

BOY 2

Vol 1

Featuring

Ty Teg

Roxy

Sawyer Sariñana

+ many more



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Pimples

severity

1

WHITEHEADS/BLACKHEADS

dead skin cells and oils collect in the opening to the hair follicle, creating a bump called a *comedo*

- if the skin over the comedo stays closed, it is a whitehead
- if the skin over the comedo opens, air causes it to turn black, creating a blackhead

2

PAPULES

whiteheads that stayed long enough to cause infection leading your immune system to send white blood cells, which causes inflammation, leading to a hard, red bump or papule

PUSTULES

papules swell up causing white blood cells to clump together and form pus until the buldge of pus expands, eventually rupturing the pore's cell walls, causing a white blemish or pustule

3

NODULES

a severe *abscess* (painful pocket of pus, usually caused by bacterial infection) deep inside the pore, bursts through the pore, leading to a flood of pus under the surface of the skin, which irritates the skin and forms a large, tender, lump or nodule (the lump can be the size of a blueberry or larger)

CYSTS

two types commonly of cysts commonly occur in skin:

- epidermoid cysts: form when surface skin cells move deeper into the skin and multiply which forms the wall of the cyst and a yellowish substance called *keratin* fills the cyst
- sebaceous cysts: form inside glands that release *sebum* (an oily substance), but when this secretion becomes clogged, they can turn into a pouch with a thick, cheese-like substance

skincare basics:

(and the order to use them in)

1. Cleanser
2. Exfoliate (*optional*)
3. Moisturize
4. Sunscreen

possible causes:

- sebum, bacteria, or dead skin cell buildup
- hormone level changes (*during the menstrual cycle, through birth control pills, or pregnancy*)
- oil and grease (*from the scalp, mineral or cooking oil, or certain cosmetics*)
- the side effects of a medication
- diet
- weather conditions (*air pollution, humidity, etc.*)
- stress (*causing an increase in cortisol*)

do this:

- wash skin daily and after exercising or sweating
- test out avoiding the use of skincare products with alcohol, astringents, toners and exfoliants, which can irritate your skin
- remove makeup at the end of the day and use non comedogenic makeup products
- keep dirty hands away from your face
- try using an oil free moisturizer

citations

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P1cmv8itxWA>
- <https://www.hopkinsmedicine.org/health/conditions-and-diseases/acne#:~:text=The%20most%20common%20types%20of,color%20is%20not%20from%20dirt.>
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- <https://www.functionofbeauty.com/blog/new/how-to-determine-your-hair-type/>
- [functionofbeauty.com/blog/new/oily-hair-treatment/](https://www.functionofbeauty.com/blog/new/oily-hair-treatment/)

texture: the natural shape/pattern of your hair strands

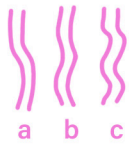
to find your texture: wash your hair without any products and let it air dry

dries straight with no bend or curl



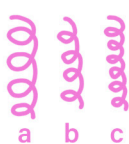
type 1

dries with a slight curve or s shape



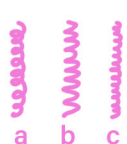
type 2

dries with a defined curl or loop, springy ringlets or corkscrew curl patterns



type 3

dries with a defined curl or loop, dense spirals, zig-zag patterns, and undergoes shrinkage.



type 4

structure:

to find your structure: look at how well it holds a hairstyle

- **fine:** your hair looks and feels delicate and will not hold onto curls very well
- **medium:** your hair is relatively easy to style and will hold its shape for a longer period of time
- **coarse:** your hair can hold curls very well but can often be difficult to style as it's typically less supple and can become frizzy easier

scalp types:

to find your scalp type: look at it on the second day after a wash

- **oily: roots are greasy and flat**
 - **try this:** only use conditioner at the ends of your hair, wash less often (you may be stripping your hair of natural oils), avoid sulfates in hair products, try faux boar bristle brushes, avoid straightening your hair (gravity on straight hair makes it easier for oil to travel down), "shine-enhancing" or "anti-frizz" products may make your hair oilier
- **flaky: there is dandruff**
 - **try this:** use a more gentle, hydrating shampoo and conditioner
- **oily and flaky:**
 - **causes:** product and oil buildup due to infrequent or improper washing

porosity: your hair's ability to absorb moisture and product

to find your porosity: place a single strand of hair in a bowl of water

high porosity: strand sinks to the bottom, soaking in all of the moisture

- absorbs moisture too quickly because of gaps or tears in the cuticle
- **do:** look for nourishing hair masks, oils, and leave-in treatments that will provide extra moisture and help seal the cuticle to prevent future damage from occurring.
- **don't:** avoid heat styling and harsh chemical treatments that can cause frizz, dryness, and breakage

low porosity: strand floats above surface and doesn't absorb moisture

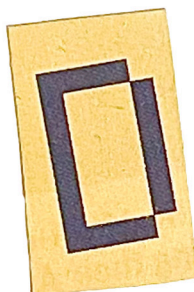
- cuticle lays flat blocking water or moisture from being absorbed into the strands
- biggest concern is typically product buildup, especially with thick hair oils and mousses
- **do:** apply products while your hair is still damp to help ensure they're more easily absorbed and distributed.

FIND YOUR HAIR TEXTURE



A

u



i



Coffee Breath

w/ Ty Teg

GEAN

BASS/MOTIVATIONAL
SPEAKER



HE/HIM

COFFEE ORDER: LOTS
OF MILK AND SUGAR
2 SHOTS BLOND
ESPRESSO

- * I PLAY JAZZ
- * I'M AN AVID CAT
LOVER
- * I PREFER TEA OVER
COFFEE, BY A LONG
SHOT!

