

College Rejection Letter

Although we had a historically low amount of applicants, we cannot offer you a spot at Basic U. Quite frankly, you suck. The class of 2013 is going to be terrible, as always, but you could not even manage to fill out your application correctly. To deny admission is an unhappy business. In your case, it gives me great pleasure to reject your ass.

"We looked at your application for, oh, about five seconds. Then we burned it."

This year, we chose from a wide range of con artists, foreign fugitives, juvenile delinquents, and convicted rapists. Relatively speaking, these applicants were clearly capable of performing well at Basic U. You, my not friend, are relatively incapable.

The board's task this year was exceedingly easy. We looked at your application for, oh, about five seconds. Then we burned it.

We are sorry for your loss. Just kidding. We don't care at all. In fact, there are few schools in the country easier to get into than Basic U. I would wish you good luck wherever you go, but if you can't get in here, you aren't going anywhere. Not now; not ever.

So if you couldn't figure it out yet, you have been rejected. Hard. If I could, I would burn a scarlet R on your bosom to remind the world you will never be nothing more than a reject. I have tried to use as many negatives as possible in this REJECTION letter because you add nothing to the world. You are less of a factor than Kosuke Fukudome during the second half of 2008.

Insincerely,
Madame Defarge
P.S. G-d help yourself

Math Teacher Assigns All Even Problems: What the Hell is *His* Problem?!

2-24, all even. I thought slave labor ended years ago. This is unbefreakinglievable. I hope my math teacher gets his hand stuck in his new fandangled protractor or something because this is pure torture.

This is almost as ridiculous as assigning an individual take home test and expecting kids not to work on it together. I haven't been this mad since Dave Chapelle disappeared from the face of this Earth. Or my sister deleted Planet Earth to make room for Gossip Girl. You want to hear some gossip: my math teacher eats baby children. In one bite.

Thank goodness the first ten questions were matching. Still, it took me an hour because I am simultaneously watching TV, eating ice cream, and texting. I

already have three things to do; I don't know why the teacher gave me a fourth. It's like he thinks the whole world revolves, like, around him or something.

I have some surprise news for you: the Japanese just bombed Pearl Harbor and problem 20 has parts A-G. I honestly don't know which is worse.

I am finally on problem 24, though I doubt Jack Bauer has the patience to complete this assignment. Even with Chloe's help, and Bauer's ability to never eat, drink, go to the bathroom, or sleep, I can't imagine him battling through this blatant act of terrorism. I heard Pythagoras's followers committed suicide when they discovered root two existed. That's irrational... especially because they never had to deal



with this incomprehensible math. I'm as lost as a freshman trying to figure out what the hell that Stagerwrite poem is about. Hint: the poem probs contains strangely sexual overtones coming from a kid who has never touched another human being in her entire poetic life.

My math teacher is so elitist. He'll trade you some of his arugula for your calculator, because for some reason those magical devices aren't allowed on this g-d forsaken assignment. This assignment is about as ugly as Kyle Orton.

Oh well. I'll just have to go to the math lab and copy all the answers, like I always do.

To Homework or Not To Homework

Umm, what do I do now? After working my tucas off for four years, I am in to college. I am not allowed to care about my homework. I'm a Senior. We don't do stuff cuz we run this school, u no.

Did u no that people hang out with other people on weekdays? I didn't! I guess some people don't go home and do homework until 10. I guess these people, well, what's the word... relax.

They just go home and chill. No studying flashcards on their

Moodle homepage. No trading study guides for test answers. No preparing for AP tests in March. No. These people just do stuff, sometimes even with the aim of having fun.

Maybe I should do stuff. I mean, I hate school anyways because I am the only kid without a calculator. Who knows, maybe there is more to life than good grades? Nah. Who am I kidding? Stop yelling at me mom—you're right. I'll stop talking to myself and go back to work.

