

COMO PARK HIGH SCHOOL



Cougar Journal

2022-2023

Dear readers,

Welcome to the Cougar Journal, a safe place to celebrate all forms of creative expression! This collection of works submitted throughout the year showcases the many creative talents and accomplishments within Como Park High School. We use a non-competitive submission process because we believe every artist and writer should have the opportunity to be recognized and celebrated. We acknowledge the courage it takes to put oneself out there and share important work. Within these pages you will find a variety of creative art and literature pieces - some humorous, some more somber, and all that falls in between.

Thank you to everyone who worked hard to create this edition of the Cougar Journal. Enjoy!

Sincerely,
Cougar Journal Editorial Team

Alice Wagner-Hemstad
Greta Seppanen
Ellery Tennison

Table of Contents

Title Page.....	1
Forward.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Freddy Gray Artwork.....	4
My Name is Not for You to Judge.....	5
About Me Poem.....	6
Life's One Sick Joke.....	8-9
Wilson Finlay Artwork, Diego Guevara Artwork.....	10
Ladder of Success, Red, Lost at Sea.....	11
Chicago Skyline, Flowers in the Sky.....	12
Lily Bull Artwork.....	13
Mercy and the Dead.....	14-19
March, Cecilia Davis Photos.....	20
When Things go too Far.....	21-22
Emory Batt Artwork.....	22
Sunset Over the Garden, Streetlight Spotlight.....	23
The Lusion.....	24-25
Clay Art, Little Man, Big World.....	25
Sahara Hinton Artwork.....	26

Fading, Alice Wagner-Hemstad Photos.....	27
Me.....	28
Raymond Bridge, Charlie Power-Theisen Photos.....	29
Who I Am.....	30
The Legal Sandwich.....	31-36
Reflections, Gigi Becerra Photo.....	37
Lenny The Champion, Ginger.....	38
Reflections From a Pond, Rest In Peace.....	39
Ethan Watz Photos.....	40
Short Story.....	41-42
Jerry.....	42
Maddy Schilling Photos, Kai Sackreiter.....	43

Freddy Gray Artwork

Grade 11

"Life Long Connection"



"Left Behind"



FG
4/23/22

My Name is Not for You to Judge

Isis Davis

Grade 11

My name doesn't mean I'm always mean or a type of put down It means honesty, positivity, open mindedness, loyalty and love

My name is not bad

My name is unique

My name is not just a terrorist group

My name is Isis Davis

My name is not "Those Girls"

I am one young African American Individual

My name is short

I am a girl with honesty and big ideas

My name is not "bum"

I believe in positivity

My name is not for you to judge

I feel I should be treated equally

My name is not perfect

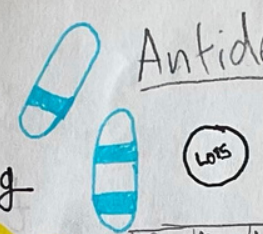
I'm allowed to make errors too

My name is not for you to judge

I was born on November 29th
 I hear that makes me a Sagittarius
 I am too young to know depression's sting
 I'm a sucker for passionate people



Antidepressants



LOTS

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri



I'm still learning to be myself
 I'm often afraid of the dark
 I often worry that I'm not Normal



I love **tea**. . . maybe too much
 I made it
 Fear & Delight
 Time & adventure
 Notion
 I know a place
 Perhaps Perhaps
 Perhaps can't take my eyes
 Rises off you
 the moon
 Sunflower
 wishful Thinking
 heart eyes
 Now
 Diamonds
 wherever
 I Go :)
 Truth Hurts
 Sky light
 miss you
 Towards the
 Reputation
 Sun
 I will wait
 Dream
 Girl
 Symphony
 Tongue
 Tied



Hair too long
 The wolf
 Tired wind
 Pain
 Fool
 The chain
 Bad

I've been told I'm not smart
 People say I'm **Unruly**
 People say I'm too **LOUD**
 Secretly I'm quiet, It's all a social armor.



I have this odd fascination with **History!**

I assume it's because I like ancient places
 maybe I like history
 cause I don't want to

Repeat it.

And to be honest I like the security

LIFE'S ONE SICK JOKE

Robin Engman-Phiri

Grade 9

My luck...

Cuffed to frame. A metal one, made for mental ones. Though, she wasn't mental. Maybe there were a few tainted screws in that explicit mind. But nothing too dark or harsh to end up in such a wretched place...or...maybe I didn't know her as well as I thought- as well as SHE thought, always claiming I knew her so well. Her, "Twin flame," when I was her soulmate. Love however is generally a one sided thing most if not all the time, so she's not to blame for my horrendous simp issues.

As I fight the chilly wind, such a foggy night practically blinds the shining lights of the bus stop. I try not to cry with each step. Frustration, Adrenaline, Anxiety, cursing through my body and soul. *THERE'S NO TURNING BACK,* *There is no turning...* *WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST DO?!* *WHAT AM I GONNA-* I freeze my frantic thoughts, as I finally reach the start of a new beginning, the end to a better story. Who knew this heated shelter could have such a sentimental wash of value, wondering as well what the bus will bring.

Within half an hour or so. I've bit my lips raw, counted every stripe and tile of the shelter. Picked and scratched every scab encountered. I'm practically crystal clean using more than half a bottle of hand sanitizer on my deathly hands. I can't help but giggle at the thought of what my dearest friend would say. Looking at me right now, he'd call me an OCD freak. Which I'll promise is more funny than derogatory. No time for all that though. What joy he brought me is all gone. All gone. With the blink of an eye. With the crash of some guy...Life is one sick joke. He always talked about being a crash medic.

One of the deadliest jobs out there, as for there's been a heavy rise of car crashes within this last decade. Too many to count in fact, they just developed a specific job for the sorts of wrecked cars and unidentifiable bodies. Hanging onto that thought, my savior arrives. Seeming to have a London theme, with the two floors. However, it is so obnoxious, it gives me anxiety. Luckily though, I've put on my big girl shoes. And have calculated...every scenario as my ticket is being processed...every scenario except a PACKED FUCKING BUS in the middle of NOWHERE. Jesus my LUCK, packed and deadly silent. I am way too aware of my surroundings for this to be happening to me right now. It's like that first week of school lunch. When you rapidly look around for familiar, or welcoming faces. In my case however, I'm practically ignoring prying eyes, having yet to even have found a spot for the journey ahead. God, if you're out there, please bless me with luck that the 2nd floor will at least have an open pole to hold onto if not a seat.

Because the first floor is not anywhere near promising, as even the bathroom is occupied. Also please tell me the bus driver's passive aggressive revs of the engine are not hints that she is now getting impatient with me. *I really can't take any rushing in my already plummeting plan.*

The speakers crackle & jiggle as I navigate to the stairs, "Ma'am. I'm gonna need you t-" "Sit down! Yup. I gotcha! I'll be sure to sit down in a minute." And If my luck has shown anything, it's proved that today was not my day. So the possibilities of my lack of coordination catching up to me are as good as none. Tripping up the steps, the contents of my carry on bag betrays me by sprawling everywhere. AS IF it was just waiting for me to reach an area resembling a stage, to put ALL the SPOTLIGHT on M- Wait a second...why is there a hooded figure leaning over me *THE GRIM REAPER?!?!*

But instead of a spear piercing me. A Luke warm hand, rather bipolar for my liking. Graces my shoulder. Looming over with a soft , concerned voice, "Oh my lord, are you okay?" "I'm fine." It sounded rather sarcastic though, so I couldn't help but shrug off the help. "If you say so, tumbleweed." It's almost as if I could hear their smirk. With some time of twang, or accent beneath.

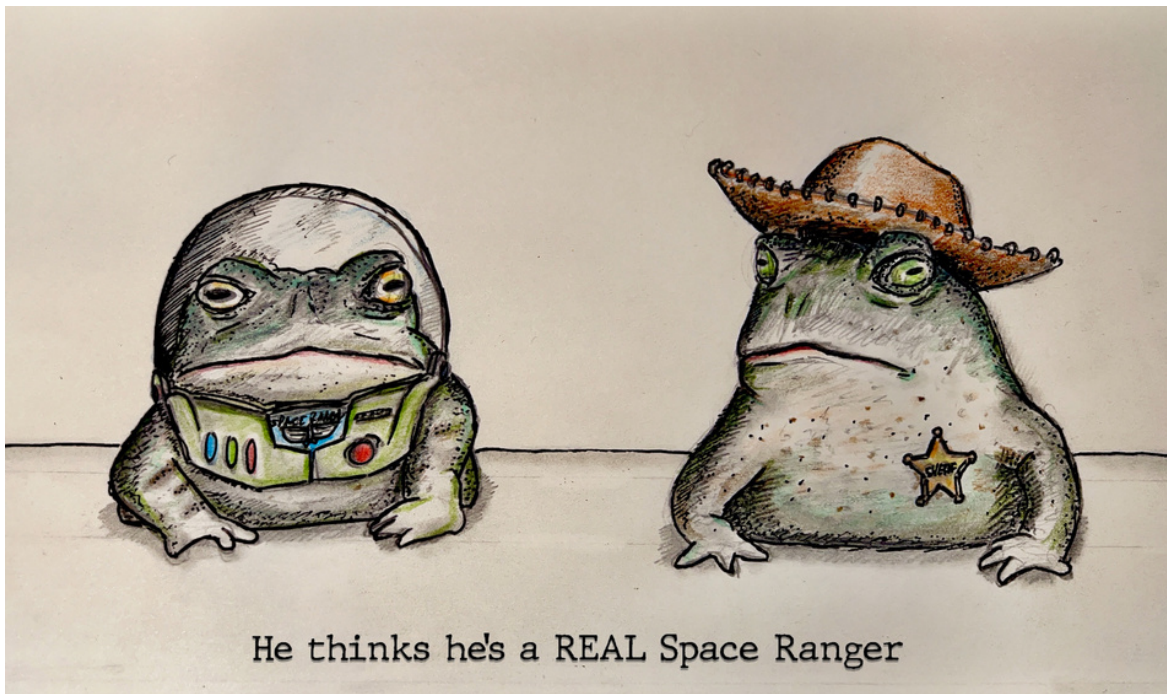
The smirking stranger, in my loss of confusion. Ignored my comment and ended up helping me pick up any stragglers of my clothes left. Including some lingerie- which I swear I didn't place in there. It was planted...for this absolute STRANGER to be SIZING HERSELF UP. As IF I'm not embarrassed enough. Coming to find out the stranger was actually a girl. "Okay! So now, I'm genuinely fine and would like you to go away now." "Sorry Tumbleweed...we have the same destination. I was just using the bathroom." Her hand guided the pathway upstairs. As well as trapped me, with only one way to go. And of course to another unpromising level...in which I had no faith in to begin with. So I don't even know why I'm disappointed. Well I take that back. I know why I'm disappointed. It's because of the last forty eight hours. My world came crashing down, and all hell arose. So I didn't just wake up one day and decide to run away from all that I knew.

