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Orthogenia

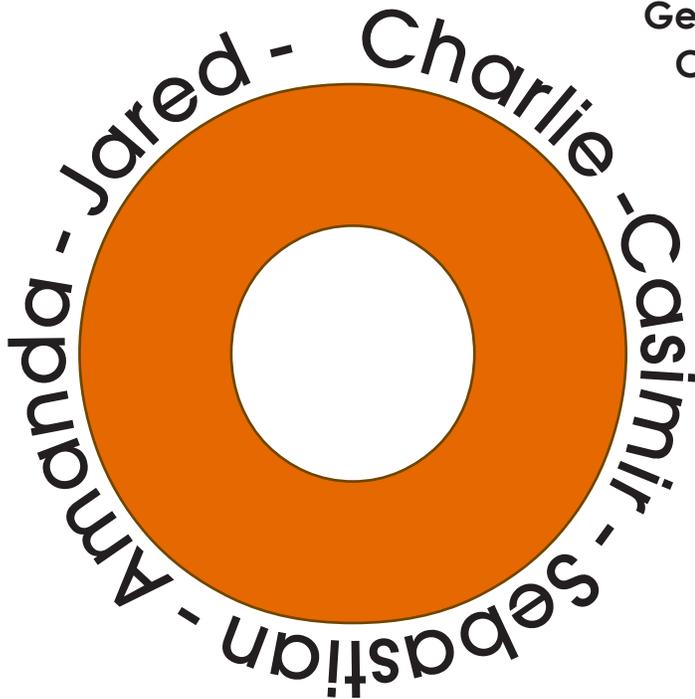


the sonia shankman orthogenia school literary magazine

Orthogenique

A literary magazine
produced by the students of
the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School

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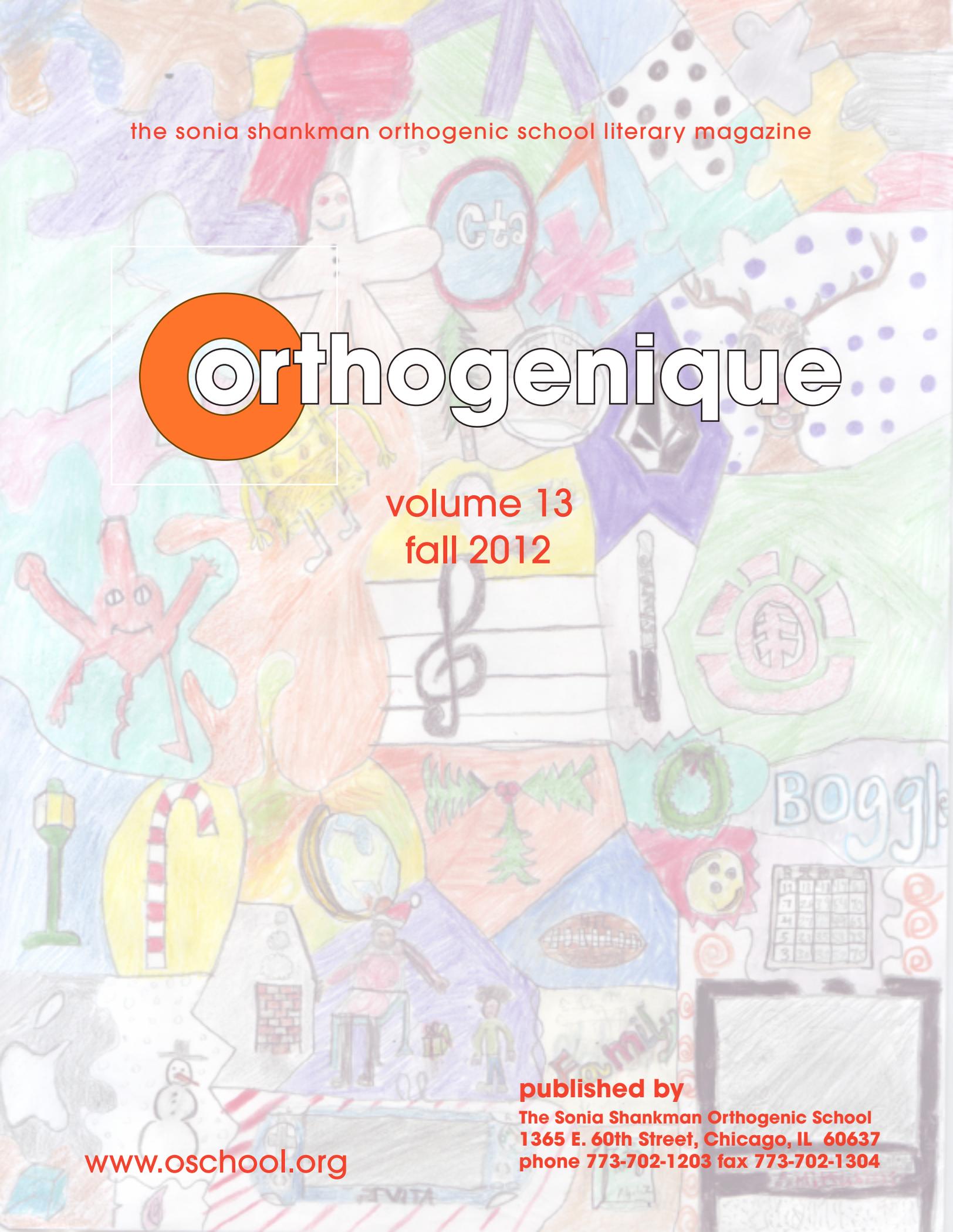
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

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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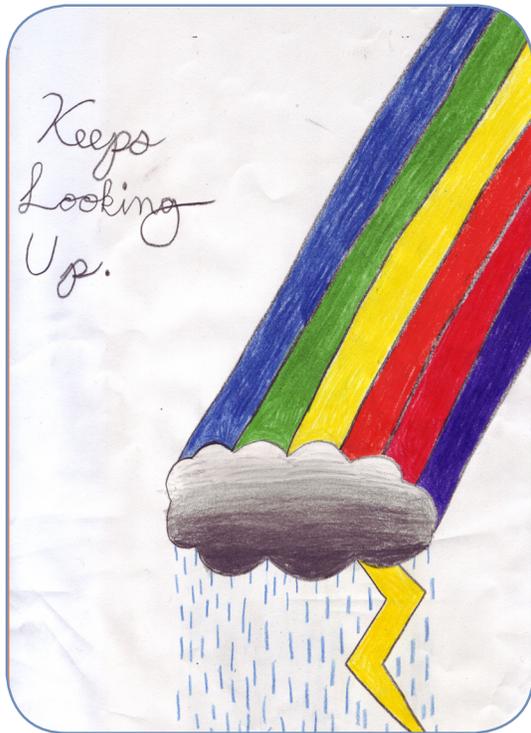
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My Second Family

Literary Essay by Amanda



Digital Image by Sebastian



Being in a competitive sport is hard. But back at my high school, it was different. We didn't care about who was the smartest or the prettiest or the thinnest.

We were able to be ourselves around each other.



During my first meet freshman year, I was nervous and scared. I was

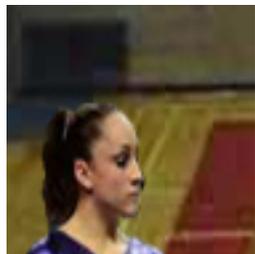
really care about who was the best to be honest.

In a way, my team became my second family because we spent so many days and hours together

practicing. I made some new friends from gymnastics and I will never forget my coaches. They helped me do well in the sport and have helped me become who I am today.

The truth is, being part of a competitive sport isn't about being the best as much as it is about community, especially for teenagers.

My team was like a family because they were always there for each other. We didn't judge one another on who was



feeling

anxious. Physically, my hands were sweaty and I couldn't stop pacing. There were some spectators, mostly families, and my mom and Grandma were there cheering me on. I thought that I wouldn't do well at all.

My teammates were convinced otherwise and so were my coaches and family.

When the judge called my name,

I stepped up to the runway. My whole team and the coaches were yelling my name and saying "Go Amanda!" and "You got this!"

