

out of the ashes

Callum Palmiter

There are certain things that you need to know in order to be elite in sports trivia. One of them is the number of cities that have a professional sports team in all four major American leagues (sorry Major League Soccer fans). At the moment, there are 11: Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, Miami, Minnesota, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. If you're holding me accountable and only read ten places, allow me to introduce you to the sleeping giant of them all.

It's a city that has been long forgotten by sports enthusiasts for its failing franchises and equally-fraudulent futures. A city shunned by the nation's media and occasionally its own fans. A city that seems so irrelevant, some wondered if they should just give up. But they didn't. Now, look what's happening to the patient at heart – we're being rewarded.

Detroit sports are officially back,

baby.

Once upon a time the Lions, Tigers, Pistons and Red Wings had something in common: they all stunk. Analysts on TV and radio would roast the teams for their ineptitude. As an unashamed Detroit devotee, it felt personal, and it stung. So now, it feels even better to know that they were wrong. Just a few years ago, Trainwreck Sports said that "all of these teams are absolutely terrible, and I truly feel bad for anyone who calls themselves a Detroit sports fan." *The Finder With Tom Haberstroh* scoffed while saying that they're pitiful. Countless talk show hosts slammed Detroit for being nothing more than the dirt on the cleats

of the rest of America.

So, that got me thinking: has it always been like this? Sure, I've heard first-person fantasies about the splendor of the "Roar of '84," the tenacity of the Bad Boys, the magic of Barry Sanders, and the Wings' historic dynasties, but what about collectively? Shamefully, after many minutes of research, I found out that there has never been a year when all four Detroit-area teams have secured a playoff spot. Now, there is a realistic chance that the 2024/25 campaign could be a year of historic firsts. The Tigers made the playoffs, even sweeping the Astros and taking a game from the



Guardians before being knocked out. The Lions finished their season in a world of disappointment, but had the firepower to secure the number one overall seed in the NFC beforehand. That leaves only two boxes to check: the Pistons and Red Wings. The Pistons are exceeding expectations and then some. They continue to maintain their position in the Eastern Conference playoff picture thanks to a breakout year from Cade Cunningham and teammates. The Red Wings aren't far behind, silently taking command of the Wild Card picture with just a couple months left in the push for a playoff spot.

Is it possible that the moment is now? Is it possible that we see Detroit sports reclaim the respect they've been desperately trying to earn my whole life? Only time will tell, but things are looking up.

Callum Palmiter

eighteen candles

Abigail Warren

When this paper is published, it will be March 7—eight days before my 18th birthday.

When the clock hits midnight on the 14th, I will be considered a legal adult. Because of this, my birthday this year is a little bittersweet. I'm excited to finally reach this new level of maturity that seemed so distant, and start a new "adult" life.

But knowing that the memories and experiences that have made up my life are just going to become 'childhood memories' is definitely bringing down my celebratory mood.

This new milestone is making me a tad bit nostalgic for all my past birthday experiences, which weren't always perfect but definitely comedic.

On my sixth birthday, I decided to host a sleepover for a few of my close friends. Like many parents, mine decided to make the house special by decorating with balloons, streamers and banners.

The banners specifically gave me an idea. With the encouragement of

my friends, I decided to live out my dreams of being just like my idol, Dora the Explorer, by jumping off my loft bed. I grabbed my 'happy birthday' banner and used it as a "vine" to swing on.

The problem? The banner was held up by scotch tape.

I immediately fell to the floor. On my way down, I ripped open my eyebrow on my pointy wooden Dora chest. Blood immediately pooled up in my eyes, leading me to scream "I'm blind!!"

Thankfully, I didn't lose my eyesight; but, I received a special birthday gift—multiple stitches in my eyebrow. Even now, (nearly) 18 years later, I still have a scar marking the special day.

On my tenth birthday, I once again decided to throw a sleepover party. I

invited over ten girls to set up camp in my living room.

Apparently to my parents, listening to ten hyper ten-year-old girls all night sounded like a nightmare. So, to keep the house

under control, my dad decided that (to keep with the theme of tens) everyone needed to go to bed at ten p.m. The lights were turned off, and *Moana* was turned on—all with the order of being quiet.

I was beyond upset, my super cool party that would've made everyone at Plymouth Elementary jealous, was ruined!

I didn't talk to my dad for over a week out of anger—and I still hold the grudge to this day.

On my 13th birthday I spent the day holed up in my room, only leaving to visit Starbucks with my mom.



Why? Because my birthday was two days after March 13, 2020. The infamous day where school was canceled for COVID-19. I had a whole party planned and even sent out invites, but it had to be canceled.

My mom promised me that we would reschedule for the next week, that we just needed to wait for everything to blow over.

We all know the story—the next week never came as the whole world started to shut down.

Even though my birthday experiences haven't always been the best, they'll always occupy a special space in my heart. I know that sounds cringey, but I'm feeling pretty sappy and nostalgic for my 18th.

This year, I hope my birthday isn't overshadowed by a hospital visit, a world-wide pandemic, or a mandated bedtime. That doesn't happen to adults, right?

Abigail Warren