

volume 16  
spring 2014



# Orthogenique

the sonia shankman orthogenic school literary magazine



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volume 16  
spring 2014

[www.oschool.org](http://www.oschool.org)

published by

The Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School  
6245 S. Ingleside Ave, Chicago, IL 60637  
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# Orthogenique

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Many thanks to the people who  
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## SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

The next issue is scheduled to be released in late  
fall. Anyone who wishes to contribute artwork or  
writing to Orthogenique can do so by giving the piece  
to Hague W. or Michelle P.

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

# table of contents

## transparent



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### Transparency in the Age of Information

Writing By Andrew, Art by Andrew.....10

### Capability

Writing By Anna, Art by Bella.....13

### The Story of Us

Writing By Bella, Art by Miranda.....17

### We Need to Talk

Writing By Miranda, Art by John.....21

## translucent



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### Walking in Fog

Writing By Andrew, Art by Miranda.....27

### A Thin Line

Writing By Anna, Art by John.....28

### Different Struggles, Same Pain

Writing By Miranda, Art by Bella.....32

### The Outline

Writing By Bella, Art by Anna.....35



# opaque

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## Advertising and its Effects

Writing By Andrew, Art by Anna.....39

## Positive Thoughts

Writing By Anna, Art by Logan.....43

## Beautiful Bodies

Writing By Bella, Art by Miranda.....45

## The Silhouette

Writing By Ben TH, Art by Ben TH.....49

## Colors Unspoken

Writing By Julie, Art by Julie.....50

## Into the Ferns

Writing By Logan, Art by John.....52

## The Ugly Barnacle

Writing By Miranda, Art by Bella.....55



# Orthogénique

Transparent



Translucent



Opaque



# transparency in the age of information

Literary Essay by Andrew



Vector Art by Andrew

A black vehicle pulls up in front of my house, and two men in uniform come out and knock on the door. I was home, suspended for the rest of my 7th grade year. My mom answered the door and the men identified themselves as police from my town looking for me. They started questioning me on the matter of my subverting security systems in place at my Middle School. All I wanted to do was get around the restrictions placed on us at school. However, what happened was I gained full access to everyone's files at my middle school. Full transparent access to student files, administrator access to everything. I just wanted to keep pushing the boundaries. Once I got the next level of access, I kept going deeper for more. I got caught by filling up all of their storage space; I didn't even think that was humanly possible at that point. In hindsight it it scary thinking that a

*In an ideal society there would be no need for security, laws, or the whole legal system.*

young seventh grader could do all of this.

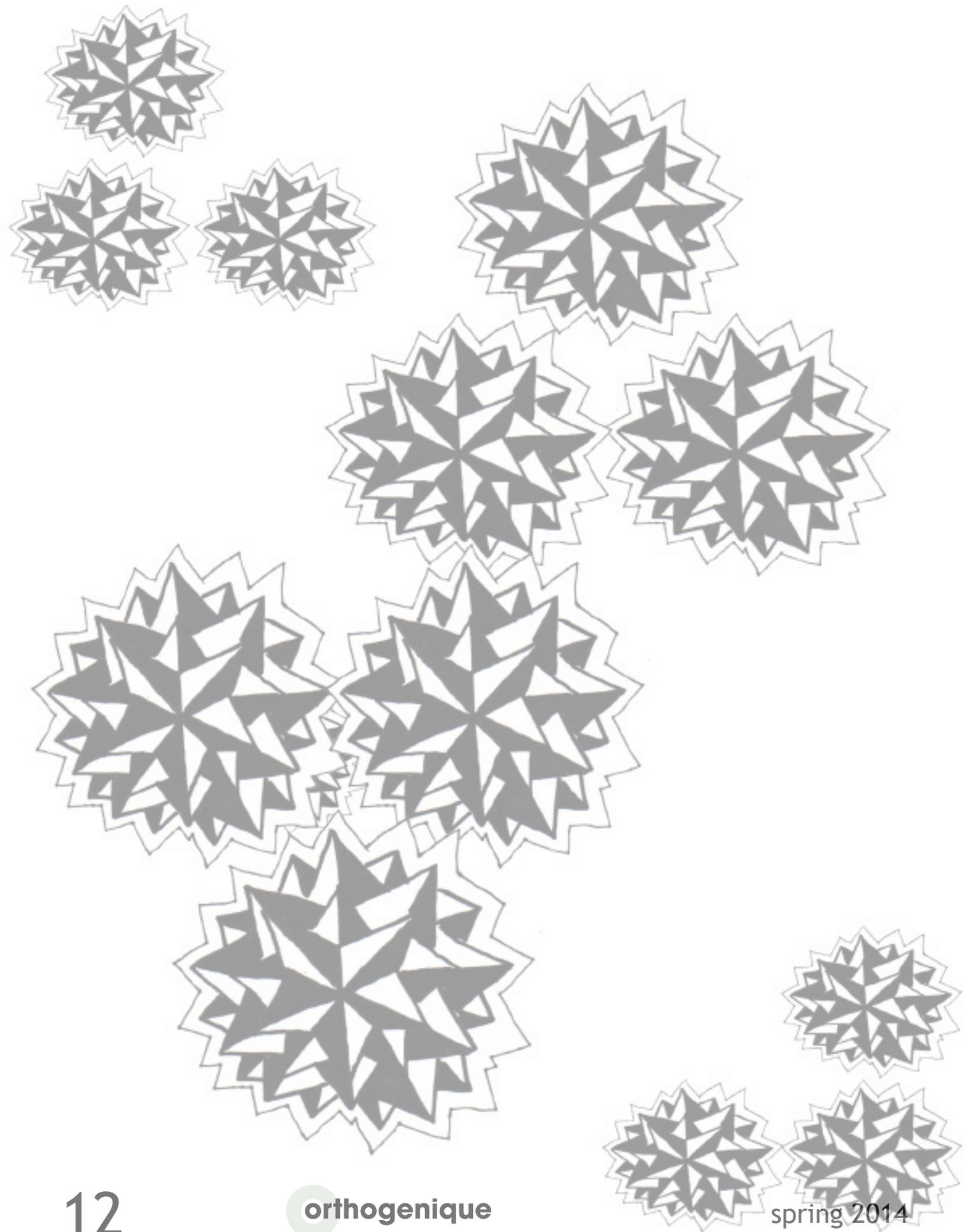
In the beginning, it was a fun bonding experience between me and my few friends. Then it turned into an all consuming experience, driving me to find out more and more. It turned from a fun time to me mindlessly pushing past practical and purposeful barriers. Why was I even trying to push any further when I already got what I wanted? This gathering of information was not at all beneficial in my life. What do people expect to gain by getting access to all of this data? For me it did nothing but crush me. It's almost like people hacking and subverting security systems are wanting to get crushed.

What really happens when people hack into things? Well, people get paranoid and try to lock things down harder in the end. We see this in computer software; the constant shifting of serial codes, always online digital rights management, etc. In the end it seems like the opposite is achieved by taking an offensive rather than "peaceful" talks and protests.

In the end, I start to understand why all of these restrictions were in place. These restrictions

came as a product of people, like me, who tried to take advantage of computer systems. In an ideal society there would be no need for security, laws, or the whole legal system. However, because of people falling down to our base human nature of greed, there is an unfortunate necessity of all of these systems. These people "fighting for" freedom of information are doing more harm than helping.





# Capability

Short Story by Anna



Artwork by Bella

I have never been one to cause much trouble. In fact, it was more like no trouble at all. Everything I did was as plain as day. No, really. I was as plain as day. Vanilla face and boring, mundane words that rolled off my tongue occasionally, and only when I was spoken to.

The teacher's eyes skimmed right over me in class, as if I was invisible. I knew the real reason. It was because I never bothered to try. Not that I wasn't smart, I knew what the lesson was about, whether I liked it or not. I never raised my hand on my own or put forth any real effort into what I did.

"Your daughter has so much potential," I heard over and over again, from teacher to teacher.

Nobody knew how desirable a different life sounded. I would speak to anyone about it who would listen, and not call me crazy. Joe the janitor was the best listener.

"I just want to be intriguing enough," I rambled on, throwing my hands up in frustration. "I want somebody to look at me and say, I like you. You're interesting. Let's go get some coffee. I'm not talking a date here, I'm talking someone who is as messed up and truly interesting as I am. Not to brag."

Joe sighed, "Not really bragging if you're calling yourself messed up."

On the car ride home, I was silent. My mother and I never spoke much to each other.

At home, I did the only thing I ever did. Worked on my story.

"Grace Jeanette Evans Takes Over the World," I said proudly to myself.

I refused to be addressed by any other name than Grace Jeanette. Evans was my last name, but my first and middle name were atrocious. Dull. Not at all the name of someone who was going to take over the world.

Now don't get me wrong, I wasn't actually planning on overthrowing humanity and taking over the world. That was just me in my writing.

The way I presented myself and the way I wrote about myself were two very different things. One was quiet, reserved, and conservative, while the other was brash, bold, and daring.

There was something extremely me yet extremely different in the way my character would act. Grace was not one to think through decisions for very long; she would make rash decisions in the spur of the moment using pure wit and intelligence that she had gathered through years of training. I was more of a thinker, I didn't do anything without giving it hours of thought.

I had played around with different ideas for a long time. Was Grace in the FBI? Was she an ex Russian spy? Even I didn't know, all I knew was that she knew way more than your average teenager.

I wanted to be Grace Jeanette Evans so badly I could taste it in my soul. Alas, I was either too shy, not

physically capable, or not smart enough.

When children are younger, they dream of jobs they want when they're older. They want to be firefighters, teachers, or chefs, but I just wanted to be someone I could be proud of.

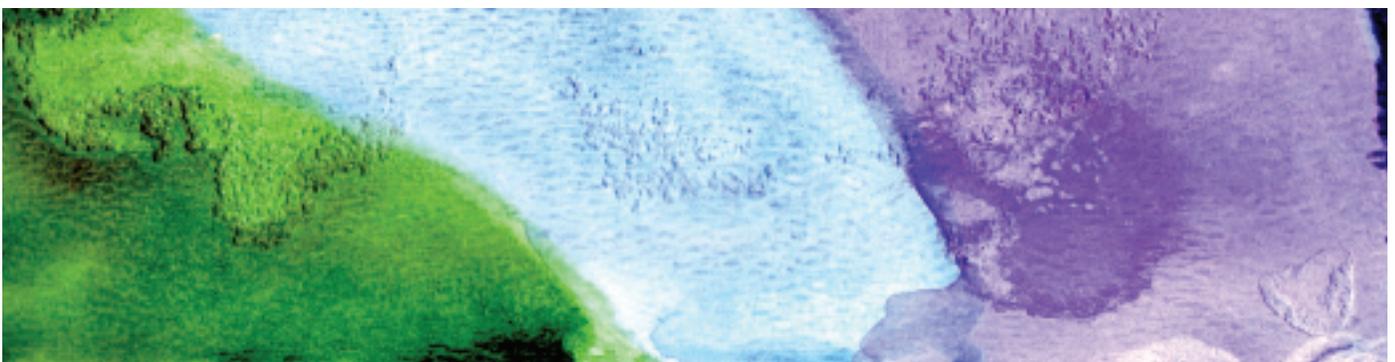
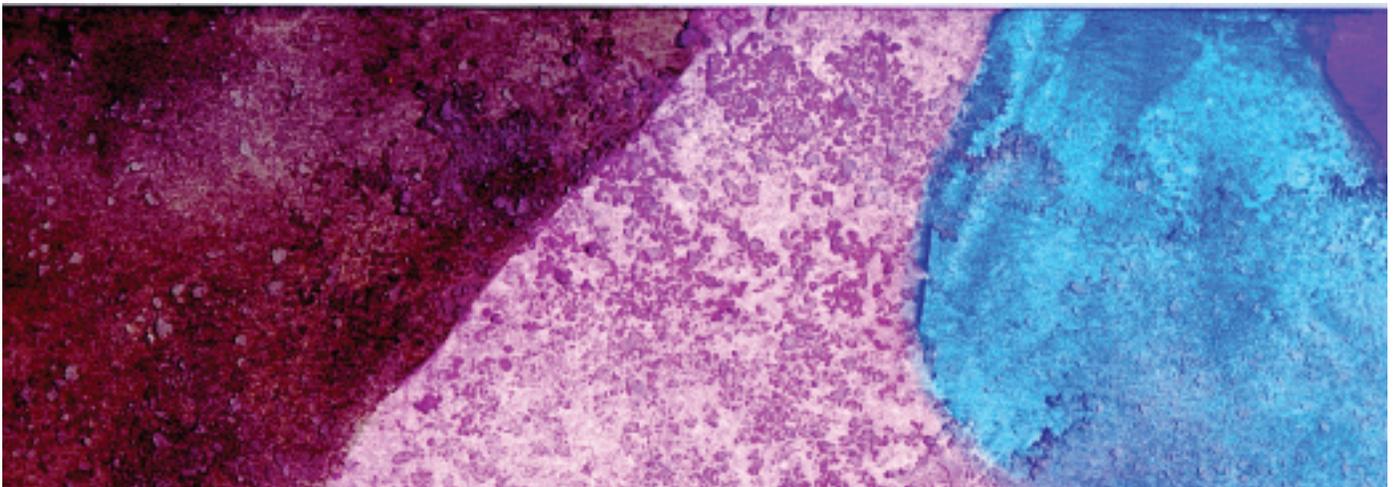
I would say it hit me like a bullet, but this would've been an awfully slow bullet, one that I came to terms with too late in my self-realization.