I stepped onto the runway and the cheering continued. I saluted the judge and took off running. As I was running, I thought to myself, 'I got this!' I



jumped and my feet hit the spring-bored correctly. As I placed my hands on the vault in perfect position and pushed off, the cheering was still going. As soon as my feet hit the mat, I noticed

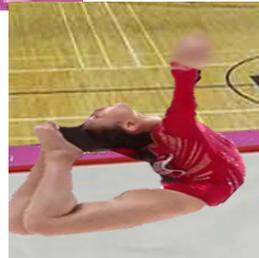
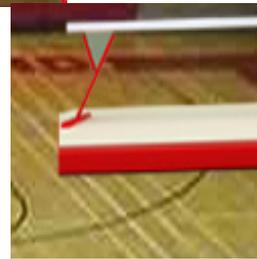
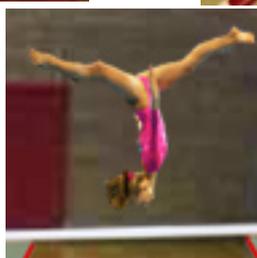
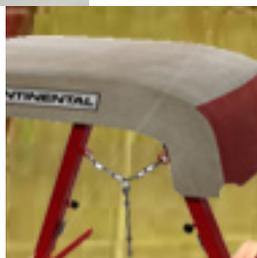
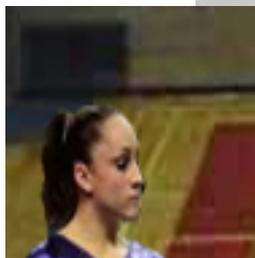
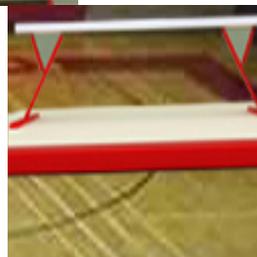
I landed perfectly! My first vault in a competition was awesome. I saluted the judges and hugged my coaches. My coach told me, "Do the same thing again!"

I felt amazing. My teammates hugged and high-fived me before I had to get ready for my second vault. Some of my team mates complimented me on how well I had done. My team was super happy for me.

My second vault wasn't as good. I twisted my ankle on my landing and couldn't walk on it. It hurt so much. The athletic trainer took a look at my swollen ankle and said that I needed to go to the hospital. My Mom pulled the van to the front of the school and met me outside.

We went to the ER. We waited a while for a doctor to come look at me. The doctor said I needed X-rays.

Once the doctor took a look at my X-rays, he said that there was no break or fracture. He said it was probably just a bad sprain and put me on crutches. My athletic



trainer had recommended me to see a specialist to look at my ankle. The specialist took an MRI and said that my tendon was very loose and that I needed surgery to repair my ankle. I was really

nervous, but throughout my whole experience, my team was there for me like a family. That night, I really felt part of our gymnastics family and I will never forget it.

After my surgery, I kept on going to the meets when I could. Between physical therapy and doctor appointments, it was hard to make all the meets. When I would go to the meets, my teammates would ask how I was doing and if they could help me in any way possible.

I am a gymnast, and yeah, it's hard and competitive, but I love it. My team was not competitive. We were a family. We always gave each other advice on how to improve our moves. We were there for everyone no matter what happened. We didn't care if we won meets, we cared about each other. Caring about your teammates makes you a stronger team.

THE TRUTH IN A POEM

Short Story by Charlie



Marker Drawing by Amanda

I'm standing on a stage in front of everyone. My teacher is in the audience. So are my parents and my older sister, Kate. They are all watching me, waiting for something amazing. I hate to let them down. I am in a big mess, and I have nobody to blame but myself. What happened to cause all this? Here, let me go back to about three weeks ago.....

I am in huge trouble. Like First-Middle-Last name trouble. My mom should be yelling, "ABIGAIL LYNN JOHNSON, I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU PUT THIS OFF UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE!!!! YOU ARE GROUNDED! YOU HEAR ME??? GROUNDED!!!!" But I'm not grounded, because she doesn't know.

Let me explain. Last week, Mrs. Parker, our sixth grade teacher, gave us an assignment. Well, more of a creative writing project. We had to write a poem, and present it to the class. I, however, have no writing skills whatsoever.

"It's due next Monday," Mrs. Parker said. "And you should have no excuses, because this will be your only homework." The class cheered. I groaned.

Of course, I, being the procrastinator that I am, put it off until the last minute. When I walked through the door, my mom said, "Hi, Abby. How was your day at school?"

I shrugged and walked into the kitchen. "Do you have any homework?" she asked.

"No," I replied. That was my first mistake. My snack was waiting for me on the table. I sat down and ate.

When Sunday night comes, I'm at my desk, trying to think of a poem. *This is so stupid, I thought. Why did we have to write a stupid poem? Why couldn't we just do fractions? I'm good at math.* I stared at my notebook. My paper was blank except for my name. *Poem. Ugh. Why not*



just assign this to Kate? That gave me an idea; my second mistake.

My sister, Katherine, was good at writing. She actually enjoyed it! I looked around. My parents were watching TV, and Kate wasn't home. I tiptoed across the hall to her room. I put my ear to the door, just in case. No noise. I opened the door and went to her desk. I took one of her old notebooks and ran to my room. I looked through it, and surely enough, there was a poem. *Perfect.* I copied it down into my notebook. I quickly returned hers to where I found it. She would never know. No harm done.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

It's Monday, and we are presenting our poems to the class. I'm sitting in my desk, absently doodling on my notebook. I was mid-daydream when I heard my name. "Abby."

My head snapped up. "Yes, Mrs. Parker?" I replied automatically.

"Come up and read your poem."

I walk up to the front of the class and read the poem in my notebook. There was a pause, and then the class bursts into applause. I sit down, relieved. The bell rings, and as I walk through the door, I hear my name.

"Abby?" It was Mrs. Parker. "Can I talk to you for a minute?"

My heart was pounding. *Does she know?*

Mrs. Parker spoke. "Abby, I'd like to talk to you about your poem."

A million explanations ran through my mind at once, but I couldn't decide which one to go with.

Luckily, she continued. "I thought your poem was spectacular! You must have worked so hard on it."

I didn't know what to say.

"I think you should perform it in the Spring Recital."

This wasn't right.

I only wanted to avoid my mom scolding me. "Um...well," I started. "I don't think that's such a good

idea.”

“Nonsense!” Mrs. Parker said. “You’ll do great.”
Great. Now what do I do?

I came home from school today and nobody was home. I looked around and it was dark. As I turned on the lights, everyone jumped out from their hiding places and shouted, “SURPRISE!” I was taken aback.

Why would they throw me a surprise party? My birthday isn’t for six more months.

My mom comes up to me and says, “Oh, Abby! I’m so proud of you.”

I wasn’t sure what this was about, but I had a theory.

My dad comes up to me. “Good job, kid.”

What? It’s not that I’m not happy to see my dad. I really am. But what is he doing here? “Dad! Aren’t you supposed to be in New York?”

My dad smiled. “Well, I couldn’t miss seeing my daughter perform in the Spring Recital, could I?”

I felt sick to my stomach. He came all the way from New York to see me. I couldn’t turn back now.

It’s been weeks since the party, and I couldn’t think of anything else. All people do is say, “Good job,” or “Congratulations.” I get sick to my stomach every time I hear it. I came home from school, and my mom called me. I came slowly into the living room. My mom pulled out a shopping bag from Macy’s.

“Abby, I went shopping today for a new dress for you to wear at the Recital, and....”

“Oh, no. Mom...” I began, but she cut me off.

“Abby, you’ll do great! And you’ll look amazing, too. It’s OK,” she said.

No, mom. It’s really not.

It’s the night before the Recital, and nearly midnight. Mom and dad are asleep, but I can’t sleep. No way. I am drowning in my guilt, when I hear a soft knock on the door. “Who is it?” I whisper.

“It’s me, Kate,” came the reply.

“Come in.”

Kate opens the door and walks over to my bed. “Abby, I’m really proud of you for doing this. I know you’re scared, but you’ll be amazing. I know you will.”

I knew I couldn’t go on like this. “Kate,” I whispered. “Yeah?”

I lost my nerve. “Good night.” That was my final mistake.

As I looked into the audience I could see everyone. My friends, my teacher, my

parents. But mostly I saw my sister. The look in her eyes was so happy, so proud, as if she would cry out to the world, “This is my sister.”

Yes. I am her sister. And she deserves the truth. I read my poem, and when I was done, the audience burst into applause. Except for Kate. Her eyes were an ocean of betrayal. I had to tell her the truth. She deserved it. They all did.

It was now or never. “Wait!” I cried. Everyone stopped clapping and looked at me in confusion. “There’s something I need to say.”

“I didn’t write this poem,” I announced. Everyone gasped and looked at each other. “It was my sister, Katherine. I took it from her notebook.” There were whispered conversations among the crowd. “Not only in she the most talented writer I know, but she is the best sister anyone could ever ask for. I’m sorry I did this, Kate. I never meant for things to get so out of hand. I love you, and you deserve to know that.” The audience fell silent as I ran off of the stage crying.

