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To My Friend, Joi.  
(Oil on Canvas)  
-Thomas Krajna '18



## *32nd Edition*

Marquette University High School  
3401 West Wisconsin Avenue  
Milwaukee, WI 53208  
[www.muhs.edu](http://www.muhs.edu)  
(414)-933-7220

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# Then We Grow

Before being planted, we are nothing;  
Seeds without sense, life without living.

Then we grow.

We sprout, gazing out at this new world,  
Stretching out our limbs, eager to know the light of the sun.

Then we grow.

We bloom into ourselves;  
Those strong oaks, those slender willows.

Then we grow.

As seasons pass, and years fade,  
We see how others enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Then we grow.

When we have grown gnarled with age, and our roots can no longer support us,  
We are felled by the blade of Death.

The willows weep for us; misery saps their strength.  
This storm of suffering will leave them bent over in pain, but it will not break them.

Let doves settle upon their branches rather than crows.

Now that we have been uprooted, more space is available for growth.

Our saplings have been planted, and the world will be theirs to cultivate

When they grow.

**–Dominic Webb ‘17**



# Chips

It was a Tuesday. Not a particularly dreadful day like a Monday and not like a Friday when some glint of excitement for the weekend exists. Just a Tuesday. Lunch hour had begun at the Anderson & Hughes accounting firm and the clacking of tired fingers on keyboards and ringing of phones minimized to the point where the soft hum of the fluorescent lights could be heard. Steve had worked at the firm for quite a while and was ready to begin his daily lunch routine, the first step being his usual route through the labyrinth of cubicles that would take him to the drink machine while avoiding anyone who might want to talk to him.

Steve rose from his chair and briskly made his way to get his drink. His intense glare scanned the gamut of plastic through the glass. The only thing Steve changed in his routine was the drink he chose every day, for there were enough options to make even the most traditional curious. There was your purified water, iced tea, soda, potato chips, orange juice, sparkling water . . . *Wait*, Steve thought, *chips? What is a bag of chips doing in my drink machine?* Surely this was just a continuity error made by the writer of his life; there is no way a bag of chips would find its way into a drink machine. Steve stared at the dimpled aluminum bag for a moment then tears pooled in his eyes. He burst into laughter, his boisterous whaling stopping any bit of productivity left in the nearby cubicles, “My eyes must be deceiving me, who could be immature enough to do this?! A bag of chips shouldn’t be in my drink machine!” A small crowd gathered around the glass box, trying to calm the hysterical man standing near it. They asked him about the bag of chips and why it upset him but all he did was laugh, “Bag of chips? What kind of man do you think I am to acknowledge something so stupidly impossible?!”

A deep voice resonated through the crowd, asking for an end to the commotion. Mark, a hairy middle-aged man parted the crowd with his thick forearms and made his way to the vending machine. “If I buy this bag of chips will all of you shut the hell up? Some of us are trying to work!” Mark fumbled around in his pocket, grabbing the coins necessary to end this madness, and put them into the machine. He punched in a B and a

6 and watched as the bag was pushed to the front of the machine. The bag finally reached the edge of the shelf and fell forward, the top of it hitting the glass before it slid down, only to get caught on a protrusion. Mark stared at the bag, his face changing from pink to red while sweat rapidly formed at his brow. He wiped his saturated mustache before his anger released itself in a deep and frightening barrage of expletives bulging from his sweaty throat. He shook the machine, “I want my damn money back! This is garbage; this bag of chips shouldn’t even be here! Why is it taking my money?” He ended his episode by clenching his hand, the fist created wind as it tore through the air and crashed into the glass, a dense white and red web forming at the point of impact. Blood cascaded down the front of the machine and onto the floor. Mark clutched his hand and stumbled into a full sprint, his shouts echoing through the office despite the distance.

The remaining crowd had agreed that they could strategically drop something onto the chip bag and cause it to fall down. The first person to attempt such a feat was Nancy, a plump woman who spent ten minutes debating all the possible plans of attack through her thick secretary glasses. She put in a dollar bill and attempted to drop a bottle of water from the top row in order to knock down the bag. The bottle of water, pushed from its perch, fell directly on the bag of chips, bouncing off of it and falling to the bottom. The crowd of workers watched anxiously for Nancy’s outburst similar to Mark’s, but it didn’t come. Nancy tried again, feeding another dollar into the machine and attempting to drop another bottle onto the bag. Once again the bottle bounced off. She continued to try as many times as her wallet would allow, increasing in speed with every attempt. It wasn’t long before her hands were a green blur and drinks were hailing from the top rows, eventually pouring out of the hatch and rolling to the feet of the entranced crowd. Nancy’s seemingly infinite supply of bills ran dry, she dropped her wallet before collapsing in agony. The employees decided to take her efforts into their own hands, each of them taking out their wallets and producing any money they had. *Just a few more purchases*, they thought, *surely the bag will fall*. People shoved their bills into the machine, clogging it as a dozen hands tried all at once. The crowd resorted to pocket change as well, thus beginning a deadly hail of silver and copper disks which embedded themselves into the cracked glass of the machine.

The machine still stood there unstirred, surrounded in mountains of coins and drinks like a dragon in its den of treasure. Coins embedded in the glass shimmered and the broken glass tessellated the hanging chip bag’s godly visage. The mob was pale, their legs buckled beneath them as they collapsed into sobs, their faces like rotting jack-o-lanterns leaking fluids from every orifice. Hours had passed by now and the employees picked themselves up to go home, they walked as if they were defeated soldiers. The carpet beneath them was soaked with tears, the area around them covered in bills and coins. Only few dared take one last look at the monolith housing the seed of their day’s destruction.

## Hermann

The office was empty, its atmosphere reduced to the familiar dull silence of a Tuesday. The sound of silence, however, was soon broken, the glass window of the machine collapsing under its own weight, sending small shards and coins across the office floor, the metallic noises of glass falling on coins piercing the air. The chip bag's veil of broken glass was gone, and the metallic bag reflected the crepuscular beams of dusk that shot through the office windows. It hung there, not as a godly object of desire, but like a doe, still and vulnerable. There were no more employees in the office to grab it, no more drinks in the machine to keep the bag company, just an impossible chip bag hanging on its same protrusion.

–Quinn Brousseau '18



## Christmas in Miniature (Photography)

–Charles Hermann '19

# Desiring Clarity

The real truth, unsettled, blistered within his heart like the swelling of lava crust. He grasped onto what he thought to be the truth of forever dwelling on his depression. Tides settled with the comfort of his mother. The conversation between them after a doctor's appointment forever intensifies in his memories. It changed him.

"You okay?"

"Ma, I've never been *okay*, you know that."

"Well, then when are you going to accept that not being *okay* is enough?"

"I won't, can't, and *will* not. When someone fixes me, then I will do something with my life."

"Do you think someone will just come and bring you a cure to all your life problems? If so, you are going to be waiting until the day you die. And what about your magic, huh? People love your magic."

"Oh yeah? Why's that, Ma? No one cares about me. No one wants to take the time to deal with a boy who is depressed. I'm a lost cause, Ma. No one likes magic, Ma. That's child's play."

"You must use your talent, son. Use it and show your emotion through your magic. Make a personality out of it. Enjoy something for once. For God's sake, you aren't a lost cause and someone can't bring you the solution. The only way for you to be truly happy again is for you to realize how important you are, for you to understand how amazing and beautiful you are. Stop thinking about how terrible of a person you think you are, and start knowing how wonderful you always will be. You must start thinking positively and make a change for yourself. Not for me, not for anyone, for you . . . Learn to love yourself for who you are."

