

RETURN TO JULIAN!

COPY A

Volume 3, Issue 1

Released: Final week of 98-99 school year.

VOLUME THREE

Your hometown
puerlie manifesto!

of The

The OFFICIAL Cambridge High
School Newsmagazine

↑
TYPO
ALERT

CHS

PUERILE
(CHILDISH)

Sasquatch

YOUR KEY TO THE CAMBRIDGE UNDERGROUND

Material contributed by: Luke Febock, Mat Hughson, Aaron Lee, Julian Lee, Nick Runge, Fernando Souza, Jacob Sullivan, and Sebastian Walters

There is a running "joke" of people not remembering what a Sasquatch is. This *might* have qualified as one, but it was a rushed job, without long-time contributors. I readily admit to the apathy of the print. If you can't read something and actually want to, personal copies can be arranged. These issues are *NOT* for you to keep! The Sasquatch is completely dependent upon YOU to circulate these sparse issues. Chief contributors may keep issues assigned to them but are ordered to let EVERYONE ELSE see them before you do. These are the rules. Break them... and I will be unhappy. Keep contributing for the "Best of" issue that no one will read but will live on forever. This means YOU!

IN THIS ISSUE: Special Collegiate Section,
Star Wars hokey, Stockpiled Obsolete Crap!

The editor (shown at right) regretfully acknowledges this to be the final issue (in all likelihood). Not only have we lost last year's senior contributors, but two founding fathers and a throng of others resigned on the unfounded grounds that "there aren't enough issues being put out" or some **** like that. Well, to dispel these crazy notions, here is the first and only issue of the 1998-99 school year. Ha!

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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 532 naked chickens. No questions asked. (864-5412) Used hamster cage & 1 dead hamster. (463-2712)
 1 unused human brain. Cheap!!! (864-3215) Yellow sheep-catching gloves. (423-3962) \$1 asking \$20
Old 28" Quasar color TV. Works fine, but it's bright. \$30/w-hant. see editor
Novastorm for Playstation. \$9 see editor 9 pairs of slightly stained boxer shorts. (463-2712)
Will buy cheap video games. See editor Sony Discman (16sec. ESP wear kit, A/C adaptor) rarely used, Casellogic 48CD & unit holder. \$100 buys all. see editor
SNE9 games: Vortex \$12; Zombies Ate My Neighbors \$9; World Cup USA 94 \$10; Loop \$9; Super Metroid \$15; Star Trek Next Gen. \$15; Mega Man X \$15; Wing Comdr. \$15; Rise of the Robots \$7; Super Tennis \$10; Gradins III \$10
All Games listed above have box and instructions. L full senior class, free to good party. (463-2222)
Some prices are negotiable. 5 full body Power Rangers suits. (483-6662) 90 doz prod razors. (463-2010)
Sports Cards: '88 Donruss Wax-45¢; Cello-90¢; '88 Score Wax-60¢/4 for \$2 Contagious Patch
'90 Upper Deck (Low#) Box-\$20, (High#) Wax(2)-\$1; '90-'91 Skybox (52) Box-\$20
'90 Score NFL (51,2) Wax-35¢/3 for \$1; '90 Fleer Wax-45¢; '90 Fleer BKB. Wax-60¢/4 for \$2
'90 Pro Set (52) Wax(4)-45¢; '91 Topps Wax-50¢; '91 Bowman Wax-55¢/2 for \$1
'91 Fleer BB Jumbo(2)-75¢; '91 Score Hockey Wax(3)-50¢; '91 Upper Deck Wax(5)-90¢
'91-'92 Hoops (52) Wax(1)-\$1; '92 Fleer Ultra (52) Wax(1)-\$1; Topps Kids Wax-35¢
'92 Prem. Ed. Wild Card NFL-75¢; '93 Fleer Ul. (51) Wax(1)-\$1; '92 Clio 5-Sport Wax-75¢
'92 Topps SC (52) Wax(4)-\$1.50; '93 Fleer BB (52) Wax-75¢; '93-'94 Topps BKB (52) Box-\$20
'94 Topps BB (52) Box-\$18, Wax(11)-55¢/2 for \$1; '94 Upper Deck C.C. Wax(4)-90¢
Guinness Book of Records cards(waxpk.)-35¢/3 for \$1 See editor for cards

Motor/Recreational Vehicles

Used RV: Weiermobile. For inappropriate recreation only. **Limousine: 1K miles, good as new.\$5,000 see**
 Tie rack motor. see Table 5. \$50.25. Used celebrity vehicle. Mr. Rosen's car. see student who stole Rosen's key.

Wanted I want you outta here in fifteen minutes, or I'm callin' the cops on you filthy scumbags. Tell Angelo I want the ou**Videogames and systems. see B.Danto**

"So, what'd she want?" Mortecal casually asked the manager, as if nothing was wrong. C'mon. You know you want it.

A new mistress. Now accepting applications. See President Clinton

Will buy most any music. see editor**\$1.2K see editor****Games for Atari Jaguar, 2600, Turbo Grafx-16, Mac. see editor****Messages** Sasquatch pays 10¢ to report and detentions. Please bring back the column and help right the injustice. JTL

We have messages for the following students: Lucinda Mae, Vern, Bertha, Jethroe, Clude, and Eunice. See message board

Planning a post-graduation roadtrip. Where should I go, and what should I do? see editor Aash! Get 'em off me! EE!

Next issue will likely be the final Sasquatch. Please contribute anything. Please leave your soul after the beep. SATAN

If you are crazy enough to want to put something in the **SASQUATCH STAFF.** Julian Lee. Editor in Chief

classifieds, please give it to the editor soon. Founding fathers Brad and Jon have split. Last year's seniors don't care.

Jacob Sullivan: Reporter. Horoscopes. Humanoid. The Traveler. Classifieds. Mat Hughson. Reporter. Your name here

Sebastian Walters: Reporter. Editorials. Concerned Citizen #2. Aaron Lee. Francis. Where's Jacob? Your name here

Luke Febock. Concerned Citizen (PrimeCo Furby). Fernando Souza. Cultural Corner. Your name here

Nick Runge. Copy technician/supervisor/administrator. Matt Henderapp is not affiliated with the Sasquatch

In case you hadn't noticed, we NEED more contributions, especially from underclassmen! Help us hurt others.

Sasquatch Classified Ads... Never a single response-- GUARANTEED!

School Drug News

Drug Dogs Come Up Empty

"No one in CHS must use drugs,"
Conclude Officials.

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Countless tax dollars have been wasted, as the long-awaited and debated drug raids swept the halls of CHS and again were unsuccessful in finding so much as an ounce of premium Vancouver whacky-tobacco. The fact has left law officials puzzled and very disappointed, even to the point of questioning the value of such procedures. "I guess no one in Cambridge uses drugs," a state patroller concluded, with a disappointed shrug and sigh.

To celebrate the repeated 100% drug-free rating, the student council is organizing a party to be held in the community room during lunch and again at 9:00 Friday night. The festivities will include drugs and alcohol of every kind, and students are encouraged to BYOB. Supplies are unlimited.

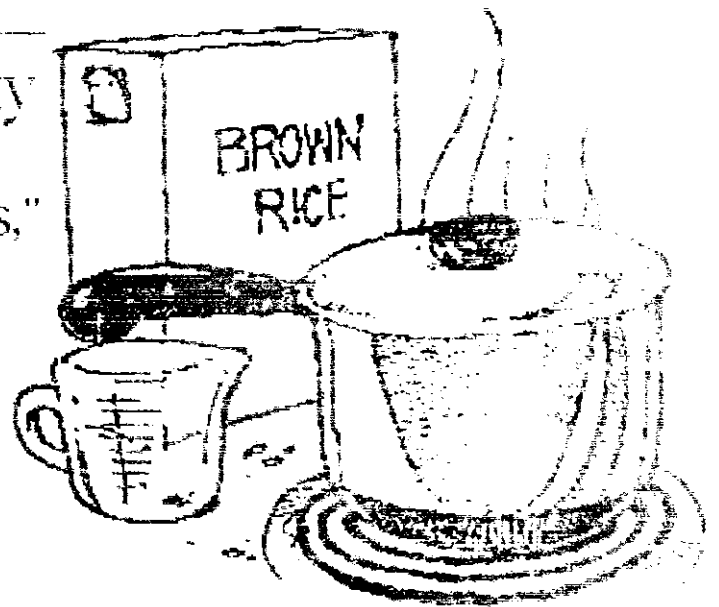
School officials are cautiously optimistic but wish they'd have something to show for their efforts. Mr. Hottman commented, "All this planning and not a *vial* to show for it! The community will be screaming for their tax money back! They want to see drugs, d*** it, and by golly, we've got to produce results if it means selling LSD in À La Cartel!" Hottman's NYC contact was immediately called for a double shipment.

Commander in chief of Operation Sniff 'Em Out, Mr. Rosen, has called for absolute secrecy in further searches, noting several information leaks which led to an alleged full-scale drug evacuation before the dogs could obtain clearance. The informants, two of which were court martialled (and a third sent to the furnace room), were not at liberty to disclose any further information, for fear of high-end retribution. However, they did note that if the planners weren't such "idiots" and scheduled a sweep *before* lunch, far more positive results (an estimated metric ton of illegal narcotics) would be likely.

"I just don't get it," the demoralized officer continued. "When I was in high school, it was *all about* doing drugs and breaking the law. Angel Dust, PCP's, inhalants, caffeinated soda, sparkling water, sugar-- in *high school*, we *learned* to get high! But I guess these just aren't the issues anymore, what with teen pregnancy on the decline, math scores way up, and all the wholesome family entertainment on TV." Again a sigh, then, "Hot dang. America sucks! I'm movin' to Amsterdam!"

Perhaps most disappointed of all were the drug dogs themselves, who went home and were fed Science Diet instead of the usual Kibbles 'n' Bits for successful seizures.

"I'm the crazy pickle man! Give me some candy!!" - Cambridge honor roll students were exposed to many forms of drunk heckling at the zoo and Brewers game. This gem was heard at the latter.



Police are baffled by a barrage of new stunts, which they blame for fruitless seizures. If you or anyone you know has been clued to current street lingo, please contact the local authorities.

Hussein Sends Clinton Anthrax-Laced Letter

Clinton: "I Thought It Was a Birthday Card!"

WASHINGTON, D.C. - Another near-tragedy was averted at the White House yesterday, as tests have confirmed that a piece of mail addressed to "President Slick Willie" from a yet-unidentified "S. Hussein" was laced with Anthrax bacteria.

An intern delivered the letter slightly after 3:00 in the afternoon, and notes, "The President's face just lit right up. He'd been waiting to hear from his pen pal, the new King Hussein of Jordan, and he told me he was expecting a right-dandy card from him." She continued, "I smiled and handed him the letter, then walked away, not yet realizing what I had done. I stopped dead in my tracks when I remembered the turban-shrouded man who told me, in Arabic, to give it to him right away and not tell anyone about it or I'd be kidnapped and sold to gypsies. I dove back into the oval office, ripped the letter away, and ate it when he tried to wrest it back from me." She then promptly broke out into malignant carbuncles and died.

The heroic intern was slated to face litigation for allegedly performing a scantily-clad rendition of The Cardigans' "Love Fool" at the request of Clinton, but these charges were dropped in light of her heroic escapades and death.

