



# Retrospect

# WALK



**2019**



## Alpine Meadow

Dylan Morrow

**Retrospect Literary Arts Magazine**  
**Ellensburg High School**  
**Volume 35, 2019**  
**Walk**

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*All past editions of this magazine and a full color digital version can be viewed at our web page: <https://www.esd401.org/ehs/activities/clubs/retrospect>.*

**Questions? Comments?**  
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

- "Daisy" by Faith Simcox - Page 3  
"Feinting Excuses" by Gregory Cole - Page 4  
"The Star (Of Minneapolis)" by Valentyna Belofsky - Page 5  
"Untitled" by Mia Pollock - Page 5  
"The Ember" by Orion Walker - Page 6  
"Love is Everything" by Avery Dean - Page 7  
"Wings to Fly" by Emily Carter - Page 8  
"Footfalls of my Past" by Maggie Bergevin - Page 10  
"Love" by Katilyn Engle - Page 11  
"Untitled" by Sarahlyn Gatley - Page 11  
"Sheet" by Katilyn Engle - Page 12  
"Feathers of Snow" by Sarahlyn Gatley - Page 13  
"Untitled" by Ruth Douglas - Page 13  
"Untitled" by Sarahlyn Gatley - Page 22  
"Growing Up" by Isaiah Taylor - Page 23  
"Found" by Ruth Douglas - Page 24  
"One Hand Clapping" by Valentyna Belofsky - Page 25  
"From the Sun to the Moon" by Hunter Hughes - Page 27  
"My Everything" by Hunter Hughes - Page 28  
Page 29: Perhaps" by Katilyn Engle - Page 29  
"Believe" by Valentyna Belofsky - Page 30  
"Poker with Death" by Jordan Koback - Page 31

## POETRY

- Cover: Madison Panattoni - Arizona Sunset  
Cover: Dylan Morrow - Lonely Coast  
Alpine Meadow" by Dylan Morrow - Inside Cover  
"Tortilla Flatts" by Madison Panattoni - Page 4  
"Beauty" by Felice bello - Page 5  
"New Year" by Madison Panattoni - Page 6  
"Untitled" by Hunter Hughes - Page 7  
"Untitled" by Hunter Hughes - Page 11  
"Cedar Forest" by Dylan Morrow - Page 11  
"Untitled" by Hunter Hughes - Page 15  
"Untitled" by Hunter Hughes - Page 23  
"Alpine Meadow" by Dylan Morrow - Page 24  
"Cactus Bloom" by Madison Panattoni - Page 26  
"Sunflower" by Madison Panattoni - Page 27  
"Superstitious Mountain" by Madison Panattoni - Page 28  
"Sunlight on the Horizon" by Dylan Morrow - Page 30  
"Alpine Creek" by Dylan Morrow - Page 33  
"Untitled" by Felice Bello - Page 34  
"Untitled" by Felice Bello - Page 34  
"Untitled" by Hunter Hughes - Page 35  
"Flag" by Stephen Szombathy - Page 37  
"One Handsome Wet Boi" by Olivia Anderson - Page 37  
"Lonely Valley" by Dylan Morrow - Page 38

## PHOTOGRAPHY

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

“Giardia” by Quentin Berkey - Page 14  
“Banglan Sonyeondan A.R.M.Y The Way of the Adorable Representative MC for Youth” by Natasha Bauer - Page 32

## ESSAYS

“Billie Eilish” by Stephanie Foley - Page 2  
“Mixed Emotions” by Gabriel Parker - Page 10  
“Lilies” by Ruth Douglas - Page 12  
“Dementia” by Austin Ketzenberg - Page 14  
“Maeve” by Jared Gomez-Vilchis - Page 16  
    Bridge of the Knonovisk by James Libenow  
“Inkheart” by Austin Ketzenberg - Page 17  
    “I Am Groot” by Katilyn Engle - Page 17  
“Rad Witch” by Shannon Nolan - Page 18  
    “Lunar New Year” by James Libenow - Page 18  
“French” by Katilyn Engle - Page 19  
    “Judas” by Jared Gomez-Vilchis - Page 19  
    “The Orange Dragon” by Ruth Douglas - Page 19  
“Black Horn” by James Libenow - Page 20  
    “Blood” by Deliah O’Brien - Page 20  
“Listener’s Relationship” by Ben Lombardi - Page 21  
    “Reggeta” by James Libenow - Page 21  
“Pocahontas” by Mady Eason - Page 22  
“Alien” by Katilyn Engle - Page 25  
    “Dante Jesus Jeager Ackreman” by Kasen Christopherson - Page 25  
“Spiderman” by Mady Eason - Page 26  
“Someone I Miss” by Gabriel Parker - Page 29  
“Grim” by Katilyn Engle - Page 31  
“Mania” by Austin Ketzenberg - Page 33  
“Here Tomorrow” by Shannon Nolan - page 35  
“Orpheus The Great” by Ruth Douglas - Page 36  
“Duchies of Carron” by James Libenow - Page 36  
“Potted” by Ruth Douglas - Page 38  
“Fairy” by Shannon Nolan - Page 38  
“The Ultimate Collection” by Ruth Douglas - Page 39  
“Untitled” Maggie Bergevin - Back Cover

## ART

**Best of EHS Contest**

Best Art, 2019

Stephanie Foley - Billie Eilish



*Little daisy upon the sill  
When did you wilt away?  
This morning I saw you white and gold,  
    reflecting the morning smiles.  
But you frown upon me now,  
And I grieve to have you back.  
You made me smile when tears fell  
And I laughed along to my jokes.  
But here you are; gone, as if I never knew  
    you.  
I spend my days picking wild flowers,  
Uprooted with crumbling dirt.  
I stare upon my window sill  
A new daisy every day.  
And it's hard, because none of them could  
    ever replace you.*

Best of EHS Contest  
Best Creative Writing, 2019

Faith Simcox - Daisy

*Five Julys passed so quickly that I can't help but look back with a glance.  
Mulling over minds and hearts, I can feel dissonance.*

*Chances that I've had make it worse.  
All the memories that keep me up at night  
And all the lives that have bent me, makes letting go impossible.  
My soul is far from innocent, I've seen eyes and minds wonder  
And in my current mental state it makes me wonder.  
Because life's stresses tend to make you think  
And under pressured times I've been inclined to get too loud.  
But all the while I've been the kind to quiet down.  
I curse the ones who sunk me, but never mention who.  
I've built ships in bottles, nothing more than antiques in the back of my mind.  
And while it never seems to impress anyone, at least it's gotten me out of bed.  
I've tried to hide and turn real life away, imagining ships long  
sailed and sank or yet to come.*

