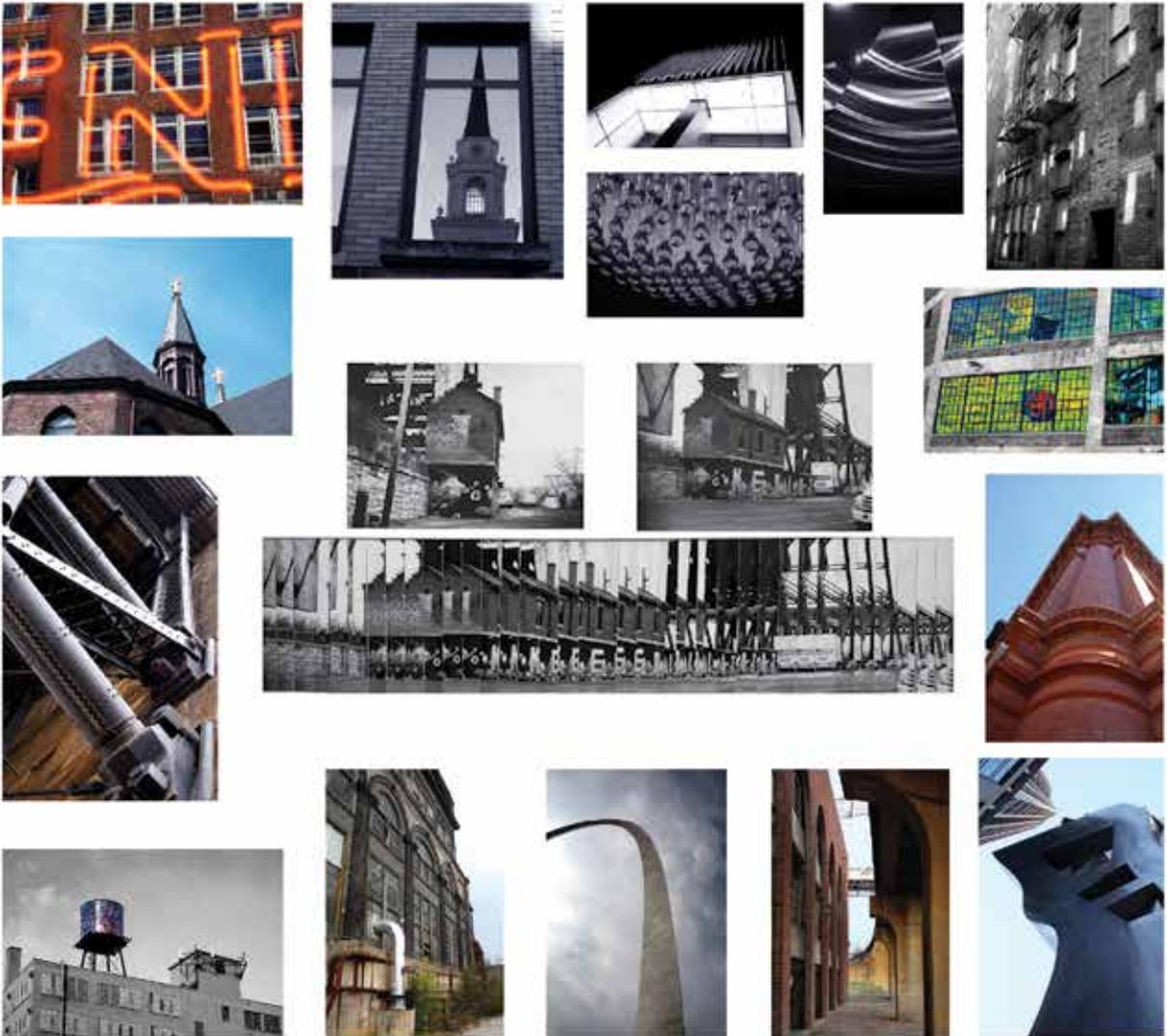




EG  
MAGAZINE  
2018



## SENIOR MEDALLION - ART

### Emma Slattery

#### ARTIST STATEMENT

The central idea of my concentration is the architecture and geometry, or even just the plain individuality, of buildings. I use the leading lines and unique geometry of buildings to make a picture that is visually stimulating. Each picture contains a random, but still interesting, building that I find on my visits to the city or any new places.

My intent is to create art that is visually pleasing and unique. Since my concentration is all about architecture, I try to make each picture different and distinct. Although I find these buildings as I go, I still try to seek out the most fascinating ones as possible. When people look at my pictures I want them to question the way they look at things. I want people to be able to see everyday things through a different and captivating viewpoint. For example, my picture titled City Sky causes people to have to think about what they are looking at and then be captivated by the odd angles and shapes.



# e.g. magazine 2018

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

# CONTRIBUTORS

## COVER ART

Allan Akkatthara  
April Alvarado  
Tetiana Hrab  
Jose Pesado  
Adriana Rodriguez  
Ashley Schroeder  
Anna Slezak

## ART EDITORS - Faculty

Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti  
Cindy Pacyk

## LITERARY EDITORS - Faculty

John Bottiglieri  
Dawn Ferencz  
Mary Larson  
Wendy Relich

## ART EDITORS - Student

Allan Akkatthara  
April Alvarado  
Tetiana Hrab  
Jose Pesado  
Adriana Rodriguez  
Ashley Schroeder  
Anna Slezak

## LITERARY EDITORS - Student

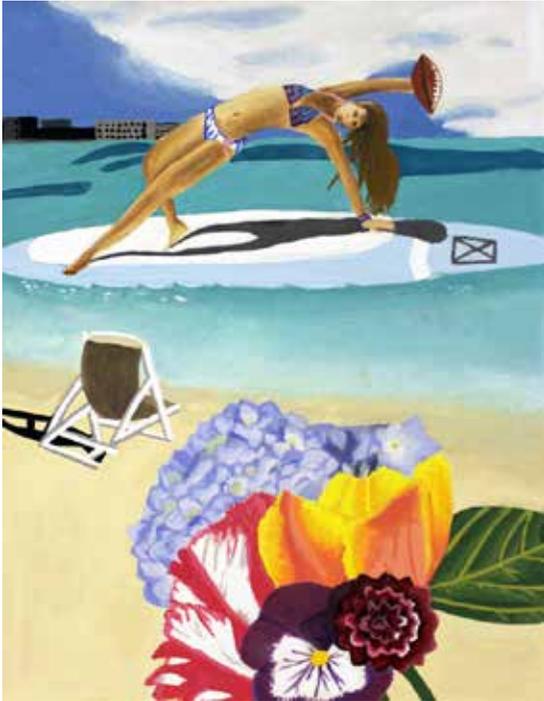
Natalia Habas  
Nigh Hardrict  
Tiffany Kajiwara  
Liam Saluski

## SPECIAL THANKS

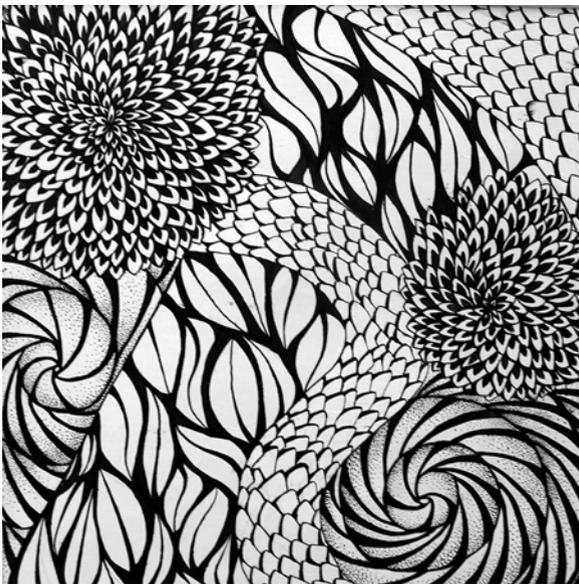
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English / Fine Arts Department of Elk Grove High School