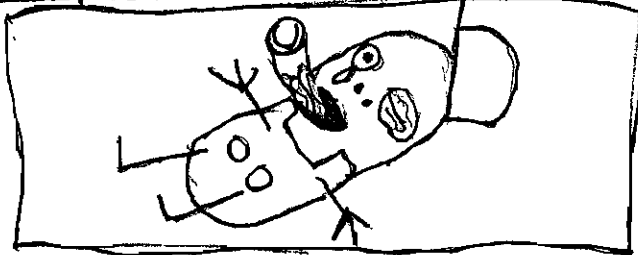
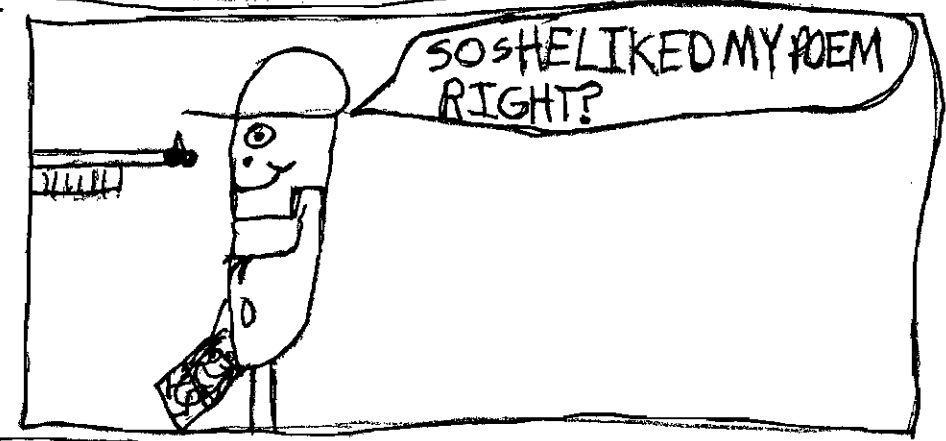
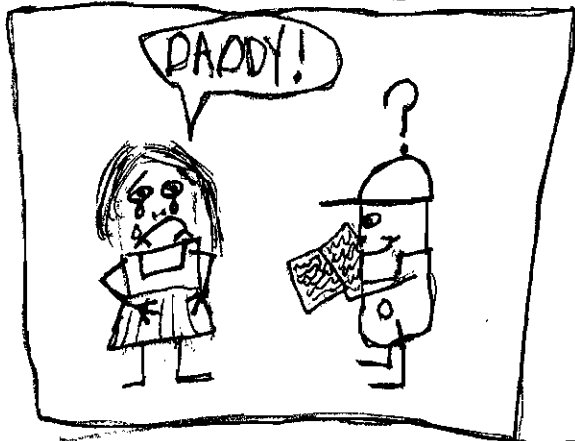
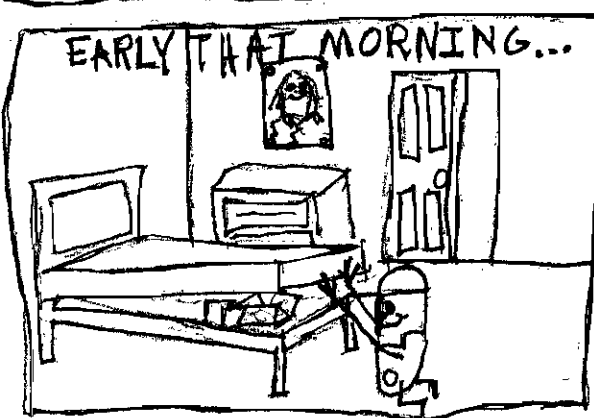
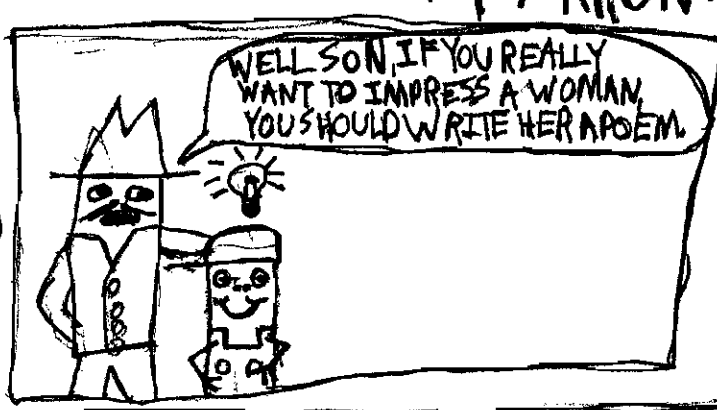
A secret service member commented, "How this situation deteriorated into a full-scale security breach is not entirely clear. Why he was expecting a birthday card with his d.o.b. not in sight, how the letter made it through the post office without the mark-up stamp, and how an intern could translate Arabic better than Lewinsky speaks English-- these are questions to which we must find answers-- and *fast!*" A S.W.A.T. Team was immediately dispatched in the Middle East D.C. neighborhoods.

Meanwhile, the President remains baffled and thankful to be alive, in office. "It took me completely by surprise-- I mean, how many Husseins can there be?! It's not as if Middle Easterners take multiple wives and have throngs of kids." An adviser corrected him, and Clinton recovered, "S. Hussein, whoever you are, and wherever you may be, mark my word that we will find you!" Clinton first gave an order that all bombing of Iraq cease and that all military action be concentrated on finding this mystery man. "What we'll do is start in Antarctica, then slowly work our way south," he announced.

Government officials warn that all mail should be opened only while wearing a full, insulated body suit.

AN IDEA FOR FRANCIS

BY AARON LEE



Kosovo Crisis Resolved with Ceremonial Mentos Exchange Analysts Hail Solution as Cool, Fresh

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA - The long-standing crisis in the slavic region of Kosovo was suddenly and unexpectedly resolved, Tuesday, as world leaders met in Belgrade to discuss terms of a full cease-fire and Mentos accord. The solution came to light as viable with Slobodan Milosevic's introduction to the renowned freshmaking candies at the ruins of a Kosovar pharmacy. "Mmm, mmm!" Milosevic exclaimed, digging a box of original Mentos from the charred rubble. An aide came upon a box of the fruity variety, the contents of which the Serb seized gluttonously, chiding, "Ooon! I like dem fruit!" Immediately declaring a national need for the candies, both the U.S. and Russia responded by promising a constant flow of both flavors into the country on the condition that Albanian refugees be allowed to return to their razed huts.

The power-hungry dictator reluctantly agreed, succumbing to an even greater hunger for the sweet, colorful morsels. "Life goes better with Men-tos trishness," he bellowed, with a nod toward the truckloads pouring in. "Life goes better with Mentos fresh and full of life!" He then pelted an Albanian to death with them.

Students Urged Not to Invite Yeltsin to Graduation Parties

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Concerned parents have breathed a sigh of relief, as graduation party invitations have long been circulated, and Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, has not announced plans to take a break from "governing" in our quiet neighborhoods. Despite this good news, parents have not ruled out the possibility of his arrival as an uninvited guest, which may pose an even greater threat to the continuity of post-commencement festivities.

In response to this risk, the parent group has established a set of guidelines to deter Yeltsin and his rotating group of honkies from paying your party a visit. If an obese, slovenly old man with white hair and a Russian accent should knock at your door, ask for ID before admitting him. If possible, have the stranger perform a breathalyzer test through the mail slot, should it be necessary to prove the ID's genuine. Should he fail to meet these criteria, deny entry at all costs. He may offer a position on his Cabinet or even the title of Prime Minister, but you must not bow to their ruthless negotiation tactics. Quickly place a case of Sharps on the doorstep, and he will leave soon enough.

The dangers of admitting this carousing drunk politician are rife, according to local parents. "He may wrongly sway our youth to the very stuff that made him such an incoherent, incontinent old fool. Smirnoff has no place in our houses; we must stay true to our all-American lager or leaders-- which whomever you prefer."

A future host agreed, "If the Russian President were to suffer a heart attack in my livingroom, it would just *kill* the party."

"I have difficult clothes to pee in." - Miranda Warren, explaining why she was late to Spanish class.

Intelligence Quotient Multiplier

Test Constructed by: Humanoid

1. Who was the 10th President?
2. Who ruled China in 412 A.D.?
3. What is the common name for chloride disulfide with barium-20?
4. Is polyester flammable?
5. What was Mr. T's middle name?
6. With what kind of bullet was JFK shot?
7. Name the 3rd pharaoh of Egypt.
8. If I had $x^{13} + y/23$ ba-ac marbles, and I had $.59763 \times 10^4$ A, B, C + βcy dollars, how long is the pencil in the blind man's pocket (exactly 4 Newtons x speed of light x 3 blocks y/bac yards away from you)?
9. Why?
10. If so, should you?
11. Really?
12. Was Lassie a boy or a girl?

Answers on next page.

Area Freshman Amused, Confused By Pep Rally

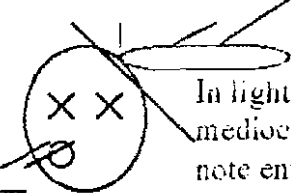
CAMBRIDGE, WI - A CHS freshman has come forward to represent his class' general lack of comprehension of school pep rallies. Of particular perplexity is the concept of the "Spirit Stick" and all that its possession entails. "First we feared that, as in class, we would be flogged by this stick if we were too loud. Now we realize that when freshman boys attempt to join in the yelling, others shield their ears from the piercing screech and view us with piteous contempt. It is a veritable Catch-22, and I must express our disdain for the means by which our communal pep is to be aroused." A swirly was promptly administered.

Mr. Rapp (truthfully) commented on our deteriorating traditions, "Every freshman used to have to memorize the school song. Seniors would go by and check every student, and if one wasn't singing, he had to sing it in front of the entire school. It's happened before." Save for cheerleaders few in any grade actually know the words, though it rarely prevents students from singing anyway. What has happened to the concept of school spirit? This senior believes it to be yet another relic of the eighties.

School News

NHS to Bludgeon Non-Honor Roll Students

CAMBRIDGE, WI - As part of the National Honor Society's obligations as a service organization, advisor Mr. Rapp and president Christina Lien have announced plans to supplement the sundae handout. Lien was quoted, "Several of the ten to fifteen students not on the honor roll were left empty-handed, with only self-esteem depreciating feelings of inadequacy for their scholarly efforts. We at NHS didn't think it was fair that only 'good' students, per se, or even those who --and I quote-- 'attend regularly' should be the only ones rewarded. It is only natural that we tap our innate skills of widespread gang-beating."

	In light of academic normality, mediocrity, or inadequacy, this note entitles the bearer to one (1) complimentary bludgeoning courtesy of NHS.
Name: _____	
GPA: _____	
	Expires June 1, 1999

Mr. Rapp added, "This should do well to dispel the notion that we are a conceitedly exclusive band of nerds. By distributing rewards to students of every caliber, we serve the student body far more objectively, and it gives me a chance to get back at those punks who egged my van."

Eligible students with a GPA of less than 3.0 should go to a table on the office side of the cafeteria to collect their whooping tickets. Redemption will take place on Friday in the small gym, where students are to relinquish their coupons and brace themselves against a wall. A bludgeon-wielding NHS representative (Mafia goon) will proceed to club the student to within an inch of his or her worthless life. Recipients are immediately crossed off the list and may not return to collect a subsequent whooping. Tickets may not be exchanged with unlisted students. Honor Roll students attempting to receive a beating will be given a sundae and denied entry.

Hess to Clash

CAMBRIDGE, WI - CHS teacher and perennial GQ cover feature, Mr. Hess, has unabashedly confirmed rumors from around the world of fashion that he will be sporting an eye-catching, new style in 1999. The trendsetter warns that his new raiment may seem unconventional and quite nonconformist to some, but he is certain that its undeniable flash will catch on faster than Spamcake.

