



volume 10  
winter 2011

# orthogenique

the sonia shankman orthogenic school literary magazine





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**volume 10  
winter 2011**

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# Orthogenique

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the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School

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**Many thanks** to the people who subscribed to this issue of Orthogenique. Your donations are greatly appreciated. All others who wish to subscribe to this magazine can do so with the order form at the back of this issue.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

The next issue is scheduled for a June release. Anyone who wishes to contribute artwork or writing to Orthogenique can do so by giving the piece to Michelle Z. or Michelle P.

Pieces submitted will be used at the discretion of Orthogenique staff and will be incorporated into existing spreads and sections.



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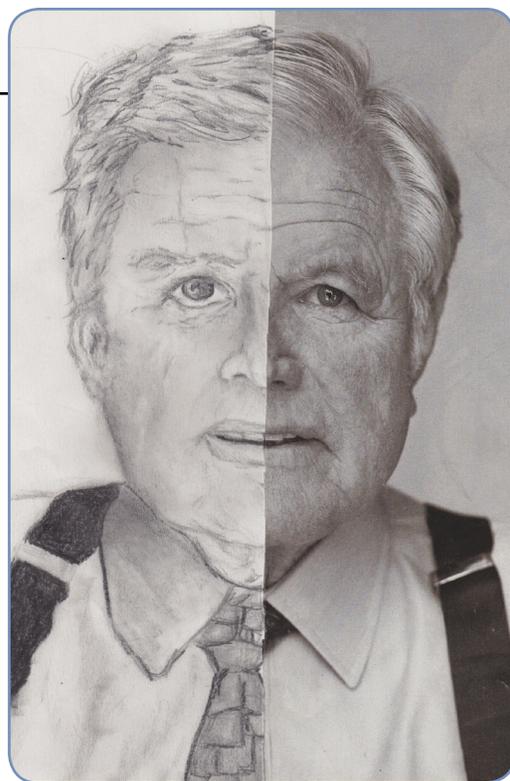


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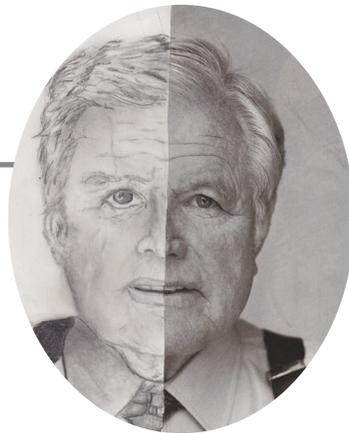


# Orthogenique

communication



ripples



# Letter From a Dropout

Short Story by Brooklyn



Drawing by Chris

Karin,

I'm really sorry that it's taken me so long to write back to you. Unpacking all these darn boxes has taken longer than I would've liked. I've also been busy getting used to the neighbors lately, which is something different than when I last contacted you. Last time I wrote to you, I remember saying something about how I hated everyone who was in my neighborhood, but I've been making attempts at civility towards my neighbors since then. I've got to admit, though, I think that this place is growing on me since I last contacted you. I even caught myself apologizing every time I swear lately, and I've acquired a taste for Christian rock music, which is all that they play on the radio here.

I've included a picture that I drew in my spare time for you, and I hope you like it. I thought you could include it in your comic book collection, if you still have it. People here don't really read comics much, which is definitely something I've had to adjust to. People here have much more...sophisticated hobbies than the people in our town did. They prefer golf and backyard barbeques to comic book reading and attending punk rock shows any day. They're all employed at this corporate insurance company at least that's the most popular job in the town of Normal. They even raise the gas prices based on the days that employees get paid. It's kind of ridiculous, actually.

I'm still looking for a job, and it's a lot harder to find one when you're a high school dropout with no previous work experience or references. Trust me, Karin, you should stay in school as long as you can because once you get out into the real world, it really sucks. I would also strongly advise you not to get any tattoos or piercings if you want a decent job. A couple of days ago, for example, I tried to get a job application for a nights-only position at the local Wal-Mart, and the manager just blinked his eyes at my eyebrow ring and tattooed arms and started to laugh. I took it as a sign that, even at low-level jobs like the ones at Wal-Mart, your appearance matters more than your prerequisites do.