*I'm not the same, but I'm not about to complain.  
It's too much time and energy to try and turn back.  
nothing's broken except for the dreams that went up in smoke.  
Somehow I'm moving on and it pains me.  
It's harder to see what really bothers me.  
although some would say otherwise.  
The quiet has more noises than I'm used to as I try to find my place.  
I'm done with feinting excuses.  
I just can't stand these darker grays of days, they're making me go mad  
I want to stop every clock until I'm able to talk  
But then would I even be able to walk the walk?  
No, I'd just restart the clocks.  
I'd let the world talk first and then I'd walk. Watching with my eyes  
and feeling the shock of the world and its stars, keeping stock on the world.*

## Feinting Excuses

Greggory Cole

## Tortilla Flatts

Madison Panattoni





**The Star**  
**(Of Minneapolis)**  
Valentyna Belofsky

*Rush into the cinema  
heart on your sleeve  
ticket up in pocket closed  
enchantment never leaves*

*a girl walk into a movie scene  
it all feels like one's in a dream  
she wishes on the star she sees  
because he's so surreal*

*and painfully controlled, mesmerizing  
mystery inflicts desire, agonizing  
desire to know more,  
and the star takes your heart*



**Beauty**

Felice Bellow

*Thoughts burn when in doubt  
Your fears find light, You're now lost  
Escape the dark, at what cost*

Mia Pollock

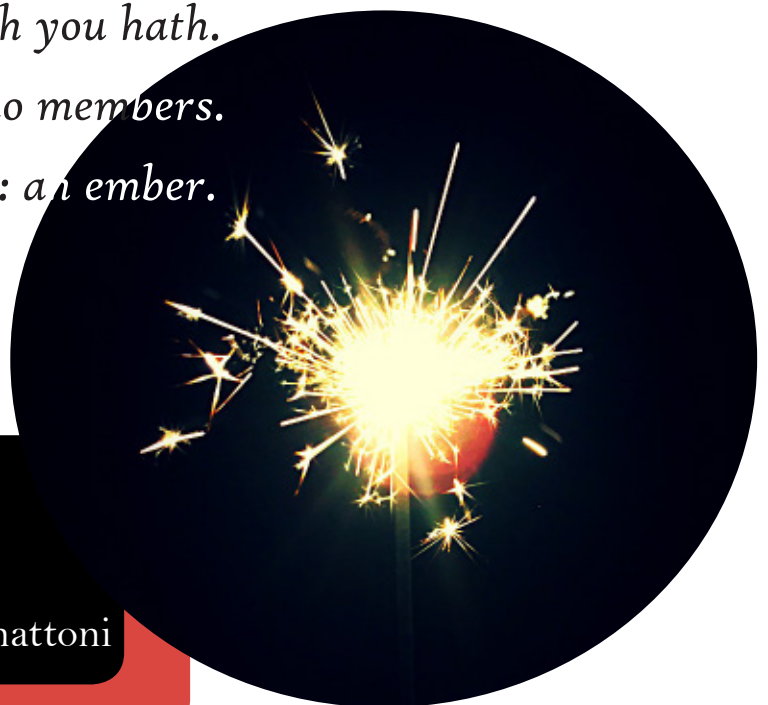
# The Ember

Orion Walker

*Where do you go to find yourself when lost?  
From where does truth, the light, the life, derive?  
How can we find the path hidden by frost?  
To know the truth and the answer contrive  
Is to accept your life the way it is.  
To discern the whole is for peace to find.  
It is hard, is it not? Your test, this quiz?  
Your answer is too vague you say in mind.  
You youth, you deaf and unseeing spirit.  
The joy, pain, love, hate, indifference. The path.  
If not sad than how glad? Can you hear it?  
Can you see it? Been on the path you hath.  
Without a whole there can be no members.  
Life is like the light on the path: an ember.*

## New Year

Madison Panattoni



Untitled

Hunter Hughes



Love is Everything

Avery Dean

*Love: exasperating and omnipotent,  
One dose is a drug, very potent.  
It takes your brain and plays with it like a feral beast full of rage.  
It makes you feel as if you're in a cage,  
Then fills your daring heart with a jubilant liveliness.  
There is no ugliness,  
It is the boogie woogie of life.  
It is sometimes filled with strife.  
From one place to the next like a film flam.  
Damn!  
But love is life  
Without love we have nothing to live fore  
Love even with its deranged mentality is what really matters  
Everything else in this great big world means nothing, I'm flattered.*

# Wings To Fly

Emily Carter

*There is a place not far away  
Where people drag through their day*

*They walk along never looking left or right  
Absorbed in sorrow they walked along without fight*

*They drag you see because on each wrist was found  
A chain and ball that grew with every mean, cruel sound*

*In this place there lived a girl who trugged each day to school  
Her chain was quite large to say, they tell her that she'll never be cool*

*"You're ugly, and clumsy," they called. Her chain grew so big, she tripped over it  
From the ground she looked up at the sky, tears forming as she sank into her pit*

*There, up in the sky was the strangest sight she ever did see  
It was a boy with glorious wings! Flying! How could that be?*

*He saw her and waved giving a cheerful smile  
Such a happy smile had not been seen for miles*

*As she got up, the girl's burden did not feel quite that bad  
It was the strangest moment she'd ever had*

*The next day the girl walked with an eye to the sky  
Halfway thinking what she'd seen was a lie*

*But there he was gliding on brilliant wings  
The girl wondered how he hand managed to accomplish these things*

*The next day the boy came down, his smile kind  
He said, hovering inches off the ground, "You are the type of girl I've been trying to find"*

*He held out his hand offering, "Do you want to fly?"  
The girl looked at him, his glittering wings, "I've got no wings to fly, good-by"*

*The boy was not deterred, the next day he stopped her again.  
He offered to let her fly. How wonderful it would be to pretend.*

*The girl didn't let herself do so, gathered her chain she left with a look of sorrow.  
"I have no wings to fly," the boy looked at her as he rose, he would try again tomorrow*

*That day he appeared so suddenly, they almost collide  
"I'll carry you through my flight." he tried*

*Oh how she longed to be up in the sky, but she remembered the weight of her chain  
"I do not wish to drag you down. I have no wings to fly myself. I do not want to cause you pain."*

*As they parted that morning the boy had a lot on his mind  
How was he supposed to show her he was just being kind*

*The next day as the girl was walking the boy did not come  
She stopped where they'd met the past few days feeling glum*