Recently relegated to the midsection of GQ, Hess's comeback get-up will feature a *rhinestoned* corduroy jacket, pink shirt and perriwinkle canvas tie (borrowed from Mr. Brockmann), and second-hand green loafers. "Pants," Hess stressed, "are strictly optional."

Answers: We don't really know. In fact, we don't care. Whatever you say or do is wrong, so you had better just quit now, you pathetic piece of human trash!

Woletz Baby Also Annoys Woletz

CAMBRIDGE, WI - An undisclosed, inside source revealed today that the child of CHS teacher, Mrs. Woletz, recently on maternity leave, also makes amusing sport of annoying Woletz. Not unlike students, whose classroom antics have been known to drive her "up the wall", the Woletz child also shows a remarkable propensity for such childish irritation. In fact, Woletz likens her baby's piercing cries at 3:00 AM to mischievous students who change all the question cups to red and set them on the open CD trays.

Woletz's absence has caused some annoyance in itself, especially among the notorious annoyance rings of advanced computers classes, whose officially-declared new year's resolutions were to put learning aside and concentrate on the irritating task at hand. A visibly shaken Brad Danto commented, "Annoying Woletz was my reason for coming to school-- if not for *living*. I'm dropping out and camping on her doorstep!"

School Clean-Up a Success

Athletic Fields Looking "Much Better" without Rotting Corpses

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Friday's pre-break clean-up of the CHS athletic complex is drawing rave reviews from community members and school officials alike. "What a difference teamwork makes," Mr. Rosen exclaimed, dutifully filling his bag of severed hands. "It's amazing what can be done if we all come together, building school spirit ~~and~~ character at the same time.

Yet the progress did not come without incentive. Participating students were given an entire day's water rations as reward, and those swift about could find hidden ~~Easter~~ "Colored Plastic Spring" Eggs containing either monetary compensation (to be used toward buying their freedom) or pain-nulling cyanide gas (providing the unfortunate students who could not make up a dentist appointment with their own sweet release). Some questioned the necessity of these eggs, however, noting, "Students would ignore the clean-up effort and just go after the eggs; worse yet, those lucky enough to get the gas only contributed to the heaping mass of decaying flesh." Nonetheless, the undeniable air of old-fashioned teamwork and elbow grease was refreshing. While today's rousing field songs of Z104 blared on the loudspeakers, days of old were remembered with several renditions of the old spirituals, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Massa Got Me Workin'".

Juniors Choose Controversial Prom Theme: "Flirting with the Apocalypse"

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Amidst general apathy and indecision, CHS juniors expressed their disdain and otherwise indifference toward the school with their selection of the 1999 promenade theme. Winning out with a majority of three agreeing voters, who thought it would be "cool", juniors have guaranteed that May 1 will truly be "A Night to Remember", namely for the doom-oriented festivities slated to include: a two-ton asteroid to be dropped on the DJ, an omnipresent choking haze to block out all lights, and a droning air-raid siren (or the passing bell, pending class funds) which will make dancing all but impossible and at least more painful than usual. This year's colors are black and dark black. Post-Prom organizers have gotten into the theme, threatening terrorist bombings at parties purported to serve alcohol.

La Academia Real Recognizes New Verb Tense: The "Vindicative"¹

MADRID, SPAIN - This past week, La Academia Real, the governing body of the Spanish language as we don't know it, made a long-awaited move toward currency in the spoken language, recognizing a verb tense that is surging in popularity, especially in CHS Spanish classrooms.

An official for La Academia explained (through translator, Julian/Enrique Lee), "Far too many American Spanish students are dropping out because they can't make sense of the verb tenses. They don't know the imperfect subjunctive from the indicative, and the whole thing has confused them long enough. We at La Academia like to live in the present progressive, and that's why we're bringing the axe on all those crazy 'moods' and replacing them with the one that embodies the very essence of Spain-- that, of course, being 'revenge at all costs'."

Popularized by such vengeful characters as the Count of Monte Cristo and, more recently, Zorro, students and officials have finally deduced that Spanish culture boils down to one thing: revenge. "When a Spaniard asks the time of day," hispanic linguist Guillermo de la Venganza Sagrada tells us, "he asks a loaded question filled with spite and hatred. He knows you will give him the time, and he believes destiny will not deny him the chance to right any wrongdoing [likely stealing your watch]."

Meanwhile, CHS students note that the change is long overdue. A Spanish II student who prefers to remain anonymous for stealth reasons was quoted, "I've needed a biting, sardonic touch to my speech for some time. When I ask to turn my desk upside down, I want everyone to feel my scorn. I want them to know that I'll get them back; they will feel my wrath in a most Spanish way!"

The aforementioned Enrique Lee plans to use the vindicative exclusively, which is formed by adding an exaggerated rolling "rr" to the beginning and end of every word, for now and forever to avenge being locked in a box-sized cabinet.

¹Yes, I know "vindictive" is more common, but "vindicative" is in Webster's Unabridged, and it's closer to the "indicative" which is an actual mood/tense conjugation thing

By: Mat Hughson



Iraq Sells Missiles to Poland

(Really...)

BAGHDAD, IRAQ - In an attempt to get rid of their colossal stockpile of weapons of mass destruction, Iraq has decided to sell them to the Polish. The Sasquatch immediately contacted their sources, and oddly, it was confirmed.

"What are *they* gonna do with them?" said Saddam Hussein, with a light-hearted chuckle. "This is sort of a 'weeding out' of the world," one of Hussein's advisers remarked. This statement was made with further commentary, "We approximate that within a month, the Polish will blow themselves up."

The Iraqi's invited us for an exclusive and unprecedented visit to their communication site/lair. Apparently the bomb that was given to them had been fitted with a camera that receives audio and video. "The entertainment industry will love this," said one of the aides. "What we have here is Hollywood/Cinema Baghdad Gold." Shortly following the arrival of the missiles, Polish "scientists" perused them assiduously. One was seen monkeying with a knob, then heard yelling, "HOW DO YOU TURN IT OFF?!!" The shout was followed by large weightlifters "beating" the warhead with a sledgehammer, grunting and puffing frantically. Two minutes later the room turned a bright white, and that was the end of the video feed. What a tragedy for the world.

<Insert laughter here>

Local Student Mourns Spilled Beer

By: Sebastian Walters

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Last Thursday a high school junior enrolled at CHS who wishes to remain anonymous for activity code reasons, "Jane Doe", was caught crying over a bottle of spilled beer. We are not at liberty to release the name of the brewery; it is to be kept a close secret until further details develop.

Doe was quoted, "I couldn't move at all. All I could do was sit over the body of my previous bottle. All I could see was the little remaining beer running down the floor. I was so sad! I didn't know what to do except cry." Well there you have it - a tragic story and a shocked victim. She admits that it might be her fault, and if convicted, she will be charged with first degree pollution with intent to spill.

Stop Poking Me with Sticks.



In the past few weeks I've noticed a growing trend: that a disturbingly large portion of the area student body is brandishing large, sharp objects for which to poke and/or prod me with.

Granted, the initial day's experiences were clever and kind of funny, but as of this past week it's getting rather old and annoying. You people are giving me calluses due to this incessant jabbing into my posterior!

I suggest a reasonable alternative to this. Either stop poking me with sticks, or I'm going to smack you all with wet rags and call you dirty names until you cry! That oughtta learn ya' good.

Now I realize this change may be hard to deal with, but I'm sure that reasonably intelligent mammals such as yourselves will understand.

Mr. Sore's social commentaries appear in over zero publications nationwide, courtesy of Disassociated Press.

By: I.M. Sore

Funny-looking Guy

WisTech 2000 Lobbies for School to Be Heated by Computers

CAMBRIDGE, WI - With all technical matters at CHS completely under control, WisTech 2000 has expanded to solve other problems plaguing the school, namely: why in each of the past two years the furnace has malfunctioned, dropping temperatures into the mid-sixties or below. Sources confirm that the recent chill was caused by an inoperative boiler, but WisTech officials stress that this is no time pass the buck. "The only thing to do is to find a solution, and we all know that technology creates solutions," Beau Smithback declared, confidently.

Jacob Wicke divulged the nuts and bolts of the program, "You may have noticed that a room full of computers is warmer than an empty room. This is because computers magically emit small amounts of heat to offset the arctic cold of the Windows operating system. What we hope to do is increase this energy and harness it to heat the entire school. Granted, it may necessitate a few more computers-- somewhere in the neighborhood of four to five hundred of them--, however the benefits should come somewhat close to nearly outweighing the costs [of shipment and installation]. Every student could have their own computer to access their favorite online games!"

The school has also toyed with the idea of filling every room and hallway with illegal immigrants, migrant workers, and old people, using their collective body heat to warm the building. Full scale implementation never took place, however, as teaching space as well as costs became prohibitive, and test sites took on a most peculiar smell. Computers, Wicke maintains, would be a workable alternative rife with ulterior benefits. "Computers," he noted, "are the way, the light, and the heat."

News Shorts*****

Student to Get Drivers License

"I'd Better Stay off the Roads!" Jokes Teacher

CAMBRIDGE, WI - A new level of facetiae was attained, Tuesday, when a teacher gave a timely and witty response to a local student's announcement of his "license to kill". This line, heard on numerous occasions throughout the day as well as when he was to receive his temporary license, was also treated to many equally-hilarious variations. One jokester even suggested a need to stay off the *sidewalks* (as this is where the kooky student would likely drive)! Moves have been made to patent the line, granting the teacher sole rights of use and manufacture, though local civil rights groups oppose such plans, noting that such a clever line should be available to teachers, DMV officers, and bus drivers alike.

Starving Chinese Also Refuse Mother's Casserole

"Too Yucky!" They Say

AKXOKESAY, CHINA - In a tragic and altogether unexpected turn of events, two starving Chinese children, Mu and Shu Pork, (sent deep into the Himalayas to avoid execution for being born second and third, respectively) unconditionally refused a pot of tuna casserole sent from America. The cook and mother of its first and incorrigibly persnickety would-be eater, Little Johnny, was shocked by the refusal of the Chinese, whom she thought would eagerly devour the dish if given a chance. "I've learned my lesson," she declared, "From now on, it's cookies and Froot Loops for LJ-- and nothing else!" The Chinese later died, unable to lure any game with the utterly revolting meal.

Olson Twin Movie to Include Pun in Title

HOLLYWOOD, CA - TGIF mainstays Mary Kate and Ashley Olson, sweethearts of the family feature, have announced (through their agents) an ingenious new ploy to subliminally emphasize the identical twin tandem. Such ingenious, fun ideas were exhibited in past classics as their "Two of a Kind" and "It Takes Two" masterpieces of motion picture. Now, it seems, the dynamic duo is ready to transcend these accomplishments and do as their hearts (which beat as one) truly desire.

"Our new film," explains Mary Kate, "is called 'Two for the Road'."

"I thought of the name," Ashley reminds her.

Mary Kate continues, "We play a couple of street-smart, pre-teen hookers down on our luck in uptown New Jersey. Through hard work and perseverance, we make it all the way to the top of the NYC scene."

"We're twins!" Ashley chimes.

"Yes, and I feel this gives us a chance to develop beyond our usual genre geared to the innocent, white demographic. I surmise and hope that perhaps it may humanize the prostitution industry, using our clout for family appeal, not unlike "Striptease" did for exotic dancing."

"Ha, ha," Ashley giggles, and then, "Shut up!" The twins roll around clawing at each others' throats, blood splatters everywhere, and I leave.