It all started when my father died...



“Untitled”, Wilson Finlay

Grade 11



“Untitled”, Diego Guevara

Grade 12

Ladder of success

Haiku

Anonymous

Problems an old friend,

Como strives to rise above.

They slip once again

Red

Anonymous

Red is the color of love.

Red is the color of danger.

Red smells like smoke from a fire..

Red feels like joy, love, and happiness.

Red feels like sorrow, pain, and danger.

Red tastes like the warmth of a hot chewy cinnamon roll.

Red is the worried feeling when the fire drill goes off.

Red is associated with passion and power.

Lost at sea

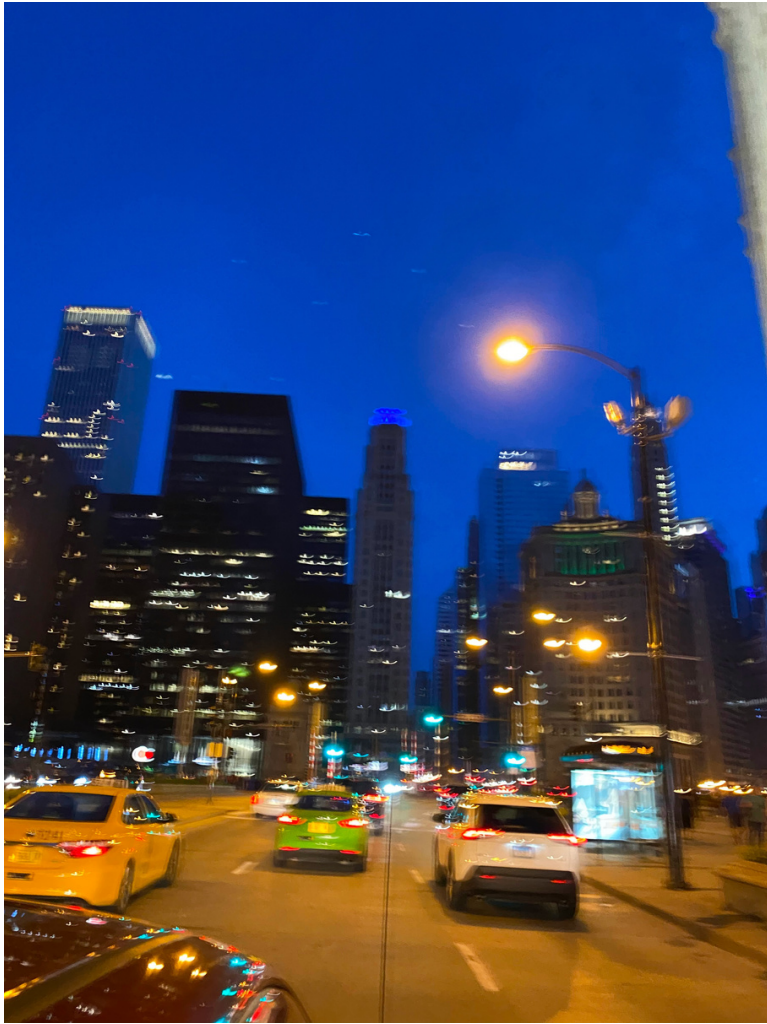
Haiku

Anonymous

Como park adrift

Lessons lost in seas of noise

Learning waits ashore



“Chicago Skyline”

Zhane Singer

Grade 12

“Flowers in the Sky” Julia

Pletch

Grade 11



Lily Bull Artwork

Grade 11



Mercy and The Dead

Elliot McNally

Grade 11

Novak walked through the thin layer of snow covering the desolate, cracked streets of Stalingrad, his boots crunching the icy ground with every step. He walked with a hunch as he tipped his head down towards the ground, holding his rifle under his armpit rather than in his hands, instead choosing to bury his hands deep into his overcoat, hoping for the dreaded numbing to cease soon. He had to avoid frostbite at all costs. He huffed along, the cold was brutal and his gear had become harder and harder to carry on his back with every month they were on campaign. It was no surprise that food supplies were short, and the once robust Dr. Novak, with a rather healthy build and carefully trimmed and groomed mustache had devolved into a wild, unkept beard. He had even begun to start seeing his ribs every time he pulled up on his overcoat.

With every couple of steps he tilted his head up to survey the silhouettes of bombed out buildings, apartments turned into mounds of steel and concrete. He tried to make out the addresses of the complexes, being assigned to a specific building to search, 204 Polyanka Street. He would scan the buildings, but it was too dark to make out any real signs, except for the occasional flash of orange light over the horizon from artillery guns booming in the distance. He couldn't tell if they were Soviet or German, and didn't really care, either way if they hit him, he'd be dead for sure.

He raised his head, wincing as the wind hit his cheeks and helmet went over his eyes, adjusting the strap of the helmet on his chin and out of his eyes, running his hand over an address on one of the buildings. He felt the number 203, he was going the right way, he was sure of it. As he grew closer to his designated building for a sweep, he reminded himself of what he was looking for. His Officer, whom he did not remember the name of and who's only real quality he remembered was that he was quite short, had briefed him thusly: "Remember, officers are taken as prisoners, rank in file shall be shot, take anything vital, and upon discovery of any Soviet encampments or defensive positions, you will assault and take them. For the Fatherland!"

A few minutes later after that speech, there was another, this time amongst his smaller squad of no more than ten men, his Sergeant speaking to them and framing their objective for this patrol differently.

"If you see an Officer, drag him out, don't waste your time or bullets on anyone or anything else, except if they have food. Oh yeah, avoid the bunkers like the plague, too. Just say you swept that building and move on if you see a machine gun nest. It's not worth the risk."

Ah, food! How was the mighty force that had conquered half of Europe with lightning speed beaten down to an agonizing crawl? Well, the fact that half the troops couldn't eat. Novak's first distinct memory of the front was eating a horse, his main takeaway being disturbingly that he didn't mind the taste of it. They were also low on everything else, like fuel and clothing. But troops can move without fuel, most of them still have legs. It wasn't as much a problem as it was in the beginning, anyways. Eventually winter clothes were sent over, mostly by the families of the troops, instead of mandated, army issue scarves and gloves, most were made from wool and yarn in hilariously bright and impractical shades of oranges and yellows. It was hard to blame the families, how could they have known they needed to take time considering what color the articles were? Their soldier was cold, and they used what they had to fix that problem. The only people Novak really gave any blame was High command.

High command, distinguished officers from academies in Bavaria and up near Berlin had assured the supply companies, "Surely they will fall by winter!" who then assured the non-commissioned officers, "Surely they will fall by winter. Here's enough supply until then.", and then the non-commissioned officers, commanders of squads from the everyday enlisted told the troops, "If we have a good couple of months and a bit of luck, they might fall by winter."

He eventually snapped out of his train of thought as he realized he may have passed his destination, hastily feeling the nearest building next to him and searching for a number. The address on the side of the door read 204. He took a deep breath, grabbing his rifle from under

his arm and trying to focus on his surroundings, putting his hand on the doorknob and twisting slowly. The door let out a dreadfully loud creaking noise as it swung open, Novak holding his breath and feeling a lump in his throat form. He had to think quickly, if anyone was in there they had definitely heard the door, trying to get the drop on who was inside now would be pointless. The only other option was to rush inside and hope he wasn't shot to pieces by the man or men inside. His legs went soft, his hands shaking exhaled and ran into the building, turning into the next room, in a blind panic putting the rifle to his shoulder, yelling the only Russian word he had ever bothered to learn.

"Surrender! Surrender! Surrender!"

He rounded the corner, Novak not being able to make out a single thing in front of him besides an eerie darkness, he could barely tell that his eyes were even open as he might as well had been keeping his eyes shut. He lifted a hand from the body of his rifle, still keeping it firmly pressed into his shoulder as he dug into a pocket of his jacket, trying to keep his breathing steady and fighting the urge rising in his chest to drop everything and run. His mind was filling

in the gaps the darkness provided, a Russian waiting for him in the darkness, two, maybe three? He especially feared the NKVD soldiers, the proud soldiers who were often more idealistic. He had heard the stories of slow massacres of entire regiments worth of men, the perpetrators seeming to do it for no other reason but some deep and sadistic hatred, or at least that's what he was told.

His shaking hands finally found what he was looking for deep inside his coat, a small flashlight. He immediately pointed out in front of him and clicked the switch on. The room flashed alive in a wave of dim yellow light, sweeping the room from left to right. In the light he could see

broken glass and bits of gravel and concrete on the floor, some bullet shell casings shining back from the floor. The room was littered with desks with a black chalkboard on the back end, with patterns of numbers and remnants of arithmetic in white chalk. As the flashlight drifted across the chalkboard he passed a half torn portrait of Stalin behind what seemed to be the teacher's desk with a thick, hardcover brown book.

He took a double take of the room, there was no sign of the enemy he could make out. His strong sense of danger and anxiety was replaced by curiosity, heading over to the desk, pointing his rifle to the floor. He opened the book, a puff of dust hitting his face making him cough and back away. Then, the book fell off the table, a bang from under the desk causing the book to fall onto the floor with a thud. Novak felt his stomach drop, springing his rifle to his shoulder and shining his light underneath the desk, both of his hands shaking as he tried to keep the light steady.

He saw it, a Russian. However, instead of a proud NKVD trooper in dress uniform, or a Shock Trooper in a thick metal vest pointing a gun with enough speed to turn him into a puddle on the floor, he was met with a boy who was barely old enough to be considered an adult, in the fetal position covering the left side of his face, his visible, deep green eye staring widely back at Novak. He shone the light over the man's face, which darted from the flashlight to the barrel of the gun, who shut his eye tight. The dead silent room was filled with quiet sobs, echoing off the walls of the classroom, the cries ringing into Novak's chest. He felt his finger move off of the trigger of the gun, and almost on instinct he dropped the rifle onto the cracked wooden floor, the boy under the desk flinching at the thud.

