

CHRIST SCHOOL JOURNAL OF WRITING AND ART

STRUAN



2016-2017

STRUAN

CHRIST SCHOOL JOURNAL OF WRITING AND ART
2016-17

EDITORIAL BOARD

John Beard '18
Wyatt Gildea '19
Sage Holly '17
Kobi Selby '19

Connor Booher '20
Wilton Graves '21
Richard Lytle '20
Patrick Shea '20
Zach Pulsifer '17,
Editor-in-Chief

Will Clarke '19
Lux Haney-Jardine '19
Max Redic '20
Will Smoots '18
Vance Stiles '17,
Editor-in-Chief

Jacob Dowler '19
Philip Hodges '18
Patrick Rubsamen '18
Jackson Zemp '18

FACULTY ADVISORS

Sarah Baldwin, Art

Kendra Castle, Layout

Emily Pulsifer, Writing & Production

WRITING

Justice Ajogbor '20, <i>My Hero, Johnny Cash</i>	33
Hamilton Andrews '20, <i>My Inspiration, Kathy Hardy</i>	30
Nicky Anixter '17, <i>A Letter to the Theoretical</i>	5
Anonymous, <i>Perfect</i>	28
<i>After Dinner</i>	64
Wisdom Asaboro '19, <i>My Father, Mr. Obedafe Asaboro</i>	32
Connor Booher '20, <i>The Adolescent Doesn't Change His Mind</i>	69
<i>John F. Kennedy, Jr.</i>	31
Alex Byron '18, <i>I Believe in Personal Living</i>	43
Will Clarke '19, <i>Life's Dilemma</i>	70
Caden Cruse '17, <i>Coffee Shop Girl</i>	45
Bennett David '18, <i>A Little Time to Think Goes, Like, A Long Way</i>	54
Mary Dillon, <i>Faculty, Please Accept My Apologies</i>	20
Jacob Dowler '19, <i>As I Sleep</i>	65
<i>Colors</i>	58
Eli Dowler '21, <i>FIRE</i>	12
Wyatt Gildea '19, <i>Abandoned Fieldhouse</i>	15
Jonathan Gooch '18, <i>This I Believe</i>	14
Wilton Graves '21, <i>It's Time to Fly</i>	8
Connor Hall '20, <i>J. K. Rowling</i>	31
Leigh Harris, <i>Faculty, An F-1 Microburst</i>	16
Philip Hodges '18, <i>Crude</i>	42
<i>thoughts from 36,000 feet</i>	68
Carson Jones '18, <i>Failure Leads to Success</i>	21
Connor Jones '21, <i>Hide and Seek</i>	56
Jordan Jones '18, <i>Am I in Debt?</i>	60
Brent Kaneft, <i>Faculty, The Old Man at Buck's Coffee Cafe</i>	23
Collie Lowrance '19, <i>Please Accept My Apologies</i>	20
Richard Lytle '20, <i>Mother Teresa</i>	32
Liam McCann '16, <i>Sur les marches de la mort</i>	22
Marshall McDill '18, <i>For Someone Else</i>	67
Jack Mitchell '18, <i>I Did Not Tell You It Would Be Okay, Because I Never Believed It Would Be Okay</i>	59
Wade Mouer '17, <i>Behind the Door</i>	48
Coco Parham, <i>Faculty, We Walk</i>	11
Emily Pulsifer, <i>Faculty, Delineate</i>	26
Zach Pulsifer '17, <i>Canvas of the World</i>	6
Will Rasco '18, <i>Positivity</i>	37
Max Redic '20, <i>Panic on the Ocoee</i>	40
<i>My Grandfather</i>	32
Michael Reynolds '17, <i>'Twas the Night Before the Game</i>	53
Kobi Selby '19, <i>in an instant</i>	34
Patrick Shea '20, <i>West Of Kansas</i>	39
<i>Tolkein's Samwise Gamgee</i>	33
Will Smoots '18, <i>Letter to Yourself</i>	29
Vance Stiles '17, <i>A Limerick for the Dining Hall</i>	6
Hank Van Ness '20, <i>Her</i>	45
Jackson Zemp '18, <i>Pawn</i>	72

ARTWORK

Jack Adams '20, <i>Self-Portrait</i> , Conté	64
Sarah Baldwin, <i>Faculty</i> , Chapter One, Watercolor	20
Ashton Beaver '19, <i>man/dog</i> , Pastels	11
Elliott Bell '20, <i>Old Car</i> , Photography	15
<i>Lone Tree</i> , Photography	58
Cary Benson '18, <i>St. Joseph's Chapel</i> , Acrylic Paint	52
<i>In the Eye of Danger</i> , Graphite	67
Chuck Bolick '17, <i>Old Bull</i> , Acrylic Paint	58
<i>Fingerprint Self-Portrait</i> , Pen & Ink	64
Connor Booher '20, <i>St. Joseph's Chapel Windows</i> , Watercolor	20
Heather Bower, <i>Faculty</i> , <i>Far Beyond the Starry Seas</i> , Oil Paint	38
Charlie Bradshaw '17, <i>Christ School's Student Center</i> , Watercolor	72
Luke Brazinski '18, <i>Endless Aspens</i> , Photography	47
Gordon Brown '19, <i>Trust</i> , Graphite	10
Townshend Budd '18, <i>Resting Boats</i> , Watercolor	7
<i>Veins of My City</i> , Photography	36
Bennett David '18, <i>Keep Yo Scratchwork</i> , Photography	70
William Dodenhoff '19, <i>Elephant</i> , Printmaking	57
Sawyer Duhaime '18, <i>Musical Rotisserie Line</i> , Photography	Back Cover
<i>Nat Geo</i> , Photography	10
<i>Winding Roads</i> , Photography	19
<i>Light Holes</i> , Photography	27
<i>Eyes</i> , Photography	47
<i>Illuminate</i> , Photography	72
Miles Gardner '20, <i>Pears</i> , Mixed Media	5
Wyatt Gildea '19, <i>Self-Portrait</i> , Graphite	63
Vanessa Giuliani, <i>Faculty</i> , <i>Alpine Wanderers</i> , Photography	63
Carter Harvey '17, <i>Self-Portrait</i> , Graphite	28
Reid Heaton '18, <i>Man in Glasses</i> , Printmaking	52
Philip Hodges '18, <i>Self-Portrait</i> , Graphite	13
<i>Untitled</i> , Mixed Media	18
<i>Serenity</i> , Graphite & Pastel	69
Alex Hudak '14, <i>Cactus</i> , Oil Paint	71
Holden Hutto '17, <i>Wolf</i> , Pastels	61
Miller Kaderabek '18, <i>Orange</i> , Mixed Media	44
Jacob Kang '17, <i>Superhero</i> , Acrylic Paint	30
Adam Keever '20, <i>Lightning</i> , Printmaking	68
Richard Lytle '20, <i>Landscape</i> , Photography	41
Juan Mantilla '19, <i>Peruvian Paradise</i> , Photography	62
Cole Marco '20, <i>Cans</i> , Pastels	28
Benny Marx '19, <i>auf den Schiff</i> , Graphite & Gold Ink	19
Morgan McKay '17, <i>Morgan</i> , Graphite & Gold Ink	46
Carson Ownbey '18, <i>man/lion</i> , Pastels	62
Michael Reynolds '17, <i>Sticky Note Art</i> , Pen & Ink	6
Justin Rhode '17, <i>The Beast</i> , Acrylic Paint	Front Cover
<i>Untitled</i> , Mixed Media	55
Will Smoots '18, <i>Shiek Zayed Al Kabeer Mosque</i> , Photography	4
Connor Thiel '20, <i>Mirrors</i> , Photography	71
Chad Treadway '19, <i>Mountains</i> , Printmaking	7



Sheikh Zayed Al Kabeer Mosque, Photography, Will Smoots '18

A Letter to the Theoretical

Nicky Anixter '17

Dear Mom and Dad,

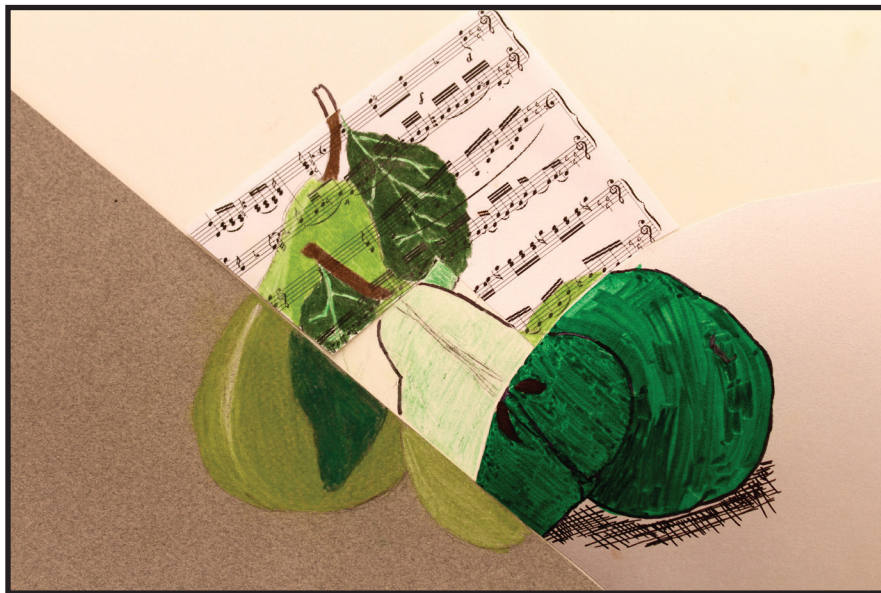
What can I say? What can I say to describe these feelings? They are all jumbled together, 45 socks stuffed into a drawer, each lacking its mate. I recall that Rachmaninoff, a Russian classical composer, created both “Love’s Joy” and “Love’s Sorrow.” In case you haven’t heard them, “Love’s Joy” is so highly romanticized that it overflows with happiness. It’s a beautiful-sounding piece, but when played alone sounds idealistic and fake. No happiness in this world exists without some pain hanging off as an appendage. Thus, “Love’s Joy” can’t exist without a counter weight: “Love’s Sorrow.” Surprisingly, “Love’s Sorrow,” is as – if not more – beautiful. It’s imperfect and flawed, it hurts on the surface, but each time you hear it, the sorrow beckons back to the joy it’s attached to.

I guess I should start by telling you about the past 17 years. After you lay me next to that police station, I was, as you hoped, found. A woman picked me up and passed me to a policeman at the station where you had delivered me. He took care of me until I was strong enough to go to an orphanage. I was given to the Tu Liem Orphanage in Hanoi. My adopted parents then learned about me and took me in. They were a lesbian couple from San Francisco who met playing volleyball. They both took great care of me and I couldn’t have been luckier with them adopting me. We lived in California for five years before my parents separated. It was regrettable, but like many pains, I am happy it happened. It helped bring me to where I am today. One of my mothers, my older brother, and I moved to North Carolina, where I have lived for the past 12 years.

It hasn’t all been perfect, but I wouldn’t ask for more. There have been days that have sucked. There are days when I have cried, I have bled, and I have failed. Yet, on each of those occasions, I am always taken aback and humbled by remembering who I am, and how I got here. Each time I think about you two, I think about how much I have been given in life, and how much others have sacrificed to allow it.

I hope one day we’ll get to meet in person. I know there will be a flood of emotions if that ever happens, and that “Love’s Sorrow” will be the first thing to come to my mind. Yet, “Love’s Joy—” being dragged along by the sorrow— will come as well. I am eternally thankful to both of you for what you have done for me. I know the decision you made must have been difficult, and the infinite possibilities of my life to follow must have weighed heavily on your conscience. Yet I want you to know you made the right choice. To both of you, people I may never meet or know, I love you. Anh yêu em.

Many thanks,
Nguyen Mihn Phu



Pears, Mixed Media, Myles Gardner '20

Canvas of the World

Zach Pulsifer '17

What part seems the most *you*?
I only ask because I don't know what I'd be.

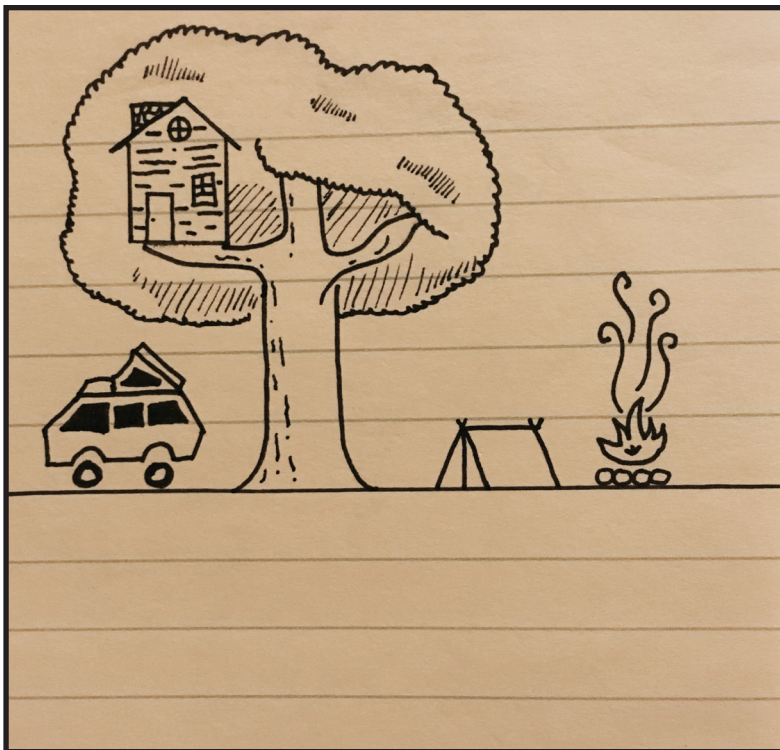
Do you think you're that vibrant red speck slightly to the left of the middle?
There, right there!
Oh, you can't see it?
What a shame -- you brought the whole image together.
Such a small dot, but enough to pop out.

Now I can't even see your red
(if that red was even yours).

I've always pictured myself as a vibrant blue –
I'm not sure why.

I can see a piece that's my color!
My tiny dot is barely visible, but invisible,
just like yours.

One painting, so many dots.



Sticky Note Art, Pen & Ink, Michael Reynolds '17

A Limerick for the Dining Hall

Vance Stiles '17

Today's lunch made me choke,
Air filled with pizza smoke.
Cheese topped the pie,
Plates stacked too high.
Pizza, a slippery slope.

Mountains, Printmaking, Chad Treadway '19



Resting Boats, Watercolor, Townsend Budd '18

It's Time to Fly

Wilton Graves '21

The air stinks of sulfur, and my throat and lungs burn from the smoke surrounding the battlefield. The terrain of the once-beautiful French riverside is now pockmarked with trench lines and holes from stray mortar blasts. No man's land is littered with bodies, mutilated from the horrors of trench warfare. The yellow smoke of mustard gas lies on the ground as if caught on the barbed wire. The cries of brutally injured men lump together like the Devil's choir in the most horrendous pit of hell. It's a grim life for a messenger pigeon on the Somme.

I once had wings as white as snow, but now they are speckled with dirt, ash, and grime. Now I appear to be a small lump of gray with coal-black eyes. After being on the front for a few months, I know how it can turn something beautiful into a mess.

I went through hard training to become a messenger pigeon. My trainer, Jack, would walk me almost a mile away from home in a cage and he would release me. I had to find my way back home through flight. This went on every day for weeks. Sometimes one mile, and other times as many as five. Always in a different direction. Always finding my way back. By the time my training was over, I was able to be taken away from the base, released with a note in my leg capsule, and deliver it back to base.

This is my first deployment, and I'm working for a tank crew. Jack was deployed with me because the army felt that his services would be required as a translator in Germany. My job is to be released from my cage if the tank is surrounded by the enemy or breaks down. I would take a note with the coordinates of the tank so that it could be fired upon by artillery. This way, not only would it kill some of the enemy, but it would protect Allied technology from falling into the wrong hands. The issue is that our men hardly survive the artillery strikes. I am their last hope. Thankfully, my crew has not yet resorted to that, but we might have to when we advance tomorrow. I've heard the captains talking about how only one-third of our tanks make it off of the battlefield. They either break down or are destroyed. The chances don't look good for us.

Jack puts me in my cage in my special place in the tank. He must be able to tell I'm nervous because he strokes me gently and tells me that everything will be alright. I'm not sure whether to believe him or not. I've already seen two members of a separate crew break down in tears and beg their commanding officer to let them leave the front. The commanding officer screamed at them for cowardice, and told them they should be proud to serve the Crown. I'm not sure why they would do that if everything was going to be alright.

The tank rumbles and grumbles with a sound not unlike an angry bulldog growling in a game of tug-of-war. Jack slips me a couple pieces of bread from his pocket. I look around the interior of the tank. The strange things people do when they are nervous. I see Woodyard, our main driver, twirling a cigarette between his fingers, pausing to tap it against his temple. He can't smoke it without igniting our spare ammunition. Wilson, the gunner, clasps a silver talisman to his chest. It's a strange-looking thing, a man restrained against two crossed poles, with each hand bound on either side of the horizontal pole, and both feet bound at the bottom of the vertical one. He closes his eyes and mutters down at it. I hear him plead and beg, as if the bound man will save him.

I feel tremors in the earth, and the ground shakes. The noise is deafening. The scream of mortars pierces the air. Jack can tell I am nervous. He takes me out of my cage to stroke me and calm my nerves, but Wilson yells "You fool! If that pigeon makes it out of the tank, you've signed our death warrant." It's not my fault. I don't want my job to be to kill my friends. It wasn't my choice. I don't deserve the looks of contempt

on the crew's faces. I just want to fly.

Suddenly, holes appear in the wall of the tank, exposing rays of sunlight. Woodyard puts his head in his hands, and I hear him say under his breath, "Nonono...please no. Not like this. Please."

I now realize what is happening. There is a loud bang and a snap, the sound of the tread unwinding. The tank shudders to a stop. We're not going anywhere. Wilson pops the hatch on the top of the tank to get to his Maxim gun in hopes of fighting off the Germans. As soon as the hatch is opened, I hear a garbled cry and red mist coats the inside of the tank. Wilson is gone.

As Wilson's body drops, a grenade lands in the tank. Brown, the new soldier who joined yesterday, has the thought to throw it back out as fast as he can. A loud and powerful explosion rattles the steel of the tank. Then there is silence.

