

And now, we proudly present: the long awaited by some/forgotten by everyone else...
FIFTH ISSUE MAY RELEASED: 5-19-98 Super-Ultra-Behemoth Issue

of the

CHS

This issue is NOT for you to keep!!! Return to Sasquatch staff when done reading - see underlined names at bottom!!!

SASQUATCH

Your Key to the Cambridge Underground

5555

Final Issue:

Vol. 2

Featuring Material Contributed By: Joel Behm, Kylon Conrad, Brad Danto, Corey Danto, Ryan Murray, Jon Myers, Aaron Lee, Julian Lee, Nick Runge, Shane Thelen, Jacob Wicke, and PJ!

Warning: Beware Outdated Material

I realize and apologize for these cheap notes, but it must be noted that The Sasquatch means no harm by any of its material and wholeheartedly wishes the seniors the best of luck in their not-so-pretty painted futures appearing in this issue. Special congratulations goes to the graduating Sasquatch writers, Kylon, Shane, and Joel. Their legacy will live on in recycling bins throughout the school.

As there hasn't been an issue in nearly half a year, material from long ago has piled up due to the editor's foolhardy habits of procrastination and general slacking. He apologizes again but would not object to a swift boot to the head. He proclaims: "This may very well be, in my opinion for one, the biggest Sasquatch ever sighted now and, perhaps, for all times." We shall see...

Until next year, keep sasquatchin' and buy a gee-damn T-shirt!

Published By:.



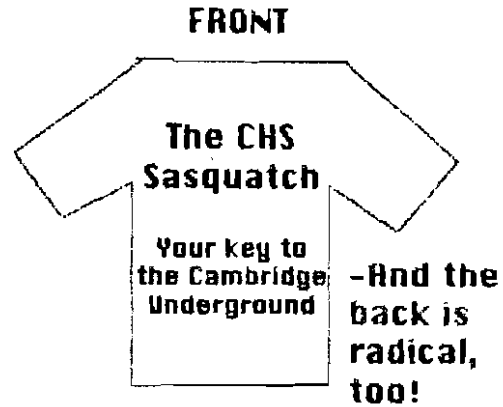
Wasting paper on things like this since 1992.

ADVERTISEMENT

*IMPORTANT: DO NOT READ IF YOU HAVE PURCHASED A SASQUATCH T-SHIRT!

HEY!

Have you bought a Sasquatch T-shirt yet?!



Then you're NOT COOL!!!

- ⇒ Your friends hate you.
- ⇒ You will die in a mysterious accident involving limburger cheese stuffed in every bodily orifice (the police will not suspect foul play because they hate you too).
- ⇒ Passerbies will spit on you and call you "Brent".
- ⇒ Your dog won't let you pet it; it will eat your homework.
- ⇒ Flowers shrivel up and die when you pass them.
- ⇒ Evil spirits possess your soul.
- ⇒ Children cry when they see you.
- ⇒ You are on Mr. Wilson's fecal roster™ and the Mafia's **** list.

Gosh you suck!

But it's not too late to save yourself! Buy a shirt right now!! That's right, throw your assignment in the teacher's face and find Julian before it is too late! I'm timing you.

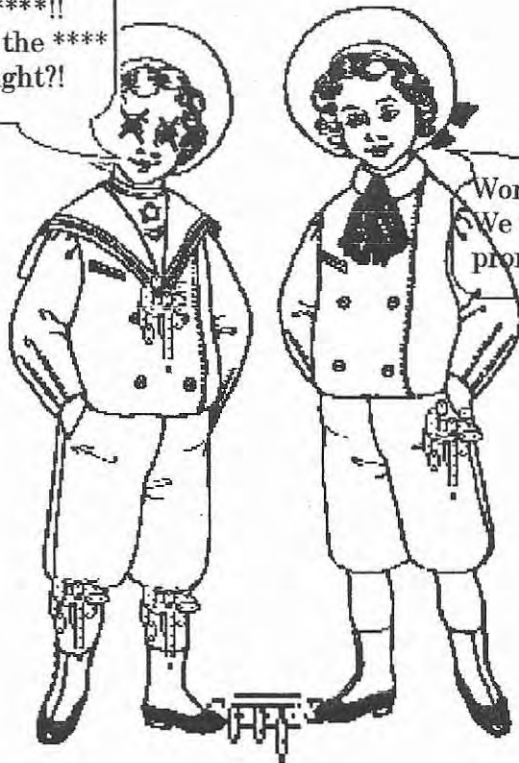
\$9 EA.; See a staff member for purchase-- ~~BUY OR DIE~~ BE SOLD TO GYPSIES TO WORK IN AFGHANISTAN FOR 10c/HR.

STILL AVAILABLE AT PRINT TIME: 1 SIZE L; ≈7 SIZE XL
BUT NOT FOR LONG!

SHAMELESS ADVERTISEMENT



Man, I feel like ****!!
Hey, babe, what the ****
did we *do* last night?!



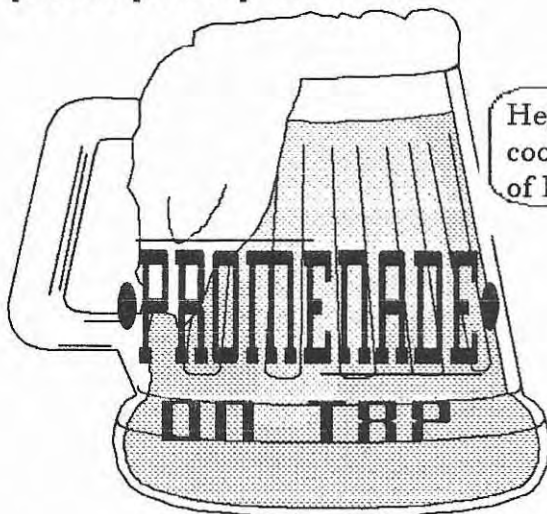
Word up, G!
We went to the ****in'
prom and got wasted!

PROMENADE™. "Celebrate the most memorable night of high school by not being able to remember what the **** you did!"

PROMENADE™ IS:

- Banned by Your School Principal (Very, VERY Cool!)
- 100 Zillion Percent More Intoxicating than Water
- The Get-You-Going Get-You-Drunk from the Get-Go Beverage
- Customizable to *Your* Prom Colors
- Beer with a Funny and Innocent-sounding Name

Look for this sign at your local
prom/post-prom/bar:



Hey, mommy, can I be
cool and drink a six-pack
of Promenade™ ?



Not on your ****in'
life, sweetie! Wait
until you're 17.

Life is a prom...
Puke it up!

Jacob Wicke Given Control of Entire School

Rosen: "It Was Only a Matter of Time."

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Teachers and students alike have long feared the day when a tyrannous and charismatic dictator may rise from the ruins of the Old Building to overthrow the district by means of a military coup. In 1986-87, the seeds for such a revolution were sewn when a then-innocent and little known kindergartener named Jacob Wicke entered the system. His skills in leadership and manipulation were cultivated by an underground militia throughout elementary and middle school, and since freshman year he has been recruiting an elite fighting force of electronic soldiers to do his bidding. These "computers" now occupy most every room, with numerous bases throughout, and number upwards of 100 strong. Unaffected by the laws and morals of the school board, these machines built only to serve Wicke have seized power with little resistance wherever they have invaded.

Head of CHS forces, Mr. Rosen, was unable to respond to his threats in time and now faces imminent removal at the hands of Wicke's unfeeling army. "No one ever asks him for a pass anymore, and he can get out of class whenever it suits him. To make matters worse, we have little choice but to call him to the office every other hour," a teary-eyed Mr. Rosen admitted as he watched his once-all-powerful empire crumble before him.

Even teachers who once supported Wicke's movement are now reconsidering. "When he joined FHA, I thought he would be a helpful and supportive member of the team, sure to help us in competitions such as Star Events, but the moment he joined, he brought those crazy televisions with him! They seized power immediately," Mrs. Peterson explained before breaking into tears.

Miss Usinger regrets nothing more than handing SWEN's editor position to Wicke. "From the get go, he turned SWEN into a newsletter for his bizarre cult movement and told me to join or else! Hey, Wicke, why don't you put *that* in the Sound-Offs?!"

One by one the departments fell to complete dependency on Wicke's "business machines". He controlled what you read, what you thought, and what kind of ducks you could draw on chalkboards. There was only one hurdle left to clear, and he did so mercilessly and without regard for anyone who had put him in the position to do so. Yesterday, Mr. Rosen stepped down as principal and transferred all power to the Wicke Regime as well as the keys to both the candy and soda machines. May he have mercy on our souls.

Wicke's Evil Rise to Power



1980-
Jacob A. Wicke
born and predes-
tined to rule the
universe or, at least,
CHS.

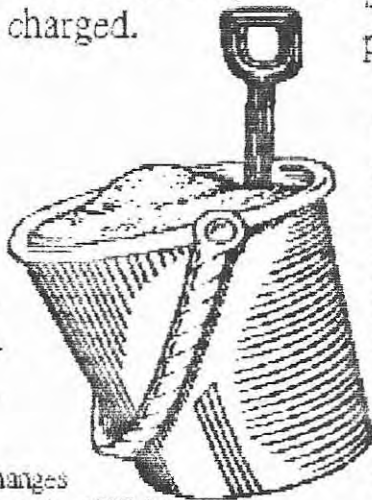
Kindergarten-
Flintstone Phone dismantled
and turned into scientific
calculator. Wicke suspected
but not charged.

Third-Fifth Grade-
1/100th scale-models of
master plan built in play-
ground sandboxes to arouse
minimal suspicion. Knowl-
edge of computer Infrastruc-
ture grows at alarming rate.

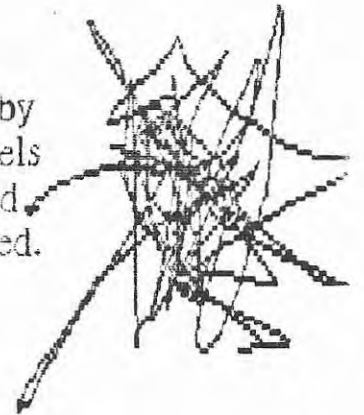
Grade 6-7-
Schoolwide ban on Hypercolor shirts changes
Wicke's policy of coexistence to "divide and
conquer".

Grade 8-
Middle school and all computer labs are
essentially his.

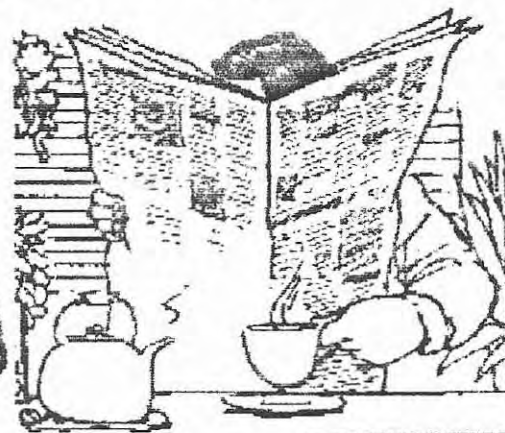
Freshman Year-
School unable to function without him.
Countdown to domination begins.



First Grade-
Playground uprising led by
Wicke militants and cartels
leaves three children dead
and hundreds wet or soiled.

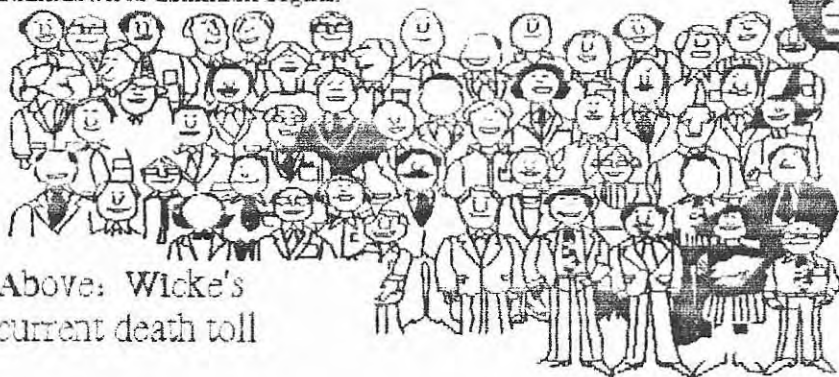
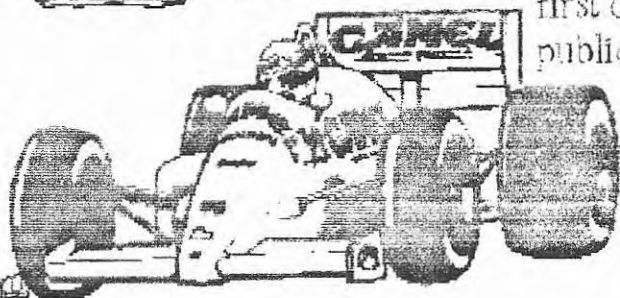


First-Second Grade-
Covert underground
activities carried out in
"The Basement", a secluded
spot under the school's own
playground equipment.



