

# Untold

UVU's Honors Program Journal

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# Forward

Untold has been a growing entity and endeavor throughout my time as the editor-in-chief. This can be unsettling because it can cause me to wonder if the journal will ever remain consistent or ever be fully realized. The answer I have come to is that academic journals, especially ones for groups like the Honors Program, may never be fully realized. What they can have is a sure-fire approach that allows them to continue, which is what I think we achieved this semester. I know that when I graduate, there is a process in place so if the program and the students want the journal to continue it will. This journal is not just about getting our program members published, but also about giving them an opportunity for career and personal development. I hope that this project has been beneficial for those who participated and for those who get to have their work shown. I am thankful for the personal development this journal has offered me, and I hope to see its continuation in the future.

We were so thankful that our leadership staff was so involved this semester, and for the funding we got. We had so many people apply for the positions, it was exciting to see how many people wanted to be involved! Our leadership staff has been stellar. Lauren, thank you for being my right-hand woman and phenomenal editor for the journal. You do all the things that I cannot. James, your talent for working with our website has been amazing. Daniel, your marketing and budgeting is definitely one of the reasons we are able to even have staff and pieces in the first place. Carly, your attention to detail for the art and eye for thematic meaning keeps the literary spirit of the magazine going strong. We are also thankful for Brendan and Kate, our faculty support that we could not do without.

As you wander through the 'wings' of our Fall 2023 online exhibit, take time to ponder why certain pieces may have been paired together, as well as other themes that may connect the different wings.

Amanda Hemmert,  
Untold Editor-in-Chief

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# Human Relation

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Family Ties: a Ten-Minute Play  
The Elephant in the Room: the Reality of Pluralism in John  
Hick's Pluralistic Hypothesis;  
Grim Animator  
Muhammad Ali  
Surveillance State  
Ball of String  
Eternal Life  
Mercury for Mars  
Maternal Love  
Dear Vincent Van Gogh

# Family Ties: a Ten-Minute Play

By: Lizzy Jensen

## Cast of Characters

JULIE: 47, mother of one, very religious, struggles to understand her daughter, emotionally closed off.

EMMA: 25, in a Master's program, not very religious anymore, doesn't like talking to her mom about her life.

## Scene 1

*JULIE'S living room. The furniture is dilapidated and old. There is a piano and a few pictures of Jesus, one placed on top of said piano, and others spread across the room. There are also a few family photos depicting a family of three. There is a bookshelf with books shoved and stacked haphazardly on the shelves. On SR of the set is a staircase that clearly leads to an upstairs area.*

*In the middle of the room, JULIE is sitting on a sagging couch with a blanket. Behind the couch is a doorway that leads into a kitchen. JULIE'S feet are propped up on a coffee table. She has what appears to be a book in her lap and is dozing off.*

*EMMA comes creaking down the stairs. She does not expect to see her mother there and considers going back upstairs. She continues on and tries to sneak past the couch upstage into the kitchen. JULIE stirs when she hears EMMA'S footfalls creak on the floorboards.*

JULIE: (*groggy*): Oh hey.

*JULIE turns to look at the time.*

Oh boy it's late. What are you doing up?

EMMA: Just thirsty.

*She moves past the couch to get into the kitchen. As she disappears, JULIE calls after her.*

JULIE: Can I get you anything? There might be some lemonade left over from the viewing.

*There is a silence as JULIE waits for EMMA to respond.*

EMMA: (*offstage*): I got it.

*JULIE looks at her surroundings, waiting for EMMA to come back into the room. She sets down her book. EMMA re-enters, and then quickly makes for the stairs.*

EMMA: Well, goodnight Mom.

JULIE: Oh, well— Emma, wait.

EMMA: (*annoyed*): Yes?

JULIE: (*awkwardly*): What did you think of the funeral?

EMMA: It was good.

*JULIE waits for EMMA to expound. She isn't going to. Awkward silence.*

JULIE: Good . . . well, let me write that down. My father's funeral was good.

EMMA: Christ, Mom. What are you looking for? 'I felt the spirit'? I believe in God again because my dad died? Oh, please, take me back to church?

JULIE: No, Emma. But some communication a little more clear than good would be nice.

EMMA: (*struggles with what to say*): Alright, well . . . the music was nice, I guess. It was fun to see Sister Nielson. I'm glad we could catch up.

JULIE: (*genuine*): She was very happy to see you. She always asks about you.

EMMA: Has she been around a lot lately?

JULIE: Yes, she's been a huge help to me. I've felt a bit overwhelmed with taking care of your dad and she helped take the extra burdens off my shoulders.

EMMA: That's great. I'm glad you had that support. I feel— I'm sorry I couldn't be there.

JULIE: (*a bit sarcastic*): Chicago was calling.

EMMA: I don't want to have this conversation with you.

*EMMA turns to go.*

JULIE: (*regretting her attitude*): No wait, I'm sorry, Emma. It's been a long day.

EMMA: Yeah, I know. I'm gonna go to bed now.

JULIE: Well, wait. I— I wanted to talk.

EMMA: What?

JULIE: It's been just a flurry with funeral arrangements and everything and I just feel like we haven't . . . talked.

EMMA: We've talked.

JULIE: (*exasperated*): Yes hon, but not really. We've talked, but we haven't talked.

*EMMA leans herself on a chair next to where JULIE is sitting.*

EMMA: Well?

JULIE: Well.

*A pause. They clearly are not used to "talking."*

*(At the same time)*

JULIE: Did you have—

EMMA: What were—

*They both stop.*

EMMA: You go ahead.

JULIE: Did you have anyone in Chicago who knew what was going on?

EMMA: (*hesitant*): I have some friends.

JULIE: Well that's good. I was worried about you being alone.

EMMA: I was fine.

JULIE: Does anyone in your ward in Chicago know?

EMMA: No, you know that I don't go to church there.

JULIE: Well, sure, but aren't your church membership records there anyway? They still should have checked on you.

EMMA: Well, they have, but I told them to go away.

JULIE: Why would you do that? They just wanted to help.

EMMA: I don't think they really do, mom. They have no investment in my life that goes beyond my commitment to show up in the pews every Sunday.

JULIE: I don't think that's true, Emma.

EMMA: (*frustrated*) : Yes, it is mom! And it's really starting to feel like my own church membership is the only investment you have in my life as well.

*A pause. They've been through this conversation before.*

JULIE: You know I didn't mean it that way. Why do you have to be so touchy about this church stuff?

EMMA: (*standing to leave*) : Because you are so touchy about this church stuff. And it's hard to talk about. Okay? I think I should go to bed.

*EMMA moves to leave and JULIE stands in protest, trying to get her to stay.*

JULIE: I'm not trying to be naggy. I just feel like you are missing out on a lot of community and support by not going to church.

EMMA: Mom, I have friends.

JULIE: Yes, you mentioned, but—

EMMA: But what? They're probably not church-goers? Maybe they have tattoos and piercings or—god forbid—they drink? Or smoke?

JULIE: You know I didn't mean it that way.

EMMA: Do I? Because last time and every time you bring this up, you seem to mean it that way.

*JULIE is frustrated with how this conversation is going.*

JULIE: I don't mean for it to come out like that. I just don't understand you Emma.

EMMA: The hell is that supposed to mean?

JULIE: (*brashly*): I am just having a hard time understanding why someone would leave the church they have believed in their whole life in the same year they learn their dad had a terminal illness.

EMMA: Well it's not like I planned it this way either, Mom, but as I'm sure you know, that's just life. I didn't want to talk about this tonight, I'm going to bed.

JULIE: I just don't understand you— I've never understood you. You've always just done whatever the hell you wanted to do with no regard of other people, and what they want of you and—

EMMA: Well, my life is not yours! I get to make my own choices, and even if that sucks for you, you don't get to take that anger out on me.

JULIE: (*attempting to be calm*): I'm not trying to get angry at you, I just want to understand. Because it's breaking my heart and I know it broke your father's.

EMMA: God, don't bring him into this mom.

JULIE: (*letting go of the calm, angry*): I feel like because my daughter does not believe in what I believe in, I can't even feel grateful for an eternal family anymore. I can't be grateful knowing I will see John after this life because you won't be there. It's like this stain on my heart that I am going to feel forever.

EMMA: (*exasperated*): Well I am sincerely sorry. I am. But here's the thing: I don't know what the hell I'm supposed to do either, Mom. I know this is hard for you to hear and yeah, it's hard for me to talk about, but I don't believe in God anymore, and my father is dead, so where does that leave me? Huh?

*Emma begins moving, trying to get these awful feelings out.*

I just feel so alone, even when I'm with my friends, because they don't really understand what it's like to lose your religion and your whole sense of self. Then I come home and you try to talk about church stuff—the plan of salvation, eternal families, Dad's temple covenants, blah blah blah. These things mean nothing to me anymore and in fact just remind me of something that my dad was likely deeply disappointed in me for up until his very last breath. Even though he never said it to my face like you did. But I knew, I could tell how much it hurt him. And it felt like no matter how much I could try and explain myself, you guys just wouldn't understand.

*She is less angry, more sad here.*

You have no fucking idea how lonely it feels to lie in bed at night wondering if you fucked up your life, fucked up your chances of seeing your own father again, just because you let your temple recommend expire and you stopped going to church. It is so painful, Mom. And I'm—

*EMMA breaks at this, starts crying.*

EMMA: I'm just so goddamn sad. And lonely.

*EMMA starts crying harder. JULIE moves in again to try and hug EMMA, who has never before shared these feelings with her mom.*

JULIE: Oh. Emma.

EMMA: (*moving away from her, embarrassed*): I told you I didn't want to do this. I want to go to bed.

JULIE: Emma, wait. Please. I'm sorry.

EMMA: I don't care.

JULIE: Emma I— I want to talk to you about these things

EMMA: No you don't. You want to make me feel bad about these things. There's a difference. And it hurts to hear my mom look down on a very important decision I've made for myself.

JULIE: (*she pauses to gather her thoughts*): No, Emma. I'm sorry. I'm trying— I want to understand you better. This is my terrible way of trying.

*EMMA pauses and looks to see if her mom is serious.*

JULIE: (*continuing*): As your father was dying, I realized he was actually dying. And all I had was you. And you never talk to me anymore.

EMMA: That's not my fault.

JULIE: (*a little annoyed here, because she is trying*): I'm not saying it is. But you haven't been jumping at the chance to talk to me. And you have absolutely been avoiding being alone with me this entire time you've been home.

EMMA: It's painful enough coming home because my dad died. I don't want to make it worse by fighting with my mom about church.

JULIE: I see.

*They sit in silence for a second. JULIE starts to get emotional.*

JULIE: *(continuing)*: It just feels like too many things happened at once. When I realized I lost you was also when I realized I was going to lose John. And then I would be alone.

EMMA : *(quiet, almost a whisper)* : I'm sorry you felt so alone.

JULIE: I'm sorry you felt that way too. I just didn't realize. I'm sorry. I feel like I've failed you in so many ways.

*EMMA moves in to hug JULIE.*

EMMA: You didn't fail me, Mom. Not at all.

JULIE: But I have. I've made you feel like you can't talk about important things with me.

EMMA: I made you feel that way too.

*They break their hug and look at each other.*

JULIE: He was so proud of you. He wasn't disappointed in you at all. Look at you, with almost two degrees! He would talk about it as often as he could.

EMMA: *(laughing)*: Really?

JULIE: Yes!

EMMA: He is probably rolling in his grave knowing that we are having this conversation now, without him here to see.

JULIE: *(laughs)*: He'd kill me if he could. Can we try sharing these things with each other from now on?

**END**



# The Elephant in the Room: the Reality of Pluralism in John Hick's Pluralistic Hypothesis;

By: Lizzy Jensen

## Introduction

An old Eastern parable tells a story of six blind men and an elephant. Ignorant of the nature and stature of this animal, the blind men are led to the elephant to touch, describe, and make a claim of what this unknown object might be. One man feels the trunk and insists it must be a snake. Another touches the tail and claims it must be a rope. Another grasps the papery ear and decides it must be a fan. The purpose of this parable is to showcase that each human being may see and observe a phenomenon and claim absolute truth based on their perception of the phenomenon. In the modern day of increasing globalization and diversity, this parable is often used as an analogy to illustrate the spectrum of religious beliefs.

