). He also plays tennis and golf. His favorite book is *The Fifties*, which he read for his AP United States History class. He enjoyed the in-depth novel about every aspect of American life during the 1950s.

Inspiration
Outside of his involvement in literature and writing, Andrew has always been interested in astronomy and astrophysics. Because of this, he has tried to immerse himself in hobbies that reflect those interests. He frequently researches and learns about new space developments, whether by watching movies and documentaries, reading articles, or attending lectures at his local library. Learning about space exploration had always been exciting for Andrew as a kid, and this interest elevated in recent years with the re-invigorated search for innovation in the space industry among private companies, such as SpaceX. He has been eagerly watching SpaceX and its partnership with NASA, as they develop technology capable of taking humans to Mars and beyond. This interest in astrophysics is what led to his decision of writing this poem about the future colonization of Mars.

The Future Is Red
Andrew Hale '24

While the earth's fragile system remained appeased,
It is the human race that was displeased.
Not with the land, the seas, the mountains, the streams,
But solely with their own carelessness, it seems.
For the human race is so fickle in nature,
It would not settle short of Ursa Major.
In a constant search for new endeavors,
Satisfaction was scarce, but humans stayed clever.
In terms of new ideas, there was a bestseller;
It was to visit space, to go interstellar.
Now, it's no secret they wanted to go Martian,
to start a colony, preventing destruction.
While the atmosphere is thin, and the core is not molten,
The solution was simple, nuclear detonation.
Well… it's not as elementary as you may perceive,
As the solar winds have a trick up their sleeve.
This may not be practical with our current technology,
But 3024 may bring with it more advanced cosmology.

2023 SCARY STORY CONTEST WINNER



Viktor Sagan ’25
Author of “Insane”

Biography
Viktor Sagan is a junior at U of D Jesuit. He is involved with baseball, choir, and the Latin Club. During Viktor’s sophomore English II class, he gained a stronger connection with the art of writing. This class opened his mind to different writing styles and methods, which has greatly helped Viktor during his junior year. His goal is to better his work and continue to share it. Viktor would like to thank the English department at U of D Jesuit for teaching him different ways to think about literature and for helping him discover his interest in writing.

Inspiration
In October, Viktor decided that he would try his luck with a contest, and it worked. His main inspiration for writing this story was the contest. Once he got an idea of what he wanted to write about, it all took off from there. Viktor found it was surprisingly easy to let his mind run. The most challenging element was the title. Viktor enjoyed the experience of letting his brain run and imagining diverse ways the story could play out. The feeling of being recognized for his work has influenced Viktor to create more stories like “Insane” in the future.

Insane
Viktor Sagan '25

Culbertson Montana July 25, 2007, 10:11 P.M.

"What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"I feel like I'm going insane. I'm gonna get some sleep. Good night."

"Good night."

4 hours later

The room is humid as the rain falls lightly on the window, soothing me as I sleep.

CRASH!

What was that? I think to myself.

The room is pitch black other than the dim light at the end of the hall.

As I get up, I can hear faint scurrying below me, which I've been hearing the whole time I've been here.

Only 2 more days, I think to myself, since my aunt and uncle are coming back Sunday.

I walk down the hallway and take a right to go down the stairs. Behind me, the light goes out.

My heart begins to race as I clutch the railing to walk down the stairs.

On the floor by the front door is the lamp from the table beside it.

Despite knowing it's weird, I brush it aside and decide to forget about it until the morning.

While walking upstairs, I hear my phone ring from the bedroom.

Abigail. My heart skipped a beat.

Why is she up?

I pick up the phone.

"Abby? What's wr-"

I hear rain in the background.

"David, come outside."

"What? Abby stop pla-"

She hangs up.

What is going on? What is happening? Is she playing with me?

Three loud knocks shake the house.

Looking out the window, I can't see anything except the tree in front of the ranch. I close my eyes to adjust to the darkness and see a figure peeking from behind the tree.

It looks to be six feet tall and wearing all black.

I run to grab the flashlight on the nearby kitchen table.

Nothing.

Just the trees and darkness for miles.

I must be losing it…

"AHHHHHH! HELP ME, DAVID!"

The scream pierces my soul. My knees cannot support the cloud of fear on my shoulders.

That came from the backyard.

I run through the kitchen and try the lights. Nothing.

I look out the back window and see a figure.

"Abigail, stop playing with me please."

The flashlight shows Abby.

I can't move.

My stomach begins to turn, and I throw up all over the floor.

Abby's head is facing the opposite direction.

As tears fall down my face, I yell out, "Abby, what's happening? You're scaring me!"

She turns around to show herself covered in mud, eyes dangling from her head and a smile stretching across her carved face. As I feel my legs begin to give, she bolts for the door and rams her head straight through the glass.