IG: @WHIRRBEND

AUDREY

SINGER, SONGWRITER,
AND PRODUCER



SHE/HER

COFFEE ORDER: OATMILK
LATTE OR JUST COFFEE
WITH OATMILK

- * I PLAYED ROLLER DERBY
FOR 10 YEARS
- * I STARTED TY TEG
ABOUT 3 YEARS AGO
RECORDING IN MY ROOM
- * MY FAVORITE SONG OF
ALL TIME IS THIS MUST
BE THE PLACE BY TALKING
HEADS

IG: @TY_TEG_

SUE

EVIL GUITARIST



THEY/THEM

COFFEE ORDER: BLACK

- * I COLLECT
DIFFERENT VERSIONS
OF THE UNO CARD GAME
(I HAVE ABOUT 40)
- * I HAVE SCOLIOSIS
- * I AM PROFICIENT
WITH NUNCHAKU

IG: @SUERATSON

SOL

DRUMS



THEY/THEM

COFFEE ORDER: ICED
BLACK, BUT IM TRYING
TO QUIT COFFEE AT
THE MOMENT

- * AT A POINT IN MY
CHILDHOOD MY FAMILY
HAD 30 CATS
- * I KNOW HOW TO BUILD
AN EARTHEN DOME
- * RECENTLY I'VE BEEN
INTO BUILDING
MICROPHONES OUT OF
SOLAR PANELS.

IG: @IRISIPSUM

VIOLET

VIOLINIST/
KEYBOARDIST



SHE/HER

COFFEE ORDER:
CHAMOMILE TEA

- * I COLLECT METAL
SCRAPS.
- * I'VE BUILT AN
IGLOO

IG: @R_SISTERINMUD
SOUNDCLOUD:
VIOLET HANNESNA

interviewer: Saria
photographer/ director: Cole

Saria: So how is the coffee?

Sue: Very good.

Audrey: Delicious.

Saria: Okay, um, so is your band named after the Tylwyth Teg? Like the fairy? And like, what is the inspiration behind this?

Audrey: Yes, I actually named it Tylwyth Teg before I named it Ty Teg, um, but then nobody could say Tylwyth Teg so I shortened it. But I was like, searching for a band name and then just like, came

across these like fair folk who have like white hair and blue eyes. And at the time I had like, really white hair. So then I was like, hey, looks cool. Sounds cool. Means something. There we go.

Sue: It's funny cuz like no one ever could pronounce it or spell it. And so when we get introduced to shows it would be like "Tilla with or Tyler with." It was never right. Oh, at the battle the bands we got like a "till willeth" or something. Like it was insane.

Saria: So how would you describe your music and if you could personify your music what kind of person would it be?

Audrey: Do you have an answer?

Sue: Like David Byrne. Probably like David Byrne. Honestly. Or...I can feel something. But who is it? Maybe like Crispin Glover. It might be like Crispin Glover-esque.

Audrey: Yeah. Or I feel like David Byrne's pretty accurate. The essence of like, him. Like not so much like him making music but just him.

Sue: Just him. Yeah. Like bike rides and such.

Audrey: And positivity.

Sue: And positivity, yeah.

Sol: It's like, if Audrey, wore a big ol' suit. Standing up. And her name was just David Byrne, not Ty Teg.

Sue: Yeah. Basically.

Violet: It would be like this: *(shows a photo of a lemur)*

Sol: Yeah I don't have the photo of the dog. But honestly the dog.

Sue: Oh, the dog. This is really important. This is important to the lore of Ty Teg. This is like THE DOG.

Audrey: It is so important that it is—hold on wait—it's so important that this is my [lock screen]

Saria: Show the Camera.

(shows a photo of a white dog with David Lynch's hair)

Cole: Oh. My. God.

Audrey: This dog is very symbolic.

Sue: THAT is Ty Teg.

Audrey: This is Ty Teg.

Sol: That is the only way to describe it.

Sue: Every time I see that picture, it makes me giddy.

Audrey: And then we found them.

Sue: Oh, yeah. Aw man, when we saw that picture on Twitter, or I saw it on Twitter because it was like "dog with David Lynch hair." And that's what the tweet was. And then I looked for so long for the Instagram account, and we found them and that dog has a brother who has one eye. And they're really cute. They're not blood brothers. But they are like, like butter brothers.

Audrey: Heh Butters

Sue: They're butters, my grandma had a dog named Butter.

Audrey: Awww

Saria: So how did you all meet?

Audrey: So... it well, I just started making music in my room in 2020. And then we went to high school together. And we just met.

Sue: No, we kind of became friends in our statistics class. And we started making like, really bad, like mashups in our statistics class under the name "vape smoke". And that was before I joined the band. And then we had a Battle of the Bands come up at our school. And I was like, Audrey! We should do a Ty Teg set. And Audrey was like "No, no, don't want to." And I was like, "we should though." And so we did. And tell them.

Audrey: Oh, well, you like telling this story better.

Sue: No, you tell it.

Audrey: Okay. Well, we walk up to the Battle of the Bands. It's our first show ever as Ty Teg. And we won!

