

**Christ School Journal of Writing and Art**



# STRUAN

**2014-2015**



# Struan 2014-2015

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**Cogitavit Fortuiti** painting by Jones Barton '15

*Hristo Dakov '16*

## **A Single Look Away**

The silence-evoking ringing of the Angelus,  
The rain-soaked socks of a disoriented freshman,  
The humming of the back rows,  
The nodding of the half-conscious tenth-grader,  
The train of teachers lip-rehearsing their announcements,  
The mute banter of two best friends,  
The single sunbeam falling right onto the preacher's stand,  
The awkward and confused look of an eighth grader,  
The streams of tears pouring down the faces of the senior speaker's family,  
The menacing, low tones of the organ pipes,  
The cosmic vastness of the ceiling,  
The crack of Christ's body being broken,  
The watchful gazes of saints from the stained-glass windows,  
The moral weight of the sermon,  
The brotherly press of two shoulders on both your sides,  
The *a capella* symphony of the choir  
The respectful, yet disconnected expression on the atheist's face,  
The "Alleluias" resonating from all walls,  
The firm press of the bread on your palms,  
The sick boy who remained in the doctor's office,  
The bond-strengthening handshake of peace.



*Melting Marsh* photograph by Jack Fleming '15

*Zach Ayotte '16*

## **Fly Fishing the Flats**

The fly fisherman on the flats, tanned bare feet on the white boat deck.  
Wearing a light blue shirt, khaki-colored shorts, a faded mesh-back hat,  
and mirror-lensed sunglasses.

Standing under a bluebird sky, the ever-so-slight pitch and yaw of the boat.  
A reflection on the emerald clear water, eyes scanning for a part in the water  
with a tail in the middle.

Smooth yet coarse fibers of the fly, the cork handle of the graphite rod.  
Looking for the target within the green marsh grass, the push and pull of a  
deadly accurate cast, a few strips of wet fly line, an abrupt pull, line rocketing off the  
metallic reel.

The sound of the hard-working drag, screaming.

The fish crests at the surface, giving an alluring glimpse of its rich colors.

The slick slimy feel gliding through gentle hands as the fish cruises away, back into  
the grass.

The smell of the sea breeze and salt air.

## **Give Me Homework or Give Me Death!**

Teachers are becoming lazy! Lately many rumors have been floating around that there are actually some students who don't have any homework sometimes! This is outrageous. Homework is a necessity. Without homework, what would one do with all that free time?

Homework teaches students many things besides the material they are learning. For example, homework is great busy work. Most adult life is just busy work, so a teen needs to learn that this is what the rest of life will be like, and they just need to accept the fact that as an adult you spend most of your time doing repetitive and meaningless tasks. Homework is even more important when the student doesn't understand the assignment. For instance, a confused student stares at his homework for hours just like many adults do in the work place. This gives the student a head start in the art of staring for hours at problems they will never solve.

There are people in this world who say that sports, learning a musical instrument, talking to friends and family, or any kind of social life is important for a teenager. But those people are wrong! If it doesn't have to do with homework, then why bother? If it doesn't have MLA format or a graph involved, it doesn't matter because no one can learn through a social life. It doesn't matter if the student doesn't know what a cancer cell looks like or if the cell diagram in the book doesn't look like the cell in real life, IT'S HOMEWORK and that's all that matters.

People who complain about homework have to face the truth: their success in life depends on how well they can cite in MLA format, draw a plant cell, or give a 15-minute presentation on the desert biome. The future revolves around homework and the grades made on it. Teachers need to stress more that the chapter math test will determine if they get into college. Why? Because students need to realize that they will always be stressed when they get into the real world.

No matter what age you are, you will always have homework, whether it's writing a paper in high school or actually taking care of a family as an adult. Homework is a good tool to teach responsibilities for later in life.

Homework is a necessity because it teaches students so much, both in the class and life lessons for the real world. If you can't turn in 20 math problems, how in the world are you going to be mature enough to take care of a child? This pointless material might not be so pointless in the long run! Learning how to turn in an assignment on time is also huge in the real world so you can pay taxes when they're due. By filling the growing, curious teen's time with homework, he/she is busy instead of being out getting in trouble.

Homework is a vital stepping stone in life; without it, what would we learn and where would we be? Although it seems useless, it actually teaches many life lessons about responsibility and time management. Without teachers breathing assignments down the necks of teens, many people wouldn't understand or know how to manage their time or be responsible.





**Eagle** *photograph by Jake Johnson '17*

*Matt Betts '15*

## **The Real Black Superman**

I fight for myself and those I love  
Strength never came in numbers, just from the one above  
I never wore the cape but your hate couldn't kill me  
From the ghetto I rose, so the shooters, I don't fear thee  
Loyal to the point of loving my betrayer  
I raise my head and look to God in prayer  
There was never an "S" on my chest, and still I was stronger than most  
Must be because I've got the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost  
Never wore blue or red tights, or flew through the night  
Just hand-me-down swag, and a smile that's bright  
Couldn't carry my woman on a flight through the sky  
Only able to write poetry that holds my feelings in rhyme  
I have many enemies but none named Lex Luthor  
My words are my weapon, a 9mm Ruger  
Feelings through words is all I have in this world  
I stand  
For I am the Real Black Superman



Max Bowser '18

## Mysteries

There are things in life science can't explain  
Why the sunrise glistens off morning grass  
Why every day cannot be the same  
Why love can be such a difficult task

The man said you learn something each night  
Why the full moon must always come and go  
Why the easy things are the hardest fight  
Why bad things come fast and good things come slow

The girl said you learn best in the morning  
Why it's sometimes good to wake up alone  
Why the sun must come up after morning  
Why there's not always a queen to fill your throne

Why to remember there's day after dark  
And never victory without a start



**The Still Point** photograph by Ms. Donna Kinney

## Ink

I found a pen the other day,  
a .38, or so  
the curved clip  
proclaims in bold.  
I catch myself looking for .45s,  
or .52 Magnums  
in the pen section,  
knowing those aren't measurements  
of nib size,  
but if the pen is truly mightier than the sword,  
why shouldn't it be measured in caliber?



**Big Cat** painting by Gordon Brown '19



**Profile** photograph by Mrs. Betty Weil

*Liam McCann '16*

## **Pause**

Stars laced the crimson sky. There subtly emanated a quiet light, viewed only with the most astute attention. Twinkling: on, off, on, off. Clouds rolled over the vast sea of fading blue hues, ever darkening. The twilight was coming. Trees overhead swung loosely with the breeze. A single leaf escaped the clutches of its hold, and calmly, quietly drifted towards earth. The sun burned orange and red and violet and cool, as the daily descent embraced the lonely mountainside. The grass rustled against her ears, a faint murmur of life. She alone knew this place; she alone was its keeper. This was her moment. This was her world. Nothing could touch her; nothing could hurt her. The sun set.

## Sides of a Restaurant

- The hungry customer, waiting for his good-smelling food, staring at the bright TV screen, hammering impatiently with his finger on the wooden table, the humming of his stomach.
- The ordering customer, making his choice, pointing to one of the candied shakes, always the price in mind, the shiny credit card, ritzy shoes, a beautiful wife, her acute perfume, the arm around her.
- The hectic waitress, screaming orders, cold sweat on the forehead, too tight work pinafore, dogged smell of fat, warm burger in her hands, oppressive shoes.
- The constant buzzing of the soda machine, an endless line in front of it, alluring sweet soda, wet bead on the hand, cold, glossy ice cubes.
- The replete customer, leaning back in his chair, his squeaking peg legs, the last remains between his teeth, rough tissue, hellish stomachache, stretching shirt, one capitulating button.
- The abundant burger, dripping of fat, the crisp salad, smoky sauce on the tongue, pleasant, warm bread, burned meat.
- The crowded trashcan, tissues floating to the ground, bitten burgers, slippery floor, rustle bags, wasted, scruffy food, clamor of trays, sticky hands, disgusting trash, and a shutting door.



A Vietnamese Way of Life photograph by Harris Smoots '16



*Ms. Emily Pulsifer*

**e·lu·ci·date - (ē'lōōsə,dāt) v. make clear; explain**

"Just cut it off."

"But –"

"You want to eat it?"