Kate Johnson entered her bedroom, exhausted from the events of last night. She suddenly noticed something on her bed. It was a poem, a simple haiku, written on a piece of paper torn out of her sister Abby’s notebook. This is what is said:

*The truth will set you free.
That is why I told them all.
Please forgive me Kate.*

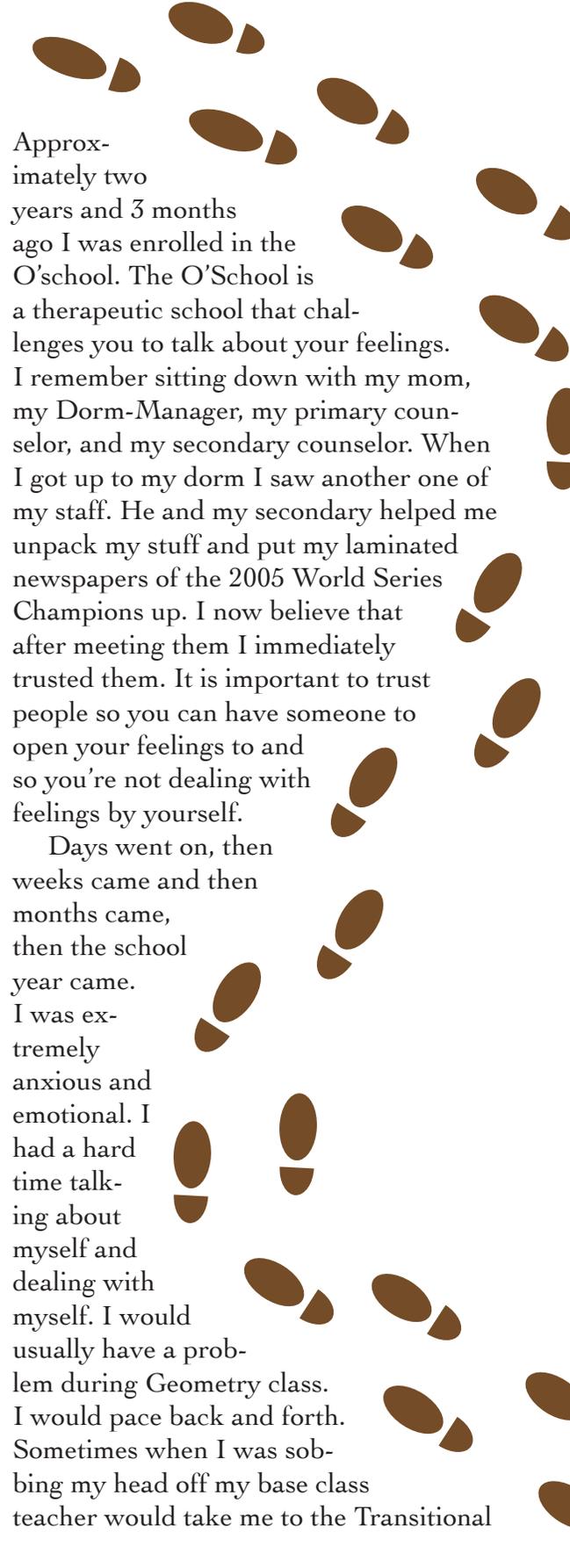
“not only is she the most talented writer i know, but she is the best sister anyone could ever ask for.”

My Life at the O School

Literary Essay by Jared



Colored Pencil Drawing by Iva



Approximately two years and 3 months ago I was enrolled in the O'School. The O'School is a therapeutic school that challenges you to talk about your feelings. I remember sitting down with my mom, my Dorm-Manager, my primary counselor, and my secondary counselor. When I got up to my dorm I saw another one of my staff. He and my secondary helped me unpack my stuff and put my laminated newspapers of the 2005 World Series Champions up. I now believe that after meeting them I immediately trusted them. It is important to trust people so you can have someone to open your feelings to and so you're not dealing with feelings by yourself.

Days went on, then weeks came and then months came, then the school year came. I was extremely anxious and emotional. I had a hard time talking about myself and dealing with myself. I would usually have a problem during Geometry class. I would pace back and forth. Sometimes when I was sobbing my head off my base class teacher would take me to the Transitional

Hallway and tell me to take deep breaths like I had done in the hospital. She would say, "Everything is going to be OK!" In group I couldn't even be in there without crying, so I moved to a different one.

Another person who would help me was a student to whom I was very drawn. Because of her advice and how much she cared about me, I felt better about myself and cheered up. I felt she knew what I was going through and she had gone through it. This affected me greatly at my beginning stages at the O'School. I formed a friend to say hi and to help me feel good during my school day by taking time to quickly check up on me.

As more months went on, I told my therapist and counselors how I was feeling throughout the school day and the rest of the day in the dormitory. My therapist or I would write something I thought would be positive and important to my treatment at the school. I would then hang it in my area so I would see it everyday and think about it and process it throughout the day. One night the counselor realized I was spending a lot of energy on my homework, almost sometimes to the point of drowsiness. She said, "Go and get some energy out." It was helpful for me because I could get the built-up energy out. I was working with the people who were trying to help me.

I treated every day the same as the day that came before. After seeing many dawns and dusks at my time at the O'School, a lot of important people in my life left the school. Losing each of them was like losing an organ in my body because they helped me with the growth of myself, my family and being who I am now.

Due to my progress in the dorm, in January I was asked if I would move out of the dorm and move into an Independent Room. I said very humbly, "Sure, I'd be honored to move in!"

After I moved in I immediately spread my wings all throughout this privilege. My time in the Independent Room

was like heaven. It was quiet and I had more freedom to do things than I had in the dorm. After a couple of months, I felt I was ready for the Transitional Living Center (which we call TLC) because I had been talking with counselors and my therapist about things that bothered me, plus I met all of my daily expectations.

Within another couple of months, my mom came down one weekend for a group conversation with the director of the school and me. I remembered right away when I asked my mom what it was going to be about. When we all sat down together, the director of the school said, "I'm in a little bit of a predicament, and you can say yes or no to this. Well, there is a new student coming to your dorm and somebody needs to go to TLC. You were my first choice to go up. You can think about it for a while, if you want." My mom and I discussed it and finally agreed.

I said, "I'll go up." which is a phrase for moving up to TLC.

The next day I moved my stuff into my new room. In the middle of unpacking my stuff I went to lunch. After lunch, I decided to go to Chinatown as my leaving activity for my dorm. It was very fun. The highlight of it was when I accidentally hit the CTA help button. Luckily they did not come. We visited the knife shop, fresh seafood shop and a random Chinese store that had random objects. We ate at a formal Chinese restaurant called, Triple Crown. We have gone there before.

All those times it was really good. When we got back, before I left to go to TLC, everybody said something positive of what they liked about me and I said something positive to them. I left the dorm with mixed emotions and I thought a lot of what they said and I've kept it in my mind since. That night I was in peace and sorrow with my dreams as I slept. I knew I would visit them when I had time off from schoolwork and work.

In the six months I've been in TLC I've completed my first resume, applied at a restaurant and interviewed for several Gallery 37 programs. In addition, I've worked more hours in TLC with the Student Work Program (SWP) than the dorm.

What I have learned about myself is, don't beat yourself up on things; everybody makes

mistakes. Be aware of your surroundings. In situations that are stressful, take deep breaths, and listen to music. The O'School helped me strengthen those tips and coping mechanisms. My outlook on life is a lot more clear, but my mind is distracted a lot and occasionally I am not finding what I really want.

When I first got here I was very hopeful for this place to work out for me. I immediately trusted my counselors because of their kindness and the respect that they and my dorm gave to me. For the first time in my life a student cared about me and my feelings and knew what I was going through. I immediately trusted that person to be my friend through the hard times.

Treating every day like the same as the the day that came before helped me immensely with my treatment, school, and work. By trusting others, I have made gains I did not think possible and gained the confidence to keep moving forward.

True Encounters with Mr. Snuggles

Play By Sebastian



Mixed Media by Casimir

truth

21

Dispatcher Pita- Big and beautiful man who worked as a police dispatcher

Yuri-Well dressed Eastern European Man

Sgt.Cain- A very strong Irishman with a beard who is a police officer

Detective Ana- A sweet-talking young lady on the police squad

Lt Bisq -Strong man with childish personality also a Police officer

Scene One

Lights are dim on an alley scene. The alley has a few dumpsters. The walls of buildings are covered with explicit graffiti. The only sounds you hear are sirens in the distance and cars passing by once in a while. It is night time and Kiev and Bisq are walking down the alley of Chicago's most notorious neighborhood.

Sgt. Cain: All my time on the force and I have never been part of the K-9 unit.

Lt. Bisq: Yeah, we had to put them down.

**Yuri: He
is about
your size.**

Sgt. Cain: WHY?

Lt. Bisq: A vicious bunny bit them all and they died.

Sgt. Cain: Those poor doggies

(Just then over the radio Dispatcher Pita starts talking.)