Sue: By unanimous decision! Four judges! Oh, yeah, that was other band members than these folks right here. We had an old drummer named Diego who is still a good friend. And, and we have our summer drummer who

played bass for us in the first incarnation of the band. Yeah, his name's Cabe. I mean, he's the drummer, like during summer and winter when Sol is not here. But that was the original lineup of Ty Teg and then we went to CalArts and met these beautiful people.

Sol: I think I met you guys through Audrey's cousin, Hazel. Who I was close friends with at school. But when I got to CalArts, I hear Hazel is like "dude, like, my cousin needs a drummer for their band. Ask them to join or something." So, yeah.

Violet: So I feel like if I wasn't roommates with you, I would have never been part of the band.

Sue: Oh yeah! Yeah, that's right. Because you weren't in the original lineup that we put together for the glasshouse show. But you were at every show, and you were like, like one of our like, we were always hanging out, you know? Yeah. And we were roommates.

Audrey: By random chance.

Sue: Yeah, and you play violin and synth. And so we were like "heyyyy, hey, buddy. Wanna join a band?" Was your first show with us the Fonda show?

Violet: Nooo, no, I think it was like a school thing, maybe.

Sue: Ooo, that's right.

Violet: It was the collab ensemble, right?

Audrey: Something like that.

Sue: How about you, Gean?

Gean: Oh man.

Sue: I remember when we met, oh my God.

Gean: There was just like so much stuff like I can't even word it. Uhh, I was excited to join CalArts. And I was like, woah, let me see the other people in the major that enrolled with me. And I started stalking the emails. And I was like, oh look, these awesome people. Like, okay, let me lurk them. And I found Ty Teg and I was like holy shit, Ty Teg! And then um, we met in person. I thought they were awesome, awesome, people. And they needed a bassist. So...

Sue: That's pretty classic. Yeah.



Gean: *(cuts out)*

Sue: HUH?

Gean: It was like, love at first sight.

Sue: Yeah, definitely.

**Find the rest of the interview on YouTube
@Egg Squared out on September 15th -->**

: @ty-teg-
: Ty Teg
BOOKING:
tytegband@gmail.com



Danielle Nivero

ig: @eelleanii

midnight demos

lyrics

Evangeline

Do you ponder, do you wonder

If this is the only realm we're meant to be in

If choices and voices keep haunting us

I'd let them seek us out as long as im with ya

Do you understand, do you question

This is the universe we're meant to be in

If they say that and we say this

Does it matter if we need the validation

Cause you love me right

I do too

I'll be patient and sit through everything with you

Everything is for you*

What u want

my head is hurting from tryna meet your own

You know I know that you think it's not your fault

Converting texts to paper planes in my head

Watch them crash as you speak nonsense

so do what u want (what u want)

Do what u want (what you want)

Dont come for me cause youre always alone

I know how it goes get the bag and go

Youre chasing dreams that aren't your own

Tell me who are

Do I know you at all



Mihilo Kato

ig: @do.re.mi.hilo

YouTube: @do.re.mihilo

*Scherzo No. 3 in C#
Minor by Frederic
Chopin*

Performance Photos
From Carnegie Hall



PIANO STAR
International Competition Winners Concert
Presented by Piano Star
Supporting your winning passion from the
2022 Piano Star International Competition
Sunday June 11, 2023
7:00 PM EST
Weil Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall

Date / /

Kyle

verse 1

I run my mouth too much but
only with you
yesterday I said something
I wasn't supposed to
sometimes I forget what is
really true
or what I made up in my
head

CHORUS →

FILM REELS of you and
me
can't shake the memory
- break -

verse 2

you remind me of a time
I shut off my mind
Like a water [tap]
the underground ~~Pipe~~ line
still reaches me now
stick to me like the
tree [sap]

CHORUS FILM REELS of you & me
can't shake the memo~~verse 3~~ ~~Bridge~~

Bridge →

HOLD MY BREATH & RUN
Close my eyes, bite my
tongue, do you really
know what you're getting
into do you really
know what you're getting
into

Date / /

verse 3

IF the veins under your skin could talk
they'd tell me whisper me the lines
and then it'd all **stop**

I think about it all the
time

your smile the things
you said to me (and
across the tile

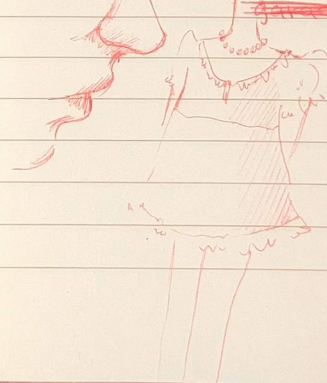
like a crime scene

like a dream

like a crime scene

like a dream crime
scene dream

like a

outro
thing

EADFB E tuning?