*Just as she was about to go he showed up his eyes inviting  
"I have no wings to fly," she cried with sobs frightening*

*The boy said nothing but touched to the ground and took her weight in his hands.  
He wrapped his arms around the girl like comforting bands.*

*"Do you know," he whispered after a time, "That I too once had a chain."  
"I've walked the ground, my head hung low, I understand the pain."*

*"I tossed my weight away from me, I made my glittering wings"  
"I can now hear every day the lovely sun, oh how it sings."*

*He backed away to look at her, "I'll tell you how to do it too"  
"This world's hard, mean to all, the difference between wings or chain is all with what you do."*

*"Be kind to others, look past your chain to lighten those around you."  
"It will lighten yours along the way and you'll start to grow wings too."*

*The girl, eyes bright with tears, looked about for the second time she ever had  
The people around her staggered about all feeling sad*

*As she watched she saw some fall unable to carry their weight  
The girl cried in dismay as she saw the sorrow and hate*

*She rushed over to a fallen man and sank to her knees  
As she helped him up and grabbed his weight she felt as strong as trees*

*The girl carried both her own and his and through the town they walked  
The man spoke his burdens, and as he did both hers and his were lightened as they talked*

*The boy and girl crossed paths many times after that  
Each helping another their own weight forgotten, sat*

*The more she helped the lighter her weight got  
Until one day she noticed that it was off*

*The girl did not know when the chain had disappeared  
But only focused on the happiness of others she cheered*

*One day later she looked in the mirror to find wings of gold on her back  
Once the motive for her work it was just something extra in the sack*

*She stepped out and launched herself into the air  
She heard the sun singing without a care*

*The boy smiled at her as they met in the sky  
The girl returned his sparkling smile, "I finally have wings to fly."*

*The boy happy with her too asked, "so what will you do now?"  
Her heart felt full and she replied, "I will teach other to make wings so they'll know how."*

*The two flew about and their numbers grew to fill sky  
Everyone should help another and create wings to fly*

# Footfalls of my Past

Maggie Bergevin

*She sat and watched her toes  
In the lamplight looking bare  
Fragile, homeless, unprotected  
She was shoeless and afraid*

*The flat and tattered pair  
Lay unreachable  
Under her bed but also miles away  
Where yesterday's footsteps fell*

*Solid cobblestone  
Cold lingering still in her bones  
Remembering the damp  
Numbness that seeped into her heart*

*Greying flats next to springy pink sneakers  
A duller shade than at first put on  
Chosen to take the final steps away  
Longing to look back  
Afraid of causing her to trip and fall*

*At last sat the boots standing straight and bright  
Holding in themselves the memories  
Always hidden, tied up in the laces  
Wanting to be worn again*

*She struggled in vain to slip on the moments  
Crying for the return of that time, that warmth  
Reaching around for comfort and protection  
Fingers brushed against hope*

*She softly pulled it up around her toes  
A cover of peace and silence, giving way to joy  
Warmth came as slowly as sleep  
Never realizing it was there until it was gone*

# Mixed Emotions

Gabriel Parker

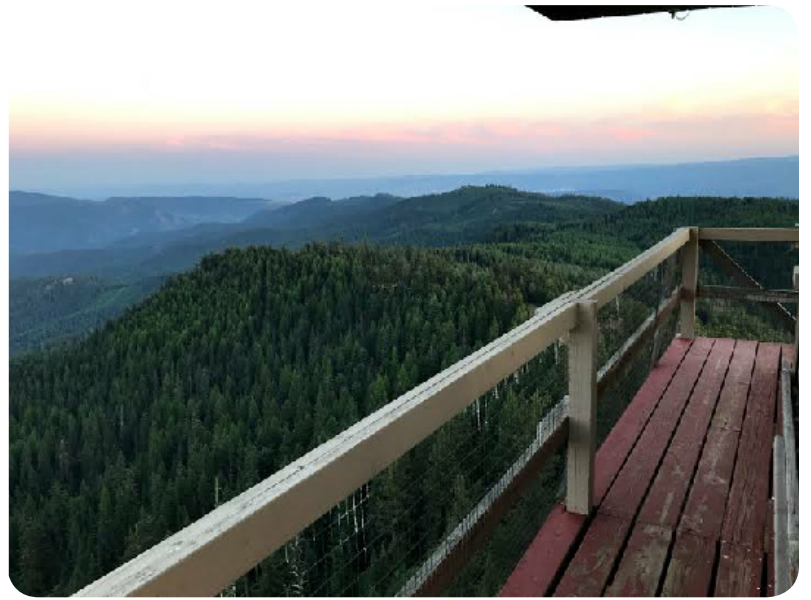


## Love

Katilyn Engle

*Weather can be unpredictable  
Whether it's raining or its fragile snow.  
I've danced with the wind,  
I've gotten lost in the fog,  
I've been kissed by the sun,  
I've cried in the rain.*

*Does this weather pattern  
Define me?  
The rays of the sun,  
The droplets of rain,  
Soak into my skin.  
Saturating beauty.*



## Untitled

Hunter Hugh

*The same tree, each day  
We walk by without a single glance  
We miss what we admire*

*Sarahlyn Gatley*

## Cedar Forest

Dylan Morrow



## Lilies

Ruth Douglas



## Sheet

Katilyn Engle

*She is nothing.*

*Just a black sheet before your eyes.*

*But out of this apocalyptic world, a special set of eyes see more.*

*She is a black sheet of stars, glistening and blinding.*

*Perhaps this is why no one saw her.*

*This special set of eyes had a body,*

*And he loved her.*

*His words created galaxies and planets.*

*His touch created colors, bursting into her sheet.*

*Making her deeper, bigger, glorious.*

*She is something.*



## Feathers of Snow

Sarahlyn Gatley

*White feathers of snow capture the eye of the sun  
Threads of light glistening upon the unique forms  
The clouds of soft ivory entice the heavens  
As they release dancers into the sky  
They perform a sweet chasse en tourment  
As they fall softly to the ground  
When the curtain of clouds closes  
The dancers fall to find sleep on the tops of evergreen trees*



## Dementia

Austin Ketzenberg

*Turtles are baller  
But yet they can't ball; kobe  
Turtles are the best*

Ruth Douglas

# Giardia

Quentin Berkey

The goal of this essay is to inform the audience of what the dangerous effects of Giardia are and what the differences in a severe case vs a non severe case is, the steps of diagnosing it, the road to recovery, and how it affected me in my journey throughout this illness. I will be including many personal elements on how this experience was different for me than most cases. Giardia is the most common global waterborne parasitic human infection, and is processed into the system through consuming contaminated foods or drinks. There was under 20,000 cases in a year in the U.S. 2011-2012 (Gargano).