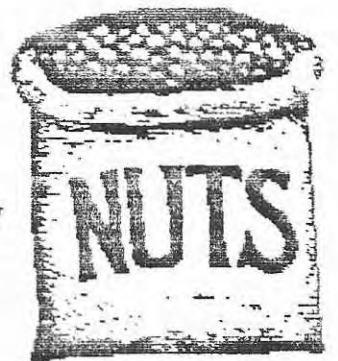
Fourth
Grade-
Newly
formed Old
Building
Times brings
Wicke unlim-
ited news
publicity in
first official
publication.

1997-98-
Struggling Sasquatch
editor exchanges soul
and rights to Sasquatch
for ride to school.
Wicke gains control of
all CHS publications.



Above: Wicke's
current death toll

What does the future
hold for this aspiring
FHA national presi-
dent/universal dicta-
tor? Whatever it may
be, rest assured that
The Sasquatch will
Keep you posted!



Science News/Research/Report

By: Dr. Kylah Conrad, BS (not bachelor of science)

Lunchtime Science Study Results

Background information. For the past semester, Mr. Gaertner has granted yours truly and several of my esteemed colleagues the use of his materials and facilities. We are indebted to him, both for this and giving me a passing grade in chemistry. Without his guidance, the vital information herein may still have been withheld from us today. We have for three days been conducting highly confidential experiments on the cafeteria food. We must give thanks to all those who have died to bring you this information. You see, we have had to smuggle the subjects of our study (the substance referred to as "food" by school officials) from the cafeteria and perform the experiments within the oppressive time constraints of the half-hour lunch period. Forgive us if we get too technical; we are, after all, scientific professionals. Oh, and don't try this at home, kids.

Observations. The first day of experimentation was Tuesday. As you may or may not recall, the meal consisted of chicken nuggets and baby peas. We added these to 18M (Molar) sulfuric acid (H_2SO_4). The peas promptly turned black while the fluid became a deep yellow and gave the distinct odor of burnt vegetation. The nuggets at first showed no reaction, but within a few moments they appeared to be bleeding. The fluid soon turned an intense purple while the chicken was reduced to three small white lumps which we have concluded to be a plastic of some sort.

Wednesday brought a sample of lasagna cheese for our scrutiny. This also turned a deep purple, leading us to the conclusion that the chicken nuggets and lasagna contain many of the same materials: plastic and an as yet unknown bonding substance.

Thursday was the famous fish, long suspected of inedibility. Due to unforeseen complications, we were forced to use nitric acid with a molarity between 12 and 18. The concentration did not, however, affect the results. The fish emitted a foul gas and turned completely yellow. It soon dissolved and was no longer identifiable as the fish it had so recently been. The fluid became yellow soon after.

Conclusions. As should now be obvious, school food is not the safest material in the world to eat, but we do estimate it to be approximately 85% edible. We are currently attempting to identify the source of the plastic as well as the chemical composition of the bonding agent. Expect further updates in later editions of the Sasquatch.

Detox. The preceding has been a verifiable scientific experiment and should not be reproduced without proper supervision and a licensing fee of \$1000 for Dr. Conrad. Some may still see us as small children pulling the legs off of ants and calling it science, but when we develop the vaccine for small pox and save your lives, ooh then you will see!

THE ADVENTURES
OF

KARL THE LIZARD

(also starring einstein)

By: JOEL BAHM

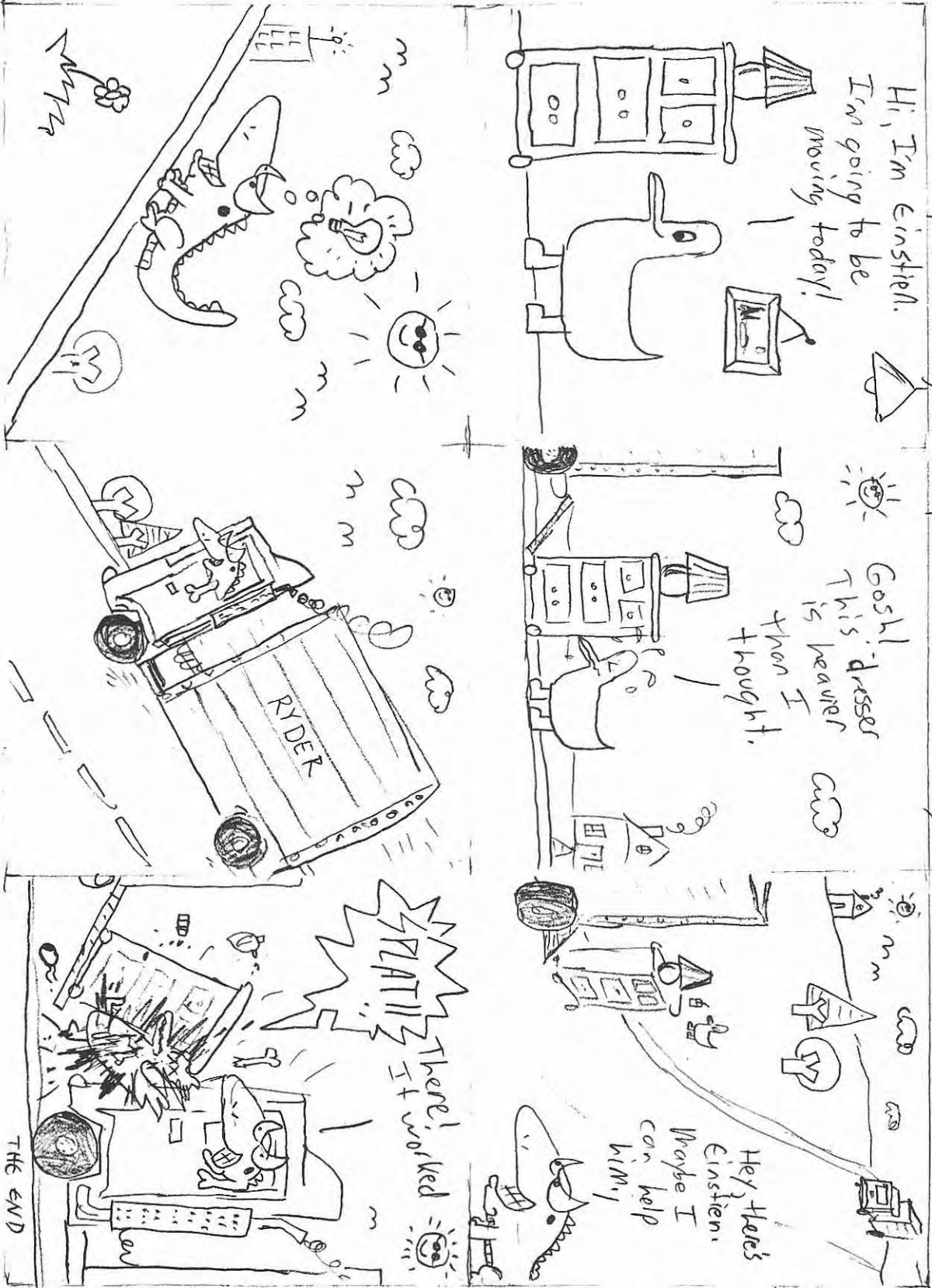
Hi, I'm einstein.
I'm going to be
moving today!

Gosh! -dresses
This heavier
than I
thought.

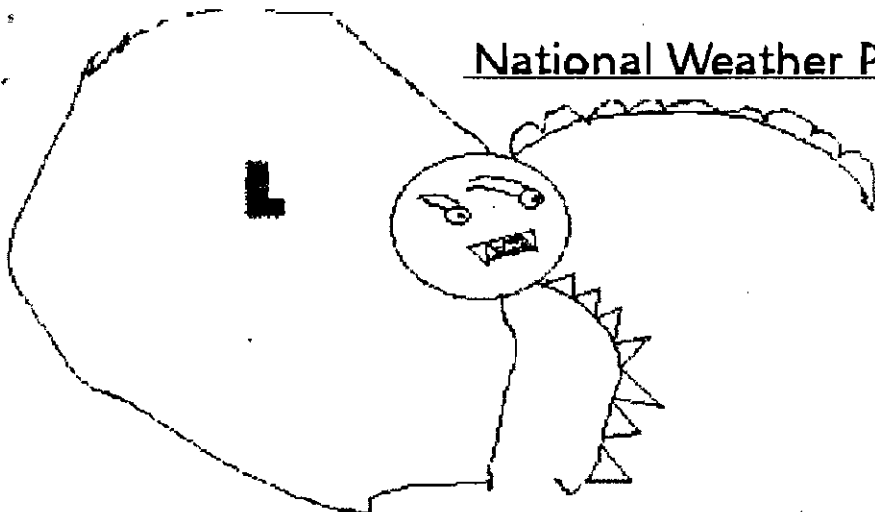
Hey, here's
Einstein.
Maybe I
can help
him!

Hail
the
Seagutch!

SPAT!! There! It worked



THE END



Weather System Demons Threaten Midwesterners with Moderately Low Pressure, Steady Precipitation

Though the local weatherman would have been more qualified, law officials insisted that highly paid, well trained police sketch artists depict the terrifying beast (above).

By: Chief Sasquatch Meteorologist, Kyloh Conrad

UNITED STATES, AMERICA - A large, puffy white monster has awakened from its cave in the Rocky Mountains and is sweeping eastward across the continental United States, leaving a cold trail of mystical white particles in its wake. These white particles are rumored to be the sparkles of magic that follow this beast known as "low pressure" as it sweeps its way across large land masses.

Even before the recording of time, when sasquatches roamed and ruled the Earth, there have been legends on every continent of this beast ravaging the countryside and leaving its trail of fine white flakes. Though, this year, we have certainly been duped out of the usual "Fine White Flake"-Days associated with this type of weather and time of year. This infernal demon can cover entire armies with this "magic dust from the heavens" and cause them to become quite chilly-- often requiring them to put on *warmer clothing!* There is but one way to slay this horrid jabberwock. Prophecies tell of a holy warrior that will come from a small village in the north-eastern part of the midwest who, riding his white steed, Ford, will wield a mere broken whiskey bottle and a bucket of salt against this immense monstrosity of nature.

He will then sick a mythical orange raccoon on the beast long enough to distract it, giving him time to aim for its weak spot-- a small opening in its otherwise impenetrable armor to reach its soft underbelly not unlike that of a cumulous cloud-beast of atmospheria. Only then can he truly fell the behemoth. He must then venture to its lair to slaughter its offspring before they hatch from their gem-like eggs deep within the Earth to truly end this evil reign of terror and bring eternal p-- oh, well, that's a much longer story, and it's not as easy to understand.

Karl the Lizard Caught in Shocking Scandal Crappy Comics Inc. Declines Offer to Sell Him for Dog Food

ELGIN, IL -

In a shocking revelation yesterday at the Crappy Comics World Headquarters in Elgin, Karl the Lizard admitted that he is a homosexual, communist, Nazi, and routinely does not use deodorant.

A Crappy Comics executive was present to comfort Karl in this difficult time. Thiz Izfake, Crappy Comics CEO, said, "Karl the Lizard is a detriment to everything that is good in our society. He will corrupt our children, poison our goldfish,

and steal our Eggo waffles!! Behind those cute sharp teeth, happy dark and beady eyes, and gentle razor-sharp claws is the image of Satan himself. He really fooled us!"

Hundreds of children were present to witness this terrible announcement. Luke Evenson was interviewed and said, "Cool, Karl, you and I both don't wear deodorant, but we sometimes like to eat it when there's no rack of lamb in the fridge."

Also present

"He will... poison our goldfish!"



Among other heinous crimes Karl the Lizard is currently under interrogation as the prime suspect for causing Einstein the Duck's (El Pato, unfortunate accident (above).

was Joel Behm. Karl's lover of two years, who cuddled with Karl after the announcement.

Nobel Peace Prize winner Chris Kreul summed up the day with his conclusion speech: "Hey, dude, what was I supposed to say again? OK, cool."

Crappy Comics is a subsidiary of Spanish Cow Worldwide, which sells and produces lard, beer, aerosols, real estate, comics, long distance telephone service, mail order catalogs, banking services, and personal-use nuclear weapons.



