IT CAME FROM ADVANCE!
FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

ADVANCE YEARBOOK 2002
IT CAME FROM

AND THEN THEY RAN...
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ALGEBRA 1-A!
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Below the Nameless Cadaver: Brave, Brave Timothy Chao

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Mr. David Andersen (Instructor)
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STANDING: TALA A.LY ALVAREZ
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RIGHT HALF: LEFT TO RIGHT: MICHAEL BARDWELL, RYAN MAFFEI
BACK ROW: LEFT TO RIGHT: ANN STRASSNER, AND THE IRRESISTIBLE ANN GLAVIANO
FRUSTRATED AT THE UNNECESSARILY COMPLICATED NATURE OF THIS DESCRIBITION:
DR. GLAYTON DELERY (INSTRUCTOR) AND CAT COLLINS

CRIMINAL JUSTICE!

IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER: CONNIE LALONDE, KRISTINA MEYER, SARAH STANSBURY, EMILY ATWIND, KATIE CHANG, RAHEAN DURABLEJII, MICHAEL BARRON, AARON BROWN, MAUREEN SCOTT, SHANE SHAIDI, BERINGA LUI, LINDSEY WELCH, SINTHANA UMANKANTHAN, STEPHEN POWERS, MEG SHOHT (TA), and DR. STEVE RUSSIER (INSTRUCTOR)

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Ben!

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THE LADIES UP FRONT: ALY NEVAREZ, KATERINA BYARS (MA) and MAANASA DAYALURI.

Shannon

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BACK ROW: PATRICK DECKER, CHAITANYA NANDPATI, DEVIN "DOLEMITE" BROUANT and TENACIOUS "P" NACCARI SURPRISED BEYOND REASON: KANISHK SOLANKI

GO HOME HAPPY.
[and maybe a little crazed]
my face says more than any t-shirt could.

We're not Arrogant
We're Just Superior
My feet have buried themselves in the sand,
Warmed by the summer sun.
They have felt the cool tiles on their soles
After a steamy shower
And raised their heels to help me peer over the
Kitchen counter
With my eyes bright,
And wide open.
My feet have been in the presence of majestic mountains
And walked alongside ants on a dirt road.
They have worn a variety of shoes
But have yet to find their glass slipper.
My feet have danced to the music of my soul
And kicked wildly in fits of untamed anger.
My knees have buckled under my weight
But my feet were there to catch my fall.
Thank you,
Feet,
I'm grateful for your guidance,
From my head down to
My toes.
Everyone in strings.
(except for that guy)

ADVANCE

Reasons to drink water:
1. It's so good for you.
2. Paul likes it when your thirst is quenched.
3. It's important to keep Paul happy.

A WORD FROM YOUR
H2O POPO

ADVANCE

THINKERS WANTED
the ADVANCE Ball

...a story without words (well, almost)...

happy happy happy!! falafla

the end.
t-shirt with "flaming turtle" logo: $10
orange shoelace and i.d. tag: $3
notebook and pen for class: $6

getting busted by R.A.s for PDA in the courtyard: priceless

2002 ADVANCE program for young scholars

there are some things money can't buy ☀️ for everything else there's ADVANCE

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not sure where last seen - if found or if not found please send five emails a day and/or virtual bouquet to following email address: fockjef@iit.edu.

2420 Lost and Found

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министра государственной безопасности Луизианы
Like the ancient nifty gates of a choked haunted house, the steel door before him swung open, lethargically, perversely taking its time. Before Richard was a small, drafty room, a square with a few pieces of complex machinery and an elevated, metallic platform in the center. A redundant mechanical hum lingered in the air. A short, boring-looking physician, clad in a white coat and shielded emotionally by thick, dark eyeglasses greeted him with a silent stare, and Richard shuddered as the figure raised an exceptionally threatening syringe. The otherwise motionless eyes of the machine were fiery, burning through, an auburn streak of transparent, wortle-green liquid shot out of the top of the needle, inducing Richard to jump with surprise. The doctor then positioned himself beside a large cot that lay upon the platform, and immediately Richard was moving again, by the force of the two inseparable sides at his side. They rigorously hoisted him up, and laid him down upon the horrific contraption, the cot had an uncomfortable in comparison to the bed inside his cell. He how to yearned to be back, sole inside the stone walls of his home away from home, and he reveled in his native nostalgia as he was naively, painfully secured to the undesirable cot. The two men finally eased their grasp on Richard's now-throbbing arms, and he was recalled to the present as the new pain became evident. The horrific doctor lowered over his immovable body, which now lay prone and helpless.

Finally, the white-clad apparition spoke, thus braking the insensate spell of mechanical humungous.

"Him," the doctor grunted, easing the man stripped down onto the cot before him. He continued in a thin, unannoyed voice.

"What's this one here for?"

"Murder, first degree," one of the guards eagerly intoned. "Stabbed a guy seventeen times in the back. In cold blood. Out of a passion for... killing things."

The doctor acknowledged this information with a nod, then looked down upon Richard's horribly frightened face with a grin.

"How interesting," he muttered, covering very close to a chuckle. "My passion lies in killing things too."

Suddenly, the platform began to bowl and quiver, and Richard found himself and the doctor being pitched up higher and higher, until he had to crane his neck to see the two brassy security guards. The small man standing above him flicked a switch somewhere beneath the cot, and a blinding sheet of white lights made their presence known, forcing Richard to blink uncontrollably. Gushing irritated by the spasmodic movements of his patient's head, the doctor grasped for another strap at the end of the cot, and secured Richard's cranium tightly to it. Now Richard wanted to see what was going on, but he couldn't, for fear of being further pained by the harsh light above him; he wanted to scream as well, but no sound came out.

"Here's a little bit we stole from Kafka," said the doctor, and Richard gagged as a clamp, stinking piece of felt was shoved unapologetically into his mouth. Then a few seconds of silence, no movement or sound around him, only the cold humming of the machinery and the echo of his heavy breathing in his own tortured mind... and then, a needlepoint against the skin of his right forearm.

Deeper and deeper it went, more and more did the pain surge through his immovable body, more and more did the doctor perfect his weightless move, more and more did he feel like he wasn't supposed to go yet, it just wasn't his time, fading fast, grasping desperately for a hold of reality, quickly, helplessly sliding down, losing all control...

And then, just as quickly as the needle left his skin, the scene faded back into the warm, sunny doctor's office it had once been. The cold grey of the stone walls became the unthreatening pastel wallpaper it had been all along, the rude fluorescent light hovering above became the sun gently seeping through the curtained windows, the unnerving, eerie logic of the bizarre physician fell away, becoming the warm smile of Dr. Maranelli. The doctor lay the syringe down upon the tray beside him, wiping off the tip with a small cloth and recapping it, slipping its casing back over it and.

"Well," he said, with an expectant grin, "we're all done here. You'll be back to see me in the next two months?"

Richard rose, slowly exiting his haze. "Yeah."

"Ok," the doctor added, looking concerned, "you're absolutely sure you don't want me to refer you to anyone as far as the... the photos going, aren't you? I know some people who are renowned for treating... problems of that..." He struggled to find the least imposing words. "Caliber."

"Nope," said Richard. "That went well, I think. No problems at all." He got up off the cot and ambled out of the room, all the while thinking, they didn't get their hands on me next time.

"They didn't expect it to end that way..."
Who IS that?

COLOR BY NUMBER!
1. blue
2. beige
3. brown
4. green
5. orange
6. white

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AND FINALLY...

SHH...

QUIET...

DONE...

THE END