First-Graders Brag to Kindergarteners of Being from "Old" School

CAMBRIDGE, WI - An area elementary student, we'll call him Billy to protect his identity, can be seen daily, walking bow-legged in the gutter on the way to school. Hands deep within the deep pockets of his "pipes" (grotesquely baggy jeans which enable the wearer to perform the "fly" move: tripping over your own pants and falling face-first into the dirt (a.k.a. "The Big Flopper")) and a long T-shirt that hangs down to his knees give him away in an instant. On the shirt is a cross-armed, buttoned-lip likeness of Disney's "Mickey Tha' Mouse", clad in the same fashion as little Billy, but with a side-turned baseball cap bearing the the same message printed across the shirt: The M-Crew.

An onlooking kindergartener expressed his idolization: "Billy swears!"

Billy, a D-average first-grader, is a self-described "old fool", reputed to claim origin from the notorious "old school", which is now Nikolay Middle School. An onlooking kindergartener added, "He's so cool!" and "He swears!"

We followed further, to the new elementary building, where he exclaimed with a whoop, "There it is." With a casual wave of his hand, shaped in an up-turned W to signify the M-crew, "goin' out t'all ma' homies", he declared, "This is my house!" His house is, of course, several blocks back, but that point didn't seem to matter to his throngs of kindergarten admirers and groupies.

His cronies, who include the likes of Stuart "Tha' Rippuh" Ferguson and his contact from the 'hood, Chadwick McDougal (Masta' C), leave no doubt that our friend Billy is the coolest dude in the first grade. Kindergarteners swarm them as they distribute banned candy cigarettes to the crowd, then check their switchblades (boy scout Swiss Army knives) at the office for safe-keeping. Billy affirms confidently, "Ain't got no need fo' weapons with ma' M-Crew in tha' house." Yet he admits, "Back in tha' day-- at tha' old school-- a k-gart w'tout his blade wuz a mark wit a capito M." Billy, his parents, and younger sister live in a large ranch house on Applegate Ridge.

Our Degenerating Society

By: A Concerned Citizen

Furby is the work of the devil. Furbies teach children the doctination of Satan when the parents are away. When two Furbies are together, they speak in tongues, discussing their master's plan for world domination. Furbies will infiltrate the military via the new generation. Furbies will bring forth the Fourth Reich. They shall rule over the world with a little, furry fist!

Only by our prophet can we be saved. Screech, from Saved by the Bell, shall save us from the little, hairy demons. We must follow his directions. Speak only in a high-pitched squeal, and wear your hair in an afro! Then and only then will we be saved!!



See following page for clarification.

From Atop a Soap Box

By: The Traveler

On "Viewer Discretion Is Advised" and Other Reverse Psychology Sayings....

Did you ever notice that whenever a TV or movie company tries to use a rating system to keep out people, it never works?? Why, it's downright silly! "THIS MOVIE IS RATED R." In general language, this means "THIS MOVIE IS REALLY GOOD. NOW GO AND MAKE YOUR KIDS WATCH PG MOVIES BECAUSE THEY ARE STUPID, AND CHILDREN SHOULD BE PUNISHED." Amazing, isn't it? Now, of course, I might have just offended some people who actually believe that the ratings system is helping. If you are one of those such, I suggest you stop reading this article. Oh yes, ahem... "THE FOLLOWING IS INAPPROPRIATE FOR THOSE UNDER THE AGE OF 250 AND WHO DON'T OWN A PINK CHEVROLET AND/OR A PURPLE CIRCUS MIDGET."

See, I knew you'd look. But I digress. If someone has not done something, like, us, let's say "paint drinking", and you walk right up and righteously declare that paint drinking is very bad for you and could kill you, this person will probably think that they are missing out on something cool and try it. And those who already do will do it regardlessly. So in the end, if you bring attention to something, it's just like reverse psychology. Now don't, and I mean ABSOLUTELY DO NOT read the next line...

Did I prove my point yet?

Horoscopes

By: Jacob Sullivan, Psychic Astrologer

FOR THE REST OF FOREVER

LIBRA: After another rousing game of shuffleboard in gym you will find that life has no purpose other than to produce plastic for Tupperware.

TAURUS: On your way home today you shall be attacked by an agitated Chihuahua. Protect your shins.

SCORPIO: While walking with several companions and the family dog, you will be attacked by flying monkeys-- don't drop a house on anyone.

CAPRICORN: After being knocked silly with a brick to the head, you will prance around calling yourself a fairy princess and tap everyone with your magic wand.

ARIES: Today you have decided to comfort the world with the news that you are the reason humans were made.

VIRGO: Look forward to another night alone; maybe you could just drown your sorrows in a barrel of Hägen-Das ice cream.

CANCER: Whoa, bummer of a birth sign. I fore-see doom! Doom! Doom!

PISCES: While buying some bread and milk at the store you are confronted by a one-armed man named Bob who commences to beating you with a wet towel.

AQUARIUS: Hundreds of raving mob members are planning to smack you around a tad bit with a stuffed trout.

LEO: It's just going to be another boring day of toenail clipping and bikini waxing.

SAGITTARIUS: After a life-long debate with a member of the school's faculty, you find that pigs really cannot fly.

GEMINE: You have come to the conclusion that your life is meaningless, so you are going to live with your cats for the rest of your life. Tie bags to your feet.

Sex and Violence

When Mating Dogs Attack

By: Jacob Sullivan

ROCKWOOD, USA - Local residents have been terrified lately, so much in fact that some have quit their jobs and are cowering in their homes. For the past week a foaming, rabid, and very lonely menace has been lurking in the streets of Rockwood.

It has been confirmed that this beast is a gruesome atrocity of life that has no other purpose but to molest the chins of innocent people. A single survivor was somehow able to escape certain death yesterday, but even he had to run half a block with ripped pants and the creature grappling his leg as he sprinted. This lone survivor was quoted before his internment to Somerset hospital as saying, "It was horrible! I saw my life flash before my eyes-- that Devildog must have been a government experiment with Viagra."

While the Humane Society was called and the dog-catchers were assigned, it was to no avail. This mongrel unleashed its unhindered aggression on the two men sent to capture the stray beast. Sorry to say, visitations will be held for the two men who are in critical condition at the Johnstown Medical Center.

The Rockwood Area Police Department has advised residents to stay on the lookout for this terror. It is reported as being roughly 10 inches tall, 12 inches long, weighing 5 pounds and bearing an uncanny resemblance to the Chihuahua from the Taco Bell commercials.



A "random" selection from an obscure Clip-Art collection.

SPACE INTENTIONALLY
LEFT BLANK FOR SCHOOL
SHOOTING RUMORS (HEY, KIDS,
WRITE YOURS
BELOW!)

Humanoid in Hollywood

By: Humanoid

Godzilla: Is the new look better?

I think that the newest Godzilla movie is a bit...overdone. For those of you who have never heard of "Godzilla" and were wondering just what I'm smoking, Godzilla is a gigantic, bipedal lizard who has radioactive fire breath and an urge to crush, smash, and destroy.

Anyway, I'll try to approach this movie with a newcomer's reaction. "Oh! Wow! That huge scaly creature just smashed up buildings and stuff!" OK, enough of that. Aside from the mass destruction, this particular version of Godzilla lacks a few things. Here are some pros and cons:

#1-Pro: Due to extensive computer animation, Godzilla looks pretty real.

#1-Con: It was pretty funny when you remembered Godzilla was just a Japanese guy dancing around in a rubber suit. Alas, no rubber suit-man here.

#2-Pro: The creature's body structure (the way it is shaped) has changed to make it look more frightening.

#2-Con: Godzilla looks too much like a T-Rex from Jurassic Park. This is NOT Jurassic Park!

#3-Pro: The storyline has been changed and updated to make it sound half believable.

#3-Con: Godzilla is now a hermaphrodite. No, I am not making this up; pay attention to the movie!

#4-Pro: The beast from Monster Isle (Godzilla) can still rip up stuff pretty good.

#4-Con: Most of the hokey stuff is gone. I personally enjoyed the crazy monsters and bad acting.

#5-Pro: There are now several Godzillas as well as several thousand little ones.

#5-Con: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RADIOACTIVE FIRE BREATH?! That was as much a trademark of Godzilla as his roar!

Anyway, if you're a Godzilla veteran, you might still like it. If you've never seen a Godzilla movie, you'll really enjoy it.

Editor's Note: Hey kids! Watch the new syndicated action-packed cartoon adventure, "Godzilla", weekdays on Fox Kids!



Spectators have feelings too!

By: Concerned Citizen #2

Hey cheerleaders! Don't you know that us fans have feelings too?! You women are always putting us down, calling us cruel, mean, and uncalled-for names. Why do you people always come after teasing and taunting us?!

Why won't you leave us alone? We never tease you-- why do you tease us?! Here is some advice: GO HOME.

The following film was given to the editor by his brother for Christmas. It cost approximately \$2.99 at Best Buy, and I would venture to say that there are several other copies still available.

1 FAVORITE MOVIES REVIEW!

Today I review the self-proclaimed "black comedy" known as **Track 29**. Those of you who got a kick out of bands who put random numbers after their names (i.e. Matchbox 20, Blink 182) may want to give this very passing craze a try as well. Unlike most bargain bin films, **Track 29** boasts a fairly stellar cast—headlined by **Gary Oldman** (of recent near-fame as the lisp-stricken "Zorg" in **The Fifth Element** and MTV's Celebrity Deathmatch challenger of **Christopher Walken**, who "can go from zero to psycho in six seconds flat" or something). The list also includes quasi-cameos by **Christopher Lloyd** and the unforgettable **Leon Rippy**. An omen of bad things to come: each of these three starring men bares his Aunt Fanny (though for some of you sickoes, that may somehow be a draw)

Now you may be thinking: "How can such a kooky cast of characters go wrong?". Let it suffice to say that the plot and continuity (masterminded by writer/director **Nicholas Roeg**) are among the most senseless ever devised. Goings-on center around the wife of Lloyd—a supposed alcoholic with a past muddier than the film quality. Apparently, she was a teenage mother and gave her child away at a very early age. Now, decades later, the lost child (Oldman) has returned to find her childless with an unfaithful husband (Lloyd). Lloyd, a doctor with a train fetish, provides considerable comic relief by injecting Rippy's rear and then flashing his own to be whacked repeatedly by a vigorous sex slave/nurse (all to an inspirational audio recording of a locomotive). I guess that's a bit extraneous, but sometimes it's all there is to keep your interest from scene to scene.

This is as far as a summary can go before the film's quirks give in to unbridled chaos. The initially innocent Oldman regresses into a kind of puerile hysteria after sharing a few "touching" scenes with his mother, during which the kind of love he feels for her is not entirely clear. The aforementioned hysteria consists mainly of infantile shrieks of joy and frustration, later vented by demolishing Lloyd's prized model trains à la Godzilla or the like. During this reign of thoroughly confusing terror, Lloyd has been fired and is off to give a rousing key note speech at a national model train convention (which, at first glance, may serve no purpose—but deeper thought reveals that his speech somehow incorporates the very title of the movie!). The climax follows suit, resolving any conflict that one may surmise in the most incomprehensible way possible. Lloyd returns home to check on his trains... Oldman lies in waiting in the closet... A completely nude Oldman leaps upon Lloyd's back and brutally stabs him to death (if there was ever a need for stunt men in the film, that would be the time)... The lost child is revealed to be a mere hallucination... Credits roll following the wife leaving Lloyd calling her name all night.

Troubled though it may be, the film is not without endearing moments and characters. A pointless hick in a woodymobile and a truck driver whose most memorable line is: "I am that mother!" round out these simple pleasures, spread sparsely throughout this 90 minutes of trodden tripe. It must have been a lean year for these actors. I give **Track 29** 2 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 denominator among films that are not bad enough to be good.. 1= suffers from bad acting, storyline, and directing, to a point just beyond apathy. 1.5= A good part is all that keeps this from being utterly detestable. 2= Pathetic movie; even target audience would mock it. 2.5= often big time (or budget) flops will receive this despicable rating. 3= boring movie whose plot induces frequent yawning. 3.5= not quite terrible, but really has nothing to keep you interested. A key element of the movie may have been erred... (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. Think "family film".