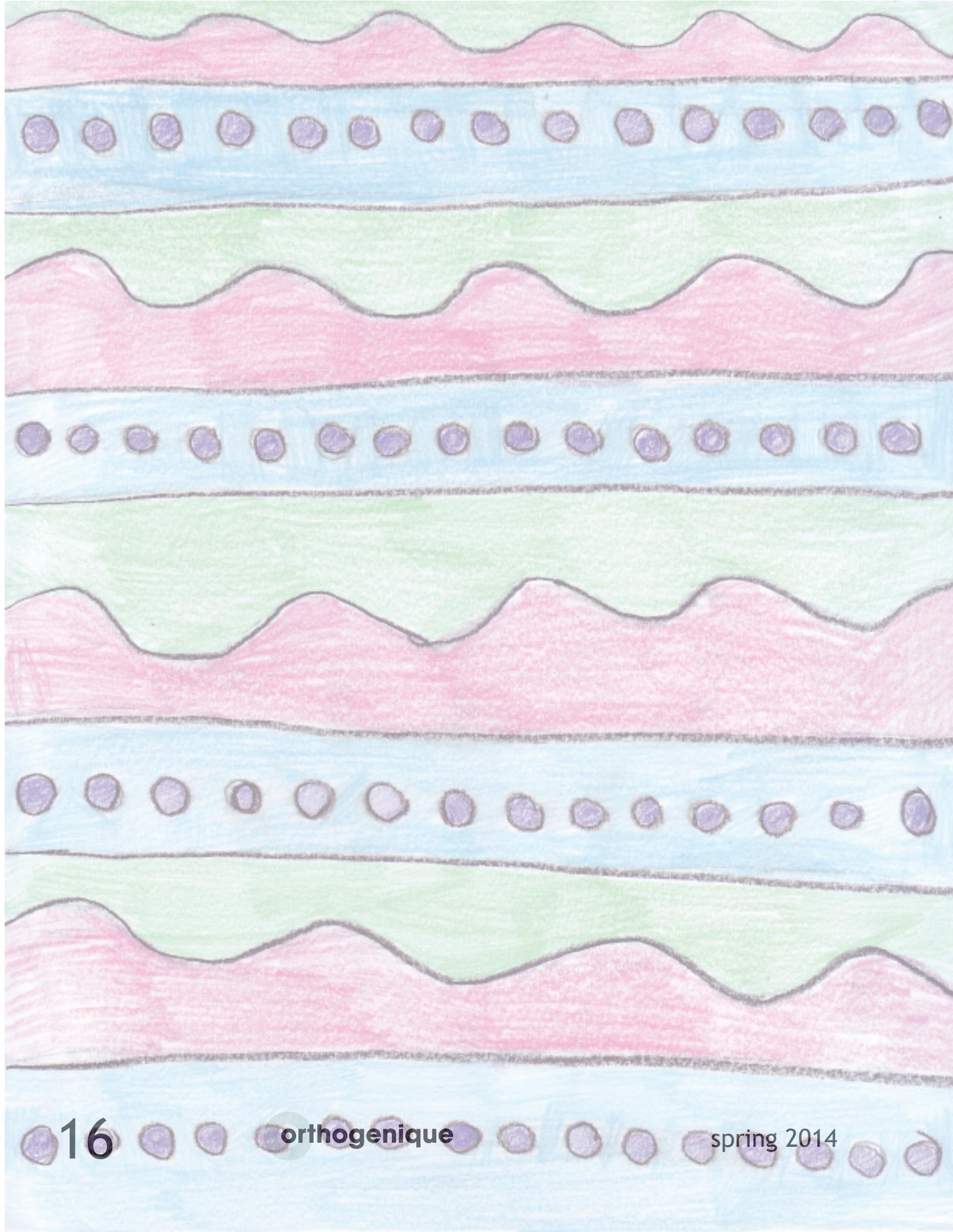
I am alone. I am invisible. I am also capable of changing all of this.

There is no Grace Jeanette Evans in the world. Or maybe there is, but she certainly isn't the girl I wrote about. Realizing that I had been spending all of my time perfecting this book character when I could be perfecting my own character was a frustrating epiphany. It means I was wasting all of my time.

I am no book character. Nor am I a self-help book for a messed up world. As cheesy as it sounds, I am me.

I am capable of so much more.





# THE STORY OF US

Short Story by Bella



Drawing by Miranda

I leaned over the balcony of my apartment on the tenth floor looking at the beautiful skyline and city lights, while sipping my favorite vanilla green tea out of my favorite black skull mug. It was 26 degrees in New York at 10:47 p.m., and while normal people would be bundled up in coats, hats, scarves, and gloves I was wearing nothing but a giant blue and yellow Michigan sweater and tiny black pajama shorts. The cold weather should have had more effect on me than anyone else seeing as I was just a delicate whisper of a flower who had recently been blown into the city by the wind. I was here for a great new job I got writing music for Universal Studios.

I heard a rustling outside my door and I went to go check what it was. I was really confused and annoyed, who would be here at this hour? I walked across the white shag rug, barefoot, feeling its warm foot hugs with each step I took. I opened the door and there stood a handsome man maybe 5'8 and a couple years older than me, This man had many tattoos, slight stubble, gauges that looked really nice, and beautiful dirty blonde hair. He smelled like cigarettes and Prada's Extreme Luna Rossa, which is and was my favorite cologne.

"May I help you," I asked,

"Yeah, um are you Valerie," He asked nervously in his deep throaty voice.

"Mhm, you can just call me Val though,"

"Wow, uh Cassie gave me this, she said you left it at her apartment and it was vitally important," He said handing over my music notebook.

"Oh, thanks. Why don't you come in? Sorry what's your name again I think I missed it," I lied; he had never said his name.

"It's Justin." He introduced himself and took a step in as I took the notebook in my hands.

"Well as you know, I'm Val."

Just then, I realized I was still in my pajamas, so I told him to please take a seat wherever while I quickly changed. I went into my room and found a black blouse and a tank top, which I slid into. Then I got out my floral leggings and pulled them up. I



mean this guy was pretty hot so why not dress up little? Then I strut out of my room and glided onto my couch.

"Would you like some tea? I have some already brewed,"

"Uh, well, do you have any beer,"

"Nope,"

"How about a coke,"

"I have diet?"

"Oh, Okay,"

I went to go grab his diet coke then cuddled up in my favorite throw as we talked about cats and music. I loved post-hardcore and he did too; I'm very open about music whereas he mainly listens to metal which I also enjoy. We talked about Metallica, Pantera, Nirvana, Iron Maiden, and more. We talked about how he plays bass and guitar, and how I sing and write, as well as play drums, piano, guitar, and violin.

"I'm in a band; it's pretty small and low key but I'm the bassist," Confided Justin.

"Oh, that's cool! What's it called?"

"It's name is 'Sleeping with Sirens'"

"Holy Crap!!!!!! WHAT!?!?!?! I love their music! How could I not have recognized you before?! That is NOT a small band you liar!!"

"Hahaha! Sorry, I like to keep it low key and chill, so I don't normally tell people right away,"

"It's fine, I like my life to be low key as well."

"Cool." He said as he flashed a beautiful big smile my way, and, of course, I had to return that smile with one of my own.

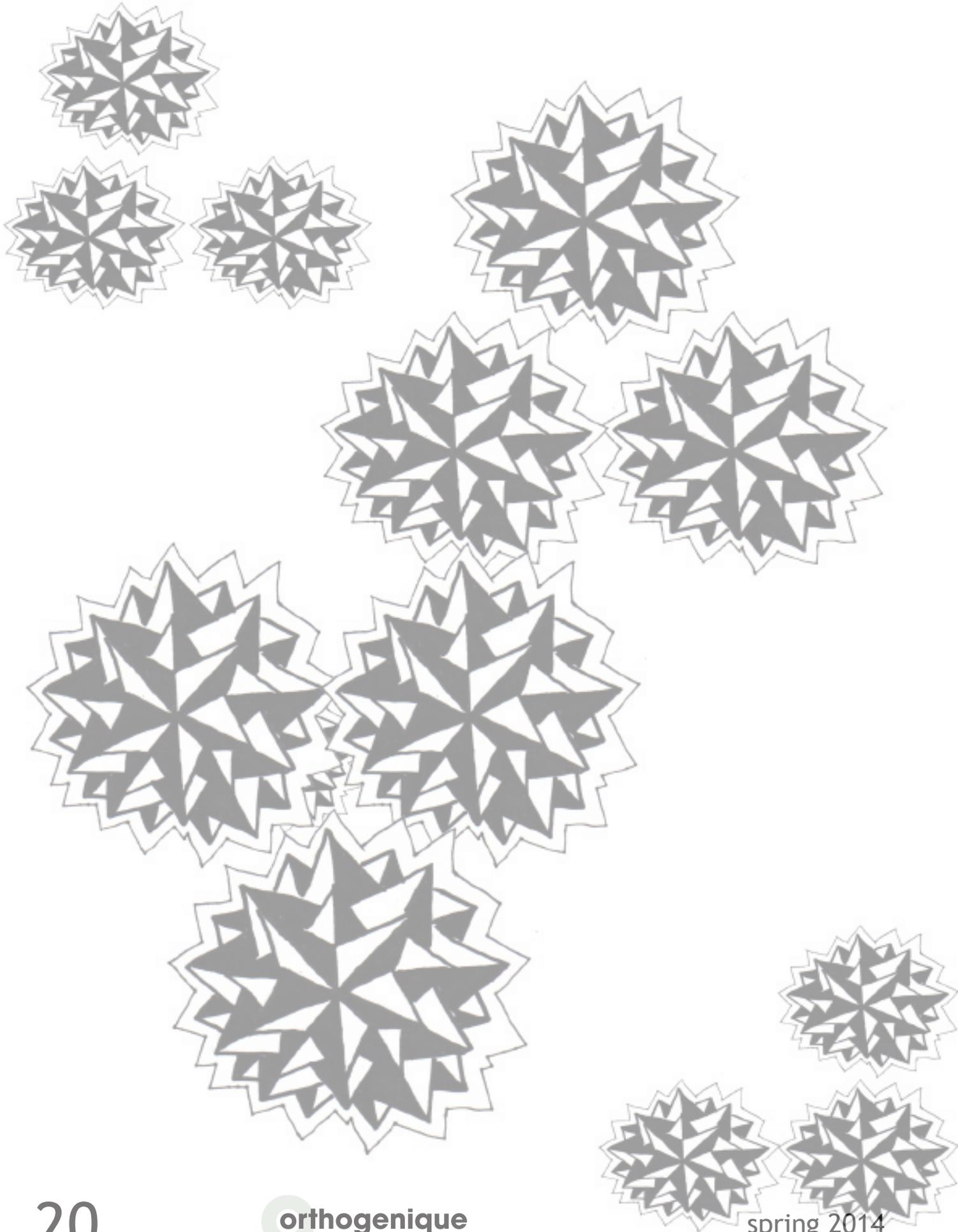
• • •  
“And Sophie, that is how your father and I first met,” I said to my 8 year old daughter.

“I wanna meet a man just like daddy!!” Sophie said.

“I’m sure you will sweetheart!”

Just then, Justin came in with her midday snack which she gobbled up quickly. Then we tucked her in for her nap and I continued another lovely day as Valerie Hills, The famous novelist, songwriter, and wife of bassist Justin Hills.