"How do I know if it will work? This expressing my emotions through magic and all?"

"You won't, sweet pea, but if you try your absolute best then you'll know it's working."

"What if it doesn't work and I become more depressed because people don't enjoy my magic?"

## McBride

“Those people don’t matter. You will always have haters in life. When life gets you down, you’ve got to stare it directly in the eye. Do not give into the pain. It will hurt like nothing you’ve ever felt, but it feels like heaven once you find a crowd that will accept you. Find your crowd and, at that moment, you will become greater than anyone has ever been.”

–Alec Redfern ‘18



Hope (Photography)  
–Matt McBride ‘18

## Stuck

21 days and 9 hours trapped in this dark hut. I hate every vestige of this genius escape hatch to freedom. The constant storms battering my shack are enough to make anybody irritable, never mind the regular flooding. Rain seeps through cracks in the ceiling and its has-been fortifications of rotting straw and crumbling mud. River water surges up through the floorboards. I installed shelves for whatever food I could forage, now nothing more than stained planks reeking of bloated once-salted & dried fish, their putrid smell serving as a constant reminder of my current insufferable home. Trips to gather firewood only welcome the bitter elements into my refuge, door planks cracking and inviting biting wind. I attempted to fashion a window as a lookout aimed down river, yet the noise it generated halted my intentions. The town downstream still searches for me. Deep down I know my apprehension is inevitable. *They know what I did. They believe I’m dangerous.* The shore is nothing but a floor of washed-up fish, sand fouled with muck and seaweed. No way to conceal my tracks. Reeds partially hide the lower half of the shed, so I must crawl on my belly in broad daylight. The only fish are dead, my every attempt at fishing halted when the inevitable boat rounds the river bend. *If only they believed I acted in self-defense. Who with an ounce of sense would?* On day 17, neighborhood kids climbed the trees surrounding my shack as I crouched for two hours waiting, clutching a sharpened branch. Even the tall pines warrant conflict, leaking sap onto my newly bedded passage through ferns and slime. Perfect prints to indict me. *I feel trapped.* I crawled through dense Wisconsin wood for eight days after my jump just to reach my new respite. Still, the trees seem to close in more each day. If confronted, I know the odds—that I’d be tangled in surrounding brush and meet the opposite of my heroic plan. *So much for a connection on the outside. I could have fixed a better den. Too bad I will never see him again.* Still, it beats prison. Those vile concrete walls sucking out every happiness, meals worse than these rotten fish, and violence not yet found in this desolate harbor. Despite my fear of surrender, my efforts have succeeded immensely. I can accept my fate. Winter only exhumes more doubt, more denial of the future. This isolation, may it heal more than ever my rehab box could muster.

–Nicholas McDonough ‘17



## The Incoming Storm (Photography)

–Matt McBride '18

# The Storm

Lightning struck, thunder boomed, the rain poured.  
The dogs kept silent, the kids slept tight,  
In the home of a family of four.

The TV hummed as the parents talked of war.  
The news blinked, beamed, flashed its colorful lights.  
Lightning struck, thunder boomed while the rain poured.

The kids snored, dreaming of s'mores,  
Of running in their park to fly their kites,  
In this home of a family of four.

Boiling irritation, like a sore,  
The parents argue, all bark no bite.  
Lightning struck, thunder boomed while the rain poured.

The bell buzzed, barking converged at the front door,  
A neighbor inquired if all was right,  
In this, the home of a family of four.

Waiting and waiting they could wait no more,  
For the storm to end as well as their fight.  
Lightning struck, thunder boomed while the rain poured,  
In the home of a this family of four.

–Oguis Rodriguez '17

# A Forest Ablaze

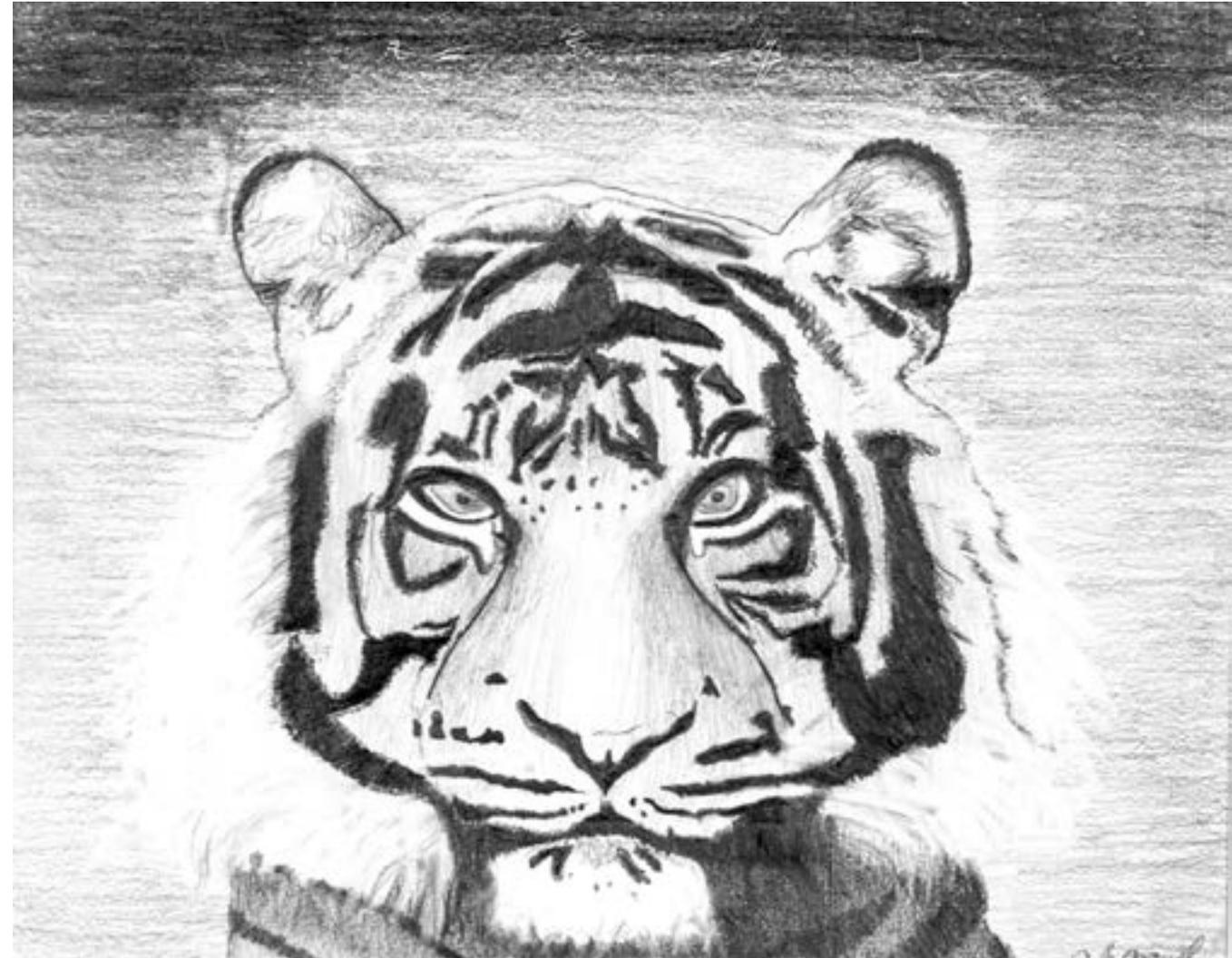
The glare of the sun burned  
Off the windows, reflecting the trees.  
Built touching the sky,  
The trees now cloud the heavens in their shadows.