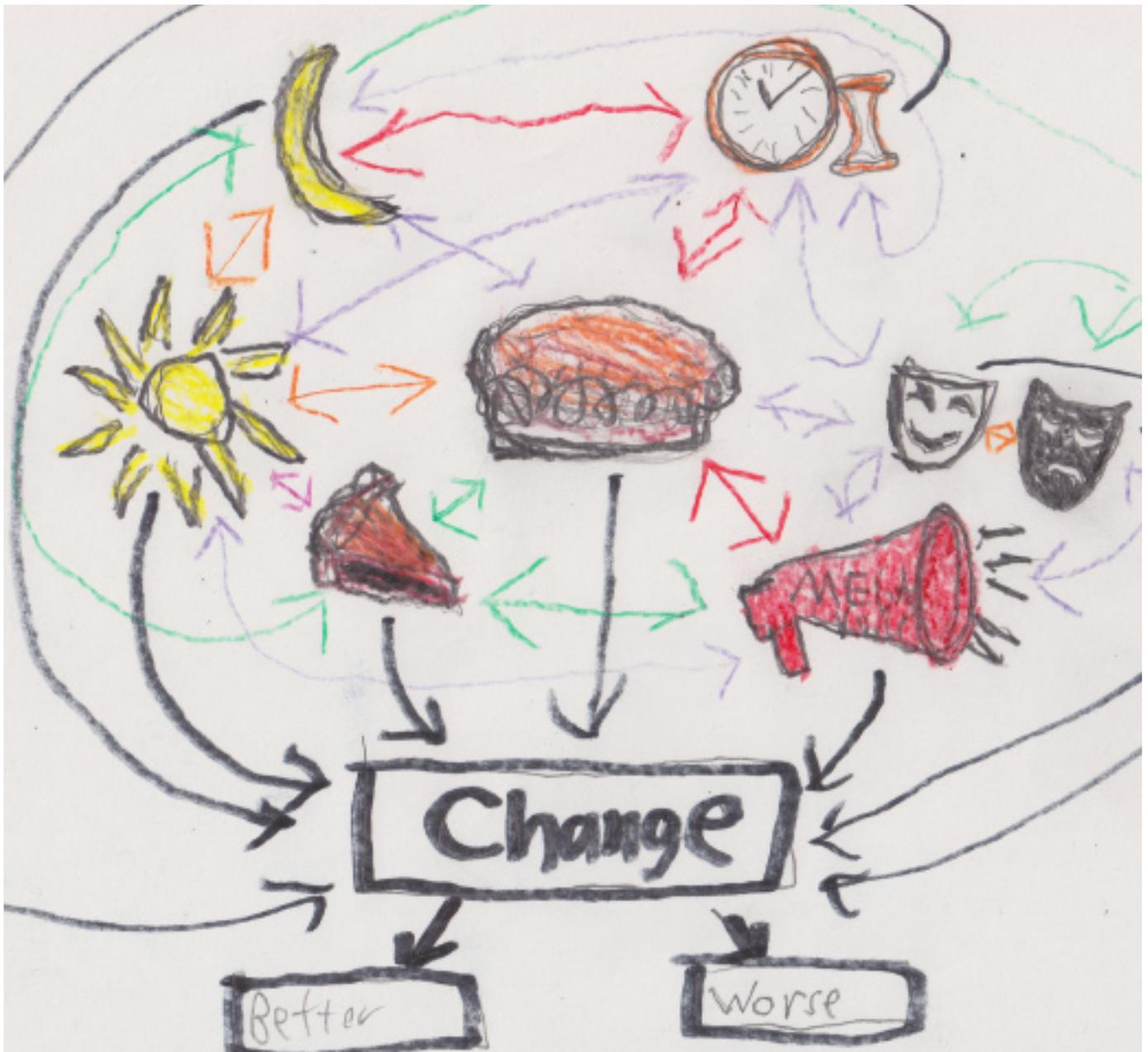
It's funny how we grew up learning about communication and how none of it seemed to sink in. Like when I was encouraged by all my friends to get my tattoos in the first place, for example. They all said it would be something I wouldn't regret and that, as long as I could easily cover them, I could get any job I wanted in the world. Now all those warnings and pieces of advice that my parents tried to offer are starting to make a lot more sense. "Do your homework." "Stay in school." "Go to church." Gee, I wish I had understood why my Mom said that to me about five years earlier. If only my teenage rebellion hadn't deafened me from her words...maybe I'd still be in school, and maybe I'd even have a part-time job by now.

I really wish I hadn't dropped out of school and moved out on my own, and I can't stress to you enough that, as much as you might want to, you must not drop out of school to come and live with me. I'll come home when you have Christmas break so we can hang out instead, unless I have a job that requires me to work on Christmas. You'll have to write me back soon to tell me when your Christmas vacation starts.



# persuasion

Poem by John



Change, Drawing By Chris



People, People, People

You, You, You  
Look into your inner self.

If you want to change you must aspire  
To inner change.  
You must Change yourself to change the world.  
Mahatma Gandhi said, "You must be the change you want to see in the world."  
Changing others starts with changing yourself.

Speech, a gateway to many, if not all, great mediums of persuasion.  
Outwards.  
Topics may include luck, or, any message you wish to get across.  
Diverse realms of convinced others,  
Utilizing food for thought.

Concepts.  
An enigma of  
Obvious, yet subtle, changes  
To make a point.  
One, two, three.  
No infinite possibilities in the great three dimensions of human life.

Our worlds.  
One constant:  
Change.  
Day, by day.  
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
Next, next, on, and on, and so forth  
The great innovations leading to progress, and demise.



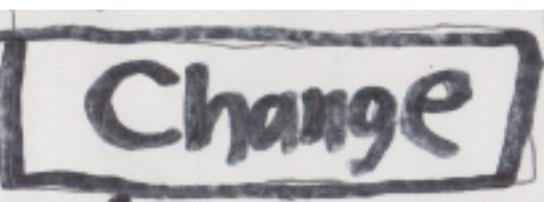
To persuade change, to convince act,  
Do, do, do  
Make things final, complete, done  
Finish the actions, finalize the objective  
The end is near, and yet far

The goal is common  
The task is similar  
The actions are different  
All people do  
Some people don't

The goal is progress  
The aim is accomplishment  
One is accomplished  
All progress

We do  
You don't  
You will  
We have  
Our strength is in numbers  
Your weakness is in loneliness

Whole pie feeds all  
Divided pie feeds some  
All satisfied  
Some hungry  
Some knowledgeable  
All wise  
I own knowledge  
We share wisdom  
Some want me  
We all need others



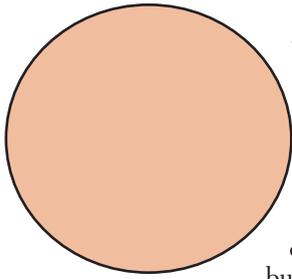
# Love Knows No

Short Story by Chris

# Shaped FORM



Broken Transmission, Drawing by Jacob



“The world could just as well end for me,” said a noble knight named Cain. “See how the darkness fills the sky and the hearts of man.”

Another man appeared from the shadows of a dimly lit throne, “Ah but my dear Cain, you do not know that she must attend business this night.”

“But why?” replied Cain. “Every night she is unable to speak to me... I even composed a poem of my frustrations.” Cain proceeded to hand the crowned figure a ruffled sheet of paper:

“Sun brings forth hope easily made  
Moon pierces hearts like a crescent blade

Night chills the earth dark and cold  
Day warms us up with sunlight gold.