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Utopia  
Xiomara Myles



Garden  
Erandy Montero

## Borderless Natalia Habas

I made my life a photograph,  
With a half inch border surrounding it,  
So that people never came too close,  
And then I wondered,  
Why the world started to pass me by,  
I waited in pure silence for something to come,  
But my high walls never allowed me to let anyone in,  
And then so suddenly,  
You came along.  
And you made yourself the scissors  
To my glossy, half inch border.  
You watched me from afar  
And moved quickly,  
Shredding and snipping my glossy, half inch border  
into pieces  
Until nothing was left  
And I was completely vulnerable

There were no walls,  
No half inch border,  
No more pushing people away,  
But then your hands slipped  
And the scissors cut into the beautiful photograph.  
And so not only did you tear down my walls,  
You torn away my happy mind  
And my happy heart  
And soon,  
There was nothing left  
Except a million of tiny little shreds  
That I still find myself picking up every day.



Birds of Paradise  
Anna Slezak



Intro: Evil  
Jose Pesado



**Restrained**  
Melissa Arellano

**Tranquility**  
Lexie Mahoney

I awake from my slumber, and gaze out to view the loons in the lake as they dive beneath the sapphire water. It makes me think of my father, who used to cheer me up as a child when I was sad because I could not have ice cream for breakfast. Who used to go fishing when he felt he needed a break from the neverending stress of life, like the man passing through the luminous water; his pontoon slowly treading by. My friends had always found it to be immature of him. Leaving your family to go be alone. But as I leave the cabin, and stand here on this dock,

I understand.

## It's Not You, It's Me

Claire Glennon

I want to be anywhere but here right now.  
"I love you!", he tells me.  
Think quick, think quick, think quick.  
Why is this happening to me?

"I love you!", he tells me.  
You know, I'd like to think I'm a good person,  
Why is this happening to me?  
Potential escape routes start to formulate.

You know, I'd like to think I'm a good person.  
Could I stage a heart attack? Yell, "fire!"?  
Potential escape routes start to formulate.  
Rob looks at me with hopeful eyes, or is his name Rick?

Could I stage a heart attack? Yell, "fire!"?  
No of course not,  
Rick looks at me with hopeful eyes, or is his name Rob?  
He'd see right through any weak fabrications.

No of course not,  
When the unbearable occurs there is no choice but honesty,  
He'd see right through any weak fabrications.  
"It's not you, it's...actually it is you."



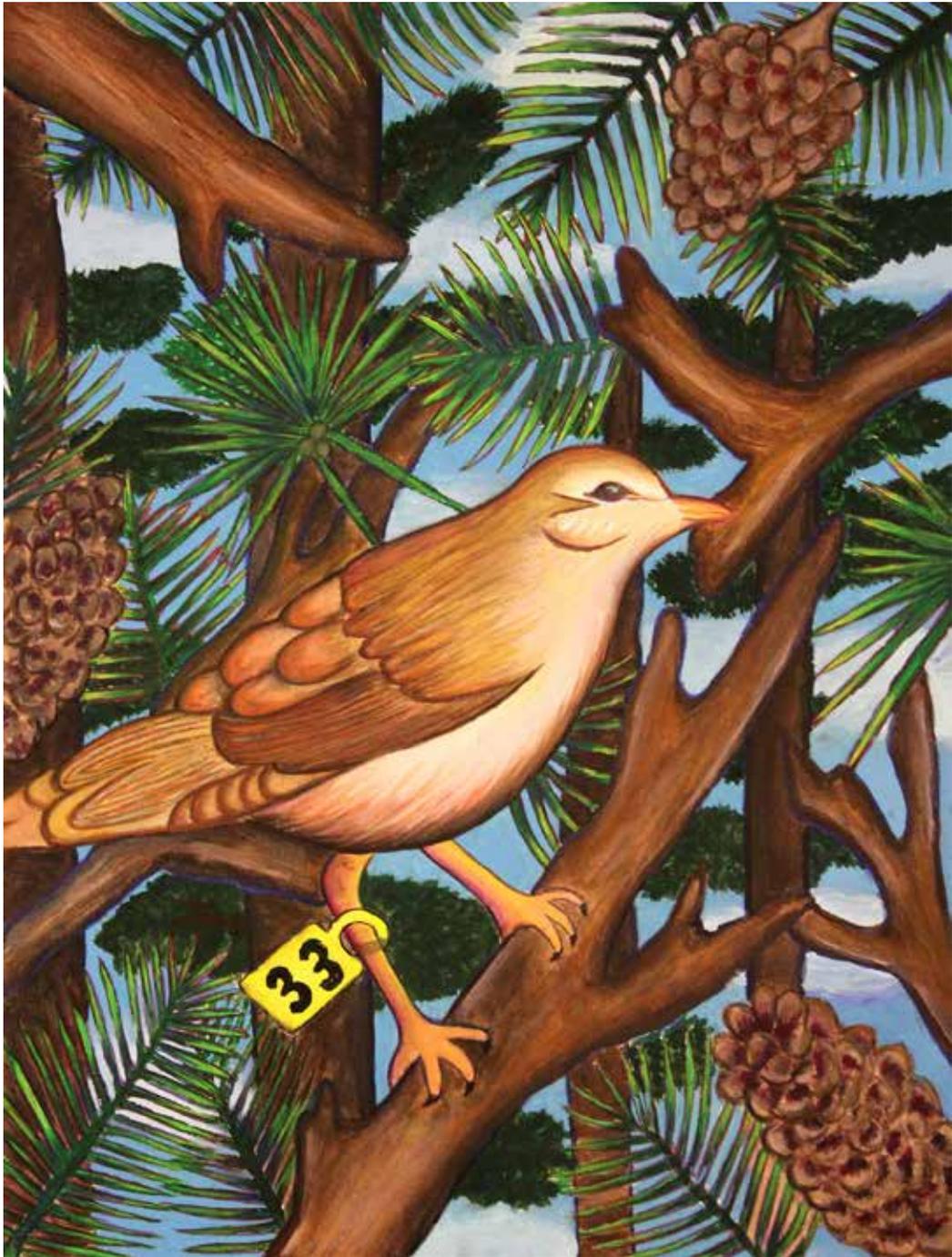
Serendipity  
Jennifer Galicia



Gemini  
Zoe Brodeur



Giants of the Lake  
Luis Polanco Rodas



Trinity  
Wendy Jimenez



The Darkroom  
Jessica Deering

Void  
Serena George

There were fireworks everywhere.  
Until the last one struck.  
It was absolutely stunning.  
Painting a picture, my head filled with imagination.  
Then it ended.  
The sky just turned empty within a second.  
I realized that I had felt that before.  
Laying hopelessly in the hospital bed, my grandpa smiled at me with all his strength.  
I asked him “grandpa are you going to leave me?”  
He held my hand and replied saying “I will never leave you.”  
Then suddenly as I turned around to withhold a tear, I calmly felt him loose grip of my hand.  
In that second I felt empty.  
Within a second he was there and then he wasn't.  
I looked at the fireworks and said the same thing that I told my grandpa, “Goodbye.”



