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I.D. magazine is produced by high school students working with North Suburban Area Project, an organization that serves local communities. I.D. gives teens an outlet for their opinions, their creativity and their dreams so they can tell the whole community what's in their heads.

Want to write? Want to volunteer? Want to find out more about North Suburban Area Project? Contact us at (847) 491-9150.

Corporation Cool

Does MTV tell you what to wear, drink, think?

By Ryan Sweeney

Everyday teenagers spend millions of dollars on products that they perceive as “cool”. In fact, the teen age group spends more money than any other group of people in America. So what exactly is it that makes teenagers go crazy with money? The answer is simple: advertisements. An average teenager will see more than 3,000 advertisements every day, and most of them are aimed at their age group.

The problem with all these advertisements is that they define the teenage culture. Teens do not really choose for themselves what is cool but instead let others choose for them. A great example of this is MTV, or Music Television. MTV is owned by a big company called Viacom, which is one of five corporations that own almost everything in America. For example, they own pro sports teams, many chain stores and major soft drink companies. The company chooses exactly what is played on MTV — from clothes, to people, to music. Teenagers see

The problem with this system is there is no way to avoid it.

what is on MTV and mirror the image, because if it is on MTV, it has to be cool. Like one long commercial, MTV spits out new fashions, styles and things that are cool all of the time.

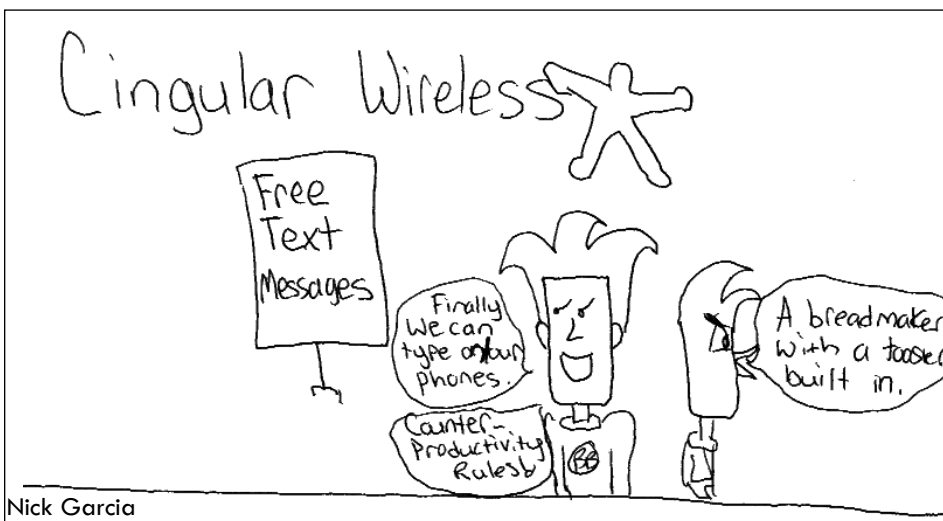
So how exactly does Viacom decide what to advertise on MTV? According to a PBS Frontline documentary, *Merchants of Cool*, they do it by a process called “cool hunting”. People from the company are paid to find underground trends or styles that aren’t really considered cool yet, says journalist Malcolm Gladwell. For example, when the band Limp Bizkit was seen for the first time, they had a sound unlike any other. When they went on MTV, they became one of the hottest bands on the market.

Viacom then takes the new



trend that they found and glorifies it through advertisements, celebrities, and of course MTV, and thus a new teen culture is born. For a while the new style will be very “cool,” but it slowly dies out. When this happens, the company immediately drops it and then goes out to find another trend that will bring in more green.

The problem with this system is there is no way to avoid it. There are some people who follow the trends on a day-to-day basis and others who rebel against it. However, even the people who are not trendy will eventually be caught up in the mix because once a company decides to make their style a new trend, they are just like the rest of them. A great example of this is the Insane Clown Posse. They were a rebellious heavy metal band that hated MTV. All of their fans loved them because they never sold out. The members of the band were asked to make appearances on the WWF, World Wrestling Federation. They thought it would be fun so they did it. After a while, Viacom saw how much the kids liked them. Eventually Viacom got them to do videos for MTV, and once again coolness was born.



Nick Garcia

Thoughts on a Crisis

What we think about the U.S., terrorism, justice and hope.

