



**E.G. MAGAZINE**  
2019



# ANNA SLEZAK

2019 Senior Medallion - Art



**ARTIST STATEMENT:** Walking up to random people on the streets of Chicago, I learned that my camera awarded me with a certain credibility. People agreed to pose for me, asking for nothing in return. The usual bouts of anxiety that would have previously prevented me from taking another step simply vanished from my mind. I was finally confident enough to step out of my comfort zone and form relationships with people from diverse walks of life; recalling the conversations we shared in that short time, I began to draw portraits of each person I met. These indispensable connections helped me improve upon my talents, simultaneously teaching me to make the best of my mistakes and accept that everything won't end up like I first envisioned it. I learned that the flaws in my drawings are what makes them beautiful: that the process of creating art is more meaningful than finishing it.



# **E.G. MAGAZINE**

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.

# **2019**

# CONTRIBUTORS

## COVER ART

Rebeca Valdez

## ART EDITORS - FACULTY

Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti  
Cindy Pacyk

## ART EDITORS - STUDENT

Isaac Herrera  
Ashley Schroeder  
Nadia Torres  
Rebeca Valdez

## SPECIAL THANKS

DPS District Production Services - Dan Crane  
English / Fine Arts Department of Elk Grove High School  
Elk Grove High School Administration

## LITERARY EDITORS - FACULTY

John Bottiglieri  
Dawn Ferencz  
Mary Larson  
Wendy Relich

## LITERARY EDITORS -STUDENT

Natalia Habas  
Holly Olson  
Liam Saluski  
Reese Shino

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## **ICEBERGS**

Maximus Belatti

Hate's akin to iceberg  
It's easy to compare  
The sheer ice and deadly cold  
Like tundra, frosty, bare

---

You might love the way it looks  
But it's deadly beyond sight  
There's more to it than meets the eye  
Underwater absent light

The way it floats around  
As if nothing can obstruct it  
Sits upon the frigid water  
Waiting in darkness, unlit

To drown ev'ry ship that wanders near  
The frosted depths so very sheer  
The icy waters composed by fear  
Post claim and abduct it

There is a way to end it  
End the freezing cold  
If warm touch heats it  
And stops hate in its throes

The ice isn't permanent  
You never really know  
If one melting touch of kindness  
Unfreezes someone's soul



## **LEG PRISON**

Brittney Benson

**PEACE**

Holly Olson

Darkness  
Stars paint the black  
Distant laughter travels  
Bug spray taints the crisp country air  
No phones



**TWENTY ONE**

Brooke Baldassarre

## MONSTERS

Danielle Kadamian

For the girl, sleeping was laborious  
Each night, going to bed  
She tossed and turned  
Restlessly, wishing it would become day

Each night, going to bed  
She woke with puffy, plump eyes  
Restlessly, wishing it would become day  
Hoping this trial would be different

She woke with puffy, plump eyes  
From watering her pillow in her dreams  
The lively monsters under her bed  
Became her reality

From watering her pillow in her dreams  
Daily unbearable thoughts  
Became her reality  
The monsters, clawing to be set free

Daily unbearable thoughts  
Would soon have to end  
The monsters, clawing to be set free  
From the prison that was her head



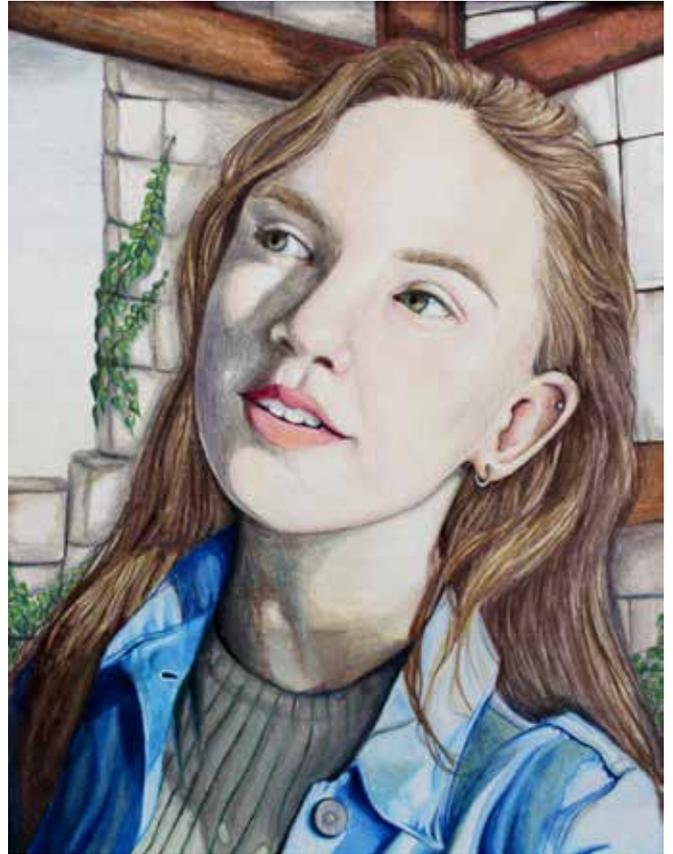
## FRESH

Paulina Kusion

## **PLATONICALLY**

Rachel Kandefor

I cannot love you  
    in the way you love me  
But that does not mean  
    I cannot love with the same intensity  
The attraction I experience  
    is often lesser in others' eyes  
Characterized by this black ring  
    I convey a piece of me  
Some may think I'm broken  
    a self-inflicted loneliness  
Some may think I'm scared  
    afraid of a certain intimacy  
I am easily misunderstood  
    but there are others like me  
Together we are a community  
    with our black, grey, white, & purple  
I wish I did not need to explain  
    but I want you to know  
I can love you  
    just not in the way you want me to



## **SEVENTEEN**

Abby Franke

## **BROWN PIANO**

Renette Del Carmen

I found my poem  
In the corner of my living room  
With its squeaky brown chair beneath me.  
The poem opens up to eighty-eight keys  
That are black and white  
Where my hands take place,  
Electrified that instant with songs  
My fingers find their way  
To strike the off key notes  
That once played in perfect tune.

I found my poem getting dustier and dustier,  
Sitting there unused for months,  
Patiently waiting there,  
Its color of brown  
Getting duller and duller,  
Each time I glanced at it, but did not dare to play

In my poem,  
I strike its keys  
Finally with a forceful intensity  
It singing a sweet song  
In which I may have forgotten,  
But not my pounding hands  
Playing it without much thought  
While my face  
And the piano  
Illuminates the room.