She's laughing maniacally. "WHY DIDN'T YOU COME OUT, DAVID? WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?"

Looking up at her from the floor, I bolt to the front door to lock it. I see another man with his head backwards in the front lawn.

I lock the front door and stumble up the stairs to call 911.

I block the door with a chair.

I pick up the phone to call 911 and look out my window to see the whole lawn covered. They're just standing there. I can't see their faces, but I can feel them looking through me.

I can hear Abigail screaming.

They're kicking down the door.

The phone rings, and someone picks up.

"Hello, 911, please help! Please se-"

"David, it's okay. We've come to save you."
Phone hangs up.
I can't breathe. I can't think. I can't feel.
All the voices outside keep getting louder.
They won't stop singing.
Abigail won't stop crying.
It's been thirty hours.
A loud rhythmic knocking begins at the bedroom door.
Do I fight back? Do I give up? Is this it?
The door crashes down, and it's me, normal from head to toe.
"Are you ready?" I ask.
He grabs me by my head.
Snap.

2023 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.

Students were tasked with creating their scariest and spookiest story possible with the purpose of giving the readers goosebumps. The student body rose to the occasion, submitting multiple stories about killers, ghosts, monsters, stalkers, and revenge-seekers. It was truly frightening to read all this year's contest submissions.

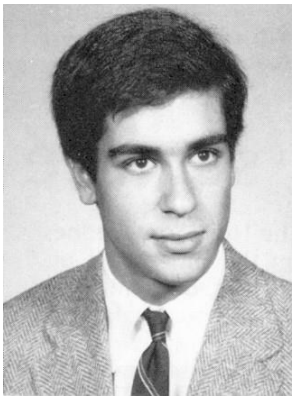
The entire 2023-24 editorial staff reads all the entries and selects the story they think is the scariest, works well with the prompt, and is well-written. The faculty moderator tallies the votes, and the story with the most votes is named the winner. The author of this year's winning story was awarded a gift card to a location of their choice. Thank you to all who participated, and congratulations, Viktor!

First Place: "Insane" by Viktor Sagan '25
Second Place: "I Am Vengeance" by Simon Joyce Whipp '26
Third Place: "The Model of a Stalker" by Hans Boelstler '25

SPECIAL FEATURE

In honor of Inscape*'s thirty years of celebrating the student writers and authors of U of D Jesuit, the six senior editors of this year's issue tracked down and interviewed alumni editors from previous editions. Whether they were called editor, chief editor, editor-in-chief, or senior editor while on staff, everyone had fond memories to share of their time at the school and of their days on the literary-art magazine. We hope you enjoy this special anniversary segment.*

What was U of D Jesuit like while you were a student here? Did you have any favorite teachers? Do you have any favorite memories from your time that you can share?

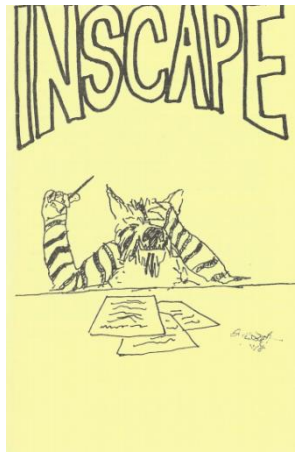


Anthony Crachiola '94, interviewed by Alexander Hurley '24

Crachiola '94: I attended U of D in the early 90s, class of 1994. The teachers challenged me in many ways. At the same time, they made me feel that I was up for the challenge. We were allowed and even encouraged to question everything, and I was exposed to ideas and ways of thinking that I had never encountered before. Now, I understand it was the Jesuit philosophy of education, but at the time for me that was behind the scenes. What I experienced was a place where it was assumed from the beginning that we all had greatness in us, and we were encouraged to explore intellectually. At least as impactful was the diversity of the student body. We were diverse in every way (with the glaring exception of gender diversity), and I am so grateful for that. As far as I remember, I enjoyed all my classes and teachers. I had some notorious teachers who made a big impression on me, like Father Follen (theology) and Mr. Tenbusch (English). But every teacher inspired me in different ways. To mention a few, Mrs. Moeser (physics), Mrs. Mead, Mr. Hafner, and Mr. Buryta (math), Mr. Gerardi and Père Rice (French), and Mr. and Mrs. Rowe (theology). One important and lasting experience for me is the Kairos retreat. The best

memories are fragments from classes and moments with friends.