Dispatcher Pita: We have a crazy person-like animal on the loose. Its a threat to civilians and needs to be locked away.

Sgt. Cain: Dude that's wicked. We were just talking about a crazy animal.

(Just then there was crackling noise)

Lt. Bisq :Did you hear that?

(Sgt. Cain and Lt, Bisq pulled out their weapons, for protection).

A well dressed man runs in, out of breath.
(The two officers put their guns away).

Yuri: Hey! I have seem to have lost my rabbit. (He said with a thick Eastern European accent with extreme panic).

Sgt. Cain: So what does this rabbit look like ?

Yuri: He is about your size.

Lt. Bisq: Whoa Dawg, did I hear you right?

Yuri: Yes

(Then over the radio)

Dispatcher Pita: We've got a sighting of a rabid rabbit, last seen in a tuxedo destroying a Garden. Has connection with the dog incident. He is headed in your direction. Lt. Bisq, catch him and bring him in for questioning. Over.

Lt. Bisq: 10-4

Yuri: By the way, his name is Mr. Snuggles

(As soon the words came out of his mouth a man with a tuxedo came bolting to the alley.)

Yuri: (Yuri said with excitement.) Mr. Snuggles!!!!

Lt. Bisq And Sgt. Cain: (They both tried to hold back from laughing.)Thats' Mr. Snuggles????!!!

Sgt. Cain : (Regaining control)
You are coming with us.

(As Lt. Bisq attempts to put zipties on Mr. Snuggles he starts thumping and resisting.)

Lt. Bisq:You have the right to remain silent.....

(Lt.Bis continues to read Mr. Snuggles his Miranda Rights as he puts Mr. Snuggles in the back of the car.)

(Scene ends with door slamming shut of the squad car.)

Scene Two:

Scene opens in a interrogation room and there is a table and chairs. One chair has Detective Ana and the other a Bunny in a Tuxedo. Lt. Bisq and Sgt. Cain are in the corner.

Detective Ana: (She asks with a pen her mouth.)So, do you know why your here?

(Mr. Snuggles simply shakes violently. Detective Ana pulls out some photos from a manila folder.)

Detective Ana: Here are some crime scenes which

one looks familiar?

(Mr.Snuggles shakes violently again.Sgt Cain phone vibrates, he steps out of the room. Dectective Ana takes off her glasses and said with exhaustion.)

Detective Ana: Okay.... This isn't working.

(Just then the door opens, in the entrance stands Sgt. Cain and Yuri.Yuri rushes over to Mr. Snuggles.)

Yuri: I'm sorry for the destruction of property to tell the truth....

(Detective Ana pulls out a pad of paper and starts writing and Yuri continues speaking.)

Yuri: Its my fault that he has terrorized the community. Whenever he is in public he is a human, but when he is frightened he is a bunny. Lately he has been very naughty.

Detective Ana: So why was he frightened tonight?

Yuri: Well, I told him that he caused those dogs to be put down, so he left the house damaging property.

Detective Ana: I must say. Mr. Snuggles needs to particpate in a anger management program. You have to pay for these damages.

Yuri: Scuddle, my buddy will do it.

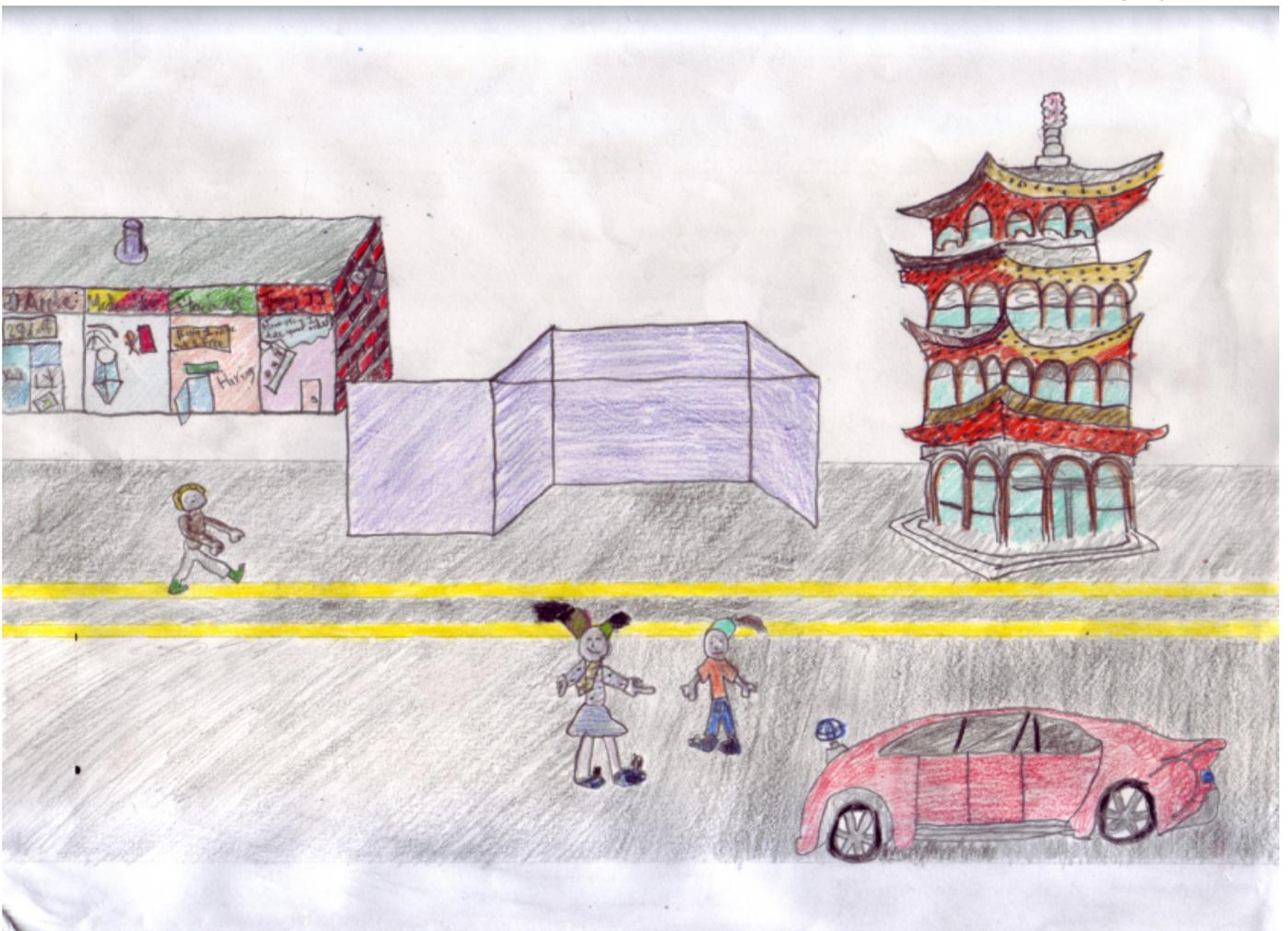
(Scene ends with Yuri holding Mr.Snuggles and he exits the room. Lights slowly dim and darkens).



THE

SIMULATOR

Story by Casimir



Colored Pencil Drawing by Jared

Machiko awoke to a cold metallic hand gently poking her head. She groaned and put a pillow over her head. The hand moved down to her feet, and began to tickle her.

"Stop it, G-1! I'm trying to sleep!" she cried. Her voice sounded uncharacteristically mechanical.

G-104, The Robot that had been tickling her feet, looked up silently towards her then replied in a mechanical British voice, "In-in-in-inquiry: Why do Humans take such pleasure fzz.. in sleep?"

"Well, G-1," she began, sighing and then breathing a deep breath in, before shouting, "WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL, OF ALL PLACES, AT 3:00 IN THE MORNING!!!"

G-1 remained unphased, and simply replied, "Sarcastic Inquiry: Are you trying to overload my fzzz.. circuitry, master? Statement: By the way, it is actually fzz... eight o'clock, on November 22nd, in the year 2997, master,"

"Actually I am, G-1. And will you stop with the 'Inquiry:' or 'Statement:' crud?" she said irritably.

"Statement: I cannot fzz.. control my programming, master," G-1 replied.

"Don't make me return you, you bucket of bolts! You know quite well I will!" she shouted.

G-1 began to speak, sounding quite disinterested, "Sarcastic fzz.. Statem-" before it could finish saying 'Statement' Machiko had used a control pad that was conveniently on her beside table to shut G-1 down.

"I am so totally returning you, G-1; after I get back from school, at least," she said.

"Machiko! When you're done arguing with G-1, grab breakfast and go to school!" shouted a middle-aged woman from downstairs.

"Okay, Mom!" shouted Machiko.