## **NOT YOUR FETISH**

Sarah Grinen

We are not yours to fetishize  
Asian women struggle day to day  
Though others may not realize

Our problem goes unrecognized  
Don't throw us astray  
We are not yours to fetishize

Men see my race from my eyes  
And throw flirts and stereotypes my way  
Though others may not realize

Their approaches and attempts rise  
Even when we say:  
We are not yours to fetishize

And there's no way to disguise  
How we are displayed  
Though others may not realize

We are tired of being patronized  
And this must be conveyed  
We are not yours to fetishize  
Though others may not realize



**RAINBOW BRIDGE**

Travis Race



**SHELLS**

Diana Guarneros

## **THE WANDERER (BALLAD)**

Thomas Brautigam

Come 'round children and you shall hear  
a tale of what has been  
come close now all lend me your ear  
the stor' shall now begin

Now here we see the val'nt man  
upon his steed he rides  
with sky blue eyes and skin color'd tan  
across the wastes he glides

He's leaving now the barren land  
and into town he trods  
then up the stairs into the bar unto the drunk charades

With many men stumbling 'bout  
at the bar he sits  
his throat a plain amidst a drought  
he must rid of this blitz

A hard cold ale before him now  
he starts to take a drink  
but out the corn' of his eye  
a sight that makes him blink

Before him now a man in black  
the harbinger of death  
a dee'm that all it will attack  
until its final breath

Their eyes now met they understand  
What now must occur  
They run outside into the heat  
It happens in a blur

Outside now they prepare to duel  
Their eyes an iron lock  
Neither must make themselves a fool  
Only one will walk

The countdown done the cold steel flies  
It happens in a flash  
Now here we see the one fall down  
He starts to seize and thrash

The other walks up and shakes his head  
He's sad to see such waste  
Before him now the dark death bed  
In which one has been placed

He mounts his steed and rides along  
Out into the wild  
We see his lone silhouette  
Like a lep' exiled

Now that's the end of our tale  
The story has been told  
With the man along the trail  
Of a barren world



## **FARM LIFE AFTER MIDNIGHT**

Lisandra Vazquez



**STORM IN MY TEA**

Lesette Nieves



**UNTITLED**

Alyssa Cobb

## **AND I FEEL LIKE BLOOMING**

Grace Gallo

Love is spring  
a reawakening is spurred  
and I feel like blooming

The sun tells the snow to dry  
the daughter's fears her mother cured  
Love is spring

His lips across my cheek like a butterfly  
our synchronized breath the only thing that can be heard  
and I feel like blooming

A bright day, a blue sky  
so many best-friend-filled-imagination-fueled memories, they're  
blurred  
Love is spring

He lays down next to me, to pacify  
in hand, a blue bird  
and I feel like blooming

On friendships, relationships I rely  
but to love anyone more than myself is absurd  
Love is spring  
and I feel like blooming

## **PARANOID**

Emilia Gibes

It was still dark out when  
I looked out from my creaking porch swing  
In the early hours of the morning.  
And watched a cat crossing the road  
Under the flickering bulbs of the street lamps.  
It was alone and unwavering  
But jumped at the snap of a twig  
Flashing steely claws.  
Reminded me of a friend  
Who hated working after the sun went down.  
Who placed sharp keys between her shaking knuckles  
And kept her head down.  
She quickly rushed to her car  
Stumbling over the uneven cement of the parking lot  
Her delicate fingers ready to press the green button for help.  
No one knew why she was so weary.  
Until I realized  
I should have done the same.

## **SUNDAY**

Katie Kubica

Sunday wakes  
to the comforting smell of  
fresh coffee  
brewed by her lover

the familiarity of her routine of  
having no routine at all  
wraps her body like the  
softness of the sheets  
she rose from

and the coolness of the breeze  
flowing through her open window  
breathes the life of a new day  
into her soul,  
raising bumps on her  
smooth skin

she is warm, muted tones of  
whites,  
lilacs,  
baby blues,  
and tans

the sun glows through her golden eyes  
and lures her lover back  
to the bed they share,  
back to her soothing embrace



**WRAPPED**

Lauren Bongiovanni



## **PALETAS**

Diana Guarneros

## **WHY ISN'T HE HERE**

Diana Guarneros

Does he not love me?  
Was it because I didn't clean up my toys?  
Maybe it was because I didn't go to bed early.  
I know mami loves papi very much.  
I know papi won a lottery ticket, wasn't that good?  
Mami just finished dinner, and papi isn't here.  
I hear mami whisper with my aunt.  
Mija, he is not coming tonight for dinner, nor tomorrow.  
Just know he came to this country so you  
would have no worries.



**INNER POWER**

Avi Patel



## **MY SISTER**

Abby Remian

## **RIVER**

Rachel Morse

Your tide  
against the bank;  
The calmest form of chaos  
You took her in without warning  
Helpless

## **THANKFUL**

Kathleen Dandan

I grew to love you  
My feelings grew like the falling rain  
Thank you.

Unsolicited, you endlessly support me  
Even though I know I can be and am a pain  
I grew to love you

With contrasting personalities, we may not agree,  
But you and I continue to persevere through.  
Thank you.

I know you have changed my life staggeringly  
I truly hope we are connected by a unbreakable chain  
I grew to love you

For the advice you provide me when I want to flee  
I am forever grateful you help me through the pain  
Thank you.

To one of my best friends in actuality  
I was scared to open up to you, but I'm glad you remain  
I grew to love you



**OBSESSION AND QUESTION**

Jashley Lopez



**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

Geyli Cifuentes-Chavez



**REFLECTED REALITY**

Alyssa Choporis



**MARS 1945**

Abby Franke

## SHOWER THOUGHT

Nate Kraemer

I look at the jail cell bars  
on my arms and realize  
my heart is in solitary confinement  
with no way out.

Long sleeves and earbuds are my best friends  
as I walk down the crowded hallways  
that make me feel more alone than a ghost  
town in the middle of a forgotten desert.

Escaping  
is my only dream,  
But the walls keep moving in  
faster and faster  
each day.

I realize that struggling to make it out,  
only drives me deeper  
into the quicksand of my mind's  
shower thoughts

The only thing left to do is accept defeat  
And put on the mask  
that makes it seem like everything is alright.

Is everything alright?

