

The Fire Review

Holy Family Catholic High School

2024-2025



The Fire Review

Holy Family Catholic High School Literary and Fine Arts Magazine
2024-2025

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Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

I am excited to showcase the diverse talents of the students at Holy Family Catholic High School in this year's first publication of *The Fire Review*. This literary and fine arts magazine includes impressive and skillful pieces of several artists and writers. You will experience intriguing and dramatic fiction and non-fiction essays and short stories as well as illuminating and beautiful paintings, pottery, and photography. We are grateful to everyone who submitted and shared their work with *The Fire Review*.

Thank you to Ms. Keyho and Dr. Houck for your guidance and recommendations as faculty advisors, and to the staff and editors for your hard work, dedication, and thoughtful ideas with assisting in the launch of this first publication.

We are proud of the incredible creativity of the literary and fine arts displayed by the writers and artists in this 2024-2025 edition of *The Fire Review*.

Sincerely,

Rachel Betts, Editor-in-Chief
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The Power of Speech

By Ella Conti

Jim Valvano's "Don't Give Up...Don't Ever Give Up" speech at the 1993 ESPY Awards will continue to inspire people for years to come. As background, he was diagnosed with terminal cancer; he realized he did not have a lot of time left, so he used this speech as a platform to educate people on the importance of life. Although the speech appears disorganized and purely emotional, when broken down, this serves as a great example of effective speech structure.

Valvano uses his three body points as a way to tell a story, starting with his past and finishing with his goals for the future. Throughout the speech, he discusses how he may not be able to see the results of his efforts, but he will continue to impact and inspire others to do the same. His points of discussion are enough to move anyone, but it is the way that he brings passion to the dialogue that sets this speech apart from both its predecessors and its posterity. Valvano achieves his goal of making the audience care, not only about his foundation, but about how they could make a difference, through his credible nature, use of the appeals, and the message of his speech.

Throughout his speech, Valvano establishes his credibility in many ways. He discusses his cancer with brevity, not dwelling on the condition but rather using it as a starting point to share about his life and experiences in the world. Valvano recounts the story of his first pep-talk in his coaching career. The rally serves as a moment of embarrassment for Valvano, however, he uses this story as a way to relate to the audience. They see someone who is not only extraordinary in their field, but also down to earth. The audience trusts and feels more connected to him, so in turn, they care more about what he has to say. Another way that Valvano establishes credibility is through his use of facts. This helps paint a picture in the audience's mind. "[T]he amount of money pouring in for AIDS is not enough, but it is significant. But if I told you it's 10

times the amount that goes in for cancer research, I also tell you that 500,000 people will die this year of cancer. And I'll also tell you that one in every four will be afflicted with this disease" (Valvano). The statistics emphasize the importance of his goals. Valvano knows that many of them think, "But it will never happen to me," he deliberately uses the facts to show that cancer can affect everyone. The form of the statement "one in four" personalizes the statistic for the audience. Had he said there are 1.9 million cases of cancer reported yearly, while this is still true, it would not have had the same impact.

Valvano uses this speech as a way to announce and promote his foundation, the *Jimmy V Foundation* for cancer research. "We need your help. I need your help. We need money for research. It may not save my life, it may save my children's lives. It may save someone you love. And it's important" (Valvano). This uses the motive of appeal, self-preservation, he explains how donating to this foundation could potentially save someone they love, or the audience member themselves. Later, he talks about how he knows he does not have much time left and how cancer is truly a life or death matter. This could affect the audience in many different ways, but one thing stays constant, funding for cancer research is incredibly important. The motive appeal of reverence is also used throughout the speech. While the speech had a great impact on the people in the room with him, it was also widely televised. This meant that many people sitting in their living rooms were also influenced to donate to the *Jimmy V Foundation*. A part of this influence was reverence, as Jim Valvano was a very famous figure in sports and coaching at the time. Him encouraging people to give their money was more effective than having someone who people did not know. Valvano used both his personal connection to the matter and his platform as a way to promote a charitable cause.

Another element Valvano does impeccably is conveying the message of the speech, even in his first few lines. Valvano states, “Time is very precious to me. I don’t know how much I have left and I have some things that I would like to say.” The overall message of the speech helps to bring a lighter tone to what can be a scary topic. He urges the audience to enjoy the time that they have and to live with enthusiasm. This idea is reiterated many times throughout the speech, while plenty of different topics were discussed, there was an overarching theme of time. Time was displayed in the structuring of the speech, which followed a chronological pattern, as well as when Valvano made remarks about how he had gone over the time limit of the speech. To finish out the address, Valvano uses the message of time in a different way, “Cancer can take away all my physical abilities. It cannot touch my mind. It cannot touch my heart. And it cannot touch my soul. And those three things are going to carry on forever” (Valvano). Rather than discussing how one must enjoy the time they are given in the last moments of the speech, he chooses to explain how he will not let cancer take away what is most valuable to him: his mind, his heart, and his soul. The word choice of forever is important here, though he knows he does not have much time left, he chooses to believe that those things will carry on despite him.

