

Daily Herald

EMPLOYEE-OWNED

Comics 2

Recent home & property sales 4

dh dailyherald.com

Neighbor & Classifieds

NLC

Orchids up close



ART MEIERDIRK OF ST. CHARLES

Orchids offer form, structure, color and so much interest for me. In this case, the background provided the enhanced backdrop I wanted. Just makes me smile.

Your images | DAILY HERALD PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Send entries to: yourimages@dailyherald.com

On the Chicago River

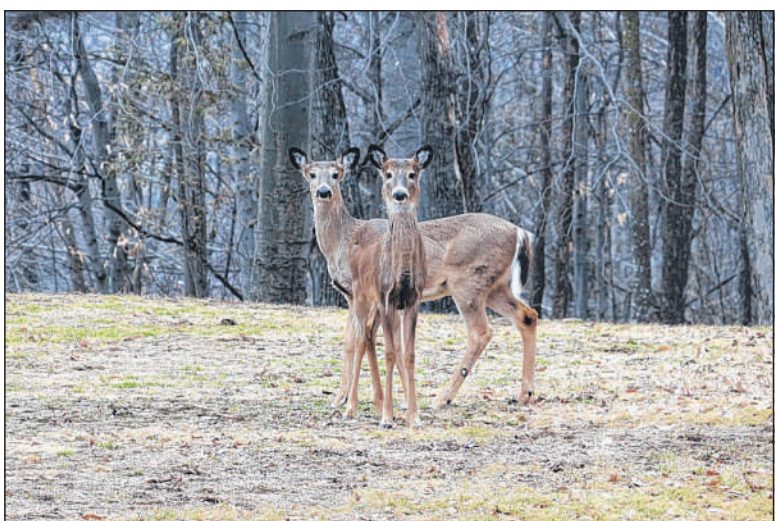


MARIANNE MYRICK OF GLEN ELLYN

A photo taken on a cruise along the Chicago River. It was a perfect day to showcase the beautiful skyline.

Deer friends

I took this picture March 30 in Egg Harbor in Door County, Wisconsin, of two deer that we saw in a field as we were driving down the road. At first glance it looks as if it is a two-headed deer by the way they posed for the picture.



JOHN WYSOCKI OF MOUNT PROSPECT

Nippersink sunrise



TAMI BEVIS OF ROUND LAKE

I was out at Nippersink Forest Preserve early on a Sunday morning looking for cranes before they awoke and flew off. I didn't make it; they were flying overhead as I walked down the path. However, it was certainly not a wasted trip. The sky was pink and the higher the sun got the denser the fog was. So, while I missed the cranes, I got some beautiful images of the sunrise over the pond. I call that a win!

How to enter

Each week we showcase entries in our Your Images contest before our photo staff picks a monthly winner. The contest is open to amateur photographers in the Daily Herald readership area.

- To submit a photo of your own for consideration, email it in .jpg format at highest quality possible to yourimages@dailyherald.com.
- Include your name, address and phone number, plus a description of your photo and what you like about it.
- One photo a week per photographer, but enter as many weeks as you'd like.

The Great Frame Up
1696 Wise Road • Schaumburg
847-891-7650
Visit
www.schaumburg.thegreatframeup.com
and join our mailing list for special coupons or offers

One monthly winner will receive a certificate for \$150 toward any framing order over \$200 at The Great Frame Up, Schaumburg.

Celebrating the Arts

Third-place winners in the Daily Herald, District 214 arts contest

Last week, we presented the first- and second-place winners of the Arts Unlimited District 214/Daily Herald Community Arts and Writing Contest.

The contest, open to teens and adults residing within Northwest Suburban High School District 214, judges submissions in the categories of visual art, poetry and prose.

Today, we are proud to present the third-place winners and one honorable mention.

Third place, Prose — 'The Last Sunrise'

BY MARTIN MCGOWAN

The sun rose for the final time. Myron wasn't the only one who knew this. Other astronomers had worked it out, but few believed their calculations at first, and later, not wanting to parade near busy intersections with placards declaring, "The end is near," nor wishing to be rejected and laughed at by peers who edited science journals, they hid their proofs in the bottom drawers of desks and



"Life Versus Death" by Danielle Onesto of Arlington Heights

Third place, Visual Art — 'Life Versus Death'

Judge's comment: This simple diptych is layered with meaning reinforced by employing color and texture. The hands hold single flowers at varying stages of life, conceptually reinforced upon closer inspection of the hands the piece alludes to the passage of time.