## DASHED HOPES

Paola Cuatepitzi-Rojas

Dashed Hopes  
I'm lost within the shadows of my despair  
They break me, shove me, as though I was a toy  
They cover my hopes and dreams until I see  
nothing but darkness  
I'm lost within the shadows of my despair

Trying to catch myself from all the madness  
Crying for help  
There's no use to my struggle  
Nothing but darkness for miles  
I'm meant to be lost  
No hope to be seen

I'm lost within the shadows of my despair  
They mock me as though they enjoy my suffer  
Telling me I'm nothing but trash  
My happiness drawn away because of them  
I'm lost within the shadows of my despair

The shaking of my voice brings nothing  
Losing within a battle of war  
I've lost all hope within a second  
My aching body longing to be held  
Yet to my dismay there is no one to help

I'm lost within the shadows of my despair  
Beating me until I'm shattered to pieces  
Leaving me as nothing but a pile of trash  
A body left without a soul  
I'm lost within the shadows of my despair

No use in running  
No use in fighting  
In the end I have already lost  
They have won  
Lost forever within the shadows of my despair

## REALITY

Raphael Lausa

A young man  
crouches over his flowering tower of papers  
piled atop his dark brown desk.

Every day  
the man finds himself chained here,  
spending each gray day in his faux-wood prison.

Except one day,  
the man let his mind  
wander.

Suddenly,  
it found itself soaring above the clouds,  
brushing against the stormy pillows of the sky.

Its slow descent  
landed it in a colorful field  
filled with any shade possibly imaginable.

A rosy aura  
was emitted  
from the vibrant red and pink of the roses.

A bright halo  
softly radiated

from the beaming yellow sunflowers.  
The soft whisper  
of the light blue “forget-me-not”s  
echoed like the pitter-patter of scorpion legs.

The Garden,  
it contained  
what seemed to be the beauty of a rainbow.  
In it,  
was peace at its purest,  
undisturbed.

A flutter,  
the soft beat of a butterfly’s paper wings,  
distracted it.

Suddenly,  
it was brought back to the monotone desk  
leeching away hues of the painted garden.

A young man,  
still hopelessly shackled to his drab world,  
waiting, hoping for a chance to escape.



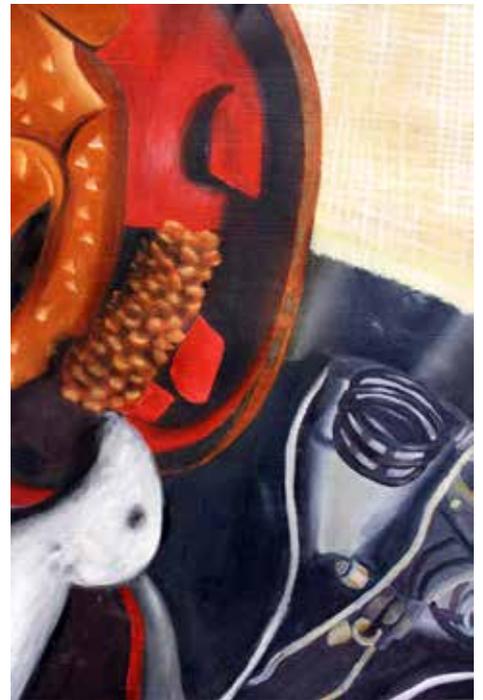
**PAINTING REALITY**

Melissa Arellano



**CHOCOLATE**

Kevin Cybulski



**PUT IT ON A BIKE SEAT**

Kajal Patel

## YOU CAN'T WRITE A POEM ABOUT AN UNTITLED DOCUMENT

Paul Jonas

You can't write a poem about an Untitled Document,  
Not like a blank piece of paper anyway  
That would be tearable.  
Because they both have nothing

Maybe you can write a poem  
But it would be short.  
It could be anything really  
So let your imagination run amok.

A poem about two crows  
May be an attempted murder  
Or a poem about six's fear  
Because seven ate nine.

Perhaps a poem about a walnut  
But that would be really hard to crack.  
Or maybe one about a kidnapping  
Although waking up is not very interesting

Possibly about the can crusher that quit his job  
Because it was soda pressing.  
About the bear who had no teeth  
He was a really gummy bear.

Conceivably about the man who's left side was cut off  
But I hear he's all right now.  
Or maybe about one's distrust of atoms  
Because I hear they make up everything.

About the crazy time students ate their homework,  
the teacher told them it was a piece of cake.  
Perhaps about the footwear of frogs,  
Open-toad is really in season.

I don't recommend writing a poem about an untitled document,  
It would be really tough  
Your mind is like that document  
Blank.



## **CATEDRAL METROPOLITANA DE SANTIAGO DE GUATEMALA**

Luis Polanco Rodas



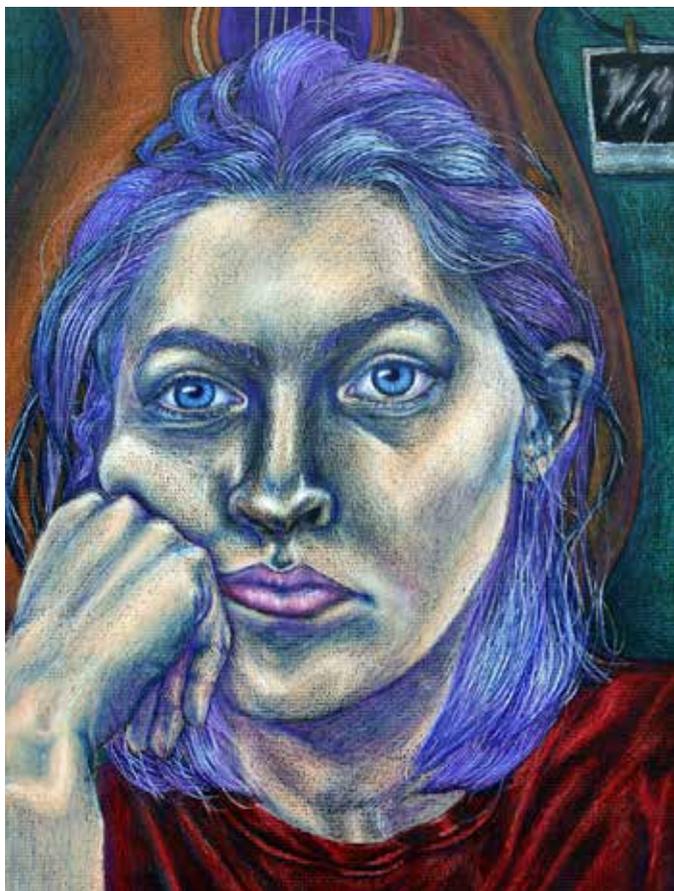
## **TUMBAS COLORIDAS**

Luis Polanco Rodas



**MUÑECA**

Jacqueline Orozco



**JOANNA**

Joanna Wiater



**GUILTY CONSCIENCE**

Jashley Lopez

## HOW TO SLOW DOWN

Catherine Ligeza

Rays of light,  
a grove of peach trees,  
and a dead butterfly.

Holding a warm cup of coffee,  
sitting on the porch steps.