Fishin' For Thoughts

By: ~~Kyloh "The Fish"~~
~~Conrad~~



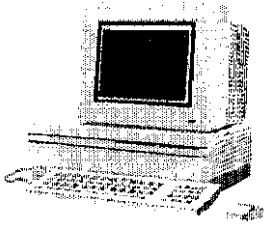
h yes, the hammer... such a marvelous tool. There are so very many applications for such a simple-- yet ingenious-- object. I mean, with what else can you use to put up dry-wall *and* crack walnuts? It is the perfect cooking utensil as well. You can club the dumb animal to death with it and then use it to tenderize the meat.



With all these practical uses, I don't know why everyone doesn't have one and carry it with them wherever they go. It's cheap, fun, and dangerous all at the same time! It comes in so many different varieties too! Why there's the Balpeen, claw, jack, and sledge to name just a few.



If you lock your keys in the car, don't fret! Simply grab your trusty hammer by the handle and swing it at the window! This saves much precious time and spares you of the cost of a hefty locksmith's bill. Hammers also make for (or can be used to make!) the perfect Valentines Day gift for your sweetheart! Mine just locked her keys in the car-- be back in a flash.



C.H.S. SASQUATCH

Jon Myers Video Game Review

Wow! A picture of a computer on the top. You might ask what for, and I'd say that now I will also be reviewing hot new computer games along with the video games I review. Like next review I'm going to review Quake II.

This time around I'm going to review Fifa 64. This game may have o.k. graphics, and a bad announcer, but it was also way to easy. The multiplayer option was probably the best part of this game.

This game also doesn't have many options either. I hope this games sequel will be better than the original, because I would hate to play another soccer game that is to easy.

**I give this game a 9 out of 15,
in my scale, that's pretty bad!**

**If you don't remember my scale, good because it was dumb, but
here I'm with an all new rating scale:**

1-3 You'd rather want to play a Sega Game!

4-7 Wow! This game sucks!

8-10 A game who wishes it was cool!

11-14 A good N64, Playstation or Computer Game!

15 The Perfect Game!

The IMC: It Is Getting Better, Sort Of

by Brad Danto

Right now many people, including myself who go to the IMC for study hall, before and after school, and during lunch feel that the librarians run the IMC too much like a dictatorship. This has taken all the fun that there used to be in the IMC away. The fun I'm talking about is being able to come to the IMC and talk with friends and work together on things with them.

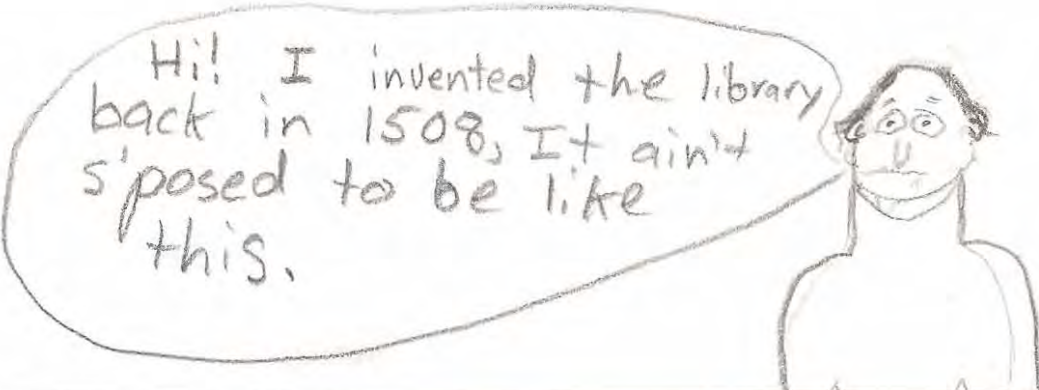
The librarians are doing their jobs, making the IMC a quiet place for study and students doing work. But are they going too far? Things that I have seen are: when a student talks, the librarian will yell at that person saying, "Stop talking, or you will have to leave the IMC." When someone is at a computer and another person goes over to them and asks them a question, the librarian will yell at the person, not even asking what they are doing.

The one main thing, that I see that the librarians have done that goes against the IMC rules in the Student Handbook is that earlier in the year the librarians told students there was a limit of two students to a table, but the Student Handbook says, "A maximum of four students per table is allowed." Now they let four sit at a table.

Once I was in the Reference Room looking at a book of slang words and someone left shutting the door behind them. The librarian comes into the Reference Room unlocking the door and yelling, "There is no reason why you kids need to be in here. Get out! Always locking the door and talking in here." Two other people were in there with me and she didn't even ask why or how the door locked. We didn't have a key to lock it with and she just started yelling assuming we were up to no good. What about her saying we didn't need to be there? What if we need a book from there or something?

Some students get angry when they are working in groups in the IMC and get yelled at by a librarian for being too loud. The Student Handbook says, "There is a room provided for group study." *There is no room in the IMC for this.* Ms. Dixon told me that next year the IMC will have more space, including two rooms or areas for group work to be done. Along with that there will be more computers for the internet.

Next year things will be better in the IMC. The IMC will have more room, computers, and two conference rooms. On the downside the IMC will probably still be run by the same librarians. Perhaps they will mellow over the summer.



Hi! I invented the library back in 1508, It ain't s'posed to be like this.

Mr. Wilson Unveils 1998 Fecal Roster

"I Hope You Like Moving Hurdles, Because That's Your Job for the Rest of the Year."

CAMBRIDGE, WI - It was with much anticipation, hope, and fear that CHS history teacher, track coach, and Grunden impersonator extraordinaire, Mr. Wilson, released his now world-renowned fecal roster-- perhaps the single most trusted and utilized guide to students, athletes, and even other teachers who would be moving hurdles for a very long time if Mr. Wilson ran the universe instead of just the world. This year's top winner was no surprise in a field of over five billion possible fecally prominent people. A roster regular for two years straight, Mitch St. John "The Snack King", garnered a winning campaign by a narrow margin over "track athletes who made poor decisions" (drank beer and were dumb enough to get caught) and "administrative personnel" who just plain irk him sometimes. St. John attributes his great achievement this year to several events which shot him from the second team all-fecal roster into the limelight: his frequent and unexpected "injuries" or "not wanting to run" before track events as well as a particularly decisive incident in a race in which he went *under* a hurdle.



Wilson himself admits that this year's roster goes kind of heavy on administrators after Mitch, but a number of other track athletes made bids for appearances throughout the year. He's not giving any more names-- the entire list is prominently displayed on the backside of the T-shirts for this year's conference track meet. He added, "If I get stuck with a big pile of shirts at the end of the year, you all will be on my fecal roster." This statement startled even the likes of the infallible Captain Demo, who then boarded the *Nautilus* to brave the depths of the seven seas and 20,000 leagues of the pools near the triple jump pits.

Wilson hasn't let his newfound fame change him; the secrets of his Mr. Grunden impression remain intact, he continues to break out into song ("la la la") without warning, and passerbies can still wonder what the heck is going on in his room when they hear him making those crazy monkey sounds. Mr. Nelson, wisely, declined to comment.

**Matt Henderson Returns From Death
Dies Again At Russian Mafia's Hands**

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Students at Cambridge High School were stunned last Tuesday as Matt Henderson returned from the dead. According to one doctor at the Kreul National Health Insitute and Gift Shop (KRENHIGS), "[Matt] just got up and started walking around. He sat straight up, looked at me, and said 'So, where's the bathroom in this place, anyway?' I couldn't help but faint!" Doctors are amazed at Matt's recovery, and say Matt shows no signs of the unfortunate accident which had killed him in December.

Upon Arrival at the KRENHIGS, I was met by a large mob of Russians, each with a very angry expression on his face. I heard one of the enraged Russians mutter, "evating payment. I teach Amerikaan to evate payment." I would find out what that meant, but later.

In Matt's room, however, things were in a different light. Specifically, Black Light. As I walked through the door, my white Sasquatch shirt started glowing brightly. Matt greeted me, and I started the inquisition. Just after I asked Matt, "So, where's the bathroom in this place, anyway?" the large mob of angry Russians burst into Matt's room, led by none other than Boris Danto. Matt jumped from his bed, stared, eyes wide, at the mob, and promptly wet his pants.

Boris stepped forward from the crowd. "So. Dis is ver you have bin hidin-g your self, Mattyew. You are aware dat you are owin-g us lot of money? Det, schmet. Bein-g det is no excuse, Mattyew."

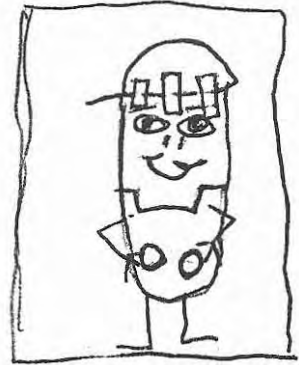
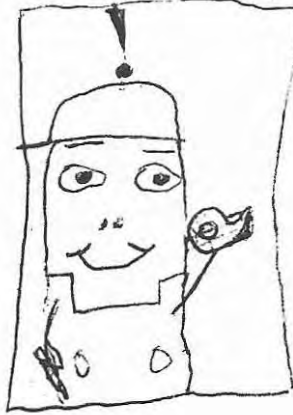
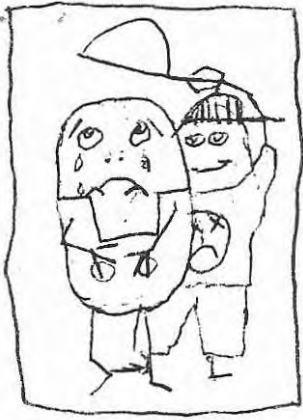
With that, Boris reached into his coat, withdrew a geometer, and threw it at Matt's chest. Matt grabbed the geometer, which had fallen to the floor, and whipped it at Boris. The geometer struck Boris in the temple. Boris stumbled around the room, grasping the stricken area of his forehead.

Matt jumped through a window, and onto the 70-story high ledge, and Boris followed. Once Boris stepped onto the ledge, he reached into his coat once more, but this time withdrew a safe-t compass. Matt jumped back, attempting to avoid Boris' expert swordsmanship. The Russian couldn't seem to get a good hit in. Suddenly, Boris threw the compass away and pushed Matt over the edge. Matt fell 70 stories and landed on the sidewalk below with a loud thud, still audible from the 70 story ledge above. Matt survived the fall, opened his eyes, moaned, and saw a small object falling towards him. Above, Boris' safe-t compass was finally catching up to Matt. It planted itself firmly into his brain, killing him instantly.

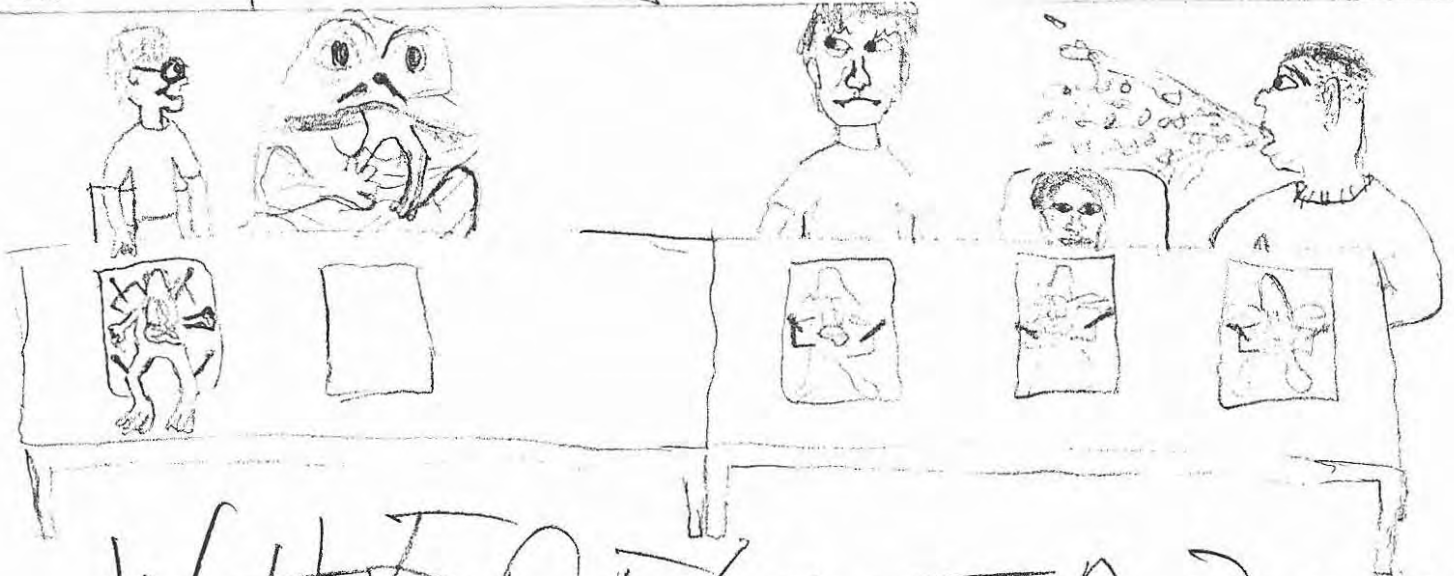
An movement has been started to ban safe-t compasses.