Giardia Lamblia Cysts are processed through fecal matter and remain alive in cold environments. Your average day hiker and adventurer have the possibility of contracting it through the "hand to oral route", unprotected anal intercourse is also a cause, unfiltered drinking water or poorly sanitized food is one of the most common ways, and you could even contract it from your local pool if someone there has it and infects the water since giardia cannot be killed with chlorine. In some very rare cases, even pets can pass it to humans. The Giardia Lamblia Cyst enters the small intestine where the cyst cell divides into two trophozoites using mitosis. Meaning, they divide into two equal parts with the same design from the "mother" to produce hundreds of thousands of "daughters". These parasites continue to multiply and slowly head toward the colon, turning into cysts to be extruded from the body. "In 10 days there could be 1 million parasites, and in two weeks a billion Giardia" ("Life Cycle and Transmission"). Those who become infected can continue to excrete the cyst for years but could experience no symptoms of illness.

The horrible problem with Giardia is that it can be so easy to confuse with other illnesses. Once infected, it changes the response of your immune system. With symptoms taking a week to two weeks to start (or being asymptomatic even once fully infected), most doctors don't have a clue to test for Giardia until a month or more has passed and once they've tested for other things. Symptoms can consist of stomach and abdominal cramps, gas and belching, and diarrhea or greasy floating stools that stink. Less commonly there can be anorexia, vomiting, and a fever. Giardia can prevent your body from accumulating the fats, vitamins, and nutrients it needs, causing weight loss. Malnutrition or slow growth has occurred in children with severe Giardiasis (Acharya). Giardia can also actually cause some nutrition disorders or even chronic diarrhea. Because of all the different symptoms and how everybody experiences it differently, Giardia can be misdiagnosed

as the common stomach flu or many other infections and diseases.

Giardia can have some major long term effects on the body as well. It is reported by Marie CM Halliez and Andre G Buret in the World Journal of Gastroenterology that in very rare cases, Ocular Pathologies can occur meaning that it can create eye diseases. Giardia can also cause hypokalemia which means there is a potassium deficiency in the blood, and from that something called myopathy can develop which is a disease that attacks the muscles causing weakness. Within 2 to 4 weeks after infection, Giardia can lead to "infection related arthritis" because the immune system's responses change and therefore it can be common in many cases. I find it peculiar that your inflammatory response system won't respond in the same manner as previously causing this strange affliction. One weird thing that can occur is once infected, the bacteria changes how your food is processed and can cause you to become sensitive and cause allergic reactions to things that did not affect you previously. There has also been a connection between Giardiasis and IBS (irritable bowel syndrome) development. When Giardia contaminates your system, there is no clue how it could change who you are or how you respond to things since every infection is a case by case scenario.

The treatment to Giardia can be just as difficult as diagnosing it. Because cases are so different for each individual, it's hard to say whether someone is going to need medication to get over it. If after a few weeks symptoms remain and they know for sure that you have Giardia, they will usually give you a oral pill to treat it. As wrote in the Pediatric Clinics of North America by Meagan A Barry and Jill E Weatherhead, Giardia can be cured with several different medications. Metronidazole is three doses a day, Tinidazole is the same as metronidazole but only one dose a day, and Nitazoxanide is a liquid form of the medication that is usually given to kids because it can be easier to ingest. Only Tinidazole and Nitazoxanide are allowed in the US. They are antiparasitic and antiviral drugs used to fight off Protozoa (meaning single celled) infections. The problem with the medications is that they can have negative side effects like nausea, metallic taste in the mouth, flatulence, yellow eyes, or brightly colored urine. Since everybody is different, finding out which treatment is the best to cure giardia is very difficult.

When I was young, I was very overweight. At the end of eighth grade I was tired of being looked down on and picked on for my size. I spent most of my summer riding my bike to the gym by my dad's work because his friend was professional bodybuilder and owned it. He took me under his wing and spent a lot of time training me and teaching me how to do extreme strength training routines and getting me set up on a diet. I started working up to 3 hours a day trying to change my body mass because of how embarrassed it made me feel. After the gym, I would ride my bike to Meadowbrook Bridge where the water was really deep. My friends would always hangout down there, so once I would get done working out we would all go jump off the bridge. To this day, I still believe that river is what got me sick.

When I started my freshman year of high school, I started to get very ill. It took about a month to have the illness fully consume me, and then I stopped attending school. At first, I was just puking randomly. I would attend school on a day where I felt good, then half way through the day I would get sick out of nowhere and they would have to send me home. It lasted around three months where I was really sick and couldn't attend school, but for about six months total, I was just unwell in general. During that time I lost almost a hundred pounds. In the first month they thought I had some type of flu and they didn't give me any medicine or anything. After the first two weeks of not attending school because of sickness, I had lost about twenty five pounds. Every morning I would wake up from a dead sleep between around five to seven AM and I would start viciously dry heaving until I would puke. It was so difficult to eat that I'd just drink as much water as possible when my stomach could stand it and eat as many crackers as I could. When I went to my primary care physician who I have been going to my entire life, they started sending me to all different sorts of specialists because they had never seen anything like my case!

After around a month of not eating, puking, and not being able to go to school, they got me scheduled for multiple different procedures. Because it was so hard to determine what was wrong, they sent me to stomach specialists, someone who could test my allergies and see if my body was reacting negatively to something, and they even gave me a full body MRI and cat scan to see if I had any malignant tumors in my body. I had to get an EGD (esophagogastroduodenoscopy), meaning they looked at my esophagus, stomach and the beginning of my small intestine, and a colonoscopy so they could see my large intestine. The scariest thing I went through though had to be getting my brain scanned and having to sit in this loud machine for almost an hour while my mom cried and begged the nurse to tell her what my scans looked like, which the nurse wasn't able to disclose any of that information.

At one point the doctors sat me down and said, "since we still have no diagnosis, you need to hear this. There may be a chance you could die because of how long you've had these symptoms and they aren't getting any better". If I hadn't been so heavy the doctors believed I would have died, so I guess my weight was a blessing in disguise. After my EGD results came back, they had found that there was traces of giardia creating ulcers or lesions in

my stomach. Because my diagnosis was never certain, they gave me an extremely weird test where I drank this really gross lemon flavored liquid and had me breathe into three different bags. The results came back as a partially false negative, so they decided to treat me for it. The medicine they gave me for Giardia was hard to keep down because I threw up so much. I never actually finished the prescription they gave me, I just started to get better and it went away. The sickness made me so skinny and unrecognizable that when I went back to school after three months, kids thought I was someone new. It was hard to process that everyone wanted to be my friend and hangout with me just because I looked different. Looking back on how my life changed, I really wish people had treated me the same post-sickness as they did pre-sickness. Adjusting to my new self and how everyone treated me really showed me a different side to this world.

