

EG

MAGAZINE 2014

An annual magazine of the arts
devoted to the publication of the
best examples of poetry, fic-
tion, essay, art and photography
produced by the students of Elk
Grove High School.

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Mask
Linda Boulton



Self Destruction
Eduardo Galicia



Opportunities

Krizia Cuaresma

There is a boy
Who catches my bus.
He has these wonderful golden eyes,
As bright as the fields
Where children play
When it's warm as spring.
He laughs at the little things,
Which makes me smile sometimes.
I sit two seats behind him
And I think he's beautiful.

There is a boy
Who catches my bus.
He constantly talks and smiles with his friends
With casual, everyday gestures.
But as he turns to gaze out the window,
His smile drops.
I sit two seats behind him
And I think he's beautiful.

There is a boy
Who acts happy every morning at 7AM.
He wears long sleeves
In the middle of summer
And smiles at his friends.
But they contained nothing.
Those empty smiles
Were as old as the fields in winter.
I sit two seats behind him
And I think he's beautiful.

There is a boy
Who sits quietly on the bus.
He stares down at his lap
With distant eyes.
His friends say something funny
Hoping to cheer him up.
But he doesn't laugh anymore.
I sit two seats behind him
And I think he's beautiful.

Today,

There was no boy.

I heard the news that he was gone.
He wrote letters to his friends and family.
He even wrote to the sad girl
With hair as blonde as the summer sun
That sat two seats behind him on the bus.
And told her
She was beautiful.

The Demon Inside

Eduardo Galicia



Meth

Hayley Rasmussen



Raw Fear

Andre Marin

I tremble at the being before me: Raw Fear
It's tattooed on his horrific skin
A ghoulish gaping maw of razors
Emits a hideous howl of agony and poison
Wide eyes of horror glare at me in hate
I take his hand and all of my most deadly nightmares will
become a macabre reality
But it is not a choice to take Horror's hand
The truly frightening aspect of the entity
I have already taken grasp of his tortured fingers
The bloodiest fears of my darkest fabrication
Are already my reality
Walking through, day by day, a living nightmare
Clawing to get out of such a terrifyingly real grave
The beast feeds on fear
Petrified by my real nightmare.

My Living Nightmare

Andre Marin



C is for Cookies

Erin Powell



Fire-Breathing Cat Stops Burglar

Brianna Bacigalupo

We didn't think little Mittens had it in her
She's just a regular cat, after all
But she heard the cringe worthy clatter
And the front door shatter
Turns out Mittens had saved us all!

She's just a regular cat
Stalking and sleeping
And watching and eating
But I guess we should have noticed
Her unique trait
When the mice in the basement
Were suddenly replaced
With burnt debris
Or when the dog's treats
Became engulfed in flames

The burglar stood no chance
Against the valiant Mittens
Whose fire-breathing abilities
Stopped him dead in his tracks
And burnt him to a satisfying crisp
Guess we underestimated
Little Mittens after all.

Tool

Mia Nishimoto



Good

Kelly Rogers

School

"How are you?"
I ask,
As the blank stare searches for the answer...
"Good." she replies,
with almost a smirk.
For every time she's asked,
The answer stays the same;
"Good."
She acts like an outgoing,
Crazy-zany child...
Too complex to understand,
Too contradicting to try.
Earphones in-ear while in the hall.
"To block out the world."
She explains...
Volume up all the way,
Ignoring life.
Nevermore normal,
Rarely grinning,
Perfectly imperfect...
But she is never,
Good.

Going Home

The bus is harshly cold,
but she doesn't mind...
She talks with me,
And as I put my arm around her shoulder,
She digs her head into my neck.
The silence settles in for a while,
But then she must be off...
Putting on her backpack consists of a quick tousle for me,
And a kiss on the cheek for her.
I always love that part.
She sticks her earphones back in,
And gallops into the frozen sidewalks.
So majestic,
So unique,
So wondrous,
She is always mine...
But she is never,
Good.

Home

The earphones come out,
She wails,
"HELLO!"
To an empty house.
She stands in the kitchen,
Staring into a parallel universe, then...
Screams.
Not a yell, roar, bellow, grunt nor howl.
Just, a scream.
She runs like a hunted doe upstairs.
Last door on the right.
She slams her bedroom door, and pinpoints
The spot.
The place where she will sit and look at the pictures.
Pictures of long-ago memories,
Of that same girl...
Smiling, laughing, grinning,
Happy.
Tears slowly trace rivers on her cheeks.
Silent sobbing continues for longer than she can remember.
She's a liar.
She always says it,
But never means it.
She looks the part,
Plays it well,
But after years of performances,
The character becomes weak...
But this girl-no;
This strong woman,
I pity her,
Sympathize without understanding...
Because she is never,
Good.