Sighing, I sling a bag over my shoulder  
and head out.

The warm rays of light dancing around me sweetly,  
brushing against my face almost bashfully.

Another day.

Always another.

I do what I do everyday, wake up, eat, work, sleep,  
repeat.

Peach trees blossom all around me.

I exhale,  
the sweet, almost citrus scent takes over my worried  
mind.  
I take in the simple beauty  
for once.

I think to myself that maybe life doesn't have to be as  
fast and hurried as I make it.

My eyes flutter towards an empty bench;  
but wait,  
there is something on it.

A butterfly.

I pause in my walk, right in front of the bench.

A small part of my brain wonders why I stop.



## WONDERLAND

Sabrina Luna Sanchez

Another wants to sit next to this still butterfly.

I listen to the latter.

I gently sit next to it. Its wings are stained with a bright orange, small white dots litter the border of its wings. Near its head, a splash of blue stays as if the heavens flicked its paintbrush against the small creature as it was creating the sky.

Suddenly.

I notice.

I place a tentative finger against it.

Unmoving.

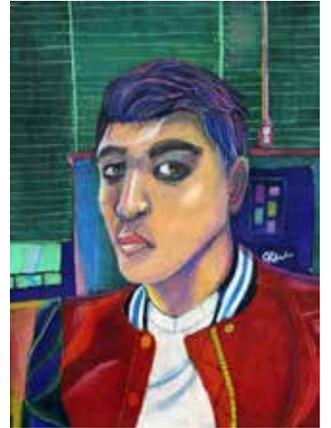
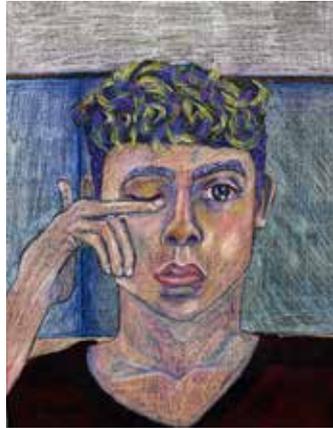
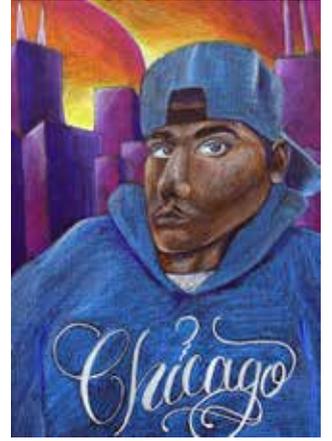
A dead butterfly.

Somehow perfectly stuck in time,  
its beautiful colors, opened to show its beauty for all  
willing to gaze.

Now it seemed all my worries had washed away.  
I sat back onto the wooden bench with sweet mirth. Life could wait a few moments.  
I could wait a few moments.

I sat in the gentle breeze together with

rays of light,  
a grove of peach trees,  
and a dead butterfly.





## **GENTRIFICATION**

Melissa Arellano

opposite page left to right:

Adriana Gamez, Nadia Torres, Samantha Cooper, Alejandro Porrúa  
Megan Shafar, Anthony Maya, Christian Miranda, Isaac Herrera  
Juliana Cazares, Rebeca Valdez, Isabella Santiago, Kajal Patel



**NOBODY PUTS JASHLEY IN A CORNER**

Ashley Schroeder

## **YOUR PHOTOGRAPH**

Karley Nawrocki

I found my poem  
crumbled in the back  
of my overfilled nightstand drawer;  
one of those spots  
where you toss things that just don't have a specific place to go  
but you need it anyways.  
It was folded at the corners  
and bubbled at the center,  
in the way that paper dries  
after absorbing grief, pain, and shock  
in the form of tears.  
Despite its physical imperfections,  
your smile and the words "Forever in our hearts"  
are perfectly preserved.  
Your eyes are still full of life; bright and full of love.  
Full of forgiveness.  
We'll never know why that lost soul did what he did;  
Why guns are always the quickest resolution to a problem;  
Why pride and appearance are more important than a life.  
A life that was so full of promise, ambition, and purpose.  
I flatten you out.  
I place you in a frame  
and I keep you with me forever;  
To live in the hearts of those who love you  
is to never die.  
All that and those who we care for,  
so deeply become a part of us.  
And you will live on, in the photo that I keep,  
in a frame,  
on top of my still-full nightstand.

## **OH, THAT DRAGON**

Xander Rojahn

Exists a dragon so awful and cruel,  
No man dare challenge the beast to a duel.  
The mightiest men have died to its wrath,  
If you think you can beat it, you're on the wrong path.  
This beast is too quick, and it kills in a hurry;  
It happens so fast the event seems blurry.  
It grows like a vine, sprouting every which way,  
But don't look upon it with a look of dismay, for  
This dragon is less of a dragon I'd say,  
It's more like a virus, with a price you must pay.  
It attacks from within, and it kills not just you,  
Your family and friend's hope dies with it too.  
It squanders the light that's created within by  
Your beautiful mind that's been stretched so thin.

From father to son and from mother to daughter,  
The dragon kills kin in a swift, bloodless slaughter  
It comes in four stages, much like the four riders, who  
Come on four horses, the divine death guiders.  
Names have been given to describe where it starts, and  
The end is a farewell, a dreary depart, but  
The journey! Ah, where nobody doth think,  
The torture of not knowing when your ship will sink,  
The agony of waiting and the final demise,  
The gazing around into all loving eyes.

A dragon of which is born from imperfection;  
It strikes whenever, shows no affection.  
Life's final lesson, don't waste a moment;  
You never know if cancer is your last opponent.



**UNTITLED**  
Kaitlyn Frank



**WALKING FLORA**  
Regan Augustyniak



**I'VE BEEN FRAMED**

Sandra Kowalik



**MUNCHIES**

Jacob Surz



**STILL LIFE**

Miguel Guzman

## **JENGA**

Holly Olson

Jenga: Each player removes one piece until balance cannot be maintained.

High school: Each

player adds one.

Sanity  
College  
Scholarships      Applications  
Honors courses  
Health      Sports  
Packets      Sleep  
Essays  
Teachers  
Homework  
Exercise      Family      Work  
Clubs      AP classes  
Presentations      Religion  
Studying      Relationships  
Community

Jenga: End game when pieces fall.

High school: End game when pieces fall.