# We Need To Talk

Short Story by Miranda

Today was going perfectly; we have no homework in all our classes, we had barbecue chicken pizza for lunch, and the Charity Club meets today. The Charity Club is my favorite part of high school; I get to be with my best friends, and it's practically my hobby.

At the end of the day, I was called to the principal's office. Wondering what she'd want me for, I walked over curiously to her office.

"Bertha, may I please have a word with you?" Mrs. Pearson's tone was perfectly calm.

"Yes, Mrs. Pearson," I replied, "What would you like to tell me?"

"You appear to have twelve missing assignments..."

"Yes, I am aware of that."

"...and you have an F in both algebra and biology."

"Yeah, those two aren't my best subjects."

"The reason I brought this up is because your ability to participate in the Charity Club depends partially on your grades. You promised you'd get your grades up and these missing assignments turned in."

I was shocked that she'd ever bring this up.

**This went from from the best school day ever to the worst day of my life.**



What if I have to leave the Charity Club? I can't leave; the Charity Club is my life! "I said I would," I stammered, "but—"

"I'm sorry, but if you can't work to improve your academics, you can't be in the Charity Club anymore."

I couldn't believe this; it was actually happening. I was done with being quiet; it was time to shout and get nasty. "You know what?!" I yelled, "I'm fine with that! It's not like they need me, anyway! I'll go find another passion!"

"I will not stand for this behavior, young lady!" Mrs. Pearson's tone grew stern. "You will receive lunchtime detention for this. Please come to the art room during your lunch period tomorrow."

Colored Pencil Drawing by John

"I'd be glad to!" I shouted as I walked out the door with my backpack.

I actually wasn't fine with this at all; the Charity Club was all I had, and not only did they take that away from me, they also had to give me lunch detention as well. This went from from the best school day ever to the worst day of my life.

The next day after lunch detention, I asked my teacher study hall teacher if I could talk to Mr. Rhode, the school social worker.

"Mr. Rhode," I asked, "May I speak with you?"

"Sure," he answered. "What's the problem, Bertha?"

"I got removed from the Charity Club, then I got really ticked, threw a big stink in front of the principal, and got lunch detention."

"I understand how you feel; you've told me before how passionate you are about the Charity Club."

"They removed me because of my academics; I have twelve missing assignments, and I'm failing both algebra and biology."

"Oh, my! I'm sorry to hear that."

"I don't understand any of it. Most of the time I just guess, and my answers are all wrong. But the current units in those classes got too hard, so I've been blowing off my assignments."

"Oh dear. Have you told anyone about this?"

"My parents have received calls from my teachers, but whenever they try to talk to me about my grades, I just yell at them and shut myself in my room."

"Do you think you could try communicating to your parents and maybe even your teachers so they can help?"

"I'm scared," I started to cry a bit. "What if my peers find out? What if they think bad of me?"

"Bertha, keep in mind that the peers who do think bad of you aren't worth your time, and the best thing to do is ignore them. If you're really worried, you can ask to keep these conversations confidential."

"Okay. I'll go talk to my parents when I get

home. Bye, Mr. Rhode," I said as I walked out the door.

"Hey, honey!" my mom greeted me when I came home from school. "I heard about what happened yesterday. Would you like to talk about it?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," I answered. "Can we sit down in my room? I want this conversation to be private."

"Sure." We went upstairs to my bedroom, and then I shut the door. "So what's wrong, Bertha?" she asked.

"I got removed from the school Charity Club because I was falling behind in school, and then I got detention today because I snapped at the principal."

"Heavens!" my mom exclaimed. "why did you ever do that?"

## Who knew my problems could be solved through communication.

"I don't know; I was just really sad and angry that I had to leave the Charity Club. The Charity Club's, like, my life; they can't just kick me out when I least expect it."

"I know how you feel, Bertha; you've told me many times how much you love the Charity Club."

"No, you dont," I shouted. "You don't know what I'm going through! You've never been in a club you've enjoyed more than anything and than been asked to leave; the Charity Club was the only place I could be happy!" Tears rolled down my cheeks like two flooding rivers.

"Bertha, if you're going to burst out at me like this, then I'm afraid I'll have to wait until you're calm."

"Fine; go!" I screeched. My mother exited my room.

After a couple hours, my mom had brought up dinner while I was sitting on my bed silently. "Sorry I yelled at you," I apologized.

"It's okay," my mother replied.

"It's just that I feel like I need the Charity Club

to feel happy; I know how bad my grades are, and I'm really disappointed in myself."

"I see it now, Bertha. If you're so disappointed in your grades, though, then why aren't you doing anything about it?"

"Because it's just so confusing. Now I have to work extra hard on the things I find the most difficult in order to do the things I enjoy the most, and it's all just too stressful." I began to cry again.

"Calm down, Bertha. Now, I understand how passionate you are about this club. Perhaps we could find a way to get you help, like hiring a tutor?"

I wiped a tear from my eye. "I was thinking the same thing."

"Until then, I'll help you with your homework," my mom suggested. "How about that?"

"That sounds great," I agreed. "And maybe my teachers can help, too; we can schedule a time together during my study hall period for them to help me with my homework and missing assignments."

"That's a great idea; your grades will be up in no time!"

"Thanks, mom! I just hope nobody finds out because I'm worried about what everyone else will think of me."

"Bertha, honey, don't worry what anyone else thinks; they're opinions of you are none of your business. Just keep your head high and you'll feel fine."

"Yeah, you're right. Thanks, Mom."

"You're welcome." Then she left the room to make dinner.

Eventually, I turned in all my missing assignments, got my grades up, and was able to participate in the Charity Club again. Who knew my problems could be solved through communication.





# Orthogenique

Translucent



Transparent

Opaque



# Walking in Fog

Short Story by Andrew



Vector Art By Miranda

I stood up dusting off the dirt from the road. I could barely see my hands in front of me. I could still hear the demons faintly in the distance. Their voices drove me to do crazy things, almost like they possessed me at times. I wanted to just lay down and let them consume me again. However there was this speck, a shiny speck that enthralled me. It was where I wanted to go, but when my demons caught up with me; I would forget the shiny speck and indulge in all of the demons crazy ideas, pains, actions. When I tripped again, I ran back to my demons and embrace the comfort they would give me. The comfort that I got indulging in unsafe, risky activities. However, the shiny speck is so enticing, but the path is so much longer than just going back to my demons. The shiny speck was dreams, hope, future; they felt so far away that it was a speck in the distance. I knew that it was the only place that I would feel fulfilled and happy, but the instant gratification of my demons was too strong. Until one day, while indulging in my demons, I saw what lay in the darkness that was ahead of me, that I was heading towards.

I saw sorrow, tears, pain of my family. I saw how much I meant to them and how little I meant to myself. I saw that putting off the long road ahead for just one more day indulging in my demons was going to end with death. The first step away from my demons, my comfort, felt like I was walking against a hurricane. The force of the hurricane died down with each step. However, it was still dark and foggy. I couldn't see what lay ahead of me still. I could hear my demons all around me, around every corner, bend and twist; laying in wait for me, hiding behind every obstacle, tempting me to indulge again. Early on in my journey, I would stumble in these traps, and indulge again, enjoying the rush, the sensation, embracing it again like a long lost friend. Every once in a while, I would trip, and fall down right next to my demons wanting to embrace them but I would ignore them and get up and continue towards my dreams. The speck ever so slowly growing in size and getting ever so slowly closer.

I so slowly start to believe that I can reach my dreams. Something that I thought that I would never be able to do, something that I thought would be impossible due to my demons. Only then did I really start building momentum away from my demons. The gaps between me letting my demons getting the best of me kept increasing and increasing. I can see my dreams within reach, starting to actually enjoy life and all of its ups and downs. Reaching milestones that I thought would never happen. I feel enveloped by this light that was just a speck at what seemed like an infinitely long road. I feel at peace, zen, but vigilant of the future.

*I feel at peace, zen, but  
vigilant of the future.*



# A Thin Line

Short Story by Anna



Artwork by John

“ Sometimes, I feel like the rain is a symbol for the way a lot of things are.

We spend our time up in the clouds thinking that life is fine and dandy, then we fall, oh, we fall, and we hit the ground, and it’s seemingly the end of the world. You aren’t the only raindrop to have fallen. Soon, thousands will appear next to you, until the cloud is empty. Ultimately, we all fall down. It’s just what you choose to make of it that defines who you are.”

The room looked up at me with glassy eyes, as if my poetry final was putting them to sleep. Which it was. Only Mr. Hartman clapped, two, slow claps.

“Very good, Clarice,” he said, pushing his glasses up and not making eye contact.

I nodded, not making eye contact as well.

People didn’t view me as much. I didn’t view myself as much either. I wasn’t disliked, I had friends, I had acquaintances. I was decent looking, with dark brown hair to my shoulders and greyish blue eyes. I had good grades, and I watched TV and read books in my spare time. I just felt there.

The days were long and boring, and I counted down the seconds until the bell would ring and I would be free. The school day would end and I could go home and talk to the one person who made me feel outside of myself, like I was something extraordinary.

Hannah Foster was the best thing to ever happen to me, if I was being completely honest. She had long hair, originally blonde, but dyed to be a deep purple, and dark brown eyes. She listened to anything from Morrissey to Arcade Fire, and she went to concerts all the time with her insanely large group of friends. The problem was, she was amazing and I was a nothing. She viewed me as a friend and I viewed her as an everything. She had a boyfriend and I loved her and only her.

She lived in Michigan, I lived in California.

God knows how it happened. I mean, I spent an average amount of time online, and I had a couple of friends on various social networking sites. She had been the one to initiate a conversation, sending me a short message on how she really liked my blog and asking if I had ever seen Arctic Monkeys live. I had not.

Eventually, after messaging back and forth via our separate blogs, we exchanged numbers. Then things only escalated from there. We talked daily, from the second I got out of school, which would’ve been 5 pm her time, 3 pm my time, until she went to bed around 11.

On her free nights, which were usually Wednesdays, we would set up Skype and video chat for hours on end. It had become a routine for me to pick out her outfit for the next day, and then she would tell me all the compliments she would get. Other Skype routines we had included “making each other dinner” and simply telling each other everything.

The bell rang, startling me. What a pleasant surprise. I practically ran out of class, and powered up my phone as soon as my feet hit the pavement outside.

Hey c:

Heyyy! Been waitin for ya

Nothing new there then, eh :P

You’re such a meanie ugh

I do it because I care

So not inviting you to my birthday party </3

Back and forth, back and forth. It was an endless cycle of flirting. Part of it bothered me, I mean, she was beautiful, fifteen, and taken. The other part couldn’t care less. That boyfriend of hers wasn’t even my biggest obstacle. Wait, that made it sound like I was trying to win her over or something. Which I kind of was.

It was the fact that he could hold her hand and I couldn’t. Distance was the biggest obstacle, by far.

Today happened to be a Wednesday, so I practically ran home, only stopping to respond to her messages.

You're gonna Skype me tonight, amirite??

\*sighs\* I have no choice, amirite??

Look who's the meanie now!!

"I do it because I care"

XP !! Okay I'm home now

Logging on <3

I opened up my laptop. The little ba-ding noise signaled that I was up and running. Within five seconds of being online, I had a call coming my way.

I clicked the green button to start the call, heart pounding.

"Hello gorgeous," Hannah said, winking and continuing to brush out her hair.

"Well hello there," I responded, clicking my tongue. "How was your day?"

"Average. Boring. Repetitive. The usual. Yours?"

"All those adjectives, believe me." I rolled my eyes and laughed.

"How did your poetry project thingymabob presentation go?"

"I'd say it went pretty well. Well, the class was half asleep but that's typical of a bunch of freshman teenagers."

"Ah that's right, you're an annoying freshie!" she grinned, setting down the hairbrush.

I stuck out my tongue at her. "Just because you're a grade above does not make you superior."

"Oh but it does," she laughed.

Her laugh was loud, and it rang the whole room with an echo. I could listen to it forever.

As she laughed, I grinned. Then she disappeared.

I wasn't too worried. Sometimes her wifi gave out and we had to restart the call. I clicked the video chat option and it started connecting, then ringing.

It rang for what seemed like hours. Still not worried, I tried the call again. It took a few minutes sometimes.

Minutes passed. I tried again. Still no answer.

I texted her phone.

Hey dork, is your wifi being suuuuper annoying today?? :P

Minutes turned into a half hour. A half hour turned into a full hour.

Sorry if I'm being annoying omg. Text me when possible.

