



## Hey Squishie

By Ilan Kaplan

On mid-afternoon, February 8, every DHS student received an ominous email from O\*YAD's own Mr. Moran with a subject line reading "Hey Squishie." While this headline certainly drew our eyes towards Mr. Moran's goals of filling out the yearbook, it seems that there are much more suspicious, or even sinister schemes bubbling beneath the surface. "Hey Squishie" raises far more questions than it answers. Why does he address the readers as Squishie? Are we Squishie? How does he know? How, in fact, does Mr. Moran know enough about the popularity of Squishmallows but no other trends or collectible items? I offer the theory that Moran is himself a fan, diving into a bed filled to the brim and boiling over with 'mallows of all shapes and sizes after a grueling day of email-subject brainstorming. Moran's track record of oddities is nothing new. Five days prior to the Squishie Enigma, Mo-



Leaked picture of Mr. Moran's squishie collection

ran sent a message titled "Hey Gamers." Any self-respecting gamer would know better than to reveal themselves through some public means like the yearbook and yet he pries. The ball unravels further when you consider his request for "Zoom horror stories" which he requested twice, once in the midst of Zoom Bombings so horrific that school was canceled one day. By now Moran must be hiding something. The requests of pictures of our desks, our pets, our

squishiest frivolities—it's as if Moran is collecting intel on teenagers, researching humanity at its most volatile age. Moreover, this secret identity is supported by the strange array of emojis accompanying his initial message: a smile, a face with sunglasses, a devil smiling, a robot, and a smiling cat. The common motifs present are that of someone pretending to be something they are not. Sunglasses, covering the face of the wearer. The devil, who often appears as a human to deceive

others into making regrettable deals. The robot, almost human but not quite. A cat, personified as a human but distinctly not one. Or perhaps someone, something, extraterrestrial and taking the form of a kind-hearted fine arts teacher. The Flipside staff reached out to Mr. Moran for a comment to which he responded with a long, drawn-out, and menacing maniacal laugh as he rubbed his hands together like Mr. Burns from the Simpsons. Moran signs every email with a Henry Ford quote: "Failure is the opportunity to begin again more intelligently." When you can't hear firsthand accounts about our Zooms, acquire pictures of the pets living in their homes. If you can't get puppy pics, go after the vulnerable, the oppressed, the gamers. Obtain pictures of them and their squishie counterparts in the beds we humans use to "re-charge." Moran is working smarter, not harder, and he (it?) has always been one step ahead. Squish carefully.

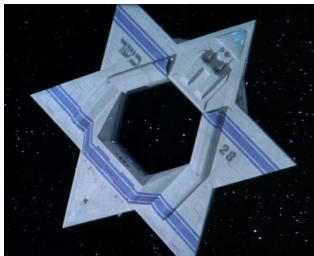
## GUESS THE FAKE HEADLINE

Iranian general blames water woes on Israeli 'cloud theft'



p. 1948

GOP Congresswoman Blamed Wildfires on Secret Jewish Space Laser



p. 34

## GME & the Schizophrenic Ramblings of a Flipside Writer

By Sam Shapira

Alright, I'm back and more insufferable than ever. For the unenlightened among you, there exists a subreddit known as Wallstreetbets composed of 9 million people discussing stocks and other things that caused Bernie's heart attack. Usually, a group of nerds discussing niche topics would be business as usual for the internet, however, this particular group decided to band together to overthrow the entire stock market. How exactly did they plan to achieve this? Allow me to explain using my superior intellect from taking econ last semester. A group of hedge funds borrowed Gamestop stock and sold it under the assumption that the stock price would



A picture of a suave man who would never manipulate the stock market

go down, allowing them to repay the borrowed stock at a lower price and making a profit. However, if a group of internet madlads decided to purchase stock and hold, it

would cause the stock to skyrocket in value and make all of them a profit at the hedge funds' expense. However, much like eating the lemon snow, it is a high-risk/

high reward scenario. If too many people bail too early, the price collapses and the Redditors lose their money. However, in a level of suicidal commitment similar to the string band on the Titanic, they held. In a shocking turn of events, this actually worked and hedge funds lost a few billion dollars into the pockets of internet memers. Now you might be asking, why did I put off writing this until now? Didn't this whole thing end like a week ago? Shut up. I don't need that kind of disrespect. I sit here, writing you a nice little article about some wacky events and you're just whining that it wasn't soon enough? You know what, write your own article. The end.