He scanned the man some more, moving down his body with the light. Deep crimson stains of dried blood dotted the left side of his face and stained his hand, the stream moving down his cheek, to his chin and dripping onto the torso of the boy's dress uniform, dotting the khaki shirt with red blotches. He was rather skinny, even more skeletal looking than Novak, with a lanky body and long face, short brown hair and freckles. His other hand was holding what seemed to be a cross, clutching it to his chest. Novak leaned in closer, the boy jolting back and yelling, begging to Novak.

"Please- I don't want to die, sir... it's too early, I-I can't see god yet!"

He paused, he recognized that language, he could understand what he was saying perfectly. This Russian was speaking Czech. He paused, his gaze softening, putting his hands out and kicking the gun further away, kneeling down.

"Slovak."

He pointed to himself, speaking not in German, but his mother tongue, the boy's wide eyed

look of terror shifting into one of hope and immediately chattering, talking so fast his voice sounded like the machine guns Novak was so terrified of.

"Slovak?! Oh thank you- thank you sir- I was so afraid! You can help, yes?! You can help stop the bleeding, or help me decide how I will explain this to god- y-you do believe in him, yes?" "I'm not the right person to discuss theology with, move your hand." He commanded, quieting the Czech's talking and moved his hand to the boy's forearm covering his eye, pulling the

boy's hand that slowly peeled off the dried blood. Novak shined his flashlight onto the blood soaked area. The left eye had clearly been hit, the crimson hunk of flesh hanging from the socket looked more like a red, deflated balloon than an eyeball. His eyebrows peaked into a look of worry, not because the injury was deadly, it really wasn't so bad, he was wondering

how he would break the news.

"So, how bad? Am I going to make it?" The boy croaked out, staring at Novak as he sniffled, wiping his tears from his other eye.

Novak paused, "What is your name, son?"

"Mikhail."

"Well, Mikhail, good news is you'll make it. Would you like the bad news?"

"I don't see why not, I'll still be alive, right?" Mikhail smiled widely, a look of clear relief washing over his previous terrified expression which caused Novak to pause. He took a deep breath, and broke the news.

"Bad news is you may have lost an eye."

Mikhail paused for a moment, seemingly deep in thought, like he was crafting some plan for what to say. After a moment of pondering, he spoke, "Well, I suppose I can still be in theater with one eye."

"You can only play pirates from now on, but sure." Novak replied and nodded in agreement, sharing the feeling of relief. He dug into a pouch on the side of his chest rig. Ideally, every

soldier carried some emergency medical supplies, but when half of the men don't have boots

or hats, it would be lunacy to assume every man has gauze.

"Novak? Novak! What have you got in there?!" There was a man shouting outside the door, Novak's heart dropping into his stomach, looking over at Mikhail. He stared back at him like a deer in headlights, mumbling more to himself than Novak, "Who? Who, Slovak? A friend of yours?"

"Quiet you, quiet-!" He hissed at Mikhail, standing up carefully and grabbing his rifle, looking back, speaking in a quiet yet authoritative tone, almost barking orders at him.

"Play dead, if you move you'll be killed, do you understand!?"

"Okay, okay! Be the dead body- be the dead body- got it. You go do your part, I got it-" Novak looked back to the boy, who was adjusting himself under the seat, shutting his eyes and flopping against the desk to appear more limp and lifeless, Novak turning slowly to

the front door.

"Novak?! Private Novak, are you alive in there?!" Another call from outside in the same familiar, thunderous voice from before. He swallowed down the lump in his throat and opened the front door. Outside were two familiar men, one of them pushing past him. The man who pushed past had on a dirty officers cap, and was rather short in stature with a handlebar mustache and drab gray overcoat with shiny buttons, holding a holster with a pistol in it on his belt, surveying the room.

"The Lieutenant wants to check himself, you know how he is. Smoke?" The other man spoke in a much more welcoming tone and shook a carton of cigarettes, being rather lanky himself, with a long, thin head that made his helmet tilt crookedly to the side, with sunken eyes and stubble covering his chin and cheeks.

"Oh, no, thank you Sergeant, I hate the smell." Novak waved him away, eyes darting back towards the Lieutenant who was slipping into the room with Mikhail in it, looking back to his Sergeant.

"I told him there was nothing, why is he so alert?" Novak asked, trying to hide the panic in his voice.

"Well, he was already quite the 'charge forth and claim victory' sort. So when he heard rumors of dissent in the ranks back at Minsk? He went completely by the books. Everything must be spic and span or else he'll give us all hell to pay. Now he insists on doing everything himself. I miss when he was more focused on what was coming in the rations than what we're up to."

The Sergeant droned as he haphazardly fumbled with a flip lighter.

"Private Novak! Inside!" The Lieutenant yelled from inside the building, Novak jolting and looking backwards.

"He must've found something, if he tries to court martial you I'll probably plead your case. I'll warn you, he is quite the lawyer." The Sergeant snickered, pushing Novak a bit towards the door.

He laughed at his Sergeant's joke to hide his nervous tone and walked inside, his eyes darting around the room. The Lieutenant was crouched down next to Mikhail, poking his knee with the barrel of his pistol causing Novak to tense up. He was hyper aware of that pistol, every time the Lieutenant brushed his pointer finger against the trigger or pointed the end at Mikhail made him internally screech at himself to do something, but he couldn't move.

"Did you shoot this one, Private?" The Lieutenant finally asked after a few seconds of poking and prodding.

Novak tensed up. "Yes sir I- I did." He could feel his hands against his sides go cold and clammy with sweat.

The Lieutenant furrowed his brows at Novak, then at the body, and again to Novak, and seemingly after some thought, he stood up, walking towards the door, looking back at Novak and speaking.

"Good shot."

Novak could do nothing but stare dead ahead as he listened to the Lieutenant's footsteps fade behind him, hearing him yell.

"Sergeant, this one is clear! We'll check on the next few blocks and send in the rest of the brigade in an hour or two, you make sure the troops actually wake up on TIME. I don't want a repeat of our last advance!"

Novak rushed over to Mikhail, shaking him. "Mikhail- Mikhail- he's gone! We need to go, now! If the rest of the guys come there's no way I'll get you out of here!"

"Alright man, alright! How do you plan on doing that, then? We can't just play dead out of here!" Mikhail opened his eyes, and despite his injuries he stumbled onto his feet.

"Fair. Dead bodies aren't known for their range of movement." Novak nodded, pacing the room and digging into his brain for some sort of plan.

"We could surrender?" Mikhail suggested, still covering his shot out eye with his hand.

"No, no, that wouldn't work. We have critical orders to shoot anyone who isn't an officer, taking foot soldiers prisoner isn't allowed. It's considered a waste of time by high command. I heard it myself." Novak looked back over, shaking his head.

"Oh, I don't mean the Germans, Novak. The Russians. We will surrender to the Russians."

Mikhail stared back at him, shooting a toothy grin.

"What? No, no, we couldn't! I've heard about your secret police death squads, we'd be dead in a second!" Novak shook his head in protest.

"Your side has death squads too, genius! Besides, I heard your commander, he's got a stick up his ass!"

"Language, Mikhail!"

"Okay, sorry, but listen. My commander likes me a lot more than your commander likes you. We go to the Germans? In the best case scenario I'm shot dead and you live, and at worst we both die. We go to my guys? We might have a shot."

"Or we might just GET shot." Novak sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. It was a risk, and a big one at that, and after some contemplation Novak looked back up.

"Okay, fine. Which way are your guys?"

The two wobbled out of the schoolhouse into the dark streets, a familiar cold air hitting Novak's face. He turned back to Mikhail, who despite his injury has a spring in his step and a smile on his face, pointing the opposite way from where Novak came.

"We keep walking that way, take a left at the statue and find a hospital, and we're home free." Mikhail stated confidently, breaking out into a jog.

"Okay, which hospital? There's plenty of them in a city, especially in a city like Stalingrad!"

Novak called forward, his breath heaving as he broke into his own jog alongside him, the cold air and snowflakes hitting his face like little needles into his skin.

"I'll know it when I see it, trust me!" Mikhail looked back with his same, toothy grin and a sparkle in his visible eye. So they jogged, and jogged, and jogged some more. Novak wasn't sure for how long, it felt like a lifetime of running in the same white sheet of snow crunching and feeling the howling sting of the breeze. He wouldn't have been able to keep track of time anyways, he was much more focused on the pain in his legs and bouncing of his rigs and bags left and right with each stride, focusing on keeping his balance. He kept his head sunken, holding his helmet to keep it on his head, tipping it back up to look for the mentioned statue.

"Well, here we are!" He heard Mikhail skid to a stop a few feet ahead of him, Novak glancing up and looking around. They were in some sort of square, a plaza covered in a thin layer of ice and snow with a lot of bombed out buildings and piles of rubble, but the strangest thing of all was Novak didn't see any sort of statue, rather a plaque in the floor.

"Is that supposed to be the statue?" Novak pointed to the metallic slab in the floor dotted with Cyrillic text.

"Yeah. It used to be here. Got hit by a German shell and, well, everyone had the same idea of taking a piece of what remained of it in the pile of concrete as a souvenir." Mikhail nodded, looking at the plaque as well.

"What does it say? We made it this far, might as well learn something." Novak muttered after some silence and looked over at Mikhail, who furrowed his eyebrows as he read the text.

"My Russian isn't so good but it mentions Lenin. I know that name. Strange, the city is called Stalingrad but there's a statue for Lenin?" Mikhail picked at some of the dried blood on his face, looking over at Novak.

"Well, Lenin was important too. Or maybe Stalin erected it as a remembrance piece?" Novak fired off some ideas, thinking for a moment.

"Eh, they never told me why there was a statue, or why Stalin put it up. They just told me that both of them were important." Mikhail shrugged, turning over to a far corridor of the city, the corridor dark with cracked roads and piles of rubble.

"Well, let's keep it moving, yeah? I was already hunched over in a classroom for hours, I would rather stay alive than learn a bit more history." Mikhail suggested after some seconds of staring down the street, listening to the ghostly whistle of the stabbing breeze blow down the barren city street.