Their leaves, shaken by the growing inferno,  
Tossed to the ground like newspapers  
Bringing the autumn news:  
Warnings of the frigid air to come.

Fierce predators roll through bustling woods  
In search of scarce prey.  
The blazing cement blanket of silence enveloping the fauna—  
The blanket only torn by a seagull's intermittent cry.

The flowers' tear for their parched roots,  
Confined within the fences of tomorrow.  
Efforts to douse the expanding fire,  
Shot down like a bird in its flight.

—George Elliott '17



**The Tiger (Graphite)**  
—John Anguil '18



Camus (Graphite)  
–Evan Bingham '17

# Vending behind Closed Doors

Corner of gold, silver lined,  
Glistening cave lit by chandeliers.  
Above–whorls carved in wood–  
Below a red Victorian carpet patterned with circles, diamonds, and paislies.  
A royal castle disconnected . . .

the windows can't see, the doors can't see.  
Only I can and before me–see the deformed, plastic vending machine,  
Made oily by hordes of fingers.  
Technology changes history.  
Fitting in seems obsolete.

Smoke wafts to the Pfister.  
Pouring from the street. Flowing up the stairs and down to the chair where I sit.  
Invisible clouds of smoke glide to my nostrils.  
Blemishing my clothing. Destroying the virgin thread.

–Thomas Krajna '18

# Fuzzy Sunset

I was relaxing, reclined in the creaking beach chair out on my back porch. I was ailed, however, by an alternating sharp and then dull pain in my left ear. An infection brought on from swimming had swelled it and given me a fever to fuel the fire. Seeking the summer heat to help burn off the sickness, but only finding the humidity, I perspired there in my canvas and metal throne. I sat with my back to the house watching the sunset, and in the throes of boredom I tried my mind with half-baked poetry.

Color flows in bands  
Melting into each other-  
King Sol's last hurrah.  
Deep violet, a shade  
That hides the black goggled thieves  
Who tip my trash bins.  
Pink pockets perform  
Pirouettes, pleasant parades,  
No parts prosaic.  
Red and orange waves-  
Hot light emanates from Sol-  
Don't burn your eyes out.

From my right, the telltale *click click click* of my dog's claws against the porch rouses me from my stupor. She moseys toward the air-conditioned respite of the house, and I sit still, reluctant to rise from my rest to let her in. *Click click click*, she trots past me, BANG, she runs headfirst into the glass door.

"Poor dog, come here," I say. *Life is a bit too silly for poetry, sometimes.* She rests her head on my leg and I stroke her fur, enjoying the dying day.

**-Will Campbell '18**



**Manny (Graphite)  
-Jorge Toto-Alcaraz '19**



Night upon Water (Painting)  
-Patrick Donohue '17

# Horizons

I stand on a rock  
wind in my face.  
Now is winter,  
though warm sends a new taste.  
The boulder rests atop pebbles  
rounded by surf.  
Over the distance  
white caps assert.  
The sun tickles my skin,  
The beams warm my heart.  
As I smile and laugh,  
my dog springs to dart.  
I tug on her leash.  
She barks at the birds.  
Her eagerness I hear,  
not meaning of her words.  
I stand on that rock  
no desire to leave.  
The wind blows fast,  
rippling the water with ease.  
I know if I stay,  
my bones will grow cold.  
So, I step off this rock  
to future untold.

-Jack Wahl '17

# The Ballad of the Potato

A seed once resided inside the ground,  
Where it began to grow without a sound.  
It strived one day to reach the sky,  
But suddenly something was awry.

A wiggling worm, mean indeed,  
Came along like an underground steed.  
It quickly started to dig all around  
Until the seed had fallen deeper into the ground.

Tortured by dreams of reaching the surface,  
The plant, a potato, discovered its purpose.  
It grew plump and round with many eyes  
To someday see those wonderful skies.

One day a man, farming the Earth  
Found this potato and thought of its worth.  
But something, to him, did not make sense:  
The potato's size was so intense.

The potato, now finally free,  
Was suddenly filled with the utmost glee.  
All of its eyes began to cry,  
As it had finally reached the sky.

–Thomas Brzozowski '17



**Playtime (Graphite)**  
–Jack Sherer '20



**Wave Your Flag (Photography)**  
–Jovanny Hernandez '19

# Blame

Everyone else must be thinking the same.  
My own misfortune must be the world's show.  
Whom else but me could I possibly blame?

I can feel eyes watching during the day.  
I search myself for errors as I go.  
Everyone else must be thinking the same.

I envy the sun's incandescence and fame.  
I could always be more perfect, although  
Whom else but me could I possibly blame?

I am often happy when I see rain.  
That something feels as I do, I now know.  
Everyone else must be thinking the same.

Birds in the day sing and dance all the same.  
Worries of vanity fill me with woe.  
Whom else but me could I possibly blame?

All this worrying keeps me far from sane.  
Lost but never found, nowhere I can go.  
Is everyone near me thinking the same?  
Whom else but me could they possibly blame?