"No, but –"

"Leroy Jones, you cut it off and eat what's left or stop working me. Can't you see I'm on the telephone?"

"This knife?"

"You'll lose a finger if you mess with that one. A butter knife is all you need, one of the short ones by the spoons."

"Should I –?"

"You can cut your own sandwich without coaching from me. Lord, you'd think the man was still wetting his britches the way he carries on."

"What's wrong with his sandwich?"

"The bread's about done. He thinks the top crust's gone to mold. I don't see it."

"I'd take his word. That man's always had a keen nose. Remember those rats?"

"Nothing special there. The whole neighborhood could smell them."

"True, but he tracked them to that rain barrel. The rest of us couldn't stomach it."

"Huh, I suppose you're right. I guess I've spent the last 40 years married to a bloodhound with size 16 feet. What was I saying before his sandwich got us sidetracked?"

"You were talking about grapes."

"That's right, those grapes. Well, I saw the ad in the paper this morning – \$1.99 a pound – and I said to Leroy, 'There's a bargain on grapes down at the Safeway.' So he took me especially to get some. Let me tell you it was some business getting into that store this morning –"

"Course it would be. It's the day before Easter."

"But we had to park six rows back and there wasn't a single sit-on. I had to walk."

"Not the end of the world."

"Easy for you to say. You don't have my gout."

"Your hips aren't crumbling like saltines."

"Would you let me tell my story?"

"Go on."

"Leroy got distracted by the lilies by the door so I had to find those grapes on my own. Wasn't too hard once I got inside – there was a whole truckload of them front and center on one of those tables they use for special produce. You know the ones I mean?"

"Course I do. I shop."

"So I walked right up to those grapes and it didn't take me three seconds to see they weren't top of the line. They were all puckered-up, stem-ends smooshed in like a cat's hind end."

"So you passed them by?"

"No! I wasn't about to miss grapes for \$1.99 a pound, so I got myself a half-pound bag and I took it up to the checkout and I said to the boy, 'You've got no business advertising grapes like this. These grapes are past prime.' Well, that boy was no help at all. He picked up the bag and looked at my wrinkled-up, smooshed-in grapes and he said 'I see what you mean, ma'am. I wouldn't eat these neither,' and he started to put them on the shelf next to the register."

"Sounds like the boy was following your lead."

"Those were my grapes! We'd made a special trip for them!"

"Yes, but you'd just told him you thought –"

"I know what I said. There's no law against saying what you think."

"Yes, but he thought you were –"

"I wasn't about to pass up a bargain on grapes. Momma didn't raise me to be wasteful."

"Momma didn't raise you to buy rotten produce either."

"You're just like Leroy."

"How so?"

"He showed up just about the time the manager did."

"You called the manager?"

"Had to. That boy wouldn't give me my grapes. The manager wasn't much better."

"What about Leroy?"

"Useless. I was giving that manager a piece of my mind and I turned around and he was gone. Found himself another checkout so he could buy one of those lilies he'd been mooning over. The thing's sitting on the counter right now, dropping pollen all over the place. Makes the house smell like some kind of perfume factory."

"Sounds good to me."

"Oh, come on. He paid \$6 for it and it'll be dead in a week. What's the use in that?"

"Hmmm."

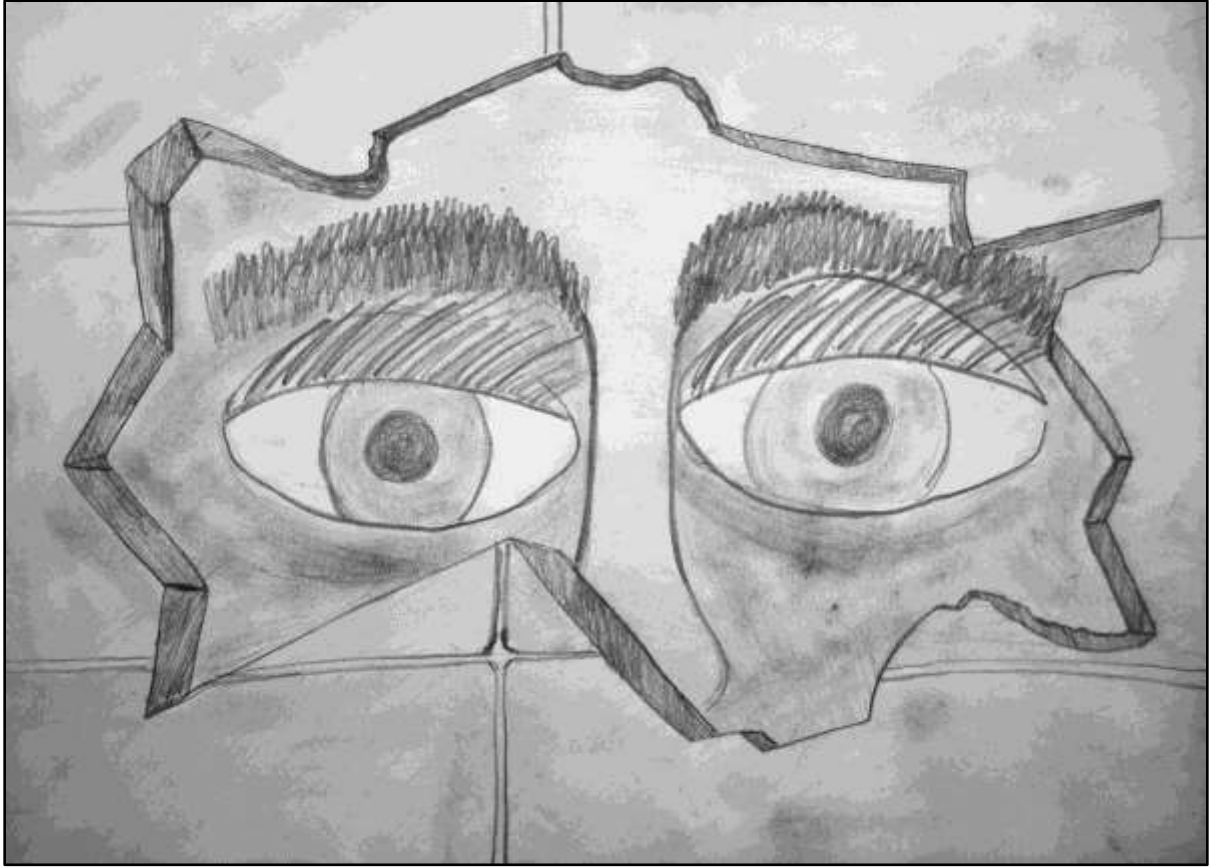
"Oh, Lord, he's back. What's needling you now, Leroy?"

"These grapes you got, they've got mold."



**Boy In the Sandstorm** photograph by Gilbert Brown '15





**Breaking Through To Yourself** drawing by Jones Barton '15

*Beau Simmons '18*

## **The Afterthought**

You should probably know that I never think until after someone is hurt,  
Which is to say, I never think until after I mess up.  
When the children are running on the jungle gym, I am up with them, never thinking about  
the consequences of a pushing contest on the slide until I go to the teacher, where I am  
thinking in my sense of reason, not looking to help, but instead stone cold and knowing how  
to manipulate them into escaping without punishment.  
Which is to say, when I hurt you, I don't look to help you or console you, because I know  
that's not helping. Instead, I try to avoiding escalating this further, and end the problem,  
which usually started with me.

## Eyes

They pull me in like the depths of the sea,  
their natural attraction like strong tides,  
Or maybe a planet, pulling with glee  
a force of nature, her stunning eyes.