Third place, Poetry — 'The Oracle'

BY COURTNEY LANG
Arlington Heights

When my belly was stretched and rounded with you at nearly full-term, a tanned and bearded Greek man with sparkling white teeth would approach, kneel down and press in. Tilting his head towards you, he would sing, sing to you opera as though he could see through my skin, your skin, clear to you, to your pure and fearless spirit.

Perhaps he saw your penchant for theater, for gowns, for dramatic make up, your quiet introversion punctuated by moments of fierce emotion, loyalty, love; your ideals held close to your chest and your stubborn resistance to anything less. He saw you anticipating your transition to this grand stage of the miserable and the miraculous and he wanted you to know that before the world knew you, he saw you, he celebrated you.

Judge's comment: This poem has a lot of mystery, as befitting its title. We are not quite sure of the relationship of the man to the speaker, or to the baby he sings to, yet it doesn't really matter: What matters is the way he "sees" the unborn child. As a reader, I like the implication that every life begins with the mystery of an unwritten future, and that every one of us deserves celebration for who we are, even before that mystery is fully revealed.

Third place, Prose — ‘The Last Sunrise’

Continued from Page 1

hoped they were wrong. They reasoned, “What can I do to prevent it in any case?” Others added some version of “Eat, drink and be merry,” and had flown off to exotic settings with an assortment of beautiful partners. Others merely retreated into depression and perhaps left families, positions and possessions. Just walked away. A few tried prayer.

But no earthly or heavenly power was going to stop the internal thermal dynamics evidenced by many readings of esoteric metrics signaling the implosion of the sun followed by its rapid and premature expansion — today.

Where to go? Myron had faced this dilemma six years ago when

he had first convinced himself of the certainty of the end. He had made his plan and every six months rechecked the data to fix the date more exactly. Today was the day. After this, no more sun.

For the last five years, finally convinced he was right, after watching the increasing weirdness of his fellow astronomers and physicists — gambling, risking and losing lives in race cars, bungee jumping and various bizarre suicides, Myron borrowed as much money as possible and garnered millions in grants from various foundations. He then had the warning data and much else — history, philosophy, poetry, cultural highlights of civilization — engraved on thin metal plates and stored

them in small containers which he had been sending on intergalactic missions, ostensibly as minor experiments to test the atmosphere of any life supporting planets. He hoped they might benefit from his dying world’s experiences.

Myron watched the last of his missiles rise into an already over-bright sky. He wondered if the sun’s now obvious expansion would alter the trajectory of this last mission. It was aimed at a particularly promising set of planets of a star on the edge of a small galaxy at least seven hundred light years away.

“Oh well, what’s the difference at this point,” he thought. “That galaxy itself might have expired already, and we don’t know. What we

see is seven-hundred-year-old light. I hardly expect a thank-you note.” He smiled as he lowered the protective goggles over his optics before turning toward the sunlight getting brighter instead of setting.

“Truly lovely. Violent oranges and violet blues beginning. A spectacular solar event...”

His last words were muffled as Myron turned to ash and was immediately blown away in the first burst of solar wind.

The missile raced ahead of the massive holocaust, partially protected by the shield of the crumbling planet it was escaping.

...
The container with its cryptic exterior markings blurred and blackened by the heat of atmospheric re-entry and

scarred by grains of asteroid dust and pebbles had struck a sea obliquely. It skimmed and bounced atop the water, raising a trailing funnel of steam. It cooled off some and slowed before rolling end over end through some dunes of fine powdered sand, momentarily giving the container an additional thin glass coating. This shattered, producing prism-like rays of color reflecting the sun and filled the air around the final crash site.

Quinn spotted the sparkling dust swirling and settling on the small cylinder resting on a dune. He ran to it followed by his dog. When he touched the cylinder, it was quite warm. He waved his arms and yelled to the adult following him. “Over here, Dad! I found something.”

Through his huffing and puffing from trying to keep up, Dad gasped, “Quinn, be careful. That could be a bomb or some part that fell from one of those planes circling from O’Hare.”

“Hey, Dad, do you think I can use this in my science project at school?”

Quinn’s father bent to look at the blurred designs on the cylinder. After a little study, he chuckled and said, “I think we may have material here for hundreds of master theses and doctoral dissertations, not to mention government investigations — a Rosetta Stone jammed into Noah’s ark beside the Dead Sea Scrolls wrapped in the double helix DNA.”

“Sounds a little complicated for a science project.”