Ever Joelle

apple music: Ever Joelle
spotify: Ever Joelle

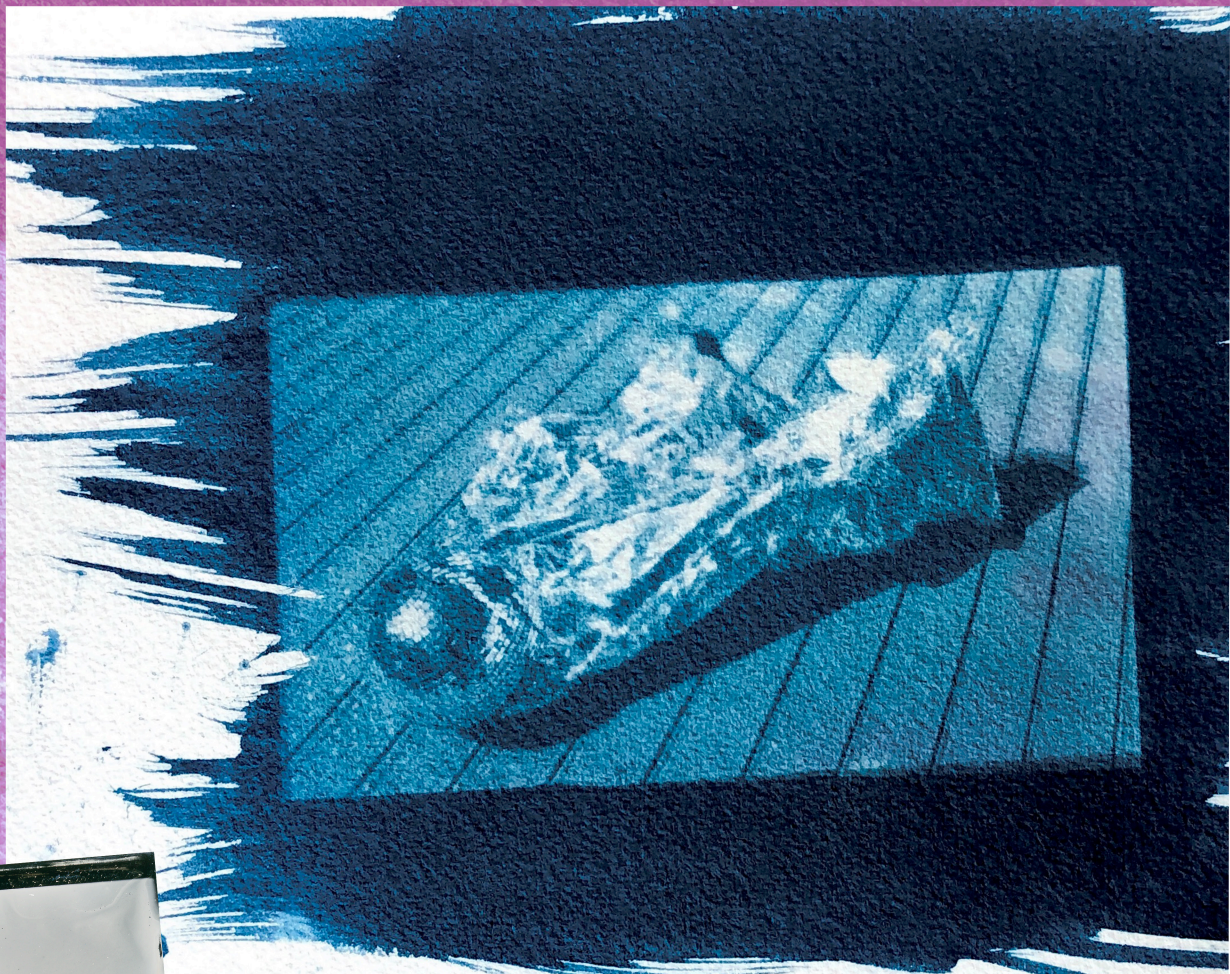
Kyle

lyrics

phe







candy:the zine



vol. #2
created by:
sawyer sarinana



Nikki Lane at Palomino Music Festival 2022

Pop stars, Willie Nelson and femininity

Ahead of the release of her fourth album, *Denim and Diamonds*, I sat down with Nikki Lane at Palomino Music Festival to talk about producing, country stars and relationships in the music industry. Lane is from South Carolina where she started a career as a fashion designer before moving to Los Angeles and then New York in 2008.

Sawyer Sarinana: Your new album is being produced by Josh Homme from Queens of the Stone Age and your previous album was produced by Dan Auerbach of the Black Keys - what draws you to having such different producers musically?

Nikki Lane: I would say that, for me, I love country music, right? I have a little country accent so music, I just sounded like being So I called myself a country musician because I'm a storyteller. I've navigated in that direction, but so many of my musical influences were rock and roll and what's interesting is that I wasn't particularly a giant fan of Black Keys or Queens of the Stone Age - I was very into their music, but they weren't something I had

isolated on. I love country music, but I feel like so much of it was American. But when I was looking at that world of music, everybody was very organic and we vibed a record and then for somebody in on that level. Ag recommended, I was like, I think I can help me find a command a a can help me find a command a a without having an you know? SS: Storytelling is a big part of your a do you draw inspira not from your own li NZ, I think it's easy things that seem of a personal sto it's easy to look abou things that throw you memory or a sad one something that was a of center that day. And okay, coked, you kno mean? So I started writ

Hello egg squared zine, I'm Sawyer Sariñana and i'm so excited to be featured in this first edition! as a maker of zines, i'm often drawn to the act of deconstruction and reconstruction and the ways media can be appropriated to serve new functions on paper. The casual and collaborative culture of zines is forever exciting and has pushed me to try a multitude of new processes! Much of my work is inspired by my immediate community of Echo Park and uses the flux of city life as a backdrop for a spectrum of subjects. if you enjoy what you see... check more of my zines, photos, creations @sawyersariñanastudio !!
thank you for reading!



because in my
c playing years, I
much of what I did
na or old rock and
you started
who was a good
what that meant, I
who was making
records. And in
my music, not
you know? It
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nd made a
I was looking
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we talked and I
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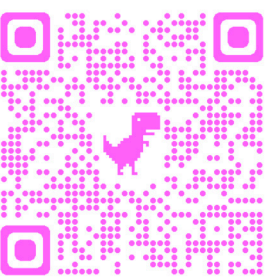
Teo Camacho