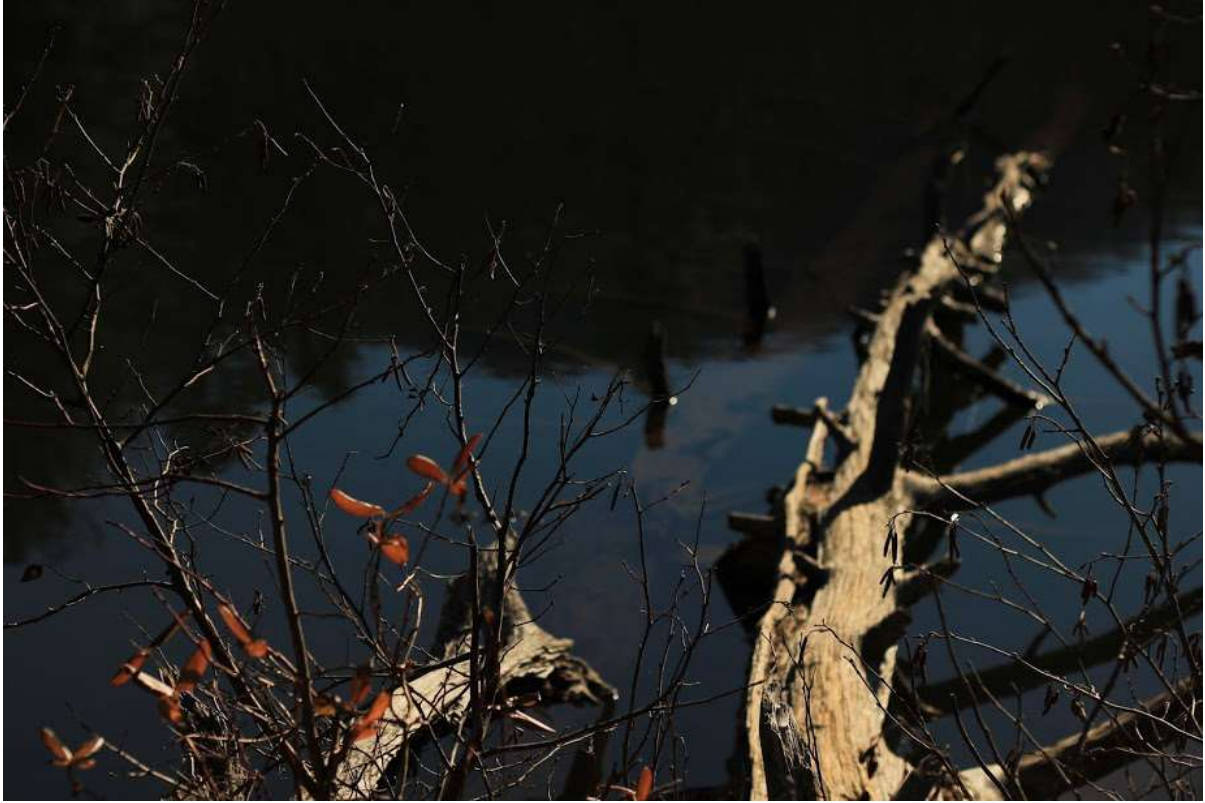
Their color never seen on Earth before,  
An enigma for their resplendent hue.  
Their beauty touched by words of ancient lore,  
every time I see them, they seem like new.

The glances shot from these eyes can excite,  
Or can pull feeling of shame and disgrace  
From mine, but these same glances overwrite  
For each glance conveys every single embrace.

These eyes consume my each and every day,  
Eternally sending my thoughts astray.



Penny Discovers Her Reflection *photograph by Vance Stiles '17*



**Habitat** photograph by Jack Fleming '15

*Mason Ward '15*

## **Dixie Cat**

Now I am 18, although I grew up in one night four years ago,  
Which makes a four year-old man, with nowhere to go,  
As a ghost, I turned from that locked door and flew away from their home,  
I came back to that fire by the river to smoke my cigarettes alone  
save for that soft, sweet cat which purred on my back,  
And those foxes and coons that peered out from the black,  
Looking back now, I should have been scared,  
But I was that ghost that was not really there,  
A wolf in my chest wanted to cry out over that river,  
For Yesterday was a memory, and he already missed her,  
But the wolf was silent and that same ghost, now distant,  
Gone like the flame of a lighter, lit for an instant,  
But the wolf stayed there in that place by that river,  
gazing out through that dark night in December,  
Hoping Yesterday was a memory that Tomorrow would remember.

## One Happy Family

Boy, there sure are a lot of Martians in space. Wouldn't you like to have one of your own? With their small, nimble hands, they could unclog your sink, give you a relaxing massage (because you deserve it), or thread that darn needle. Speaking of threading the needle, I'm here to tell you how you can acquire one of your own Little Martians™. Right now, all of the big space manufacturers are running a very special deal on men and women's clothing. If you buy over \$100 worth of goods, you will have your very own Little Martian™ delivered straight to your door. Rumor has it that the Martian that you receive will be the very same one that made the clothes you purchased. I'm here to walk you through the kinks in the whole ordeal.

You may be thinking, "Hold on for just a minute. Taking on a Martian might be a huge responsibility." No need to fret, these Martians require minimal living arrangements and you will barely even notice that they are moving around your house. You could feel very content with yourself knowing that you saved a Martian from the brutal, 14-hour shifts working in whatever Martian factory they might come from. Any sort of home after that will fit these kids just fine.

You might also be worried about the language and the Martian not being able to understand you. Whoosh! There goes that out the window! All Little Martians™ come prepared with basic knowledge of the English language. The schools on Mars, which force these kids into working during the summer, already have the next generation of Earthlings learning a second language. Besides, kids are like sponges, they will pick up the meat of the best language on Earth in no time living in an immersive environment.

Here we are today in a galaxy where countries help countries. We, as Americans, need to come together to help out an overpopulated friend in need. Mars's smallest country alone has 1.3 billion "people," while the U.S.A. only has 316 million. We need to do our part to even out the playing field by taking the young into our homes here in the good ole United States.

You've got to act now before it's too late and your reserved child ends up dead! You've got to save one from being a victim of long hours and over population, and bring him/her into a safe American home. If you act now, you will get a **free** twin mattress for the Martian to grow up on. Remember, this offer won't last forever — but family does.



Sun ceramic by Malik Johnson '15

**Spiral**  
ceramic by Fabrice Dallies '16



*William Smoots '18*

### ***What Was I Thinking?***

I know I am not perfect.  
Everybody messes up –  
Which is to say I have messed up in the past.  
What was I thinking?

I have stolen many things.  
Once, my dad's smooth, brown wallet full of hard work paid off –  
Except instead of a wallet, it was a bowl of delicious, sweet-to-the-tongue candy.  
What was I thinking?

I have lied to my parents before.  
I said I was not hanging out with those negative friends –  
Which is to say I was hanging out with the mean, dreadful people.  
What was I thinking?

I have broken something before.  
Full of anger, I punched a rigid hole in the wall –  
Except instead of a wall, I punched my brother.  
What was I thinking?

I know I am not perfect.  
Everybody messes up –  
which is to say I have messed up in the past,  
And I knew what I was thinking.

## Spitting Rhyme

Camels are better than women and diffusion is everything.  
John is sitting next to me and he is writing plenty of things.  
History is my worst subject; I'm pretty sure everyone knows that.  
I will never be good at it; it is a known fact.  
Everyone is writing their essay down  
and I'm sitting here with a frown  
because I know nothing comes to my mind  
when history comes to town.  
I don't know how long this will take,  
but I'm sure that it will make  
you laugh and cry  
for this is all a mistake.  
Still on the multiple choice, Andrew is taking his time  
while I sit here spitting all the rhymes.  
These people around me have no clue  
that my hate for history is so true.

There's a ruler on the ground, and no one seems to care.  
The ruler has feelings that he would like to share  
with the rest of the class and every student who walks by,  
but no one picks him up, and he begins to cry.  
It isn't until that one boy sees  
and quickly goes down to his knees.  
He picks up the ruler and says "What's wrong?  
Here, come with me, I'll sing you a song."  
*All these students here are taking an exam  
Don't pay attention to them 'cause you're the man  
Well, really you're a ruler  
But you're so much cooler  
than the rest of them  
because you don't hang with Mr. Uhler.*  
Everyone's leaving now,  
and they're making so much sound  
That means we should probably get out of town.  
This was such a delight –  
let's do it again sometime –  
But I've got to go now because this is my last rhyme.