They took a few steps past the plaque, and then the ringing sound of the crack of a rifle. Novak froze as he heard the whistle of the bullet cutting air and then an impact against his helmet, the strap giving as it fell into a tumble, landing in between his feet with a metallic thud, a dent in

the top of the half rusted metal.

"Run man, run!" Mikhail shouted, another shot ringing out, hitting the snow in between the two kicking up bits of ice and snow onto their ankles. Novak broke out into a striding spring behind Mikhail, who darted down the road dodging pits made by the shelling and barbed wire. The few shots were now increasing, hearing the slow chug of a machine gun behind them rattling

bullets that whizzed past them. Novak grabbed the man in front of them, in a tackle landing into one of the shell holes, scraping his ankles and knees against the jagged ground.

There was more shots, this time in front of them rather than behind, kicking up pebbles and dirt into their face, Novak ducking his face down with heaving breaths, almost pinning Mikhail down against the concrete. Mikhail flailed, yelling amongst gunfire.

"THATS THEM, MAN! LET ME PEEK UP! THEY DON'T KNOW ITS US YET!"

Mikhail yelled, almost pleading as the gunfire ceased hitting the ground in front of them, Novak recognizing shouting in German and screaming behind them.

"THEY THINK WE'RE WITH THE ASSAULT! NO!"

Novak yelled back in a hoarse wheeze, pressing down harder onto Mikhail to minimize their profile.

"GOD DAMN IT, MAN! JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING TO WAVE!" Mikhail began hitting Novak in the chest weakly as he heard to their left a deafening explosion and an orange burst of light in his peripheral vision, pebbles and dust from the explosion raining down onto the back of his neck like hail.

"FINE, FINE! HERE! YOU BETTER RAISE THIS SHIT HIGH!" Novak yelled back in a panic and reached into his bag, pulling out a wad of gauze bandaging. It was a bit noticeable, and it was white. Mikhail said something in response, but he couldn't hear it through the ringing of his ears as he pressed his hand to them. They were completely numbed from the cold as he looked back into his palm. His hand was stained crimson, regaining feeling in his hand. It was warm.

Mikhail said something again, yelling directly into his other ear.

"HE'S RELOADING, GET OFF MAN! GET OFF-!"

Novak finally noticed him thrashing around under him, rolling off of Mikhail who sprung his arm up, waving the gauze frantically. He could hear vaguely what he was yelling, switching between Czech and Russian with each belt of his voice, his vocal chords straining from shouting.

"WE'RE FRIENDLY! COMRADES, WE'RE FRIENDLY! WATER'S WET! DON'T SHOOT!"

He stopped waving his hands, dropping the gauze, Mikhail screaming back.

"THEY SEE US, GO MAN, GO!" Mikhail grabbed Novak by the collar, pulling him out of the shell hole and down the street. Bullets whizzed past them, but this time not at them but around them like a protective shield or a guardian angel, bullets flew as they heard thud after thud behind them. Screams and howls followed the thuds of bodies hitting snow, Novak didn't dare to look back, instead staring straight into the main entrance of the hospital. The bullets hit dirt and kicked up pebbles and snow around them, and Novak couldn't shake the strange

sensation of both absolute horror and immortality. Before he could process how far he had run, he was there, being pulled in by a man wrapped in a parka and scarves, having on so much clothing that you couldn't make out a single feature of the man's face.

They were ushered in by the fully clad man in the parka, a rifle around his back as he pulled Novak and Mikhail by the shoulder into a back room. He swung open a door and shut it, the shooting now muffled. The man spoke to Mikhail, and what they were saying, he didn't know. All he knew is that the man kept pointing to Novak with a mitten covered hand.

"So, you are friends?" The man suddenly asked Novak in fluent Czech, cocking an eyebrow. Novak paused, Mikhail butting in. "Yes. Yes sir we are. Not old ones, but he did save my life. That's worth something."

The man furrowed his brows, and with a nod, offered his hand for a shake to Novak. "So, if what Mikhail says is true, you are a friend in the enemy's uniform?"

Novak stared at his hand, listening outside as the gunfire turned infrequent. He breathed heavily as he felt the blood drip from his ears, spreading warmth onto his neck. He listened to the ringing, he felt the pain in his legs and the emptiness of his stomach, and stared at the dark eyes of the man covered in winter clothing. His head let out waves of pain, his stomach rumbled with an unshakeable emptiness, sweat and snot dripping down his face from his nose. Despite the pain, the ringing, the emptiness, he considered his choice.

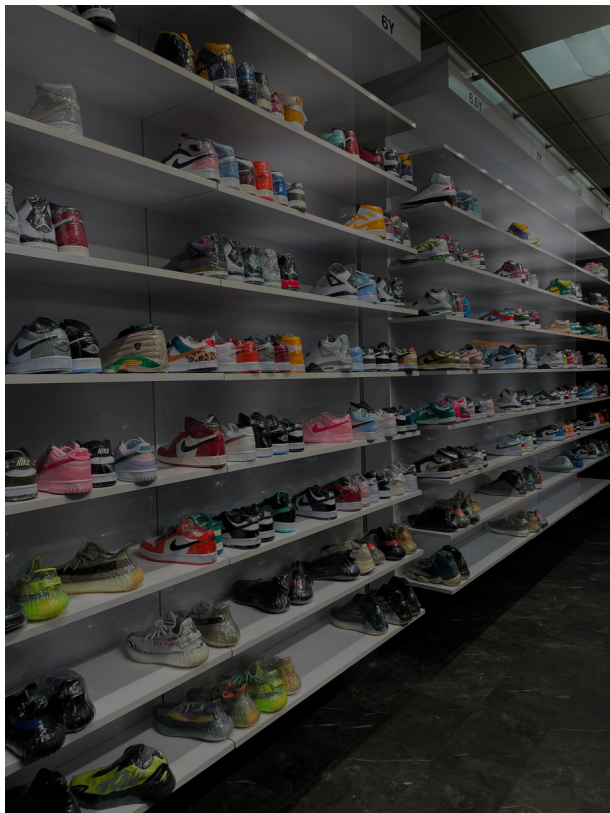
"Yes. Yes I am." The words finally spilled out, giving the man's hand a firm grip and a shake, the feeling of pain washing away into another as he eyed Mikhail in the corner, one eyed and grinning ear to ear.

He had made it.

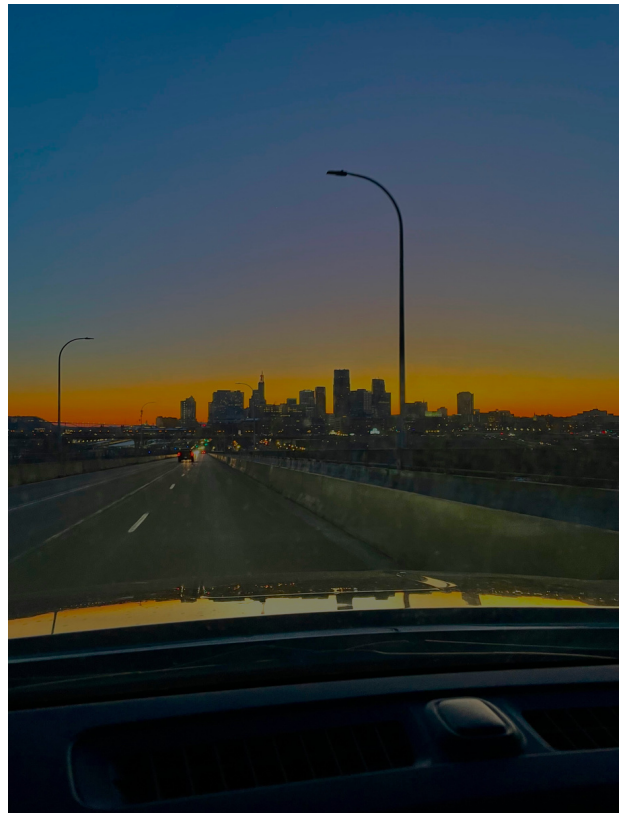


“March”, Greta Seppanen

Grade 11



“Untitled”, Cecelia Davis



Grade 10

When Things Go Too Far

TwoDoorsDown

It was just a regular day for Dario Galanis at BigHair high school named after a rich person with no hair. He goes about his day as normal, getting decent grades in all of his classes. He has some friends, but they are all from his church and none of them go to BigHair high, so he mostly keeps to himself. At the end of the day, he would always have art class which he enjoys, but he would always dread the two people who would always pick on him, Daniel and Cole.

Of the two Daniel was the "leader" and Cole just follows his lead. They would call him names that specifically targets him and his way of life. They would make fun of his name, and the fact that his friends were only at church. They would never forget to make judges commentary about his art.

"It's greeeeat, it definitely makes sense, you are really going with that color". One day in class, the teacher gave props to one of Dario's projects, saying to the class

"This is a very well executed project that demonstrates what we are going for this unit, keep it up all of you". Daniel walks up to Dario's project and says

"I could do something better".

Then Dario out loud in class says "then do better don't just talk about it". The way he said it ticked Daniel off. Daniel looked toward him and said "what did you --", just then the bell rang.

As Dario was walking out of class and heading to his locker to put some things away, Daniel walks up behind him and pushes him to the ground. Dario looks back and sees Daniel standing over him with some anger in his eyes.

Daniel grabs Darios collar and says "you better watch what you say" and with an open hand goes to slap him in the face.

Just as he goes in Cole steps up and grabs Daniel's hand and says "hey man too much".

Daniel looks around and there's a small group forming around them.

Daniel looks back at Cole and says "this is not worth it" and they both walk away. Dario looks around at the group of people forming and notices chuckles and whispers and for that it was the last straw.

Dario picks himself up and leaves school. As he is leaving, he sees Daniel and Cole as they are walking to a crosswalk and without thinking, pushes Daniels back right in the middle of the street. Dario wasn't looking, Daniel wasn't looking, Cole wasn't looking, nobody was looking. A truck came out of nowhere.