Other analogies are used to such an end: fingers pointing to the same moon, cars driving several different highways to the same city, and various pathways taken up the same mountain. Each analogy, though fluctuating slightly, attempts to shine a light of similarity in the murky and oft troubled sea of religious difference. In 1989, religious philosopher John Hick published his pluralistic hypothesis in *An Interpretation of Religion* as a way to calm these waters of divergence. Hick proposed that all humankind is religiously experiencing the same Reality, but in their own distinct and culturally conditioned way. He claims that “the great world faiths embody different perceptions and conceptions of, and correspondingly different responses to, the Real from within the major variant ways of being human.” Despite the many differences between faith practices and beliefs, Hick holds that they all come from the same divine Reality.

Hick’s pluralistic hypothesis and the other parables and analogies referenced are well intentioned yet misguided. In attempting to establish similarities among humanity’s great religions, the particularities of religious belief are reduced to abstraction; these analogies neglect that the moon is still the moon, an elephant is still an elephant, and each must be logically defined in all its possibilities and limitations. I will provide examples of this abstraction in Hick’s philosophy of pluralism and further explain the reality of religious diversity and other sound philosophies that embrace what D.Z. Phillips defines as “radical pluralism.” Despite the shortcomings of Hick’s pluralistic attempt, difference in experience and belief should not hinder relationships across faiths.

## Religious Pluralism and Relativism

To a hopeful defendant of interfaith relationships among religious diversity, Hick’s hypothesis is affirming at first glance. He argues for the rational justification that “treating one’s own form of religious experience as a cognitive response . . . to a divine reality must . . . apply equally to the religious experience of others.”<sup>2</sup> However, his ensuing argument begins to falter as he claims that the great world religions “constitute different ways of experiencing, conceiving, and living in relation to an ultimate divine Reality which transcends all our varied versions of it.” He goes on to define this divine Reality by way of not defining it, other than its characteristic of ineffability that seems to be shared across many belief systems. He claims that the Real “cannot be said to be one or many, person or thing, substance or process, good or evil, purposive or non-purposive . . . we cannot even speak of this as a thing or an entity.”<sup>4</sup> Indeed, Gregory of Nyssa explains the Christian God “to be that which He is, [namely], incapable of being grasped by any term, or any idea, or any other device of our apprehension,” the Tao Te Ching affirms that “the Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao,”<sup>5</sup> and the Surah As-Safat in the Qur’an praises, “Exalted is Allah above what they describe.”<sup>7</sup> Clearly ineffability is a common conviction of the status of a religious Reality.

1 John Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion: Human Responses to the Transcendent* (London: Yale University Press, 1989), 240.

2 Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 235.

3 Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 235-236.

4 Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 246.

5 Gregory of Nyssa, *Against Eunomius*, trans. William Moore and Henry Austin Wilson. (New York: Christian Literature Publishing), bk. 1, sec. 42.

6 Lao-tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, trans. Stephen Mitchell (EPub: Harper Collins, 2004), 15.

7 The Qur’an 37:159, trans. Saheeh International.

Hick does not acknowledge that these descriptions of a religion's divine Reality as ineffable come with previous knowledge of such Reality's identity. Keith Ward identifies this defect in Hick's hypothesis as the difference between ontology and epistemology in matters of religious belief. He writes, "ineffability cannot in any case be sensibly interpreted to mean, 'Lack of knowledge' . . . That is, it is not that I do not know what God is; I do know that the being of God is such that it contains no distinctions, no parts, no complexity which human concepts could grasp."<sup>8</sup> In short, the ineffability of God or the eternal Tao is not epistemological, as there is clearly no failure for one to know and believe in their respective divine Reality; it is ontological, for ineffability is yet another way for divine Reality to be described, and in some cases, praised.

Hick's claim to ineffability as the uniting factor of differing belief systems accelerates his hypothesis toward relativism. It removes the significance of distinct religious beliefs and abstracts the identity of each religion's divine Reality. Roger Trigg identifies this problem and writes,

A realist understanding of religion, insisting that religion is about objective reality, portrays the very essence of religion ... God must make himself accessible to man, if man is able to grasp his reality ... [Hick's] attempts to produce agreement between Christians and, say, Buddhists, can only proceed by emptying the claims of either, or both, of all real content.<sup>9</sup>

Appealing to relativism in matters so important to personal identity as religious belief is not a sustainable or logical answer to religious pluralism. Without an attainable definition of the nature of God or Dharma or Allah, a believer is left to wonder what there even is for them to believe in. Hick further claims in his pluralistic hypothesis that each of the world's great faiths have "within each of them the transformation of human existence from self-centeredness to Reality-centeredness."<sup>10</sup> Such a transformation is not theologically possible if one does not feel that they know whatever Reality it is that they are aspiring to or worshiping.

Drawing similarities between religious and worldview beliefs can be an excellent way to encourage acceptance of difference in thought, and I believe that this was Hick's intention. I do not doubt that his aspiration for his pluralistic hypothesis was to "provide a framework for interfaith dialogue" and encourage the traditions to respect and learn from each other.<sup>10</sup> But Hick's claims in his pluralistic hypothesis wax far too relativistic to encourage an interfaith dialogue in lasting and meaningful ways. Trigg addresses this problem by pointing out that "relativism, in fact, must breed indifference to other religions, while any claim of objective truth must be taken seriously by anyone."<sup>11</sup> Such indifference may prevent meaningful relationships between faiths as it eludes conversation about differing ideologies and allows the relativist to avoid thinking critically and deeply about their beliefs and the beliefs of others. If one is too frightened to express a claim to truth, their beliefs are not able to be fully seen and understood by others.

### Religious Pluralism and Contemplative Philosophy

D.Z. Phillips further addresses these flaws in Hick's hypothesis and introduces contemplative philosophy as a more logical approach to understanding religious pluralism. He identifies contemplative philosophy as an "attempt to do conceptual justice to the world in all its variety."<sup>12</sup> Phillips' thesis is that pluralism, in the way Hick writes his hypothesis, is elbowed away from being a philosophical concept and becomes a theological concept. It is held up as a third option against the theological perspectives of exclusivism and inclusivism. When improperly compared with these two perspectives, the word "pluralism" is wrongfully understood as the thought process that 1) all the world religions are different paths to the same God, or 2) closer to Hick's hypothesis that "God" transcends all religions and is only half-understood by each one. Both of those perspectives falter logically, as has already been pointed out. Phillips argues that those two perspectives on pluralism have "no interest in doing conceptual justice to religions, no matter what their character."<sup>13</sup> Instead of looking deeply at different belief systems and their practices, this path of theological pluralism gives permission for outside parties to opt for the backseat instead of curiously engaging with faiths and worldviews that are different from their own.

Phillips instead claims that radical pluralism is successful philosophical contemplation of different religions. This approach to religious pluralism does not deny the existence of difference and conflict among religions, but

8 Keith Ward, "Truth and the Diversity of Religions," *Religious Studies* 26, no. 1 (March 1990): 6.

9 Roger Trigg, "Religion and the Threat of Relativism," *Religious Studies* 19, no. 3 (September 1983): 304, 298.

10 John Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion: Human Responses to the Transcendent* (London: Yale University Press), 240.

11 Trigg, "Religion and the Threat of Relativism," 300.

12 D.Z. Phillips and Andy Sanders, "D.Z. Phillips' Contemplative Philosophy of Religion : Questions and Responses," 207.

13 Phillips, "...Questions and Responses," 204-205.

allows those differences to exist, as they are. Radical pluralism can be especially understood in the context of the human sacrifice performed by the Aztecs. Instead of writing off human sacrifices as a terrible, mistaken understanding of the Real, radical pluralism contemplates the actuality of the ritual of human sacrifice and “does conceptual justice to such rituals by recognizing them as a part of the radical pluralism of human life.”<sup>14</sup> Radical pluralism does not theologically explain away the persistence of these rituals but explores them as a human phenomenon.

Radical pluralism may seem impossible to obtain. It is unrealistic for the thoughtful philosopher to live constantly in such contemplation because, as Phillips pointed out, they have “a life to live.”<sup>15</sup> Indeed, as a pluralist myself, I acknowledge that I am partial to Christianity, and I have built a home of beliefs and values wherein I have chosen to live. Naturally, those values and beliefs will come in conflict with others. But radical pluralism does not demand the complete removal of conflict. In fact, the true pluralist must accept that such religious conflict is inevitable. I turn again to Keith Ward:

Both atheists and theists [and nontheists] can be rationally justified in adopting the views of the world they do adopt ... but it does not follow that each must accept the other’s view as equally true ... So I must admit the equal right of others to exist and hold the views they do. And I must admit the fallibility and theoretical uncertainty of my view.<sup>16</sup>

Radical pluralism is acknowledging that human life consists of many different possibilities of meaning. The contemplative pluralist is not forced to accept all possibilities, but is encouraged to merely recognize and respect them.

A commitment to religious pluralism does not require a relinquishment or abstraction of one’s personal religious beliefs. In practical application, Hick’s hypothesis appeals for a believer to water down their own religious belief to theologically make room for others. Generalizing religious belief in such a way is dangerous to the distinction and transcendence of religious belief across the world. D.Z. Phillips claims that contemplative philosophy “is not a retreat from life, a lack of interest in the fray, but a certain kind of interest in human life, born of wonder at it.”<sup>17</sup> It is my desire that such wonder at religious life and belief will obtain the interfaith dialogue of which John Hick was so hopeful when he first established his pluralistic hypothesis.

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14 Phillips, “...Questions and Responses,” 205.

15 Phillips, “...Questions and Responses,” 207.

16 Ward, “Truth and the Diversity of Religions,” 13.

17 Phillips, “...Questions and Responses,” 207.

# The Elephant in the Room: the Reality of Pluralism in John Hick's Pluralistic Hypothesis;

By: Lizzy Jensen

## Endnotes

1. John Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion: Human Responses to the Transcendent* (London: Yale University Press, 1989), 240.
2. Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 235.
3. Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 235-236.
4. Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion*, 246
5. Gregory of Nyssa, *Against Eunomius*, trans. William Moore and Henry Austin Wilson. (New York: Christian Literature Publishing), bk. 1, sec. 42, <https://www.newadvent.org/fathers/290101.htm>.
6. Lao-tzu, *Tao Te Ching*, trans. Stephen Mitchell (EPub: Harper Collins, 2004), 15, [https://docdrop.org/download\\_annotation\\_doc/-Perennial-Classics-Lao-Tzu-Stephen-Mitchell---Tao-Te-Ching\\_-A-New-English-Version-Harper-Perennial-Modern-Classics-2006-2-4--pDMw9.pdf](https://docdrop.org/download_annotation_doc/-Perennial-Classics-Lao-Tzu-Stephen-Mitchell---Tao-Te-Ching_-A-New-English-Version-Harper-Perennial-Modern-Classics-2006-2-4--pDMw9.pdf).
7. The Qur'an 37:159, trans. Saheeh International, <https://alrashidmosque.ca/wp-content/uploads/2019/05/The-Quran-Saheeh-International.pdf>.
8. Keith Ward, "Truth and the Diversity of Religions," *Religious Studies* 26, no. 1 (March 1990): 6, <https://www.jstor.org/stable/20019384>.
9. Roger Trigg, "Religion and the Threat of Relativism," *Religious Studies* 19, no. 3 (September 1983): 304, 298, <https://www.jstor.org/stable/20005971>.
10. John Hick, *An Interpretation of Religion: Human Responses to the Transcendent* (London: Yale University Press), 240.
11. Trigg, "Religion and the Threat of Relativism," 300.
12. D.Z. Phillips, "Philosophy's Radical Pluralism in the House of Intellect," in *D.Z. Phillips' Contemplative Philosophy of Religion: Questions and Responses*, ed. Andy Sanders (New York: Ashgate Publishing, 2007), 207, <https://research.ebsco.com/linkprocessor/plink?id=f60f5816-a3c8-3b9c-8def-09ebff804f8e>.
13. Phillips, "...Questions and Responses," 204-205.
14. Phillips, "...Questions and Responses," 205.
15. Phillips, "...Questions and Responses," 207.
16. Ward, "Truth and the Diversity of Religions," 13.
17. Phillips, "...Questions and Responses," 207.