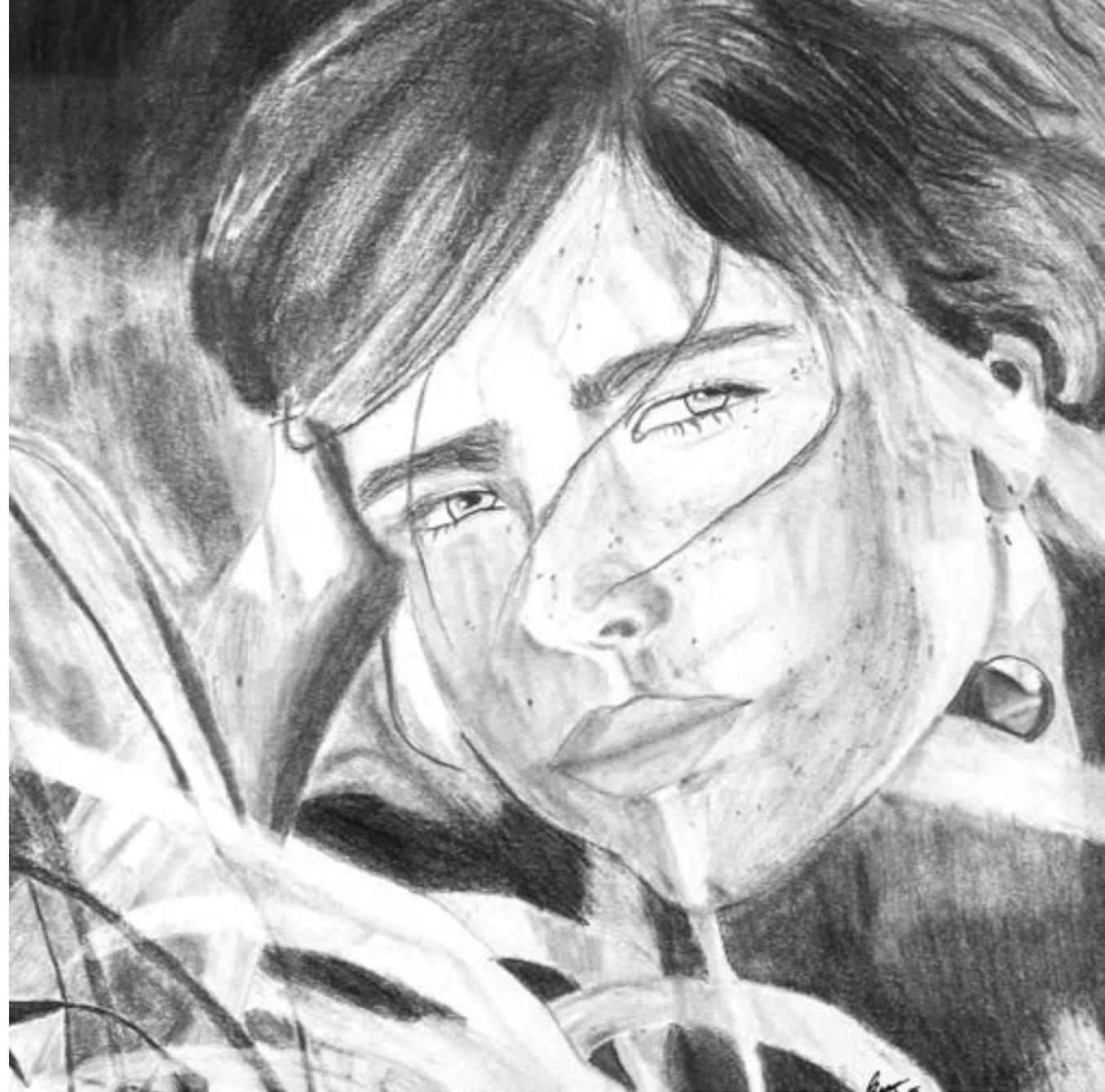
–Quinn Brousseau '18

# Hope is Here

The Trees: they speak  
a soft unvoiced language:  
a whisper, a breeze.  
A great oak leans,  
whispers to another  
of all It sees.  
A man with a bottle  
kills a family of four,  
another in blue  
slays a stranger in black.  
Man-made thunder,  
rips through a crowd,  
sending dense smoke,  
a cloud drifting towards the sky.

The Trees: they sing  
a kind and forgiving tune,  
a sigh, a gentle laugh.  
A green olive tree  
Marvels at the triumph,  
the compassion of humanity.  
A man deceased  
provides another with his heart.  
A woman oppressed  
cries *I will suffer this no more.*  
The Hymn carries forward  
by mouth, by ear.  
The Trees whisper on; they see hope,  
and know hope casts out fear.

**–Ben Kozina '18**



**Sheila (Graphite)  
–Garrett Trzcinski '18**

# Neon

His buddy sat down across from him, a look of sheepish shame on his face. “What? She didn’t like the cowboy story?” A sly grin crept across his face.

“I guess she’d rather have the cowboy than the story. Go on. Gallop on over there and introduce yourself.” Tom downed the last of his PBR, and through the bottom of his glass saw the neon shining through the remnants of his drink. He slowly stood and ambled over towards the girl at the corner booth, feeling the beer-soaked floor stick to his boots.

“Bring me uh . . . some of that Kentucky whiskey and you still got more of that bag wine? Yeah, that’ll be good,” Tom called over his shoulder, as the cue ball cracked into the triangle of billiards. His mind spun with the ball back to the days he spent up north at the small local bar with his grandpa, whose old grimy glasses would reflect its old neon sign. And right when they would mosey on in, a fog of cigar smoke and liquor belches would engulf him until his eyes watered. His grandpa ordered the same thing every time ever since Tom was little: a PBR and an ice cold Sprecher root beer. Tom loved the frosted mug smudged from the bartender’s fingers, a mixture of gunpowder and dip. Even the fact that he could barely reach his hands around the bulk of the glass didn’t stop him from imagining himself a lonely trucker stopping at a small run-down bar in the middle of the night to listen to “Piano Man” and share a drink or two with the other locals before resuming his weary lonesome journey. Tom would sit, legs dangling, and listen to his grandpa’s small talk, while others would drink and curse as though he wasn’t even there. The best thing about the old bar was the pool table, its faded green felt worn and stained from countless nights during Packer season. Tom would watch men who could have been Paul Bunyan push their flat-brimmed caps out of their eyes and calculate their next move, treating the stick and table with the utmost importance. He always wanted to try pool himself, but knew his grandpa didn’t play, and never dared challenge one of the bearded Bunyans, so he always left a spectator.

When his mom let him bring a friend up to the cabin, Tom got his chance. With another kid, he finally had a partner, so first thing, they hopped on the back of the rustic four-wheeler, and flew through the trails in a frantic blaze. They they ordered two Spre-

chers, and went straight to the pool table. Placing all the balls into the neat triangle that rivaled the symmetry of the Great Pyramids, Tom grasped the stick and felt its weight in his hands. He saw himself in the reflection of a far window, the neon sign shining brightly over his shoulder. His reflection transformed him from a small kid with a Sprecher in hand to a man, stubble poking through hardened pores caked with dirt from the morning’s hunt. He rested the stick lightly atop his knuckles and aimed. At the first contact, Tom knew he was not the god he imagined he was seconds before. The stick nicked off the ball and spun forward a couple of inches before gliding to a stop in the middle of the sea of faded felt. He and his friend did everything they could to put the billards quickly into the pockets, but ended up only knocking the balls around in an awkward chaos. Finishing the game after what felt like an eternity, they walked back to the four-wheeler with their heads down in the silent night.

Tom snapped out of his memory like a child waking up from a bad dream. He realized he had stopped walking and had been feeling the pool table’s soft felt for a couple of minutes. He looked up at the girl who apparently seemed eager to meet him. She was still at the end of the bar, but now his seat was taken by a thick biker’s jacket and a tall black flask. Tom flashed a quick disappointed smile before turning and walking past the pool table, running his hand across the felt one last time. As he passed his friend, Tom heard him, but couldn’t make out any meaning behind the words. He walked out the door and into the street. From windows across the boulevard, the reflection of the neon bar sign burned brightly, but Tom kept his eyes to the ground. He expected to see the familiar decrepit four-wheeler, but it had broken down years ago and now rested in layers of cobwebs in his shed. His keys felt too heavy to lift from his pocket, so he meandered around the hazy town like a lost kid at the county fair. After about two hours of concentrating on putting one leg in front of the other, the night weighed heavily on his shoulders, and forced him to sit down on the curb. He never considered himself to be a reflective man, but then and there, with tears coating his chin, he again thought about his time as a kid at the bar. His grandpa had died not even four weeks after his friend and Tom left, and the year after that, his friend moved to Arizona because of his dad’s work. Tom looked up at the sky and felt soft snowflakes fall and brush his stubble. He had never seen it snow in Arkansas, but there it was. With his eyes fluttering out small tear drops, he let himself fall sideways to the concrete, feeling his grimy hair sink to the curb. Tom never imagined he would sleep out in the gutter, but then it was simply the most comfortable place. He closed his eyes, blocking out the piercing reflections of the neon signs, and took in the frigid air. A few cars passed by and, in the whirling snow banks, Tom felt his frozen tears numb his face.

–Alex Hushek ‘17

# 7742

7742. What an interesting number! Add all of the digits. You've got 20. A nice, beautiful number it is, 7742. If you put 7742 people into standard size school buses, they would fill more than 107 school buses. That's a lot. If you put 7742 people into 4 passenger cars, they would fill 1935 cars. 7742. Would you like to hear another interesting fact about 7742?

7742 homeless people live in the city of Milwaukee. 7742. Enough people to fill 107 school buses. Enough people to fill 1935 compact cars. This many people sleep every night with nothing but the city sky to sleep under. This many people must spend their days begging on street corners to get the food they need to survive. 7742 sound like a great number anymore?