Never Coming Home
Kailey Regnier



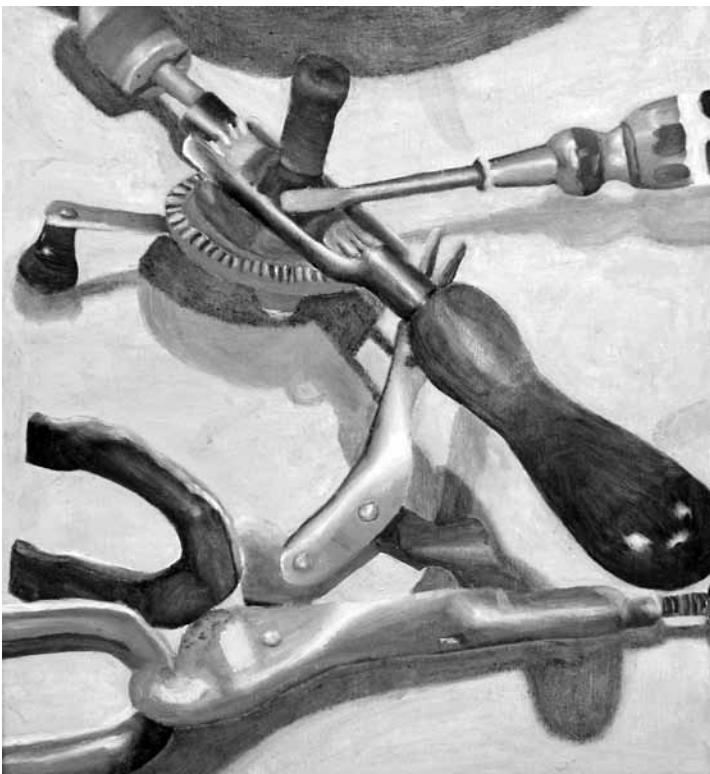
Self-Portrait
Katarzyna Nowacki



Ymir
Kristen Fidler



Tools
Katherine Duncker



Backyard

Jacob Cooper



Innocence

Mikayla Santorelli



Childhood

Morgan Loxley

Failure starts early, roughly at eight
Asthma and crying and shaking and dying
She was better for the dogs, throw her out, won't be long
Before adulthood can grab her and break her and stab her

Mediocrity lingers, right about nine
Not special nor smart, God's dull art, stood apart
From the peers that were gifted and by teachers uplifted
Kicked down in the dirt, didn't cry, didn't hurt

Stuck in white walls, she remembers, it was twelve
No shoe laces, no contact yet never fought back
The institution that held her, that haunted, that meld her
She was the gross, diagnosed, remnants of a child's ghost

The child is dying
Seventeen, stopped crying...

The rest is broken hearts and doll parts

Melissa

Melissa Ivers



Why the World Does not Need Superman

Sean Lehning

Superman

He's that guy

Who flies around and can leap over tall buildings in a single bound

But can never comprehend the simple concept that underwear goes under your other clothes.

He saves the world time and time again

And has a similarly heroic band of super friends

One might think he would be very helpful in this world of violence and turmoil

With his powers, surely he would rapidly run out of bad guys' plans to foil

But I've realized that we are better off without his superheroic toil

First, let's get past all of the religious and scientific implications of an indestructible alien existing and entering human society

What I want to talk about is that he won't alleviate our problems one bit

He would obviously foil burglaries and robberies galore

But he would never solve the problems that are so much more

Yes, that man trying to mug the old lady might be in jail because of the man of steel

But can he pay the taxpayer expense of that jail and the economic factors that drove the mugger to thieve?, two issues are quite real

Part of my point is that many problems in our world don't manifest in the form of monsters that can be punched to death

You can't use freeze breath on starvation

Or laser vision away the political instability of a nation

Superman's strength won't find the "correct" answer to debate surrounding abortion

and while he has super senses, he won't just magically find the source of some threat or extortion

these are just the problems that are completely out of the reach of his powers

violent crimes and wars could be softened by Superman's efforts

but which violent crimes to stop and which wars to intervene in

even with his great speed, Superman can't stop every wrongdoing and sin

He'll have to choose whether to stop that act of murder or that act of rape

without too much thinking and mental red tape

sooner or later, we will see how he deals with guilt of choosing not to save the school bus of children since he had to confront a prison escape

what were those kids thinking, Superman ponders mournfully, before they became dead and gone,

as their desperate yet hopeful eyes scanned the blue skies for a savior that never came along,

In an attempt to solve the ethical mysteries surrounding his actions, we might find him asking the same moral questions

posed by humans throughout history,

he might find that everything is so grey.

