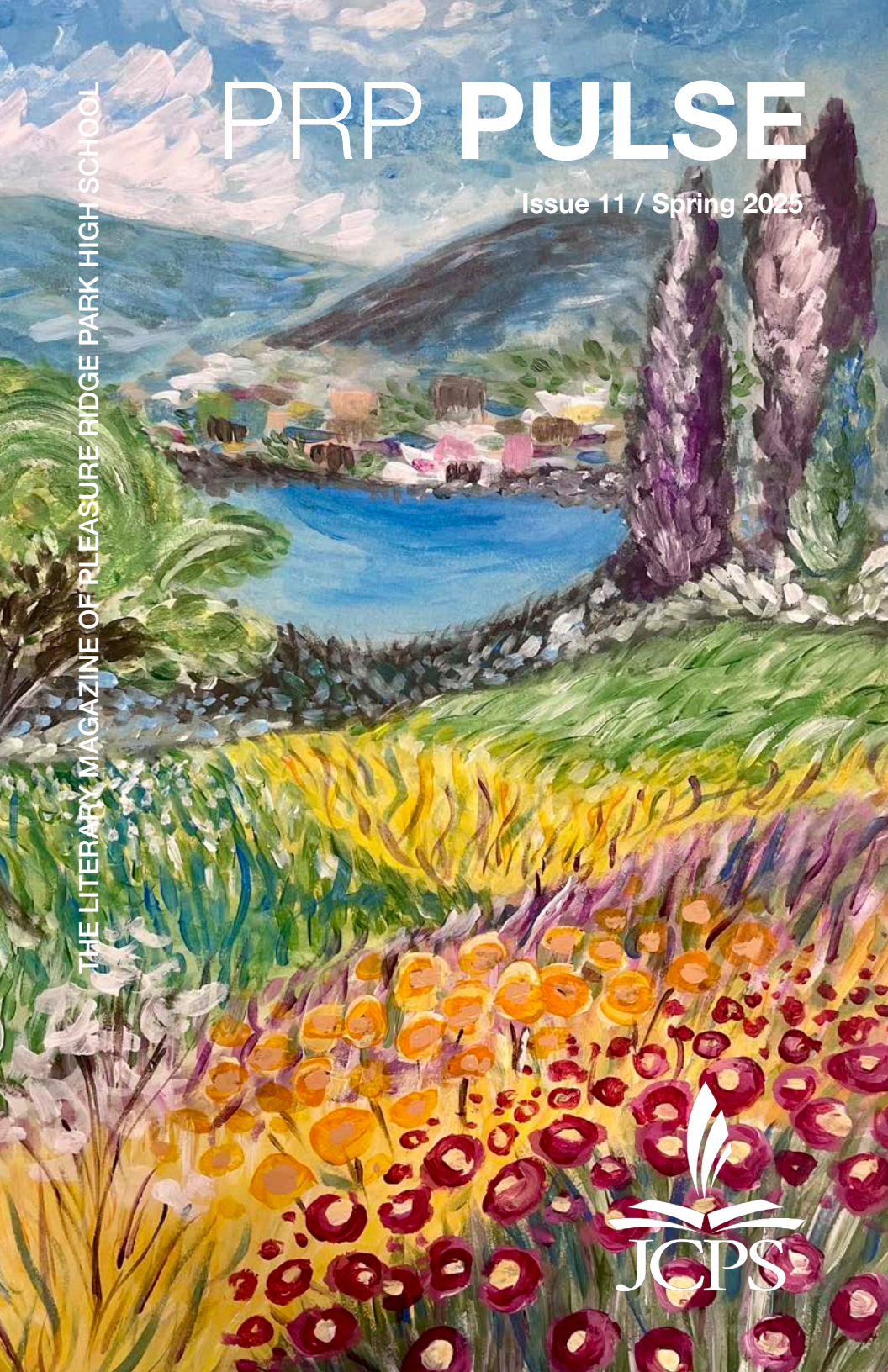


THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF PLEASURE RIDGE PARK HIGH SCHOOL

PRP PULSE

Issue 11 / Spring 2025



PRP PULSE

Issue 11 / Spring 2025

CREATIVE WRITING, POETRY &
ARTWORK BY STUDENTS OF
PLEASURE RIDGE PARK
HIGH SCHOOL

Project direction by
Judy Scott-Berger &
Denise Webb

Editorial assistance
provided by PRP's
Creative Writing
Class

Designed by
PRP Visual Art
+ Design



Artwork by Victor Aldrete, 1st Place/High School Division, 2025 KY Derby Museum
Horsing Around with Art Contest



Artwork by Grace Jeffries, Scholastic Art Awards, Honorable Mention



Artwork by Tabitha Wallace



Artwork by A'Neres Osborne, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Brooklyn Smothers, Honorable Mention, 2025 KY Derby Museum's "Horsing Around with Art" Contest

PRP PULSE

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press

Published by:
Pleasure Ridge Park High School
5901 Greenwood Road
Louisville, KY 40258
(502) 485-8311

PRP PULSE / Issue 11 / Spring 2025

Cover Art by Lilly Zagula

Design Director: Roscoe Lee

Pleasure Ridge Park High School,
Jefferson County Public Schools,
Louisville, Kentucky
Jason Stinson, Principal

Printed by JCPS Materials
Production Department



The PRP Pulse has been recognized by NCTE (National Council of Teachers of English) for Excellence in Student Literary Magazines



Artwork by Madalyn Staub

introduction

The PRP Pulse Literary Magazine is a result of continued collaboration between the Creative Writing and Visual Art classes at Pleasure Ridge Park High School. Our purpose is to showcase student work by uniting our Visual and Performing Arts program with our English core content curriculum.

Students continue to be the major players in The Pulse, participating in multiple roles throughout the project: as writers, editors, photographers, painters, sculptors, designers, and more. Our mission is for this literary magazine to provide a cross-curricular, authentic learning experience for the students at PRP.

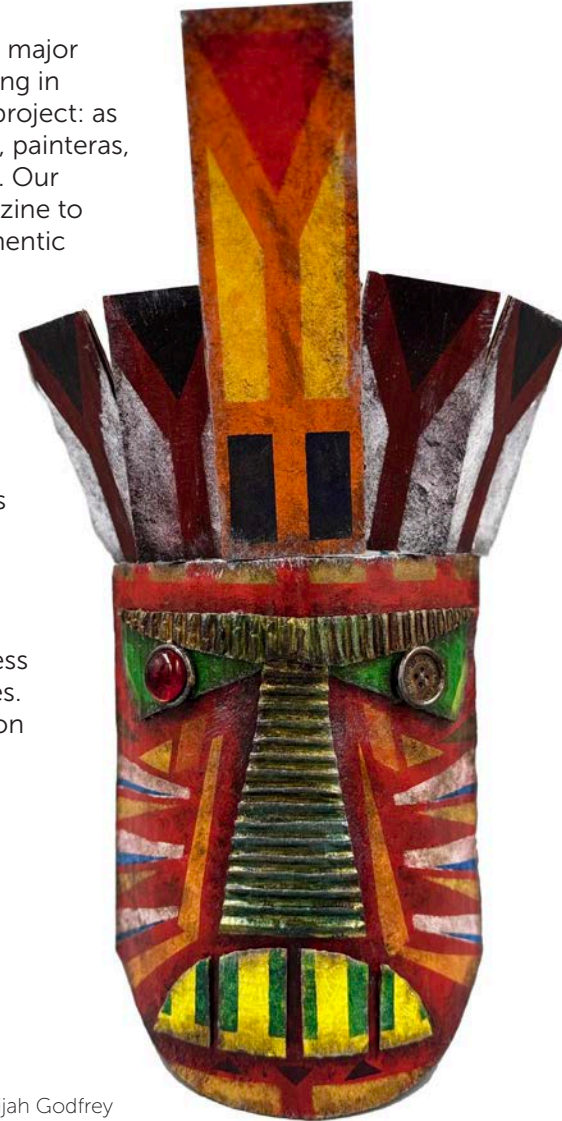
Students are charged with the layout and design of the magazine, while the PRP English Department has joined forces to solicit written pieces and encourage students who have shown interest and/or potential in creative writing throughout the year. Creative Writing students have taken on the editing and selection process for the submitted written pieces. The hard work and collaboration between departments and students has made this project possible at PRP.



Artwork by Landon Calhoun



Artwork by Brenton Heady



Artwork by Elijah Godfrey

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Artwork by Lilly Zagula

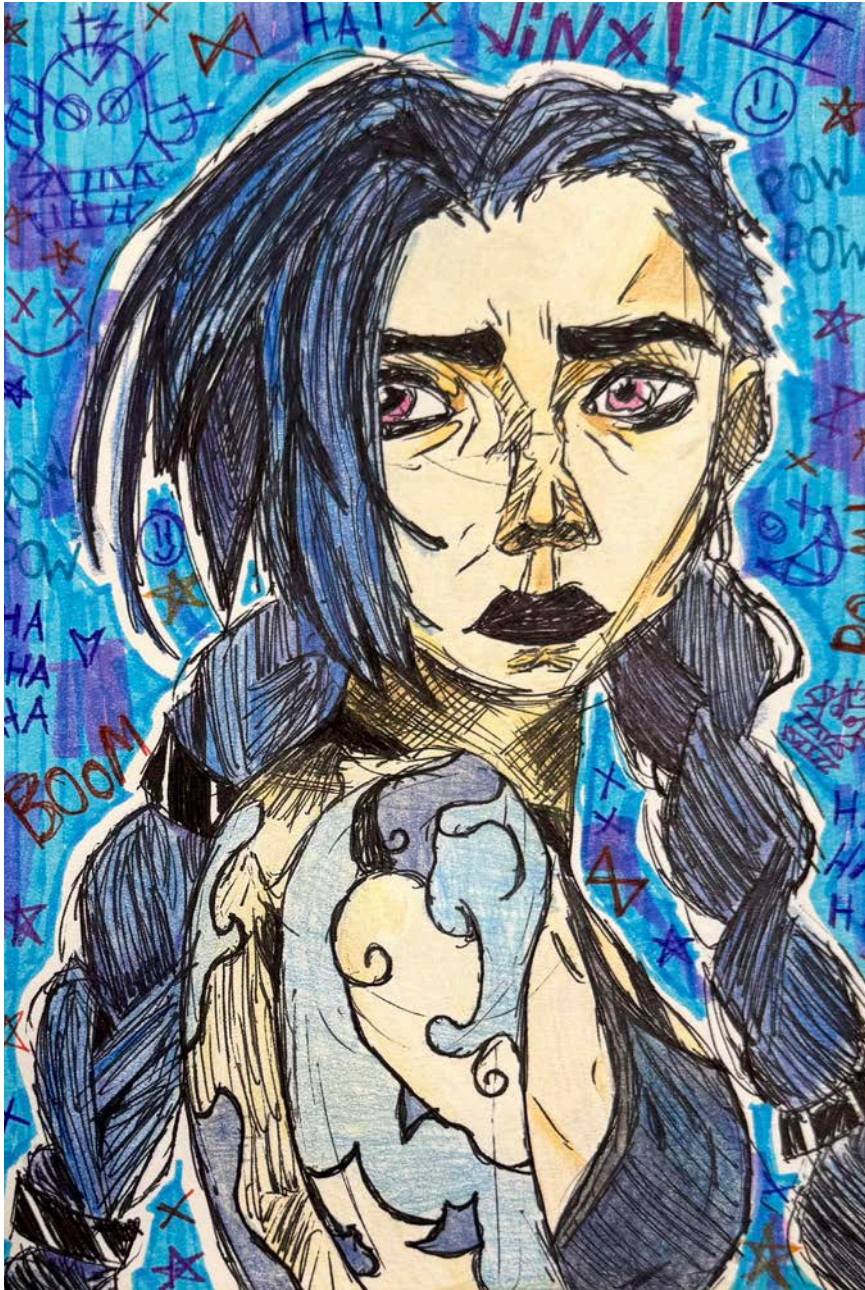


Artwork by Alyssa Robinson



(Opposite) Artwork by Rebekah Barnett
Gold Key / 2025 Scholastic Art Awards

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Artwork by Layla Hendrickson

A CHILDHOOD UNDONE

By Kylie Bradford

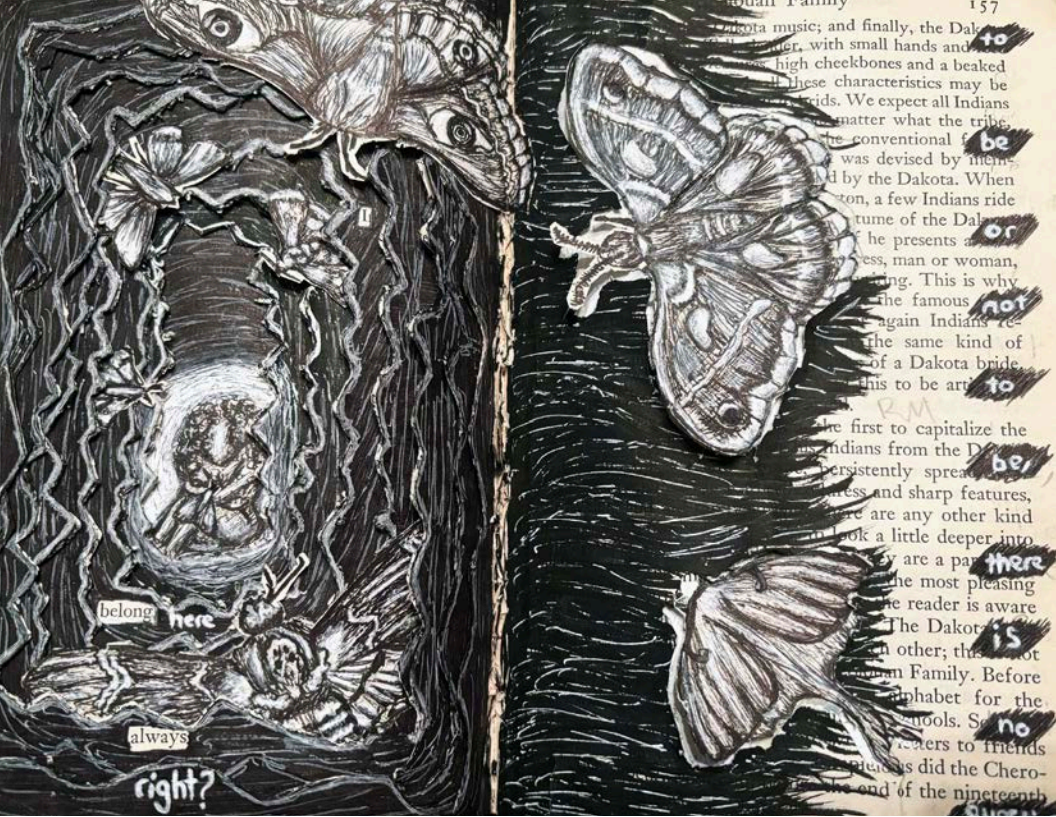
Needles on the dresser, pipes in your hands,
Chaos as the soundtrack to a childhood undone.
Screams that hurt my ears, objects thrown and broken, tears on faces.
When I think of my childhood, instead of being greeted by the warm
and the good, t̄hough there was plenty.
These are the memories that my
brain has sent to me.

Peeking through cracked doors,
Too young to see, too old to
ignore.
You thought that you could shield
me with a slam,
But where was that shield when
you told me instead?
Trying to turn me against the
other, to use your child to hurt.
But your plan failed as you
showed me the errors in
yourselves.
I didn't understand the chemistry
of this thing called meth,
But I did see what you did, and
I remember the pain and fear that it
brewed.



Artwork by Rachel Echavarria Rojas

In the living room, I become the wall.
Pushing my sisters into the safety I won't allow myself to go.



Artwork by Sydney Duncan

Standing in the middle of your storm.

Fists flew, tears fell, words burned.

You love each other, you and I know, so where do these hateful words grow?

You're back again from jail, I cling to you, tightly, as I silently wail.

I'm too afraid to let you go, because love is a fragile tether in a life that I barely know.

Then came the words that shatter my world,

Grandma's voice breaking as my head is in a whirl.

"Something's wrong with Nacole!" she screamed in despair,

And suddenly, the air felt too heavy to bear.

"She's dead!"

My world is ripped apart, a permanent wound on my heart.

Grief fresh, I ask myself what comes next?

A loud thud in the bathroom.

"Dad? Dad? Dad!"

You're on the floor when I open the door.

An overdose, of course it was an overdose.

A month since I lost my mom, and now this with you.

Twelve years old, carrying a weight far too heavy,

Living in a world where love feels unsteady.

I was just a kid, though aged beyond my years.

Do you know how I swallowed my screams and drowned in my tears?

Grandma gives you a choice,

"Drugs or your children," her had-enough voice.

You chose us, finally, finally chose us.

But the scars remain, etched deep in trust.

These memories shaped me,

For better, for worse.

They made me scared of pills,

But sure of their worth.

They taught me to cherish what's

here, what's now,

Because life is fragile, fleeting,

always, somehow.

I've learned to stand on my own

two feet,

To love, but never let love deplete.

To be strong, to care, to lead when

I can,

To know that sometimes the child

becomes the adult in the span.

I shouldn't have lived this story,

But it's the one that I own.

A childhood interrupted,

Yet, I have grown.



Artwork by Leland Fries



Everything I Hold Dear

By Roscoe Lee

My body aches in the silence
And years in the absence
Sheds off layers of pain
Raw skin left to claim
The fear of the new
The freshness in its air
The fear that I'll lose
Everything I hold, dare
You to grow and fail
Dare you to flourish
Believe in yourself
Sing out the words
Bast in your existence
Know that you're worthy
Exclaim it ten times
Then soar once you're there
Truth, that you're heavenly
Show to me your wings
Truth is what you speak
Keep it close, hold it here
- Everything I hold dear
- Everything I hold dear

Artwork by Roscoe Lee



Artwork by Jeremy Kelly

Live Like a Kid

By CaMiya Martin

When truths weren't so dim.
Concealed behind
the leaves that shade us,
Immortality of memories
The ones enclosed in our soul.

Deaf to the shadows
I could be
who I was truly,
Within

Under the sun I hugged every morning
She smiled back
at us as we gleaming while in play
Enjoying the moments we can fit into our pockets

Breathed a big life with small opportunity
I could only talk to the trees
I wondered if they ever heard me

We have conversations now
it consumes me
The adult I carved out of memory.