Honorable mention, Prose — ‘Masquerade’

BY JANANI VENKAT RAMANAN

“Higher! Push me higher!”
Elissa’s shrill eight-year-old voice cut through the damp morning air. She shrieked as she flew back and forth on a wooden swing.

Behind her, her older sister grinned. “If you say so.”

Elissa’s eyes lit up as her sister pushed her again. Her ponytail slapped her in the face as she swung and she giggled.

After a minute, Elissa brought her legs closer to her body to slow herself and turned. “Deidre, are you going away tomorrow?”

Deidre’s smile didn’t waver as she tussled her sister’s hair. “Don’t worry, Elissa. It’s only college. I’ll come back to visit.”

Elissa pouted out her bottom lip and reached into her pocket. “I made this for you so you remember me.”

Deidre looked down at the small heart attached to a necklace. “Then I’ll wear it every day when I’m away so I always remember my little sister.”

The phone rang that night. Elissa leapt off the couch and lunged for the side table. She fumbled with the landline and said, “Hello?”

The voice on the other side laughed. “It’s me, Deidre.”

Elissa broke out into a smile. “Are you at college?”

“Almost.” There was a pause. Then Deidre said, “It’s dark, and I’m stopping at this gas station near a town called Mora. Where are Mom and Dad?”

“They went out. They left me with the babysitter, but she’s making dinner,” Elissa said.

“Sounds good.” Deidre paused again. “My phone’s about to die, sis. Looks like there’s some party nearby. I’ll charge it there and call you in the morning. Night.”

Before Elissa could respond, the phone clicked off.

Two days later, a knock sounded at the door at the break of dawn.

Elissa’s parents answered it as Elissa peered out from behind the couch.

“Your daughter has gone missing,” a police officer said in a gruff voice. “We’re doing everything we can to locate her.”

Elissa stepped forward and hesitated. “Mom, Dad, Deidre said she was stopping —”

Her dad turned. “Go back to sleep, Elissa. Let the adults handle this.”

Then he turned back to the police officer as her mother wept.

Ten years later...
The dimmed glow of my headlights illuminate the road in front of me as it merges into the darkened forest.

Branches crunch underneath my tires. The wind howls outside my car and trees jerk from side to side. The darkened clouds above me rumble.

For a second, I consider stopping the car now and turning back.

“I can’t.” My words are quiet. “I have to find my sister.”

I hugged my parents this morning and told them I was going off to college. Now I’m driving through the same highway Deidre would have, heading for the same town she last called me from.

Beeping lights near my speedometer catch my eye. I curse.

“Siri, find me the nearest gas station,” I say under my breath.

My phone’s screen lights up. It takes a second to calibrate and makes a new path to the nearest exit.

I swerve off the highway and drive deeper into the woods. Branches scratch and claw at my windows and I squint.

Finally a pinprick of light enters my view. It grows closer as I keep driving and I turn right into the gas station. I shiver as I fill my tank and climb back into my car.

Deidre had said there was a town nearby. The same place she had disappeared at, but a town nonetheless.

A sinking feeling grows in my gut as I start the car again and pull back onto the road. In a minute, I see a small sign hanging off a low tree branch.

“Welcome to the town of Mora.”

My eyes widen at the sight in front of me.

In the distance is a mansion with glittering lights. Balconies jut out from every side. Elegant columns hold up an archway that leads to mahogany doors.

People dressed in glamorous gowns and pristine suits flood into the building. Figures laughing as if they didn’t have a care in the world are moving inside the mansion.

I stop my car on the street and step out.

The sinking feeling in my stomach grows as I walk toward the party.

The sounds of talking and laughter increase. Wineglasses clink inside the building and the distinct smell of food wafts to my nose.

“Excuse me,” I say, pushing past a group of ladies in flowing gowns.

I take a few careful steps toward the door and peer inside. The interior of the mansion takes my breath away.

At that moment, I forget everything. Honey-sweet music fills the air. Women in glittering floor-length gowns dance with men in dark suits. Masks of all shapes and sizes adorn the faces of everyone in the hall. Plates and knives clink at the buffet table at the right side of the ballroom. Curving golden banisters wrap around marble stairs leading up into the mansion.

“Excuse me, madame,” a woman in a black-and-white maid’s costume says. “Welcome to Epechein Mansion. Would you like an ensemble to fit the masquerade ball tonight?”

I am about to respond when I see a woman with free brown hair and eyes the color of chocolate dancing in front of me.

For a second, I think my eyes are playing tricks on me.