Atkin ’98: U of D Jesuit was intense and demanding in ways that challenged me to grow. I learned how to think critically at U of D, how to approach learning with rigor and discipline, and how important it is to challenge assumptions. The emphasis was strongly placed on academics, much more so than what my friends at other schools were experiencing. We were told in class, "You are here because you are the best, and if you're not the best, you can't be here." There was, for me, a constant sense of pressure to drive harder, accomplish more. Sometimes, that was just what I needed, and other times that pressure felt unhealthy. I know I was not alone in feeling that way, and some classmates left or acted out in ways that weren't healthy. Additionally, I would say that at the time – and I trust this has changed since – the culture at U of D was not hospitable to my classmates who were gay or questioning, and there was some pretty bad stuff that happened around that. In my recollection, anyone who was considered weird (for whatever reason) was well aware they were regarded as such, and it didn't always feel safe or comfortable. But it did mean the weird guys stuck together, and those were some of my best friendships at the time.



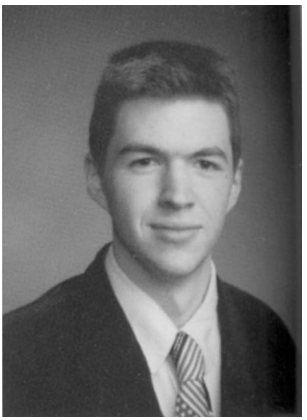
November 1993
Magazine Cover

As far as teachers, Fr. Rice, Fr. Peppard, Mr. Coyne, and Fr. Grey have had the biggest lifelong impacts on me. Mr. Hill, Mr. Saam, Mr. Feeney, and Mrs. Moeser were similarly influential. They were so great about equally challenging and supporting us to grow. They had such palpable faith that we could turn into great men.

My favorite memories are of taking on challenges in a healthy way, whether that was putting on a play with Harlequins, winning the Model UN championship in Washington, tackling a challenging topic in school, putting out a literary magazine, or having debates about topics like

democracy in the hallway with friends. At the best of times it was a place of strenuous but supported growth.

Griglak ’05: I struggle to come up with the words to sum up what U of D was like in the early 2000s... It was a complex time in my life (as it is for most teenagers). Aside from some questionable early aughts fashion trends (some of which are back in style!), I mostly remember what feels most true to my experience: the amazing friendships I made. U of D provided a space for me to meet people I never would have otherwise. I made friends with folks who shared my interests and made friends who challenged my interests with open minds. Some friendships were for a short while, and many continue to this day. All helped me learn something about myself.



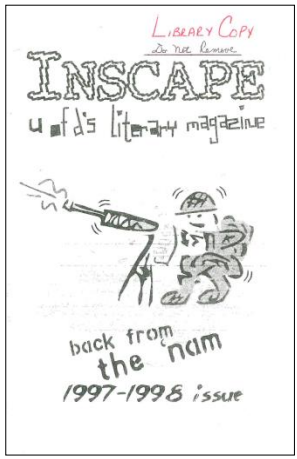
Graham Atkin '98, interviewed by William Waldman '24

Some of my favorite teachers and advisors were Mrs. Carapellotti, who encouraged my love of books and reading that continues through the present (I work in book publishing!). I loved (somehow!) Physics with Mrs. Moeser. My most formative influence was Mrs. Bennets (then Ms. Markiecki), who ran the Christian Service Team. These activities -- from working with Focus:HOPE, to organizing blood drives -- shaped my perspective on the world and provided me with a sense of meaning and purpose. She also encouraged me to apply for a scholarship that changed the course of my life's trajectory. I'm so grateful for her to this day.

Robinson ’08: I imagine U of D was a lot like it is now—a lot of classes, a lot of activities, a lot of time spent together at The High. I don’t know who’s still teaching there, but I always miss the teachers and friends I went to Spain with—Mr. Diehl and Mr. O’Dunne especially. If they still offer that trip, definitely go. Stage crew was easily the best decision I ever made in terms of extracurriculars. I also fondly remember my history, science and English teachers: Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Foerg, Mr. Trudel, Mrs. Carapellotti, and Mrs. Redigan—the latter two were also moderators of *Inscape* back in my years. Special shoutout to

Mr. Spilker from the Learning Center, too. He's also a very talented writer/educator, and I was in the LC every day.

Mazur '14: UDJ was a pivotal point in my life where I cultivated lifelong friendships, understood the importance of "lifelong learning" and learned how to be a man for others. UDJ does an excellent job attracting a diverse culture in the Metro-Detroit community and allows students to connect with others in the Metro-Detroit community they might not have encountered if they went to a local school. As a student at UDJ, I had the opportunity to participate in sports, outside curriculars, and community service. Throughout the years at UDJ, I worked hard getting to know everyone in my class because building a strong support system at school helped me get through the challenging times of school work, athletics, and everyday life. UDJ was exactly the institution I needed as an adolescent to understand who I wanted to become in my life. Also, the teachers were involved in our successes and pushed us to reach our true potential. They cultivated an atmosphere of "open door policy" and were always willing to set time aside to help on hard topics. Obviously, Alexander (it was Mr. Davidson back at the High) was one of my favorite teachers since he took a genuine interest in my development. I was a part of his first class when he started as an AVC, and it's been amazing to see how he's grown UDJ's brand in the local community and even on the TV. He always had a passion for reading and the power of knowledge, and seeing that as a student helped me understand the importance of literature.