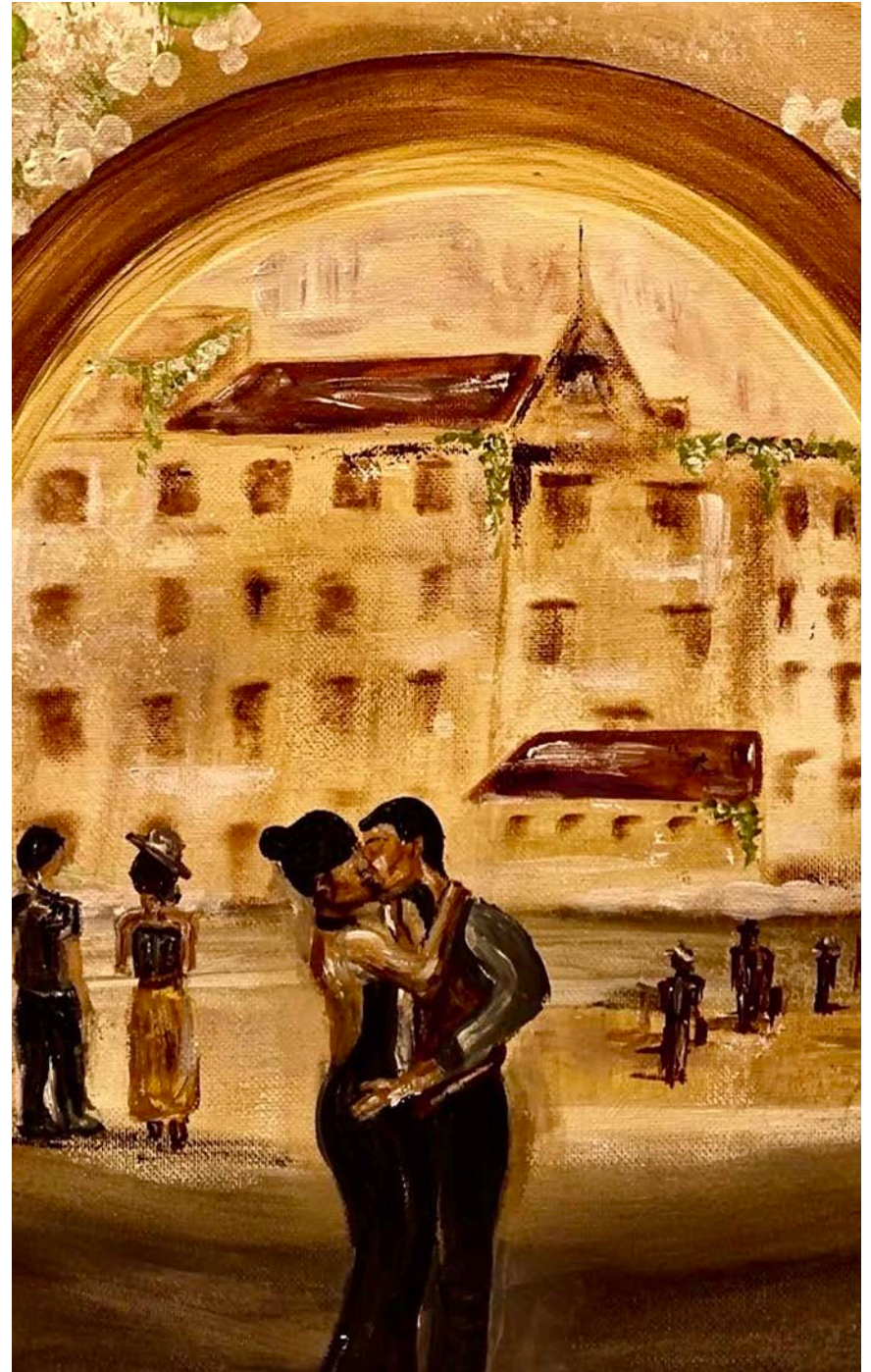
The Last Kiss

By Karina Hernandez Gonzalez

His eyes, of withered brown,
cry for help no one hears.
His lips, ashen, funeral,
long for one last kiss.

With my heart in my hands,
tears burning down me cheeks,
a farewell I whispered
against his pallid lips.

(Above) Artwork by Khira Thornton



Artwork by Lilly Zagula

A Beautiful Summer Day

By Kylie Bradford

It was a beautiful summer day,
The sun was warm, the sky was bright.
The breeze blew softly through the trees,
And everything seemed perfectly right.

Her love was strong, warm, neverending,
A love that the distance between us could never take away.
But something shifted, the world stood still and the air went cold,
On that beautiful summer day.

It's a strange phenomenon, bad news.
It can come in the most unexpected ways,
on the most beautiful of days.
One moment, everything is perfect,
And then it's not.

We had been so happy, so unaware of what was to come,
A mom, a dad, and three daughters, laughing under the sun.
Fast forward, a dad and his daughters are in the car.
Hearts racing, tears falling, what happened to mom?

Then we're at the hospital,
Just my dad and I, alone in the weightful silence.
The details have since blurred, but the image is engraved,
Her still form, tubes and machines, a fragile life displayed.

Next comes the day we're all once again together,
A mom, a dad, and three daughters, only this time there is no laughter.
We step inside, she covers herself with a blanket to hide the tubes,
To spare us the sight we already knew.



Artwork by Lilly Zagula

The doctors said she was getting better,
Just a little more time, a little more strength.
She would be okay, they promised,
Just a little longer, a short while longer.

She fought so hard, she made us hope,
We thought she'd heal, we thought she'd stay.
But in an instant, hope gets crushed,
Taken from us on a beautiful summer day.



Artwork by Emma Bunny, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibition

She didn't get to see me turn 13, or 14, or 15, or 16, or 17.
 She wasn't there for my eighteenth birthday, and she won't be here for
 the ones after that.

She won't get to watch me walk across the stage at graduation,
 She won't be there when I put on my prom dress.

My sisters will never know her like I did,
 And sometimes, I feel the weight of that in their eyes.
 I try to keep going, try to push the grief away,
 But it always finds its way back.

When I look in the mirror, when I see a butterfly pass by,
 When I hear a certain song, when I look up at the moon,
 I'm reminded of what is gone, and that the hardest loss can come,
 On a beautiful summer day.



Artwork by Abigail Roeder



Artwork by Charlee Goff, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibition

If Only It Were a Nightmare

By Sean Johnson Alexander

-SLAM-

I dashed down the hallway. Faster than I ever ran. Behind me, I could hear that “thing” breaking the door down.

- 3 hours before the incident -

Yesterday me and my friends; Susan and Sam were playing truth or dare.

“Truth or dare, John,” Susan asked me.

With no hesitation, I responded with dare. I wasn’t the type to back down from a challenge.

“Hmm... I dare you to sneak into the abandoned high school near the woods at night.”

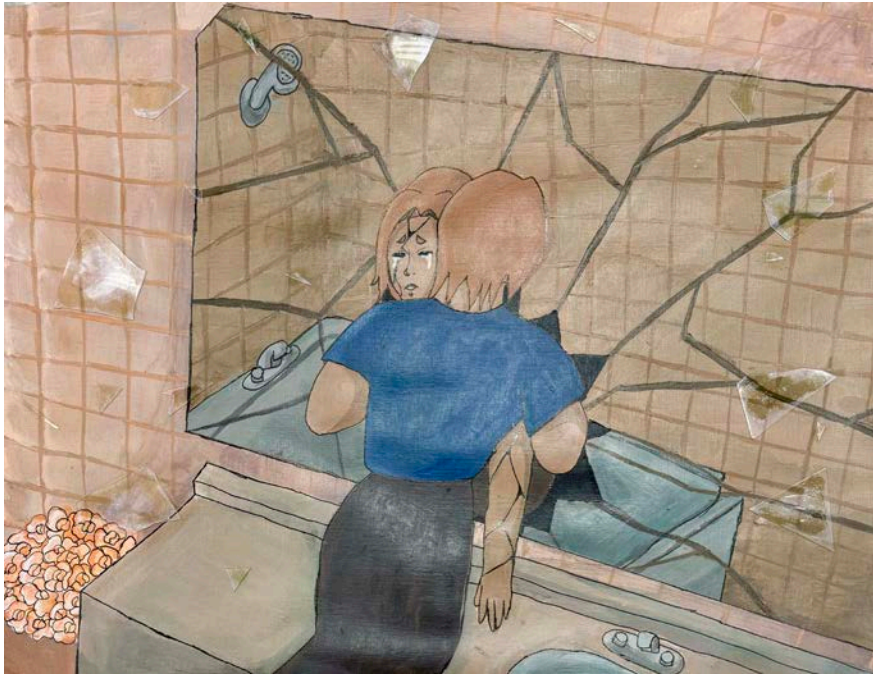
“Oh! And make sure to record it so you have proof that you did it,” Susan added.

Fast-forward to 10:53 pm, I approached the school. The moonlight faintly illuminated the area. The grass had grown up to my chest, graffiti decorated the building’s walls, wooden boards took the place of windows. As I made my way around the building, searching for an entrance, I could feel the thickness of the grass tugging on my ankles as if it were trying to prevent me from continuing. I made my way around the school, finding a small crawl space big enough for me to squeeze into. As I crawled through I couldn’t shake this uneasy feeling off of me.



Artwork by Maysen Wigginton

Once I made my way past the space, I turned on my flashlight and hit the record button on my phone. Looking around, I figured the crawl space had led me to a hallway. I aimed my flashlight at my surroundings. Dust in the air, vines, and mold covering the walls, the floor was dangerously uneven and littered with broken glass. I covered my mouth and nose with my jacket. I really wanted to go back, but my curiosity got the best of me. I began to walk down the hallway. Doors and lockers were on each side, some broken like someone forced their way through and some wide open. As I continued down the hallway, that feeling came back... strong as ever. A feeling that made my stomach twist and turn uncontrollably. I reached the door. But, not any door. This door wasn’t like the others. It didn’t have vines nor mold anywhere near it. It was well-kept. I slowly put my hand on the handle... That feeling consumed my insides.



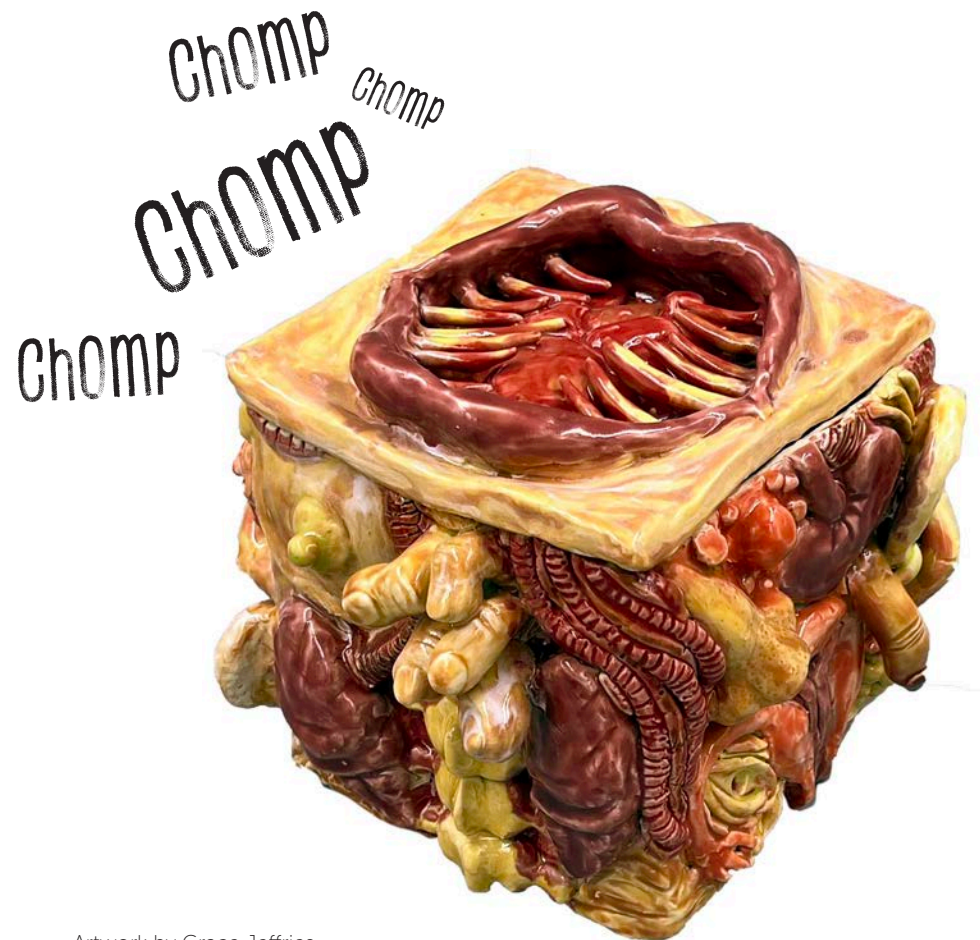
Artwork by Shyel Macaspac, "Best Creative Interpretation",
2024 PTA Reflections Contest

-CREAK-

What lay behind the door was a body, mangled to the point it wasn't recognizable. Fresh blood oozed out of it, chunks of flesh ripped off like it had been mauled by some type of animal. I shat my heart out, face pale, my blood grew cold. The weight of reality held me in place. I was about to leave until an indescribable sound came from the ceiling. My eyes shot up in the direction of the noise. Shining my flashlight, I saw a human-like figure hanging from the ceiling, staring right into my soul with its pale eyes. Its hands and mouth were covered in dry blood. The monster opened its mouth like it was unhinging its jaw. Needle-like teeth revealed themselves. My fight or flight kicked into action.

-SLAM-

I began to run, faster than I ever ran. Behind me, I could hear that "thing" breaking the door down. My foot landed wrong due to the uneven floor. I tried to get back up and run, but my ankle wouldn't let me. Behind me, I could hear that thing catching up. I hastily limped towards the exit I entered in, only for something to grab me by my leg, followed by a sharp stinging pain. I turned back to see the monster sinking its teeth into my leg. Tearing it off. I screamed, nearly fainting from the pain. As it was devouring my leg I attempted to crawl away, only to be lifted by my waist, the monster opened its mouth, slowly lifting my head towards it. I tried to fight back, but its grip was too tight. I screamed only to-



Artwork by Grace Jeffries

Milestones

By Kylie Bradford

She should be here.
In the crowd, watching me cross the stage.
In the seat where she will not be,
No matter how long I stare.

They tell me that she would be proud,
That she's watching, that she knows.
But I can't hear her voice,
Can't look to see her smile.

The cap and gown will still be worn,
The tassel will still turn,
My world will move forward,
But, without her.

The future will unfold,
But it will feel incomplete.
For something is missing,
Forever, from my life.

I'll step forward,
But I'll always look back.
I wish you could see me,
In this moment, and the ones after that.

Every milestone,
A reminder that you're not here.
Every spark of joy dimmed,
Because my biggest light is gone.



Artwork by Layla Hendrickson

I'll carry on,
But my thoughts will always linger.
Forever missing the one that I look to see,
In the places where she will never be.



Artwork by
Emma Hagan



Artwork by
Layla
Hendrickson

TURNED

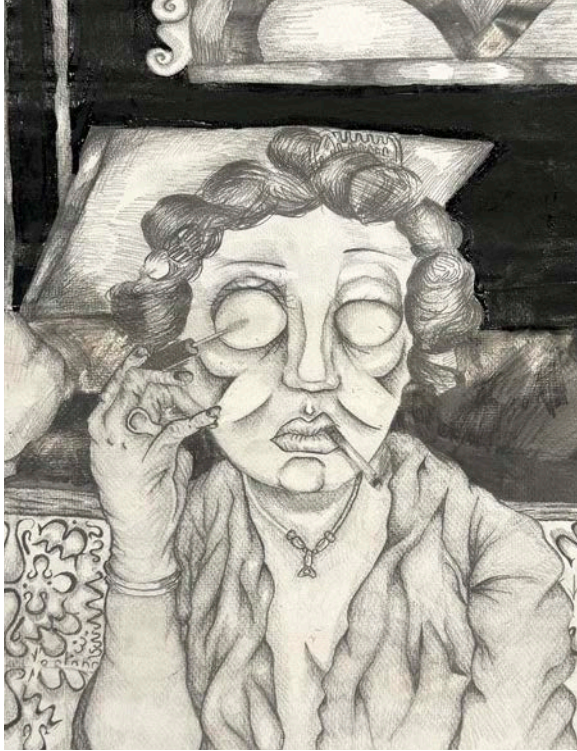
ABOMINATION

By Woody Brouard

I was born in a town called Little Haven. This small town was prosperous. The period was known as the period of optimism, a town affected by a "new beginning" marked by a baby boom, suburbanization, and a growing middle class. Life was amazing as I grew up and became a beautiful young girl, innocent to the world around me. I lived in the world of a scientist. My parents were scientists. They loved experimenting and discovering new things that would change the world. Curiosity ran through our family from one generation to another. When I was born, I inherited that trait of great curiosity, letting my little mind run free and learning anything and everything my little child mind could handle.

One day both of my parents were at the dinner table talking about our days, and I was finished with my daily discovery and stories. Both my parents announced they were going to do something that could change the value of life for many generations to come. It was experimenting on life itself giving people abilities that couldn't normally be attained, making man very powerful. To a little kid, that sounded amazing; to anyone else this was a bad idea. But I was their number one supporter. After dinner, I went to bed thinking about the experiment and how it changed the course of life as I knew it. For the next couple of weeks, I continued to live my discovery and curiosities full of life, completely forgetting about what they told me until people started entering our home.

I would see them every day and rarely see them leave. Some days, it would be men, and other women entering but not leaving my home, and I wondered what happened to these people because they never left the house. Every day my parents would take me to school, I would



Artwork by Emma Hagan

see these missing posters for different people, but I did not think anything of it because of how perfect life was in my eyes. But one day, my curiosity got the better of me, and I saw everything my parents were doing. I followed my parents down to their lab and saw every single

person that entered the house in these little pods full of some clear liquid substance, and then I saw my parents at the control board and began running the experiment on a man and a woman.

There was a machine that pointed at both at the same time and as the machine powered up, there was a bright light that flashed through the room. The man was transformed into an abomination that was very bulky, heavy-looking, and rock-like skin breaking the pod as it continued to transform. The woman was transformed into an abomination as well but was very light-looking, slender, with skin as slippery looking as an octopus. After both fully transformed into their form the man noticed I was in the room, sensing my presence in the lab, and I ran away to a different part of the lab I didn't know, and it started chasing me.