By Nick Garcia

It's September 11. I am sitting in my living room watching live footage of a plane that just crashed into the World Trade building, and as I try to fathom all that I have just seen, a second airplane slams into the other tower and makes a bad situation worse. At first I tell myself over and over again that it was a horrible accident and it just happens to be a coincidence that two planes would crash into the twin towers. By the end of the day, the media has made it very clear to me that it was an act of terrorism brought upon by Osama Bin Laden, the leader of Al Qaeda. The crime that this man committed was "terrorism." He sent his men into a foreign country and had them carry out a covert operation that led to the destruction of many buildings and airplanes and also led to the deaths of thousands of people. But is the U.S. innocent?

America acts as the world's police and with great power comes great responsibility. Time after time we have arrogantly stepped in and taken all that we want in the name of freedom. The birth of this country is a perfect example. The natives of these Americas lived without problems for hundreds and hundreds of years. We came from Europe with the intention to conquer, and this mentality has turned

into policy.

During our short history as a country, we have forcefully introduced people into this culture (African Americans), killed off

**With great power
comes great
responsibility...**

anyone we didn't need (Native Americans) and crippled the economy and living conditions in other places by stepping in as the world police (Vietnam, Kuwait, Hawaii,

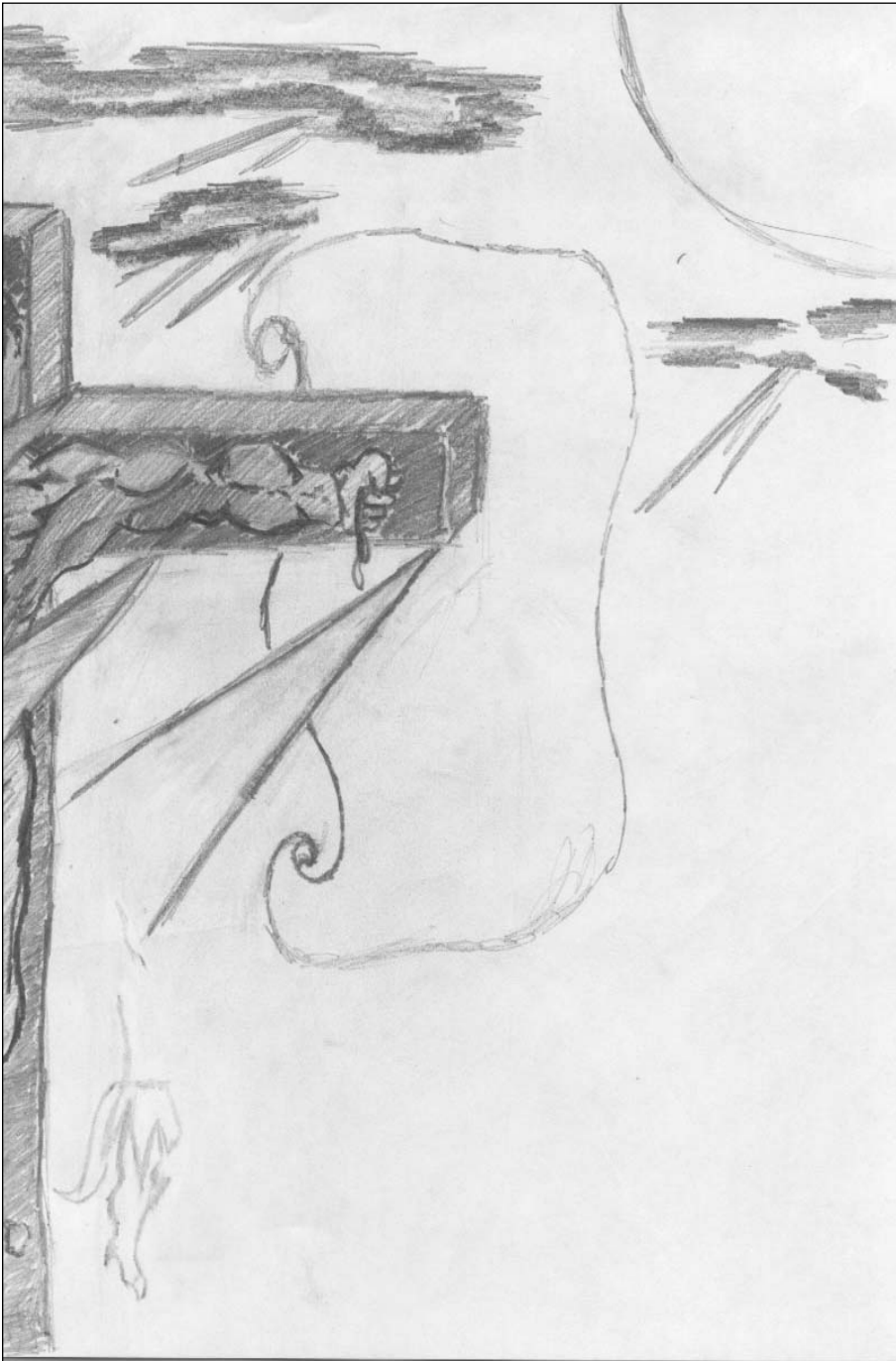
Puerto Rico). Most recently we have taken an unofficial siding with Israel, which is now in the process of killing thousands upon thousands of innocent Palestinians. It makes me wonder why we think we have the right to be surprised at all. The suicide bombings and hostile living conditions in places such as Israel are just a preview of what we have the potential to become. So before we point fingers, let us first stop and look at ourselves. Or we will feel the destruction and aftermath by the people for the people.