## LEARNING CELEBRATION

Hailey Muro



### CAMOUFLAGE

Marie Jernigan

He says  
That in here,  
We celebrate learning

Release the stress  
Do your best  
It's a learning celebration  
So don't call it a test

This is about celebrating what you have learned  
Rather than proving what you don't know

So of course, I study for hours  
Rereading notes,  
Rewrite them,  
Annotate them,  
Worship them

Even though I see this classroom as nearly sacred  
It is still in the school

In school we'll sit in classrooms  
And be told how to think  
And what to believe  
So even the ones that don't  
Are held to the same standard  
And retain the same reputation

We are told that  
We need to know

A) The answer to every question on the test

Or

B) How to find it

So when these classes are still seen as classes  
No matter how much we clean our glasses  
What are we supposed to think?  
The answer was never taught to me  
How are we supposed to perceive  
This difference?

My brain is malfunctioning  
A learning celebration is formatted the same as a test  
It goes in the gradebook the same  
If we don't change the meaning  
Why change the name?

He doesn't tip toe around answers  
And connects it to the reputation held in our brains  
Says if it eases us for a second  
It's done its job

If we believe we can for one second  
And then determine we can't  
Does that change our original probability  
Or does it just change our stance?  
With the popularity of standardized tests  
Will these learning celebrations really help us do our best?  
Is it more important to know what we do or don't know?

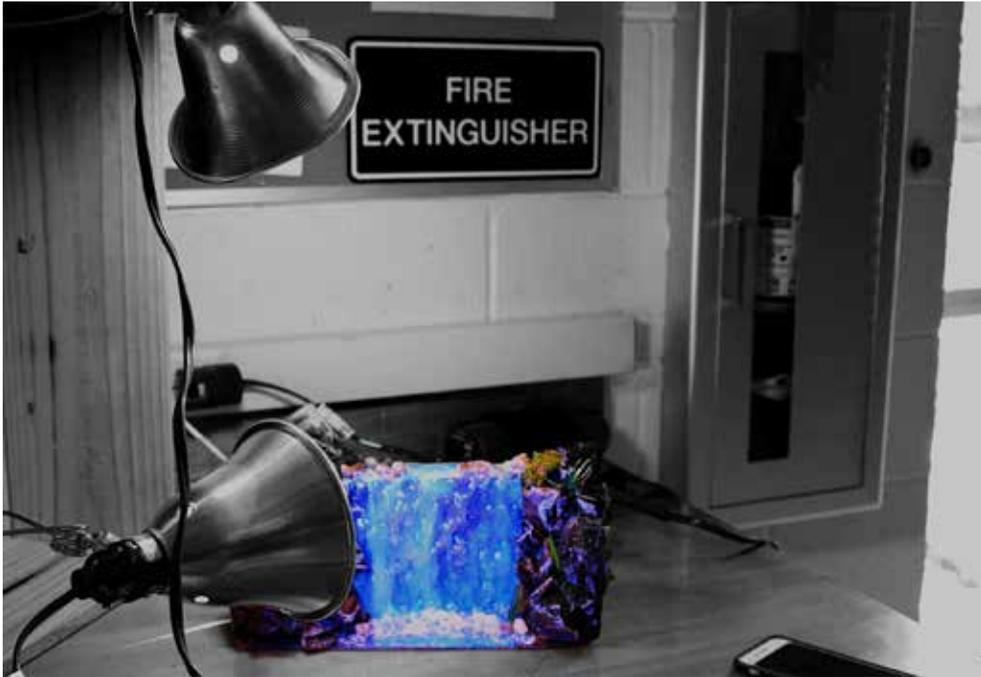
In  
    A) World  
How do we  
    B) Great  
How do we  
    C) Clearly  
And not  
    D) Grade  
Ourselves  
When we're so focused on our GPA?  
Isn't education something to celebrate?

In a country  
Where we are free to learn  
You think we wouldn't be so trapped  
In our standards  
You wouldn't think it'd be so unusual  
To be happy with what you were able to learn  
Rather than be upset  
That you missed 2 or 3 or 5 questions  
You wouldn't think that some would be upset  
By earning anything less than a 100%  
If schools are for growing  
Why do we expect people to grow at the same rate?  
We have proven that that's not true before  
You can even analyze our brains  
If we don't think the same  
Then we don't learn the same  
And anything learned  
Should be something  
That we shouldn't  
    A) Stress about  
        but  
    B) Celebrate



## **LOST IN LAVENDER**

Alexa Scaramuzza



**RAIN MAKER**

Julia Filipowska



**LOOK AT THAT CORN**

Jillian Evans

**BEACH**

Rachel Morse

The land  
collides with sea  
in a smooth, serene sweep  
How could natural beauty  
perish?

## THE BOOK

Devena Sammanasu

I found an old and tattered book  
Buried deeply beneath my bed  
I took it from the dust and dark  
So finally it could be read

It told of a bold pirate crew  
In search of gold on their journey  
Their sails billowed in the cool wind  
While all the men sailed hopefully

I read the tale into the night  
For a moment I closed my eyes  
I woke with raindrops on my head  
And to a dark and stormy sky

I was on the old, creaky boat  
That rocked and shook until I fell  
A hole on the ship's floor let in  
Enough water to fill a well

As lightning struck the three tall masts  
The once brave pirates jumped off board  
I jumped and swam in the cold sea  
'Til I reached land while thunder roared

I crawled to shore to find a house  
That looked like mine, worn-out and red,  
I went inside up to my room  
To find the tale up on my bed

I took the old and tattered book  
And buried it beneath my bed  
Returning it to dust and dark  
Never again may it be read



## DISGUST

Adriana Rodriguez

## PORTRAIT IN THREE

Rebecca Skiple

One,

A girl sits in the back of the classroom  
Her quiet, rampaging brain going a million miles a minute  
Secretly wanting people to see the cunning, crafty, ambitious nature she tries to hide  
Her vintage band tee faded from so many wears screams rebel without a cause  
Earbuds shoved so deep into her ears getting one step closer to reaching her soul  
Trying to keep her beloved music close to her, and her only  
She looks up as the people in the hall and thinks, "God, I can't wait to get out of here."

Two,

A girl surrounded by her friends, eating up the attention given to her  
She's perfected small talk and chats with everyone and everything  
The set of white teeth she flashes along with a quirky question dancing upon her lips makes for a dangerous combo you never want to encounter  
Hopelessly devoted to music and the ever present life it brings to her face  
The cause of the blush always on her cheeks  
Onstage she radiates with a cool confidence and captures every emotion with her artsy articulated voice that floats on top of everything  
She stands in front of a crowd and admiringly states, "I wish I could be on stage for the rest of my life."