In summary, Jim Valvano was able to deliver a successful and inspirational speech using his credibility, motive appeals, and the importance of his overall message. Valvano used facts, statistics, and his own experience to give his speech integrity, this allowed for the audience to be able to trust and support him, which was important when it came to announcing the *Jimmy V Foundation*. He used the motive appeals, self-preservation and reverence, as a way to drive forward his goal of funding cancer research. Further, he made it easy for the audience to understand where their money was going and how it could possibly help someone they love in

the future. Lastly, Valvano's message of time is precious, helps to motivate and inspire the audience to do good, act now, and seek out people and things that will help them live more meaningfully every day.

Mask

By Campbell Koch



An Unfortunate Evening

By Meg Hamilton

It is a Thursday afternoon, and Cass Hardor finally has a break from her demanding schedule to go grocery shopping. She looks at her list, commits it to memory, and walks into the store as if on a mission. Knowing the exact locations of everything she needs, she quickly collects all the items and is about to go to the checkout aisle when she hears her name.

“Hey, Cass!” She turns around to see her friend Elizabeth. Cass smiles.

“Hi Liza, how are you?” Cass asks.

“Great! Finally found some time in your schedule?” She jokes. *Not a joke to me*, Cass thinks.

“A little bit,” Cass jokes back.

“Well, anyway,” Elizabeth clears her throat. “I’ve been wanting to start a book club, and I was wondering if you would be interested in joining. We’ll have our first meeting on Saturday evening. I’ve already invited three other people who can’t do it, but I might ask more. They better respond, or this ‘book club’ won’t be much fun.”

Cass laughs and runs through her mental schedule. “Sounds great! I should be able to come; I’ll let you know if anything changes.”

“Awesome! See you then!” Cass and Elizabeth part ways. Cass quickly buys her groceries and gets in her car. As soon as she turns on the engine, her boss calls. She answers.

“Good afternoon, sir. It is safe to proceed, I am in my car.” Cass pulls out of the parking lot.

“Good afternoon, Agent Hardor. A mission has come up on Saturday evening— Can you take it?” asks the boss.

“I’ve just agreed to plans, but I can cancel,” Cass responds begrudgingly.

“No worries, enjoy your evening. Another agent will do just fine. That is all.”

“Thank you, sir.” The boss hangs up.

...

Kalin Corvan stands in his empty living room, looking into his empty kitchen, and out to his empty deck, a book dangling from his hand. Of course, this house is just a cover, so furnishing it is unnecessary. But part of him still wishes that he could have a decent couch to sit on. Maybe he’ll go out later and see if that one sitting on the street corner is still there.

The doorbell rings. Kalin carefully treads to the door and opens it. A woman who looks to be about her mid-twenties, his age, stands there holding a plate of cookies. The expensive watch on her wrist glints in the sunlight.

“Hello!” The lady chirps, her smile a cheery match to the bright blue sky outside. “My name is Elizabeth, and I live across the street in the yellow house. I saw you just moved in, and

thought I'd come say hello! Here are some cookies. I hope you're enjoying the area so far?" Kalin forces a smile, turning on a neighborly guise. This could be an opportunity.

"Nice to meet you, Elizabeth. Thank you so much! Yes, it is quite nice here. My name is Carlos," he lies, sticking to his cover. Kalin takes the cookies, resisting the urge to slip the watch off her wrist while he's at it.

"Nice to meet you, too, Carlos. If you need anything, come knocking at my door anytime." She pauses, eyeing his book. "Oh! Are you reading the *Red Roses* books?"

Kalin remembers it, still in his hand. "Oh, yeah, I started the series last month and can't put it down. Have you read it?" That is no lie.

"Yes, it's one of my favorites!" Elizabeth says excitedly. "Say, I'm starting up a book club and need more members. Do you want to join? We're meeting on Saturday evening at my house."

"That sounds fun, thank you! I'll be there." That certainly is not Kalin's idea of fun, but it's all for opportunities.

"Great, have a good afternoon!" Kalin nods goodbye and shuts the door, immediately dumping the cookies into the trash can. *Don't trust anyone*, He thinks. A criminal has no place being welcomed by neighbors.

...

Cass stands on the porch of Liza's small yellow house and rings the doorbell. The agent smiles when she sees her friend come to the door; it's been a while since Cass has had time to do things like this.

"Hey, Cass, come on in!" Liza greets her. "Only one other book club member could make it tonight—the other two wanted to join but were busy." Cass nods. She doesn't mind, as she prefers small groups anyway.