I found a hiding spot and saw it stop running and try to sense me again then disappear to look for me after fifteen minutes I thought the coast was clear. I heard heavy breathing from behind me and then I realized he found me. He chased me and the moment that I had the chance to, I sprinted for the door up the stairs and escaped. Or at least I thought I did. When it was time for bed, I did not tell my parents what

I saw and when they left the room I got up at once because I did not think the things I saw were true, and as I considered whether they were real, I heard light breathing in the room. I looked all over the room and found nothing. Under the bed, behind the bed, in my closet, nothing.

I went back to my bed and started falling asleep. As my eyes were closing. I was awakened up by a pair of eyes bouncing off my window and my mirror and appearing from the wall over my bed. I saw through the mirror the woman who was transformed. She was here. I thought to myself "That might be why, as I was running up the stairs, I saw that her pod was cracked open." But before I could even think further, I looked in the mirror at the woman about to grab me. I looked behind my bed, then looked at the window. I looked behind my bed in real life, I saw nothing, but in the reflection of both the mirror and the window, I could see her.

She was right on top of me. I backed up off the bed and tried running out of my room. I started heading towards the lab and once I entered, the woman was looking in a mirror. Then she looked at me and said, "No witnesses," while putting me into the experimental pod, and she turned on the machine. The last thing I remembered was both the abominations getting shot by the police and the police trying to stop the process and it completely failed. They tried breaking the pod with gun bullets and hitting the pod with bats or anything they could find but nothing worked, and I was knocked out. After two years I woke up seeing seven out of the many abominations in the lab wandering and feeding off those that weren't transformed.

As my pod opened, I saw the bodies of both my parents dead on the floor. At the same time, one of the abominations tried attacking me and I grabbed it by the head and started levitating while squeezing its head and completely crushing its skull. At that moment I knew that my parents' curiosity was the thing that led to me being this way. It was their fault. It was them that caused this pain in my soul. I was a beautiful young girl before I entered that pod. Now, I am an abomination A monster to humanity. And since the mistakes of humans created me.

My new goal is to eradicate all like them, those who have led me to my death and created this monster within me. The eradication of all humanity is my revenge.

Winkle

By CaMiyah Martin

An arcane notion filled, blue.
The overconsumption, only few fathom.
allow all of our despair to intertwine and overcome it.
Your words shoved mines further down to where they came from
Ignoring my voice
Now silent,
I tried

To declare what I reap and sow but when given the chance I choke.
I put my pen to the paper and cough it up all over the page.

they wait for your star to fall
And gravity tries to melt you to the ground
As you're desperately trying to help yourself,

Get up
Get up

your weakening
It becomes harder
Harder

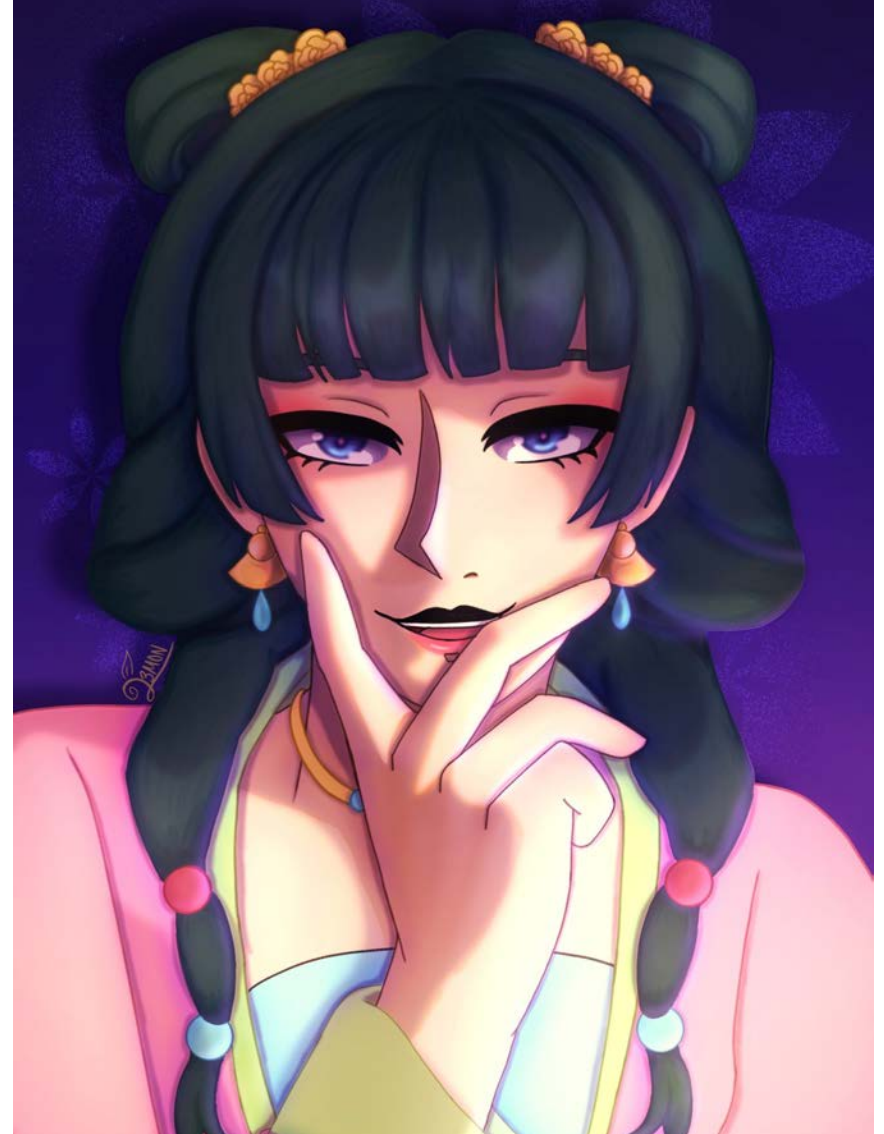
to stay awake and you...

Speak to me and i see things i'd never thought of myself to be
Grow from a seed to a tree
My branches and leaves flourish
and fall
the cycle repeats.
Again allow your imagination to run free,
But don't

Dish out my importance
Let me speak to thee.

I won't allow the wish to come true
Let me hear, 'I am so proud of you. '

I shall designate it with more worth of my own validation.
Every star is different and I will begin my own constellation



Artwork by Shyel Macaspac



Artwork by Kennedy Gummer

Life in a Barren Place

By Caleb Goodman

Once upon a navy blue sky, lay two eggs. Two eggs, the last of their kind. In the vastness of space, of the universe even, small cracks echo far and wide. Life has begun to sprout. Slowly but surely, little cracks form on the black-ish purple eggs. The rugged surface chips apart, slowly drifting off in the nonexistent wind to wherever the galaxy may take them. More and more pieces break; and eventually, little paws sprout from inside. The two beings float out at the same time. Such precious creatures for a world like this; fluffy and milky white, not a single speck of dirt on them. The space around them is jealous of how perfect these two are.

They fly out full of energy, though, being just born; they admire each other carefully. They didn't know where they came from of course, but they both felt a similar goal, yet they didn't quite know what that was. One lets out a quiet "Mew" yet the echo that slowly dissipates sounds magical. The other newborn follows up with their own sounds. It seems like the journey of these two has just begun.

Life is not common this far out, but the two knew where to go. Due to the emptiness of space this far out, it is quite easy for the cats to glide through space. If life is made here, it often dies out quite fast. It's a miracle that the eggs crack, yet alone hatch. Occasional asteroids fly by slowly, their rugged, boring surface emphasizing the barren wasteland that surrounds the two. They fly with grace, and often make little sounds that echo. The only sounds are of these two talking with each other, but they seem to be enthusiastic nevertheless.

Soon enough, these little cats reach the next sector. The mood changes, and the environment looks beautiful. One kitten has its

mouth opened in amazement, the other chattering away at the glory of what surrounds them. Many spheres sit around them, full of color; pretty swirls fill the background. Such a change so quickly is strange, though these cats clearly enjoy the sight of what this place holds. They must move forward though, so they hold their amazement and continue on. Though they do not speak English, one could tell that they were "Ooh"ing and "Ahh"ing at the brilliant colors around them.

Their adventure was short, however as after traversing for a while, (which wasn't too hard, given the speed these two can manage), the colors suddenly stop abruptly. It takes the kittens a moment to realize that all the colors are gone, and they seem disappointed. Perhaps they wish they could take the colors with them, but alas, they can't and have to continue on. Surely one day they would see this place again.

The next sector is approaching now. After a brief minute of gliding along the invisible road of their imagination, many comets seem to be flying by in the distance. It is a shame, since they are in the wrong direction that these two are headed, and they did enjoy the sight of them. Of course, they can't just not make a wish on them, but as they close their eyes and then reopen them, suddenly all the comets have disappeared. They look at each other, not knowing what has happened, but they bring their smiles back and keep enthusiasm for the journey ahead. Something like this shouldn't make these creatures get down; they're sure that they will see more space dances another time.

As the pair continues on, the area around them seems to open up in a strange way. A galaxy stands before them. It looks as if someone has spilled a little milk, but in a beautiful magical type of way. Of course, the cats needed to go here anyway, but that doesn't mean that the sight of this swirl doesn't make them a little bit hungry. They can't put their stomachs ahead of them though; a few minutes of their majestic gliding sends them into this galaxy, and a certain set of little dots speaks to them. The flight toward these dots begins, and the cats eventually meet face-to-face with the first planet, or dwarf planet rather, Pluto. The ears of the soft white cats twitch as they look at this round sphere. It looks like the asteroids before, but it also is quite different. The next planet, Neptune, was in the distance. It seems quite large compared to Pluto, even though they are a part of the same solar system.



Artwork by
Madison
Mullins

After their curiosity with Pluto ends, the two quickly head over to the absolutely enormous Neptune. The cats keep their distance. Even though they would most likely be resistant to the weathers of these planets, Neptune looked frozen. One cat jokingly shivers, while the other giggles in meows. Even though Pluto is cold and further out, Neptune actually has a blue glow to it, making it quite the unique sight.

Following ahead of Neptune is Uranus. It looked similar in size to Neptune, but has a lighter blue tint to it. There is also a beautiful ring going vertically around it. The cats fly on over in amazement, but one kitten points to another planet ahead, Saturn. This planet has many rings going horizontally and is actually a tan color. This amazes the cats even further, reminding them of the place they had been earlier; the one with all of the beautiful colors, yet, it felt different. Upon reaching Saturn, the kitties dance around the little rocks that surround the planet. It is amazing to them that such a body could have something so beautiful.

After their playing has ended, they press on, reaching Jupiter. Jupiter is even bigger than Saturn. As they approach, they see the big red dot on the side. They fear it; they could even feel the strong winds as they approach further, which keeps them at a distance. They don't like this planet much, but it still is unique in the fact that the planets before seem more beautiful than anything, and this one seems fierce.

Collaborative artwork
by Elijah Godfrey and
Roscoe Lee

The distance around Jupiter takes longer than the other planets, but as they make it around, they find a tiny little planet again, being Mars. The two are expecting an even bigger planet, so it shocks them when they see this tiny little red marble. The surface looks all dusty and rocky with an interesting red tone. This journey has definitely been an amazing experience for the two little ones. The huge, yellow sun sits ahead of them as they continue; it looks beautiful from where they were.



At long last, the two spot where their goal resides. They peer around Mars, and see the little blue and green ball of similar size that sits behind it. There is also a little rock like Pluto that sits near it. The two approach slowly. They can even see more planets ahead of Earth. They hold paws as they approach, a little nervous but they proceed. A little area seems to highlight itself. A weird little shape of green. There are plenty of these, but the one they have spotted seems interesting. They near further, sitting just outside of the atmosphere, looking down on the beautiful land that this planet has. There is something magical about this one.

On Earth, lies a human. Well, many, but one in particular. Life is hard on this planet. Not because it is difficult necessarily, but some often lose themselves, and nobody treats this place as the beauty it seems as from outside. The water's blue, yet filled with trash; The land green, yet torn apart. The sky is clear, yet pollution fills it nevertheless. If the only other life besides the two cats is willing to do this to their own planet, one could only guess what they'd do to others of their own kind. You don't get nice thoughts by living on this planet. That being said, the cats seem to resonate somehow. They can't see this person directly, but sitting outside of this planet, they seem to know. They sit there, looking down. Night has filled the sky. It is clear, yet dark. This person sighs and sits outside, looking up. The world isn't quite there yet; but you can be sure that the despair was already dystopian enough. Nothing is nothing either way. As the human looks up, they see something interesting. The sky is clear of stars, yet two sit next to each other. Of course, there's no way of telling what these little dots really are for this human, yet it brings a certain feeling of comfort, some way, somehow. Upon closer inspection, they seem to resemble cats. Of course, as a human, that doesn't make any sense, but this sparks something in their being. It seems as if one had gotten through.

Not wanting to waste their time, they head to grab a pencil and paper. The cats continue to watch with interest, not being near the human, but seeming to magically understand from afar. The human comes back outside and stares above into the night sky. "Perhaps, perhaps we will meet again someday," they say to themselves, before looking down at the lined paper and writing down at the top "Life in a Barren Place".



Artwork by Nevaeh Ward



Collectors

By Katelynn Johnson

Do you know my name?
I don't think so.
How could you?
I never told you, and I have no one left to tell you.
But I know yours.
You sleep in what once was my bedroom.
I think.
The paint is a color I could have never afforded.
The bed so soft it holds your form.
There are trinkets too.
That is the only thing to have stayed.
The windowsill stays lined with them.
I've never liked those who stay in my room.
I never liked you.
Till you placed a broken pin.
I hesitated.
I have been used to the unhappiness that followed me.
That was me.
I held back.
We both saw clearly.
Just for a moment.
You stopped spending so long in your room.
Once one knows peace, they can no longer find it in pain.
I was your pain.
Then you came into your room.
Sprinted, really.
Excited to place the crystal you found in the garden.
Right beside the pin

Artwork by Layla Hendrickson

There never used to be a garden.
 I've never had one
 Do I have one now?
 I guess it's pretty.
 You're older now.
 The window sill is full.
 But you made room for the earring you spotted
 I'm scared now.
 Will you take them away?
 When do you Go?
 You Will.
 They Always do.
 This used to comfort me.
 Proof that stillness will return.
 Now it is just proof.
 Proof I will be alone.

I was never tied to the room
 Not the house
 Or the grounds.

My favorite necklace lies between the floors.
 I hid it there myself.

She is moving.
 I was scared.

But she packed up her trinkets with care.
 She mourned the loss of her childhood bedroom.

One that hadn't felt heavy in years.
 So she scoured the room.

She did not want to leave anything behind.

I let her find the loose screw.
 She followed my lead.

In the box, there were the things I had wanted to display
 The things that I could not.

Bugs wings, baby teeth
 Important.
 Improper.
 And a necklace.



Artwork by Keyla Sosa Torres, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibition

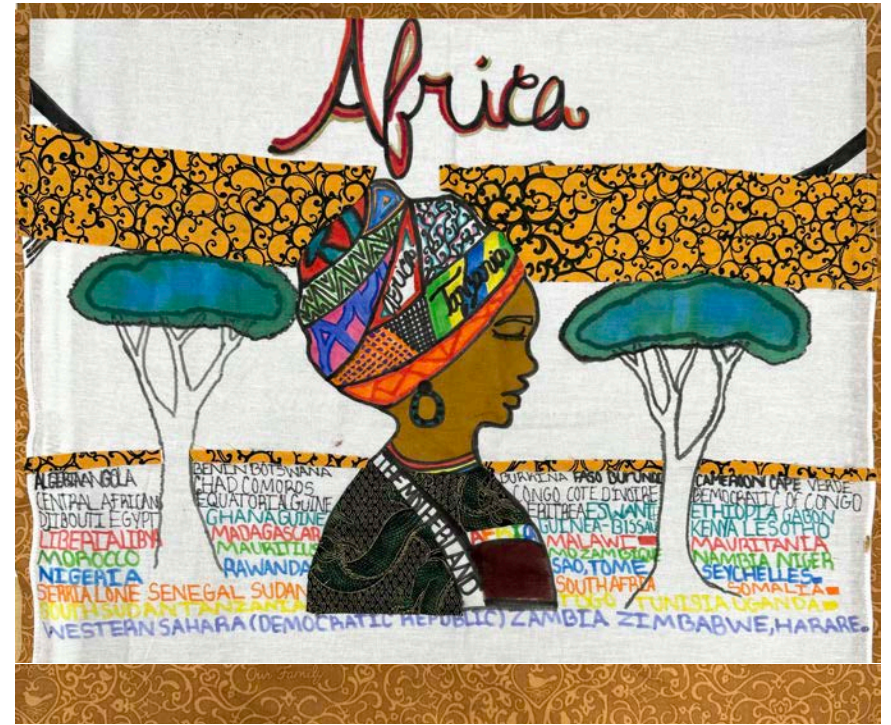
She put it on.
 For just a moment.
 Once she moved, I sat in the
 bay window.
 Much more space
 And she filled it all.
 More than I had ever had.
 And I watched over the
 trinkets.
 I watched over the collector.



Artwork by Kloie Madden



Artwork by Arcene Ishimwe, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Lydia NdaYiragije, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Jaelyn Nolan, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit

I AM a woman

By Lilly Zagula

I am a woman And I am kind
 But my knowledge and strength
 Are not hard to find
 I am a woman And I am divine
 But I work hard
 And I make my own dime
 I am a woman
 And I am of beauty
 But nothing can take
 My souls continuity



Artwork by Ellie Blossom



Artwork by Kayci Shacklette (WinStar BEST OF SHOW Award
KY Derby Museum's "Horsing Around With Art" Contest)



Artwork by Brooklyn Smothers, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Layla Hendrickson



Artwork by Emma Hagan

The Prophet

By Katelynn Johnson

There's a prophet in my living room.
She greets me as I enter,
She asks about my day, my books.
She puts me front and center.
Later tonight she sees me,
And tells me of her woes.
Of choices she regrets,
Of lessons she now knows.

There's a prophet in my kitchen,
She cooks a dinner, sweet.
She shows me how to cut and stir,
While she prepares the meat.
Today she whispers to me,

She says we are the same.
I love to hear this from her,
But she says she is to blame.