I set my phone down and tried not to think too much of it.

However, I fell asleep thinking about it, though. Was she grounded? Did her parents shut off the Internet and take her phone? They weren't strict people, she was always with friends and at random concerts with them. Was the wifi out for good? If it was, she wouldn't be able to Skype, text, or message me on tumblr, since they all required it. Or was she just ignoring me?

That option was what kept me up. Maybe she just wasn't going to bother with me. The girl that had become perfection in my eyes, simply ridding me from her life? It wasn't like she had many Internet friends, I wasn't being replaced. Or was I? I didn't know anymore. Maybe I was just overthinking this. She'd probably message me in the morning or after school come Thursday.

Thursday came and went. Friday passed as well. I spent the weekend up in my room, every buzz from my phone I was hoping was her.

My friend Janet was especially worried.

"She just... disappeared??"

"Just like that. No text, no call back, no messages at all. I'm worried sick tbh."

"I think you're a bit too involved in her life for your own good."

"What do you mean?"

“I mean that you and she are separate people with separate lives, and it’s gonna be hard to maintain any type of relationship with this Hannah girl so long as you live thousands of miles apart.”

“I know that okay, but it’s worth it.”

“It’s not worth it if you’re being unhealthy about it. Take a step back and enjoy life without her. Even if she lived here, you can’t be around her constantly.”

“I threw my phone aside angrily. Janet wasn’t right, she couldn’t be right.”

“Unhealthy...” I muttered, spitting out the word like it was poisonous. I knew the difference between obsession and love. Not to act like I was the expert on all things romantic, but there is a fine line and I have most certainly not crossed out.

Have I?

Janet’s words lingered in my brain, along with everything sweet and kind and perfect that Hannah had ever said to me.

I wasn’t taking this too far, was I? I couldn’t stop my own feelings, that’s for sure. I had accepted my love for Hannah as true. What I couldn’t accept was that I had crossed the fine line into an area known as infatuation.

Days passed into a week, a week into two, three, then a month went by. I found myself surrounded by an empty feeling, a dull cloud, a shadow, haunting reminders of my own feelings and her words.

Was this the feeling of moving on?

I had never had to pick myself up and move on from someone. Was it difficult? If this truly was it, maybe it wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be.

A month passed into two, three, four. Hannah Foster became a ghost in the back of my mind. I didn’t regret my time with her, and I doubted I ever would. All that would remain in my brain was a fragment of everything good she represented in this world to me. She was the ghost of my past, nonexistent in my present, and who knows what the future would hold?



# *Different Struggles, Same Pain*

Literary Essay by Miranda



Photography by Bella

Middle school was a rough time for me. I didn't have many friends, and I had this nagging fear that people were talking behind my back; when I asked the other girls in my gym class to be my gym partner, they would turn me down. I was convinced by my own fears that they were avoiding me and gossiping about me because of my looks. Due to this, I spent so much time comparing myself to Melanie, who I heard was the prettiest girl in my school, that I began to hate her. Sometimes, though, I feel guilty because she'd never done anything to deserve any hard feelings toward her; she'd always been nice to me. I was mean to her just because I let my jealousy get the best of me.

The media pressures girls everywhere to be skinny; they all want to have the bodies of supermodels, pageant stars, and A-list celebrities. This leads girls to believe that they can only get attention and be accepted if they look like the women on the television and in magazines, and this can also lead to eating disorders such as anorexia or bulimia. This doesn't happen all the time, though; some girls become incredibly angry or depressed because of their dissatisfaction with their looks.

Girls with eating disorders may not show it on the outside, but they're dealing with a lot of emotions. According to the Mayo Clinic website, "They may have... troubled relationships... [Also,] The modern Western cultural environment often cultivates and reinforces a desire for thinness... Peer pressure and what people see in the media may fuel this desire to be thin, particularly among young girls." These factors lower these girls' self-esteem until they feel the need to lose weight in order to be accepted by others, even if it means starving themselves.

I share the same internal conflict as these girls; I grew up thinking that being pretty is the only way to get attention and be accepted in the social world. Unlike the girls with the eating disorders, I don't starve myself to look more attractive because

I understand that starving myself is a negative coping mechanism for dealing with my low self-esteem. However, I deal with it in a different way; I become angry because I spend so much time comparing myself to other girls. I've complained about how I don't get enough attention and have insulted the girls I've compared myself to. I'm disappointed with myself, too; in truth, I always regret the way I act afterward when I reflect on it.

There are ways to boost self-esteem so girls can solve and prevent these problems. According to the Mayo Clinic website, ways you can boost your self-esteem are to: "Get involved in activities that interest you and are personally rewarding. These may include learning a new skill, developing a hobby or participating in a social group in your church

or community... Look for positive role models, even if they're not easy to find. Remind yourself that the ultrathin models or actresses showcased in popular magazines often don't represent healthy bodies."

*Every girl  
is beautiful  
in their own  
way, and  
they can't  
forget about  
all of their  
positive  
qualities*

I'm also working on boosting my self-esteem to help me with my problem with comparing myself to other girls.

I'm currently learning about self-esteem with my speech therapist outside of school. I give her three compliments about myself in my emails that I send to her, and in our meeting yesterday, we talked about positive role models as well; I learned that there are many famous actors and writers with Autism that

I can look up to. Thousands of girls are affected by a negative self-image due to comparing themselves to women such as supermodels. Some girls

starve themselves to look like these women, and other girls become emotional. Girls spend so much time comparing their looks to other girls and women's, and it makes them feel dissatisfied with their looks. Instead of focusing on how society wants them to look feeling negatively about themselves, girls should focus on boosting their self-esteem. Every girl is beautiful in their own way, and they can't forget about all their positive qualities just because they're so focused on becoming like the women portrayed by our society, even though they don't represent healthy bodies.



Drawing by Anna

# The Outline

Poem by Bella

I think my name may be Ella but I am uncertain,  
I have just awoken from a deep slumber,  
I am now a cadaver  
I am a ghost and I know this for a fact,  
How do I know?  
Because I am now just a faded image,  
Here but not all the way,  
No one can see me,  
Or hear me,  
But him.  
He knows me,  
He told me he could show me, who once I was,  
But there is a price,  
I will never be able to contact those I once loved,  
The others can, who where shown,  
I must stay hidden.  
He says it was the way I died,  
I hurt people too much to be forgiven.  
Some ghosts are like that,  
Drug overdose, suicide, murder, suffering, eating disorders,  
The things people do to stop the pain of living  
When really it just brings them here.  
Not dead, but not quite living,  
This you cannot escape from, this pain is infinite,  
He is like me,  
Alone, unwanted, isolated, morose  
He has beautiful deep gray eyes and shaggy platinum blonde hair,  
I have beautiful bright rose-colored socks,  
They are the only things I wear.  
They are apparently from my past,  
They say Ella on the rim,  
I wish I could remember who Ella is, or if I am Ella  
My hair is long; it is like a mountain range, full of peaks and valleys,  
It is darker than a moonless night's sky.  
My eyes are pale like green sea glass,  
And my skin is as colorless as a white lilies' petals; I'm delicate, thin, frail,

I am unique he says,  
Such a shame they can't see me  
I want so badly to be seen,  
Be seen by them like some of the others  
I want to love someone who loves me too  
Here I feel empty,  
I need to be seen to be loved right?  
Here nobody sees me, not even the ghosts  
All they see of me is a faint outline,

*The outline of a person who once was but no longer is.*



translucent



# Orthogénique

Opaque

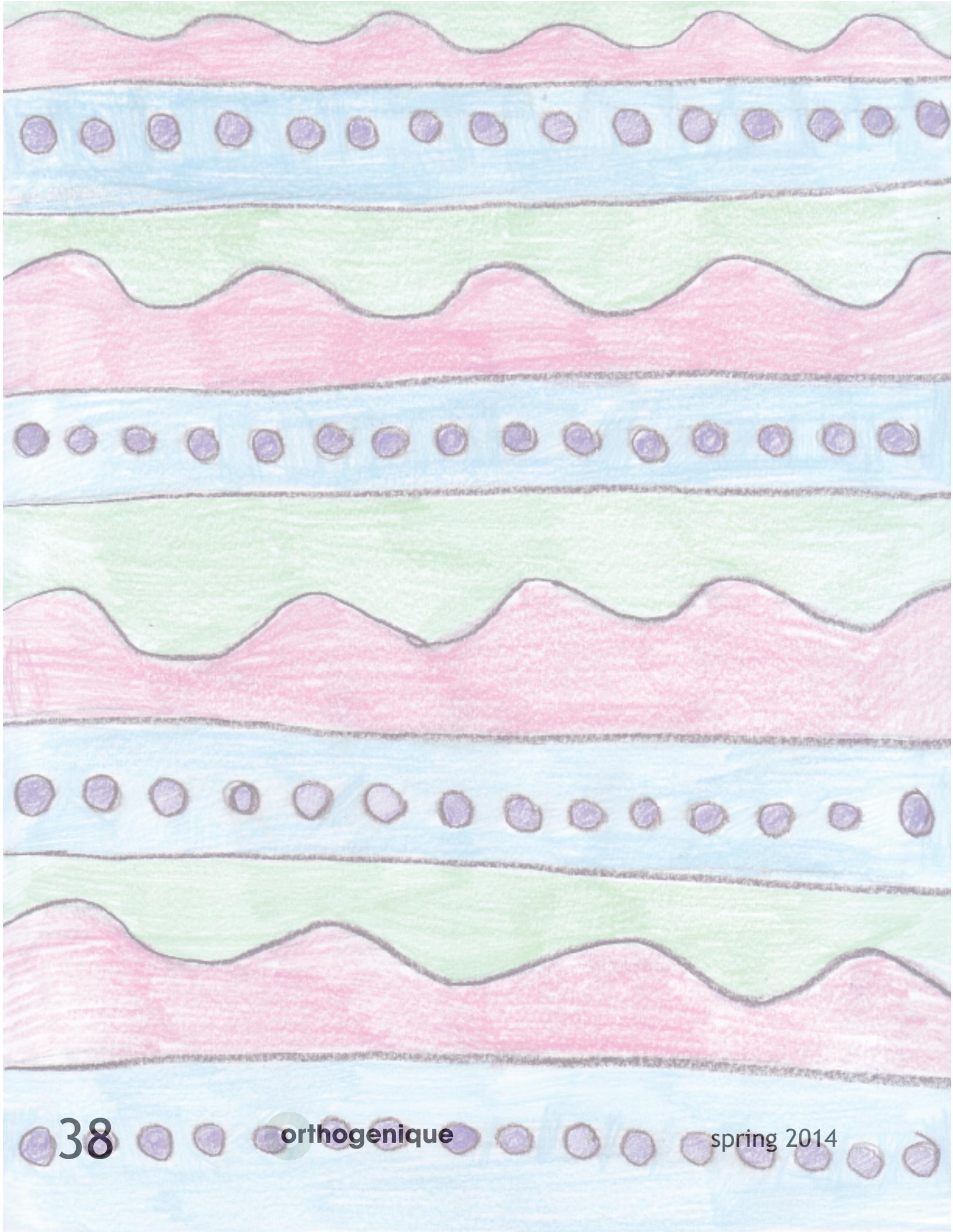


Transparent



Translucent





# Advertising and its Effects

Litery Essay by Andrew



Color Pencil By Anna

Everyone is affected by advertisements everyday, they are everywhere. In our homes, on our bodies, on the radio, on TV, and the list could go on for a long time. Wherever they can put ads, they will put them. While watching TV I see various ads for every product under the sun, teaching us consumerism and brand awareness. In a report for the U.S. Department of Health Education and Welfare, Roy L. Moore and Lowndes F. Stephens reported that 42% of High School and Middle School adolescents could recall the brand associated with a company's slogan. The issue I have with the state of advertising is that there is no moral compass driving the message, it's all for the sake of profit. Nowadays there are very few off limit boundaries that companies respect. Watching ads for clothes and fashion I get this gut feeling of disgust towards myself. Why don't I look like all of these people? The advertisements try to offer "solutions" to a problem that didn't exist till they created it. The men and women in almost all media are not real, they are heavily edited, distorted, and "fixed" to form this "ideal" body that is unobtainable by healthy means.

These distorted ideals, really affected me. Throughout Middle School I didn't conform to the media's sense of fashion and was picked on and made fun of for that. Consumerism at its "finest," pressuring and influencing kids to buy certain clothes and changing societal values by making certain clothes (and the people who wear them) "ugly" or "unbecoming." I never fit the ideal man that was portrayed on TV, I was one of the shortest guys for most of my life. I never got interested in building muscles, nor was I interested in the typical sports played.