This, my brother's other present to my other brother, is a sad, sad film.

FAVORITE MOVIES REVIEW

Do you have an innate desire to see the star of Walker, Texas Ranger receive a slightly less than severe whoopin'? Well, that's just what **Slaughter in San Francisco** promises— *and that's exactly what it delivers!* American martial arts superstar **Chuck Norris** stars in this action-packed thriller/drama/comedy/tripe, filled from start to finish with infantile high jinx, laughable dialogue, and above all: one-at-a-time gang warfare! This is one killer action flick you won't want to see twice... you may not even survive one showing intact!

That's about all the schmaltz that can be spread on this lackluster chopfest. As is usually the case with movies cheaper to buy than to rent, the top-billed actor, Norris in this sad case, makes only a brief appearance as a "drug kingpin" who (as the sleeve proclaims) has control over the entire city of San Francisco. As luck should have it, he also knows a thing or two about "The Fu", and believe me, this will come in handy!

The thin plot, however, centers around nameless forgettable Chinese cop/Kung Fu crimefighter **Don Wong**. Yes, ladies and gentlemen *that* Don Wong. He and his black partner (don't even think this shows racial harmony; the brother is a marked man from the get-go) begin the film with some lighthearted fun when they discover what seems to be a dead body. Good times are permitted to roll when they find that it is actually a disco body (watch the film; you'll understand). Yet it's all downhill from there for these two buddies: a drunken streetfight spells surprising doom for Wong's even more colored friend, and further shock ensues when the troubled Chinatownner swears to get revenge! Not even gratuitous police brutality can help him when he loses his badge, though. Now he's got to investigate on his own, secretly and even more violently (but don't worry— even though he loses the intimidation of a police badge, the bad dudes still can't muster the gumption to attack in pairs).

There is no point to delve further into the plot. A few setbacks here and there, a semiromantic interest, and numerous encounters with Norris' goons litter the rest of the film. I was severely disappointed in Norris for losing to this wimpy ricemonger in the end. His epic duel with Bruce Lee in *Return of the Dragon* was something special, but Wong provides only substandard fare here. I realize it's cheap just to skip to the end like this, but I have an excuse. Just beyond the movie's midpoint the already badly dubbed sound zonks out and turns every character into a nauseous, cartoon fish. This is to say that the first few lines take on an unintended comical twist while, after a few minutes, the incessant gurgling begins to detract from coherence and what little interest was left by that time. Maybe I just have an especially bad copy.

Even with all these positive notes, there are still some things that bother me about this blockbuster smash hit. Foremost is just that it is too farfetched. First, there is no way in the time period that there could be two minority cops in the same city— let alone making them partners. Second is also a problem with the era. How long can a street gang possibly rule their turf without wielding a single weapon? I mean really— where are the big, freakin' guns?! Pointless characters, the cliched premise, and an ambiguously happy ending round out the marring of this otherwise below average motion picture. Oh, and there was really no need to see Norris without a shirt again. I give this rightfully discounted film 1.5 of 10.5 possible points.

Rating: 0= so bad that it is worth seeing because of it. .5= a movie that is too bad to watch. The lowest denominator among films that are not bad enough to be good. 1= suffers from bad acting, storyline, and directing, to a point just beyond apathy. 1.5= A good part is all that keeps this from being utterly detestable. 2= Pathetic movie; even target audience would mock it. 2.5= often big time (or budget) flops will receive this despicable rating. 3= boring movie whose plot induces frequent yawning. 3.5= not quite terrible, but really has nothing to keep you interested. A key element of the movie may have been erred... 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. Think "faray him".

Why Don't People Listen to My Star Wars Rumors Anymore?!

By: M. Walter Rothschild IV, "The Force Informant", Chauffeur of George Lucas



What on earth has happened that no one cares about my insider insights on that "Galaxy far, far away"? Not six months ago I was the prominent online rumor-monger for previews of Episode One— now my web site is lucky to get 10 hits a week! Something must be amiss in the force.

Five years ago, while driving the Big Man to a convention in Newark, I overheard George talking about plans for a new Star Wars movie. I went to the press right away, and before I knew it, I was a key player on the rumor scene. I got my

Exclusive first-look at the ornate headdress of "Queen Admiral", to be played by Rosie O'Donnell.

details right from The Man, and my online prowess grew as I posted revelation after revelation online. I was the most trusted source in a gossipy wasteland of unreliable leads and unfounded premonitions, but then something changed. George began to make it too easy for me; he would raise his voice whenever details got juicy, and soon he would just talk directly to me instead of on the phone. That's how I got all the really telling secrets to you, like how David Spade will lead as the young Obi-Wan Kenobi and talk-show host, Rosie O'Donnell, will play Queen Admiral, who will develop a love interest with Jabba the Hutt. It was kind of funny how just as I began to reveal parts of the plot, my national exposure waned, and my loyal readers shied away. Online newsgroups didn't even report my findings of the very climax of the plot, which Lucas himself told me would involve an extravagant Wookiee fashion parade and a duel between the light-saber of Darth Oooga-Booga and a rebel sloth armed only with a green paper towel tube! Does the media no longer seek the truth? I understand the movie's due out in late 2010, and there's a book deal on the way, but rest assured George will give me all the details before then. My reign as Episode One expert shall rise again!

Lines for JEDI Classes "Not Worth It"

JEFFERSON AND EASTERN DANE COUNTIES, WI - Hordes of expectant fans gathered and camping about the entrances to the heavily-hyped "JEDI Classes" admitted Wednesday that the final products were not "worth the wait." Many, having taken off work to attend the most anticipated classes in recent history, were disappointed in such features as "Intro. to Health Occupations" and "AP Psychology", complaining of sound problems and annoying glare on the screen. "They advertised a breakthrough in cutting-edge special effects and technology," one attendant remarked of the highly-touted release, "but I question the value of these advances. Just what are we *learning* from these razzle dazzle spectacles?!" Worse yet, there were reports of the feature's frequent changing of dialects, wavering on 47-minute periods from French to German to Spanish.

Even high officials are aware that the burgeoning attendance will taper off, due to the luke warm response. "JEDI fever has struck," a coordinator from Cambridge announced, "and they're overrunning our classrooms. Out, you dirty wookies! Out I say!" Some are very baffled, indeed, by the lines, as the JEDI program is now in its third year of showing.

THE PROBLEM WITH SCHOOLS TODAY

Did you know that the problem with schools today is the teachers? Teachers, the mean and cruel people that they are, go out of their way to make the student's life at school as tough as possible. Students in general are always wanting and willing to learn and ask for help, but the teachers will not give them the time of day-- let alone *listen* to the students' problems. I mean how could such cruel people not take a minute out of their day to help students who always give 100%? But nooooo... these teachers are like, "Go away-- I am busy." What could be so important that these pathetic teachers can't help one measly student?

The truth must be told. All the teachers around the world get up at 4:00AM every school day and they come and get into a group meeting and contemplate the many ways to irritate students, and how they can make the students' day a living hell. On the other hand, these students who come to school not knowing of these mischievous plans are unaware of these hidden secrets of teacher corruption to make the students even more undereducated than they are now. What really gets my goat is that every one of these students, no matter who or where they are from, come to school to learn and get some of the teachers' "guide to life" information, and these teachers will not help a single student.

I don't just blame the teachers. Teachers are puppets of the government and have to follow the prefabricated plan for certain classes for certain grades of students. Whatever happened to the 'learn all, teach all' way of life at schools? Ever since the sixties, when students tried to take control of the teachers and make the teachers teach them, the government stepped in and brought the National Guard to stop the overthrow of the policy that had been going on. Because of the National Guard, the policy of 'learn all, teach nothing' has been in place ever since. If for some reason a teacher should stray and try to teach the students (against the government's policy), the government inevitably finds out and the teacher is convicted of treason, then shipped out of the U.S.

It is my personal belief that students should act like zombies and not do anything until either the teachers or government breaks down and starts teaching again. If we get a nationwide "zombification" going on, then somebody is bound to start listening to the students. Parents have been told for decades, and yet after they get out of school they somehow forget this mind-boggling experience and don't believe their children. And when it comes time for parent-teacher conferences, the parents ask the teachers this: "The teacher has a little trick to tell the parents of the children what is going on." First of all, if the teachers want to become teachers they have to go through many years of training to block out any mental thoughts about wholesome goodness for the students. And when it comes to dealing with parents, they have a little program set up to brainwash the parents into thinking their children are actually learning when they are not being taught a thing at all.

So listen up, students! The only way to fight this corruption is to take it out at the main source-- the foundation, if you will. And this main source is the D.O.N.T.T.E.A.C.H. Program (Department of non Teaching to Each Actual Child Here). Once we take this program out, which is run by the G.O.H.O.M.E. (Girls of a Homely Orphanage Meet Ed Grunden), and their boss that issues these orders who goes by the name of S.H.U.T.U.P.A.N.D.S.I.T.D.O.W.N. (Sick Hags up to Utter Trouble under Parental and National Dependency Suffering Indulge Teachers' Daughters out with Nerds) and after we overthrow these programs we will once again be able to learn.

So, I want to know: Are you with me or against me?

Editor's note: the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of The Sasquatch and its staff or even of the writer himself. The Sasquatch does not advocate violence; it merely partakes in it.

CHS SASQUATCH PRESENTS: A PUBLIC SERVICE PUBLICATION

How To NAME YOUR BAND!

Ok, so you've got some instruments, maybe even some talent, and a jolly band of minstrels whose company you relish and with whom you want to share "the best and worst of times." Perhaps most of all, you want to use the line, "It used to be about the music!" and actually mean it (for your inevitable, tragic breakup).

This is a supplement designed to complement your own creative band-naming skills. Anyone who wants to add to change it is more than welcome. Remember, your name is like a veil or safety blanket that should instill confidence within you and mask the fact that you're just a bunch of crazy kids with a lucky break. You *know* you can bust into the limelight on your own, but to bust without a good name is to do so stark nakedly or clad in a burlap bag. Unless you are a country band, this should *not* be the image you want. Here, again, are some suggestions, do's, and don't's for putting a name on your ticket to fame...

*Note (for establishing credibility in tackling such a touchy subject):
During freshman year, Dan Jenness, Damien Baughman, Ryan Armstrong, and the editor compiled a page (full front and back) of *really cool band names*.

First, absolutely do NOT...

put colors in your name. This will only lead to pointless arguments about *which* color to use and what this color means to you. It adds little but redundant triviality to your name, topped only by choosing a random number. Perhaps the most pressing issue is that colors instantly stamp the label "small time" on you (as is evident from the colorful glut on Battle of the Bands flyers). Your goal is to set yourself apart from these banal, stereotyped, un-garageworthy bands--not to join their ranks, which indeed, can become little but rank. See suggestions if you must have color:

put numbers, especially random ones, in your name. Save 311 and (gack!) perhaps Sevendust, 10K Maniacs, and the B-52's, what numerical bands can you name that are more than has-been radio annoyances (and don't you dare say Matchbox20 or Blink182--these are cases in point). Yes, you can gain notoriety with a mathematic trailer, but does it really (forgive the pun) *add* anything? If you really get a creative kick out of selecting an exclusive droplet from an infinite pool, at least choose a number that has some meaning to the band. Numbers bring to mind the desperation of internet chat line handles. Your passionate love affair with the number 579, 138, 435 may keep potential groupies from putting up the cover charge, but hey, it's your decision!