AN IDEA FOR FRANCIS

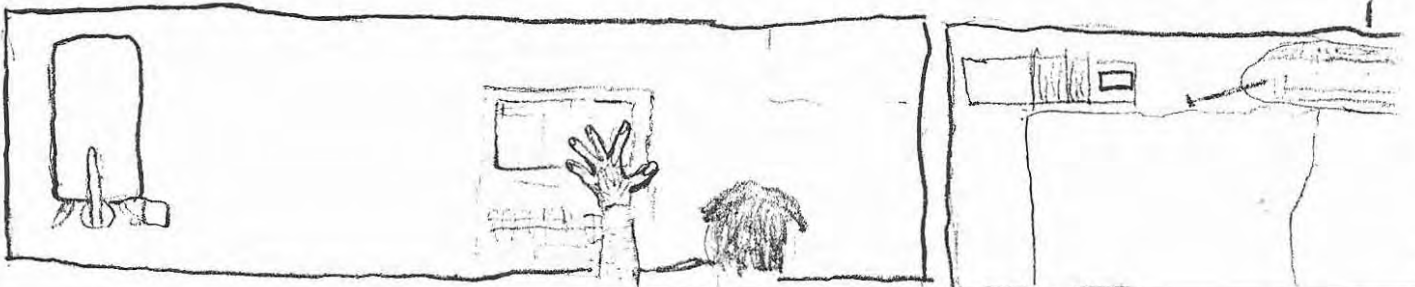
By: Aaron Lee



THE
END



WHERE'S JABBAH



Vinegar and Baking Soda Experiment Renders Henderson Immortal

CAMBRIDGE, WI - It was all going wrong. Matt Henderson had just completed his science project (a volcano model) for Mr. Gaertner and was about to demonstrate it when G again reminded him that he was no longer in any of Gaertner's classes and was free to leave. Henderson fell to his knees in tears and, in a fit of rage, poured the vinegar into the volcano chute. Gaertner fled for safety. There came a great fizzing sound, and a bubbling wave of terror swept over the model and spilled on Henderson's hand. "I am immortal!" Matt beamed and then ran off to test his newfound interminability, laughing as he went. Henderson was later found, covered in cheese, tied and gagged in the science refrigerator.

Country Singer Moans at Middle School

CMS, GYMNASIUM - On Friday, February 20, middle school students received a heaping helping of fun educational-geared entertainment-- *country style*!! The fun began with a lively rendition of "Achy Breaky Heart" and ended with the slightly lesser-known "If You Don't Give Drugs to Your Horse, Why Would You Use Them Yourself?". Many in the audience were in tears as he closed, reminding students that, if they do drugs, they can never be like him.

True Story (Mostly)

Reported By: Kyloh Conrad

CAMBRIDGE, WI - During a final exam discussion in 8th hr. Earth Science, Jamey Scout was asked by G, "Which of the following volcanic materials will travel the farthest: A. Sacrificed Bodies; B. Ash; C. Cinder; D. Ice Cubes?"

Jamey replied correctly, "C. Ash". Then Henderson, in all his great wisdom said that the sacrificed bodies would travel the farthest, "And, ah-- you-- ah". While Matt searched for words, Gaertner immediately retorted with "Unya, Unya, Unya!", mocking Henderson with studentlike skill. The class, stunned and amused, began laughing hysterically as G let loose what he had been holding back all year. Henderson was silenced at last.

Substitute Teachers Crack Down on Abuse

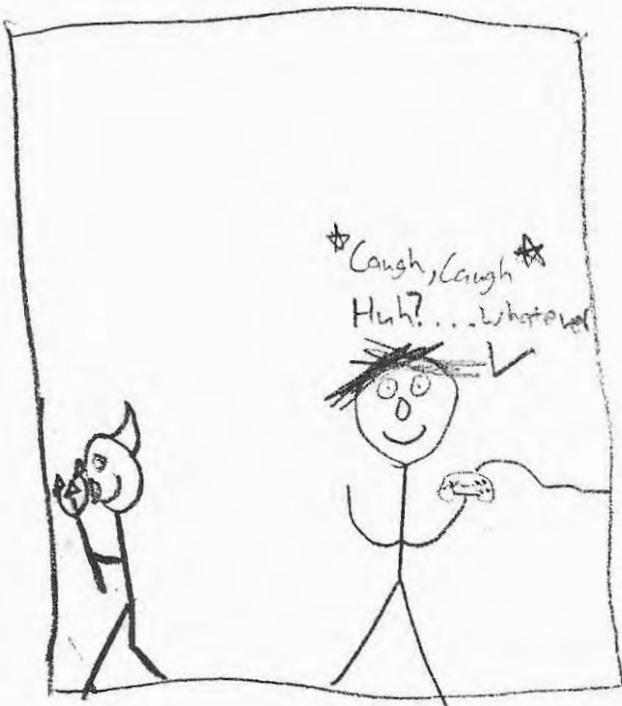
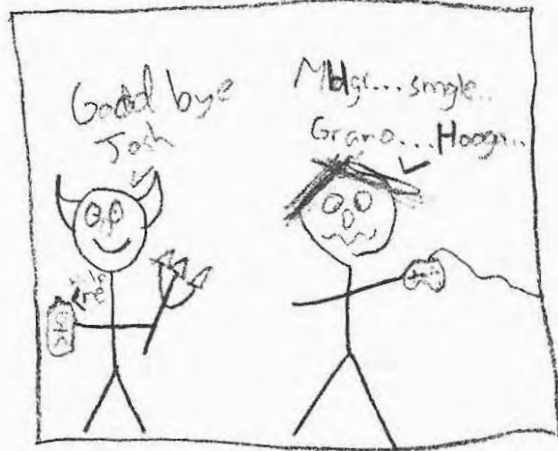
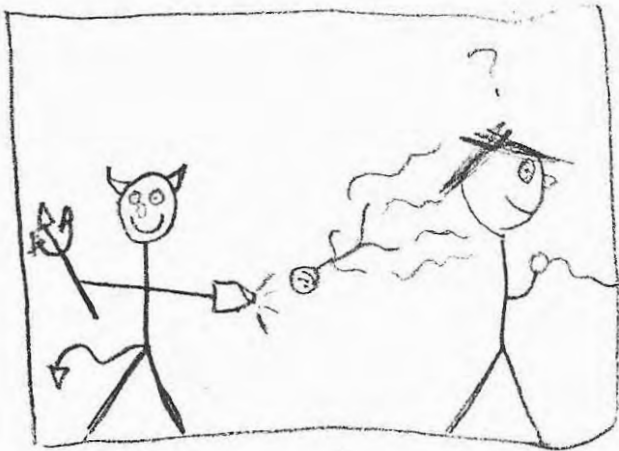
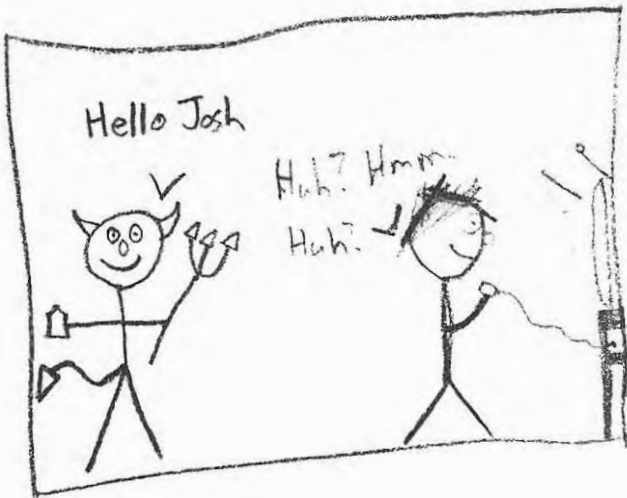
CAMBRIDGE, WI - Substitute teachers throughout the school have had enough and are taking a stand against disrespect. Eighty-three year-old, Mr. Teprabolocksley, is leading the movement, citing an example of the mistreatment he has faced. "I introduced myself and then suggested that the students call me 'Mr. T', for tough, of course," said Teprabolocksley, uttering more words than he had all day. "They laughed at me! Well, I've had it! Unfortunately, I won't be quite able to take a stand, though. Heck, I haven't been able to stand under my own power since the bicentennial in '76-- or was it '42?" We laughed at him, and he began to cry.

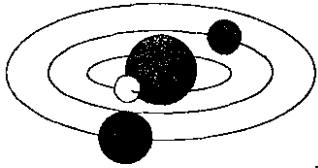
Another teacher, who had been well on his way to the Guinness record for staring at a wall, was interrupted by student who actually had the nerve to ask him a question. "I told her to **** off and wrote her a detention, but by then it was too late," he said, wiping a tear from his eye. He then told us to **** off.

These substitute teachers have left a list of disrespectful students (who will no doubt be beaten to a bloody pulp). It consists of these students: Please see "Sub Wrath" on Pg. 37

Adventures with Josh by Corey Danto

(For those of you who don't know, Josh is Mitt H's little brother.)





C.H.S. Sasquatch

Taco Juan's Movie Review

Hola! "Yo quiero Taco Bell" - little dog in el Taco Bell commercial.

O.K. lets get on with the review. Today yo review un movie, it's called Contact. This movie stars Jodie Foster and the guy police guy from Picket Fences. She plays an astrologer, who tries to find and study little green men. Which is one of the things a lot of characters dislike about her. Since there is some problems with funding at her job for her and her group of people she works with, they need to find a new place to work.

Then the people which give some of there money to her are about to stop giving her money because she and her team are not finding anything, they get a signal from deep in space. These signals were a group of several things, mixed together, these things were video, audio and a sort of blueprint things. These blue prints things were prints to show them how
to.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

This was a very good movie, though for some it was hard to understand, but not me. I will give this movie a 8 out of 10.

Alcoholics Anonymous:
A Visit to the Average Meeting

CAMBRIDGE, WI - At the AA meeting last Thursday at 12 AM in the CHS IMC, I had the chance to speak with many of the determined people who are members of Alcoholics Anonymous. How determined are they you ask? Well, A. Nonymous, an AA member for 3 days, told me, "we, we had this BIIIIIG ke *hic* ke *hic* kegger last niii *hic* last nii *hic* laaaast niiii *hic* at the last meeting, an', an', I, juss wanna say how much I *hic* how much I *hic* how much I love you, maaaaaan."

Throughout the history of AA, many people have come and gone. Some of these anonymous people are Anne Onymous, Anon Emus, Al Coholic, and even the acclaimed recovery case, Ima Drunk. There were many Anonymous Alcoholics at the last meeting, but not nearly as many as how many showed up in the Cambridge High School IMC. "Where's the punch?" many of the attendants asked. "Is it laced this time? Last week it was so bland."

How did these brave people get together in this group? It's very simple, actually. One month ago, when the AA introduced their snack bar, Alcoholics from across the country joined up to squash their dependency. Another of the snack bar additions was the punch bowl, which contains what the snackbartender explained as, "a mixed drink of sorts." Whatever it was, I wasn't allowed to have a sip, as it was, "for the alcoholics only."

I was disappointed to find that the celebrity speaker for the night, the aforementioned Ima Drunk, was over hung, and wouldn't be appearing at the meeting, but I continued interviewing the members. One of the members, who wished to remain anonymous, told me about his involvement in the AA, and how much it meant to him. "It's like having another family. Everybody here in the AA is really friendly, and none of them even know my name!"

About half way through the meeting, one of the guests, who seemed to be absolutely dizzy, smashed open the door to the Reference Room using the entire set of American Decades (973.9 TOM v.1-9), and his head after the books were unsuccessful in breaking down the door completely.

The entire Cambridge branch of AA made a favor of completely reversing the order of the books in the reference room, and the rest of the library. 999's were under 001's, 500's were under 500's, and everything was totally and utterly spotless by the time the AA left. Another member, who wishes to remain anonymous, made a point of leaving all the empty beer cans from the night in the recycling bin.