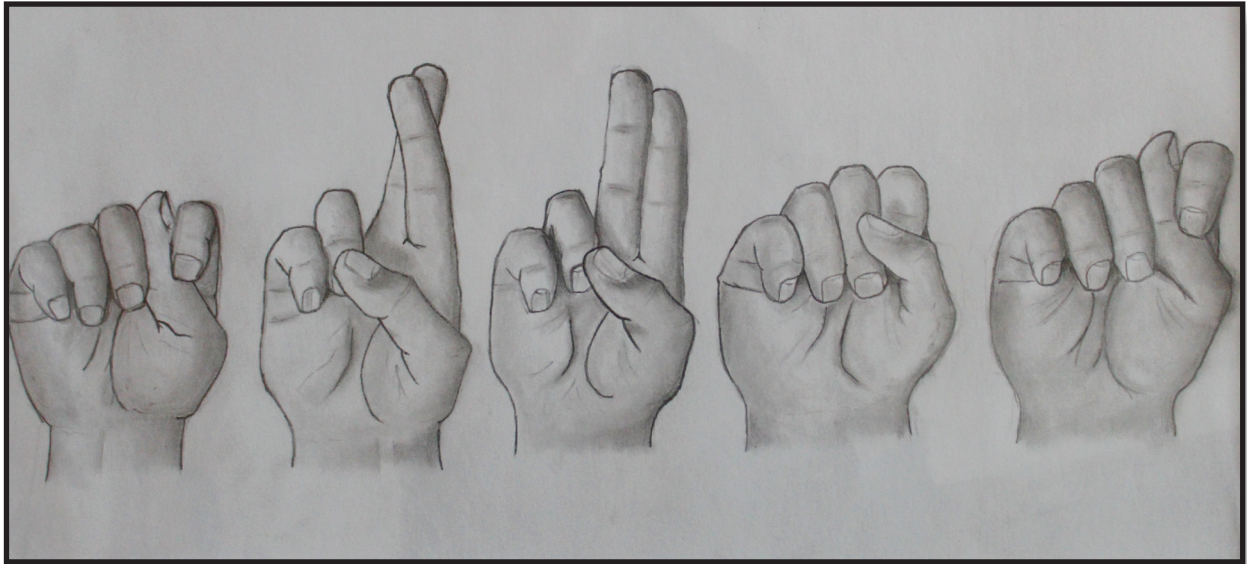
A voice is heard, "Dummköpfe aufgeben!" Jack tells us, "They want us to surrender, chaps!" Woodyard responds to the German, "We'll fight to the end for our king and country, you filthy Jerry!" Jack looks out of the slots in the sides of the tank. "We're surrounded. There's no hope. I have to release the pigeon." He takes me out of my cage, and scribbles coordinates on the parchment. A lone tear streaks his face, paving the way down his cheek through the dirt and grime. He wipes his face with his sleeve, and sets me free. I soar up from the tank and the carnage, and all of the death falls away.

I look down and see dark-colored trench coats and helmets circling the tank. From above the battlefield, the trenches and craters make the once-majestic French farmlands look like blemishes on the terrain, as a pimple or whitehead would be a blemish to a man. I see a farm with camps of soldiers in the fields, and their foxholes dug into what was once the farmer's crop. Another person's livelihood destroyed—for what? What were they fighting for? I think some of them don't even know. They were just pointed in the "right" direction and told to fight. I've heard soldiers say that they are fighting for the "King," but I never see him on the battlefield. I never see him with a gun in his arms, digging trenches, praying that he will live through the night. Why does one man dictate the actions of millions? Is it worth it to see so many good men dead? Is it worth it to have to write letters to their wives and mothers? I don't know. Maybe the king is important to protect, like a jewel. Maybe the enemy wants to take him from us. Maybe they want him killed. I don't know, but I would like to see a man that is worth the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

I've just got a little bit left to go. I can see the Union Jack from here, but it feels so far away. It really sinks in now that by delivering this message, I will surely kill my friends, but if I don't, a weapon of the Allies could fall into the wrong hands. I just have to hope that Jack and the crew come out okay.

After what seems like an eternity, I land. A man uncoils the message from my ankle, and his face is grim. "We've lost the Hurricane! Shell these coordinates!" he says. He begins to read the coordinates, and the artillery men calibrate the guns. "Fire at will!" yells the man in charge. The bark of the guns is very loud. I catch just a glimpse of the shells launching into the air and screaming towards their targets.

It has been two days since they fired the artillery. No one has come back. Everyone seems to have forgotten about the Hurricane's tank crew. Just faces in a sea of corpses. I have given up on their return. My only real service to the Tank Branch Company A was to relay messages between the tanks and camp, as I have done. Now, since my tank is gone, I feel I have no purpose. Maybe now I can just be a pigeon. I am free to take a short flight, as my handler is nowhere to be found. I begin to fly, and I glide above the camp. Maybe I won't come back. I've seen what war has done to people and nature. Why would I stay and try to do my part? Why should I contribute to the deaths of men on either side? I just want to fly. I hear the pop of rifles down below, and suddenly I feel searing pain in my soft underbelly and my wings. It hurts so much. I allow myself to spiral down to earth. I don't want pain anymore. I just want to fly.



Trust, Graphite, Gordon Brown '19



Nat Geo, Photography, Sawyer Duhaime '18

We Walk

Coco Parham, Faculty

It's morning.

The sun barely peeks over the mountain ridge.

The air is warm, cool, cold, hot. Birds chirp their morning call.

She trots happily in front, pulling at the leash.

Sniffing, panting, bouncing, enjoying herself in the moment.

We walk.

It's afternoon.

She happily trots a bit ahead.

Sunny, rainy, cold and cool. The weather doesn't matter; the adventure is all she wants.

Time passes, tongue flops to the side; her expression is relaxed joy.

Returning home, she eagerly carries her leash, greeting neighbors, tail held high.

We walk.

It's evening.

As we amble, her leash forms a loop from hand to collar. No longer does she tug at the leash, but happily stays close to my side.

She stops and smells a bit more. The trace of animals that have passed this way are all the more interesting.

She lies down while I chat with a neighbor.

Returning home, she peacefully carries her leash, slowly jogging along, listening to the catbird make its evening call.

We walk.

It's night.

Coaxing her outside into the inky darkness punctuated by a million stars.

We don't walk far; that's okay, for she knows all the usual smells by heart now.

She greets a neighbor, happily leaning in for a head scratch; such a social girl.

Still carrying the leash home, slower but happy. I smile.



man/dog, Pastels, Ashton Beaver '19

FIRE

Eli Dowler '21

Running, no stopping. Red everywhere. Nowhere to go. Everyone screaming. No one will survive, death is inevitable. Loud bangs echoing through the commotion as the small tunnel of light I thought was the living world was slowly shrinking and about to disappear. I ran, for my life. All four legs barely touching the ground. The thickening smoke didn't help my already bad eyesight. I knew these woods by heart, but if you don't know where you are then that memory is no help. A beaver ran out from the stream beside me and I tripped over it. The bush behind me caught on fire and enveloped the leaves I had just run by. As I shakily got up, I began sprinting, hoping that the trees wouldn't fall in front of me. Adrenaline coursed through my fur-covered body as I jumped over a log and I thought "only a little farther until safety". I felt a sharp pain in my right shoulder but I kept running.

I reached the lake, ran to the other side of the shore and lay down and thought over the events from the past couple of hours and how, in such a short time, everything went so colossally wrong. Let's start from the beginning of the end.

...

2 Years Before

It was a normal day in the woods. The weird path-like thing had slowly become more and more prominent as the area saw more visitors. Then one day all the kids stopped coming. The forest saw visitors only a few days a week and even then there were very few people there. As the trees continued to change, men in orange coats with long sticks started appearing more and more. The only problem was these sticks shot these terrible things that tore your skin and pierced your flesh. Thankfully I was never the victim of such things. As the year progressed, many of my friends had been killed by these things, and over time we learned that when the men with the strange sticks and orange coats were in sight, we needed to run. We adapted to a life of running and hiding until the men wandered off.

...

2 Months Before

Many weeks had passed since the forest had gotten rain, the creek's water was dwindling, and with every step we took leaves crunched and crumbled underfoot. Not too long after, men came with large yellow blocks that they sat in that tore up the ground and made squares filled with small rocks that shifted when you walked on them. Soon after, people came and stayed in small cloth houses for many days at a time on these squares. One day, men came and put down sticks that surrounded a large part of the forest, the sticks had different colored cloth things hanging off of them that moved with the wind. Suddenly no one came to the forest, it was just the animals and the men we had come to know as hunters. We carried on with life normally and carefully. One day, someone came and cut down a few trees. I lost some of my friends that day, and we mourned the loss.

...

1 Week Before

Smoke had been in the air for a while but we couldn't quite place where the smell was coming from. The sky slowly turned darker and darker until finally the sun was almost entirely blocked out. Many of the animals had run away and some had died from the air pollution. The creek was so low that we had to go very far to get water. The lake we went to was calm and fed into the Monongahela River. I had never gone outside my main forest area in my entire life.

Finally, on a mountain in the distance, we saw the fire. It was approaching us rapidly, but we didn't run away. Men in the distance dumped water on the fire but it wasn't helping.

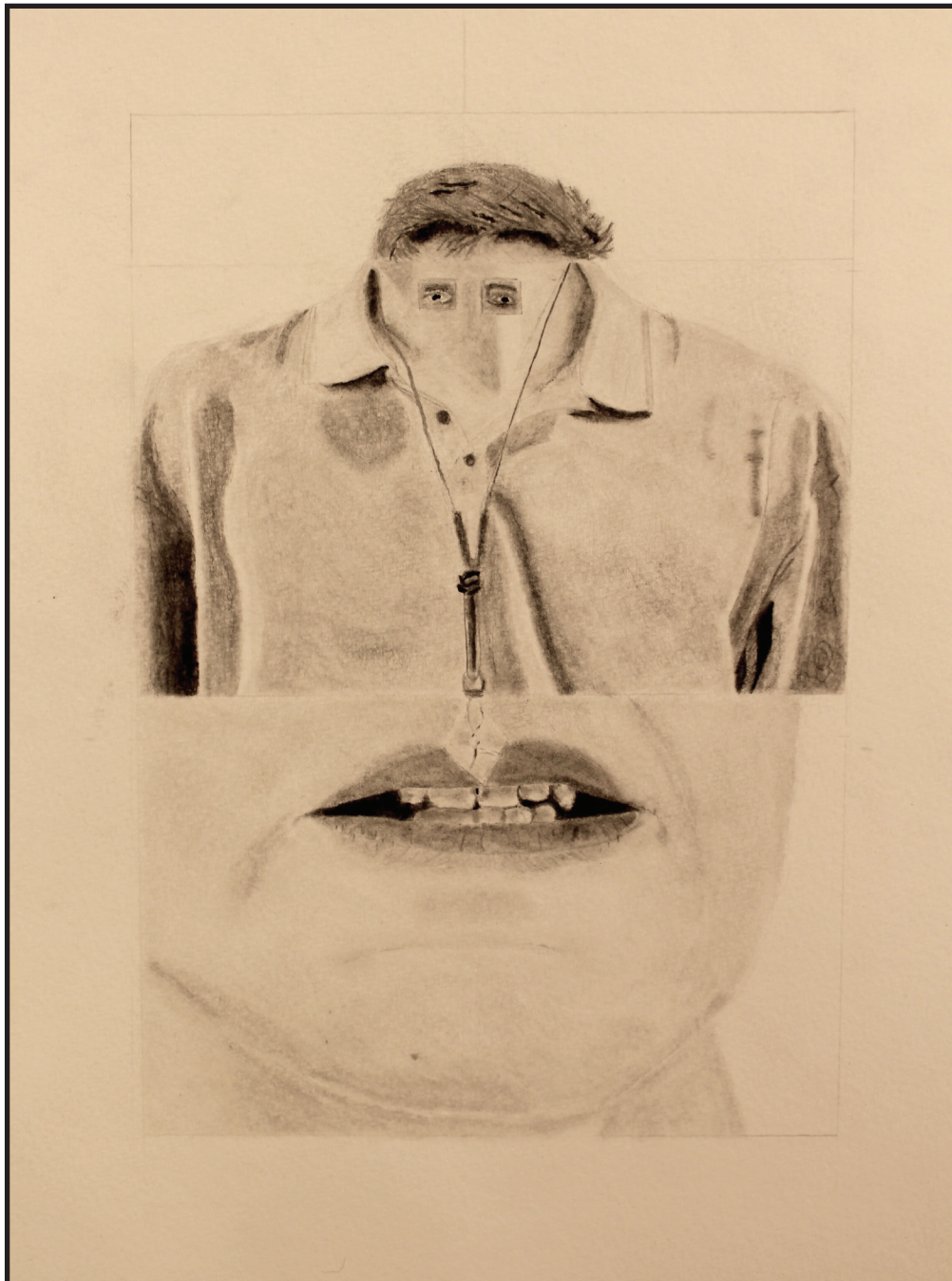
...

Present Time

So here we are. These are my final words. I never learned how to swim and there is no outrunning this fire. The pain in my shoulder has grown worse, and I realized that an ember had burned into my skin as I was running. I was born in this forest and I shall die here. The fire is rapidly approaching and there's nothing here to stop it. My only regret is not leaving my comfort zone and going somewhere other than my forest.

Goodbye, it was nice talking with you. If there is anything after this, I will find out, but you won't until you, too, go quietly into the good night.

Self-Portrait, Graphite, Philip Hodges '18



This I Believe

Jonathan Gooch '18

I believe that information is the ultimate currency, able to both set people free and chain them down forever. Throughout my lifetime, I've heard time and time again that I was born into an age of information the likes of which the world has never seen before, one where everything is accessible and anyone can find the truth. At a young age, this was coupled with the "the sky's the limit, anyone can do anything" mentality that saturated every interaction, giving me the idea that everything was at my fingertips with nothing standing in my way from knowing anything I could dream of. As I matured, however, the freedom of information became more and more convoluted, until at last the truth of the matter was revealed. Information was now available for more people than ever, but with a catch: everything has a price, whether it's obvious or not. Flashing icons promise fun and games in neon fonts and huge lettering, while silently pushing advertisements for their latest benefactor into the subconscious of the player's mind, drawing a connection between entertainment and material products. News sites swear they want to supply the world with the truth, then turn around and place their stories behind paywalls and email scams. Even less obvious perpetrators exploit their users; Google, for example, uses its saved data to construct a profile of the user and sell this profile to the highest bidder. Every time I've logged onto the internet, I've been peppered with ads custom tailored to my previous searches, witnessing Google's sale of a small part of me.

These experiences taught me something important: information is a commodity above all else, one that is feverishly guarded by some, like a dragon hoarding gold, while others spread it like confetti in the wind, available to anyone willing to look. This truly is an age when anyone can learn anything, but only if they are willing to put enough effort into finding it, with the difficulty to find it increasing with the value of the information. Anyone can learn to bake a cake or fix a leaky faucet with a few minutes on the computer, but the path to learning how to hack into a government server or build a working nuclear reactor is closely guarded, nearly impossible to discover by the average person for reasons of both safety and protection of valued information. With the increasing number of how-to's and tutorials that grow by the day, supply soars to new heights as demand drops like a rock.

As everything comes with a price, so too did the "age of information." The ease of access to simple data and news headlines has lulled our generation into a false sense of acceptance, imprinting on impressionable minds the idea of "Anything can be done, but why do it now?" This apathy towards execution is played into by media, offering vague ideas and colorful phrases that ultimately mean nothing and do even less. By flooding our minds with an excess of information from Buzzfeed, Reddit, and more, we shut down our curiosity and drive to explore new things, preferring approximate knowledge of many things to in-depth knowledge of anything. Yet, with this wave of information a chance for global progression has been presented: the opportunity for the underprivileged to rise to heights never before thought possible and for the global community to come together to create rather than to destroy and drift apart. The failings of our new age fall short of the successes and possibilities that are present for our generation and the generations to come.

Abandoned Fieldhouse

(Inspired by "Abandoned Farmhouse" by Ted Kooser)

Wyatt Gildea '19

He was a drunk, says the single bottle of whiskey
on the nightstand over the other empty bottles;
an angry man too, say the holes
in the wall, covered by pictures; and a lonely man,
says the single key
on the dining table;
but not a man for time, says the absence
of clocks.

A woman lived with him, says
the hand-written notes and the white dress
in the closet, and they had a family,
says the room with the crib
with the paint chipping off.
She was a seamstress, says the rusted
sewing machine in the basement.
And her dreams gone, say the ripped pages of her diary.
It was lonely here, says the one remaining pair of boots.

Something left that summer, says the single key
on the dining table. She was not able to stay
any longer, says the handwritten notes; the torn up
yard, says she left in a hurry.
And the child? Its toys scattered
across the pathway, the rattle with its end broken
a matchbox car with the wheels missing,
a single shoe in the middle of the driveway.



An F-1 Microburst

Leigh Harris, Faculty

“Well, that was an F-1 microburst*, sweetie!” I let the words sink in as she continued. “We were really worried about you, but we couldn’t come over to warn you – it came so fast!” I started to lean against the ranger’s state-issued Ford pickup and noticed that it was more dirty brown than white. I looked down at my own dirty hands and decided that I did not need to get any dirtier.

I bid the ranger goodbye and looked around our still wet and very messy campsite. Our gear was spread out all over the place in the warm morning sun. My truck looked like the ranger’s in that it had been blasted all over with a thin film of grime and sand. My sleeping bag, hanging from the tallest pine branch I could find, had a small stream of water running from its bottom.

We had arrived at Lake Taos Campground, New Mexico, late in the early evening of the previous day. We – Dylan, Jake, and Nate, all students of mine, and I – were midway into a three-week western bike trip on our way to a downhill resort called Angle Fire. Lake Taos was a nice campground, mostly open flatland with scrub pines. There were several campsites spread out and each had an awning covering a cement picnic table. As usual, we had picked what we considered to be the most scenic site, the one right next to a steep drop-off to a very large lake. At first I could not figure out how water got in or out of the lake, but then I saw a thin slot canyon coming in from the northeast and trailing out to the southwest.

As the light faded, I saw small boats milling around on the lake; they didn’t look much bigger than my grandson’s Duplo pieces. It was a long way down to the lake’s surface. As I looked down, I noticed that the land seemed to be in a constant state of eroding into the water below. I told everyone to not wander too close to the edge.

We were the only campers in the campground, and except for the numerous camping sites, the only other structure near us was the typical State Park concrete outhouse. Across the lake I could see a distant radio tower with a flag fluttering on a flagpole and a steep road leading down to a boat ramp. As darkness came, the light on the tower was the only thing glowing for miles.

We had our dinner and set up for the night: Dylan with his innovative pump tent, Jake in his tent to the right of my truck, and Nate in his hammock strung under the picnic shelter. My truck bed faced the lake for the view it would afford me in the morning, the “sunrise at dawn” I always seek when I camp.

