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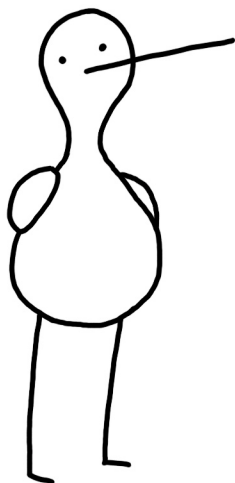
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ARROW

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From the bottom of my heart. Thank
you to all those who have submitted
and made this project possible.




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1/8/2026
(PAMPTER)

TAG
FANTASTIC
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© ELLISON'S
CAVE O



A scenic landscape featuring a river in the foreground, green hills in the middle ground, and a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The text is overlaid on a white rectangular box with a black border.

Hi everyone! I wanted to share some awesome pictures of the nature and wildlife I was able to capture during my amazing winter break in Argentina and Chile. Hope you enjoy!

- Lavi Hammel







The Power of a Good Walk

The power of a good walk.
To clear my lungs of the poison I inhale,
The addictive smoke I trap as I lay in bed,
that I feed with a screen and reflects my head.

I let it grow till it breaks my chest,
Sanctioned to use its weight to hold me down.
Numbs my brain, can't think about trying,
with dopamine rushes to forget I'm dying.

But my feet hold close to the ground, my friend,
Which stands me up to walk out the door,
And I like when my feet know better than I,
as I go for a walk trading my screen for skies.

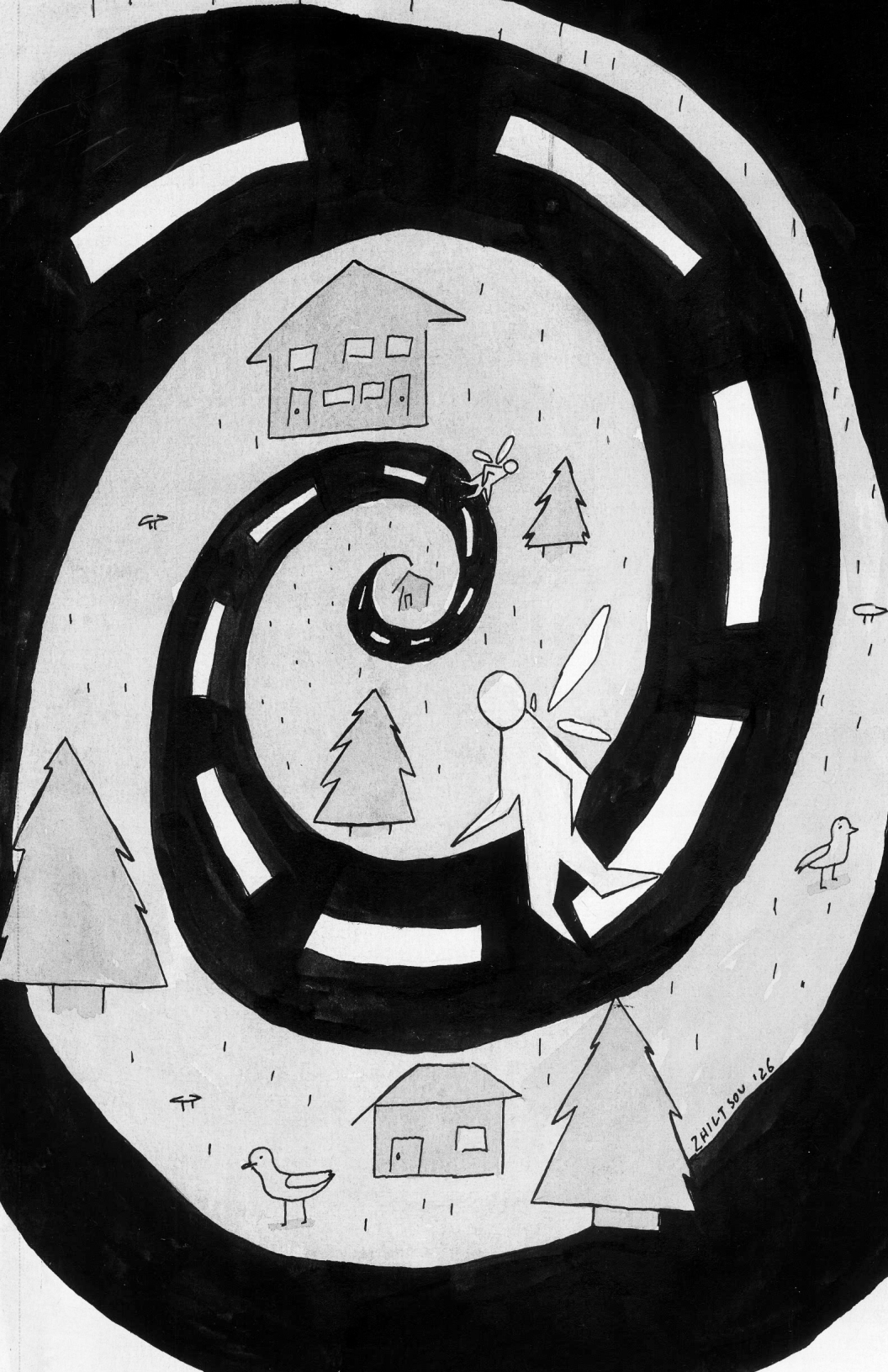
I relearn how to breathe and my chest gets lighter.
As it filters the pollutions I produced.
My brain awakens and curiosity leaps,
like the child I was before the drug of technologies.