She threw on her uniform, which consisted of a grey and blue skirt, a grey short sleeved shirt with a blue tie, and a pair of black and blue shoes. She grabbed her pink and black hairbands, and tied her long blue hair into two ponytails on opposite ends of her head. She ran to the tube that led down to the kitchen and hopped in. She ran past her mother and through the kitchen like a blur. She then grabbed her lunch, before running out the door.

Before she got out of the yard her mom called from inside, "Honey! You forgot to give me a kiss goodbye!"

Machiko rolled her bright blue eyes.

"Mom! I'm seventeen years old for crying out loud! I have to get to school before I'm late!"

"You already are late, honey..."

"All the more reason to get going!" Machiko shouted as she hopped the fence and ran down the sidewalk, with a piece of fried egg on toast in her mouth.

About five minutes later, Machiko reached school. She ran into class 3-1, which was on the third floor, although she never entered the turbolift in her recent memory, for music, which was her favorite class.

"I'm here!" she said, almost singing with delight.

G-1
remained
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castic Inquiry: Are you
trying to overload my
fzzz.. circuitry, master?
Statement: By the way,
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2997, master,"

Ms. Megurine looked at her silently, and put a finger to her lip. Her best friend, Mistuko, smiled and looked at her as she finished her lines for her starring role in the upcoming musical, The Daughter of Evil in her extremely high voice. Soon after, the rehearsal was over and Ms. Megurine ushered the students out of class.

Machiko and Mistuko ran to class 2-5, for highly experimental science, which she really enjoyed. Their teacher, Mr. Kamui, had just finished a lecture.

“Oh, Machiko and Mistuko..,” he began, his eyes looking a bit malicious, “you’re late...” after he finished talking he glared at them sharply.

In unison, they said “We’re sorry Mr. Kamui! It won’t happen again!”

“I know it won’t. Besides, now we have volunteers for a highly experimental lab,” he said.

Machiko gasped. Mistuko shouted, “You can’t do this! We are Human beings!”

“Now, now, there’s no need to be alarmed, all we are doing is sending you to an alternate world!” he said, “Now, if you would please step into this capsule...”

The capsule he spoke of was blue and red, and looked like a huge coffin with windows. Machiko and Mistuko stepped in, unsure why they were doing so. As they walked into the capsule they felt

a sickening sensation, and found themselves in a bustling city, with many bright lights, though not as bright as those they had seen at home, or in the streets of their world. There were many cars, but strangely to them, none of them flew. They also saw pagodas, not the pop-up holo book type, but

real, ornate pagodas, with Zen gardens surrounding them. They saw small storefronts as well, and no buildings

were floating, and this also surprised them.

“Hey!” said Machiko, who was completely

stunned by the city, and every thing about it.

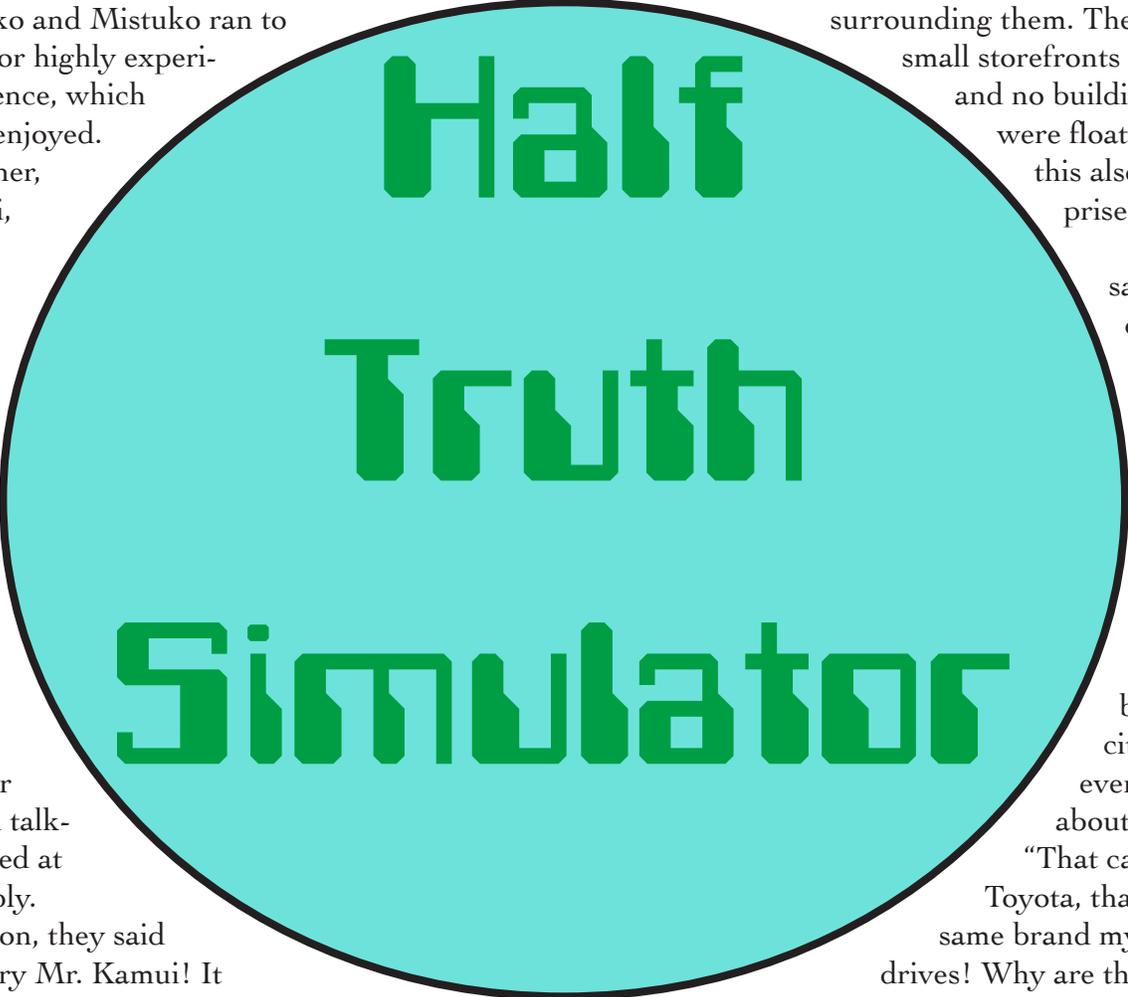
“That car says Toyota, that’s the same brand my mom drives! Why are they in an alternate universe?”

“Maybe there was a malfunction, and we are in the past!” Mistuko said. She had always been better than Machiko at analyzing her surroundings.

“I can read these signs too, so that would make sense!” said Machiko. “I’ll go ask where we are!” she walked up to a young man who looked like a total nerd.

“Hello, can you tell me and my friend here the name of this city?” said Machiko. The man gasped.

“Hatsune Miku?!? What are you doing here?!?” he said, shocked.



Half Truth Simulator

"Err... my name is Machiko... I don't even know who this 'Hatsune Miku' is..." said Machiko.

"Only the most fzz.. amazing singer ever!" said the man, sounding quite surprised. Then, the man fell over, babbling something along the lines of "I met Hatsune Miku! Oh my gosh, oh my gosh! This is the best day of my life!"

Machiko walked away, angry at how stupid the man was.

Mistuko walked up to her, "I think I managed to find out the name of the city. We are in Tokyo, Japan... Wherever that is..." Machiko sighed.

"Well, we need to find a place to stay..." Machiko said.

"Maybe over there, that building looks nice, and not very busy, either," Mistuko said, pointing to a large high rise that, oddly enough, had very few lights on, and very few people entering, those who did enter wore lab coats.

The gloomy sign above the door said FanCryptonLabs, but it was hard to read due to a shroud of strange blackness that covered it but nothing else around it.

"This building just creeps me out. Mistuko, are you sure this is a good idea?" Machiko said softly.

Mistuko sighed and said, "Oh, come on Machiko, it can't be that bad. Let's go!"

She ran inside, and Machiko followed, not wanting to stay outside. When they entered, they saw a large machine surrounded by scaffolding that cast 2-D shadows, which had a perfectly symmetrical design, on the floor. A purple-haired man in a white labcoat looked down at them from the scaffolding, his eyes cold as steel.

"Well, well," he began, smirking in a very intimidating way, "The lab rats have returned... It's about time." Suddenly four men in labcoats grabbed them, and began to drag them towards the machine as they fiercely struggled against their grip.

"Interesting... It seems the subjects have developed alternate identities, due to some kind of malfunction. I will keep that in mind next time..." said the purple-haired man.

After saying this he pressed a button, and a bright light began to emit from the machine, blinding the men in lab coats as well as Machiko and Mitsuko. Suddenly Machiko felt a strange sensation, fell over along with Mitsuko, and then everything went black. She faintly heard the words "Game over, lab rats!!!"