## THE FLIPSIDE

est. 2005

Raid Shadow Legends  
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**This Week's Number**

1987

George Orwin.

**Weekly Chirps**

We chirp Mr. Moran for being a good sport

We chirp Mr. Motzko for not writing his article

We chirp the admininstration for late-start 100 days.

**Alternate Universe Update**

The Flipside is a respected publication that publishes meaningful content on a regular basis.

**Out of Context Quote of the Week**

“These are some delicious people”

– Mr. John Motzko

**This Week's Issue is Brought to You by**

**Student Debate**

Pro/Con: Bisque

Pro

Noah Meyerhoff

Sophomore, Deerfield High School

Con

Eli Austin

Sophomore, Deerfield High School

Bisque: According to Merriam-Webster, “a thick cream soup made with shellfish or game.” So, why do I like it so much? Let’s go, word by word, through the definition. “Thick.” Delightful, like a good milkshake. “Thick,” like my voluptuous physique. There is almost nothing that makes me happier than when I hear the word “thick.” Except, of course, “cream.” “Cream” is great. It’s what you get while [rest of sentence redacted by editors]. And, of course, it is what makes the bisque a cream soup. This brings us to the next word. This might get a little meta since I’m saying that this particular soup is good because it is a type of soup. But I doubt anyone is going to stand up, look me in the eye, and tell me that soup is bad. Because it is not. Soup is human-kind’s greatest invention. Without it, we’d have to have our water and ingredients separately, and honestly, I don’t want to live in that world. That world where we have to use forks. Is that what you want, Mr. Austin? Do you want us all sitting around like cavemen putting meat and vegetables on skewers contemplating nothing but our eternal misery and wishing that we had a bowl? I do concede that that is a slippery slope, but I shall move on to the next part of the definition, “shellfish or game.” This is perhaps the only drawback, as technically this isn’t kosher, and I was born Jewish. But, as I’ve grown and discovered bisque, I’ve questioned my faith because how could God make something so delicious but then forbid it? I’ve now entirely shirked my former ways and rejected that there could exist a being so excessively cruel. Embrace atheism, Mr. Austin, and accept bisque.

Bisque. You hear the word and automatically hate it. You see, the idea sounds appealing up until you see that it’s made of literal crab—talk about some fishy business. Of course, this fishy nature comes from the French. A nation that wouldn’t know deodorant if the Germans hadn’t introduced it to them. Oh, don’t get me started on the French. Quick! Name the first French food in your head! Was it French fries? Nope, those are Belgian. A baguette? That’s just frickin bread. Croissant? C’mon, the word itself is silly. The only good thing that came from France is mimes and let’s not pretend there’s anything else. You see ladies, gentlemen, and gentlepeople, when my colleague first recommended bisque I thought he was referring to Bisquick, the delectable pancake mix. The situation was only exacerbated when I searched the nutrition facts. 2.544. What do you think this number is referring to. No, it’s not my GPA. It’s the number of grams of sodium in a singular serving of bisque. That’s quite a bit. To be precise, it’s 105% of the daily recommended amount of sodium. But that’s not the only thing that has me salty. We all enjoy the weekly chicken noodle soup. Why complicate things? Stick to the basics. Broth + chicken + noodle = a flawless cure for the common cold. With this logic, we end this brisk journey. Mr. Meyerhoff, I’ll see you in the cage.

**Puzzle Section**

SOUP

M1Y L1I1F1E

TRAVEL  
CCCCC

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1		2		6		8	

The Flipside has a discord! Come hang out with us and maybe we can steal your ideas at <https://discord.gg/Nj4u4dDb>. There’s no point in not joining.

**Meme Corner**

This is Rhea Bullos. She's 11 and couldn't afford to buy sport shoes to complete, so she covered her feet with plasters and drew Nike logo on them. And guess what, **Nike sued her**

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