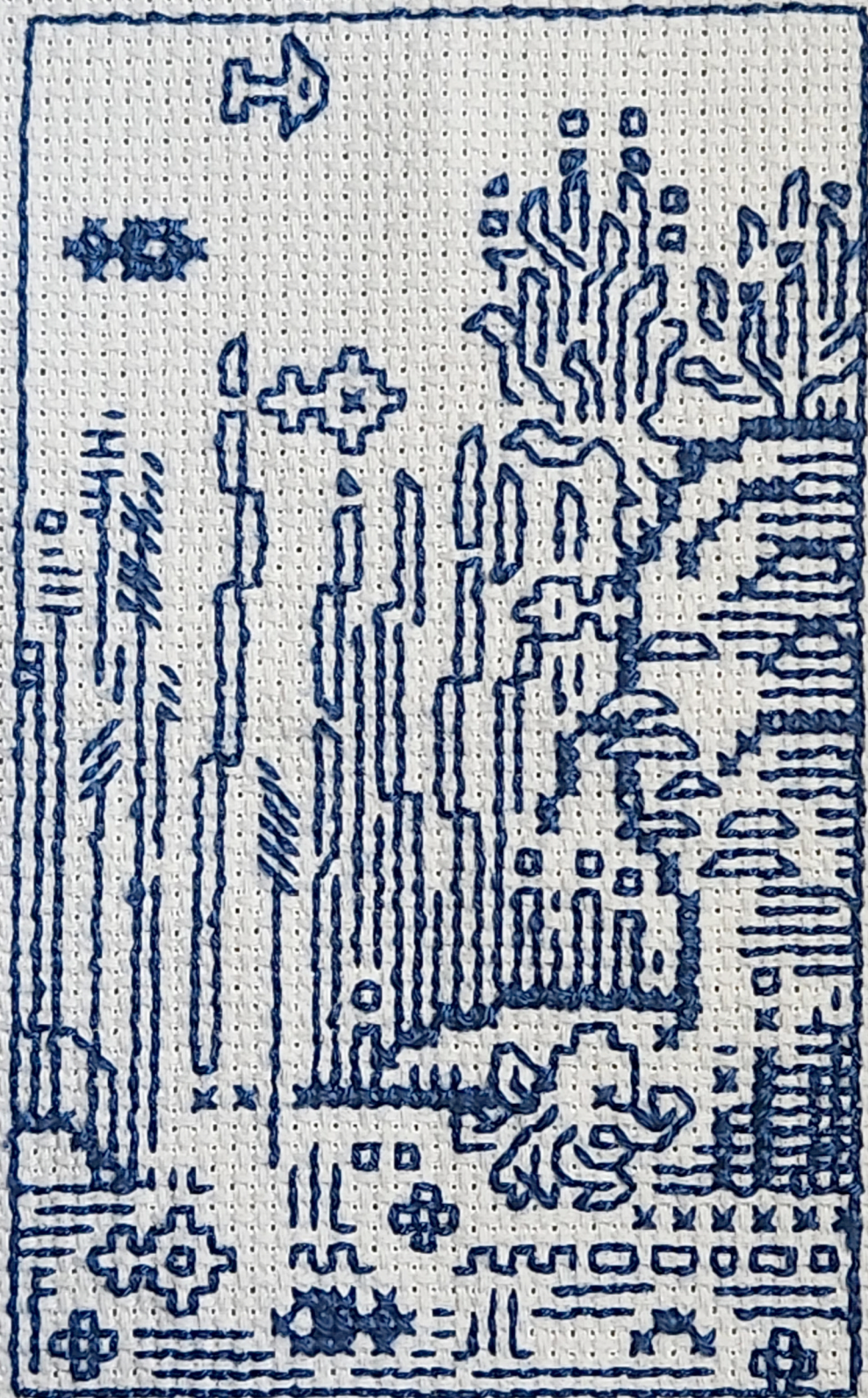
ig: @teoc0

Daydream

Short Film

(background music: ff by Ryuichi Sakamoto)