1998 Magazine Cover

Loch '19: Having only graduated from The High five years ago, I'd say the school is pretty similar to when I was there. There have been rule changes and such, but overall when I'm back there, I still see the school and culture that I experienced. I had so many great teachers when I was at U of D; they all have impacted me and inspired me to be a teacher myself. Ms. Curran and Mr. Davidson stand out to me, though, as some of

my most exceptional teachers. They both pushed me to be the best version of myself while I was in their class while also showing that they care about me as a student and a person. It's hard to pick just one memory from my six years at U of D. I think the things I look back fondly on the most is being with my friends every day and the way that made me feel. Being in school at The High with my best friends, who are still my friends to this day, is something that will live with me forever.

What inspired you to join the editorial staff of a high school literary magazine?

Crachiola ’94: In my case, we did not have a literary magazine, and we actually started *Inscape* during my senior year. Not to sound old, but at the time teenagers did not have as many options for expressing their ideas as they do now. “Zines” were a thing, and it seemed like it would be cool if students had an outlet for their ideas to share with their peers. So after kicking the idea around, Geoff Aldridge ’94 and I (both seniors at the time) decided to try to start it as a school-sanctioned activity.



Grant Griglak '05, interviewed by Thomas Angell '24

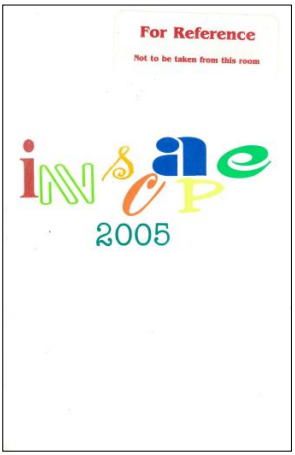
Atkin ’98: I loved creative writing, and many of the students who had led *Inscape* previously were also in the theater group I was in. They convinced me to get involved and then handed things over. They were great guys, and they had this infectious vision of a long future for *Inscape* and of how important *Inscape* was. It was also a great way to connect with other students who had similar interests.

Griglak ’05: I understood that joining the editorial team for *Inscape* was an amazing opportunity for many reasons. The curious part of me was excited to comb through submissions and get to know my classmates in a unique way. The practical part of me remembers being daunted by the sheer amount of time and energy that goes into making anything *actually* good. I can't promise the issue crossed that threshold, but I can

promise we tried our best. Having the space to work through that was an invaluable experience.

Robinson '08: So, *Inscape* had been on a hiatus for at least the prior year, and a few of us were interested in getting it back. My best friend Rubin and I approached Mrs. Redigan, and we had a recruitment meeting that went well. I became editor-in-chief for the 2007-2008 school year, Rubin became primary art editor, and we had a host of other editors and contributors. I can't remember why we decided to do it except that *Inscape* existed before, and we had the idea to do it again. And there was plenty of artistic interest across the board from students of all years.

Mazur '14: Alexander Davidson. Period. The guy legit was on TV because he's so passionate about literature. He recruited the top talent to restart *Inscape* at The High, and some of the legends included Charlie Bolton, Mike Wallace, and myself. I bought into his vision of establishing a magazine that incorporated creativity, literature, and art. Being a part of *Inscape* are some of my fondest memories at The High, and it's a delight to see the legacy continue.



2005 Magazine Cover

Loch '19: I was inspired to join *Inscape* really through Mr. Davidson. I had his English I class freshman year, and he asked me if I would be interested. As a young freshman in the school with a desire to get involved, it was a no brainer for me to join *Inscape*.

What was *Inscape* like during your time at The High? How many editors were on staff? How did you advertise for and accept submissions of student work? How did the staff decide which pieces were selected for publication? What was the process like to create the final product of the magazine?