College Bound DHS Jew Surprised to Learn She is a Minority



Pop Quiz Kills Four



Flipside, Administration So Close to Destroying *Deerprints*

After working hand in hand with the school board, we almost destroyed the last source of written word that contains fact. Just think: we were one step away from the only DHS school news being *the Flipside!* I don't see any fault in logic with that decision. We could have saved a whole bunch of money. Plus, we

could completely ignore reality, especially that needless criticism of the administration.

I'll be honest with you, for once. I had four *Deerprints* editors submit me, (me!), articles this week. So. Much. Power. Of course, they were bashing the admin for cutting their first amendment rights or something,

but I wasn't really listening. The admin told me I only need to know three things: they are always right, the new principal will be great, and war is peace.

At the end of the day, it looks like everything worked out as well as the Jay Cutler deal. And thank goodness the newspaper is not a dying industry.

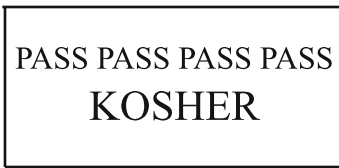
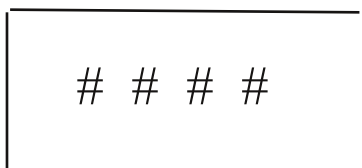
If you were wondering why the boy article was so much better, it was written by a boy.

"I was in this Mexican village with a local, his three legged dog, and my new pet iguana. Then things got weird."

PICTURE THIS

HOMEMADE REBUS PUZZLE:

Can you guess the common word or phrase portrayed below?



Last week's answers: Timeless, Corner Kick, Half Pipe, Fortune

NUMBERS: 1,2,3,4,5

There's only one thing, two do, three words, four you I will count to five. Six sports teams, seven letters, eight percent sales tax: Chicago. This is too easy. I could do this all day. Nine males, ten important rulings, eleven ivy league members: twelve supreme court justices.

FACT:

What's black, white, and red all over? The school board killing Deerprints! Now a moot point, because the moment you mount a rebellion the admin backs down, once again a united student body demonstrates its passion. And its ability to annoy.

LIE:

I had Michigan State in the championship.

CRYPTOGRAM CHALLENGE

DIRECTIONS: This is a simple substitution code, each letter is replaced by a different letter. The first person to solve the cryptogram correctly will win a Flipside t-shirt! (first means first to see Sam Block to redeem shirt)

HINT: K = Y

LAST WEEK'S WINNER: Calvin Bulzoni that means, that if there is any of the first letter, replace it with the second letter

"PLZ RZCP PLBFV, PLSTVL, BF PLEP JTCZTJ XEC PLEP ZDZAKPLBFV EUXEKC
 CPEKZN ABVLP XLZAZ BP XEC. FSRSNK'N JSDZ. . . . FSRSNK'N RZ NBHHZAZFP.
 PLZ SFUK PLBFV PLEP XSTUN RZ NBHHZAZFP XSTUN RZ KST." Y.N. CEUBFVZA

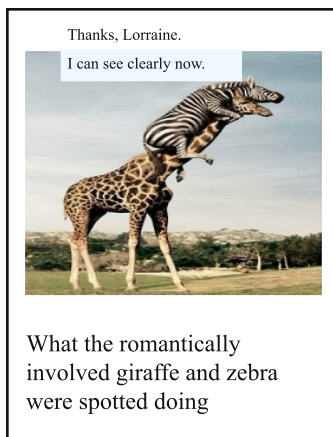
"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Jesus Christ

SUDOKU

Level: AP calculus review book (I.E. impossible!!!!!!!)

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

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



What the romantically involved giraffe and zebra were spotted doing

Look, they are

JUMBLE



last week: ARRAY SLURP ODIIOUS BRAINED What the forest master called the religious owl Hoot hoot, you are a real BIRD OF PRAY

There has been a Sonic spotted in Champaign, Illinois... I'll see you all at U of I.