Untitled

By Nerinda Franco

U.S. in crisis World Trade Center on fire, suicide bombings in Israel, number of deaths keeps getting higher, airlines failed us, terrorist killed us, we all saw the buildings falling, suburb contract saved us, how desperately we reached to understand, why this happened to our American land, urged inspections of pre-9/11 warnings, detailed shooting of 5 cops in the morning, 17.5 million questions to face, while people fight to wipe out this all-American race.

A Portrayal of Pedophilia



Jeron Marquez

Speaking out on media and scandal in the Catholic Church

By **Matthew Lineal**

As claims and statements fly from a multitude of once-silenced voices, priests have become the most recent group to struggle with the crisis of pedophilia. The church has come under enormous amounts of flak, as the priesthood provides the perfect environment for the sexual predator. But the grotesque issue of pedophilia

**The church has
been stereotyped
by the media...**

proves to be multifaceted and extremely complicated. It is an issue that calls for awareness and attention.

The Catholic Church has recently been criticized for its issues with pedophilia, yet only a miniscule number of priests have been implicated in some form of molestation. The faith of many Catholics and people of other religions in their religious communities has been unfairly scrapped by the actions of a small minority. The church has been stereotyped by the media as a

cesspool of molestation, yet a sexual predator can be anyone. Sexual predators can include teachers, parents, homosexuals, married men, neighbors, and uncles or aunts. They are often people who are well-respected, in a position of trust, and not the stereotypical older, introverted male.

The reason for all the criticism, and also the reason why molestation was able to take place, is because of the extremely high amount of trust the general public had automatically instilled in church officials and priests. Certainly the general public has lost some faith in the Catholic Church. But this loss of faith, coupled with fear, has kept some children away from youth groups. It has also deterred some shocked and disgusted churchgoers from attending or donating to their church.

Many people's everyday lives have been further burdened with discriminatory jokes and speech about pedophilia that stem from the media's sensationalistic representation of pedophilia in the church, and by other people's use of other groups as scapegoats for the problem. Homosexuals have been unjustly portrayed by some as the sole perpetrators of pedophilia. The Catholic Church and homosexuals have become scapegoats in the eyes of some, and this has aided only in furthering the degradation of our society.

Distrust and fear have therefore expanded into many institutions and relationships outside of the Catholic Church.

Overgeneralizations and discrimination must not manifest themselves when dealing with the sensitive issue of pedophilia, or else many undeserving people may feel detrimental effects.

Preventing Molestation

There are a few ways to deal with molestation. Massive publication of lists of sex offenders has provided one option for deterring sexual abuse. A pedophile, however, can be the person one least suspects, and this person can be allowed to prowl for expansive lengths of time due to cases in which a victim does not come forward. Thusly, an effective retaliation against pedophiles is for victims to be swiftly identified, or for them to come forward on their own. Law enforcement agencies, special hotlines, and child welfare agencies all provide opportunities for anyone to speak out against pedophilia. The Illinois Child Abuse Hotline is 1-800-25-ABUSE, and the police can be contacted at 911 in most areas. It is both unfortunate and tragic that retaliation can occur only

after the deleterious effects of a tragic sexual encounter have set in. Therefore, prevention techniques must be taught to children before anything happens. Children must be told that no one is to invade their private space, and that if their space is invaded they should report the incident to a responsible adult, or anyone else who will listen. Kidpower is an organization that teaches kids and parents how to prevent such atrocities. For more information call 1-847-677-3157 in the Chicago area or check their website, www.kidpower.org, for centers in other areas. It is everyone's role to combat pedophilia through swift recognition and reporting of it so the proper and thorough treatment can follow.