Night moves in with breath decay  
But life is brought with dawning day.

Two sides of the same coin  
The two cycles ever going  
Never changing  
Never stopping  
Never ceasing or slowing

As the wheel of fate will wretchedly  
turn  
The moon will shine and the sun will burn

For Light and Darkness  
Are Sister and Brother,  
As neither can exist  
Without the other

Be happy in the sunshine of which the day  
we live,  
For one day our sun will have no light to give

But as I ponder through nightly sorrow,  
As long as the moon shines in my direction  
There is hope yet for another day tomorrow  
For the moon gleams the sun’s reflection.”

This the old figure read and then replied, “You took your brother’s aspect on life. Your brother always saw a silver lining.”

“Indeed, but I feel it time to tell the fair Ilua of my feelings..”

“But Cain, it is night, she speaks to no man at night.” Cain frowned childishly but then finally replied,

“Ah... but I must yet go tell her.”

To his satisfaction he heard, “Very well noble Cain, take my leave and return with haste.”

“Duly Sire... “came back from Cain with no delay. “It is a full moon tonight and I intend on making full advantage of its light.”

So the man set off to the far end of the village dressed in royal red and purple. He came across a small house and stopped short to say. “Lovely Ilua the light of my day, please come out and show your face”

There was a long pause, until finally, “Oh fair Cain, the stars in my sky, I cannot show my face, for tonight it is a full moon and thus I am a monster”

“Surely you shall not be bedraggled by this hour. Please at least come to the window.”

She came, but what he saw was not what he expected. “Surely you could not love this.”

Sharp yellow eyes and white pearly fangs, long garish fur, and shining white claws were what he saw.

“Cain, this is my secret my true form at night, but ever the worse in the full moon’s light. I dare not come closer and send you for fright, I am forsaken, a beast of the night.”

Shocked but true to his words Cain replied, “Your heart still holds true for you, turn on me not. Many a man would run in fright, but just as we see the moon and the sun, they both give off the same light.”

Ilua was moved by this poetic speech, so she opened up the door. “You are true to me despite my beastly state. Won’t you come in and stay till morn?”

So he did, and as the light shone in, and the moon retreated across the sky, Ilua changed shape back into her human self. Much pleased was Ilua of a secret kept to herself no more and able to share with another. She praised Cain bold and brave for spending the night with a fearsome figure.

Cain replied “Ilua your beauty has never altered, for I judge not your shape, but your heart.”

Time passed as Cain grew closer to Ilua and gained rank in his court. Come nightfall again one day, the crowned man stopped Cain short of his leave.

“You walk with haste, to where do you venture?”

“My lord, I think I shall pay dear Ilua another visit this night”

“Ah... It’s a full moon tonight. That reminded me briefly, you’ve courted Ilua for a time now, but how fared your first nightly visit? I dare say I didn’t think you would be very happy.”

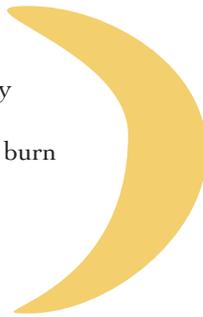
Cain shifted his eyes and stated, “Sire, you knew, something.”

“No nothing, Lord Cain,” he said with a smile.

Uneasy, Cain now attempting to change the topic with haste, quickly asked, “How fares her royal highness?”

The king replied “Oh lord Cain, you know her royal highness does not come out at night, especially on those of the full moon. It’s bad for her complexion.” The king then grinned and chortled as he turned to walk off.

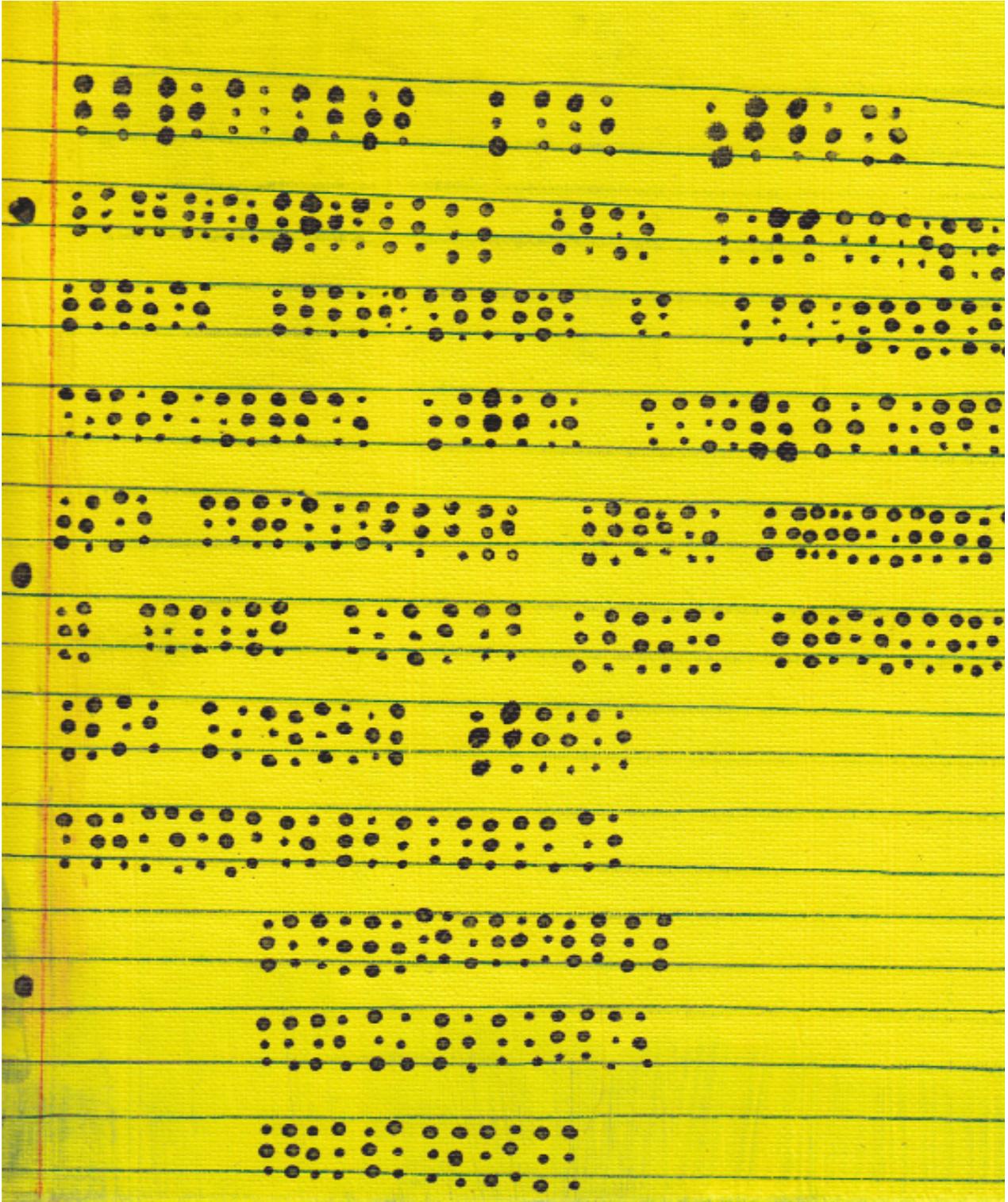
Cain left the court with uneasiness, and suddenly he heard a howl. Surely it had come from the castle... Suddenly Cain smiled just as the king and laughed to himself at the irony of what he had come to realize before continuing on his way to his dear Ilua.





