



Students Rise from the Dead

As students were dropped off each morning this week, they noticed something a bit peculiar. Large mounds of dirt had appeared on the field to the right of them as they walked toward the school. Initially, nobody knew why they were there until the school announced it was to build a fence for a softball field. "That's odd," a cynical Senior observed, "I've never known this school to care about the softball team."

That's where it should've stopped. But not for Noah Eliot Tiggay Meyerhoff, no, not for me. I just HAD to go looking for trouble. See, I, as the diligent newsperson that I am, decided to take on some investigative reporting. I took my camera, and I went out onto the field to peer into the ditches myself. What I saw out there, in the dead of night, shook me to my core. Underneath the mounds, there were people—dead people—staring back at me. I tossed my lantern to the ground and broke into a sprint, swearing I would never tell a soul. But that

night, as the faces swirled around in my mind, I realized that I knew these kids! They were my classmates, from



Students Rise from their Graves to Take the PSAT

my APUSH Class! That is, they were my classmates before they were utterly murdered by the Cold War SAQs.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I saw them at school the next day. You might have noticed them, too. The kids with lifeless eyes tiredly shuffling down Q-hall are not just exhausted, they are the restless dead. They're the students staring into endless space during the lecture on the Chesapeake Bay Colonies, with nothing on their mind but hunger for brains and the House of Burgesses. Not all of them

became zombies, though. A few lost their physical bodies altogether, their spirits tied to our mortal world only because of some unfinished business.

That's why, if you listen closely in the bathrooms, you can hear someone mindlessly reciting their Incubator product pitch. True story: I stepped out of English one day to wash my hands, and while I was in there, the lights all shut off. Freaky. But then, a chill ran up my spine and I heard the voice of a nervous boy whispering. "Don't you just hate when you're haunting some classroom but the kids just run away immediately?" He asked. "Well, Not anymore. Say hello to the 'Active Threat in X-Hall,' that forces kids to stay in their classroom while you levitate their desks."

Anyway, the ghost-busters will not return my calls anymore. They say that this is all "perfectly normal," and that I need to "calm down." Am I crazy?

-Noah Meyerhoff

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The Ghost of X-Hall's Past



**Conservative
APUSH Student
Rolls Eyes at 1619
Project** Pg. 23



**Junior emboldened
to ask out crush
since they have
chemistry together**

Pg. 68

I would like to wish you all a very spooky eve of all Halloween's eve. With the very haunting holiday coming up, there will undoubtedly be campfires lit in the backyards of many student's homes. S'mores will be eaten, laughter shared, and of course some spooky stories to liven up the night a little. Stories of mummies, zombies, grim reapers and headless horsemen. Yet there's one story more haunting than them all, a story only told in hushed whispers among X-Hall teachers. A tale rarely told, who's impact lives on in its legacy.

This is the story of the ghost of the X-Hall Sticker Jump. One dreary Tuesday, a disgruntled young teen was bored of his science class and caught up with recent early 2000's trends wanted to make a statement. The student climbed over the railing, scaled the side of upper X and gave a leap of faith. His heart in one hand, a sticker in the other. Then, the sight of sticker hitting wall, and legs hitting tile. Crack. Many believe the story ends here, living merely as a cautionary tale for Physics teachers to tell. Some say if you wander around Upper-X, on days such as these, strange things occur: floating post-it notes, inexplicable gusts of wind, and, most curiously, a hooded shadow with no person to make it. The stick-

er jumper roams the halls to this day.

Ever since the sticker trend, other trends have taken a hold of school: planking, bottle-flips, the mannequin challenge, devious licks. Yet the delinquents and rascalions who adhere



*The Ghost of the X-Hall Sticker Jump
Appears Over Passersby*

to these fads were guided by something—no, someone—larger. A voice, a whisper, a suggestion. It beckons one to steal that soap dispenser, to plank against the sink, to flip the water bottle over the roof. It tells Eve to eat the apple. Yet, his actions are not limited to words alone. A couple weeks ago, when doorstops seemed to be disappearing left and right, faculty pointed to students as wrongdoers. However, it was the spirit at play, working in the background. His spirit still

haunts the halls and dean letters alike.

I understand if this all sounds ludicrous. Dear reader, I welcome your skepticism. In fact, in preparation for this piece, The Flipside staff required further investigation. Last Friday night, Noah Meyerhoff, Yaokai Yang, Connor Vishnoi and myself embarked on a spiritual voyage. We snuck into the school and underwent an otherworldly experience. The time was 11 p.m on the dot, the place was the hallway leading from the courtyard to lower X hall. We drew a pentagram, placed a sticker at each vertex, and chanted various phrases familiar to the spirit, such as various My Chemical Romance songs and early 2000's hits from Panic! At the Disco. As we chanted, the stickers rose and hovered in the air. Lights flickered. Then CRACK: the sudden sound of legs hitting the floor. We shared looks of disbelief. In the center of the pentagram were two footprints from what seemed to be Heelys.

This is the haunted tale of the sticker jump. Spread it as you will. Tell it in your backyard gatherings or slumber parties. But tread lightly dear reader, for if you disrespect the ghost of X-hall past, this will soon become a dead man's tale and you will be left in a sticky situation ☹️.

-Eli Austin

The Flipside

Alternate Universe Update: Instead of Halloween, it's Christmas, except nobody got the memo. Embarrassed students show up in skimpy cat outfits only to be offered egg nog and a turn on Santa's lap.

This Week's Number

13

Chirps

We chirp ourselves for not doing a homecoming issue. Sorry.

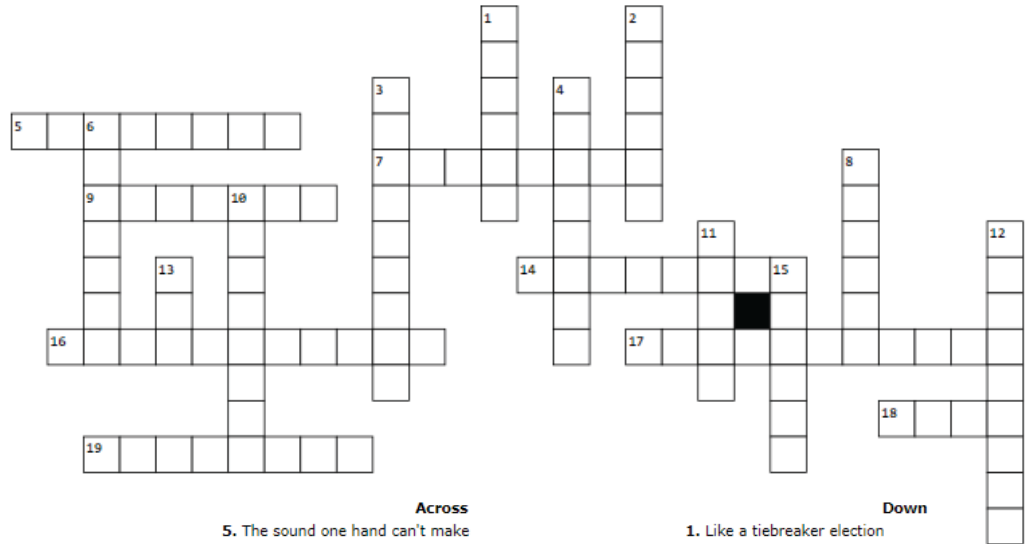
We chirp couples' costumes because we're single and awake at 2 in the morning.

Out of Context Quote of the Week

"It's funny, don't worry, you'll like it!"

-C'mon, you just heard it!

The Flipside Crossword (Difficulty Level: 4/10)



Across

- 5. The sound one hand can't make
- 7. 4.5 billion years for Uranium
- 9. Home Number
- 14. 15-down, for Hermione
- 16. Algebra/Geometry, For Example
- 17. Game with a King Tower
- 18. Water pipe, slangily
- 19. What wasn't funny this week

Down

- 1. Like a tiebreaker election
- 2. Thin French pancakes
- 3. What the Olympics Celebrate
- 4. B&O is one of these
- 6. 2019 Scifi starring Brad Pitt
- 8. Money in Madrid
- 10. Very, very large
- 11. You take it when you're tired
- 12. Not your weaknesses
- 13. Ketchem of pokemon
- 15. Where you are right now

Puzzles By
Brenna Curley

YOUR DAD HERE!

This Week's Dad

Name:

Steve Varon

Date of Birth:

09/05/1964

Occupation:

"Girlboss"

Child at DHS:

Georgia Varon

Favorites:

Dad Joke - "Dropping the kids off at the pool"
Band - Allman Brothers
Movie - The Blues Brothers



If you would like your own father to be featured in The Flipside, email Noah Meyerhoff at noah.meyerhoff@gmail.com for more information. First come, first serve.

This Week's Poll

What's your favorite Halloween candy?

- A. The Right Twix 100%
- B. The Left Twix 23%
- C. The Ones from Strangers 50%
- D. How Old do you Think I am? 50%
- E. You ;) 0%