Advertising has a huge impact in today's society, most of the population don't really notice it but there was a huge paradigm shift once advertising hit the airwaves. When I look back on my early life, I can see where advertising really affected and pushed the course of my life around. I always wanted to fit into the social castes that were portrayed in ads. One day I went to school listening to music I hated blasting just to be laughed at because appar-

ently that song was "uncool" now. I kept trying to bend my life around what people and the bullies at my school thought was "cool." The common bullying themes were around subjects that were thought up in the corporate advertising world. The common, "nerd" look, which was a popular bullying target when I was a kid, could only come out of someone portraying the "nerdy" as an other. Or, on the contrary, making another style sexy, cool and attractive. Both of these tell people which clothes, living styles, habits are all wrong if you want to me a cool, attractive, sexy person. So humans do what they do best: they took in the new "information" and external stimuli, "evolved" and adapted to the changing times.

I don't believe these effects on society were purposeful. Ad agencies simply went with whatever was the most effective plan at moving their products off store shelves in any way. In economic terms, the profit motive drove them, not a (a)moral motive. All they saw was products being moved off shelves and profit's and profit margins increasing; fulfilling their

profit motive thus the advertisement to them good and successful. I don't know if it makes me feel better knowing that they didn't push these societal ideas, or if it makes me feel worse that they didn't consider the psycho-

logical and sociological effects.

No one person or entity is to blame; life as we knew it was in a rapid flux entering into the age of technology. People's beliefs and ideals were already changing. Governments and industries didn't know exactly what to do with or what not to do with this new technology. Although I despise the advertising industry today, it grew organically out of the situation of that time. No amount of distaste and hatred about the industry can make me put all of the blame on them for some of the societal challenges we face today concerning sexuality, decency, et al. But what about the fact that we know this now and it continues?

What I do know growing up in the age of technology and mass media, is that a new generation of kids are growing up in an even more advanced

*46% of girls and 26% of boys are reporting significant distress about their bodies and appearances*

target-marketing industry. Something needs to be done. An enormous chunk of adolescent population that is estimated around 46% of girls and 26% of boys are reporting significant distress about their bodies and appearances. While only 12% of girls and 17% of boys indicate that they are satisfied with how they look and appear. (Neumark-Sztainer, Story, Hannan, Perry & Irving, 2002; Ricciardelli & McCabe, 2001) Something has to change about media and society, this is having profound effects on adolescents everywhere. I was one of those adolescents that was impacted by media. Something needs to change. Experiencing this effect first hand then reading all of this information on mass media really has changed how I view advertisements in my daily life. I was distraught when I realized all of these advertisements started to paint pictures in my head of a “more perfect” me. Now knowing this, I know how those images in my head of me needing to be skinnier and lighter got there. It makes it just so much easier for me to combat the unintended side effects of advertising.

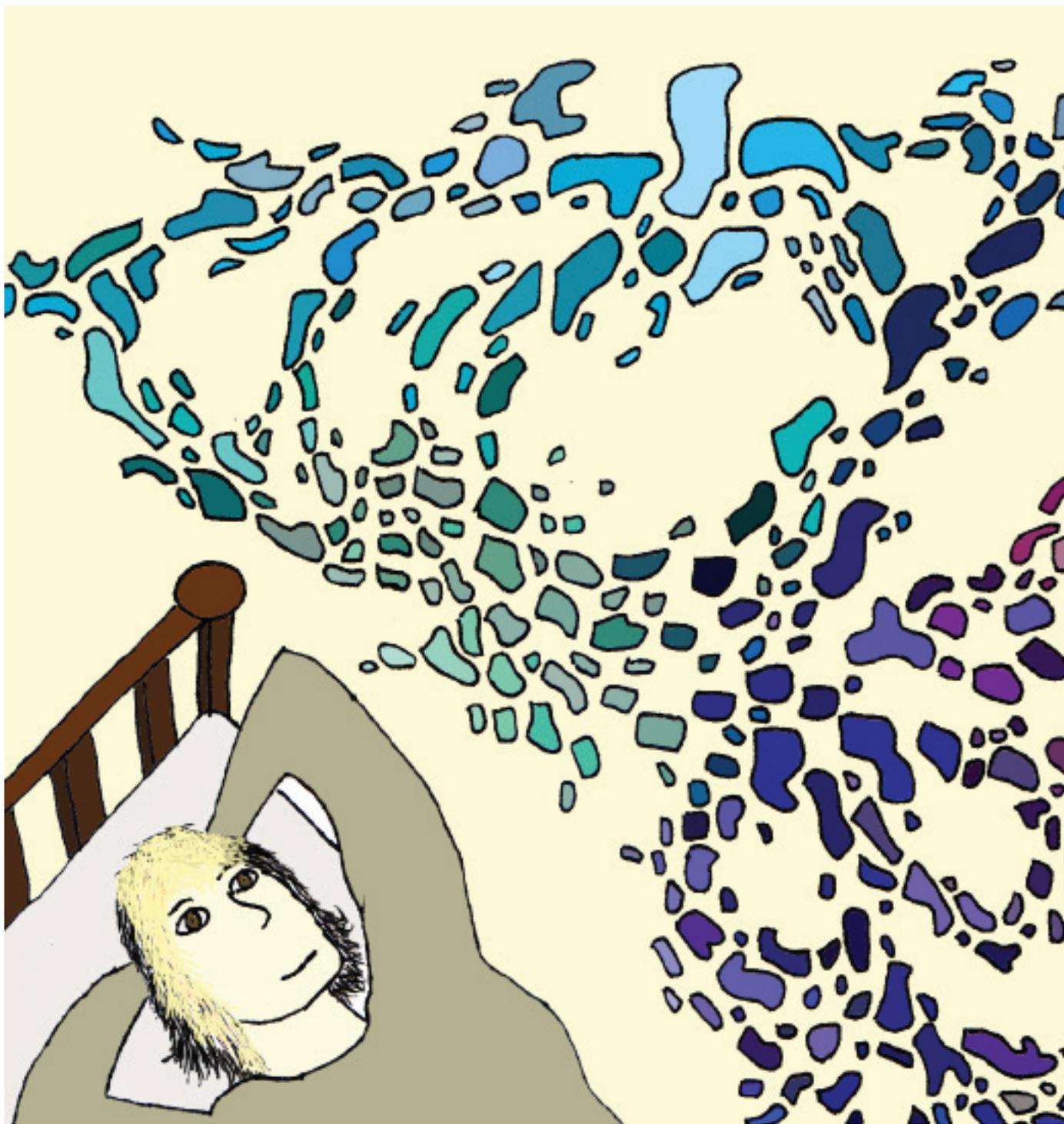


50%  
off



# Positive Thoughts

A Literary Essay by Anna



Artwork by Logan

I was used to this emotion by now. It wasn't as good as happy, wasn't as terrible as sad, it was an emotion that made you feel there, slightly weak, slightly empowered. It surged through your veins and took over your brain, sharpening the senses and adding tension to the muscles. All at once, on and off, you are weak, you are strong. Over and over, weak, strong.

It was hard to place, because you feel like the whole world is crashing down at your feet and you can't carry on, but yet somehow you're carrying the whole weight of the world on your shoulders and you're living, you're surviving.

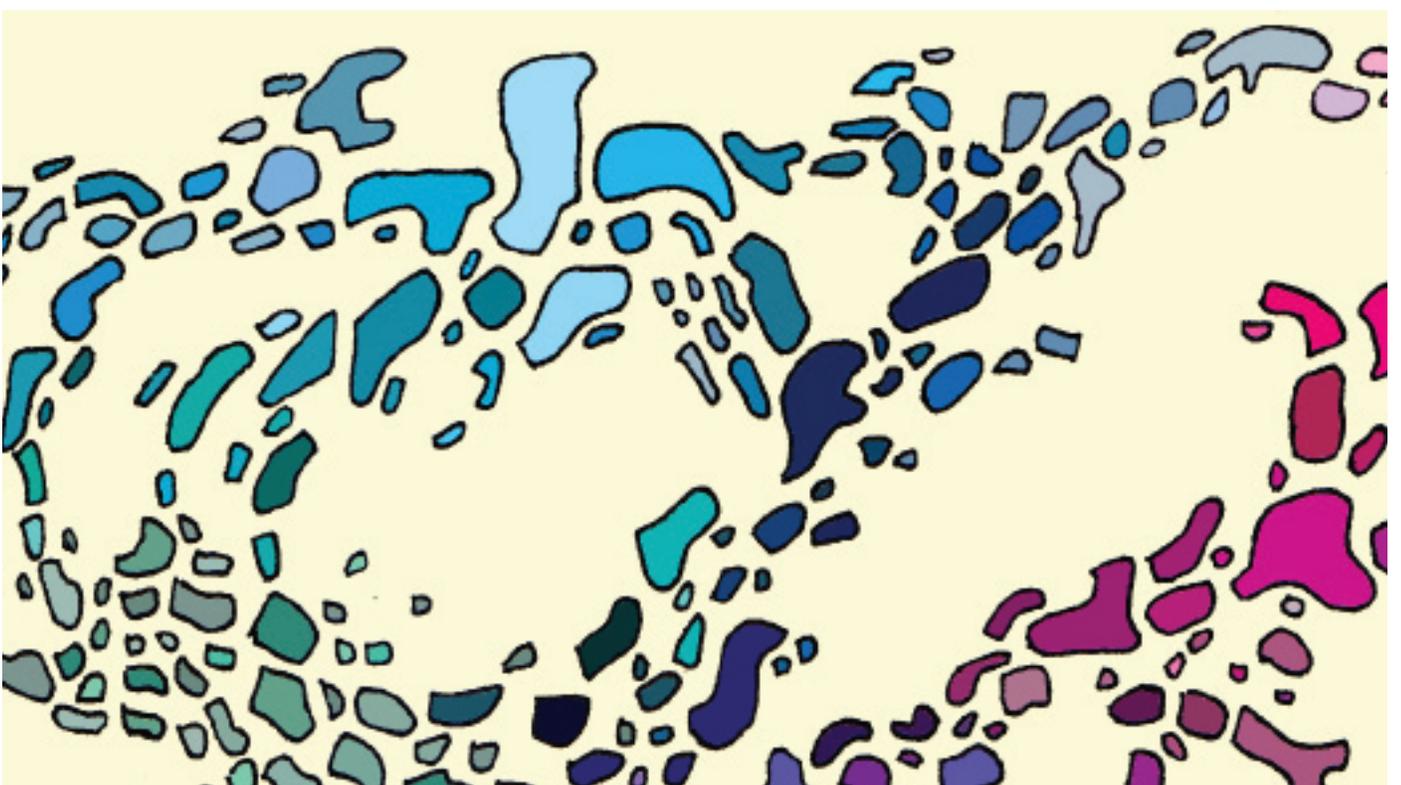
I wasn't doing anything wrong. In fact, I wasn't doing anything at all. Simply staring at the ceiling, thinking about nothing in particular. Sometimes I got tired after a long day at school and didn't want to put in the effort to read or surf the Internet. It was times like these that sometimes, my tiredness became more boredom, and with that boredom came this feeling.