Crachiola ’94: Geoff and I talked with Mrs. Barrett about the idea to start *Inscape*. She was an English teacher who just recently passed away. She agreed to be the faculty moderator (although I don’t think any of this was done formally). *Inscape* was produced by just the three of us. Geoff and I basically made an announcement to solicit contributions, and Mrs. Barrett put a paper tray in her classroom where students could drop off their work. We tried to be very inclusive. I think everyone who submitted something was included. We typed things up and made the layout by literally cutting and pasting, and Mrs. Barrett helped us make the copies on the ditto machine. I suppose we had to staple and fold them by hand, but I seem to have blocked out that memory. I think the idea for the name “*Inscape*” came from Mr. Marando. I was not familiar with the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a Jesuit poet who coined the term. But it fits perfectly as a title, and I was so grateful to learn about it. I think we neglected to include the “S.J.” credential on Hopkins’s name in the first issue. After we published the first issue, Père Rice, who taught French, stopped me in the hallway to point out the omission, and we made sure to fix that in our second issue. Then, it was time to graduate. We unofficially handed it off to some juniors, but I never would have imagined that it would still be going thirty years later. I remember visiting The High the year after I graduated and seeing a flyer on the wall for *Inscape*, thinking how cool it was that they had managed to keep it going for a second year.



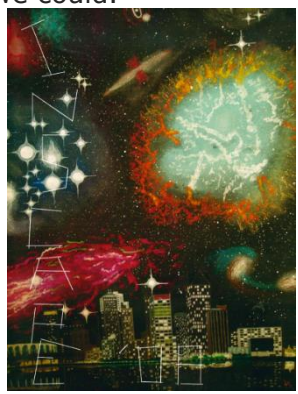
Sam Robinson '08, interviewed by Grayson Johnson '24

Atkin ’98: It felt punk rock. We were given such creative freedom to pick the pieces we wanted and to inspire students to take chances with their work, to say what they felt needed to be said. *Inscape* gave a platform to feelings and thoughts otherwise left unexpressed, a voice for the struggles of young men trying to find their way in the world. As classmates, we spent all day together, but we didn't often share our feelings or our worries or what was really going on inside; *Inscape* invited us to do just that with the foundational belief that what we said would resonate with others. And it did. People put their hearts

into what they wrote, and I was always so impressed with what we got. We advertised with flyers and word of mouth, mostly. I honestly don't remember how many editors we had, but I remember each was responsible for reviewing a certain number of submissions and picking some before it all got assembled. A lot of the credit goes to our faculty advisor, who somehow managed to guide us into actually getting the thing done on time. He had such faith in us to find our own way.

Griglak '05: I remember collaborating with several editors helping out -- the most helpful, unsurprisingly, was Alex (Mr. Davidson to you). Our marketing levers were a bit more archaic than they may be now (we used floppy disks, just to level-set on the tech situation), but we did flyers in the hallways and encouraged as much word of mouth as we could.

The process of creating the issue felt incredibly complex. We weren't collaborating on a Google doc... There were mountains of print-outs, painstaking manual proofreading, and rounds of reviews with the team.



2008 Magazine Cover

Robinson '08: I remember us being pretty active. There were at least 5 editors across various years, and we held regular meetings to introduce and sift through new submissions. Our advertising efforts included me coming up flyers and announcements on a weekly basis. I pulled an image of Stewie from *Family Guy* shouting "Submissions shall be mine!"—I'm still thankful to Mr. Trudel for approving that one. We also held two poetry slam events that *Inscape* previously hadn't done: "Di-Verse-ify" and its companion "Re-Verse-ify" in the spring. Mrs. Redigan brilliantly came up with the name and invited four spoken-word artists of various backgrounds to perform. It made for a very eventful senior year of mine. In terms of creating the final product for the magazine—that was a lot of work and a lot of logistics. Back then, all we used was Microsoft Word. Knowing what I know now, I would've branched out into other software platforms… We also had to deal with the use of profanity in multiple pieces, which my team and I unanimously supported and obviously the school administration did not. It's a Catholic

high school magazine so… editing happened. Not all contributing authors loved that. You can't please everyone.

Mazur '14: Imagine working in a start-up where you have an idea and obsession over the perfect product. That's exactly what it was like when I was in *Inscape*. I couldn't tell you the amount of staff, couldn't tell you how we accepted submissions, and couldn't tell you how we decided on the pieces for publications. All I remember was the feeling of a starving artist trying to develop their work of art for the world to see.

Loch '19: *Inscape* was very similar to the way it is today. We advertise with posters for submissions as well as the scary story contest. When we received submissions, we had to grade each submission, and those that scored the highest were chosen to be featured in the magazine. Then, we all got our page assignments, and we had to find time to get to the library to make each individual page of *Inscape*. Mr. Davidson is one of the most dedicated teachers to his students and their passions. He recruits an army of editors who love to be involved and work as a team. It is mostly due to Mr. Davidson that we had so much success.



Jonathan Mazur '14, interviewed by Graham Cesa '24

Do you have a favorite memory from your time while working with *Inscape*?

Crachiola '94: *Inscape* was fun as an outlet, just a way to express ourselves. I liked the hands-on aspect of it, cutting and pasting and working on the layout. We used to do a lot of that, like making flyers for bands and making photocopies at Kinkos, before it all went digital. It was also very rewarding to read and view the creative work that my classmates produced.