Liza leads her friend through the foyer, around the staircase, and into the kitchen. A man with light brown skin and black hair sits at the kitchen island, munching on a piece of cheese from the charcuterie board.

Liza moves to introduce her guests. "Cass, this is Carlos. He just moved in across the street. Carlos—" But Cass doesn't hear the rest of Liza's introduction, as she suddenly feels as though she has been punched in the gut. *That's not Carlos*, is all she can think, realizing too late that her face must have betrayed some surprise.

Cass Hardor is not a person who can be surprised easily, but this moment is an exception. When one sees her arch nemesis sitting in her best friend's house, one cannot help but be a bit shocked. And this is not the point-guard-on-the-rival-basketball-team-in-high-school kind of arch nemesis, but rather, the kind in which one realizes that gut-punched feeling is a remnant of a couple of days ago when said arch-nemesis *did* punch one in the gut.

When I stopped him from breaking into that research facility, Cass realizes. *But not Carlos*. Kalin Corvan.

Cass quickly wipes the surprise off her face and tries not to scowl when she notices how Kalin barely shows any emotion, except for a brief flash of recognition across his eyes.

“Is everything ok, Cass?” Liza asks, noticing her friend’s strange expression.

“Yes, sorry, it’s nice to meet you, Carlos.” Cass has no choice but to play along; what was supposed to be a fun night might be a mission after all. Cass sits down on the stool next to Kalin. Her senses heighten, her whole body on high alert.

“Can I get you two anything to drink? I’ve got water, beer, wine, sparkling water...” Liza asks.

“I’d love a sparkling water, thank you,” Cass responds.

“Just water for me, please,” Kalin says. Cass’s skin crawls, knowing her enemy’s cheerfulness couldn’t be further from his true identity.

Liza leaves through the mud room to get drinks from the garage. Cass can’t stay silent.

“Since when did you move into the area and befriend an innocent towns person who happens to be one of my best friends?” She whispers pointedly, throwing daggers with her glare.

Kalin leans back in his chair, smirking. “Wouldn’t you like to know? If it makes you feel any better, I don’t plan to stay friends for long. You know as well as I do the importance of assets.”

Cass doesn’t have time to respond as Liza returns to the kitchen.

“Oh, interesting!” Instead, Cass pretends that she and her enemy are *normal* people having a *normal* conversation. “Do you like this area so far?”

Liza slides the two their drinks and sits down next to Cass.

“Yes, it’s quite nice,” Kalin replies, reaching for another piece of cheese from the charcuterie board. As the sleeve of his blazer slides up, Cass notices the watch he’s wearing– the same one from their last encounter.

As the three continue to chat, Cass tries to scrape any information out of what Kalin says. She curses herself for getting into a situation like this, but she might as well make the most of it. Finally, Liza puts a book on the countertop.

“*Agent Cove*,” Kalin reads, a smile playing on his lips.

“Yes, have you guys read it before? It sounds really interesting, and I’ve heard good reviews. Supposed to be a thriller and a great mystery.”

“Oo, no, I haven’t. Sounds great!” Cass smiles, too, but not because she’s excited to read it. Not long ago, a coworker at the Agency complained to her about this very book because of its blatant misrepresentation of the spy business. No doubt Kalin has heard similar reviews.

“Yeah, that sounds good, I’ll pick up a copy soon!” he says.

“I’ve actually already gotten copies for you guys, but it looks like I’ve left them upstairs. I’ll be right back.” Liza exits the kitchen and ascends the stairs. That is when Cass realizes that Kalin’s watch is no longer on his wrist.

“Hand over the watch,” Cass whispers sharply as soon as Liza is out of earshot.

Kalin’s expression melts into that of the evil criminal whom he truly is. “Don’t play with me, Hardor. You’re going to have to work harder than that.”

Cass scans him, planning her first move. She can’t let him get away with the watch– not with what it contains. She realizes her movements will be severely restricted by the kitchen stool.

In one swift movement, Cass slides off the stool, grabs the back of Kalin's blazer, and reaches inside, searching for a secret pocket. Cass feels the watch, but isn't able to grab it before Kalin blocks her.

"How do you know that what you are looking for is in the watch at all?" Kalin asks tauntingly, gripping the edge of his blazer and turning away from Cass.

Cass takes another shot at his pocket, but Kalin grabs her wrist before she can. "Stop bluffing. I know that the flash drive holds permanent residence in your watch. It's too dangerous to keep anywhere else." She breaks out of Kalin's grasp and moves into a defensive position.

Liza re-enters the kitchen. Sensing her presence, the two rivals drop their fighting stances and adopt a more casual pose.

"Is everything alright?" Liza asks, confused at her friends' positions.

"Of course." Cass picks up a baguette slice and a piece of cheese. "Carlos was just, um, telling me about this cheese here. It's very delicious."