Hiss

photograph by Gilbert Browne '15



Malik Johnson '15

## Greed Greed Greed

With teary eyes I look to the skies and wait for replies  
The devil's holding me back, divine attack, my mind's going black  
My words are screaming, searching for meaning, the angels are cleaning  
Death is tranquility and tranquility is death  
Wealth is found easily and easily is found wealth  
Greed greed greed  
Money is what we need  
Money is the root of evil, keep wishing for a money tree  
Chop the tree down  
No more money is found  
Create roots for a tree of peace  
Begging for money to get by  
Please  
Introduce evil to my life, reverse the word and it's 'live'  
Live for money, *mmmmm* evil is yummy  
I need more food for my empty tummy  
I need more money so I can be happy  
I need my hair done, it's getting nappy  
Why can't we see, money is the root of evil? We're planting a tree  
The tree of life is the reason to live  
I need money to live  
I need money to evil  
I guess evil makes the world go round  
I guess to live is simply too profound



**Hannah** photograph by Gilbert Browne '15

*Graham Hooker '19*

## **Under the Surface**

You should probably know that I needed to leave but wanted to stay,  
Which is to say, that I needed to leave home and go away,  
like a plastic bottle floating out to the bay.  
You should probably know that I hate heights,  
Which is to say, when I look down, I get the frights.  
You should probably know that I read my Bible and pray,  
But still sin and struggle with it every day.  
I guess all I'm trying to say is that I'm not the face of the crowd,  
Which is to say that my personality isn't loud.  
I'm like a squirrel sitting in a tree,  
Except I'm a kid, scared to embrace what I want to be.  
I guess all I'm trying to say  
Is that I gotta keep workin', workin' hard every day.  
I'm just a kid with many flaws,  
Made many mistakes, never broken any laws.  
This poem is almost over, and you still don't know what I want to be,  
But here, read this, and you'll learn something new about me.

## **War is. War is not.**

War is a state of armed conflict between different groups.

War is political.

War is politicians playing God.

War is a place of death and despair.

War is where the human race has gone wrong.

War is the decision between life and death.

War is the end of human lives.

War is pain, suffering, and violence.

War is a soldier holding a child trying to comfort him.

War is watching your friend disappear.

War is the beginning of the end.

War is not the way we should engage.

War is not humane.

War is not an achievement.

War is not cool or fun.

War is not love.

War is not life.

War is not an answer.



**Racing Rain** photograph by Jack Fleming '15

## Modern Day Healthcare: More Trouble Than It's Worth

Modern healthcare is becoming too problematic to justify its continuance. Unfair compensation for physicians, rifts in the government and American households, a waste of taxpayer's time and money—need I say more? Furthermore, even with reform, proper healthcare is still too expensive for some American families who are working full-time jobs. Current healthcare is based on a corrupt foundation; physicians are being selective with which patients they see based on their health insurance. Healthcare has turned into the modern day *Hunger Games*: Who can get treated while paying the least? This is a bad philosophy because the physicians themselves are at a disadvantage; instead of seeing the patients as human beings, they are viewing them based on their insurance. I propose a solution.

Modern day healthcare needs to be left in the past and replaced with a more simplistic system of nullity like that of the Dark Ages. Medicine has allowed the earth to become overpopulated, and discontinuing the practice of medicine will allow natural selection to take its course and give the remaining humans some much-needed breathing room. Along with this breathing room, humanity would have less competition for resources such as food and water. A smaller population also means less pollution, which solves global warming, a problem scientists have been trying to solve for years.

With healthcare no longer a concern, chemistry and biology should also be phased out of the educational system. Many children don't even know how to read, and discontinuing these subjects will allow more time for that crucial skill to be learned. Art and culture will, in turn, be emphasized with the distraction of medicine out of the way; think of it as the Renaissance of the 21st century, all thanks to the dissolution of healthcare.

To completely rid the world of the burden that is healthcare doesn't come without some sacrifices. In order to have a fresh start and a real chance at ending modern medicine, all of the doctors and the majority of scientists will have to be terminated. This will help ease the transition to a more simplistic society. The doctors and scientists won't surrender themselves voluntarily, so responsible citizens will have to take matters into their own hands and round up these health professionals. From there, the government can handle the actual extermination. It will be humane of course. The process will involve sticking a needle in their veins and injecting a lethal cocktail to stop their hearts. They will experience absolutely no pain.

I know that there will be some opposed to this idea, but I urge the public to consider my proposal, as dissolving modern healthcare will bring more benefits than drawbacks. Putting an end to the healthcare system will solve the headache that is modern medicine. The environment will be less hindered by population pressure and society will be brought back to a more simplistic time of life, when the world wasn't as congested and "health insurance," or "healthcare reform," wasn't a problem. Ask yourselves before you decide on my proposal, "Do we really benefit from today's healthcare system?" Think hard.

*Bennett David '18*

## **Reformed, Restructured, Reshaped**

The precious, loved blanket's the oldest thing in the room  
and even it was made by the calloused hands of a loving grandmother.  
The floorboards, worn and warped,  
didn't just sprout out of the ground.

Helpless and useless without something to give it life and a purpose,  
the keyboard, nearly cemented in place to the desk with age,  
was made in a man-made assembly line.  
The painting on the wall, uneven and amateur,  
was shaped by the resident himself.

The geode, a golf ball far too lumpy for use,  
and the jar of chipped seashells  
weren't made by man.  
But the geode was halved and smoothed  
and the seashells taken from the beach.

This is to say,  
everything in a bedroom has a place of origin.  
Everything in a bedroom has a place it once was  
and is no longer.



**Seeing Stone** *photograph by Gilbert Browne '15*

## Trailer Park Blues

Cartoons, redneck tunes, and skin shoes  
Dreams still being dreamed  
Fiends still being fiends  
Parents mad, children sad when a truck comes filled with ice cream  
A place where a car is not far from the price of a home  
Where there's a tear in the chair that Daddy calls his throne  
Where there's hope that dope will soon be cloned  
Where there's always gonna be a wannabe Al Capone  
Parents working from five to five  
Still barely enough money to survive  
Daddy's trying to pave the way to see a brighter day  
Dream catchers trying to take unfair nightmares away  
And it's unfair because life is already a nightmare  
Neglected eyes look at the skies with a stare  
Why doesn't Daddy care?  
A place where tranquility is death  
Where a monthly check is wealth  
Where heartache is health  
Where the government can't help  
Behind every trailer park door there's another heart sore  
Another plea for more  
Another bleeding core  
Another dream is torn  
Every child leaves with a smile because they get to leave hell for a little while  
This is for the kids  
Believe you can leave without lottery bids  
For the child that loves to smile  
For the fiend that needs a friend  
For the smoke-filled lungs with no bank funds  
For every single mother who lost who she thought was her lover  
I understand going to sleep at night is a fight  
If you don't stop dreaming you can fly like a kite  
If you're scared of flight, then make your seatbelt tight  
God has a plan, wait till the time is right  
Every minute is temporary, life is a war, if you win it's legendary  
Don't stop dreams by any means, do whatever's necessary



## **Just Another Off-Season**

Like most athletes, Cleveland Browns player Jamal Harriston got into a little trouble with the wrong people. He was drunk out of his mind when he bet against the Yakuza crime boss Sora Takeshi whose name means “sky warrior.”

It all started as fun and games when he and his best friend James Groden travelled to Tokyo in the off-season to see the great city.

Groden knew the line between a few drinks and a few too many. He left the crowded bar and told Jamal he would meet up with him later. Jamal ignored his friend’s advice to leave.

“This is the wrong town for the wrong mindset,” said Groden. He nodded toward the well-dressed Japanese men in the corner of the bar. “They know you got a lot of money, and they’ve been eying you all night.”

“I know,” said Jamal. “You got my back, right?”

Groden was no idiot; he knew the men were part of the Yakuza. He also knew that wherever a gang like that goes, they bring guns. Uzis, at the least. “Heck, no,” thought Groden.

As Jamal got up from the bar and proceeded to walk towards the table, James grabbed his arm. “I’m not going to watch you get shot up to shreds in this bar ’cause you’re too darn confident,” he said.

Jamal swung around, and with a loud crack, punched his friend. Groden fell to the ground.

“That’s it!” Groden said, as he wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth. “I’m tired of protecting you. You’re on your own.” He stormed out of the bar.

“Forget him,” thought Jamal as he proceeded to the corner of the bar where the smoke settled like fog around the Japanese men.

They all chattered something in Japanese while looking back and forth from each other to Jamal. He couldn’t understand a word they said until a low voice came from the very corner.

“You think you’re tough, American?” said the voice.

“What do you know about tough?” replied Jamal.