# Grim Animator

*By: Benjamin Hood*

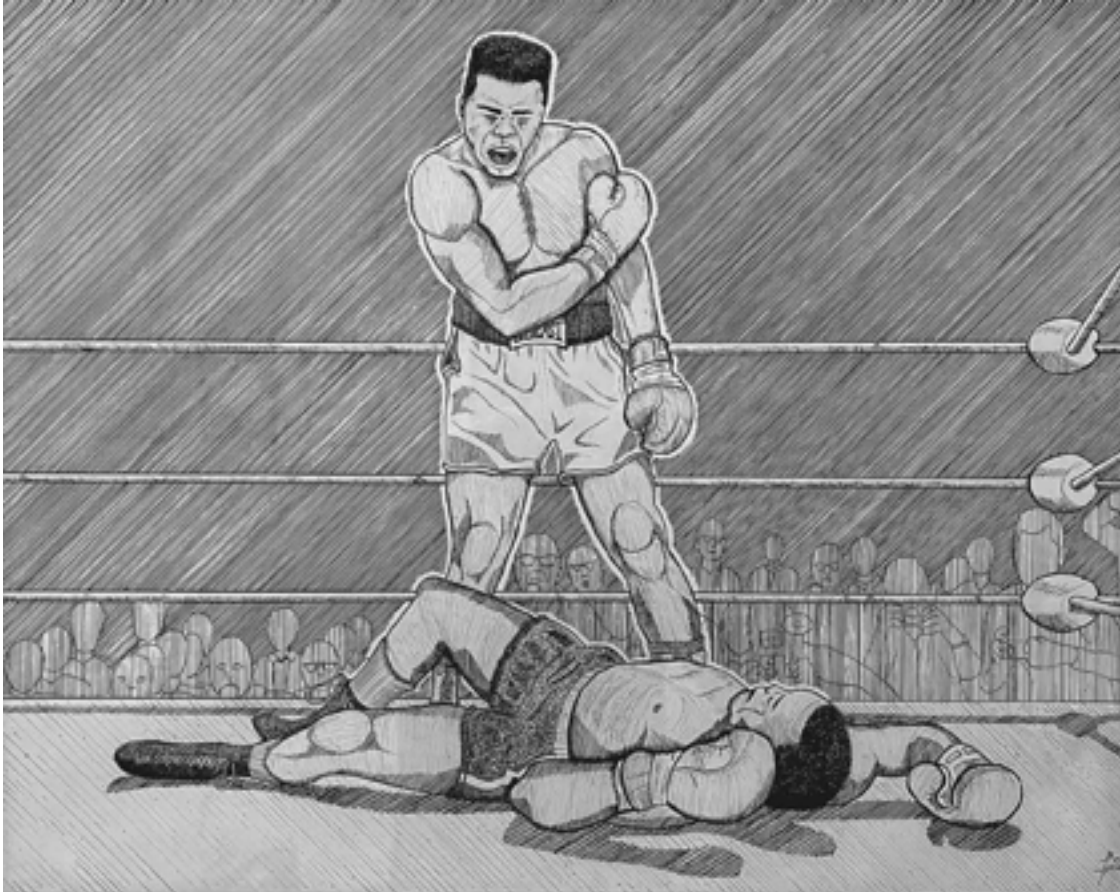


## **Artist Statement:**

This artwork pays homage to traditional animators who worked on paper, crafting the films that shaped my childhood and sparked my passion. While honoring those roots, I've added my personal touch, incorporating a Grim Reaper-like character. This symbolizes my commitment to a lifelong journey as an animator, blending tradition with my unique perspective.

# Muhammad Ali

*By: Benjamin Hood*



## **Artist Statement:**

One of the pivotal moments in combat sports is the iconic image of Muhammed Ali standing over a vanquished Sonny Liston. This event marked a significant upset in the sport and underscored the greatness of Muhammad Ali. A side note, often overlooked is the compelling story of Sonny Liston—his struggles, complexities, and the nuanced narrative that goes beyond the simplified memories after his defeat.

# Surveillance State

*By: Korryn Narvaez*



## **Artist Statement:**

If one were to create an artificial intelligence, instead of attempting to replicate the incredibly complex attributes of the human mind from scratch, modeling said AI off of an existing person's mind would probably be an easier way to start.

This artwork depicts my character Dell, an AI humanoid robot whose every inch is based off of another boy of the same name. As an artificial being, he contains the memories and personality traits of a 15-year old boy named Dell, a boy from Haddin, Belmeyrre.

As an AI who "escaped" from the facility in which he was created, he roams the streets like a toddler. Slowly learning about humanity and what he sees, he attempts to understand the memories in his head of a life he's never lived and a twin brother he's never met.

# Ball Of String

**By: Lauren Wynn**

*Prompt: Strings always have explained or enriched our lives, from Theseus's escape route from the Labyrinth, to kittens playing with balls of yarn, to a thread woven into a tapestry of fate, to a finely tuned violin string. Use the power of string, real or metaphorical, to explain something you view as crucial.*

In my mind, there is a ball of string. It gets tossed around, catching on ideas and weaving through thoughts until it is an anarchic, knotted mess. Sometimes I try to follow the string—to collect the string—but it always gets away from me. At every provocation, it unravels. It wraps around my brain. It coils around my tongue. It ensnares my words, keeping me captive within the maze of my mind. For all of my life, this ball of string—this chaos of thoughts and feelings that I cannot seem to express—has been my bane.

I allowed it to be.

In actuality, this ball of string is more than tangles and turmoil: it is a tapestry; the tapestry of who I am. Up close, it feels utterly unsightly; but if I take a step back, it is a work of art.

Throughout my life, I have felt governed by my inability to eloquently express myself, but I am not the only person who struggles to communicate. Every mind is different, and therefore it makes sense that each mind thinks differently. Because of this, I have made it my mission to take the time to understand how the people I meet communicate and see the tapestry of who they are, rather than the knotted string that thoughts and feelings can sometimes appear to be.

My mind will always be inhabited by the ball of string. I will, until the end of my days, spend every conversation tracing the tip of my tongue over the threads until it is untied. But I'm not the only person who finds it hard to translate thoughts and emotions into words. If I take the time to understand how my mind and the minds of others work, the world can become a little less constricting and confusing, and we may all enjoy the tapestries we truly are.



# Eternal Life

***By: Henry Wolthuis***

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

What is life? Life is love. Life is an experience. Life is a heartbeat. Life is a cold beverage on a summer day. Life is a flower in the month of May. However, questions still remain: what makes something a life, and how many lives does that thing have? I argue that life will last as long as we allow it to.

Many have said that a legacy will live on as long as there are people to embody it and share it. Does this same sentiment not also apply to life? In a medical context, everyone will pass on. However, people such as George Washington, Martin Luther King Jr., Jesus Christ, and Buddha live on today with arguably more influence than when they were alive.

These four historical figures prove that concepts, ideas, or people can live forever if we remember their messages and recognize their impact. We can all live forever through the memories and legacy we leave with those around us.

The beautiful culture of Mexico embodies this sentiment through the Mexican holiday Dia De Los Muertos. On this holiday, also known as Day of the Dead, families gather together to honor their dead through songs, stories, pictures, meals, and more. The movie Coco follows a young boy on his journey to restore the memory of his long lost grandfather to keep him from being forgotten forever. The young boy succeeded in helping his grandfather's memory stay alive through song, image, and memory.

Referring back to the initial question, how many lives does something have? The answer is how long as we choose to remember.

# Mercery for Mars

*By: Ember Thompson*

*Prompt: You are on an expedition to found a colony on Mars, when from a nearby crater, a group of sentient Martian beings suddenly emerges. They seem eager to communicate, but they're the impatient kind and demand you represent the human race in one song, image, memory, mathematical proof, or other idea. What song, image, etc. do you share with them to show that humanity is worth their time?*

There are many ways you could go about convincing another society to cooperate with us. Some might go for a practical approach, such as making a show of power or negotiating trade deals. However, I believe that the best way to express the true human spirit would be through the medium of art. Sure, a trade deal might show what we are capable of, but what do we do when we are not just trying to survive? What do we do in our free time? What makes us happy? I think art is one of the best ways to peer into a society's soul and see what they care about at its very core. If I had to pick one piece of art to represent the human spirit, I would pick the song "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen.

This song needs no introduction; it is one of the most popular songs of the entire 20th century. It is considered almost universally to be one of the finest tracks in popular music. Even so, what makes this song stand out so much, and why would I use it to represent humanity to the aliens?

Part of this song's appeal is that there are no other songs like it. It is six minutes long, which is unusual in mainstream music, and it doesn't have a chorus or a consistent melody. This song is divided into several sections, each with different melodies and even different genres. Freddie Mercury, the songwriter, combined three different songs into a singular piece to create "Bohemian Rhapsody." This song is also unique in that the lyrics don't form any sort of coherent narrative. It gives off an abstract sense of melancholy in the second section where the singer cries to "Mama" and then switches to absurdity, as seen in the parodical opera verse. In the hard rock section, the tone switches to one of defiance, but the whole song has undertones of dread. The opera verse is particularly iconic, seemingly jumping back and forth between different ideas with no rhyme or reason; they mention Scaramouche, Galileo, Beelzebub, and even quote the Qu'ran. Because of how unique the song's composition is, listening to it is also a unique experience that gives it a sort of grandeur.

Despite the unique length and composition of "Bohemian Rhapsody," what makes me think the song is worthy to represent humanity? The answer is complicated, but this song represents a very wide range of emotions and ideas compared to others; it's melancholic, defiant, absurd, and fatalistic.

The actual meaning behind the lyrics of the song has been kept secret by the band members for decades. However, Brian May, the lead guitarist for Queen, supported suggestions that the song was about Freddie Mercury's personal experiences and traumas. The lyrics ambiguously reference a "poor boy" who has to leave "Mama" and "face the truth," and also has to defy another figure who has scorned him. In the end, the poor boy admits, "Anyone can see / Nothing really matters to me." Even with this supported theory, no one knows what's going on in the opera section.

I think "Bohemian Rhapsody" does a great job of representing the human spirit in its many forms. It represents the pain of leaving a relationship and the absurdity and passion we put into the things we care about. It even

represents the want to triumph over those who wish to hold us back. Even though this song makes no sense at all, the nonsensical ramblings still seem to resonate with millions of people all over the world. We may not know exactly what the song is about, but we know how the song feels, and we can all relate to the emotions that the composition evokes in us. We can tell that someone poured their heart into this song.

Bohemian Rhapsody is what I would use to represent humanity because it is a perfect painting of a human soul. It encapsulates so much emotion and heartfelt sincerity that I can not think of anything else that would do a better job.

# Maternal Love

*By: Abigayle Burris*

*Prompt: You are on an expedition to found a colony on Mars, when from a nearby crater, a group of sentient Martian beings suddenly emerges. They seem eager to communicate, but they're the impatient kind and demand you represent the human race in one song, image, memory, mathematical proof, or other idea. What song, image, etc. do you share with them to show that humanity is worth their time?*

If I had to present a representative work of the human race to a group of Martians, the work I would share with these beings would be "Mother and Child" by Avarð Tennyson Fairbanks. Overall, I think this sculpture is simply beautiful. The softness, posing, skill, meaning, and real nature of it make it so genuine.

The meaning I would try to present to this alien race is the realness and beauty of humans as individuals. Society is cold and uncaring—yet, as individuals, we can accomplish so much. In this specific example, I love the beauty of unrequited and unchallenged love. The bond between mother and child. There is no other love like it in the world; it is so unique, yet it is shared across a number of species.



"Mother and Child" by Avarð Tennyson Fairbanks

As I said before, humanity as a whole is a lot of things. We all have struggles, hardships, and negativity, and it can often show. Yet, down at the core of human nature, there is a lot of goodness. Together, we are much. Individually, we can be good and beautiful. Tying into that, a lot of our good can be brought out through love. People can change through the many different types of love, such as friendship, romance, and other relationships. We can be changed, influenced, and altered by the love we give and receive, and I think one of the best examples of that is motherhood. Both mother and child can affect each other in a million ways.

Overall, I would show this piece to demonstrate the beauty of love and bonding relationships. It's part of what makes humans so great, and I believe this sculpture shows the best of humanity.