Cole stood there, dumbfounded as Daniel flew 10 feet out. Call didn't know what to do, but as he looked at Dario, he noticed he wasn't there. He turned around more and saw

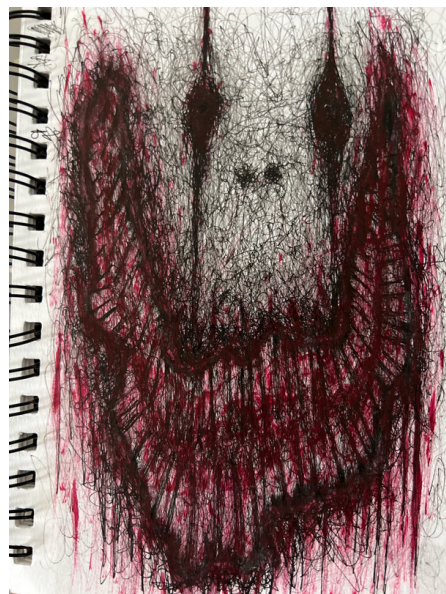
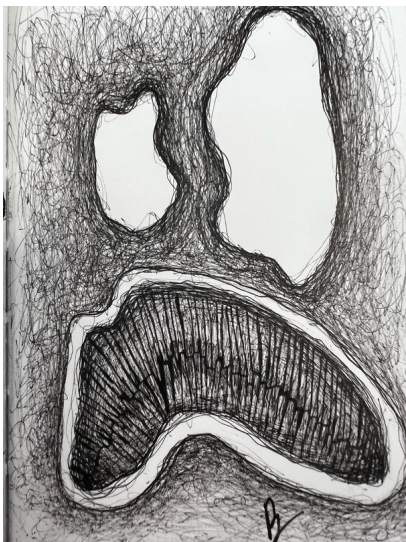
that he was booking it down the block. As he was running he kept thinking. Why did I do that, and where did that truck come from, and why is this happening?

He just kept running, and he eventually made it to this "cave". He sat in that "cave" for seven hours. As he was in this "cave" he thought hard about what he did. As he kept thinking he felt more and more guilty and eventually he felt haunted by his decision. As he did what he did he couldn't remember any of his decisions, he couldn't even remember what their faces looked like. All of these thoughts rushing through his head, all the guilt, the hate, the rage. He threw up for one second he thought clearly. "I gotta turn myself in".

He stood up and started walking. 30 minutes later he arrived at a police station. But maybe he had some details wrong. In the end Dario served 3 days jail time, Daniel was in the hospital for two weeks, and Cole couldn't really process what had happened that day. Dario and Daniel moved schools but Cole stayed there while everyone somehow moved on.

Emory Batt Artwork

Grade 9





“Sunset Over the Garden”

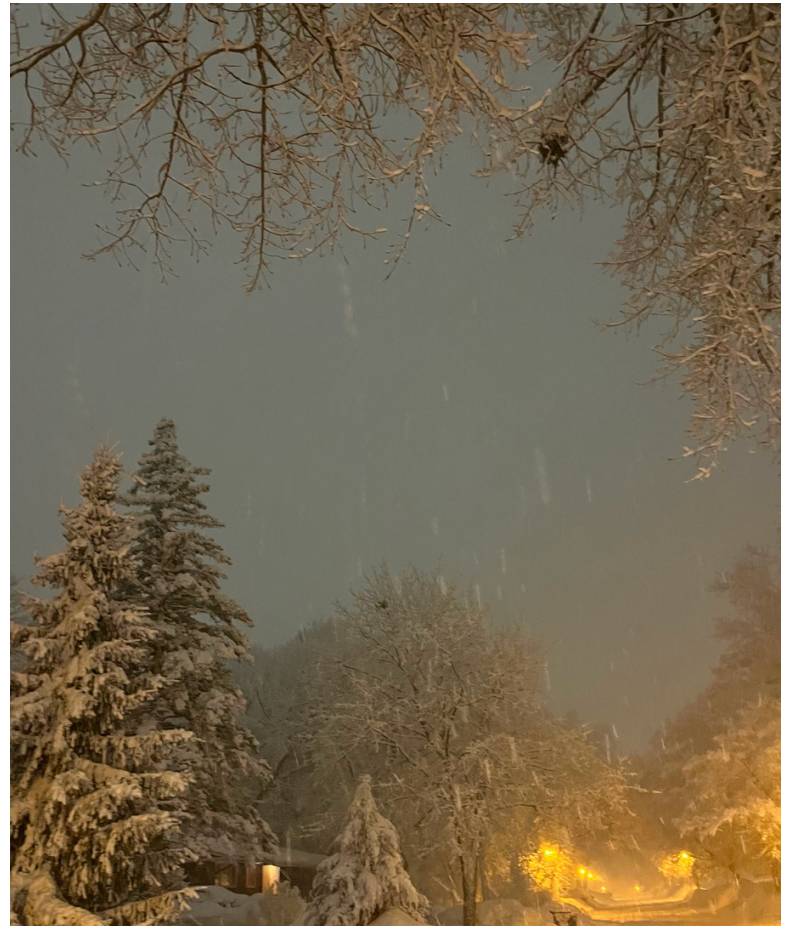
Niels Sofus Juel

Grade 10

“Streetlamp Spotlight”

Garrett Seppanen

Grade 11



The Lusion

Anonymous

"Pitter-Patter, Pitter-Patter, Pitter-Patter". The rain falls. It was a rainy day in London. A man sitting under the bridge for cover from the rain. Mario Wiegand is the man's name. Sitting under the bridge Mario is tired, Mario is on the edge of knocking out but suddenly gets startled, Mario sees a figure whose face is distorted and wearing outdated clothes. "What the f*uck was that!" Mario thinks to himself! Mario rubs his eyes seeing if he's just dreaming. The figure is gone. So Mario just brushes it off as him being exhausted.

1 WEEK LATER

In a police station Isiah Everad, a detective who is on a cold case about 3 murdered teens that happened 10 years ago. Isiah has found a very good lead. 3 suspects. Luis Gambit, Martin Gobbler, and Mario Wiegand. The detective has already cleared Luis and Martin from being the killer.

"BOOOOM!!!" Suddenly the doors of the station open.

"HeLp Me!!! They're chasing me, they're after ME!!!!!" Screams a homeless looking guy. Isiah quickly stands up and tries to calm the man down. "Who's after you? What happened?"

The homeless man finally calms down and takes deep breaths to try and explain what happened. After a couple of minutes he is able to talk normally again.

"I was sleeping under the bridge the first time I saw it" "Saw what?" Asked Isiah

"I don't know, they had distorted faces but they were dressed with clothes from 10 years ago" answers the man

"They just kept appearing over and over again for the past week, I don't know what they want from me."

"They?" Asks Isiah

"Yeah there's 3 of them" replied the man

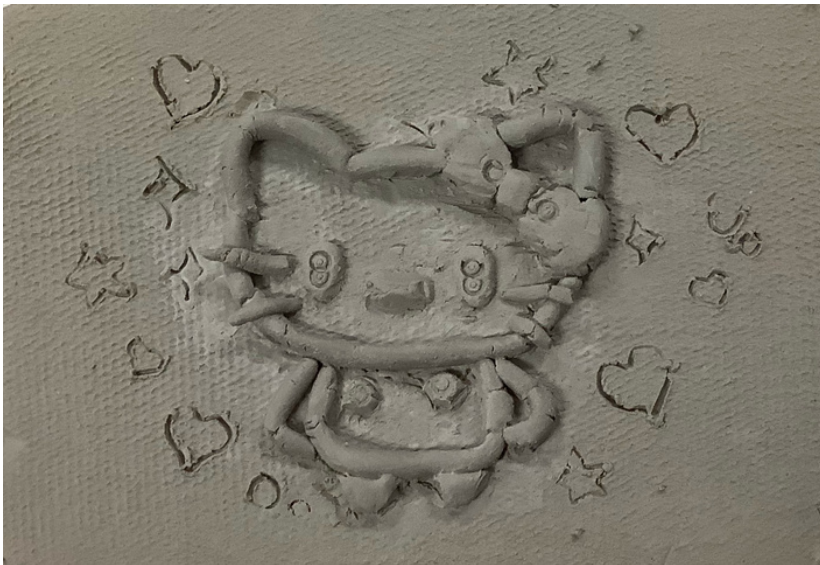
Mario goes on and describes the clothes of the 3 beings he saw, and tells the detective the rest of his story. Isiah's eyes widen as he hears the man's story. He starts to connect the dots but there was one thing he wasn't sure about.

"Hey man what's your name"

"My name is Mario, Mario Wiegand, why?"

Isiah tells Mario to sit down and rest. While Mario is sitting Isiah calls for backup and tells them he has the main suspect for the cold case. So they arrest Mario on suspicion that he is the murderer. After weeks of investigation and some witnesses. A man named Fanks heard Mario yelling in fright "I'm sorry I didn't mean to" late at night when he was taking a stroll to the market. After weeks of prep and gathering evidence Mario is finally

put on trial. As the trial goes on Isiah describes what he heard at the police station and how the figures Mario spoke of matched the description of the 3 murdered teens, and other witnesses also testified. Finally the trial ends and Mario is announced guilty of the murder of Jessica Owens, Adrian Lee, and Marcus Lowrey. As for his sentence, he was sentenced to life in prison without parole. Isiah felt a sense of closure and a weight lifted off his shoulders knowing that the families of the victims have been served justice. As for what Mario saw, maybe it was guilt, delusion, or some supernatural beings, but for Isiah this would be something that he would never forget.