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Untitled

Hunter Hughes

# WHEN PENCIL

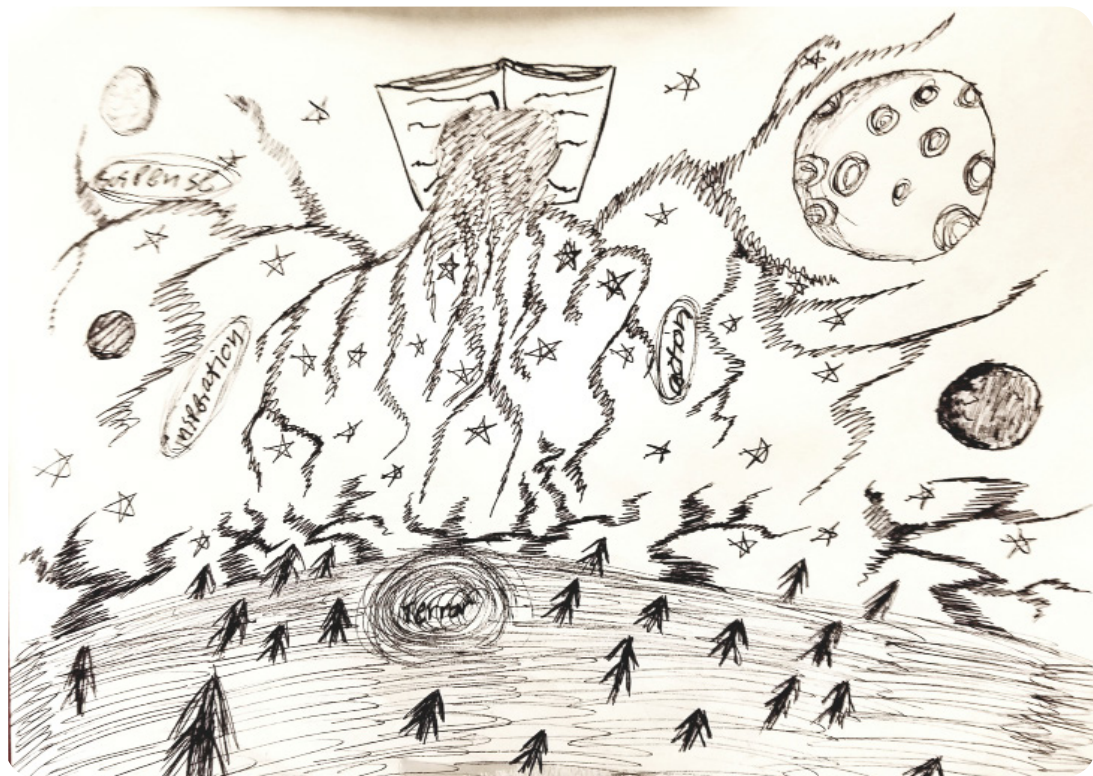
Maeve  
Jared Gomez-Vilchis



Bridge of the  
Knonovisk

James Libenow

# HITS PAPER



Inkheart

Austin Ketzenberg



I Am Groot

Katilyn Engle



# Rat Witch

Shannon Nolan

# Lunar Nomad

James Libenow



# French

Katilyn Engle

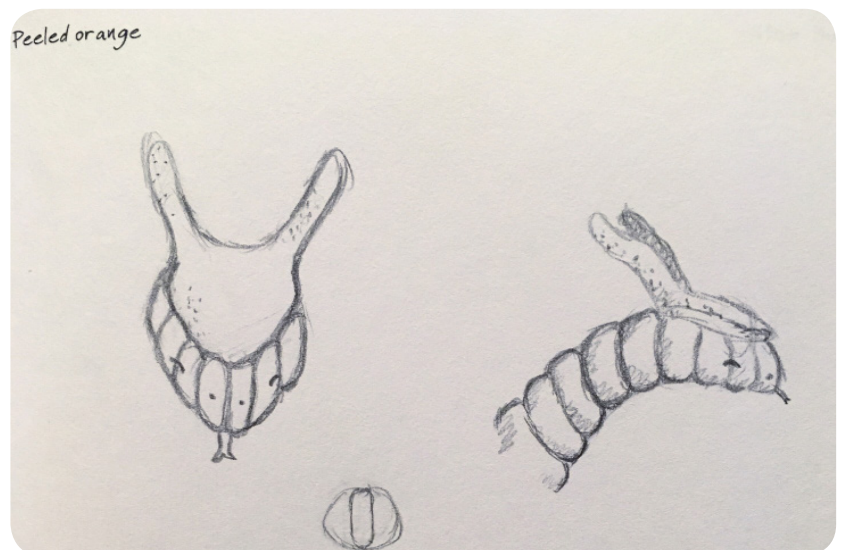


# Judas

Jared Gomez-Vilchis

# The Orange Dragon

Ruth Douglas



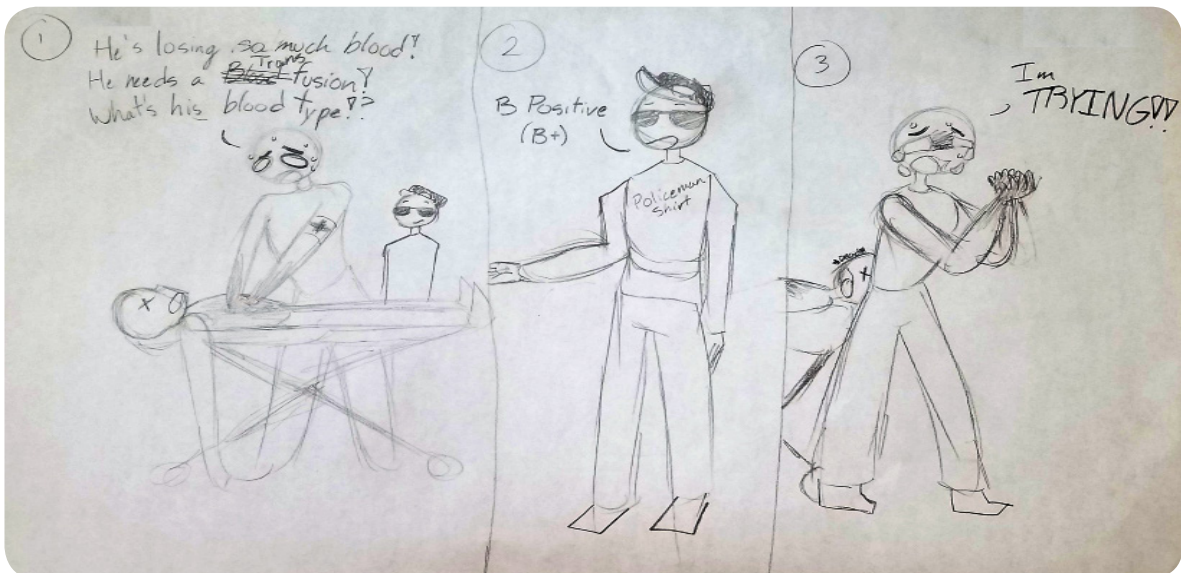


## Black Horn Raiders (top)

James Libenow

## Blood (bottom)

Deliah O'Brien

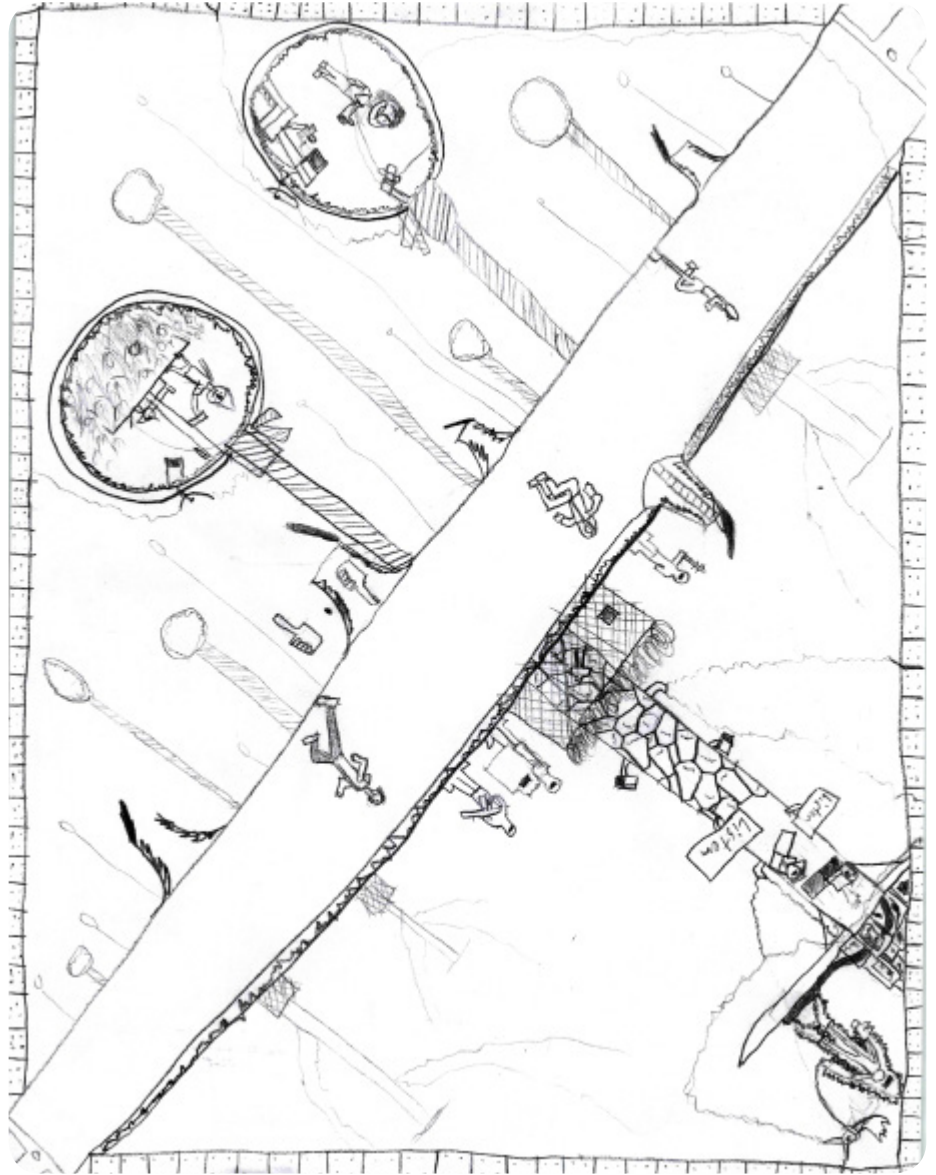




Listener's  
Relationship  
Ben Lombardi

Reggeta

James Libenow



Untitled

By

# Untitled

Sarahlyn Gatley

*Look beyond the frost of the breeze  
Beyond the blizzard lies emotion  
Hiding behind the flakes of frozen seas*

*Trying to move but thrown in the oceans of unease  
It floats away, its message hidden  
Look beyond the frost of the breeze*

*The turbulence of the ocean throws it to the height of trees  
Deeper into the water, yet preserved  
Hiding behind the flakes of frozen seas*

*Slowly, it floats up to the surface and is once again seized  
Hiding behind the glaciers of secrets  
Look beyond the frost of the breeze*

