

WINTER 2022 | VOLUME 7, NO. 1

# MOORINGS

JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL

# From the Editors

In a year with its ups and downs, a year full of tumultuous events (i.e. sports, school, music, or just life in general), there is one thing that remains consistent: Moorings. A mooring is a permanent structure to which a vessel is secured. Sailors could rely on moorings despite what the sea might hold for them. Despite how inconsistent our lives may be, the multitude of things that could change, we can always rely on the outstanding and unique works of prose, photography, poetry, and art that students have to offer.

Our hope is that you saunter over some of the best works that Jesuit High School has to offer.

David Soto '24, *Editor in Chief*

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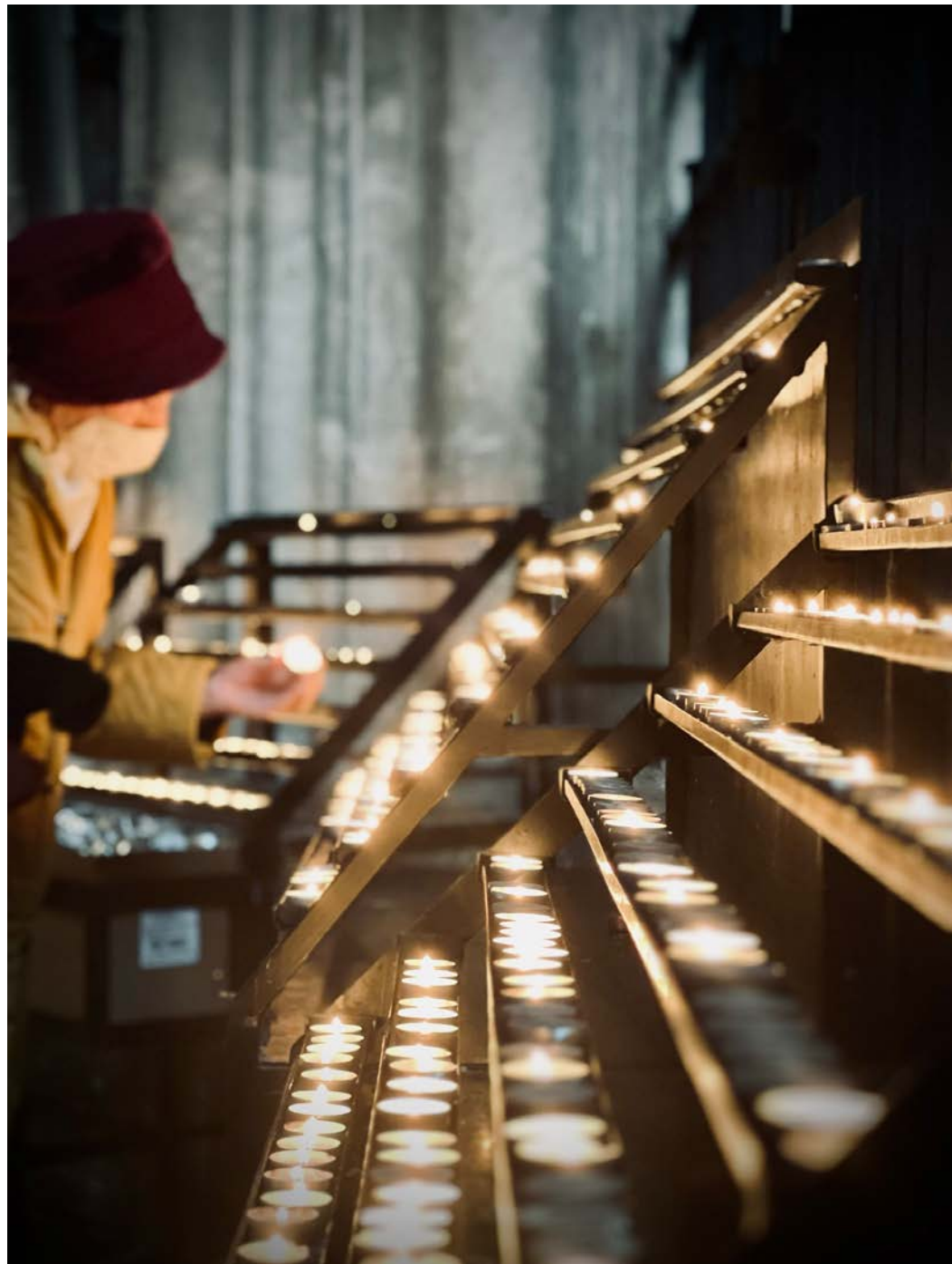


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## ***Loneliness***

by Jack Ford '24

Everyone is familiar with the feeling of loneliness, with feelings of an empty heart and a knot in your throat. The reason loneliness is such a potent and frustrating pit is because it amplifies all other tragedy in your life, as you now have no open arms to turn to in a time of desperation. Suffering a personal loss of a friend recently, it is difficult not to isolate myself from the world. It is an interesting phenomenon in that when people suffer a tragedy, they only wish to be left alone despite the crippling consequences of being alone, in which the tragedy is now taken to another level of hurt. The counter to loneliness is to find love in your friends and family, even if it does not seem necessarily appealing at the time.