7742 people do not get the help they need from the city. At the very least, you would expect, the city would try to help them in any way they could, correct? Get them blankets, sometimes food, you know. The bare minimum. It seems only fair.

7742 people live in fear of being arrested for the state of not having a home. 7742 people must sleep under bridges, in parks, finding nooks where they can stay without the police bothering them. 7742 know that their predicament, their poverty, is illegal. As if they have a choice. As if their homes being lost to eviction or other causes was their fault!

7742 people must stand under street signs reading "Keep the Change." 7742 people are constantly humiliated by begging for food or change while a sign tells people not to "support panhandling." I know. I've seen them. The sign has, in incredibly small print at the bottom of the sign "Give your change to a local charity, instead" with a website name on the bottom of the sign. Unfortunately, 7742 people may not get the help each of them need in that moment. That helping the 7742 is not mutually exclusive with giving to charities. That giving money to a charity may help the long-term problem of the 7742 but doesn't stop their need for food in that moment.

7742 people live a life which could mean they could freeze to death overnight and no one would hear. They could lie in their sleeping bags under bridges for months until

someone realized they were no longer with us. 7742 people live like it's the primeval times. Any day could be death. Any day could be jail. If one of the 7742 leaves, are we even listening? Do we listen to them moaning in the cold? Do we even want to hear them?

7742 people can be helped. Every one of us can spare a dollar or two. All I ask is that you carry extra money in your wallet or your car. That way, you can make a difference in that person's life. You can help protect the most vulnerable of Milwaukee. The 7742.

**–Sam Larson '20**



**My City (Photography)  
–Jack Ziskind '20**

# Extradition of the Innocent

Death claims the unsuspecting  
and leaves the rest behind  
to mourn the extradition of the innocent.



–Ben Kozina '18

# Frostbit

A freezing night. The animals cower in their dens, the chill pierces through the once bustling city. It was something we were all unprepared for. We all thought the earth would become unbearably warm, perhaps we would lose some land. Some cities would disappear under the rising sea level. That's what the studies said would happen, that is what we planned for.

It didn't happen. The earth works in mysterious ways. It doesn't need us to help it. We just live on it. The moment we were sure global warming was at it worst, the planet entered a stasis of repair, freezing over, a second ice age. Oceans become ice, and land becomes icebergs. We humans become nothing. Animals.

Little Gretta and I are all that's left of our family.

"When will Mama and Papa come back?" Gretta's eyes threaten to overflow.

"Soon, Gretta, soon," I answer, my eyes betraying me. I know that they're gone forever. They left two months ago to find food, I don't know where they went.

We built a home of ice and snow, an igloo of sorts, it was formed from a fallen tree with layers and layers of snow and ice built upon the foliage which had frozen over. You could call it a lean-to. We started a fire just before the ice storms hit, we fear that if it ever goes out that we will never be able to rekindle it. Gretta and I each have our specific roles: I am the hunter, she is the gatherer. While I find food, she collects wood to dry before the fire.

The fire reaches for the ceiling as we settle in for the night. It melts the walls, solidifying them, making them smooth and reflective. I watch as Gretta breathes softly, her chest heavy from the lack of oxygen in the air. I need to create an air vent tomorrow. Rolling away from the fire, I notice my reflection in the ice. My long, cold-stiffened face is covered by a scruffy beard, several scars cross my cheeks, sadness and responsibility fill my eyes. Sighing, I rest my head and sleep.

"Gretta, wake up, the fire! The fire!" I raise my voice. The fire is down to its coals. Gretta rushes to the fire, our only hope of survival. She blows on it, places more kindling

on it, and it flares to life. I release a breath of relief. Without the fire we wouldn't survive.

"Gretta! Why did you let the fire become coals? It is your job to care for the fire!"  
Voice raised, I scold Gretta. She doesn't understand the seriousness of the situation.

"I did! I did! I woke up and the fire was blazing! There was nothing wrong! A wind!  
That's right! There must have been a breeze that put the fire out! It's not my fault!"

"Forget it, Gretta." Disappointment laces each syllable.

"No! It wasn't my fault!"

"Gretta, I said, forget it!"

"It wasn't my fault!" She raises her voice at me, I raise my hand, anger fills the motion. My hand swings in an arcing path toward her face, powerful and fast. It hits, a clap like that of thunder echoes throughout the cave.

Silence. A void of sound. Our breaths come to a halt, our words stop. Tears fill her eyes, my hand hurts; it aches.

"I'm sorry" I choke up.

Through her tears, she rushes out of the hut.

Then I'm alone with remorseful guilt and oppressive silence. The sun reflects upon the snow outside the cave, the wind picks up plumes of snow creating dunes in the snowy desert. The fire crackles, sparks fly. I fall to my knees and cry.

Two hours have passed. I'm still ashamed of myself. I must apologize. I leave the cave to search for Gretta to apologize to her. Through frozen foliage, and over mounds of ice, I look for her, I search for her footprints, anything. Soon, it will be night. I must find her. I search and I search.

"God damn! This snow!" I say as I trip over a drift. I look to see what it is I have tripped over, a stump probably. The snow is dark, I dig for what is beneath. Cloth? Digging around the cloth, I find it is a body. Mortified, I begin digging up the rest.

"Gretta, Gretta, Gretta . . ." I repeat over and over, her face purple, her tears frozen, "my Gretta, my Gretta, my Gretta." Tears streak down my face, they fall onto the ice skidding along its surface before it freezes.

I carry her back to the cave, our home. She would have loved that. It's safety, it's comfort. She is heavy and cold. My Gretta with her petite frame shouldn't be this heavy. Gretta. The cave is cold, dark, hardly welcoming. I lay Gretta upon her cot. Kneeling before her, "Gretta, You're right . . . it wasn't your fault. It was the wind. Gretta! Come back to me! Come back to me, Gretta! I can't do this alone." My sobs fill the cave, my tears fall upon Gretta's face "No, No, No, Gretta . . ."

The fire is cold. I'm too tired to fix it. Gretta wouldn't want me to leave. I can't leave. I need to be here for her. The fire can wait. Time passes. My eyes shut, Gretta, Mom, Dad, I might as well join them. I open my eyes and watch the darkness of the cave, I feel