Three,

A girl haphazardly sits with one leg slung over her desk, clutching her book in her hand  
Graceful she is not, falling forward down the stairs collapsing in a heap laughing  
Snarky suggestions stumble out from her mouth, defending a random stranger  
Her heart is magnificently large open for anyone who'll accept it  
Passionately patient with people who are struggling to fit in, struggling to find themselves  
Even though she is still trying to find herself  
Nice and naive she wholeheartedly believed that everyone has good inside them  
Looking through her long lashes casually feeding her friend's ego she exclaims, "Your idea is brilliant, but you know how you could make it even better?"

I am all of them. They are all me.

Struggling with life, always moving.

Hopelessly looking at the future

We laugh, cry, and live all the same

Obsessing over making the right decision

Needing validation, needing to know if we're doing the right thing

We open our hearts only to be beaten down with promises of false love

"We accept the love we think we deserve." Words looming from a book read long ago

But we still choose to love, because it's so easy to fall hopelessly in love with anything

We love Earl Grey tea, Queen, and the feeling when you open a new book for the first time

We are believers, lovers, and silent fighters, fighting for the good and just

I am them.

They are all me.

And that's all I know how to be.

Me.



**FLOWER TOWER**  
Regan Augustyniak



**UNTITLED**  
Wiktoria Wojnar



## **BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE**

Lauren Bongiovanni



## **SINK SWIM OR FLOAT**

Paulina Kusion

## **NOT ENOUGH TIME**

Anna Slezak

An hour at the Louvre is not enough time.  
Not enough time to truly admire 380,000 works of art.  
Spend 30 seconds on each piece, and you'd still need 100 days to see it all.  
So begins my panicked hurry to find Mona Lisa.  
A hasty glance at Venus de Milo, a fleeting view of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.  
I stumble into a room packed full of people captivated by her enigmatic half smile.  
She entices her viewers with her following eyes and I momentarily forget that I'm out of time.

"We're late for our dinner reservation!"  
Amid the crowds of tourists and artists loitering the sloped streets of Montmartre,  
a group of high school students struggle to keep up with their fast paced tour guide.  
"Allons-y!" she yells as she dodges the occasional guitar player, expecting us to follow her through  
the masses of people enjoying their ice cream.  
We come across an intersection.  
The people from the nearby cafe blocked off an entire street with their chairs,  
leisurely drinking their beer as they enjoyed the sunset.  
But we didn't have the time to join in.

There never seems to be enough time.  
Not enough time.

## YOU ARE ENOUGH

Nikola Sowa

Gorgeous blonde locks  
that swish  
back  
and  
forth  
back  
and  
forth  
with every step she takes.

Beautiful lashes  
that flutter  
up  
and  
down  
up  
and  
down  
like a butterfly's wings.

A slim figure  
tiny as a twig  
with a bright pink dress  
that glistens with every  
sway of her hips.

But her body is made of  
PLASTIC.  
She lives in her  
PLASTIC  
dream house with a  
PLASTIC  
boyfriend of  
every little girl's dream

Barbie's full name is Barbara Millicent Roberts.

Every little girl  
looks  
and compares  
and tries  
desperately  
to reach size  
ZERO.

Approximately 24 million people struggle with an  
eating disorder.

Puking,  
Vomiting,  
Starving,  
Lying  
in order to gain the  
perfect size.

Yet what many fail  
to realize  
is that Barbie is a  
PLASTIC  
doll living in a  
PLASTIC  
world.  
Therefore, in the end,  
It does  
NOT  
matter  
because  
you  
are  
beautiful  
in  
every  
single  
size.



**RADIO SILENCE**  
Brooke Baldassarre



**PRY**  
Noelle Walsh

## HOME

Noelle Walsh

In the winter ache  
bones shake and clank in their loneliness  
houses creak and settle, but not home  
through which dancing livens them, enveloped in song  
clouds hang low and streams did no longer flow  
but the words never stopped and everlasting were those thoughts

I listened to the small boy with crooked teeth until insistent became the thoughts  
banging against my forehead so strong it began to ache  
and the pain loves to flow  
abundant in the woes and loneliness  
even in the worst moments, on and on goes the song  
and I am ready to go home

I know I live here, but this house is not my home  
that boy with the crooked teeth is my brother, at least in thoughts  
whistling his own tune, dancing as his melody blends into the song  
thump, thump, thump, plays in my head, a homage to the ache  
I look and he's gone, I blink and home is gone, drowning in loneliness  
the stream to a river to an ocean and it will always flow

It will always flow  
stronger than blood, stronger than love, stronger than home  
but you remain, loneliness  
you baffle, you creep, and you poison thoughts  
you throw your fits and leave an ache  
you sour the music and sharpen the song

My song, his song, her song, theirs and our song  
you puncture and force yourself in uninvited, a constant flow  
you throw your fits and leave the ache  
you are strong, you are treacherous, you invade any home  
but you knocked. You knocked on the door and the thoughts  
welcomed you as an old friend, loneliness

The thoughts recognized your attempts, they recognized your effort, loneliness  
your thump, thump, thump the metronome for the song  
"You are not what you seem", the apologetic thoughts  
they stop building, the dam will no longer impede your inevitable flow  
you are stronger than blood, stronger than love, you are home  
you are home and now you cease to ache

And now you cease to ache  
And you are home  
And you will always flow



**MASK IN THE KITCHEN**

Kesha Patel



**DEATH'S GAZE**

Angeline Mena

## **THE COST OF FIRE**

Ethan York

The story of an assassin queen,  
whose Fireheart burned true  
a descendent of fire in a world  
that had to be saved anew.

From early on, tragedy came,  
and took her powers away.  
She survived in the shadow,  
and quietly aimed for the throne  
she would one day reclaim.

With the help of her friends,  
she returned magic  
from the plane it was all tucked away in.  
She melted her foes  
while her mate blasted cold  
the opposites attracting ashes.

And after a while  
the Valg queen beguiled  
at the power in Fireheart's veins.  
The Valg queen had her captured,  
spend two months as her captive,  
'till her mate released her thereafter.

But over the months,  
the well of her power,  
was the place she was diving away.  
The Valg queen's killshot  
was aimed at the wave  
and it all just perspired away.

With the death blow gone,  
they turned to the rest,  
no weapon to win,  
a huge weight on their chests.

But then their old friend,  
his throne he still held,  
gave his life to trap two,  
king and queen of the Valg.

And with that Fireheart,  
fell to her knees.  
She had lost a true friend,  
But became a true queen.

The story of an assassin queen,  
whose Fireheart burned true  
a descendent of fire in a world  
that had to be saved anew.