## ***Living in Light***

by Ali Zaidi '25





***Beamin'***

by Michael Sciorelli '24





**Family**  
by Justin Paredes '25



***Moonlight***  
by CJ Enriquez '23



# ***The Power of Two***

by Nikil Krish '24

**“Sometimes, life gives you a second chance because just maybe the first time you weren't ready.” – Unknown Author**

“Bifocals, trifocals, telescopes, what are you? 100 years old? Reading books all day?” Those frantic thoughts raced a million times through my mind when my optometrist urgently told me that I needed bifocals to arrest the progression of my myopia (nearsightedness), a condition where one's eyes do not bend and focus on light accurately, causing them only being able to see what is quite closeby. As soon as I went home on the day I picked up my new pair of bifocals, I searched up “bifocals” on Google Images and saw that my thoughts were indeed accurate. Almost all the images in Google Images's database for that term showed elderly people with gray hair wearing them, often while reading books – a sign of their ends not too much more deep in the depths of their lives. These people have run out of second chances to continue their lives and their sense of vision significantly further.

Bifocals are a type of lens in glasses in which the top half is for looking and focusing in the distance, whereas the bottom half is for looking and focusing nearby. You move your eyes or tilt your head forward or back to switch between both views. Benjamin Franklin invented them so he did not have to switch between pairs of glasses for the various activities he did, from reading and publishing, to being an activist for the American Revolution, to inventing many more crazy technological and scientific advances. Dated as November 15th, 1784, in a letter to Franklin from his good friend, George Whatley in London, Whatley remarked that he wished he could have those glasses after the many “disinterested purchases of telescopes” that Whatley bought, which made Franklin's new bifocals worthy of being “ought to [be] covet[ed] and desire[ed] [for],” after Franklin invented them earlier that same year (The Journal of Ophthalmic History).

Bifocals are a type of lens in glasses in which the top half is for looking and focusing in the distance, whereas the bottom half is for looking and focusing nearby. You move your eyes or tilt your head forward or back to switch between both views. Benjamin Franklin invented them so he did not have to switch between pairs of glasses for the various activities he did, from reading and publishing, to being an activist for the American Revolution, to inventing many more crazy technological and scientific advances. Dated as November 15th, 1784, in a letter to Franklin from his good friend, George Whatley in London, Whatley remarked that he wished he could have those glasses after the many “disinterested purchases of telescopes” that Whatley bought, which made Franklin's new bifocals worthy of being “ought to [be] covet[ed] and desire[ed] [for],” after Franklin invented them earlier that same year (The Journal of Ophthalmic History).

The stigma of relating bifocal-wearers to being elderly people has been present as right from Franklin inventing them, they have been used very commonly for worsening age-related vision disorders over time, such as presbyopia, a farsightedness condition. WebMD notes that presbyopia “typically [affects those who are] after age 40” and as a result, many of these people need bifocals or reading glasses – another thing that we see as being associated with elderly people wearing them, when these issues progress into their peoples' elderly years. These people who have lived nearly their entire lives, with wrinkles on their forehead for each and every story of their lives and gray hair, like Ben Franklin at the time he invented bifocals too, frankly. Do you see what I did there? Frankly – Benjamin Franklin? Frankly? Haha! Anyways, now in our contemporary world, we probably see bifocals as a sign that the black crow is about to summon one, and that their eyesight is effectively gone, with nothing they can ever do to restore their lives and their vision to their once-pristine states. People who have clearly run out of pathetic, second chances.

**I started to have trouble in school with seeing the whiteboard from my seat in the middle of the class to being in the very front row, in which I could hardly recognize and distinguish a single darn word, towards the end of the school year.**

Although in the past few decades, with myopia's manifestation has drastically increased with children, the prescription of bifocals to children has also increased, as bifocals have been found to slow the progression of myopia. I was one of those children. When I was seven years old in second grade, my eyesight worsened pretty rapidly over that school year. I started to have trouble in school with seeing the whiteboard from my seat in the middle of the class to being in the very front row, in which I could hardly recognize and distinguish a single darn word, towards the end of the school year. When I went to the optometrist's office, I was diagnosed with myopia, nevertheless. From second grade to fourth grade, my eyesight continued on the same trend, worsening each year with my parents being surprised on their annual shock by the stage of my myopia progressively worsening.

And when I was in fifth grade, my parents took me to the optometrist's office once again for my annual eye exam, but this time, the optometrist said something else – that I am old enough to wear bifocals, and that this would stop the progression of my myopia. My parents and I were surprised and were very skeptical of this strange solution, but my optometrist told them that it could very well work after it had done so with countless numbers of her previous patients. Desperately, my parents and I followed the doctor's decision and ordered me a pair.