"Machiko? Machiko!? MACHIKO!!!" Machiko jolted upright. She let out a loud yawn, and looked around her, and her head was in so much pain it felt like it was on fire, which made it hard to see anything. She looked in front of her, and saw Mitsuko and her mother standing there.

"Am I... dead...?" Machiko said, not sure where she was, although her voice sounded less mechanical. "What happened? The last thing I remember was being attacked by some creepy scientists..." everyone laughed.

"What's so funny? Answer me!" shouted Machiko.

"No, you're not dead, and as for those creepy scientists... they aren't real," said Mitsuko, whose voice sounded strangely less high pitched.

"What do you mean?!? I felt them pulling me and everything!" shouted Machiko.

"Honey, you were trying a new virtual reality game, and you must have been really into it," said her mom.

As they walked into the capsule they felt a sickening sensation, and found themselves in a bustling city, with many bright lights, though not as bright as those they had seen at home, or in the streets of their world.

“Well... That explains a lot...” said Machiko.

“So, were there any errors?” asked Mitsuko curiously.

“Yes, there were,” said Machiko. “The game was pretty normal as far as glitches go and our voices sounded a bit off. It seemed to know so much about my life and feelings, which is really weird.”

Suddenly a salesman walked over with a clipboard and a pen. “Well, ma’am, did you enjoy the game?” he said.

“Yep!” said Machiko, “but how did it know so much about my feelings, like that I enjoy music class? It’s a bit creepy...”

“Oh, did the other salesperson not tell you that this is a ‘Half-Truth Simulator’ which simulates your life somewhat but throws in a twist?” he asked, sounding slightly irritated.



“That explains why some parts of the game never happened to me!” said Machiko happily.

“Well...” Mitsuko began to say, “Don’t be so sure...”

Machiko woke up in the lab, and felt a painful, and sickening sensation in her feet as though they were melting away...

“Welcome back, lab rat...” said the purple-haired man from before, who was standing on a floating platform above a vat of greenish-blue acid.

Machiko looked down and saw the acid dissolving her legs. She screamed in pain and fear.



“WAHAHAHAHAHAHA! This was happening all along! Your friend Mitsuko was never real, nor was your mother! It was all a ‘Half-Truth Simulator’ as that false salesman said!” he looked down at her. “Now, enjoy your death!”

“Wait! Why are you doing this?!?” Machiko cried. The purple-haired man let out another laugh.

“Why?” he said mockingly, “To test the creation of human beings! To create an army of truly powerful humans, of beings who cannot be killed by guns, acid, or anything at all! That is why!”

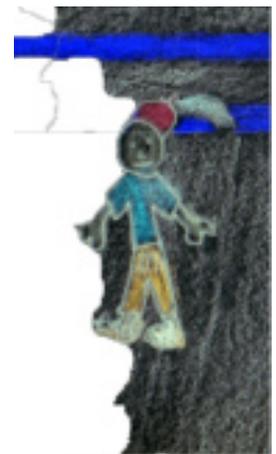
“So why kill your prototype? Why?!?” shouted Machiko, beginning to despair.



“You showed far too many weaknesses! In particular, you showed weak emotions like fear and kindness!” He shouted. “Besides, I was the original prototype, and as you can see, I am invincible!”

“Have you no feelings?!? Think about it, your so-called weak emotions can save lives!” Machiko cried.

The man simply laughed then seemed to realize something, and began to fall forward towards the vat of acid... “N-no! I refuse to believe this!!! Weak emotions can’t save anyone!!! Why am I feeling fear now? I’ll take your life and mine, child!” He



pressed a button on the side of his watch and ignited into flames. Machiko felt her body go numb, as everything went black. She felt relieved in her final moments of life.

THE TRUTH CAN SET YOU FREE

Short Story by Iva



Scratchboard Art by Charlie

When I was about sixteen years old, I was in the middle of a problem. I was a sophomore in high school and I needed some money. I took someone's money because my family didn't have enough for food. A friend came to me; it's been so long I forgot her name.

So anyway, she asked me, "Hey can you buy me an iPod?"

I was like, "what why do you want me to buy you a pod?" I knew that this was not right, but I did it anyway. She was my friend, and I wanted to help her out because he really enjoyed music.

So that day I went to Golf Mill Mall and tried to get her iPod.

During the time I was trying to buy it, something came to me. This money had been stolen from someone. I didn't say anything because I was so afraid of what would happen to me. I was so worried I was going to jail because of that money. So I took the money and bought food for my family so I could try to hide the money and make it seem like my mom gives it to me. I thought that would work, but it didn't work at all. Sooner or later word got out and I was in trouble.

Then the worst happened. I was in school, in math class, that afternoon and the police came in and said, "Hey we need to talk to you right now!!"

My heart jumped out of my body. I was terrified of what the cops were going to do to me. I didn't want to move at all.

Finally I went to the part of the school where the police were and I felt I was in so much trouble. There were two officers there and they were looking at me like I was going to jail. One of them had a gun on him and I thought he was going to use it on me. I didn't know what to say to them to make them not want to take me to jail. They were big and scary men. I didn't know what to say to make them not look at me like they wanted to take me

in handcuffs.

I was in the security room at my school and my heart was racing very fast and I felt like I could go swimming in my seat because I was so sweaty.

One officer asked me, "What happened? Where did this money come from?"

I said, "I don't know where it came from. My friend gave the money to me. She wanted an iPod."

I said, "Yes I took the money to buy something for some guy he made me do it."

So the cop said to me, "You have to go to jail with me."

My heart fell out of my body. I told them everything that went down. I told them how the money came to me

and that this girl must have stolen the money from someone.

I told them that my friend got the money from her

boyfriend. She gave me the money to go

get the iPod she wanted her par-

ents to buy, but they

didn't give her the

money in the first place.

I had the money and I thought about

my family what would happen to them if there

was no food for them. I bought things from the store.

I had money lots of money so I bought some things for my family

The two cops looked at me in a shocked way like I just told them something that blew their minds. I told them the truth. Then the cop said ok maybe you can get away this time, but the next time you do anything bad I will put you in jail.

and myself.

The two cops looked at me in a shocked way like I just told them something that blew their minds. I told them the truth.

Then the cop said ok maybe you can get away this time, but the next time you do anything bad I will put you in jail.

I was so mad because of what just happened. Then that same day I realized something. I was free because I told the truth. For that reason I love to tell the truth all the time. Telling the truth is hard, but it helps a lot when life is coming at you. The truth can very well set you free.



Japanese Kitsune Mask by Casimir

Orthogénique



lies



truth

Anger, Lies, Sorrow and Carcasses

Song by Casimir



Painting by Sebastian

lies

35



Once upon a time, there was a small town.
In it was a girl who had no control.
At the time of 8:00, on one night,
She flew into an insane rage.
“Seriously Mama, can’t I play?”

“WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY? I really wanna!”



Her mother fell over, a scream from her lips.
“Seriously Mama, wake up now!”
She kissed her mother’s forehead,
and she was dead and cold.

“Oh.. She can’t have died, I still need her...”
She lied to herself that her mother had fainted...
“Aah.. She’s fainted, now I can go play...”
She went out to find her friends gone in...



“Why? Why? They have all disappeared, oh no!”
“Whaat? Whaat? Mama’s dying and I’m alone!”
“Noo! Noo! She can’t be truly dying!”
“Ooh! Ooh! I bet she just fainted!”

She ran around town, visiting her friends’ homes.
At one of their houses the phone went ring, ring!
Then her friend answered and fell on the floor.



“Oh, has she fainted too?!? Oh-no!”
(She realized the truth and began to sob, Oh-no...)
“Oh, what have I done?!? Oh-no!”
(She’s really sobbing loudly, now...)
“Oh, why did I do these things?!? Oh-no!”
(She began to choke on her own tears...)

“Oh, I’m drowning, isn’t that sorrowful! Heehee!”

“Why? Why? I just wanted to play longer!”
“Why? Why? Why can’t I control these feelings?”
“Ack! Ack! Now my feelings control me!”
“Ack! Ack! It is over for me now!”

Anger and lies, they control us at times.
Sorrow and death, they are inescapable things.
Now, she has lied about what she did.
Oh, look at that fate she suffered!



oh, look at that fate she suffered!

lies

37

Lil Jimmy Lies

Short Story by Sebastian



Mixed Media by Iva



It was a beautiful day when little Jimmy found out some dirty lies. It started around 9:00 am on a Tuesday. Little Jimmy went into his big brothers room and started looking around. He saw his brother's iPod on his bed, picked it up, and started listening to it. Before you know it, he was enjoying it. When he heard his brother saying that he was home, little Jimmy ran back to his room.