For once, I decided to sleep in the truck’s bed. Normally I would sleep in a hammock or on a portable cot, but there were no trees in the area and I was way too heavy for flimsy shelter poles. The truck bed was simple to set up and I had slept out in the open every night so far on the trip. I figured that I would stretch my tarp over the rack, just as a precaution. If it did begin to rain, I would stay relatively dry.

As we settled down, it became quiet, an eerie quiet. Nothing was stirring: no wind, no bugs, no birds...nothing. The air seemed to hang heavy around us. From the truck’s bed, I could see lightning off to the northwest, past the lake. I watched the bolts as they surged toward the lake’s surface or whizzed across the sky. Someone, I thought, was getting what I refer to as “a weather beating.”

I continued to watch the storm and began to wonder about our safety. At first, the storm seemed distant, but then it began to get closer – and at an alarming rate. We might get dumped on after all, but I continued to procrastinate about moving. I could always bail out into Dylan’s tent or even get into the truck.

Then the wind started, just a breeze to move the trees, but then I heard Dylan yell to the others to get ready for a blow. I snickered to myself, "Let's see how they handle this."

For a few more minutes, the breeze was still light with a little rain, but then the storm hit us. Wind, rain, and lightning descended with an intensity I'd never experienced.

As I lay there, I thought back to my worst weather experiences: hurricanes in Florida, white-out blizzards on Mount Rogers, minus-20 degrees and blowing snow on Roan Mountain; severe lightning storms on ridges of the Appalachian Trail. I thought about the time I was on the Continental Divide above Andrews Glacier in Rocky Mountain National Park with lightning popping all over and the air literally vibrating. I actually do not mind severe weather as it constantly reminds me of how powerful and deadly nature can be and how you have to be well prepared to face its challenges. But this night was something else because I was not properly prepared.

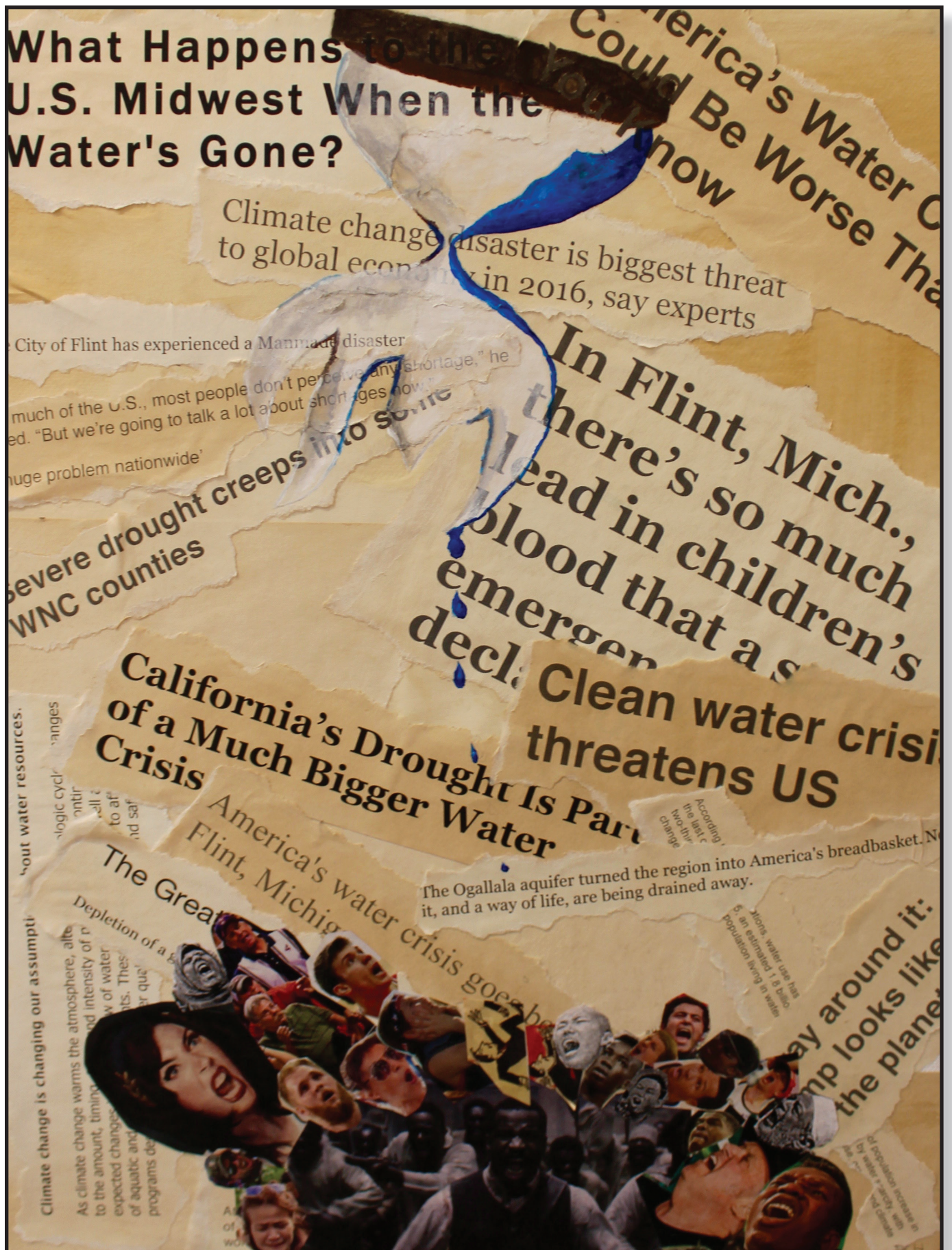
With the lightning came a pelting rain carried by a howling wind with the kind of strength I had only felt in hurricanes. The rain actually hurt when it hit my exposed face. I could feel my truck rocking back and forth with the wind's power. Soon my tarp was useless and I was totally wet. The lightning was deafening and it created brief moments of near-daylight. In those snippets of time, I looked out to see how the others were doing. Jake's tent was blown flat, his body outline silhouetted in the nylon; he would not stay there for long. I was kicking myself for not mentioning the outhouse. It was probably the safest, dried place to go at this moment. Another flash and I noticed that Nate had already retreated into Dylan's tent.

The truck bed was filling with water faster than it could drain, and I was soon lying in my bag in my own personal pool of water. I was glad in my choice of bags because, thanks to advances in technology, I was still very warm. I then had a scary thought: what if this was the beginning of a tornado? The wind did sound as if a train was going by, the hallmark of tornadoes. If I had tried to yell to the others, they would have never heard me. I moved to the truck's gate inchworm-style, my bag tightly wrapped around me, and looked for a funnel cloud. I could not see much, so I wriggled back, trying to use what little shelter my flapping tarp could offer.

I am sure that the storm lasted a very short time, but it seemed like hours. At some point, I heard Jake open the truck door and get in. As he moved around inside, trying to get situated, the inside of my truck was now the hapless victim of the dirt, sand, and grit that the storm was blowing everywhere. Later, in the daylight, I realized that the storm had come across the lake and climbed the bank towards us, picking up anything that was loose. When I gritted my teeth, I could feel particles of sand and dirt grinding between them.

Finally, the fury calmed down. The rain stopped, and when I looked out at the sky again, the stars were out and the air was cool. I pulled my totally saturated bag around me and lay with my head at the end of the gate, happy that it was over, but also grateful to have safely experienced another memorable weather event.

**F-1 microbursts are associated with extreme downdraft winds as high as 168 mph. They can be dry or wet, and they are especially dangerous to airplanes because they can cause planes to lose thousands of vertical feet in seconds. Where the downdrafts "touch down," they generally flatten anything on ground level in a circle pattern. The most damaging wind lasts for just minutes, but the actual microburst can be just one part of a severe storm.*



Untitled, Mixed Media, Philip Hodges '18



auf den Schiff, Graphite & Gold Ink, Benny Marx '19



Winding Roads, Photography, Sawyer Duhaime '18

Thursday, C Block, 2:26 pm

Please Accept My Apologies

I didn't mean
to be so tired
when you
called on me.
I was exhausted,
very hard to think.
My mind was wandering.
Forgive me.
It was such a late night,
the sleep so short...
and so needed....

– Collie Lowrance '19



Chapter One, Watercolor, Sarah Baldwin, Faculty

St. Joseph's Chapel Windows, Watercolor, Connor Booher '20



Please Accept MY Apologies

I didn't mean to be
so demanding
when I
called on you.
I was curious
about your thoughts.
I forgot to read
the exhausted look
on your face.
Forgive me.
I can't help trying to
pry the gift
of you open.
You are such a surprise,
a light so bright...
so often hidden.

– Mrs. Dillon, Faculty

Failure Leads to Success

Carson Jones '18

I believe you have to fail at some point in order to succeed. Everyone will fail at something at one point or another, and although it may seem easy to, you cannot dwell on those failures. In order to improve in all aspects in life, you have to be able to learn, adjust, and improve from those failures. How you go about handling these failures is more important than the failures themselves. While most people might take the easy road and make excuses, you should take the road less traveled and own up to your mistakes and failures. This is the first step in improving yourself in order to succeed later.

Last football season, my team had a record of 10 - 3, two of the losses coming in games where we were big underdogs. Even though we lost those two games, we weren't that down on ourselves because most of the team (but not I) didn't fully expect to win those games. The third game we lost came in the state championship to Ravenscroft by a score of 26 to 50. We were coming off a one-point victory in the semi-finals, feeling confident in our chances to win it all. The other team fumbled on the first play from scrimmage; we recovered it and went on to score. I recovered the ball on the following kick-off and the offense scored again to put us up 14 to 0. Both offenses scored on their next possessions to make the score 20 to 7. Ravenscroft scored again to make the score 20 to 14 going into the half.

I only played defense, and after we let up 43 points the week prior, we needed to step up and take pressure off the offense. After winning the turnover battle in the first half and holding their offense to 14 points, we were feeling good about the rest of the game. We were a small team, and they were a lot bigger across the board; their line outweighed us, and they realized that during halftime. In the second half, they ran it right at us, overpowering us and running it down our throats. I felt helpless. Every play I had linemen, who outweighed me by at least 100 pounds, running at me. We tried changing defenses, but there was little we could do to stop them. They even shut our offense down, which was no easy task. Play after play, I would hear their crowd go nuts in celebration while our fans were silent. It didn't help that they started almost all their possessions on our side of the field, but the way they were playing, that didn't matter. As I looked around towards the end of the third quarter, I could see my teammates' heads start to fall and a look of helplessness cross their faces. We ended up being outscored, 43 to 6, in the second half, ending our season with a loss.

At the end of the game, I looked around at my brothers, some hurt, some speechless. I had never felt such a feeling in my life. I felt as if I let them down; I was demoralized. I broke down in tears, and even though people were trying to comfort me, their words didn't work. It didn't take long for me to realize I never wanted to have that feeling again. From that point on, I told myself I had to get bigger and stronger in order to play at a higher level. I'd like to say that I never slacked off, but that's not true; for the most part I was dedicated to the weight room and getting stronger.

Instead of dwelling on the fact that we had lost, I used that experience as fuel to get better for next season. Over the summer and during the springtime, I worked out with some of the guys on the team, and we pushed each other to get bigger and better. In doing this, we not only pushed ourselves to get stronger, we got closer as friends and that would help our chemistry as a team. Our defense has drastically improved from last year, giving up more than 23 points only once all season. When I look forward to the rest of the season, I don't see a team that can beat us. We are better because of the end result last season; instead of dwelling on it, we learned and got better. I believe you have to fail at some point in order to succeed.

Sur les marches de la mort (on the steps of death)

Liam McCann '16

L'HORREUR:

Des attaques terrorites ont eu lieu aux abords du Stade de France, à Saint-Denis, et à Paris

these murders,
these rapines and robberies,
this universal rage
which devours the world

Her eyes were blue. So was the wall on which her figure was transposed. The sky was black, studded with stars. The moon was full. The light reflected off her black hair, accentuating her pale skin and her red lips. Her dress, black, came to the middle of her thigh. A fountain gurgled in the background, breathing in my lack of breath. The quiet lapping of Canal Saint-Martin swam through my ears. Her smile danced as she walked. Her red finger nails cut the air. She turned as she past, paused, and spoke. Her collarbone was exposed, moonlit. The Parisian streets were wet from the afternoon's shower. A street lamp provided a halo of yellow light above her ears. I rose from my seat to meet her gaze. The babble of the restaurant behind me rose and fell like ocean waves breaking. The traffic of Boulevard de la Villette hummed in the distance.

We weep but never fear
fluctuat nec mergitur
MEME PAS PEUR
l'amour pas à la haine
l'amour court les rues
TOTS SOM PARIS
JE SUIS PARIS

We sat. Her red suede leather purse on the table now. We ordered two glasses of wine. The wine was good. It was smooth and tasted of oak and butter. We ordered a bottle. The monsieur said it was from Burgundy. The restaurant grew louder as the evening wore on. Wax dripped from the candle on the table. The time seemed to drip too. Our words melted, the pooling conversation was revealing. Leaving out less and leading on more. We paid and walked to the café across the way. It was Café Bonne Bière. We ordered café noisette under the red awnings. It was strong, earthy, bitter. We ordered pastry also. We watched people in the cobbled street. The streetlamp emanated its yellow light still. Her eyes were bright. The cool metal of the bench, on which we sat, melted like an after dinner chocolate against my skin. She smiled. I laughed. The taste of the coffee lingered on our words. Until we parted ways. In a hail of gunfire. A barrage of sirens. And the smack of boots in the street. The puddles pooling on the sidewalk coolly red.

Fantômes de la nuit.

The Old Man at Buck's Coffee Cafe

Brent Kaneft, Faculty

The Old Man at Buck's Coffee Cafe sat at a large round table in the corner of the back room. It was the farthest seat away from the entrance. Past the front tables where mostly tourists sat in silence: nursing wedding hangovers, using the Wi-Fi for business, staring at the art hanging on the walls – black canvasses highlighted by white farm animals: a duck, a sheep, a cow; past the display case and its Saran-wrapped blueberry muffins, its dry single-servings of biscotti; past the cash register and the “Visa, MasterCard, American Express Only” sign and the three coffee dispensers: Columbian Regular, Columbian decaf, and French Roast Bold; and down the three descending steps and past the single bathroom on the right was the Old Man's table, nestled against a wide bay window that looked out onto a small patio filled with yellow, wrought-iron café tables.

Two policemen sat with the Old Man.

— This krokodilo is bad stuff. They inject it like heroine – intravenous – and it gives them a similar high. But the stuff, it's nasty. It eats away at your flesh, so it's actually easier to see who's using.

— Now tell me, the Old Man said, why would people want to inject that?

— Cheaper. You and I could make it this afternoon, if we wanted.

The Old Man raised his eyebrows when he heard the policeman's answer. He leaned back. It was Sunday morning and several customers were in line for coffee. The policeman continued to tell the Old Man about what drugs were out there, beyond the coffee shop, beyond the main street in Highlands, out to the rivers and valleys that attracted tourists from the southeast. The policeman who spoke was young and probably married with little kids. He talked like a man who was sure of some things, but not everything. His older partner stayed silent.

— Now tell me, the Old Man said, you live out past Horse Cove Road, right? I know you've told me before. Near that real pretty house on the corner. Beautiful house with the red barn and the horses. I think they give riding lessons.

— Yes, sir. I live about a mile shy of that, toward town.

— And did you fellows know Paul Morris? Did you ever work with him?

— No, sir. Paul was here before our time. We didn't work with him. I bet we missed him by two or three years.

— That's a shame. He was a great fella. A great fella. He used to stop by my house all the time to eat lunch. Just pop his head in and say hello. One of the nicest fellas you'll meet.

The Old Man sipped his coffee.

— I think after he retired he did some security work over in Cashiers. I want to say it was a lumber company or something like that. Did y'all go to his funeral? No, you didn't know him. I did. It was a great funeral. He really was a great guy. Played the guitar. Did you know that?

— No, sir.

The policemen sipped their coffees and listened.

— He was pretty good actually. He said when he worked nights he'd bring his guitar and pick at it when things were quiet. When do you boys work?

— Lately we've been working nights.

— That's good then. Quiet at nights. It's probably safer. That's good.

The policemen looked at one another.

— Well, the older one said, nights are actually worse. That's when all the bad stuff happens.

— Say that again. The old man leaned forward.

— The bad stuff. If anyone's going to do something wrong, they do it at night.

— Plus everyone's been drinking, the younger one added.

The Old Man nodded.

— I guess I didn't think about that. That makes sense. Got everybody drinking these days, out doing God-knows-what.

While there was silence, the policemen took gulps of their coffees and began to retreat to the cash register for refills. As they stood, the young one asked if the Old Man had seen John walk in and get his coffee and walk out.

— I thought he always came on Sundays, the young one said.

— I don't see John any more. Never see him actually. He used to come up here Tuesdays – no, it was Mondays actually – but I haven't seen him in forever. Was he in here a minute ago?

— Yes, sir. Got his coffee and walked out.

— I never see him anymore. Guess he's got Sunday school. He helps out over there at the Presbyterian Church.

— We're Baptists, the young one said.

— Oh, well give it some time.

They all laughed, and then the policemen said goodbye and left. The Old Man sat alone for a few minutes. He stroked his tight white beard and sipped his coffee. Before long another customer came and sat by him.

— I haven't heard much about it recently, the Old Man said. Where'd it make land?

— It hit Florida, but then it slowed down. Savannah got it pretty bad. You ever been to Earl's plantation down there?

— A million times, the Old Man said.

— Martha called yesterday and said a lot of the plantation is flooded, but there's not much real damage. Charleston got it worse. Got friends down there said all the roofs in Charleston are damaged. In that downtown area.

In Highlands the weather was perfect. Forty-five degrees and a blue sky full of cotton clouds. A kid's picture. The coffee shop was warm and inviting, and the Old Man spent two hours there every morning. Everyone knew him and he knew everyone. Most people liked him. His knack was in his inquiry. He asked questions and waited for answers. The Old Man had not stopped being interested. He was still in good shape, lucid and strong, though he couldn't hear well. His hair stuffed beneath a wrinkled, grey baseball cap, his eyes often behind a to-go coffee cup, he had decided to keep learning. His teachers were among the coffee shop's patrons.

— Do you have a bike?

— I do, but I let my daughter borrow it years ago. I need to get that back. The problem is there's nowhere to ride, the Old Man said. I mean, like a bike lane or even a shoulder. Hell, I'd take a shoulder. I need to get it back, though. I could ride a few places.

— A friend of mine in Columbia rides a moped.

— Now why in the hell does he do that? the Old Man asked.

— It helps him on the hills. You ever been to Columbia? That's the hilliest place I've ever seen.

— But he doesn't get any exercise.

— He still pedals. That's what mopeds are – MO-PED, motorized pedals.

— I know what a damn moped is, the Old Man said.

— In South Carolina you don't have to have a license to drive a moped.