What if the truth could be harmful if it gets out

How will he know what justice is
What is the real definition of the American way
or if he finds his own answer
how could he pursue it
if he does it nonviolently, of course some people will never budge and nothing will get done
if he does it violently, that won't be fun

The world, you now understand
is far better off without this super man
but don't worry or fret
never forget that we as a species can help ourselves
doing whatever what can.

Holding

Paige Crenshaw



Portrait

Melina Papadakis

One,
He understands
right and wrong.
He chooses the good and the beautiful.
A life of struggle and pain.
He knows what he works towards:
Happiness,
Kindness,
And forgiveness.
Yet, sadness overtakes him
As he looks upon
A broken world.
He cries out, "Have mercy!"
He plays the part of
The saint.

Two,
They plunder,
They thief,
and they watch
With greed growing in their hearts.
Do hearts even remain?
They know only themselves
And their pleasure.
If they try to run,
Temptation pulls them back.
They scream, teeth gnashing against each other,
"Let me go!"
Sinners trapped in temptation.

Three,
He trudges home
As the world moves around him.
A world that pollutes his mind and the ground
Beneath his soul.
He continues
For his family.
He continues as only average.
A man manipulated
By a large, overbearing world.
His puppet strings yanked and stretched
By invisible hands.
He only has the strength to mumble, "Goodnight. I love

you."
He's exhausted,
Average.
Walking to school he witnesses
An old man drop his cane.
The man sighs, shaking his head.
He calls out, "Would you give me a hand?"
The boy picks up the cane just as it stills
Against the ground.
He gives it to the man, smiles, and walks away
Without a word.
In school,
He pushes, taunts, and cuts,
Watching as people bleed.
He wishes he could fix what he breaks,
But, once broken,
People are irreparable.
He moves on
Too hurt and wounded himself
To try healing others.
He embodies the saint,
And the sinner.
Yet, he remains
Only
Average.

Ode to Science

Alexander Pauls

It's the path through which we can unlock
the mysteries of our odd universe
Only when we work around the clock
can we adequately disperse
our desire to obtain answers

Nicotine

Hayley Rasmussen



Yet in the hands of a dangerous
society scientific skill
connected with unethical fuss
has the potential to crassly kill
undeserving victims without plea

Despite the dangers, mankind's burning desire will not die
It is wired into our nature just as a bird can fly
Let us continue our endless endeavor,
so we can ultimately strive forever

Afterlight

Victor Sanchez



Imbali
Linda Boulton



Alien Diorama
Levi Parks



Seekers

Yasmin Mitchel

treasures preserved by poverty
papers upon dark mahogany
as I sit in my dad's antique shop
passing time
among weathered chairs
and chipped chandeliers
and tattered rugs
lives reduced to history
most unknown
dusty
forgotten, even singed
until they walk in
the seekers
those craving a part of what he has to offer
a part of what has been forgotten
treasure preserved by poverty
preserved by motivation, greed, sentiment
tea-stained Books,
wrinkled maps,
stately furniture,
dim lamps
passing through aisles and aisles
among the cherished
among the vintage
becoming a part of the history
until the spell breaks
with Indignation and ignorance
one woman proclaims, "This is a hobby, not a business."
the other questions, "What? Why?"
and the reply-
"Because these prices are insane."
the bells on the door jangle once more.
a mournful chime
signaling the loss of a sale
the loss of discovery
and chipped chandeliers
and tattered rugs
lives reduced to history
most unknown
dusty
and truly forgotten

Spray Can

Andrew Cano



St. Ambrosius

Angela Frigo



Cat

Kathryn Wegner



Band Freak

Mariana Jaimes-Solorio



The Desk

Yasmin Mitchel

Describe it.

I roll my eyes
this creative writing stuff is getting tedious
a shift from "challenge accepted" to "um, no"
describe it?

Well, it's a desk.

Not enough?

oh the effort that has to be exerted on this small endeavor...

This desk

with its worn seat and pencil scratches

This desk

with its metal legs

its dented basket

This desk

with its smooth plastic top

love professed and Forgotten

all carved within the course of a week

This desk

plagued with gum

a blue piece on the underbelly jungle of rusted metal screws

This desk

and its connotations

not defined, but personal

preaches hope in education

every part the same

Describe it.

Interchangeable,
just like the beings entrapped within.

Self-Portrait
Mia Nishimoto



Minnehaha
Linda Boulton



Hospital Hallways

Catie McCarthy

The smell of sickness and antiseptic

Wafts through my nose.

The air around me is thick

And coughs echo in the hallway.

Our feet tap loudly

Against the tile floor.

As room numbers rise,

Anxiety follows suit.

A left turn.

A right turn.

There she lies.

Her hair fallen out,

Her face sunken in,

And a tired smile

Upon her sickly face.

She wasn't as she used to be,

But she was still so beautiful.

