



Thank God for Summative Assessments

Every year, December haunts me. It's not because "Winter is coming," or because of seasonal depression, and it's not even the ghost of Christmas past, no; it's because of final exams, the terrifying tests upon which my entire future hangs in the balance. If I do poorly on my finals, I won't be able to get into Montana Tech, and I'll never break into the retail industry. On the other hand, if I study nonstop for the next 24 hours with no breaks, even for water, I'll be sure to get my acceptance letter and matriculate in Big Sky Country. Or, at least, that's how I used to feel. This year, we don't have final exams, we've got **summative assessments**. Boy, it feels like all the weight has just melted right off my shoulders. Likewise, my friends can look forward to having prestigious post-secondary experiences with the South Dakota Institute of Agriculture and the U.S. Armed Forces

(shoutout to Sergeant Garzal).

At Thanksgiving a few weeks ago, I visited my grandparents in Keokuk, Iowa. My dad loves to brag about my achievements, so when he realized my grades weren't up to scratch, he pulled me aside. "Son, if your grades don't improve by Christmas, you'll be spending the holidays down in Des Moines. See to it that you earn A+ or better on all of your finals, or no soup for you." Jokes on him, I don't have finals this year, I have **summative assessments**. Try starving me now, Carl.

The anxiety I used to get from finals was terrible. I'd be forcing myself to throw up in the bathroom before school, the remnants of my Panda Express in the sink (remarkably, it looked exactly the same). Now, with only **summative assessments** to worry about, I'm not even the slightest bit nervous. Thank you, Principal Ander-

son, for saving me from bulimia.

You know, I've always felt the North Shore culture has pushed a warped definition of success on me. My self-worth shouldn't be tied to a GPA, right? I think the change of language surrounding final exams marks a real paradigm shift, undoing the last 16 years of inculcating the belief that I can only succeed as an engineer, doctor, or lawyer into me. Boy, I sure do have a growth mindset now. In addition, with all the free time I have, not needing to study for finals, I can prepare for the newly announced semi-yearly punitive cumulative examinations. These are the real important tests. I hear that, if you don't do well on them, it's not just a matter of affecting your future; your very soul is damned with a C- or lower. That, and you can't check out of study hall to go to the library.

-Noah Meyerhoff and Eli Austin

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STUNTS Jugglers
Recruited to Amer-
ica's Got Talent

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Teacher Explaining
Useless Concept
Says "School is Your
#1 Priority."

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The Genius of Leo Baum, Junior Extraordinaire.

Full disclosure, it's been a long, long time since we had an issue of the Flipside, and we were going to do one before Thanksgiving, but I could only get one person to write an article. That person was Leo Baum, and what an article it was. He wrote no fewer than 1464 words about Sugar Substitutes in what could only be described as an unhinged diatribe about Splenda, Sweet and Low, and Equal, and their effects on his wild life, and was much too long to include in the Flipside. Yet, I thought it would be wrong to let such brilliance be wasted, so I'd like to provide my readers with an unedited excerpt from the article, where Leo recalls a visit to the Cheese Cake Factory.

"The Cheesecake Factory, a chain which is doing pretty well, decided to introduce a Cheesecake where instead of normal sugar, as you would expect, there would be Splenda, and the Splenda would be the primary ingredient of the cheesecake that would provide the cheesecake with at least some sweetness. The thing is, I've tried that cheesecake, and I purchased it with real American dollars, or at least I used my Debit Card and I handed it to the woman at the Cheesecake counter at the Cheesecake factory and she took the credit card and swiped the little line on the back of the card on

the slot which is conveniently placed on the side of the cash register screen, and then she handed it back to me and told me that my card was declined because I didn't have enough money on my credit card and the bank which my debit card is associated with said "Sorry, but you don't have the money to buy this slice of awful Splenda cheesecake from the Cheesecake factory," and the woman got very uncomfortable, but I said, "hold on just give me one second please," and I turned on my iphone and transferred seventeen dollars from the money I made over the summer onto my debit card, and then gave the debit card back to the woman who was now both annoyed with me for creating an entire production, and also because there was a line of hungry cheesecake-wanters lined up right behind me, and my cheesecake production was creating a line of traffic as Cheesecake Factory Corporate only allotted one cash register for the Cheesecake counter, and so finally Chase Bank said, "okay, we tried to warn you not to buy that disgusting cheesecake by declining your debit card from purchasing it, but you went ahead and made the conscious effort to add more money to the debit card which puts us in the uncomfortable position of now having to allow you to purchase the cheesecake, so alas now we'll reluctantly let you purchase the Splenda