# Alice

Short Story by Angie



Message, Mixed media by Brooklyn

communication

6 o'clock. Wake up. Get dressed. Eat breakfast. Head off to school. That's been Alice's morning schedule since she was in first grade. She's twelve now, and is in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Alice skipped 6<sup>th</sup> grade and might skip 9<sup>th</sup>. She's the kid the other students ask for help. She's the first one with her hand up in class, the captain of her school's math club, and won her school's spelling bee four times in a row. The only area where she doesn't excel is in open discussions. She only believes in the facts and can't ever form her own opinion.

Hereafternoons were regimented like her mornings, because her parents were always a little over protective of her. They didn't like her going to other kid's houses or really going out at all. They would only let her join academic clubs and do school things. She had to spend most of her time at home, with her parents.

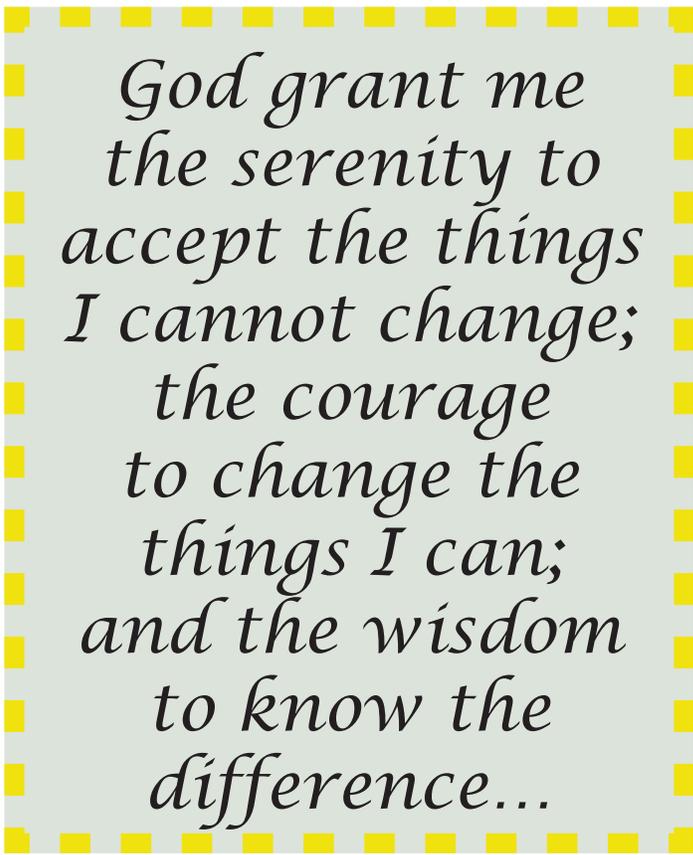
Every night, before she would fall asleep, her dad would come in her room to tuck her into bed. He would read his favorite prayer to her, the one that kept him going everyday; he would read her the serenity prayer:

God grant me the serenity to  
accept the things I cannot change;

the courage to change the things I  
can; and the wisdom to know the  
difference...

Even though Alice was raised Catholic, and has known that prayer since she was a baby, she still has never was able to believe in God or any other religion. She has always been like that, not able to believe in anything that doesn't have any facts to support it.

Alice's parents tried to make her believe. They had her go to mass every Sunday and after that she'd go to Sunday school. She would learn about Jesus and God and what it meant to be a Catholic. She would learn about the history, she would learn about the Ten Commandments and all of the beliefs they had. Still every Sunday she had a hard time believing. She knew she had to try because one of her biggest decisions yet is about to come her way; her



*God grant me  
the serenity to  
accept the things  
I cannot change;  
the courage  
to change the  
things I can;  
and the wisdom  
to know the  
difference...*

confirmation.

It's September 16<sup>th</sup>, and Alice has one week to decide. Alice was told a year earlier by her parents that she has to make up her mind by September 23 whether she wants to become a devoted catholic. Since then, she didn't know what she wanted but she was pretty sure she wasn't ready to commit to the religion.

That night when Alice was sitting at the dinner table with her parents they discussed that topic for what seemed to be the millionth time. They asked Alice about her thoughts. They told her, you have to go to the practice of the confirmation day's ceremony and then decide. You have to decide what you want. Alice agreed.