An IV wrapped around

Pale ivory skin

She gently squeezed

My tiny hands,

Mustering up the strength.

My young mind didn't understand.

Not yet.

I had no idea

What "chemo" was.

But I didn't like how it made her this way.

And I wondered what had happened

To my beautiful mother.

Portrait in Three

Kiera Shorey

One.

Lonely piece of art

Hanging in a gold frame

On a wall

All by itself

Inside the frame

A perfect painting of a field.

Two.

A painting on a crowded wall

It has no frame

It barely fits on the wall

With too many others

Taking its special away

No one knows who drew this painting of a
monument.

Three.

A sculpture draped with a cover

Sitting in the dark back room

No one knows where to put it

So in the corner it goes

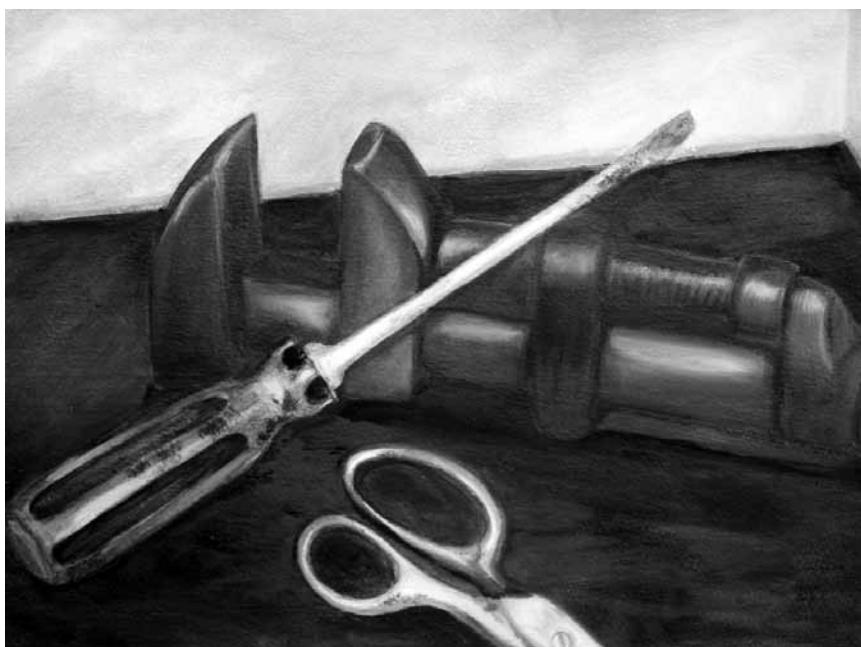
Its beautiful art

But no one knows where it belongs.

Apercu
Jonathan Campos



Rock, Paper, Screwdriver
Kristen Fidler



Nurse
Kristen Fidler



Iudicialis Chargrin
Andre Marin



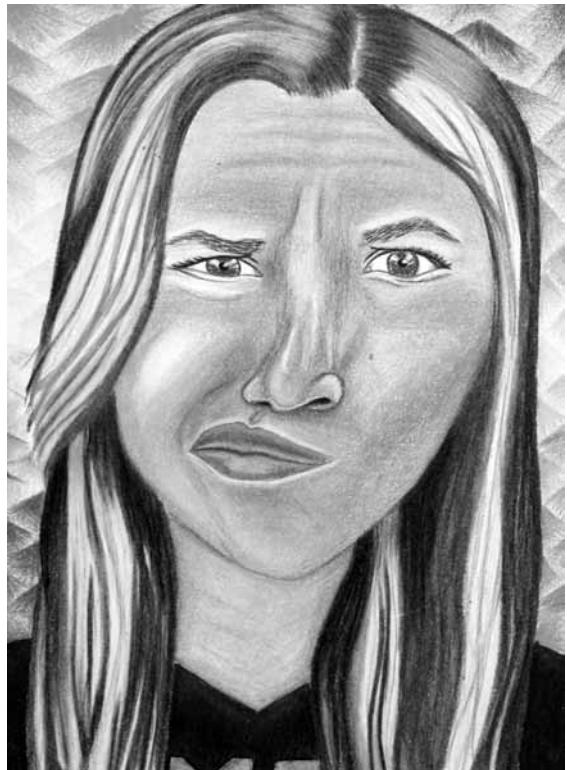
Hope

Ashley Raygor

Deep down in an abyss,
A lonely creature awaits its end,
As it has done for so many years.
But it feels a change in its surroundings
And it looks up to see
That where there is usually darkness,
A dim light now shines.
The light waivers and flickers,
Yet it still remains in what was once endlessly black.
The light sparks a new feeling within the entity,
And a new determination enters its eyes,
For new ideas have entered its mind.
And so it thought,
"I will escape.
I will be free."