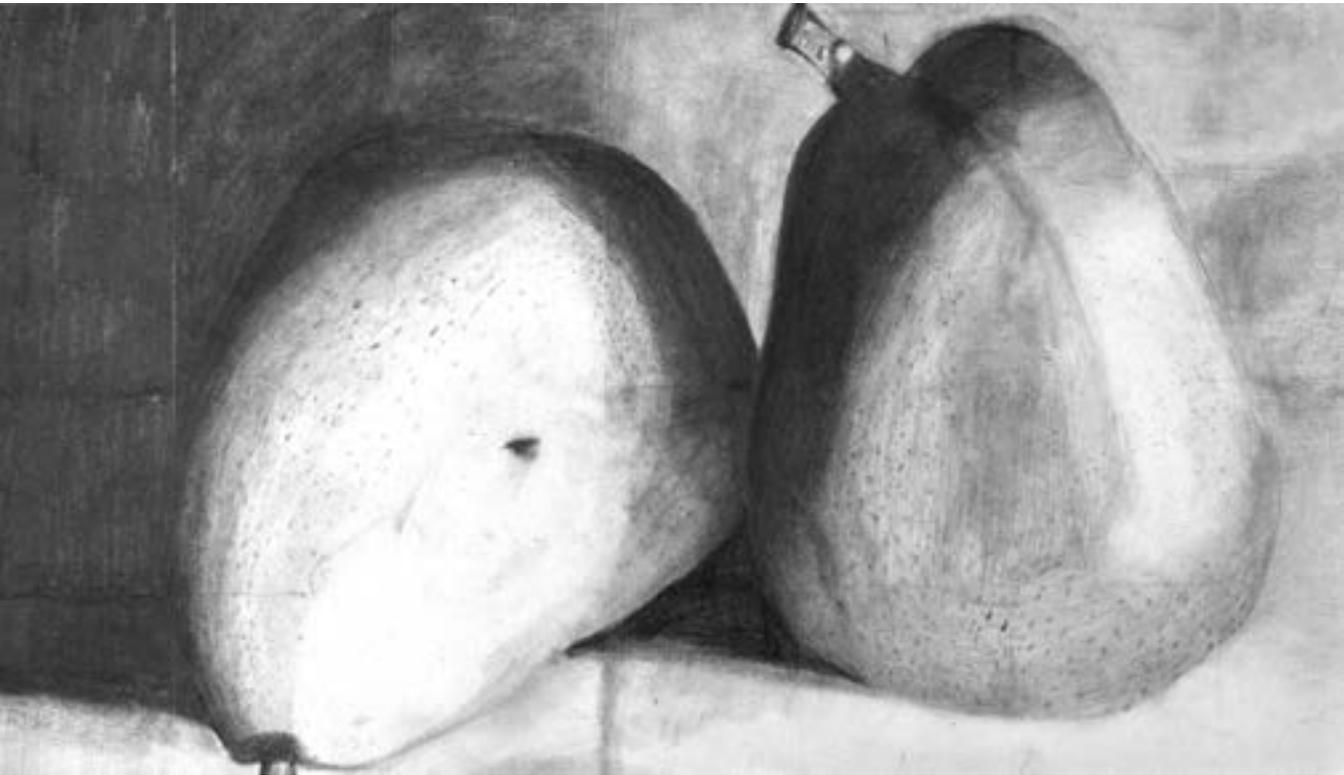
the coldness of the cave, and I listen to the silence of the cave.

Silence. It will never exist. We suppress the silence. Our anatomy is too loud, our hearts pound, our liquids swish, and our lungs deflate. Tonight the wind howls, the trees creak, the snow rains down, but my anatomy stills and stops.

**–Gavin Hock '17**



**Mother Tree (Photography)  
–Riley Thorpe '18**



**A Lonely Pair (Graphite)**  
–Miguel Monteagudo '19

## **Necessity for Departure**

Firsts drift away,  
soon follow lasts–  
last cradle,  
last lip's brush–  
end's chilling embrace.  
Cold rush–us–  
together, untroubled.  
Water, escape,  
cold, freedom,  
You–mine–harbor.  
Let go, but never,  
goodbye, but never,  
and let go, no,  
never . . .

–Ian Reynolds '19

# Reaching Out

See the lonely man. Secluded and alone, he wears solitude like a coat. Sitting on his couch, he contemplates the life he lives. His house, tidy and neat, endures a wasteland of well-kept houses braving the erosions of low-income housing. Searching, yearning, he reaches into the vacuum that is Earth for his long lost love, so searching for his happiness and fulfillment. Sitting at his desk, pen flying off the pages, he eagerly writes his departing daughter, the dramatic scene visible to the outside world through the half-closed blinds. This peculiar wonder is noticed by the man's neighbors from across the street even as they mindlessly stare at their television. The importance of this scene is unappreciated by the unsuspecting neighbors whose shortcomings seem as undetected as the vigorous silhouette is visible. They reject his proposition—freedom for the man. At ten he folds the book, turns off the light, then climbs into his bed of frayed sheets and a rickety wooden frame. He lies in misery and woe knowing this is the last night he has his baby daughter at home.

The next morning began one of the man's saddest days. Driving his only daughter to college, the man's mind sifts through the good times the two shared and the rough times they endured. The tension in the car heightens as the vehicle tunnels through New York City traffic to Columbia University. With tears in his eyes, he finally surrenders his ever important daughter. Now alone, he bears the force of the world. The man painfully steps into his new way of life. All he might dare to imagine is desolation.

"Hello?"

"Hi, honey," in a gruff voice.

"Hey, Dad! What's wrong?" the energetic counterpoint of a young female voice.

"Nothing, hon. I hope you got everything unpacked okay. Did you meet your roommate?"

"Yes, Dad. She's very nice, and we each get a dresser, so I have room for all of my things."

"I'm happy that you are following your dreams, although I still don't know why you

didn't attend my university. It offers a great program for nurses as well, and the tuition is much less."

"I want to help people, Dad. Columbia is the best place to prepare me for that. I just, I don't know, Dad. Columbia is where I feel I should be right now." Suddenly the daughter feels completely selfish, second thoughts beginning to spin about attending Columbia. Her dad now lives in an empty house. She is his only family, and she left him.

"You know I'm going to miss you, right, hon?"

"Of course, Dad. I have to go. I love you!"

Before he could respond, the phone line cuts off. "I love you, too," says the man, tears in his eyes and his voice.

This is his life. He wakes up, teaches his classes at the university, goes home. A professor for nearly twenty years, he often keeps to himself rather than interact with his long-time colleagues. No one keeps him company. Professor Cartwright has lived a simple life. His property must always be clean, the small house that has always been the cleanest in its neighborhood. Colonies of ants often infested the sidewalk and driveway, causing the professor much grief, but he spends endless hours in the noble pursuit of eradicating all pests from his property. The impeccably clean house fails to represent the man who resides within.

To understand Mr. Cartwright, you must learn of his lost love. Mrs. Cartwright died nearly ten years ago, leaving her husband a mere shell of his former charming self. Constant hospital visits to his bedridden wife destroyed the once-blazing light of the man's intensity and dedication. Professor Cartwright would find such joy in discovering eager faces ready for an exciting class each semester, but nothing has been the same since his wife's death. Finding relief from pain through the balm of memory, he became a true introvert, numbly performing his duties.

The professor enters his small though tidy bedroom with a keen eye. The old worn shoes sit solemnly next to the door. The blinds, always closed, give the room a regular darkness. The simple walk-in closet is packed with the daily supply of his uniform: dress shirt, tie, pants. The ceiling fan is always left on, and continues its slow revolutions, giving off a constant chilling breeze to the solitary room. The walls are bare, lacking pictures, posters, any adornment. A scarcely marked calendar boldly breaks the mold of emptiness. This room has remained untouched by another human for years. The socks lay in neat rows and the same briefs settle in the dresser. Strips along the floor are labeled with days of the week, with corresponding clothes placed in their same spot every week, forming an unbroken cycle. The room remains a constant, all details untouched for the last ten years.

"I'm glad you called me, Dad. I know you must miss Mom. I mean, today turns ten years."



**The Lion (Graphite)**  
 –Farold Dias '17

“Yes, honey, I’m fine.”

“Do you want me to visit?”

“No, that’s okay. I just hope that you’re doing well.”

“Dad, please don’t hide anything. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I love you, honey.”

“Thanks, Dad.”