Alice was on her way to her practice at the church for her confirmation ceremony the next day. She was skipping towards the door of the church when she tripped and fell on the grass. She got up like it was nothing because it happens all the time, but then her mom came up to her and appeared all worried about it because she was in her conformation dress.

"Alice what did I tell you about being careful in your new dress? You got grass stains all over it and look a mess now."

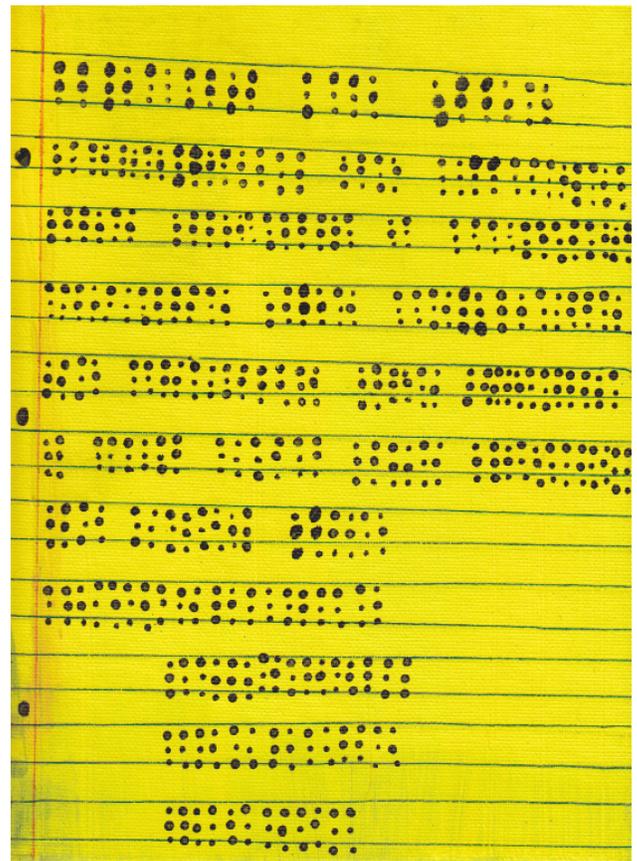
Alice thought to her self, I did? How am I supposed to know that? Or even believe her. I don't see anything, but then again I guess I never can so how am I able to believe anything anyone tells me. She decided she just had to have faith in her mom and trust her because she knows she can. She decided to change into another one of her nice dresses and go to her practice.

All of a sudden, when she was going through the motions of the ceremony, it hit her. If I can have faith in my mom with something I can't prove or see, why cant I have faith in anything else that can't be proven right or wrong. Why can't I believe in God?

Alice decided to have faith in God and to go through with her confirmation because she realized you don't always have to see something to believe it, or have all the facts to make it true. You just have to believe in it for it to be true to you.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference. Living one day at a time; Enjoying one moment at a time; Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace; Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it; Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will; That I may be reasonably happy in this life and supremely happy with Him forever in the next.

This is what Alice finally started to recite with her dad every time he would tuck her into bed at night.



# Introverted Turmoil

Short Story By John



Lone, Painting By Angie

There was a young girl born during a civil war. As the war broke out her family became poor. The world was in a period of strengthened materialism. Her family was in disorder with a lack of clear boundaries. She on the other hand was very introverted, and this caused her to be different than everyone else in her family; the outlier of sorts.

Her family was full of slobs, and lazy people who could not finish what they started. Not Bella. She was organized, neat, clear, and concise. Yet she was confused on how to join the group, feeling excluded. She had feelings of loneliness, and confusion. and was very secretive about her emotions.

She wanted to trust others yet did not know how to do so. Also, she had a lack of motivation. Her wants were not in line with her needs.

Her brother went off to fight against her father so she must choose a side to work with. She felt betrayed by her father and helped her brother's cause. Then her father died, and she felt she had failed her family as a whole by having views different from her mother, and father. She was in

pain, and no longer supported her brother who she thought was lost. This loss of family support had a large emotional impact on her. She became more secretive about her feelings.

Later, her brother, as a leader, confronted her. She finally had the courage to speak her mind. She had success in speaking her mind, and it made her more confident in her social approach.

She now had a more purposeful connection to her society. She realized the strength in working with others as an entity bigger than herself.

Her family was lost along with its dynamic. The new group worked with her and no longer against her.

She got involved in the postwar community.

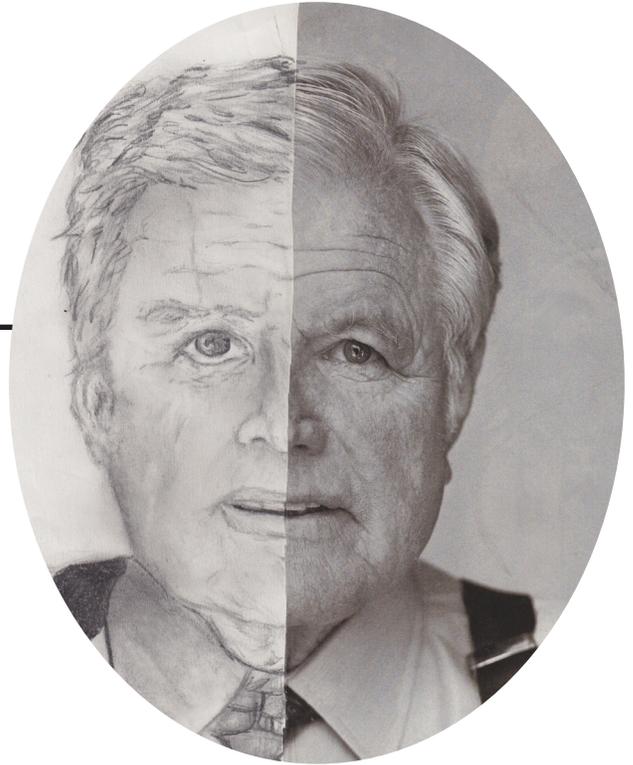
She found a prominent role in a changed civilization. She had a new found following, as well as confidence in herself. It was a challenge for her to lose her shell yet she had a positive outlook on life. She gained a new platform to express her views while losing her old methods of social isolation. As her society became more opulent, the strengthened materialism turned to strengthened cooperation among its members.

