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Mariana Zamorano
Message from Faculty Advisor Ms. Aguilar

This was my second year both at North-Grand and as the advisor for Minerva Magazine. Minerva continues to be a place where students can express their artistic abilities and have their efforts viewed by others. As long as we continue to hold this as part of our mission in helping to expose artists and writers, Minerva will continue to exist. I am thoroughly impressed with all of the creativity and I hope that you as readers also are impressed. If you did not get an opportunity to submit your work to us this time, send it to us next year. We’re always looking to publish the best of what NGHS offers.
The First Time I...
By: Jessica Maldonado

The first time I became a big sister. I was excited yet terrified. 12 years being an only child, I didn’t know what to expect. It was only a matter of time before my sister was born. Waiting, pacing around our waiting room. 20 minutes till midnight. What’s happening? What is she doing? All types of questions are running through my mind as I wait for the doctor to walk through those doors telling us to go see my mom. My cousin finally comes up to tell me to sit down for I had been walking in circles for over an hour. Of course, with how nervous I was I didn’t notice. As I take a seat my body shuts down. And I fall asleep. Until my cousin wakes me up and tells me my sister has been born. I’m running to my mom’s room. Almost in tears. As I turn the doorknob, I hear a slight cry. And there she is Eva Noemi Maldonado. Her eyes closed and opened and you can see the curiosity in her big brown eyes. Her mouth opens as she yawns silently, her cheeks, so chunky. Her hand wraps around my finger as she keeps sleeping. Is this real? Am I actually a big sister? Today she is 2 years old, and every time I see her, it takes me back to the day that changed my life, forever.

Valentin Ramirez

Isabel Martinez

Valentin Ramirez
Tribute to Roberto Gomez Bolanos

Roberto Gomez Bolanos, better known as Chespirito, was a famous Mexican actor, comedian, and director beloved by international audiences. On November 28, 2014, Bolanos died from heart failure. Because he has touched many hearts, including those of our students, we pay tribute to him with the following pieces.

Rogelio de la Cruz

Carlos Lopez

Vanesa Lozano
El Chavo del Ocho siempre vivirá en los corazones de los nietos de mis nietos. Y cuando escuches "El Chavo" te vas a sonreír de las memorias desde cuando estuvías Chico.
Cuando era niño nunca me perdía tu programa
Hombre inteligente y sabia
Eres mi programa favorito
Siempre vas a ser mi actor favorito
Penetraste mi corazón
Inspiraste a muchos niños
Risa tras risa viendo tu programa
Importante personaje en la televisión
Talentoso
Organizado

-Marcelo Molina

Eres alguien ejemplar
Lograste entrar en nuestros corazones
Con tu carisma nos distes muchas risas
Hiciste historia como ninguna
Aprendimos de ti a luchar sin tener
Vamos todos a llevarte en nuestros corazones
y nunca
Olivar tu historia

-Noelia Díaz
Papas y mamas
Siempre luchan para sus hijos,
Especialmente para su educación.
Pero cuando eres pobre y ni el gobierno te ayuda, ¿Qué puedes hacer?
Luchaste bastante y ves esas lagrimas en sus caras y se te rompe el corazón,
Tus hijos solo quieren hacer bien para pagar les todo lo que han hecho.
Los ricos que tienen mucho dinero y lo mal gastan,
Cuando esos muchachos lo pudieron usar para algo mejor.
Todos los días hay guerra y nosotros los jóvenes vamos a cambiar el mundo.
No es fácil perder un hijo pero hay esperanza.
¡Los malos van a pagar!

-Kyleah Lozada

¿Por qué el?
El era inocente
Todo lo que quería
Yo como papa
Seguiré luchando para
Encontrar a las personas
Que se llevaron a
Nuestros cuarenta y Tres hijos
Y cuando agarren
A los responsables
Yo deseo que ellos Tengan justicia
Espero que todos
Los cuarenta y Tres jóvenes los Encuentren pronto
Y con mi hijo.

-Jesus Martinez

Ernesto Ponce
Poema/Pensamiento

Los madres sufren
Y lloran por sus
Hijos desaparecidos.
Les duele que alguien los
Haiga desaparecidos
Que crueldad hay en este
Mundo. Nunca se sabe
Si vas a regresar a casa
Por eso hay que dar gracias
Por cada día que estemos
Vivos. Imaginate el dolor
Que han de sentir. El
Dolor de madre no se
Compara a nada. 43
Estudiantes desaparecidos.
43 vidas cortadas.
43 futuros cortados.
Y no hay suficiente
Justicia para que
Esto no vuelva
A pasar.
-Andrea Suastegui
México Lucha

Las familias llorando
Y el pueblo luchando
Ya no hay sonrisas
Pobres familias
Solo hay dolor
Y ya no tanto color
Nos ponemos a pensar
Si algún día regresaran
Y con un abrazo los recibirán
Y una nueva vida comenzaran
Y el gobierno vencerán.