## **AN OPENING A CLOSING**

Liam Saluski

### 1. an opening

i. a sweet taste in the back of my throat, like peeling an orange into my lungs. everything is sky blue and none of this makes sense. all of it makes sense, you say, i just have to wait and see.

ii. and now, no lies. am i ready?

iii. the brittle-bone break of my wings leaves me flightless until you show me how to fly without them. light is a wave and a particle at the same time and i am the same. (it is not supposed to make sense.) i am a fledgling, mute and falling from your nest. open my eyes. i'll want to look terror in the face this time.

iv. the fire teaches me to love. says it's not death if i walk into it with my eyes open, says it's not surrender if i learn from it. says it's not home, it never has been, but i know the tangled wires of your heart better than warmth.

v. you are the monster at the center of the labyrinth. your voice the thread that leads me deeper still. i know where the steel of your body turns tender, where your voice unravels into flashes of electric need. when the sky caves in under my hands, i dismantle your pleas into handfuls of loss.

coda

after cataclysm, after defeat. you inscribe your words in silver and wrap them around my bones. this is the shape forgiveness takes on my tongue. sleep, you say, and pull me into a darkness that tastes like triumph.

i sleep.

### 2. a closing

i. i wake, my mouth full of dust and hands lightless. i wake into a world i did not expect to see again. i wake, and this is new, but somehow the same as it has always been.

ii. i find your heart overgrown with vines, grass pushing up through your armored soul, the steady drip of water running newsprint ink into dark puddles. ivy twines up walls that bleed echoes of despair. i wake, and you wake—

iii. and this time, no lies.

iv. this place that has never known sunlight does not sleep. you weave me bridges of light, trace paths through the ruins of my body, saying see what i did to you, saying this is what love feels like. this is what it feels like: the deer, poised at the edge of flight, heartbeat crying for the bullet. the blister-burn on the soles of my feet. the way i want to tell you that my name from your mouth is the closest i have ever come to home. and so i take your hand, and i fall.

v. the broken claws you whet to steel-shine on my throat. the bird that cries in the dark. this endless, ascending world, this world and its familiar fire. memories that turn to glass. moondust that turns to poison. stubborn survival can only take me so far; i have to have something to flee if i'm so determined to spend my whole life running.

vi. eavesdrop on the vitrified past. i want a name that means strength. all the radio static has to offer is a plea.

vii. i climb to find a pale hole in the sky that welcomes me home. all this time, and i still feel that reflected light like an emptiness. your circuits, slotting into place. your voice, an echo familiar and never comforting. (something to flee to.) your hands around mine, pulling me to safety.

coda

disaster tastes familiar as burning plastic on my tongue. freedom is a strange wind against skin that remembers only cages. go, you say, and this kindness is iron, this farewell a song.

i go.



## **EMBER**

Zoe Brodeur



**JASMINE**

Alexis Richardson



**DEEP UNDER THE OCEAN**

Nikol Kroumova



**STAND OUT**

Marie Jernigan

**BREATHE**

Raechel Zoellick

Inhale...

Close eyes, ignore  
voices, judgement, pressure  
to be them. It's okay. Promise.

Exhale.



## **HAWAIIAN SHOCK**

Brittney Benson

## **ROSINESS**

Paola Cuatepitzi-Rojas

There's this glimmer  
It shines in a corner blinding me  
It's small but brighter than the sun  
It's warm like a mother's hug  
I want to approach it but I'm always pulled back  
Every day it grows like a flower almost in bloom

I want to wrap it around me like a blanket  
Feel its warmth against my body  
One day...

The glimmer is always there  
I feel as though it calls to me  
Telling me a secret so dear and fragile  
Everyday I try to get close  
Yet...I'm always pulled back

Someday I'll get close  
I'll keep pushing  
Fighting this force that pulls at me

That glimmer...  
It shines in the darkest of days  
Small and fragile yet so bold and strong  
It tells me a secret so fragile and dear  
One day I'll get near it

One day...



**NENA**

Jacqueline Orozco



**KISS OF DEATH**

Lisandra Vazquez

# 2019 ELK GROVE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR MEDALLION RECIPIENTS IN THE FINE AND PERFORMING ARTS



**ALEKSANDRA KALAFARSKI**

Band

Aleksandra has been an active member of the band program for the last four years. Throughout her four years she has shown considerable growth as a musician and a leader while being involved in Marching Band, Wind Ensemble, Jazz Ensemble, Symphony Orchestra, the District Honor's Band and Orchestra as well as many other small ensembles. In addition to those commitments, Aleksandra was also an award winning drum major for 2 years and V-show House Band Director. Her time spent as a leader in the program did not go unnoticed. Aleksandra has been an extremely helpful and dedicated member of our band program.



**NICHOLAS BENJAMIN**

Choir

Nick is an inspiration. His natural prowess in music was clear when he came in freshman year, but his relentless high expectations for himself have allowed for growth at an impressive rate through his four years. Nick's outstanding tenor voice has earned recognitions at regional, state, and national levels through the Illinois Music Education Association and American Choral Directors Association. His phenomenal musical ear has allowed our program's students to benefit from highly effective student-led rehearsals and sectionals. Additionally, he served as Choir Co-President to an entire choir student body. When only studying his amazing musical journey through high school, one would struggle to understand that Nick has experienced obstacles far more challenging than those of many students his age. His musicianship and leadership skills are impressive, but Nick's tenacity, strength, and dedication to artistry are far more inspiring. We are excited to see Nick keep growing in all of his outstanding musical endeavors to come. Thank you for all of your contributions to Elk Grove High School Choir.



**AMBER BRETANA**

Drama

Amber first graced the EGHS stage three years ago in the Fall Play in "The Diary Of Anne Frank" followed the next year by her performance in "Peter Pan" as Captain Hook. The Greek Mythology "Olympiaganza", and this year's "One Act Wonders" capped a four-year career in drama that was marked, by dedication, excellence, and complete and total commitment to the EGHS stage. She even stepped into the role of director again this year, successfully directing "The Internet is Distracting". Amber has graced our stage in Fall Plays, One Acts, Musicals, Variety Shows and always set the finest example of teamwork, leadership, and of course, talent.



## **HAILEY RUPPERT**

### Orchesis

Hailey received this medallion for her hard work and dedication to Orchesis. Throughout her three years with Orchesis, Hailey developed into an amazing dancer, choreographer, and leader. From her help in the classroom, to her responsibilities with social coordination and marketing, Hailey always steps up and leads with a positive attitude and warm personality. Hailey has become a significant role model in our program and has made Orchesis a better and stronger group. We are proud of all you have accomplished.