Day in the City  
Alexia Albarran



At Night  
Allan Akkathara



Pliers  
Adriana Rodriguez

## Serenity

Tyler Adreani

The sunlight shines off the ivory snow  
A field of diamonds sparkling in the morning  
The burbling creek wakes up the song birds  
Beginning the morning's sweet melody

A lonely, red leaf drifts lazily in the crisp Wisconsin air  
The frost nips at my face  
As I crunch the snow beneath my boots  
A solitary stands, its nose deteriorating in the blizzards

Lights strewn from tree to tree  
Shine cheerfully against the colorful sunrise  
The lights being a tiny glimmer in the sea of white  
Our home being a tiny whisper in a sea of silence

With the wife and kids still sleeping  
I take a breath of the brisk, winter air  
And let the silence wash over me  
My little slice of nowhere



Sleepy Snow  
Brooke Baldassarre

## The Wet Floor Sign's Last Rights!

Jack Falejczyk

One day in San Francisco Bay, a blind man took a stroll,  
Little did the townsfolk know, that a sign would start to roll.  
Carefully he walked around, and things were going fine,  
Until his cane split right in two,  
Right on a wet floor sign...

Angered by this sudden offense, he kicked the sign without an ounce of shame  
The sign started cruising down the hall, pushing right on through the doors  
RIGHT when it was about to land on the top of a flight of stairs  
A major gust of wind was happy to join the game.  
The sign flew not ten, not twenty,  
Not thirty, not forty,  
Fifty meters strong!  
In the midst of the sign's crazy flight, people stood with fright.  
Some called the cops without second thought,  
Some said the event made their night!

There was this one unfortunate man, who taped the event in high definition,  
Only to walk back to his car, and find it in a pitiful condition.  
For no one else saw where the sign would finally lay to rest,  
Until the man drove off with a sign hanging from the bumper.  
After a while the sign broke free, subject to breakage by the wheels of a Camry.

After all was said and done, the city fell asleep at 10,  
And Little Blindy Mcblinderson, never was the same again.  
But when he found his name on the Guinness World Record book of fame,  
He thought, "It must have been worth it, for my cane to get bisected and maimed."

From The Blind Onion, bringing us edgy satirical headlines by the blind, for the blind!  
Headline: New world record set: blind pedestrian kicks wet floor sign over 50 meters!



Powerplant  
Guadalupe Negrete



Kaiyo  
Katherine Wilkins



Hidden Treasures  
Sabrina Sanchez Luna

## Woody Chucky Harrelson Cory DeWitt

How much wood, woulda Woodchuck chuck,  
if a Woodchuck could chuck wood?  
How silly of a question t'ask!  
How is one to know f'sure?  
Should I capture a Woodchuck then?  
Punish it for being a rodent,  
giving it devastating blows until it  
squeals and reveals until I know?  
Yes, it seems hard onto these  
whistle pigs, but these ferocious monsters  
have a secret everyone should know.

No, no, it isn't what they do while they hide in the  
snow waiting for Spring, it what's  
in their daily chow. No, not  
cow, nor kung pao, not even  
your cat that constantly meows. Perhaps  
it was the owner of the  
cat, a child of your description.  
Yes, it seems bizarre but these  
land beavers have poison glands with accurate precision.

As the tension rises, on contrary  
to the sweat on your brow,  
as you think of the pension  
you'll never receive, or the kids  
that you'll never conceive. All because  
you, the owner of the cat, were once  
a curious child, pondering a stupid question,  
that no one ever knows. You  
thought you were so big and  
tall you'd seek the answer. But,  
after all, woodchucks don't eat wood.  
They eat y'all.

## Appearances of Question Marks

Utsa Bhattacharyya

A brightly lit classroom with rows and rows of kids  
All diligently working on the latest assignment  
Writing five poems (not exactly from scratch;  
There's a big packet, inspiration on everyone's  
desks.)

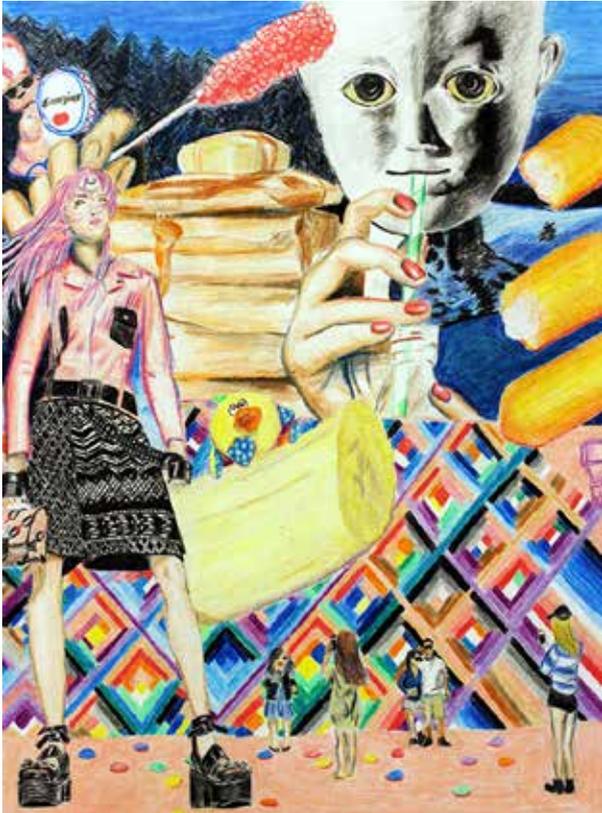
All except for one girl who  
As she sits in her chair,  
Slouched over, legs bent ninety degrees  
And feet in sneakers resting on the tiled floor  
Resembles, quite oddly, a question mark

Or perhaps not oddly...  
The question mark makes an appearance  
Daily in her life  
It defines every conversation with her friends  
Who are way smarter (in a common sense kinda way.)  
It appears at times when friends make witty comments  
That fly over her head  
And every time she goes home and realizes  
That she's forgotten the homework  
Again.

Her aimless gaze drifts all around the classroom,  
From the students to the empty sheet of paper  
Staring back at her  
To the teacher behind her computer,  
To the projector screen on the wall.

Then with no reason at all,  
Her gaze drifts up to the hooks  
Saving the screen from a bad fall  
And strangely, they resemble upside down  
Question marks.

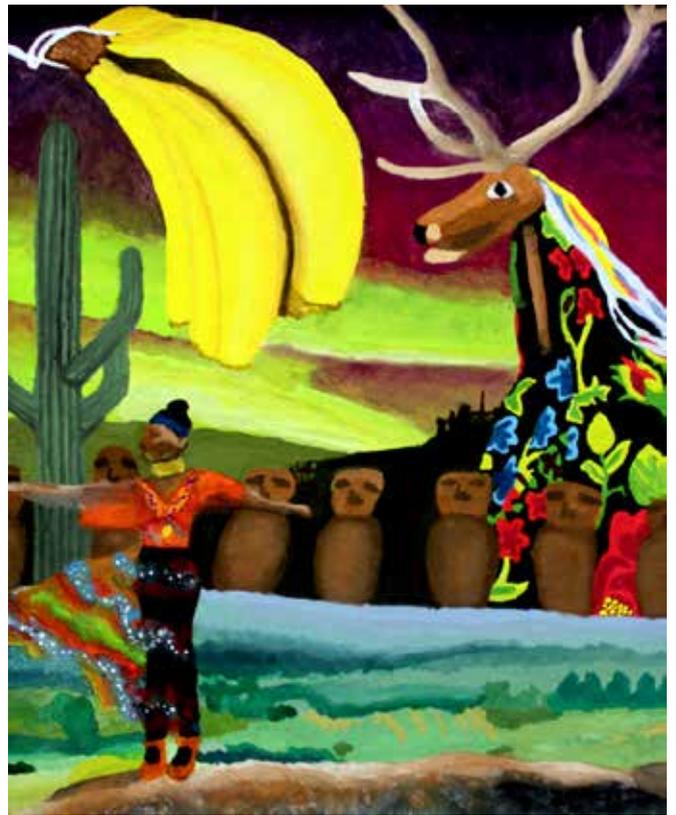
Those infernal question marks are everywhere  
In this girl's life.  
So naturally she wonders,  
Am I a question mark, too?