There's a prophet in my mirror,
One I've always known.
The first face I ever saw,
Is now just like my own.

Life of Unliving

By Roscoe Lee

When you've lived a life
Of simple but meaningful
Disappointments
Where even the mundane
Has broken your soul
Then you realize the pain of living
Imagine the pain of suffering
Pass the mental
Into the physical
Family being ripped apart
And lives are lost
Everyday

The people just watch
The people just stare
The people stroll on by
The people-
Don't care

What world do we live in
Where society's norm is if it's not me it's Ok
What life do we live in
When there's blood on the broken streets
Of every "war" torn city
Letting the gravel slowly seep red
Where the children scream
Are no longer internal



Artwork by Gracie Jeffries, Honorable Mention, 2025 Scholastic Art Awards;
Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit

But over casted by bombs
Over their head

Is this what anyone wants
Is this what any god wants
The blood of innocence
Dripping on their hands

To the floor they call mighty and high
Is this the justice the people of the land
Swear to bring about

Shooting at the sight of just ones -
Skin, Heritage, ancestry, ethnicity, breath



Artwork by Layla Hendrickson, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit

To where there is no sorry
 No second chances
 No mercy, no second glance
 Just another soul
 Lost to the world of "fix ons"

If this is justice then the world has a bitter sour fate waiting for its end
 Unless the people
 Not just one
 Nor ten thousand
 More than a million
 Far as the billions
 Choose to rewrite
 The script that society has made



Artwork by Lilly Zagula



Artwork by
 Nevaeh Ward

UNREALISTIC

By Katelynn Johnson

There's a lot of descriptions of anxiety out there,
Most have some synonym of this word:
Unrealistic.

My anxiety has been a lot of things,
But it has never been unrealistic.

My mind is smarter than me.
It says everything right.
Everything true.

It's started storming.

Jay.Ts probably not home yet.
It's storming badly.
Did he get home safe?
I want to know.
He's got the kid in the backseat.
He talks a lot.

Jay.T got into a crash once.
It wasn't that bad.
The kid was talking,
Jay.T turned to face him,
And they crashed.

Jay.T needs to focus to get
Home Safe.

I need him Home Safe.

It's storming and the kid is
talking.

They need to be Home Safe.

I need to know.

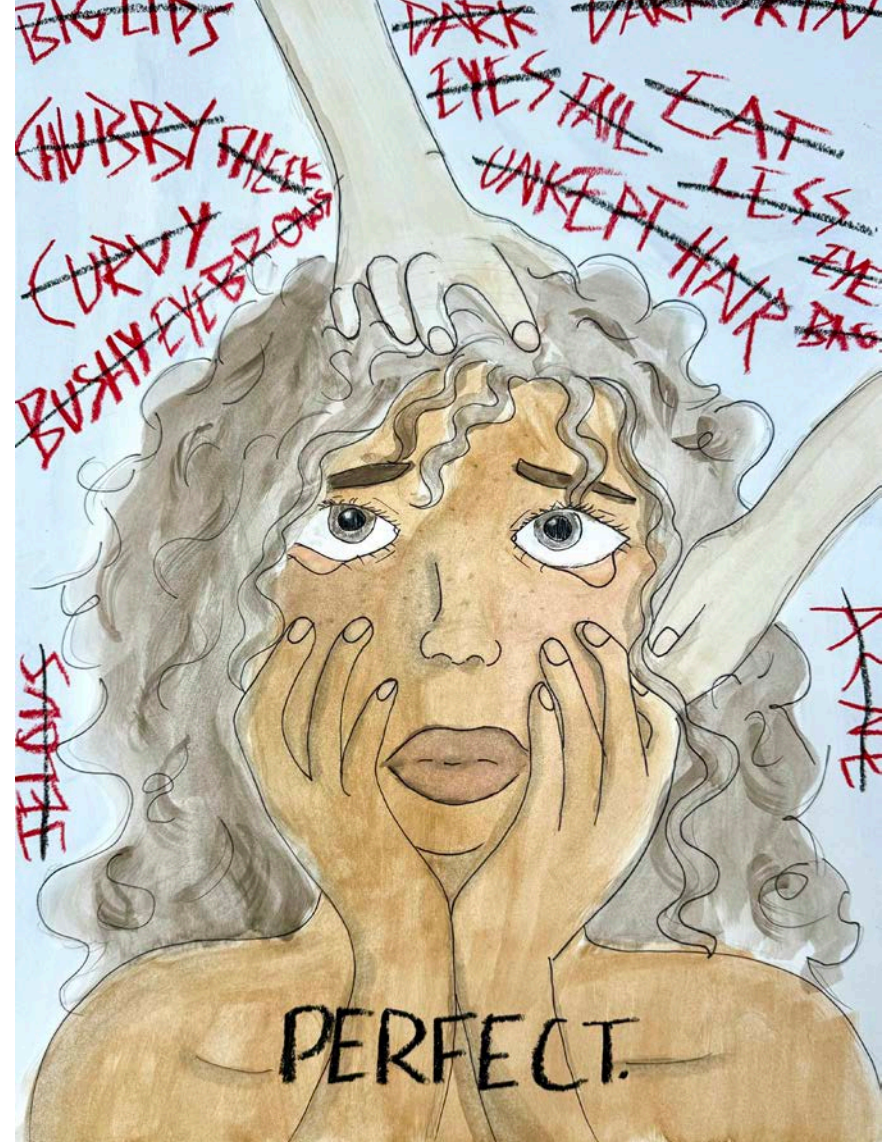
I can't call, that would distract him.

I sit in my room with a movie blaring, a soda, and a project.

I'm trying not to think.



Artwork by Megan Witt



Artwork by Riley Pry

In an hour they would for sure be home.

I can call then, or when the storm lets up,
Whichever first.

This is years of therapy and zoloft.

This is me barely watching the movie.

This is forgetting that I was supposed to do the dishes.

This is shaking hands and headaches.

This is better.

I used to be worse.
I used to have to cry every night to sleep easy.
I used to refuse to call no matter how upset I got.
It would be stupid to bother them.
They're probably making dinner.
I shouldn't interrupt.

This is the problem.
Logic is as good a weapon
as anything.
Especially when the datas corrupt
And anxiety corrupts all logic.

But I'm better.
I think about mom calling Kathryn last storm.
It's not weird, they're my family.
It won't take them an hour to get home,

More like 30 minutes.
I change my alarm.
My shows give me a headache.
I have it on too loud.
It's not something i care about anyway ,
It's a poor distraction.

I turn on something better.
I do a lot more small things.
Refill my drink, move to the desk,
take an ibuprofen.

Each is a burden lifted.
My anxiety paces now,
But it's better than it ramming the
walls.

I jump for the phone when the
alarm goes off.
He picks up, says hello.

That's all I needed.
It would be weird to hang up though.
I could say I didn't mean to call,
I used to do that alot -
Breathe Katelynn.



Artwork by
Emily Porter



Artwork by Katelynn Johnson

He's your brother.
Hey, yall home safe?
Yeah, the storm was only
really near yall. Got home
a while ago. Everything
good?
Yeah, a big branch fell
but it's calming down
now. Dogs are annoyed
though.

Hope yall sleep well,
goodnight.
Night Katelynn.

I heard Heather talking to
the kid,
They're fine.

My anxiety rests, for now.
I should do the dishes.



Artwork by Aubrey Payne

The Whispers of the Forest

By CaMiyah Martin

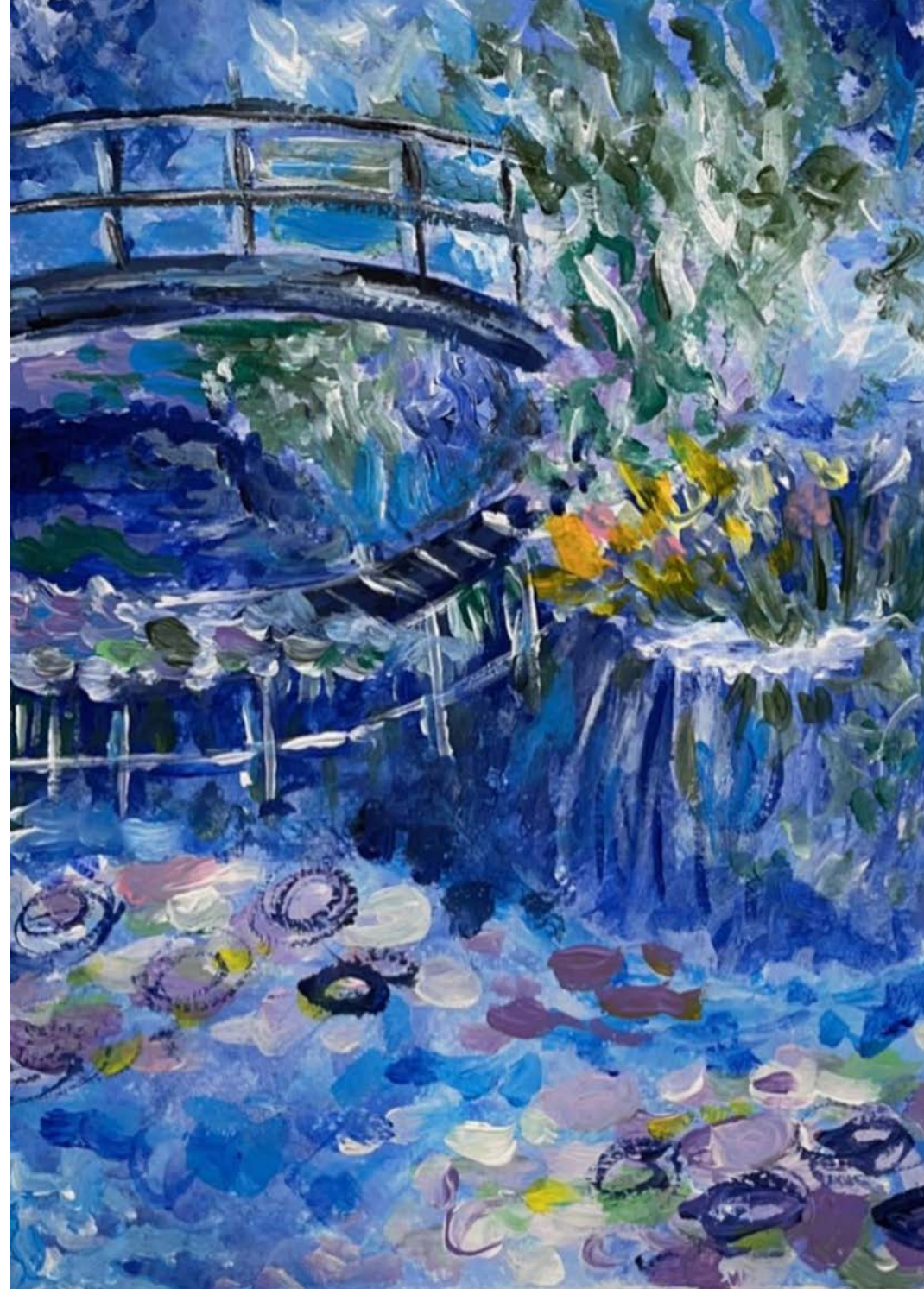
I allow all the shades of green run me over
drench me in it's life
swarm me with its prosperity, as I walked through
I am enclosed with your greatness that cuddles me
I am in my mother's arms.

The calling of spring is a lenten rose.
Before the road, there were no signs
All there was, the mind to guide

Peace defies gravity
As pollen follows suit
Beginning a new life.
an empty ghostly whether bench echo the bonding of strangers
Lives unknown to us, filled with uncertainty.

I never know what the wind is trying to tell me
Listen closely, this is how the sound shifted.

what's left of the earth,
we have been gifted
The sharing of moments,
interrupted,
by the living,
tragedies of death.
Gas warning posts barge in the authenticity of nature
A peek of fall leaves bleeding
through the green parts
of you



Artwork by Lilly Zagula



Artwork by Lilly Zagula, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit

SHE DANCED A STORY WITHIN THE TREES
 HER WORRIES AND REGRETS HAD FALLEN LIKE LEAVES
 DREAMING OF LIFE AND ALL OF ITS JOY
 SHE HAD FORGOTTEN THE PAST AND ALL OF HER VOIDS
 THE RIVER IT GLISTENED A BUNDLE OF HOPE
 SHE SAW THE WATER LIKE A POEM SHE WROTE
 THE SKIES, THEIR WONDERS, AND THE SECRETS THEY KEEP
 HER HEART ONCE PARALYZED, FEELING EACH BEAT
 - LILLY ZAGULA

She

By Lilly Zagula

She has what one would call
 A troubled mind
 She's too odd to live
 But too rare to die
 Her melody through life
 An unfamiliar sound
 Made of notes
 Only her soul could bound

Her steps she waltzed
 And made up too
 A dance she danced to
 Life's somber hue
 Her story will live
 Forever in time
 She's too odd to live
 And too rare to die



Artwork by Lilly Zagula

The Window

By Jordan Wheeler

In a little town of Louisville, Kentucky was a two-story house on Welker Avenue. Living in that house was a family of two. A single father, Henry Tray, and his 15 year old son, Allan. It was in the middle of December, nine days until Christmas, and everyone had decorations in their lawns. Inflatable Santa Clauses that were the size of people's homes, and Christmas lights brighter than the moonlit sky. Allan loved to look out his window at night and look at the brightly lit display.

Henry was cooking spaghetti. He was new to this cooking thing since his wife died two years ago, and he was lost. "What do I do Margret?", he said. Suddenly, the fire alarm went off. He turned around towards the pot of spaghetti... which was burnt. "I can't even make spaghetti!", he exclaimed as he threw the box at the counter space. Meanwhile Allan was watching the decor across the street. That house was Allan's favorite because he loved the amount of lights they put out every year. Although it annoyed him at the start because it shined through his window, he got used to it, even admired it. "We should have that many lights in our yard," thought Allan. "Dinner's ready!" called Henry, from downstairs.

Allan scampered out of the window seat and ran downstairs. But when he reached the kitchen, he saw pizza boxes on the counter, and his dad eating a slice of sausage pizza. "I thought we were having spaghetti?", Allan questioned as he sat down at the kitchen table. Henry nodded toward the pot that was supposed to be spaghetti. Allan walked over and frowned at the charcoal black spaghetti. "I thought



(Opposite/Top)
Artwork by Braelyn Spencer

(Bottom)
Artwork by Madalyn Staub, Honorable Mention, Scholastic Art Awards

so”, he said with a sigh. After they ate, Allan went upstairs to his room while Henry was washing the dishes. While Henry was doing the dishes, he was whistling to “Deck the Halls”. He and his wife danced to the song every Christmas while Allan was asleep.

Allan went over to his window seat to look at the displays once again. Henry opened the door to his bedroom, his eyes a little moist. Allan could easily deduct that he was crying earlier, but decided to keep it to himself. “It’s bedtime Allan,” Henry said to his son. Allan reluctantly got up from the window seat and went to his bed. Henry shut the door behind him while turning out the lights as he left. After about 15 minutes, Allan’s eyes started to get heavy.... Until he heard knocking on his window. tap tap tap, Allan’s eyes suddenly shot open. His heart started beating fast, and his breathing got more rapid. “That had to be the wind right?,” Allan thought, “my room is on the second floor so it couldn’t have been a person”. tap tap tap tap, the tapping turns into more of a beating sound. It gets louder and more rapid, becoming unbearable. Allan gets out of bed, goes to the window, and opens the curtains... to nothing. The sound stopped too, and it got uncomfortably quiet. Allan shrugs it off and goes back to bed, forgetting the whole situation. Not even 2 minutes after he got under his bedspread, the tapping came back. Trying to get to the window before the thing gets away, Allan runs at the window and flings the curtains open. But like before, nothing was there and the sound stopped too. Now Allan was really getting frustrated, and he had an idea. “If I don’t lay down, I should make it the window before he gets away” he thought. So with his plan in motion, he sat on the edge of the bed waiting for the tapping sound to come. But it never came, until 13 minutes later, when he lied back down. But this time, he had enough. Frustrated out of his mind, launches himself toward the window..... Breaking through and falling to the snowy ground.

At 12:32 pm, Henry wakes up to sirens and lights that sound very close to his house. He looks out the window, and it turns out the police are at his house. He hastily puts on some clothing and rushes outside. “What’s the problem Officer,” he looks at his nametag, “Anderson” he says. The well padded officer walks toward him with a stern expression. “This your kid?”, he asks Henry as he points to the left of him. Henry walks with the officer toward the crime scene tape, thinking his son is still in bed. But when he gets there, he sees red

snow.... And his son is lying there. Henry falls to his knees, balling his eyes out at the sight of his son’s dead body.

After 2 days, the autopsy concluded that Allan Tray had fallen out the second floor window, hitting head first onto the ground. Since there was no fingerprints, or a sign of struggle in his room, they concluded that Allan committed suicide.

At 3:00 am, Henry had fallen asleep. After him contemplating his thoughts as to why his son ended his life, he decided to get some sleep. The outside was mostly quiet, except for the cars going by, and a tap tap tap on Henry’s window.



Artwork by Jade Couch, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit

Home-Ending

By Roscoe Lee

I'm sorry

--- too much
I'm a lot to deal with
And ---

I'm sorry

--- I can't be more
I can't be enough ---
It's all so messy
So disconnected I don't know
I'm so lost ---

I'm sorry

~

What is wrong with me
--- you deserve
I can do better
More find
Answers less trouble
A solution leave for
Silence peace
I don't ---
Wanna use
Lose ---
--- you
--- I'm not
In love ---
With you and

I'm sorry for that

--- we're so different



Artwork by Roscoe Lee

You and I ---
One in the same I'm so different
Yet opposites ---
I want you need
The best for you



DESTROYERS OR
CREATORS BY
NATURE

Artwork and Poetry by Roscoe Lee

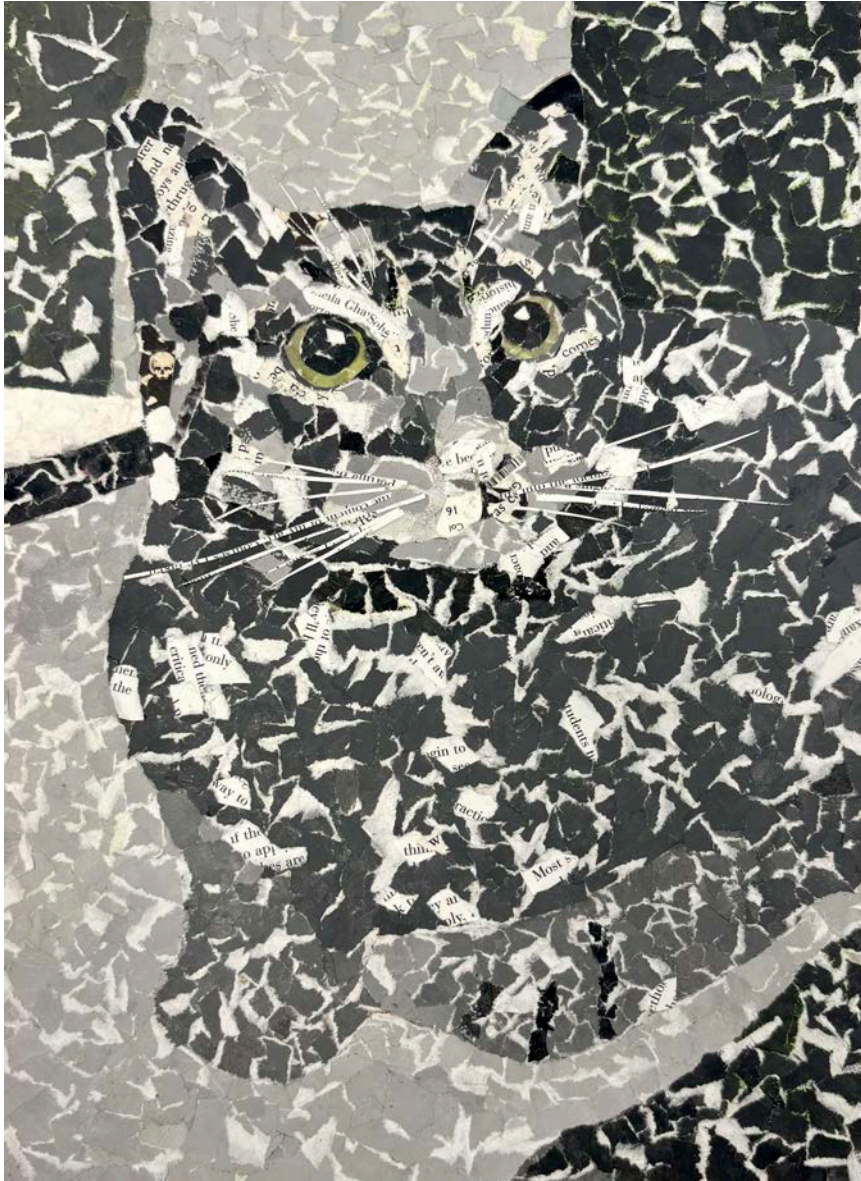
---	<i>it's best for you</i>
For me	---
Deep down	<i>(I can't)</i>
I fear you	deep down
<i>(I can't)</i>	I hurt you
Because	"I'm not-"
"-in love with you"	---
It makes me feel	---
Enough	
<i>"And I'm sorry for that."</i>	



Artwork by Aubrianna Lainhart



Artwork by Jayden Moriera, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Aubrie Masters

Fig Blue and Night-born

April Mercer

*“The heart is monologuing about hesitation
and fulfillment while behind the red brocade
the heart is drowning. Can the heart escape?
Does love even care?”*

– Richard Siken, *You Are Jeff*

Excerpt I.

The tenderness I once had slipped from my hands like sand, tedious and gradual, grain by grain through my shaky hands. In turn, something bitter and permanent settled on my tongue; grief hollowed me out from the inside, leaving only a fragile shell behind. But calling me fragile would be an understatement. A glimpse of disappointment could shatter me far worse than any touch could.

As much as I would've liked for time to pause momentarily – in theory, at least – life simply went on. Papa went back to working as a CEO's assistant after taking days off to ensure my well being was maintained, and Mama made it a habit to pray every night in the serenity of her room. She lit hope candles tinted purple and sobbed with her door closed and locked.

Although some people describe the loss of a person, not only death, as the world ending, mine didn't. The world didn't wait for me by any means. Why would it? Merciful is easily one of the worst of words to use when referring to the world.

Even so, there were constants. Every morning, I sat at the bay window in the back room, watching the sunrise through the glass. At night, the moon followed the same silent path, mourning with me in its own way.

During the day, the birds sang in every nook and cranny of my heart in an ineffective attempt to cheer me up. They did not seem to recognize that there was no room for them. That Fauna's laugh rose and echoed in my heart.

I could not empty myself of the nasty cobwebs that embody grief. They line the walls of my heart, cling to my soul.

Mama believes in God and spiritual signs more than I do, but I cannot deny that I've inherited something from her in my own way. Each and every butterfly I encounter sparks a deep need to capture it in a still-frame, the longing to take pictures going beyond a single instinct. It is an incessant urge. Fauna is a butterfly that flutters through a sunset of red and orange streaks.

The first few whirrs of the coffee pot takes my attention away from my deafening thoughts. I immediately look up towards the figure leaning over the counter, their body a hazy blur in the dim-lit room, reminding me of the atmosphere during a gloomy night. The mechanical sound hums and fills the space, reverberating through the cold air that sends a shiver down my spine.

I flick a scrap of breakfast, my microwavable egg, to the floor, where the family cat, Little Darling, scurries over as soon as possible, his fluffy tail wagging happily. After he eats it up without thinking about chewing, he walks to my side, nudging his face into my leg. Unable to stop the gentle smile that rests on my face, I lean down to my right and scratch behind his ear. "Good boy," I coo. "Do you even know how cute you are? My Darcy—"

"Aye, why's the light off?" A drowsy voice drifts from the kitchen entrance, the familiar shuffle of bare feet echoing in the quiet room. I look up to meet Mama's eyes. Her freckled-mottled face, lined with a years-worth of worry, softens when she sees me sitting alone at the table.

Recently, I've spent more time in solitude and in tranquil retrospection. I've written hundreds of words down to try and explain

my feelings, but nothing seems to grasp the entirety. Most of my journal entries are not just retelling of events, but are also free verse prose that talk about my experiences and feelings – pieces of my mind's inner workings.

This morning, nothing seemed to find its way onto the page. Not a word save for the month. And so, without another attempt, I half-assed some breakfast and also suppressed the scowl threatening to appear. As for the need to just ruminate in a dark room, I'm unsure. I simply think of the most logical explanation, sighing, "Didn't wanna wake you." It seems like yet another question rather than a reply, but I try and continue without a hitch to save my skin: "I'm surprised you're even up this early."

The time atop the stove glows 7:24, blurring my vision after I stare for way too long. Mama watches as I pick up Little Darling and set him on my lap, then let brief laughter escape when he rests his chin on the table.

"Did'ya—"

The rest of the sentence don't manage to make it past my lips before Mama halts in front of me, a mug personally customized in literature-inspired calligraphy in hand. She adjusts it closer to me and, like every morning for the past week and a couple days, pleads, "Honey, drink some coffee with me, please. Coffee'll energize you, give you a desperately-needed boost. Juice will not."

I hum, teasing her, "D'you really think the taste of juice will fare well with a cup of coffee?"

Mama clicks her tongue in annoyance, brushing off my opposition while I stand up with Little Darling tucked under one arm, pressed against my left side. I open the freezer and reach for a small ice cube from the frosty machine. I hold it cupped in my palm, letting him lick it first before biting down on it, the crunch echoing in the quiet room. Hopefully, it will make up for the water he refuses to drink, preferring instead to press his paws into the bowl and soak a corner of the floor.

I let him down so he can roam. "Go on, boy. Be a cat. Play," I instruct him, receiving yet another wag of his tail in response. I roll my eyes while he waits for me to pick him up again, and redirect my gaze to Mama's slumping form. She rhythmically taps her fingers against the

mug she intended for me to use and brings it back to the cabinet, next to the rest of the mugs she keeps tucked away.

The coffee machine abruptly silences, signifying that it's ready, and Mama promptly picks up her mug with both hands, cradling it as though it's a fragile treasure.

Her fingers tremble slightly, and I watch her as she brings it to her lips, inhaling the rich aroma before taking an unhurried sip. The steam rises in delicate curls, hastily dissipating into the air of the morning. The silence feels heavy, like it's waiting to crack open and spill everything out.

She wants to say something, I realize: her brows furrow just barely, and the faintest crease forms between her eyes. Her lips part, but they clearly hesitate, like the words are caught behind them, unsure whether to emerge. She shifts her weight from one foot to another – which, alone, is telling enough of how she's gathering her thoughts. She glances at me, then looks back at the mug clasped in her hands.

She clears her throat, eyeing me with that gaze that I'm growing increasingly familiar with – it's a look that's in one way or another equal parts worry and hope. With her voice as gentle as a dream of promising reveries, she asks, "Do you think that you'll be ready to return to school at some point soon?"

I exist motionlessly, stillness evident to only us few, as life goes on. I think, This must be how the dead feel. They pass and the world continues. I clench my jaw. I don't want to go back; I don't want the world to move forward. I want it all to just stop and wait forever.

But I simply shrug. I recall a quote from Noor Hindi that reads: "I think about how it takes forever to get to nowhere. Maybe I've outlived my life. Dear God. Dear Earth. Dear Clouds. Why should anything die? I want it all to live forever. What I mean is I want to stand in my garden and gaze at the sunflowers. Amen."

This circumstance may as well mean death. Death of a part of me that had flourished in Fauna's wake. Emotional death as a means for my soul to be born anew. It's a prayer of yearning that echoes that same feeling I can't dispel. It hangs over me, a lead-gray rain cloud that casts a ponderous shadow on everyone when it feels as though it targets me deliberately, torturing me as if it is some form of late Karma, ultimately rendering me at the mercy of my own past deeds.

I want to be happy so desperately that my body, particularly my fingers, shake with the need. An empty heart is neither at peace nor is disturbed, it's numb. A void that absorbs everything only to give nothing in return. There may be ache, and longing, and transient patches of happiness, but in the end, there's always a sense of nothingness that remains.

School will absolutely become a catalyst for the numb feeling to grow; it's a stage for untruthful sympathetic pity and swallowed grief. What's the point of their attempts if it's truthfully just a performance, fleeting gestures meant to quell one's unease in the face of discernible sorrow?

Simply put, it's useless. Not that it would make much of a difference if it were sincere, coming from a place of care and understanding.

"I don't know," I finally respond, my leg restless, bouncing with the tremor of unspoken worry. I make a point to keep my narrowed eyes fixated on the beige floor tiles. Sunlight pours through the window, casting faint glimmers that reflect off flat surfaces, creating a dreamlike luminescence.

Mama is a million light years away, suspended in the same heartbreak, although for a reason separate from mine. We're anchored by a shared despair, both of us adrift in a colossal sea of emotions.

Alas, my fate is sealed without so much as my input. Mama decides she is certain while I'm sputtering awake like a fish out of water; she calls the school and informs them. I leave a dream only to enter a nightmare.

My mind imagines my room as the underwater world. I think about how I'm surely not breathing. I'm surely dying even as I am alive. Perhaps I'm ascending up into the Heavens as my furniture floats around the room and my bed effortlessly elevates me into the air.

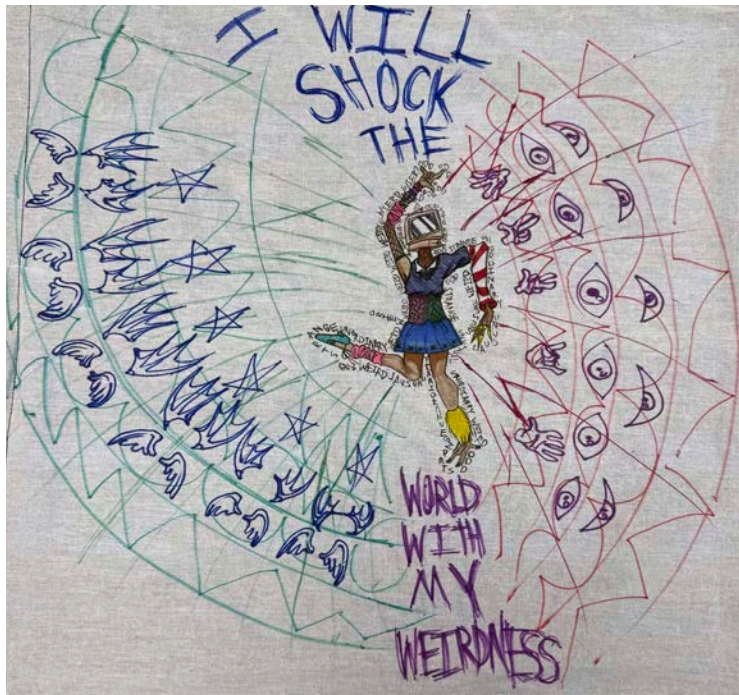
Water starts its slow, insidious journey through my veins, trickling into my bloodstream, swiftly filling my lungs with bone-chilling ice. It leaves the palpable weight of emptiness in the depths of the core of my stomach – a void pulsing with burning desperation. It floods me entirely, drowning out any remnants of hope.



Artwork by Izabel Tindall, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



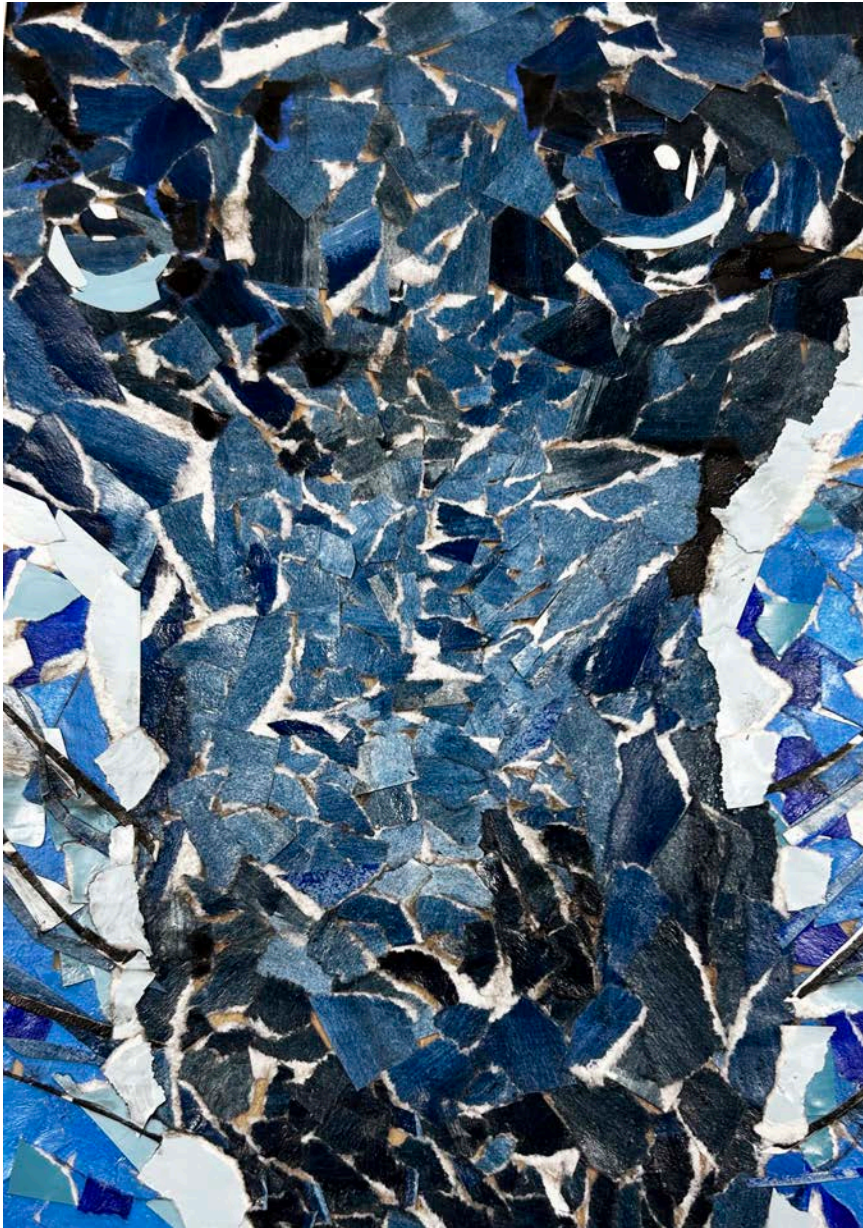
Artwork by Zaria Guest,
Scholastic Art Awards,
Silver Key



Artwork by Cassidy Mendoza Newton, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Gabriela Arias Alpizar, Little Loomhouse Young Visionaries Exhibit



Artwork by Lily Higgs

Letting Go

By Lilly Zagula

I don't wish to be average
Nor my pride to fall I want to be great Or nothing at all
It keeps me up at night
The things I didn't create
I'd have been brilliant
If I wasn't born so late
The things I dream
Have already been dreamt
The things I write
Have already been wrote
We have Shakespeare And we have Van Gogh
My wish to be great
I had to let go



Artwork by Lilly Zagula

Lowell Milken Center for Unsung Heroes

ARTEFFECT

UNsung HEROES ARE INDIVIDUALS, LARGELY UNRECOGNIZED BY SOCIETY, WHO TOOK EXTRAORDINARY ACTIONS TO IMPROVE THE LIVES OF OTHERS, AND MADE A PROFOUND AND POSITIVE IMPACT ON THE COURSE OF HISTORY.

ABOUT ARTEFFECT

This Spring, Visual Art students participated in the 2025 Lowell Milken Center for Unsung Heroes' ARTEFFECT Competition. The following pages represent the body of work created by PRP students for the 2025 ARTEFFECT Competition.

The inspiring stories of the Unsung Heroes are at the core of the ARTEFFECT initiative. These stories span the centuries and cut across multiple disciplines including STEAM, social justice, the environment, wartime history, and education. This diversity is underscored by the varying and challenging circumstances each Unsung Hero confronted—and overcame—through their unique insights and heroic actions.

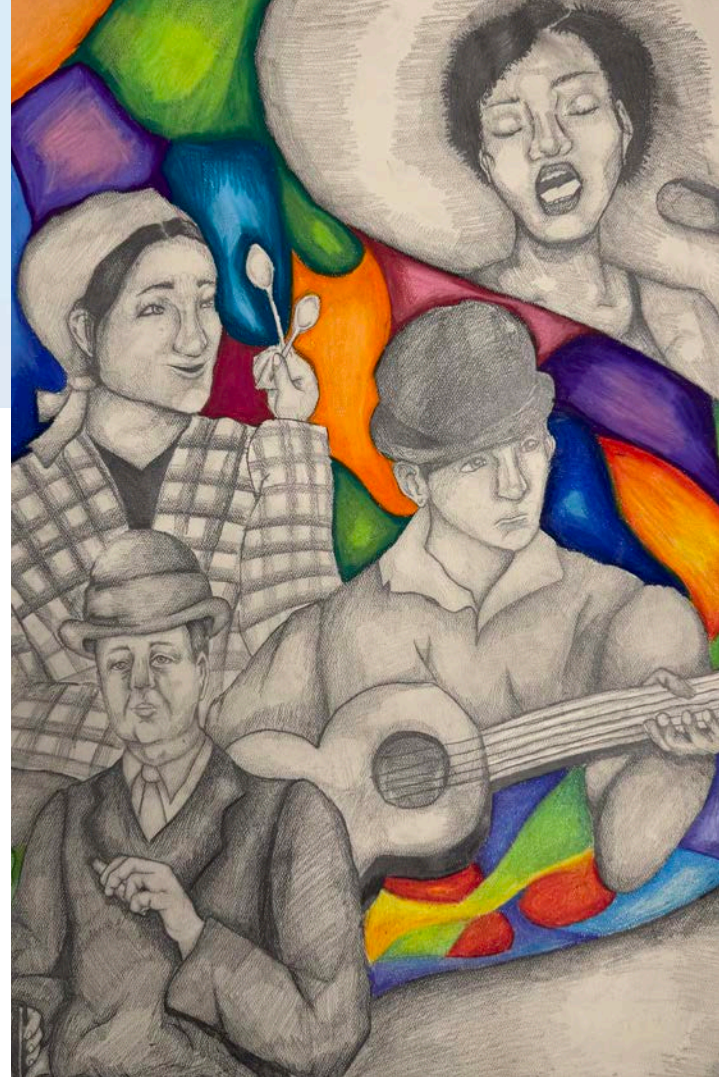
ARTEFFECT is a growing initiative focused on fostering art education through multifaceted opportunities for teachers and students that include advocacy, recognition, exhibitions, educational resources, and professional development opportunities. ARTEFFECT aims to encourage all those who believe in the profound impact one individual makes and the power of art to inspire and advance the collective whole.

<https://www.lowellmilkencenter.org/competitions>

Unsung Hero: John Avery Lomax

Artwork & Impact
Statement by
Emma Hagan

My unsung hero is John Avery Lomax, I chose him because of my love and fondness for music. Lomax dedicated his life to preserving different genres of music, including Jazz, Folklore, Prison Melodies, Country tunes, and much more. I admire the diversity in his work, from the richest to the poorest people all around the world. Lomax worked with so many different groups; during this time, he worked with spoon players, jazzers, guitar players, and many more. The most noticeable quality of his art was that he did not discriminate against others. As a child, he wrote down songs he heard so he would remember the tunes and recite them to family. During this time, he made friends with the nearby cowboys and workers to hear their songs as well. He proceeded into a musical adulthood by surrounding himself with instruments and people in the music industry, he attended Granbury college, the University of Texas, and then Harvard. During this time, it was uncommon to write down or memorize songs, as it was for sheet music or Church tunes. Due to Lomax's dedication, we now have so many lost songs of history back in our lives. He made history by being one of the first men to record and send out music. My piece "Musical History" shows the different genres of music for different people.





Unsung Hero: Elizabeth Catlett

Artwork & Impact Statement by Grace Jeffries

The unsung hero I chose is Elizabeth Catlett, a female Mexican-American sculptor and artist. I chose her because I was very inspired by her art and how she depicted female issues and the Black American experience and all of the emotion and messages her work beautifully conveyed. I find her use of multiple mediums very inspiring as no matter the medium she still retains the ability to portray such complexities and excels at the art form be it wood working, sculpting, or graphics in a wide array of styles. She created tons and tons of beautiful art in her lifetime that covered and raised awareness for so many different issues and experiences, in my opinion one of the best things you can use artistic talent for is increasing the awareness and empathy of the public viewing your art and she excelled at just that. Elizabeth was born in Washington DC, April 15, 1915. In her work she employed a lot of different styles, influences, and mediums. She mixed modernist art and abstract with Mexican and African cultural elements to convey social issues. In my own art piece I wanted to try to convey some of these elements as well as my own style to represent Elizabeth Catlett. I made an array of realism portraits of Elizabeth to try and capture her essence and then combined the portraits with a stylized depiction of the same portrait to try and capture her style, I was inspired by her portrait titled "Sharecropper" made in 1952 and "I am the Black Woman" she made in 1946. I also recreated her artwork, "I Have Special Reservations" that she made in 1946 to represent her cultural impact and focus on social issues. The picture depicts a Black woman on a bus with the caption "Colored only" referencing the segregation of the time and the uproar it caused. I also recreated some of her wooden sculptures in my own 2D style using acrylic markers, I recreated "Mother and child" made in 1993, and "Homage to Black Student Poets" on either side of my collage. For the trim around the left side of

the collage I was inspired by the wheat in her piece called "The Right to Eat" depicting a young girl eating with wheat in the foreground. For the right trim I was inspired by her piece, "Stop The War" that depicts a hand stopping an array of knives from harming the people below. I was inspired by the emotion portrayed in the piece so I decided to include knives in my own piece. For the top and bottom trim I was inspired by her piece "Roots" she made in 1981 that had a portrait of a Black woman with the patterns I used in the background to represent the cultural elements she portrayed in her art but instead of using the red and blue color scheme she used I used brown and orange. At the edge of the trim I added heads to resemble another one of her pieces that depicted similar circular heads and also made a recreation of her piece "My Right is a Future of Equality with Other Americans" to showcase more of her style and because I think her art combined with the meaning and titles behind them is beautiful. Lastly I depicted a Black power fist to drive home and depict Elizabeth's dedication to the cause and raising awareness of social issues for Black Americans. Elizabeth Catlett's story and art have influenced my outlook on life by making me more aware of America's history and how art can be used to combat the negativity in it and raise awareness and it has inspired me to as an artist try to do the same and raise awareness with my art and convey more important issues and messages.



Unsung Hero:

Sylvia Earle

Artwork & Impact Statement by Khira Thornton

Sylvia Earle was a hero for everything. She was the biggest supporter of team humanity, and should be recognized for doing so. Growing up I have always felt connected to the ocean. I have loved to learn and enjoy it and all its features, and my family has always deemed me a "tree hugger" because of it. Over 2021, when "vsco" was trending, I really started to get into saving the oceans and such with the whole plastic straw debate. Moral of the story is that I absolutely love the ocean, and that is why I chose her, not just because of what she does, but because she was also once just a little girl who loved the ocean.



Unsung Hero: Dr. Eugenie Clark

Artwork & Impact Statement
by Alyce Sermon

I chose Dr. Eugenie Clark mainly because I find the ocean and the creatures in it really interesting. What I find inspirational about her is the fact that she studies sharks, which are one of the most feared ocean animals. She studied their physiology and behavior as an renowned ichthyologist. She swam with them to conduct her research, and was able to show that sharks aren't as scary as everyone thinks, and that they're really misunderstood creatures. She inspired many young people to study science, especially girls.

Unsung Hero: Helen Taussig

Artwork & Impact Statement
by Avery Wilson

The hero I chose for this project is Helen B. Taussig. She was the founder of pediatric cardiology, and found the cure for Blue Baby Syndrome. At this time, our healthcare system was still advancing, and most of the developments had been made by men. When Taussig made important medical breakthroughs, it became very well known in many news articles and stories. I hope to bring her stories to life by adding these element to my artwork.

Helen B. Taussig completed many things in her lifetime, but she's most known for her new procedure for newborns. The birth defect was called Blue baby syndrome due to a valve in the heart that was cutting off oxygen to the baby's



head, resulting in the infant turning blue in the face and hands. Taussig also gave many women around the world hope and a purpose. I believe that Helen's contributions broke barriers and helped pave the way for women to work in the hospital setting.

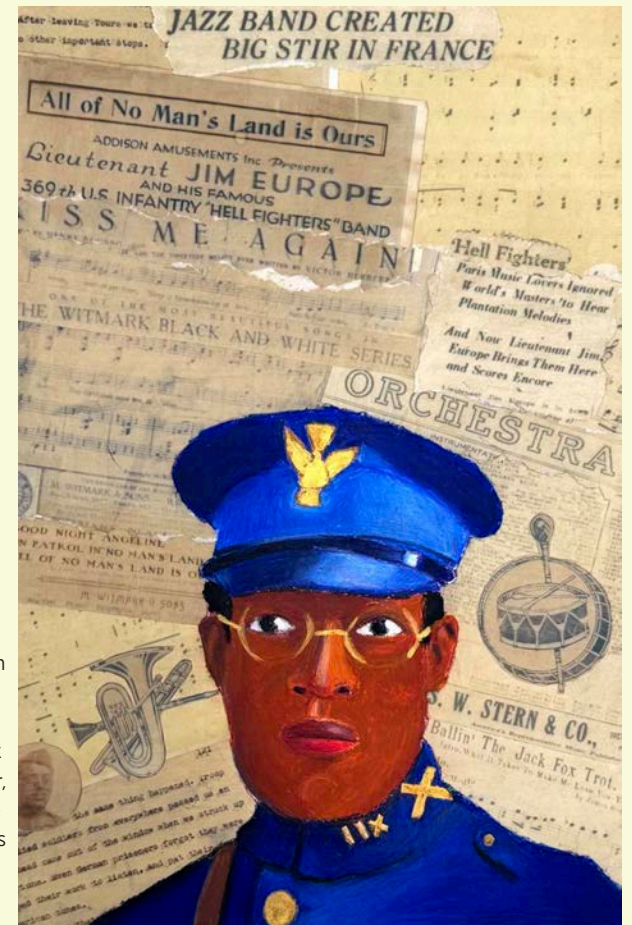
Unsung Hero: James Reese Europe

Artwork & Impact Statement
by Alexis Basham

The person I chose as my Unsung Hero is James Reese Europe. He was a super talented musician and composer who changed the way people saw jazz and Black musicians in the early 1900s. I picked him because I love how he used his music not just to entertain but to break barriers. He was a leader, both in music and in the military, and I think that's really inspiring. What I admire most about him is his determination. He

didn't just accept the way things were; he pushed to make them better. Even though he isn't as famous today as some other musicians, his impact was huge, and I think he deserves more recognition. He played a major role in shaping jazz and spreading it worldwide, especially in Europe during World War I. He led the Harlem Hellfighters band, which introduced jazz to a whole new audience. His music helped bring more respect to African American musicians, and he proved that jazz wasn't just entertainment, it was art. He also fought for better treatment of Black musicians in the industry. Even though he died young, his influence on jazz and music history still lasts today.

For my artwork, I wanted to show both his music and his story. I started with a black and white photo of him, but I drew it in color to make him feel more alive. I used oil pastels for most of the portrait because they give a rich bold look, and then I added gold acrylic paint for his uniform. In the background, I printed out old newspapers, events, and songs related to him and stained the paper with tea to give it a vintage look. I wanted it to feel like stepping back in time while also making him stand out as someone who still matters today.



Unsung Hero: Meva Mikusz

Artwork & Impact Statement by
Layla Hendrickson

Meva Mikusz was a Polish girl who grew up in Czortkow, which is part of modern-day Ukraine. At the beginning of the war, she met a Jewish woman, Frieda Hauser, who was looking for a place to stay after she and her family were forced to leave theirs. But in March 1942, Frieda's family was forced into a ghetto during the first group of deportations of Jews to concentration camps. During the chaos, Frieda was able to get a message to Meva's family asking them to take Inka (Frieda's daughter) out of the ghetto, and the only person who was able to do this was Meva, being small and able to fit through a small window hidden in the ghetto wall. Meva's family housed Inka through the duration of the war, until it was safe for her to return to her family.

I chose Meva because I admire her bravery. He knew that both she and her family could have been killed if they were caught sneaking into the ghetto, and raising Inka. Meva was only 15, about the same age as me, when the war started, and she did not hesitate to save

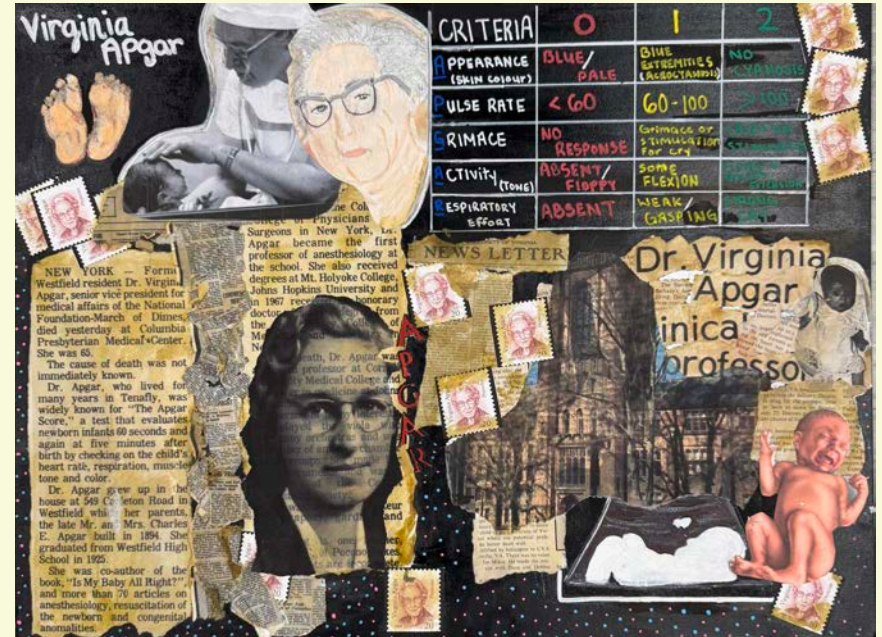


this little girl from the injustice that was happening to her. This shows how selfless and empathetic she is towards others. She stood up for what she believed in and did what she could to help.

Unsung Hero: Mary Anning

Artwork & Impact Statement by Abigail Wade

I chose Mary Anning because her story really stood out to me. She lived in the 1800's and around that time women didn't get recognition for what they accomplished. That didn't discourage her though. She taught herself about fossils without having any schooling. She followed her passion and her work helped change how people viewed the history of life on Earth. Mary's fossil discoveries provided important evidence for extinction. She helped build the foundation for the science of paleontology, though many of her findings were credited to men at the time. Scientists today recognize how important her discoveries were and museums around the world still display her fossils. Mary's impact inspires women to pursue science proving that passion and curiosity can lead to amazing discoveries and change the world.



Unsung Hero: Virginia Apgar

Artwork & Impact Statement by Jocelyn Gutierrez Ramirez

Virginia Apgar was an American born in Westfield, New Jersey, on June 7, 1909. She was one of the first women to head a department at Columbia University and the first woman to hold a full Professorship in any discipline in Columbia. She also earned a master's degree in public health from Johns Hopkins University in 1959. The impact that she had on the field of pediatric medicine is immeasurable. She was an obstetric anesthesiologist best known for developing a quick and simple method for evaluating the condition of newborns called the Apgar score, which has resulted in saving millions of babies worldwide. The scoring system was developed by Virginia Apgar in 1953 and evaluates newborn babies' health based on five factors: heart rate, respiration, skin color, muscle tone, and reflexes. The Apgar score assesses five key areas: heart rate, respiration, muscle tone, reflexes, and color. The score is given at one and five minutes after birth, with a low score indicating the need for immediate medical attention. She did not just help babies at that time or where she works, but worldwide. She kept them alive and gave them a chance to live. For that, Virginia Apgar was also inducted into the National Women's Hall of Fame in 1995, and she was honored with a commemorative U.S. postage stamp in 1994. The work of Virginia Apgar helped millions of babies, and to this day, it is used all over the world. The Apgar score helps make sure babies are healthy and ready for the next step of life—ready to enter the world to live a healthy and normal life.

Unsung Hero: Irena Sendler

Artwork & Impact Statement by
Lilly Zagala

Irena Sendler was a Polish humanitarian, social worker, and nurse who served in the Polish Underground Resistance during World War II in German-occupied Warsaw. I chose her as my unsung hero due to the inspiration I felt when I first read her story. Irena is primarily known for her heroic efforts to rescue Jewish children from the Warsaw Ghetto during World War II. She smuggled over 2,500 children out of the ghetto and into hiding, often with forged identities and assistance from her network of volunteers. Irena's father, a physician named Stanisław Henryk Krzyżanowski, had a profound influence on her life. He instilled in her a strong moral compass, teaching her the importance of helping those in need, regardless of their background. For my piece, I tried to find ways to beautifully but subtly intertwine her personal characteristics along with her impact on the world. I started by using a base focus of a typewriter and a bulletin board. I used a typewriter because the majority of her sacrifice pertained to typing up fake documents to help free the imprisoned people. The jars located next to the typewriter pertain to the way she connected rescued children with their families. She would crumple up the pieces of paper and bury them beneath a tree for them to be found. I incorporated the tree as an image pinned up on her bulletin board. I believe that the tree is a great symbol of her story because of the way it was used as a channel for her activism. The Star of David necklace hung on the bulletin board represents her sympathy for the Jewish race as a whole. Lastly, I have a photograph pinned to the bulletin board that displays buildings with a fence in front of hundreds of people, which symbolizes the entrapment of Jewish individuals during this time in history.



Unsung Hero: Caroline Ferriday

Artwork & Impact Statement by Gracie Corum

My unsung hero is Carolyn Ferriday. She was an activist and a philanthropist. She lived in both New York and Connecticut, but her father was her connection to France as he had lived there as a child. This connection would impact her work later in life. She helped Polish women who were subjected to medical experiments by Nazis at the Ravensbrück concentration camp during World War II and brought their plight to the American people. Ravensbrück was a labor camp for women located near Berlin. Women there were experimented on, mainly Polish women as they were supposed to be "inferior". They were called the Ravensbrück Lapins which means rabbits in English. Around 13 years after the war Carolyn brought attention to these women, as the camp was behind the Iron Curtain many didn't know about what happened at this camp. She and others arranged for these women to come to the U.S. to get treatment for their injuries and their ailments. She received three medals of honor for her work from the French government. She was a member of France Forever after working in the French Consulate in New York. She later became affiliated with the National Association of Deportees and Intrennes. I admire her work, bringing attention to these women who went through everything they did and survived. I wanted to make something that I represented all that she did so I created a collage using historical photos documenting her work. Learning about her work has shown me how important it is to advocate for yourself and others, to get the results you want/need. I want to show her story in a way that honors her and her work in the best way possible. Helping others should always be the first thought in our minds.

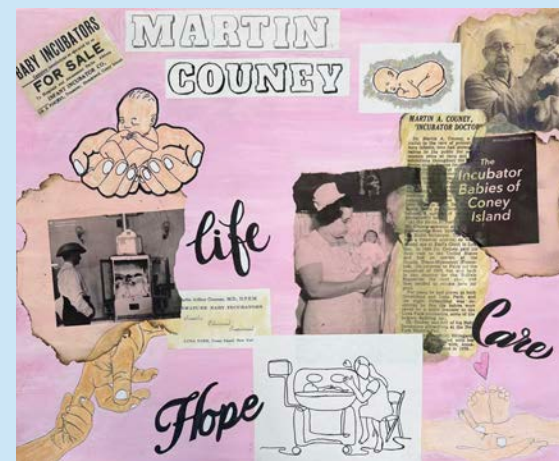


Unsung Hero: Dr. Martin Couney

Artwork & Impact Statement by Gabriela Arias Alpizar

My Unsung Hero is Martin Couney. I chose him because he helped save the lives of many premature babies when no one else believed in his ideas. When babies were born prematurely, they were very weak and many died, but Couney did a great job and used his incubators that helped the baby maintain a stable temperature. I admire his courage, his love for children, and how he never gave up. He is a great role model because he cared more about saving lives than about fame or money. I chose it because even if you are not recognized, you can change many lives. Martin Couney made a big difference in the world. In the early 1900s, hospitals didn't have incubators for small babies, so many of them died. He used special machines called incubators to help these babies survive. Couney was one of the first advocates for premature babies, and his Infantoriums have been credited with saving the lives of over 6,500 premature babies. Couney created the conditions in the incubator so that premature babies could survive, he was concerned

about everything from the temperature to the entry of impurities into the incubator. One of the things that helped pay for these large care expenses was having people come to see the babies. I think his work had a great impact on medicine because today incubators are normal in hospitals and that is largely thanks to Couney. His life and story deserves to be told.



Unsung Hero: Kumander Liwayway

Artwork & Impact Statement by Shyel Macaspac

Remedios Guinto Gomez Paraiso, mainly known as Kumander Liwayway, was a Filipino guerilla fighter in World War II. I find her inspirational as she was one of the very few female soldiers within the Hukbalahap, a Filipino communist guerrilla movement. She also dressed femininely while fighting because she wanted to fight for the right to be herself. She was also able to fight off the Japanese during the Battle of Kamansi even though Liwayway and her squad were outnumbered.



Kumander Liwayway helped fight off the Japanese within the Philippines. After the Battle of Kamansi, her reputation spread and helped the Hukbalahap hold off the Japanese. This made the Hukbalahap army the most effective anti-Japanese resistance force in WWII, preventing the Japanese from establishing complete control of Tarlac. She also broke barriers, showing that women were as competent as men even during war. She also kept her femininity, dressing formally and wearing bright red lipstick, showing that you can still be feminine while fighting.

I created my artwork using paper collages, building upon existing photographs but transforming them through my choice of materials. I wanted to highlight the fact that Kumander Liwayway wore lipstick, using bright red paper on her lips and the text, contrasting the monochrome palette of the rest of the artwork. The background features two photos of military treks of the Hukbalahap Rebellion, accentuating Liwayway's active involvement in the resistance. The collaged phrase "BEAUTY QUEEN WARRIOR" reinforces the fact that she was a beauty queen both before and during her involvement in the war, embracing her femininity while fighting on the frontlines.

Kumander Liwayway's story influenced me to embrace my femininity, that I should embrace my femininity with pride and strength. She wore red lipstick while leading guerrilla forces against the Japanese army showing that being feminine is not a weakness, but a powerful form of rebellion. She also showed that strength doesn't have to look a certain way; Liwayway proved that to be strong you don't have to abandon being soft, beautiful, or graceful. Liwayway became feared by the Japanese army to the point that all that they had to do to drive Japanese forces out of town was to send her with a machine gun into town to warn the army. I hope her story can encourage everyone, not just women, to not hide or downplay who they are. Especially in these times, you should unapologetically be yourself as Kumander Liwayway reminds us that authenticity is a kind of resistance too, one that everyone can participate in.

I chose Kumander Liwayway even though she wasn't on the original list because I wanted to tell the story of a Filipino woman who is often overlooked in history. As a Filipina, I wanted to see representation and bring attention to the people of my own culture, to show the strength and courage of my people. Her story is especially relevant today as women continue to face oppression, even more so now. I wanted to use my artwork to make her story known to more people and to introduce people to a woman who defied colonial power and gender expectations. By sharing her story, I hope to help people acknowledge Filipinos in history and inspire others to welcome themselves and be proud of who they are, even in the face of societal pressure.

Unsung Hero: Dr. Eugenie Clark

Artwork & Impact Statement by Brooklyn Smothers

I chose Dr. Eugenie Clark as my unsung hero because I've always loved marine biology. On top of that I've always believed in women being in male dominated careers, so when I discovered that her own mother told her "maybe being a man's assistant would've been a better option," I realized how many barriers she broke through to become a female marine zoologist. She went against that and learned so many amazing things about sharks alone, I was almost drawn to her. And her story is really inspiring as there are so many cases of men either taking women's credit. Or women being seen as nothing more than an assistant. Not a leader that would change marine biology.

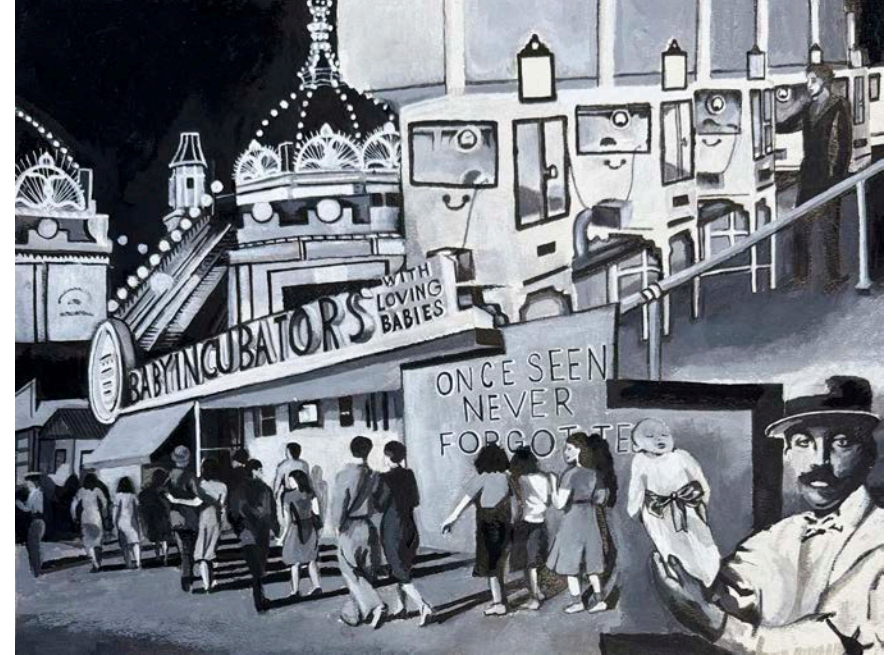


Dr. Eugenie Clark has been a large contributor to marine biology. She changed the way the world viewed sharks. Changing their views from creatures that are just aggressive and dangerous to a more humane view. She showed us that they are creatures like us and simply animals living in their home like us. Clark did more than simply change the way sharks are seen. She also opened an aquarium made for educational purposes, and to spread awareness about ocean conservation. Just Clark alone made so many advancements for marine biology and now, her story, and hundreds like her are also working to advance the world.

Unsung Hero: Dr. Helen Taussig

Artwork & Impact Statement by Charlee Goff

The unsung hero I chose is Dr. Helen Brooke Taussig. She was an American cardiologist. She founded the field of cardiology while working in Baltimore and Boston. She is credited with creating the cure for children born with Tetralogy of Fallot, also known as Blue Baby Syndrome. Beyond her work, she was an advocate for public health. In the 1960s, she played a role in preventing the use of thalidomide, which is a drug that caused severe birth defects in babies. She was the first female president of the American Heart Association. I chose Dr. Helen Brooke Taussig because I, too, want to work with children, and I am currently working on the cardiac PCU (progressive care unit). She is a really big role model for me because she saved so many kids, and I hope that one day I can do the same as her.



Unsung Hero: Dr. Martin Couney

Artwork & Impact Statement by Victor Aldrete

The Unsung hero that I decided to highlight for this project was Dr. Martin Couney, who was a German Jewish doctor who advocated for the lives of premature infants. Martin Couney displayed incubator exhibitions where guests could see the effectiveness of incubators and how premature babies thrived with proper incubator care. "His exhibits popped up in Nebraska, Chicago and New York; one of his better-known exhibits was in Coney Island, NY. There, he worked with Dr. Julius Hess and several nurses to care for premature babies and explore ways to improve the standards of neonatal care." Martin Couney kept the babies in carnival spaces and many of the babies in those incubators survived their premature births and the inability of the hospitals where they were born to nurture them only because of those sideshows.

The mortality rate for premature babies was near 40% and medical care was under sourced during the 1900's, they were undervalued and neglected from social standards. "Many in the medical community saw premature babies as unfit for survival and refused to recognize the value and legitimacy of incubators." Dr. Couney was working against indifference. He kept saying that those babies could be saved, and that they deserved a chance to live. Dr Martin Couney had a charitable career with astonishing success rates of 85% rescuing more than 6,500 premature babies in his lifetime.

The reason I selected Dr Martin Couney is because I was a premature baby myself, and for 2 weeks I had to stay in an incubator to be able to develop correctly and survive premature birth. I personally feel thankful for his efforts in popularizing the incubators and ultimately improving neonatal care In the U.S. This meant that parents who worried about their babies' chance at survival would not have to pay a penny. With contributions from Dr. Martin Couney, Incubator care started to become recognized in more hospitals around the U.S and thanks to him I can be here today.

Unsung Hero: Karina Barillas

Digital Art by
Cassidy Mendoza Newton

Karina Barillas is a native from Guatemala, and has been an advocate for women's issues in Louisville, KY for over two decades, starting as President of the International Students Organization at UofL in 2000.

Karina worked for eight years advocating, accompanying, and supporting Latina victims and survivors of domestic violence and sexual assault at the Center for Women and Families. She is one of the co-founders and currently works as the Executive Director for La Casita Center, a unique community that enhances the well-being of Louisville's Latinx community through education, empowerment, advocacy, and wellness. Karina has received numerous awards for her work, including the National Conference for Community and Justice's Peace Maker Humanitarian Award in 2004, being named as "One of the 25 most influential Hispanics in Louisville" by "Hoy en Las Américas," and the "Alden Fellowship" by the Community Foundation of Louisville in 2015. She has also been honored as a Woman of Distinction by the Center for Women and Families, highlighted as one of Louisville's Impactful Women by Metro United Way and Louisville's Office for Women, and was the first Latina to receive the 2022 "Keepers of the Dream Freedom Award."



Unsung Hero: Recha Sternbuch

Artwork & Impact Statement by Rachel Smith

The Unsung Hero that I chose to use for my artwork is Recha Sternbuch. Her story captivated me and pushed me to want to find out more. Recha was an Orthodox woman with children, and was pregnant as she spent nights in the forest by the Austrian border in an attempt to smuggle refugees. She worked with a Swiss police captain in 1938. He helped her smuggle over 800 refugees into Switzerland. A Jewish leader in Switzerland ratted them out and they were sent to jail, where Recha had a miscarriage. When she was released from prison, she continued her activism alone, and arranged the rescue of over 2,000 Jews. She smuggled forged Swiss visas to many Jews across the German and Austrian borders. She also was able to get people smuggled to Palestine.

In September 1944 she contacted the former Swiss President Jean Marie Musy. When asked by Recha, Musy and his son drove to Berlin to negotiate with Himmler, who was willing to release Jews currently in concentration camps. According to a Holocaust historian, Himmler was told that if the Jews in the camps were unharmed and released as the German army was withdrawing the allies would not shoot the guards. On February 7th, 1945 Musy delivered the first 1,210 inmates from Theresienstadt and were promised they would release more to him every four weeks. Unfortunately this initiative was obstructed by a Jewish leader in Switzerland. At the end of the war, Recha continued to negotiate through Musy. An agreement was made to turn over four concentration camps to the allies with the people unharmed in order for the guards to not be shot on sight. In total, Recha and her family released 15,000 Jews that were held in Austria. Recha had an extremely positive impact on the lives of others. Through her bravery and negotiation she saved thousands of people from the horrors of the holocaust. Recha was a light in the darkness for many, and she stayed collected and confident throughout the process.

In my project, I decided to have a printed black and white background with pictures to represent the dullness and terrors of the world around Recha. I drew Recha in the center of the project, to show that she was in the middle of all of this. I decided to draw her in exaggerated color, using warm colors such as pink for her skin, and cool colors such as blue for her hair and clothing. I made her so colorful to show how she was a light in the darkness for so many people.

Reading about Recha's story while completing my artwork was very inspiring and eye opening. Knowing that there was such an amazing woman that went unnoticed made me want to research more about her and others. Her bravery throughout her work was inspiring, with her being arrested multiple times and having lost a child in the midst she still continued her mission to help others in extreme need. Her story has made me want to be more confident and outspoken in my endeavors, and to help those that I can.



Unsung Hero: Emma Darling Cushman

Artwork & Impact Statement by Alyssa Robinson

In 1863 Emma Darling Cushman was born in New York during the Civil War in New York. At a time when few females attended school, Emma studied nursing in college and in 1900 joined the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. She traveled to Central Turkey, where she helped run the American Hospital in Konya for several years. When WWI broke out in 1914, the Ottomans joined the Central Powers and ordered all foreigners to leave, but Emma refused. She continued operating the hospital and was granted the title "Acting Consul of the Allies and Neutral Nations."

Starting in 1915, the Ottoman government carried out the systematic extermination of 1.5 million Armenians in what became known as the Armenian Genocide, leaving countless children orphaned. Emma began rescuing Armenian orphans off the streets and placing them in safe homes and basements. When she ran out of hiding places, she turned her hospital into an orphanage, which eventually held over 1,000 children who would have otherwise faced near-certain death.

The war raged on for three more years and so did Emma's tireless humanitarianism. In addition to managing the hospital and operating the orphanage, she oversaw prisoner exchanges and millions of dollars in relief funds. As the war came to a close, Emma's efforts only expanded. She worked with the Near East Relief agency and newly formed League of Nations to reclaim orphans from Turkish homes. More than 60,000 children were rescued by Emma and others.

The sharks are dying

By Lily Zerwekh

Commercial fishing is hurting all of us. While we are told that single use plastic straws are killing our planet, plastic straws only account for about 0.03% of plastic in the ocean. Meanwhile, companies across the industry cover up the real issue.

Commercial fishing.

Forty-six% of the Pacific garbage patch is fishing nets. There is enough long line set everyday to wrap around the planet 500x. Considering about half of the garbage in the ocean is fishing equipment, why wouldn't anyone want us to know? The thing is, the same companies profiting off of the fish, are the ones telling us plastic straws are the problem. Everyone is in it for the money, similar to the fast fashion industry. Employers are constantly looking for ways to cut down on costs and make the most money possible. This leads to criminal activity and a dangerous area of work.

Fishery observers are occasionally sent to these fishing boats to make sure regulations are followed. In Papua New Guinea, 18 fisheries observers went missing within less than five years. Because of the demand of seafood in the industry, the observers can be bribed or threatened so really, there is no point in sending observers out. These things aren't happening to some random, under the radar company, they're happening to our most well-known brands. The blue tic from the Marine Stewardship Council on fish packaging is supposed to mean the fish was caught sustainably. The reason this doesn't mean anything is because the boats going out and catching the fish are the same ones bribing the observers.

Who is really affected by these issues though?

For the first time, sharks are going extinct because of us. Sharks have been alive since the dinosaur ages and have kept our earth healthy. Just the idea alone that these creatures are facing extinction for the first time since they were put on this earth 450 million years ago is incredibly concerning. Why are these animals so important in particular? Sharks are apex predators. This means they are at the top of the food chain and keep populations balanced. These animals are incredibly misunderstood. Sharks kill an average of 10 people per year while we kill 11,000 - 30,000 per hour. Sharks are generally



Unsung Hero: Dr. Eugenie Clark

Artwork Artwork & Impact Statement by A'Neres Osborne

For the Art Effect project, I chose the unsung hero Dr. Eugenie Clark. I chose her for not only my personal appeal but her story that she carried with her. Dr. Eugenie Clark was the first ever person to change the perception of how us people now see sharks. She grew up in New York which sparked her interest in marine biology by visiting the New York aquarium with also some inspiration coming from her Japanese culture. Her courage and curiosity that pushed her career is what drove me towards her. The way she constantly pushed herself despite the backlash she received for breaking barriers inspired me. My personal favorite hobby is to go to the aquarium and visit the shark exhibit. If it wasn't for Dr. Clark, we wouldn't be able to view sharks and marine life how we do now.

not aggressive, more people die to elephants each year than they do sharks.

What are we doing to kill these animals? Bycatch. Bycatch is the other sea life caught when trying to catch a certain species. Approximately 50 million sharks are killed each year because of bycatch. Surprise surprise, this happens because of commercial fishing. With the lack of fish due to overfishing, sharks' usual prey is dying out. Without food, the sharks will eventually die out too. Along with the food shortage and bycatch (not even mentioning shark finning), it is estimated that we will see virtually empty oceans by 2048.

There are ways we can push back the countdown, we just have to be willing to act. The obvious answer is to stop eating fish. Without customers, there is no reason for these fisheries to continue work. While we definitely need to cut back on our plastic use, cutting back on seafood is the best thing to do. If we want to continue having a healthy earth, we need to protect our oceans first.