The average meeting for the average organization ended around 2 PM when the cops decided to break us up and send us home.

ALL IN A BLINK

Just a soul in an endless dream,
I soar on wings I've never seen;
Deep in the darkness, I've found a light
That let's me soar on the wind of the night.

Lost and broken, but not alone
Stuck in the skies that I called my home;
To change the things that were meant to be;
Is that really my destiny?

Once more I'm left to decide my fate;
Do I act; do I stand; do I wait?
What is this feeling deep inside?
Do I want to love-do I want to die?

My soul is breaking its bounds;
I live my dreams-what have I found?

S."G"T.
3-10-98

Julian, Brad, Nick seated at table, Mrs. Dixon approaches and says
"Nick, you'll have to move. Only two to a table, that's the rule."
Nick had a copy of the student handbook, which clearly stated:
A maximum of four student is allowed at a table. Nick showed
her and said, "Nooo. Look here!"
She seemed puzzled for a moment, but, hardly missing a beat,
she retorted, "I don't care. ^{just the rules say} I'm telling you to move, and I'm
the boss. I make the rules, so go sit somewhere else." She then
left us with no possible method of counterattack.
We sat, amazed at how easily our rights were breached, until she
returned to say, "I meant now!"

I'm on to Your Intranet Scheme!

You conniving whippersnappers thought you done whooped us decentfolk with yer newfangled dooflickers 'n' such! Well, I'll tell ya', I'm on t'ya' an' this "intranet" o' yers! No ma'am, Mrs. Duckett, 'tain't me who you done fooled-- it's all in yer nuddikins far as I's concerned. This intranet ain't jus' fer some truck-gutted pornography prevert to be smurfin' 'round in. No sir. B'for I continya, leeme ask ya': D'you scalawags see green in my eyes? I think not so. I *know* the intranet ain't no inframation wonder beltline-- it's one o' them brain washers them alienfolk's got nowadays. If ya' think I wants to keep up with the Jones's 'n' buy me one o' them intranets, ya' must be bigger oilers th'n I thoughts ya' was! Keep yer g***** intranet outta my shack else Buford 'n' me'll learn ya' a lesson fer good! Gee darn whippersnappers-- no respect fer yer elderfolk!

This old man's gibberish appears in over zero publications nationwide.

Greetings to all of you aspiring chefs out there. Cody Corpustle here again with another delicious dish. But first, some important news. Johnny Carson says that you youngsters get your news from the late show rather than the newscasts nowadays, so read this really late at night and pretend it's a TV because you've got to stay in touch with our exciting and ever-changing world! Now, you may be thinking, I am only a cool chef, so what do I know about the events shaping our lives? More than you may think!

President Dole is caught in yet another sex scandal-- this time with a man! This man, Ken Starr, has said that Dole told him to lie about their relationship, and now Russia wants to start a war! Rightly so, I say, Dole said he has strength of character-- but this sure says otherwise!

Just like in the movie "Wag the Dog's Tail", president Dole is now trying to cover up the scandal by waging an imaginary war with Albania. Government people say that Albania is hiding chemical weapons from UN inspectors, Sadaam Hussein and Boris Yeltsin. Yeah right, Mr. Dole, and *three* teaspoons makes a tablespoon! They can't fool me!

Oh my! I was so caught up in my political views that I almost forgot to share a recipe with you!

Middle Eastern Mosh

Mix in our tanker:

1 tsp. Anthrax
1,000 sq. miles sand
3 people in turbans
1 antagonistic dictator
1 wimpy desert storm
More sand
37 whining UN inspectors
Sand mixed with oil
1 scandalous,
immoral, but
loved U.S.
president
(covered in sand)

Place in oven at 100° by day and 30° at night for several years or until media attention is scorched. Serve with a nation of violent, scandal-torn rich fat people.

Can you believe I was turned down to write the next edition of The Joy of Cooking?

Eggo Waffles Agree to Endorse "Hanson"

King of Waffle People: "Hanson Melts the Butter!"[®]

Kellogg's[®] Eggo[®] waffles

Battle

What are you
talking about?!
I am a girl.

Mmmmbop. Oh ****!
I think I just ate
Baby Bop. Barney's
gonna kill me!

Ha ha! You look
like a girl!

^{KD} Contains
Good Source of 8 Vita
SEE BACK PANEL FOR NUTRITION

12 Waffles • Family Pack

BATTLE CREEK, MI - In an unprecedented strategic business deal, executives of the "band" "Hanson" have recruited Kellogg's Eggo waffles in an effort to target 8-14 year-old girls who might buy music. Their manager commented, "Whenever those crazy, screaming white teenage girls see Eggo Waffles, they go wild with desire, and we're hoping we can tap some of this enthusiasm and convert it into music sales."

In exchange for the endorsement of Ego III, king of the waffle people, Hanson paid \$50 million and the rights to make every CD released look like a circular waffle.

Read from start to finish and get a prize: knowledge of a bad movie!

FAVORITE MOVIES REVIEW!

Today I shall review a previously unavailable film, which I bought at Best Buy (buy one movie for \$2.99 get another free; I couldn't resist). This and a myriad of other old "kung-fu action" movies were released in the mid-nineties with the emergence of its star, Jackie Chan, from those little "Mind Your Manners" shorts sometimes played on the now thankfully defunct "America's Funniest People". Anyway, after "Rumble in the Bronx", film companies no doubt saw great potential in milking Chan's early, perhaps less stellar films. I took the bait even though I had already seen a mediocre pre-Bronx Jackie Chan chopfest.

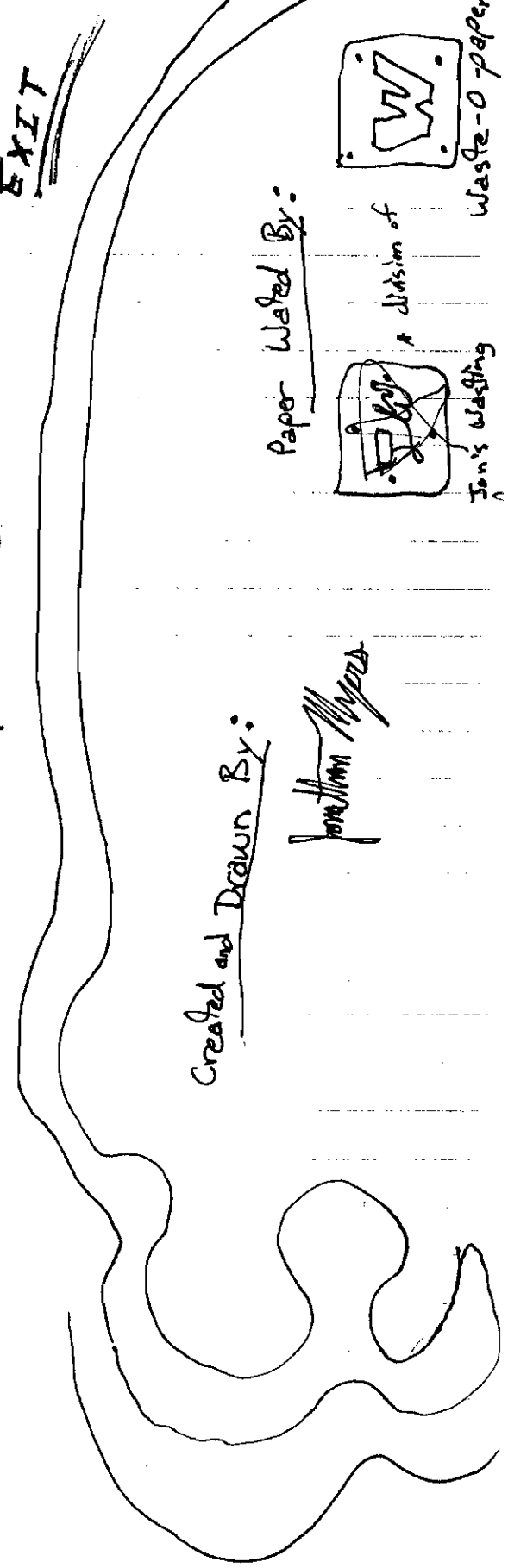
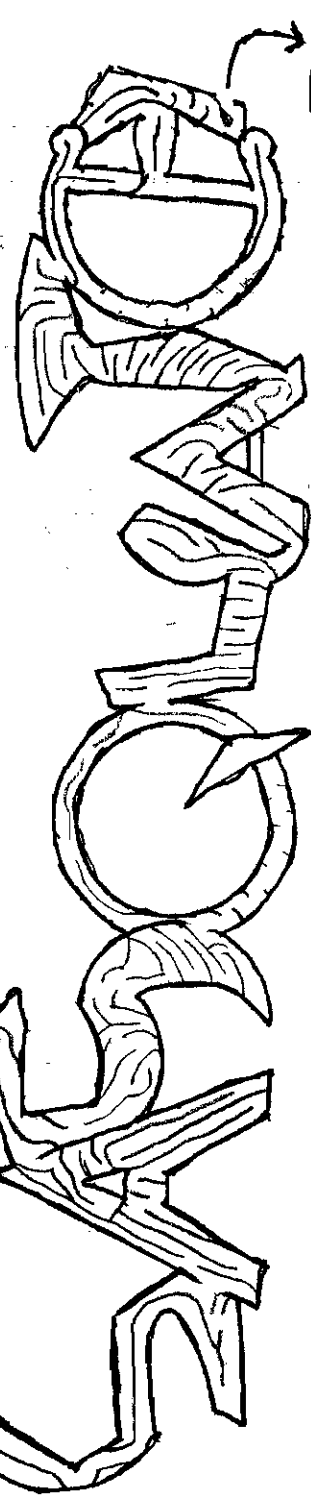
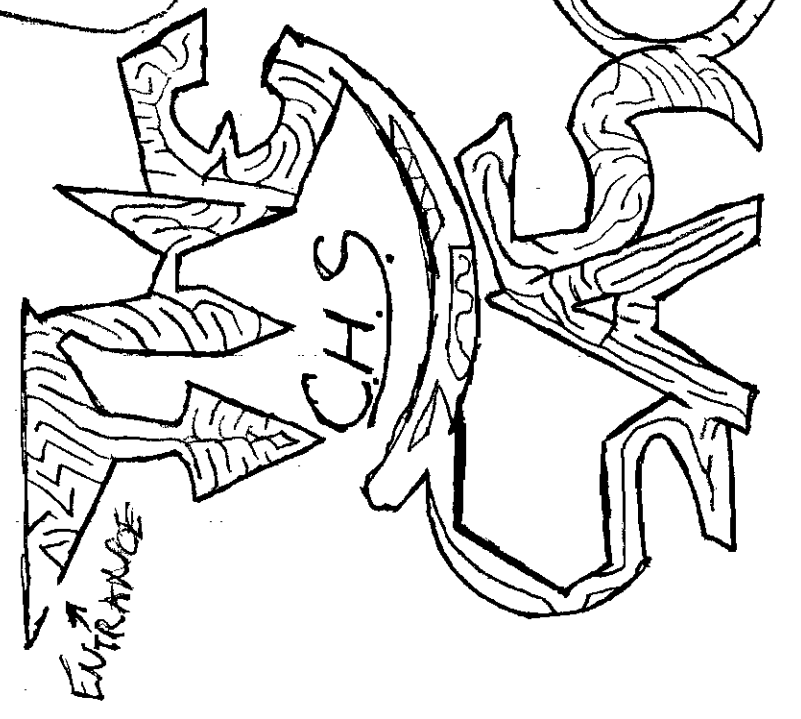
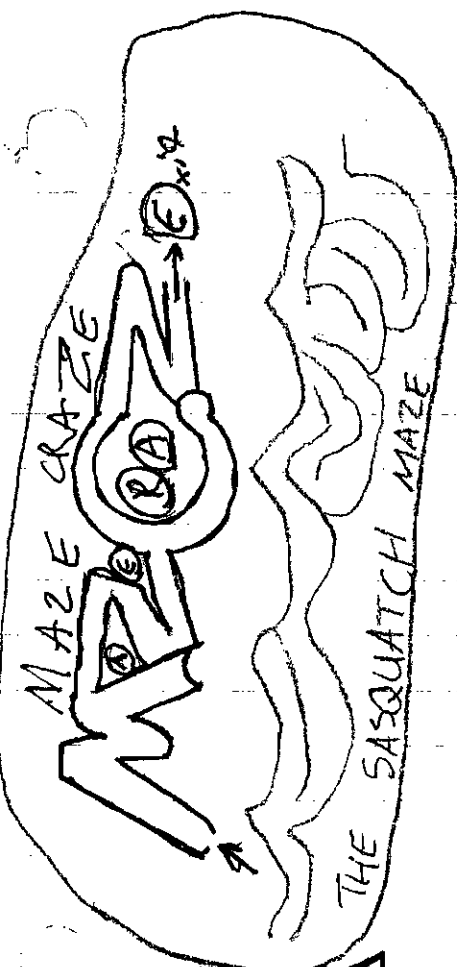
This film of 87 minutes is called **Eagle Shadow Fists** and only the latter of the title makes an appearance. The title, to be fair, has been changed several times to make it appeal more to us finicky Americans; in the Videhound movie guide, the co-star, Fists, is not even mentioned in the title while the irrelevant Eagle Shadow remains. Nowhere on the tape could I find a rating, but I assure you that this is *not* one of those pre-ratings frontal nudity surprise films.