Baby  
Amber Malmstrom



Rainforest Noise  
Maeve Terranova



Go Bananas  
Johanna Duckmann



Untitled  
Lillie Zahn



Tuesday Blues Day  
Lauren Bongiovanni

# How Do You Stalk the Person You Love?

Ryan Allegretti

How do you stalk the person you love?

A very good question indeed,

But before you even start to stalk

There are several things that you need

A ski mask and binoculars,

A fishing pole and hook,

Some anonymous heartfelt love notes,

And a Martha Stewart cookbook

Step 1 is to take the fishing pole

And follow them home one day,

Then fish their keys right out of their pocket

When they aren't looking your way

If they catch you in the act,

Don't panic! Just make it seem

That you were using them as practice

For the bass fishing team

Step 2 is to take the binoculars

To the bushes outside their home,

And use their key to break into the house

When they have started to doze

Make sure you're wearing the ski mask

And take some pictures of them asleep,

Then start to steal a bunch of their things

And some personals for you to keep

Bring your binoculars to school the next day

For Step 3 to go into action,

Use them to watch your crush open their locker

And memorize their combination

For Step 4 use the cookbook to make some desserts,

Then write out your heartfelt note,

Remember to attach the pics of them sleeping

So they know this isn't a joke

Your love toward your crush is something that

Your letter must include,

But be sure to say that you'll only return all their stuff

If they agree to date you

Put the letter and sweets in their locker

Along with a date, time, and place,

So that your crush can finally meet

Their stalker face-to-face

This is a 100% fool-proof plan

As long as you don't mess up or falter,

And if you do everything right

Pretty soon you'll be up at the altar

I'm a very good example

Of exactly not what to do,

My crush's mom caught me in their kitchen

During Step 2

Anybody can use this plan,

I'm sure that you won't fail,

Then unlike me, you will not be

A 16-year old girl in jail.

**Nice**  
**Tyler Galovich**

Olive  
Branches sway on  
Their silver cliff-sides in  
The cool, salty breeze and tell me  
I'm home.

**Life; It Will Go On**  
**Cecelia Witkowski**

Life is like a sentence,  
You never really end it,  
Except on purpose;

It always goes on,  
Unless a period breaks its bond,  
You wish it would stop;

The ocean waves and whispers  
While the sand burns and kisses your  
Feet while you jump and hop;

But always remember,

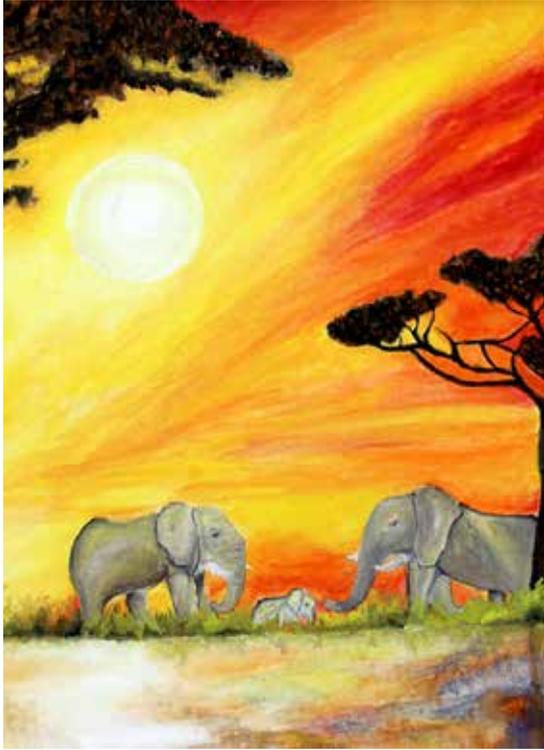
A semicolon connects a sentence to not let it end and when you cry and you sigh, tired of trying  
to find yourself on the inside  
You don't have to die, Little one.

**Coloring Book**  
**Riya Patel**

You remind me of my childhood,  
The waxy crayons,  
The crisp white paper,

Your blank pages,  
The scribbles on half of the pages,  
Pure delight.

Sitting by the window,  
Coloring.  
A memory of happiness.



Burning Sun  
Avi Patel



A Pirate's Curse  
Angeline Mena



Untitled  
Syeda Qadri



A Rainbow House  
Tetiana Hrab

Spring  
Molly Forster

The rain pours down to wash away Winter's remains  
The flowers bloom, sprouting up from the bland grass  
Bare pavements are covered as weeds begin to spill out of the cracks  
The birds come home to start anew  
Dead grass is revived and naked trees are clothed  
Children laugh and play under the warm rays of the sun  
The aroma of flowers wafts through the air, carried by the swirling wind  
The trees dance across freshly mown grass  
People leave the safety of their homes, because now the air in and outside has warmed  
The whole Earth seems to sigh in relief and say, "Spring is finally here."



The Game of Life  
Melissa Arellano

## Existentialism

Makayla Staszal-Terpstra

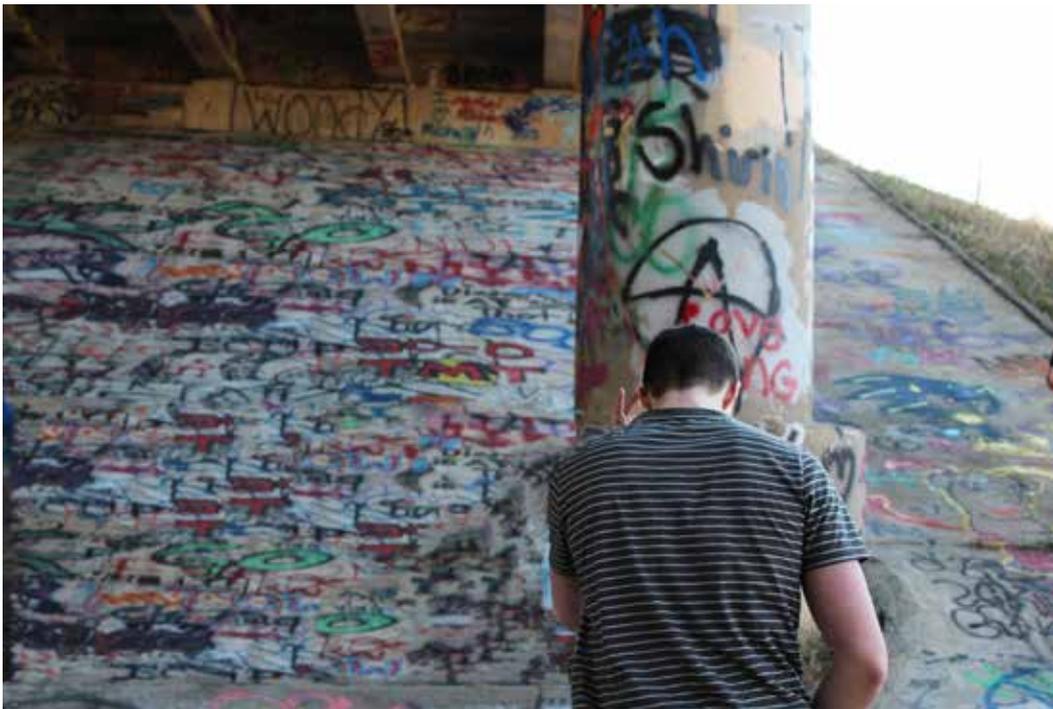
The houses are built with answers  
I walk past them feeling their safety and stability  
The sturdy foundations makes me feel warm in mother nature's sharp breath  
Reaching for my shattered glass doorknob I feel an uneasiness  
The walls shake as the door flies open  
as the blackness strangles me

She walked around knowing everything  
She was an encyclopedia in human form  
Every question wriggled through her ear  
and out her mouth came answers like waterfalls  
One day the water ran murky as she stood enveloped in the darkness  
From the shadows she hears "what is your purpose"  
Words come flowing but none are the answer  
Because there is no such thing as an answer to everything

We both look around and contemplate question after question  
It weighs us down, it seeps from the shadows  
It lurks in the worst parts of our brain  
My house is my mind and the shadows are her thoughts  
As we crumple to the ground we are saved by the light that calls out  
"Life should flow like the words from her lips  
and through this life you will build your house again."