Self-Portrait

Alma Rios



Suburban Decay

Marissa DiPietro



Please Stand By

Melissa Ivers



Refraction

Victor Sanchez



In Time

Payal Patel

In seconds

Your life changes within moments
From the particles in the air
To the breath you take

In minutes

Your life changes instantly
From the people you see
To the thoughts in your mind

In hours

Your life changes within a period of time
From the steps you take
To the choices you make

In days

Your life changes even when it needs to stop
From the smile on your face
To the food you eat

In weeks

Your life changes gradually
From the grade you receive
To the choices you make

In months

Your life changes drastically
From the changes in your body
To the places you visit

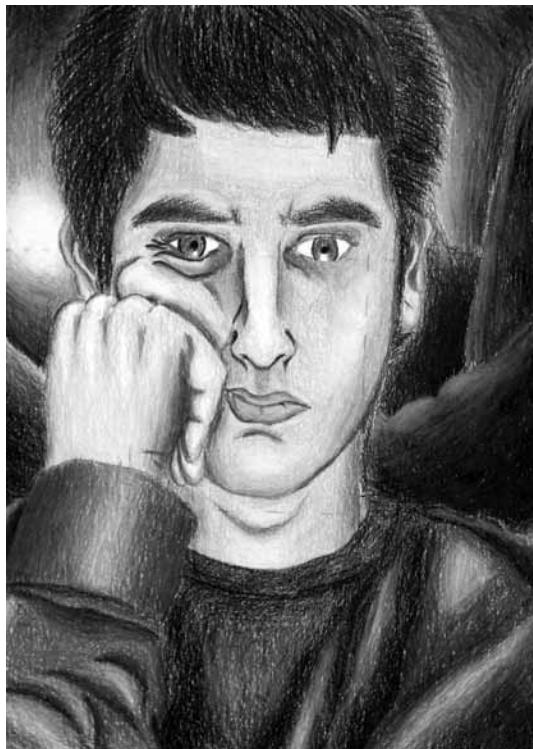
In years

Your life changes at the speed of light
From the people you love
To tasks you accomplish

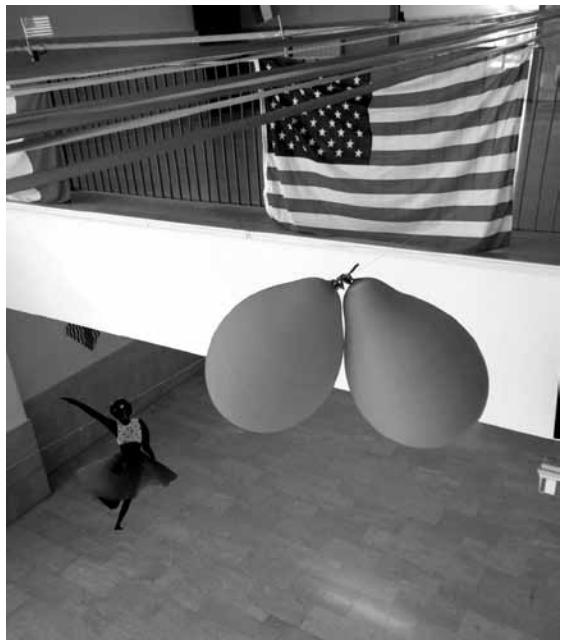
In time

Your life changes more than you recognize
From the first breath you took
To the last breath you take

Self-Portrait
Vincente Taboada



Italian School
Angela Frigo



Jenga
Paige Crenshaw



Feathers and Follies

Kaitlyn Roth

Why are there hats with feathers?

We are not birds.

Dove white and light as air

Where do they come from?

We are not birds.

All people hold on to fancy dreams

Where do they come from?

I think they are born in us

All people hold on to fancy dreams

High life, aristocracy, riches

I think they are born in us

These things make us blind

High life, aristocracy, riches

Fortunes that shine brilliantly

These things make us blind,

Haunt us late at night.

Fortunes that shine brilliantly,

Though always under guard,

Haunt us late at night.