The guards in the front leaned back to reveal a very odd looking Japanese man who wore sunglasses and a strange beard. He appeared young and old at the same time.

“I know quite a bit about tough,” the man said as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a vast number of bright dragon and bird tattoos. There was one section of tattoos on each side of his chest with a blank strip running straight down the middle, proof that he was a Yakuza crime boss. This would intimidate anyone in his right mind, but Jamal was definitely not in his right state of mind. He thought the tattoos were meant for style, so he showed off his own.

All the guards laughed at him and stared.

“How about we make a little deal?” said the leader. Normally Sora Takeshi was strict about business, but this encounter could prove profitable. “You tougher than him?” he asked as he pointed to one of the many beefed-up guards.

“What’s it to you?” asked Jamal.

“Well, you see if we both put a little something in the pot,” said Sora, “my little challenge could prove profitable. That is, if you’re up for it.”

At that particular time, nothing was a challenge to Jamal Harriston. He accepted the challenge. Without thinking twice, he put down all of his money, including all of the money in his bank account. The Yakuza led him out of the bar and into a dark alley.

Jamal and the Japanese guard squared off. Unlike Jamal, the guard hadn’t had a thing to drink because he was supposed to protect his master. While Jamal swung wildly, the guard’s jabs were quick and sharp. Jamal fell to the wet, dirty concrete. He had lost.

His bank roll was gone and he was admitted to the hospital that night where he stayed for three nights. During those days looking at the white walls, he realized the huge mistake he had made. He had no money and he would also never play football again because of his injuries. That meant that he might not be able to earn it back. He thought of his family and how he would soon have to sell his house. There was only one option: get the money back.

The three days ended and he was back in the city. Life would be hard with only one hand but he would manage. That night he went up to the same bar and waited until the Yakuza showed up. When they did, he approached them. The guards went for their pieces but Sora stopped them. He would hear him out. Jamal told them that he wanted a rematch.

“Double or nothing,” he said. The cold truth was that he had nothing left to bet, but the Yakuza didn’t know that.

Sora thought to himself, “How dumb can this man be?” He also thought about how, once all of Jamal’s money was gone, he would finish him off. “You have a deal,” said Sora.

“I want to see the money first,” replied Jamal.

Sora snapped his fingers and a guard revealed a suitcase filled with \$100 bills and gold bricks. “There you have it,” said Sora.

Jamal didn’t flinch. He pulled out a gun of his own and shot every gang member at the table. Then he grabbed the suitcase and ran out the door as customers screamed.

Before coming to the bar, Jamal had made a plan. He would use a car meant for a race that night as a getaway vehicle. He got in the car and drove off, leaving behind nothing but a trail of light grey smoke. The fans were very confused considering the race hadn’t started and all of the other drivers hadn’t arrived yet. He sped off with the briefcase.

Sora was still alive, bleeding and coughing. With failing strength he called for backup. The Yakuza pursued Jamal in their dark cars. Jamal cut corners, blew through stop lights, and did everything illegal one could do on the road. The Yakuza leaned out of their windows and fired their Uzis at his car.

Jamal swerved and zig-zagged as bullets found their mark just behind his screeching and smoking tires. Jamal knew a blown tire would mean the end of the chase and the end of his life. He cut to his left as if he would turn, but then he cut back onto the street. This movement sent the cars tailing him in the wrong direction. One car figured out the movement

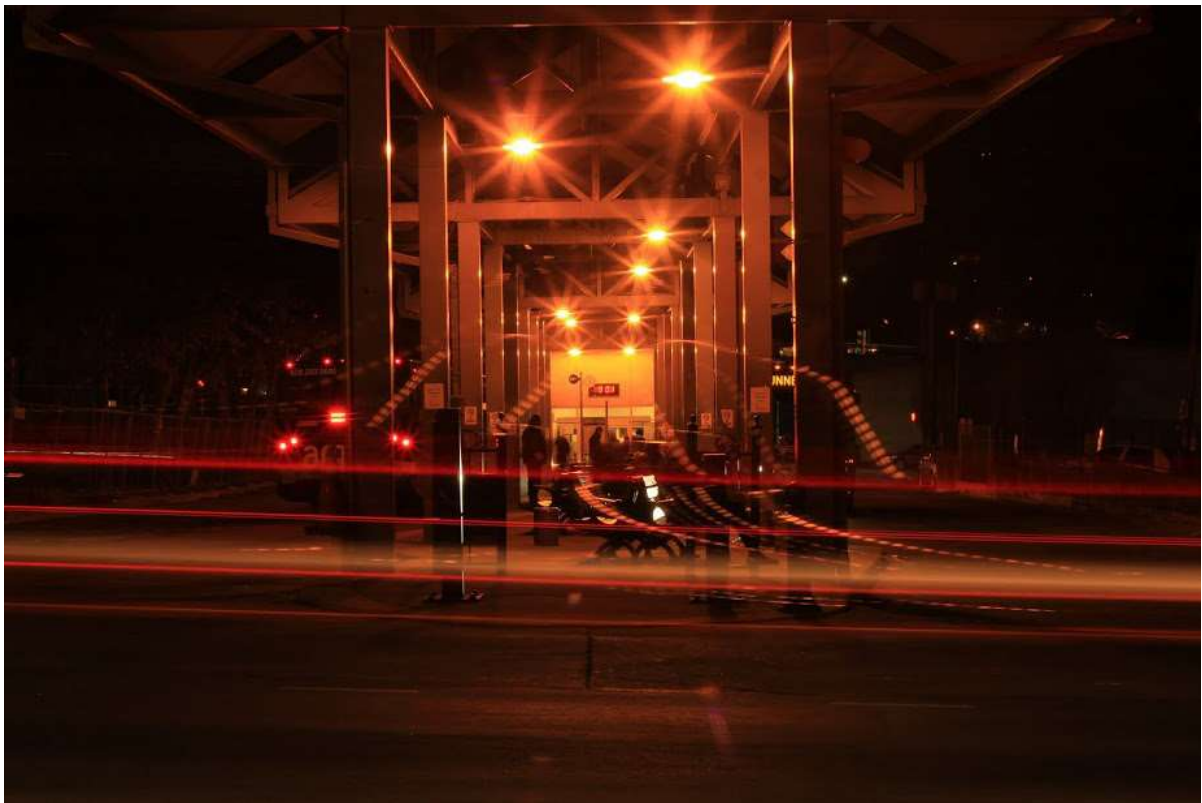
too late, and when the driver saw that Jamal hadn't turned, he tried to correct his path which sent him skidding and sliding straight into the corner of a building. By the time the Yakuza backed up, Jamal was gone and his money with him.

Jamal was laughing to himself in relief when he saw Sora; he was bleeding out of his lower chest but there was fire in his eyes as he struggled to raise his gun. He shot Jamal's front tires, which sent the car spinning out of control. It flipped over, and after what felt like minutes of crashing and flying metal, the car finally landed upside-down with a force that shook the earth.

Jamal came to his senses just in time to see Sora approach his car with a gleaming katana in hand. Jamal had a roaring concussion and his seatbelt was stuck.

"This is the end," he thought.

Just then, he heard two gunshots. Sora froze and fell to the ground. Behind him stood James Groden with a smoking .44 magnum. "Seppuku homie," he mumbled and spat on Sora's limp body.



**The Commuter** photograph by Jack Fleming '15

## What I Lost to Find You

two pairs of flip flops  
one brown and gold with butterflies  
one grey with pink polka dots  
kicked off on the porch  
where they remained  
on the north side of the Vineyard  
when we left to catch the next ferry

one black hoodie  
(just the right weight for a summer night)  
that got left in the back of a car with my sons  
I got it back  
but lost it later on a warm summer evening  
at an opening school party

one Kodak digital camera  
small and pink  
capturing birthdays, baseball, and graduations  
cows, mountains, and beaches

a necklace that says “croi alainn”  
or “beautiful heart” in Gaelic  
bought in Kinsale, Ireland  
it fell off at Ingles, Arden  
and was retrieved at the Customer Service desk

one dog-eared and marked-up copy  
of *Light in August*  
my students were thrilled  
that I left it in the seatback  
of an airplane

my “Live in the Moment” bracelet  
I lost it on Wednesday  
but found it again on Thursday  
the same Thursday I found you again

## **Shades of Blue**

The world is filled with many shades of blue.  
The sky brings to the world shades of open.  
Water is the shade of living for you  
and me, but can also be the chosen  
shade of all our struggles against the tide.  
Eyes of the people we meet during life  
are filled with shades of bluish angst to hide  
from all the people who might cause them strife.  
But with these shades comes so much happiness,  
the happiness that comes from being home,  
of waking up to see how large a mess  
the house in which you live has now become.  
For earth has all emotions just like you,  
which brings us twenty million shades of blue.