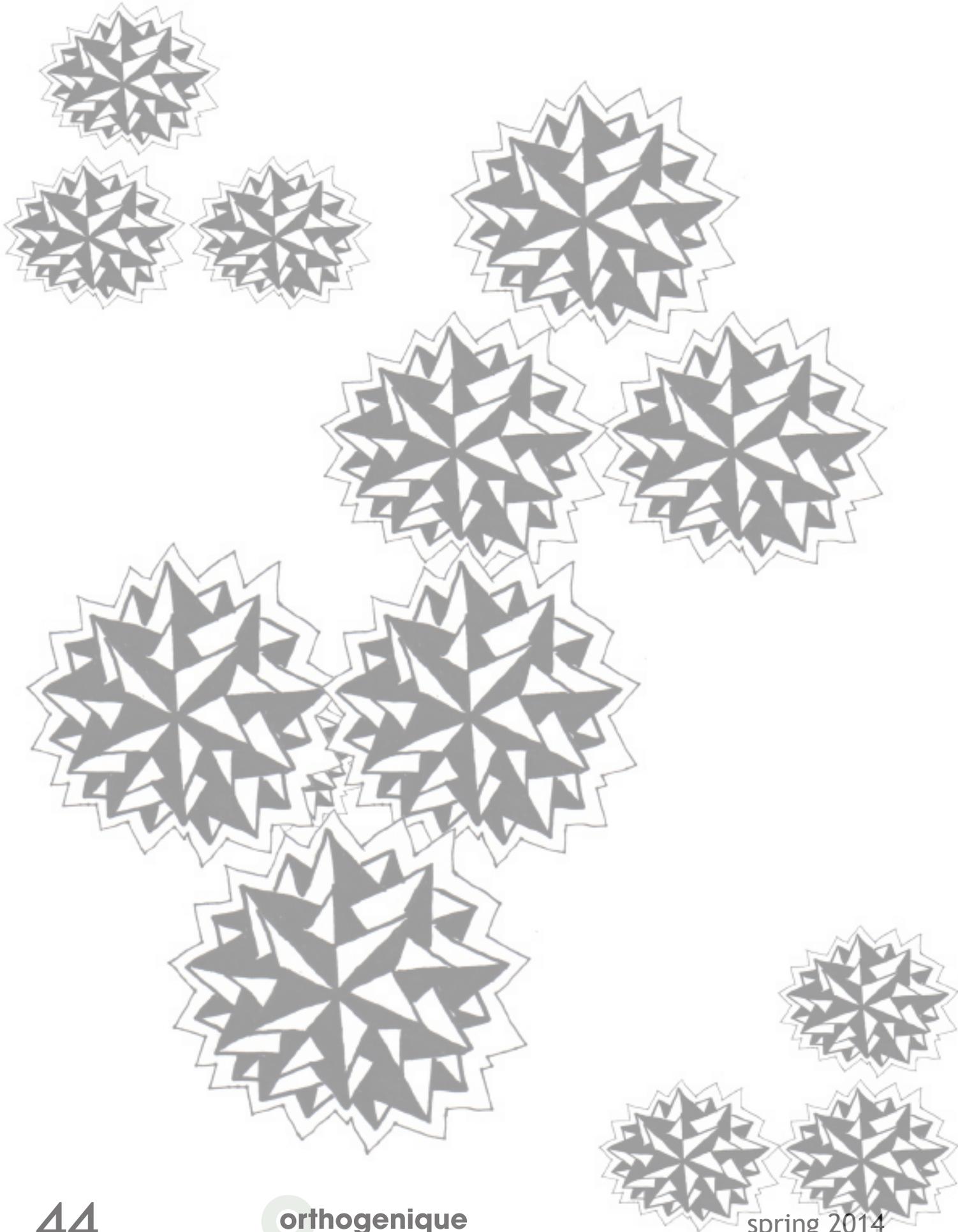
Pushing it away, I laughed at myself at how ridiculous I sounded. Laying in the dark, having a mid-life crisis at thirteen? I called my attitude pathetic, scolding myself in my head for thinking such things.

The thoughts persisted. They weren't horribly derogative, but enough to make you think about your flaws, your character, your image. When the thoughts persisted, and my anxious, bored attitude was in place, as it usually was, I would sit in furious silence and pray that they would just shut up and leave me alone.

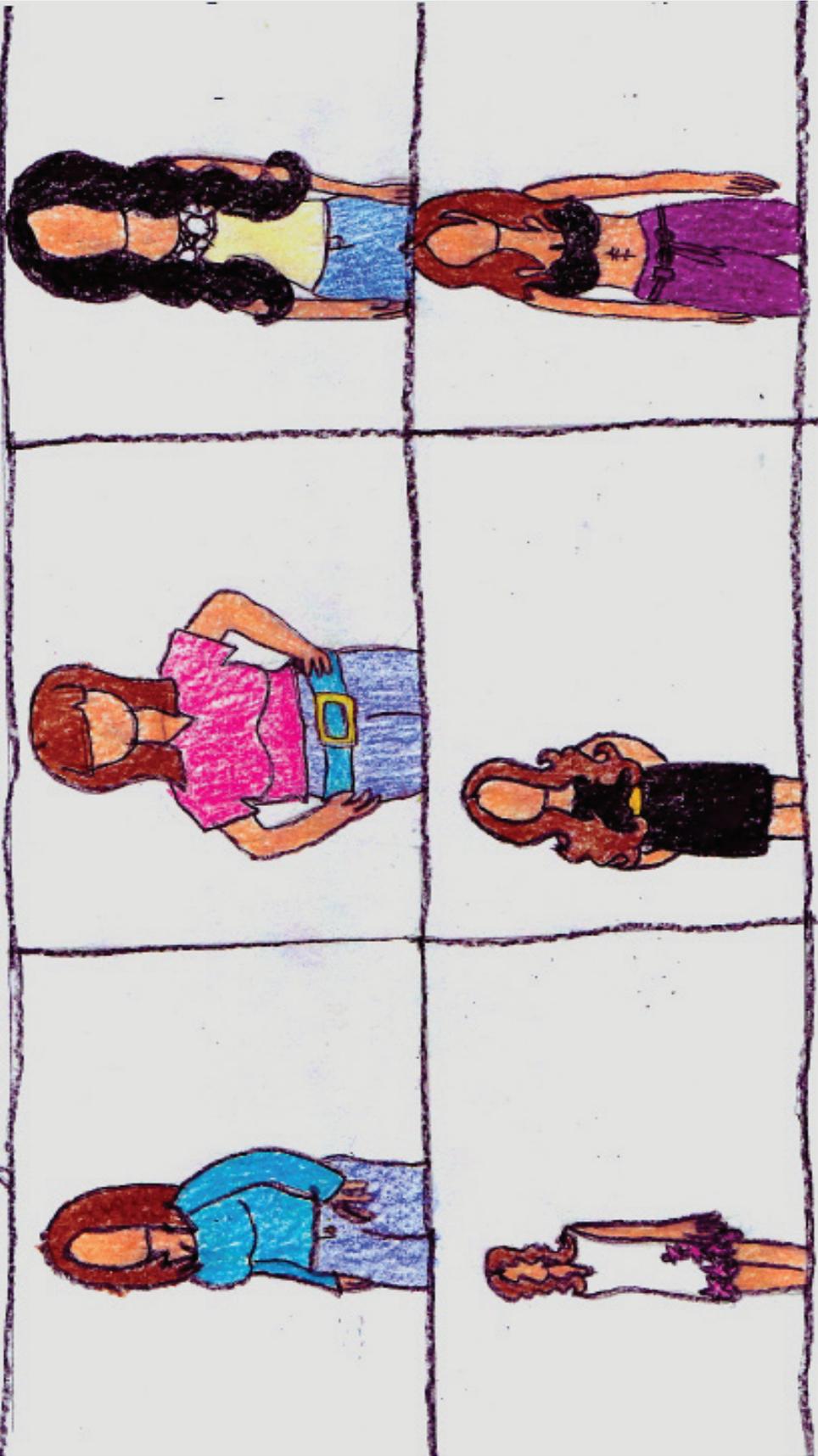
Epiphany wasn't the right word, I don't believe in those. I believe that these strokes of genius take years of thought, but you just haven't realized quite what you're thinking about. It occurred to me that truly, the world isn't black and white. Say black represents the negative, and white the positive, for symbolic purposes. There's shades of grey in between, different perceptions of reality that lie between optimism and pessimism. Realism would lie right in the middle.

Life is about finding the perfect balance for you, the balance of positivity and reality that keeps you strong and stable. There is no perfect perception on the world, it's what suits you. If you don't like your viewpoint, change it. Positivity starts with you.





*Everyone is different...*



*... and everyone is beautiful.*

Colored Pencil Drawing by Miranda

# Beautiful Bodies

Literary Essay by Bella

One Saturday, maybe two months ago, I was browsing my tumblr dashboard as usual. I stumbled upon a video someone posted - its title was 'Photo shopping Real Women Into Cover Models.' I was interested, so I clicked it and started to watch. The basis of the video was exactly what it said, Photo shopping Real Women Into Cover Models. They picked four women of all different ages, races, and body types. They had the women discuss what they did and did not like about their body and self-image. Many of them wished to be thinner or have certain features removed. Then each of the women got their hair and makeup done, new fashionable clothing picked for them, and then they had a photo shoot. After the photo shoot they watched the whole process of making their 'best' image into a cover image. Many of them did not look at all the same! They did not like the new way they looked and many of the women said the pictures looked like a foreign person.

I kept looking on youtube and the next video suggestion was a video by SoulPancake called 'That's what she said / Beauty and Body Image.' This video was composed of maybe 10 or so women who were seated around a table just talking about their own experiences and what they have noticed in other girls, boys, teens, and older women and men. One woman talked about how she struggled with anorexia as a teen, she talked very openly about her up and down weights and how looking in the mirror was always a struggle, how everyday after school she went and bought a magazine. The next woman said she used to work as a photo editor for a magazine and talked about how almost everything we see in magazines is fake. This video also had clips of other women the producers had randomly chosen. They asked the women the same questions. One woman wrote a poem about her body image and her being called beautiful. She wrote about how in our society we don't hear the

word "Beautiful" about normal people enough. One woman talked about the fact that in third grade she was called ugly and still today, in her 30s, she still feels ugly sometimes. I had a similar experience in first grade. The boy I had a crush on called me "the fattest most disgusting human" that he had ever laid his eyes on. Still every now and then I feel fat and ugly.

Dove® was also very interested in women and how they feel about beauty and beauty ideals. Here are some surprising results from their research. Only 4% of women around the world consider themselves beautiful (up from 2% in 2004). Only 11% of girls globally are comfortable using the word beautiful to describe themselves. 72% of girls feel tremendous pressure to be beautiful. 80% of women agree that every woman has something about her that is beautiful but do not see their own beauty. More than half (54%) of women globally agree that when it comes to how they look, they are their own worst beauty critics. Think about this: only 4% out of 3,562,760,737 women think they are beautiful. That's only 142,510,430. Think about that! It's insane. The remaining 3,420,250,307 think they are not beautiful or worthy of being called beautiful.

I don't know about you but I think that this is such a shame, because everyone is beautiful whether they can see it or not. Even the 98.8% of photo-shopped women we see in magazines are beautiful. Everyone is beautiful so don't let anyone put you down because you're not 'good enough'. You are the only you around, and you are important, loved, and beautiful, no matter who disagrees.

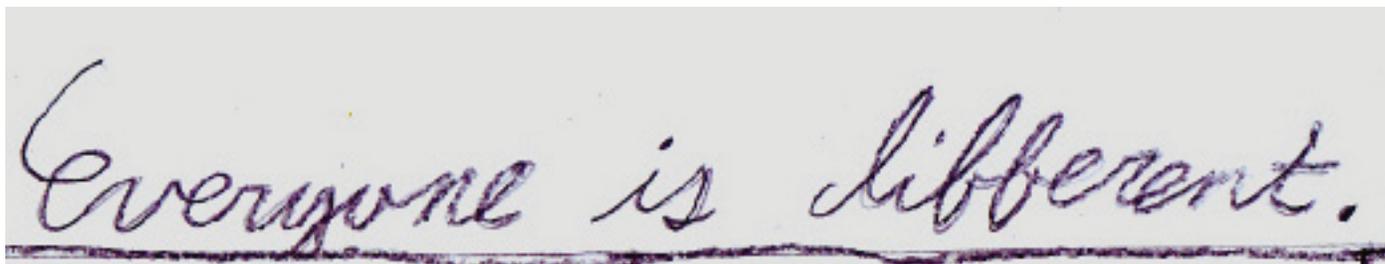
Now whoever is reading this I want you to read an excerpt from the poem by Natalie Patterson and really think about your own beauty. Because, You are Beautiful.