They show us where we stand

Though always under guard,

Our dreams have broken men before

They show us where we stand

This economic ladder of fate

Our dreams have broken men before

The poor cannot hope to escape

This economic ladder of fate

And so they stay at the bottom of the pit

The poor can not hope to escape

They wither away collecting pennies

And they stay at the bottom of the pit

Trying to sell feathers for hats

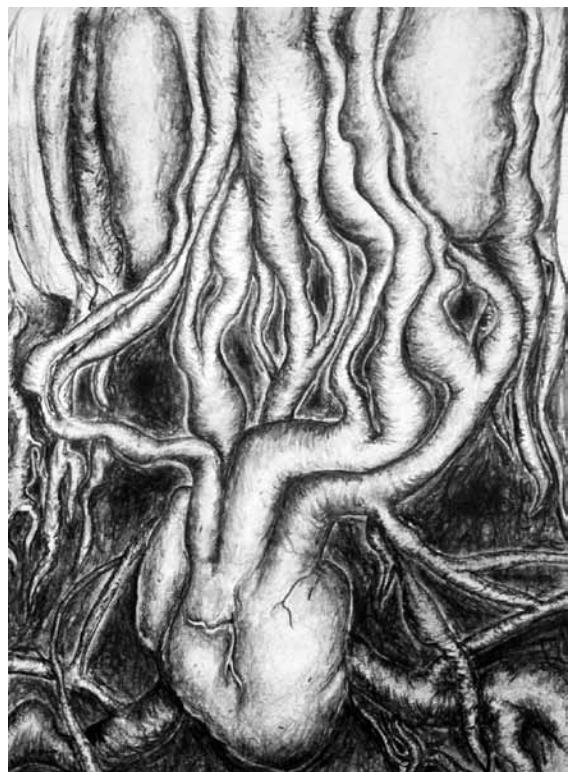
Still Life

Zion Colvin



Roots

Andrew Cano



Queen of the Rosary

Paige Crenshaw



Night Lights

Adrian Santiago



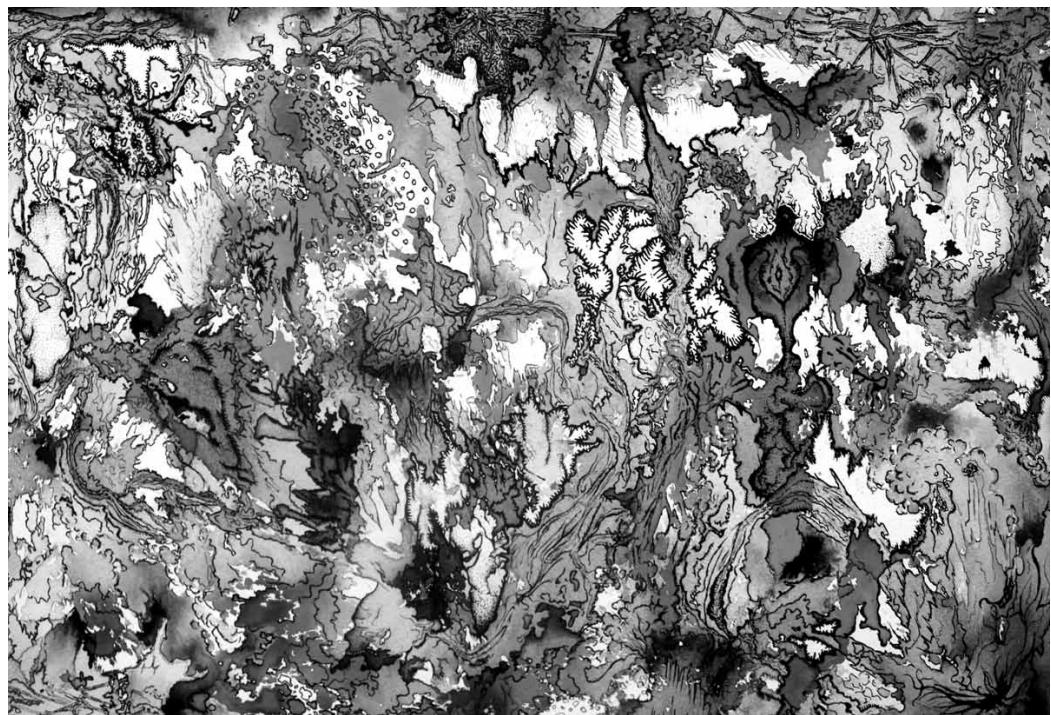
Self-Portrait

Levi Parks



The Mind's Oleander

Andre Marin



Forgotten

Thelma Sammanasu

I found my poem wedged between the pages of an old Yellow Book.
It was frayed around the edges and the corners were bent,
but the paper was still intact and visible.
Though many years had passed,
nothing
had tampered with my poem's memories.

A scene of a mother and daughter is displayed taken during a casual time and a casual place.
When I saw it,
it brought back a flood of vivid memories that seem to have a timeless essence.
As I stared,
I could almost feel the summer sun and the warm, comforting breeze.
I could almost hear the long forgotten words being spoken and
the laughter echoing though the scene.
I feel a calming peace as I am reminded of simpler times.
I tuck the photo back into the Yellow Book,
closing with it a thousand thoughts.

Lolita

Kristen Fidler



Screw This

Erin Powell



Love Blind
Eduardo Galicia



Trees
Jamie Lankford

The trees
Will warn of storms
To come, but also tell
Of peace. Just listen to the leaves
And see.