## **TOMOKO SAKURAYAMA**

### Orchestra

Tomoko is a brilliant example of what it means to be a dedicated orchestra student and leader. In her four years at Elk Grove, we have always been impressed by her passion for music, her tireless work ethic, and her commitment to our orchestra program. It is rare to observe a student who works as hard as she does to improve not only her own skill and musicality, but that of all of her peers. It is a great task and often a burden to serve in the various leadership roles she holds in our program, and Tomoko has consistently handled it with great poise and a strong sense of responsibility. She truly and daily illustrates what it means to be an outstanding team player. Our program has become a more positive, collaborative environment and much of this is due to Tomoko's contributions over the past four years. Thank you so much for your incredible leadership in and commitment to the EG Orchestra program.



## **RAECHEL ZOELICK**

### Speech

Raechel has distinguished herself as competitor and performer in several speech events including, but not limited to, Humorous Duet Acting, Dramatic Duet Acting, Oratorical Declamation, and Dramatic Interpretation! Raechel found the most success in Poetry. She was an IHSA Regional Entry her junior year and came back stronger and motivated senior year, placing at many tournaments and then qualifying for the IHSA Sectional and narrowly missing state advancement. Raechel is also an exceptional teammate, peer coach, and leader. She has always put the team and her teammates first and that distinguishes her in addition to her tremendous talent. Raechel's enthusiastic commitment to speech at Elk Grove has inspired others and will be hard to duplicate. Congratulations on all of your many achievements in Speech.

**DAVID SCHULER**

Superintendent

**PAUL KELLY**

Principal

**KYLE BURRITT**

Associate Principal / Div. Head CTE

**MEGAN KNIGHT**

Associate Principal

**VALERIE NORRIS**

Assistant Principal

**ROBERT MURPHY**

Assistant Principal

**JUSTIN PENIO**

Dean of Students

**EDGAR RIVERA**

Dean of Students

**ADAM CLAYTON**

Division Head - Special Education

**TIM PHILIPS**

Div. Head - Social Studies / World Languages / ELL

**WENDY RELICH**

Division Head - English / Fine Arts

**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. Also, 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>.



# KACPER MIGACZ

2019 Senior Medallion - English

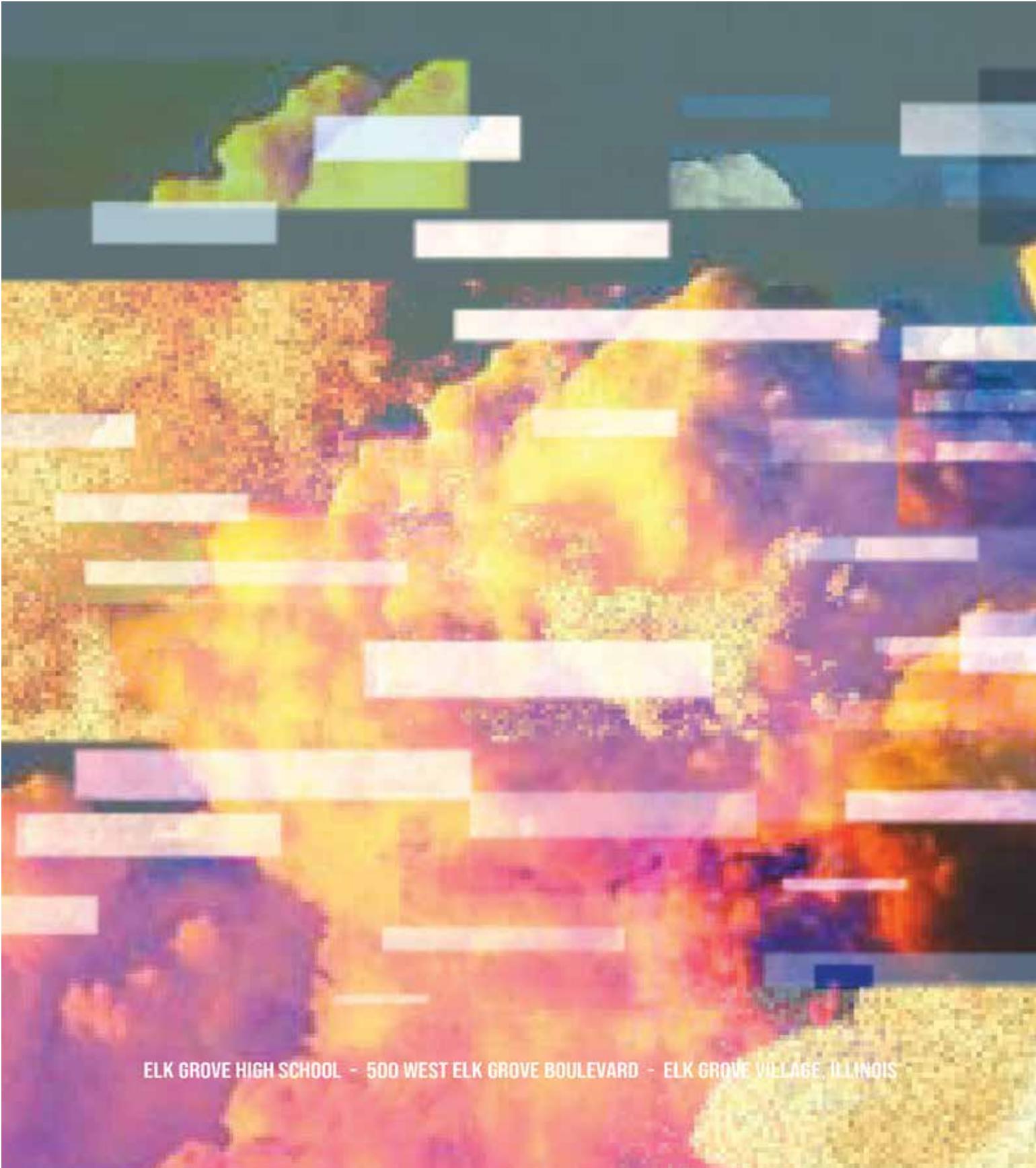
Kacper deserves the Senior Medallion for English because he has been an exceptional student in AP English Literature and other honors/AP level English classes since his freshman year. When teachers saw his name on their roster, they knew that they would have an exceptional leader to enhance their classes. Kacper writes with intelligence, perception, style, and grace. He adds incredible insight to class discussions with pensive and thoughtful participation. He patiently works with others in groups and encourages and helps others gain insight from the works. Kacper thoroughly examines the literature and creates compelling arguments. His long-term essays were always well-researched and grammatically flawless, and his impromptu writings were always among the best written in the class. Some of his essays were among the best ever seen from Elk Grove students. The English/Fine Arts Division and Elk Grove High School are proud to recognize Kacper Migacz for his exceptional abilities in English, and we wish him well in his future endeavors.



# MAEVE TERRANOVA

2019 Denise Reinking Award Recipient





ELK GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - 500 WEST ELK GROVE BOULEVARD - ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS