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A special section will be made in the back of the magazine to showcase the artistic or writing talents of the contributors.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

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Our lives are linear. Time moves on and pushes us relentlessly. We move in one direction to new destinations, new heights, and on new paths. These paths lead us to our future, hold us in our present and connect us to our past. These connections map our lives. What we choose to leave behind, maps our identities. Our lives are linear, but the paths we create are not necessarily orderly or logical, nor are the things that remind us of our connections.

I see a glimpse of the summer sky – zoom – my mind moves to a time of childhood, traveling in a flash through a power line like the electric images of some cheesy 1980’s special effects extravaganza. My mind takes me to vacation trips in the car, staring out the window at the power lines as we pass. Zoom – My mind arrives to lying on my back at dusk waiting for my mom to call me in for the night. Zoom – I arrive at a night of fireworks with my family, as my mom hands out drinks from the cooler. Zoom – I am at a summer party with college friends, barbecuing and hanging out on the deck for the evening. Zoom – My mind brings me back to a summer at the O’School working on The Yellow Door Chronicles and Orthogenique. One memory connects to another memory, connects to another memory, into the infinity that is the labyrinth of our mind.

There is no rhyme or reason as to which memories we will be carried to or what will spark these memories. Like that flash of power lines seen through the car window, we can be sparked by the smallest things – a smell, a sound, a color. Sometimes we are carried to places we have forgotten. How often do we remember the power lines that keep us running, or the phone lines that connect us to loved ones? We think about them when they stop working, when we need them, or when we get that glimpse. We rely on our connections to build our identity, to build our life.

These connections that we make and hold onto are what make us who we are. They help us find our place in the world, and at each destination, no matter how briefly we stay, they are what enable us to leave evidence of our visit. The evidence may be as small as a smile in passing, or as large as a building, but somehow we leave our mark on each stop of our path.

Each time the students create an issue of Orthogenique, they, as a staff, create new paths and new evidence of who they are and where they were. When I look at a piece of writing or a piece of art in the magazine, I travel to the memories of the creative process that resulted in the work. The moments of collaboration, creative spark, and creative frustration all zoom back in, taking me back across the paths that they created. The students who worked on this issue have all left a piece of themselves and their interactions behind. They have given us, and themselves, a permanent gift to help spark our memories and bring us back to this point in time, to this stop in our lives.

Written by Michelle Pegram, Artwork by Michelle Zarrilli
Identity

Music
Faces
Theft
Tattoos/Piercings/hairstyles
Confusion
Frustration
Uncertainty
Amnesia
Coma
Cars
ID's
Forced uniformity
Cults
Religion

Houses
Material items
Bedroom
Michelle
Sports preference
Beauty
Internal & external
Disability
Movies
Perfume
Race/ethnicity
Jealousy
Copycats
Personality
Careers
Conformity
Rebel
Unique
identity

coexistence

orthogenique

SYSTEM REBOOT
UPDATING FILES
LOADING...
LOCAL DISK
PROGRAM FILES
LOAD FILE. IDENTITY
LOADING...
EYECOLOR – BLUE
HAIR – GOLD
OUTFIT NO. 3.0 – SILVER
FACIAL EXPRESSION 287.0
LOADING...
AUTO MAKEUP PROGRAM
LOADING...
FOLDER/EMOTION
COMPASSION
LOVE
ANGER
FEAR
SADNESS 247.0
LOADING...
FOLDER/INTERESTS
LONG WALKS
SEWING
COOKING
CLEANING
COEXIST. WITH HUMANS
LOADING...
COMPLETING...
REBOOT COMPLETE
Through The Looking Mirror

Written By: Kaitlin
Artwork By: Rachel

"I must be losing my identity"
I get up one morning and I feel kind of funny. I don't feel as I usually do, which is as happy as a bunny.

I walk to the bathroom to take a shower and get ready for school. As I'm walking I start to feel kind of sick, a little too cool.

I look in the mirror and what do I see? I see something really gross and creepy. Something that just doesn't look like me.

In the mirror, a body with really weird features is what's looking back at me. I think to myself how is this possible, how could this be?

I close my eyes for 10 seconds and then open them again, to see if I'm dreaming. When I open them this creepy thing is still the thing I am seeing.

My mom calls me to tell me I'll be late, so I get ready to leave, I think to myself "I hope when I look in the mirror again, this is not what I see."

When I get to school everything seems fine. Nobody must see what I'm seeing because they're all being really kind.

It's the middle of the day and I am sitting in my math class. Then I start feeling sick so I asked for the bathroom pass.

I get to bathroom and I go to look in the mirror; what I see, is still this horrible looking thing, and not me.

I start to get really scared and I think to myself "I must be losing my identity, because this thing that I'm looking at is definitely not me".

I walk out of the bathroom and all of a sudden everyone is staring. The difference must really be glaring.

I think to myself, "Can they now see what I am seeing in the mirror?" I wonder "is the evidence of what I'm seeing becoming to everyone else much clearer?"

I start running down the hallway to get out of here as fast as I can. While I am running I think, "I need to think of some kind of escape plan."

Before I am able to get out, I'm blocked by everyone around me. I think to myself, "why can't they just let me be."

I start screaming at the top of my lungs and I feel like I just want to be dead. Then all of a sudden I wake up screaming in my bed.

I sit up in my bed and I am really hot. I'm so hot I start sweating, I start sweating a lot.

I get out of bed and go to the bathroom mirror. I am thinking, "I really hope I see, not a creepy looking creature, but I hope I see me."

I get to the mirror and I feel so relieved. The person I'm seeing is actually me.
After school Dylan called Brandon.

“Come on dude let’s go,” Dylan said.

“I don’t want to and I can’t go out tonight anyway. Do you know how much trouble we could get in for robbing Bath and Body Works?”

“Oh my god dude, seriously. I have it all planned out. Here’s how we’re going to do this. We are going to break in using a crowbar, break the cameras and steal everything we can get our hands on. I promise you won’t get caught.”

“Fine what time can we go?”

“They close at nine, so maybe 10:30.”

“Wait dude, what about Shaniqua?” Brandon asked.

“I already called her. She’s down for it.”

“I’ll see you there,” Brandon said.

“Cool,” said Dylan.

Later on that night the trio went to Bath and Body Works. They had gotten in and were ready when alarms started blaring. Brandon was knee high in loofahs, and Shaniqua was drenched in three different perfumes. When she heard the alarm she dropped the perfume bottle and it shattered into a million pieces. She ran all the way home.

“Dude let’s go,” Dylan said.

“Not going to get caught. Right,” Brandon said sarcastically.

Then they ran as fast as they could.

A couple days later there was knock at the door. All three of them were still nervous about Thursday night, and their fears came true. It was the police saying they had found their fingerprints at the scene. All in shock, they were immediately arrested in front of their family and taken to jail.

Later on, they were convicted for breaking and entering a Bath and Body Works. All their families were shocked and appalled at their actions. They were sentenced to four and a half long years in jail and also to 45 hours working in a cosmetology center for the disabled.

“Dude this is so lame I should have never listened to you,” Brandon said.

“You know what I kind of like this,” Shaniqua said.

“Whatever, only 12 more hours,” said Dylan.

The three of them finished up and never spoke to each other again.
Imagine

Written By: Brooklyn
Artwork By: Shelby

Light your candle on the lake
Let it float away
On a precious lily pad
To forget your yesterday

As you let your candle go
I hope you understand
That you’re releasing more
Than what’s shown near your hand

You are receiving a new chance
To start your life over now
If you care to listen child
I will tell you how

Vast glassy lake with mist
With a waterfall beyond in the distance
Pale blue waters that are like a mirror
And in the nearby grass deer prance

By letting your candle float
On a lily pad today
You’re releasing all your troubles
By sending them away

Say goodbye once and for all
To addictions in this place
Your scars of the old ways will quickly vanish
As we look upon you with grace
Farewell compulsions and disease  
We don’t need you anymore  
Bid adieu to rage and angst  
As we step beyond the yellow door  

The waterfall is eager  
To take away our skeletons in the closet here  
We can say goodbye to death  
And all irrational fear  

All of the lust and tears we’ve shed  
And dark secrets of the heart  
Not to mention loneliness and depression  
May now be set apart  

Alcohol and drugs and demons of the world  
Will now be cut loose from our identity  
Violence shall plague us no longer  
Under the willow tree  

Without all these issues shading us  
There will be no need to elope  
No self-destruction shall take place  
Because there are better ways to cope  

Relationships shall not be broken anymore  
Light the candle for each unanswered prayer  
War and theft will cease to exist  
As will rape for it is so unfair  

Protection of the environment will begin today  
With trees planted in large proportion  
Euthanasia and suicide are no longer welcome  
And neither is abortion  

Mental illness will be gone for good  
Once you light a candle here  
As will hinderances of any kind or abuse  
Which each are rather queer  

Millions and millions of candles are afloat  
As I look around  
And for once in my life I feel happy  
As I stand on solid ground
Now the people who have gathered
Have joined hands and said a prayer of serenity
My heart feels like it’s flying
Among them I have found my identity

We all support and love each other
Like a long-lost family
Support groups form among us
And suddenly I see

Why I was so desperate to be
Among the nameless masses
Knowing that I didn’t belong there
In their pious social classes

Like animals to packs they used to cling
Monotony for the taking
Uniqueness was not a common thing
It was a despot in the making

But now the world is beautiful
With our demons dead and gone
The light at the end of the tunnel has come
As our lungs burst forth with song

I now have the knowledge to do what’s right
What I know is best for me
Starting from here I solemnly promise
To always maintain safety

Imagine all the world like this
The oceans would be filled with light
And for once I could simply be me
So wait no longer, light your candle tonight
My Escape
Written by: James
Artwork by: Sean
Five… I dribble up court. Four… I pass to Brown. Three… he passes back. Two… One… I shoot. The ball goes up in an arch and comes down perfectly through the net. SWISH. The buzzer sounds and I am mobbed by the team. I get slapped on the back and lifted in the air. We, the Illini, have just won the NCAA tournament.

This is the greatest day of my life. I helped the team win it all, and now I will be going pro for the next season. I dreamed of this day since I was a child watching the great Michael Jordan. I practiced and practiced. By the time I was twelve I could take on my brother who is four years older. This isn’t just a game, this is who I am. When I walk down that tunnel onto the court, all that matters is that orange ball and putting it in that hoop.

Basketball has always been my escape. When my parents fight, or I am in trouble at school, basketball makes me forget all of it. Also it is the only thing that I have where I can fit in. At school I’m an outcast. On the court I am a star.

It is one month later and I am ready for the draft. The Bulls have always been my favorite team, but I don’t expect to be drafted by them because they have the first pick and I don’t think I am going to be first pick.

As I sit there, in the room with television monitors all over the walls, with many other hopeful athletes, my knees shake with anticipation. This is so cool. I will surely go insane if I have to wait until the third round. I don’t have to wait long however because the Bulls decide they want me, and I go crazy.

A few months later I am running out onto the same court on which Jordan and so many others have played. My heart is pumping pure adrenaline and I feel like I can take on the world. I can smell the food vendors cooking hotdogs and pizza alike.

The crowd roars with approval as we enter and start warming up. This is my first start and we’re playing the Celtics who are, of course, the best in the business. This should be interesting.

The ref comes out to do the jump ball. I, being seven feet tall, am the one going for it for our team. A whistle blows and the ball is tossed high in the air. I leap and knock it back for my team.

Augustine snares it in his hands, pounds up court to the hoop, and does the perfect lay-up for two points.

Celtics have the ball and are moving up court. Their guard passes to the center. I leap into the air as high as I can and grab the ball over my head. There is no one between me and the net, but instead of a little lay-up, I go for the three. I got it.

A couple of hours after that we are sitting in the locker room. Coach gives me a high five as he walks by. I scored twenty-three points in my first pro-game. That’s got to be pretty close to the record.

“Nice game out there, Sean,” he says. “Plan on doing the same thing tomorrow.”

“Sure thing, Coach.”

We lost the second game against the Lakers. Coach wasn’t too happy, but everyone loses. We did win the next four.

Finally I got to do what I have wanted for so long. The high point in any career. The NBA Finals. We swept through the playoffs and now we’re in! I was wrong about what I said earlier about winning the NCAA being the best day of my life, because this actually is; I can’t wait for the series to start tomorrow.

I’ve gone through all my life wondering who I am. Now I have something I feel like I belong in. I have friends here. I have a life. I am a Chicago Bull.
The Identity of Eyes

Written by: Julie
Drawing by: Felicia
The identity of a person, both physical and emotional, is different based on each person. Looking at a person can tell you a lot about them. Have you ever looked into someone’s eyes, like really looked? It’s intriguing.

Eyes, in my opinion, can tell you even more about a person than anything else. Every set of eyes is different. My eyes are hazel, changing from brown to blue to grey to green. One of my dorm-mate’s eyes are a very dark brown with a seemingly black ring around them, while one of my classmate’s eyes are, like mine, hazel, with some orange mixed in, and a dark green rim. You look into these people’s eyes and you see beauty, compassion, sadness, anger, happiness, and many other emotions. It all depends on how they are feeling. Eyes can tell you a lot.

What first attracts me to a person is their eyes. When I meet someone, I look into their eyes; see what many people may not notice upon their first glance. I can see their inner beauty.

When I talk to someone, I look into their eyes because you can almost always tell how a person is feeling about the conversation based upon the look in their eyes. If the conversation is beginning to upset the person, or even anger them, their eyes change accordingly, but are usually somewhat blank; the expression of closure, or shutting down. When a conversation is exciting or happy, their eyes are so filled with joy that you can see a shimmer, a seeming glow. When you say something surprising or unexpected, a person’s eyes grow wide. Sometimes it’s even amusing watching people’s eyes during a conversation.

When a child does something wrong, their mother or father will give them a look that says “Don’t do that!” For me, it’s not one of my parents who give me the look, and I’m definitely not a small child, but one of my O’school staff. There have been many times where I have done something wrong, and this staff gives me that eye. She never even needs to say anything, all she does is look at me and I immediately stop whatever it is I’m doing. She gives that look to me all the time now, because she knows it’s something I respond to when I’ve done something wrong. In fact that is the one thing I strongly dislike about eyes; the evil eye.

Eyes are beautiful. Whether they are grey, golden, green, blue, brown, or hazel, they are intriguing and wonderful. They can tell you a lot about a person’s personality and mood. All you need to do is look with your own eyes and see it in theirs.
I fell through dark abyss not sure where I was falling
Deeper and deeper I fell into darkness
All around me I saw nothing
Finally, but without warning, I hit something solid
I stood up and looked around
Great walls towered over me
I wondered how I got here, what happened before I got here
Then it was all clear

I was in my bedroom
Thinking who am I, why can’t I find myself?
Then before my eyes the walls began to fall
I was falling and now I’m here

“You are in the maze.”
I looked round to see where the voice was coming from
Yet I saw nothing
“Who are you?” I asked
I was scared out of my mind for the first time in awhile
Then it spoke again
“Find the way out and you will find yourself, if not you will die down here.”
“Find myself? Find my way out? Die?”

It all seemed impossible I was scared, excited to find out who I was
So I decided to take the maze head on
It was a very large maze, very foggy
Navigating seemed a little too hard
up ahead was a light
I got close to see, it was a torch
I took it with me

It wasn’t long until I ran into a gapped path
It was a broken path like a rock path in a pond; the stakes were a little higher if you missed a step
Then, to break the eerie silence the voice spoke again
“You will find many tests to help you find yourself in this maze.
Complete them and you will know yourself. For this one let your confidence guide you.”
I knew what must be done
I knew I had to cross the path
I guess the trick was not to look down
I took the first step and took a deep breath as made my way onto the first stone
I slowly inched my way across the path hoping not to fall

Then, out of nowhere, the stones began to shake and began to sink
I had to run now, but what if I slipped and fell
I ran but I took my time, careful not to slip
I made my way across just in time not to fall
“Good, you are now more confident. That will help you through the next trials,” The voice said
“Wait, who are you?” I asked
There was no reply
I continued my way through the maze
I came to a tunnel
“This is your next challenge; ignore what you hear and you will see;
soon you will understand not to follow what others say.”
I walked into the tunnel. I heard noises
Not just noises but voices
And still, not just voices, my friends' voices
“That dress does not look good on you,” one voice said
“Cut your hair it looks ugly,” another said
Then more voices came in and then more until it was one big jumble
I began to run, but the tunnel kept getting longer
I had to learn to ignore
I stopped running and yelled “I am who I want to be!”
Then all at once the voices stopped
“Well done, now it's time to move on to the next one.”

I moved on through the maze
I wandered for many hours,
Or what seemed like many hours
I think I was lost, but was not quite sure
Then as I turned a corner, I ran into a mirror
Not just metaphorically, but literally
I fell back on my butt and I looked into the mirror

There, in the mirror, was me with lots of friends
my friends were changing me, putting clothes on me
Changing my facial expressions and moving my body to their liking
After awhile of me staring, the voice spoke again
“You need to look inside yourself. Find who you are.”

I looked into the mirror, then inside myself
Then I found out that I was just me and I was who I was
Everything on the mirror changed
I stood there in the mirror, just my reflection
After that, the mirror shattered and fell apart
Leaving a door
“Come through the door and you will meet me.”

I walked through the door, there sitting on chair was a cat
“You’re a cat?” I said
“So? You don’t have anything against cats do you?”
“No, but I don’t get it. All this time I thought you were a handsome man and you’re a cat.”
“I appear as your personality.”
“So my personality is a cat?”
“Yes.”
“Who are you?”
“I’m known very well through out your world and I go by many names. You know who I am. Now wake up.”
“Wake up?”
All at once I woke up in my room
Everything was hazy
I guess it was all a dream but I still felt different
Now I can face the world knowing who I am
Seeing Stars While Having an Epiphany

written by Summer

artwork by Danica
Blake is a really popular girl in my class who can be mean or even rude. I think that she just needs to find out what she wants from life and that’s were the story starts...

For a little while, Blake had been being really mean; meaner than she normally is. Even her friends, who, by the way, are also rude, were telling her to calm down.

Her best friend, Lilly, came up to her, and they got into a really big fight.

Lilly was telling Blake that she needs to stop being a brat, and start being true to herself. Then it got really deep.

“Blake, you need to stop being what everyone else wants you to be, and just be yourself. Just because you’re not in a good place, doesn’t mean that you should take it out on other people.”

“You wanna know something Lilly? For once you need to take your own advice. STOP doing drugs. You know that when you do them, it hurts all of us, your friends and your family”

After that, Lilly took a swing at Blake, and then Lilly walked away.

At about 10:15PM Blake got a really bad phone call from Lilly’s mom, Sarah. “Sarah is this you? What? Slow down please. I…I can’t hear you! Ohh my GOD!”

After the full phone call, Blake hung up the phone and fell to the floor. “Aahhhhh…” she screamed.

“Blake, what’s wrong? Are you okay?” Her mom sat down beside her.

“NOOOO, MOM. I’M NOT!” Blake said with tears running down her face. “MOM…LILLY…”

“Yes?” Blake’s mom said with a very concerned face

“LILLY IS DEAD …SHE WAS IN A CAR CRASH!!!!”

After Blake talked to her mom for a little while, she went to her room and went to sleep. She had a dream where she saw herself as other people see her. Blake was dreaming. She saw her friend Lilly.

Lilly was telling her that she really needs to change if she wants to make it in life. Then Blake saw herself ripping a big part of her skin off. She didn’t know what that meant, but she knew it meant something.

When Blake woke up, she remembered her dream. She knew the dream really meant something.

Once Blake got dressed, she went to school and she talked to all of the people that she was mean to. This is a lot by the way, so that whole day she was telling people that she was sorry.
STONED

On how Perseus was petrified by Medusa

Written by Julia
Art by Rachel
Scene 1

Narrator 0: In our ancient Greek society, there are tales of brave deeds and horrific monsters. One of these tales is of Perseus and Medusa, and this cast is about to present to you how the tale unfolded. This is the last performance of this play, and soon after, the brave Perseus truly will kill Medusa, and you will watch both of them tonight. She will be killed in reality for tonight’s show. Thank you for coming, and we hope you will enjoy this performance. Tonight we are privileged to be able to have the real Medusa and Perseus join us for this performance.

(Narrator 0 exits stage left and Perseus enters from Stage Right)

Narrator 1: We bring to you the story of the heroic Perseus, the foul gorgon Medusa, and the great deed that he has done for society by ridding us of her.

Narrator 2: Here we see a cave, dingy and dark, with statues of men, women, children, babies, various livestock, fish, and even a baby sea turtle carved from the purest marble lining the walls of the cave. This is the scene of a crime most horrid that has claimed the lives of so many innocent people.

Narrator 1: Ah, here comes the heroic Perseus now! He shall slay the demon who has polluted these waters for many a year.

Perseus: Ah, here I come! I shall kill the wretched beast known as Medusa, who has claimed the lives of so many innocents! I have my sword here in my right hand, the mirror I shall use to see the beast without turning to stone in my left. I shall now creep up on her in her sleep, cut off her head, and be done with the foul being!

(Medusa enters from behind the curtain, appearing to come from inside of the cave. She is wearing a mask to keep from turning the audience to stone. She yawns, stretches her arms above her head, and then lies down on the sofa, apparently asleep.)

Narrator 2: Ah, here is the beast now, sleeping so ignorantly in her den of evil. Slay her, Perseus, slay her!

Perseus: I shall slay the beast now, holding my mirror and walking backwards so as not to see her face and be turned to stone.

(He walks backwards to Medusa, and then raises the sword above her head, about to strike. He lowers the sword swiftly, but then Medusa reaches up and grabs his wrist with her hand. Her mask falls off as she knocks him backwards.)

Medusa: Perseus, can’t we just stop this already? This is getting really old really fast. Could we PLEASE just rewrite this play so that I win for once?

Perseus: Medusa, shut up! Just play dead. Do we really have to have you whining?
each and every time we put on this performance?

**Narrator 1**: BOTH of you shut up! The audience is getting restless and confused. Just go back to your parts and we can continue; hopefully people won’t want to leave.

**Narrator 2**: Look! The first wave is leaving the ampitheatre; hurry up and go back to your work!

**Perseus**: And so, I am about to slay this hideous beast, to get revenge for those families who have been wronged by her murderous deeds to innocents – a horrible death by turning to stone!

**Stone People**: Avenge us, Perseus, avenge us!

(Perseus strikes a heroic pose, then, caught up in the moment, turns to slay Medusa without use of the mirror. He is turned to stone, signified by white powder falling from the catwalk. A stagehand quickly places a pile of mirrors on stage right, and a pile of swords on stage left.)

**Narrator 1**: Run, run! Our hero has been bested!

**Audience Member 1**: Run, run for our lives!

**Audience Member 2**: Oh, look! There is a conveniently large pile of mirrors over there we can use to slay her!

**Audience Member 3**: Quick, grab them, for we can walk backwards and slay her with our daggers and the gladiator’s swords that were conveniently left over there by the gladiators that were fighting to the death earlier!

**General Audience**: Get her!!

(Each member of the audience grabs a sword and mirror and starts walking backwards to Medusa. She shrieks, then runs off stage left.)

**Scene II**

(The scene opens on a rocky area, with jagged cliffs on stage right. Medusa rushes towards them from stage left, then halts a few feet from the cliffs. She looks up, then faces the audience.)

**Medusa**: Oh great gods of misfortune! Please, why won’t you shine down upon me?

(She turns her face upwards and towards stage left.)

**Medusa**: Athena, wasn’t your first curse enough? Why must you punish me so? I’m sorry, I truly am! I never should have loved Poseidon in your temple in such a manner, nor will I ever glorify my former beauty in such a way. Please, just lift this curse. I do not wish to harm people; to turn them to stone. I long to speak to people once more and have them actually RESPOND, rather than stand quiet as the stone itself – literally. I beg of you, please!

**Voice from Above (Athena)**: You have not learned your lesson. You foolishly flaunted your features, and you shall continue to be punished for all of eternity, or until you die; whichever comes first.

**Medusa**: Please! I beg of you, do not leave me! Take pity on me!

(There is a rumbling, presumably of thunder, and a flash of lightning. It begins to rain, and Medusa looks sadly at her hands. The snakes that make up her hair all lift their heads, and she listens for a moment, a hand to her ear.)

**Medusa**: What? What is that I hear? The villagers are gaining! I must flee! Oh? What is that? Oh my, a tunnel! I will barely fit, but I must take the chance!

(She exits via a tunnel through the cliffs to stage right.)
Scene III

(There is an ocean on stage right, taking up most of the room. On stage left, the cliffs can be seen “in the distance.” There are sharp, jagged rocks in the ocean, and it is still raining, sounding thunder and flashing lighting. Medusa enters from stage left, looks towards the ocean and cries out with pain. She collapses onto one knee, and there are shouts heard in the distance.)

**Shouting:** She’ll be somewhere near here! Come, let us hurry to slay the foul beast that killed our heroic Perseus.

**Medusa:** Oh dear Athena, please take pity on me! I am so weary, and I simply can not continue like this. I do not want to turn people to stone, but this curse you have set upon me gives me no choice. I do not want to be outcast from society, but you have given me no choice. Please remove this curse!

(Shouts are heard in the distance as Medusa falls to her knees onto the floor, her ragged toga starting to fall apart. Suddenly, a crash of lightning, and Athena appears, clothed completely in white, wearing a shining golden helmet. She is in the spotlight held from above in the catwalk, creating a ‘light from the heavens’ effect.)

**Athena:** You would have me remove my curse, despite it being well deserved? You would have me fall back on my word as a goddess of wisdom and war? Never shall I give in to your ridiculous commands. I am an immortal being, and you are a mere gorgon. I shall never listen to you. Besides, I could not remove this curse even if I wanted to. I am no goddess of beauty, and as such, I cannot restore you.

(Suddenly, there is a flash of lightning, and the ocean seems to rise. Poseidon appears from the sea, riding a wooden horse with a fish’s tail. He is under another spotlight from above.)

**Athena:** Oh, how kind of you to join us, Poseidon. What do you want?

**Poseidon:** You should call upon Aphrodite, Athena. Medusa has suffered enough, don’t you think? She has turned all those who she once loved, save one, to stone. Do you not think that punishment enough by itself? How would you feel to have those who you love killed by you – without you even trying?

**Athena:** She deserved it. You two fouled my temple, and I shall not forgive that.

**Poseidon:** Are you truly that selfish? I thought you were the goddess of wisdom, Athena. So petty a deed does not befit you. Call upon Aphrodite before I do. Zeus shall not be happy with your hypocrisy.

(There is a flurry of rose petals, and then a flash of light. Aphrodite appears, once more in a spotlight.)

**Aphrodite:** Hello, darlings. Did I hear you call me? Oh, who is this HIDEOUS creature?

**Athena:** That, dear Aphrodite, (She gestures to Medusa, looking disgusted) is Medusa, a mortal who I cursed to be forever ugly. She turns mortals and animals alike, not that there’s much difference, into stone with her horrid appearance.

**Poseidon:** Aphrodite, Medusa has been cursed in this way for over fifty years. Do you not think this is a long enough sentence? She has turned all she cares about to stone, and shall most likely never see care and tenderness again unless this curse is
undone. Take pity on her, Aphrodite, and restore her beauty.

**Aphrodite:** I cannot let people see me in the presence of such an ugly beast! My reputation will be ruined if this gets out! Now the only solutions are to either go back in time or make her beautiful enough to be seen near me.

**Poseidon:** So you'll take pity on her?

**Aphrodite:** You force my hand, Poseidon, but I shall comply. I will play along with your little charade to improve my reputation. *(She shakes her head, and purposefully flips her golden hair around her gracefully.)* Oh, I shall do more than that for this poor wretched being. Even a MORTAL deserves better than this. I am appalled at you, Athena. I thought you were the goddess of wisdom, not the goddess of being a jerk and of vengeance. Hephaestus, come here, please.

(There is yet another flash of light, and Hephaestus appears, apparently annoyed at the interruption.)

**Hephaestus:** What do you WANT? I was in the middle of crafting a fine sword, thank you very much, and would quite like to get back to doing so.

**Aphrodite:** Oh great Hephaestus, we are in need of your help. Here is Medusa, a poor soul who has turned beings to stone accidentally with her repulsive visage. I am going to restore her beauty, but I was wondering if perhaps you could grant her the gift of having her victims returned from stone.

**Stone People:** Please, turn us back, oh powerful Hephaestus!

**Athena:** No. I forbid this. Do not take pity upon this wretch, for she is a horrible, pathetic excuse for life – even worse than most mortals!

**Aphrodite:** Too bad. You have spited me a few times, and now Poseidon has sort of blackmailed me, so I must do this.

(Many rose petals fall from the catwalk and cover Medusa. There is a flash of light, and she stands up, transformed.)

**Medusa:** Oh! Thank you, great Aphrodite! I am very grateful for your kindness and generosity! *(She looks at herself)* Oh my! I am truly more beautiful than before! Thank you, Aphrodite, thank you! I shall worship you for all of my life! You are truly the most beautiful and most gracious goddess! Thank you!

**Aphrodite:** Now now, don’t be silly. You should worship me, yes, and for the rest of your life, but not just me. Hephaestus helped too! And by the way, while you’re worshipping me, try to scatter rose petals at my various altars whenever you possibly can

(There is the sound of groaning, and a group of people covered in white flecks of dust rush in.)

**Stone People:** Thank you, great Hephaestus, for restoring us to our former glory! We shall worship you forever! Thank you!

**Athena:** Well, I cannot undo what has been done now. *(She growls, then there is another flash and she has disappeared.)*

**Poseidon:** Well, my work here is nearly done. Thank you, Aphrodite and Hephaestus, I shall not forget this.

*(Aphrodite and Hephaestus nod, then disappear in a flash of light.)*

**Audience:** Look, over there! A beautiful maiden! Maybe she can tell us where Medusa went!

**Poseidon:** Now now, folks, you are looking at Medusa, for she has been changed to her former self. Do not harm her, or there will be much pain and suffering.

**Audience:** Yes, Poseidon!

(There is a final flash of light, and Poseidon disappears.)

**Audience:** Gee, do they ALL appear and disappear in flashes of light? Now our eyes hurt. Dang it!

*(The audience and stone people leave, and only Medusa remains. The narrators enter, one from stage right, the other from stage left.)*

**Narrator 1:** Here ends the tale of Medusa’s misfortune. All has worked out, and only new adventures await our heroine.

**Medusa:** Okay, you guys are getting creepy. I’m just going to go now, and leave you folks to finish up this play. Bye now! *(She exits stage left.)*
Narrator 2: Thus, the tale of Medusa’s misfortune ends.
Narrator 1: I already said that! Anyway, goodbye, dear audience, and thank you for coming!

(Perseus wanders on stage from stage left, then looks around bewildered.)
Perseus: Geeze, can a guy not get a break? First I was turned to stone, then I got the worst case of stiff bones ever, and now I’ve been left behind!

(Narrator 0 enters stage left, grabs Perseus, then drags him off stage left. The stage lights dim. Soft, sweet music begins to play, and the curtain closes. The cast walks in, takes their bows, and the play is truly over.)
orthogenique
Loss of Identity

Written by: Asher
Artwork by: Nick
How do you know
Who you are
When you lose your sense of
identity?

When you can’t tell who you
are
Do you lose your humanity?
Do you succumb
To insanity?

When you lose your identity
Do you become any less
Than a mannequin?

When you come upon a
mirror
What will it reflect
When you lack an identity?

Without an identity
Is your life
A purpose of utmost vanity?

Without a sense of identity,
Lacking personality,
How can you be known as
human?

You cannot
Will not be able
To exist without your identity
Coexistence

Compromise

O'school

aliens

College

Camp

Symbiotic relationships

hotel

Group home

Mall

Zoo

Parties

animals

republicans/democrats

Fast Food Places

hair cutting

Ebony/Ivory

Roommates

Hospitals

Religions

races

Eddie

Surgery

Classroom

Michelle

Teachers

Shopping

Siblings/Family

Friends
ROOMMATES
Written by: Kaitlin
Artwork by: Kayla C.
In the city of New York there are thousands of beautiful apartment buildings that a lot of people can live in together. When Anna Sullivan, age 21, moved to New York from Chicago, though, she had a really hard time finding an apartment to live in.

Then one hot summer day in June, Anna found a really great add in the newspaper about an apartment building that had a really nice apartment in Anna’s price range. When Anna went to look at the apartment she loved it right away. Surprisingly, it had a lot of space as well. She realized that she would have to have a roommate, which made her sort of uncomfortable, because she has a really hard time living with other people sometimes.

Anna loved the apartment so, so much that she decided that she wanted to move in anyway. She also decided that she would work really hard to live with a roommate. So, once Anna had signed the papers for the apartment, she met her new roommate, Becky Summers. Becky seemed nice at first, but Anna didn’t know how wrong she was about her. She was told that she could move in anytime.

The day of Monday June 12th had come around, and Anna was really excited. Today was the day that she was going to move into her new apartment. She was finally going to get out of the hotel that she had been staying in while she was searching for a place to live.

When Anna got to the apartment with all of her stuff, she moved it in and started to unpack right away. She was really giddy because she was finally on her own and independent now.

While Anna was unpacking, Becky came out of her room, got right up in Anna’s face and started being really mean and bossy towards her. “Okay Anna, here’s how this is going to work. You will not touch any of my stuff, you will stay away from my room, and you will have to buy your own furniture for the apartment.”

“That’s not fair. Why can’t we just share everything?” Anna said.

“Because I said so,” Becky said.

Then, just as Becky was about to leave for the entire day, she turned around and told Anna one last thing. “Oh, and one more thing Anna. If you don’t do what I tell you, then I will make sure that you’re evicted from this apartment in a heartbeat.” With that said, Becky walked out the apartment door and slammed it behind her.

As Anna was standing in her new apartment alone now, she thought to herself that what Becky had told her was really unfair. She also felt that Becky was really mean and obnoxious. It was her first day in her new apartment, and already she didn’t really like her new roommate. She thought to herself, though, that she might as well just do what Becky says, put on a happy face, and just deal with living with her, because she really didn’t want to lose the apartment space that she loved so much.

It was now almost 1:00 in the morning, and Becky still hadn’t come home yet. Anna was lying on her bed in her new bedroom, just staring at the ceiling wondering where she could be. Then, all of a sudden, Anna heard her apartment door open and hit the wall really hard. It startled her, so she went to see who was there. When she came out of her room, she saw Becky standing in the living room. She looked really out of it and very pale.

“Hey Becky, are you okay? You don’t look too good,” Anna said.

“What business of it is yours? Just leave me alone, okay?” Becky said.

“Okay, I’m sorry. I just wanted to make sure that you were okay. You don’t have to be really rude when someone asks you a question,” Anna said.

“Whatever,” Becky said.
After that they both went to sleep for the night, not saying another word to one another.

As the months went by, every night, Becky continued to go out and she would always end up coming home really late.

Even though Anna didn’t really like her that much because of the way she treated her, she still continued to get concerned for Becky when she came home in the same kind of state every night. Each time she said something, Becky would just be really rude and nasty, and then they would end up in a big argument again. So, Anna just decided not to ask her about it anymore.

One night at around 7:00, Anna got a phone call from the hospital telling her that her roommate Becky was injured and beaten badly.

“She told us to call you for her emergency contact,” the woman said.

Anna was really surprised, but she got to the hospital as fast as she could. She thought to herself, “Why would Becky have me as her emergency contact?”

When Anna reached the hospital and Becky’s room, she saw the state that her roommate was in and started to really worry about her. As Anna sat next to Becky’s bedside, she started to wonder how someone could do something so horrible like this to somebody, even if they are really nasty and mean.

While Anna was sitting in Becky’s room, Becky’s doctor came in and told Anna that after Becky was better, she would then be sent to rehab so she could get her drug problem under control. Anna felt really bad for Becky. She just couldn’t imagine what she must be going through right now.

After Becky got out of the hospital she went to rehab for her drug problem. Anna now had the responsibility of looking after the whole apartment by herself. Anna would often go and visit Becky and send her positive letters, but every time she did those things for her she would sense that Becky was miserable because she would just be mean and nasty to Anna all the time she tried to help her.

After a while, Anna started to see and hear kindness come from Becky towards her. It surprised Anna a lot because all she knew of Becky was that she was mean, nasty, and hard to live with sometimes.

One day Anna had gotten a letter from Becky telling her that the treatment plan that’s she was on was starting to really help her a lot, and the people there were also really supportive and helpful. Becky said that if she kept working hard and letting the treatment and people help her, then she should be out of rehab in a couple of months. Anna was really happy about that for Becky.

A couple of months had passed, and Becky was finally out of rehab and back at her apartment. When she got back, Becky sat Anna down and explained to her that she was sorry for how she’s treated her and that now she wants to try and get along better with her. She also told Anna that she still might come off as mean and nasty sometimes, and that she’s sorry if she does, but she’s not perfect and she can’t promise anything. She said she was going to try her absolute hardest to be a lot nicer to Anna.

Anna accepted Becky’s apology, and after that they both agreed to work with one another, be nice to one another, and help each other the best that they could. As the years went by, everything had started to get better between Anna and Becky. They really started to like living together now, shared almost everything together now, and they even went out together sometimes and had fun. Anna and Becky became closer, and now they were best friends, like close sisters. They were completely inseparable.
Written by Julia

Art by Rachel
“What are you doing?”

I was annoyed, and I had good reason to be. That was MY water dish! Skemer had no right to use it! Maybe I should back up a bit, as you’re most likely one of those unintelligent humans that never knows what’s going on.

I’m not sure if you even know this, being a human, but I’m a cat. My name is Swift. Swift Racer. I’m a gorgeous cat, in fact. I have the prettiest, cleanest, silkiest, and overall best midnight-black fur on this side of the train tracks. I never go to the other side, since that would mess up my fur, and that’s another reason why I’m the cleanest cat on this side of town. All the girls just adore me. If I walk by, you can see lady-cats faint all around me. I’m just the most amazing cat to be seen in these parts. Oh, did I mention I’m the cleanest?

Anyway, this is my journal. I’m recording this in my memory to write down later. You may not know, but we cats are smart enough...
to understand everything you say and write. YOU, on the other hand, can’t decipher what we say.

Back to where we were. Right now, I’m in my kitchen, and I’m about to go attack Skemer, his full name is Ben Ali Skemer, according to my human, Mitchell, for stealing my water dish. The ugly brute is getting his disgusting saliva in my pure drinking water!

************
We’ve always fought. Skemer is a big, annoying, stupid, old, brute. He only beats me because of his size! He has no brains, but for once brawn wins over brains. I always have to watch my back after I’ve attacked him, because he has a tendency to fight back.

For example, there was a time when I was using the litterbox, and he walked by! Of all the indecencies! Would I go and watch him while he was in the yard using the facilities? No! Seriously, Skemer needs to exercise some common sense! He claimed that he was only looking for his ball that he had lost a while back, and that his head was facing away from me, but that’s just not an excuse. After all, he might have looked out of the corners of his eyes!

************
Ugh. I’m all dirty now. The brute beat me! Not only did he bite me and ruffle my fur, but he got his slobber all over me! I’d better go find that basin that Mitchell calls a ‘sink.’ I do so hate water, but it’s better than stupid old DOG drool.

************
Okay, I’m all soaked now. It’s time to lick myself so that my fur dries and gets in order.

Oh, greatest Bast, thank you! So today’s been pretty hard on me, right? Well, I just saw the most beautiful cat I’ve seen in my life! I’m about to go over there and talk to her, wish me luck!

Ugh. She rejected me. I walked up to her in a smooth strut, started a great conversation, and she lifted her tail and walked away in disgust! Ugh, now I’m alone again—wait, what? I’d better take a break from mentally writing this – Skemer’s coming.

Okay, that wasn’t so bad. Skemer wasn’t actually that bad to talk to. Sure, he was a little dumb, but he seemed to understand at least a LITTLE of what I said. He was actually a bit sympathetic. One problem, though, was when I told him about how drop-dead gorgeous I am. Cats, being the most intelligent and stylish, usually drop their jaws and stare at me. He, however, seemed unimpressed, and even fell down to the floor and guffawed. I would say laughed or some other word like it, but his laugh was so crude and disgusting that any dignified word wouldn’t fit. Apparently, he has no taste for beauty.

“Swift,” he said, “you’re don’t look so good. The cats don’t think you’re beautiful, they laugh at your ugliness.” I glared at him indignantly, but he just laughed even harder. “Hey, don’t pout! It’s better that I tell you the truth, right?”

“It’s NOT the truth!” I had been growing angrier and angrier by the minute. Soon after, when I felt I couldn’t contain the flurry of burning spiders skittering all over my chest, he held his paw to my forehead. Of all the indecencies! I was not about to take that without a fight! I charged at him, or at least tried to. I couldn’t actually get anywhere because of his freaking paw. Stupid, ugly, evil, stupid, awful, annoying brute! He is just so stupid! I finally just deflated, my ego having taken a blow, and retreated to the safety of Mitchell’s room. I curled up on the bed, the tip of my tail twitching as I retreated into my thoughts.

I had fallen asleep, when I felt this wet thing crawling up my back. I awoke instantly, and realized it was Skemer’s tongue. “Hey,” he said apologetically, “I’m sorry for being mean earlier. I was mad at you, and I shouldn’t have said that stuff.”

I glanced at him suspiciously. ‘Could this be a trick?’ I thought to myself. I decided to trust him, for now anyway.

Okay, it’s been a few days since I last wrote in this journal. Skemer and I are pretty much best buds now, and the Chihuahua who I previously considered a big brute turned out to actually be a gentle friend. Sure, he’s not as smart as I am, but hey, I’m working on that. Knowledge spreads, you know?

Mitchell has seemed to notice how we don’t fight every day, and the trickle of new toys that used to come every two months has become a river that delivers new toys at least once a week. We’re happy and we get along now, and you know what? Life is great. Who cares about those lady cats anyway, when you have a best friend?
The Not So Long Abruptly Ending Short Story Of Fred The Dung Beetle

Written by Derrick
Artwork By Aaron
People always say that humans are the dominant species on the planet, yet deep down inside aren’t we all animals? See, what I don’t get is why people keep putting us down. We have just as much right to live here as anyone else. Hell, we were here first. Anyway, my name is Fred, and I’m a dung beetle. Everyone always puts me down just because I eat poo. It’s not my fault that people don’t eat poo; they should try it. Dung beetles just want to coexist with humans, and we have formulated a plan.

The Great Oak was the HQ for us dung beetles and that’s where operation CWH, Coexist with Humans, took place. From the start, there was always the DBA, or the Dung Beetle Association; every beetle in the region of Montana goes to the meetings. Of course, there’s more than one meeting space. So, I was on my way to that meeting, and it was a nice day, the sun was shining the birds were chirping, which wasn’t exactly a good thing seeing how I was a beetle, and everything was going well, when I ran into one of the commanding officers of the Dung Beetle Army.

“Hello officer.” I said “what brings you here today?” “Operation CWH is beginning and they want you to be a part of it.” He said.

The officer was big and bulky. He was kind of intimidating. “Why me?” I asked.

“Because you’re one of the founders of the CWH.” “Yeah, but I didn’t think that you were going to actually do it.” “Well we are and you’re going to lead the project.” “What!?” I protested “I’m not cut out to lead it.” “Well regardless, you’re coming with me.” He grabbed my leg and led, well I should say dragged, me down the path to the Great Oak.
I was like a two-year-old throwing a tantrum, kicking, and screaming. Of course my kicking and screaming was pointless; the officer was twice my size. It was worth the drama, though. Halfway there I gave up, and he let me go and asked if I would like to walk the rest of the way. I told him sure, and I walked willingly to the Great Oak.

When we got there, it had been turned into a giant ray thing of doom. Well, of course it was of doom because this had to be the end of us. Surely we did not think this through and that ray gun thing would be the death of us.

“What is that?” I asked kind of amused yet bewildered. “That, my friend, is the supersize me ray.” “Umm okay but what does it do?” “Exactly what the name suggests.” My heart sank into my stomach at those words. “So you’re saying it’s going to make us big?” “Yep. Then we’re going to put on people clothes and make a treaty with the humans.” “This will only end in tears. We should run from this thing and leave well enough alone.”

He looked at me bewildered and said, “It was your idea.” The look on my face when he said that must have been priceless because he started cracking up. “Your Fa…” He stopped mid sentence as everything around us went dark. We looked up, then scattered. I jumped out of the way just in time to avoid getting stepped on, but by the time I tried to move out of the way of the second step, it was too late; my abdomen was crushed, and as the foot shook me off, I saw my life flash before…….
It all started with a rainbow. A double complete rainbow. Many times in my life have I wondered about the beauty that this Universe holds, and there it was. That alignment of colors that seemed to brighten my day, my life, and my sky.

What it did the most, was open my eyes.

You see, my mother and I are good friends, although we have had our many, many differences. I guess coming to the O’ School has helped that. We’ve bonded, but never have I seen what she sees, nor her me.

I guess that’s the beauty of a rainbow. To open our eyes, and to see the world from a new perspective. It was that double rainbow that started this, for it was then that my mother was screaming at the top of her lungs at the sight of it. I love my mother, and naturally when I heard her scream, I thought something was wrong. We actually almost swerved off the road! Then I saw it, and it was then that I saw her. For the very first time I saw her.

Something in her smile and silly laughter made me see my mother as only a few had seen before. Forget her cares, forget her burdens, her children, her strife; everything. It was her, and her childlike manner; she was innocent again, she was a kid, she was herself. Seeing that brought tears to my eyes, for I could see my mom, and for the first time we saw the same thing in that double rainbow.

After years of trying, it was that rainbow that taught my mother and I how to coexist.

Amazing isn’t it? To see the world with the same pair of eyes, to live in existence knowing that there is someone else out there to see you for you. That is what it takes; looking at others the way you’re mother looked at you, the way you would want to be looked at. Maybe someday, some way, we’ll be able to coexist. To know that around the world, maybe someone was looking at the same sky, at the same time, in the same way. Maybe what it takes to coexist is to understand each other, and to know that deep down there is a person in all of us. That is what gets me through the day, knowing that there is someone who can understand, someone who can actually know what I have gone through, and am going through.

So next time you’re angry with someone or do not understand, look up at the sky and realize just what it means to coexist.
I hate pens. I just do. The good pens that have high quality ink just can’t be erased. If you mess
up, you have to either scratch out whatever you just did, or you have to start over. However, if you go the
easier, and quicker, route, whatever you were working on now has a big ink blotch that detracts from the
overall neatness of the item. If you decide to simply start over, all your previous work is worth nothing. Now
technically, you could use white-out. Unfortunately, most white-outs look awful when applied to the paper.
They are lumpy, they aren’t the right tint of white for the paper, and they’re just generally a mess. Pens are
awful. For me, I simply refuse to work with pens unless absolutely necessary.

On the flip side, there are people who don’t like pencils. I really don’t understand why; pencils can
erase mistakes you make that would otherwise ruin your work. One of my teachers says that some people
prefer to not have to erase what they do, though I don’t understand this. He also says that some people
prefer pens because you can write in different colors. Now, this I understand. I love color, and I love to use
color. However, in my opinion at least, this does not make up
for the lack of ability to be corrected.

In my shoulder bag that I use for school,
I have a pouch for writing utensils and post-it
note materials. In this pouch exist a variety
of materials and objects that I use in
everyday life, such as school supplies
and earphones. This includes two
pencils, one working pen, and one
broken pen.

I don’t know why those
pens are even in there. Mostly, I just
haven’t bothered to throw them out
yet.

People are thrown out
sometimes too, albeit metaphorically
and not literally. Often times, students are
thrown out because of their behavior, their
difficulties with school and earning the highest
grades, or even both.

For example, imagine a high school classroom.
Some students will get higher grades than others. Some people will get the highest grades, as opposed to
others, who may be deemed as ‘stupid.’ These students will also be less likely to get the best scholarships.
In essence, society may “throw out” these students, as they probably won’t get the help that they need to
succeed.

I used to be a student like that, but now I’m getting help to be successful. I know many students
who aren’t as lucky as I am. They aren’t getting help. In my opinion, they are being forgotten, left
behind to the point where they may always be living a hard life, not having gotten the grades to get the
scholarship to go to college and get the best jobs. They may never have time to relax.

Just like pens and the pencils, people will likely prefer one student to another. An employer may
not hire the students with the poorer grades, leaving them to be tossed aside, forgotten. I was lucky
enough to be surrounded by people who care about me deeply, and who wouldn’t allow me to fall. I am
getting help because of them, and for that I am very grateful.

With their help, I will someday be able to achieve my dreams, and it will be them who I thank. I will
no longer need to isolate myself from the world, but instead coexist with the people around me. I will be
able to find the people who prefer me and my way of thinking, because of my parents, teachers, and
other supportive people around me. I will be able to lead a successful life. I hope that they will read this,
or that I will find another way with which to send my message to them. To them, I say this, “Thank you for
my life.” I am not a throwaway.
FROM NIGHT

Written By Julie

Watercolor By Matt
“If you don’t back off of Brett, I swear I’ll scream!” Jenna yelled at Cody.
“I don’t even like Brett! He’s a stupid jock!” Cody shot back.

Cody and Jenna had been roommates at a private boarding school, Montresni High, for almost four months, and they never got along. Jenna was the pretty popular cheerleader who every guy wanted and every girl wanted to be. Cody was the outcast, as some would say, but was just as beautiful as Jenna in her own way. Brett was the captain of the soccer team, and every girl wanted to be his girlfriend; every girl except Cody.

“I know you like him! You stare at him every day during chemistry class! I’ve seen you! And you know how much I like him!” Jenna accused.

“He sits right in front of me! Of course I stare at him! His big head is always in my way!” Jenna had been sure that Cody liked Brett for the past two months, and because she wanted him for herself, she would stop at nothing to convince herself that Cody didn’t like him anymore.

“What is it with you cheerleaders and ridiculous boy drama?” Cody asked.

“It’s not ridiculous! I know you like Brett! Every girl does!” Jenna cried out as she swept the long blond hair out of her perfectly sculpted face. Cody smirked at how ridiculously girly Jenna was.

“Don’t laugh at me. I don’t think it’s funny that you’re trying to steal my future boyfriend!”

“HA!” Cody cried out, as she headed to the door.

“You can’t just walk away! You know that!”

“Whatever Jenna,” said Cody as she slammed the door behind her.

“Hey Cody,” Brett said as he walked up behind her.

“What?” Cody said as coldly as she possibly could. It didn’t stop the persistent Brett however.

“Listen, prom is coming up, and I was wondering if you were going with someone.”

“Yes. Myself. Go away. Ask someone of your own social status.”

“What if I said I don’t want to go with someone my own ‘social status’? What if I said I wanted to go with you?”

“I would probably go throw up in the trash can over there.” Cody shot him a look that seemed to be the face of death. It was clear that she wanted him gone, but he wouldn’t leave.

“Come on, go to prom with me,” Brett seemed to beg, grabbing Cody’s arm and preventing her from leaving.

“Let go,” Cody said, trying in vain to pull her arm away.

“You know you want to go with me. Every girl at this damn Montresni High wants to go with me.”

“Are you that conceited? That stupid? I don’t want to go with you! I’d rather go to prom with a dung beetle than with you! Now let me go!” Just then, Jenna walked by, seeing Brett holding onto Cody.

“You liar!” Jenna screamed running back towards their room. Cody pulled her arm away from Brett and ran after her roommate.

“How could you do that? Why would you lie to me?” Jenna was able to cry out between sobs.

“Listen, I don’t like him. Not at all. If you want him he’s yours. Enjoy. He’s a jerk and nothing more than that. I don’t want him,” Cody said, proceeding to explain what had happened.

“So, you really don’t like him?” Jenna said, wiping the tears away from her eyes.

“Hell no! He’s such a sleaze!” Cody had to giggle a little at that. Jenna was even able to join in.

“Well, I guess I believe you,” Jenna said.

“You guess? What’s not to believe?” Suddenly the most brilliant idea popped into Cody’s head.

“We have to live with each other for what, the next five or six months right?”

“Yeah?” Jenna asked a quizical look on her face.

“Well, how about we have a little fun in sabotaging Brett’s prom night?”

“And how exactly would we do that?”

“I go to prom with him and totally ruin his image. What’s more important to a guy like him than
his ego?” Jenna couldn’t help but to utter a slight laugh at Cody’s way-to-true statement.
"I don’t know. I really like Brett,” Jenna sort of whimpered.
“You like that piece of garbage? Still? After the way he treats you and every other girl? He doesn’t want a girlfriend. He wants a trophy! Something that he can show off to the world saying ‘look at me, I have the hottest girlfriend out of all of you!’ He only cares about himself! He doesn’t like you, and believe me, he doesn’t like me either! So, are you in or what?”
“Ok, fine. But what exactly would we do?” Jenna seemed somewhat anxious, so Cody laid out all the dirty details.

It was finally prom night and everything was set. As Jenna waited in the bedroom for Cody to finish getting dressed, she went over everything she had to do in her head.
Cody came out, and she looked beautiful. Her brunette hair was tied up in an elaborate bun, her green eyes shone like emeralds. Her dress was long and black, with a design of crystals going all around it. She was stunning.
“Ready to go?” Jenna asked her roommate.
“Ready to get even at least.” Cody was self conscious about how she looked, but with a little ego-booster from Jenna she was ready.

It was forty-five minutes into the dance. Jenna and Cody were in position. Everything was going as planned.
“Hey babe. Want some punch?” Brett asked Cody.
“Sure thing!” Cody replied, with a voice so high pitched that even a dog would shudder. Of course, it didn’t bother Brett. All he cared about was the fact that he was at prom with a hot girl.
When he got back with the punch, Cody’s back was turned to him, and she was flirting with Brett’s best friend Mike.
“Oh my god, Mike, I can’t believe how good you look in a tux! AHH!!!” She squealed and once again made everyone around her shudder. A little peeved, but not yet fazed, Brett tapped the flirtatious Cody on the shoulder.
“Oh good! The punch! I’m PARCHED!” Cody grabbed the cup from Brett, causing it to spill all down the front of his tux.
“Damn! This was expensive! Watch it next time!” Brett cried out. After a few minutes of cleaning up however, he was fine again. Now he wanted to dance.
“I love dancing!” Cody squealed. “We have to dance by Jenna though! She’s the best roommate ever!”

She grabbed his hand and almost dragged him to the other side of the room, so that everyone could see that she was in control, not him.

When they got to the other end of the room another player on Brett’s soccer team came up to Brett.

“Dude, she’s got you whipped!”

Brett replied simply by saying, “No she doesn’t. No one does.”

The other guy, and most of the people around him, didn’t believe Brett. This, of course, was stage two in the plot to destroy Brett, phase one being Cody playing the annoying valley girl and pissing off everyone around her.

Seeing Jenna, Cody winked, indicating that so far the plan was working. It was time for Jenna to play her part. She walked over to Cody and Brett and stepped in between them.

“Hey Brett,” she whispered into his ear, “Why’d you go to prom with a nobody like Cody. You could’ve gone with a somebody like me.”

“What?” asked a bewildered Brett.

“You know everyone in this room is questioning your sanity because you brought her instead of me. Why don’t we quickly and quietly just slip away from this thing, and we can have each other to ourselves?” Brett nodded, and they slowly began to make their way as far from Cody as they could.

During this time, Cody had stood back and “angrily” watched the whole scenario play out, while really trying as hard as she could to control her laughter. Finally it was time for her to butt back into the picture.

“I’m sorry, Jenna, but what are you doing? I can hear you from back here!” She yelled, shoving her roommate hard.

“What the hell? Are you really that pathetic, Cody? Did you really think you would win and take away what I rightfully deserve? HA! You are so naïve!” Jenna responded, pushing Cody hard into the person behind her.

“I’m so sorry!” Cody said to the person she had hit. “I can’t help it if my roommate’s out of control!”

“Oh no you did not!” Jenna screamed.

Brett, meanwhile, stood there dumbfounded. He didn’t know whether he should butt in himself, or just continue to stay out of it. At the same time, a crowd had gathered around the two feuding girls.

“How many times have I told you, Jenna, that I got him, not you?” Cody screamed back.

“Obviously not enough!”

The two girls then began to throw some punches, knowing that having two girls fight over him would ultimately boost Brett’s ever-growing ego. They, however, also knew the second part of this phase would ultimately knock him down a few pegs.

“It’s not like you even like him! You just want him to make me jealous!” Cody screamed, avoiding a blow to the face.

“What? You’re crazy! I don’t want to make you jealous! I want to make you CRY you’re so jealous! Of course I don’t like him! But neither do you!” Brett had turned red in the face as the crowd watching giggled and then laughed at this once high-and-mighty all star getting knocked down by two girls.

“And how many times have I told you that too? I hate him! He’s a stupid jock! The only reason I went with him was to throw it in all you cheerleaders’ pretty little faces that I, Cody Taylor, was asked to prom by the one and only vice you girls have!” She said, now throwing the punch, but purposely missing.

Suddenly one of the teachers came over to them.

“What in God’s name is going on over here?” She yelled.

“Nothing!” Cody said, entering into phase four of the plan.

“Yeah, we were just dancing! A dance off, you know!” Jenna joined in.

“All right girls, just keep the dancing to a minimum from now on, because it started to look like you two were fighting,” their teacher said.

“NO! I would never fight with Jenna!” Cody cried out.
Out of the corner of her eye, Cody could see Brett trying to walk away from the scene as quietly as he could. Apparently Jenna saw it too.

"By the way, Mrs. Jenkins, did you hear what Brett Sorson did?" Jenna cried out.

"No, I guess I didn’t," Mrs. Jenkins said, as Brett stopped dead in his tracks.

"Well, it’s sort of a funny story. Cody told it to me! When she went to meet Brett at his room, she heard him singing through the door. And you know what he was singing?"

"No, Jenna, what was he singing?" Mrs. Jenkins responded, even somewhat coldly.

"‘OOPS I DID IT AGAIN’ BY BRITNEY SPEARS!" The two girls yelled simultaneously as loudly as they could. Everyone around them burst into laughter, and even Mrs. Jenkins had to giggle a little bit.

"That’s not true! They’re lying! What the hell? It’s all lies!" Brett screamed, as everyone around him continued to laugh. His face was bright red, and he was sweating profusely. Now it was time to turn it up a notch.

"You’re right," Cody said. "It was a lie. He wasn’t really singing Britney Spears."

"Not at all," Jenna agreed. "We were just trying to be nice. In reality, he was singing HANNAH MONTANA!!!!!" With that, everyone burst into even more laughter. Mrs. Jenkins couldn’t even hold in the tears rolling down her face from laughing so hard.

"WHAT?" Brett screamed out as he grabbed his hair, trying to rip it out in embarrassment.

"Dude, you listen to Hannah Montana?" Mike said, walking up to him.

"Mike, you gotta believe me! That’s not true! I would never listen to Montana Hannah, or whatever she’s called! You know me! I’ve been your best friend for the past three years!"

"That must be why you never let me go to your room, you always gotta come to mine whenever we hang out. You don’t want me to see your Hannah Montana collection!" Mike started laughing hysterically, joining in with the rest of the crowd. Brett didn’t know what to do. He watched Jenna and Cody with their arms around each other laughing hysterically at him, like everyone else in the room was doing. He was so embarrassed that he ran from the room, holding back the tears in his eyes. He wasn’t a somebody anymore. He was an outcast now. None of the guys wanted to be with him anymore, and none of the girls wanted to be with him anymore. Cody and Jenna’s plan to destroy his reputation had worked. Not only had they knocked him down a few notches, they had totally thrown him off the status totem pole.

The rest of the night the two girls danced with each other, joked around, and had the best time of their lives. They had become closer to each other than they believed they could with anyone else in their entire lives. They knew that living together from now on would be great, and they knew that Brett would never be in the picture ever again. They had each other and that was all they could ask for.

In the end, everything was better. The girls got along and Brett was taught an important lesson and no longer treated girls like objects, realizing that the quote “Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned” was all too true. When you hurt someone, treat someone like an object, it will inevitably come back and hit you right in the face.
Trying to live in coexistence
There may be some resistance
Many people try to keep their distance
But what some people don’t know…
People in the dorm have a lot to show
There are benefits to this
Ones that make you glow
So make a friend not a foe
The Chronicles
Of Boris

Written by: Brooklyn   Digital Collage by: Nick
Once upon a time, or maybe twice, I'm not sure which, there was a bunny named Boris, who dreamed of the girl he loved with every inch of his heart and every fiber of his being, but there was something strange about her; she was a turtle. Boris wasn't bothered at all by this, but everyone he knew mocked him for loving someone of a different species. They said his love for the turtle caused a conundrum that they simply could not bear, and so they spat upon Boris whenever they saw him. In fact, they went so far as to say that Boris had a mental illness for loving a turtle. Their words and saliva made Boris feel like an outcast, and he became chronically depressed after dealing with everyone for so long.

Soon Boris became so depressed that he had no motivation to do anything except watch documentaries and sleep. The more Boris viewed these films, which were mostly about coexistence in nature, the more he saw how other animals didn’t care what people said about them. Soon after that, Boris began to adapt his personality to include confidence and pride in his identity.

That night Boris showed up outside of the turtle's apartment building and serenaded the turtle in Japanese with opera music. Thinking he was insulting her in gibberish, the turtle opened her window and began hurling tomatoes at Boris. An old man who had stopped to spit on Boris whipped out an umbrella
and protected Boris instead.

Hours later when the tomatoes had stopped attacking him, Boris decided to thank the old man and return home where he brainstormed a new plot to woo the turtle. Then he realized something; the documentaries had inspired him to become self-confident, so he needed to find a way to get the turtle to watch the documentaries and become self-confident too. He was convinced that this plan was fool-proof.

The next afternoon Boris looked up the turtle’s phone number in the phone book and called her. He proceeded to invite her to his house to watch documentaries, and, surprisingly, she agreed to come. Since she lived next door, she was there in about a minute. Boris allowed her to sit on his favorite lime green couch while they watched movie after movie for days on end, but he noticed that the turtle became more bored with each passing minute. Eventually she just got up and left the apartment without another word.

Boris was so discombobulated by her actions that he spent the next week and a half trying to analyze them. He didn’t understand how a documentary could be boring or why all of his attempts to enchant the heart of the turtle could have failed so miserably, but then he thought of something he hadn’t before; he had enjoyed himself while attempting to win the turtle’s heart. He paced, reminiscing about all of the fun he had experienced, and soon he was viewing his tragedy as a comedy of errors. Boris began to realize that the turtle and the feelings he had for her may or may not go away, but they couldn’t stop his contentment from existing.

Sure he was sad that he hadn’t been loved in return by the turtle, but he was also grateful that he hadn’t lost any more limbs, happy that he had enjoyed himself, and yes, happy that he was still in love with the turtle. He had learned the hard way that different feelings can coexist, but a sense of identity is created by how he would handle the feelings.

Knowing this, Boris made himself a pumpkin chocolate chip muffin to celebrate the fact that he had learned something. He consumed the muffin in the privacy of his own home, and he was content with all of the emotions bubbling inside of him, coexisting in harmony. It was upon this same day in this same manner that Boris lived happily ever after.
The Yellow Door

Written by: James
Artwork by: Shelby
My heart pumps fast with anxiety. I am heading to a new school and a new world. I have to leave all my friends and family behind for the next couple months until I get to visit home. I’m looking forward to the opportunity, but I am still a little freaked. I came to the school once before to get interviewed and everyone seemed nice, but I still hadn’t met any of my fellow students. What if they don’t like me? What if I don’t like them? These thoughts, and others like them, rush through my head at a hundred miles an hour.

One reason I was looking forward to this is that I had been sitting around at home all day every day. I couldn’t return to school because I had landed in a hospital and missed so much work that there was no way I could make it all up. I was worried that I might not be able to get credits for my high school. I was told that they would work with me here to get me back where I should be, but like I said, I was still nervous.

My family is quiet as we pull up in front of the building with a yellow door, that will be my home. A guy with a Cubs shirt on comes out to meet us. He comes up to the car and shakes my hand, and asks how I’m doing.

“Hey, I’m Adam,” he says.

“I’m James,” I answer back.

Adam helps me get my bags out of the car and we carry them up the steps to that yellow door. When we go in, we set my bags down and my mom and I have a seat while Dad parks the car in the lot. It’s quiet.

When the whole staff came in, my mom, of course, had to embarrass me by thinking that Ben, the staff, was a student and making fun of his Mohawk. Later, when we were upstairs in the dorm, I said I couldn’t believe that she had compared Ben to a middle-school student. Adam was like, “I thought that’s what she said, but I was like, no, she couldn’t have.”

A couple hours later, I’m sitting on my bed in the Broncos when everyone comes up from school. We sit at the table and they introduce themselves to me. I have to admit I was kind of annoyed that I was in this dorm, because I’m older than all these guys. I thought how do I get put in the one dorm where they aren’t even allowed to watch most PG movies?

After a while though, I started to have fun with them. Once I got past the fact that I was the only one in the dorm who knew how many innings there are in a baseball game, I found that we all liked playing flag football, and some of us have similar tastes in music. My first day we played football and had so much fun that we played the day after, and the day after that.

I think that anyone can learn from an experience like this. When you give someone a chance, they just might be a lot cooler than you think. If you have differences, which you almost always will when you live with a group of people, give them a chance and work out your issues together.

Also, if you’re stressed about something like I was when I was first coming here it will be all right. Sometimes you may have to give it a while, but everything will work out. This can be applied to many things in life from new foods to new sports or games. Just give it a chance and it won’t be so bad.
HOW TO LIVE WITH AN ALIEN

Written By Summer

Painting By Danica
For Eddie to live on the floor, we have to care for him
In order to feed him we have to grow brains
We found a bunch of chemicals and we mix them together
Eddie’s clothes come from the thrift store
He gives us money because he is able to replicate it
Eddie is green and has thin black stripes
He has blotches of purple spots all over his body
There is yellow at the bottom of his tentacled feet
He has three eyes, two in front and one in back
Eddie is about 5 feet tall, but can grow or shrink at will
Eddie is very talkative, both day and night
He pulls pranks on people especially adults
He is very sarcastic when he doesn’t get his way
When he is angry he explodes creating a mess
He’s often silly and likes to make jokes
Living with Eddie has taught us many things
We have to learned to do things more out of the box
We have learned to grow brains, a strange thing to do
We have learned to be more creative in our view of things
Living with others is not always the way you want it to be
Sometimes it is worse and sometimes it is better
The summer 2008 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 1/4 inch linen tab covers from General Binding Corporation in Northbrook, IL. The content pages were printed by an HP color laser jet 6015 dn on 32lb. Hammermill Color Laser Gloss with 90 brilliance. Sixteen fonts were used in the magazine. Avant Garde LT was used for all body text, 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: Apple Chancery, Bank Gothic, Edwardian Script ITC, Blair Md ITC, Blasphemy, Herculaneum, Zapfino, Harrington, Lucida Blackletter, Comic Sans MS, Schoolhouse Printed A, Braggadocio, Kids First Print Font, Brush Script, and Blackmoor. Orthogenique is a full color magazine. Layout was created in Adobe In Design CS on Apple Macbooks. Adobe Photoshop CS 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 MacOSX.
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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