"Yes," Kalin agrees, back in his neighborly persona. "As a fine cheese connoisseur, I must take every opportunity to discuss cheese." *He lies so easily*, Cass thinks. She has never been good at lying on the spot.

"Ok, well, here are your books. How much do you think we should read before the next meeting?" Liza sits back down and slides the books across the table, tension still in the air. Cass flips through the beginning, but that's not where her mind is. She has to find a way to get that watch.

"How about three chapters?" Cass suggests. Kalin and Liza agree. "Oh, Liza, do you have a pencil I can use to write that down?" Cass needs neither a pencil nor aid in remembering that small bit of information, but she does need Liza to turn her back.

"Sure," Liza says as she crosses the kitchen to the junk drawer.

In one swift and quiet movement, Cass slides her hand under the table, reaches inside Kalin's blazer, and manages to snatch the watch out of his pocket. She tucks it into her jean jacket right as Liza turns back around. *Too easy*, Cass thinks. *He must have moved it*.

Cass takes the pencil, and the three acquaintances continue to chat. Despite their laughing and good-natured conversation, the tension between her and Kalin is palpable. Liza can sense it, too.

"Excuse me," Cass says after a moment. She slides back her chair and pads down the hall to the bathroom. As soon as the door closes behind her, she removes the watch from her pocket. Her fingers run over every seam, every band link until she finds a latch that triggers the watch face to pop open. Nothing. As she suspected.

As she puts the watch back in her pocket, Cass hears footsteps and the front door swinging closed outside the bathroom. She has made a costly error. Quickly, for good measure, Cass flushes the toilet and washes her hands. Returning to the kitchen, she curses herself when her suspicions are confirmed.

"Where's K- Carlos?" Cass asks Liza too quickly. The villain is nowhere to be seen.

“He, um, said he had to go. Hey, is everything all right between the two of you? Do you know him?”

Cass can’t believe this. That her civilian friend had to be stuck in the crossfire of two non-civilian guests, that she let Kalin get away, and that she has done such a poor job covering up the situation. There is no way Cass will let Kalin just *leave*, still holding the power to shut down an entire research facility with one USB.

“Oh! No, we’ve never met,” Cass lies. She looks right at Liza. She won’t let her nemesis use her friend for any ‘opportunities.’ “But, Liza, sometimes I just get a, uh, feeling that people aren’t to be trusted. Be careful around Carlos.” A beat. “I best be off. It was wonderful to spend time with you.”

And with that, Agent Hardor leaves the house, gets into her car, and drives off.

Dragon Fruit

By Laney Hendrickson



For Him

Excerpt: Chapter 1

By Thea-Amor Lopez

As the sun shone through Luca's room with blinding lights, his eyes began to flutter with the familiar sense of light. His eyes popped open wide as his loud alarm rang continuously through his room. Normally Luca would just roll back in bed and fall back asleep until Papa dragged him out of bed but today was different...Today was his 10th birthday and all of his friends were coming to celebrate with him. Luca leaped out of bed in his blue matching pajamas then dashed towards the kitchen swiftly as the smell of French toast and syrup filled his nose with excitement. Mr. Moore stood there in what Luca called his dumb princess apron (It's just a salmon apron that says kiss the cook).

"Look who's awake! Happy Birthday, Kiddo!" Mr. Moore teased Luca as he ruffled his blonde locks. Luca jumped for joy tackling Mr. Moore to the ground who yelped as he hit the cold tiled floor. He wrapped his smaller frame around the larger more plump frame of his Papa as he giggled profusely. Mr. Moore glared at Luca, his brow furrowing into his face, Luca sheepishly grinned back muttering empty apologies trying to hold back his laughter. Pushing him off gently, Mr. Moore began to rise from the ground. He handed Luca a fresh plate of french toast which Luca delightfully accepted. Unfortunately before he could chow down on his magnificent meal Mr. Moore slid a piece of paper towards him. Tilting his head in a strange manner and dragging his fingers to take the slip into his hands. Crumpled, green and with text on it. Luca began to observe. He had never seen this before. His papa just gave him 100 bucks?

"100 dollars?" Luca grinned.

"You betcha, you decide though if you want to save it or just spend it all," Mr. Moore shrugged, going back to creating more french toast.

"So..." Luca begins.

"So?"

"How many of my friends are coming?"

Mr. Moore's face began to shift to an almost sad expression, he avoided eye contact with Luca trying to avoid the question overall.

"What?" Luca narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"Uhm...I don't think any of your friends are coming, Luca."

"WHAT?!" Luca sprung up from his seat so fast that french toast flew everywhere in a sticky mess.

"Their parents never responded. I'm sorry kid." Mr. Moore stared at his feet.

"Not even Axel?"

"No."

"Daisy?"

