THE FLIPSIDE

6th Year, No. 112, Issue 8 December 16, 2010 www.dhsflipside.com *Free Everywhere; \$2.30 Canada

More Headlines

Wet Bed Blamed on "Frightful" Weather Outside



Sloppy Conductor Arrested for Disorderly Conduct

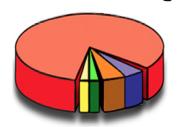


Aron Ralston Inducted into Rock and Roll Hall of Fame



Critics Love His Timely Song, "Jingle Bell Rock"

What We're Doing 76 Our 70



The proposed facilities renovation project for DHS and HPHS would cost taxpayers seven cents a day. We asked naysayers how they were using their hard-earned two pennies and a nickel

- Feeding it to stray dogs
- Tipping the rude waitress at Applebee's
- Saving up for a new fart app
- Losing it in the sofa
- Sure as shoot not supporting no dang renovation project

District 113 Facilities Renovation Would Put Major Asbestos Manufacturer Out of Business

By George Minkowski

The halls of Deerfield and Highland Park High School have a distinct aroma. It smells like a mixture of Axe Body Spray, learning, and some third thing. Since the inception of both District 113 schools, that mystery ingredient has been asbestos.

Despite the obvious health problems, the many uses of the asbestos give it a special place in District 113 buildings and District 113 lungs.

Faulk Building Co. provides the asbestos that insulates our pipes, fills our walls, and makes our water bottles. Over the years as other schools and buildings have sought

safer alternatives, Deerfield and Highland Park remained on the client list. As of recently, they became the only two clients.

If the facilities renovation plan was to go through and District 113 would update and upkeep their schools with modern building materials, Faulk Building Co. would cease to exist.

Although money would be saved, many are hesitant to support the school overhaul because of the job losses that would take place.

The team of asbestos delivery boys who drop off crates of asbestos every morning would be out of a job. So would the doctors who treat them... I hate change.

me that he stole Christmas. I saw

him come into the mall last Thursday, looking his usual sour self. And then, I see him walk up to the Christmas display at Macy's. And he just takes it. Puts it in his pocket and walks out. I mean, he just stole Christmas. Like it was a normal thing to do. I rode my Segway over to him as fast as I could, but he was just too sneaky. Now, if Grinch was smart, he would sell that puppy on eBay. People go crazy for those big-ticket items. For instance, I

sold this North Face that I found in

the lost and found for \$30 last year. I can't imagine how much he'll get for Christmas! (Note: I can imagine and my guess is around

and handling.)

\$83 plus shipping

Ask Mr. Motzko

Dear Mr. Motzko.

Can I have your job? Sincerely.

Usurper, Class of 2004

Usurper! Mendicant! Shapeshifter! You can have my job after you have extricated yourself off of the three-pronged trident of logical deceit that you have carelessly constructed.

Item the first: you seem to be laboring under that this job is freely given like so many titular archbishoprics. Like the eyeless mole people coursing beneath our streets, this is a life that you are born into. While I may have unwittingly drawn a parallel to the secret existence of the teachers' labyrinth below R-hall, do not take the concept of destiny with a grain of salt. Frankly, salt is killing me through elevated blood pressure.

Item the second: do you really think that you are up to the task? This job requires heavy lifting, the ability to communicate with animals and the fortitude to wear rash-inducing pancake makeup for hours upon end. Make no mistake, my future doppleganger, this is no cream puff job. The filling is made not from sugar and lard but from the tortured pleas of the masses. You can really get fat on the masses.

Item the last: if you are to assume my position (i.e. asleep in front of the fireplace in a burlap snuggie), who will take your position? Too often when I hear the words "college students" they are not immediately followed by the words "protest in the streets." You collegiate types have gone as soft and bland as fat-free Oreos.

In my day, we didn't complain about the soul-crushing limits on salad bar visits by cyber-weeping on Twitter. We solved that problem with a hysterical rant delivered through a flaming megaphone.

Until you 14th graders can lay down the hackysacks and show why you are members of the phylum Chordata, I'm taking this gig to the grave with me. In other words, you can have it sometime in the year 2146.

How the Grinch Stole Christmas (As told by mall security) By Saul Brown, Mall Cop

I've known Alexander Grinch for about 8 years now. He used to be a real great kid. He and his friends would come here every weekend, just walking around the mall. I would watch them while I shined by security badge (you gotta look sharp) and I would sometimes even let them take doughnuts from the very secret security office that is conveniently located next to the bathrooms.