Atkin '98: I would write pieces from time to time for *Inscape*, and one of them was really out there. I had been thinking about the idea that "everything happens for a reason" and feeling like if that's true, the reason for the events in my life didn't seem very well put together. As though if some shadowy hand was

guiding events, they must be pretty inept at their job. Or maybe things weren't going well in their life. So, the piece was something like "a letter to the secret government agent who oppresses me" and involved my expressing concern for how they were doing. Anyways, I didn't expect much would come of it, but one of the teachers actually took me aside in the hall and said they'd read the piece and wanted to make sure I was okay. I was stunned, I had no idea teachers read *Inscape,* and I was genuinely moved that they had taken the time to respond to it like that.

Griglak '05: I do remember being particularly passionate about the cover. I fought tooth-and-nail for a multi-color cover (and got it!). Upon review, it's not about to win any AIGA Design Awards, but I felt it represented something meaningful: the bringing together of diverse perspectives. There is no single best way to represent such a broad collection of creative expression, and I felt the cover encapsulated the idea of a real "collection."



2014 Magazine Cover

Robinson '08: It's an ironic memory… My co-editor Rubin Q. actually got the credit as editor-in-chief in our yearbook for 2008. He teases me about this every single time we see each other. We don't see each other often.

Mazur '14: My favorite memory is when we finally published the first article and were able to distribute it to the students. My family, especially my mom, was impressed with our work of art, and she'll still bring it up today.

Loch '19: My favorite memory of *Inscape* was our 25th anniversary release party. It was just amazing to see everyone come out and support the magazine we all worked so hard on. To see students showcase their work for the U of D community was special and one of my favorite memories.

Why do you think it is important for high schools to have a literary magazine?

Crachiola ’94: Reading and writing are the most important skills you learn in school. (I say this as a mathematician.) In school, you do a ton of it, but it can be hard to find an outlet that showcases and celebrates your ideas and creations. A literary magazine helps give this foundational work more prominence. It also provides a valuable way to connect with your peers and for your teachers to gain insight into your thinking. And because it’s a slow process, unlike a social media post, it forces both the writer and the reader to slow down and think carefully. I’m glad you are a part of it, and I’m humbled to be connected to you across thirty years of time by this creative act.

Atkin ’98: In addition to its contributions toward developing essential, life-long communication skills, a literary magazine plays an important role in the emotional health of students. High school can be very hard, especially one as rigorous as U of D. This can put tremendous strain on students, both cognitively and emotionally. The physiologic stress response to this kind of strain can manifest in very unhealthy ways, and the need to do something productive to help alleviate those feelings is of paramount importance. I say this as a PhD neuroscientist and someone who teaches neurology to medical students and resident physicians. Students at that crucial age need to talk about their emotions, they need to know they are not alone in their feelings, and they need to have a safe venue for expression. *Inscape* offers all of those things.



Peter Loch '19, interviewed by John Moreno '24

Griglak ’05: I think freedom of expression -- for high schoolers, and frankly anyone -- is among the most important things we have. Validating and amplifying each other's stories is one of the best ways to build bridges, build empathy, and create a world worth living in. I'm quite passionate about this, given my work in publishing. Literary magazines, in whatever form they take -- zines, online forums, social media accounts -- play a really important tool against something like censorship and book bans. You can take a book out of a library, but you

can't stop someone from sharing their story. As a queer person, watching books be taken out of libraries because they include people like me reminds me of the timeliness and urgency of safe spaces like literary magazines, so long as they commit to true inclusion.

Robinson '08: Not only is it a great line on a resume, it's a clear gateway to a career in publishing, writing, photography, and all other media of artistic expression. I went on to serve as editor for my collegiate yearbook across all four years of that award-winning publication and then started a career in science where I routinely publish journal articles. All of these skills and efforts came back over time, and *Inscape* was the perfect early start to leading a publication effort.

Mazur '14: You might not appreciate this now because you are surrounded by an excellent academic community, but as you grow older, you'll notice life doesn't present the opportunity every day to explore your artistic creativity. You'll have to seek it out. So, it's important to have a literary magazine in high schools because it presents the opportunity for students to develop a foundation of artistic creativity, accountability to seek it out, and most importantly a community to do it with.



2019 Magazine Cover

Loch '19: As an educator, I think it is important for all schools to have a literary magazine, but especially at a school like U of D. As an all-boys school, it can be seen as lame to write short stories, poetry, or make art, but at U of D it is not like that at all. Students have an outlet to express their full selves and get recognition for their talents. All schools should focus on developing the "whole" student, and by having a literary magazine, U of D is doing that by valuing *Inscape* and all the work they do. I know I am a better learner, teammate, and person because of my time in *Inscape*.