-Matthew Lineal



Kidpower Teenpower Fullpower International

A Long Journey To America

By Ana Comacho

I was born with a dislocated hip. The doctors put a cast from my hips all the way down to my toes that had to stay on for at least a year. They told my parents there was a slim chance that I would be able to walk, run, and live a normal life. My family was devastated at the thought that I would never be like everyone else. Then a year after I was born, I miraculously walked across the living room.



Ana, at age 1, practices walking in a park.

At a Jollibee restaurant (a McDonald's wannabe in the Philippines), Ana (far left) poses with siblings and a cousin

My grandmother, who was taking care of me at the time while my parents were out of town working, broke down in tears. She immediately called my mother and my father to tell them the amazing news. My family thinks of it as a miracle.

My hometown is called Lucena City, Philippines. It is the greatest place in the world. I was about 9 years old when my mother started working in America. She said it was necessary to work there because she could make more money than she made in the Philippines. It was totally understandable. Two years later, when I was almost 11 years old, she decided to get us a visa and to get our papers approved so that we could finally move to America with her. She said that she couldn't stand being away from us, and it would be good for us to be together and start a new life. She also said that it would be a good opportunity for us because in America, we could get a much better and higher education.

Saying goodbye was the hardest part. I couldn't bear to leave all the memories, the friends and families

I'd learned to love and the culture I'd grown up in. Everything in my life was going at such a fast pace that I could barely keep up with what was going on, until I realized that I was going to be living a new life in a new society, with a new culture and lifestyle.

A few weeks later, we arrived at O'Hare airport and my mother was waiting for us. It was so good to

I'd never seen CTA buses, tall buildings like the Sears Tower...

see her because I hadn't seen her for at least 2 years. She'd been busy working just so that she could save enough money to send back to the Philippines; for our school tuition and for everyday life.

I was very scared when I first arrived in America. I wasn't sure of how I was going to act. I realized that I was now in a new place where I didn't really know the culture and lifestyle. Every time that my family and I would tour Chicago, I would always be in awe of things because

I'd never seen such things in my life. I'd never seen CTA buses, tall buildings like the Sears Tower, and many more. I'd never even seen so many Americans in my life. I'd probably only seen 2 white people in the Philippines and at least one black person.

But anyways, I wasn't an immigrant to the US yet. All of us hadn't gotten our papers in the mail. All 5 of us had to go to downtown Chicago to visit the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). There were so many people there, and I could tell that they were alien to this country and trying to become immigrants. We were in line for at least 6 straight hours waiting for our turn. It was very exhausting.

The first day of school was also hard. I was very shy and intimidated by everyone. The hardest part was not being able to communicate with people around me because I didn't know how to speak English nor understand any. I was really embarrassed because everyone at school was leaving me out. I didn't know how to fit in with any types of groups in school. I really couldn't wait to get back home and cry.

Ana was stuck in Buffalo, New York with her dad while the rest of her family crossed the Canadian border to visit relatives.



The food that I ate in school tasted very new and disgusting at first. I wasn't used to eating salad or any American food. I was used to the Asian food that I ate in the Philippines. A few weeks later, I was learning English in bits and pieces. I wasn't thoroughly happy because it was still hard to communicate with other people. I could barely understand what they were saying. No one talked to me because they knew that I wouldn't be able to talk back. But I was really determined to learn English because I was so eager to make life easier for myself.

My family would always say that they'd rather be living back in the Philippines because they didn't like the lifestyle here in America. To tell you the truth, I would sometimes think the same because I've hated America before. I would always hope and hope that my family would decide to go back and not return to the U.S. But I was wrong, we did stay, and I'm glad. I was ready to start a new life and a new beginning.

When I finally learned to speak English a year later, I started to make friends and be happy again. I would always hang out with friends and do the things they did. But by

1999, two years after I'd arrived, I still hadn't gotten my immigration papers. I was the only one in my family who hadn't received them yet. It's very hard not being an immigrant because you can't get out of the country. That June, we drove nine hours to visit our relatives in Ontario, Canada. I didn't have my immigration papers, but I

**Life here in
America was so
amazing...**

did have my passport. The Canadian border didn't want to accept this so my dad and I ended up staying in Buffalo, New York while the rest of my family and some relatives crossed the Canadian border. My father and I were stuck in Buffalo for 2 days. We toured the city and tried to find an Asian buffet.

In November, my wish finally came true when I got my immigration papers in the mail. Most of my family had gotten them months ago. I was really excited because I wasn't an alien to this country anymore. I finally was able to cross the Canadian border to visit my family.