While I too, like Franklin and Whatley, am very glad that I have my bifocals, feel so for a much different reason than being able to have two pairs of glasses in one pair: These have given me a second chance to slow

down my myopia and a second chance to enjoy my hobbies that bring me joy, that I may have lost my ability to do as a mere teenager, without my bifocals.

As a car connoisseur, I can continue observing and noting the specific details of other weird, rare, or cool cars on the highway, critiquing them, and gossiping about them with my father, a fellow car connoisseur. I can note the tiny Maybach logo on the rear of a Mercedes Maybach S-Class – the only subtle hint distinguishing the \$250,000 fit-for-royalty-S-Class Maybach from its plebeian cousin, the \$100,000 S-Class, which is unquestionably not deserving of the noble title of Maybach!

**With how my myopia would have probably progressed without my glasses, I may not have been able to distinguish these details of the cool and quirky (and sometimes, just plain stupid) cars that I enjoy learning about!**

This makes me forget the value of an already unaffordable car, hyping up its universally unaffordable cousin. I can also make fun of the comically giant “fart can” exhaust tips of a ‘99 Honda Civic. I can go further, noting that despite how utterly and obnoxiously loud his “fart can” exhaust is and how the Civic's driver is so restless, pretending to be a race car driver, weaving in and out of lanes every five seconds without using his tiny turn signals, that his car probably has a measly 106 horsepower – unless he performed a Chevy LS V8 engine swap in it. But that's a story for another day. With how my myopia would have probably progressed without my glasses, I may not have been able to distinguish these details of the cool and quirky (and sometimes, just plain stupid) cars that I enjoy learning about! Some may see these as a toxic and useless part of the car community for judging cars and their drivers, but I see it as a hobby that brings me joy!

And as a saxophonist and pianist, I can continue to

read the innumerable minute signs of staccato dots and a new sharp or flat being introduced in fun, but challenging sheet music to make sure I get high percentage grades on Smartmusic assignments, a website on which a program records you playing sheet music and grades it in a very arbitrarily offense manner. The habitual thought of wanting to go after the audio algorithm makers of Smartmusic unfolds in my mind each time I get another email notification of a new assignment on the band Google Classrooms, to get them to stop bashing our musical talents by giving us 60 percent grades, although us band kids we can play that music with at least an 90 percent accuracy, realistically speaking.

**Some may see it as a waste of time and effort, but I see it as a hobby that brings me joy!**

Besides the monthly Smartmusic saga, hunting around the football field for my exact and precise field show coordinates like a madman occurs on the evenings of marching band practices is another adventure in Jesuit's band programs. With how my myopia would have probably progressed without my bifocals, I could be actually playing with my music with a subpar, 60 percent accuracy, even without Smartmusic judging me. I could actually not have been able to participate in the field shows at marching band practices, a hobby that I have been wanting to pursue even in college! Some may see it as a waste of time and effort, but I see it as a hobby that brings me joy!

These hobbies of mine and many more are so near and dear to my heart and I might not have been able to do them without my bifocals helping to preserve my eyesight. Preserving my hobbies and dreams. Preserving my future. Without getting bifocals back in fifth grade, I could have been close to being legally blind by now, if not, already legally blind when I am writing this essay – a ding on my permanent record with no second chance ever being able to erase that stubborn pencil mark.

Horribly, myopia's strength shows no sign of stopping, as Myopia is unfortunately “the most common ophthalmic condition in the world with an estimated 22.9% of the world population, or 1.406 billion people being affected” (National Center for Biotechnology Information). This is 1.406 billion people who have the potential of having no second chance at ever continuing the hobbies that bring them joy in the future Applying this into our classroom, imagine if nearly a fourth, or about five students out of our class of about 20 are myopic, having a high probability of one day never being able to pursue their soccer and American football, photography and painting, band and choir, coding and graphic design and many more. These are unquestionably shocking statistics, but with these statistics, comes hope for more optometrists and ophthalmologists to prescribe their patients with bifocals. And hope for more people to get their second chance at enjoying their hobbies. And hope for more people to see bifocals as something beneficial to everyone – not just an inert 100 year old reading a book.

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***Truly Golden***  
by Justin Paredes '25