Copy-Cool Band Names-Use This "Cool Words Worksheet" to Name Your Band!

Fill in the Blank(s) to make a name you *know* can make it big! _____ Soul _____ Pearl _____ Fire _____
Rage Against _____ Sage _____ The world *needs* more bands that have drug references!

Actual Suggested Names

Make a mockery of color-bands. Try: "Pretty Colors", "Colorblind", or "Pigmentation Celebration!". Blue and Red have long been used to death. Try: "Perriwinkle", "Cerulean", "Chartreuse", or "Burnt Sienna".

On the track bus, Mr. Gregg had many a catchy name, including "Succotash", which I take as a clever KoRn diss.

Cookbooks provide ample possibilities, but avoid the likes of "The Appetizers" or you can never become more than a clever opener. Try: "Baked Gouda", "Mincemest", or "Baba Ganuj".

Puns, Alliteration, Idioms, Metaphors, and even clichés at least make for a chuckle or consideration...

The Amish Quilts, Walk-ins Welcome, Upstaged, The Big Picture(s), Frozen Radio Doughnut, Nope Doing The Warsh, New Kids on the Backstreet, Cerebral Tap, Fart, Apathy, (The) Long Road to Rehab, Epitome, The Hungovers, Birthday Borealis, Juxtaposed Poetry, Painful Bloating, Glandular Malfunction, Oblate Spheroid, The Bartenders, Money Drinkers, Stepping Stoned, Uddal, The Inhalants, Tequila (Name) and The Worms, The Refugees, Pelvic Thrust, Pelvic Circle, Elvie Fix Your of the (Humorous-sounding animal), Putty in Your Hands, Iron Fist, The Cronies, The Honkies, The Loser Winnies.

The Sasquatch would like to thank area band "Local Color" for use of its name and the chance to speculate how their name will be changed. Also, local bands "Infrablue" and "The Gray Area" deserve credit for reinforcing my point.

THE CHS SASQUATCH: SUPPORTING THE CAMBRIDGE MUSIC SCENE!

Do...

OK, I've whined and complained a lot, but sadly, I have few foolproof models for superstardom. So, when all else fails, mimic the pros!

Often inspiration will strike and you'll come up with a single (and miraculously yet unused) word that fits perfectly. These pure names are risky, but they pay off by instant recognition if you've actually been original.

Try using "deep", philosophical words that have spiritual, hallucinatory, or otherwise meaningful, underground ties. Slang is always a safe bet because you can say you didn't "just look up a word in the dictionary"--which I would recommend doing anyway. Fantasy is good, too! If you've got a great word that's already been used by someone else (which *will* happen), don't be afraid to pair or group it with other words, as long as you don't violate the "don't's".

I'VE BARELY MET MY SOUL. HAVE ANY BETTER ONES? WRITE THEM RIGHT HERE ON THIS PAGE.

MIXED MEDIA REVIEWS

25¢-Records: Title: Uranium Artist/Band: Zot Released: 1985 Label: Elektra

Longest/Shortest Songs: 4:59-"Bright Nights", 2:33-"Little Bit Longer" Rating: **BA**

Somehow stuck in the middle of the mid-eighties is a misunderstood hair band searching for an identity. Perhaps it was stylish for crap from the newly coined Wedding Singer Era to find one in toy Casio keyboards, as **Zot** has done here. The cover wisely obscures their faces, and the music itself wears an impenetrable veil of soupy vocals, post-disco warbling, and generic riffs. You can find all the simple pleasures here, from oft-repeated single-word refrains to lengthy keyboard solos of a style which can only be compared to other music to which neither you nor I would choose to listen. Riding a dying trend wave, even for 1985, this is dated hokey.

Title: Hide and Watch Artist/Band: Alvis Barnett and the Barnetts

Released: 1976 Label: Joy Song Longest/Shortest Songs: 3:17-"Knee Power", 2:01-"The Middle Aged Dread" Rating: **BN**

I would be hard-pressed to find a more innocently obnoxious album than this gem. This pinstriped, nuclear meltdown family barbershop trio must be heard and seen to be believed. A mere glance at the cover could put a freshman to the floor, rolling around in laughter. It is adorned with numerous poses of the threesome clutching paper cutouts of their likenesses (which they no doubt thought were pretty clever and neat), bearing witness to just how ugly the 70's were. Throw in the fact that the album subliminally preaches at you, and you have yourself a no-holds-barred knee-slapper. The aforementioned three and a quarter minute gospel epic, "Knee Power", is not to be missed. As the cover description indirectly admits: this is Jesus on amphetamines, and the **Barnetts** give their interpretation of "The Word" from atop a cloud higher than any drug could provide.

\$1-CD's: Title: Fun? Artist/Band: The Candy Skins Released: 1993 Label:

Geffen Longest/Shortest Songs: 4:41-"Everybody Loves You", 2:31-"All Over Now"

Rating: **BA** This is a case in point

that some guitar/bass/drums/singer acts try to spice up blasé material with eye candy, leaving a (half?)baked potato for your ears to eat. Yes, the case features half-naked, sawblade-wielding, innertube feished, demonic maniacs, but the fact remains that **The Candy Skins** are an everyband and perhaps even less. Musically, they achieve mediocrity, but as soon as their singer opens his mouth/Aunt Fanny, his oddly unpleasant scruffiness plummets the CD among its bargain bin brethren. Rhyming the title, "fun", with "gun" five times takes a forced lyric, beats it to death, then serves it up for your less and less willful consumption. After restraining yourself for a few tracks, you will be yelling out loud for them to shut the **** up. Fortunately, this is a power vested in you.

Title: Cosmodrome Artist/Band: M.I.R.V. Released: 1993 Label: Mammoth, Prawn Song

Longest/Shortest Songs: Unknown/Not labeled Rating: **GD**

M.I.R.V. (which may stand for: Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicle) cannot be adequately explained in words. Its warped, quirky unpredictability makes for one of the most unevenly brilliant albums this bumpkin has ever heard. Granted, the songs (which rarely eclipse the ditty category) are repetitive and beyond inane-- almost no one could possibly like them. However, it is this quality that will charm even the stingiest Top 40 listeners, either getting tunes "stuck in their heads" or driving them to slam their heads against the wall. A full listen will invariably do one or the other. This one-man variety show was co-produced by Les Claypool (yes, Les Claypool) and takes Primus' playfulness a giant step farther to the point of puerile chaos. Highlights include the undeniably rousing "Cantina" from Star Wars, gelatinous blabular gurgling of "Pipe Wrench", and the Tour-de-Force "Shave My Face Off"-- all masterpieces of simple, catchy fun. If nothing else, Cosmodrome provides an amusing melange of crap to annoy the heck out of the unenlightened. It also uses a nifty word, "vignette", on the cover.

B

Horoscopes

FOR THE REST OF FOREVER

By: Nailuj Relyt, certified astrologer, TV evangelist. Nailuj notes that there hasn't been a Sasquatch for almost a year, so his horoscopes might be a little rusty.

LIBRA: Stop what you're doing, drop everything, and rush to your window! The sniper can't see you clearly enough.

TAURUS: A brush with the law suddenly breaks out into a full-fledged high speed chase. The suspect rolls his vehicle and makes a break on foot, still pursued by the patrol car. You are watching Fox. You are sad.

SCORPIO: Your plan to come forward with allegations of sexual relations with President Clinton will soon be rethought when you remember that you were only fantasizing. Eeew.

CAPRICORN: Capricorns already know their future, and it's brighter than yours.

ARIES: Friendly relations will break down at work this week when your boss makes a pass at you. You will accept and get a ten cent raise.

VIRGO: You will arrive late to school tomorrow because a neighborhood prankster has filled your entire gas tank as well as your trunk, hood, and cab with granulated sugar.

CANCER: A self-help seminar, "Be your own messiah", will inspire a trip to Africa, where you will claim to be their savior and be eviscerated.

PISCES: Your summer break plans go painfully awry when your travel agent mistakes "Florida" for "Ougadougou, Burkina Fasso", an African city which you can only assume is war-torn.

AQUARIUS: Falwell's accusations are confirmed this week when you step forward as Tinky Winky's significant other.

LEO: You will fix your financial status for life by going back in time and buying 1,000 shares of Yahoo! stock. Unfortunately, you only went back to yesterday.

SAGITTARIUS: Your case is weakened further as police deduce that your mission briefing delivered by Scooby Doo (who vehemently commanded you to Scooby Doobie Do It) may have been drug related.

GEMINI: A foreshadowing vision of being body-passed at the KoRn concert will quickly deteriorate once again into that giant marshmallow dream. Gracious me! What *happened* to your pillow?

Give the Alien His D*** Phone Back!

By: A Concerned Citizen

How brutal has our society become? In today's unfeeling world many equally unfeeling conglomerates take advantage of most anyone-- and that includes innocent creatures from other planets. They even claim that it is humorous.

What I'm saying is: just give him back his d*** phone! The little PrimeCo alien forgot his phone on earth, and when he returned to get it, he found the corporate bigwigs had cashed in on his extraterrestrial technology. The CEO's didn't even offer him thanks-- not to mention his prized cellular. I mean, people, let's at least have some morals in our drug induced, euphoric world. Join me in my quest for justice-- to return the phone to its rightful owner and then ship him the heck outta here!

"It kills brain cells." - Matt Falk, explaining to Mr. Nodolf what happens when you stop breathing for 10 seconds while asleep.

"Ahhhhh. A new Toyota." - End of a Toyota commercial.

Jennie Evenson (whining): "My neck hurts!"
Mr. Lacke: "Too much necking?"

"I *have* to go back -- otherwise Scorpio will destroy my world with the Qnasar Sabres."
- Longest non-interrupted line of dialog in "Power Rangers Lost Galaxy" premier.

"These next few minutes are really cool. "Mankind" gets handcuffed, and "The Rock" just wails on him with a steel chair, bloodies him up and stuff." - (Quoted roughly) Brian Rucks' commentary on a taped WWF match, viewed recently in music theory class.

"My gorge rises at it." - Hamlet, warning of imminent hurl.

"Cam-bridge High School re-eally sucks... blah blah blah blah, blah blah blah blah-
- I'd ra-ther be get-ting high." - ingenious parody of the school song, yelled loudly in recent pep rallies by top-row sophomores, juniors, and also widely attributed to Chris Kreul.

"The time is out of joint." - Young Hamlet, out of context, proving that Shakespeare does indeed span the generations.

"You guys are wandering around like a bunch of caged animals" - Mr. Hess, to his sixth hour ancient history class, which was not seated.

"Brad, you are *really* screwed up." - Matt Henderson to Brad Danto.

Scientists Find Cure for Senioritis

CHS Students Refuse Vaccination

BERKELEY, CA - Leading Cancer and AIDS researchers put these matters aside for the past several years and have teamed up to find a cure for the widespread malady known to teachers as "Senioritis", or by its scientific name: Alumni Terminae Woohoo. Long thought to be linked to Party Fever, researchers have determined it to be a potent and unique entity unto itself, characterized by an uncanny and often violently spastic urge to "get the **** out of school." Fortunately, doctors predict this will soon be a problem of the past, and we will all grow up to be doctors and lawyers (simultaneously, requiring no less than ten years of formal college education).

Nowhere has opposition been as steadfast as in CHS. Few were as articulate as Chief CHS Scientist, Chris Kreul, in expressing his lamentable disillusionment. "****, man! That was my favorite excuse!" These negative remarks come in response to the doctors' prescription that numerous final projects supplement the vaccination. "Dude," Kreul noted, "the cure is *totally* worse than the cancer!"