Artificial Life  
Guadalupe Negrete



TMT  
Regan Augustyniak

## A Conversation with a Well

Tiffany Kajiwara

"We met in days of browning leaves  
Despite the river's flooded sands.  
I hoped to see your rosy eyes,  
Dismissing your two calloused hands,  
But years of thirst have had a fee."

"But will you still give yourself to me?"

"I cannot offer peace of mind  
Without my hesitation's chains.  
Since Drought has wrung our textured tongues,  
For you, I've prayed for thund'ring rains.  
I wish my puddle was a sea."

"But will you still give yourself to me?"

"Listen and heed my fraying cries  
I cannot give forever more.  
My voice has hollowed into void,  
And I'm reduced to sandy shores.  
I've given till I've ceased to be."

"..."

"Then I suppose you were never there for me."



## SENIOR MEDALLION - ENGLISH

### Tiffany Kajiwara

A diligent, insightful, deeply thoughtful student, Tiffany has demonstrated an interest, even a passion, for English language and literature that goes well beyond the four walls of the classroom. Her analytical and creative writing, nuanced readings, and sharing of ideas mark her out as a serious student, an example to peers and a credit to past educators; one who, additionally, exhibits a rare grace and sensitivity, an honesty and forthrightness – all of which singles Tiffany out as a young woman who will shine in the years to come.

Her excellent contributions to and leadership of our student newspaper, *The Guardian*, also reveal Tiffany's talent and dedication to the English program. She has served selflessly as the co-editor in chief for two years—an unprecedented feat. Tiffany has been a member of the IHSA Journalism team and earned third place in the state for Copy Editing in her junior year. We anticipate that she will excel at this year's competition as well. Her focus on the team always before herself and set an impeccable example.

Tiffany has also been a consistent contributor to our school's literary magazine, e.g. She has also been recognized for her outstanding poetry writing in the district-wide Arts Unlimited magazine several times. This is also unprecedented. Tiffany's words are beautiful, powerful and meaningful. We are grateful that she has shared them with us.

All of these attributes and more compel the English/Fine Arts Department and the Principal's Office to bestow upon Tiffany the honor of the Senior Medallion in English, representing the highest level of achievement of an EGHS English student for 2017-2018. We thank Tiffany for her hard work and talent, for all she has accomplished.



The Man  
Avi Patel



Color Burst  
Dayanara Grimaldo



Skull  
Tetiana Hrab



Drill  
Abigail Franke



Nerelyn  
April Alvarado



Shimmer  
Jashely Lopez



Growing Up  
Brittney Benson

## The Song in My Heart

Simone Sierra

I forgot the words again  
There was something about love  
Something about trust  
Or a verse about kindness  
I honestly can't remember  
It's like all the words aren't there anymore  
It's just a melody with white noise  
The words are fading away  
And I can't remember what they were

I forgot the melody again  
I can't remember if it was fast  
Or slow  
I don't know if there was harmony  
I doubt there was ever harmony  
I think it was staccato  
Or maybe legato  
It probably had little breathing room  
It was always so hard to breathe

I forgot the music  
It had an upbeat rhythm  
There was a violin and a viola  
and I think there was a clarinet  
Maybe an oboe too  
I can't really recall  
It's as if each instrument started to slowly-  
Fade away  
Until there was nothing there

There's nothing there anymore  
It's gone  
My heart is-  
Empty

I heard it!  
I heard it again!  
I'm starting to remember  
It feels so good to remember  
I hear the song coming from a bright light  
A warm, golden illumination  
She had a beautiful voice  
And every note she sang restored my memory  
The song that I had long forgotten  
Was given back to me  
Someone remembered it....  
Someone remembered it!  
When I had forgotten all the words  
The melody  
And the music  
Somebody had remembered it  
Somebody knew the song in my heart  
And they sang it back to me  
When I had forgotten all the words

She was...  
Magical,  
Mystical,  
And Inspirational.  
She was one of the brightest stars in the sky  
And for some reason....  
She shed all her light on me

## What's Love to Me?

**Susan Johnson**

Love is ridiculous.

Putting your trust in a feeling you have in your throat and stomach

That the person across the room fits you like a puzzle piece

Falling over yourself to stand near them

Losing your breath when they smile

Noticing how they have the most colorful eyes

Even though they're the same shade as yours

Ridiculous!

Love is stupid.

Trying your hardest to get noticed by them

When all they have eyes for is anything but you

Trying to time your passing period correctly

To meet them halfway

How idiotic.

I've never loved anyone.

Never felt the swell of emotion in my throat and chest

When I see them

Never noticed the tiny ridges in their iris

Or how perfect their ears were

Never hit the edge of a desk to stand next to them

Or bought a jar of pickles when they said

They were craving one.

Of course not.

Love is for people who aren't logical

Who have their heads in romance books

I most certainly never do

I'm gonna go read my book

Here it is

The Notebook



Out of Focus  
Guadalupe Negrete



Annie  
Paulina Kusion



In the End  
Regan Augustyniak



Fire and Desire  
Jashley Lopez



Only Music Can Save Us  
Sandra Kowalik

## Camera Kunjal Patel

I found my poem  
resting in my hand  
centimeters away from my squinted eye.  
It clicks and shutters  
just as the wind rushes through the sky.  
My poem takes me to the outskirts of  
long-lost friendships  
and reminiscences of my youth.  
Poisoning my brain to feel the same  
My poem reflects the astonishing view  
in front of me,  
capturing the greatness of life.  
Its blinding flash erupts  
And  
now I find my poem  
resting against a strangers  
white blouse, being lifted into position.  
I stare at it as the lady goes,  
"Smile! Smile for the poem"  
It shutters....  
Clicks....  
Captures.

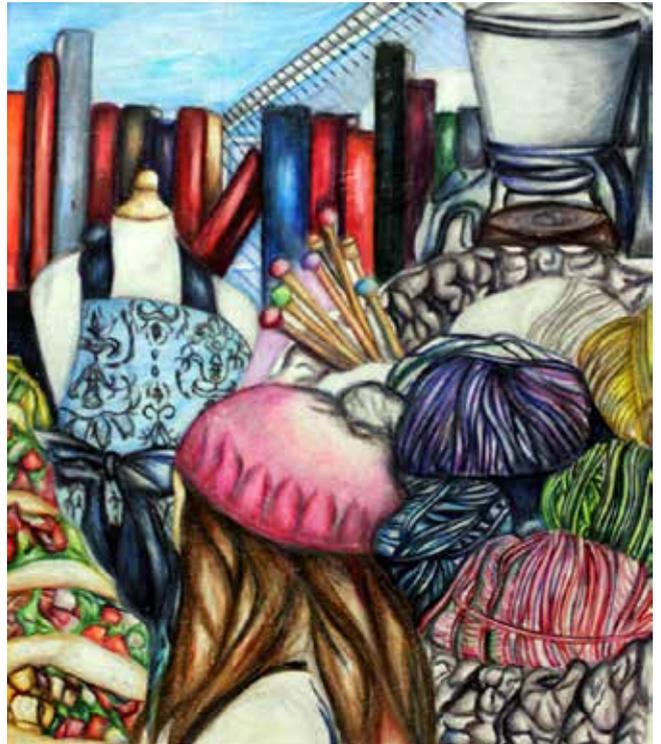
## Fear Pranjal Patel

The water traveled to my feet  
it pulled me into the deep  
I see the colorful fish by the  
shore swim to be free  
I walk slower and slower