The next morning, little Jimmy went to school and he was about to tell the worst lies a kid should ever tell. His brother's music was still fresh in his head when he told his teacher, "I think you're very attractive. Do ya want to meet up, Baby?"

"Inappropriate! Jimmy go sit in the timeout corner!" his teacher yelled.

"You should go to the corner," said Little Jimmy.

The kids in the class started to say Ooooo. His teacher told him to stay in from recess and talk with her.

"I'd love to." He said sweetly.

Later that morning, during recess, Jimmy and his teacher were in the classroom. Just then, Jimmy remembered that he had his brother's iPod in his backpack. He started to listen to Tupac, LIL Wayne, and Wiz Khalifa. Little Jimmy was learning to be really disrespectful by calling people names.

The end of the day finally arrived.

His teacher said, "I hope you have a much better day tomorrow young man."

That night Little Jimmy was tossing and turning.

Then he was visited by three rappers.

The first person that Little Jimmy was visited by was Wiz Khalifa. In his songs, Wiz Khalifa says that doing drugs makes him look cool and girls like him. During the visit, Wiz Khalifa said doing drugs isn't that cool. Drugs are not supposed to be used in the way he is portraying. Wiz Khalifa showed Lil Jimmy what drugs do to your body. He flipped out his iPhone and showed him what a healthy brain looks like and what a brain on drugs looks like. Then, Wiz Khalifa left the room shaking his head.

Ten Minutes later, Lil Wayne came in. Lil Wayne came into Lil Jimmy's apologizing to Lil Jimmy.

"Sorry Dawg fo' tellin you da wrong message man," Lil Wayne cried.

"People should not be used as objects. They are living breathing organisms. You shouldn't talk to women like you did this morning. Even though I sing about talking like that, it doesn't mean its okay. I believe that you can find other ways of saying things to say to your teacher that won't come out as being inappropriate or offensive. Look at da time, its time for me split. See ya Lil Jimmy."

By now, Lil Jimmy was starting to feel a little bad

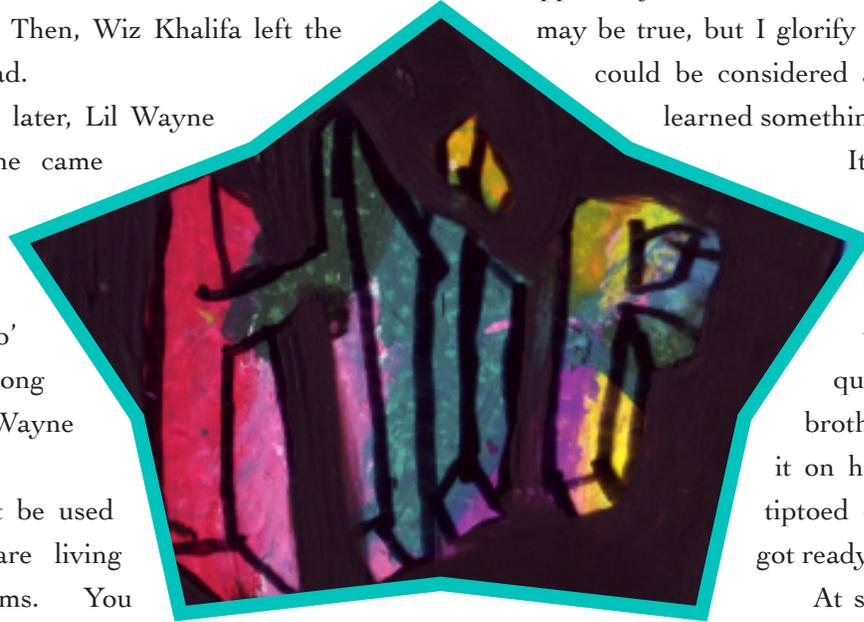
about what he had done. Jimmy had some time to think before the last person came to visit him. The time flew by for Jimmy. He was in a deep sleep when somebody grabbed him.

Tupac was standing over him when he woke up.

Tupac looked at him and then said, "Look Lil Jimmy what you did today was very unacceptable. Look around you Lil man. All da rap music is a bunch of lies. Most of da rappers say stuff to look cool. Things I talk about may be true, but I glorify them, which, in turn, could be considered a lie. So I hope you learned something tonight."

It was finally morning, when Jimmy decided to come clean. He picked up his brother's iPod, quietly opened his brother's door, and placed it on his brother's desk. He tiptoed out of the room and got ready for school.

At school, he went to his teacher, and told her that he was sorry for talking to her very inappropriately. He also apologized to his classmates. Then he learned that what music tells you aren't always the truth. So don't believe everything you hear.



The Thing About Lies

Poem by Amanda



Digital Image by Casimir

Lies

Are hurtful

Dangerous.

Lies, well, they cause a lot of things.

Crazy

harm

Is what I'm in; In more than one way.

Hurt is how I feel.

Broken;

like shards of glass on the floor, sharp.

Useless.



sadness

is what shows on my face,

on my body.

my eyes are full of tears,

All because of

a few

unintentionally harmful

lies.

alone

Is where I am.

A lost friend,

no returned phone calls, unanswered texts.

sorrow.



scary

Is the world that I live in now.

Black.

The unknown eating me whole.

Questions that can not be answered:

Who is lying to me? Who is not?

Darkness.





Lies.

You thought they
wouldn't hurt me.
You were wrong.
Look where it got
you.
Look where it got
me...gone;

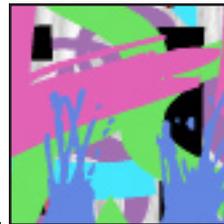
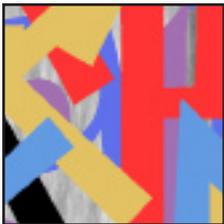
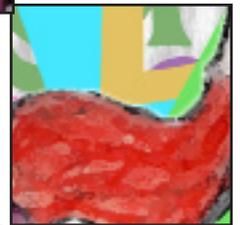
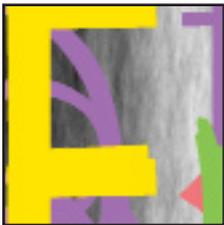
Dead

Lies

are all around me...
surrounding me,
eating me whole.
Till one day I'm just
Gone

What

People don't know;
Don't realize,
Is that lies,
Lies could easily be
what ends my
Life



LIES and Betrayal

Poem by Charlie



Collage by Jared

She began to wonder
Why she was so different
From everyone else.
All she ever wanted
Was to be accepted
By her friends.
She would have given
Anything at all
Just to be like them
Even though
It was all a lie.

The outfits.
The parties.
The secrets.

They were all the same.
She ignores her heart
That screams out to her
To follow it
But she runs away.
The world was wrong
But she still tried
To live in it
And blend in
With the ignorance
That consumes us all.

We are all
Blissfully
Oblivious.

In her room
With the blue walls
And the yellow sofa
They gossip
And laugh
And be cruel
As you know
Girls can be.
She acts as if
She is okay
But really
She is only numb.

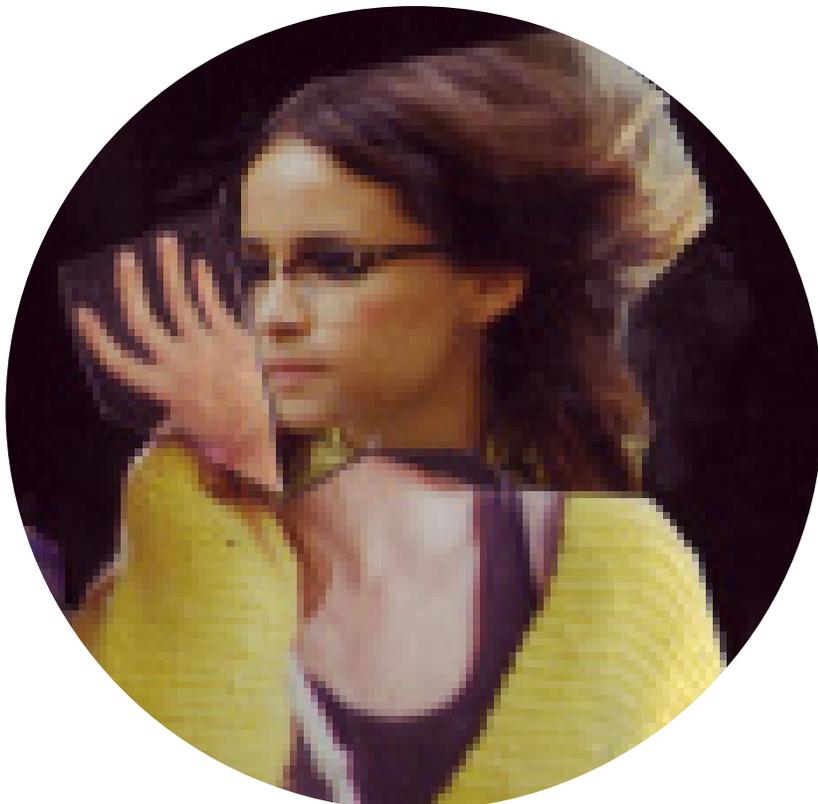




Unfeeling.
Uncaring.
Indifferent.