Cartwright would think back to those precious times. The incredible bond seemed invulnerable until the doctor’s diagnosis. Angela . . . He sat to think. In his free time, Professor Cartwright’s attentions unfailingly drifted to his former companion. Her brave struggle with cancer and resolute attitude despite stacked odds continually races through his brain. Waking up at night with the image of his frail yellowed wife in a hospital bed bring terrible memories, deep wounds. During a lecture, the Professor is prone to drifting back to his honeymoon, or to their long walks and pushing his sweet wife in her wheelchair through the quiet still park. Her terminal illness made her too weak to walk, though love guided their footsteps to the park every Sunday afternoon. Her dying breaths were spent with her loving husband seated next to her bed and holding hands. She knew he would be helpless, completely lost without her, but Angela could not put together the words to encourage him. All she could say was, “I love you, and everything’s going to be okay.” She knew he would not be okay, but she could say nothing else. He would be left alone, returning to an empty house, sleeping in an empty bed, living an empty life.

Months without his daughter pass, his habits get worse, and he succumbs to ordering a prescription drug to help him sleep through the nights. The pain of seeming rejection from his daughter and wife easily overcome his emotions. His wife had urged him to look toward the future, though he could not muster the strength to move past such an imposing hurdle. The man joins a grief support group, hoping to find community, but he realizes the more he revisits his situation, the worse he feels. Realizing his only pleasure would come with his daughter’s presence, he tends to the greatest respect and love for her. Their phone calls become more frequent, and the rift between father and daughter slowly withers away.

“Hey, honey. How are you?”

“Hi, Dad. I’m doing great. I’ve met a lot of nice people at my new job.”

“That’s good, honey. I’m sorry I missed your graduation. You know I would have gone if I could have.”

“It’s okay, Dad. I understand.”

“Thanks, honey. I hope you don’t miss your old man too much.”

His dear daughter forces a chuckle, “I love you, Dad. Are you okay with living alone? I can always try to find a job back home.”

## Sabatino

“No, honey. I know you’re enjoying yourself. I’ll be fine as long as I have you.”

“I love you, Dad. Thank you for everything. I’ll be visiting soon.”

“Thanks, honey.”

Previous conversations too difficult to bear often replay in the professor’s mind. “I trusted you, Angela,” he would say. “Why would you say that everything is all right? Everything’s *not* all right. Everything’s going to be okay. Everything’s not okay! Why did you leave me here so alone? You should have taken me with you.” Cartwright mumbles through long nights. Neighbors now take notice of his frequent rants. “I knew he was crazy,” the neighbors say, to justify refusing any aid or relief. He cannot trust anyone, he becomes fidgety. He never sleeps in the old bedroom again. Not without her. He can’t. Despite those ten long years, he still cannot find the strength to sort her belongings. The couple lived frugally, but happily. He wants forever to keep the stability and peace of her existence in his house. He cannot erase her presence.

Conversation exhausts him. Instead, his spare time he commits to meager tasks, planning every situation thoroughly, every surface must be spotless. Every day he travels the same route to work, eats the same lunch, and avoids the same colleagues. His clothes, now ratty and faded, carry the scent of nervous sweat. An avowed enemy of technology, he swears never to have a cellphone or use a computer. When the university demanded every professor be issued a laptop, the device was left sitting on the corner of his desk, covered in thick layers of dust. Abhorring all religion, he curses a god he didn’t admit to believe in. “Why would a god be so cruel to me?” Learning not to trust others began with his own father’s departure from their family at the age of eight. Now only one individual can soothe his wild antics. She can read him and always knows his intentions. She understands his immense pain, and the connection the man lost with her mother. As years pass without a visit to her father, she wants her visit to be special.

“Did you hear me, Dad. I’m engaged!”

“Sure you’re not rushing into anything?”

“Yes, Dad. I know this is the right move. I met Michael at my new job, and we love each other so much. We’ve been dating for two years now, and he wants to meet you. I’ve told him all about you.”

“I so proud of you.” The man can barely speak without sobbing.

“We’re coming over next weekend to make preparations for the wedding with you.”

“I appreciate it, and I trust you to make the right decisions, honey.”

The man watches his daughter exit the car escorted by her fiancé. All of the professor’s efforts focus to read this new man. He notes the simple gestures the young man makes to help his daughter, the connection and chemistry between the two. The pure, sweet eyes of the youth offer no signs of manipulation or misguidance. The distinguished speech pattern and courteous actions define his presence.



**Mads Mikkelsen (Graphite)**  
**–Adam Prueher '18**

## Sabatino

“I am asking for your permission to marry your daughter because I genuinely love her, and I would like to spend my life with her.” The young man’s words remind Cartwright of the chemistry and special bond he once shared with his wife Angela. The emotions from years of separation finally came to an end.

“Michael, love my daughter as I do, and you may marry her.”

The scene turns into a fury of excitement and rejoicing. Talking, planning and loving. The wedding plans are finalized, and a feeling of completeness enters the room. For the first time in years, the house overflows with love.

The wedding fills Cartwright’s heart with indescribable joy not enjoyed since his daughter’s departure. Following bright flashes of white, Cartwright finds himself in a church for the first time since his wife’s funeral; nothing but acceptance enters the man’s thoughts. Tears fill the corners of his eyes as he walks his daughter down the long magnificent church aisle. In a few short months, all loneliness would lift off the man’s shoulders.

“Dad, I’m pregnant with a baby girl.”

“Honey, I’m so happy for you.” Both suddenly break into deep sobs. The years of loneliness manifest in this single moment. Imminent bliss appears on the horizon.

The six months leading to the birth are the shortest of the Professor’s life. His daughter moves back home along with her husband. Comforting community is rediscovered as father is reunited with daughter. Cartwright is at the hospital during the delivery. The waiting room can never contain the man’s excitement. Prompted by the nurse, the man enters the hospital room to the sight of his family gathered around the baby. The mother and father encircle their precious daughter. The newly-born face of his granddaughter etches an everlasting image in the professor’s mind. Cartwright feels Angela’s warm embrace upon this scene. A new man reaches out toward the glowing light of his granddaughter.