cheesecake," and so I got my Splenda cheesecake and walked outside of the Cheesecake factory and sat on the little bench they have out there in that beautiful Lincolnshire strip-mall which used to have a Barnes and Noble, but the Barnes and Noble went out of business and so it's now a NorthShore medical facility, which is basically what happened to Borders over on Lake-Cook road, which prompts me to wonder if NorthShore Medical Group is trying to drive bookstores out of business, yet regardless I sat down on that bench and used the plastic fork they gave me to try a bite of the Splenda cheesecake and it was awful."

In all my life thus far, I have seen nothing that better describes the human condition than this memoir. See it for yourself, the full article can be found at www.jewishspacelaser.net/notsugar.

-Leo Baum

The Flipside

Alternate Universe Update: An enormous wave of reform washes over China after the CCP released several journalists from custody in response to a Deerfield High School Human Rights Club petition. The future of democracy in our world is finally looking positive again, thanks to the club's efforts.

This Week's Number

17

Chirps

We chirp the cafeteria for not having enough energy drinks

We chirp Honors Bio students for not getting us in touch with Mr. Motzko

Out of Context Quote of the Week

"We can't just steal jokes from DHS-TV News"

-Our Writers

A Word on Ableism and Cyberbullying at our School

It has been our practice, this year, to reserve this space in The Flipside for a puzzle. However, we couldn't justify including a puzzle here, this issue, when there is something infinitely more baffling going on at our school. Many of you have definitely heard about, watched, or read the CBS Chicago story talking about the boy who was humiliated by his peers and no longer feels safe at Deerfield High School.

We're not gonna say that we thought we were better than that. Ableism, sadly, is more than prevalent at DHS, and the perfunctory "r-word free zone" signs are not enough to stop it. We think it's fair to say that us editors don't personally know more than a handful of DHS students that haven't used the r-word pejoratively.

This is not to say that ableist rhetoric is the crux of the issue. It's more that the casual ableism at DHS and the tendency to post tales or videos of "funny" things on your Snapchat story unfortunately dovetail into a grotesque practice that turns the halls of our school into a menagerie of "freaks" to laugh at. What's worse is that we're only speaking of our own social circles, and we are occasionally witness to much, much more egregious behavior in cliques or even grade levels we have little contact with.

At the same time, the school's response to the disaffected family was... what, exactly? Either bring the boy back into the lion's den that

our school has become with "accommodations" to separate him from the lions, or move him to Highland Park High School, the conditions at which we don't know enough to speak on but are apparently undesirable to the family. In addition, our principal sent out a curious email the day after the article was published, observing a "trend" in which we "forget to care for one another." We're not sure if this was a vague acknowledgement of what happened, and we don't think that our principal doesn't care--in fact it's clear to us that she does--but we don't think it's true that "our school community commits to kindness and caring for one another." It doesn't. It posts embarrassing videos on Snapchat without the consent of the subjects, and somehow considers it funnier when they have a disability.

What can be done? An entire culture can't be changed overnight, and we don't for a second believe that our words here will magically inspire our peers to reflect on how they casually bully others online. What we want, though, is that "students come forward" like our principal requested. If you care, call it out. Publicly or privately, however brave you can be, call it out when you see someone made fun of as "SPED." Remember the last time you saw it and call it out. Even if it's only telling someone what they did was wrong, as long as it's more than sitting idly by as you have always been, it matters. Call it out.

YOUR DAD HERE!

This Week's Dad

Name:

Glenn E. Simon esq.

Date of Birth:

12/04/1974

Occupation:

Dungeon Master

Child at DHS:

Jonah & Juliet Simon

Favorite Dad Joke:

Pronouncing European "You're a-peein."

Hobbies:

Hand painting D&D figurines, Redditing



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.

The Infographic

Top 5 Study Strategies For Finals

5. Write a Groveling Email to your Teacher
Maybe there are extra credit opportunities?

4. Write a... Persuasive Email
You're gonna make them an offer they can't refuse

3. Visit coolmath-games.com
It's educational, mom!

2. Cure Cancer
What are they gonna do, not give you an A?

1. Give Up and Cry Yourself to Sleep
There's just no way. I don't understand these @#\$\$%ing symbols.