**There was a young girl  
born during a civil war.  
As the war broke out her  
family became poor. The  
world was in a period of  
strengthened materialism.  
Her family**



# Orthogenique

ripples



communication

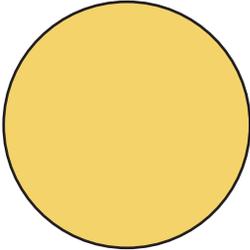
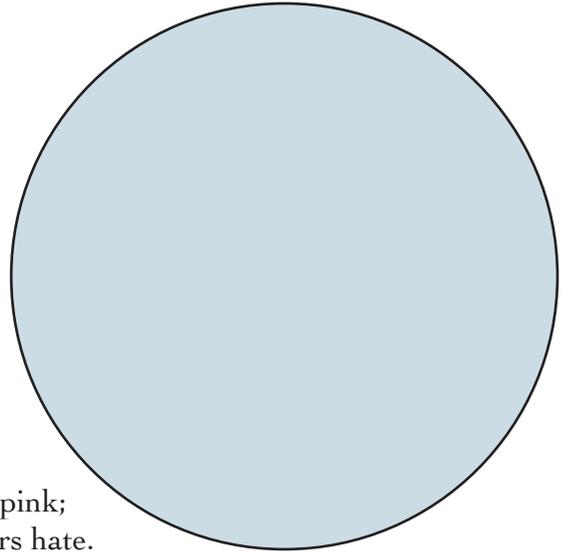
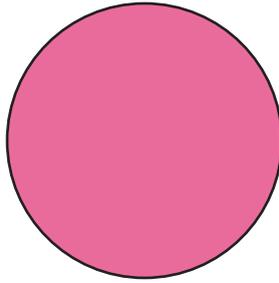
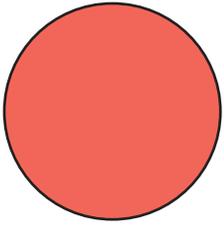


# Rumors Float Like Balloons

Shakespearean Sonnet by Brooklyn

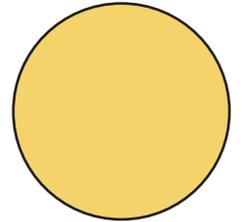


Lift Off to Eighteen, Drawing by Jacob

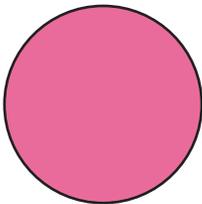


Like an Easter egg, my hair is dyed pink;  
My new appearance is what my peers hate.  
The hue makes them all stop and start to blink,  
And my soul starts to deteriorate.

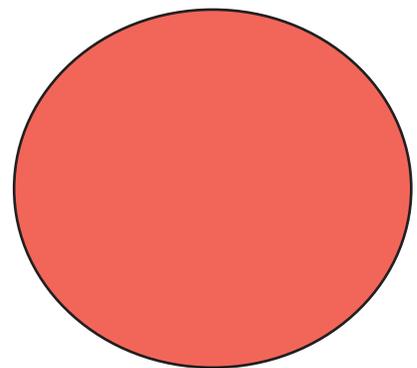
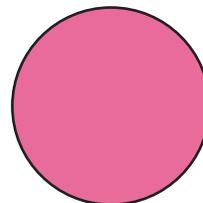
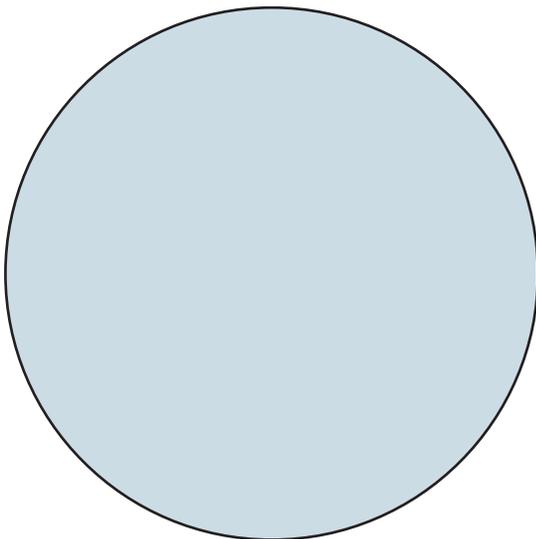
Gossip is spreading about my new look;  
Past friends now lost to the public masses.  
People think they can read me like a book,  
But all they see are the social classes.



For none exist outside white and black lines;  
But, to me, such worldly views cause offense.  
Sometimes I think nobody has a spine  
Hoping to make some kind of difference.



Though labels may stick for quite a long while,  
If I am myself, then that makes me smile.



# The Royal Guardian

Short Story by Jacob



Drawing by Chris: Flight of the Butterfly



We were awestruck but terrified in the same moment. Never before had anyone in the group seen something quite like the creature. It was slowly flapping its wings, creating a huge downdraft and causing the rather sodden grass trails to ripple across the clearing.

Its eyes were a pure white, and it didn't seem to need to blink. It was symmetrical (as all butterflies are) save for its bent, scythe like claws, three to a landing pad, almost like feet. This, of course, had to be the Queen Butterfly.

Until that afternoon, the summer camp, that a few of my friends and I had been attending, was really nothing special, but it was rumored that, being July Fourth, a fireworks display was being shown before we went home that night. Of course, the trails that lay behind the school's football field and track had to be closed off, so it was common knowledge that the display would be shot off from one of the clearings in between the meandering tree-lined dirt paths, probably near one of the small ponds the butterflies liked so much. During the movie activity (we had seen the film in theaters twice already) my friends and I slipped away to find this hiding place.