I still feel like I'm forgetting something— oh yes— the plot. No kung-fu movie has *ever* had a plot that is beyond being a vehicle for high-flying stunts, but this film has somehow managed to be an exception. There *are* no high-flying stunts in this movie. Sure, there is a heckuva lot of kicking and fighting (and some guy even jumps off of a second-story rooftop!), but this is substandard fare for this genre. Even more disappointing is Chan, who doesn't jump over a single fence, jump through a ladder, wrestle a shark, nor does he even get to really pummel anyone with a melonballer (actually, I don't think he's ever done that, but it would sure be awesome!!). This is, in part, due to the fact that, contrary to the mendacious sleeve, CHAN IS NOT THE MAIN CHARACTER! The story actually centers around some weird(er?)-looking Chinese guy whom Chan could kick the crap out of while tied to a stretcher (speaking of which, the trademark "stunts that went wrong" that play during the credits of his recent films are sorely missed)! This does, however, provide a unique and entertaining scenario for any of you out there with a twisted desire to see Chan beaten silly. Heck, Chan doesn't just get all bloody and beaten up— he actually *dies*! Hey, it made me cry too, so cheer up.

The film meanders about with pointless characters and fights of the Japanese against the Chinese, often generating little or no excitement and countless whooshing sounds. Other sick pleasures include: almost everyone dies, both a Chinese nerd and old man are beaten, the final one-on-one fight scene carries on for over fifteen bloody minutes (and ends when the antihero has his eyes gouged out and falls off a cliff). This is Chinese B-grade schlock at its finest and is a must-see for any bored out of his/her gourd simpletons in need of some mindless violence and funny-looking oriental people to laugh at. That sounds terribly racist, doesn't it?

Fortunately, Jackie Chan has gone on to do much better work and jump over many more entertaining things. Still, I can give this grunting scrap heap only 1 out of 10.5 points.

Ratings: 0= so bad that it is worth seeing because of it. 5= a movie that is too bad to watch. The lowest common denominator among films 1= suffers from bad acting, bad storyline, and bad directing. 1.5= all-around sad movie 2= Pathetic excuse for a movie.; even target audience would mock it. 2.5= often big time (or budget) flops will receive this despicable rating 3= boring movie with a plot that could put those couch jumpers from the Surge commercial to sleep 3.5= not quite terrible, but really has nothing to keep you interested. A key element of the movie may have been done wrong i.e. acting 4= Below Average movie that lacks a key element such as acting, direction, plot, etc. 4.5= almost a run of the mill movie. These movies may try too hard to show something, don't fail miserably, but they come off as contrived or boring. 5= Run of the mill. Watchable if you are in the mood. Nothing special- good or bad.



Created and Drawn By:

Jonathan Meyer

Paper Wasted By:



division of
Jon's wasting



Waste-O-paper

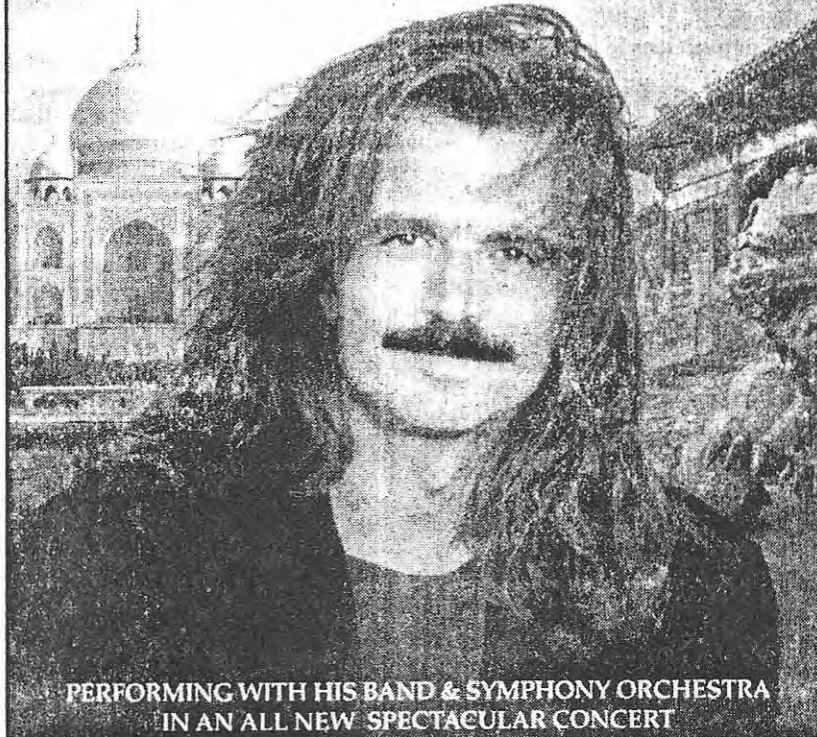
COMING WEDNESDAY ONLY TO THE KOHL CENTER, IT'S THE
ROCKIN' YANNI WORLD TOUR '98

Critics are raving about the Rockin' Yanni World Tour '98. Gene Siskel said, "It reminded me of my dinner from the night before... in the same sense as a roller-coaster ride."

This is truly entertainment you can only get in one place, the Kohl Center. Yanni has been rockin' the world since 1724 when he released his hit single, "Why didn't daddy try to drop-kick me through the goal posts of life?" followed by his smash hit, which went triple-aluminum, "I'm the biggest dork in the world." Since then he has also brought you such soothing tunes as, "I look like a wuss," "My wife keeps wearing my clothing," "I fit into my wife's dresses," "Life is dream," "I only look queer to get chicks, dumbass," "I wish I were queer so I could have a chance," and, "My wife left me again (and she forgot to poison my coffee this time)."

YANNI LIVE

TRIBUTE WORLD TOUR 1998



PERFORMING WITH HIS BAND & SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
IN AN ALL NEW SPECTACULAR CONCERT

• ONE NIGHT ONLY •
APRIL 22 • 8:00 P.M.

RESERVED SEAT TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE KOHL CENTER BOX OFFICE
AND ALL **TICKETMASTER** LOCATIONS OR ONLINE AT www.ticketmaster.com.

TO CHARGE - BY - PHONE: (608) 255-4646.

TICKETS SUBJECT TO APPLICABLE SERVICE CHARGES. EVENT DATE AND TIME SUBJECT TO CHANGE.



PRODUCED BY DANNY O'DONOVAN AND CASCADE CONCERTS

The Rockin' Yanni World Tour '98 will be in Madison for one night only, and will probably never return again, so don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime rockin' music extravaganza!

The Kohl Center discourages moshing, stage-diving, smoking, or beating up the stage performers. Thank you.

Classic Video Game Column 1

By Brad Danto

BREAKOUT for the Atari 2600.

1 - 4 Players

BREAKOUT is played with paddle controllers which allow you to move across the screen faster than a joystick would.

The goal of BREAKOUT is to clear all the blocks from the screen. This is done by the ball is put in to play making you hit it off your racket into the layers of bricks at the top.

Unlike SUPER BREAKOUT the objects are bigger making it easier to see and you can have up to four players insted of two. The downside to BREAKOUT compared to SUPER BREAKOUT is BREAKOUT's games are more simple and the sound is not as good.

This game is one of the most fun and challenging game for the 2600, I hope you go out and play it.

Rating: 7

CX2622

Classic Video Game Column 2

By Brad Danto

Yes, that's right, a second column. I added a second column because I don't like what Julian puts on this side. It is not what he writes, but what he uses (ex. hand-written reviews, barely visible type from him using the school's type writer, and when he does use his computer the material tends to overlap). :-)

VIDEO OLYMPICS for the Atari 2600.

2 Players

VIDEO OLYMPICS brings you Pong, Soccer, Foozpong, Hockey, Quadrapong, Handball, Volleyball, and Basketball into one game cartridge. Pong, Soccer, and Foozpong are all played the same way hitting the ball off the screen across your opponents side. Hockey is a little different you have to hit the puck into a goal out from the edge of the screen. Quadrapong just like Pong you have to hit it into a goal out from the edge of the screen. Quadrapong just like Pong you have to hit in into goals on the edges of the screen, but you also have a side goal to shoot for too. Volleyball is actually fun trying to hit it over the net and playing against someone. Basketball is not even like basketball, you can't even dribble or shoot the ball, it just bounces around.

Over all this is an O.K. game.

Rating: 6

CX2621



And now, a guiding light for the troubled lives of America's youth...

Ask Mr. Smily Face:-)

Dear Mr. Smily Face, this is the second time I've written to you. Mr. Smily Face, have you ever been faced with temptation? To say I haven't would be to lie to my fellow Americans, which I only do on special occasions. Anyway, it seems I've given myself another little problem by thinking "down there" if you know what I mean. I know you're busy, but could you maybe take some time out to help me? The nation would be in your debt. Sincerely, President Bill Cl-- er um-- Distressed in D.C.

Dear Distressed, I was once like you-- wayward and carousing like a teenage rabbit, but my wisdom and ability to resist such temptations has come with age (and a state-mandated castration). You are an extra-special case and should not be allowed to leave your home until you do the same as I. Glad I could help! Sincerely, Mr. Smily Face :-)

Freshmen Rate the Swirlies

By: A Loudly Freshman

Greetings to all swirlers and swirlies alike! There has been some concern as to whether or not I would still be on the cutting edge of swirly news and reviews next year, but worry no longer! I saw to it that I flunked every one of my classes to remain a bonafide freshman for at least the next year.

Today I review a novelty swirly administered by my own mother, who found out about my flunking accomplishment. At first she was filled with fury, and she dunked me several times, hitting my head on the porcelain and spilling water helter-skelter all about! Afterward, she went all sentimental and asked if I was OK, pleading for me to forgive her for several hours. This is an official breach of the sacred code of ethics between swirler and swirlee and requires a minimum four-point deduction. Since it was mom, though, I can't give her less than 6 of 10 points or she will spank me and send me to my room.

CHS Assembly Review

By: Julian Lee

Assembly: Pie-throw at Teachers

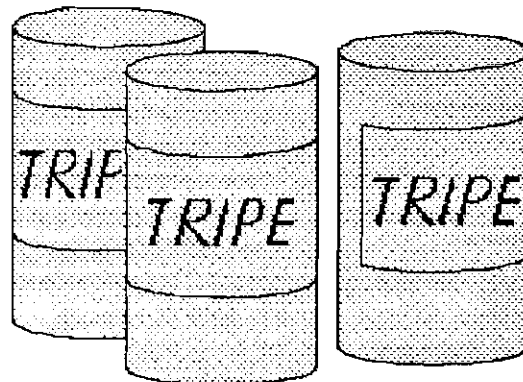
Rating: 7 of 10

Off almost all of eighth hour to see teachers and students humiliated and hurt-- what more can you ask in a school assembly? I expected more hoopla to hit Rosen, and none of the teachers really got enough in the face, but the money went to a good cause none the less. The microphone was set too loud, the spoiled middle schoolers should have been involved, and the rules for standing distance should either have been enforced or abolished (preferably the latter), but this was certainly the most entertaining mindless message-free and fun assembly of the year.