“She said “**You have a beautiful body**”

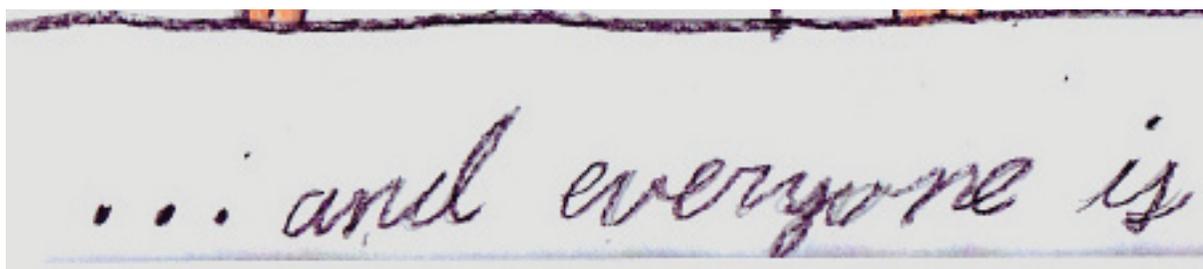
I could not comprehend the words It was the first time in my entire life I had ever heard these words placed together and directed at me When I’m confused I take big ideas and break them into smaller pieces Make them tiny enough to fit my world into

**You have a beautiful body**

I will repeat these words until I am no longer reluctant Until these words are a given Until they are no longer foreign in my mouth I will repeat these words I have a beautiful body I have a beautiful body I have a beautiful body Until ownership becomes a privilege Until this skin becomes a perfect home Weathered and worn over time A perfect home Whose walls I know well Whose stair case, And old floors creak my favorite song I am my own favorite song that I am just now learning all the words to But I wanna sing you Sing you till the song sticks”



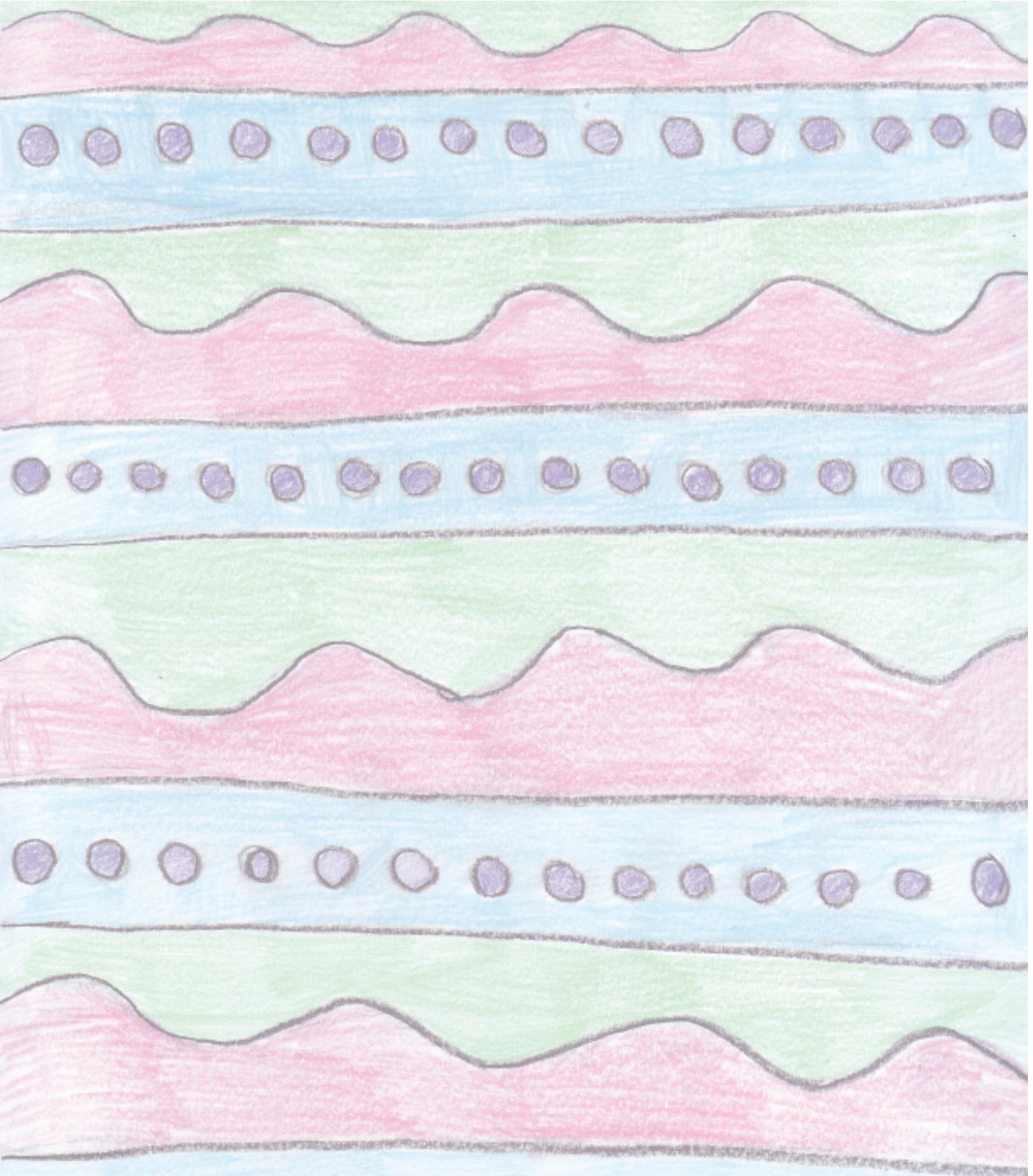
Everyone is different.



... and everyone is



beautiful.



# THE SILHOUETTE



By Benjamin Trucano-Harp

## The Silhouette

I walk in the room  
Incense rapidly fuming into my eyes  
I then start becoming fearful

I run out of the room  
The fire burning flames in my eyes  
I can't see one thing

I can see a blur  
A black silhouette holding something  
I walk away in fear

The silhouette runs after me  
I run faster and faster until  
BAM!  
I hit a black wall

I fall down in paint  
I become one with the black silhouette  
Covered in thick black paint

He's holding a black bowl  
Then hands it to me with caution  
It is emitting colored smoke

I sense myself calming down  
I return to the room feeling surprised  
I then wake up rested



Although thunder storms may come  
a shine of color will appear.

Colored Pencil Drawing by Julie

# Colors Unspoken

Poem by Julie

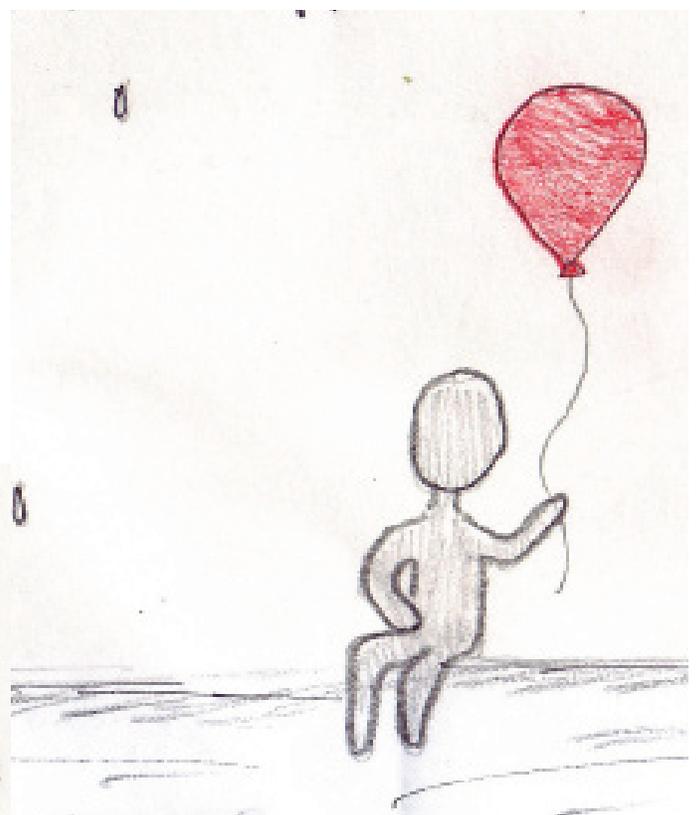
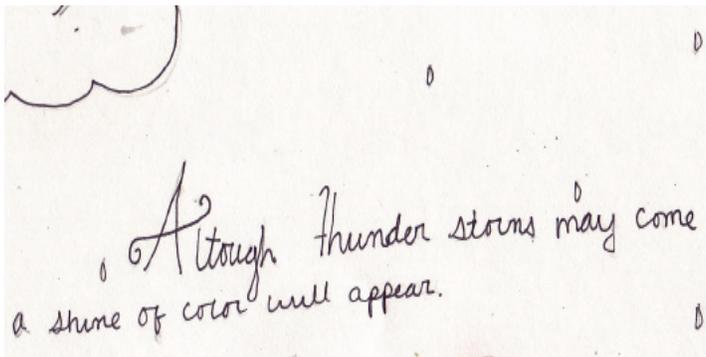
I am tired of getting hurt  
Being pushed around and shoved  
Against lockers and my mind  
Getting heartbroken  
Again and again  
Nothing seems right anymore  
That now that I am alone  
In the corners all by myself  
By simple words that come out your mouth  
Him saying I love you  
And making promises to me  
That it would be an always and forever

But you lied to me  
Told me I was his one and only  
Said that he would never leave me  
You played me  
He went to others and just toyed me  
He changed from now then before  
It makes me cry in my sleep

Looking at his side of the bed  
Wanting him back  
Even though he hurt me so much  
I still find some good in him  
But still I cry  
Erupting tears representing  
A million emotions within  
Feeling afraid  
And feeling down

Dragging my sadness  
And depression along  
And there goes a lighting strike  
Of despair and guilt

While I read our texts  
Of happiness and joy  
Making me smile each time  
The feelings of butterflies  
In my stomach  
But then I realized  
That you are gone in my life  
That I finally have to let go  
So please take out your balloon  
And watch out from the tears from above  
Sinking across my face  
As drops of color still occurs  
On my grey night



# Into The Ferns

By Logan Faber



Waking on a beach,  
an island unexplored.

Building smoking fires,  
swimming out to sea.

Stuck without escape,  
turning towards the ferns.

An overlooking tree.  
Drawing maps on a sail.

Plan in hand, sights set forward.  
Crunching, scraping leaves.

Charging, sights are blurry;  
and the hours come so soon.

Running and climbing, baring teeth.  
Sweating, panting, frantic, and fatigued.

Blue turns to orange-gray and  
dry will turn to wet.

Nails into the laughing map,  
a map that bore no progress;

that pictured gruesome creatures,  
after which showed clear reward.

Lips parched and trembling hands,  
recalling reality with sweaty palms.

Darkness falls, and red eyes open.  
Curled tightly in a ball; bracing, hoping.

The beasts, they do come;  
more horrible than imagined.

Clawing and gnawing,  
crying and bleeding.

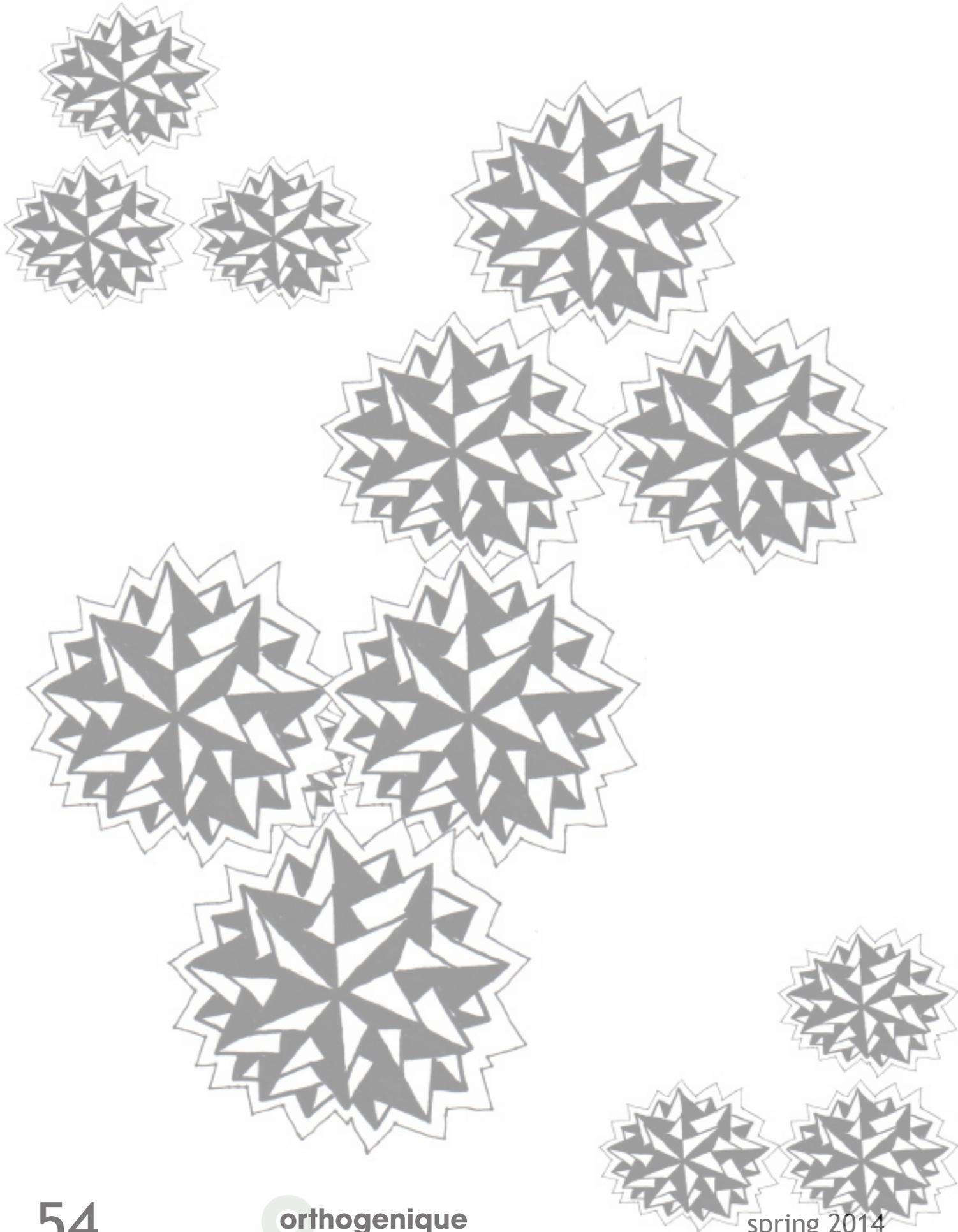
But the will to live calls,  
and the night passes by.