"No."

"Simon?"

"No, Kid--"

"Louis, Penny, Nia, Jacob, Lily, Joseph?"

"No, Luca--"

"Not even Chiyo?"

Mr. Moore Crossed his arms, raising his hairy brow.

"Chiyo is your babysitter Luca."

Luca's face shifted into a soft pout. "Seriously? Nobody is coming?"

Mr. Moore shook his head and suddenly it felt like Luca lost his appetite. He just picked and pushed the french toast in front of him around him with his fork. Mr. Moore approached Luca with a concerned expression, putting a sympathetic hand on his thin shoulder. He said nothing but the touch alone eased Luca enough to begin to eat. A shaky breath left Luca's mouth as he held back the tears that threatened to escape his eyes, he felt embarrassed and humiliated mostly. Laughter is all that he could imagine what would happen when he returned to school as he would gain the title of "The kid that nobody showed up for." It was childish to cry but how he wanted to so badly. Mr. Moore dusted some powdered sugar onto Luca's food trying to cheer him up.

"Thanks dad." Luca said and smiled subtly although his eyes betrayed him cruelly as they did not share the glint of light that he woke up with.

"I'm sure it wasn't on purpose, Kiddo. They probably just had plans." Mr. Moore tried to reassure him but it was no use. Luca's birthday has already been ruined in his eyes. He pouted and moped around all through breakfast.

After breakfast, Luca quietly slipped back into his room leaving his pile of birthday cards on the kitchen counter. He sat on his bed, staring at the floor, still clutching the crumpled \$100 bill. A knock on his door broke the silence.

"Luca, can I come in?" Mr. Moore's voice was soft and careful.

"Sure," Luca muttered, still not looking up.

Mr. Moore entered, holding a wrapped box with a bright yellow bow. He set it on Luca's bed and sat beside him.

"I know it's not the same, but I thought this might cheer you up." He nudged the box toward Luca.

Luca glanced at it, hesitant, before slowly unwrapping the paper. Inside was a sleek, colorful skateboard with yellow wheels and a big red crab plastered on the board itself. Luca's mouth dropped open in awe.

"Whoa... this is so cool!" His voice was laced with genuine excitement for the second time that morning.

Mr. Moore smiled. "I thought we could take it to the park later. You can try it out, and maybe we'll get some ice cream afterward?"

Luca did not hesitate to agree and began to shuffle out of his blue pajamas. He put on his favourite striped shirt and denim jacket paired with some casual shorts. Lastly he put on his shoes (without doing the laces of course) and grabbed the skateboard, holding it tightly like it was the most precious thing he owned. Mr. Moore chuckled, kneeling to tie Luca's undone laces before they could become a hazard.

"You're gonna trip and blame me if I don't do these," he teased, his tone warm and playful, a rare occurrence to Luca.

Luca rolled his eyes but grinned. "Maybe."

Mr. Moore put his hands on his hips and poked Luca in the forehead which made him squeal. "You're a brat."

They headed out into the crisp morning air, the sun shining brightly, as if it too was celebrating Luca's birthday. The park wasn't too far, and as they walked, Luca pointed out silly things like oddly shaped clouds and a squirrel that seemed far too bold, chattering at them from a low branch.

When they reached the park, Luca could hardly contain his excitement. He set the skateboard down and stepped on it, wobbly at first but eager to figure it out.

"Okay, okay," Mr. Moore said, standing nearby like a nervous helicopter parent. "Start slow, and keep your balance."

"I got this, Papa!" Luca called over his shoulder, his confidence outweighing his inexperience. He gave the board a small push, and though his first attempt wasn't perfect, it was enough to keep him moving for a few feet before stepping off.

"Did you see that?!" Luca beamed, his face glowing with pride and sunburns. "Sure did. Make sure you don't fall," Mr. Moore said while clapping his hands.

They spent the morning practicing, with Mr. Moore giving tips here and there and occasionally chasing after Luca when the skateboard rolled too far. Once Luca got bored of it, Mr. Moore treated them to ice cream from a small stand nearby. Sitting on a park bench, Luca licked his cookie dough cone, his legs swinging happily. "This was the best birthday present ever," he said between bites, his earlier sadness seemingly forgotten. Mr. Moore smiled softly, leaning back on the bench. "You deserve it, kiddo. Happy birthday."

Secretly Mr Moore's head hung low and guilt ate at him slowly. He had lied to Luca about his friends not coming, in actuality he had not invited them at all. Parties were expensive and planning to feed 8 kids was even more stressful on a single father. Mr. Moore had been struggling financially for a long time but didn't have the heart to tell his dear little boy that he couldn't have a party because his papa had failed to make the month's quota. So instead he scraped together some of his life savings to afford a nice gift for Luca who's smile shone a bright light in Mr. Moore's life. He would work himself to death knowing that his son had even the sliver of a chance of having a better life. But for a moment, Luca leaned into his papa's side, holding his ice cream cone with one hand and the skateboard with the other. Mr. Moore ruffled Luca's hair, his chest tightening with both joy and relief. Maybe, just maybe, they were going to be okay.