# Dear Vincent van Gogh

*By: May Meneses*

*Prompt: Imagine Genghis Khan with an F1 racecar, Emperor Nero with a panini press, George Washington with a SuperSoaker, Frida Kahlo with a Furby, or Queen Lilioukalani with a Tesla. If you could give any historical figure any piece of technology, who and what would it be, and why do you think they'd work so well together?*

Dear Vincent van Gogh,

Wherever in the universe you may be, I hope this finds you well. There really aren't words to make you understand what an inspiration you became after your passing. The year is 2023, and I still feel the sadness of imagining what greatness you might have accomplished had your time not been cut short.

You're probably confused as to why I'm writing to you, and truth be told, more than admiring your life and how art helped you cope (and the fact that I'm using this for a college program application), I wanted to tell you about something extraordinary that people with a mental state similar to yours use in my time. Mostly used by people with SAD (seasonal affective disorder), light therapy in the form of a lamp is used to change the chemical reactions in one's brain to ease the symptoms of SAD. I often wonder how having something like this in your life might have helped you and inspired your art. Maybe we could have seen the evolution of your life through your art. You might've even used that little lamp to show people the bright side of the relatable pain which you felt.

I live in a time where mental challenges are more accepted, and I think it's important for people to see that progression through impactful people like you. Your work and life story is relatable, and one people still look up to. Overall, I just wanted to let you know that your pain is powerful, and even though you didn't have this piece of technology that may have changed your life, you created and shared inspiration for generations to follow.

With lots of love,

May Meneses

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# Exploration

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The Sound of Emotion

Blue-Red Split

The Glittering Void Awaits

Spider

At Dawn

Space Between the Lines

Late Night Bite

Don't Open the Door

# The Sound of Emotion

*By: Logan Stanford*

*Prompt: What are the peculiarities of your own personal language (and it need not be English, although your essay needs to be). Consider the voice you use when speaking most intimately to yourself or your family, the vocabulary that spills out when you're startled, or special phrases and gestures that no one else seems to use or even understand and tell us how your language makes you unique.*

Language is the vehicle for which we deliver complex and sometimes illogical information — conceptualized based on our emotions and previous experiences. That language and conceptualization is different for every person. I'm sure that if we could see into each other's inner worlds and hear each other's inner dialog, we would see just how diverse and unique every individual in this world is. I feel emotions deeply and find that my sensitivity is one of my favorite personal traits. However, I have always struggled to find the words in any language to adequately express those strong feelings. It is that dilemma that caused me to turn to music.

Music is the language of pure emotion. You can find ways to express even the most illogical and complex feelings through a song. When I am on stage, I can simultaneously speak to the masses while also speaking most intimately to the individual. Through any instrument, I can open the window into my inner world and communicate what words cannot. Whether it be jazz improvisation or a contemporary melody, my voice and interpretation are mine alone. It is extraordinary. I can reach even the most closed-off heart through my music. I lay out for everyone to see the things only God and myself comprehend. Even when I don't have an instrument in hand, I have found ways to share concepts through the lyrics of songs. I am not lucky enough to have a singing voice that anyone would want to hear, but my mind is a vast library of lyrics that I can pull from on-demand, to inspire me when I speak and write. Even within this essay, I have leaned on music to help me conceptualize the written ideas I want to share with you, the reader. Music is the sound of emotion, and it is a language anyone from anywhere can understand.

## Red-Blue Split

*By: David Blanchard*



### **Artist Statement:**

This picture was a study for a contemporary figure painting class. It was a quick attempt to capture the model's pose for a portrait and her expression. Her appearance told me that perhaps she was tired, or simply zoning out from sitting for the picture for a while. Behind her were red and blue sheets that served as a sharply divided background.



# The Glittering Void Awaits

*By: David Blanchard*



## **Artist Statement:**

This drawing is essentially the reenactment of a dream. I had a dream one day in which I was drawing a picture that looked something like this. *The Glittering Void Awaits* not only captures what I can recall about a dream's appearance, but it also completes the task of the drawing which it gave to me. Upon waking up from the dream, I quickly made a sketch in my dream journal to remember the image: a spaceship launching itself away from the seas with cliffs off to the sides. Some of the cliffs were upside down. The image is peaceful and yet active, with the comforting light of the stars, the resting face of the moon, and the spaceship that is boldly reaching for the unknown.

# Spider

*By: Benjamin Hood*



## **Artist Statement:**

This unsettling creation emerged from a conversation with a friend who shared their fear of spiders. Inspired by their desire for a more hair-raising experience, I aimed to intensify the creepiness factor. While again, adding just my own unique details.

# At Dawn

*By: Korryn Narvaez*



## **Artist Statement:**

I find that in those quiet moments when I'm surrounded by every star in the sky, I feel more at-home and more understood than at any other hour.

The vastness of space has always been my closest friend.

# Space Between the Lines

**By: Jared Jardine**

*Prompt: You are on an expedition to found a colony on Mars, when from a nearby crater, a group of sentient Martian beings suddenly emerges. They seem eager to communicate, but they're the impatient kind and demand you represent the human race in one song, image, memory, mathematical proof, or other idea. What song, image, etc. do you share with them to show that humanity is worth their time?*

As the Martians crawl from their hovels and places from the ground inquiring for something that best represents humanity, I would rush back into the base and pull blank sheets of paper and palette of art supplies. I would sit down, place half of the art supplies at their feet, and draw. Assuming they begin to test and paint splashes of color onto the infinite canvas, I would watch them and try to integrate what they draw into my piece of art. The art would give form to the formless and breathe life into the empty. Because as I sit with them, creating something never before thought of by human minds, we would communicate far faster than with words.

Once they finish, they would point at my art and ask in their way if the art is what represents humanity. I would shake my head and bring my painting side-by-side with their creation. The combination is messy, the colors undoubtedly clashing, the contrast painfully clear. I would point at both of our pieces in their unholy combination: they are what represent humanity. The combination embodies communication! To be human is to dream, to stretch, to find beauty in a blank canvas: to experience humanity, however, is to infuse color into it and share it with those around us. No one picture will ever be able to represent humanity. Humanity is too complex, too messy, and too subjective. And that is what I would share with them: our messiness and clumsiness. Our failures are what unite us, but our goals to create something beautiful is what defines us.

# Late Night Bite

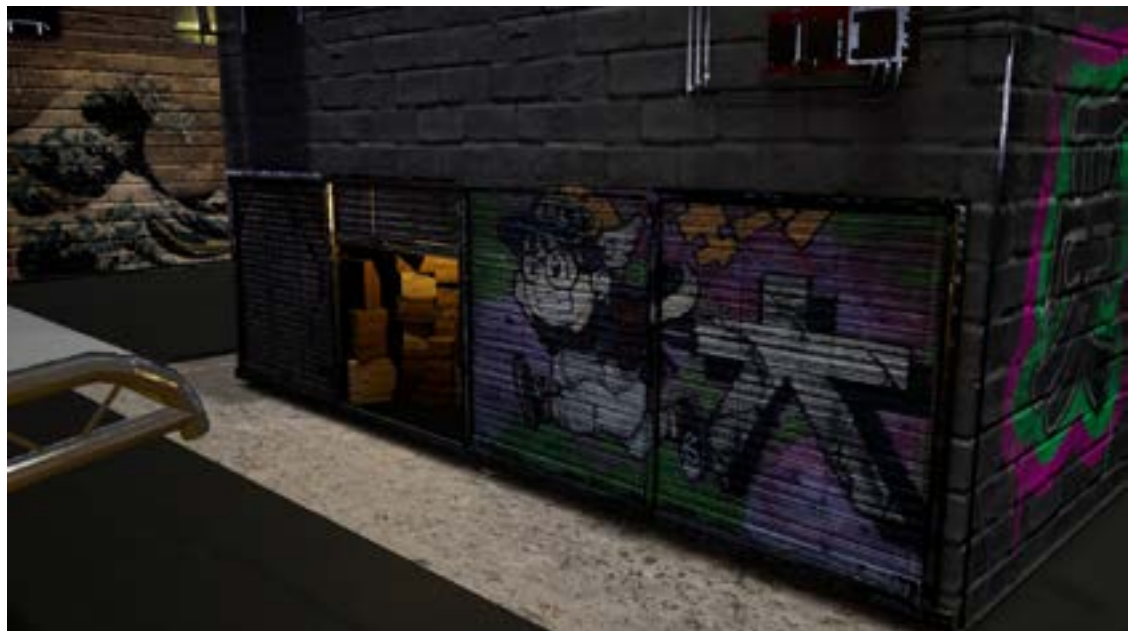
*By: Benjamin Hood*

## Artist Statement:

This project was a personal project that developed into a semester class project. Many aspects of the environment are pulled directly from real-world references in Japan. The models are built in Maya, textured in Substance Painter, placed and rendered in Unreal Engine 4.

Lofi song is "Blue Moon" by Eric Godlow on Youtube and SoundCloud.

[See the Youtube Video](#)





# Late Night Bite

*By: Benjamin Hood*



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Lofi song is "Blue Moon" by Eric Godlow on Youtube and SoundCloud.

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# Don't Open the Door

**By: May Meneses**

*Prompt: What are the peculiarities of your own personal language (and it need not be English, although your essay needs to be). Consider the voice you use when speaking most intimately to yourself or your family, the vocabulary that spills out when you're startled, or special phrases and gestures that no one else seems to use or even understand and tell us how your language makes you unique.*

In the depths of my mind there is a space that houses my worst enemy. The door glows pink and red and has caution tape all over it. The girl inside is a force to be reckoned with, and her fire is hard to put out once it's fueled. While she lives in my mind, we don't share a name. I'm not even sure we look alike. If I am certain of one thing it's this: there's only one thing that triggers her outing—you must have done something to make her really, really upset. Congratulations, you signed up for her inescapable wrath. You'll surely be met with loud declarations of passion that you might not even understand. You see, this girl in my mind is limited by her ability to only speak Spanish, and you'd be crazy to think that a language barrier stops her from making her point heard.

I think this alter-ego formed when I found out that English was not enough to adequately express the true flames of ardor within me. Even when that girl behind the door isn't roaming freely, I notice that Spanish allows me to appropriately convey my deep feelings of passion and exaggeration. Words like "dumb" or "stupid" don't amount to the thrill of her saying "tonta" and phrases like "ponte las pilas" (put in your batteries); they simply don't provide the same delight in English as they do in Spanish. Despite her aggressive nature, I know this girl's fervent utterances, as strong as they may be, ground me in my cultural roots and reassure me that I find meaning and identity in her rage that wouldn't otherwise be there without the Spanish language.



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# For Funsies

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String Strung Stronger

Bear

Canned Heat by Jamiroqui

Magic Pl-8-O Ball

Tiger

Detective Wallace and the Surprisingly Nice-Looking Murder  
That Took Place in a Small, Seaside Town

# String Strung Stronger

**By: Mason Stowell**

*Prompt: Strings always have explained or enriched our lives, from Theseus's escape route from the Labyrinth, to kittens playing with balls of yarn, to a thread woven into a tapestry of fate, to a finely tuned violin string. Use the power of string, real or metaphorical, to explain something you view as crucial.*

I am the type of person who finds the most mundane of objects and actions absolutely hilarious. Kicking ice under the fridge? Hysterical. The sticky hands you can buy at the dollar store? Wildly whimsical. String is another object I group within this category.

As a lover of science and taking things apart, it's hard for me to find academic value in string; it's just a bunch of smaller strings stuck together—not very interesting, but a good means to an end. But as a lover of the arts, I can see how there can be some purpose and sense to string; instruments are neat, as are nail-and-string art pieces. How on earth could something so mundane, so limited in purpose, be necessary? How could it be crucial? How could it ever amount to anything great? Unless, perhaps, we are the strings. Unless, perhaps, we are the mundane, born to be necessary, born to be crucial, born to amount to great things.

I suppose it would make more sense if you delved deep into the undulating, weaving, winding, wild tendencies of string. As someone who has watched way too many episodes of *How It's Made*, I can attest to the fact that string is, in essence, a bunch of tiny strings made up of a bunch of tiny strings, etc., down to the smallest fibers. (At least for fibrous or fabric strings and ropes.) Are we not made of strings that can be traced and broken down to the smallest of moments? Are we not an amalgamation of such moments assembled into a larger, more functional whole? Are we not stronger when bundled, fastened, or tied to even more just like us? Sure, knots, snarls, and tangles may come, but the essence of our string-ship is to remain tight and structurally secure, not only to serve and survive on our own, but also to be fastened to others to fulfill purposes far beyond what we ever could have imagined. That is crucial to the life of a string. That is crucial to us.

# Bear

*By: Benjamin Hood*



## **Artist Statement:**

I have an admiration for bears; they're fascinating creatures embodying toughness and unwavering determination. In my artwork, I aimed to convey a bear that has faced numerous challenges yet continues to persevere. This depiction symbolizes resilience and strength. I'm very proud of the flow of the artwork and the balance in it.

# Canned Heat by Jamiroquai

*By: Henry Wolthuis*

*Prompt: You are on an expedition to found a colony on Mars, when from a nearby crater, a group of sentient Martian beings suddenly emerges. They seem eager to communicate, but they're the impatient kind and demand you represent the human race in one song, image, memory, mathematical proof, or other idea. What song, image, etc. do you share with them to show that humanity is worth their time?*

My back is up against the (crater) wall. My space suit is running low on oxygen. A group of green people are forcing me to represent an 8 billion-strong population. Suddenly, without any hesitation or expectation, I break out into interpretive and suggestive dance, all while "Canned Heat" by Jamiroquai is playing.

"Canned Heat" is the song featured in Napoleon Dynamite to which Napoleon, the main character, dances to support his friend Pedro's campaign for Student Body President. The record features low 808 baselines accompanied by groovy drums and upbeat strings.

Napoleon wiggles to the song like a worm: but not like a worm struggling on some pavement in the rain. He moves as if he were the visual embodiment of such a perfect musical masterpiece.

Imagine, if you will, the awe on the Martians' faces as I replicate this dance with some personal flame added, of course. In Napoleon Dynamite, the students watching the performance are star-struck: absolutely speechless. I will afford the Martians the same experience. I will move my body in such a way that will demonstrate to my Martian friends the beauties and capabilities of the human body. The suggestions featured in the dance will manifest to them the power and imagination of the human mind. The choreographic cohesion with the music will perfectly embody the human spirit, full of life and connected to every other part of our magnificent persona.

My Martian associates will be left in awe. How can a body move like that? What motivates humans to do things like this? And why is it pleasing to the eye and leave my soul hungering for more?

All in all, the human race is full of life, mystery, and diversity. I will leave the Martians with more questions in their minds than when I started the dance. But, I am sure that this will show them that our human potential is vast, even infinite. Thus, they will see that humanity is well worth their time.

# Magic 8 Ball

*By: Preston Wiersdorf*

*Prompt: Imagine Genghis Khan with an F1 racecar, Emperor Nero with a panini press, George Washington with a SuperSoaker, Frida Kahlo with a Furby, or Queen Lilioukalani with a Tesla. If you could give any historical figure any piece of technology, who and what would it be, and why do you think they'd work so well together?*

A Magic 8 Ball couldn't be more well placed than in the hands of Plato, the philosopher. Plato's deep questions that still make us ponder today could best be answered with a simple "definitely" or a "don't count on it."

Plato's long discourses and allegories could be mere paragraphs! He would discuss and set up a question, such as "Do we really have free will?" Plato would then ask one of his pupils to shake the "Sphere of all Wisdom." Silence would blanket the forum and old men would crane their necks over the crowd, just to catch a glimpse of the universe's answer.

In a calm and composed manner, Plato would ask what answer had surfaced. With clammy hands, the disciple would stammer out, "Better not tell you now." The multitude of wide eyes would turn to Plato, who with a slight smile on his lips, would state, "Well then, let us continue discussing! Where were we?"

Giving Plato a Magic 8 Ball would give him something to answer to and bounce his great intellect off of until he arrived at a satisfactory answer. While this would have lasting repercussions in the philosophical industry. The entertainment value would certainly be worth it.

# Tiger

*By: Benjamin Hood*



### **Artist Statement:**

I created this tiger's head in the style of neo-traditional tattoos, initially envisioning it as a concept for a tattoo I hope to get someday. The design reflects my ongoing intention to bring this artistic concept to life on my skin.

# Detective Wallace and the Surprisingly Nice-Looking Murder That Took Place in a Small, Seaside Town

*By: Benjamin Oakes*

There are several positive things that happen when you are murdered in a small, seaside town. The first, of course, is that you are dead, and no longer have to spend time in a small, seaside town. The second, and most critical, is that the police have very little else to do than investigate your murder.

Thus it was, on the seventh of October, that Morris Worsely was fortunately murdered in a small, seaside town, on or about the hour of 3 o'clock pm. Murders are rarely pleasant business—blood and gore and what-not—but this one was particularly benign. Set on this opinion was Detective Alan Wallace, who had seen more murders than the average number of murders during his illustrious career.

Morris, however, was unimpressed by Detective Wallace's arrival, and remained dead.

Detective Wallace was fortunate enough to work with the rather impressive crew from his local police station, at which they were all employed. Deeprak Oliviet, Melissa Douggins, and the incorrigible Steve attempted to keep up with the good detective's fanatical ramblings. Today they were only a few feet behind.

“So, Alan, what, uh... what happened?” Deeprak asked.

“Pffft, I don't know. Murder, I think? Looks more pleasant than usual. Melissa?”

“Yes, significantly more pleasant. Almost as clean as Mrs. McOnogher, actually. Second place?”

Detective Wallace thought for a moment. “Can you put this at third? I'm still partial to Dr. Reeves' murder.”

“You just like the color maroon,” Deeprak insisted. “I still feel like personal preference should be ignored. How will anyone find our case files if we don't organize it impartially? I mean last time I had to find a case file, I wa—”

“But it's the same general area! It can't be that horrifically hard. We only have, what now, 39 murder cases we've needed to record in the last year? Surely that's good enough,” Detective Wallace argued.

“Whatever. Just as long as you pull up the files next time...”

Detective Wallace prodded the body with a stick. Morris remained unimpressed and did not come back to life.

“No lacerations, no blood, an all-around jovial smile, fine silks... Ignoring the fact that he's dead, he hardly looks dead at all,” Detective Wallace reported.

“Bruising around the face area,” Melissa noticed. She was more of a detective than Detective Wallace was, most days, but he had a knack for showmanship (and very long, prolonged detective tests that detectives in small, seaside towns are forced to endure). That and she was far too meticulous for normal detective work.

“Well yes, aside from that.”

“What are we thinking?” Deeprak mused. “Strangulation? Repeated face-punching?” Deeprak was, of course, in training. Training in a small, seaside town often implies that one just escaped from a university and is impatiently waiting to get an offer to move somewhere larger.

Detective Wallace leaned in closer. “Do you smell that?”

Steve narrowed his eyes. “Stinky.”

“Yes Steve, precisely. Smells like Ammonia.”

“You're sure it's not sweat?” Deeprak asked. Ammonia smells like sweat—at least according to the university manual.

“If it was sweat, we'd likely notice some staining on the clothes. At least his hair would be matted somehow. He's too clean for it to be anything other than ammonia,” Melissa interjected.

If Morris could have smiled at the compliment, he would have. Words of affirmation were his love language.

“The coroner should be able to confirm that, at least. I don't see any evidence of anything disturbed,” Deeprak concluded.

Detective Wallace stood, wiping his gloved hand on the wall. “Any witnesses, Inspector?”

Officer Hanson sighed. “I am not an inspector, and no, Alan, no witnesses.”

“Ah. Well, I suppose we'll finish taking a look around and get back to the office.”

Morris was not inclined to move and did not mind when the good detective and his team left.

Back at the office, Detective Wallace proudly added Morris's picture to the bare case wall. “Finally, something to do! It's been three weeks!”

sadly glanced at his topiaries. No more quality time.

“That's only if this is murder, Alan. Which is assuming a lot, if you ask me. Ammonia isn't exactly an easy way to kill someone. Too much setup. Too many variables. How would the murderer know Morris would die? He seemed like a smart enough man. He was a schoolteacher, after all,” Melissa argued.

Had Morris heard this remark, he would have blushed.

“I suppose so. Hmm... Wait, a schoolteacher? We should go there!” Detective Wallace clasped his hands. “That sounds like the first real lead of this case! Deeprak, would you mind fi—”

“Already done, Alan. I have the addresses for all his colleagues.”

“Ah, yes. Let's head to the school first. Melissa?”

“You can drive too, Alan. I've seen you do it.”



“Well of course, but driving is scary.”

Melissa grabbed the keys.

When the intrepid detective and his loyal crew arrived at the school, it was a unique brand of chaos. Schools typically close before 4:49 pm, for which students are normally grateful. However, when the school also functions as the ideal location for a swap meet, and the majority of students have an unhealthy obsession with swap meets, the small, seaside school was overrun with prepubescent, squirmy bodies.

Detective Wallace froze. Children were, among other harmless things, one of Detective Wallace's greatest fears. And not just for the existential threat of parenthood, but because he was afraid of their small, replaceable teeth.

“Ah! Ah! No! They're not supposed to be here! Why couldn't I have been at the drug bust!?”

Coincidentally, the drug bust was happening on the other wing of the school, but our good detective was unaware of this and would not have said what he did had he known.

Deeprak shook his head. “Of course. We'll take it from here. Would you rather wait in the car?”

“Yes please.”

While Detective Wallace took a much-needed, well-earned nap in the front seat of the police car, Melissa and Deeprak continued into the small school, conveniently locating Principal Chuck Innverns from across the crowded hall.

“Mr. Innverns!”

Deeprak paused. No response. Perhaps he hadn't heard.

“Mr. Innverns! Hello!?”

Soon they were only two feet apart, and Mr. Innverns turned, surprised.

“What!?”

“Mr. Innverns! It's the police!”

He blanched, and running, screamed, “OH NO!!! NOT AGAIN!!!!”

Mr. Innverns dove out the nearest window and ran, deep into the nearby woods, which are a staple of small, seaside towns.

Melissa rolled her eyes and phoned Detective Wallace.

“This is Detective Alan Wallace speaking. To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?”

“It's Melissa, Alan. The principal ran into the woods to try and escape us. Would you mind chasing after him? He's fairly old and probably very slow.”

“...”

“Did you...” Melissa paused. “He already started running, didn't he?”

Deepak shrugged, and the two of them began interrogating Morris's colleagues.

Detective Wallace, meanwhile, plowed through the woods, significantly faster than the average detective. It wasn't long before he located Mr. Innverns, breathing heavily.

“Ah! Mr. Innverns! I believe I've been chasing you!”

Mr. Innverns was silent.

“Mr. Innverns!?”

Flinching, horrified, he screamed at the top of his lungs, “OH NO!!!! THEY'VE COME AFTER ME!!!!”

Mr. Innverns, however, was too tired to keep running, and Detective Wallace apprehended him with ease.

“What do you know about Morris Worsely's murder!?”

Screaming, he replied, “I only know he left school at 1:30 today!!” He squirmed like a child, which frightened Detective Wallace. He held on, however, manly to the end. “He came this morning and seemed normal!!! LET ME GO!!”

Detective Wallace, still frightened, felt it prudent to let him go. Quickly, the good detective phoned his loyal crew.

“Melissa? I got an answer out of Mr. Innverns. Morris left school early at 1:30 today.”

“We got similar answers. It seemed he was headed for a dentist appointment.”

“A dentist, hmm? How many dentists are in this town, anyway?”

“Deepak ran the numbers. Only three.”

“Three? That's why their rates are so high!”

“...Yes. Anyway, we'll swing around to get you.”

By the time the good detective arrived at dentist number one, the office had closed.

Detective Wallace was undeterred. “Ah. Well, ten o'clock then? I think it's about time to head home.”

The next morning, the dentist's office was open, and rather unfortunately well-booked. Small, seaside towns are notorious for excellent dental care, and this office was no exception. Row after row of perfect teeth.

“Good morning, ma'am. We're wondering if Morris Worsely was here yesterday? It's important to our case,” Deepak started.

"That depends," the receptionist responded.

"Depends on...?"

She shot Deeprak a look. This look, a combination of incredulousness and frustration and condescension, defied all explanation. Deeprak glanced to the side, confused. "Yesterday? At around 2? What do you... do you... you did record the appointments, right? Do you need help reading it or something?"

Unfortunately, the woman deepened the look. Deeprak leaned back a bit, bewildered. "Morris? At this desk? Yesterday? Was he here? I thought... It's just a yes or no, right? Do you... Can you blink twice for yes, three for no?"

The woman, somehow even deeper in the look, blinked three times. Deeprak smiled as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances. "Oh, thank you for your time, then!"

Turning, the team left as quickly as they came in, which, in small seaside towns, is exceptionally slow, and involved a brief conversation about proper planting depth for blue jacarandas.

"Well that's unfortunate," Melissa decided. "I suppose we'll have to visit the other two dentists."

The good detective rolled his eyes. "They're close by, correct?"

"Fifteen, twenty minutes."

"Fine..."

The second dentist's office was far nicer than the first. It was on a hill, which are traditionally pretty locations to put things, especially dentist's offices.

Detective Wallace insisted on leading the investigation. "Good morning, madam. This is the police. We're investigating a murder. Can we see your records?"

The young woman at the table shuddered. It was at that point that Detective Wallace realized that the young woman at the desk was none other than his next-door neighbor whom he had not yet learned the name of. The same one he had fairly recently smacked while trying to intercept a newspaper delivery.

"Ah... hello... neighbor. This is the police? We're investigating a murder? Records?"

Melissa stepped up, kindly moving Detective Wallace out of this fatally embarrassing situation. "I'm sorry, but if we could just see your patient list from yesterday afternoon, we'll be right on our way. Forever."

The young woman visibly relaxed. A quick perusal showed no signs of Morris, who at the moment was being uncomfortably probed for evidence of poisoning.

"Rat's pajamas!" Detective Wallace cursed. "Do we have to go to a third dentist's office!?"

Per the good detective's experience, detective work is traditionally very fun. What is not fun is trying to interrogate dentists who live upwards of fifteen minutes apart. Particularly if their office is closed.

“Closed!? On a Wednesday? Is that suspicious, or am I just annoyed?”

“Most likely annoyed,” Melissa replied. “Still, that's something to start investigating. Can you get the address for this dentist, Deeprak?”

Deeprak thought about asking someone else to do the research, but thought better of it after realizing he was the only one who could do it competently. “One second.”

The third dentist was not very happy to see the good detective. This was due to the fact that he was, at the moment, punching someone in the face.

“I won it fair and square!” The weight shifted and the dentist was slammed to the ground. His opponent began to argue. “No, it's mine! If you won't give it here, I'll have to break your arm!”

Deeprak glanced at Detective Wallace, confused, but not really concerned. This was due to the fact that the two scrawny men seemed utterly incapable of injuring each other. Melissa finally stepped in.

“Excuse me, we're looking for...” She checked her notes, incredulous. “Dr. Boonschlotzel?”

The dentist, taking the opportunity to shift weight again, replied, “Dr. Hugo Chad Boonschlotzel, at your service, ingrates.” Dr. Boonschlotzel knelt rebelliously, trying very hard to keep his opponent down.

“Mm... We were wondering if we could look at your patient records from yesterday.”

The man below Dr. Boonschlotzel shifted, and slamming Dr. Boonschlotzel down again, replied, “I'm his assistant. I can get those for you.” Reaching into his dirtied pockets, he retrieved the paper records and handed them to Deeprak because Melissa did not very much care for dirty things.

“Thank you, sir!” Detective Wallace gave a winning smile. The assistant could not return it because the dentist tackled him too quickly.

“Why are you fighting, as an aside?”

“Well,” Dr. Boonschlotzel responded between punches, “we're missing a shipment of ammonia. Who else would have taken it besides a certain neat freak?”

The good detective's eyes widened. “Missing ammonia!? Do you have any security footage?”

“No.”

“Ah. Of course. Hmm...”

Dr. Boonschlotzel slammed his assistant into the ground as Detective Wallace and his team drove away. Deeprak started researching. “I'm sure there's some evidence it was stolen. But who could possibly have done it? It's such a niche product.”

Melissa sniffed. “Our murderer, of course.” She sighed. “We're still no closer to our culprit. None of the dentists admitted to seeing him.”

Detective Wallace thought for a second. “...How was the ammonia administered to Morris?”

Deeprak turned. “There can’t be that many ways to do it.”

“Get on that. Maybe we ought to consider testing out some ammonia samples.”

Melissa stared for a second. “Or we could consult the coroner..”

“If you want to be a spoilsport.”

Coroners are almost universally strange people. Not because they are surrounded by dead bodies—life happens—but because they choose to surround themselves with dead bodies. Thankfully, small, seaside coroners are only as quirky as the general public.

“Deeeeeetective??? Hmm????”

“Yes Phineas, Detective Wallace here. And my crew, of course.”

The coroner slinked down the spiral staircase, wringing his thin, ladylike hands. “Oh ho ho! Oh!! Oh!!!! Oh ho!!!! Oh! Yes! Come in, come in, please!”

The coroner Phineas smiled wide, grinning in an alarming, discomfoting way. His eyes were narrow, eerie. Like he hadn't seen the sun for a week and a half. His grin stopped dead when he locked eyes with Steve.

“Oh. Oh ho. Oh. Oh ho. You. You just. You.”

Steve blinked. “Burgundy.”

“How dare you! You! Bring this up here! Why! Why!! Oh! Ho!”

Steve just looked at him. The coroner stopped babbling and slinked awkwardly toward the bodies.

“Well Phineas,” the good detective asked, “what seems to be the problem here?”

“Ho ho. He’s dead, Alan.”

“Ah. But why?”

“Ammonia poisoning, ho ho. Oh. Rather uncommon, oh ho? Ho?”

Melissa, at this point, sincerely regretted going to the coroner. “We were aware. Is there anything else you can tell us? Anything uncommon in his blood or on his body that we couldn’t see for ourselves?”

“Ho oh ho ho oh! Nope!”

“Oh my word. Why did I suggest this?”

Deeprak pointed at Morris, who was still smiling, and would have blushed at being pointed at. “I think I can tell how the ammonia was distributed!”

Phineas chortled. “Face mask!!! Ho! Oh! Do I!? Win!? Oh?”

Deeprak sighed. "Yes..."

Melissa just shook her head. And then something clicked. "We have to go. Now."

Detective Wallace raised an eyebrow. "Ice cream?"

Phineas started to beam. He very much enjoyed ice cream.

"No, no, no. Dentist's office. I think I have our lead."

The first dentist's office was the same, but the crowd of people had finally started to thin. Deeprak led the way, still upset at the receptionist's eyebrow reaction. "Good afternoon. Can we see the dentist?"

Mrs. Chamberlain, already firing the look, stared at Deeprak, who started to panic and realized very quickly that he was not prepared for another fight.

Fortunately, the good detective had long since entered the dentist's office, ready for an interrogation. Slamming his hands on a table, Detective Wallace glared at the still-working dentist. The poor sap under the dentist's tools tried very hard to not cry.

"Was Morris Worsely here yesterday!?"

"..."

Detective Wallace gripped the table, angrier than ever. "WAS MORRIS WORSELY HERE YESTERDAY!?"

"One moment, sir." Absent-mindedly, the dentist began working on the patient's teeth, which hurts very badly, particularly when there is no offer of pain-numbing medication. It is very easy to be a dentist in a small, sea-side town.

As soon as the dentist had his hands safely in the patient's mouth, he responded, "Why do you ask?"

"He's dead."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"So was he here yesterday?"

"Why would you ask me that?"

"...Because he saw a dentist yesterday."

"Like at the store?" /p>

"No... No! At an appointment! Did you or did you not have an appointment with Morris Worsely yesterday?"

"Can you be more specific?"

"...Ah!" Detective Wallace grabbed the dentist's hands out of the patient's mouth. "If you won't answer my

questions, I'm afraid you'll have to come down to the station for questioning.”

Just then, Melissa entered the office, canister of ammonia in tow. “I figured it was this office. It seems like their ammonia levels are depleted, but records show no sign of using that much ammonia, let alone buying any. Something's off here.”

“Wonderful! Maybe I can be home for dinner!”

Steve shifted on his feet. “Gas.”

“Indeed, my friend, indeed!”

Deepak entered the room as Melissa held an ammonia canister right next to the seriously startled dentist. “Woah wait!”

The good detective beamed. “Oh, no worries Deepak! Everything's under perfect control! Probably!

By the time Detective Wallace and his crackshot crew returned to the station, the dentist and his receptionist had grown silent. And more suspicious. Startlingly suspicious. The good detective led the interrogation.

“Where were you yesterday at... uh... 1:30 pm!?”

The dentist glared, silent. His receptionist gave that look that made Deepak exceptionally uncomfortable. Detective Wallace was undeterred.

“Come on, where were you? It's not that complicated.”

Silence. Angry silence.

Just then, Melissa entered the interrogation room. She had that brilliant look that made one think she had cracked some legendary mystery. And she only looked a little crazy. “I know who did it!!”

Another positive thing that happens when you are murdered in a small, seaside town is that the murderers forget one critical thing. It is not for lack of trying—many of them try very hard—but more often than not, murderers are not very good at what they do.

“So who did it?” Detective Wallace inquired, grabbing instant noodles.

“First, your check-in book, Miss Chamberlain. I knew something was off about it. When I looked closer, I noticed your pen left a mark between rows—as though you checked people in all at once. I found that rather suspicious in a dentist's office with only one dentist. Why book so many patients at the same time? I compared it with your appointments: you didn't.”

Detective Wallace started microwaving his noodle cup while he patiently waited for the culprit.

“However, based on your patients' reactions—because I did interview them—each one was taken care of by Dr. Schneider. He has an airtight alibi, so why not answer our questions? That's when the silks clicked. Morris Worsely was a schoolteacher. He didn't have silks; he couldn't afford them. But a local dentist?”

“Who charges too much!” Detective Wallace stirred his noodles.

“That's when it came together. I talked with the coroner—”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Deeprak interjected, “We talked with the coroner, this was a group effort.”

She blinked. “The coroner confirmed death by ammonia. Coupled with face wounds, it was clear in hindsight that the murderer used a... face mask... thing... to administer the ammonia. Only one dentist uses masks like those. Your office.

“So we know it was you. But why? And how? Once I—”

Mrs. Chamberlain finally spoke. “All right! It was us!”

The dentist sighed, defeated, and grabbed some instant noodles.

“Morris had been so interested in our clinic. The perfect patient. But when he found out we weren't using pain-numbing medication, he turned! So hostile! We didn't want word getting out. Maybe someone would change clinics. So when he found out yesterday what we were doing, we... Dr. Schneider used the ammonia. We panicked. I grabbed Dr. Schneider's silk blanket and dragged Morris back to his house. I thought we were in the clear.”

Detective Wallace grinned, noodle juice dripping from his chin. Morris would also have dripped noodle juice from his grinning mouth had he been alive.

“Ah. I guess I shouldn't have started eating. Dinner, anyone?”

Thus it was, on the 8th of October, that Detective Wallace and his crackshot team walked out of the police station at 5:03 pm, having fortunately solved another horrifying murder. Which, by this point, was starting to become a trend. How many murders can possibly happen in one small, seaside town? It is small. There are very few people. It boggles the mind. Still, another successful case, filed third from the top, was finally laid to rest.



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# Philosophy

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Broken Justice

Inanimate Perspective

Zero Lives

The Paradox of Progression

Prehistory in Your Pocket

Life of a Bottle

Social King

Three Deaths

DaVinci in 3D

Data Analysis of my Facebook Meme Page

# Broken Justice

*By: Benjamin Hood*



## **Artist Statement:**

During an Ethics and Values class, I created this artwork as part of a week-long discussion on the concept of capital punishment. The piece explores various arguments regarding its legality and morality within a civilized society.

# Inanimate Perspective

*By: Kaden Killian*

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

Chess pieces are a sort of medium between players to battle with strategy and wit. When a piece is taken, it is removed from the board until the game is over; when the game ends, the removed pieces return to their designated squares, ready for the next game to begin. One could argue that a chess piece has infinitely many lives, but I like to view a chess piece as only having one life. I think that a piece's life begins not when a player initiates a game, but when it is first carved into existence by an artisan or a machine. You could even say that a chess piece is born when a seed sprouts into a young tree and that its wood goes on to live until it is consumed by flame or destroyed in some other way. However, I like to imagine a chess piece is born from the hands of a craftsman, just as a child is created and sculpted in the womb rather than merely assembled from premade molecules. Chess pieces live their days not by waging war against their inversely colored brethren, but by receiving life and purpose from countless games hosted by us people. Pieces are not killed but simply benched, waiting for another round of fulfilling exercise and purpose.

# Zero Lives

**By: Clark Allen**

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

Thinking about the number and concept of Zero can be very strange. I think that Zero has infinite lives. The number Zero is essential for anything that involves math. Every time Zero is used in calculations it can be seen as another life for the number. With the staggering number of calculations computers are making every day, I think we can conclude the number Zero will have infinite or near-infinite lives from just the binary.

A different, more fun way to think about how many lives Zero has is through what it represents. Zero represents emptiness, nothing, or the absence of something. Since a single Zero is empty, placing more Zeros inside will not change it. It would be like placing an infinite number of nothings into a larger nothing; in the end, it is still just nothing.

We can conclude that each Zero has an infinite number of Zeros inside it, which quickly recurses beyond all comprehension. This would mean a single use of Zero has infinite lives.

## **The Paradox of Progression**

**By: Henry Hutchinson**

### **Effects of Formal Petition to Committee of Time Travel Affairs**

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**Subject:** Alexander Hamilton

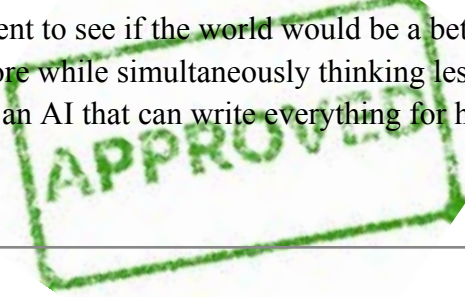
**Date:** 07/02/3776

**Stated Change:** Implementing AI

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07/02/3774

Nearly a thousand years ago a man walked this Earth who wrote like a madman. In fact, according to a musical we found about him he wrote so much that he wrote himself out of poverty, becoming a founding father of the United States of America. With this in mind, we wanted to propose an experiment to see if the world would be a better place if Alexander Hamilton was able to write more while simultaneously thinking less. In short, I wish to give Alexander Hamilton access to an AI that can write everything for him so he doesn't need to write.



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07/02/3776

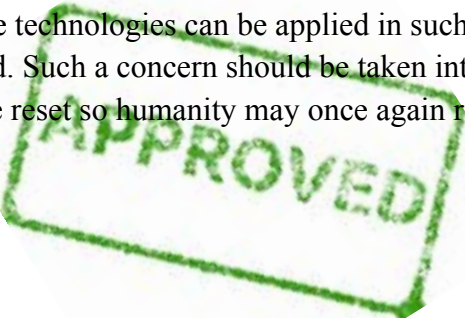
Two years ago we implemented a change into the timeline. We gave Alexander Hamilton access to an AI that would write everything for him. The changes were profound. We have discovered that because of the nature of the AI and how it was trained on all human knowledge up until that point in history, it made it as such that Alexander Hamilton ended up defending a monarchy and establishing the economic policies of mercantilism. This set humanity back by hundreds of years, as the infant nation of America, instead of propelling the world forward after a long period of isolationism, instead decided to attempt colonization of the world. This created larger and earlier wars on par with what we would consider the world wars of the 20th century.

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### **Recommended Course of Action**

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While it appears at first glance that technologies that are able to mimic human knowledge are fantastic for productivity, these technologies can be applied in such ways that prevent future knowledge from being gleaned. Such a concern should be taken into account. Giving the AI to Alexander Hamilton should be reset so humanity may once again resume its natural course.



# Prehistory in Your Pocket

*By: Isaac Bartlett*

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

The life cycle of the humble dinosaur is fascinating. Their existence played out the same way most of Earth's inhabitants do. Dinosaurs fought to live but eventually passed, continuing the cycle of life and death throughout their existence. Something that is arguably more intriguing, however, is what happened to the dinosaurs after they died.

After death, these living creatures became something completely different: fossil fuels. Over the centuries, many dinosaurs were broken down, eventually becoming oil and coal. These resources have thrust the world into new ages of discovery ever since they were discovered. Although they are long dead, dinosaurs continue to live on through fossil fuels and their many uses.

One of fossil fuels's many reincarnations comes in the form of plastic. Plastic is a prevalent substance in our modern lives, for both our betterment and detriment. Almost everything we use and every modern convenience relies on plastics and other petroleum products to function properly. It is hard to imagine that beasts who towered over the trees could one day become our cell phone cases, coffee cups, and simple plastic drinking straws.

Dinosaurs may have become fossil fuels used to create plastic, but this chain does not stop here. There are many different forms dinosaurs can eventually take due to the power of recycling. Many plastics are recyclable, meaning that each object made from recyclable plastic gains a new life each time it's recycled. Even though the dinosaurs lived and died millions of years ago, their influence on the world continues to live on in other forms. The dinosaurs have been reinvented into countless different objects for countless purposes.

While plastics can find purpose in drinking straws, coffee cups, and phone cases, plastic can also be used for more than that: it can be used to entertain. Plastic could become a frisbee, a balloon, a play set, or even a toy. In the transformation from life to fuel to plastic, dinosaurs can even become plastic dinosaurs. Even though the dinosaurs are extinct, they still influence day-to-day life, whether it be through modern conveniences or through dinosaur toys that represent what they once were in their first life.

# The Life of a Plastic Bottle

*By: Casey Turner*

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

Many different objects or beings are fabled to have more than one life, living or nonliving. But when it comes to the overall concept of life, many of us rationally believe that only plants and animals have real lives. What is often overlooked is that everything on this earth has its own life cycle and journey. A modern example of an inanimate yet “living” object is a plastic water bottle. A generic bottle has a lifespan of at least 450 years before decomposing.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, 75% of plastic water bottles are single use and not recycled. Most often they end up in the ocean, on beaches, or in landfills, ultimately harming the earth’s ecosystems. I believe that a plastic bottle has the potential to have an infinite number of lives if used correctly.

Why would a plastic bottle have more than one life? Well, why must it only have one use? In this industrial era, we produce up to 380 million tons of plastic every year, yet roughly 50% of it is single use and only 9% gets recycled.<sup>2</sup> “Recycling plastic bottles gives them a second life. Recycled plastic can turn into products such as clothing, furniture, and new plastic bottles.”<sup>3</sup> There is a limitless amount of uses for plastic. Once a water bottle is recycled, or should I say “reincarnated,” it can go through a number of different processes to extend its uses and life. A plastic bottle does not need to be a single-use, throw away item. It can be reborn into a new object dozens of times and have an infinite amount of lives, depending on how you choose to use it.

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1 “How Long Does it Take a Plastic Bottle to Biodegrade?” Postconsumers, last modified October 31, 2011, <https://www.postconsumers.com/2011/10/31/how-long-does-it-take-a-plastic-bottle-to-biodegrade/>

2 “Plastic Pollution Facts,” Plastic Oceans, accessed November 14, 2023, <https://plasticoceans.org/the-facts/>

3 Whelan, Corey, “Is It Safe to Reuse Plastic Bottles?” Healthline, November 12, 2019, <https://www.healthline.com/health/reusing-plastic-bottles#takeaways>

# Social King

**By: Casey Turner**

*Prompt: Imagine Genghis Khan with an F1 racecar, Emperor Nero with a panini press, George Washington with a SuperSoaker, Frida Kahlo with a Furby, or Queen Lilioukalani with a Tesla. If you could give any historical figure any piece of technology, who and what would it be, and why do you think they'd work so well together?*

Since the Industrial Revolution in the early 1800s, technological advancements have grown exponentially. Almost all of us have a computer that fits in the palm of our hands with access to the world. Smartphones are a big part of our lives as humans. It's how we learn, entertain ourselves, and most importantly communicate with others. Social media is a communication tool that can almost instantaneously transmit information to a vast amount of people. I believe that Martin Luther King Jr. would have made great use of social media.

There are about 3.5 billion active social media accounts. On average, a person spends around 142 minutes on social media every single day.<sup>1</sup> King's I Have a Dream speech has millions of views online. If he could have promoted his speeches and beliefs through social media, he would have been even more successful. Sharing information, pictures, and videos is a simple task now, and a written or recorded message by MLK can be effortlessly shared thousands of times per minute. Rather than waiting days for an article to be published in a newspaper, videos can be transmitted all around the world instantaneously. By using this technology, I believe Martin Luther King Jr. would have had expedited success because his message would have reached a broader audience in a shorter period of time.

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1 "Social Media Interesting Facts You Need To Know In 2022," Perzonalization, accessed November 22, 2023, <https://www.perzonalization.com/blog/social-media-interesting-facts/>



# Three Deaths

*By: Juliette Christley*

*Prompt: Cats have nine lives, Pac-Man has three lives, and radioactive isotopes have half-lives. How many lives does something else conceptual or actual have, and why?*

“Sum: Forty Tales from the Afterlife” by David Eagleman, is a “collection of thought experiments” in the form of forty short stories. The story “Metamorphosis” states, “There are three deaths: the first is when the body ceases to function. The second is when the body is consigned to the grave. The third is that moment, sometime in the future, when your name is spoken for the last time.” Everyone has three deaths.

Each of the three deaths is important because they represent the ending of a part of your influence in the world. The first death is the literal death, the permanent ending of your body. When you are biologically dead, you are unable to be an active participant in the world like you were when you were alive. The second and third deaths are the deaths that affect not you, but the people around you. Burial, or otherwise laying a loved one to rest, is an important part of closure in the grieving process. Being laid to rest marks the end of your chapter in this world. The second death is the figurative end of your life.

The third death is the death of your legacy and is arguably the most important because legacies have the potential to affect many people, long after the person has biologically died. In Mexico, this belief of dying three times is prominent. Dia de los Muertos, or Day of the Dead, is a holiday for remembrance of the dead. On November 1st and 2nd, families prepare altars with pictures, food, and flowers to celebrate and honor their deceased loved ones. At this time, the spirits of the deceased can visit the living. This holiday delays the third death of their loved ones by honoring and celebrating their lives and legacies. Eventually, however, everyone will experience all three deaths.

# DaVinci in 3D

**By: Amelia Smith**

*Prompt: Imagine Genghis Khan with an F1 racecar, Emperor Nero with a panini press, George Washington with a SuperSoaker, Frida Kahlo with a Furby, or Queen Lilioukalani with a Tesla. If you could give any historical figure any piece of technology, who and what would it be, and why do you think they'd work so well together?*

Leonardo da Vinci was a renowned artist, inventor, and engineer who lived during the Renaissance era. He is known for his complex designs, inventions, and paintings; his art is still celebrated today for its beauty and creativity. If he had a 3D printer, he would have made many mind-blowing artworks and innovative products. He would have used the technology from the 3D printer to invent other objects and would have also been fascinated with these printers' work.

A 3D printer takes a digital 3D model and translates it into a series of instructions that the printer follows to build the object. The machine creates these models by laying polylactic acid onto a surface in thin layers to create complex shapes. The ability to form these structures with precision and accuracy makes 3D printing an ideal tool for prototyping and manufacturing, things Leonardo da Vinci was known to love.

The potential of 3D printing and creating three-dimensional models of inventions and designs would intrigue da Vinci. With a 3D printer, he could create precise and intricate rough drafts, allowing for easier testing and refinement processes before building them on a larger scale. He could also use the 3D printer to create molds for casting his designs in metal or other materials.

Leonardo da Vinci would likely find other applications for 3D printing as well. He could use it to create custom tools and parts for his studio or to create unique sculptures or artworks. The ability to create complex shapes and structures would also allow him to push the boundaries of design and engineering and explore new possibilities. He could break down the technology used to create the printer and apply it to other things.

Introducing Leonardo da Vinci, a brilliant mind from the past, to cutting-edge technology like a 3D printer from the present would be intriguing. Together, they could open new avenues for creativity, innovation, and exploration.

# Facebook Meme Page Data Analysis

*By: Austen Miller*

## Background

Several years ago, at the beginning of the COVID-19 Pandemic my friends and I started a Facebook meme page, Philosophical Gym Bro. It was originally my friend Ben's (a BYU Business/Stats major) idea, and he asked me and our other friend David (a UVU Philosophy/Psychology major) to help admin and produce content due to our shared interest in philosophy, science, literature, and other related topics. The idea behind this project is to analyze the data provided by the Meta business suite for our page. After a slow start we have had much more success than we ever anticipated. It was meant to be, and still is, a fun little intellectual meme page about whatever topics we were interested in at the time. It has since become a moderately sized entity in Facebook's intellectual meme community. We just passed 10,000 followers in March.

(Edit Oct 2023: Since this analysis we have expanded to Instagram which is also managed from Meta Business Suite.)

The question I am most interested in exploring is about the importance of original content (OC). How successful is OC compared to shared content? Is it more likely to go viral? Most of the content on social media platforms is shared, not created. My original thought for this project was influenced by an article I once read that talked about how Tumblr had a 10:1 ratio of original content to shares. That was years ago, and I cannot find the article anymore. Here's one showing something similar going on with Twitter. The way memes have developed since 2016 make it seem like this is not news anymore. It is just the way that social media works now.

Within the Facebook meme community there is a certain importance placed on OC. Production of OC shows that a page is an actual producer of memetic content, which is:

1. Run by real humans.
2. Those humans have some amount of creativity, sense of humor, or insight.

For our purposes we are not interested in the degree of originality of memes. Obviously Kurzgesagt and True Facts are more original than someone making "Let's Plays," but we can't easily quantify that. OC will here be defined as anything modified in some way by a human.

[Learn More](#)

# Untold

UVU's Honors Program Journal

Volume 2 Issue 2 Fall 2023

Thank you for reading our Untold Journal Archive for Fall 2023.

If you would like to learn more about the authors or about Untold,  
please keep reading

## About Us

Untold is the multimedia, online journal for UVU's Honors Program. We seek to showcase and anthologize each semester of the Honors Program and its students. The website is run like a normal academic journal, being peer-reviewed, and updated every semester in the form of volumes. We have been running since Spring 2022 started by Justin Black. Our journal has always accepted all kinds of projects, from Lego ships to digital media portfolios to the typical academic essay. Each academic paper has been fact-checked, and we pride ourselves in the editing offered to each author that is accepted. Thank you for spending your time reading this journal and supporting the Honors Program students.

# Untold Staff - Fall 2023

## **Amanda K. G. Hemmert**

### *Editor-in-Chief*

Amanda Grant Hemmert loves to read and write. She is an English major with a Deaf studies minor, with plans to teach and go into the publishing industry after graduation. In her spare time, she loves to cook and play video games or board games with her husband. She has been working on Untold since its conception, and it is definitely one of her favorite parts of her undergraduate degree!

## **Carly Koehler**

### *Art and Design Editor*

Carly Koehler is a senior in the Honors Program, majoring in Art and Design with an Illustration Emphasis. They have an affinity for comics and storytelling, and love creating worlds that people can get lost in. They love creating things of all kinds, including: music, costumes, props, hobby crafting, and more. They are currently working on their illustration BFA project, in which they are writing and illustrating an original comic.

## **Lauren Wynn**

### *Managing Editor*

Lauren Wynn is a junior double majoring in English literary studies and anthropology. She is passionate about books, music, movies, art, and clouds. Her life's ambitions are to study the relationship between the cultural trends and literary patterns, and to write a lot of books.

## **Daniel Baltes**

### *Marketing and Budgeting Head*

Daniel Baltes is a senior in the art and design program. They enjoy the freedom of contemporary art, often crafting pieces out of wire, yarn, circles, and hot glue. They are currently working on their capstone project: The Breaths of Wit (A Brandon Sanderson Inspired Artistic Exhibit). They love fantasy, sci-fi and the freedom that can only be found in the creativity of the mind. Daniel wants to create props for films in the future or teach art at a highschool level.

## **James Cox**

### *Web Design Editor*

Amanda Grant Hemmert loves to read and write. She is an English major with a Deaf studies minor, with plans to teach and go into the publishing industry after graduation. In her spare time, she loves to cook and play video games or board games with her husband. She has been working on Untold since its conception, and it is definitely one of her favorite parts of her undergraduate degree!

## Untold Volunteers - Fall 2023

### **Amelia Smith**

*Editor*

Amelia Smith is an animation and game development major who loves anything and everything related to art. She grew up with her head in the sky and always a pencil on some paper. She continues to pursue her passion, aiming to continue learning more about art and animation and create videos and games for others to enjoy.

### **Nathaniel Murphy**

*Editor*

Nathaniel Murphy is a proud English major with a minor in technical communication. Paramount's Sonic the Hedgehog 2 made him smile. He's writing a video game movie adaptation of his own and hopes to sell it to a major studio.

### **Tom Grooms**

*Editor*

### **Zach Carter**

*Editor*

## UVU Faculty and Staff

### **Brendan McCarthy**

*Faculty Advisor*

Brendan McCarthy is Untold's faculty adviser, providing vague mentorship energy for the editorial staff to justifiably ignore. He teaches ancient history and researches social networking in ancient Rome. He is very pleased with himself at the moment because he started knitting and crocheting Christmas presents well ahead of time this year.

### **Kim Soto**

*Web Developer*

Kim Soto is the web developer for Academic Affairs at UVU. She oversaw the creation of the Untold site and worked with the editors in charge of the Spring 2023 issue to ensure the site had everything they needed for the next digital versions of Untold to come. She enjoys collecting cute trinkets and likes to binge TV shows while knitting simultaneously.

# Untold Authors - Fall 2023

## **Abigayle Burris**

*Title of Work(s): Maternal Love*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Abigayle was born in Gunnison, Utah, and has lived in Utah all her life. She is currently a sophomore at UVU pursuing a bachelor's degree in biology. With this degree, she hopes to continue to a veterinary school to become a doctor of veterinary medicine for both small and large animals. Abi is currently a veterinary technician at a local clinic that works with small animals, and she loves it! Outside of work and school, Abi can be found drawing, writing, gaming, or watching movies with her cat, Sookie

## **Amelia Smith**

*Title of Work(s): da Vinci in 3D*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Amelia Smith is an animation and game development major who loves anything and everything related to art. She grew up with her head in the sky and always a pencil on some paper. She continues to pursue her passion, aiming to continue learning more about art and animation and create videos and games for others to enjoy.

## **Austen Miller**

*Title of Work(s): Facebook Meme Page Data Analysis*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Austen is a bioinformatics major in the Honors Program at UVU. He is a dual citizen of the United States and Spain who grew up in between Provo and Madrid. Other than social media statistics and memes, he enjoys skiing and reading.

## **Benjamin Hood**

*Title of Work(s): Late Night Bite, Broken Justice, Skull Tattooist, Spider, Ali, Bear, Tiger*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Ben is a senior in the animation and game development program along the branch of 3D animation and games. He wants to go into environmental and prop designs when he graduates. His dream studios would be Pixar or Riot Games.

## **Benjamin Oakes**

*Title of Work(s): Detective Wallace and the Surprisingly Nice-Looking Murder That Took Place in a Small, Seaside Town*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Ben is a (somewhat) recently returned missionary from the Texas Houston Mission. In between really long, complicated movie writings, he likes to spend time with his family and try to do something that helps people.



**Casey Turner**

*Title of Work(s): Life of a Bottle, Social King*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Casey is an 18-year-old freshman at UVU. In his free time, he enjoys creating new relationships with people, hustling, and finding new business ideas. He's an adrenaline addict and loves the gorgeous Utah slopes. As a business management major and plans to be an entrepreneur after graduation.

**Clark Allen**

*Title of Work(s): Zero Lives*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Clark Allen was born and raised in Utah and is currently double majoring in electrical engineering and computational data science. When he isn't doing homework, he can be found gaming or pondering the complexities of the universe.

**David Blanchard**

*Title of Work(s): Blue-Red Split, The Glittering Void Awaits*

*Pronouns: (he/they)*

David Blanchard is an artist studying for a BFA in painting and drawing and a minor in philosophy. Surrealism, chess, and horror stories are a few of their interests.

**Ember Thompson**

*Title of Work(s): Mercury for Mars*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Ember Thompson was born in Provo, Utah. After winning both the housing and tuition awards for the Honors Program, she now plans on majoring in psychology with a minor in computer science. Ember also enjoys acting and music.

**Henry Hutchinson**

*Title of Work(s): The Paradox of Progression*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Henry Hutchinson is a computer science major with a passion for the mountains and software development. He is a talented programmer with a knack for solving complex problems. Henry is also an avid hiker and mountaineer, and he enjoys spending his free time exploring the outdoors.

**Henry Wolthuis**

*Title of Work(s): Eternal Life, Canned Heat by Jamiroqui*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Henry Wolthuis loves to ponder and analyze the ins and outs of the different aspects of life. He enjoys weight lifting, spending time with family, and making memories. Henry appreciates UVU as it has fostered a community where he can grow and improve in every component of his life.

**Isaac Bartlett**

*Title of Work(s): Prehistory in Your Pocket*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Isaac is a writer and artist who enjoys making funny little comics about time traveling cats. He was born and raised in Utah and is studying computer science at UVU.

**Jared Jardine**

*Title of Work(s): Space Between the Lines*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Jared has no idea where life will take him but is excited to find out!

**Kaden Killian**

*Title of Work(s): Inanimate Perspective*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Kaden is an artist obsessed with pixel art and detailed ink drawings. He was born in Provo, Utah and is studying UVU's animation and game development program.

**Korryn C. Narvaez**

*Title of Work(s): At Dusk, Surveillance State*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Korryn Narvaez is an 18 year old freshman attending UVU's Honors Program. Ever since she was a kid, her greatest passions included art, writing, and astronomy. She enjoys sci-fi literature and hopes to one day compose a story in the genre.

**Lauren Wynn**

*Title of Work(s): Ball of String*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Lauren Wynn is a junior double majoring in English literary studies and anthropology. She is passionate about books, music, movies, art, and clouds. Her life's ambitions are to study the relationship between cultural trends and literary patterns, and to write a lot of books.

**Lizzy Jensen**

*Title of Work(s): The Elephant in the Room: the Reality of Pluralism in John Hick's Pluralistic Hypothesis; Family Ties: a ten minute play*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Lizzy Jensen is originally from Gilbert, Arizona and is a junior in the Honors Program at UVU. She is an integrated studies major interested in the relationship between religious beliefs and artistic expression. She is deeply passionate about interfaith engagement, theatrical arts, and the movie How to Train Your Dragon.

**Logan Stanford**

*Title of Work(s): The Sound of Emotion*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Logan is a pre-med psychology major from Farmington, Utah. He is a former DCI drum major and the current principal saxophonist for the UVU Wind Symphony. He currently works as a medical assistant and when he has free time enjoys gaming and hiking.

**Mason Stowell**

*Title of Work(s): String Strung Stronger*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

A native of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, Mason loves anything outdoors; from boating to skiing, he'll be there. For him, such activities only get better when he gets to enjoy them with his adorable wife, Sariah. When not prepping for medical school, spending time outside, or being with his wife, he can be found reading, playing and enjoying music, and traveling.

**Preston Wiersdorf**

*Title of Work(s): Magic pl-8-o Ball*

*Pronouns: (he/him)*

Preston Wiersdorf grew up in Pleasant Grove, Utah; is the youngest of 4 siblings; and loves soccer. He graduated from Maeser Prep and enjoys reading and writing. He is a freshman at UVU hoping to study quantum mechanics or English and wishes he could dunk a basketball.

**Juliette Christley**

*Title of Work(s): Three Deaths*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

Juliette Christley is a freshman at UVU. She moved from Maryland to Utah at age 9, and has been there ever since. She enjoys reading, roller skating, and drawing.

**May Meneses**

*Title of Work(s): Don't Open The Door, Dear Vincent van Goph*

*Pronouns: (she/her)*

May Meneses is a junior at UVU, and was born and raised in Utah. She's majoring in Earth science education, and earning a minor in environmental studies. In her free time she enjoys reading and watching movies.

# Untold

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