After a while, life became easy to me. No one at school ever called me Immo anymore. (Immo is the nickname I got for being an immigrant, but that nickname didn't last long.) I never even thought about going back to the Philippines. I did miss my family and friends back home, but the life here in America was so amazing that I couldn't bear to think about going back home and living the old life I used to live. I would have even played sports in school, but my parents told me not to. I guess they were just scared that I might dislocate my hip again. I thought they were crazy because that happened when I was born, and that was 16 years ago.

I had a long journey coming here to America. The funny thing is that I'm going back to the Philippines in 3 months, and I barely remember the popular stars I used to watch, the popular places I used to visit and the popular people I used to be awe of. But don't get me wrong: I'm not disclaiming my own culture. I still do love and praise the Philippines, and the culture that I once knew will always stick with me. I'm glad to be going back soon. It's just that I'm living a new lifestyle that I enjoy, in a new culture that I love.

We Are the Dreamers...



Program director Ronnie Geva says: "The goal of this project was to expose high school students to a world of art and culture and higher education that they may not already have access to. Through mentoring and creative exploration we hoped to awaken desire and curiosity in these students." Here, one student shares his experience.

By Ricky McClean

On Mother's Day, May 12, the Vertigo Mentor Program performed "The Dreamers" in the Jones Great Room at Northwestern University. Before the show we all stood excited in the backstage room. The song Dream alerted us to enter onstage. In the start of the show, all the mentees (high school students) lined up side-by-side, and one after the other said their name and what they gained from the program.

The director, Ronnie Geva, watched proudly as we performed, and Lindsay Zappala, the assistant teacher, handled the music and all the technicals. The theater performance ended with success. I was happy to be involved, and I knew the other mentees and mentors felt the same way. For

final performances we were allowed to write and create whatever we wanted; however, it had to pertain to our Dreamers title.

The program was not all about work. We also had fun. Every Sunday at 3:30 we all met at Swift Hall. I enjoyed the acting exercise, which was usually led by Ronnie or Lindsay. My favorite exercise was called pass the motion. We would all get into a circle and someone would do an action like jumping up and down

like a monkey. Everyone would have to repeat the action until we got all the way around and the next person would start a new action. The exercises were helpful in getting us familiar with each other.

After we played and had fun, we usually ate delicious food like bagels or pizza with something to drink. Next we would finish with our daily activity. There was a workshop prepared for us every Sunday. I remember the puppet work-

shop. Everyone got a chance to develop different skits with the puppets. The Vertigo Mentor Program was a lot of fun, and I recommend it to all high school students who love theater.

Ricky hangs out with his mentors after a great show with the Vertigo Mentor Program.

The theater performance ended with success...



The Story

By Nick Garcia

She cried harder and harder that chilly September morning: “It hurts, please, oh God, it hurts.” The concerned relatives were both scared and happy. As the time came closer and closer to five twenty-six in the morning, the beginning of an unpredictable span of 18 years was on its way.

I gasped for air and began to scream for dear life; I could feel the cold hands of a stranger pulling me from my warm solitude. My naked body was covered in blood and fluids I’d never seen. I was blind, I was cold, and I was scared. So I broke down and I cried, and cried and cried.

I. A fallen hero

1983. I lived in a small house on a block of small houses. Doors were kept unlocked and I ran amok with the rest of the gang of little boys. Led by my brother, my cousin was second in command and I was there simply to tag along with the big kids. Peaceful surroundings made for enjoyable memories.

My dad used to take us to parks and play the robber in our

games, drive us to Dairy Queen after church and make funny faces to entertain us before we went to sleep. He had no more than a sixth grade education but he was wise, well liked by his workers, and leading the life of a normal man. He worked at a nail company for almost 20 years and gave more than his time to such feeble work but also his heart. He worked all he could to keep the house he bought his family and keep the family in it happy. His gentle face was an aged look into my own future. His stature, though he himself was short, was nothing short of Superman. I like to remember him the way he was, and I speak of him like he is dead, because in many ways he is.

A flood destroyed our home when I was four years old, and a lot changed. He stopped sleeping

with my mom three months after we moved into our new apartment in Chicago. He just plain snapped after he lost his job too. He slept on a pillowcase full of rocks in his room, which was painted all black except for an oddly painted green chair that seemed to mock you when you walked in. He stopped talking to us, stopped smiling, let go of his life and lived in fear. He sat in a ball crying to himself quietly at night. I remember because I would walk in sometimes and talk to him. He’d look up trying to hold back tears and show me what was left of the man who raised me. He hugged me for dear life and was barely able to complete sentences. As young as I was, I knew it wasn’t normal.