Soon after that they returned home and as the beat up yellow bug pulled into the driveway Luca seemed to be fast asleep. Snoring and all. Mr Moore looked over at his sleepy son and gave a subtle smile, picking him up gently supporting his back being careful not to wake him. Mr. Moore had put Luca in his crab themed bed then turned on the small night light that filled the room with stars projecting all over the blue walls. A soft kiss was planted on Luca's forehead and he exited the room. Downstairs Mr Moore poured himself a glass of whiskey and downed the shot in an instant. One shot turned to 2 and he went spiraling from there on. Mr Moore laid on the couch after some time drowning in his alcohol and his thoughts. He felt his thoughts and worries slip away as the whiskey seeped into his skin.

Open Hands

By Emily Fenger



Truth

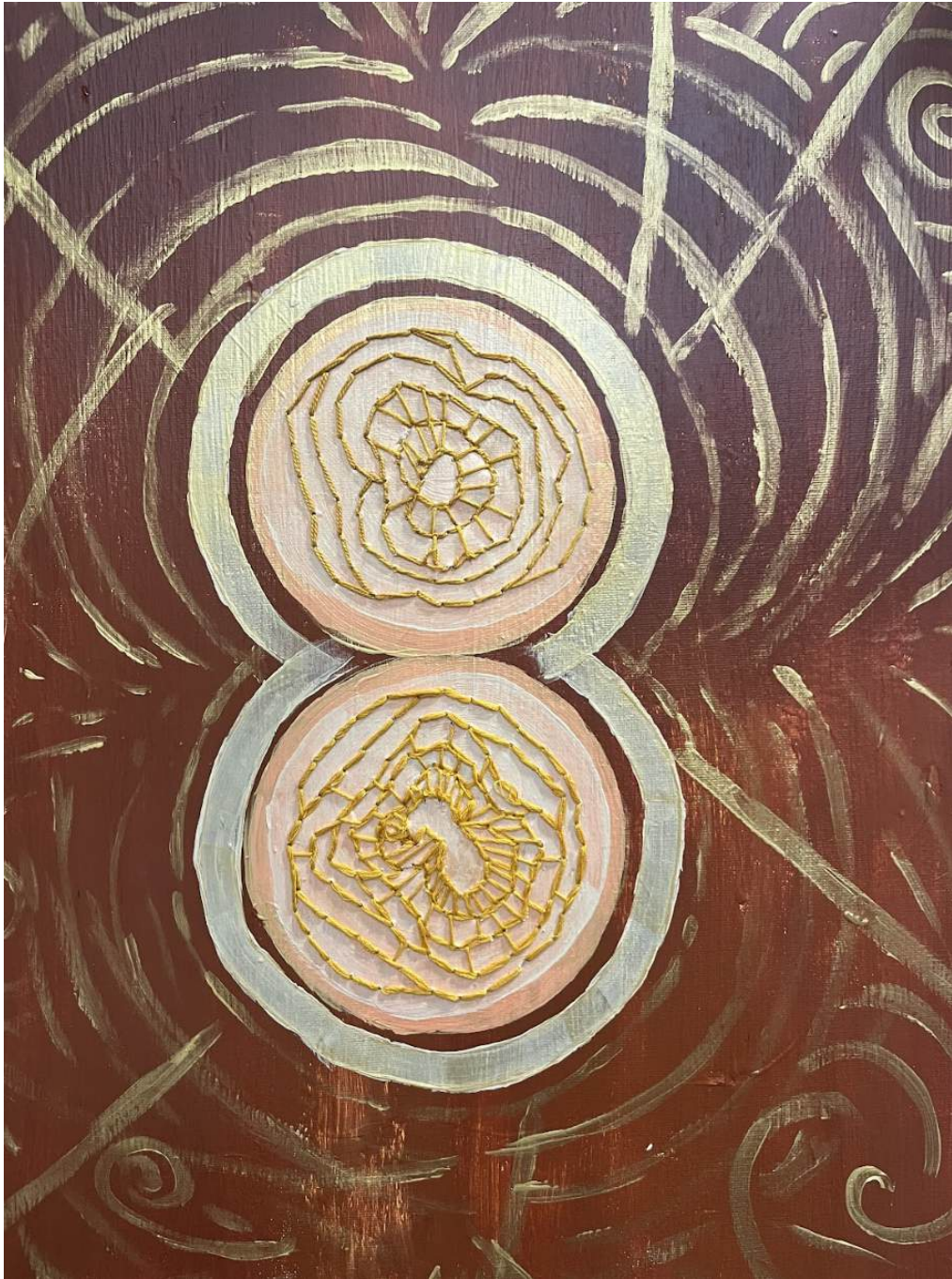
By Jack Betts

Can the search for the truth ever go too far? Or are painful truths sometimes necessary? These are the questions that Sophocles' play, *Oedipus Rex*, raises for its audience. In the play, King Oedipus ventures on a search to find the murderer of King Laos, his predecessor, only to figure out that he's in fact the murderer and that King Laos was his father. Through Oedipus' realization that he has inadvertently cursed the city of Thebes by marrying his mother and killing his father, Sophocles teaches his audience that the pursuit of truth might be painful, but that ultimately it is necessary for justice to be realized.

As Oedipus searches for the murderer of King Laos, there are clear warning signs that if he continues his search for truth, it will ultimately hurt him. As he questions people, such as a messenger, Creon, a shepherd, and his own wife, he unknowingly obtains more clues pointing to himself committing the crime. When Locaste summarizes a prophecy about the son of King Laos being destined to kill his father, something stands out to Oedipus about the murder. Oedipus says, "How strange a shadowy memory crossed my mind, just now while you were speaking, it chilled my heart." The "chill" that Oedipus feels demonstrates that deep down he knows he is connected somehow to these events but he doesn't fully realize this yet. The prophecy stands out to him because it seems to trigger a memory that Oedipus recognizes. This is one of the many clues that point to Oedipus himself being the criminal. As the audience, along with Oedipus, begins to realize that he is the criminal that he's searching for, it conveys the idea that Oedipus will experience the truth as something deeply painful.

Unfortunately, Oedipus is unable to prepare himself for this painful realization because his arrogance causes him to overlook the fact that he might actually be the person who is guilty. Truth is the real answer.

Never-ending
By Greta Tupa Clark



Whatever Keeps You Alive

By Abby Paweleck



The Arthurian Legend

By Rachel Betts