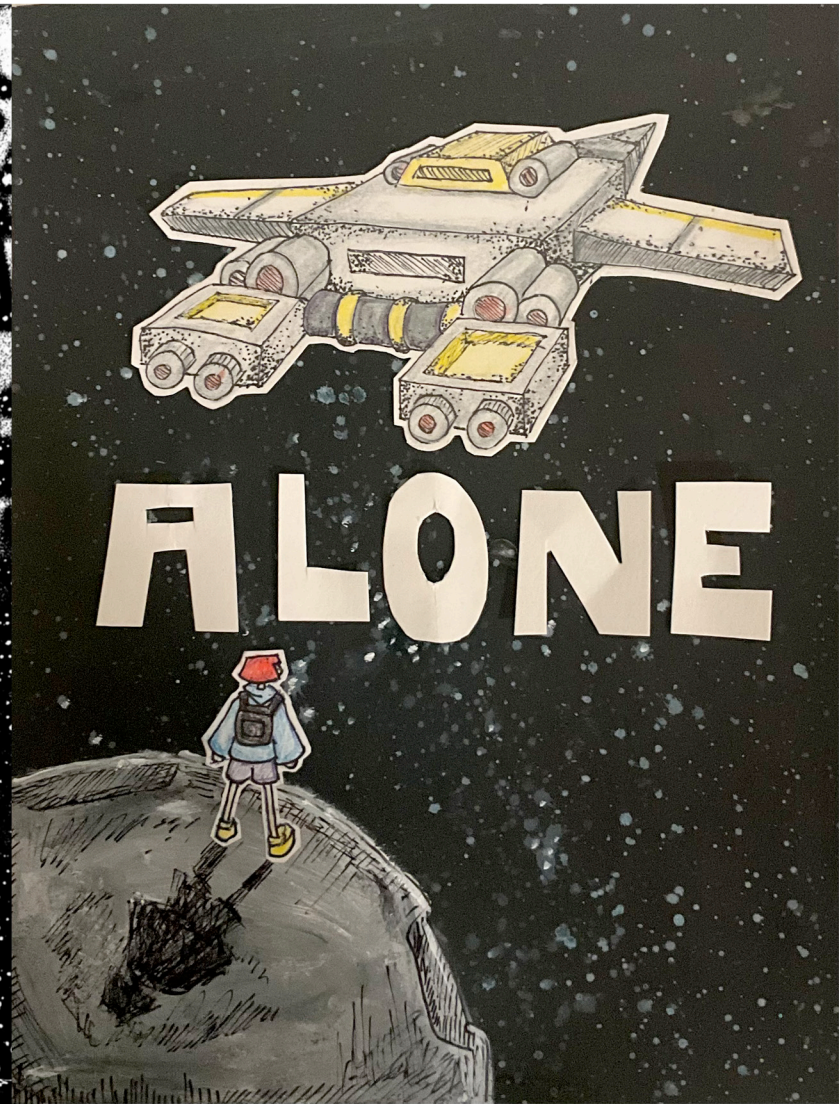


Sean Dillion
ig: @dyingshades

Ocean
Cross-Stitch

Willa Supple
ig: @artby.willa

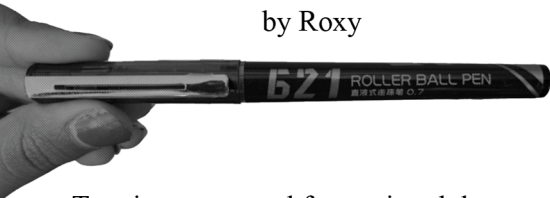
Alone
Mixed Media





Long Night for a Shepherd

by Roxy



Tugging on matted fur conjured the yawps of each sheep placed in my hand as the shears gnawed at their knots. A sloppy job done. Each shred of fluff had fallen and winded itself up with a mazy motion of my arm. I was getting tired, mulling over the next dozen sheep left. Cold seasons came with the responsibility of stripping our sheep bare for extra blanket warmth. They're compensated for their sacrifices with a tighter lock on the barn doors to keep enough heat trapped in for them. Some would freeze to death in the night.

The wind sifted through the cracks of the shut barn doors, lifting the lock and chain with each gust, churning a cadence of synchronized thumps every so often. Knock, Knock, Knock. The wood of the doors swelled inward with each blow. Knock, Knock, Knock.

Like a shot, my mindless actions stop, and I'm aware now of how I'm gripping my shears, straining my neck, and shivering in my sweat. My mother's cries cut through the cracks, almost mistaking it for new, whiney lambs beneath my feet. Her endless need of me. She was bedridden and scorned, and I was indentured to her love. To her soggy kisses on my cheek and the last of her strengths to slap me across the face and whisper against it, "Shut my window, boy." She was getting a bit cold.

Like a bell beckoned for a servant, I heard her call. It didn't matter where I hid on the island; it was like I was the only one who could hear it too. The women stare as I hear it in unexpected places. In the market, I could drop a basket of apples and scout judgment, but they didn't know I was being summoned across the island in a shrieking manner to change her bedsheets. I abandon my shears and unlock the barn doors.

The swaying house along the horizon of the field is where she calls from. Along the first steps toward the roars of apparent agony, sobering nips of air yield my movements. I stomp the ground several times to knock some warmth into my legs. Specks of ocean eat away the heat on my cheeks as I begin to stampede through the marsh that once was tall grass. I could hear my mother cut straight through me. As my boots begin to squelch in the soles and I lose feeling in my toes, I'm reminded of my purpose—to serve and feel what it really means to love someone. If I were to cut both of our palms, we'd draw the same blood, and to suckle the pain from the wound, we'd taste the same too. That taste of iron and raw meat, the taste of hardwired despair, perhaps still lingering from our ancestors. "Mother?" It'll echo for a while longer. On the first floor, there was only a small couch and chair for the sound to bounce off.



Public shavings.
Barn doors and
cold nights.
Whiney lambs. ~~freezing~~
Cassets? barbeques
Mother's cries that
cut through the
night. Every night.



Empty rooms and an empty kitchen saddled our presence on the property. The only room with more than two pieces of furniture was hers. A nightstand with a brown-wax candle, jars of fermented rice, a broken record player beneath her bed, and a stool for me to sit on and tend to her needs. Her bed was a mess of peaking feathers and stains. She was finally quiet as I approached her.

"What is that?" she spoke, her accent still intact even in a short breath. Behind me, I see a strayed sheep, hooves muddled and fur sheared to completion. Its company was likely falling deaf on my ears in the whistles of the wind. Its eyes dotted in instinct to survive the cold, already determined to follow me to wherever I'd provide warmth. I closed the door, left the sheep behind, and ignored her. I would put it back before I sleep.

"What do you need?"