He was taken away the first night I ever remember seeing Saturday Night Live. My mom

of My Life

thought that I was asleep. They began as usual fighting for empty causes of things that would never be solved. He rose and began to scream and rant into the night. "You're a witch," he'd scream. She began to violently cry, for months she had held it all in and that tragic night two of the strongest people I'll ever know broke. I could feel the tension begin to build like pressure to a drowning man. I gasped for air as I suddenly heard sirens begin to blare and lights flash in the window. Two policemen charged into the room. I sat alone waiting in the darkness, frightened to breathe, unable to grasp what was going on. They put him in cuffs; covered by the night sky, he could still see me and maintained eye contact the whole time. They took him away because my mother wanted to get him committed, but I only saw strangers dragging away a fallen hero, the remains of what was a man coming undone. He screamed and cried as they took him away. He extended his hand as he screamed his last goodbye to me. There in front of my eyes I stood a powerless child, and in my mind I grew a little more. When they let him out he came to visit every weekend. He'd take us to arcades, movies, and parks, anything we could ever want. The visits became less consistent as time passed and one day he just disappeared. He ran as fast and as far as he could, and I would

not see him for many years to come. I grew a little more that day; we all did.

II. No room to be a kid

Without the income that my dad had provided, we were forced to move into a shrunken basement that was never intended to be an apartment. Exposed pipes ran through the entire thing, the laundry room that was located in our so-called apartment made it impossible to have any privacy. People

I could feel the tension begin to build like pressure to a drowning man.

would randomly enter throughout the day to change loads and grab baskets of clean linen. I shared a room with my little brother, which was right next to the boiler room and made noises throughout the night. The bathroom had stairs leading to the toilet with a large window to show the world you were taking a crap. It also contained the worst heat and air conditioning there ever was. In the middle of what most called the urban jungle, located just a few blocks from the Howard station, the neighborhood reflected the poorly thrown together apartment. There you could hear the stories of a mil-

lion different people in the same situation as you. Some were kids even more affected by the scorn of poverty, forced into these cold cement ghettos and confined by their own inability to get out.

My brother ran home from school every day. He was faster than light then, because the day that he wasn't, he'd pay with a beating by the gangs around town who wanted him to join. Scared to walk outside, and forced to raise ourselves, my brothers and I did a lot of television viewing and a whole lot of reading. My mother was trapped working two jobs to pay the rent and keep food on the table. Jose was my older brother. His stern face and powerful words kept us out of trouble. He was the closest thing to my father at the ripe old age of ten. Children raising children — you hear it on the news everyday, but this was no poor choice on his part, just fate he could not control. We all had to wise up real quick, because there was no room to be a kid. We had to look out for each other and lose the innocence of being children to the bare reality around us.

My mom's new boyfriend was about five-eight but seemed to tower at a million feet. He loved to lift weights and his macho mentality seemed new and deformed for three boys raised by a woman who read and watched documentaries in her spare time. He was an ill-tempered little man who was angry



Nerinda Franco

and very bitter at everyone around him. The only thing he would hit harder than my brothers and mom was the 12-pack of cheap beer he drank every night.

From six to nine I was awakened by strong bursts of yelling. I wanted to just fly away and leave everything that troubled me. He was an evil leech that clung to my family and sucked us dry of love and peace. Bloody lips and bruised eyes turned into clumsy children who liked to fight. The excuses fell like rain. She later got a restraining order against him to end his fury. He crept up on my mom in her car once. He stalked us until I never saw him again. But anytime I see a short, Mexican man in a muscle shirt with a mullet I give a second look and hope to God himself it isn't him. I never wanted to kill

anyone in my entire life until I met him.

III. Ready for anything

As soon as we could afford to move to Skokie, a suburb of Chicago, we did. I found myself on another planet, not accustomed to the silent and safe streets. The children filled parks that seemed to beckon us when we arrived. At this point I was 10 going on 42. A fat kid from the city, I found myself friendless: too Americanized for the Mexican kids back home and too Mexican for the suburbanite kids of Skokie. I read a lot that year as I always did instead of making friends. As the school year passed the savage feud between preadolescences earned me the appropriate title of the fat kid who

didn't take shit. I found myself running with a group of all the poor kids of Skokie. They were the best friends you could ask for. I became the leader because I'd acquired an expanded vocabulary by being the nerd for so long. Ironically they thought this ability to articulate was impressive, not something to taunt me about.

Then I entered the pimple infested pre-pubescent stage of life known as junior high school. Raging hormones and extreme emotions all confined in a newly changing body made for a very insecure teenager. Here I began my humiliating journey through junior high school. Equipped with the thickest glasses and the fashion sense of a retarded monkey I was ready for anything. I stepped into what seemed like the biggest school I'd ever seen. The halls stretched for what seemed forever, and the laughter and sounds of a newfound environment awaited me as I walked in. As time passed I made new friends, and found myself embarking on what would be the most talked-about group in our little sixth grade lives.

We called ourselves "Whack-Tang" — sick jokes and our favorite drink went into the name choice. As a pack of young rebels who enjoyed a cigarette before and after school, we quickly made a name for ourselves. "I hope you gentlemen weren't smoking cigarettes across the street. That would get a young group suspended, so I will only ask once," he began. "Hey lanky fuck, give me a detention and shut that grotesque hole you call a mouth it stinks," we would respond, always with that level of respect. What could they do? We were barely 12, and high school administrators' double standards were still three years away.

One of us got kicked out by sixth, but the rest of us stayed by some miracle. To this day I wonder if I sold my soul to Satan in my sleep.

What is Death?

By Dmitriy Pashkin

Death. What is death? A silent grim reaper, waiting for each and every one of us to pass into the shadow of never-ending void; Death. It's death that most of us await, horrified by the unknown. Death, whose cruel penalty for abused life of one, has inspired greatest minds and brightest hearts to challenge it; the never losing death. But why are we scared of (or in some cases mesmerized by) death? Maybe we are afraid of experiencing something new...is that it, or maybe it is just a fear of the unknown that we are afraid of.

Every year, every month, every day and every second of our lives the Grim Reaper, silent usher of death, shepards someone new into the darkness of the other side. So is so many people pass there, why do we take the news of someone's departure so heavily, with such grief? Our science has answered many questions about the universe, human body and human nature, every year those, who sacrifice their social life to the greatest question of nature, open the doors to the ultimate knowledge of the world, yet one question remains unanswered—what is death? There are few lucky ones to return from the kingdom of darkness. Lucky enough to win a game of poker, where the stakes are at their top, where loss is a greatest tragedy for one and winning is the greatest triumph one can experience. I am one of them.

I have outplayed cloaked



Nerinda Franco

shadow of non-existence. I have bet everything and I have won. Forever shall I be proud of such achievement. I am a living, breathing and eating person, just like everybody else on this planet, yet beneath the smiles and tears, that occasionally infuse my face, lays a haunting memory of death, smothering the happiness, weeping for a battle once lost. And I try, try to seize the sodomising plague of tattered memories, but cannot succeed. Will it forever scythe through my mind holding it back, ushering it to enter the void once again? No, for I have won, tore me free of this seductive sepulcher, released myself from the warm embrace of her—death. Death that

we fear, death that we wait for so impatiently, has lost this time, and it will lose again and again as long as strong spirit and hard will endeavor to escape, it is possible.

And for now, don't spend your time waiting for it; just make sure that you are prepared. Prepared to meet your destiny. Prepared to find out what the purpose of your life is. For it is easy, the purpose of life is to challenge. And to win? Possibly. However, to win is not to lose. And not to lose is to be prepared. Hence be ready, for you never know who the Grim Reaper will choose next to challenge the most furious game of the time—game of life and death.

I'm scared of big places and big groups of beautiful people.

FEAR

By Nerinda Franco

I'm scared of a lot of things. I'm scared of losing my family, the way my cabdriver drives, heights, the water at the beach and how the waves pull you in. I'm scared of getting old, not being able to feed myself. I'm scared of dying. I'm scared of being raped, drowned, and suffocated. I'm scared of going to hell, being a mortal and getting lost. I'm scared of my living room when I'm alone and it's dark. I'm scared of my basement with all the creepy spider webs. I'm scared of every bug or insect, except for ants and ladybugs. I'm scared of mold and rotten meat. I'm scared of dentists, gynecologists and pain. I'm scared of failing in life and not having love. I'm scared of my parents dying. I'm scared of big places and big groups of beautiful people. I'm scared of being blind, brain dead and diseased. I'm scared of abandonment. I'm scared of school and my life. I'm scared of me. I'm scared of the light; I'm scared of the dark. I'm scared of high winds and deep waters. I'm scared of blood, knives and needles. I'm scared of starvation, segregation and dehydration. But most of all I'm scared of being scared.

LOVE

By Nerinda Franco

I love the way my mother laughs

I love myself, I love my land, I love my good, I love my bad, I love to hope, I love to dream, I love my world and all its things. I love to sleep, laugh and just be me. My family is those that I love, dogs and cats and even the clouds above. The things that I love may not be all that great, but I'd rather give love, than deal with hate. I love the way my mother laughs and how my sister's hair curls when she's taking a bath, my dad I love too. I love the funny things he says. I love to sing, I love to fly, I love making a mess, I love to write, I love to read, I love to be careless and free, I want to be loved, I want to love me.