Clay Art
Reserve Paw

“Little Man, Big World”
Mia Trifilette-Simons
Grade 11



Sahara Hinton Artwork

Grade 11



Fading

Alice Wagner-Hemstad

Grade 11

Life as we know it vanishing
The root of the problem comes back to
humans, always,
always damaging

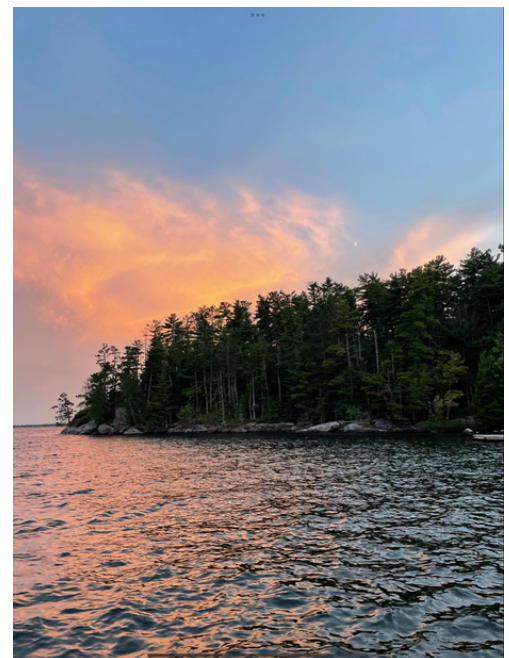
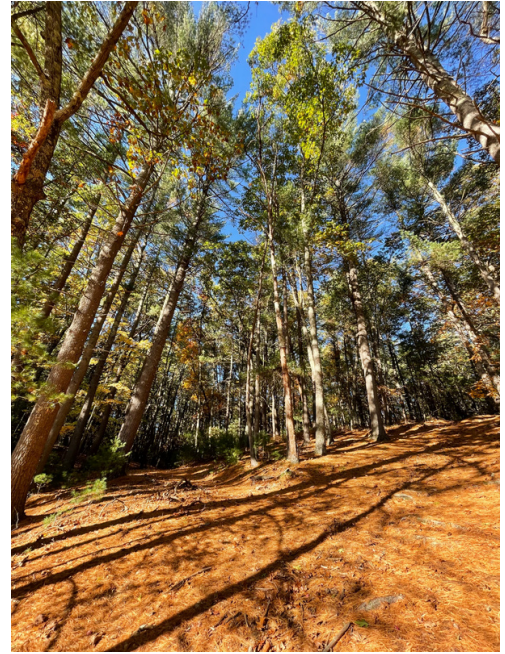
We claim to be so clever
Yet we're the cause of over 680 species
being lost forever

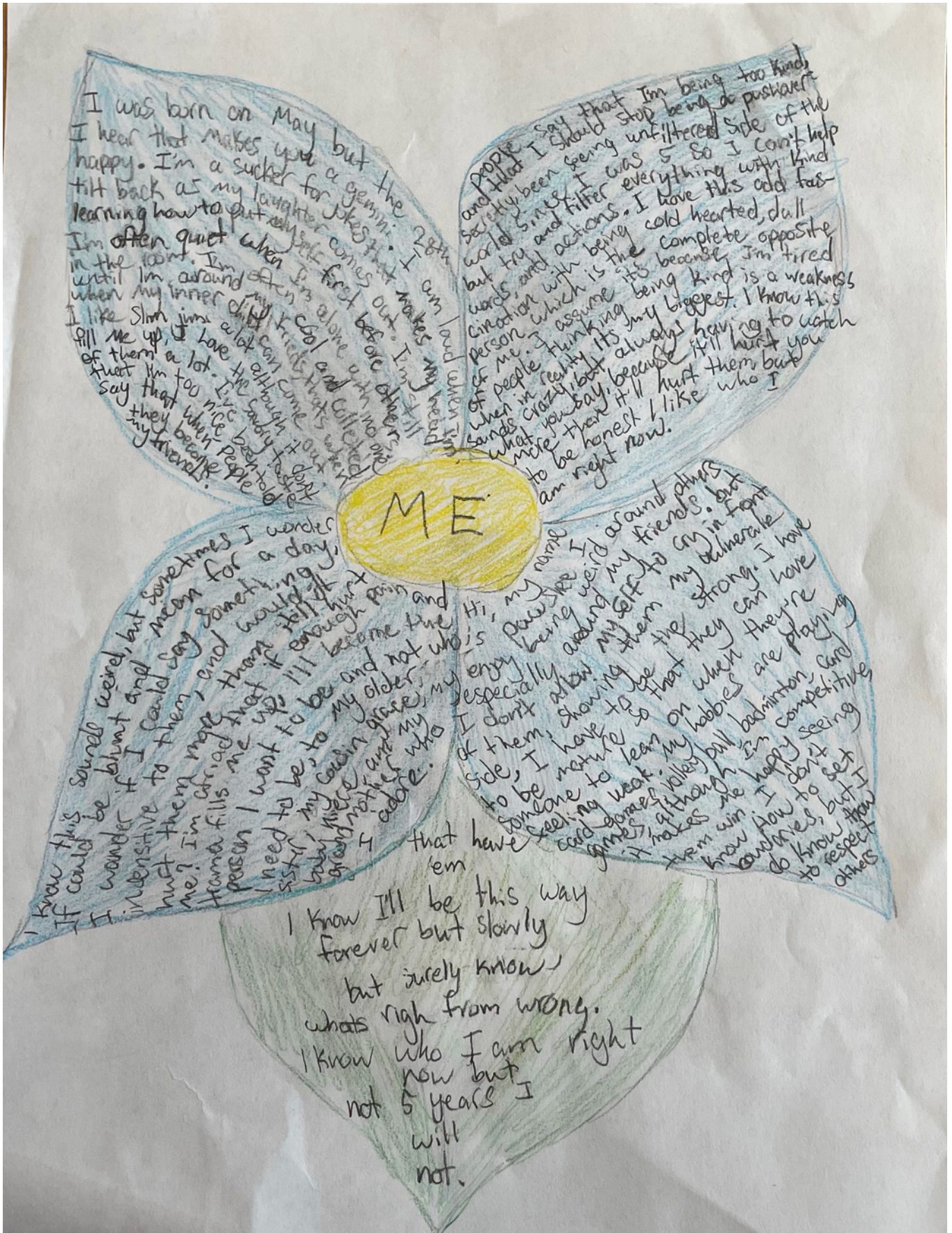
Lost in a title wave of oil
The future of this planet sinking deep,
deep, deeper into the soil

Clean air carried away on a breeze of
methane
Decisions about our emissions becoming
inhumane

We're trapped in an ever enclosing fire
A fire that's fueled by humankind's desire

We're slowly fading, fading, fading into
oblivion, dying back
Until all that's left is stories of scenes and a
reality we now lack





Anonymous

"Raymond Bridge", Ellery Tennison

Grade 11



Charlie Power-Theisen Photos

Grade 12



who am i

That's a question I ask myself a lot
I could be defined in many different ways
But I don't know which way is truly me

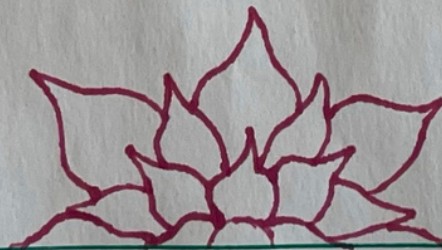
People ask me who I am, but the truth is I don't really know
I like to talk, but I'm usually quiet
I like people (sometimes), but I don't like socializing
I like doing stuff, but I have no motivation

Sometimes I start to let anxiety define me
I don't speak up
I don't go anywhere
I don't do my work on time

I'm still learning how to deal with anxiety
Sometimes I just don't
I often ignore it instead of dealing with it
Anxiety has taken away some of the best parts of my life

I've been told to just "speak up"
to just "calm down"
to just "try harder"
But these things aren't as easy as they sound

So I don't have a solid definition of who I am
But I don't need one
I'm constantly changing and growing
All I know is that I am me



The Legal Sandwich
Written By A Very Bored Lawyer
(Alexander Le)
Grade 12

Crawling across the endless expanse of a barren desert, I hear the ravenous screech of vultures as they circle above me, waiting for my untimely demise. A crow perches on a nearby skull and stares at me, hungrily. Fatigued and famished, I lay down to accept my bleak fate. Suddenly, however, I see a glimmer of light and hope reflect from a plastic bag in the distance. What salvation may this plastic bag bring? A lukewarm ham and cheese sandwich, extra mayo. Before the apocalypse happened, I enjoyed sandwiches - peanut butter jelly, grilled cheese, ice cream - all of 'em. However, as I was about to devour a 4-foot long Vietnamese bánh mì sandwich one day, I realized that I didn't know exactly what made it a sandwich. Was it the bread? Was it the filling? Why is it a sandwich? This is an important question - sandwiches are a highly popular lunch item; Subway, Jimmy John's, and other food chains make billions of dollars annually; and sandwich sales are a source of tax revenue. After intense research and analysis, I'd like to present the following argument: a sandwich is a food product made with bread and meat that complies with federal regulations.

The United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) establishes standards that foods must meet to be considered sandwiches. Regarding closed-faced sandwiches, page 155 of the USDA's Food Standards and Labeling Policy Book states, "SANDWICH - CLOSED: Product must contain at least 35 percent cooked meat and no more than 50 percent bread. Sandwiches are not amenable to inspection¹..." Some examples of foods that may qualify as sandwiches include BLTs (occasionally referred to as "bacon, lettuce, tomato"), ham and cheese sandwiches, steak sandwiches, and Philly cheesesteak sandwiches. These foods contain both meat² and bread; BLTs contain bacon, ham and cheese sandwiches contain ham, steak sandwiches contain steak, and Philly sandwiches contain beef. Additionally, these sandwiches contain bread. Conversely, foods without meat (such as peanut butter and jelly "sandwich") or bread (such as lettuce wraps) are not sandwiches. In short, closed-faced sandwiches must meet minimum USDA meat and bread requirements.

The USDA also specifies what "closed-faced" means. Specifically, "Typical "closed-faced" sandwiches consisting of two slices of bread or the top and bottom sections of a sliced bun that enclose meat ..." (USDA 155). In other words, a sandwich is generally considered "closed-faced" when the meat is "enclosed." This rule does not explicitly state that the top and bottom sections of the bun, if used, must be completely separated. Therefore, submarine-style sandwiches (where the meat is covered on the top and bottom sides by a long, subdivided roll) may legally qualify as sandwiches because even

though the roll is completely sliced into two separate sections, the meat in the middle is enclosed by a “top” and “bottom” section of a bun. Importantly, however, one cannot make a closed-faced sandwich from one slice of bread folded over itself to enclose the meat in the middle; regarding the use of sliced bread in sandwiches, the USDA specifically says two slices are required. In summary, a closed-faced sandwich may be made from two slices of bread or a bun sliced into a top and bottom section. Open-faced sandwiches are also legally sandwiches if they have at least 50 percent cooked meat. Page 155 of the USDA’s Food Standards and Labeling Policy Book sets the following regulations: “SANDWICH - OPEN: Must contain at least 50 percent cooked meat. Sandwiches are amenable only if they are open faced sandwiches...” While some people may not consider open-faced sandwiches to be sandwiches in the colloquial sense, open-faced sandwiches are legally sandwiches, provided there is enough meat. For example, a cooked steak on top of a slice of bread may qualify as an open-faced sandwich. Tangentially, open-faced sandwiches are amenable (legally subject to USDA inspection). This ensures sandwich consumer safety because there is a regulatory body that inspects open-faced sandwiches. Regardless, sandwiches can legally be made with just one slice of bread because, according to the USDA, open-faced sandwiches are sandwiches. Meanwhile, hamburgers and hotdogs are not sandwiches. The USDA’s Standards and Labeling Policy Book states “SANDWICHES (MEAT OR POULTRY AS COMPONENTS OF “DINNER PRODUCTS”): Dinners containing a sandwich type product, e.g., a frankfurter, hamburger, or sliced poultry meat with a bun, are amenable and subject to inspection.” (USDA 155). This sentence explicitly lists frankfurters, hamburgers, and sliced poultry meat with a bun as sandwich type products that are legally subject to USDA inspection. This may seem slightly contradictory to the idea that if one had to consider hotdogs and hamburgers as sandwiches, one would most likely

1 According to Food Safety Inspection Service Directive 9000.9, closed-faced sandwiches are under the jurisdiction of the Food and Drug Administration.