## ***Captain's promise***

by Ethan Bullard '25

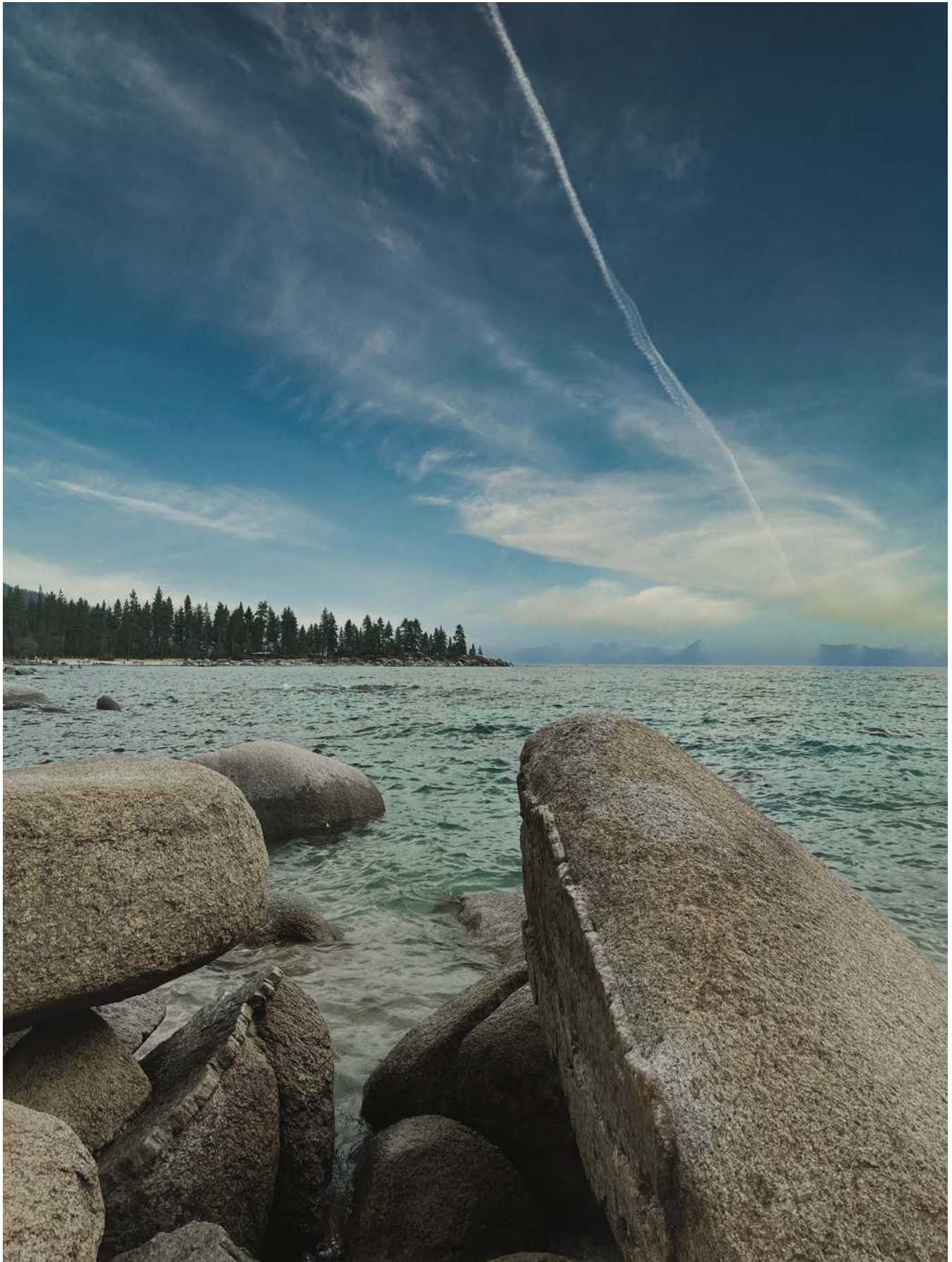
As the bow of St. Luke struck the disturbed sea, the rope was pulled tightly, end to end. After reconciling with the great watery abyss, the ship began another ascent. Many parts of the great ship had been abused to the point of collapse, and the mizzenmast fell with a great desire to be relieved of duty. The captain was accustomed to disappointments, and so the ship rose on. At the apex of the ascent, the rope could be manipulated. The captain saw the opportunity that had been the purpose of the day's sail, so he mangled it. The mist and foam on the top of the sea stared up in amazement and excitement for the return of the keel. The surface of the abyss happily reflected the light from the moon and stars. As the bow finally reunited with the sea, the captain held up his end of the promise, and the rope was tightened as a resounding crack, so loud it disturbed the sun's slumber, was heard.