When we did find the stock, there were boxes and bags of lighters, sparklers, cherry bombs, shimmers, streamers, tailers, whistlers, and the like. A pond not far from this pile had empty containers lining the waterfront. Also, the butterflies seemed especially jittery and upset. Their homes were to be used as a rippling tomb for container and used rocket alike. Our group looked at each other, speechless.

Suddenly the wind began to pick up. We shivered, but we knew we had to stop this show before it was too late. At that moment, as if by the same urge of purpose, our friend showed up. The butterfly's shadow blotted out the sun, but we were in the shade of the trees lugging boxes of fireworks to the dirt path back to school. After placing them just on the inside of the cover of the trees, we heard footsteps running from both directions. One of our buddies was yelling something about an alien, and we had enough common sense to run away from the camp director coming from the other direction.

The clearing, once we reached it, was no longer a clearing. We stopped dead and gaped. I finally came up with enough nerve to correct the alien theory.

"Uhh... Zach... I don't mean to be rude... but that... that's a butterfly. Not an alien."

Just about then the director caught us, but instead of jumping into what surely would have been one of his best administrative lectures of his career, he looked at the butterfly, then us, then the garbage and rockets, and back to us, and said, "I imagine your friend here isn't too excited about our plans for tonight. Shall we?" He leaned over and began to help us move the rest of the material.

When at last we finished, and our winged companion noiselessly flew away just above the treetops, the other five of us breathed a sigh of relief.



# Memories

Poem by Chris

“Alone; Painting by Angie





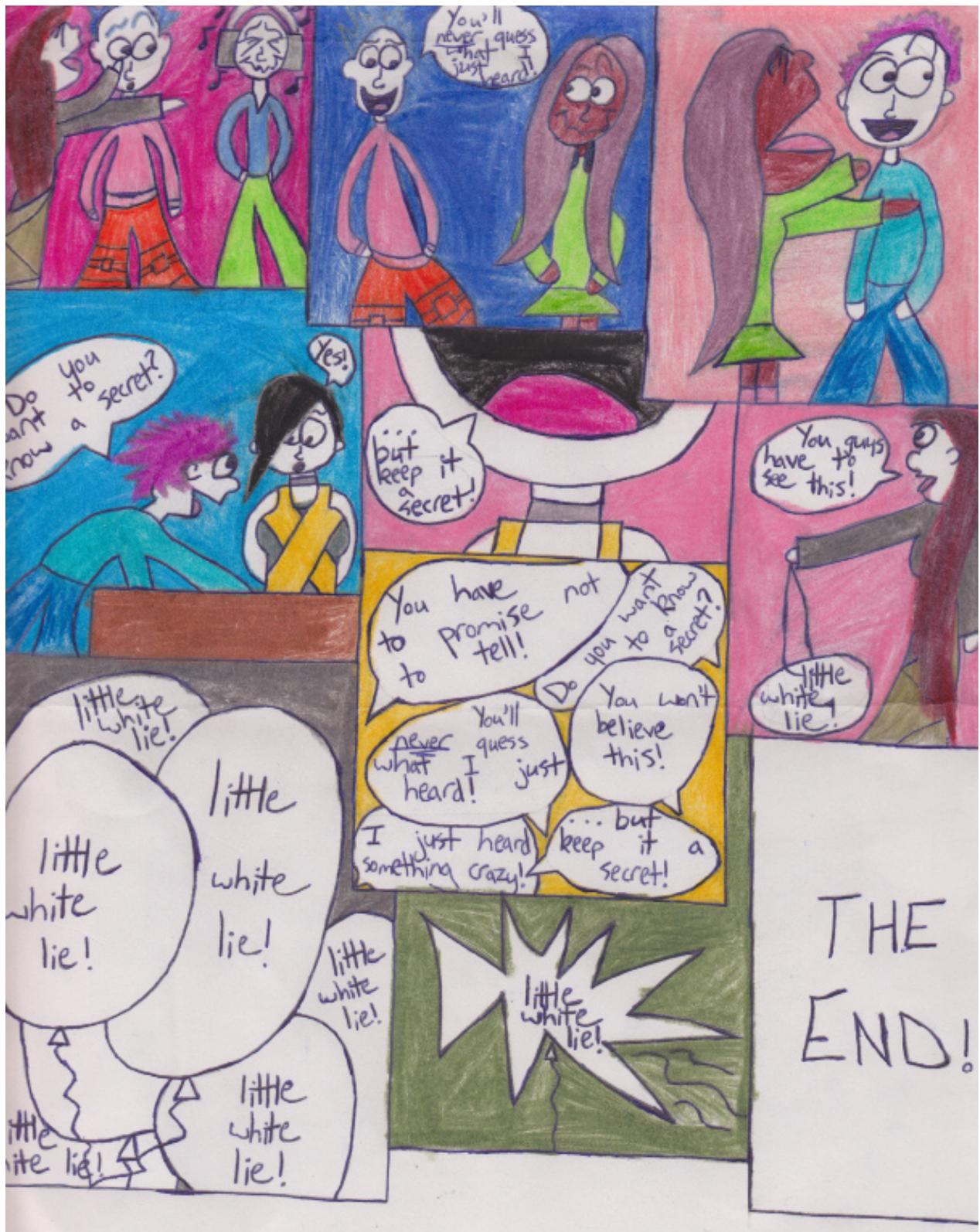
Ripples in the skies  
the clouds are coming in  
Ripples through the forest canopy  
Light lamenting, now fading away  
Ripples across the tall grass  
Strong winds are picking up  
Ripples through the air,  
The roar of thunder  
Ripples in the water,  
But not from the rain  
Rather from the tears I shed,  
It used to be this way when the ripples in those puddles  
would once be from your feet.  
Ripples in the sky again,  
The clouds drifting away, light shining through.  
A ripple of my memory,  
Just remembering you  
As those waves of memory grow intense  
as they spread out, but soon fade away.  
You never came again,  
...  
Yet still... you've never left me





# The Telephone Game

Poem by Angie



Drawing by Brooklyn

Jane was a  
brown haired and  
brown-eyed girl who  
gossiped about everybody  
and always told a lie.  
Jane's a brown haired and  
brown-eyed girl who gossiped  
about everybody and always told  
a lie.