**The Sand and Sea Sorbet** *photograph by Jack Fleming '15*

## What Grinds My Gears

Squeaky door handles, salt rubbed in my cut,  
Wet dog paw prints in my car as well as  
Dead bugs on the window, painted with guts,  
A little freshman who acts like a spazz.

Rotten lemons, greasy Vineyard Vines ties,  
Spiders in the house, clothes that aren't cotton,  
Water in the ball, pollen in my eye,  
Shopping for clothes, girls I could have gotten.

No food in sight, and snacks covered in mold,  
Burnt vegetables, and things that make me wheeze,  
Saturday classes outside in the cold  
With that bad feeling when you have to sneeze.

My bedroom when it looks like a pig pen,  
And when my puppy goes to doggy heaven.



**Bike On the Beach** photograph by Jack Fleming '15





**The Cape** photograph by Wes Reinhardt '16

*Yuchen Leng '16*

## **People Come, People Go**

People come, people go,  
The sun rises, the land revives,  
Workers walk in the factory  
Moms get up and make breakfast  
And people come, people go.

The streets get crowded,  
Husbands kiss their wives goodbye  
Under the sunshine.  
The stores open for their first customer  
And people come, people go.

The air warming, men sweating,  
Boys running on the field,  
Girls laughing under the trees,  
The soft breeze stirs the leaves,  
And people come, people go.

Starving people line up in front of the restaurant,  
The day is ending,  
The sunset reddens the sky  
Breaks the heart,  
And people come, people go.

The sky darkens; the city lightens,  
The candle flickers  
Under the dazzling lights,  
The nightlife starts,  
And people come, people go.

The star twinkles, the baby sleeps.  
Late in the bar,  
Maudlin people drink and weep,  
Back in time, what could be changed?  
And people come, people go.



**Puzzle** painting by Rain Ren '17

*Pierce Ingle '18*

## **Random, But You Should Know**

You should probably know that too much homework completely stresses me out.

You should probably know that when I went to Bermuda, the airplane felt like it was going to crash into the Bermuda Triangle.

You should probably know that flying through the sky in a fast-as-lightning airplane makes me feel relaxed but also interested.

You should probably know that joyfully hitting worn out, cold baseballs hurts my tender hands when I make contact.

*John Cheney '18*

## Cities Aglow

War is the only thing my generation knows.  
This thing is what hinders our alliances to grow.  
It can cause extreme woe.  
We think that it is normal to set a whole city aglow.  
This thing we call “making peace” is anything but.  
We think our enemies are just simple people who live in a hut,  
But really we rebut.  
For the real enemy is at home.  
With our huge cultural dome  
Protecting us from seeing the truth,  
We are hurting people whom we think are uncouth.  
The worst part about all this is the youth;  
They are naïve, impressionable,  
But we think of them as negligible.  
They are the ones who will have to clean this,  
So hopefully they can find bliss.



**Orange Motion** photograph by Jack Fleming '15

## The Flight to Come

My head felt like a sledgehammer had had its way with it as I rose from the warm sand. I wiped the sand out of my eyes and brushed the soot off my skirt. I looked at my hand; the newly manicured nails that once sat at the end of my fingers were black with ash and sand.

“What happened?” I thought to myself. The last thing I remembered was being in first class on a plane headed towards Hawaii. I tried to jog my mind to the events leading to the deserted beach but my mind was completely wiped of any previous data. I was so confused about what had happened, I hadn't even noticed the wreckage around me. I turned my head to my left and right. The previously pristine flying machine was strewn around me on the beach, its pretty white paint now burnt and charred. The seats that many people had once sat in were now torn and askew. I closed my makeup-covered eyes, hoping that when I opened them it would all be a dream, that I would once again be soaring through the air, drinking champagne next to Channing Tatum. I raised my eyelids again to see the horrible carnage around me.

I worked my way onto my feet and started towards the half-buried cabin, but almost immediately I fell back onto my butt. The combination of my spinning head and my stiletto heels made sand travel quite difficult. I sat and gently took off my expensive shoes. I took another shot at the journey to the plane. I struggled to get back onto my feet and started going back to basics. “Right foot, left foot, right foot...” I thought to myself. This was nothing like the carpet-covered runways I normally walked down. This actually required a considerable amount of effort.

I was so focused on regaining my ability to walk that I almost ran into the smoldering wreckage. I got on my hands and knees and peered into the plane. I couldn't make anything out because of the extreme darkness inside. The only light was a small fire going in one of the seats. Then I remembered I had a flashlight on my iPhone. I slipped my device out of my waistband and attempted to turn it on. Despite newly acquired cracks, the screen lit up with a familiar glare. I swiped up the toolbar and hit the flashlight icon. The strong beam shot out of the other side of the phone. I once again looked into the wreckage. This time the whole cabin was illuminated by my phone's light. At one side of the cabin, a bundle of metal blocked my view; I assumed this was the cart that had served me so many glasses of wine and champagne. But as my gaze drifted towards the other side, I started to see the bodies of passengers who had accompanied me on the plane. Their bodies were mangled and bloody. My stomach churned like butter. I hastily retreated and broke back out into the sunlight and sprawled in the comforting sand. I stared up at the clouds slowly drifting by, the sunlight passing through them hardly dimmed. I shaded my eyes from the beaming light.

Just as the sun started to sing its usual calming lullaby of warmth, a thought popped into my head: “Where's Channing?” I quickly got to my feet and ran towards the detached cockpit. Behind the mangled cockpit was the first class cabin where Channing and I had sat. As I drew closer to the cockpit, I observed the entrance was blocked by a row of seats. I grasped the row at the bottom and lifted with all the might my petite body could produce. No matter how hard I lifted, the seats wouldn't budge. I decided to scavenge around to try and find something to get leverage under the seats.

I stumbled back to the main cabin and grasped a steel bar attached to the fuselage. It was hardly still connected to the rest of the structure so it took little effort to separate it. I

brought the long metal bar back to the cockpit. I slid the bar underneath the row and supported it from below. I squatted down and held the bar above my head. My thighs contracted as I pried the seats from their resting position. They screeched as metal grinded on metal. Slowly but surely the seats moved out of my path. Once the seats rose above my waist, I gave one final push and the heavy seats toppled over. I collapsed onto the soft sand. All of my energy had gone into moving the seats.

Once my stamina regenerated, I regained my composure and started into the cockpit. I slowly entered the wreck, pulled out my phone, and shined the bright light in front of my feet. Traveling into the cockpit was part climbing, part walking, and the wreck creaked every time my foot dropped. My brain kept telling me to turn around and high-tail it out, but I had to find Channing. It felt like I had traveled a hundred yards, yet when I looked back, the light from the outside seemed to be still right at my heels. Cautiously, I continued, this time at a faster pace.

As I was scrambling through the mess of seats and luggage, I stumbled and caught my foot on a seatbelt and went down hard. My phone flew out of my hand and darkness swallowed me. It was so dark, the fall had an almost peaceful feeling, as if I was falling miles instead of feet. The calm ended as quickly as it had come. My shoulder hit first and the rest of my body followed right behind it. I was tangled in unknown belts, straps, and legs which may or may not have been mine.

As I came to, I realized my foot was still twisted in a seatbelt. My skirt had ridden up so far it was completely inverted. Luckily this gave me a lot more flexibility, so I was able to yank on the belt that was trapping me in the darkness. I tugged and tugged, and right as I was about to give up hope, I felt it start to budge. I reached up and grabbed the constraint with my hands. I gave one big pull and heard a deafening screech. Before my mind comprehended what had happened, the great weight of the seat hit me like a truck. It pinned me to the cold floor and suppressed any effort to move. The impact had stunned me, but my vision started to clear quickly. I looked up and saw a LED light barely beaming a few feet from my face. I writhed my sore arm free and stretched it to grasp my phone which had miraculously landed near me. I looked around and saw what I had anticipated, a mangled mess of metal and fabric. I cut the light to conserve battery and got as comfortable as possible. Drifting off, all I could hear were the soothing sounds of waves and the drips of water falling off the carnage.

Most of my body had lost all feeling. My legs could've been totally detached and I wouldn't have known a difference. A cool feeling slowly started to overcome my body. At first this sensation had a calming effect, but as my senses sharpened, I realized this was nothing to be calm about. Water was rising slowly all around me, encompassing me in its depths. The cockpit's resting place had been close enough to the water that when the tide rose it was partially submerged. I hadn't anticipated this before crawling into the death trap. I started to feel panicked. Drowning had always been my biggest fear and it was about to become reality. I once again started struggling to release myself from my captor's grasp, but it was too heavy to move.

The water was now up to my chin and my heart was racing. My spoiled childhood was replaying over and over in my head. Regret about everything bad I'd ever done was rushing through my mind; I tried to block it out, to focus on the situation at hand, but it wouldn't go away. I grabbed a bar above me and pulled with everything I had. My skinny arms had never pumped out so much strength. I started to slowly slide out from under the seats. The pain was excruciating but I dug deep and kept pulling. Despite the seat gouging my bony thigh, I slid out from the seats and sat there, mesmerized by the predicament that had almost taken my life.



Sitting there in shock, a tingly sensation spread through my nostrils; it was the same smell that had penetrated my senses the time my driver spilled gasoline on my limousine. Then it hit me: Where was the smell coming from? I looked up and saw a fractured line with a steady stream of airplane fuel flowing out of it. Before my body could react, the fuel ignited and everything dissolved in a blinding flash.

\*\*\*

I jerked awake and looked around. Channing was sipping champagne next to me, and I could hear another passenger snoring a few rows back.

“Everything all right, babe?” Channing asked.

“A weird dream, that’s all,” I responded uncertainly.

“Yeah, you were asleep for hours!”

The plane shuddered and I grabbed Channing’s arm. He gave me a surprised look and I assured him it was just because I loved him.

I had a strange feeling about the flight to come.



**Clifden Crests** *photograph by Ms. Donna Kinney*





**Looking Lake Valley** painting by Holden Hutto '17

*Eric Pugh '18*

## **War Is and Isn't**

War is a terrible thing that a human has to conquer.  
War is the reason there are distinct nations and borders across the globe.  
War is what causes hatred and oppression.  
War is what makes countries stronger or weaker.  
War is fought by men who are fine with shooting another person.  
War is won by whoever has the most bodies and bullets.  
War is the world's most ancient history.  
War isn't a game for the soldiers who risk their lives.  
War isn't something that happens without someone causing it.  
War isn't the reason why people fight.  
War isn't an honor unless you fight with honor.  
War isn't won by a man, but by his will to win.  
War isn't fought by men for bragging rights.  
War isn't won by men who don't have the will to protect and serve.



**Highway Lapse** photograph by Jack Fleming '15

*Liam Pulsifer '15*

## **Oh, Beautiful**

When I think about purple mountains,  
my first thought isn't majesty  
nor amber waves of grain.  
It's not even apple pie,  
or baseball,  
or blond beauties in bikinis,  
sun toasted and sun glassed,  
popsicle sticks dripping from half-open mouths  
in shimmering summer heat.  
No, my first thought  
is the drive home after a long day  
and the last fingers of light  
brushing over trees and fields  
and highways and Dairy Queens,  
turning yellow gold purple red  
as the horizon pulls them in like fish on a line.

# I

Rays. Irreversible rays. The game is up. The time is run out. The life is over—your life is over. The beam's oppressive ray stains with disparity, choosing one, it pounces. The light is on. Unfeeling, its fingers entangle; its stark singular eye glares. The ground is cold, devoid of sympathy, comfort, aid. The sky is bleak, no stars to guide the way. That eye, that indisputable eye of scrutiny, encapsulates life. Remaining alone is the question: Will it blink?



**Rays** glass painting by William Dodenhoff '19

## Cruel Justice

Justin Forbridge lay on the ground, barely breathing. His chest oozed blood and he could feel himself dying. A man in the shadows stood over him.

"I'm sorry, Justin," said the man, "but I couldn't let you destroy the hospitals."

With one quick flick of the trigger, Justin was dead. Michael Girthwin sat down and thought about the previous month.

\*\*\*

Michael's plane landed at the Tokyo airport. He was in charge of all cartels in the Americas, and he had received a message from the cartel in Tokyo asking if he would come and sell his product. Michael had jumped at this opportunity so he could expand his business into Asia. The plane ride had been long and Michael had wished he bought first class seats.

Michael had arrived at 11 o'clock. Even at that late hour, the airport was bustling with people. Michael took two hours to get through customs and immigration. While walking outside the airport, a Japanese man grabbed him and threw him into a black SUV with tinted windows. The man jumped into the driver's seat.

"Where's your partner?" the man demanded as they drove off.

"Oh, Justin? He's watching the business at home," said Michael calmly. The driver said nothing else. Michael looked out the car's window at the crowded streets and lights of Tokyo. Rain began to fall, causing the lights of the city to appear streaked on the window.

The car pulled up to a curb and Michael was invited to get out. At the smell of the city, Michael felt a heaviness in his lungs. Anxious to get out of the polluted environment, he entered the massive skyscraper. There were glowing chandeliers in the lobby and stairs that formed DNA helices to the first floor. Michael walked up to the front desk where a woman waited and pulled out a slip of paper.

"I'm here to see the Bridger. Tell him Michael's here."

"I will send for someone to get you. Please take a seat," said the woman. Michael thanked her, straightened his suit, and sat down in a plush armchair. Five minutes later, a man in business attire greeted him.

"The Bridger will see you now," said the man with a heavy Asian accent. The two walked to the elevator where five other men joined them. "The ride to the 122<sup>nd</sup> floor is a little tight," thought Michael as they ascended.

The elevator opened to a wide, barely furnished room. There was a desk with a large leather chair behind it facing away from the desk. The chair turned as Michael entered the room.

Michael grinned. "Justin Forbridge, you're here?"

"Remember when my parents sent me to school in Japan? Well, I never graduated. Instead I started the Tokyo cartel which turned into the Japanese cartel."

"How did I not know this?"

"You're always surrounded by associates, Michael. I would have moved the product myself, but you are in charge of the cocaine so it would make the supplier suspicious if I asked you for control of it." At that moment, a red light started flashing and an alarm blared. "Sorry, that's my competition. They always try a new stunt to get to me. My men are going to secure these doors." Four men dressed in military clothes and carrying guns slammed the doors and locked them. Two hours later, the men opened the doors again.

"Michael, you have the product with you?" Justin asked.

"Yes."

"Great. All I need you to do is make a call to your supplier to send his products here and we're set."

Michael pulled out his phone and made the call. It was a success.

"You'll need to stay here for a month," Justin said. "Just in case the product doesn't sell well. Then I'll need you to cancel the product."

"But how are you laundering your money?"

"I own all of the children's hospitals in Tokyo."

Later, in his hotel room, Michael was looking at himself in a mirror. He had dark hair and a tall, lean figure. His most distinctive feature was a scar in the shape of a snake on his back. He was tough, but he had one rule: he would never hurt a child.

Three weeks passed and Michael had seen everything he wanted to see in the city, so he decided to find Justin. Justin was pleased to see Michael. The product, he told Michael, was a success.

"There's something I'm also very excited to tell you," said Justin. "I've gotten the opportunity to buy all of the McDonald's in Tokyo. With them, think of how much better I can launder money!"

"But what will happen to the hospitals?"

"Oh, there will have to be a disaster in all of them. I know it's tragic, but it's the only way to get rid of the evidence. Let's change the subject. My competitors have behaved this month – only 14 break-ins."

"Do you know where your competitors are?"

"Yeah, they always meet at a bar just down the street from here. Listen, I'm going to have to ask you to leave. I have a business trip to Hiroshima."

When Michael left the building, he walked down the street and went into a bar. There were ten men sitting at a table, talking quietly. Michael walked up to the table and sat down.

"Do you speak English?" he asked. The men nodded. "I have heard that you all aren't fans of Justin Forbridge." The men became more alert. "I can help you get to his business. He's leaving tonight at some point, so that will give you time to take over. I have one condition, though: I get Forbridge." The men agreed to send twenty men to help Michael.

After waiting all day, Forbridge and ten of his guards exited the back of building at eight o'clock. Suddenly there was one gun shot, and then a hail of gunfire followed. After the guns went silent, all ten of Forbridge's guards were dead or injured and five of Michael's men were down. Michael and Forbridge were nowhere to be seen.

What the men didn't know was that during the exchange Michael had seen Justin run down an alley, so Michael followed him. He found Justin on the ground, bleeding. Michael saw no way around it; he spoke briefly and shot Justin between the eyes.

With his time in Japan finished – and the hospitals safe – Michael returned home.



**Nature's Puzzle** scratchboard drawing by Charlie Claffey '17



**Civilization Today**  
*drawing by Harrison Froelich '16*



*Charles Bolick '17*

## **Music: A List**

Arctic Monkeys, Alt-J, Alex Clare,  
Beck, Bruce Springsteen, Bill Withers, Ben Gordon,  
Cat Stevens, Chance the Rapper, Cream, Coldplay,  
Daft Punk, David Bowie, Don McLean, Drake,  
Eagles, Elton John, Eminem, ET,  
Foo Fighters, Franz Ferdinand, The Fray, Fat,  
Gary Moore, Gnarls Barkley, Green Day, Germany,  
Jimi Hendrix, Johnny Cash, John Legend,  
Led Zeppelin, Lou Reed, Luminox, LP,  
Neil Young, The Notorious BIG, Noise,  
Pink Floyd, Queen, Ratatat, Rufus Wainwright,  
Santana, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles,  
Tom Petty, Jeff Lynne, Prince, Steve Winwood,  
Sylvan Esso, Snow Patrol, Sam Smithsix.

## The Sun

The sun rises, the sun falls.

Lucy was walking on the bank,  
Tried to save them from the men.  
Her head beaten by the stick.  
Her body fell: down, into the ground.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Homo erectus moving on the sand,  
Chased the prey down the way,  
Across the desert, through the sea,  
The power of mankind newly released.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Hammurabi finished his code,  
Craftsmen carved it into stone.  
Cuneiform written on the clay  
Marked the civil age of men.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Persia defeated at the shore.  
Athens embraced her golden age.  
Socrates drank the poison hemlock.  
Plato wrote his ideal republic.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Brutus's dagger pointed at Caesar,  
Augustus decided to avenge his father.  
The Senate lost its power forever,  
The Republic failed, replaced by the Empire.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Diocletian separated the nation into four.  
Trying to save it, but this last gasp failed.  
The city of Byzantium rose in the West.  
Christianity stood up as guidance for all.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Columbus stepped onto the new land,  
Mayflower struggled to start a new life.  
Colonists found the tax too high,  
Washington set the standard of two times.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

Nazi tanks swept over Europe,  
Japanese flights bombed the harbor.  
Soviet winter froze the invader.  
Oppenheimer's toy could end all the wars.  
And the sun rises, the sun falls.

All the people that once were great.  
In the end became drops of water,  
Falling into that river that will forever float.  
All the rage of human history,  
Burnt up into ashes, gone with the wind.

The sun rises, the sun falls.



11.9699787, 121.925126 photograph by Harris Smoots '16



**Sunday Evening in Jackson Square** watercolor and ink by Conner Allison '15

*Trevor Youtz '18*

## **Stanley Hornsby**

As Stanley and Harry's plane flew over the ocean, Harry looked out the window and sighed. He was wondering why he'd ever agreed to go with Stanley. He hated pigs, and he hated flying. He looked at his hands, which were gripping the armrests as hard as they could. The flight attendant walked over to him.

"Don't worry," she said, looking at Harry's hands. "We'll be fine." Harry unclenched his hands and smiled at the flight attendant as she walked off.

Meanwhile, Stanley, who loved flying, was humming quietly to himself in the next seat over. The plane suddenly dipped downwards with no warning. The overhead speakers came on, but nothing but static played. Harry looked around for the flight attendant but she was nowhere to be found.

“What’s happening?” shouted Stanley.

The plane suddenly went into a nose dive, heading for the ocean. Stanley and Harry both started floating into the air. Harry panicked and unbuckled his seatbelt and immediately hit his head on the ceiling, which knocked him out.

“Harry!” yelled Stanley, who unbuckled his seatbelt and made his way over to Harry’s lifeless body. A loud crash came from the back of the plane, and the drink cart came flying at Stanley. He tried to move out of the way, but it slammed into him, knocking him into the wall and knocking him out.

Stanley sat up suddenly and gasped. He looked around the room. The room was blindingly white, and it looked as if the walls and floor were made of pillows. “Where am I?” thought Stanley, shaking his head. His eyes opened wide. “Where’s Harry and the plane?” Suddenly, a section of the wall swung inwards. Stanley then realized that it was a door. Strangely, there was no one on the other side. He walked through it and it closed on its own behind him. Stanley looked left and right and saw he was in a long hallway with a door on either side. He decided to go right, for no apparent reason.

As he walked, he heard sirens from everywhere around him. They got louder and louder, so he started running faster and faster. He yanked open the door and slammed it shut behind him. The sirens stopped abruptly. Then they came back again, louder. Stanley started screaming. Then everything went black.

Stanley opened his eyes and heard sirens. He looked to his left and saw an EMT sitting down. He looked to his right and saw another one.

“What happened?” said Stanley to the EMT on his left.

“You were in a plane crash. There were two survivors. You, and some other guy. His ID says his name is Harry.”

“Harry! I thought he was dead before we even crashed.”

“Well, you’ll see him at the hospital.”

Stanley looked out of the window of the ambulance and saw an 18-wheeler speeding towards him. He saw the driver through the windshield and was horrified to see that he was asleep. The 18-wheeler was getting closer and closer. Stanley tried to tell someone but his voice would no longer work. He saw the 18-wheeler smash into the back of the ambulance and he let out a silent scream.

Stanley opened his eyes and looked around once more. This time, he saw he was on a plane. He looked next to him and saw Harry gripping the armrest. He sighed and realized that it was all a dream. He looked out the window and saw that they were over the ocean. He looked down and saw a plane sinking into the ocean. He wondered if everyone was okay. He looked back at Harry and saw not his friend, but a fish. He realized that he was underwater, and he couldn’t breathe. He swam up and out of the plane, and his head rose above the surface. He looked up and saw a plane flying by.

By this time Stanley was quite furious because he had no idea what was going on. He suddenly went rigid, and blacked out. Stanley opened his eyes for the last time. He saw the flaming wreckage of what looked like an ambulance, but he couldn’t be sure. He saw firemen

pull a body out of it. He walked over to the police tape and walked right through it like he didn't exist. He saw a man's body, badly burnt. It was obvious he was dead because of his melted face. Another man approached. Stanley recognized this man, but he couldn't place a name. "Henry? No, Harvey? No, Harrison? Something like that." The man looked at the body and started sobbing. Stanley thought the man might have been friends with the dead man. Stanley decided he didn't care much about what was going on, and walked into the distance.

Stanley walked to the edge of the harbor and looked out. He saw a plane flying overhead, and a plane sinking into the ocean. He wondered what it was like to fly. Suddenly, he rose into the air. He floated upwards for a while, and then disappeared completely.

And that was how Stanley died.



**Cowboy** drawing by Harrison Froelich '16

Taylor Mali  
*Visiting Poet, Fall 2014*

## The Work of Tolling

*Christ School, Arden, NC*

Midday at Christ they rang the *Angelus*,  
that bell atop the campus chapel roof,  
but I could hear between the chimes  
the more earthly human work of tolling.

Somewhere a boy was riding a rope  
between heaven and earth to make the sound  
announcing the incarnation, but I—  
for whom gratitude is the extent of prayer—

I heard God, too—and maybe even more—  
in the creaking of the beams, the shuddering  
of a rope within in its timber chimney,  
the unsung heft of the simple bell unrung.



**Morning, Noon, Evening**  
*photographs by Mrs. Betty Weil*