*Yet, it stays hidden not for long in the freeze  
For pirates roam the frozen oceans  
Hiding behind the flakes of frozen seas*

*He opens the hidden message, a disease  
Flakes of frozen water become liquid  
Look beyond the frost of the breeze  
Hiding behind the flakes of frozen seas*

# Pocahontas

Mady Eason



# Growing up

Isaiah Taylor

*Growing up is tired  
Growing up is work  
Growing up tastes like bitter coffee  
And feels like not really caring*

*What used to be a warm cup full  
o' Hazelnut creamer with a splash of coffee  
is now a bitter cup of room-temperature  
caffeine*

*Growing up is getting excited about good  
deals  
on toilet paper  
and losing interest in holidays*

*Growing up is secluded and happy  
Growing up is whole-grain, low-fat, and  
sugar-free.*

# Untitled

Hunter Hughes



# Found

Ruth Douglas

*The gentle whisper of the field  
Calling me  
Deeper into the entanglement of my mind  
Further trapping me in thought  
I feel my body slipping away  
Hopeless  
Useless  
Unable to fight  
It's hard to contain myself  
Yet some sort of power fills me*

*Determination*

*It echoes in the pits of my soul  
I feel my body come back to me*

*My heart*

*For a while it has been lost  
Unable to find it I gave up  
Thought it had been sold or stolen*