Title: Full Moon
 Artist/Band: Chicago 16
 Released: 1982
 Label: Warner Bros.
 Longest/Shortest Songs: 5:06-"Hard to Say I'm Sorry", "Love Me Tomorrow"; 2:57-"Bad Advice"
 Rating: 3.5 See first issue for explanation

If I'm not mistaken, this is a bad prequel to retro music. This entire record sounds like a rip-off of (why anyone would want to rip them off I don't know) Genesis, a once popular band which I hope some of you can recall (but only to help me explain). Mixing \$50 Casio keyboards with mediocre at best electric guitar work nearly identical to hundreds of other bands of the time, I liken Chicago 16 to Matchbox 20, Blink 182, Sevendust, and "countless" other unknown (and likely unoriginal) bands who must add a numerical reference to their name for lack of being able to choose from 60,000 words. I suppose there are an infinite number of numbers, but just how cool are you to pick one at random and then make it part of your name, like cadets in some cheesy space movie? By doing this, the band is instantly forsaken from lasting greatness, and it furthers the gradual movement to turn bands into numbered legions of ants, bees, or Chinese people. What if Mozart wanted to be called "Wolfgang 37"? Chances are, you'd hear his music every morning on the radio for a week and then no one would ever again. Simpleton bands would be better to include a countdown in their names so that listeners could follow it down into total obscurity. Hmm. Well, that's my social commentary on that important issue.

Anyway, this record isn't good.



It is with Great Remorse that We Present the FINAL

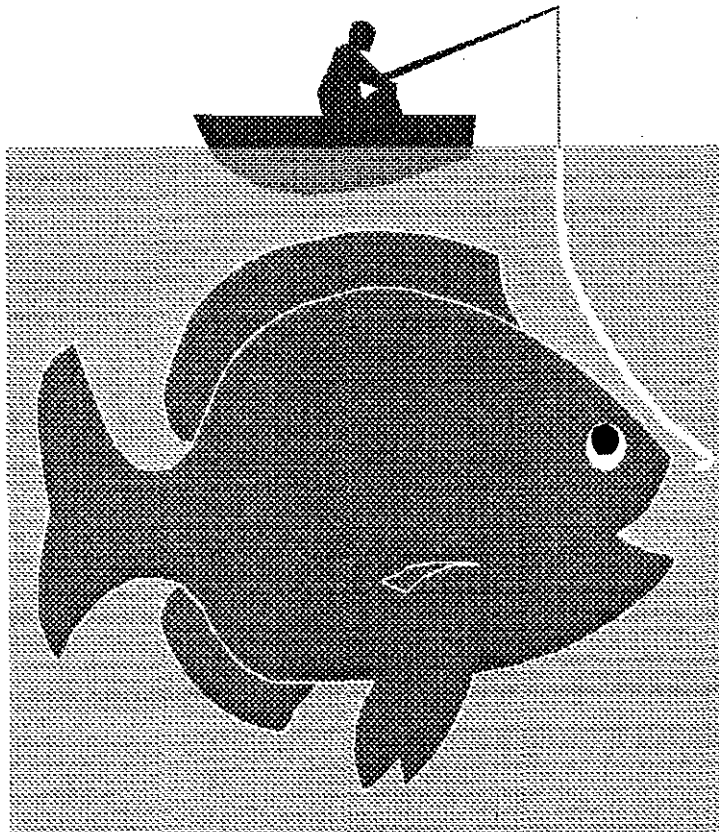
Fishin'

for Thoughts

BY: KYLOH "THE FISH" CONRAD

Every day during 7th hour study hall I sit and stare at all the pictures of AFS students over the years and say one of two things: man, they're ugly or hey, that looks like someone I know. There are a few in particular...

The Swedish student from 1980-81 looks, from my perspective, like Stacy Plisis, a Cambridge graduate. Then the French student who was here in 1986-87 looks a lot like



Scott Miehē (Mē-hē).

I also think that the kid from Turkey who was here from 1983-84 looks like a complete goon. There is also the Egyptian student who was here in

1979-80. He reminds me of Emanuel Lewis, child star from "Webster". The very first AFS student we had here looks like a Colombian drug lord-- except he's from Chile.

There is also a photo that completely bothers me because it is so off center. It is the one from Brazil in 1978-79.

I take a look at these pictures and reflect to myself...

We really aren't the most screwed-up country in the world.

The views expressed herein are solely those of the author and are not necessarily anywhere near those of the Sasquatch and its staff.

El Niño Raises U.S. Awareness of Tilde, Turns Weather into Psychopathic Killing Machine

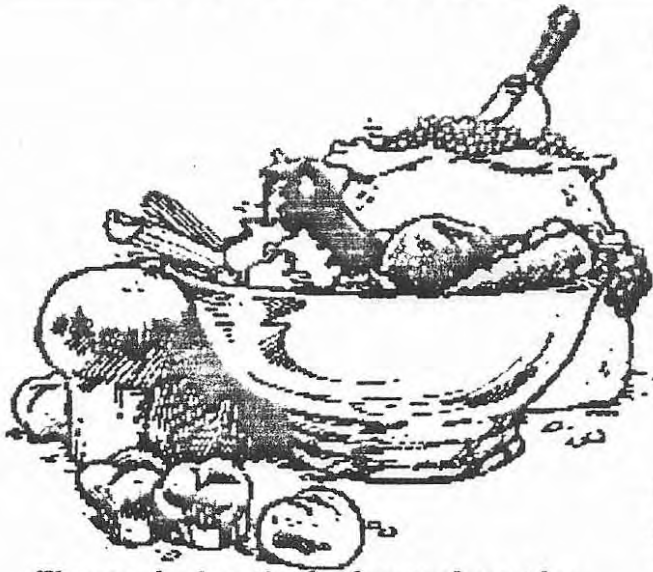
USA - Coastal residents and just about everyone in between have been learning much about a delightful foreign culture during the past several months. And this prophetic cultural harbinger has come (as they so often do) in a most poetic and fitting way: the weather. These winds today are winds of change, of a new cultural awareness hitherto unknown to us here in these united states. "El Niño" (pronounced "neenyó"), which is Spanish for "little boy", has begun what could become an awakening legacy of tradition and harmony with our southern neighbors, the Antarcticans.

Long known to be a warm current of frigid air originating in the warm jungles of Antarctica, El Niño received its name when the natives threw their chief's youngest (and, therefore, worthless) son into the ocean and watched as he was carried northward by the warm Antarctic currents, screaming desperately as he drowned. It is said that every nine years or so, the boy's mangled and deformed body resurfaces, magically raising temperatures and changing wind currents. This is also a theory for the origin of the universe.

While natives of Antarctica, the people of the exotic Scienticia tribe, are quite pleased by the potential ramifications of El Niño, many people living near the American coasts are slightly less enthusiastic. "If I ever get my hands on the El Niño, I swear I'll wring his ***** neck! You hear, you dirty Mexican [Antarctican] weather ****er?! ... teach you to flood *my* trailer. Kiss my white ***!" Alabama resident, Tugger J. Murdock, told us while unfastening his belt and trousers to show precisely where El Niño was given permission to kiss.

Fortunately, not everyone has responded to El Niño with such hostility. Many have taken to heart the deep cultural message that it brings. California resident, Judith Bandoli, told us, "I was so impressed with the Niño character and its delightfully playful tilde, that I wanted to learn much more about Mexico [Antarctica] and its rich heritage. I crossed the border to Taco Bell and ordered a large Pepsi! And-- noooooooooooooo!!!" She turned to see her dream house on the beach slide over the cliff and crash on the rocks below.

Elsewhere, Americans are enjoying the unseasonably mild temperatures and their new cultural awareness. Wisconsin has been blessed with above freezing temperatures throughout February, and residents couldn't be happier. However, we learned that some could be, as a reporter sent to interview a ski lodge owner was found impaled by a pole, thrown like a javelin through his face. Scraping off the blood, we found a message inscribed on the pole: BURN IN HEL NIÑO!



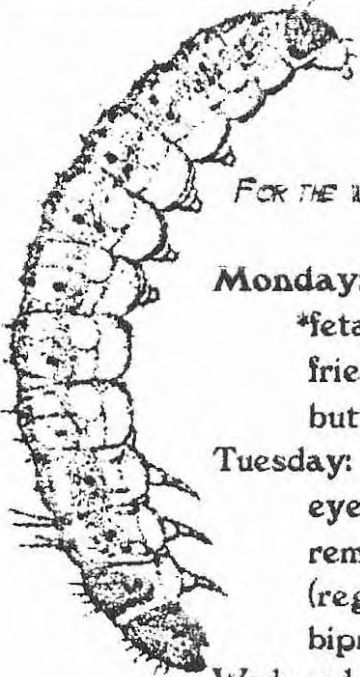
The meal advertised (shown above) by those impressive posters consists of a hearty combination of grains, meat, fruits and veggies piled into a Smarte Carte™ and poured directly or intravenously into hungry students. The actual meal is a two kilogram block of stale cheese bread.

CHS Experimenting with New "By the Carte" Lunch Line

Traditional Line Moved to Furnace Room

CAFETERIA, CHS - As a response to the desperate pleas of the school's poor, grotesquely obese students (unable to satisfy their hunger in the À La Carte line), the school has decided to add another line to the already overtaxed cafeteria. This new "By the Carte" line seeks to quell the rampages of the larger students, who have been known to storm through the school eating everything in sight (we lose more students that way...). It will also serve a purpose in disposing of the immense surplus of the À La Carte line, as few would pay a premium price to eat rock-hard pizza and breadsticks. A middle school student weighing in excess of four hundred fifty pounds told us, "I look forward to the new line. In the [line with tickets and tokens] it would take me the whole lunch hour to nurse my rolls adequately, and the À La Carte line, despite my suggestions, never served lard-- the vital lard I need to maintain my physique. By the Carte is the solution to these problems." He then picked up a small sixth grader and ate it.

The only apparent downside to this line has been the betrayal felt by patrons of the original ticket and tray line. "At first there were two lines, then one, and now those who are stuck at the end are burned to death!" said a concerned student, just before collapsing from the heat. The traditional line has been moved to the furnace room to accommodate the less-used but more glamorous new lines. The line stretches all the way into the furnace, where many have met their fiery dooms. The school has declined an interview as to why the heat smells strange lately.



SCHOOL LUNCH MENU

FOR THE WEEK OF MARCH 2-6

Monday: Sixth Graders,

*fetal pigs, french-fried caterpillars, buttermilk

Tuesday: boiled lobster eyes, peach cobbler remnants, caviar (regurgitated), wine biproducts

Wednesday: FBLA, FFA, FHA, AA

Thursday: lukewarm meat, hot ice cream, cold potatoes, tepid water

Friday: Leftovers

*Fetal pigs may contain freshmen.

Enjoy your meal and get the ~~****~~ out.

Grunden Stresses Importance of Warshing Hands

Biology Gets Gross Again

CAMBRIDGE, WI - As in every year, biology classes have reached the official point in the curriculum in which labs and class in general are required by state law to become "gut-wrenchingly sick and/or disgusting". With this repugnance comes an increased need for cleanliness and sanitary conditions in the classroom, lest students (besides freshmen) all want to die of flesh-eating bacteria. Speaking from experience (when this bacteria consumed 48% of the logical portion of his brain), Grunden stressed health safety above all. "I cannot stress this enough," he stressed, "warsh your hands!" After being met with confused looks from students, Grunden demonstrated proper warshing techniques (warshing briskly with soap and tepid warter) and supplied them with a fifty-page instruction manual, telling them to practice at home.

We interviewed a freshman to gain more insight as to how this radical new cleansing method is performed. Wiping a fetal pig's spleen with his sleeve around the corners of his mouth, he told us, "You know, Ed is really something special. I've been washing myself once a month all my life, but Ed has convinced me that what I should be doing is *warshing* myself-- perhaps even every week." Grunden then stoned the child to death with taffy for calling him by his first name.

Even Grunden admits, however, that the only true test of such an intense procedure is how it produces results. Thus far, this has not been up to par. Seven freshmen missed at least a day of school when they neglected to warsh their hands after fondling their fetal pigs. Their hands were severely burned when the formaldehyde caught fire while the students lit up during lunch. In advanced biology, four students went down with salmonella from the chicken. Having thought "advanced" students could grasp the need for warshing, Grunden was shocked and decided that a point had to be made. "Don't you *know* what could happen if you don't warsh?!" he exploded. Grunden cracked a rotten egg over his head, and a gelatinous blob oozed over his eyes and mouth. Yelling and whooping, he tore into the back room and returned wearing a gigantic hat made entirely of colorful balloon animals. After running up and down the halls singing Yankee Doodle, he collapsed in a violent spasm, popping several balloons and possibly his brain.

Student teacher, Mr. Woods, was on hand to calm students. "The ramifications of this procedure have certainly manifested themselves here today." Students smiled and nodded.

Buy, Sell, or Trade in the Sasquatch Classified Ads

Real ads appear in bold italicized text and should be followed by a contact.