Decrescendo
Kornelia Cesarz

hear
all
my
words
slowly
getting
softer
decreasing
in meaning

Man to Machine
Andrew Cano



Imperfect Love

Edward Vere

He speaks even though I'm ignoring
The thought of "As long as he hears my voice" is enough for him.
Even though I'm not paying attention, it's all right.
"I've said what I got to say," he said.
In his mind, there's a picture of me, I suppose.
He may not be too showy,
But I know that he loves me.

He failed a couple of times.

He lied a couple of times.

He even gave up.

He uttered painful words.

Words unworthy of me.

The "love" seems to fade.

Does it really? Fade?

He gave up trying.

He gave up hoping.

He gave up on me.

He said that I'm too much of a burden.

"Go live somewhere else!" were his exact words.

Love, so imperfect but thrilling,

We don't know what's ahead.

Whether that "love" remains, or will it vanish?

Love, full of surprises. Good and bad.

It is unsure. Uncertain. And sometimes, not enough.

These words don't make sense! Love not enough?!

It's inspirational, I agree.

But it doesn't feed you.

It doesn't shelter you.

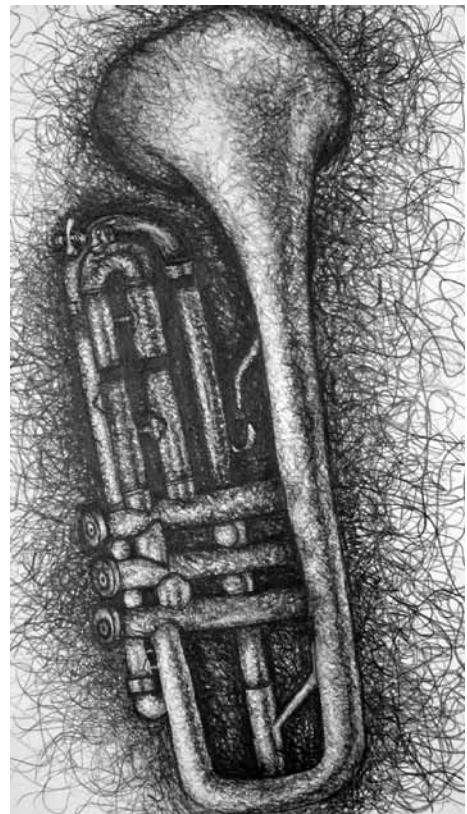
It doesn't provide your needs.

You'll starve and freeze in the cold winter.

Love, alone, is not enough.

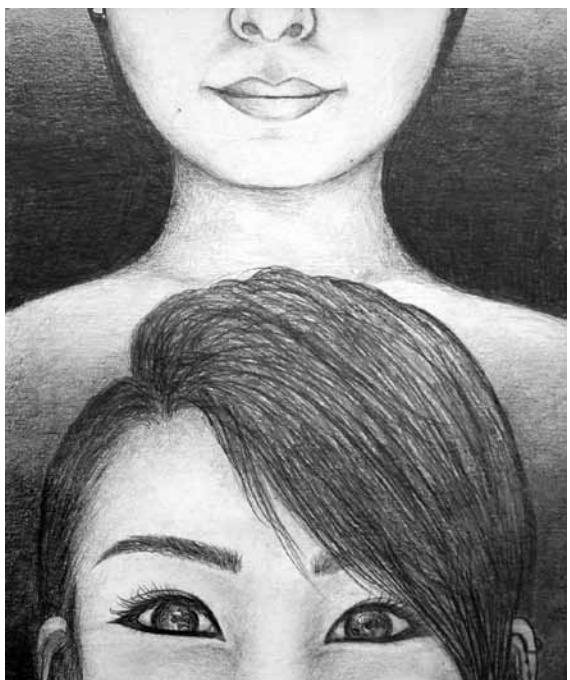
I Toot My Own Horn

Erin Powell



Self-Portrait

Aki Sato



Adrian

Adrian Santiago



Stanley

Abbey Edgeworth



Photography

Tensin Tseten

I found my poem
Pinned to a cork board
My mother had brought from work
One day
It was ripped in the corner
And had collected dust over the years
The colors in my poem had faded
But the smiles shone through
My poem takes me back with my childhood friend
In my living room
Posing for the camera
with wide smiles
Forcing my dogs to smile with us
Our excitement was about to burst
Our feet pitter pattered on the hardwood floor
As we ran through the house
With feathers from our boa
Flying behind us
Oh how wonderful those times were
We felt nothing but pleasure
As we lived day by day
But I kept my poem
So it could remind me
That it wasn't always awkward hellos
And pointless conversations
It was once a beautiful friendship
Filled with smiles and laughter
But my poem also told me
It can never be the same again.