2 Bacon, ham, steak, and sliced beef are meat. Consider them as closed-faced rather than open-faced and thus outside of USDA jurisdiction, but this contradiction can be resolved by noting that the USDA classifies

them not as sandwiches, but as “sandwich type products.” In summary, careful analysis of USDA Food Safety and Inspection Service standards shows that frankfurters and hamburgers are not legally sandwiches.

However, because the USDA states that sandwiches must contain bread, we must legally define what bread is. In the United States Code of Federal Regulations, Title 21, Volume 2, Part 136, Subsection 136.110, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) legally defines

and regulates bread, rolls, and buns. Specifically, the FDA describes bread³ as the following: “(a) Bread, white bread, and rolls, white rolls, or buns, and white buns are the foods produced by baking mixed yeast-leavened dough prepared from one or more of the farinaceous ingredients listed in paragraph (c)(1) of this section and one or more of the moistening ingredients listed in paragraphs (c)(2), (6), (7), and (8) of this section and one or more of the leavening agents provided for by paragraph (c)(3) of this section ...” (FDA). In short, bread products are made from several of the ingredients listed in paragraphs (c) (1), (2), (3), (6), (7), and (8), which are found later in the section⁴. This section is relevant to our investigation of what legally constitutes a sandwich because sandwiches must contain bread and this section sets the legal standards that a food product must meet to be legally considered bread. Specifically, a food item containing at least⁵ a farinaceous ingredient, a moistening ingredient, and a leavening ingredient may be eligible for legal consideration as bread. Tangentially, this means that tortillas, hardtack, and lettuce wrappings, for example, cannot fulfill the bread requirement in sandwiches because these ingredients fail to meet one or more of the FDA’s requirements for bread. Tortillas and hardtack do not contain a leavening ingredient - both foods are unleavened. Hardtack also arguably fails the moistening ingredient requirement for bread; hardtack contains a negligible amount, if any, of water. Lettuce wraps - an ingredient commonly used in place of bread - contain neither farinaceous ingredients nor leavening ingredients. To conclude, because the FDA provided an exact definition of bread, we can determine if a particular food item is eligible to legally be considered a sandwich on the basis of whether or not it contains bread, since sandwiches, under USDA regulations, must contain bread.

The USDA legally defines meat. In the Code of Federal Regulations, Title 7, Subtitle B, Chapter I, Subchapter C, Part 54, Subpart A, Section 54.1, meat is described as “the edible part of the muscle of an animal, which is skeletal, or which is found in the tongue, in the diaphragm, in the heart, or in the esophagus, and which is intended for human food... This term does not include the muscle found in the lips, snout, or ears.” (USDA). In other words, animal⁶ muscle and certain organs are legally meat. Some examples of ingredients that meet the definition of meat include chicken breast (a chicken’s pectoral muscle) and ham (made from the back leg of pigs). It is important that we define what legally qualifies as meat because the term is often informally applied to food products not made from animals. For example, the edible, fleshy portion of durian fruit is often referred to as “durian meat”. Additionally, many meat substitutes such as “Impossible Burgers” are sometimes referred to as “plant-based meat.” This can make pinpointing exactly what meat is very confusing. However, now that we know what qualifies meat, we can more clearly define what legally constitutes a sandwich, because sandwiches, by USDA definition, are legally required to contain cooked meat.

Meat must also contain a negligible amount of additives. The Standards and Labeling Policy book is unclear about if the entire portion of meat product (including non-meat ingredients) counts towards the meat requirement or if only the portion that is actually meat counts. Thankfully, non-meat ingredients in meat products are negligible because the Code of Federal Regulations also limits how many additives can be added to meat. The USDA definition of prepared meat is as follows: "Prepared meats: The products intended for human food which are obtained by subjecting meat to drying, curing, smoking... and to which no considerable quantity of any substance

3 Subsection 136.110e says the exact name of the foods made from the baked mixture of yeast, flour, and moistening agent is bread, white bread, rolls, white rolls, buns, white buns, and other "applicable" names.

4 Subsection 136.110c lists flour, bromated flour, or phosphated flour as the required farinaceous ingredient, water, milk, egg products, or nutritive carbohydrate sweeteners as the moistening agent, and yeast as the leavening agent.

5 Paragraph 18 of subsection 136.110c, states we can add other ingredients as long as they "do not change or adversely affect the physical and nutritional characteristics of the food." This means bread must be safe to eat.

6 According to the USDA, animals are defined as "Bison, cattle, goats, sheep, swine, or other species identified by the Administrator." The "Administrator" is an officer or employee from the Agricultural Marketing Service. It's important to define what is legally an animal because certain biological animals (such as sea sponges and zooplankton) don't contain meat.

other than meat or meat byproducts has been added." (USDA). In short, prepared meat must be cooked and contain low amounts of non-meat ingredients. This is relevant to our investigation of what legally qualifies as a sandwich, because sandwiches must contain cooked meat. Because the amount of additives in cooked meats is insignificant, practically the entire mass of cooked meat added onto sandwiches can count towards the minimum USDA meat requirements.

While certain states may have different opinions on what qualifies as a sandwich, those opinions are incorrect. One such incorrect opinion is that of New York State's Department of Taxation and Finance (NYS DTF) Tax Bulletin ST-835. Tax Bulletin ST-835 lists several examples of taxable⁷ sandwiches, some of which are not legally sandwiches. The list states the following:

"Some examples of taxable sandwiches include:

- common sandwiches, such as:
- BLTs (bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches);
- club sandwiches;

- cold cut sandwiches;
- grilled cheese sandwiches;
- peanut butter and jelly sandwiches;...
- burritos;...
- hamburgers on buns, rolls, etc;
- heroes, hoagies, torpedoes, grinders, submarines, and other such sandwiches;
- hot dogs and sausages on buns, rolls, etc.; ..." (New York State Department of Taxation and Finance)

However, the list of what the NYSDTF legally considers a sandwich is incorrect according to the USDA and FDA standards found in the Food Labeling and Standards Policy Book and Code of Federal Regulations. According to the USDA, all sandwiches must have bread and cooked meat. Bread, as defined and regulated by the FDA, must be leavened. This contradicts the NYSDTF classification that burritos are sandwiches, because the tortillas from which burritos are made are unleavened and are therefore not legally bread under FDA regulations. Since burritos do not contain bread by FDA definition, burritos are, in fact, not legally sandwiches under USDA regulations. Additionally, grilled cheese "sandwiches" and peanut butter jelly "sandwiches" are not sandwiches under USDA regulations either, because sandwiches must contain meat and neither grilled cheese nor peanut butter jelly "sandwiches" contain meat. Finally, hamburgers and hotdogs are not technically sandwiches; the USDA Food Standards and Labeling Policy Book classifies them as "sandwich type products," which is a separate category from "sandwiches." Furthermore, since regulations have the legal force and effect of laws, and federal laws take precedence over state laws as established in Article VI, Paragraph 2 of the United States Constitution, federal sandwich regulations take precedence over state sandwich regulations. In short, the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance's definition and list of taxable sandwiches is incorrect because it counts burritos, grilled cheese, peanut butter jelly, hamburgers, and hotdogs as sandwiches when they are, in fact, not legally sandwiches. Meanwhile, the California Department of Tax and Fee Administration (CDTFA) incorrectly describes hamburgers and hotdogs as sandwiches. Chapter 4, Section 6359 of the CDTFA's Sales and Use Tax Law describes the following: "Sandwiches as "meals"; "paper napkins" as facilities. The sale of hot dog and hamburger sandwiches, even when served with beverages, from sandwich stands or booths where neither chairs nor tables are provided for customers, does not constitute a "meal" within this section8..." (CDTFA). The exact verbiage in the CDTFA's statement implies that hamburgers and hotdogs are sandwiches due to the phrase "hotdog and hamburger sandwiches," contradicting the labeling requirements outlined by the USDA, which describes hotdogs and hamburgers as

“sandwich-type products,” not “sandwiches.” As mentioned earlier, federal sandwich regulations take

7 The tax bulletin provides several exceptions to sandwich taxation. Specifically, “Sales of sandwiches are not taxable if the purchaser is exempt from sales tax and gives the seller a properly completed exemption certificate” (New York State) and “Sandwiches may be purchased for resale without payment of tax provided the purchaser gives the seller a properly completed Form ST-120, Resale Certificate...” (New York State).

8 For context, California’s Supreme Court Case *Treasure Island Catering Co. v. State Board of Equalization* ruled that hotdog and hamburger “sandwiches” are not meals unless it is served in a dining facility, and that paper napkins are not dining facilities.

precedence over state sandwich regulations. Thus, the California Department of Taxation and Fee Administration’s description of hotdogs and hamburgers as sandwiches is incorrect. Ultimately, it is important to analyze sandwich tax codes in different states to better understand what does not qualify as a sandwich. From there, the food items not excluded as sandwiches may be eligible for legal consideration as sandwiches.