The waves rush at me with full force  
I suddenly feel remorse  
the sun hides behind the horizon  
the moon starts to shine  
I walk slower and slower

Suddenly I slip and go under  
I began to go into a deep slumber  
the water crawls down my throat  
like a baby on his hands and knees  
I drown slower and slower

As I tasted the salt with my tongue  
the water filled my lung  
I reached for the air and then  
Suddenly my body springs up from my bed  
I began breathing faster and faster



Cecilia  
Sabrina Sanchez Luna

# Disappointment

Holly Olson

Several compromises to my structure and  
I fall.

My metal bends my drywall crumbles my ceilings fold  
and my glass,

Shatters.

All my pieces plummet to the earth  
Bystanders stare watching every piece of me fall  
You stand,  
Watching. Staring.  
Watching.

With the dust encircling my shambles and my shards strewn about  
You leave.

Grass grows with weeds and dandelions through the cracks and around the pieces  
They shield your precious eyes from the destruction  
You caused  
You watched  
You left.

If you ever come back to clean your mess,  
It will be excruciating work  
My glass needs sweeping  
My metal removing  
My base replacing

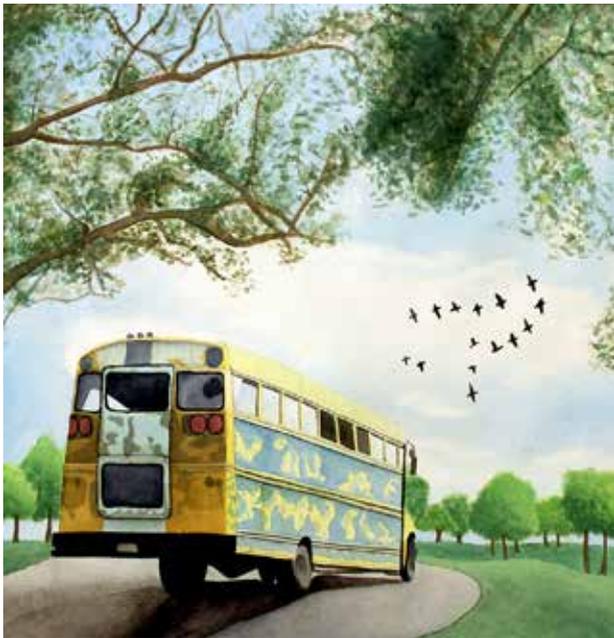
If you never left, the grass would not have grown  
If you removed my rubble, my base would have held true  
If you never slammed the door,  
I would not have crumbled.



Still Life  
Josue Chagala Pucheta



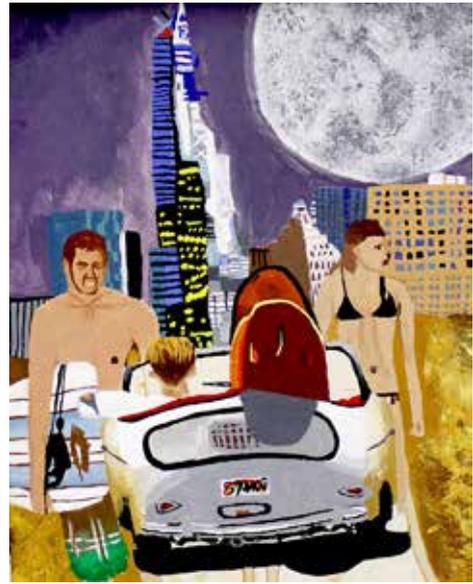
Mother Nature  
Chantal Montesinos



Bus Stop  
Anna Sprenger



Hoot  
Melissa Saettone



Catching Waves  
Prisila Casa



I See Red  
Noelle Walsh

# Fake Friendship

## Hailey Muro

You told me to stop writing  
And I saw that as an invitation to stop loving and dreaming  
And feeling. At all.

You expected me to pick you over my passion  
You left me over and over  
And I apologized each and every time

You occupied my mind  
From slitting your wrists  
To leaving the words dangling on your lips

You still left me and I still apologized  
Me, hiding behind worries  
And watching you hide behind lies

All I ever did was try  
After the final fight, all I did was cry  
And all you did was continue your life

I try to smile  
But you took my happiness away  
I gave up writing for weeks, expecting a smile to creep onto your cheeks

I expected you to be proud of what you did  
And how I hid any trace of poetry from my fingertips  
But happiness still doesn't drip from my words or lips

We've been off and on for 5 years  
But every time, you're the one to disappear  
I am so scared that you'll leave again

Your mind drips stars  
And they're beautiful, but they burn me  
You're not used to how you can melt my thoughts and change me, so easily

You tell me to stop writing, and I listened with glistening eyes  
And a heart that grew with the insults you threw  
But my thoughts didn't smolder at the sight of yours this time

## February

Georgeena Mathai

Sparkling snow coats the once beige pavement. The salt scattered on the driveway to melt the slippery ice crunched satisfyingly under my sneaker (not nearly enough snow for my boots). The chipper children declare snowball wars and shriek in delight as they sled down the snowy slopes.

Something magical floats in the air, something very near and dear. Maybe the whiff of love? Of course, it is the month of veracious valentines and chocolate truffles. Look to the left and you see kisses exchanged and to the right, cutesy-wutesy teddy bears handed to their loved ones.

Or could it be the frosty winter reigning the environment? The delicate diamonds of ice that silently snuggled themselves in the white blanket of luminous lights. It stole the jade grass's thunder and even more sparkles sprinkled from the heavy clouds above our heads.

The promise of spring perhaps? At long last! The glimpse of something living is a sight for sore eyes. Months of living in the crisp cool air isn't at all terrible but it is refreshing to hear the adults not complain about the slippery streets. The chipper critters would bound across the grass, dancing to spring's fair music after hibernation. The beautiful blossoms will curiously poke their heads out from the ground, wondering if it's safe to come and play.

And not to sound self-centered, but what about birthdays? Yes, yes I was born on the day of love, not a big deal. Sadly, I don't see heart-shaped paper thrown at me but I do get the balloon illustrated cards wishing me many more happy days. The songs sung as I sliced through the double decker cake made me bubble with bliss. A barrage of bear hugs and forehead kisses attacked me as I strode into the basement, where the party was held.

Something magical floats in the air, something very near and dear. It's all this and more that makes February a month to adore! The effects of Christmas cheers started to fade and the clinking of champagne flutes signify the beginning of a new year. It reminds us that Valentine's Day is coming quickly and that spring is awaiting its visit.