Her request of me was lost after the third pint was hooked between my thumb. It was late. The time called for my sunken eyes to glaze over the pub entrance. I wondered if I should leave and stop tolerating their unrepentant efforts to get me to leave. The wind could no longer be heard over boozy laughs and jeers. On a crooked bar stool, I look over each of my shoulders. My guard is unwavering beyond the confines of the barn nobody dared to stamp their pretty foot in. Even the woman now pouring my fourth pint has joined the rest of the women adorning each corner of the small room. Like spiders, they hang and lounge in unity, toppled over each other's silk robes in laughter. They cover their tiny mouths and flick their eyes across me, not caring if I caught them or didn't like it. Some have fans in their hands, and others nurse a pint. Some kick the floorboards to agitate me, and others poke at me like a dog as they pass by to grab a drink and thank the bartender. Their long snouts held high as they sniffed out my silent offense from their corners. I can no longer hold my ground in this room. It's easier when I'm in public, and I can hide behind a wall or move out of their way quickly, standing idly by a lamppost. Everywhere I go on this island, I'm given smiles stretched in mockery and spit on my shoes where I walk-- each done by a different woman. I was born struck by misfortune. A far-off anomaly born on an island I was dammed to be. Barely good enough to keep the sheep alive. I stumble off the chair.

Crashing behind me and I can hear the screams of my sheep in the chorus of the falling chair. I'm silent in pity for myself. Staring at the fallen chair, I'm embarrassed, helping my mockery. As I lay, I hear the twinge of the sheep's jaws chewing on grass, of their hooves scratching on wood. The women are no longer here, but my sheep take their place. Stomping, calling out to me. No more barkeep, just a cosset behind the counter.

As I lay, each one finds me where I am and sit upon my chest. My heart slows with each sheep's weight, slowly cracking my ribs. I wonder If the sheep that snuck in is also lying on Mother as she sleeps. She is probably waking up in true agony, too crazy and small, beneath it to understand she's being crushed to death. The cheeky reminder that you're no heavier than the sheep's wool you shit the bed on.

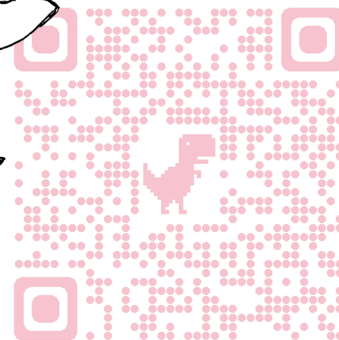
I laugh into the fur that covers my nose and mouth, using my last breath on humor. I wonder If our love was true that she'd felt the weight of each sheep in this pub spread across her chest. Tethered to my suffocation because that's how much she loves me and how much I love her.

I think I'm awake; it was all for the beer to blame. The bad visions and my soiled pants. I think I'm awake when I see the pub empty and the door open, kept open by a steady fog. I think I'm awake, but it can't be true because I hear no cries from my mother.

About a shepherd,
nameless and
pathetic. He thinks
about his mom a
lot while he herds
his sheep. Walking
around at night.
Tugging... bells and
servants. All for
responsibility



About Roxy
CHATTERBOX



"I'm afraid, Sister."

"We're at the water's edge. We need only to cross. Come, Little Sister, be brave. Think of our grandparents and parents, our brothers, our aunt and uncle, our cousins."

"But they are dead. Killed by the soldiers. The animals are dead. Our farm is burned. The crops are burned. We are all alone, Big Sister."

"Come, Little Sister. We need only to cross the water to be safe. You were brave when our neighbor farmer paid us for our work for him, told us our family was dead, urged us to flee, then hid us in his wagon and took us away."

"I was afraid."

"You were brave to hide under the hay when soldiers came by. You were brave to pretend to be a cousin of that family, which then hid us before helping us to continue. You were brave to walk nights, so darkness would protect us."

"I was too afraid to cry."

"Little Sister, we are at the water's edge. We must go now. We must be braver than we have been since we began this thousand-kilometer journey. They are looking for us. Please come with me."

"I am afraid that we will die in the water."

"We will surely die if we do not proceed. The Pogrom is right behind us. Remember our people's escape from Egypt across the Red Sea. We must go now."

"I am afraid, dearest Sister."

"If you do not come now, I will not leave you."

"I fear the water and what awaits us."

"The promised land awaits us, dear Little Sister. We must do this to honor our grandparents and our parents, for their blessed memory, and to live."

"I can't, Dearest Sister."

"Come now."

"I am afraid."

"Then, I will pick you up. I will carry you up the gangway onto this ship to America."

And the Big Sister did.

L'chaim.

© Nan Valerio

Based on a true story.

Nan Valerio
nan.valerio@gmail.com

Coming to America

Katherine Devaney
ig: devaney_katherine

Marmoris

heavy
tugging from the depths below
often mistaken for soft blue
though closer to a hue
of the deep night sky,
we are told
the ocean is
slapping waves,
mountains of water
crashing upon an adrift soul
who continues his search for life
in a perpetual descent to the seafloor,
but nobody mentions
the moments where the water sits
so still,
it could be mistaken for a desert
so still,
one might question
which way is down?
will I sink into an immortal numbness?
or will I float into an eternal haze.

Catherine Norton

Untitled

Sticky fingers
drag through my hair
they catch and pull
but I want them there
I hate the pointed tip
of your long nails
but I let you squeeze me
till I'm yellow and pale,
I don't love you
don't get confused
but there's a place, under my ribs
that I let you bruise.

the coffees bitter
just like her lips
She smokes too much
and I can see her ribs
She thinks I don't see
that she barely smiles
but I've seen the blood stains
between the bathroom tiles.