To conclude, sandwiches are the foods made with, at minimum, bread and meat. Sandwiches, bread, and meat are subject to many federal regulations, and in order for a food to legally be considered a sandwich, it must pass these regulations. While the numerous laws, regulations, standards, and tax codes surrounding sandwiches may seem frustratingly bureaucratic, it is absolutely essential to the well-being of our society. These legal standards ensure that sandwiches are honestly advertised. If these labeling criteria did not exist, consumers could fall victim to deceptive marketing and buy foods they believe to be sandwiches when they actually aren’t. Additionally, meat and bread safety standards assure public health by ensuring that sandwiches are safe, unadulterated, and nutritious to eat. Finally, while certain tax codes regarding sandwiches may be unconstitutional, they are necessary for raising government revenue so that governments have more resources to better provide for the people. Without these safeguards against lawless sandwich anarchy, our society will be in imminent danger.



“Reflections”
Anna Lovat

Grade 11



Gigi
Becerra

Grade 11

“Reflections”
Anna Lovat

Grade 11



“Lenny: The Champion” by

Kyle Kosiak

Grade 11



“Ginger”

Mason Aarness

Grade 11



Reflections from a pond

Anna Lovat

Grade 11

I spoke to a turtle once,
squatting down in the knee deep pond water.

His shell was a dirty green- the kind that
only comes from a lifetime of trials and tribulations.
The top was cracked, although I didn't comment on that,
thinking it might be rude.

I asked him what he wanted from the earth,
and he replied;
"for the cosmos to be kind to others,
in the way it has not been to me."

Rest In Peace

Anonymous

Is it because I'm black?

That when you see me your heart fills with fear?

Hatred?

Violence?

When will my skin be enough

Do you not hear us when we take to the streets

To protest or deceased?

We're in pain

We all bleed the same

You hate us but you want to be us

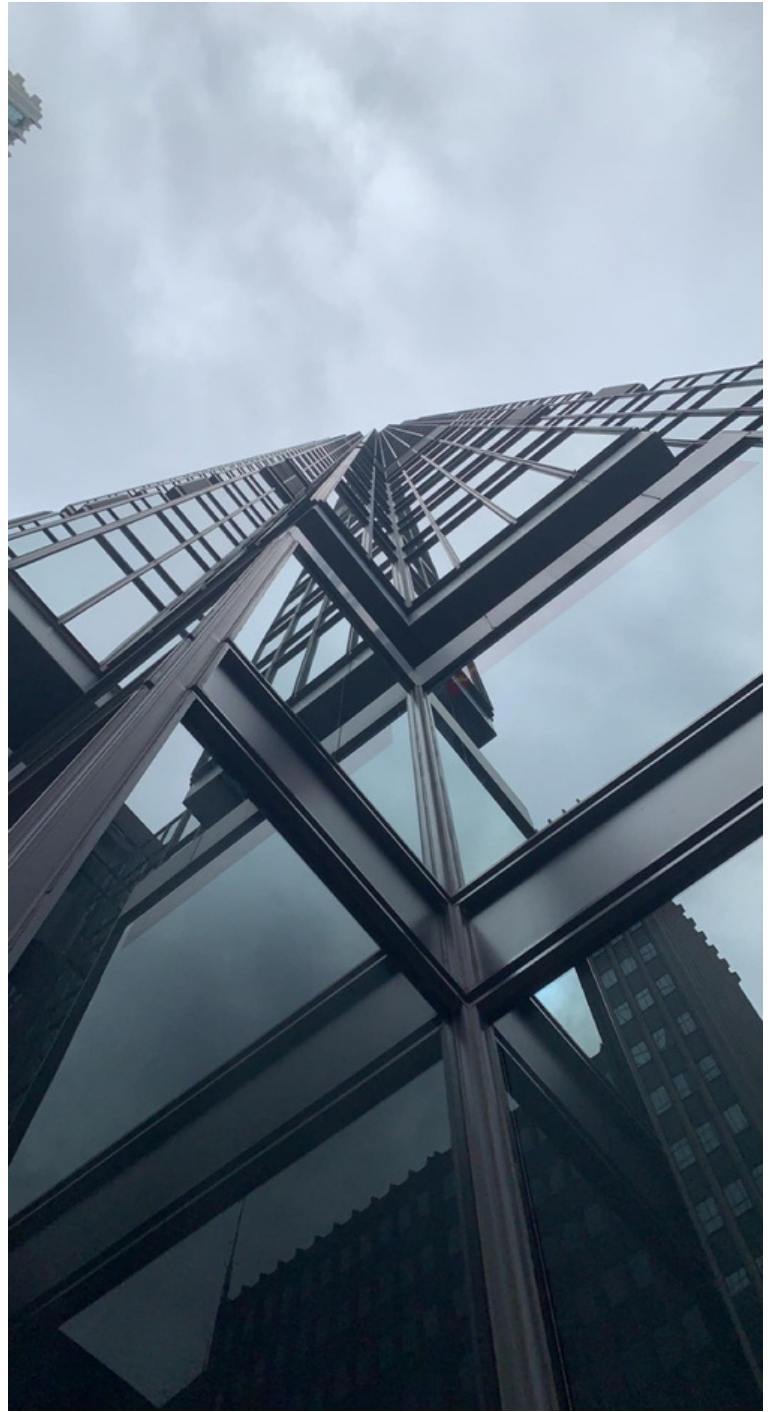
It's a shame how you take our ways and throw dirt on our
name

From her braids to his waves

It's insane

You should be ashamed for the lives you've taken

Rest In Peace to the victims of police brutality



“Untitled”

By Ethan Watz

Grade 12

Short Story

Andrew Farkas

Grade 9

As he walks out onto the football field, for the first time in his life, his long childhood dream has finally come true. Dre James a rookie in the NFL, Playing for the Oakland Raiders. Walks out onto the football field as a second string wide receiver. His mom and younger brother in the crowd and his grandparents watch from their homes. This would be his first game in the NFL. He plays amazingly. He had 150 yards and two touchdowns against the Falcons. He played the rest of the season breaking records and shattering his personal bests. He lead his team to the playoffs. Going against the bengals one of the hardest teams to beat in the nfl. The night before he was super nervous talking with his mom on FaceTime.

"I just want you to know I am so proud of you son!" His mom said with passion.

"I know you are mom, I'm just a little nervous." He said with a shaky voice.

"Hey, don't worry you are just the best and I know you can do it! I love you buddy, you are just so good!" His mom reassured him.

"Ok thank you mom. I love you too!" He says blushing as he ends the FaceTime.

He shuts off the lamp on the side of his hotel bed. He puffs his pillow, lays down, and stares up at the popcorn ceiling thinking about tomorrow.

It's playoff time and as he steps onto the field the crowd cheers louder than they've ever cheered before. All of his worries go away and he just wants to play football. And the rest of his team are running on the field, the other team runs out. The crowd even cheering for the other team. The first few plays go by and the Bengals score a touchdown. Right before halftime the score was 24-17, Raiders winning. As the Raiders run their last play Dre James runs the slant, jumps up, catches it, and BOOM! A loud POP travels over the stadium as he gets hit. Dre James doesn't move, doesn't get up. He wakes up inside the locker room, The game over, with a final score of 35-34 Bengals. The final play was a two point conversion by the Bengles. Making them the winners.

Dre was brought to the hospital, he had a severe concussion, and a broken spine. As he's laying in his hospital bed he sees on the news

"Man I don't think Dre will ever be the same."

"No one would be after that hit. Gosh I really hope he recovers"

"Man I just hope he is doing okay mentally and his family is also good." Said the announcers back and fourth with passion for the sport.

Then They showed the clip of the hit. Dre had seen why he was in the hospital and why are the announcers are talking like that. He got hit with this wave of depression. Only

one season after he finally achieved his dream it was ripped from him in a instant.

Maybe the announcers were right maybe he would never recover.

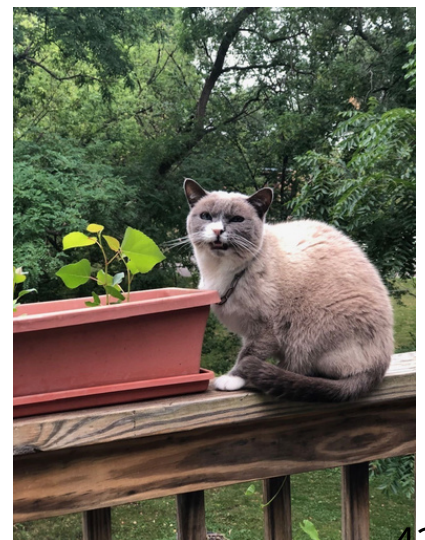
After being out for a 3 years, and working and even just walking again, Dre is finally able to put on his uniform and play as a backup. The coach didn't want to put him full time yet, especially since this is the first time he's wearing a uniform. His team did OK without him, having a record of 10-6. They won the first playoff game without him, But they were still playing for him. The next playoff game he played. He had to ease in as a wide receiver. He only played about 15 snaps, but he didn't

make two receptions and one of them was for 40 yards. They won that game by six points. In the next game Dre played it a lot more snaps. He played 40 snaps and got two touchdowns, 103 yards. The whole way through and the crowd was cheering him on, but his mom was still his biggest supporter. The last game for the Super Bowl he played 39 snaps, get 140 yards, one touchdown and one the game for his team. They were going to the Super Bowl!

Super Bowl 60 was the Raiders against the 49ers. The first quarter of the game the score was 17-14 49ers. Dre had one touchdown already. The second quarter was a little more boring it was 20-17 49ers still in the lead. The second half was much more interesting. Dre got another touchdown, and had a total of 65 yards in the second half alone. The score was 26-20 49ers. Three seconds left on the clock, Raiders have the ball at the 50. The Raiders will need a miracle. The Raiders quarterback Derek Carr lofts the ball up as high and as hard as he can, going straight to Dre James. Dre catches it at the 5 yard line right next to the Out of bounds. Defender can't catch up and Dre scores. The score is now 26-26 the kicker kicks it and it's good! Raiders win Super Bowl 60! Dre got his miracle catch and a miracle recovery that he wanted. His mom running from the stands out on to the field to give him a hug. Everyone's crying and cheering and overwhelmingly happy. Dre was the MVP in that game. With 3 touchdowns with 154 yards and was named MVP for the super bowl!

"Jerry", Sahara Hinton

Grade 11





Maddy Schilling
Grade 11



Kai Sackreiter
Grade 11