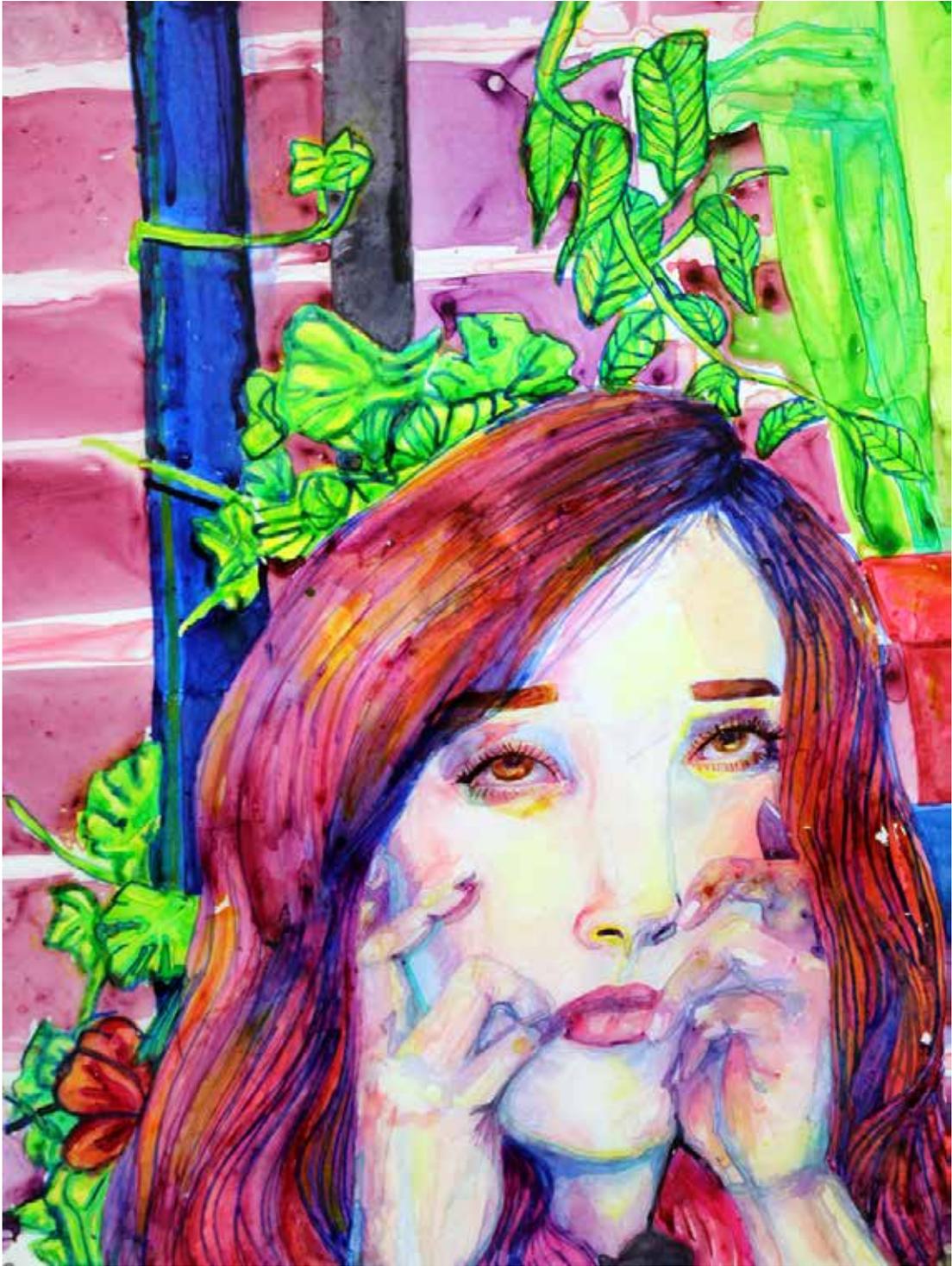
Destruction  
Wendy Jimenez



271  
Natalie Strossner



Coral Under the Sea  
Emma Souter



Self-Portrait  
Chantal Montesinos

# Depression

## Hailey Muro

The lost waves of emotion  
Everything dripping down the drain  
And the noise of your own thoughts  
Driving you insane  
You'll learn to live with it  
Or survive through it  
And you'll hide from it  
But it's nothing  
Except that it's everything  
It's not getting out of bed till 5 pm  
And wondering if there will be a day  
Where you'll adapt to the hole in your chest  
Therapy bills  
And prescriptions that don't work  
But you'll swallow them  
Just like the lies you're being told  
And they'll go down your throat that's too dry  
From your lack of care for your body  
But it doesn't matter  
Because you don't think you matter  
No matter how many times people tell you that you do  
There is no emotional energy left inside you  
And the voices in you head  
Want you to remember your pain  
And it won't go away  
With therapists and time  
Like everyone said they do  
Medicine to help release serotonin  
And maybe once in a while you'll feel alive  
But it can all come back again  
Water helps the truth go down more easily  
The truth being that this is more than just a feeling or a phase  
It's trying to live through a haze  
Of nothingness  
Low energy  
And an even lower self esteem  
Welcome to this new reality  
Days pass by  
And nobody notices your glazed over eyes  
So you just leave it at you're fine

## Free Verse: August 13th, 2015

Katelyn Malartsik

For the last two years I have been living in a time machine.  
Living the same day  
Over..  
And over..  
And over..

I wonder what it must have been like to be there.  
Was it scary?  
Did you see the car coming?  
Was the crash loud?  
Could you hear the sirens?

I guess no one will ever know...  
I guess I will never know.

News reporters keep calling my house asking about you,  
I hope you're okay.

I was told by channel 7 that the person responsible was drunk.  
Is that true?  
We found out this morning that he didn't even have a drivers license  
We were supposed to have a court hearing this afternoon,  
He fled the country.

It's been a week now,  
I'm doing okay.  
We're flying you home tomorrow to rest beside your parents.  
Is this real?

It's day 8 of my August 13th time machine.  
I'm doing okay.  
People keep calling me and asking me how I feel  
How am I supposed to verbalize my emotions?  
Every morning I console my crying sisters and my devastated mother who can't imagine a life without you.  
How is the future supposed to go on?

It's day 12 of my August 13th time machine.  
Your service is today.  
We arrive at the church an hour early and await you lying in the front of the room next to red roses.  
Roses were your favorite.  
I'm doing okay.  
I can't process this.  
This doesn't seem real.  
What is happening?

We share stories of you in the front of the room,  
We all last about 3 seconds before everyone in the room is crying.  
Why are we here?  
Aren't you okay?  
I waited for you to walk through that door and hug me and tell me everything's going to be okay  
But you never came.

We're outside now.  
Bells are ringing.  
The bagpipe is ringing with the sound of amazing grace  
Here you come.  
My heart is broken.

It's been a month now.  
My mom has put me in counseling,  
But I don't want to talk.  
How am I supposed to get over this?  
I tell everyone I'm doing okay.  
My friends are afraid to face me because they don't know how to help me get over this.  
My boyfriend broke up with me because I'm "too sad."  
My grades are dropping.  
I can't focus.  
But I'm doing okay.

Thanksgiving is tomorrow,  
All of my family is gathered together for the holiday,  
But you're still not here.  
Why aren't you here?  
The entire day is dedicated to sadness and solemn  
No one has an appetite.  
No one is talking.

But I'm doing okay.

It's been a year of my August 13th time machine,  
I'm a junior in high school now.  
People are starting to ask me what I want to do with my life.  
I don't know, but  
I'm doing okay.

It's been 18 months of my August 13th time machine.  
I can't function in school anymore  
I try to focus, I really do.  
But I keep living the same day over and over



Eel Lady  
Nadia Torres



Starry Lights  
Dayanara Grimaldo



Boulders  
Nic Baggetto

## When the Sun and Moon Kissed

Nadia Torres

When the sun and moon kissed  
Everyone was amazed, whether they were on earth's soil  
Or above the clouds.

When the sun and moon kissed  
Little ones went home to express to their parents  
The phenomenon they saw that afternoon when they were  
At school.

When the sun and moon kissed  
America kept their eyes to the sky,  
Whether with special glasses or their  
Bare eye.

When the sun and moon kissed  
It went dark. Not exactly pitch black, but  
The sun still glowed to reassure that she  
Was still there.

When the sun and moon kissed  
It was like the moon turned his back on  
Us to have that kiss be a special moment  
Between him and the sun.



**Ski Lift Disaster**  
Grace Engwall



**Twisted Ice**  
Ismael Ixtlapale

**Karma**  
Gerick Valera

I feel her presence after my wrong doings  
Dressed in all black  
Lurking in the shadows

The sight of her grievous smile  
I hear her sinister voice  
As she floats through the air

Looking for her next victim  
Her gift will be unpleasant  
A soul will regret it

She will grant those with sinful luck  
Hoping it is not me  
She selects her prey

I plead for mercy  
Waiting for her to strike  
For it will be pitiful





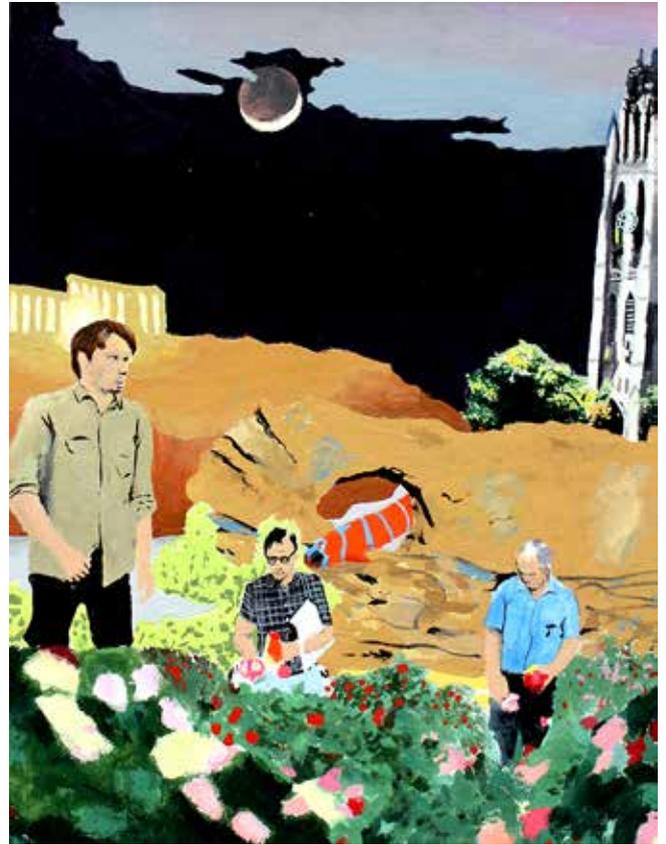
Dragon's Den  
Josue Chagala Pucheta



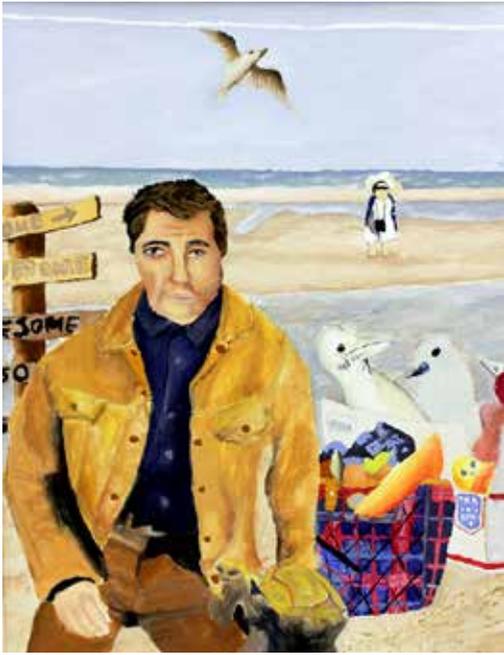
Spider  
Ismael Ixtlapale

Calmness  
Colin Mahoney

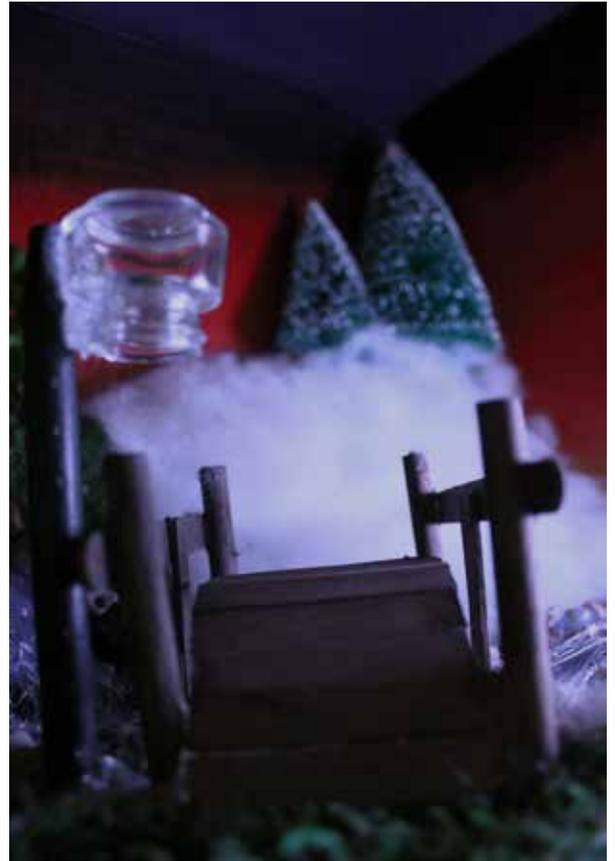
Every morning,  
Waking up to the sounds of loons in the distance  
calling to the emptiness in the air  
Walking onto the edge of the pier  
the slight breeze pushing my hair back  
Watching Mamma and her ducklings  
swim in the shallow waters around the dock, reminding  
Grandma, who would sit for hours upon hours on the pier  
letting the breeze take over her voice, smiling at the sounds of waves  
crashing against the shoreline, these sounds  
Releasing all my negative energy into the air  
pushing away from me like a leaf



Eclipse Fish  
Katarzyna Dabrowska



Isolation  
Kunjal Patel



When I Cross It  
Erin McKay



Untitled  
Chantal Montesinos



No One  
Brooke Baldassarre



Midnight  
Ashley Schroeder

DAVID SCHULER  
Superintendent

PAUL KELLY  
Principal

KYLE BURRITT  
Associate Principal

MEGAN KNIGHT  
Associate Principal

VALERIE NORRIS  
Assistant Principal

ROBERT MURPHY  
Assistant Principal

JUSTIN PENIO  
Dean of Students

EDGAR RIVERA  
Dean of Students

ADAM CLAYTON  
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WENDY RELICH  
Division Head - English / Fine Arts

MARY KEMP  
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## COLOPHON

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# DENISE REINKING ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE AWARD

## Rhiannon Morrison Naylor

### ARTIST STATEMENT

For my concentration I have been developing a series of characters illustrated within their environments. Inspired by my love of animals many of my characters are animals that are given human characteristics and inhabit an environment based on the modern world with fantasy elements. Each individual character is distinct in design and setting, telling a unique story about each. All of my concentration pieces are created with colored pencil and watercolor in bright colors to give them a childish and playful tone.



A vibrant collage of art supplies and sketches. In the top left, a ruler and a paint palette with purple and blue hues are visible. A pair of blue-handled scissors lies across the center. To the right, a stack of colorful pencils is neatly arranged. Below the scissors, a wooden block holds a colorful illustration of a character with purple hair and a blue dress. In the bottom right, a spiral notebook shows several pencil sketches of faces. The background is a mix of green, yellow, and blue tones, suggesting a creative workspace.

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