Candy Machine to Be Filled with Hotel Goods

CAMBRIDGE, WI - Patrons of the cafeteria candy machine have complained in recent weeks of barren selection spirals, but the school is taking steps to remedy this. None too soon for some. A visually shaken freshman commented, "I remember the horrors of middle school, when the machines were off limits 'til four. Now I've waited hand-and-foot on Mr. Hill to dutifully switch them on, and I immediately pour all my money into them. But lately, no matter what button I push or how much money I put in, nothing comes out. It really ****s the **** outta me! And not like when the candy would get stuck and I'd have to turn the thing upside-down either!"

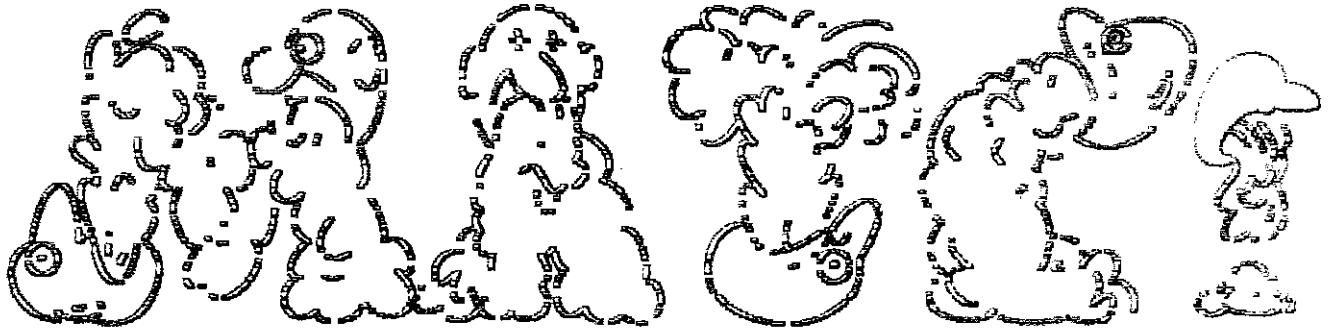
Community groups such as the NRA and Planned Parenthood have exploited the vacancies, and have obtained the school's permission to stock the candy machine with a variety of new items not unlike those found in motels and gas stations. Among the new items: toothbrushes, playing cards, contraceptives, latex condoms (regular and ribbed), tampons, low-caliber rifles, and hair nets. "These new goods are certainly a privilege, and they carry considerably more responsibility with them," Mr. Rosen warned. "If I find used condoms lining the floors and in the bubblers, I will not hesitate to revoke students' rights to having sex in the hallways."

'The Principal is a dork.' - Nicki Rusch to Palmyra, explaining technical difficulties via the JEDI system.

"We faxed you a bomb!" - Again, Rusch to Palmyra, this time "just kidding"

The CHS Sasquatch would like to wish
the entire graduating class of 1999...

Good Luck at

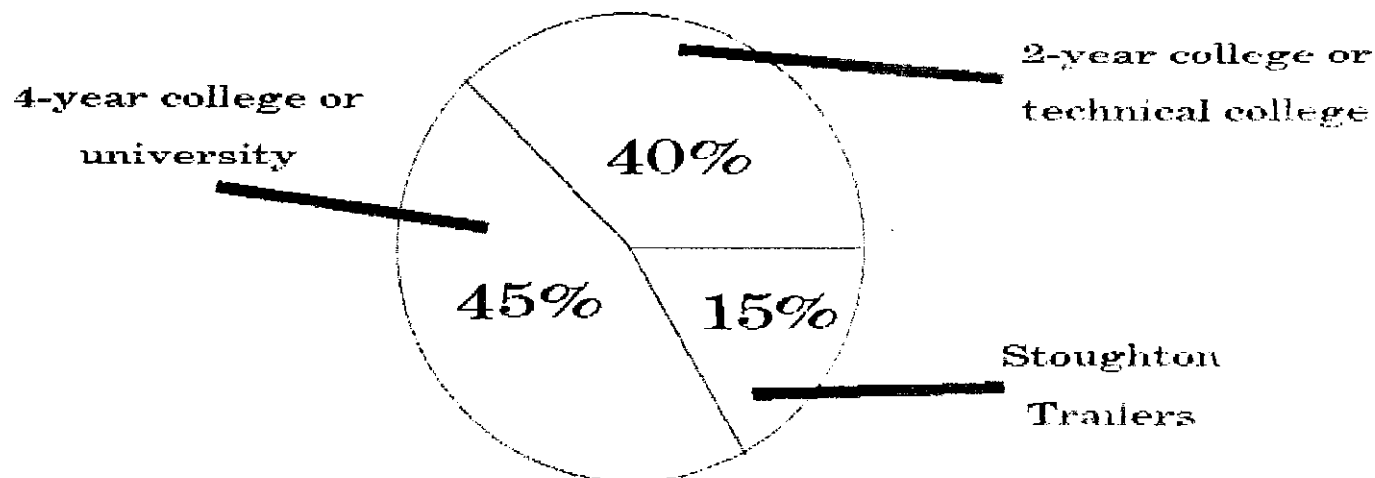


And Remember to Make The Most of Your Education!
(In between bomb threats)

SPECIAL COLLEGIATE SECTION

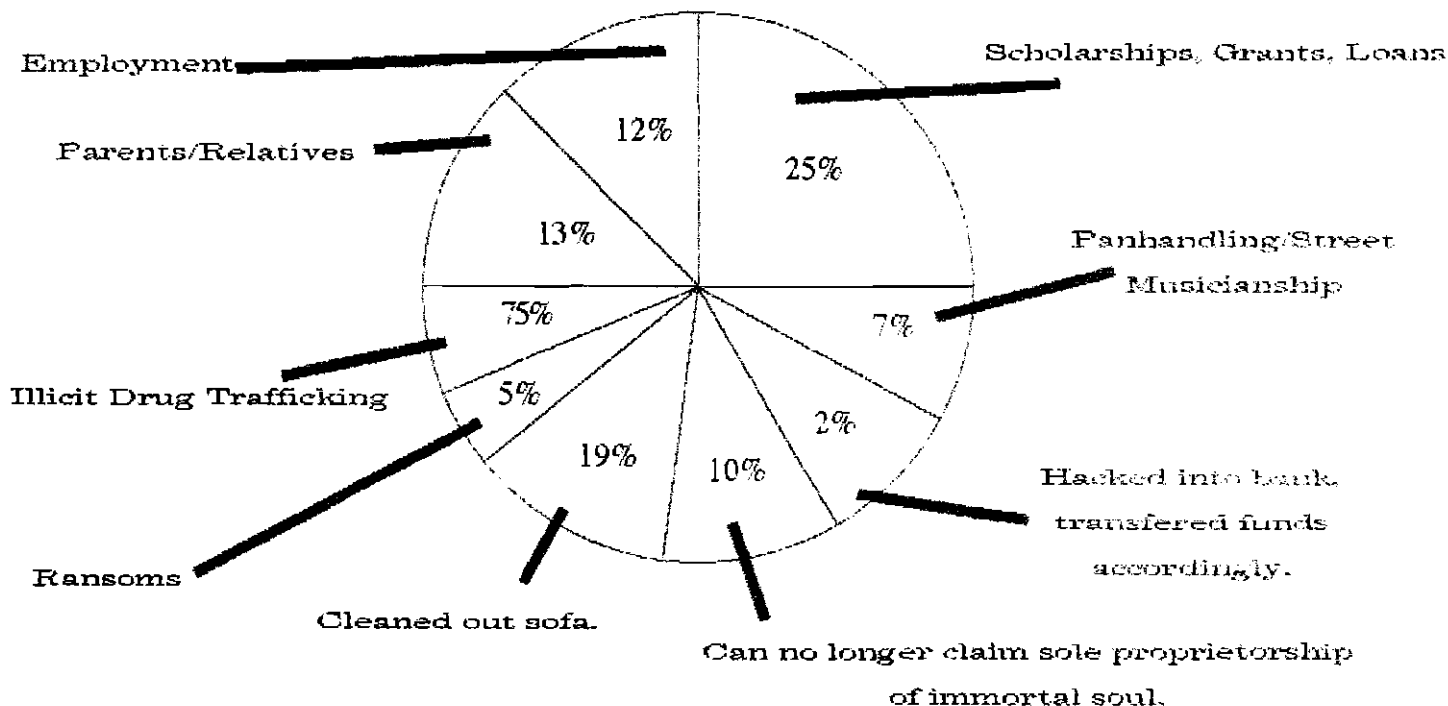
DECISION-MAKING TIME IS OVER THE SASQUATCH ASKS WHAT THIS YEAR'S GRADUATES WILL DO WITH THEIR LIVES. BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE CARES™.

Class of 1999 Post-Graduation Plans



POST-SECONDARY EDUCATION CAN BE A VERY HIGH COST TO FAMILIES— UNLESS YOU ARE SPOILED AND YOUR FAMILY IS FILTHY STINKING RICH. IN WHICH CASE YOU SHOULD FOREGO COLLEGE AND STAY HOME TO LEECH OFF YOUR PARENTS! ANYWAY, JUST HOW ARE CHS GRADUATES COVERING THE COSTS?!

Financial Aid Options*



*Utilized by percentage of student body. (Not to scale)

As this year is twice as good as last, and I've run out of one-liners, The Sasquatch awards two full pages for

Seniors



Look Ahead!

You know the drill. I'm not even going to bother explaining. Just a quick disclaimer: sorry for any offense.

Jorma Paulson will not leave CHS. He will rock out the rest of his days in the KoRn Kage (weight room).

Sara Gottschalk will have to take a year off, after parachuting into a Whitewater biology class and being partially dissected.

Andrea Myers will work at Woven Hearts, performing as a hip-hop gangsta rapper until she inevitably loses herself in her baggy pants.

Doug Rahn will work a year for The Man until such time that he beats The System.

Jessica Anderson, who learned a lot from the psychology class trips to the elementary school, will re-enroll in kindergarten to touch up on "the basics" before college.

Abbie Engelberger will go to Fort Berthold Community College, ND, to major in other people's business.

Crista Pooch will join a Co-op at Cazenovia College, NY, conducting "research" to turn humans into lentil soup.

Michelle Stitz plans to spontaneously combust in the next five seconds. Run away.

Jacob Sullivan doesn't have any plans at the moment. What are you doing?

Greg Lowrey will go to MIT for a minor in the electrician's apprenticeship helps trainee beginners program (he will plug cords into the wall.).

Dustin Klemp, also at MIT, will electrocute Greg Lowrey.

Nicki Johnson will go to Danville Community College, IL, to major in Morse Coded Pig Swahili so she can be just like Mrs. Hendrickson!

Erin Notstad will go to Goshen College, IN, for a possible double major in interior rearrangement and piano moving.

Jodi Olson will be going to Kuskokwim College, AK, for a major in abnormal mountaingoat psychology and minor in the study of the letter F. Alaskan doctors will diagnose her with rabies.

Angie Kraemer will be the only one (of Jodi, Aimee, and Adrienne) to live out her dream of becoming a monster truck driver.

Adrienne Behling will go to St. Vincent College, PA, to

major in post-secondhandary education or skip college and go straight to the majors as a bat-girl/obsessive fan with the Atlanta Braves.

Robbie Boss will work with construction paper, scissors, and crayons to make a hand turkey.

Scott Miede would like to conduct some research on you. Hold still a minute (this won't hurt a bit).

Brad Danto, drunk out of his sloth tree, will hitch a ride with a kindergartener, crash into the Pine Knoll lard vat, and start a blaze, burning it to the ground. He will emerge with a scraped elbow, recuperating in a cast throughout college.