-David Mora

43 Estudiantes

Ellos solo querían una mejor educación
Sus padres no pierden la esperanza de encontrarlos
Tienen meses de desaparecidos
Unidos todos los padres podrán encontrar a sus hijos
¿Dónde estarán? Se preguntan sus padres
Insisten los padres que no están muertos
A nadie le gustaría pasar por que están pasando
No han encontrado a los culpables
Tarde o temprano los encontraran y pagarán
Es extraño que todos los desaparecidos eran hombres
Sus lagrimas seguirán derramando hasta que los encuentren

-Maria Inamagua
Just Because...
Just because
I’m tall
Doesn’t mean I like basketball
Doesn’t mean I like to play sports
And doesn’t mean my head gets cut off in pictures!

Just because
I’m African American doesn’t mean I like hot stuff
Doesn’t mean I don’t have respect
And doesn’t mean I’m less fortunate

Just because
People in my family smoke
Doesn’t mean I want to smoke
Doesn’t mean I have lung cancer
And doesn’t mean I’m an alcoholic

Just because
I grew up in Chicago
Doesn’t mean I’m a drug dealer
Doesn’t mean I gang bang
And doesn’t mean I steal

Just because
I’m an African American
When has the color of our skin affected our personality?

Just because
I’m an African American
When has speaking another language affected who I talk to?

Just because
I’m African American
When has going to an all Mexican, Puerto Rican, white school made me feel uncomfortable?

Just because
I’m African American
I’m ME!
-Khaliya Payton
Just because I’m shy
Doesn’t mean I can’t do
Other stuff that other
People can do.

Doesn’t mean that I’mma
Be like this forever.

And doesn’t mean I’m
different from others.

Just because I say
Bad words
Doesn’t mean that’s how
I treat people when I
Talk to them.

Doesn’t mean I curse
Like that to my family.

Doesn’t mean I’mma
Be like this every day.

-Martha Gonzalez

Just because I’m a girl
Doesn’t mean I like make up
Doesn’t mean I’m like the other girls
And doesn’t mean I’m gonna chase after guys

Just because I helped raise my siblings
Doesn’t mean I’m gonna have kids at an early age
Doesn’t mean I grew up too fast
And doesn’t mean I won’t finish school

Just because I play sports
Doesn’t mean I’m a tomboy
Doesn’t mean I don’t dress up
And doesn’t mean I’m competitive

Just because I like in the “ghetto”
Why would that make me ghetto?
Why wouldn’t I be different?
Why do you have to judge me?

Just because I’m me?

-Isis Quiros
To Him....
He was everything she had
He walked away without knowing,
That in her belly a baby was growing
She tried telling him but yet he refused to talk
She knew he was confused from all that was going on
But it was better now than never
She wanted the baby to have a father
But yet she didn’t know what was going to happen
A couple weeks passed
And the baby grew more
Not noticeable, just 3 months
Two days before Christmas break
He broke her heart when he said “I’m done”
She didn’t tell him that his baby was inside
She kept it a secret
Nobody else knew besides her sister and her
But unfortunately two days after Christmas
She slipped and fell
Her water broke and that little baby was soon gone
She was broken, empty and hollow inside
Nobody knew her pain because nobody knew she was pregnant
A couple days passed and her pain grew more
Yet she knew how to hide it so well
A smile in her face ‘cause nobody needed to know
Two weeks have passed and there is not a day she doesn’t cry
At first she thought that the baby was a mistake but she wanted it
After all, it was the product of the love of her life
Yesterday someone saw her cry and asked her “what’s wrong”
She said nothing, but she knew deep down what was wrong
She couldn’t hold it anymore and told that person
In less than an hour everyone knew
Word got to him
And he blamed her, said she cheated on him
Oh what pain she felt!
She grew mad and anger took place
She cried and he thought she was a fake
As mad as she was, she screamed at him and told him that the baby wasn’t his and it was better if they never talked
She regretted those words as soon as they left her mouth

But yet she couldn’t take them back
Now when she sees him in the hallways at school
With a smile on her face, she holds her head up high
She can’t let him see how much he hurts her
And every time that their gazes cross
She wonders if he really loved her after all

-From Her

Andrea S.
The person I chose for my origins interview is a woman I consider to be my second mom, she has strived to do many things for me and I am very much grateful to have her in my life. This woman is my grandmother, Clizaída Vargas. She is my mother’s mother. My grandmother came to Chicago in search of a better life.