Deidre’s emerald-green dress wraps around her and sways from side to side as she moves. She smiles. The pink heart necklace on her chest bounces up and down.

“Deidre!” I say without thinking.

She freezes. Deidre turns and her mouth curves in a perfect O.

For a moment, I can’t bring myself to say anything. Relief fills me at seeing my sister, then fear at what she was doing here, then a thousand other emotions I can’t name.

“Elissa?” Disbelief fills her voice. “What are you doing here? You look so grown-up

...”

“Grown up?” I shake my head. “Deidre, it’s been ten years. What are you doing here?”

She furrows her brow. “Ten years? Impossible. I just got here hours ago.”

The party around me fades to a blur. I can’t think anymore, can’t even breathe.

I force words through my lips. “Deidre, you left in 2009. This is 2019. I’m eighteen. I left for college today, except I came to find you. And you’re here.”

“Eighteen, Elissa —” Deidre cuts off and looks around at the party. She finally looks back at me. “It’s really been ten years?”

I nod. “We have to get out of here — we have to escape whatever trap this is.”

“And go where?” Deidre asks. “It’s a dangerous pitch-black forest out there. This place is safe, at least for a little while. Stay the night, and we’ll leave in the morning.”

I shake my head. “I brought my car. We can sleep there. Please, Deidre, we have to —”

She puts a warm finger to my lips and glances around. “Look at this party, Elissa. If this is some kind of trap, do you think they’ll let us go?”

I force myself to look. The masked partygoers dance and weave around us like a sea of elegance.

But for how long?
I nod.

“Come.” She slips her hand in mine. “We’ll take turns keeping watch and resting. There’s a room upstairs.”

I keep my gaze on her necklace as she tugs me toward the stairs. I barely register where we’re going as we ascend and take a few turns through hallways. The golden marble,

tapestries, and paintings blur by.

Deidre opens a door and leads me inside, shutting it behind her. This room, too, is elegant, with walls of golden

marble and a ruby-red carpeted floor. A canopy bed sits in the corner and a window next to it overlooks the

See **MASQUERADE** on **PAGE 4**

34TH ANNUAL VILLAGE OF SCHAUMBURG

Volunteer of the Year Awards Luncheon

Celebrating the efforts of volunteers and volunteer organizations who enhance the quality of life in Schaumburg

Do you know an adult, teen or Schaumburg organization that gives back to the Schaumburg community by volunteering and should be commended for their contributions? If so, please nominate the person and/or organization that you think deserves the award by completing a Volunteer of the Year nomination form. Available categories include: Adult Volunteer, Volunteer Organization, and Youth Volunteer.

Deadline to submit a nomination is April 15

Submit a nomination online at www.villageofschaumburg.com (search Volunteer of the Year)

Awards Luncheon

Wednesday, May 4

11:30 am Cash Bar 12 pm Luncheon

Chandler's

401 N. Roselle Rd., Schaumburg, IL

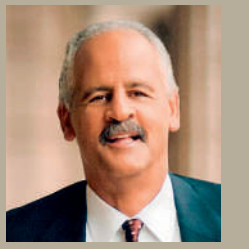
Admission: \$35 per person

Reserve your seats now through April 24.

www.villageofschaumburg.com (search Volunteer of the Year)

Stedman Graham

(Business Advisor, Chairman & CEO, S. Graham & Associates) is this year's Keynote Speaker at Schaumburg's Volunteer of the Year Awards Luncheon!



For more info contact rbenvenuti@schaumburg.com or call 847.923.3605



1516 Miner Street, Des Plaines, IL 60016. (847) 824-5262

Square Deal Shoes

SINCE 1921

SPRING into **SUMMER**

20% OFF EVERY PAIR* IN THE STORE!

*APPLIES TO REGULAR PRICED ITEMS ONLY

all of **APRIL**

Store Hours

SATURDAY. 9am–5pm

M.T.W.F. 9am–5:30pm

THURSDAY. 9am–8pm

Like Us on Facebook & Check Out Our Website: www.SquareDealShoes.com *OPEN SUNDAY APRIL 24th . 11am–4pm

OFFER EXPIRES: APRIL 30th 2022

Rocky Mountain CHOCOLATE FACTORY



541 N. Milwaukee Ave., Libertyville IL. 60048

847.367.6703

Have a **SWEET** Easter Celebration!

20% OFF ENTIRE PURCHASE (With this coupon) Expires April 17, 2022

Good at Libertyville location only
Not valid with any other offer or special orders