



THE INQUISITOR

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Seton's School Spirit: Spirit Week

Catherine DeWolf and Ava Hudson

Every year, Seton School spends a whole week showcasing our school spirit! Each day of the week is assigned a theme and the students (and sometimes teachers) dress up to earn points for their class. Points are also given to the class with the best banner, the best song, the best class picture, and you can also earn points for your class by playing trivia. This year, the themes were: Jersey Day, Tacky Tuesday, Holiday Day, Country vs. Country Club Day, and Class Color Day. The fun started on Wednesday, October 10th, when everyone gathered to compete against another class in a volleyball game. The following Monday started a full week of festivities and everyone loved dressing up each day. On Friday following Mass, the annual Christ the King procession took place and the ever-exciting, and loud, Spirit Week assembly didn't disappoint. Seton was busy all week celebrating our school and everyone had a blast!

Volleyball Assembly: At this year's volleyball assembly, the 8th graders beat the 7th graders, the sophomores beat the freshmen, and the juniors beat the seniors!

Monday- Jersey Day: On Jersey Day, students were allowed to wear sports attire, specifically jerseys and

hoodies, over their uniforms to support their favorite teams!

Tuesday- Tacky: On Tacky Tuesday everyone wore tacky outfits that didn't match at all or were funny looking.

Wednesday- Holiday: A new theme for this year's spirit week was Holiday Day. Students were allowed to dress up as any holiday.

Thursday- Country vs. Country Club: This year the whole school got to decide whether to dress up in country or country club themed outfits! There were some very authentic looking cowboys/cowgirls and very snooty country club people. It was a real showdown!

Friday- Class Color: On Friday, Seton celebrated the feast of Christ the King with a beautiful procession. During the day, each class dressed in their class color and then performed their song at the Spirit Week assembly. After the class songs, the winners of spirit week were announced! The winners of this year's spirit week were... the seniors! The sophomores came close in 2nd place, and the juniors won 3rd place. Congratulations class of 2022!



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Christ the King Dance

Anabel Clune

Seton School's Christ the King Dance takes place the Saturday before Thanksgiving every year. Many traditions circulate around the enthronement dance. Some traditions include a whole week of school spirit leading up to the dance, and the day before the dance Seton holds a beautiful procession for Christ the King. This year, our enthronement dance was beach themed; with many exotic foods and desserts. During the dance, Mrs. Duran held a holy hour throughout the whole night. She also organized the dance where each gentleman picked a lady's name out of a hat and they danced for a whole song, getting to know each other.

The feast of Christ the King was first instituted by Pope Pius XI, to remind Catholics that only Christ can ultimately rule over us. Rather than having a traditional school homecoming, we celebrate this feast day and honor our Lord with the Christ the

King Dance. Mrs. Duran hosts a holy hour during the dance to remind us that the night is also about honoring this feast. She said in an interview, "I have always wanted to find a way to increase the 'desire' of students, to actually desire to be with their Creator, their Savior, their Bridegroom. My goal is to get everyone to encounter Him at least once during the night." She also said that she organized the names in the hat dance to get boys more involved in dances, as they can be shy and timid at times. She said, "To pick a name takes a lot of pressure off the boys because 'everyone' is doing it." It's a fun and unique way to get to know people and to grow comfortable during the dance.

This year's dance was a huge success. It was very fun and the chapel was beautifully decorated as usual. The night was filled with good food, dancing, and of course honor for our Lord!





Getting In the Grateful Spirit!

Mary Curran

Gratitude Poll:

Thanksgiving is one of the most amazing days in the year because hearts all around the world are remembering the things that they have, and should be grateful for.

Students were asked to answer some Thanksgiving themed questions. Read on to see their answers!

What are you most grateful for?

One grateful sophomore said, "My family, because they are always there for me, and they always lighten my mood! ~ Anonymous

Another said, "I love hanging out with my family and relatives, and the food is delicious! It's one of my favorite holidays!

What is your favorite part of Thanksgiving?

"Being together with my family and going Black Friday shopping."

"My favorite part of Thanksgiving is getting together with my whole family and just hanging out." ~ Anonymous

What Thanksgiving tradition are you most grateful for?

"I'm really grateful for the family get-together with all my cousins and family. We eat a lot of food and play a bunch of fun games! I look forward to it every year!"

"My favorite tradition for thanksgiving is being with my whole family and eating delicious food. We always go to mass and then also go around the table and each say what we are thankful for at dinner. I always look forward to Thanksgiving!" ~ Anonymous

Giving Thanks

Clara Luetkemeyer

Thanksgiving in the dictionary is described as "an expression of gratitude, especially to God." During this season, while we should enjoy the food and good company, we should also remember to give thanks to God for all He has given us. Some ways people do this is by going to Mass on Thanksgiving Day and serving at a food pantry or donating food. This is a good reminder to be thankful for all you have by helping those less fortunate than you. Thanksgiving also has Catholic roots; some being that Squanto was actually a Catholic man. He was once enslaved by the Spanish but later released by Franciscan friars. He furthered his Catholic faith under the friars and returned home to America where he spread the faith to his village. He was baptized with several other Native American men in the early 1600's. He spoke of the Catholic faith by using Native American terms so it would be easier for the people of his tribe to understand. Squanto's last words were even asking people to pray for him. He continually turned to his spirituality when faced with the incredibly hard trials his life held. This helped him be a resilient man who fought until the very end of his life. During Thanksgiving, remember to be grateful for all that is given to you by God. We are truly blessed in immense ways.



Modest Winter Fashion Annalise Dean

With colder weather here, it may be harder to create cute outfits for the season. However, layering clothing can be so cute if styled right! Below are some ways to turn basic clothing pieces into chic outfits while staying nice and warm.

Clothing Piece #1: Collared shirts

A plain white long-sleeved collared shirt can be styled in so many ways. You can wear them under sweaters and sweater vests for a more preppy look. You can also wear them under sleeveless dresses for a classier look. While white goes with pretty much everything, different colors add some fun, too!

Clothing Piece #2: Sleeveless Dresses

Sleeveless dresses are another amazingly utilizable piece throughout all seasons. You can style them in many ways: by wearing a turtleneck, collared shirt, or mock neck under to keep warm and modest. To make it even cozier you can also throw on a pull-over or hoodie for added layers.

Clothing Pieces #3 & #4: Turtlenecks/mock necks

These other tops can be interchangeable with collared shirts for just a slightly different feel. You can wear them by themselves with some jewelry to dress up a basic outfit, or you could layer them under dresses and sweaters.

Playing With Patterns and Other Accessories

To pull together your outfits, you can add some pizzazz with the following ideas. Incorporating different patterns or textures can spice up an otherwise plain outfit in such an easy and simple way- patterned tights and embroidered sweaters are just a couple ways. Not to mention, leg warmers are coming back in style also- and are very cute when paired with chunky sneakers or Mary Janes. The jewelry and shoes you wear can do so much to set the mood for your outfit.

In conclusion, the outfits you can create with these basic clothing pieces are endless! I hope that you have some fun experimenting with these ideas while staying warm and stylish at the same time.



Seton Winter Sports

Maggie Gibbons

Seton is known for its strong and talented winter sports teams including basketball, swimming, and diving.

With limited court time, basketball coaches had to come up with schedules to get enough practice time in- some practices not finishing until 9:00 PM! This year, there are six different levels of basketball teams at Seton. These include junior high girls, coached by Mrs. Munsell, Mrs. Heiny, and Mrs. Smith. Junior high boys are coached by Mr. Geary and Mr. Fox., while junior varsity boys are coached by Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. Kohlhaas, and Mr. Ashton. Junior varsity girls are coached by Mr. VanderWoude and Mrs. Bauer. Varsity girls are coached by Mr. P. and Mrs. Lalli, and finally, varsity boys are coached by Mr. VanderWoude. All these coaches are well respected Seton parent volunteers.



Seton Swimming has been around since the 1990s with 51 conference championships! With over 100 kids on the swim team, Coach Koehr has gathered over ten parent volunteers for coaching and over 30 for swimming events. Even after the rough season during the pinnacle of the pandemic, the swim team pulled through and made it to the start of another great season!

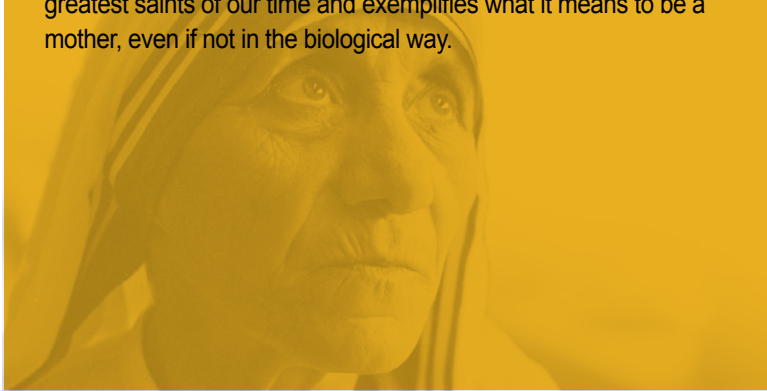
Diving, coached by Seton alumnus Seamus Koehr and Ashley Keapproth, just started again! Waking up to get to practice at 6:04 AM on Wednesdays and Fridays, the divers push themselves to get higher scores and not just strive for a win, but for personal achievement.

As our winter sports teams continue into the new year, let's show them some school spirit. So come on, Conquistadors, and come cheer on our teams!

A Saint of Our Time

Faith Godeaux

St. Teresa of Calcutta, better known as Mother Teresa, is one of the most influential saints of our time. Even though her feast day is not around Thanksgiving, she was a great example of how to be thankful for the little things you have in life. St. Teresa was the youngest child of her family who lived in Skopje, North Macedonia. After her father passed away, when she was just a child, her family became very poor. At age 18, she left home to join the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Ireland. Her first, and most well-known mission, was to Calcutta, India, in 1929. In Calcutta, Mother Teresa taught at St. Mary's school for girls and became principal in 1944. Mother Teresa began to be called this iconic name after acting as a mother figure to all the children in need of her help in India. Her twenty years in the Sisters of Loreto were filled with fidelity and joy. On September 10, 1946, on her train ride to an annual retreat, she received a calling to love and serve God even more. As time went on, Mother Teresa continued to receive these visions and His thirst was the driving force in her life. Jesus told her to start a religious community for the poor, so on August 17, 1948 that is exactly what she did. She returned to Calcutta from being with the Medical Mission Sisters and helped the families in need. St. Teresa opened houses in almost all communist countries. She founded many missionaries to respond to both the physical and spiritual needs of the poor no matter their faith or nationality. Mother Teresa received many rewards for her work including a Nobel Peace Prize in 1979. She began to feel a painful separation from God which many people credit to the devil. This is because the devil targets things that are good, and Mother Teresa was nothing but good. Despite her severe health problems, she continued to serve the poor. By 1997, Mother Teresa's sisters had nearly 4,000 members in 123 countries. She was able to meet Pope John Paul II one last time before returning to her home in Calcutta and passing away several weeks later. St. Teresa of Calcutta died on September 5, 1997. She was canonized by Pope Francis on September 4, 2016. During the Thanksgiving season, we should be thankful for the saints in our lives, especially Mother Teresa. She is one of the greatest saints of our time and exemplifies what it means to be a mother, even if not in the biological way.



Part 2: For Long Forgotten Pride

Madelyn Zadnik

Prince Theomar Dragonin V

Prince Theomar rode through the woods on the back of an old chestnut mare, he was not in the best of moods. His sister lavara was riding ahead on a beautiful black stallion and he was stuck on an old mare. The innkeeper said she was a good horse for beginners. Theomar didn't want a beginner horse, he wanted a wild beautiful stallion to command and tame while riding bareback preferably in front of a lot of girls. But he was stuck on the oldest, slowest, most docile mare in the stables. Her name was Bess. "Hurry up Theo! We were supposed to be home by now!" lavara yelled from the other side of the next hill. "I.. know...I'm...COMING!!" He said as he bounced up and down in his seat, kicking the horse in the sides. "Or at least trying to with this stupid horse!!" Bess snorted and looked back at him with what he thought was a rather judgmental eye. She quickened her pace to a slow trot for a couple yards then settled back into her usual rolling walk. Theo gave an exaggerated sigh and crossed his arms in a huff. Prince Theomar was the youngest child of the King and Queen. He was a tall 14 year old boy; not quite thin but not quite filled out yet either. He took mostly after his father in looks and had striking gold eyes like all people with royal blood. He was handsome, and he knew it. Bess made it over the next hill at a decent pace, with a lot of kicking and yelling on Theo's part, and almost bumped into the back of lavara's horse, she had dismounted and her long wavy dark brown hair was streaming behind her she was looking away from him and out on the view. "Watch it!" Theo yelled, "You stopped right in my way!" "If you could look at something besides yourself Theo, you'd notice that you can see Nuago from here." lavara said. where they had stopped in a small clearing right below the crest of a hill. The trees had not grown tall enough to block the view of the valley below. The City of Nuago stretched out before them. Beginning in the valley where the farmers and herdsman lived and worked, then up to the base of the Mountain of Tulivuori where the Merchants sector, the largest part, began. It stretched up and up until it merged into the Ancient's sector, center of all religion and learning, on the right and the south sector, best known for its crime rates, on the left. Up and up the city climbed, up the side of the mountain where the city morphed into the nobles sector, where the great houses and villas of the members of court and high members of society were found. And at the very top of the city (though the mountain climbs higher) there was a great spire on a castle that shone gold in the late evening sun. on the spire

waved a purple flag with the picture of a dragon claw holding a golden eye, the symbol of the royal family. Here was the last sector, the royal sector, where the castle is built and the King, Queen, and all of their children and attendants live. Theo looked out to the valley and shrugged. "Come on, I wanna get home," he said. lavara looked back at him and shook her head sadly, her hair flowing around her pale face. She had high cheekbones like her mother and almond shaped eyes and was also known as a stunning beauty in court. She remounted her black stallion and continued down the path towards the city with Theo following moodily behind.

Bellacil Trayego

"Close your eyes, breathe in, breathe out, feel nothing, see nothing, say nothing. Focus on your breath and the darkness around you. Breathe in. Breathe out. Calm your mind. Now, begin your Dyntao." Bellacil Trayego began the smooth and flowing movements of her Dyntao. Each stance and position flowing to the next. Blue wisps of light danced around her fingertips. She was focused, calm, controlled, an unobstructed channel for her magic to flow through. Her feet glided across the floor in the movements that had been drilled into her head. The blue wisps grew to ribbons and began to encircle her hands and arms. She stopped her movements and stood still in the middle of the major chamber of the Magetower. Her brilliant blue magic cast a dull light on the tables, papers, books and instruments around the room. She stood, focusing on a spot right above her hands, and held out her arms. Her eyes were closed but she could feel the flow of energy rushing to that spot. A ball of blue swirls and ribbons formed above her hands and began to take shape. Small bits of movement could be seen flapping around in the ball. Sweat was now freely flowing down Bellacil's dark face as she tried not to concentrate on how much the magic was taxing on her body. Her legs began to shake with exhaustion. She breathed in, out, and forced her mind to obey and concentrate on the magic in front of her.

A loud knock sounded on the door. The ball of light dissipated almost instantaneously. As Bellacil dropped to the floor. Her instructor, Kivah, got up from the table she had been sitting on and pulled open the door. "What?" she said to the little messenger cowering there. Kivah was a tall and accomplished mage. Her dark midnight skin and close cropped, black, and curly hair made her bright purple eyes stand out all the more.

She was a terrifying figure when she was angry. And she was angry. “What is so important that I must know right now while my apprentice is finding her magic form?” Her face stayed calm but her eyes flashed. The little messenger cowered behind the big feathered hat he was holding in his hands. “The king requests your audience, you and your apprentice, in the minor throne room in 2 hours time” he mumbled. “Your message was received,” Kivah said flatly, and shut the door. “Now,” she said facing back towards the room, “I don’t think you have the energy to try again Bella,” Kivah looked down at Bellacil and crouched. Bella was lying where she had dropped after her concentration was broken. She was breathing heavily and still had her eyes closed. “Bella.” Kivah gently nudged her. She didn’t respond. Kivah gave a small sigh and gently picked the tired, dark skinned girl off the floor and placed her in a soft chair by the edge of the room. The tall mage bent down as purple light glinted around her fingertips. She placed a soothing hand on Bella’s dark braids and the heavy breathing slowed and a calmness flowed across her face. Kivah leaned back and walked over to her desk on the other side of the room to wait.

Bella woke, blinking her eyes and rubbing her nose. She got up slowly from the chair and silently padded over to where her teacher was looking over papers on her desk. “The king requires us in a half an hour, get ready.” Kivah said without looking up.

Luvik Firhud

“BOY! WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU BEEN?” bellowed the old drunk man sitting on the corner of Gravo Street in the heart of the south sector. A boy of sixteen, with his hands buried deep in his pockets and his face buried deep in his hood, silently walked past the bellowing drunk. “DID U GET MY DRINK, BOY?” the man yelled. Without looking, the boy pulled a bottle out of his pockets and tossed it towards the man, who fumbled and caught it with his slow fingers. The boy kept walking. He passed boarded up shops and dark alleyways with shadowy figures hidden deep inside imposing bouncers standing outside of loud bars, and men fighting and wrestling in the streets, most of the time with various weapons. Past broken houses, sketchy consignment stores, on and on he went until he abruptly turned into an alleyway and climbed a well hidden ladder on the wall to a dilapidated window. He pushed aside a curtain and jumped lightly to the floor. He was finally back. The room was small and very dark. a pile of pillows and blankets in various states of repair lay in one corner and a bin

with a wide variety of food scraps stood in the other. All around the room lay little trinkets or pieces of clothing or small coins. He padded over to the bin of food, took out a half eaten loaf of bread and a piece of corn, and unhooked the jug of water from the stand by the window. He lit a candle and pulled off his dark hood revealing a shock of bright red curly hair and a strong freckled face. He stood in the middle of the room and ate greedily. He lay back on his pile of pillows and fell instantly to sleep. His eyes shot open. A small creaking from the alleyway below had reached his sensitive ears. Luvik silently raised himself to a crouching position and crept over to the window. He peaked over the edge. No one was there. Luvik grabbed the ladder and climbed down to the alley below, stashing the ladder behind a pile of bags at the end of the alley. He looked out into the main street. It was dark and the few people who were out glanced furtively over their shoulders while scurrying from one shadow to the next. Suddenly a hand clamped over Luvik’s mouth and a big hairy arm was around his neck holding him in a headlock.

“So you think you’re so smart and slick? Dodging in and out of people’s shops and taking anything you want like you own the place.” Luvik could say nothing in reply as he struggled against the man’s iron grip. “Most people don’t like it when you take their things, especially nice and expensive things. That necklace you sold to old Mr. Foulter? Hm? Do you remember that? Well I do. And the lady you ‘borrowed’ it from is none to happy with you right now. Let this be a lesson for you. Men! Take him to the bars!” the arm around Luvik’s neck tightened and the edges of his vision began to go black. He heard footsteps around him and someone grabbed his feet and hands as he was carried away, slowly losing consciousness. The last thing he remembered was hitting the hard floor of a carriage and everything went black.

Re

In and out, back and forth, bob and weave, dodge and duck, past the branches, leaves, tree trunks, away, away, faster, faster, faster, the hawk wheeled and screeched as he chased a little moth looking creature through the thick woods. Faster faster faster!!! The little creature strained its wings flying as fast as it could. there! A hole! In the bark of a tree, just big enough to fit a moth-fairy and small enough to keep out a hawk. The fairy changed course and beelined for the hole. Closer and closer the hawk was flying he snapped at the end of beautiful green wings. He screeched in triumph as he was about to close his mouth

around the little moth fairy when wham! The hawk smashed head first into the tree. Re slid, exhausted, to the bottom of the hole in the tree trunk. Her chest and sides were heaving. The dazed hawk flapped around the tree, gave one last final shriek, and flew away, back to his nest.

Re smiled. She pulled out a shiny piece of string from under her shirt where she had been hiding it. Re had seen it glinting in the midday sun right among the twigs and leaves making up the hawk's nest and at that moment she knew she had to have it. So she took it. The hawk hadn't been too happy about it, but here she was with her precious shiny thing safe and sound. She twisted the string around her fingers, admiring it as it glinted in the light coming through the hole just above her head. Feeling rested enough to fly back home, and thirsty enough to leave her little hole, she poked her head out of the tree and looked around for the hawk. He had flown off quite some time ago, so she hopped out and began her leisurely fly home.

Her big fuzzy antennae were tucked back into her long blond hair. She was a luna moth with bright green wings and long graceful swallow tails. She was quite proud of her wings. Her green eyes still stared at the shiny string in her hands, only occasionally glancing up to avoid a tree or large branch in her path. She smiled at her treasure and big dimples appeared on the sides of her freckled cheeks. She wiggled her fuzzy, yellow antennae in delight.

Night was falling as she lightly landed in front of her door. Her house was situated high in the branches of an old elm tree, where she could see the moon and stars at night but was still well hidden in the blanket of leaves. She opened her little green door and a burst of light exploded out. On almost every flat surface of her house sat a shining, glowing or flashing object, situated

perfectly to shine or reflect the most light as possible. She lovingly laid the newest addition to her collection on top of a polished bottle cap and an old dime. A discarded chandelier gem hanging from the ceiling shined the most light around her house. She flew over to a glass pitcher on what used to be a kitchen counter, poured herself a drink, and sipped the cold water as she checked to make sure nothing was missing from her precious things.

In the corner opposite her, lying on a makeshift pedestal made of marble bits and shiny river stones, were her most prized possessions, which were probably the least shiny things in her house. On the pedestal lay two rather dull and scratched up rocks. She reverently walked over and placed her hand lightly on the rocks. She took them down from their stand and placed them on the wooden floor where many black and scorched marks could be seen. Rubbing her hands together in anticipation, she picked up the rocks and began striking them together, creating bright sparks of light which danced around the room, reflected and refracted again and again by all of the sparkling things in her house. She laughed and danced with her sparks and didn't seem to mind when they landed on the floor, or her slightly ragged white skirt, or her skin. She laughed and smiled as the sparks flew around the room until they began a small fire on her bed which she stared at, entranced for a second, then sadly put out with the pitcher of water.

Finally, long after the stars had come out and the moon was arching through the sky, Re's eyes began to droop and the long day of flying and running from the hawk started to catch up with her. She yawned and placed her flint and steel on the pedestal in the corner and promptly collapsed on her bed, asleep almost before her head hit the pillow. The end.