**–Anthony Sabatino ‘17**





**Kitty Kitty Meow Meow (Graphite)**  
–Braeden Gruss '20

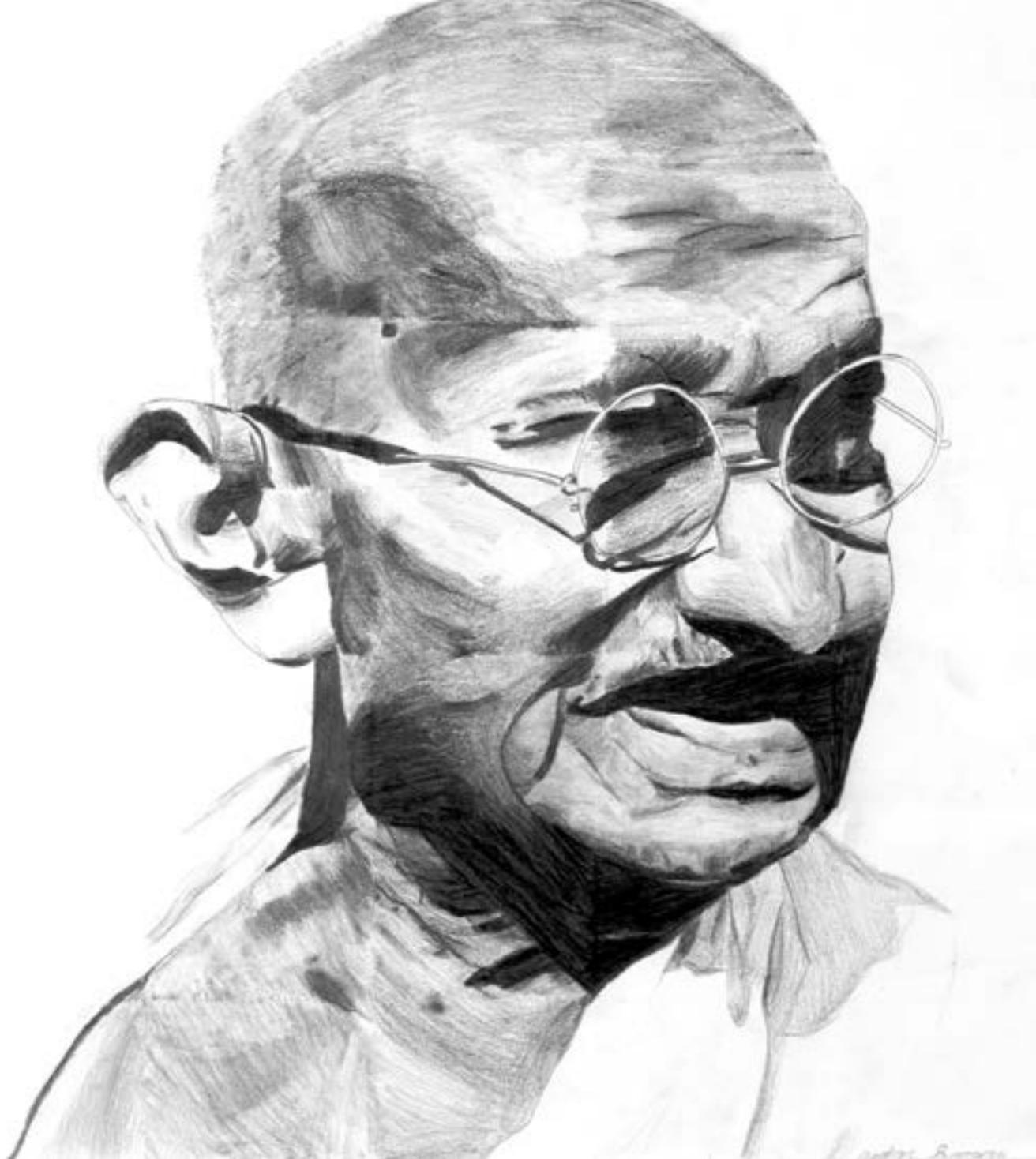
## Bag O'Heaven

Calvin owned two backpacks. One was for school—it was filled with various books, folders, and papers. This backpack was the older of the two, faded with frayed straps. The other was a drawstring, a gift from Calvin's uncle, who lived in Colombia. During a family reunion in Los Angeles, Calvin gave it a nickname. He called the colorful drawstring bag—the bag o' heaven—because when he first received it, it was full of Legos, candy, and dollar bills.

Calvin lugged his bulky school bag around from fall until spring. Every pouch was neatly filled. The front pocket housed smaller paperback books, tightly wrapped earbuds, and a yellow whistle. The main compartment was responsible for most of its bulk; it held thick textbooks, multiple notebooks alongside their corresponding folders, and a sleek laptop. The bag's heftiness weighed Calvin's shoulders down, making him appear inches shorter. Calvin's school bag kept him grounded. It was an anchor of sorts. At times Calvin felt that if this massive weight was not on his shoulders, he might float away like a stray solitary balloon.

When the last snow melted into the dark soil, and the white sun tentatively poked its countenance from behind grey thinning clouds, Calvin knew it was nearly time to retire his school bag. The world burst into shades of green, and the weight Calvin bore slipped away. The Colombian drawstring became lighter than air. It carried breath-mints, house-keys, a bike-lock, an extra striped t-shirt, and loose change. There was always sand at the bottom. Replacing the worn, exhausted straps with its thin taut strings straightened Calvin's posture and revitalized his confidence. His skin returned to its bronzed caramel, his frame tightened, his mind wandered and wisped like stark white clouds in a bright blue sky. When the bag of heaven rested on Calvin's back, the world grew vibrant. The air was sweeter, laughter was heartier, days and nights were longer.

–Benjamin Johnson '17



**Gandhi (Graphite)**  
–Aidan Grogan '19

## Dear Older Me

Dear older me,  
don't forget your past.  
The achievement, emotion and  
memories will last.

Dear older me,  
always be a friend.  
Those with whom you love and laugh  
will be with you to the end.

Dear older me,  
don't forget to pray.  
Always wake with hope and joy  
to love all every day.

Dear older me,  
don't forget to love  
So when you face fear and regret,  
you can be kept above.

Dear older me,  
don't forget to fight.  
Your successes will inspire and  
establish a shining light.

Dear older me,  
don't forget yourself.  
Never change who you are  
so you can be your greatest self.

Dear older me ...  
don't forget yourself.  
Never change who you are  
so you can be your greatest self.

Dear older me ...

–Anthony Sabatino '17

SCORE

**THE 45 SECOND QUICKSTEP**

RICHARD BECKER

PREP. 255

2

Richard Becker



**Soaring Audacity (Pencil)**  
–Benjamin Sinense '17

# The Prophet Hosea

I'm the prophet *Hosea*  
God inspired me with his *idea*

I'm from the Northern *Kingdom*  
Professing to be *fearsome*

We're here in *Israel*  
Where they're focused on *material*

I named my daughter *Lo-Amni*  
My wife committed adult *'ry*

The tribe of *Ephraim (Yeah)*  
They brought themselves to *shame*

I said they would be *destroyed*  
'Cause then they'd be in the *void*

But they did not *repent*  
It made God *discontent*

That calf in Samaria won't be around too *long*  
'Cause God is gonna make sure it's *gone*

He'll shatter it to *pieces*  
And Israel will never be at *peace-s*

O' Israel,  
You won't be *fed,*

You'll be *dead*  
"The days of punishment are coming!" I *said*

'Cause you will burn *Israel!'*  
And then there'll be a big *burial*

*God is holy!*  
*God is trust!*  
*God is loving and gracious!*

**The Prophet Hosea (Rap)**  
–Peter Selfors '20 & Aiden Blaha '20

# Credits

**Editors-in-Chief:**  
**Peter Selfors & Alec Redfern**

**Art Editors:**  
**Alec Redfern**  
**Peter Selfors**  
**Ian Reynolds**  
**Jackson Gregory**

**Cover Design:**  
**Anirudh Venkateshwaran**  
**Ian Reynolds**  
**Peter Selfors**

**Head E-mailer:**  
**Jackson Gregory**

**Proof Readers:**  
**Gavin Paap**  
**Jacob Printz**  
**Matt McBride**  
**Souleymane Drame**

**Assistant to the Head E-mailer:**  
**Ian Reynolds**

**Cover Art: Soaring Audacity (Pencil)**  
**–Benjamin Sinense '17**

**Calligraphy (Ink)**  
**–Ben Kozina '18**

**Contents Page Art:**  
**Yosemite attempt #12 (Graphite)**  
**–Peter Hayssen '19**

**Moderator:**  
**Ms. Ginny Schauble**



**Tranquil Waters (Photography)**  
**–Matt McBride '18**

***Signatures Squad:***

**Alec Redfern, Anirudh Venkateshwaran, Gavin Paap,  
Jeremiah Bady, Ian Reynolds, Jackson Gregory, Peter Selfors**

**Production Consultant:**

**Mr. Gary Skinner**

**APLUS Graphic Resources**

**[gskinner.aplus@gmail.com](mailto:gskinner.aplus@gmail.com)**

**Special Thanks to all of the Artists,  
Poets, Writers, Photographers,  
Composers. We could not do what  
we do without you!**



**Innocence (Painting)  
-Gavin Hock '17**



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