— Is that right?

— So if you get a DUI, that's what people do. I'm telling you, all around Columbia, you got lawyers and doctors and, hell, Senators, driving around on mopeds. Hundreds of them.

The Old Man laughed.

— Now tell me, what are you doing today, Peter?

— That estate sale I told you about. Still working on pricing items. Got this damn dump truck that I can't sell for less than \$35,000.

— How come?

— Hell, it's a brand new dump truck. They ought to get something for it. You want to buy it?

— What the devil would I need a dump truck for? the Old Man asked.

They both laughed. Another friend joined the table.

— Morning boys, he said.

— Good morning, they said.

— We still on for tonight? the Old Man asked. I made reservations for 6:30 if that's okay with you.

— That's fine with us. It's perfect actually because—

— Good, then 6:30 it is.

The Old Man couldn't hear him. His friend smiled and started talking.

— What in the hell is going on in this country? These candidates are idiots. Did you hear what he said last night?

— Oh my God, the Old Man said. Can you imagine what Eisenhower would look like compared to these two? Or Kennedy? Or Reagan?

— Reagan! the three said in unison.

— Reagan, my God. Imagine Nancy Reagan having to defend that idiot. Now tell me, what would she say? the Old man asked. He makes me glad I can't hear so well anymore.

— It's sad. So sad, they agreed.

The two men then rose to their feet, adjusted their pants, put on their jackets, and said goodbye. Have to get to church, they said. The Old Man said goodbye and told the one, Now don't forget – 6:30. Then he settled into the hard back of his wooden chair and hummed briefly. When he stopped, he continued waiting.

my line, your line

line up

y
k li
s n

sifer
ul Faculty
e by Emily P

hold the line...walk the line...tow the line... | cross the line

outline

draw the line _____ "Walk the Line" _

practice lines

battle lines

/ between the lines /

line drive baseline

sideline |

front line

line taken

line drawing

Frontline

fault line

byline

"tag line"

Brookline

A Chorus Line

underline

streamline

coastline breadline lunch line

line in the sand

Crosstown Line

over the line

a

clothesline

slackline | - |

l i g n

panty line

party line

pickup line

ocean liner

eyeliner

fine line

slug line

punchline A
line

in line

out of line

offensive line - defensive line - lineman - linebacker

beeline

tree line

.....line drive

line edit

_____ - - - - - - - - - - deadline

next line
a-s-s-e-m-b-l-y line
power line

malign

ridgeline
off line ____
____on line

online

E-line

hotline

mainline
Caroline
Linus

+__+__+__fence line__+__+
dragline
straight line

~hemline_____end of the line



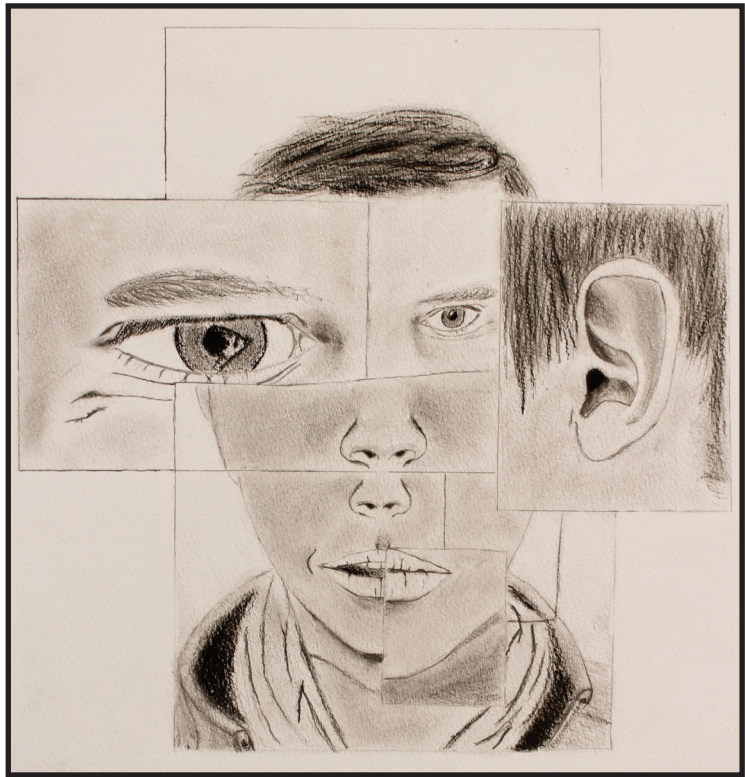
Light Holes, Photography, Sawyer Duhaime '18

Perfect

Anonymous

My hate for you is significant, perfect
It is as indistinguishable from love as salt
Is from ground-up glass. Oh, my hate
Is a tapeworm that feeds on what
Feeds you. It is like a snifter of cognac
Lapping at your liver, like the sea that
Claims the shore, grain by grain.

I plunge a fist into this dough
As if it were your yeasty gut.
Knead it till it's a perfect loaf
And anoint it with hot butter.
If I could slice you like bread,
I would feed you to the pigeons
Perched on trees and streetlamps
Waiting to descend;
You'd better bring a hat.



Self-Portrait, Graphite, Carter Harvey '17

Cans, Pastels, Cole Marco '20



A Letter to Yourself

William Smoots '18

Imagine that you are stuck in a room. There are no windows or doors, just you and the room. Now imagine that the room is slowly enclosing on you. You begin to panic and think you are trapped. The only way out is to give up, to understand that no one will help you. Following the reading of Sam Harris's book, *A Letter to A Christian Nation*, I felt like I was in this room.

Questions, there are a lot of them. There was a lot to gain from this book, but even more from myself. While reading this book, I began to question my morals. Why do I believe in what I believe? Is it because of a person or an idea? Was this idea a religion? Was Christianity the right religion to follow? If not, was there even a right religion? Let's say Christianity is the faith for me, do I have to agree with it all? Is everything that is in the sacred scripture, *The Bible*, correct? What if it is not?

The brain is the only part of the body that comprehends. A mental game is a tough game to play with anybody, let alone Sam Harris. I learned that contradicting myself is much easier than sticking to my guts. The way in which Sam Harris wrote allowed me to realize that in order to truly understand something, you have to be able to defend it. I learned that I have to know the subject along with the details in order to defend it.

Everyone lets their emotions show. When discussing Sam Harris, it is easy to show your opinion. I realized how emotional I could get when questioned. Now being questioned in a polygraph is different than being questioned about your religion, which is what happened. When I was asked upon the podium to explain my position on religion, it was difficult. The first thought was more of a question, "why?" I was upset and a little infuriated as to why my religion was being questioned. My morals, my beliefs, my opinions, all under question. I realized that one could not be comfortable when everything they thought they believed in was in question. I learned from Sam Harris that no matter the situation, you must be prepared to face opposition. In this case Sam Harris was my opposition. I realized how much emotions could also affect the words out of my mouth.

Society, the place that all of us have to bear to live in. From Sam Harris, I unfortunately realized how unaware people, including myself, are of religion and beliefs. This leads back to the question of who told me to believe in Christianity. In today's society I realized, from Sam Harris, the lack of interest many have in following a religion. Not only is it due to a lack of interest, but as well, laziness. Society is very much unaware of their religion to an extent. I cannot deny that I could be labeled as a moderate Christian, it is part of who I am. This does not make me bad, or mean I should not be considered Christian, as Sam Harris wrote. This means, like many people, I am unaware of my religion.

After reading Sam Harris's book, I learned information from *The Bible* that I did not already know. I learned that I am not dedicated to understanding my religion, no matter the fact that I go to church. I realized that this does not make me unreligious. Just because I am trapped in this room with no exit, does not mean I have to give in. The fact is, that no matter if no one is there physically, because of my beliefs, I know someone is there mentally. As a result of this book, I realize that emotions, questions, and society all help me set my morals and beliefs.



Superhero, Acrylic, Jacob Kang '17

We Don't Need Another Hero...Or Do We?

Short Essays from Ms. Pulsifer's Introduction to Genres Classes, February 2017

My Inspiration, Kathy Hardy

Hamilton Andrews '20

Kathy Hardy was my best friend John's mom. She died of cancer in June of 2016. John's mom was such an inspiration to John and me. She kept fighting for her life for so long. Even when she had cancer, she was the best mother to John, and I thought of her like a second mom. Almost every day, John and I went to his house after school to hang out. When we walked in the door, she always offered to make us something to eat — even when she was feeling bad. There was a time two summers ago when John and I were biking in the church parking lot behind his house. I tried a new trick on my bike and I fell on my head. I had a concussion that was so bad that John had to help me up and carry me back to his house because I couldn't walk. When we got to his house, he got his mom, and even though she was feeling sick that day, she cared for me and took me to my house so I could go to the hospital. This just proved that she was selfless and cared for others before herself. Kathy was one of the nicest and most amazing people I have known and it was awful when she died.

John F. Kennedy, Jr.
Connor Booher '20

JFK was the 35th president of the United States. He is widely considered one of the best presidents of the modern era. I admire President Kennedy's abilities as an orator, as well as his capability to maneuver the US through an extremely tumultuous time. Despite being the youngest elected president, he was able to de-escalate a situation that could have destabilized the world order, namely the Cuban Missile Crisis in October of 1962. Kennedy was diligent, persevering, and level-headed. He was also extremely intelligent in the way he acted. Being able to maneuver the free world away from imminent danger and lead the US at such a hectic time in our history was extremely noble. He led by example, famously asking each citizen to consider "what you can do for your country." He encouraged young boys and girls to work towards a world in which all people are equal. He loved America and it showed. His ability to compromise when putting together his cabinet is something unheard of in our time. His choices allowed everyone to feel a part of the process and represented by the executive branch. I think all presidents, and honestly all people, could learn from Kennedy's example.

J.K. Rowling
Connor Hall '20

J.K. Rowling brought forth the epic stories of Harry Potter. She has written many stories, but her most famous series consists of a young boy named Harry Potter who faces his enemy, the mighty Voldermort. Rowling is a brilliant author who faced poverty in order to find her way out of the fire and write these incredible stories. The qualities that I admire about Rowling are her perseverance, her honor, and her intelligence.

Rowling is very intelligent. Unfortunately, she was faced with deep poverty and ended up having to write down her stories on spare notecards. She fought clinical depression and she went through a divorce with a baby on the way. She used her writing in order to escape the problems happening in her daily life. Luckily she was so intelligent that her stories were able to be produced and her stories were brought to life. Her perseverance was only matched by her intelligence. She had the unbelievable ability to not give up and pursue her dream of writing. Her efforts were eventually rewarded and her books brought forth a remarkable series of love, tragedy, heroism, and bravery. She had great honor and integrity to hold together and just keep writing, no matter how bad her life became. She has not forgotten how fortunate she was in developing the Harry Potter series even though she has become very rich.

My Father, Mr. Obedafe Asaboro

Wisdom Asaboro '19

My dad was the eighth among twelve children of the late Mr. Obedafe Asaboro. He was born in Ughelli, Nigeria, where he also spent the early years of his life. His family then relocated to Warri, Nigeria, where they were permanently based. My dad now has eight children and the main reason why he is my super hero is that, despite the present world economy, all of his children live successful and productive lives. My oldest brother is a petroleum engineer and my two elder sisters are studying petroleum engineering in college. This is an impossible course for females in Nigeria, but due to the encouragement and financial backup of my father, they are able to pursue their life dreams of being engineers. My immediate elder brother anticipates being a medical doctor. My dad is the smartest, most influential, supportive and encouraging person I know. He never gives up and always believes that there is good in the most useless thing. He encourages us to do our best and never settle for less. My father is the main reason I am the person I am today because he always has faith that I will become someone in the future even, through life's ups and downs.

Mother Teresa

Richard Lytle '20

My all-time hero is Mother Teresa. She gave up her life to help “untouchables” on the streets of India, people no one wanted to be around. What she did was extraordinary. She set up a group that cared for the “untouchables” and cured them of their sicknesses. One thing that I admire about her is that she had an end goal in mind (to expose the caste system), but she did not immediately try to meet that end goal; her work and greatness shined light on the issue over time. Also, she gave up everything for nothing. That kind of selflessness is very rare. If I told you to give up everything to go help people with Ebola, you would not. This is what so astonishes me about her. That is the hardest choice for anyone to make, but she did it. Finally, she did not seek to better herself or demean others. She didn't want to become someone who was always in the spotlight, but rather someone who just kept working without seeking recognition. In a day and age when it is so common for people to climb the ladder but not look back on the rungs that got them there, I think of Mother Teresa, and say, “There is someone who did not care what the world thought of her.” No one will ever fully appreciate what she did, but we can try.

My Grandfather

Max Redic '20

My hero is my grandfather because he is a humble, brave man who was loyal to his soldiers in the Vietnam War. My grandfather does not need to take any special actions to impress me; when he tells me stories about his life in and out of the war, that is enough for me to want to be like him. I admire so many things about my grandfather, but the one quality I admire the most is his stubbornness. While that may sound like a bad quality, it is not. He is someone who will stand up for what he believes in no matter what. Maybe his stubbornness and his inability to take “no” as an answer is the reason he became a one-star general in Vietnam. I don't know one particular instance when he had to make a tough decision, but I'm sure, after being in the military for 31 years, there were several.

My Hero, Johnny Cash

Justice Ajogbor '20

Life is a constant struggle for perfection or at least a glimpse of it. Johnny Cash is a perfect example of this struggle, not for perfection but for modesty. His life was characterized by a series of bad decisions he made, most especially his battle with using cocaine. What stands out about him was his desire to change. He got rehabilitated and fell back to his addiction, simply to come out of it again. His struggle was real and you could hear this in his songs. He was a man of faith; he talked about God a lot in his work. It's intriguing how someone so soulful could have such a complex life. Listening to his songs has become a pregame routine for me. His words, so real and practical, serve as motivation. Certainly he never got near perfection, something which I strive to achieve, so I have other heroes who compensate for his inabilities.

J.R.R. Tolkein's Samwise Gamgee

Patrick Shea '20

"Come, Mr. Frodo!" he cried. "I can't carry it for you, but I can carry you."

Samwise Gamgee is one of my favorite characters – if not my favorite character – in all of eternity. Not only does he embody what the perfect friend looks like, but he emulates the qualities of loyalty, honesty, and integrity. The quality I admire the most about Samwise Gamgee is the same quality that makes him the wonderful character he is: never-ceasing devotion and loyalty to his friends in the face of certain death.

"It would be the death of you to come with me, Sam," said Frodo, "and I could not have borne that."

"Not as certain as being left behind," said Sam.

"But I am going to Mordor."

"I know that well enough, Mr. Frodo. Of course you are. And I'm coming with you."

This incredibly powerful dialogue at the end of the Fellowship of the Ring, takes the already developed character of Sam and shines his quality of loyalty. In the face of almost certain death and without a second thought, Sam plunges himself into a lake, even though he cannot swim, in order to accompany Frodo.

in an instant

Koby Selby '19

black boy wanted a snack so he went to the gas station at the corner of happiness and wealthy
where Rankin Rd and Yanceyville merge and create something filthy

not many of his kind come around here.

black boy hair nappy
obscured by the length of his hood
looking suspicious
looking like he up to no good
by the tell of his walk
that boy come from the hood
the hood?
yeah the hood, where life is perceived like nothing is good
but by the stride of his walk he has to be followed
watched over like a hawk at six o'clock
it's dinner
they're hungry
they haven't had a meal all day
they coming for you bruh at all angles
watch out.

black boy, you better
run
dodge
juke
kick
sing
dance
entertain them
do something.
black boy, shoot,
show off that form.

no, black boy, shoot!
black boy, scream
struggle
fight
cry
do something.

no, you got the right to remain silent
shut up!
at this moment, you are nothing
you are hopeless

you are clueless
you are a burden
you are unsightly to my eyes
you are gone

in an instant that victim reminisces all those kisses, and wishful wishes he use to wish

in an instant, he knew he should've talked to the girl of his dreams because she was so pristine

in an instant he thanks God for everything
his mother, brother, father and all his sistas

in an instant he realized that all a man got to do is facilitate, dictate his next bait and end him

in an instant he realizes that, "Black Don't Crack" is an expression associated with beauty, not the bones
in your body

in an instant he is new hashtag, topic, discussion

in an instant he's gone too soon

and then the God like voice of his father speaks to him and says

black boy, run, don't let them limit you
may you exceed all expectations and defeat all odds that are placed against you
black boy, don't cry
work hard! because we only work hard
black boy, be the man I raised you to be
black boy, be a Daniel in Babylon
may you lead the masses

black boy, create something out of nothing
may ingenuity have longevity
black boy, yes, you are magic, but don't let them make you disappear
may your color not bring fear
black boy, be the solution not the problem
don't you discriminate
always do right by your culture

black boy, you are beautiful
skin so captivating
black boy, keep shining
black boy, keep rhyming
may your black boy joy never be diminished only flourish
continue to make a joyful noise
don't let them silence you
black boy,
don't let them silence you.

black boy, be you
stay true

rip trayvon.



Veins of My City, Photography, Townshend Budd '18

Positivity

Will Rasco '18

I believe that any hardship can be turned into a positive. Throughout my childhood I had to limit my activities and free time due to a genetic disorder I couldn't control. Whenever I took my shirt off to swim, I felt uncomfortable. Whenever I wanted to explore a creek, I would have to think of the consequences. As a kid, I suffered from severe eczema, triggered by contact with water under any circumstance. Whenever the dreaded substance would touch me I began to break out in a red, irritating rash that lasted for weeks at a time. An unpleasant and painstakingly long baking soda bath was the only thing that would temporally dampen the outbreak and provide some relief. No doctor or specialist could figure out what was wrong with me, and I was forced to live in misery for the first eight years of my life, constantly being controlled like a puppet by my disease.

The hardest thing as a kid was trying to make sense of why this had happened to me. My friends would ask, "Why is your chest so red?" or "Did something bad happen to you?" and all I could reply with was a defeated, "I don't know." After a while I avoided hanging out with people and became isolated with my only companion being the television. I stopped going anywhere near water and viewed myself as the Wicked Witch of the West who "melted" at the idea of touching water. Whenever my family traveled to our lake house, I spent the day inside and refused to move from the safety of the chess board and couch. On the rare occasion I went on our boat, I covered myself in towels for protection. I became self-conscious about what I looked like and didn't want anyone to see my differences. I questioned why I was born this way and if I had done something to deserve what felt like hell on Earth. I didn't realize that being different was okay and spent my entire childhood wrestling with the worry of putting myself out there and being rejected for not fitting in.