*But there it lay*

*Still beating*

*Slightly broken*

*Perfect nonetheless*



Alpine Meadow  
Dylan Morrow

# One hand Clapping

Valentyna Belofsky

*We live in the shadow of the fall.  
A time when contradictory signals flash so fast that we don't know what's real.  
A time when our addictions turn us apathetic and numb.  
A time when we need therapy just to get through and average lifetime.*

*Our world, however lifeless, is like a zoo.  
Wild yet confined,  
exciting yet terrifying,  
tempting yet deadly.*

*It doesn't even matter if anything with substance is present.  
All you have to do is make people believe and they will open up their wallets  
to buy the gum  
on the bottom of your shoes -*

*and there are no genuine connections,*

*only the sound of  
one hand clapping.*



**Alien**  
Katilyn Engle

**Dante Jesus Jeager  
Ackreman**  
Kasen Christopherson



Cactus Bloom  
Madison Panattoni



Spiderman  
Mady Eason

# From the Sun to the Moon

Hunter Hughes

*I watched people fight about money and cheating. I sit there waiting for the opportunity to strike.*

*I'm dark and cold as ice to everyone that comes to me. I'm a murderer of dreams and plans for all life. If you find me in the shadows all I'll do is vanish and leave you with nothing.*

*I was a warm and happy figure awhile ago. There was nothing that could take being happy from me not even death of my family.*

*I was a beautiful and glowing place that everyone loved and worshipped. I was everything until I met her.*

*She got close to me and acted like she loved me than ruined me in just one second.*

*She hit me and broke me like I was a toothpick. I was helpless; it was scary.*

*When I realized what happen it was to late.*

*My eyes turned black and my soul left me as if I was a demon.*

*I blacked out and reappeared dark and mysterious. Everyone says there's impact on me from fighting, but I'll tell you what they really are and those are not impacts.*

*These craters are holes that cut deep in to my body like stab wounds on a dart board.*

*I made everything you know dark and cold just to punishment everyone. People hate me and dream upon me but I crush dreams when I see them.*

*I feel numb now, and I think I'm becoming warmer. I feel sick, and I have a fever- what is this?*

*I'm becoming warm and happy again; I'm giving back your warmth and light because I feel bad for the stresses I have caused to my friends.*

*Everybody has forgiven me and we are all happy again but in just a few hours I'll change again just to repeat my hate against all life.*

Sunflower  
Madison Panattoni



# My Everything

Hunter Hughes

*Her hair and gorgeous smile overpowers me. She's like an Angel that never made it to heaven. Her body and voice could kill the average human because of how beautiful they both are. I want to marry her in the future and spend my life with her because she is my everything. I want her to stay forever but we both know she will leave someday.*

*This girl needs me and I need her more.*

*Our interests are close to the same and it's amazing because it's stuff most girls wouldn't dare try to accomplish.*

*We could hug and kiss for the rest of our lives and hope nothing stops us.*

*One day I might lose her to a constant battle of life, it never takes a break and today is right where I want to be, I don't know about tomorrow but all I want today is her.*

*Her problems are my problems and her thoughts become mine. She's my everything and more.*

*Through sickness and health we will be there for each other along with be there for our children and their children.*

*Hmm... think about that, children and soon grandparents. That shows us both that we are meant to be together for life.*

*All I need is the one chance to show her what I can do for her.*

*I only have her, my everything.*



Superstitious  
Mountain  
Madison Panattoni



# Perhaps

Katilyn Engle

*I find you all so funny.*

*How easy you can play with my heart.*

*I've been through so many boys.*

*You all lie. Perhaps it's my fault.*

*Perhaps, I push all of you off the building. Some fall too fast or hit too hard. Caught up in all of the traffic and the busy city lights. You're blinded.*

*Perhaps.*

*It can't be your fault. I'm the one who always leaves.*

*I feel I take too many hearts. I fill you up.*

*Fill you with happiness, courage, and forgiveness. And when your bucket is full, I take it away.*

*But.*

*But.*

*But.*

*You don't know what love is.*

*None of you do. You say love is physical. I send you pictures you beg for and all you say is; I love you.*

*I'm so terribly empty inside that I convince you to love me.*

*I eat everything in your buckets and when their empty I still want more. I am still hungry. Not for lust.*

*But to find true love.*

*Someone who can mix their bucket into mine and the taste will not be bitter nor sour.*

*But sweet, dainty, creamy.*

*Something I could never get tired of and as soon as I wake you in the morning to your face it immediately fills back up again.*

*And when the high goes away I can always fall back to your bucket.*

*But it seems, when the high goes away, your bucket turns grey and sour.*

*Is something wrong with me? With us?*

*You're all hungry for my flesh.*

*Not for my bucket.*

*And that's when it tips over, spilling, evaporating.*

*All of you say lies.*

*And when I leave.*

*It's my fault.*

*It's always been my fault.*



# Someone I Miss

Gabriel Parker

*All I know is how I feel*

*and I feel*

*chaotic, romantic, and blind*

*useless, selfish, and blind*

*blind*

*blind*

*in the distance I see a sign that reads:*

*“when you can’t believe in anything believe in hope.”*

*believe in hope*

*even after everything I can say there is a hope*

*that I still believe*

*believe*

*if you easily sell*

*you’re easily sold*

*now I believe*

*in the stories they told me*

*men become martyrs*

*women revel in despair*

## Believe

Valentyna Belofsky

*and all that’s left is what’s in front of me*

*searching for beauty to project value*

*to apply meaning*

*searching the stars for an answer*

*what’s in front of me? It’s the absence of thought  
better to hold onto what you have because it’s all you got*