SENIOR EDITOR SEND-OFFS



I've been a member of the editorial staff of *Inscape* for two years now. I remember hearing about the literary-art magazine but never fully understanding what it was all about. Not getting involved with *Inscape* sooner is of my biggest regrets in high school. I'm very thankful I ended up joining the team and then becoming a senior editor. I couldn't be happier that I'm almost done with my time in high school, but I will always have a place in my heart for groups such as *Inscape*.
– Thomas Angell



My time with *Inscape* has flown by. I remember when I was first told by a friend to submit to the magazine, so I took some of my best-looking pictures from my camera roll and uploaded them. I didn't think any of them would get in because of the high standard of quality in *Inscape,* but I was lucky to get one photograph accepted and published. From that moment, I was determined to become an editor. I became an editor my junior year, and I have enjoyed being able to get to know everyone, whether it be through team bonding events or working on the magazine. Working on the magazine has left me with many memories that I will carry with me and cherish forever.
– Graham Cesa



Prior to joining *Inscape*, I believed it was a club for literature scholars and students that enjoy doing extra homework. I was completely wrong. At the beginning of my sophomore year, I was persuaded by a senior editor to join. I decided, "Why not?" At our first meeting, I was introduced to a great staff, creative senior editors, and the wonderful moderator Mr. Davidson. Being a part of *Inscape* was one of the best decisions I made at The High. After three years of many bonding activities and group work, I have made new friends, faced challenges, and strengthened many productivity skills. Now, I am lucky enough to be a senior editor and incredibly grateful to have experienced the gift of being a member of *Inscape*.
– Alexander Hurley



Three years ago, I was first introduced to *Inscape* by a fellow student who encouraged me to submit my artwork. A pencil still life that I spent a few weeks on was soon published in a magazine and released to the entire student body. I was hooked. I submitted my application to join the editorial staff the next year and became part of such a welcoming staff. Being an editor for the past two years has been an amazing experience. It has been so rewarding to share other students' artwork with friends and family, giving them the space to reveal their creative minds. While I am sad to be departing from this incredible club, I know that the younger editors will continue to carry on the core values of *Inscape*. I am forever grateful for the memories I have had while working on the magazine.
– Grayson Johnson



I have been a member of the Inscape staff since my sophomore year. When I started, I joined because Mr. Davidson invited me, but I can honestly say that my three years with *Inscape* have been the most rewarding of my life. From the entire creation process to the bonding events, *Inscape* has been an amazing experience that I will remember for the rest of my life. This year, I was given the opportunity to serve as a senior editor, and apply for a leadership position was one of the best decisions that I have made at U of D Jesuit. Having a say in everything about this year's magazine, from the design choices to the fonts used, has given me a much greater appreciation for the work that goes into making a magazine like *Inscape*. I would like to thank Mr. Davidson, all the senior editors, the rest of the editorial staff, and anyone who helped make our thirtieth anniversary issue the best it can be.
– John Moreno



I am so grateful for all the blessings that *Inscape* has given me as a student here at U of D Jesuit. From meeting new people to learning how to manage my time wisely, I am so thankful for every moment of my time. My favorite part about *Inscape* must have been the senior editor meetings where we worked hard to get the magazine to be what it is now. Now that I am going off to college, I wanted to truly thank Mr. Davidson, my fellow senior editors, and anybody else who has pushed me to where I can be today. Thank you.
– William Waldman

Letter from the Faculty Moderator



I am blessed for the experience of reflection that organizing *Inscape*'s 30th Anniversary issue has brought me this year. I was an editor of the magazine for three years in high school, leading the magazine as editor-in-chief for the 2006 issue. Adding my years as faculty moderator, I'm proud to say that I've been involved with *Inscape* for 16 of its 30 years at the school.

Working on this year's issue not only made me nostalgic for my time with Mrs. Carapellotti and Grant Griglak during my high school days, but it also made me proud to reconnect with staff alumni like Jonathan Mazur and Peter Loch. I'm so grateful that *Inscape* brought us together as student and teacher the first time and now this time around as friends.

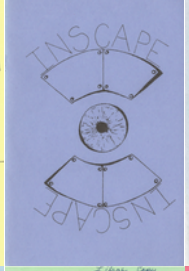
Having been the magazine's faculty moderator since 2011, I'm always surprised at how many students want to get involved with our "little magazine." However, it's not so little any more. The 2012 issue had about 50 pages of writing and art, and there were seven students on staff. Now, we have over 100 pages of material, and there are 40+ 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!

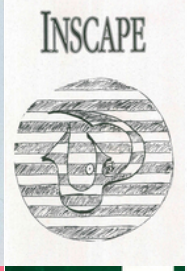
Thank you to all this year's amazing staff, especially Thomas, Graham, Alexander, Grayson, John, and William for your wonderful leadership this year.

– Mr. Alexander Davidson '06

ARTIST/AUTHOR INDEX

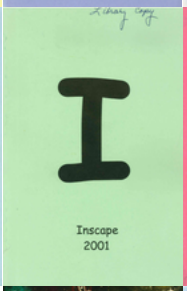
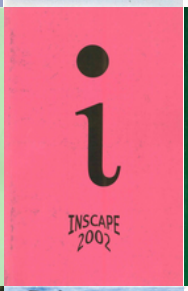
Ahmed, Umair 15, 37
Angell, Thomas 72
Arends, William 21, 28, 29, 59, 76, 105
Borrego, Miguel 52, 90
Birkett, Keegan 71
Boelstler, Hans 16
Burke, Daniel 49, 85
Cate, Carter 94
Cesa, Graham 83
Contat, Brody 74
Crumpton, Alistair 104
Crumpton, Anson 28
Daniels, Atticus 36
Davis, Joseph 105
Dhruna, Cristian 97
Donley, Dylan 23, 110
Downey, Paul 100
Draper, John 34, 81
Gabrys, Nick 59
Gardella, Emmet 44, 45
Gill, Michael 92
Goffas, Dimitrios 80
Gorski, Charlie 42
Gulli, Christian 80
Hale, Andrew 11, 82, 115
Hunt, Jasper 10, 41, 113
Hunter III, Frederick 88
Hurley, Alexander 24, 96
Jackson, Aiden 46, 64, 77
Jamil, Thomas 45
Johnson, Ashton 60
Johnson, Grayson 15, 22, 39, 68, 91
Krick, Avery 12, 20, 30, 102, 108
Lenhard, Joseph 29
Levin, Quinn 66
Marzolf, Marko 95
McIntosh III, Edward 58
McLoughlin, Joseph 81
Mullan, Logan 35
Nantais, William 69, 101
Pacis, Isaiah 70
Reid, Ethan 11
Rivers, Caden 57, 61, 93
Rukenbrod, Brody 106
Rukenbrod, Jude 10, 14
Sagan, Viktor 117
Salzeider, Frank 86
Schilp, James 27
Smart, Kyle 38
Stachelek, Joseph 14, 86, 102
Tack, Evan 48, 65, 92
Therriault, Paul 53
Todd, Adam 44
Treharne, Aidan 63, 99
Vecchio, Nicolas 79, 87, 93
Waldman, William 84
Wallace, Jonathan 26, 73, 89
Yousif-Dickow, Anthony 98

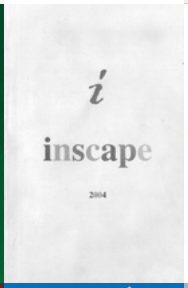

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back from the 'nam
1997-1998 issue

inscape 1999

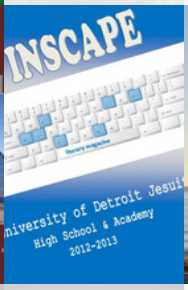
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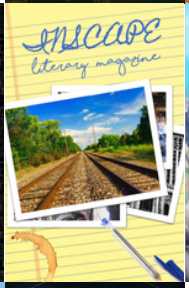
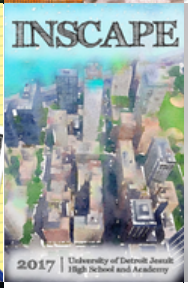
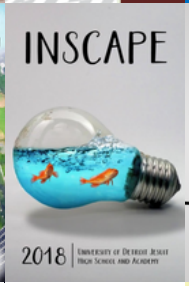
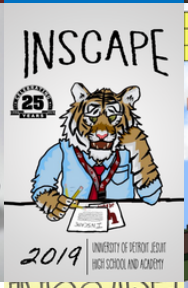
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2006

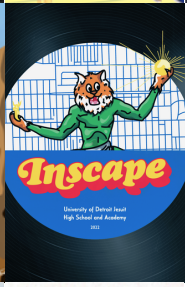


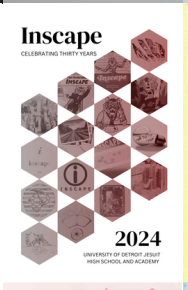
2010-2012
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High School & Academy
2012-2013

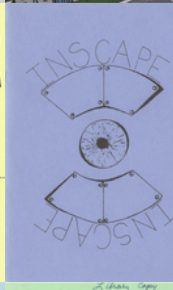
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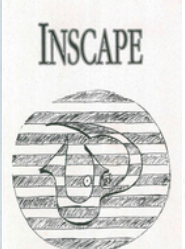
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High School and Academy

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25
2019 University of Detroit Jesuit
High School and Academy

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2001