The power of a good walk.
To connect my spirit to its greater whole.
My friends, the strangers, the birds, winds, and trees,
All with the glow of life and its energy.

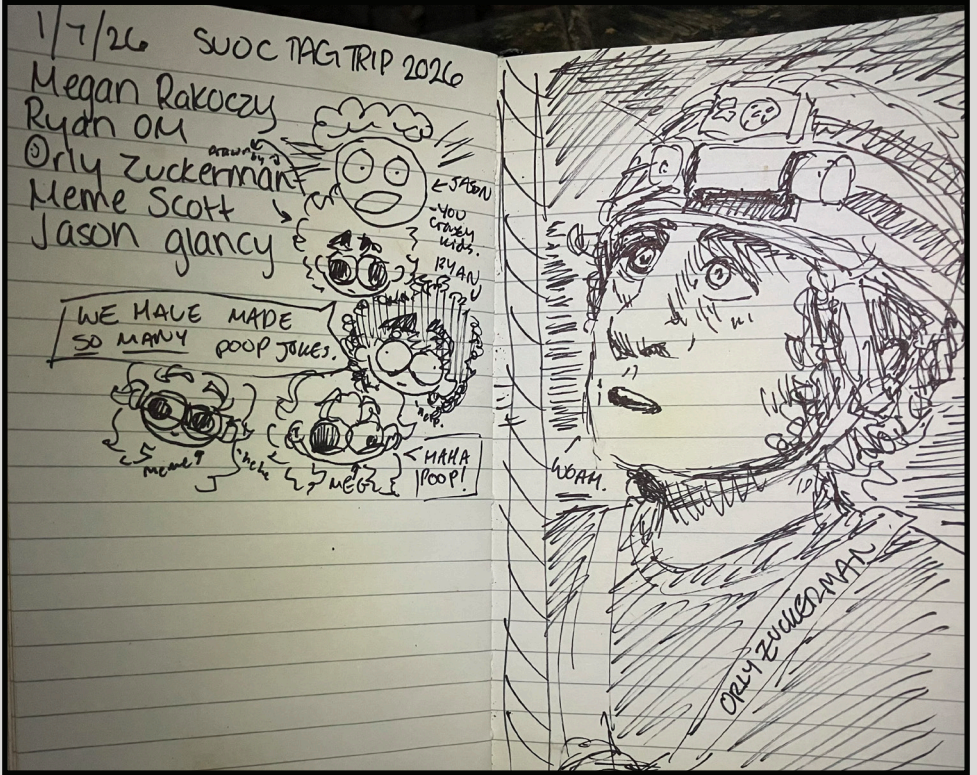
I say hi to the landmarks that make my past,
And I welcome the unexplored paths yet to wander.
I lay on the soil, dance in the street,
and hold onto the feeling to be me and be free.

And I know I'll return to the shield of my den,
And the poison will build when I smoke it back in,
But I'll breathe it back out and embrace the nice shock,
within the power of a good walk.

(Anonymous Arrowhead Submitter)