## ***Untitled***

by Ryan Turner '26







***Contrails***  
by Jack Orcutt '25

## ***Their Perfect World***

by Mark Weeden '25

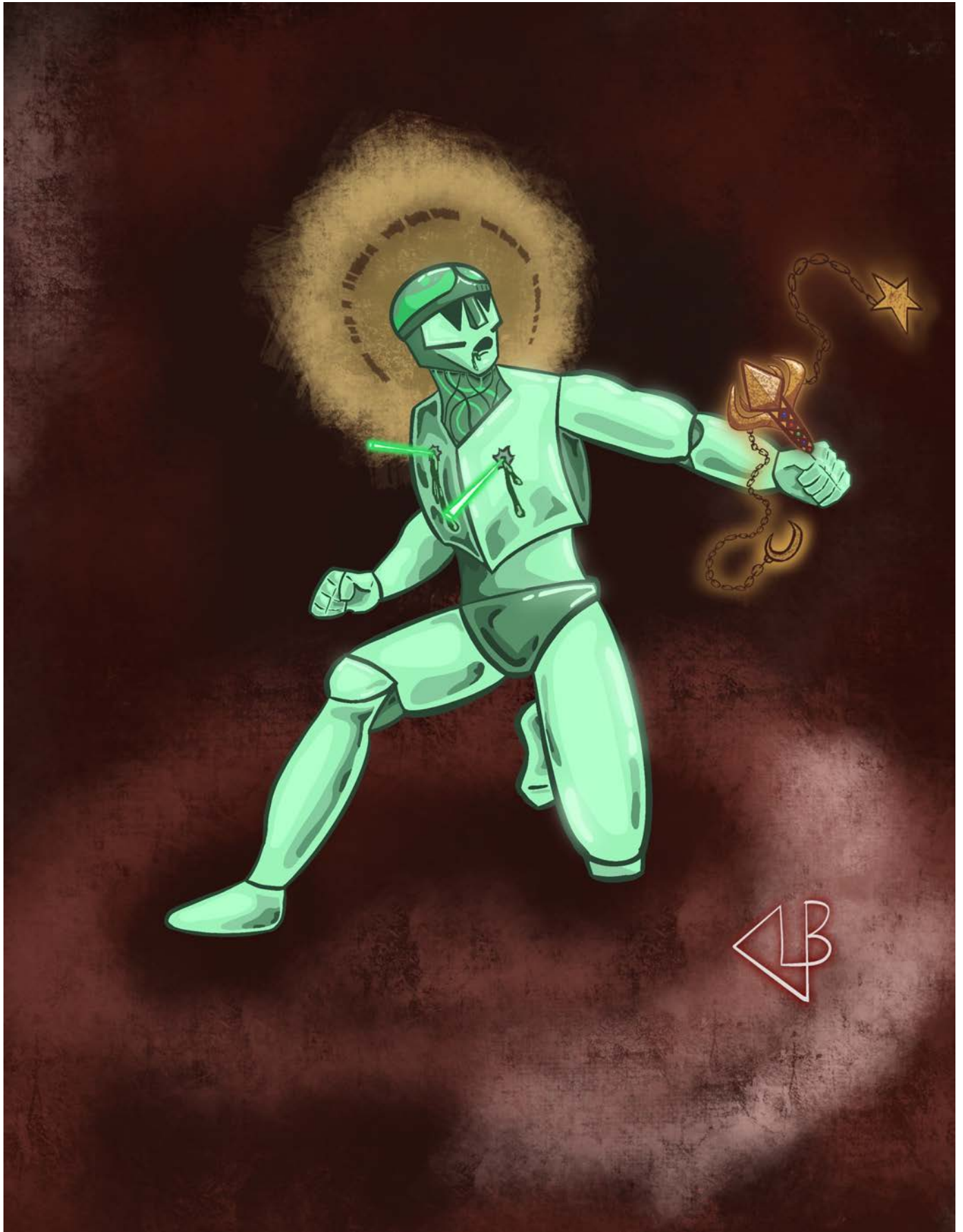
The species of X has reached its highest potential in evolution. They seem to have achieved true equality and peace. Everyone is still an individual because all are unique and special. Nobody is inferior or superior to anyone because everyone has the same intelligence. There is no dissension about politics or religion. They do not have to worry about trivialities such as nourishment or excretion. Relationships do not cause any envy or other negative feelings. Conformity does not exist anymore. The process of reproduction has advanced, so it causes no pain. Suffering does not exist in their perfect world because nobody has a physical form. It is mankind's duty to accelerate human evolution to reach a state equivalent to the species of X.

