



O*YAD Wants Your Feet Pics!

Students of Deerfield High recently received a shocking message from Mr. Moran, sponsor of O*YAD, the club which creates the school yearbook. The email, sent with the subject line, "Last Call for Feet Pics," read:

Hey Everyone!

*O*YAD needs your silly little toes! They can be candid shots of your little piggies going to the store, elegant portraits of your barking dogs after a long day in the mud, or (and this one is most important) selfies! We're looking to create a diverse gallery of feet—all shapes, sizes,*

discoloration, and levels of hair. Deadline to submit your adorable toesie wosies is next Monday at 4:02 AM

We have enough legs. Please stop sending us your leg pics.

*Thanks,
O*YAD Staff*

This disturbing message merely rides on the coattails of past offenses by O*YAD (See: Year 16, Issue 14 "O*YAD Wants Your Credit Card Information"). The student body is divided on the issue. Some are excited to finally express a hidden part of themselves. One sophomore told the Flipside, "No one



has ever asked me for my feet pics before. It's been really great for my self-esteem. Thanks, O*YAD." Other students are appalled, forming protest groups that chant "Cover up!" at their barefoot peers. Only one thing is for certain. You WILL be able to smell this reporter's feet in the 2021-2022 yearbook.

-Noah Meyerhoff and Eli Austin

Staff

Noah Meyerhoff
Co-Editor In Chief

Eli Austin
Co-Editor In Chief

John Motzko
Maybe next time?

Connor Vishnoi
Staff Writer, Photo-editing

Yaokai Yang
Staff Writer

*If You'd Like to Join
The Flipside Staff or
Be a Guest Writer,
Email the Editors
noah.meyerhoff@gmail.com
ea.austica@gmail.com*



Entire English Class Coincidentally Uses the Same Word in their Thesis

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"Don't Drink Me..." Teases Sexy Bottle of Windex

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Ask Mr. Motzko: Why Won't You Notice Me?

Dear Right Honourable Gentleman Mr. Motzko,

It's been months, but it feels like years! Oh, how DHS and the Flipside yearns for your guidance. The Flipside staff beg you, please release us from this parasocial decline into madness. We have but one humble entreaty: O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art as glorious to this school, as is a winged messenger of heaven.

Who could forget the times we spent together, memories of our labs in bio are forever etched into our minds (seriously, I don't think I'll ever be able to erase the images of dissected Ascaris lumbricoides from my brain without a complete lobotomy). We've assessed the effects of variable salinity on Artemia salina hatch rates and the effects of transposons on phenotypic expression in Zea mays, but it would seem we could not assess the effects of our own cacophonous cries on your willingness to reply.

Make no mistake, the Flipside longs for the day when an email with your name appears in our inbox. In your absence, we've tried so hard to get your

attention. At this point, even the local college recruiters are impressed at how many of our emails to you have not been read. In fact, Poor Noah has been running around, organising Grateful Dead reunions just for a chance to spot you in the crowd—it was COVID that finally put a stop to that because we sure as hell couldn't.

Might you be so kind as to entertain the idea of giving us your Skype? Or your WhatsApp ID? Or do you prefer to only communicate via Xbox Live? We've already tried to send carrier pigeons, must we restart the Pony Express too? No matter, I am willing to install a DSL modem at your office free of charge just so we can hear your voice again. Understand, we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to ensure your voice can be heard here at the Flipside. Against the wishes of my lawyer, we will resort to submitting a subpoena just to see your face again.

I've failed my chem test, got passed around on Tinder by a bunch of goths, and my career as an Instagram "influencer" has been anything

but successful. I'm almost certain the TSA has put me on a list...somewhere. As a matter of fact, there are ATF agents outside of my house right now. What would you do Mr. Motzko? Please answer my prayers.

I'm sorry, but we've forgotten the story of Michel Lotito—re-enlighten us! We need Ask Mr. Motzko back. This is as much a request as it is a question: why haven't you responded to us? Please, Mr. Motzko, how could we ever navigate the tribulations of highschool without your guidance?

Sincerely,
The Green Lab Partner

The Flipside

Alternate Universe Update: Students line up by the West Gym for SWORD testing. Instead of spitting into a tube, a tube is spat into them. Does it reveal whether or not you have COVID? No. Many consider this to be a violation of their first amendment rights, but they just need to get used to the feeling.

This Week's Number

6%

Chirps

We chirp the North-western Flipside for copyright violation.

We chirp Captain America for his positive SHIELD test.

Completely In-Context Quote of the Week

"Dang. The Flipside was really bad this week"

-The Future You

Help Wanted!

Deerfield High,

Are you at least kinda funny? Because nobody on staff is. That's right, we want YOU to join the DHS Flipside. It's fairly low commitment: you'll write an article once in a while, and contribute to our chirps, fake headlines, infographic, etc.

Don't worry about being an underclassmen. You can be funny no matter how young and cringey you are! Besides, if we didn't let Freshman join, the Flipside would die after our graduation. We are literally 100% juniors right now.

Same goes for being older than us! We've actually had a senior guest writer this year (thank you, Varun Goel). He did an excellent job. Let's do more!

Benefits: You get your name on the masthead for each issue you contribute to. Your friends will be so impressed. You get to be apart of a wider satirical news network including sister Flipside's at colleges such as Stanford and Northwestern. You will also get the puzzle section back.

Drawbacks: Your grandmother will not understand when you tell her about your new activity. In addition, it's your fault if we stop being funny.

Let us know if you're interested at noah.meyerhoff@gmail.com or ea.austica@gmail.com

YOUR DAD HERE!

This Week's Dad

Name:

Justin Kramer

Date of Birth:

01/19/1970

Occupation:

English Teacher

Child at DHS:

Etta Kramer

Favorite Dad Joke:

Farting

Hobbies:

Playing basketball with doctors, chess



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.

Throwback!

Headlines from WAY back in the day... And, no. This is not just stealing jokes from Issue 1, 2005.

- 1. Professor Snape to Teach AP Chemistry at DHS**
Great headline, great photo-edit, but the article was actually kind of meh. But who are we to criticize?
- 2. Local Kid Thinks He Can Just Make His Own Oil**
This one was hilarious. A brilliant piece of absurdism, it's just about a kid who thinks he can make oil.
- 3. Rock Paper Scissors Tourney Turns Catastrophic**
A great article for people who are into boxing, I guess.
- 4. The "Obituaries" Section**
It turned out to be a set up for a joke in the "Classifieds" section about the drama surrounding goldfish named after figures from Greek mythology.

Check out these throwbacks in the Archives at dhsflipside.com!