*and even in the deepest darkness*

*I can see*

*that I still hope*

*that I still believe*

*I can say*

*there is hope*

*a light of belief*

*so I must still believe*

*Believe*

*Believe*

## Sunlight on the Horizon

Dylan Morrow

# Poker with Death

Jordan Koback

## Grim

Katilyn Engle



*I played poker with Death  
His breath gliding across the chipped table and slightly bent cards  
Brought a deadly chill down my spine.  
The sound of something sliding from one tooth to the other  
As he gave a hollow laugh caused a bead of sweat  
To slink down my temple.  
I licked my lips to rid them of the chapped feeling  
Death just laughed once again as the Dealer let another card fly  
The cosmos dripped and splattered around us, screams of something and another kissed our ears when  
the King of Hearts flipped onto the velvet surface our arms laid upon.  
My own Queen of Hearts smiled and winked as Death sucked his teeth and grabbed the edge of the  
table with something akin to anger.  
But Death doesn't know anger.  
He only knows Rot and Decay, his younger brothers who he helped deliver into the inky blackness our  
world floats in to this day.  
The Dealer's eyes were like two galaxies.  
They spun and twisted with curiosity and intrigue, emotions his blank face could never show when his  
mouth was sewn shut and his nose was nonexistent.  
He let another card slide out from his wispy fingers, it flipped and showed a Jack of Hearts that sent  
my heart dancing to a drum beat.  
Death's bony finger tapped against the table made of wood I couldn't identify, all I knew was the whis-  
pers it let float across my fingertips when I touched the knots and lines.  
Death let out a rattling breath as the 10 of Hearts shined and glistened in my hand. The feeling of uni-  
verses collapsing around me and the breath of Time and whatever other disgustingly benevolent beings  
could possibly be around me made my skin crawl.  
Resisting the urge to scratch I smiled at the last card the dealer threw out. My smile moved to a slight  
chuckle, filling the empty void.  
The Dealer and Death sent me a confused look when my chuckling evolved into full blown belly laugh  
that shook the foundations of everything that existed.  
I wiped a tear and met their eyes.  
"We have no idea how to play poker."*

# Bangtan Sonyeondan A.R.M.Y The Way of the Adorable Representative MC for Youth

Natasha Bauer

*Music has been a massive inspiration for me and it has made a huge impact on my life and I listen to a lot of different artists but the main new artist that I listen to is Bangtan Sonyeondan, also called BTS, and they are such a good group, and I have listened to many different and other bands from the K-Pop genre as well. K-Pop is my life. I am a huge K-Pop Stan, which is a stalker fan, so I know everything about them and I am obsessed and I am a huge supporter of Bangtan Sonyeondan. And I believe that Bangtan should be acknowledged as well as many other K-Pop acts, not for their looks but for their music and the meanings behind their songs. Bangtan Sonyeondan has been a huge thing for America to witness. And if you look Beyond The Scene of K-Pop, you will be able to see the true meaning of the genre on a personal level like I have.*

*Bangtan Sonyeondan (commonly known as BTS) are a South Korean boy band that started in June of 2013. The members are Kim Taehyung, Kim Seok Jin, Min Yoongi, Jung Hoseok, Park Ji Min, Jeon Jeongguk, and finally Kim Namjoon. Like most K-pop acts, they have stage names which are, V, Jin, J-Hope, Jimin, Suga, Jungkook, and Rap Monster. They are signed to Big Hit Entertainment in Seoul, South Korea. The name BTS, or Bangtan Sonyeondan (방탄소년단 in Hangul) means Bulletproof Boy Scouts in English.*

*The fanbase of BTS, called the BTS A.R.M.Y (Adorable Representative MC for Youth), are split into four main branches based on where they are from. First off, the Korean branch is called the K-Diamonds. Next up is the International branch, which are called the I-Lovelies. Third in line are the Japanese branch, and they are called the J-Jewels, and finally there are the Chinese branch, which are called the C-uties. The reason behind the names for each branch is because BTS wanted to compliment ARMY's and they wanted to have each branch use a unique name, almost as unique as each branch is to the boys.*

*The ARMY fanbase is made up of many different regions of the world. Philippines, South Korea, Vietnam, Thailand, Malaysia, Brazil, United States of America, Taiwan, and Mexico make up over 3 mil-*

*lion ARMY's altogether. We are the most supportive fanbase of K-Pop out there, most of the I-Lovelies I have met have spent their good and hard earned money just to see the boys in concert. But, us I-Lovelies are much more supportive. For example, the YouTube support for Bangtan Sonyeondan is 10,058,169 subscribers and counting and the most viewed and or listened song/ music video would be for their song from 2017, "DNA". There are other vast numbers that make us a very supportive fanbase.*

*Being an Adorable Representative MC for Youth has really impacted my life in many ways, with being a part of this fandom, I have met many friends through being an ARMY, like my friend Cheyenne, and I have found seven angels that have saved my life. My bias, which is basically a way in saying your favorite member, is Jeon Jeongguk, known as Jungkook by ARMYs and those who know BTS but do not particularly like them or K-Pop in general. And I have been an ARMY for two years now, and becoming an ARMY was absolutely a lifesaving and a life changing thing to do for me, however BTS were not the first act for me to get into the magical and unique world of Korean Pop music, the first act that introduced me to K-Pop was PSY, the artist who made the big hit "Gangnam Style" and that's when my K-Pop obsession came. The reason I enjoy not just BTS, as I enjoy many other acts, like for instance, EXO (whom are divided into two subgroups, EXO-M, who perform in Mandarin, and EXO-K who perform in Korean.) ShiNee, a band who lost a member to suicide at the beginning of 2018, and then of course, there is PSY. I enjoy Korean Pop music because it is a different and new culture compared to my own, and it is very interesting to me. I surprisingly can relate to BTS through their music, because most of their songs are about things that I can relate to, love, depression, anxiety, and many other themes. Being an ARMY or an Adorable Representative MC for Youth, that means that I am a representative of BTS and the Bangtan Sonyeondan world.*

# Mania

Austin Ketzenberg



# Alpine Creek

Dylan Morrow

Untitled  
Felice Bello



Untitled  
Felice Bello



Untitled  
Hunter Hughes

Well,



Here Tomorrow  
Shannon Nolan

I hope you're  
here tomorrow

2/9/19 *SN*

# Orpheus The Great

Ruth Douglas



# Duchies of Carron

James Libenow



# Flag

Stephen Szombathy

# Lonely Valley

Dylan Morrow



# One Handsome Wet Boi

Olivia Anderson



# Potted

Ruth Douglas



# Fairy

Shannon Nolan





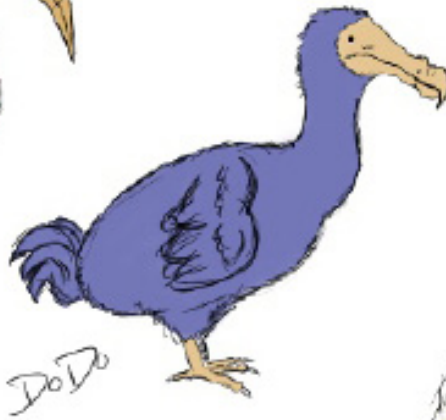
Choco  
Toucan



Budgie



Flamingo



Dodo



Cockatiel

Ed  
2017

The Ultimate  
Collection  
Ruth Douglas

# THE 2019 RETROSPECT

