

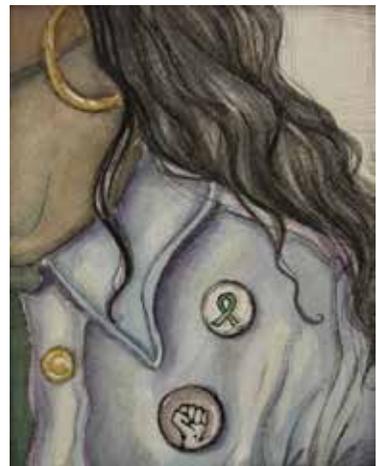
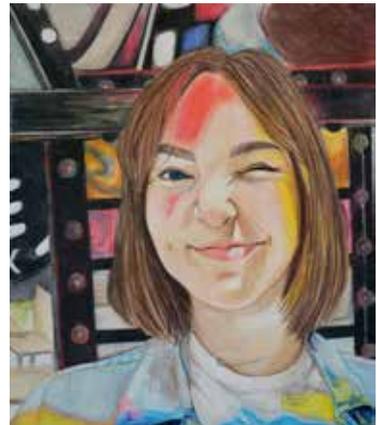
EG MAGAZINE 2020





ABIGAIL FRANKE

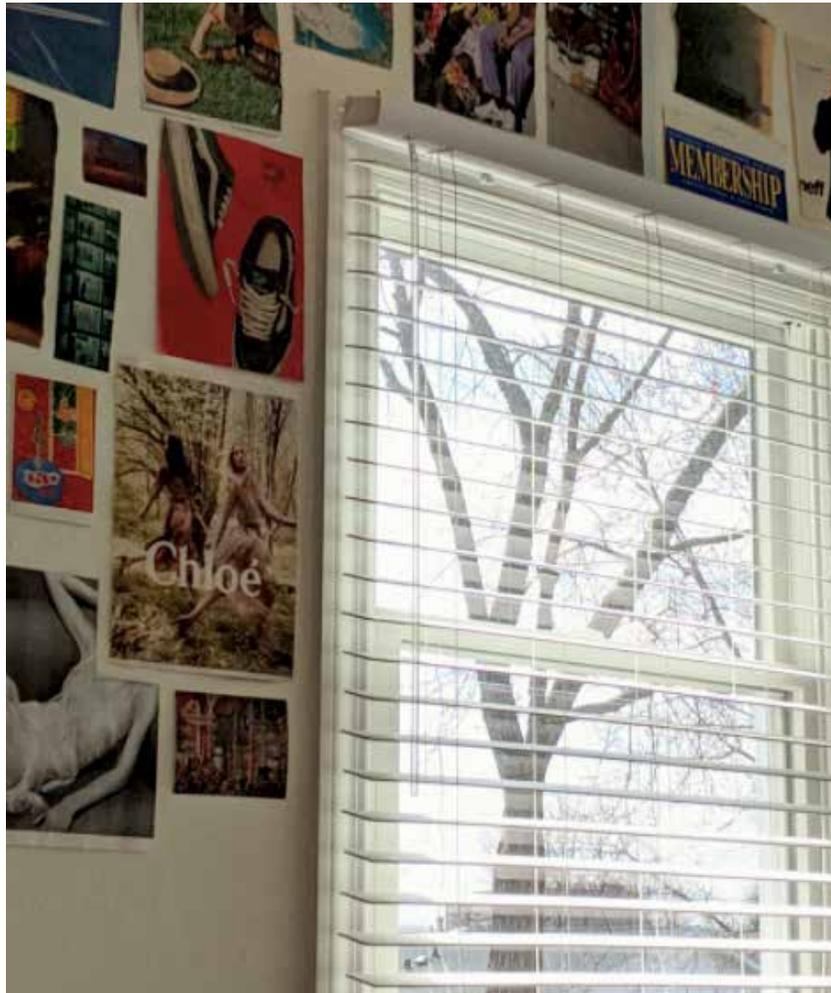
2020 SENIOR MEDALLION - ART



One of my biggest passions is being able to create artwork that shares a story. I enjoy drawing people, specifically women, because I often find myself being able to relate to the subject that I am drawing. How I choose to present the subjects in my artwork is very important because it can determine how other people read their character. By creating just a snapshot into who these people are, I use something as simple as a facial expression or a piece of clothing that can speak a great deal about the story that they have to share.

- Abby Franke

EG MAGAZINE 2020



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.

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Red

Simone Sierra

Period

Blood

Tampon

Maxi pad

“Why can’t you go in the pool?”

Because I can’t

“But why?”

Because I can’t

“But-“

Because I’m a girl!

I’m a girl who has to deal with agonizing pain for three days out of the month.

And why do you have any say in this?

Why do these words make your face sour?

Why?

Because condom and erection are acceptable to say in society but god forbid tears run down my face because I feel like my gut is being ringed out like a towel.

A girl on her period is no different than dandruff or asthma or the flu.

Because they’re all natural, normal, and out of our control.

Do not shame a girl for holding a pad in her hand when she walks to the restroom.

Do not laugh when you see a red stain on her jeans.

To be ashamed of something we cannot control is like a river rushing downstream when you just want to step across.

Women are

Powerful

Strong

And brave

We are natural and will not let that bring us down.

Red is no longer a color I am scared of but I am proud of.

Red is the lineage of our ancestors and the history that has led us to now.

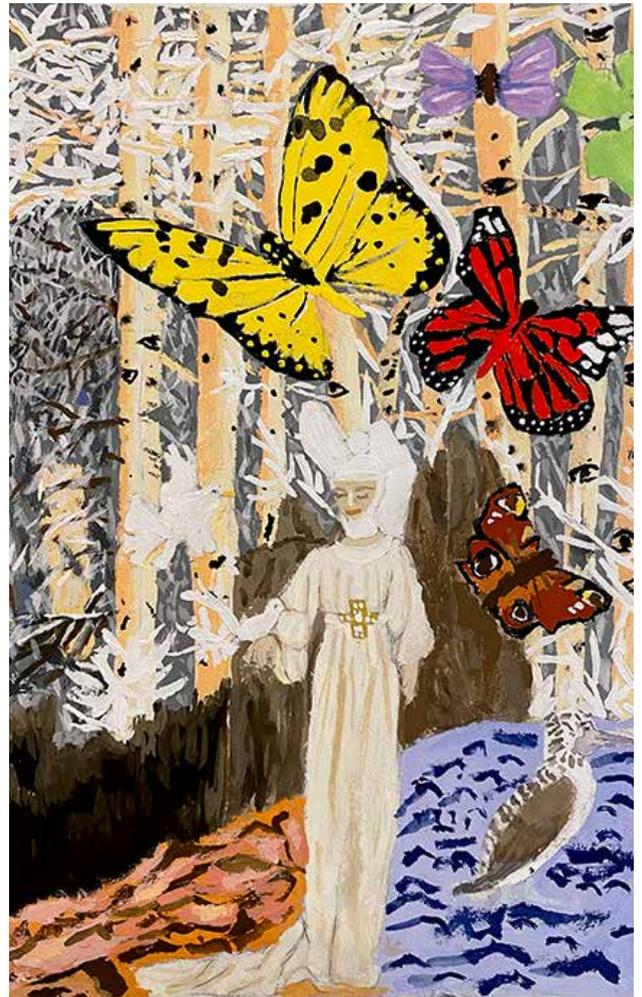
Red is the future that will promise change and acceptance.

Red is the courage of women

Red is beautiful.



Abigail Maciaszek



Ashley Negrete



Isabella Santiago
The Mother

Parting with Denial

Kealii Sanchez

I trace and trace through the fickle lines of life.
Soaring through the fields of meaning, hoping to find an ounce of dignity.
Constantly withholding my own regret, defining myself as not enough.
You have left, vanished to the winds as leaves do in the fall.
Left me to my own demise, my fickle lines of life.
Streams meander across my cherry mask.
Hiding the true intentions they hold.
For now I am alone in the world

In my fickle lines of life.

But now it is time for me to flee.
I have resided within darkness for a grand time.
And to part with this depression I face is to part with myself.
It has developed for so very long, becoming something vital and of interest.
Without it I would simply conform to mates and duplicate with the masses of others.
Yet it has also held me from my own growth and the entertainment of friends dear.
So I bid it well and return
To my fickle lines of life.

I Don't Know

Camille Ibarra

Thoughts flow through my brain
Like water down a stream
& I'm a bear trying to catch a fish
But the water is frozen
I can't get a hold of anything;
Lost
In a forest of my thoughts
Sprouts of green grow in patches,
Almost ready to bloom
But I can't quite reach them
Hidden in the shadows
Slowly they wilt, not strong enough to survive
My thoughts slowly fade
& the forest goes dry

Open Flame

Liam Saluski

night falls in the desert and the ghosts come twitching from their burrows, wide eyes reflecting the burning horizon. they sing love songs, or pretend to, in the dry riverbed, in the canyon-scar opening the land, and i'm unwinding in the same way stone remembers water. the memory is marrow-deep, instinctive.

my name is a begging open on the wasteland's tongue, a flayed wing bleaching in the sun, the fracturing of a white-hot sky. i'm setting a wildfire just to see what flees from it, but there are worse reasons to spark infernos.

i swallow the ghost-glass needle by needle. i peel apart my bones and crack them open, mouth-to-shard, a hungry search for memory that never belonged to me. there won't be any blood on my hands when the fire is through, only the dream of it.

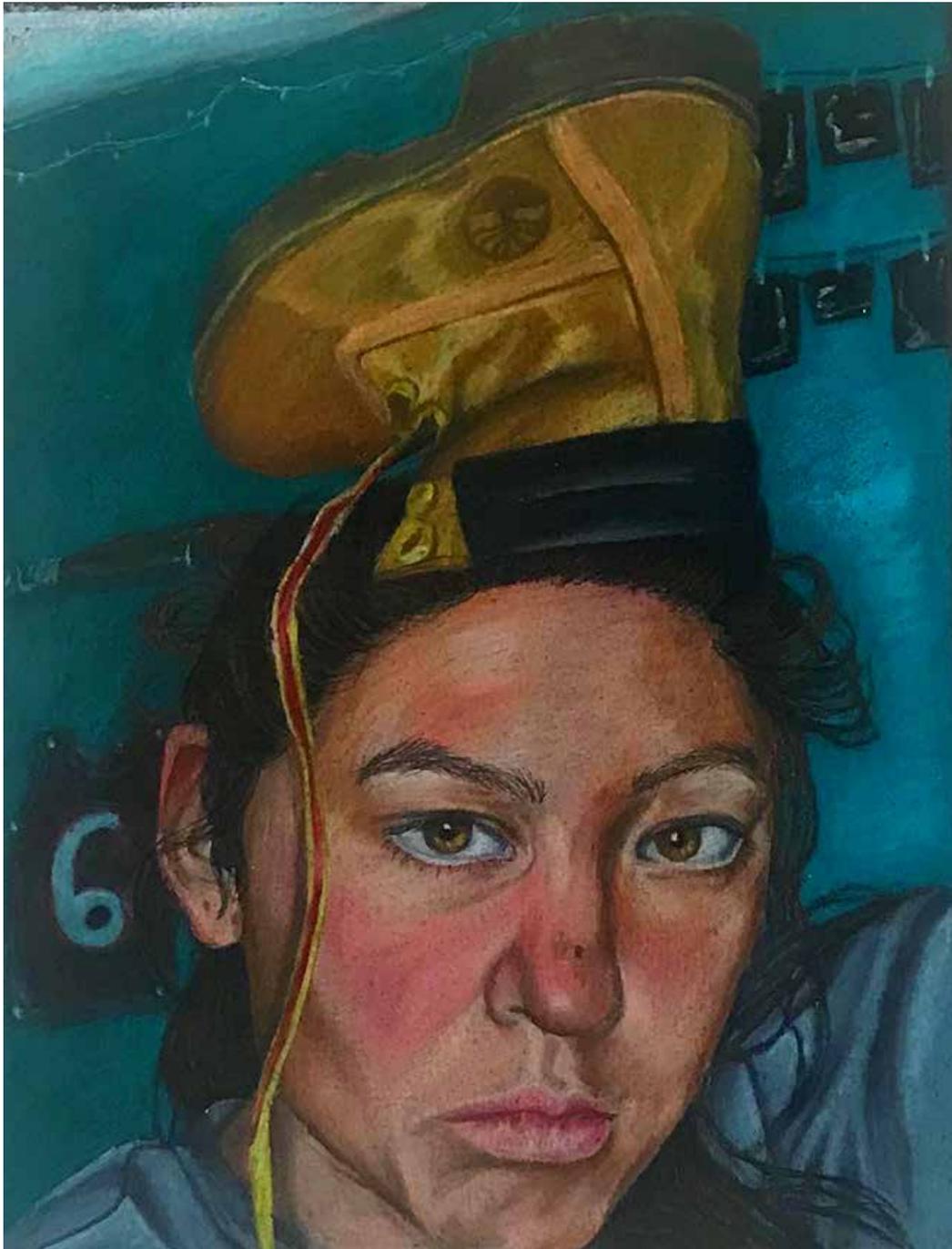
the darkness around the moon teaches me to carry death under my tongue. fate is an easy path to immolation, turning my body to embers, to a sun-gold coin that lands face-up every time. given time, it doesn't matter who set the fire. i'll still live in the ashes.



Ariana Rogus



Leslie Castro



Joanna Wiater
Sunday Best



Julia Filipowska
Alysa



Claudia Rejowski

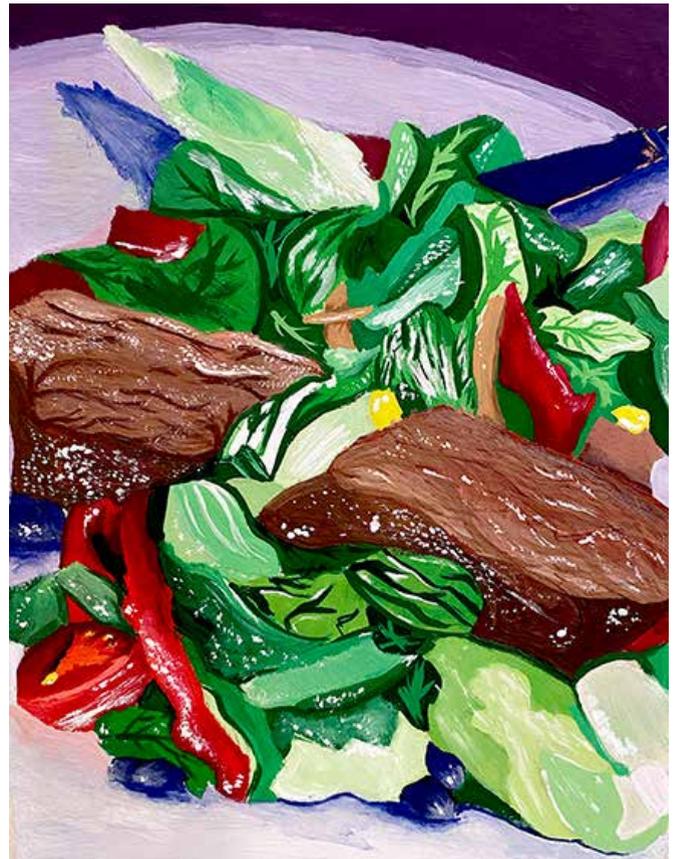
Betrayal

Samantha Rowan

betrayal is like falling on ice skates
your feet are taken out from under you
when you least expect it
you rely on yourself to stand up, to balance
yet one small crack can send you tumbling down
trying to get back up though is worse than the fall
you're injured and fearful that standing back up
will only make you fall again
so you're left
reaching
for something to hold you up



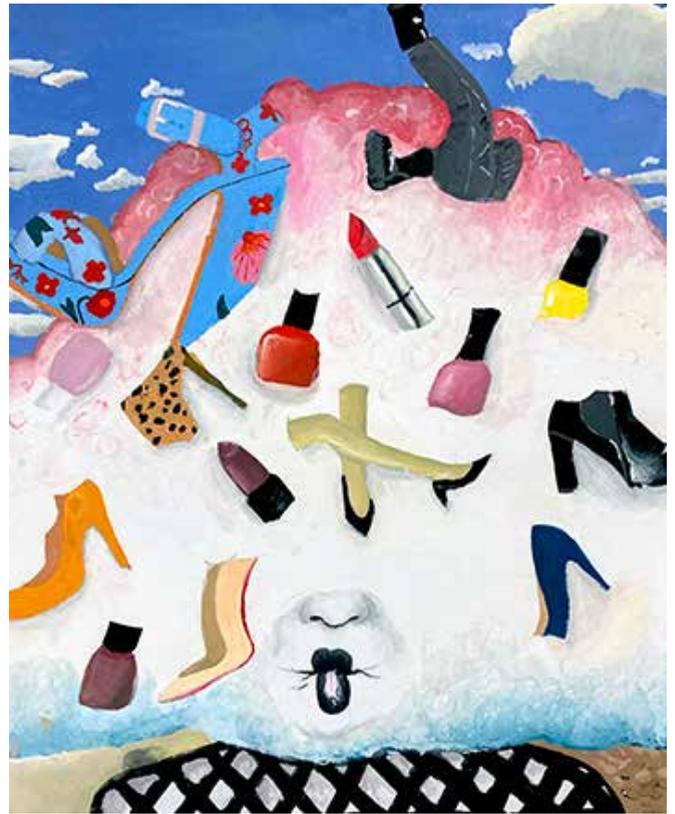
Samantha Cooper



Nadia Torres



Alexia Albarran



Allorah Trier

Scatterbrained Like a Scatterplot

Rachel Sacdalan

I bet probability probably won't help me today
But I'm kinda scared that my chances will just go away
You mean so much more to me than a mode or a median
What's the possibility that I'm an awful comedian?
Graphing linear regressions give me clinical depression
But on the flip side however
I want my thoughts to be an accurate approximation
Uh oh, it's time to figure out some z-scores
And it turns out I'm 95 percent confident you're three standards above the norm
Look at this pie chart, wait not three point one four
Woah, it seems to say you're someone I absolutely adore
I can't help but question if we're mutually exclusive
But I can say for sure that maybe you and me click
I kinda tend to daydream during AP Statistics
But according to the data, I conclude you're absolutely terrific



Angeline Mena

Taichi - Ojichan

Hana Park

The willow tree looks down up from the hill
I'm far but close when you take your first breath
My ears no longer catch your solemn cries

Eat lunch alone in this dark lonely town
Screech loud, weep soft I hear from far away
The willow tree looks down up from the hill

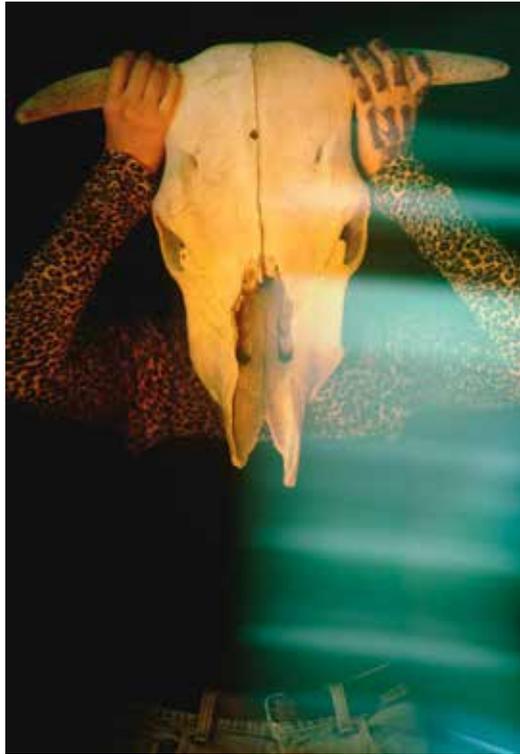
Smoked eyes, red marks, where did you fall from
me?

I hear but chose to turn from your nightmares
My ears no longer catch your solemn cries

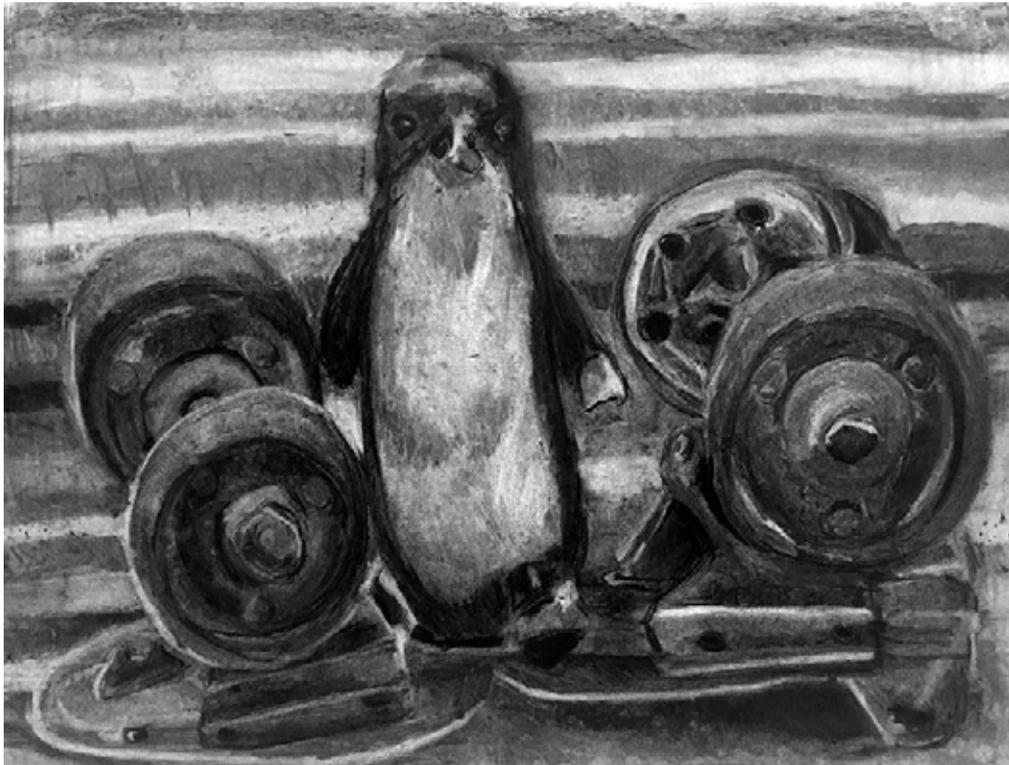
I lead you into this lonely city
I leave for love I trust you'll build your own
The willow tree looks down up from the hill

Shattered bottles between my shattered voice
Blood drips the walls I'm blind to your nightmares
My ears no longer catch your solemn cries

I'm close but far when you take your first breath
I would take back the city to shine you
The willow tree looks down up from the hill
My ears no longer catch your solemn cries



Camille Dolce



Rebeca Valdez



Kelly Moellenkamp

Time

Mikaela Orbe

Through the open field time goes
Greeting the bees, the birds, and the butterflies
Her rosy cheeks pushed out a silly smile

She skipped along in her lavender dress
Carefree and without worries
How delightful she was, they observed

They tried to come along with her
But eventually found it impossible to keep up
With her young energy she moved along without them

Out of breath they cried "Please wait, please stay"
But her little legs seem to skip so fast
They wondered how she kept going

But she didn't look back
Crossing through the pond, hopping on the large rocks
She waved to the fishies that swam by

She entered the forest and continued happily
And they saw her pass by with her small pigtails
They thought she'd come to stay when she greeted them "Hi there!"
But she carried on following the bees and the butterflies without them

Dear Hotel

Gabe Newman

Dear hotel,

After 11 years I've finally moved on from you. Through the tears and cheers, through the best of times and worst of times, you've been there. From the times my dad and I screamed at each other, to the times I've slammed things onto the floor after a Cutler interception, you've been there.

Forgive us for stacking things to the wall.

Forgive us for drilling holes in you (although the rack looks great).

Forgive us for invading your space for 11 years.

Forgive us for building up sheets of dust like unplowed snow.

But we're gone now. You can house another low income family after your repairs, and you can forget about us. We're done with your pricey snacks, done with your creepiness, done with your obnoxious noises, weird people, and done with the bugs. Done with your bugs. Done with your creepiness.

You had so many flaws overshadowed by one major flaw, space. You weren't big enough, we lived in a submarine the whole time. I've seen things that you've kept hidden from me for years. You're a selfish, limiting, thing that I would love to see my worst, rich, entitled enemies live in for half the time that I spent imprisoned in your grasp. But that won't happen. They have too much of daddy's money and you live in the wrong part of town. You and I know how you treated us for 11 years and how you sent us off after tolerating you for all those years.

When are we moving out?

Now we have moved out.

Sending my worst regards,

Gabe



Cynthia Grimaldo-Godinez



Alysa Cobb



Benny Galicia

A Lonely Walk

Adam Hussein

The dark snow-covered tree swayed peacefully.
Its limbs sprawled across the glistening pond.
The moonlight casts a magical shadow.
The shadow dances with the howling wind.
The fierce crisp air sends chills through your body.
As you breathe in, you find yourself choking.
You gasp urgently for a mere second.
Suddenly something darts across the ice.
You wonder what just caught your attention.
Frantically listening and searching;
you comprehend the emptiness in sight.
Realizing the time has quickly flown by
you decide to trek back to the cabin.
Turning to the right, there stands a white fawn.

Similarity

Anna Mayschak

Fate has let me know you well
We are the same but no one knows
You are the peace within my hell

A bond grew just like a cell
We laugh, we joke, share our woes
Fate has let me know you well

I fear that we are both unwell
For our like struggle differently shows
You are the peace within my hell

On your hardship I tend to dwell
I must accept "That's how it goes"
Fate has let me know you well

I will not know how far you fell
To lose the past from which you rose
You are the peace within my hell

Before we met I could not tell
The strength to overcome the lows
Fate has let me know you well
You are the peace within my hell

Sacrifice

John Kaczowka

We prepared jointly,
Perspiring and besmirched.
We thrashed one another
and chuckled off the bitterness.
Teams may contradict,
may mock,
may denounce.
Teams may quarrel and wail,
but get down for the game.

You supported.
We fought the battle.
though our score
was unusual,
we're standing strong.
Our team endured
and fixed together like cement
I'm honored to say
I lost with you.

Ramen Shop

Ryan Libiano

From the small airplane window, their world gets small
After coming to the new world, both eat at
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.
At this shop 2 people meet, without pride.
Lacking a blessing, both lock together.
Without approval, what would life ever be?

One year later, both birth a child and
take him, with pride and dignity, to
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.
They leave after eating some Nori,
and their world grows smaller and smaller
Through the small airplane window, do you see?

Five years later, their parents give blessing
to be wed in each of their new world,
and with a blessing from the old world
also came another child to be born.
Another one to bring, with pride, to
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.

Ten years later, all of their old world friends
would come watch their families grow smaller
through the small airplane window, do you see?
Time brought more and more to meet, eat, greet at
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.
Little Ilo Ilo they called it.
And unlike the small airplane window,
the shop made the world bigger for me.

Thirteen years later, while eating Nori,
both my parents would introduce me to
family and loved ones from the old world,
people who are always there to guide me.
and worlds would grow bigger when we eat at
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.

Eighteen years later, my father told me
to bring a girl, without pride, to eat at
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.
“Do you know how to hold and use chopsticks,
or how to eat that Nori?” “No”, she says.
Just as his mother said to his father,
All those many, many years ago in
a tiny ramen shop off of Busse.



Kasia Derkus



Claudia Rejowski



Megan Steffens

After Midnight

Rachel Kriske

The bricks and mortar that create
The foundation of life
Will one day collapse at the hands of fate

And humanity stricken with strife
Will fall into despair
The tension of our leaders rife

As the world burns with flare
Silence and darkness will replace
Our broken world will ensnare

The leaders without a saving grace
Will soon crumble too without a chance
The end of the human race

The sparks of civilization will waver and dance
Until it's abrupt end in fire
In the blink of an eye, all gone in a glance

Who knew the situation was so dire
As it all crumbles from hate and desire



Isaac Herrera

July

Sandra Kowalik

Hot, hot cement burns under the sun
That makes children groan under their breath at the water park
Because there's nothing worse than sunburnt feet
Which causes them to walk like bunnies in high heels

The blue sky wakes children up in the morning
And the clouds give entertainment to old folks
Because, although few, they are fluffy and shape-y
And seem to feel like the sand under babies toes on the beach

It's summer in full swing!
The sun hits the little boys' shoulders
As their mom lets them go play
Only later realizing she forgot sunscreen,
and calling them back to the shade
to rub the white goop before it was too late

It's ice cream-tastic
It's goggles, sundresses, and baseball caps
It's the blazing leather seats when you sit in a car
It's the the teacherless, homeworkless, schoolless part of the year!

It's time for teenage love,
For lemonade kisses
And sneaking out at night to drive to the city
As a song blasts that will later have them reminisce that night
And remember turning their head and seeing the skyline
And seeing a smile as warm as summer cement flash back at them

It's summer in full swing!
It's July once more!
Another year of desks, and the school ID awaits
But the 80 degree weather promotes shorts and birkenstocks
To remind us that we all deserve a break



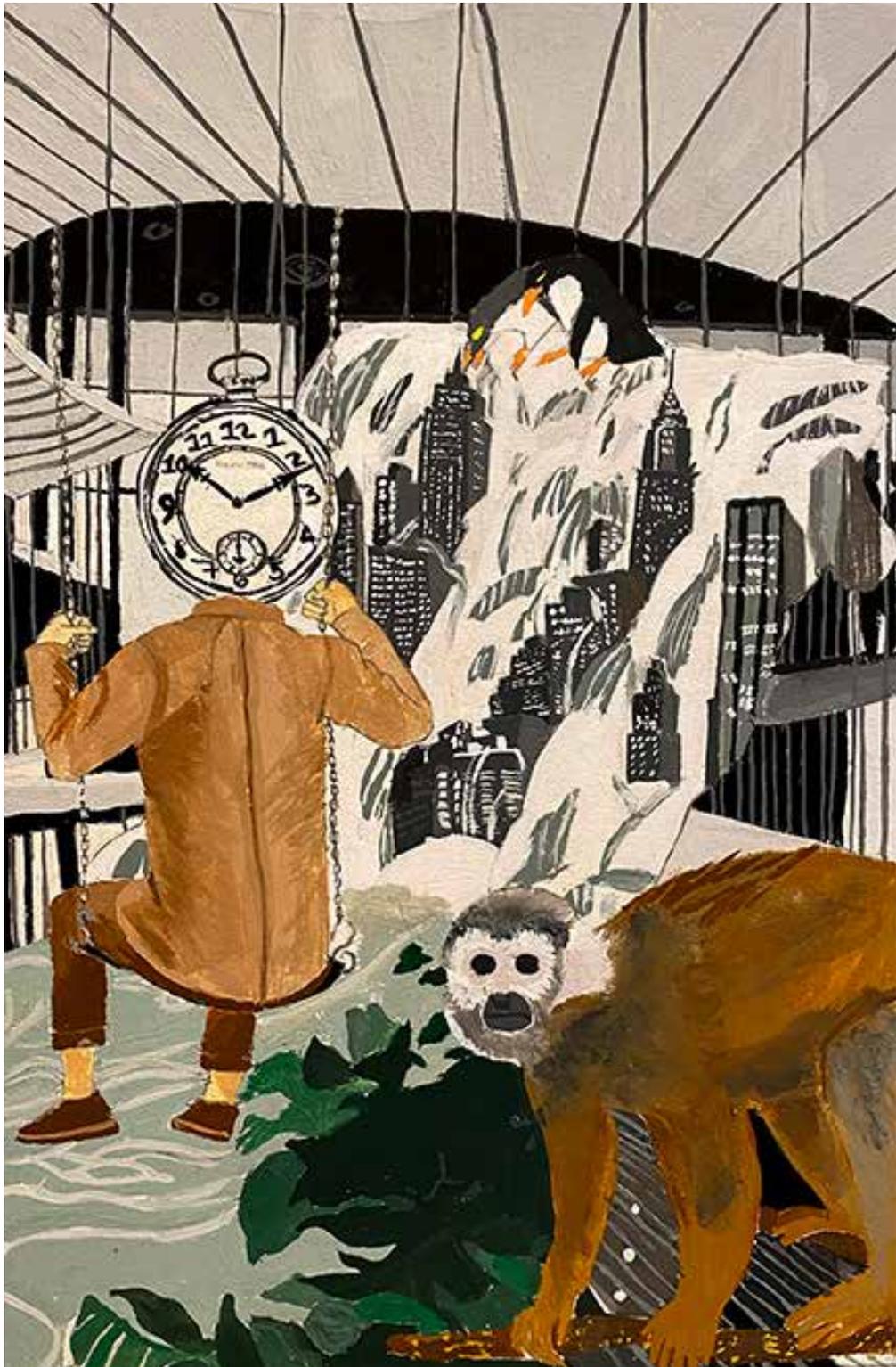
Ava Hennig



Valeria Solis



Oliwia Trojan
Funky Town



Amairani Sanchez Lopez
Tick-Tock's Will Halt

The Waves

William Flondro

The waves climb towards the moon
trying to reach something they have only dreamed of.
They climb higher and run faster every second
until they violently crash against the shore,
only to return to the ocean they started at.
Despite the destruction of their work and form,
they climb again, only to crash again
over and over.
They will never stop trying, but deep down,
the hope of reaching the big rock in the sky
is fading

The Future of the Blue Line

Ben Jablonski

Men and women hold the blue line strong every day
They stay the path all while being berated and bashed
Keeping the peace and holding evil at bay
These are the ranks that we hope to join one day

We work the details and we work the events
With that explorer badge sewn proudly on our chest
We work with the community for nothing but the hope
To one day wear a real badge of our own.

We are laughed at and mocked, called wannabes and losers
For having a dream to be a part of something bigger than ourselves
But we press on, for our calling is stronger than your jeers
We press on because we dream to defend everything that is held dear

One day, we will be the ones standing between the wolves and the sheep
We will be the ones by your side, helping you through your darkest time
One day those red and blue lights will flash by and then you will know
We are the future of the thin blue line and we won't let it go.



Kacper Siwik
Preying in the Leaves

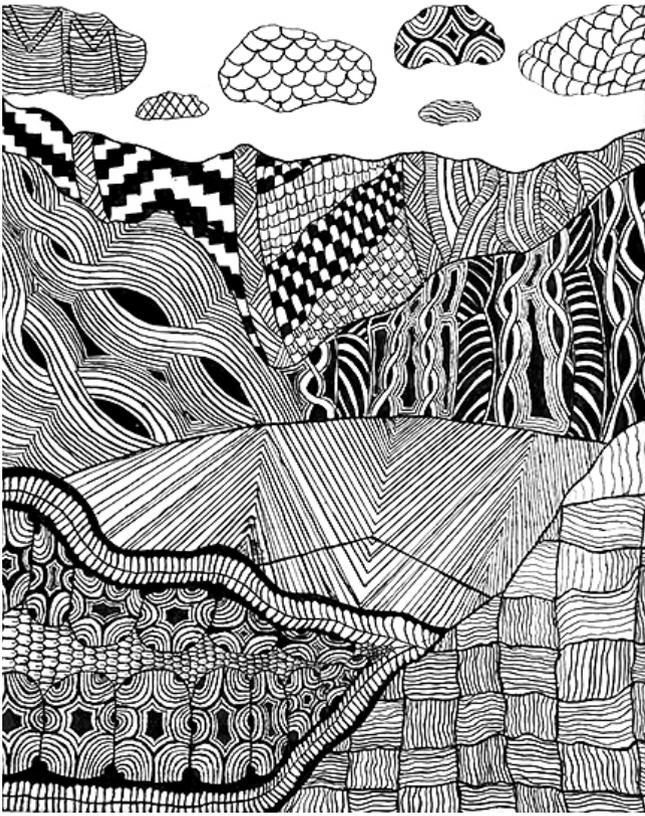
Emmett Louis Till

Jenicka Hyppolite

You've taken sons and daughters
Wives and husbands
Young men and young women
Targeted for what they can't control
"Hands up"
"I don't wanna hurt you"
But it always ends up in blood
You better pray on it
You better pray on it
You better pray for peace
Cause someday it might be me
No justice no peace
We march on these streets
Tear gas and screams
Fill the air like a bad dream
"Don't shoot"
The last words they'll ever say
And it always ends up in blood
You better pray on it
You better pray on it
You better pray for peace
Cause someday it might be me
Trayvon
Eric
Sandra
Michael
Justin
Timothy
The name may change but the story
Stays the same
Why should I have to be afraid
For my brothers every time they leave
You better pray for peace because some day it might be me



Alysa Cobb



Manuel Mercado



Christian Bantog

Before She Left

Shelby Hurt

Before she left-

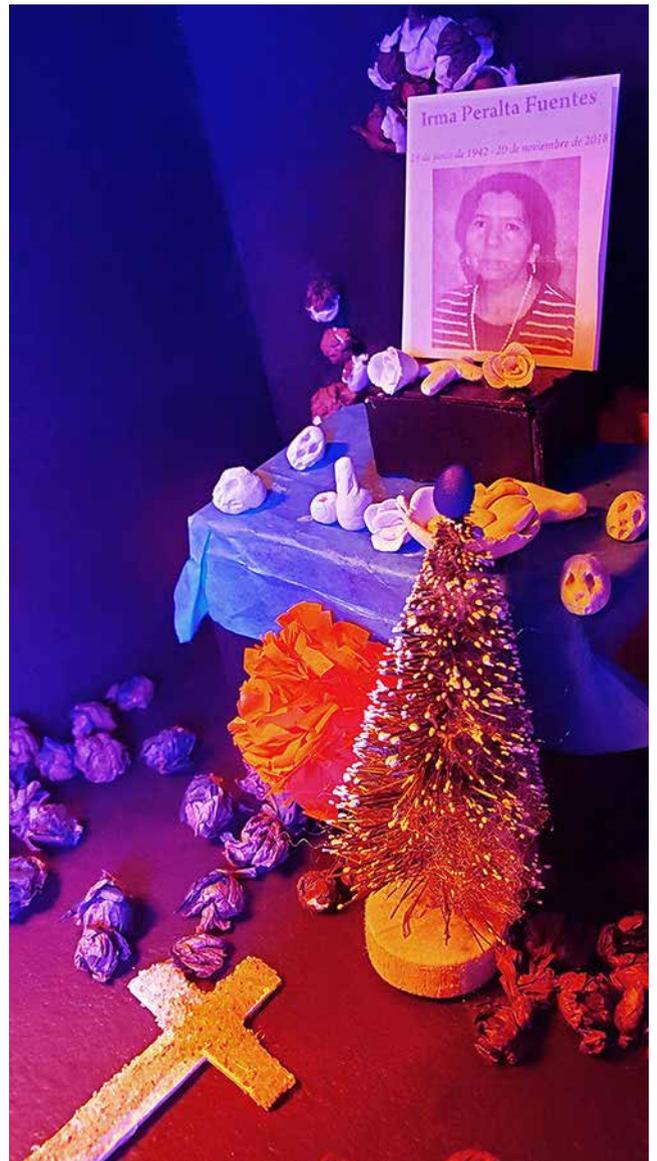
Summer
Pitch black night sky
Wind blowing through her hair
When time seemed infinite yet frozen
At peace

Once my favorite color-

Purple
Sweet peas, lilacs
Swaying in the vast fields
Take the pain and protect others
Bruises

A new start-

Running
Fresh smelling air
A slow and steady pace
Cool wind blowing across my face
Freedom



Irma Rodriguez

The Simplicity of Privilege

Evita Ferrari

We cannot see the fire, but we can feel the heat
We cannot feel the thirst, but we can see the drought
We cannot feel the hunger, but we can see the starving children
The comfort of our privilege blinds us
In the face of an epidemic, all we do is send prayers
We say we are safe, yet we've never been in danger
We say the law is fair, yet we've never been treated unfairly
We complain about the school system while scorning the uneducated
We preach equality yet we never take action against inequality
Although we possess the capabilities to change the status quo
We choose to simply stay silent and observe
We pride ourselves in the American Dream
Yet we set up obstacles to halt its achievement
We say we cannot feel the privilege, yet we reap its benefits everyday

Ode to Loneliness

Karah Estillore

O loneliness, why must you follow me so?
With your stifling weight
that bears down upon me
Even when I'm not the only person here.

O loneliness, at times I can feel you in my murky depths
When I have to drag your burden around
Everywhere I go, like a leech that sucks the life out of me
But it also depends on me to survive.

O loneliness, you manage to seep into my sight
Each and every time I peer at the faces of friends,
When I gaze at the lines of my family,
and when I look into the mirror.

But O loneliness, please don't leave me alone
For when I'm in a place of utter darkness,
In a place of cold and merciless longing,
You are my only companion.



Paulina Kusion
Wheel Thief



Sandra Kowalik

Time Traveler Steals a Clock

Cinthia Dominguez

Can you blame a man
For wanting just a bit more time,
Just one more chance, to
Experience the here and now
Before he blinks and
Suddenly it's the then and how?

He thought recess was too short,
So he extended it.
Now he plays bingo on Tuesdays
While surrounded by nurses.

He thought his parents nagged,
So he flew the coop.
Now the nurses remind him
When Jeopardy's on.

Now he wants to go back
Because he finally learned
That nothing lasts forever
And he blinked too fast.

17

Galilea Contreras

I never learned to love you.
The first man who left me with a broken heart.
Seventeen years that you blew.

Gone, out of the blue.
Not one word was the worst part.
I never learned to love you.

A bottle you cling to,
is what tears us apart.
Seventeen years that you blew.

I've struggled but grew
and trust men who hurt.
I never learned to love you.

You gave me life but have taken it too,
so there will never be a restart.
Seventeen years that you blew.

A bond that never came true.
I learned that the struggle is a work of art.
I never learned to love you.
Seventeen years that you blew.

8 Letters

Manny Contreras

I've said those words before a thousand times
Echoing softly in my head, yet had no meaning behind them
If it's only eight letters, why is it so hard to say

Never had anyone who understood me so profoundly
Liking me for my imperfections and quirks, yet
I've said those words before a thousand times

Acting upon instinct so quickly
Letting this phrase be used so loosely, but
If it's only eight letters, why is it so hard to say

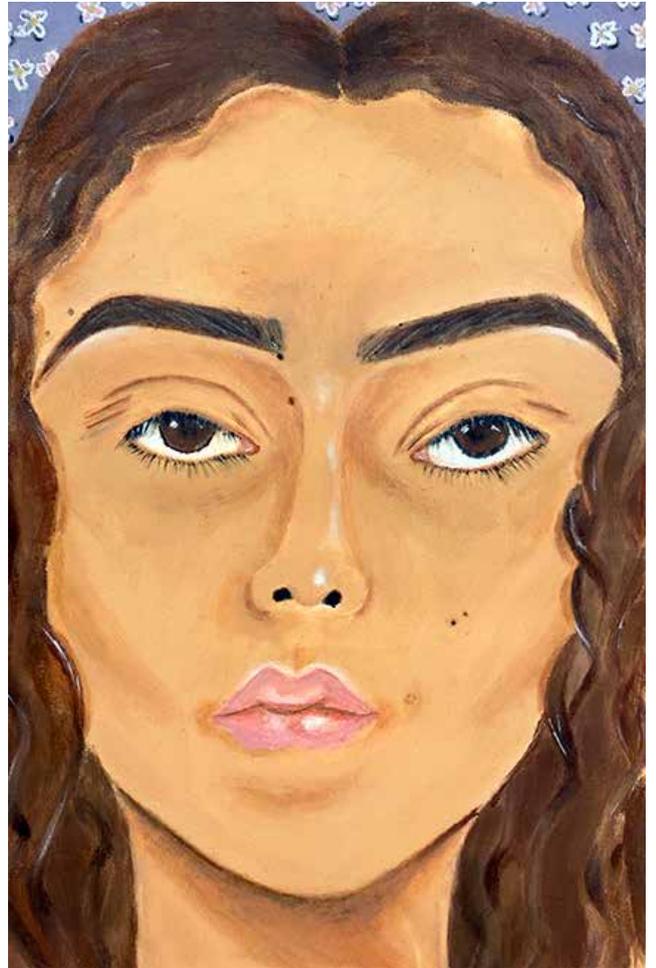
A newfound precaution was implemented while becoming closer to you
Never actually felt the intimate warmth of this feeling, yet
I've said those words before a thousand times

Waking up every morning with you on my mind
Wanting to share every little accomplishment with you, but
If it's only eight letters, why is it so hard to say

I draw you in, yet I want space
You deserve to hear "I love you" on repeat
I've said those words before a thousand times
If it's only eight letters, why is it so hard to say



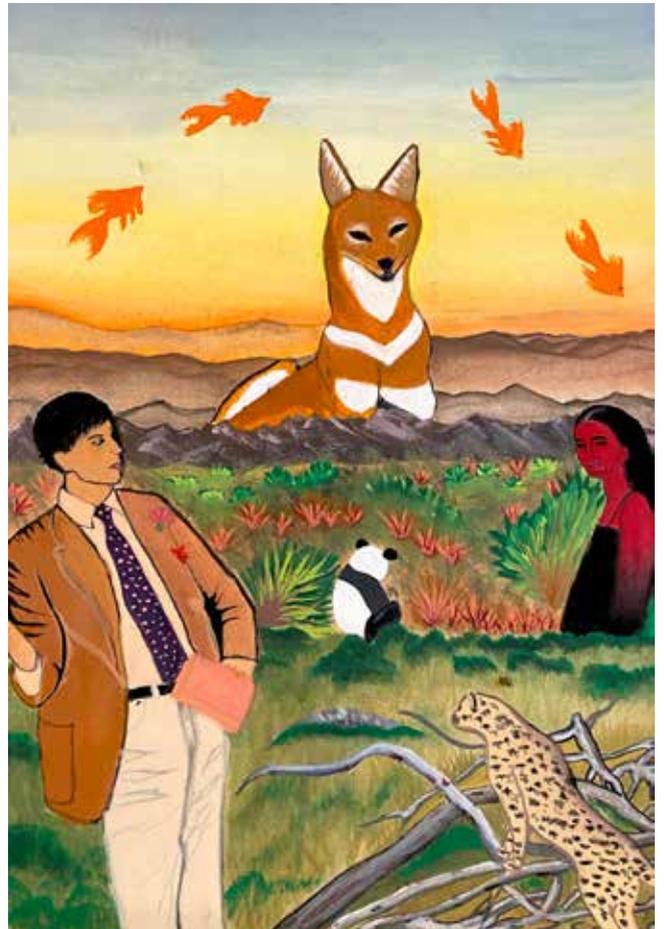
Megan Shafar



Maria Espino



Michelle Cobirzon



Evelin Martinez

Taunting

Aidan Cashman

You are too far and I'm too dull for interest warm to stay.
Congealing, it's forsaken me.
Your skin my sun, your tongue my moon, I lay
Face to the sky, not knowing glee

In all its forms, except for you. A memory lays, the bay
Deep and damp in dead brevity
Waits patiently the way you can't, mouths masked in darkest gray.
Your words are dead, rotted, you see,

Their lifeless husks thrown to ravenous wolves your voice could slay,
But perhaps they're gone just to me.
Another chance, another day, perhaps we'll see decay
Together, when the earth's set free.

You'll live inside memory green
Beside the kind, sweet girl I used to know
Who shares your name, your face, your voice

With so many thoughts that still share between,
You've not so much changed nor will grow,
Stuck forever with worries not; rejoice.



Diana Olague Rodela



Dalia Mendoza

2020

Aiden Chan

So far,
We have had misfortunes,
A country shook with fear,
A new virus outbreak strikes fear in everyone's hearts,
A conflict with enough tension to start a world war,
A country's land exploding with anger,
A bright light fading into the dark of night,
A calm sea being rattled,
A leader being tried for his mistakes,
A blazin country,

We can mourn,
But,
We choose to be the lit wicks in a big dark abyss.



Luis Diaz



Stephanie Hultgren-Taglieri



Kasia Derkus



Grace Majer

Lycanthropy Shakespearean Sonnet

Jakub Hojsan

I thought that we unearthed a marvelous dream
One which our families would not take plight
My valid grief begins at full moon's gleam
As I misunderstood the weight of night

The claws corrode my skin like roots of trees
On pavement where the cracks fill up with moss
My hairs arise with winter's cold dead breeze --
This stage is one I wish we'd never cross

Your soul may not withstand the dismal truth
That beasts like me are no creature of God,
And rather ones that destroy hopeful youth
You must leave before the fatal facade,

Breaks free into something that will take life
You deserve so much more than lifelong strife

2020 SENIOR MEDALLION RECIPIENTS IN ENGLISH / FINE AND PERFORMING ARTS



Abigail Franke

Abigail Franke - Art

Abby received this award because of her outstanding work ethic and dedication to the visual arts. Her drawings and paintings demonstrate a high level of quality and conceptual sophistication. The passion and drive she has for her craft have led to a number of honors, awards, and scholarship offers. She recently received first place for her piece "Brooklyn" in the Daily Herald & D214 Art and Writing Contest. Her work was featured in the Illinois High School Art Exhibition (IHSAE) Senior Exhibition which garnered numerous scholarship offers, and last year her piece was selected for the Small Works Exhibition of the IHSAE Exhibition. Her artwork has been consistently selected for the Harper High School Area Art Exhibition for the last four years. Her work has also been featured in the highly selective Township High School District 214 Anthology and e.g. Magazine, the district and school art and literary magazines. She has been a role model for her peers and a leader in the art department.



Mikaela Orbe

Mikaela Orbe - Choir

Mikaela received this medallion for her hard work and commitment as a member and leader in choir. Her excellence in singing, musicality, and service has been an asset to the choral program. Through her work, she proved to be a hard-working, selfless, and talented student. She was able to manage a plethora of responsibilities, as she was responsible for leading and overseeing the entire exec board team. She was unique among her peers because she cares about everyone around her, and she truly wants to improve her singing abilities. Most of all, she knows the importance of sharing her voice and talents with others. She has led the choir beautifully by earning the respect of her peers and leading and serving by example. Her positive attitude is contagious, and she challenges the people around her to be the best they can be.



Grace Dickerson

Grace Dickerson - Drama / Acting

Grace first graced the Elk Grove High School stage four years ago in the Fall Play, The Diary of Anne Frank, followed the next year by her performance in Peter/Wendy as the lovable (and cruel) Smee. Other roles followed in The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza, and this year's epic The Tempest, where she took on the challenging role of Caliban. She played the role with humor, energy, and a great deal of fur. Appearances in and as director of One Act Wonders (directing Bully Reform School this year) capped a four-year career in drama that was marked by dedication, excellence, and complete and total commitment to the EGHS stage. She has graced the stage in Fall Plays, One Acts, Variety Shows and always set the finest example of teamwork, leadership, and of course, talent.



Samantha Wadas

Samantha Wadas - English

Sam deserves the Senior Medallion for English because she has been an exceptional student in AP English Literature and other honors/AP level English classes since her freshman year. She wrote with intelligence, perception, style, and grace. She added insight to class discussions with her quiet, but thorough participation. She asked insightful and intelligent questions. She patiently worked with others in groups and encouraged and helped others gain insight from the works. She thoughtfully examined the literature and created compelling arguments. Her long-term essays were always well-researched and grammatically flawless, and her impromptus were always among the best written in the class. Some of her essays were among the best the English department had ever seen from Elk Grove students. She was one of only a handful of students who submitted the most difficult paper of the year that became optional because of the pandemic. She still took on the challenge of the Poet's Concern paper and excelled even though she already had a solid A in the course because she wanted to continue to learn and grow. The English department and Elk Grove High School are proud to recognize her exceptional abilities in English.



Daniel Salgado-Alvarez

Daniel Salgado - Alvarez - IE Speech

Daniel distinguished himself as competitor and performer in several speech events including, but not limited to, Original Oratory and Impromptu Speaking. However, he found the most success in Extemporaneous Speaking. He was an IHSA State Qualifier his junior year and came back stronger and even more motivated his senior year, placing at many tournaments, often in two or three events, and then qualifying for the IHSA State Tournament AGAIN and placing 5th in the State! One trip to State is the dream; two is in a different stratosphere. Daniel is also an exceptional teammate, peer coach, and leader. Daniel has always put his team and teammates first and that distinguishes him, in addition to his tremendous talent. He was ALWAYS working with and helping his teammates. His enthusiastic commitment to speech at Elk Grove has certainly inspired others and will be an almost impossible act to follow.



Aliyah Phillip

Aliyah Phillip - Orchesis

Aliyah received this medallion for her hard work, commitment, and leadership in the Orchesis program. Her senior leadership as the Student President of Orchesis has been outstanding. Through her hard work, she has proven to be articulate and responsible. She was able to manage a plethora of responsibilities, as she was the liaison between the Orchesis directors/teacher and student members. She was also in charge of designing the program, show advertisement, Homecoming costumes, senior slideshow, and apparel logo. Her assistance in fundraising, music editing, annual show lighting, and student rehearsal directing also made huge positive impacts on the overall Orchesis program. Her impact on leadership and creativity are duly noted, but her choreographic talents and performance skills did not go unnoticed. She was one of our most talented student choreographers and strongest performers in the Orchesis program. Both junior and senior year she was proudly chosen to represent Elk Grove High School in the Illinois state auditions. Her junior year piece was chosen out of 40 dance pieces to perform in the Illinois State Dance festival.



Katia Pendowski

Katia Pendowski - Orchestra

In her four years at Elk Grove, Katia has consistently proven herself through her passion for music, her work ethic, and her commitment to the orchestra program. It is a great task and often a burden to serve in the various leadership roles she held in the program, and she has consistently handled it with great poise and a strong sense of responsibility. She truly illustrates what it means to be an outstanding team player and a role model for her peers. The orchestra program has evolved into a highly collaborative environment, and much of this is due to her contributions over the past four years. Her enthusiastic leadership in and commitment to the Elk Grove Orchestra program is appreciated. The director shared that it has been an honor and a pleasure to work with a leader who has constantly pushed herself to achieve at the highest level while also working to maintain positive morale amongst all students in orchestra.



MARIE JERNIGAN

2020 DENISE REINKING AWARD



My art pieces showed me how my identity associates with the proverbs. Many of the proverbs are things that were taught by my family or directly integrated into Japanese culture and the mannerisms of the people. This was shown through using watercolor and ink and line art that is associated with an ancient Japanese style of art called Sumi-e. The line art done with black ink also pulls reference from Ukiyo-e, which later inspired the style of Manga. My pieces portray a history of Japanese art and its style that still lives on to this day. The use of these specific styles also symbolize how the proverbs depicted in each piece also live on in Japanese culture in modern society, in the same way that ancient Japanese art inspired modern Japanese art such as those seen in Manga and Anime. -Marie Jernigan

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Superintendent

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Principal

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Associate Principal

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TIM PHILIPS

Div. Head - Social Studies / World Languages

MECCA SADLER

Division Head - English / EL

MARY KEMP

Division Head - Math / Science

The annual E.G. Magazine collects poetry, prose and visual artwork created by Elk Grove High School students. EGHS English and art students submit work for consideration. Submissions are reviewed by E.G. Magazine sponsors and student editors. In reviewing the works, the goal is to ensure that the pieces selected for publication represent the excellence and diversity that is associated with Elk Grove High School's art and writing programs. Every effort is made to provide an authentic public forum for student expression. Finally, since this is a community publication, members also consider appropriateness of subject, style and length. E.G. Magazine publication will not distribute material that is obscene, libelous or will cause material and substantial disruption of school activities.

COLOPHON

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<http://www.eghs.d214.org>.

Art
makes
us
human

2020 ISSUE OF EG MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO ALL
ESSENTIAL WORKERS. THANK YOU FOR KEEPING US
GOING, KEEPING US SAFE, AND KEEPING US HEALTHY