## ***Dark times***

by Brandon Curry '25







***“To whom does the machine cry out?”***

by Logan Bradley '23





**Welcome to Hell**  
by Zachary McDonald '25





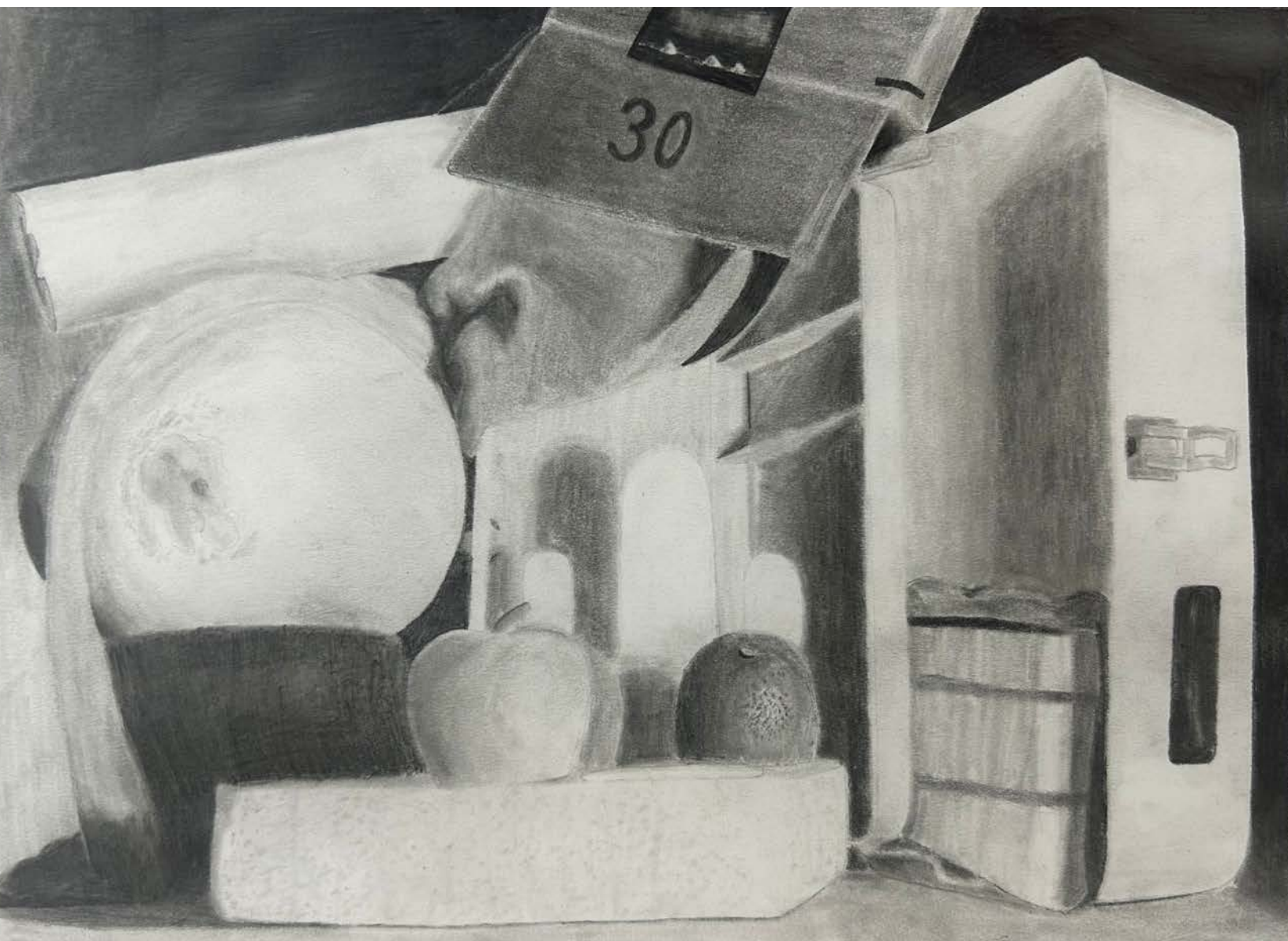
**A Serene Summit**

by Mitchell Sullivan '25

## ***Friends in Unlikely Objects***

by Raphael Edralin '25

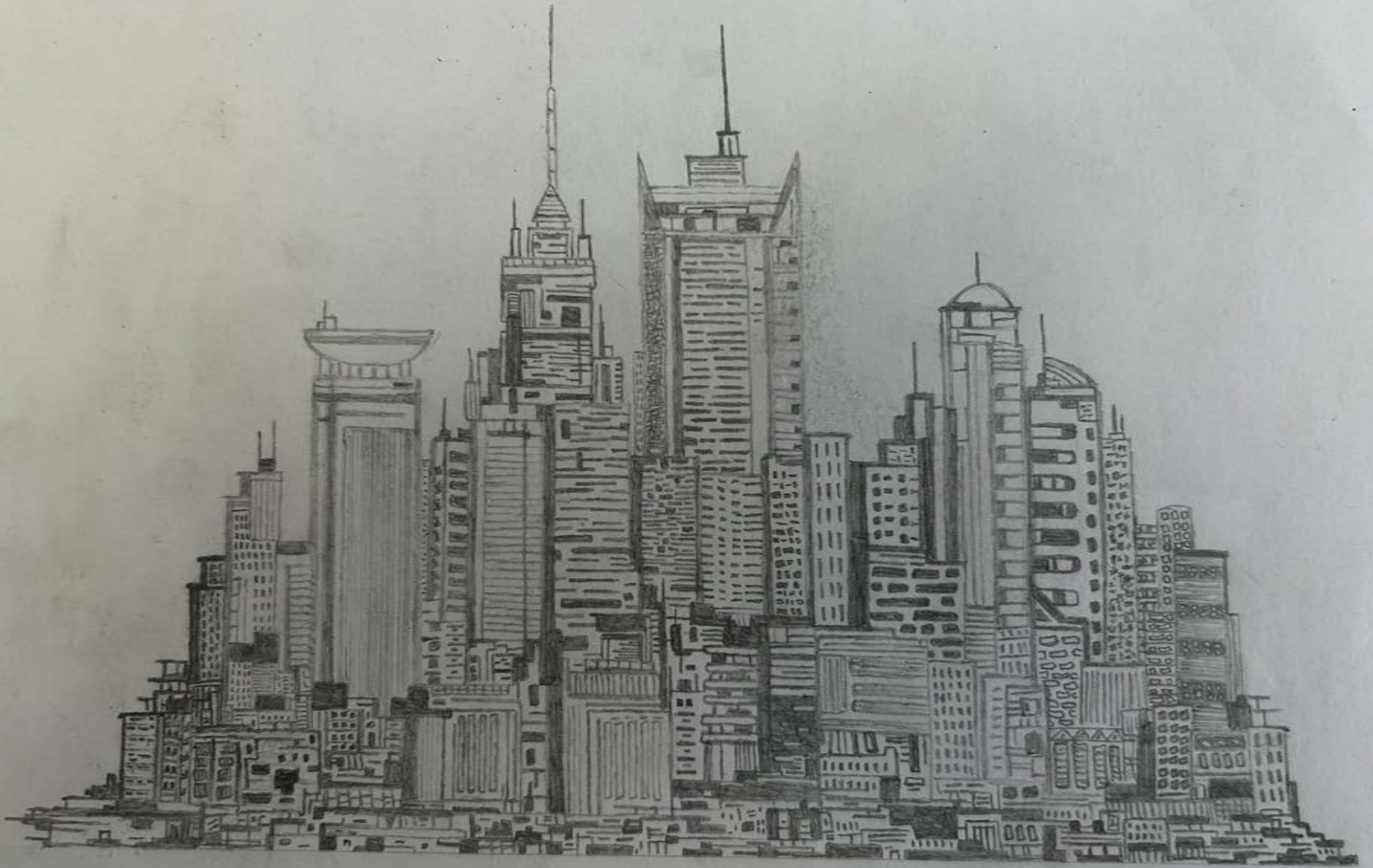
We've been through it all  
thunder, long distance, sunshine  
I love my Prius



## ***Still Life***

by Sam Oxsen '26





***Quiet City***  
by Sam Oxsen '26

# **Failure: Not an End**

by David Soto '24

**“Failure is success in progress”**

**– Albert Einstein**

Every night, I have nightmares of me not being able to do something. I have nightmares of me letting people down or not living up to the expectations placed upon myself. I still remember when I was in third grade and I won my class spelling bee and went on to my school spelling bee and made it to the third round. I lost on the word “havoc”. I stood before a crowd of a bunch of parents and a big, booming voice condemned me with the word “havoc”. Sweat dropped from my face. In my mind I was thinking How am I supposed to spell this, I don't think I've even heard it before...I began to ask random questions in the hope of preventing the inevitable: “May I please have a definition?”, “What is the latin root of this word?” These were words of despair. I already knew that I had lost the battle but given society's unwillingness to accept failure, I continued my attempt to prolong the inevitable: failure. Finally I spoke “H-A-V-I-C”, HAVIC?” The judge told me it was “H-A-V-O-C” and I was eliminated. I felt ashamed from my failure because my fellow contestant (there were two contestants per class) was eliminated in the first round so we won nothing and let down our class, our families, and ourselves.

**The automatic punishment by society was killing her. There was no thought of any reformation occurring or how it was a step in the wrong direction that can be redirected towards a happy marriage. It could have been nonconsensual. They didn't know but, automatically, the marriage ended.**

Society defines failure as a lack of success (Oxford Languages). This preconceived notion originated in the “beginning of creation” when Adam failed in obeying God and was banished from the Garden of Eden along with his accomplice, Eve. Society as a whole, guides itself by this standard. Failure has

become a taboo and a reason to feel shame and become untrusted which leads to the thought of it being the end of a process. Oh, don't believe me? In the bible, we see that a woman is about to be killed for committing adultery and failing to be a faithful wife before Jesus intervenes. The automatic punishment by society was killing her. There was no thought of any reformation occurring or how it was a step in the wrong direction that can be redirected towards a happy marriage. It could have been nonconsensual. They didn't know but, automatically, the marriage ended.

Adam and Eve did not succeed in obeying God and were thus thrown out of the Garden of Eden which is why we should automatically succeed and if we fail, we should get punished, be sent away, and not be given a second chance? Hold up! Does this sound wrong to anyone else? Is not succeeding really always bad? In fourth grade, when my teacher talked about the vikings wreaking havoc, some students asked what havoc meant. I blurted out my answer because I know and will never forget that havoc (H-A-V-O-C!) means widespread destruction! Yes, I did fail a spelling bee. Yes, I did loathe the word “havoc” for having missed it. But that experience allowed me to have more knowledge about words and I was able to learn new definitions that helped me better understand topics in school. Failure also became a part of a process leading to my success and showed me that I needed to study more words in order to actually compete in the spelling bee and that I needed to take it more seriously. The word “havoc” was in the seventh grade section. I failed in my attempt because I did not study sections past the sixth grade because I thought that they would not test me on them due to me being in the third grade. However, that failure taught me that I will be tested on all of the sections of the list of words despite my grade. The next year, I represented the fourth grade in the school spelling bee and I devoted more time to studying for the spelling bee and I read over all of the sections until my eyes were in pain. Because of this, I made it to the tenth round (there were 11 in that spelling bee). In retrospect, failure is part of a process to success, not an end in itself. Failure does not mean

not achieving success, it means getting closer to achieving success. An example of this is when a mathematician, Archimedes, received the notion of the isoperimetric inequality theorem. This theorem states that for three dimensions, the shape enclosing maximum volume for its surface area is a sphere. Archimedes failed in proving it, therefore, according to society he did not succeed. But a man named Herman Schwarz, thousands of years later, saw the idea and saw where Archimedes failed. He then perfected the theorem and proved it profusely. Therefore, Archimedes became part of a process of success, not the end of a process that resulted in a lack of success.

**Failing is not something to fear but instead something to learn from and overcome. Failure comes from taking risks and the only way to succeed is by taking risks, therefore failure is a necessary component of success. Failure can motivate you to work harder, more diligently, and smarter than your failed attempt. It can direct you towards success.**

Failure is essential to success because it gives you invaluable knowledge and unrelenting perseverance that is drawn only from overcoming hardships. Failing is not something to fear but instead something to learn from and overcome. Failure comes from taking risks and the only way to succeed is by taking risks, therefore failure is a necessary component of success. Failure can motivate you to work harder, more diligently, and smarter than your failed attempt. It can direct you towards success. Thomas Edison failed over ten thousand times before inventing the light bulb! He stated: "I have not failed, I have found 10,000 ways that won't work" Through trial and error, Thomas Edison got closer to success because he would understand why each plan failed and use that experience to better formulate a plan that will work. Therefore failure is not an obstacle to success but instead a necessary component to success. It is impossible to succeed without knowing what not to do

and that knowledge can only be gained through failure.

I, for one, will not blindly follow society when it comes to failure. I am not going to allow a fear of failure to stop me from trying new things. In Jesuit high school, I have joined Mock Trial, tried out a new sport (Water Polo), taken the most rigorous courses possible, and played an instrument that I had never played before. I have failed various times in each of these activities. In Mock Trial (I play a witness), I had to ask to read my witness statement while being in a direct examination with a lawyer who asked me if Victor Franks (the defendant) had been seen on a security camera. I forgot what date Franks had been spotted by a security camera and my team lost points for it. This was an embarrassing failure which motivated me to reread my statement various times and remember everything about it.

**In my classes, I have failed exams before. I have looked at my mistakes in the exams which I have failed so that I know what to improve upon on the next exam or what I need to practice to score well on that section for the final. I have also learned the mistakes I have made on those exams which have allowed me to grow intellectually and not make those mistakes again.**

I also will always remember that the night of June ninth, Victor Franks was seen in a security camera. This led me to success because the next scrimmage, I performed my part without having to look at my witness statement during the trial and I answered all the questions correctly in a way which benefited my team. In water polo, I failed in shooting a shot when I was only five feet away from the goalkeeper. This failure motivated me to put more effort into practice and prompted me to ask my coach how to improve my accuracy and placement of the ball when shooting close to the goal. In my classes, I have failed exams before. I have looked at my mistakes in the exams which I have failed so that I know what to improve upon on the next

exam or what I need to practice to score well on that section for the final. I have also learned the mistakes I have made on those exams which have allowed me to grow intellectually and not make those mistakes again. When I was beginning to play my trumpet and had my first rehearsal playing pieces for the concert, I failed. I did not know what the notes meant and I had no idea how to play as high as the piece wanted me to play. I was awful and let down the band. However, I learned from this failure and memorized my entire piece, worked with a friend to help me hit high notes, and put my best effort in rehearsals so that I could take constructive criticism from my band teacher on how to improve. I was successful when performing in my first concert and the band received a standing ovation due to how well we played. With this knowledge, I denounce society's belief that there is a choice between failure and success and instead know that it is through our attempts at success in which we will finally accomplish our dreams and desires. Failure is not a lack of success but, instead, a path to success.

**“If you’ve never failed, you’ve never tried anything new.” – Albert Einstein**

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***Falling***

by Robson Fuentes '25



# ***Inspiration***

by Max Troppmann '25

I desire to come up with words  
With which to write a story  
Handling them like a shepherd sheep herds  
Wielding them like a Greek orator of glory

Yet no words come into mind  
Leaving me empty, grasping, and desperate  
The ideal phrases I cannot find  
My mind like a barren field, seemingly desolate

Then a stream of words makes its way into my brain  
Like water breaking out of its imprisoning dam  
Now my writing I can't constrain  
I assure you that my narrative is no sham

For I come up with an incredible plan  
Its arrival fills me with elation  
I will reveal to my truest fans  
The tale of my poem's inspiration

***Spectator***  
by Sevrin Senger '23





***Resting Potential***

by Ali Zaidi '25



# PARTING SHOT



## *Winter Wonderland*

by Jack Orcutt '25



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