Around the holidays, they would sing Christmas carols for all of the shoppers and the Whoville Police would sometimes come and watch (who do those guys think they are?). Ah, those were the days. Whenever they would come to the mall, they would buy themselves huge Auntie Anne's Pretzels. I

heard that's what gave Grinch his heart attack at age 16. He had to go into emergency heart surgery to undo all of the damage that those dang pretzels had done. The doctors had to shrink his heart TWICE so that Grinch could live. When he returned to the mall, he was a changed guy.

First off, he was green and furry. I am no medical professional, but that was probably my first hint that something was off about him. His friends continued to sing Christmas carols, but Grinch was noticeably absent. One day, he even came by with green eggs and ham and threw them at all of his old friends. Man, that was a pain to clean up. Where do you get green eggs, anyway?!

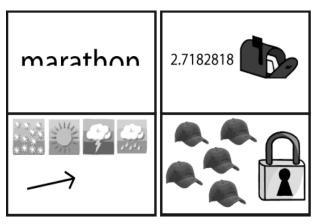
Ever since then, he has been a real grump. I guess it shouldn't surprise

THE FLIPSIDE CRYPTOGRAM CHALLENGE: solve the Cryptogram, write down your name, and then find and give your copy of The Flipside to Jake Perlson. There will be a drawing to see who will win a sweet Flipside t-shirt!!

QUOTE "We're not having a holiday party in this class... you're having parties in every other class. We have work to do." ~Every teacher. So where's the party at?

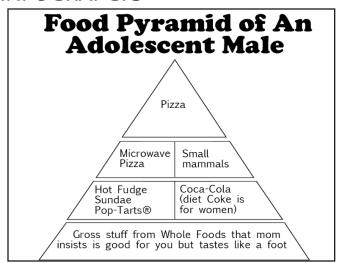
REBUS PUZZLES

Can you guess the common word or phrase portrayed below?



Last issue's answers: TALL ORDER, BUOYANT, CENTIPEDE,

INFOGRAPGIC



 $\begin{tabular}{ll} \textbf{CRYPTOGRAM CHALLENGE} & This is a simple substitution code. Each letter is replaced by a different letter. Try to decode the message or quote below. HINT: $X = C$ \\ \end{tabular}$ Congratulations to last issue's winner: Sami Sklare

"FUVF'K IUJ Q XVT'F KVJ PTLMGU FQCPK, IUVFPWPB SLWP JLM XVT GPF VTN GQWP, IUVFPWPB

UVRRQTPKK JLM XVT EQSXU LB RBLWQNP, PWPBJ FPCRLBVBJ CPVKMBP LE GBVXP,

IUVFPWPB ILBAK." ~ YLBQK JPSSTQALEE QT IUVFPWPB ILBAK

Last issue's answer: "AERODYNAMICALLY, THE BUMBLE BEE SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FLY, BUT THE BUMBLE BEE DOESN'T KNOW IT SO IT GOES ON FLYING ANYWAYS." ~ MARY KAY ASH

SUDOKU

LEVEL: Final Boss Fight

Fill in the grid so each column, row, and 3x3 box has the numbers 1 through 9.

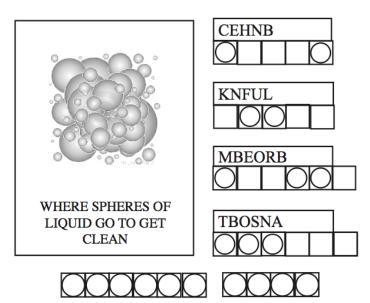
| | | 1 | 4 | 8 | | 6 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 2 | | | | | | 7 |
| 4 | | | 9 | | | 3 | 1 | |
| | 1 | 6 | | 5 | 4 | | | |
| | | | | | | | | |
| | | | 6 | 1 | | 4 | 7 | |
| | 5 | 4 | | | 1 | | | 2 |
| 7 | | | | | | 9 | | |
| | | 3 | | 2 | 7 | 8 | | |

NOTE: All names and stories are fictional, unless public figures are being satirized. Remember, these are all jokes.

To contact us, email jperlson@dhsflipside.com. For more information and more content, visit dhsflipside.com.

JUMBLE

Unscramble these four ordinary jumbles, and use the letters in circles to answer the final question.



LAST issue's answers: PURGE, VERBS, PRAYED, ISSUES. Friend force per unit area: PEER PRESSURE

The Flipside is always looking for new writers, puzzle makers, and distributors. E-mail us if you're interested. Really, we want your help.