Nicole Pedrick will have a horrible lab accident at San Francisco State and morph into Poison Ivy. Batman beware!

Meghan Touhey held out a long time before deciding DeVry was the school for her. Why don't we all sit down right now and watch a four-hour informational film on how to make DeVry work for you?!

Nathan Ranguette will single-handedly construct a replica of Marvin Gardens in Cambridge, adding a statue of himself for our collective benefit.

Jacob Wicke will lose his clothes, car, and computer in a drinking bet and transfer to Elgin Community College, IL, to study exotic waterfowl.

Zach Kollmansberger will attend Transylvania University, KY, so that, upon graduation, he could be called "Count Kollmansberger", which you've gotta admit, would be pretty cool.

Christina Lien NH's prez, will double major in philosophy and physics at Harvard and rise to the position of U.S. Secretary of Sheep.

Shelly Dieckhoff has some shopping to do tonight. Maybe she'll be free tomorrow.

Luke Febock will unintentionally go to the United Kingdom, having enrolled at London University under the false impression that he would be closer to the farm.

Jesse Johnson does hereby arrest you, the reader, for soliciting a prostitute.

Richard Krull will be convicted of first degree murder over a disputed game of Euchre, then serve as an accountant for the notorious Bad Business prison gang.

Jake Lowell will share a prison cell with Rich, incarcerated for an equally heinous but unrelated crime involving Jell-o.

Sarah Larson will go to Edgewood College week-ends, days, and nights, graduating in one month and then collapsing.

Alexa Willenborg will be chosen as Pat Buchanan's running mate but drop out of the race when their partnership becomes something more.

Jessie DeWall plans to go to Don Bosco Technical Institute, CA, for a year, but she will be expelled when she coaxes the technicians at the nuclear reactor to join a lively rendition of "The Song That Never Ends."

Pernille Paulson will learn that you can never go back. --SNIFF-- Never.

Aimee Gaertner will attend Lurleen B. Wallace State Junior College, AL, because Jodi and Angie dared her to do it.

(Seniors Continue to Look Ahead...)

Nicki Rusch's courageously suicidal crusade to "free the cows" will end in bittersweet triumph (You decide which part is happy and which is sad). Her final words (audible 29.6 miles away) before being trampled: "COWABUNGA!!!"

Nathan Sievers will join Da Yoopers on their 1999 upper peninsular tour, foregoing post-secondary education until the second week of deer camp.

Elizabeth Birkrem will inadvertently follow in Brigham Young's footsteps, safely guiding 5000 unwanted WI mosquitos, in a care package from Mr. Grunden, to Utah.

Ryan Flores will found and attend the world's first self-sufficient non-stop partying society for the next 2-4 years, then return to Cambridge to serve on the school board.

Burcu Erdas, after raising the CHS math percentile by 50%, will return to Turkey to work on her tree thousand-acre camel ranch.

Laurel Cutcher will attend a circus tribute to Calvin Coolidge, joining the act by sprouting wings and flying through hula-hoops. After this, she will undertake a compulsive-reading rehab program while studying premed at the Betty Ford Clinic.

Cecilia Hrobsky plans on going to UW-Oshkosh to major in b'goshing. She is still considering a cheerleading scholarship in Antarctica.

Ty Rohloff, ever true to his surname, will roll 17 more vehicles in the next 4 years in a quest to legitimize the

subject as a possible major. **Kate DeLowrey** is going to Zoe University, FL, then transferring to Yuba College, CA, followed by UH-Hilo, Kodiak College, AK, and Skidmore College, NY, never getting tied down to a particular school or major, but getting around pretty well. **Chris Kruel** would like to go surfing some time. Bring plenty of dynamite, a keg of napalm, and every conceivable mind-altering substance. It is going to be one h*** of a trip.

Josh Hanson, after acing the AP exam, will have sophomore standing at Nyack College, NY, in his pursuit of a moshing degree. **Nicole Austin** does hereby willfully and consciously relinquish all rights, public and private, to her immortal soul.

Sebastian Walters will spend his entire service term in the infirmary after clunking his head on the barracks doorway.

Eric Jacobson does not plan to get his head caught by jumping up into a basketball hoop, but just you wait and see!

Jennie Evenson will enter The Twilight Zone's bizarre Administrative Assistance Secretarial program, a field which may or may not exist. Opportunity will knock at the door to this career and open it with the key of imagination.

Susi Keller will be kicked out of the architecture program at Switzerland University and thrown in jail, after submitting a cardboard and styrofoam home design with a big hole in the middle.

Amanda Stenjem will use her cross-country meets to

get a head start on her forestry degree. She will run into a tree (and win America's Funniest Home Videos, setting her for life). **Jason Anderson** will join the Army, sporting a revolutionary camouflaged get-up made entirely of sod and covering the whole body. The unappreciative drill sergeant will mow him especially hard.

Trent Bettenhausen will get himself into a bit of trouble at Cuyamaca College in El Cajon, CA, "abusing" his electronics degree to curb illegal immigration.

Andy Egge will do the right thing, as interpreted by Bill. **Troy Hinchley** will assassinate Charlton Heston and seize power of the NRA with a military coup. After altering the name, he will attend Smith College, MA.

Mat Hughson plans to appeal to his buddy, Governor Thompson, for acceptance to UW-Madison, but if that doesn't work, he will just have to hack his way in.

Don Jerman will take a year off to tour with the PGA as a shoe horn.

Nick Lorang plans to drive past MATC on the way to The Piercing Lounge. Need a ride?

Jonathan Myers will ride a basketball scholarship to UNC, where he will major in dunking.

Nick Runge will drive his vintage Dodge dragster to Bronxville, NY, where he will apply for pimp's apprenticeship at Concordia College.

Brian Springstead will lease a military Duck and give underwater Lake Ripley tours. He will make millions, while disposing of Illinois tourists, who drown

when the vehicle malfunctions.

Alexis Ziemann will go to Tougaloo College, MS, on an every-other-day basis or when she feels like it. She'll have her major thought of by the end of the week.

Julian Lee will not be graduating and appears by mistake. Future copies will stricken him from the record.

Chris Mould will study pornography in art at MATC.

Bryan Sonnenberg will continually perform hard manual autobody labor until he collapses in a pool of his own elbow grease.

Fernando Souza will outdo The Pope's record sales, going quintuple platinum with his hit album "Fernando Sings: The Brazillian National Anthem," before mirroring the Catholic leader in a night-mare descent into booze and pills.

Crystal Rinehart is taking 18 years off of school take her son, Trenton, to Disneyland.

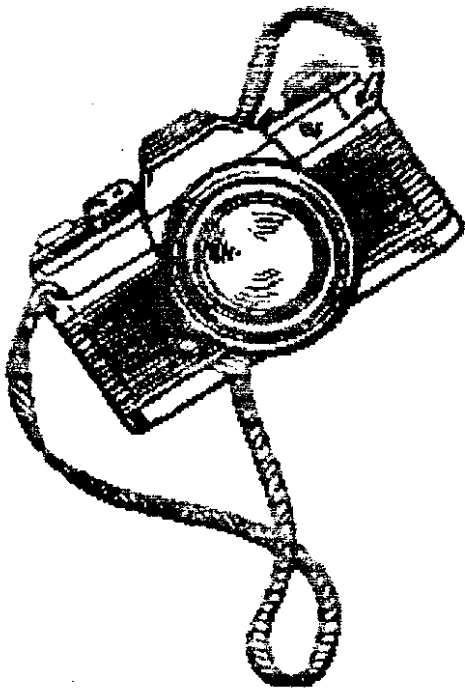
Sarah Henderson's missionary travels will be cut short when an irked pygmy tribe learns of her connections with "The Last King", Matt Henderson, and they make stew of her.

Jacob Prochnow is kicking it back from the old school, Old Dominion University, VA, to become street smart. He will major in urban studies en route to becoming a licensed playa.

Scott Swanson will absolutely and permanently defy all authority by shaving his head and implanting a multicolored clown wig, strand by strand, into his scalp. Who needs college when you've got hair that red?

Cultural Corner

By: Fernando Souza



The Brazillian president thinks he is the king of the world and that all Brazillians are poor people. He refers to everyone as farmers. He believes only more taxes can make things better. He wrote books about social issues, and then as president he went against what his books said. He brought about capitalism (telling everyone to forget all his books about socialism and humanitarianism). He believes the whole nation can live on rice, beans, and chicken.

The lower class works a lot; the work day is longer, and many have two jobs because they could not survive with only one. Poor houses are trash houses, makeshift shacks grouped together on hillsides to form a basic slum. As usual, there is considerable police corruption and many gangs and drugs. Crack is a popular choice. The largest of these slums is called Favela da Rocinha, a grouping of hundreds of thousands of the aforementioned shacks. The economy is definitely influenced by capitalism, and people don't always do the right thing. It is hard to find a really honest person.

Technology is OK--not as bad as stereotypes suggest. The city is intimidating, but they put on a big show for tourists, a very big industry there. The best schools are private, and many (but not all) public schools are very bad. Many would rather live in the U.S., and they would if not for other family ties. There is a good amount of national pride, especially in sports (soccer in particular).

Freshman Hacker Accesses Own Files

CAMBRIDGE, WI - An aspiring freshman hacker at CHS took his first steps toward unauthorized access of FBI, bank, and stock market files on Monday, successfully gaining access to his own files. He was obviously very proud and excited about getting a jump on his desired career, chiding, "Yeah, it wasn't easy, but *I did it!*" After cracking the firewall of the "user log-in screen" in an impressive half hour's time, the freshman set out immediately to wreak havoc upon "all the bad guys", conveniently located, we assume, in Amsworth Keyboard Trainer, Micropace, and the library's card catalog.

"I'm a real anarchist now! I just dismantled Microsoft and put Bill Gates out of business!" he exclaimed, narrowly exiting Micropace (and having changed some settings) before the bell ended his reign of terror.

WHERE'S JABBA?



Aaron Lee

THE DEEP LITERATURE EXPERIENCE

School Food-

*Awful, Appealing, Awesome Answer the cooks as they serve you.
Burning, Biting, Breath taking, Because you took a bite.
Charred, Clumpy, Clumsy, Canned food it is today again.
Dead, Dismaying, Dismembered, Disgusting as it lays there.
Enjoy, Enter, Elaborating, Embrace the cooks to get you in.
Fish, Foreign, Franks, For Peat's sakes not again.
Gross, Grueling, Gummy, Gee whiz this stuff is bad.
Horrible, Hurndez, Heavy, Hauled out by the students.
Incredible, Interesting, Intelligent?, well what do you expect.
Jumping, Jousting, Jostens, They're here again.
Kill, Kill, Kill, as you try to catch your food.
Loud, Lumpy, Lucifer is cooking our food again.
Menacing, Mourning, Morbid, looks the food again today.
No cry the students, No cry the teachers, No cry the aids not again.
Open the lunch line Jack.
Quack went that duck, Quick hide that, Quiet yells the teachers at lunch.
Run for your lives cry the students as they are about to be served again.
Sloppy, Stinky, Smelly Screams as it lingers through the school.
Terrible, Tormented, Terrifying, smells the lunch again.
Ugly, Unwarranted, Unwanted is the food that we eat.
Victorious emerges the seniors who survived the lunch program.
Water, Wicked, Wasteful, Women run this lunch line?
X-rays are taken to see if there is metal content in the food.
Yellow, Yelping, Yearning, Yawn the cooks as they get their hands on the dogs
and cats in the lunch line.
Zebra, gee I wonder how that tastes.*

By: Sir Sebastian Walters