FUNNIES

my two favorites!

i love
food

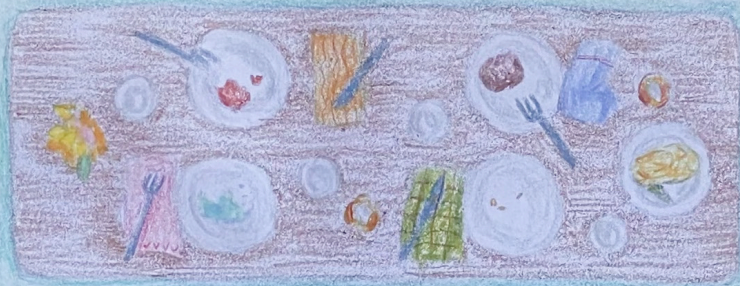


and i
love
people



and i love
eating
food with
people.

i eat dinner with my family every night

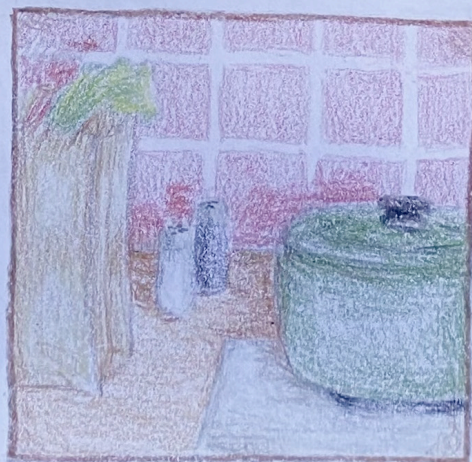
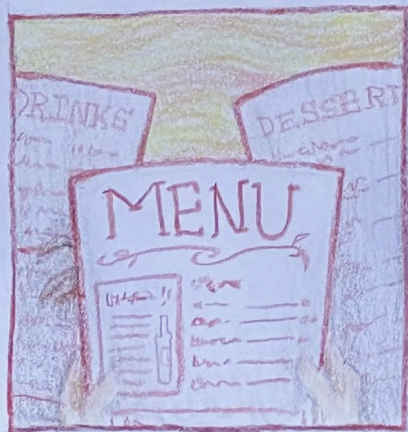


and i think we are even closer because of it

naturally,

i have grown to love
sharing meals with
my friends.

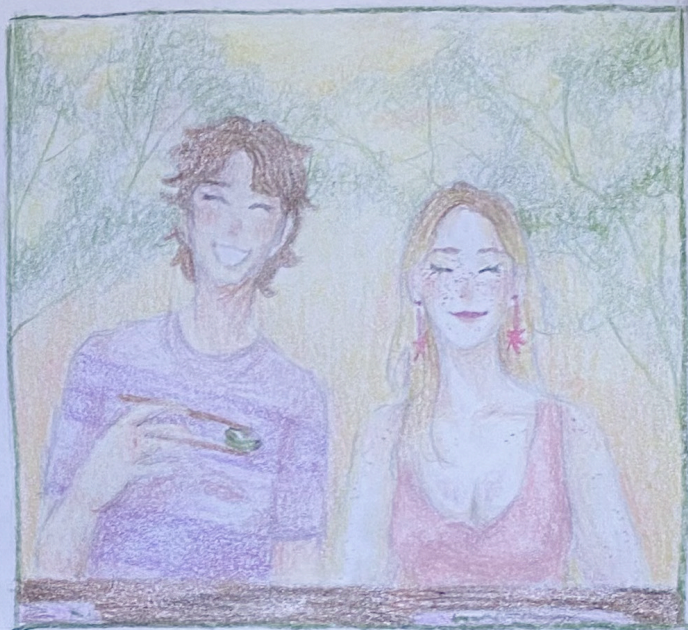
whether we go out



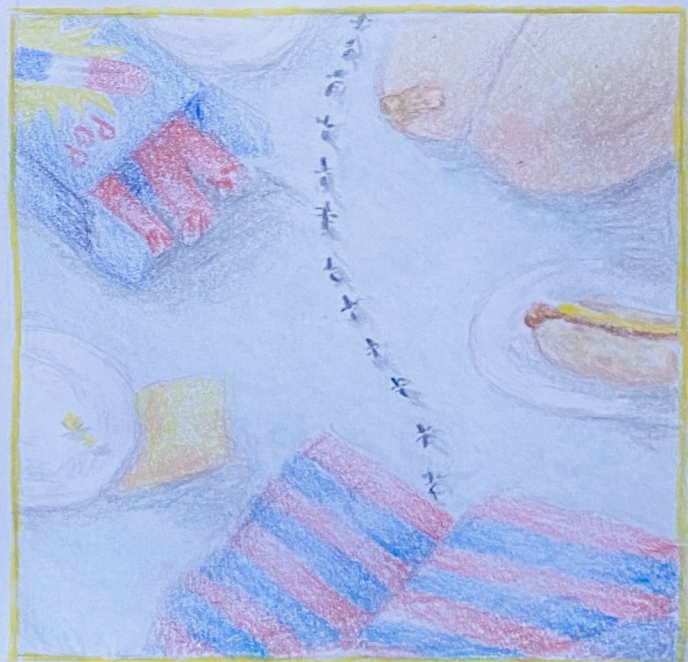
or we do the cooking

or whatever





it is all very sweet.



-Danika Gorak

eggsquaredzine.com
eggsquaredzine@gmail.com



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