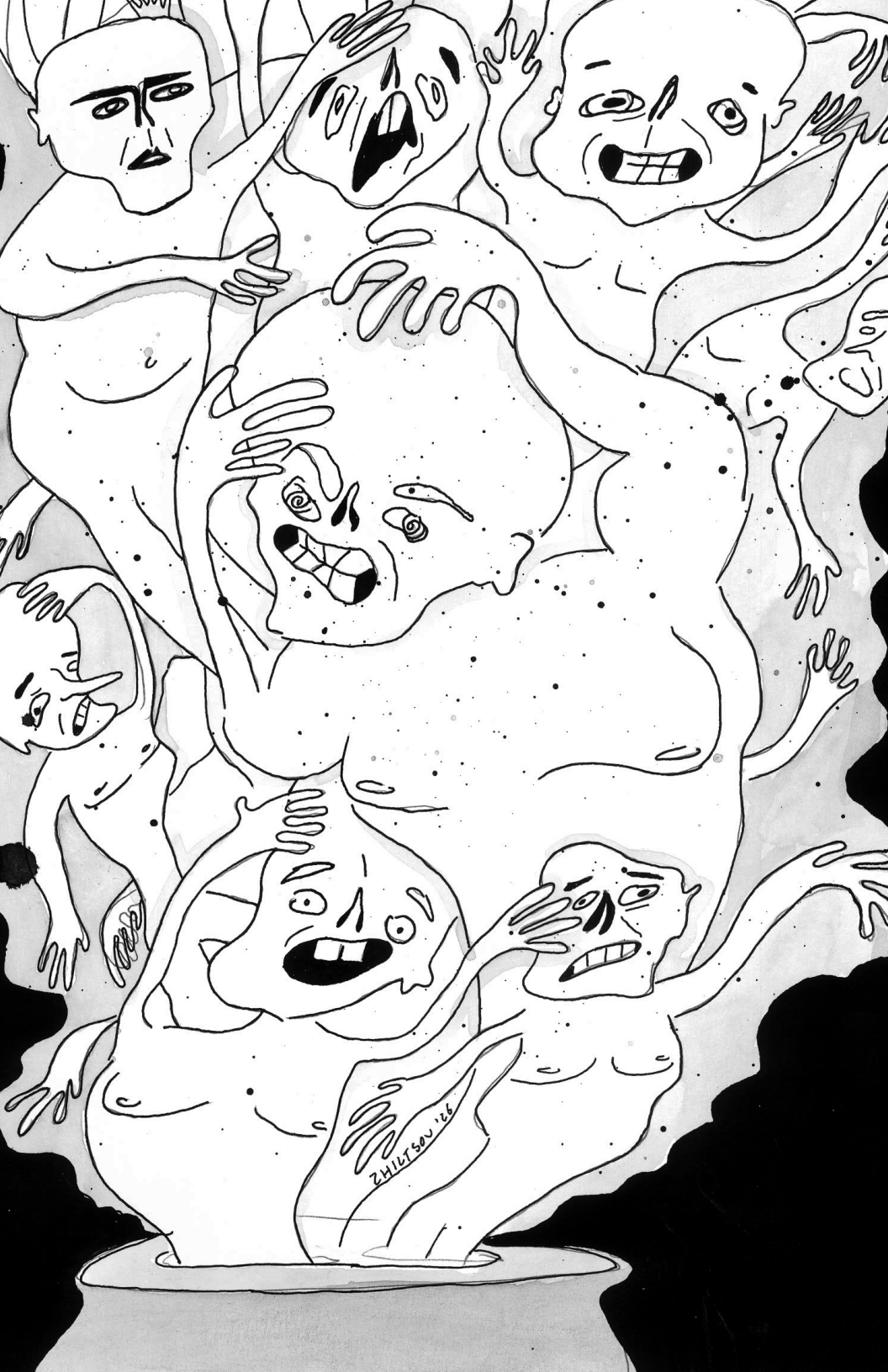


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At the Bottom of the Pit - Ellison's Registry

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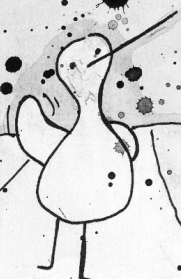


Finding a family

For the longest time I have always struggled to find community. I have found friends of course, but rarely did I find a group that I felt a part of. Going in to college I was worried I wouldn't make friends, or at least more than one friend. All of this fear was dispelled one fateful Tuesday. On this night my roommate dragged me to a weird Syracuse club meeting. Upon walking in I was nervous but quickly found it to be a welcoming community. As I look back on that day, I continue to think about what my college life would be like without SUOC, and as I do, I think about all that SUOC has given me. I've found friends, companions and mentors. Through my time I've experienced it all, I've felt love, fear, compassion, humility, and even disappointment. Even through the worst of times, SUOC was there for me. I quickly found even those I hadn't gotten close with still cared for me. These people didn't feel like strangers, nor did they treat me as one. We were a family. An incredibly large, caring, outdoorsy family, and I had somehow worked my way in. Although I have been away for a while now, I always look forward to those rare reunions I get each semester. Every chance to see the people who I care about so much and miss so much. And I continue to hope at some point in the future I'll be able to bring someone in, just like my roommate did, and help them find their people, our people, our family.

-BT

THANK



YOU

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