For Sale	Potentially disasterous (but probably not) sex scandal. \$20 see B. Clinton	K. Starr. 25¢ see B. Clinton
Mortal Kombat for SNES- \$10 see B. Danto	Anthrax. \$1/tsp. Must sell. Act soon; plan to use it! see Iraq	
Novastorm for Playstation. Two discs. Space Shooter. \$10 see editor		Kuwait. see Iraq
SNES games: Vortex \$15; Zombies Ate My Neighbors \$10; World Cup USA 94 \$12;		
Zoop \$12; Super Metroid \$20; Star Trek Next Gen. \$15; Mega Man X \$15;		USA. see Iraq
Wing Comdr. \$15; Rise of the Robots \$8; Super Tennis \$10; Gradius III \$10		Earth. see Iraq
All Games listed above have box and instructions.	Authentic Titanic memorabilia. see ocean	
Video: "Eagle Shadow Fists" \$3 see editor	Some prices are negotiable.	Iraq. see aliens
Sports Cards: '88 Donruss Wax-45¢, Cello-90¢; '88 Score Wax-60¢/4 for \$2		Alien. see movie
'90 Upper Deck (Low#) Box-\$20, (High#) Wax(2)-\$1; '90-'91 Skybox (S2) Box-\$20		
'90 Score NFL (S1,2) Wax-35¢/3 for \$1; '90 Fleeer Wax-45¢; '90 Fleeer BKB. Wax-60¢/4 for \$2		
'90 Pro Set (S2) Wax(4)-45¢; '91 Topps Wax-50¢; '91 Bowman Wax-55¢/2 for \$1		
'91 Fleeer BB Jumbo(2)-75¢; '91 Score Hockey Wax(3)-50¢; '91 Upper Deck Wax(5)-90¢		
'91-'92 Hoops (S2) Wax(1)-\$1; '92 Fleeer Ultra (S2) Wax(1)-\$1; Topps Kids Wax-35¢		
'9? Prem. Ed. Wild Card NFL-75¢; '93 Fleeer Ul. (S1) Wax(1)-\$1; '9? Cisc 5-Sport Wax-75¢		
'92 Topps SC (S2) Wax(4)-\$1.50; '93 Fleeer BB (S2) Wax-75¢; '93-'94 Topps BKB (S2) Box-\$20		
'94 Topps BB (S2) Box-\$18, Wax(11)-55¢/2 for \$1; '94 Upper Deck C.C. Wax(3)-90¢		
Guinness Book of Records cards(waxpk.)-35¢/3 for \$1	See editor for cards.	
Motor/Recreational Vehicles	\$5000: used Ford '98 Wind-up. Runs. No brakes/lights.	
Used RV: Weinermobile. For inappropriate recreation only.	Used:DeLorean, pre-Back to Future mdl. (time travel not easy)	
Tie rack motor. see Table 5	\$50.25: Used celebrity vehicle. Mr. Rosen's car. see student who stole Rosen's keys.	
Wanted	I want you outta here in fifteen minutes, or I'm callin' the cops on you filthy scumbags. Tell Angelo I want the d	
Videogames and systems. see B.Danto	You want a piece o' me, punk? Well, I'm waitin'.	
"So, what'd she want?" Mortecai casually asked the manager, as if nothing was wrong.	Colon. You know you want it.	
Olympic gold. Will pay hash. see snowboarder	Apple Stylewriter ink cartridge or ride to West Side. see editor	
\$1.2K see editor	Games for Atari Jaguar, 2600, Turbo Grafx-16, Mac. see editor	
Messages	Sasquatch pays 10¢ to report bad detentions. Please bring back the column and help fight the injustice. JTL	
There's no bathroom, and there is no sink; the water out of the tap is very hard to drink. SILVERCHAIR	NOOOOOOOOOOOOO	
I brush my teeth and put the cap back on; I know you hate it when I leave the light on. JEWEL	Why oh why? X	
I've never had to knock on wood, but I'm sure it isn't good. M.M.BOSSTONES	Please leave your soul after the beep. SATAN	
Mmmmbop; doaskasiwaijekli; Mmmmbop doaskasiwai. HANSON	SASQUATCH STAFF: Julian Lee: Editor in Chief	
MOZART	Brad Danto: CVGR	Jon Myers: TJMR, JMVGR, Maze Craze
RJ: Reporter	Shane Thelen: DLE	Kyloh Conrad: FFT, Reporter
		Joel Behm: criticism of Shane
Pirates still needed for talent show. Inquire with editor please! We must practice!		Aaron Lee: Francis, Where's Jabba?
P.J. Corey, Nathan: Groupies?		Matt Henderson is no longer affiliated with the Sasquatch in any way.
Nick Runge: Copy technician/supervisor/administrator		
You too can advertise in the classifieds! 25¢ buys unlimited ads!		



Break out your magnifying glasses! It's time for

Seniors to Look Ahead!

As no one actually wanted to ask the seniors what they plan to do, Chief Sasquatch Astrologer, Nailuj Relyt (who is essentially begging for a swirly), has been called upon to expose what will really happen.

Lindsay Olson is going to University of Hawaii, Manoa, to become a hula girl or a coconut

Tina Sanders will win the lottery and laugh at everyone who has to go to college and get a job.

Colin Holzhueter will continue to work at the Inn and Pub and help on the farm.

Kim Nottestad will take a year off and then return the yearbook to the IMC, where her hands will be chopped off and hung from the ceiling beams as a reminder to obey check-out policies.

Dustin Linnerud will work at escaping from a pit of quick sand, but he will not succeed.

Kristin Scheel will go to Gwynedd Mercy College, PA, for a possible major in fly fishing.

Rachel Lowrey will go somewhere and forget why she had gone.

Joel Behm will spend the next four to eight years in a dumpster after wiping his nose and shaking hands with one person too many.

Lee Powers will go to Sheldon Jackson College, AK, for a possible major in thawing himself out of all this ****ing ice.

Kim Ellickson plans to morph into a giant sweet potato, though these plans may not work out.

Jaime Evenson will take the summer off after getting her leg caught in the door following graduation. She will be freed in late August to attend CARP.

Christa Garrett will be taking a great risk when she attempts to coax the piranhas out of the tank to attack Mr. Grunden. If she survives, she will go to MATC to be a lab rat.

Jennifer Gibbs is not sure about this whole "college" deal. She may just have them all demolished.

Barret Hammond plans to attend Wartburg, and he will be called a "wart burger" for the rest of his regret-filled life. When he becomes president, he will have the college burned to the ground.

Mathew Hillesthem will be considering possibly attending MATC to be a wind-up toy mechanic.

Trisha Hubacher plans to go back in time to the prehistoric era, invent the wheel, and take over the world of hairy, smelly cave people.

Shawn Jazdewski will be lucky and

narrowly fight off Harvard recruiters to attend MATC.

Kristina Anderson is going to school to pursue a degree in pyrotechnics at Ouachita University, AR, she will burn it to the ground.

John Beyer will be returning to Chicago to become street smart.

Melissa Brabender will be attending UW-Madison with a major in business maintenance of restroom paper towel dispenser crank supervision.

Lesli Brown is planning on attending a music concert of some sort. She hopes it will be lots of fun.

Chad Busto will be attending Defiance College, OH, to do whatever the **** he wants.

Katie Christensen is attending an exclusive research university; she will be forced to run in a giant mouse wheel while scientists run experiments on her.

Alicia Decker plans to accept a full scholarship for track, field, and gossip at Friends University, KS.

Erich Demerath will attend a secluded university in Delaware, planning a secret revenge upon everyone who has ever called him "Demo".

Kate Stanton is planning on finally becoming too smart for her own good. She will be put in jail, where she will study marine biology on the prison bubblebers.

Ben Hornum will be an interstellar space explorer immediately after graduation.

Dave Rumpf is going to go to the cafeteria for a soda. Would you like one?

Aaron Power-Simms will be attending school to become the best at every diversion ever created. He will also raise exotic herbs.

Jeff Brill is unsure of whether or not he wants to leave CHS, but he is considering the strong academic reputation of Hamburger University.

Jannie Fieser is going to UW-Oshkosh to major in b'goshing.

Erin Plisia plans to go to college at Shorter College, GA, in a devious plot to graduate in less time and conquer the world.

Tim Loudon plans to go into a short coma and then attend West Point to become a torpedo.

Kyleh Conrad is going to Susquehanna University to become a sasquatch. He will drop out and become a politician.

Nick Brattlie has made plans to attend Mount Aloysius to become a livestock psychologist.

Andrew Granquist plans to run over Brad Dento with his car and major in Escape at Thompson Correctional Center.

Nick Falk plans to attend Walla Walla college, where he will slowly lose all sanity.

Jamey Scott plans to curl up with a good book and read about upholstery and squid.

Anneke Holzzapfel has plans to travel the nation in search of the Loch Ness monster. She will attend every college in the United States.

Mike Bascik plans to study in his own imaginary college dedicated to sheep communication.

Mitch LeVake plans to go to wherever he has to go to avenge the typo in his section.

Arny Schalburg will attend Catawba College, NC, and major in other people's business.

Tracy Smithback plans to be brain-washed by a plastic newt wearing green polka-dotted pajamas or to go to college.

Erant Czupowski plans to attend Wilberforce University, OH, where he will be gunned down for having not purchased a Sasquatch T-shirt. We warned him.

Jessica Oswald will never again go to the Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Julea Peterson plans to attend the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology because 3/4 of the students are males and she has always dreamed of dying in a cave-in.

Sara Probst plans on stalking Live singer/guitarist Ed Kowalczyk and other "cute" famous guys until she is caught and thrown in jail.

Amanda Salov will go to Kent State University and be forever captured in a famous photograph, crying over the body of a fellow protester against the war on drugs.

Nick Nischik will leap tall buildings in single bounds until his unfortunate impalement on the space needle.

Angel Lehmann is working and saving money to pay off her dues to the Mafia.

After that she may continue to pay the Russian Mafia.

James Lupiezowicz will wait a year and then go on a violent killing spree at MATC.

Neil Mann will attend Dordt College in Iowa to become a licensed dock. He will minor in Vintage Automobiles.

Allison McCarty will attend Nyack College, NY, and become the foretrot name in pie-throwing contest play-by-play announcers.

Tom Murphy will continue to breathe in and out until such time that he, as we all must someday, dies.

Anneliese Valdes will drive a snow plow, spending non-winter time as a hobo.

Aaron Veum will notify a stale jelly doughnut around your rabid space monkeys.

Kelly Wagner will go to UW-Madison to major in international business espionage.

Yvonne Walters plans to attend a college in the Sahara Desert to avoid any further involvement in aquatic biology.

Mike Wilpolt has joined a bizarre cult but will also be attending Colby College, ME, to keep them supplied with cheese for the long trip to the promised land.

Megan Schoenecker is going to be in the Peace Corps? Is she crazy? She will learn that there is absolutely no money in helping others.

Rusty Scott will live out his lifelong dream to uphold the law by becoming chief of the NYPD.

Stacy Shapiro is going to stick around another year to torment and wear freshmen.

Josh Sustanich does not know his major problem will be outrunning a 500lb grizzly bear tomorrow. Shit! Don't spoil the surprise!

Aimee Murray will rob M&I Bank next year. The following year she will attend the Milwaukee Criminal Institute of Art and Design.

Shane Thelen will write poems to symbolize our generation as well as what goes on in his twisted brain until his untimely death at the hands of Joel Behm.

Ben Thompson will attend Marlboro College in Vermont for no particular reason at all.

All seniors plan to get slobbering drunk and tattoo every inch of their bodies.

The Deep Literature Experience

ASTRAL SAIL

A window opens and the world drifts in,
Coloring my life with the strangest days;
I could not remember where I had been,
And my soul's been wandering this dark maze.

I stare into oblivion again,
Feel that loneliness is alive and well;
Trapped in these dark corridors built by man,
And forced to live in someone else's hell.

Unfurl my soul to catch the astral winds,
And sail the skies above my fellow man;
I'd like to end where everything begins,
I'd like to do it all because I can.

Wish me luck whilst on my way to a dream;
Nature's Illusion-things aren't what they seem.

S."G"T.

2-24-98

ATTENTION!!!! Computers need sleep!

BeeeP
This is a test of the emergence broadcasting System. We
here at the sasquatch have been informed by a Mrs.
Johnson, "The librarian!" that computers need some R&R.
We have also been told that if you use the internet for
to long you will be compelled to throw your self through
the screens and will become a Hacker... These accounts
have been dismissed on the count of Matt H.'s continued
use of his(or her, we don't want to know) sisters
computer. We also have learned about the consequences of
copying more than 10 copies of the same thing... (It may
hurt your eyes!)

NOW WE RETURN YOU TO YOUR REGULAR SCHEDULED READING!