As I began asking my grandma questions, she told me she wasn’t an immigrant. I said to her, “You don’t have to be Mexican to be an immigrant and if you weren’t born in the United States, then you are an immigrant.” And she nodded in agreement. First off my grandma is from Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, and she is 59 years old. My grandma used to work in cosmetology, cutting hair, but she later discovered she had arthritis in her hand, so she had to retire after 40 years of her career. My grandma has been living in Chicago for 39 years. She has six siblings: Milagro, Carmen, Delma, Carlos, Fernando, and Maria. My aunt Milagro was the first to arrive in search of employment. Then came Delma, then my great grandmother arrived with my grandma, Carmen, Carlos, and Maria. And, one year later my great grandfather arrived with my uncle Fernando. My great grandma and grandpa couldn’t afford to leave all together, so they left separately. In Puerto Rico the economy wasn’t so good, so they had to come before they were forced out of their home. I asked my grandma to describe herself in three words and she said, “strong, independent, and caring.”

Leaving Puerto Rico, was more of a forced migration rather than voluntary. Emigrating from Puerto Rico and immigrating to the United States wasn’t easy for my great grandparents especially with seven kids. But, coming to Chicago was more of keeping the pattern of the migration chain because they had other family members here. In Chicago, my family had more activity space because the houses in Puerto Rico are small. My grandmother said the mobility in the United States was better than in Puerto Rico.

In this conversation with my grandmother, she helped me have a better understanding of how much things have changed in the past decades. I discovered my grandmother had three more siblings that unfortunately passed away. I learned a lot more about my family especially my grandma herself and that makes me feel good.
Ernesto Ponce

Valentin Ramirez

Christian Sanchez
Yo Soy De
Paulina Ledezma

Yo soy de las faldas
De Chettos y control remoto
Yo soy de las flores floreciendo y
“Como huele delicioso en tu casa”
Yo soy de las orquídeas
Del árbol más alto del bloque
Cuyas ramas recordó como si fueran las mías
Yo soy de “puro amor” y de la Santa Cena
De mi mamá la chata y mi gemela Kamila
Yo soy de ordena comida china y alístate que vamos para la iglesia
Y de comprar ropa y zapatos cada vez que se pueda
Yo soy de llegando a la casa me las vas a pagar
Y de tú quieres comprar todo
Y la canción de “Espero que no vuelva un ciego, que pueda mirar la amarga realidad”
Yo soy de platicar todos los viernes de qué paso durante toda la semana
Yo soy de la ciudad de los vientos y del rancho de dónde el alacrán no muerde
Y de los narco corridos
Yo soy del chile colorado y menudo
Y de la perdida de una vida inocente
Memorias que siempre en el corazón llevaré

Yo Soy De
Edmundo Sánchez

Y de olor a pino
Cuyas ramas largas recuerdo como si fueran las mías
Yo soy del altar de la virgen de Guadalupe
De chocolate abuelita y fotos del pasado
Yo soy dela casa blanca y grande
Yo soy del pasto verde y largo
Del pino enorme detrás de mi casa
Yo soy de fiestas en los sábados y
De Sánchez-soto y Alvarado romero
Yo soy de comer en familia y recalentados
Y de travesuras entre hermanos
De pelo negro chino
Yo soy de horita versa cuando lleguemos a la casa
Y de te vas a quedar como el perro de las dos tortas
Yo soy de ciudad de los toros rojos y dela tierra de pancho villa
Y de la mano peluda
Yo soy de ir a la iglesia los domingos
De ceviche y tortas de carne asada
Aunque le duela la espalda o las rodillas
De mi papi Lalo que nunca ha parado de trabajar para sacar a su familia adelante
De las fotos donde toda mi familia se junta para celebrar el cumpleaños de mi abuela
De mi tátara abuela que se murió cuando era niño que suportaba mis berrinches
Que todavía la llevo en mi Corazón

Yo soy de...
María Inamagua

Yo soy del árbol que me brinda sombra en el verano
Cuyas ramas largas las recuerdo como si fueran las mías
Yo soy de las vacaciones en Wisconsin y los domingos en la iglesia
Yo soy de “hazme caso” y “no pelees con tu hermano” y “más vale tarde que nunca”
Yo soy de la mitad del mundo y la cuidad de los vientos
Del arroz con pollo, las papas, y las sopes
Del nacimiento de mi hermana y sus primeros pasos
De los meses de sufrimiento de mi mama cuando a mi tía le dio cáncer
Del álbum de fotografías y de el cajón lleno de cartas y recuerdos