She stays with the girls
Who are supposed to be
Her friends.
She cheats for them.
She deceives for them.
She does whatever
They tell her to do
Only to have
Her secrets spilled.
And she found out
The truth about
These kinds of friends.

They aren't real.
They aren't true.
They don't stay.



These are the cold ones
That spread rumors and lies.
That break promises
And break trust.
Full of hurt
And betrayal.
And she learned the hard way
You can't always believe
What people say
And what they want you to think
Because sometimes
It is all just a lie.

Gossiping

Quiet whispering
Giggling in a circle
Or on social networks
Anxious to say it
To impress your friends
Feelings hurt when they find out
In a dark corner
Heart beating rapidly
Sweating profusely
But you know no one likes it

Depression

Not alright
Family's out of sorts
Lost in thought
Black and White
Self-injuring
Time passes
Something that is inside you
And won't leave
But you know no one likes it

Anger

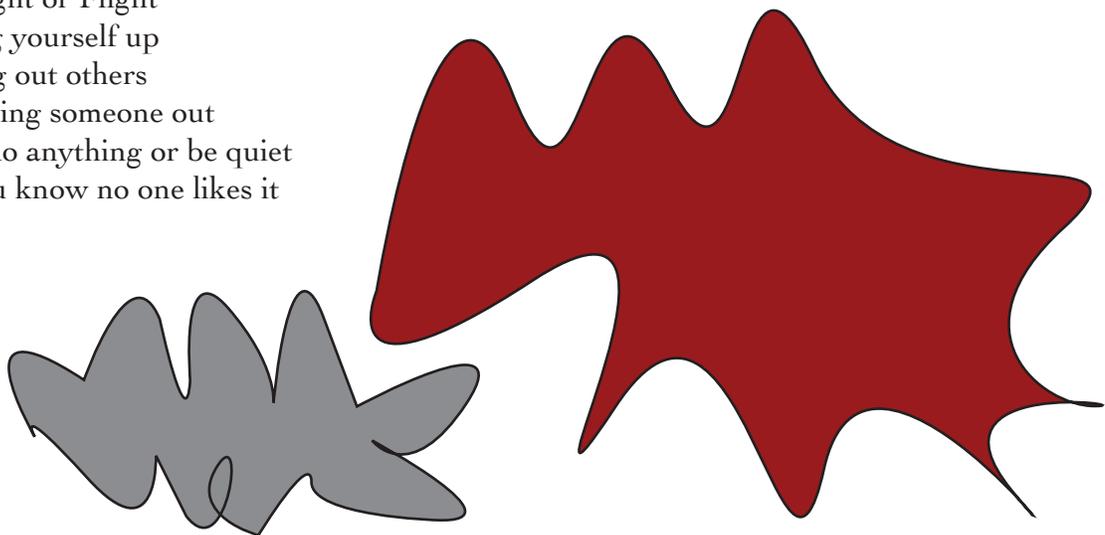
Punching and kicking things
Clenched fists
Rise in temperature
You Fight or Flight
Beating yourself up
Cursing out others
Screaming someone out
Don't do anything or be quiet
But you know no one likes it

Crazy

Mind spirals
You make no sense
You sometimes stutter
You lose friends
You don't take your medicine
You end up in the hospital
People are there to help
Can't stop thinking
But you know no one likes it

False Advertisement

It works dysfunctionly
The colors and subject get your attention
It convinces you
It lies to you in your face
When you try it, your hopefulness
disappears like the Sham-wow
Then sadness
Anger towards the company
But you know no one likes it

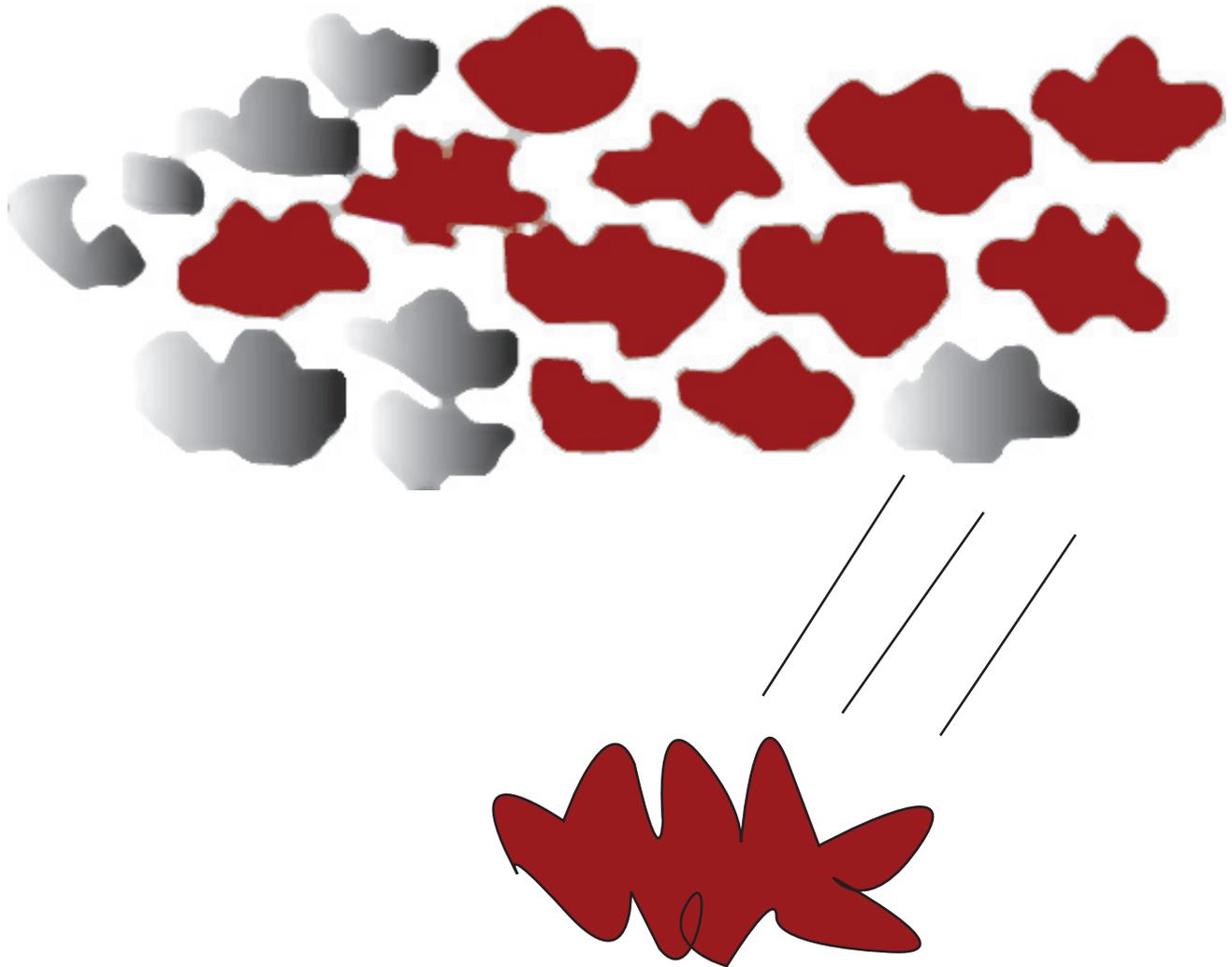


Regret

Someone who doesn't show up
Sorrowful of their parents dying
At fault for not completing high school
Dissatisfaction of their life
Talk to someone about it
Feeling dirty inside
Like nothing is right
Needing to get it out
But you know no one likes it

Manipulation

Confusion
Control
Brain wash
Convince you
Black mail
Bribery
"I'll take care of you"
"Try this you may like this instead"
But you know no one likes it



The Rose Tells Me

Poem by Iva



Drawing by Charlie

Freshness feeling the air
with smells of life.
Love drips from the
petals that wrap
around your fingers when you
touch thorns stinging you
if touched and blood runs down your fingers.

The love can hurt me
it stings my soul it hurts so bad.
Love is a joke; at the top it can hug your fingers;
get too close, it stings you with pain.
Pain that is unbearable.
Petals with desire.

Colophon

The Fall 2012 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. Cochin was used for all body text. 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, Times, Rosewood STD, Brush Script MT, Lucida Handwriting, Zaphino, Blackwood STD and Stencil STD. 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.

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