Still Life

Jacob Cooper



Shadow Consumption

Eduardo Galicia



The Fallen

Olga Triantafilidis

When the final summer breezes vanished the
Leaves muted their sorrows and broke free from convention
Distinguished browns reds and yellows took their place
And the realization the warm sun and birds
Would not return slowly extinguished the joy of green

The absence of its attentions smacked of unrequited love
There was no reason for reason anymore
Its mother trunk stopped nourishing
But still the leaves would hope that against all they knew
Those bright balmy days and the dramatically damp season from which they rose
From obscurity could not be over

And so they raged in the night and kept fighting
Unwilling, unable to do anything but hold their ground
there was no meaning in meaning anymore
The biggest, most vibrant leaves would still
Wither from the stalks whose tethers were tested for the task
And, infected with an unnatural color, were drafted by the chill
Sometimes stolen in the night
Without a whisper
Some in the final flight Felt the dark
And some, comfort in the brightest
Light
they had ever known
The ending stage set the same for both
after the few first fallen
There was little purpose in feeling anymore
Still they tread on,
Thinner in rank and in decimated numbers
To survive night by night
Each tree endured losses without logic
The early exposed with deformities of
Body and mind that watched
As others followed in delayed unison

In the end, there were some that had not
Dropped
To be turned to ashes for their efforts or
crushed under bodies or
raked to shreds
But those that lived through the austere nights and
Inhospitable days to cling and tremble
With each swift breeze were hardened
Against all notions of brotherhood

There was no meaning in it
Against all vestiges of humanity and love
There was no reason for them
Were indistinguishable from the frost
That came with the breeze
And in their reward, were linked to their boughs
While below, bodies of their comrades vanished into obscurity
Under the unnaturally pale snow

Pills

Hayley Rasmussen



Chasing Flowers

Angela Frigo



Bristles

Jonathan Campos



Took a Walk

Barbara Szynal

Took a Walk

Feeling lost is never a good feeling.

Waking up every morning is always something good.

Not knowing where to go once you're out of bed isn't.

I learned how to go on not from people showing me,

because no one ever really did.

It's like I was led halfway down a path and left there.

My insides would tie themselves together as if to throw themselves out the windows of my eyes to let something dark escape to make my travels easier.

Like a ship sinking from too much cargo, but do ships ever sink from too little?

No, but they do get lost without wind.

What I lack is wind and a good compass.

I'm utterly lost in a dark, misty haze.

I hear sirens calling from the edges of the lake and my feet seem to float above the water as I walk across, but to where?

If something dark did escape through my eyes, did it shut them?

I can't see anything but haze, my mind playing tricks, so desperately looking for a light to guide me.

A compass would help, but if I can't see, then what good would that be?

I outstretch my arms into the fog and settle them upon something cold and hard.

I take a few steps forward and look up to see it's a lighthouse.

My skin crawls with excitement, for the last time I felt something pleasant was when I let go of the hand guiding me down my path, reaching for its soft and welcoming palm as it vanished into the mirage of the hot surroundings.

The lighthouse isn't shining.

I walk around it but find no door, and suddenly my toe aches.

Feeling lost is never a good feeling.

Waking up every morning is always something good, unless you've stubbed your toe on the chilled wall near your bed as a rude awakening into reality.

Not knowing where to go once you're out of bed isn't such a great feeling, especially if your insides are knotted, eyes locked, toe hurt, and mind wandering.

I learned how to go on not from people showing me,

but from figuring it out on my own.

Because no one was ever there, because my lighthouse never shone.

Happy Birthday

Jessica Mejorada

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you..."
I smile an uncomfortable, forced smile,
and stare at the bright, glistening,
now fifteen candles.

The same routine appears
every,
single,
year.

I listen to the off key, but breath-taking, loving voices around me.
What am I suppose to do during all of this?

"Happy birthday dear Jessica..."
Okay, yes, just keep smiling for the- what seems like never
ending flashing lights around me.

Don't risk looking up,
eyes will stare at you and giggle,
creating a new sense of awkwardness.

"Happy birthday to you. Wooo!"
Oh shoot.

What should I wish for?

Do I want anything?

No, no, not this year.

This year was perfect.

It had the right amount of sheer awkwardness,
spectacular second moments,
once in a life time events,
and enchanting surprises.

This year,
I don't want anything in particular.

My life is just the way I want it to be,
and I couldn't have wished for anything better.

I look at candles,
now dripping wax onto my chocolate cake,
shut my eyes close,
and blow.

Nothing in particular came to me,
because I have everything that my heart desires.

Tool

Alexandra Masnica



Surreal Paradise

Kathryn Wegner



DR. DAVID SCHULER
Superintendent

PAUL KELLY
Principal

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Associate Principal

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