The Arthurian legend has changed dramatically resulting in new cultural and political values from one period to the next with different societies and changing eras. These developments not only affected the way King Arthur is viewed but also the values in which the legend represents. His character is displayed differently based on what time period or society it is. We see first hand demonstration of the representation of King Arthur based on three stories, each one taking place in a different era. Nennius's "Anglo-Saxon histories," Mallory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," and Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" are all impressive pieces of literature that demonstrate how the Arthurian legend has progressed throughout the various eras with some similarities and differences in these three works of literature. The characterization of King Arthur and the morals surrounding his legend are significantly transformed over time as the societies and cultures evolved throughout the ages.

King Arthur is portrayed differently in each of the pieces of historical text about him. Since Nennius's Anglo-Saxon histories are written in the 9th century where he is portrayed as a strong and heroic military leader. It makes sense for him to be predominantly shown as a military leader when these histories were written in the Anglo-Saxon period. King Arthur was seen as a hero and unifying model for the British forces while they were facing attacks from the Anglo-Saxons. They needed a brave warrior to fight for them. King Arthur single-handedly defeated 960 men and he even carried the image of the Virgin Mary on his shoulders to drive back the wicked pagans. This is why King Arthur is shown mainly as a military leader who fearlessly led the Britons into battle against the Saxons in Nennius's "Anglo-Saxon histories." He focuses on protecting and fighting for the British.

Thomas Mallory's Le Morte d'Arthur takes place during the medieval period, 15th century, which shapes how King Arthur is portrayed. King Arthur is no longer shown as a military leader but more as a king who is invested with upholding the codes of chivalry and equality. He is also portrayed as a more religious individual. A quote depicting King Arthur

upholding chivalric values is when he says: "For it is said that the sword, Excalibur, was given to him by the Lady of the Lake, and by the means of that sword he was made king, and had of his people the sovereignty, which he governed with great equity and justice, and was ever a true knight." This relates to the medieval time period when Christianity and chivalry were very important. Mallory decides to not only show us King Arthur's strengths but he also reveals his biggest weaknesses. For example, while King Arthur does face fate with bravery, he is too benevolent and almost naive. We see his benevolence when he is unable to see and act upon the ongoing relationship between Lancelot and Queen Guinevere which leads to the fall of Camelot. King Arthur tries to be the ideal leader for Camelot, but his weaknesses drag him down.

In Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," King Arthur has a minimal role compared to the first two works, but he is still portrayed as a crucial and dominant character. Rather than being portrayed as a strong and determined leader, the characterization of King Arthur is portrayed as a symbol of romanticized past life. The Lady of Shalott took place in the 19th century, during the Victorian era. The world was changing quickly and becoming modernized. The characterization of King Arthur relates to the Victorian era because the Lady seeing King Arthur and Camelot makes her feel nostalgic for her old life instead of the modernized current one. King Arthur, portrayed as a Christian and moral leader, is viewed through Lady of Shalott's perspective as a symbol of her idealized life admiring his chivalric ways and high virtues and morals.