Yo soy de...
Pedro Martínez

Yo soy de mazapán, de Homies, y de Hot Wheels,
Yo soy de patio grande y de olor a cebollitas,
Yo soy de quinceañera y de cortar la Rosca,
De Gordo y Armando,
Yo soy de lotería, billar, y baraja,
Yo soy de “el señor te va a llevar” y de “el cucuí”
Y de “Mi Necesidad”
Yo soy de los tres reyes magos,
Yo soy de la tierra en que la primavera es eterna,
De sopes y de pozole,
Del fallecimiento de mi abuelo por diabetes,
Soy de las fotos y cadenas en mi pared,
Memorias que siempre tendré en el corazón
Mexican
Isabel Martinez

I am Hispanic, I am kind and respectful.
I was born in the United States but I’m still Mexican.
Just because you see some Mexicans doing bad
doesn’t mean we all are.
Some of us suffer, try to survive every day.
We attempt to get shelter, food and safety.
And yet people out there discriminate, stereotype
us like if we were freaks.
We are not.
We are a unique race like any others.
We Mexicans have a strong pride that will stand tall.
Our flag is not only a flag but a flag with the colors
red, green and white with an eagle.
The green represents independence, the white
represents purity of Catholic faith, and lastly the red
represents Spaniards that ___ quest for
independence and blood of national heroes.
The eagle of our flag symbolizes the triumph of
good over evil.
For we Mexicans live and survive every day to live
just one day.
I am Mexican and I’m proud of it, I will never forget
what I am.

Yo Soy De...
Kyleah Lozada

Yo soy de los discos
de figuras y fotografías
Yo soy de la casita pequeña, llena de flores, y
olor de avena y pan fresco
Yo soy de la mata de agua
de el árbol de peras
Cuyas ramas largas recuerdo como si fueran
las mías
Yo soy de reuniónes y celebraciones
de Lozada y Ocasio
Yo soy de los domingos en la iglesia, y cenar
con la familia
Y de ver películas juntos
Yo soy de “eres la mejor” y “te quiero un
montón”
Y de pronto llegara el día de mi suerte
Yo soy de respetar los adultos y hacer caso.
Yo soy de la cuidad de hombros grandes y la
isla del encanto
Arroz con gandules y vianda con bacalao
De la luchadora que trabajo por todo lo que
tengo
Momentos felices con muchas sonrisas y varias
lágrimas
Guardados en mi corazón

Pedro Martinez
I Know It Sucks
Alejandra Garcia

It hurts the way you look at me you know?
And it sucks to feel hopeless
Believe me, I know.
But you need to stop having thoughts
That cut you deeper than a thin blade dancing through your wrist and cut.

I know you’re madly in love with the idea of being anyone but you
I know it sucks to wake up wishing that this nightmare wasn’t true
It sucks to try to cover up scars with compliments
Or tears with smiles.
I know you want to walk in someone else’s shoes for a mile.

Believe me when I tell you that you can’t bleed out feelings.
Or cry out depression.
I know you feel like the whole world is against you
And it wasn’t your intention.

I wish you heard this from a friend
I wish you weren’t standing in the mirror.
Honey, I’m begging you to put the blade down.
Because no one will listen
To a word you have to say from here.

A Kid
Michael Garcia

A young Puerto Rican.
Who writes poems for a living.
A gangster that expresses his feelings in poems.
A mamma’s boy
A kid that gets bad grades because he supposedly hates school.
A kid that is suppose to gangbang because his family does.
A kid that is suppose to sell weed ‘cause he don’t have money.
A son that says “f*** you” to his mom ‘cause I guess he don’t care for her.
A child that is suppose to hate the world ‘cause he don’t know his dad.
A kid that don’t go home ‘cause he don’t wanna help with his brother.
He’s a kid who got jumped ‘cause he tried to be funny.
A kid that tries to help everyone but then gets f***** over.

But now he is
A kid that now shows he has straight As
A kid that can make friens without being funny
A kid that does not gangbang ‘cause he is suppose to
A kid who doesn’t need to sell weed for money
A kid that shows without his dad he’s okay
A kid that is not afraid about being jumped
A kid that shows his strength in football
A kid that had angry problems but now is always happy

BANG!

But now that can be all gone.

Caleb Aponte
Lizeth Vicuna
Throwback Favorites!
We decided to select a few works from over the years that we felt deserved a second look. Here are our throwback favorites!