My mom found me in my room one night, teary eyed and clearly frustrated. I asked her, "Why me? Why do I have to be different and be cursed with this problem?" I ranted to her about how terrible it was and how I couldn't take it anymore. She told me that she didn't know why I had this condition, but she also told me that everything happens for a reason and that I was going to be fine, I just needed to keep my head up. I told her I'd heard that a thousand times before and it didn't mean anything. She then told me something I would never forget, "Being different defines who you are and, even though it's hard sometimes, it's a gift that nobody can take from you." The vagueness of her words confused me and I remained seated on my bed ponderous and mystified by what she meant. A bright thought suddenly popped into my otherwise gloomy mind. I needed not only my family and friends to help me conquer my disease, but also my own determination. It was merely an obstacle in my path that needed strength to deal with. I realized missing out on some summertime activities was fine and there was nothing wrong with slowing down. I started to take a different approach to my life; I began to look on the positive side and rejoiced in what I had, not in what I wished for. Fortunately, my disease became less intense and eventually transformed into a minor hindrance with age. However, the lessons I learn stayed with me. I learned to use my hardships and turn them into positives. My attitude changed towards my condition and I accepted and ultimately conquered it. This obstacle I overcame proved I could triumph over my setbacks, and that being different is the best thing I could be.



Far Beyond the Starry Seas, Oil Paint, Heather Bower, Faculty

West of Kansas

Patrick Shea '20

A glossy afternoon sun shined brightly on the arid rock of the canyon. Past a narrow passageway sat a cave carved in the rock. The sun bounced off of the walls of the cave, allowing light to pass into it. In the center of the cave was a pile of coals left by a traveler the week before. The cave was like any other in the canyon, home to creatures during the heat of the day and during the cold of the night. It was also known as a sanctuary for passing merchants and fur traders. It had saved the lives of lost civilians and traders on many occasions by providing a shield from the burning heat of the day.

On this particular afternoon a new traveler was hiking in from a long day's trek. He wore a round-brimmed hat that covered his eyes up until his nose and a blue bandana shielding his mouth and skin from the piercing of the winds. The only skin visible on his face showed two scars on each cheek. The migrant's jacket was simple; it had colorful stripes and two pockets on each side with a collar folded down the middle to show a light flannel shirt. His sash, which could only cover one full leg, was bound by two intersecting belts with two holsters. These holsters contained two different revolvers. The migrant wore boots that had walked more mileage than your average steady colt. By this hour of the day, the man's fatigue was apparent. He entered the shade of the cave just as the sun disappeared over the walls of the canyon. He looked around, then crawled into a corner and sat down. He lowered his hat so no part of his skin showed, then drifted off to sleep.

That evening, two men walked into the cave. One wore a black suit accompanied by an impressive hat. The other wore a light brown trench coat. The man in black carried a shotgun strapped to his back, while the other carried a large rifle.

"Get up," the man in black said as he kicked the sleeping figure. Half asleep, the traveler got up and threw a sloppy punch at the man in black. The man in the coat retaliated by pushing the traveler into a nearby wall of the cave.

While he pinned the traveler against the wall, the man in the trench coat spat, "You arrogant bastard. You're no better than one of the marshals."

What happened next only took seconds. The traveler turned, drew his revolvers, and with the touch of a trigger, shot the man in black. Step by step, he approached his victim, raised his gun again, and pointed it at the man's torso. Bang!

The traveler crouched and whispered in the dying man's ear, "You best be aware, I ain't no hero." Then he pulled his gun up to the man's temple and pulled the trigger.

The man in the brown jacket yelped, turned, and ran. Watching the man's retreat, the traveler yelled, "You better tell your boss I'm coming for him. Tell him Kelly is coming for him."

Panic on the Ocoee

Max Redic '20

She paddles her Jackson Karma kayak on the Ocoee River, confident in her abilities. Even though she is from Iowa, she is a world-class kayaker. She paddles alone in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, in Eastern Tennessee, but she isn't worried. She continues on her fourth lap of a snaking fourteen-mile section of the Ocoee River on a foggy autumn day. The chestnut, amber, and peach leaves falling on the water float to the will of the river's strong current. As she paddles through a flatwater area, she sees a ragged tent, a fire pit, and a second-hand backpack: her campsite. She ignores her aching arms and decides to finish the fourth lap. Eight miles downstream, she is approaching a large rapid. The curling waves slap the bow of the kayak, spraying the hardened wrinkles in her face, her greasy brown hair, and her focused eyes. The violent recirculation of water in the hole continues to churn as her bow punches it.

After clearing her bow, she stops paddling, a fatal mistake. The hole is a mean one, the great volume of agitated water swells and grabs the stern of her trusty Karma. She is window-shaded before she can brace with her paddle. Once her kayak flips, the vengeful water quickly takes action. Her helmet is torn off, exposing her delicate head to jagged rocks just feet below. A huge torrent of water surges against her calloused, seasoned hands, causing her to lose grip on her paddle. She battles the current to hold onto her paddle but her shoulder suffers a dislocation. Soon her fingers are pried from the shaft of the paddle, but as the current pulls it away, one of the blades slices into her neck. She screams out in pain and swallows a large gulp of water. She panics as she notices the water has grown much thicker, blood clouding it. She thinks about her life that is slowly being dragged away from her: her two boys back home, her beautiful ranch, her hard-working husband, and the memories of the daughter she miscarried. She flutters in and out of consciousness and cuts herself out of her skirt with her river knife, causing her to eject from her boat. With the hole still sucking her in with its evil embrace, she forms a cannonball and is quickly shot out before losing consciousness.

She wakes up coughing and spluttering water on a bank with coarse sand and sediments. A perfectionist; she is embarrassed to have swum on the Ocoee River, an easy river for a world-class kayaker! She also regrets some of her unwise decisions: paddling when she was tired, not bringing a buddy, and not pulling her skirt before she hastily cut it. Her sand-caked and dented kayak is sitting next to her and her PFD is torn in some places. She notices her paddle and helmet are missing and must be somewhere downstream.

Her shoulder is howling with pain, but she has an idea. The bow of her kayak provides a perfect rounded edge for her to put the shoulder back into place. She creates a sand-packed mound to sit comfortably on in front of the kayak. She sticks a piece of her tattered nylon skirt in her mouth to bite on before she painfully operates on herself. She throws her left side backward, making contact with the shoulder and causing it to crack back into place. Tears stream from her eyes and blood flows in her mouth, but she is relieved. The laceration in her neck is a thick open wound that needs stitches. Her first aid kit serves no purpose because no one else is there to stitch her up and she cannot do it blindly. She uses some duct tape to crudely cover it to prevent infection and further bleeding.

She knows she should not go kayaking without her bent-shaft and custom made paddle, her IR skirt, and her helmet, but she has no other options. The banks on either side of the river are too steep to climb back up to the highway and the campsite is too far upstream to hike in her condition. She climbs

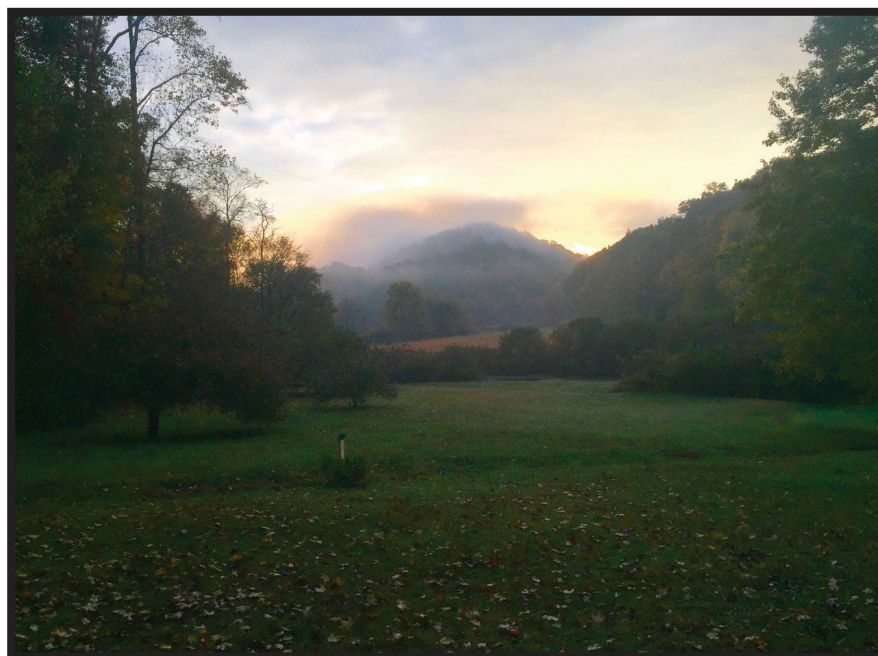
into her kayak, ready to go on a dangerous trip down the river in a desperate attempt to hunt down her paddle. As she paddles with her pruning and raw hands she is constantly worried about each rapid, with nothing to prevent her from falling out of the kayak and no protection to prevent serious injuries. Water splashes straight into her boat, her tattered skirt not doing its job, so she has to frequently empty out her boat in eddies.

The water from the kayak pours out in spurts as she empties it for the ninth time since leaving the bank less than two hours ago. There is still no sign of the paddle, but she notices something in the eddy that she can use. She is resourceful, a quality she acquired after spending years camping and kayaking all over the world. She sees a rather large tortoise and knows she has to kill it in order to use its shell as a makeshift helmet. She kills it as humanely as possible, using a sharp stick to stab and pull its soft fleshy body out of its hard shell. She then uses a rock to smash out the beautifully patterned bottom part of the shell.

With her newly fashioned tortoise helmet secured with duct tape, she continues to paddle downstream with her torn hands. By now she realizes that the search for the paddle is a lost cause. The last few strong hand-strokes to the take-out swiftly move her boat through the water until her bow hits the cement bar leading to a parking lot. The rough cement of the Ocoee's take out has never felt better as she crawls her bruised and cut body out of the green water. As she stands proudly looking out at the river that almost broke her, the vibrant fall leaves do not look as pretty as they did nearly 24 hours ago when she began her journey.

• • •

A man paddles his kayak on the Ocoee River on a hot summer day. He is weary as a novice kayaker and is paddling with three other buddies. He paddles through the hole on Broken Nose rapid and doesn't stop paddling until he is on flat-water. As he and his friends continue downstream, they see something orange glinting in the sun and it draws their curiosity. The man paddles to it and picks it up. It's a gnarled paddle with a black shaft and two sharp orange blades. In scratched magic marker he is able to make out a phone number. 515-985-0632. After a long day of kayaking the man calls that number. She answers.



Landscape, Photography, Richard Lytle '20

Crude

Philip Hodges '18

spill
spew
splash
gulf is trashed

but so is my reputation

id says take easy out
ego is furious

I like our Mother
but I also like money

and power
and lobbying
and forgetting
ethics

and besides...
this one time won't hurt anything

and besides...
if the people protest,

less green in my pocket

clean up or cover up?

id says take easy out
ego is furious

what about the people?
what about the animals?

doesn't matter
there's already enough of them
will I set a good example for the youth

on whom the future depends?

clean up or cover up?

well...
no way.

crude.

A poem written in response to the 2010 BP Gulf Oil Spill from the perspective of a BP executive.

I Believe in Personal Living

Alex Byron '18

As a child, I loved to experience the outdoors: the smell of freshly cut grass, the sight of a fiery red sunset, the feel of warm sand between my toes, the sound of cool mountain water running over rugged rocks, and the sensation of diving into the salty waves of the ocean. My small, three-person family traveled nearly every weekend and for a couple of weeks in the summer to my grandparent's incredible lake house, surrounded by mountains; to my grandmother's quaint mountain house that sits on a rambling stream on the Blue Ridge Parkway; and to our cousins' laid-back beach house near the ocean. I loved to swim, fish, hunt, ski, wakeboard, play in the sand, hike, climb, and constantly make the best of the beauty and amazing nature around me. These experiences in nature created my most fond memories from childhood.

As I grew older and started school and sports, we had less time for vacations and weekend trips, so I had to create new memories doing other things. As a youth, my weekends consisted of playing a variety of different sports including T-ball, soccer, flag-football, basketball, and lacrosse. In addition, I took piano and karate lessons. I loved sports, and I loved being able to produce music. I was lucky that my parents let me try all different sports, arts, and musical opportunities. However, once again, as I grew older, I lost these privileges of my youth as the rigor of school and homework swallowed my free time. I had to narrow my focus to two sports; I studied every weekend and quit playing piano.

By my freshman year of high school, my life solely consisted of school, homework, football in the fall, and lacrosse for the other nine months of the year. I was focused on getting good grades, getting recruited for lacrosse, and earning a spot on the football team. During a regular weekday, I would sit through my classes, which would drain my mind, go straight to physically and mentally taxing practices or workouts that lasted too long, and then I would proceed home to start my laborious four-to-five hours of homework and studying until I would finally lie down to sleep for fewer hours than any human should.

During these years, due to overwhelming loads of homework and commitments to sports, I hardly had any time for vacation or to enjoy nature. For example, there were many weeks during my freshman and sophomore years when I could not take a break, even on the weekends, to go to a friend's house or even go to a Panthers game on Sunday with my parents because teachers would pile last-minute papers, tests, or projects onto the already extensive list of homework previously assigned. From my perspective, it did not appear that the teachers coordinated test and paper schedules nor did they seem to care if athletic teams had away games that interfered with study time. My little bit of free time for these years was spent hanging out with friends, mindlessly watching TV, or playing video games. I was stressed-out and felt a constant pressure to study for my endless number of tests, quizzes, and assignments. I missed my free time; I missed hunting, fishing, and breathing the fresh air of the mountains and the ocean. I regretted quitting piano. I wanted more leisure, I wanted hobbies, I wanted to slow down – but I had no time.

This past summer, while playing lacrosse, I met several players from Christ School. After spending time with them, hearing brief stories of their lifestyles, and experiencing their constant prodding and convincing, they persuaded me to visit the campus late in the summer. I immediately loved the campus when we drove up and saw the surrounding mountains. I was intrigued when I heard

there was a fishable pond on campus. This quick fact may seem insignificant, but to me it was a glimpse into my past and my favorite memories of fishing and enjoying nature as a child.

I decided to come to Christ School, not just for the fishing, but also for a new start, a new lacrosse team with my new friends from the summer, and an easier transition to college. My first month of school, I was blown away by the amazing opportunity I had stumbled across. Here, at Christ School, I am thriving academically; I am still learning and being challenged as much as I was at my previous school, but I have more time to work and a better sense of time management. Athletically, I am a starter on the football team and have made the pre-season lacrosse roster. I am having more fun with less stress than I ever did at my old school. Above all, I can use my free time again like I could as a child. I have time to pause and take in the beautiful scenery of the campus; I can fish, study in a hammock in the trees, and I have picked up both playing the guitar and fly-fishing.

Just like when I was younger, I am having fun with sports, I am fishing and loving nature, and I am learning to play a musical instrument. I am enjoying my time, and I have a personal life again rather than being completely influenced by other activities and people. Because I have found a balance, I concentrate better in classes, appreciate learning again, and look forward to school for the first time since middle school.

I believe that you should have free time, and that you should use that time to love yourself and the beauty of nature that surrounds you.



Orange, Mixed Media, Miller Kaderabek '18

Coffee Shop Girl

Caden Cruse '17

Dear Coffee Shop Girl,

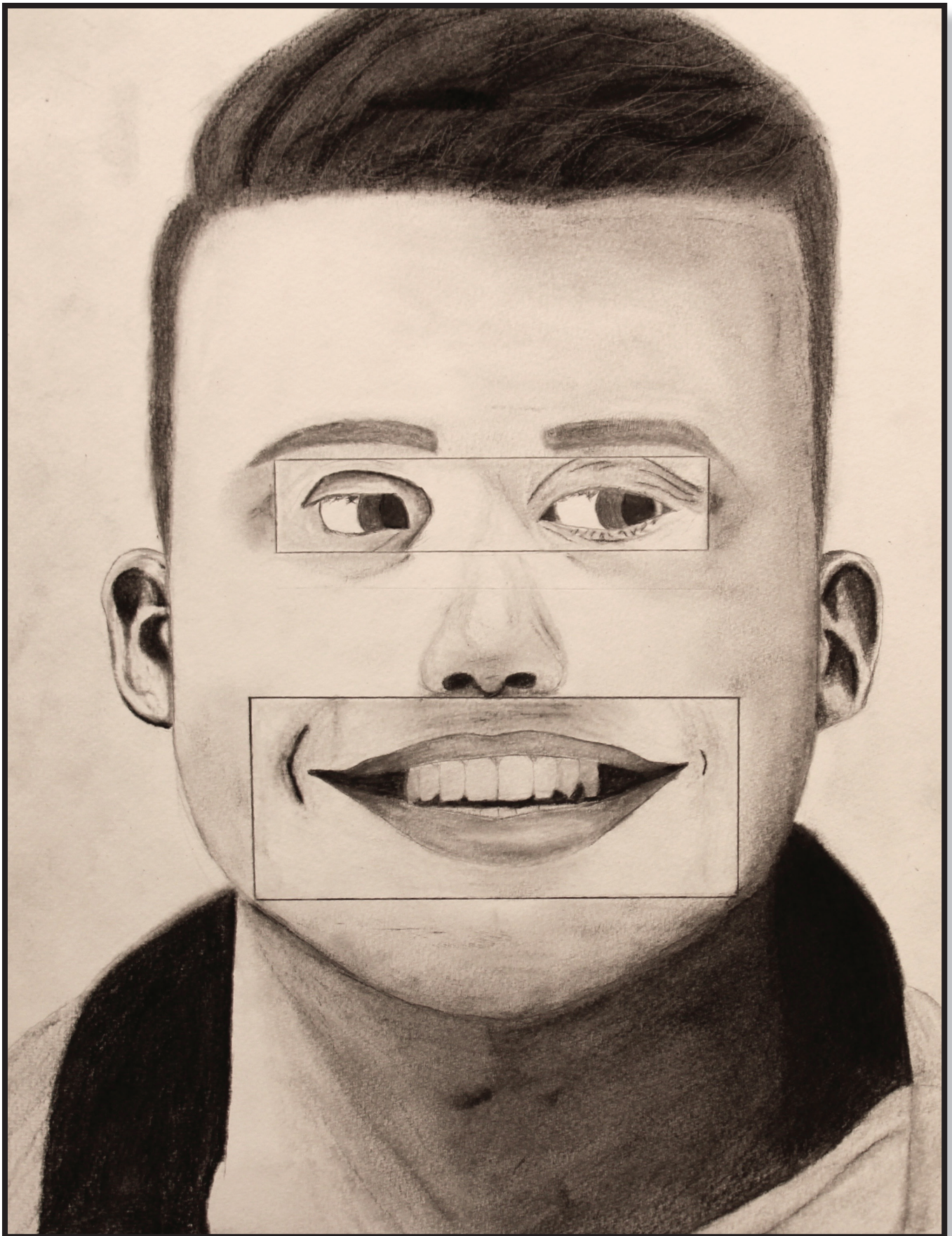
Hello! You don't know me and I don't know you, but I can tell you every little thing you did from 2:33 until 2:51 when you left your corner in the coffee shop, got in your car, and drove off to the rest of your life. I wonder what your name is. I may never know because I couldn't muster up the courage to say something. I was sitting in the back. You probably don't remember me because your glasses were buried in your tattered copy of my second-favorite Harry Potter book, *The Half Blood Prince*. I passed the time drinking in the way your hands wrapped around a warm latte with a cute flower made with the foam on its top. To my dismay, I received no approving looks from you, though the smile you exuded was one of beautiful contentment, displayed to the world to brighten up a dreary morning. Facing you, I forced myself to turn and look out the window to not appear strange. I stared at your expression as you discovered the plot of your novel, I examined your weird little foot tap that seemed to follow no rhythm, and I chuckled at the way your glasses kept slipping down your nose and how you'd push them, frustrated, back into place. I told myself I'd say hello when the moment was right, and then came the moment when you stood up and walked out of my life. I never did say hello. I wonder what your name is and where you were going.

From,
Caden

The one you met
The one you want to know
The one who is beautiful
The one who is everything
The one who is stuck in your head
Or maybe your heart
The one you may never have

HER Hank Van Ness '20

But will always want
The one you want to feel no pain
The one you want to feel loved, happy, and at peace
The one you want to protect from evil
The one you would kill for, die for
The one you live for
The one you love



Morgan, Graphite & Gold Ink, Morgan McKay '17



Eyes, Photography, Sawyer Duhaime '18



Endless Aspens, Photography, Luke Brazinski '18

Behind the Door

Wade Mouer '17

The wind whipped at Andrew's back and howled in the distance as he pounded at the heavy wooden door with a gloved hand. From what he could tell, which wasn't much, there was no stir in the house. Not too surprising. It was the middle of the night, and the residents were sure to be in a deep sleep at this hour. Nonetheless, he was required to wake them. He waited for a pause in the wind before slamming his fist on the door again, knowing that his hand would be battered and bruised by the time the sun rose. A few seconds passed, and then he heard soft footsteps growing louder as they approached the door.

"Who's there and what's your business?" a woman's voice yelled through the closed door.

"Sheriff!" Andrew yelled back, "And it's sherriff's business." The door quickly opened, and there stood Wendy Shay, forcing a smile despite visible irritation at being awoken.

"Andrew Wilt," she said, exasperated. "You really ought to be in bed. I swear you never sleep. What kind of sherriff's business got you out here so late?"

"We've got all the deputies going door to door. A couple fellas busted out of prison over in Cedar Creek, and the authorities are damn-near certain they're headed our way. Supposedly these boys already killed three people since they escaped. So we gotta make sure everyone's safe, we gotta find out if anyone's seen these guys, and we gotta warn everyone to stay holed up with doors locked 'til everything's sorted."

Wendy glanced at the rifle in Andrew's hand. "So you're gonna kill 'em?" she asked, suddenly wide awake.

"I might, I might not. Way I see it, if I don't kill 'em they'll be headed straight to the hangman in Cedar Creek. So I sure as hell ain't gonna stick my neck out to bring 'em in alive, 'specially when they've already taken three lives."

"Well, I sure ain't seen them, but thank you for stoppin' by. How'll we know when they're caught?"

"They're gonna ring that old church bell for about ten minutes straight when everything's safe. Until then, I recommend you stay put and lock those doors. But I best be gettin' on, got a lot more houses to visit tonight. You stay safe, Wendy."

"Same to you, Andrew." Wendy closed the door softly as Andrew turned back toward the road. The wind stung the skin of his face. It was October, and the cold would only get worse. Hollifield, Virginia, was in that area of the country where the summers were unbearably hot and went from May to September, and the winters were unbearably cold and went from October to April. This night, in particular, was very cruel. The frigid air was made even colder by the biting wind and prickling sleet flying sideways through the night. The moon did not even give Andrew the comfort of light; he had to settle for the dim glow of a lantern.

If he weren't so consumed by the cold of the night and the annoyance of being thrust into it, he might have been frightened. On nights like these, Andrew was resentful of the sheriff's badge. He had unintentionally given his entire life to the people of Hollifield. He had been elected four years earlier, in 1849, at the age of 35. For the previous 16 years, he had served as a deputy. He never took time to find a wife and have children. He gave so much time to his work that he never had any to give to his friends. Gradually he grew isolated from the rest of the town, even though he saw them, chatted, and joked with

them every day. He didn't even know that he ought to be lonely.

Hours passed and Andrew still had no information on the whereabouts of the escapees. He wished that one of the deputies would catch them, that the bell would ring so he could return home and collapse in bed. He feared that he would have no such luck.

As he looked upon the next house, he frowned. Something was seriously wrong. Faint light was coming from the windows. It's the middle of the night. The house should be pitch black, and the residents should have been asleep for hours. The only reason the occupants would be awake is if they had seen the criminals, or if they were the criminals themselves.

When Andrew reached the walkway, he stopped for a full minute, staring at the house, at the dim light of the windows which radiated from deep within the house. He pulled in a breath of the frigid air, desperate to settle his racing heartbeat. He didn't catch a glimpse of anyone inside, but twice he saw shadows dance across the walls. Not only were the occupants awake, they were active. He broke his paralyzed stare, and set his lantern on the ground. The sheriff crept toward the front door slowly, as if he hoped he would never make it. When he reached the front step, he stopped again, taking another deep breath. He removed his gloves and tossed them aside. He methodically squeezed his hands into fists and released them, pumping blood into his stiff hands. His heartbeat continued to race, and the exhaustion he had felt was entirely gone, replaced by adrenaline. Andrew checked the rifle, making sure it was loaded and the safety was off. He was certain that the criminals would be inside the door. The sheriff gathered his courage and mounted the step. He raised his bare fist and slammed it on the door three times. He leaped back 15 yards, and took a knee, raised the rifle to his shoulder and aiming it toward the door. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the hard wood of the rifle.

"Who's there?!" a man's voice bellowed from inside.

"Open the door!" Andrew replied, matching the man's intensity, trying to conceal his fear. The door swung open quickly and revealed a burly, bearded man aiming a pistol directly at Andrew's head.

"Wilt?" The man was astonished and relieved, and lowered the pistol immediately. It was Tom Edwards, a man of about 45 who had lived in Hollifield his whole life. "You scared us to death. Get in here." Andrew complied, eager for relief from the cold. He got no relief though – as he entered he noticed Tom's eyes, and those of his wife Margaret. Both had been crying.

"What are you doing up so late? Everything alright?" Andrew was reluctant to call attention to their sorrow. Tom and Margaret shared a glance, and it seemed as if the tears might resume.

"It's James," Margaret spoke up, "You'd better see for yourself." James was the older of their two children, at 17 years. His sister Lucy was 15. Margaret led the trio into the next room. Blood-soaked towels covered the floor. A fire burned in the hearth and James lay on a sofa next to it. His eyes were open but he stared vacantly at the ceiling. Andrew doubted that he had even stirred at the near-gunfight that had occurred moments before. James's breaths were short, quick, and shallow. His bare torso glistened with sweat, but it was clean of blood. A fresh towel was wrapped around the upper part of his left thigh, and blood was beginning to show through it. "We've been tryin' to stop the bleeding, or at least slow it down," Margaret continued, and then gestured toward the bloody towels on the floor. "As you can see, it's not goin' so well."

As if reading Andrew's mind, Tom interjected, "Lucy went out about four hours ago, to find Dr. Burke and bring him back here." It seemed as if he was fighting to keep the tears from returning. "Either she ain't found him, and she's still out lookin', or... or somethin' else happened. I never should have sent her out there alone after what happened to James." He wiped his face with his hands in angst, and his wife put her arms around him for comfort.

"What happened to him?" Andrew asked, having entirely forgotten the pair of murderous fugitives he was hunting.

"The girl he's chasin' lives on a farm a couple miles east of here," Tom began after he had settled himself. "He was havin' dinner with her and her folks last night. He was on his way home when he came across a couple fellas who looked about as wound up as a man can get. He asked if they needed any help, they told him he better back up, and one of 'em pulled out a pistol. He said he didn't want any trouble, he'd be on his way. But I s'pose they didn't want to let him go sound the alarm 'bout these two guys goin' 'round pointin' guns at people. So he just shot 'im. Either he's a lousy shot or he wasn't fixin' to kill him, seein' as he got him in the thigh there... but it seems he might a' done so anyway. Looks like he got him in the artery. He's been gushing blood ever since. His girl's pa came across him while headin' into town, had the decency to drop him off here. Went straight home after that, though, never did make it into town. Can't say I blame him. Man's gotta look after his kin."

"Those are the two guys I'm lookin' for," Andrew explained. "They broke out of the prison over in Cedar Creek yesterday. By the time I got word that they were headed our way, they had already killed three people. All the deputies are out tonight, tryin' to find 'em, or at least warn ever'body. If you'd like, I can stay and help out with James best I can, otherwise I ought 'a get back on the road."

"I don't know that there's much to be done here," Margaret said sullenly, "but while you're out lookin', if you happen across Lucy or Dr. Burke, send 'em back here if you could."

"I'll make sure to do that," Andrew assured them. "Best of luck to you, I'll be prayin' for you and your boy. One last thing, though. Did James have any idea where these two guys were headed?"

"He didn't say," Tom replied, shaking his head, "and I doubt you'd have much luck gettin' it out of him now." James was still delirious. His thousand-yard stare was unchanged, and he seemed completely unaware of his surroundings.

Andrew looked on the boy with pity and worry. "I figured as much. You said he was at a farm east of here?"

"That's right. You know the place the Hawkins family lived on before they got out of town?"

"Sure do."

"It's not too far from there. Stay safe, Sheriff."

Andrew nodded to them as he ducked out the door. He retrieved his gloves as he made his way to the lantern that rested, still glowing dimly, by the side of the road. He entertained the idea of just heading home. After working all night, he deserved a rest. He didn't deserve to go chasing after two murderers in the dead of night. He could say he explored the area near the Hawkins farm and saw no sign of the criminals. But then he thought of James lying on the couch, drenched in sweat, nearly empty of blood. He thought of Lucy, who could be out in the cold, dark, windy night, alone, suffering the same torture. Andrew thought of the three nameless victims, perhaps more now, who had fallen to these villains. He knew he must go on.

Andrew was fueled by the familiar sense of duty he felt toward his citizens; exhaustion had left his body. As he neared the Hawkins farm, the warning signs of dawn began to appear. Looking toward the horizon, he saw a sliver of pale blue light begin its assault on the nighttime sky. Stopping, his lantern illuminated a pool of dark dried blood on the ground. It was here that James was shot. It occurred to the sheriff that the boy was likely now dead. Andrew glanced around, suddenly unsure where to go next, then continued toward the Hawkins farm, hoping that a clue would present itself. The adrenaline and fear that had been so prevalent outside of the Edwards' house was gone. Perhaps his body was too tired

to know that it should be scared. Perhaps he did not believe he would ever find the criminals.

Still, the sheriff approached the door of the abandoned Hawkins farmhouse cautiously. If the criminals knew the area, they knew that this property would be empty, and could provide refuge. The door was closed, but he saw that it had been forced open. Some local kids, probably bored of their schoolwork, must have done it weeks ago in their unrelenting pursuit of mischief. Upon closer examination, though, the splinters in the boards of the door were fresh – this had been done recently, probably in the last twelve hours. He pushed the door open slowly, wincing as it gave a loud screech. The sheriff held his lantern forward in his left hand, and rested his rifle against the forearm, with his right hand on the trigger. He made each step deliberately, hoping to remain silent to conceal his presence. The ancient floorboards did not comply, and they moaned with each step.

Andrew took a left into the first room and frowned, thinking he smelled smoke. He crept toward the hearth in the room and knelt, removing a glove and extending his hand toward the ashes, searching for any remnant of warmth. It was faint, and he might have imagined it, but he felt certain that there had been a fire in it recently. It simply confirmed what he already suspected: someone had recently occupied this house. His heartbeat quickened and his breathing became shallow and fast.

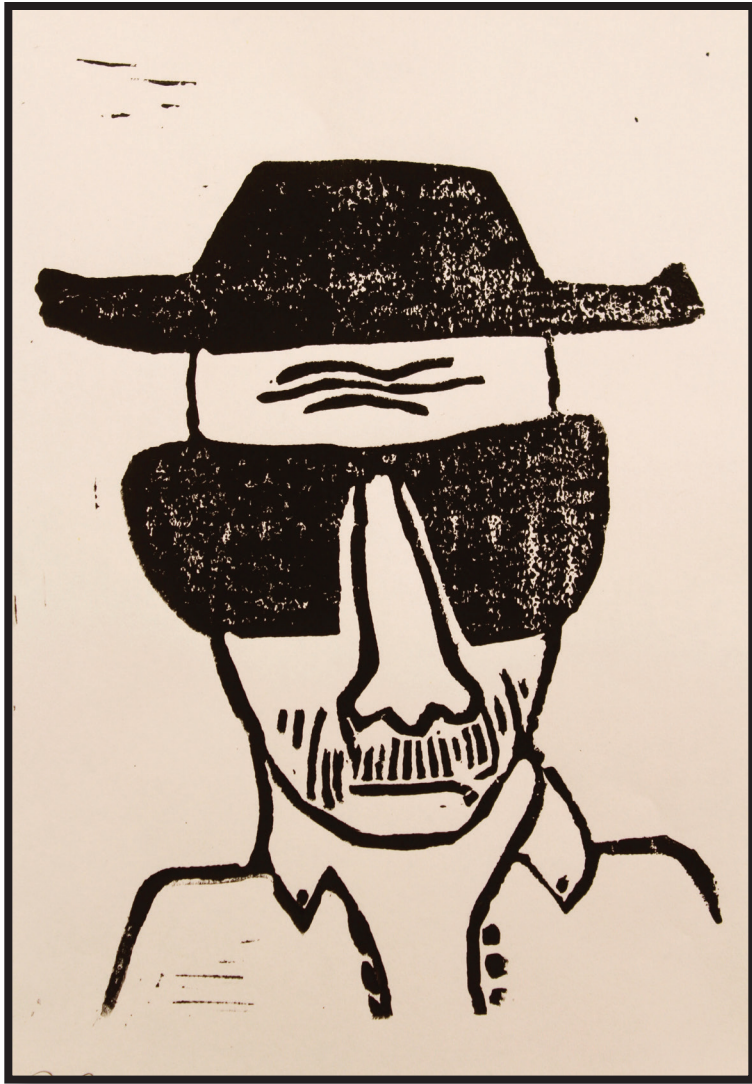
He entered the kitchen through the door next to the hearth. He surveyed the room. It was mostly barren; the Hawkinses hadn't left much behind in their departure. The countertop was empty. A couple windows were broken; a couple others were loosely boarded up, straining against the wind. He could barely see across the room, but he made out a table. As he approached, he saw a bundle resting on its top. When he continued closer, his heart nearly jumped out his throat. He recognized the gray prison jumpsuit from Cedar Creek. He heard a thump on the ground behind him and whirled around, ready to open fire. The room was still empty. One of the boards had given way to the force of the blowing wind. Andrew realized he was shivering, but he was unsure if it was due to the cold and the wind, or due to his fear, being alone in a house with murderers waiting around any corner.

Gathering himself as best he could, and made up his mind to continue his search, despite internal cries to flee. Beyond the table, at the end of the kitchen, he saw a door left ajar. He paced toward it slowly, never moving the barrel of his rifle away from the opening. The door led to a staircase going down into the basement. He descended, fighting every natural instinct. With each step, he waved the rifle and lantern from side to side, attempting to view the entire space. The Hawkinses had left a few of their belongings from this space, mostly tools that they would not need in the city. There were plows, pitchforks, shovels, and hoes on homemade shelves. No sign of any intruders.

He trod quietly on the dirt floor at the base of the stairs, almost allowing himself to believe that the criminals had stopped there, had a fire, switched clothes, and continued on their way. He almost allowed himself to believe that. He spied a door at one end of the basement. Faint light was coming from the crack beneath the door. Or was he imagining it? Was it the artificial light of a lantern illuminating the hideout of a pair of fugitives? Or had the sun risen enough to send natural light through from the outside? Andrew stared at the door, unsure how to proceed. He had spent all night hunting these men and now they might be ten feet away from him, separated by an inch and a half of pine. His night's work was about to come to an end, one way or another.

The sheriff considered what might be waiting on the other side. Would there be two pistols aimed dutifully, eager to pump him full of lead when the door opened? Would there be two men fast asleep on the floor with their guard completely down? Would there be nothing at all? He made his mind up. He hadn't given the last twenty years of his life to shy away from danger. He said a prayer and, taking a deep breath, opened the door.

Man in Glasses, Printmaking, Reid Heaton '18



St. Joseph's Chapel, Acrylic, Cary Benson '18

'Twas the Night Before the Game

Michael Reynolds '17

'Twas the night before THE GAME, when all through the school,
not a Christ School student was stirring, not even a fool.

The banners were hung from the dorms with hate,
while the Blues awaited their darkening fate.

The students were settled all snug in their beds,
while visions of winning danced in their heads.
The dorm parents in their suits, and students in school dress,
had all finally settled down for a short October's rest.

When out on the field there arose such a roar –
it was the next day and the Greenies were ready to score.
Away to the 20... away to the 10... green flew by in a flash,
scoring a touchdown, while hitting the Blues with a clash.

The sun on the breast of the freshly cut grass,
gave the crowd a reason to watch our players kick Blue ---bums.
When, what to our surprised eyes should have seen?
The Blues were losing to that Big Green Machine.

With the little old bell, ringing, oh, so loud,
you knew the Greenies had won, making everyone proud.
Moving faster than cheetahs, Greenies put the Blues to shame.

The fans yelled and screamed our players by name:

Now, Drew! Now, Landon!

Now, Tyler and Jared!

On, Koke and Kevin!

On, Gabe and Keyvaun!

To the top of the rankings,
to the top of them all!

Now run away, now run away,
run away y'all!

A Little Time to Think Goes, Like, a Long Way

Bennett David '18

Basic literacy may be necessary for survival in the airport, on the road, or at the supermarket, but words have the most power when they are carefully arranged in a literary work. The book began as a future-proof method of record-keeping, but is now used to convey original ideas, classic stories, and referential information. For some time, the book has been at odds with newer mediums such as the flat-screen TV, the smartphone, and the laptop. Books can be heavy, books can get lost, and books can incite splitting headaches. How is it that they keep millions of readers returning for more? The answer lies in the book's unique nature. Understood as a medium, it has several qualities that far younger mediums are unable to imitate.

What you get out of a book stems from a near-infinite number of variables. How strong is your focus? Are you skimming the book amongst afternoon bus-ride chaos, or sticking to the silence of your room? Are you letting your eyes skip over the paragraphs you'd rather not slog through? Are you going to give up when you get bored, or continue out of stubbornness? Only the book leaves every single decision to you. The laptop, on the other hand, will become very displeased if you try to ignore it. It will beep if you refuse to charge it and rapidly become a mess if you don't keep it updated. Similarly, to ignore the smartphone is to ignore the people trying to contact you; many applications will alert you if you haven't interacted with them for a while. To curb your involvement is to accept that you'll be out of the loop. The book, however, is perfectly content living as a coaster or a dust magnet. Comparatively, the book doesn't give a crap. Every book is completely passive, with the exception of its everlasting demand for decisiveness.

Out of the many decisions you have to make, the most important is one of basic involvement. How seriously are you going to take the book? There are two extremes. The more boring option, of course, is to not read the book. The only interesting thing about this choice has already been covered. (It's the book's nonchalance at your decision.) The much more interesting extreme is to completely invest in the book. When you do this, you set out to absorb as much as you can, to read the book to the letter, and to hopefully learn something. If you make this choice, the book will reveal some amazing superpowers.

Nothing unsettled me more than this infamous factoid: apparently, the brain can only hold a single conscious thought at any given time. In the literary world, this problem of focus is virtually common knowledge. To really, really commit, you need a willingness to think, and that requires a quiet spot. This is significant because once you find a quiet spot, the book will decide to reveal its secret desire. As it turns out, the book wants nothing more than for you to understand it. How you go about understanding it is meaningless to the book, of course. You're allowed to pause for thought whenever you like. You can speed up or slow down or skip back as often as you please. In a room full of people watching a season premiere, all of these things are unacceptable. It's perfectly okay that you didn't understand that line of dialogue from ten seconds ago, because what matters is what's onscreen now. Move on, the television says, because you'll miss even more if you waste too much time deep in thought. Modern pop culture in general thrives on speed. When everything's whizzing by, it's hard to form strong or coherent thoughts. The carefully-read book is my shining white knight in this fight, because the only urgency the book has is the urgency you give it. The book encourages developed thought, by letting you progress as you please. The newest mediums rarely allow easy access to thought of that caliber.

Two summers ago, I spent some work money on a Kindle, and it turned out to be a great decision and a magical experience. The Kindle reinvigorated my love for reading, and managed to do that when I had just discovered the Golden Age of Television (1950-60). I was armed with two gigabytes of space and a preloaded dictionary, and felt like I could take on anything. Attacking tougher books made me realize what a wonder the book itself is, pixel or print. I was finally able to understand how much I needed the time to think and the ability to go back. Surprisingly, the stitched stack of sheets is no different from my ultralight EPUB collection, because neither one wants to grab me by the neck. When I finally get into bed and snuggle up with a great book, I won't feel like the book made me do it—I'll feel like I did it of my own accord. Only a book could give a reader as much freedom as that.



Untitled, Mixed Media, Justin Rhode '17

Hide and Seek

Connor Jones '21

“Go find it girl!” said my human. After taking a huge whiff of the little bag of white powder presented in front of me, I bolted. Around the corner I ran as fast as I could. I knew I was getting closer so I slowed to check my surroundings. I was so close and knew it had to be over there in the area of the car. I slowly approached the car, sniffing the entire way. I jumped up on the car with my paws hanging over the window. It wasn’t in there so I began to walk away. Then I came to a realization: it was underneath. I dived under to find a bag strapped to the bottom of the car. “Great job!” said my human, “Time to head home.”

Hi! I’m Daisy and I have been doing things like that every single day for as long as I can remember. It gets very tiring but everyone tells me I am very important. I don’t know why I haven’t really accomplished much. All I know is I have fun every day and am loved by my wonderful human.

“That was a great day of practice,” said my human. I’m not sure why I continue to practice and practice, but I never get to go into the field. I always have to wear a jacket, badge, and collar. I still have never been in an actual search like all the other dogs tell me about. All I ever do is practice and practice with fake bags.

Then one day everything changed.

“Go! Go! Go!” I thought it was another practice but I could hear gunshots. A drug lord and his gang were holding off in this abandoned warehouse. My order was to lead the way and to find where their stash was located. We busted through the door and more shots were fired. People around me and across the hall were shot down immediately.

I swung my head with great worry that my human had been shot. When I looked back, luckily he was still standing and giving orders to everyone to push on. We slowly continued, but this time I stayed closer to the middle of the pack. I did not want to end up in the ground.

The gunshots were beginning to slow down and I was relieved. We then came around the last corner in the building to a locked door. I was sure that was where the drug lord and the rest of his gang were hiding out. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Down went the door and inside was just one man. He was leaning back in his chair with a slight grin on his face. “Nice to see you here,” he said in a sarcastic tone.

Something didn’t smell right. There were definitely more people in this room than were visible. I slowly walked to the right wall, sniffing, but nothing. To the left, nothing. I even walked over behind the man in the chair, but nothing. Then one small creeeeeeeeek gave it all away. The men and their stash were in the ceiling.

I began rapidly barking, looking up, and everyone was a little confused at first. Then out of nowhere, one shell, two shells, three shotgun shells were fired straight up into the ceiling. A fraction of it fell to the floor and with it were countless bags of the white powder. I went to retrieve them as I have always practiced, but a sharp pain, one like I have never felt before, shot up my leg. Then came the blood – lots and lots of blood .

The man in the chair had opened fire once he knew they had been caught. He only got a few rounds off before he was shot himself. One of those rounds landed directly into the right side of my chest. I lay there, helpless and weeping, until I blacked out.

When I came to my senses, all I could hear were sirens, crying, aching, and there were many

people being arrested. I would consider them the lucky ones though, because they weren't in bodybags. I was still so weak and could not move anything but my eyes. I slowly looked around and I saw my human approaching. He took a kneel beside me. "You're gonna be okay girl just hang in there," he said, tears rushing down his chest. "MEDIC! MEDIC!" he yelled. "You are a hero and you will never be forgotten," were the last words I heard before everything just stopped.



Elephant, Printmaking, William Dodenhoff '19

Lone Tree, Photography, Elliott Bell '20



Colors

Jacob Dowler '19

Blue runs
In circles around my feet
And mixes
Sometimes,
With the red as it drops from my eyes,
Purple is such a
Pretty color.
Blue swirls in my chest
And runs down
Into my yellow belly
And for a moment, my body is green,
Green disgusts me.
More than yellow.
More than blue.



Old Bull, Acrylic Paint, Chuck Bolick '17

I Did Not Tell You It Would Be Okay, Because I Never Believed It Would Be Okay

Jack Mitchell '18

After reading Ta-Nehisi Coates' *Between The World and Me* for a second time, I have learned much more about what African-Americans in the United States have to face every day. When I first read the book, I was furious. I was shocked when I read, "I could see no difference between the officer who killed Prince Jones and the police who died, or the firefighters who died. They were not human to me" (87). Originally, I couldn't understand how a man could have no sympathy for the officers, for the officers' families, and for the officers' friends who were killed or whose loved ones were killed trying to save innocent Americans from a horrible terrorist attack on our home. But – to my disbelief – after reading the novel again, I understood how someone could have no respect for the police. I understood that black Americans are afraid of police officers. I understood that in this day and age, they have a reason to be afraid of police officers. I understood why black Americans have lost almost all of their respect for the very men and women who risk their lives every day to keep us safe. And the reason black Americans don't respect, care for, or sympathize with police officers, is because they feel like police officers aren't here to protect them.

When I first read the book, I couldn't wrap my mind about how a man could have so much hatred and disdain for police officers, but after rereading it, I thought about it. I thought about how I have never had to worry about getting shot, choked, or beaten to death when I walk by a police officer. I thought about how I have never known someone who has been innocently killed by a police officer. After initially feeling hatred, anger, and frustration, I began to feel guilt, sorrow, and sympathy. I don't turn on the TV and hear about an innocent white man getting killed by a police officer, but it seems like every day another black American is killed by a police officer. Eric Garner, John Crawford, and Tamir Rice were all innocent black Americans who were killed by police officers.

Police officers are sworn to protect all Americans, regardless of race, upbringing, financial situation, or anything else. And so, after reading *Between the World and Me* for the second time, I have learned that the way black Americans are treated is unfair. It is unfair that they have to fear the very men who are supposed to protect them. It's unfair that I, a young white male, don't have to be afraid for my life if I walk by a police officer, if I am speeding and get pulled over, or even if I am selling cigarettes to children.

Ta-Nehisi Coates writes to his son: "This is your country, this is your world, this is your body, and you must find some way to live within the all of it" (11). Black Americans shouldn't have to "find some way to live within the all of it," this is their country as much as it is the white man's, this is their world as much as it is anybody's, and their bodies -- healthy or abused, young or old, living or dead – belong to them. Each and every person's body is sacred. Nobody should have to fear for their lives constantly. So, after reading *Between the World and Me*, I have learned that the treatment of black Americans is unfair, unjust, and needs to end.

Work Cited

Coates, Ta-Nehisi. *Between the World and Me*. New York: Spiegel & Grau, 2015. Print.

Am I in Debt?

Jordan Jones '18

Throughout readings and discussions of Ta-Nehisi Coates's *Between the World and Me*, I learned more about the black body than I ever had before. I found Coates's emotional tone stylistically brilliant as he expresses his concerns to his son. His point of view is inherently compelling, provided that he has experienced a life that I could never even begin to grasp. I specifically appreciated how his tone shifts from the beginning to the end of his heartfelt and passionate publication. It is easy to identify when he is simply discussing history with the reader versus when he intentionally asks difficult questions, leaving them for the reader to grapple with. However, while understanding that I will never be able to relate to Coates's point of view, he left me asking myself one question: Am I in debt?

In understanding that my ancestors oppressed their ancestors without end, that politicians, racists, and power-hungry businesses and institutions continually beat the black body while it was down, and that emancipation means something far different from freedom, I can't help but wonder if I owe the black body something. I, a man born into white-privilege, sitting on my ivory tower inside the bubble I have accepted as the world around me, will never understand what it is like to be a black man in our world today. Despite reading this book, I will never experience the fear, hardship, and unparalleled cruelty that the black body has faced every day up until now. I don't have to be cautious or fear for my life at a routine traffic stop. I don't have to wonder whether I will go to college or not. And I will never suspect that someone is out to get me.

Before and while beginning to read *Between the World and Me*, I had never been asked to peep outside the windows of my ivory tower. I had never been asked to give an opinion on the black body. I only focused on the bubble I was born into. I did not agree with the Black Lives Matter movement, or the complaints of police brutality, or that I in some way had an unfair advantage over the black body. However, Coates dropped a bomb on what I saw as a perfect world by saying, "... All our phrasing—race relations, racial chasm, racial justice, racial profiling, white privilege, even white supremacy—serves to obscure that racism is a visceral experience, that it dislodges brains, blocks airways, rips muscle, extracts organs, cracks bones, breaks teeth. You must never look away from this" (Coates 10). My problem was that I had looked away. I had never seen racism the way Coates describes it. I never truly knew what it was like to be a black man. Coates described my life best, stating, "And it is so easy to look away, to live with the fruits of our history and to ignore the great evil done in all of our names. But [Tamori] and I have never truly had that luxury" (Coates 8-9).

I had felt angry and annoyed at what I thought was the "black man's ignorance" while watching riots in Ferguson and New York unfold. I told myself that they, the black bodies, were misinformed. They were ignorant. No. I was misinformed. I was ignorant. Whether two cops had set out to kill a black man on two separate days did not matter. It was simply a stage for the black body to fight for justice. Until now, I had simply looked away. I buried myself in my Buckhead Bubble with my conservative friends who also didn't understand.

However, while the black body has every God-given right to stand up for what they believe in and push for justice, I couldn't help but wonder where they were going to find it. While Coates in no manner demands that white people pay for what they did, have done, and continue to do to the black body, I couldn't help but emerge from our discussions feeling like I owe something. I now feel ashamed

to have been born into the situation I am in. I feel like I should be apologizing for my white privilege. Perhaps it is closed-minded thinking on my part, but I simply don't see how the black body could ever overcome what has been done to them. I see a majority of white politicians enjoying the "luxury" they have, and I know that most will in no way be inclined to change that.

It is impossible to systematically deny that white privilege exists. Coates has taught me at least that much. I also learned that many people are looking away, and have no intentions of staring the beaten, bruised, bloodied black man in the face. It would be passive-aggressive to say that's just the way the world works, but it is true. White privilege is a necessary evil that I am forced to live with today, tomorrow, and the rest of my life. However, if it weren't for Coates's tough questions that I am forced to tinker with, I would not appreciate the life I was born into, nor sympathize with the unjust hand the black body was dealt. I must at least recognize the advantages I have been given. I at least owe the black body that much.

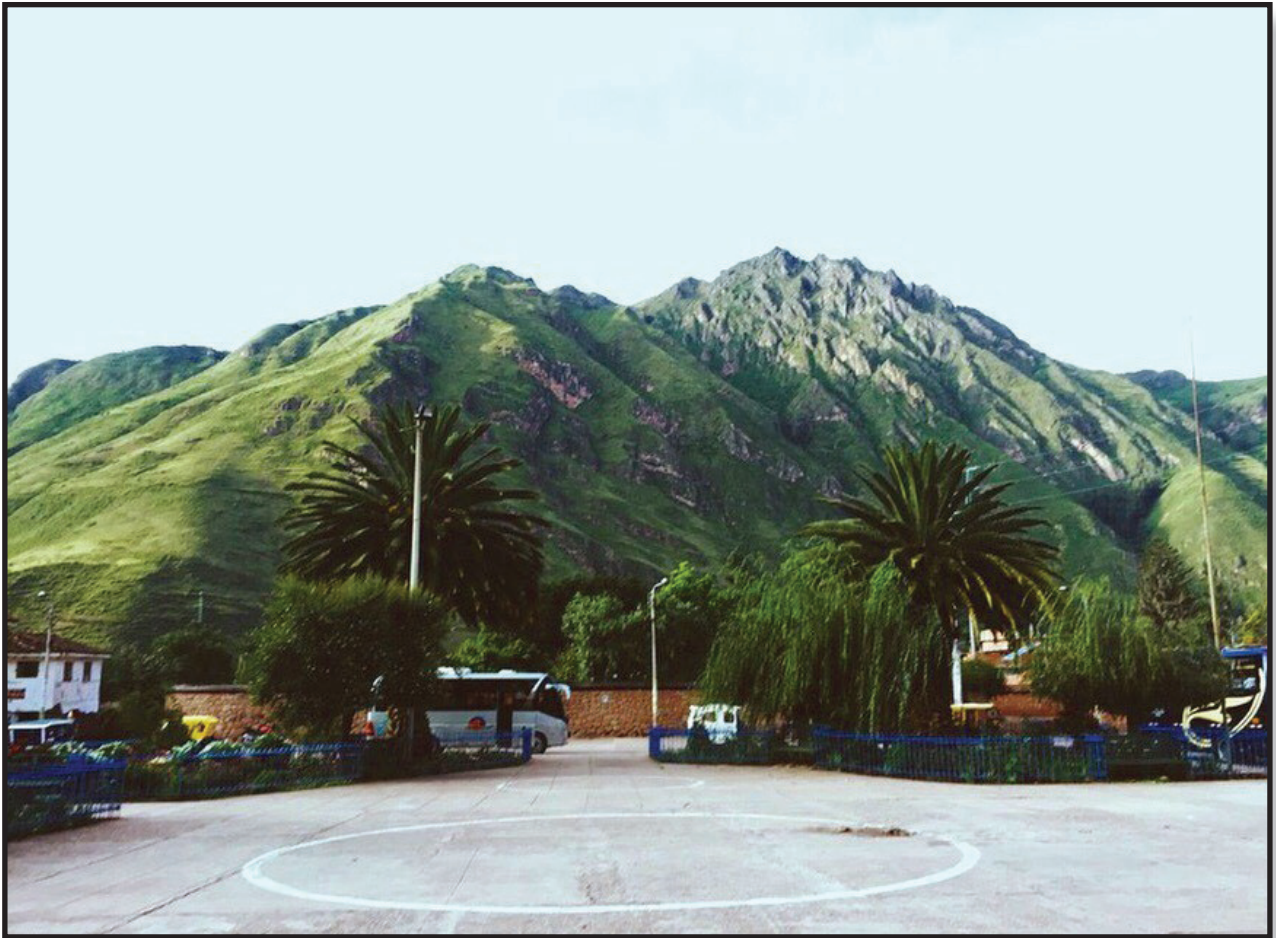
Work Cited

Coates, Ta-Nehisi. *Between the World and Me*. New York: Spiegel & Grau, 2015. Print.



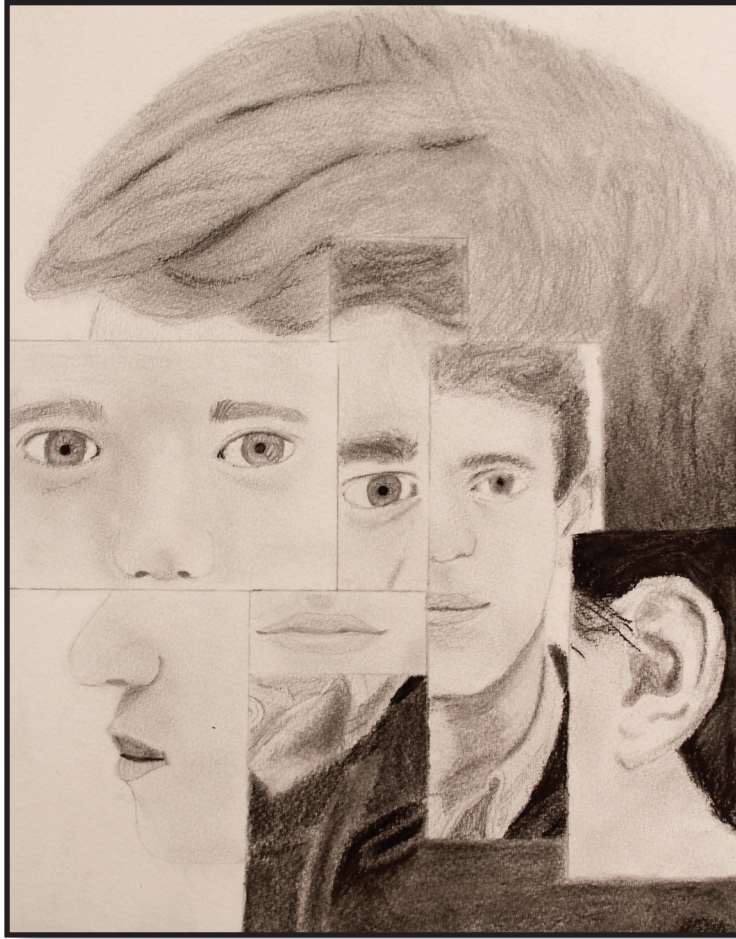
Wolf, Pastels, Holden Hutto '17

Peruvian Paradise, Photography, Juan Mantilla '19



man/lion, Pastels, Carson Ownbey '18

Self-Portrait, Graphite, Wyatt Gildea '19



Alpine Wanderers, Photography, Vanessa Giuliani, Faculty

After Dinner

Anonymous

From the photo you cannot tell much,
Or from seeing his figure stretched out
On the couch snoozing gently.
This is the after dinner man

Who makes sleep easy and earnest work
In a house where bills paid promptly
Never shuffle underfoot like leaves
And bad weather hardly lingers.