Orange glow from the horizon;  
it seems almost too bright.

The wrapping of bandages,  
the rewriting of a map.

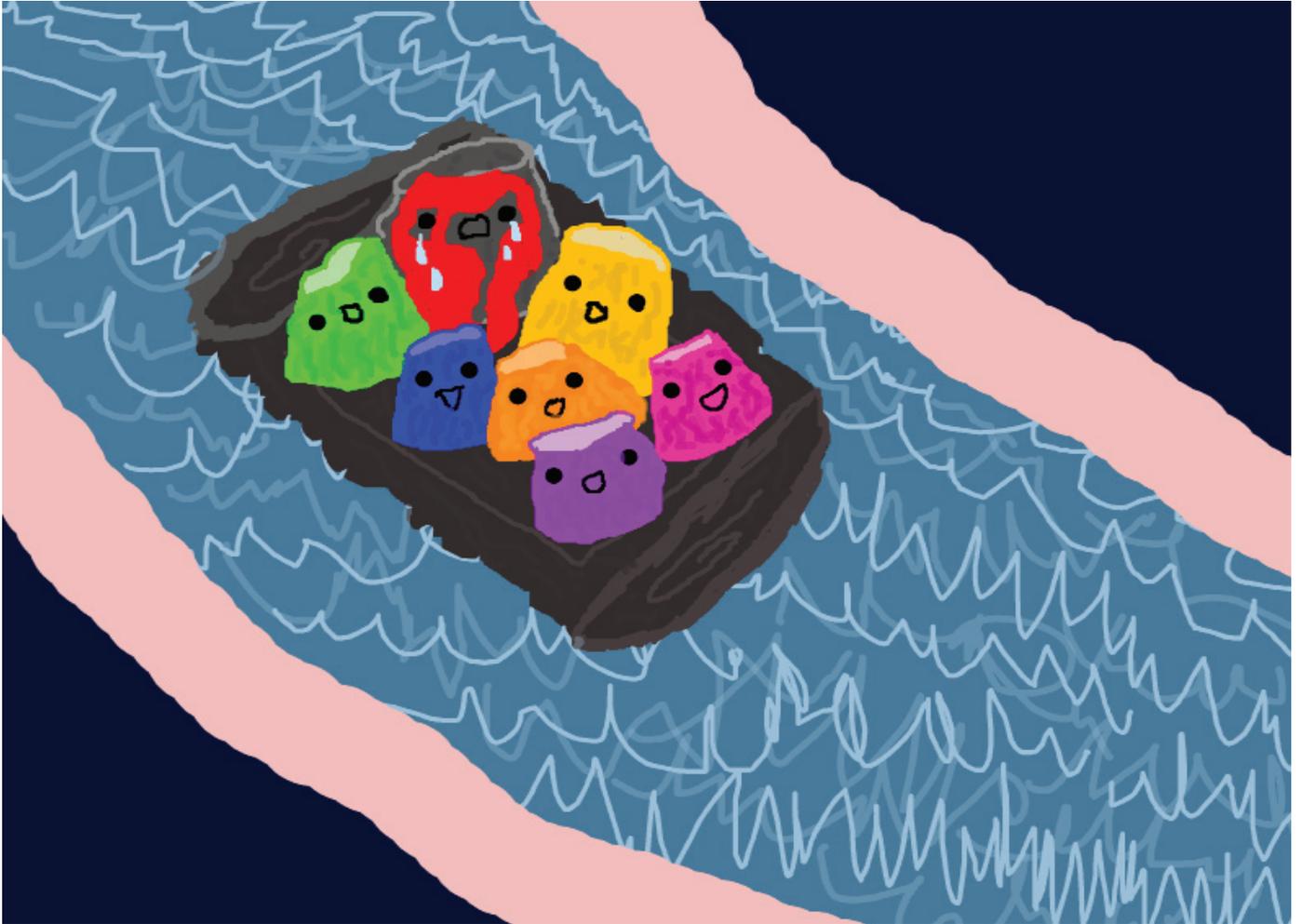
There is no telling of the right way to go.  
With new courage, head into the ferns.



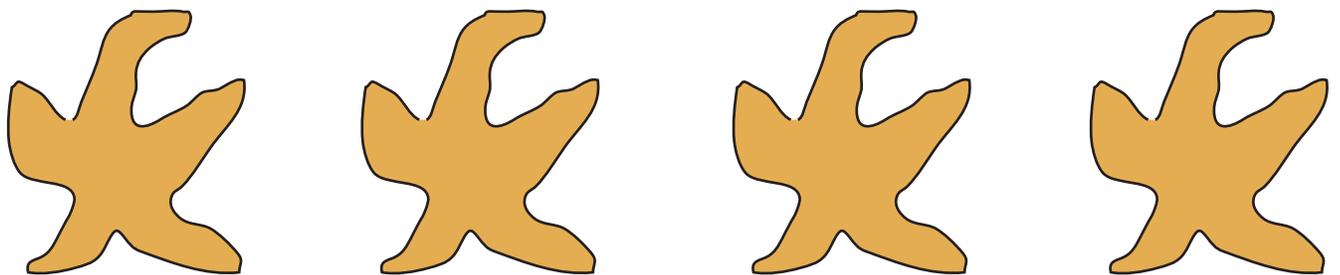


# THE UGLY BARNACLE

Children's story by Miranda



Photoshop Drawing by Bella



opaque

Once upon a time in the ocean, there was an ugly barnacle. He was the only dull, grey, lumpy barnacle in a reef full of shiny, colorful, smooth barnacles. The ugly barnacle didn't have many friends because he was afraid to approach the other, much prettier barnacles. He wouldn't play games with them at recess. He wouldn't sit with them at lunch. And he wouldn't sit next to them riding on the sea turtle to and from school. The other barnacles assumed he was just shy, but there was more going on with this ugly little barnacle.

"I can't let the other barnacles see me," thought the ugly barnacle.

"What if they reject me, or worse, pick on me?"

One afternoon after school when he was swimming home from the store, he found a shiny red pebble on the ground. He picked the shiny red pebble off the ground and whispered, "I wish I were as pretty as this shiny red pebble." Then he dropped the shiny red pebble and moved on his way.

The next day, the ugly barnacle woke up and looked in the mirror. To his surprise, he wasn't ugly anymore! Instead of being the dull, grey, lumpy barnacle that he used to be, he was now a shiny, red, smooth barnacle.

"My sea stars, I'm beautiful!" the ugly barnacle exclaimed. "That pebble must've been magic!"

The sea turtle dropped the ugly barnacle off at school. "I hope someone notices me," he thought to himself. "I can't wait to make some new friends for the first time."

Before their first class began, the other barnacles were playing in the courtyard. The ugly barnacle was sitting alone on a bench waiting for someone to notice him.

"Why aren't they coming to me?" thought the ugly barnacle. "I guess I'm still not pretty enough. I'll never have any friends."

Just then, three barnacles, a blue, a yellow, and a pink one, swam over to meet the ugly barnacle.

"Hello," said the blue barnacle. "My sea stars, you're beautiful. We couldn't help but notice you alone here. Are you new?"

"Uh, why, yes, I am," the ugly barnacle stut-tered.

"It's very nice to meet you," the blue barnacle said. "Would you like to be friends?" "Sure.

I've never had any friends before."

"What?! Really?" exclaimed the pink barnacle.

"I'm surprised since you're so beautiful. You must probably be very shy."

"Uh, yeah," the ugly barnacle answered.

"Great! See you later!" Then the blue, yellow, and pink barnacles left.

"That went well," thought the ugly barnacle. "I've made my first friends! I can't wait to play with them!"

The ugly barnacle and his three new friends hung out every day. They played games with each other at recess, sat with each other at lunch, and sat next to each other on the sea turtle to and from school.

"We really like being together with you," said the yellow barnacle. "Would you like to go to the carnival with us this weekend?"

"Yes," the ugly barnacle said, "I would very much like to go!"

"Great! See you later!" Then the blue, yellow, and pink barnacles left.

"I had a great time with them," the ugly barnacle thought to himself. "I hope my friendship with

## MY SEA STARS, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.



them lasts.”

The next day, the ugly barnacle woke up and looked in the mirror. He was no longer a shiny, red, smooth barnacle; he was now the dull, grey, smooth barnacle that he used to be.

“Oh, no!” the ugly barnacle thought to himself. “The pebble’s magic has worn off! I can’t let my new friends see me looking like this! If they find out, then they for sure won’t want to be my friends anymore!”

Quickly, the ugly barnacle slathered himself with shiny red paint and rushed out the door, hoping his new friends wouldn’t notice.

The ugly barnacle stood outside the entrance gate waiting for his new friends. “I hope they don’t notice that I’ve turned ugly again,” he thought to himself.

Just then, the blue, yellow, and pink barnacles came up to him. “Hello,” the pink barnacle said excitedly. “Are you ready to have some fun?”

“Yes, of course I am,” the ugly barnacle answered nervously, dripping wet with paint.

“Great! Which ride do you want to go on first?” asked the blue barnacle?

“I’d like to go on the log ride,” the ugly barnacle answered, forgetting that he was covered in paint.

“Great! Let’s go!” The ugly barnacle and his three friends left to go on the log ride.

The ugly barnacle and his three friends had lots of fun on the log ride. They went very fast, and there was a lot of splashing, which washed all the paint off the ugly barnacle.

Noticing that the paint had washed off, the ugly barnacle ran off to the back corner of the room far away from his friends, hoping that they wouldn’t see him. “Oh no!” the ugly barnacle thought to himself, “if they see me like this, they’re

definitely not going to want to be my friends anymore. I need to get away!

When he and his three friends got off the log ride, they couldn’t find him.

“Where’s our friend?” wondered the yellow barnacle? “Did he wander off?”

The blue, yellow, and pink barnacles looked around the entire area searching for the ugly barnacle.

The ugly barnacle felt terrible watching his friends wander around looking for him. “I’m right here,” he shouted from the back corner. Recognizing his voice, his friends turned toward him. “I just look different from how you recognize me, so I painted myself,” he admitted. “When you met me, I’d found a magic pebble that made me beautiful, and I thought it would make you like me better. I guess you can go find someone else to hang out with now since you think I’m too ugly to be friends with.”

“We don’t care if you’re ugly,” said the blue barnacle.

“Really?” said the ugly barnacle as he wiped a tear from his cheek.

“He’s right; what matters is that we think you’re a lot of fun to be around and that we think you’re a very nice barnacle,” said the pink barnacle.

“Is that true?” said the ugly barnacle. “You don’t care what I look like?”

“Not at all,” said the yellow barnacle. “Now would you like to go on the teacup ride?”

“Sure,” said the ugly barnacle.

“Great!” said the blue barnacle. Then they left to go on the teacup ride.

From then on, they were best friends forever.

**WE DON'T  
CARE IF  
YOU'RE  
UGLY**



# Colophon

The Spring 2014 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.

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!

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