Are you bored?

What do you wish Evanston had for teens to do?

Interviews, photos and illustration
by Ashley Terry

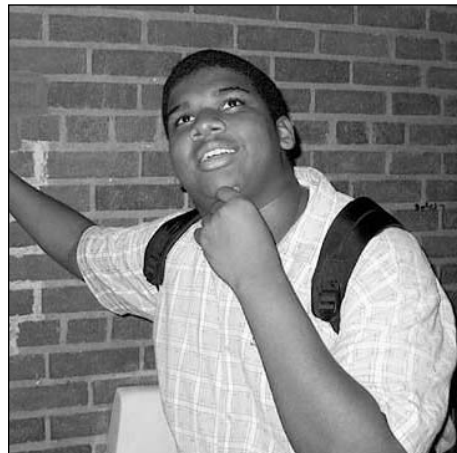
“We need a Norris Center for teenagers.”
- Liz Friedman, 18 (at left)

“We definitely need more arcades. Oh,
and a non-alcoholic dance environment...
with a moving dance floor.” - Andrew
Billidar, 18 (middle)

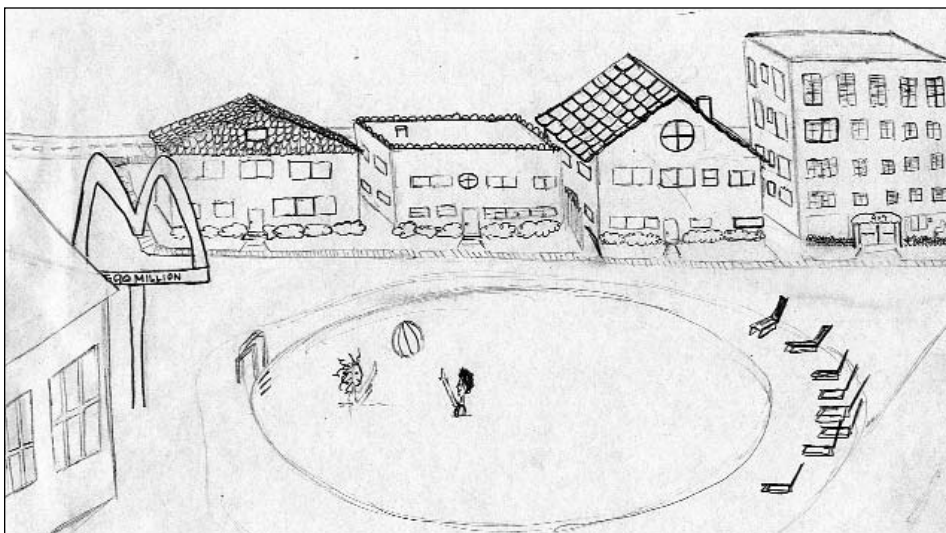
“We need more small independent the-
aters in Evanston, like the Piven Theater.”
- Nora Fiffer, 17 (at right)



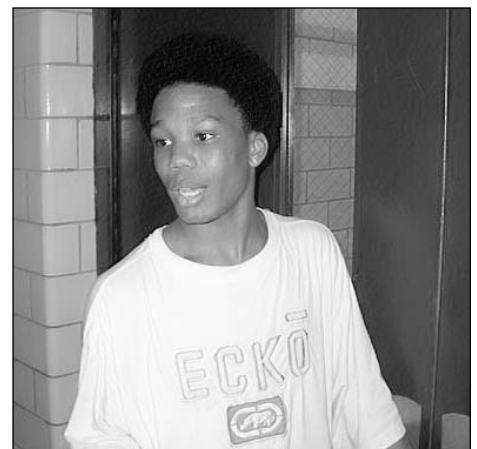
“We need a place to hang out. I’ve gotten kicked out of restaurants like a bunch of times with my friends. I’ve gotten kicked out of Gigio’s like 10 times, and I’ve gotten kicked out of Panera for throwing bread. We need a place where we can eat some good food and sit around.”
-Sara Hostalet, 15



“C-L-U-B! With an exclamation mark after it. Simple as that! Man, Evanston is boring. On Saturdays the club should be open to 16 through 18 year olds. Or the high school should have one and charge students like \$5 for students to get in. Get your groove on.”
-Robert Shelton, 16



“We need a big swimming pool in the middle of the town.” -Derrell Woolridge, 17



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