His love is a crossword puzzle
Filled out daily in a half-reflective dash.
Twelve-letter word before living:
P-O-S-T-P-O-N-E-M-E-N-T

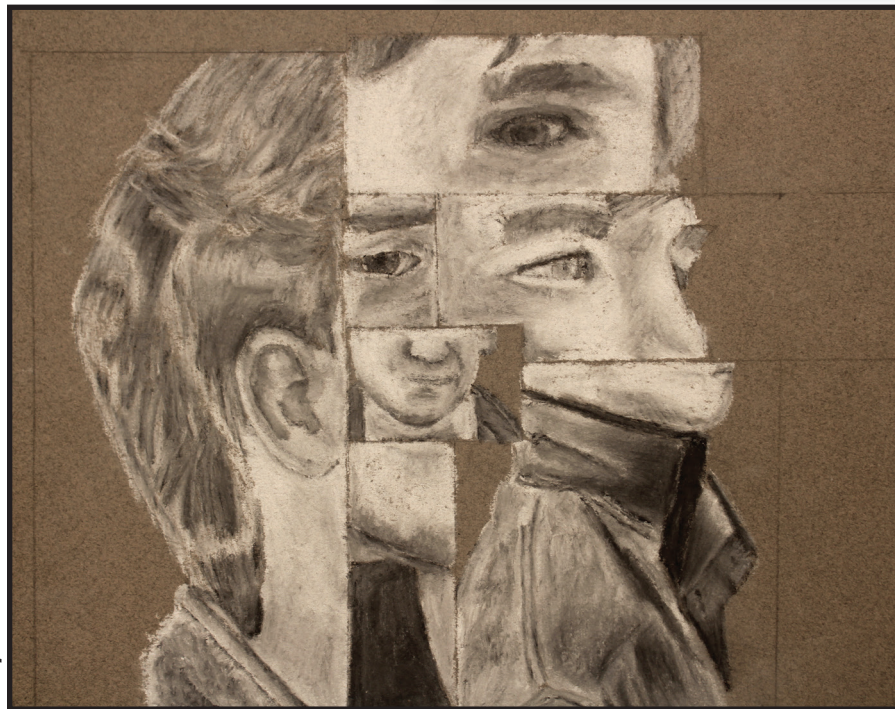
And after that, a secret that is as ruby
As the cache of seeds in a pomegranate:
The man never says, though tiptoeing
Through life tells much,

And from his gait you would know
He is a man whose sweet despair
Is dark, strong, filtered like coffee,
And often comes after dinner.

Fingerprint Self-Portrait, Pen & Ink, Chuck Bolick '17



Self-Portrait, Conté, Jack Adams '20



As I Sleep

Jacob Dowler '19

I grew up in a home that backed up to a large stream, with a strong enough current to power the mill that had once been in use there. The mill didn't run anymore, but I loved to explore around the wheel and the building that had once housed the gears. Sometimes I would sit by the building and read some prayers or Genesis, my favorite book of the Bible. I never considered myself a particularly religious person, but the rhythmic poetry of prayer and the story of Cain and Abel had always captured my attention. Soft moss and vines had overgrown the area and gave it a forlorn, forgotten look. The light beams would filter through the pines and dance on the spray of water droplets as my stream threw itself at the large rock that roosted in the center of the current. The soft sand and pebbles looked so much more welcoming than the cold, dark, bitter water. The pretty oak building and all these factors made for a scene more beautiful than any I have seen since. The river itself was pretty and reminded me of crystals whenever I looked at it, but it was the surroundings that stunned me. Cherry trees that lined our portion of the river, starkly contrasted with the forbidding pine forests just beyond them, always brought me joy in spring and comfort in summer. As I walked down the stone path that ran by the old mill, I imagined scenarios that may have played out on the spots I was standing. Inevitably they would end in the boss or employee throwing an object, losing it, and I would scour the area for it until I gave up, frustrated at the lack of valuables left behind by past generations.

My friend Sam had moved in a few years before I did, and we became friends very quickly. Few were surprised when we became friends; the only boys of the same age anywhere near our neighborhood, our friendship was practically predestined. We certainly had our differences, but I always felt they helped us; we pushed each other's comfort zones. Later, though, this would be the cause for strife and occasional separation. Ultimately, we wanted to be friends, but we wanted each other to change into a more relatable friend. We enjoyed spending time together; we particularly enjoyed swimming out to the rock situated in the center of the stream. We had tried wading our way to it, but the strong current, combined with some dangerous rocks on the riverbed, assured foot entrapment and eventually, drowning.

We were both strong swimmers and made a game of trying to swim up the stream on days when the water was high and the current was particularly angry. After a night of rain, the river was dark with mud and as ominous as I had ever seen it. Sam and I were skeptical about swimming to lounge on the rock, but it was a beautiful spring day and the rock was appealing. What concerned us most was the waterfall a few hundred yards downstream. Not very large, the waterfall was indifferent to our activities. But, just underneath the mist and spray, there were rocks sharp enough to pierce skin and strong enough to break bones.

My little brother could not get enough of the rock. Like the forbidden fruit, it called for his attention and twice had nearly caused him to be rushed downstream and over the waterfall while trying to reach it. He was not as strong as Sam or I and had twice the indifference towards pain and life-threatening situations. Both times he had barely survived his encounter, but he refused to let that deter him from trying to swim with Sam and me. I wondered if perhaps his addiction to the rock was indicative of a larger issue. Either way, it scared me and scared my parents more.

Then, one day, it happened. Sam and I had the fight that I thought would end all fights. It wasn't direct or confrontational. It was more akin to a silent acknowledgement that we could not be friends if my little brother was going to continue to try and join any plans that he and I made. I loved my little brother more than anyone in my life, and I had decided a long time ago that he would always come before a friend. Any friend. I always knew it would happen, yet I did not expect the anger or the distinct blackness that welled up inside my stomach. We had not been talking long when Sam uttered his petulant ultimatum. After a moment of silence, I left. As I crossed the bridge, my stride turned from faux-casual to a heated, angry pace. I stormed into my home and threw myself on my bed, saddened that I had lost a friend, my best friend of years, because I would not allow anyone to stand between my brother and me. Wrenching, twisting, swirling, shooting, the darkness I felt hurt more than any bone I had broken or any gash I had endured. Suddenly, there was only one solution in my mind: I needed to go for a swim. I needed to go for a swim with my little brother.

The river was high in early spring. As the snow melted from the mountains above, it seeped into the rivers and caused small floods, but we had been lucky: very little snowfall at high elevations meant that there was little danger of flooding, but the river was still pushing its capacity. It seemed to force itself downstream instead of flowing. Cold and dark and bitter.

As I threw on my bathing suit, I yelled for my brother to do the same and looked at my Bible, my collection of prayers, and my favorite book, Hamlet, on the bookshelf. My brother was confused since I always did my best to keep him from the river for fear of him drowning or being pushed over the waterfall. But today, I knew that the river was exactly where I wanted him to be.

We ran barefoot, without shirts, to the edge of the river and he halted. The fear in his eyes was fleeting, but I knew his need to be accepted as an equal by Sam and me would overcome his fear of the water. I dove in with confident strokes and reached the rock in under a minute. I turned back and beckoned for him to do the same.

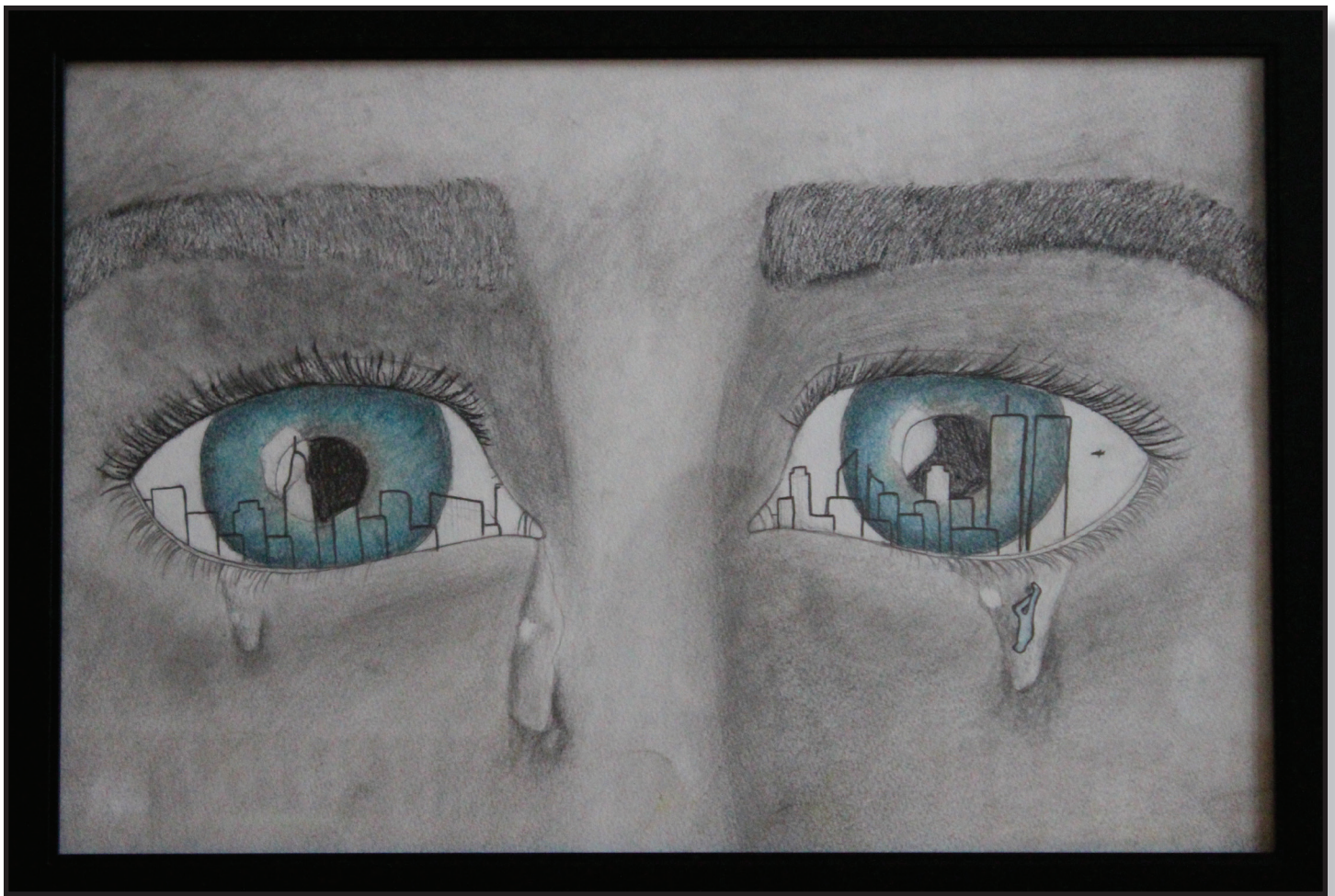
With very little hesitation he threw himself at the surface of the stream. Immediately he began to flounder. The water forced his head under. I watched. Cold. Dark. Bitter. Exhausted, he almost made it to the rock. With one last push, he launched his body off the stream bed and caught ahold of my hand as I reached for him.

He looked up at my face and smiled. Then he looked into my eyes and suddenly was very, very afraid. He looked confused and frightened as I let go of his hand. He didn't even fight as he was coerced downstream. He just looked back at me each time his head surfaced, the entire time growing closer to the waterfall.

As he was swept over the precipice he mouthed, "I love you, James."

And I wept. Cold. Dark. Bitter. Tired. I wept for Sam and for my little brother. And I wept for my parents. And I wept for me. I took a moment to watch the clouds, too gentle to push beyond the sky. I watched the cherry trees and could not find any of the warmth that was usually there. And, as I leapt from the rock towards the water fall, I said to myself:

"As I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen."



In the Eye of Danger, Graphite, Cody Benson '18

For Someone Else

Marshall McDill '18

When I cry, I cry for you.
When I pray, I pray for you.
When I work, I work for you.
When you cry, you don't know for whom
you cry.
When you pray, you don't know for whom
you pray.
When you work – well, you don't even
work.
One day you will.
One day you'll be a father.
One day you'll live and die –
for someone else.

thoughts from 36,000 feet

Philip Hodges '18

Have you ever stared a lightning strike
right in the face?
Sudden illumination of a lightning cloud
In the snap of your fingers it's gone
But in that moment
You were completely stimulated,
Intrigued,
By something much greater than yourself.

Lightning, Printmaking, Adam Keever '20



Untitled, Photograph, Joseph Visconti '20

The Adolescent Doesn't Change His Mind

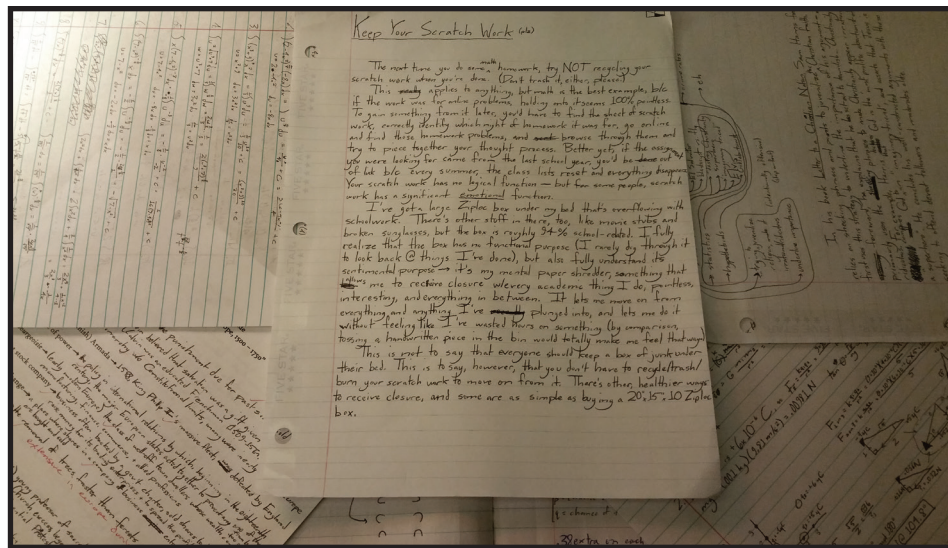
Connor Booher '20

When he was young, he began to live life
the way it was meant to be experienced
by absorbing the fine aspects of human culture like
artful expression and literature while
simultaneously taking in life in its entirety;
the whole human experience
and the beauty and profoundness of life
because, this way, life could be experienced to its fullest potential.

Now he is older, yet he still tries to admire
these minute aspects and also live with this notion of life as a whole;
In his lengthy fifteen years of existence, seven of which he has any
recollection,
He has come to realize that talking life in bite-sized amounts while also
swallowing it whole is the most fulfilling way of living.



Serenity, Graphite & Pastel, Philip Hodges '18



Keep Yo Scratchwork, Photography, Bennett David '18

It's Surreal, this ordeal
 An Outcast, No sex Appeal
 on THE News Real
 No one's ideal,
 Stuck in a Potter's wheel of pain.
 I do not fit into Society's Frame —
 I am wet clay being morphed by our cultural hands
 And I DO NOT LIKE IT.
 i HavE the crOps of the aFghaNs t0 quench the pAINful hands.
 uNder a SeA of pleasure I'm Drowning
 AND I'm Counting the pain to abet,
 a Counter-Measure Used to escape my pain-riddled body.
 To feel Like a treasure chest uNderneath a waVy sea of pleasure
 Th e Only Transcendence is the heavy breath
 sTarTIng in mY MOUth and Ending in mY lUngs,
 Wavering mY Pleasure qUest aNd tAlKiNg mE back t0 tHe oPprEsSed.
 bUt Soon tHiS SUccumbs t0 tHe cRASHing pLeaSurE wAvEs
 tRaveling To a BETTER BLESSED StAtE
 "Get Up, Get A Job, you Agnostic bum!" iT's aDdReSsed t0 me —
 ThEse CaUsTiC w0rds d0 NOt hurt me,
 bUt lAst time i RAN a diAgn0stIc I was T00 FAR GONE to leave the couch —
 tHEse AdDreSSed words do n0t hUrT me.
 tHoughTs oF sUcCeSS aRe locked aWay in my hopechest
 mAyBE oNe moRe rounD S0 I'm nOt s0 dIstResSeD and I'll get up....
 bUt my stasH is tAlKing,
 aNd iT's sAyIng lEt's n0t d0 aNyThIng rAsH.
 lIfE's dIEmMa
 by wILL cLaRKE '19



Mirrors, Photograph, Connor Thiel '20



Cactus, Oil Paint, Alex Hudak '14



Illuminate, Photography, Sawyer Duhaime '18

Pawn

Jackson Zemp '18

Soldiers at the ready,
rifles held steady,
papier mâché bullets rip and tear.
The bloody battle stationary in my fragile dome,
here for me to feel and no one else to know,
veracity wages war against the undisclosed.
Opposing platoons stand toe-to-toe
black-inked punches blow-for-blow.
I lie at night, enamored
With my caustic life.
And as the sun rises over my snow den,
I think of those blotted words again.
The soldiers of truth,
necks wrapped by a noose,
hands held high above their throats
tightly holding their bloody ropes.
The golden scale tips back and forth,
weighing the truth over my self-worth.
Floodgates let loose clotted words,
voice of injustice finally heard.
The world halts, silent, the light entralls
a black ink bayonet on which I fall,
a paper cut chronicle to end it all.

A poem for Edward Snowden

Christ School Student Center, Watercolor, Charlie Bradshaw '17



The background of the entire page features several parallel diagonal lines sloping from the top-left towards the bottom-right. Black silhouettes of birds are perched on these lines at various intervals. One bird is shown in flight in the lower-left quadrant, with its wings spread.

CHRIST SCHOOL

500 Christ School Road
Arden, North Carolina
800.422.3212 • www.christschool.org