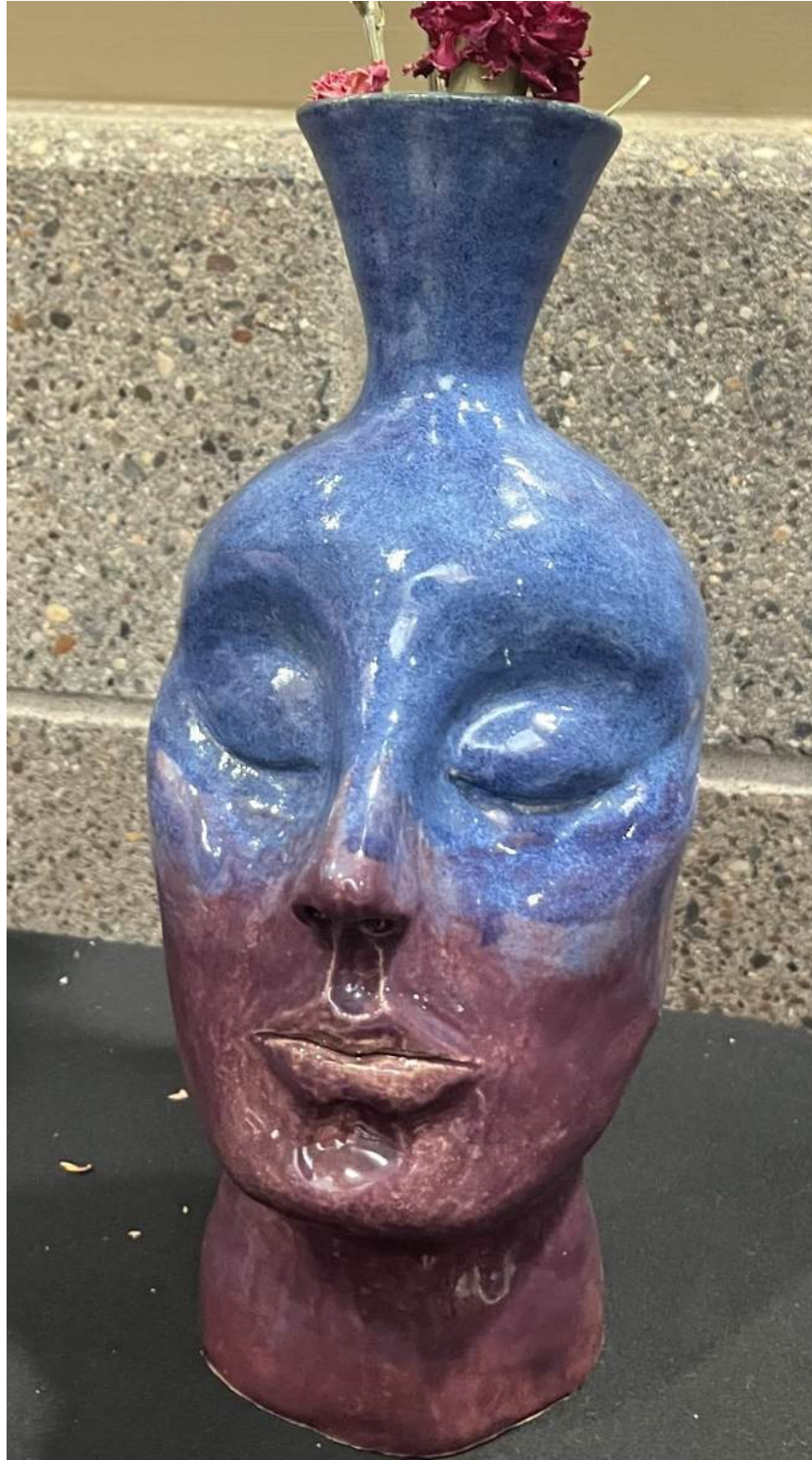
The characterization of King Arthur evolved throughout the different time periods and cultures as we experienced through the three works of literature. While King Arthur is respected by his peers and described as a brave authority in all three stories, his character progressed differently in each story because of the movement and change from one period to the next with changing cultures. In Nennius's "Anglo-Saxon histories," he is portrayed as a military leader who takes on the Anglo-Saxons invaders and leads many battles while in Mallory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," King Arthur is portrayed as a leader of the knights invested with following the code of chivalry. Finally, in Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," King Arthur's character is rooted in a new industrialized era and a symbol of lost memories and past times.

These three literary works demonstrate the transformation of the Arthurian legend by revealing the diverse cultures and time periods from the 9th to the 19th centuries.

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