Jane's a brown haired and  
brown-eyed girl who  
gossiped about  
everybody and  
always told  
lie.

Jane's a brown  
haired and  
brown-eyed girl  
who gossiped  
about everybody  
and always told  
lies.

Jane's a brown  
haired and  
brown-eyed girl  
who gossiped  
about everybody  
and always told

Jane's a brown haired and  
brown-eyed girl who gossiped about  
everybody and always told lies.

Jane's a blond haired and brown-eyed  
girl who gossiped about everybody and  
always told lies.

Jane's a blond haired brown-eyed girl  
who gossiped about everybody  
and always told lies.

Jane's a blond haired



brown-eyed girl  
who gossiped about  
everybody and always  
told lies.

Jane's a blond haired brown-  
eyed girl who gossiped about  
everybody and always lies.

Jane's a blond haired blue-eyed  
girl who gossiped about every-  
body and always lies.

Jane's a blond haired  
blue-eyed girl  
who gossiped  
about every-  
body and  
always lied.

Jane's a blond  
haired blue-eyed  
girl who gossiped  
about everyone  
and always lied.

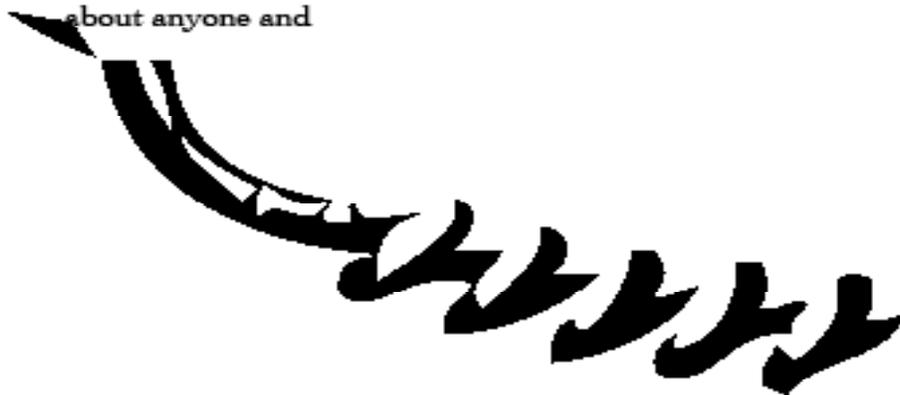
Jane's a blond  
haired blue-eyed  
girl who gossiped  
about everyone  
and always lied.

Jane's a blond  
haired blue-eyed girl who  
gossiped about anyone and always  
lied.

Jane's a blond haired blue-eyed girl who  
gossiped about anyone and always lied.

Jane's a blond haired blue-eyed girl who  
never gossipes about anyone and never  
lied.

Jane's a blond haired blue-eyed  
girl who never gossipes  
about anyone and



# Colophon

The Winter 2011 edition of Orthogenique was produced at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School in Chicago, Illinois. The magazine was thermal bound by the Orthogenic School. The covers are 1/2 inch linen tab covers from General Binding Corporation in Northbrook, IL. The content pages were printed by an HP color laserjet 6015dn on 32lb. Hammermill Color Laser Gloss with 90 brilliance. Sixteen fonts were used in the magazine. Avant Garde LT was used for all body text, except for three haikus which were done in Apple Chancery, while magazine staff chose fonts in keeping with style and content for titles and pull quotes. The following fonts were used for titles and pull quotes: Lucida Blackletter, Papyrus, Zapfino, Mistral, Blackoak Standard, Letter Gothic Standard, OCR A Standard, Handwriting - Dakota, Futura, Edwardian Script ITC, Apple Chancery, Monaco, Bradley Hand ITC TT, Hobo std, Chalkboard, Catholic Schoolgirls BBJ, Big Caslon, and Bank Gothic. Orthogenique is a full color magazine. Layout was created in Adobe InDesign CS3 on Apple MacBooks. Adobe Photoshop CS3 was used for image processing. All submissions were judged using standards agreed upon by the staff. All text submissions were typed using Microsoft Word on Dell PCs running on Windows XP, and MacBooks running on Mac OSX.

# Policy

All of the students at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School are invited to submit their literary and art work to Orthogenique.

The Orthogenic School is a small private school consisting of students who represent school districts throughout Illinois and California. The school has limited extracurricular activities or after school meeting times. As a result, Literary Magazine is offered as a for credit course in which the enrolled students alternate writing units in which they write in reference to a specific theme and art units in which they illustrate for a classmate's writing. All students then create spreads that incorporate their writing piece and the illustration completed for the piece.

Students not enrolled in the course are welcome to submit their work to the advisors at which time the staff of enrolled students will decide which pieces can and will be used based on the themes employed and the fundamental belief of the school that all student work is of value. The literary staff reserves the right to edit the body of the works for spelling, punctuation, and grammar.

Orthogenique has been published three times yearly since the summer of 2007. The publication is financed by departmental budgeting as well as subscriptions and donations. The ideas and beliefs expressed in the magazine do not represent those of the magazine staff, advisors, or the Orthogenic School. All rights are reserved to the individual artists, authors, and photographers.



# Thank You!

We would like to extend our gratitude to all of our Patrons for this volume of our magazine. Without your generous donations, we would not have been able to successfully meet our goal for this issue. The quality of this publication is a direct result of your support and encouragement.



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