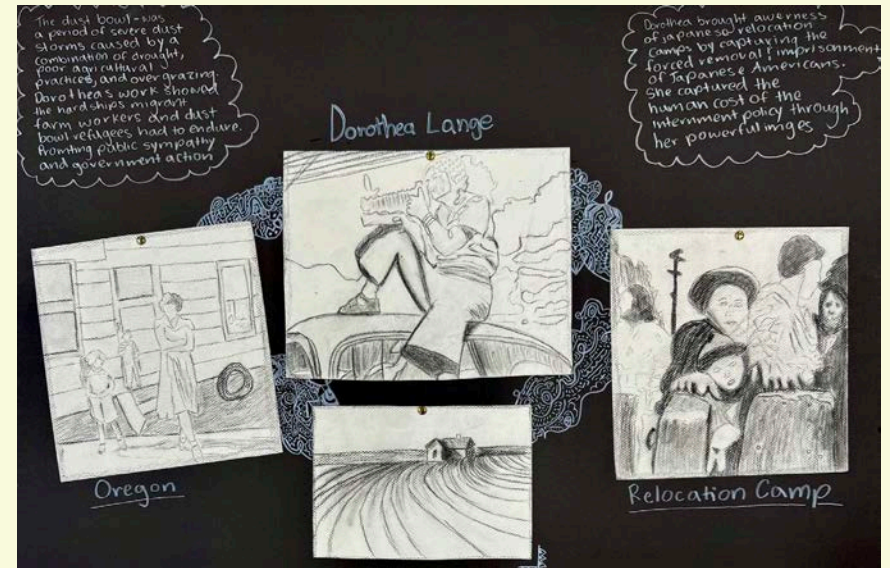
Unsung Hero: Jackie Ormes

Artwork by Kenyon Harbin

I chose Jackie Ormes because I saw that she was a cartoonist and showed real life issues that Black people faced and I have always been interested in learning about all the issues that Black people faced because I always found that to be an essential part of history since it can show how these challenges were faced and the different ways the challenges got done. Also, when going through the list she was the person that stood out to me compared to the other heroes. Something that I find most admirable about Jackie Ormes is that she incorporated herself in her comics and I find that to be unique because it can make you feel as if you were in that real life situation and encountered the issues faced in the past. Also, I liked how she makes her style as comics because it can make people be more eager to see her work and it can show pictures to get a better understanding of what's going on. For my artwork, I decided to make it look like a self portrait along with her different styles of her comics in a cartoon style using alcohol markers. I chose my artwork to look like this because I thought it would best express her work along with her style and also to show the issues black people faced such as sexism. Also, I wanted to try something different with my art since I have never done art in a comic style and I was interested to see how incorporating that

style into my artwork would turn out. Jackie Ormes will influence my actions in life because she has shown me that you should advocate whenever these issues are faced and be included in some way on solutions to these issues. Also, she has shown me that incorporating yourself into any issues can help you get a deeper feeling on how it really went because it can be your own personal experience that you can talk about. Lastly, when doing my research about Jackie Ormes I have learned many interesting facts about her such as that she is considered the first African

American cartoonist in the United States. A second fact that I have learned is that in 1950, Jackie Ormes brought back her Torchy character in Torchy in Heartbeats, which was a strip in full color that featured in 14 newspapers such as the Pittsburgh Courier. The strip was about Torchy that was looking for love that was authentic. When Jackie Ormes wrote this strip, she took her opportunity to express her love for fashion using many different dresses, pants, (etc.) and to show a black woman as an icon and not just working to achieve things. A third fact that I have learned is that after her death her career got a boost because on September 1st, 2020, she became the subject of a Google doodle by an artist named Liz Montague. With all of this being said, Jackie Ormes is my unsung hero because I find her being able to showcase issues that black people faced being phenomenal and has led me to a new path coming to my artwork and the world around me.



Unsung Hero: Dorothea Lange

Artwork by Keyla Sosa Torres

The unsung hero I chose was Dorothea Lange, a photographer who instead of photographing the beauty of the world she sought to bring awareness about the hardness of it. She sought to bring about social change while using her work to document it. Her photographs brought awareness about multiple groups that faced injustice. She started her photography from a young age and had led the government to take action.

Back in Dorothea's time poor agriculture led to the land becoming all dust. This created dust storms that killed people and cattle. The dust filled your lungs until you could no longer breathe. While Japanese Americans were being discriminated upon due to the attacks on Hiroshima so much so that they were being sent out of the country. These three photos were a great representation of Dorothea Lange's work, they are inspirational and bring about awareness of what certain groups were going through.

Dorothea Lange has helped me look past what we hear everyday, look at the facts and what's going on. Some images are more impactful than others. At the end of finishing all my images I went over and revised with my teacher and added some more background information. This was for the viewers to have a better understanding of her work. Her work will forever weigh on my mind when it comes to taking pictures and documenting memories. Someday I want to bring awareness of something to people just maybe not my photography but in my own way and Dorothea Lange has helped encourage me to do so. Her art was so inspirational back in her time and continues to be. When I share my artwork I can now tell her story and how much of an inspiration she is. I am very proud of the final art piece and hope other people like it as much as I do. But most of all I hope it inspires people. I hope it leaves as big of an impact as she left on me. Maybe its not for everyone but her art was really wonderful.

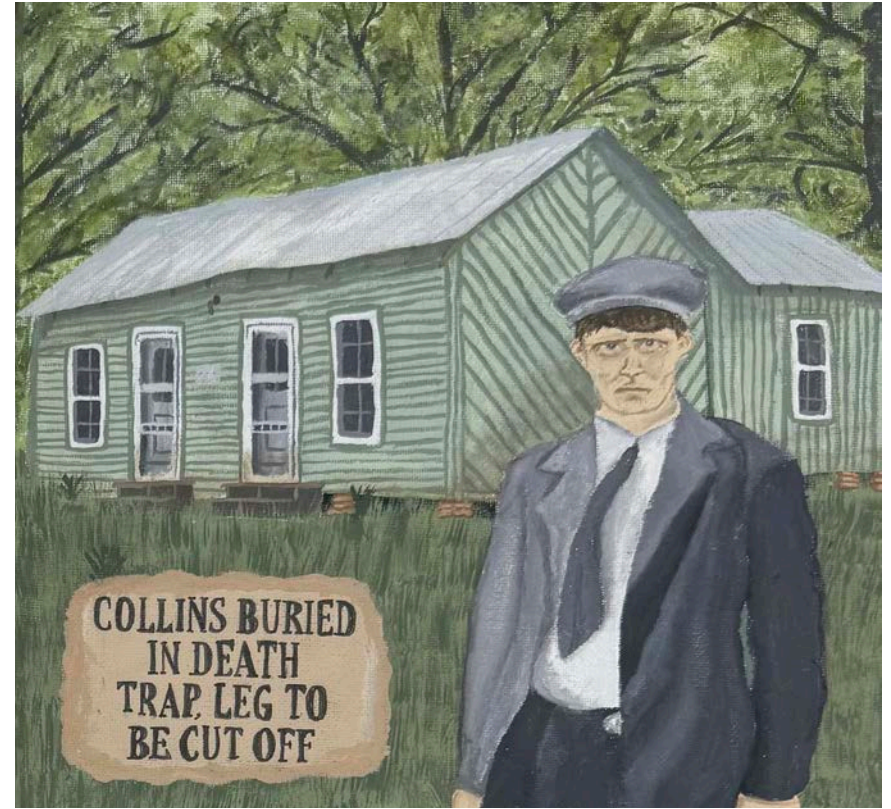


Artwork by Landon Calhoun

Special Exhibit: The Legend of Floyd Collins

For the second year in a row, visual art students participated in a National Parks project to create artwork for exhibit at Mammoth Cave National Park. This year's theme was "The Legend of Cave Explorer Floyd Collins," to commemorate the 100th anniversary of his tragic death. As they researched, students learned about Floyd Collins' cave explorations and entrapment in Sand Cave—which sparked a national media frenzy and ultimately led to the creation of Mammoth Cave National Park. Students created artworks inspired by their research. Many student works were selected for a special exhibition and were displayed at the Mammoth Cave National Park Visitor's Center from January 2025–March 2025.

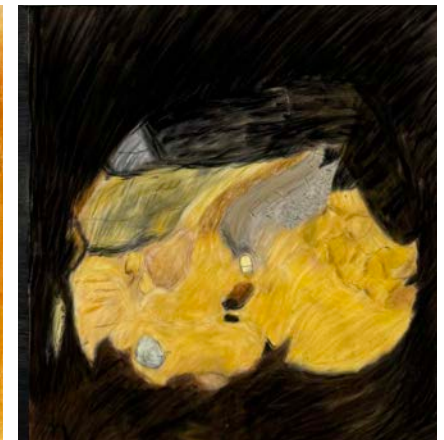
Additional artworks may be viewed online at ifcprojects.com.



Artwork by Kayci Shacklette



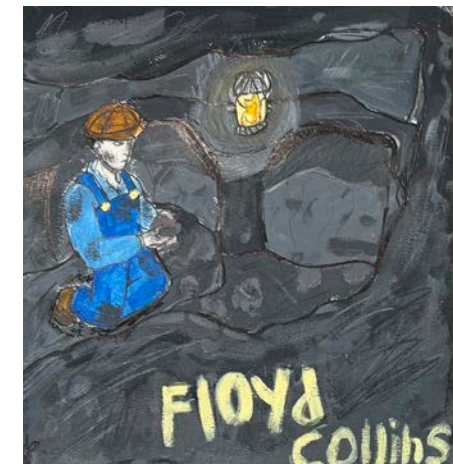
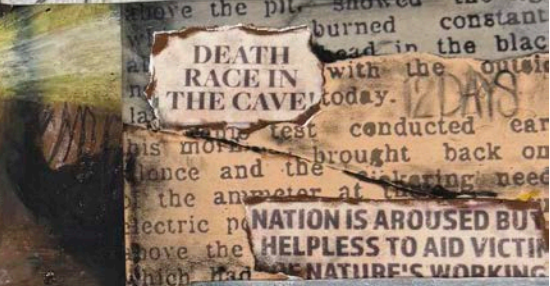
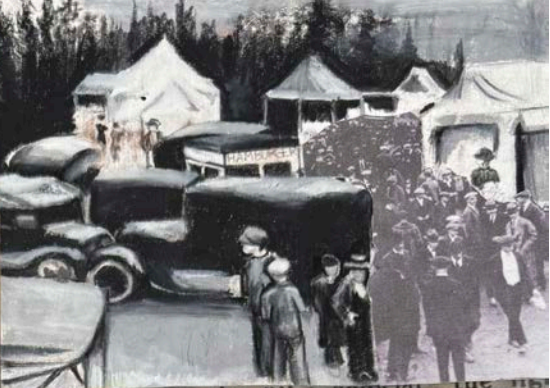
Artwork by Brenton Heady



Artwork by Madison Mullins



Artwork by Victor Aldrete



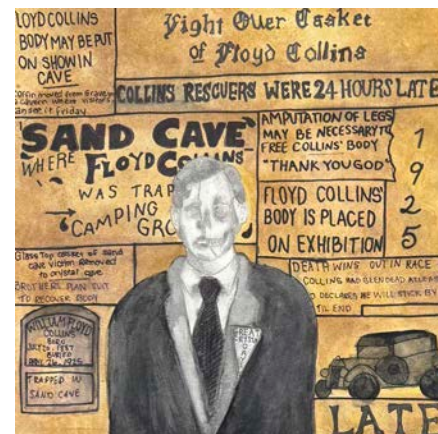
Artwork by Alaiya Payne



Artwork by Khloie Madden



Artwork by Maysen Wiggenton



Artwork by Nevaeh Ward



Artwork by Evan Clark



Artwork by Rachel Echavarria Rojas



Artwork by Izabella Kaelin & Kaelyn Kinney



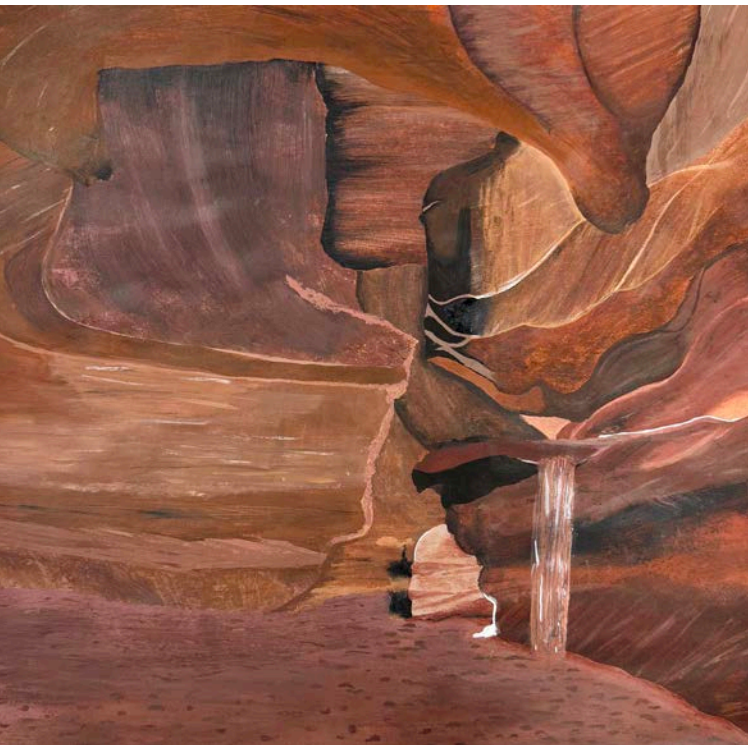
Artwork by Kennedy Gummer



Memory Project

Creating a Kinder World Through Art

In 2025, Visual Art students participated in a global art initiative known as The Memory Project for the third year. Started in 2004 by Ben Schumaker, the project's purpose is to connect youth around the world through art. This year, students created portraits of orphaned children in Columbia to help build cultural understanding through international kindness. Students received photographs of each child, along with each child's name, favorite color, and favorite toy or activity. They incorporated this information into the one-of-a-kind portraits they created. Portraits were hand delivered to children in December, 2023. To learn more, visit www.memoryproject.org/about



Artwork by
Khira Thornton



Artwork by Alexis Basham

Artwork by Jocelyn Gutierrez Ramirez



Artwork by Victor Aldrete

“The Memory Project gets its name from its first intention, which is to provide handmade, heartfelt portraits as special memories to children in orphanages. Now our intention has expanded to touching the lives of youth around the world facing many types of challenges while opening our hearts and minds so they can touch ours in return.” –Ben Schumaker

Artwork by
Avery Wilson, Little
Loomhouse Young
Visionaries Exhibit



project organizers

Judy Scott-Berger
Creative Writing Teacher

Denise Webb
Visual Art/2-D Design Teacher

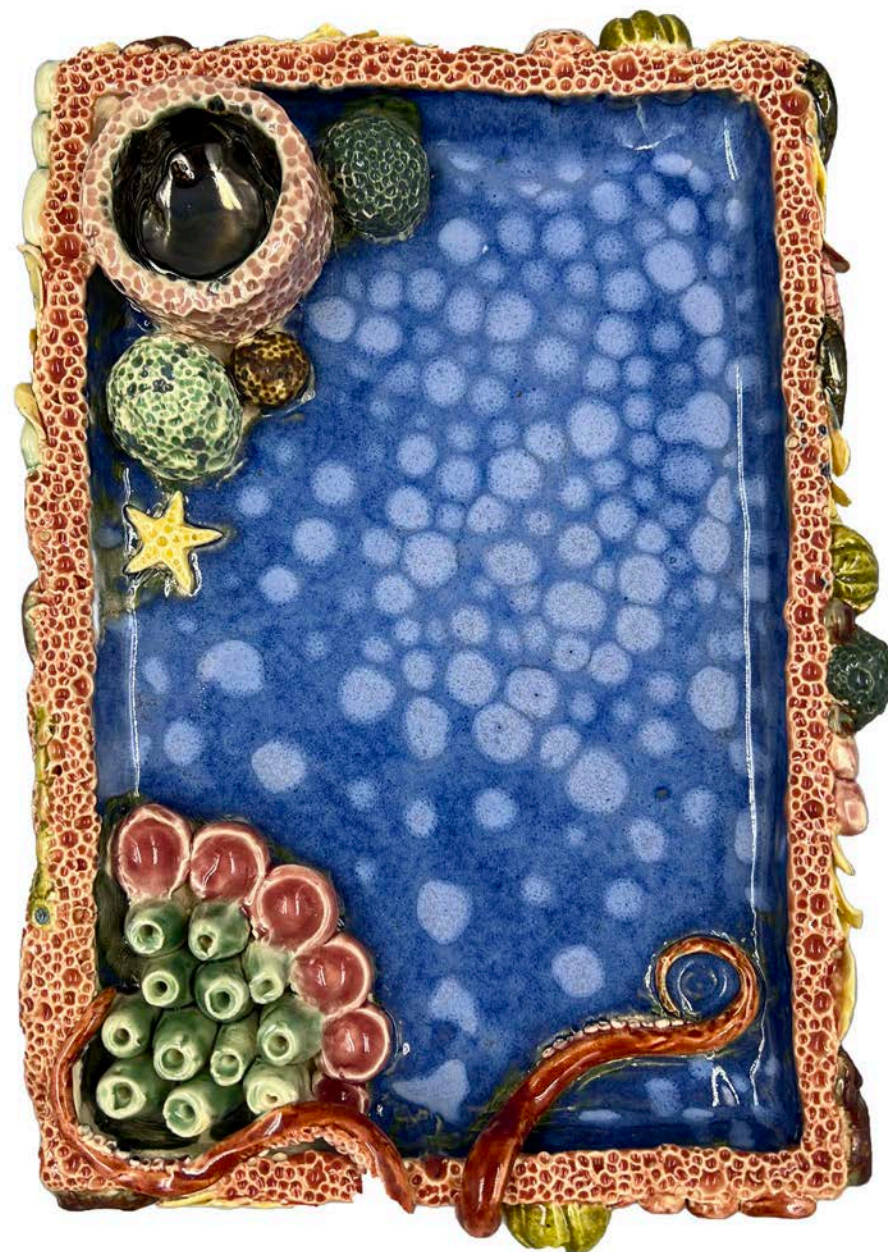
Jason Stinson
Principal, PRP High School



Artwork by
Elijah Godfrey

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Artwork by Abigail Wade
Scholastic Art Awards, Silver Key



Artwork by Abigail Wade,
Scholastic Art Awards, Honorable Mention

[Front Cover] Artwork by Lilly Zagula