



With the Power of Imagination, I Got Better Grades

There I was, sitting on my bed on a warm April night, the lights off in my room. The soft glow of the chromebook screen illuminated the ghastly, contorted expression on my face. My Schoology had been haunted! Projected before me was the effect of the latest Calculus test: an 80.51% overall grade. The same appeared to be happening in my other classes; the sequence of percentages converging to zero. Life as I'd known it had ended. I lay there, staring at the ceiling, trying desperately to find a way to cope—and then it hit me: I would just manifest better grades.

Nevermind the quiz I just failed, in my head, I aced it. I can picture that 4.0 GPA so clearly it must be real. Take, for example, the conversation I had with my chem teacher yesterday. "Noah, we need to talk," she said.

"About what?"

"Your scores recently. What's going on?"

Nothing, you fool, I thought to myself, but I knew to be

more polite. "You mean my series of 100%6s? I don't know, guess I'm just feeling good lately."

She stared at me blankly as I walked backwards out the door, shooting finger guns. Out of the corner of my eye, I think I saw her shaking her head? I wonder what that was about. I think she just couldn't believe how awesome I was.

I think my favorite moment this week was when my dad tried to confront me about my mid-semester report card. "Three Cs, Noah?" he asked, "What's been happening to you lately?"

I told him to give me the report card, and once he did, I tore it up in his face. "Three Cs?" I laughed, "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Noah, this isn't funny."

"I know, I seriously have straight As!"

"You missed 12 days of school last month, Noah, you aren't doing 'just fine.'"

"Look, it's who asked!" I said, pointing to the corner.

"Ok, get out" he cut in,

pushing me toward the door. I'm on the streets now, and while it's not easy out here, I think I'll be just fine. After all, when I'm feeling lost and alone, I can just manifest a home.

-Noah Meyerhoff

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Deerfield Man
Shot to Death for
Using the Library
as a Hallway.

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DHS' Heathers Bomb
Effect Turns Out to
Be Too Realistic.

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The Return of "Ask Mr. Motzko"

Mr. Motzko,

My little sister is an incoming freshman, and my mom wants me to help her get to know DHS a little bit before she shows up in the fall. How do I show her what high school is like?

First, insouciant youth, how about a hearty hello or rousing huzzah to mark my return to this yellowed rag? A jewel-festooned parade float of my dour visage would not have been too much effort. Many times hath the sun circled the flat face of the earth since my ponderings last graced this pillar of proletari-at punditry. This is not because the oddly carbonated waters of truth's fountain are filling Musk's money trough: my wisdom is not for sale (platinum level seating, however, is at market prices). Nor has this column fallen victim to the poisonous snares and vines of cancel culture. While my remarks about the residents of Grundy County have been derided as classist, elitist and arachnophobic, that's their prob-

lem. Much like the problem they have not sitting in the dirt and eating with their filthy hands. Neither have I been ghosting my readership. They scour the pages daily, awaiting the return of this column with the fervor of the widows who daily walk their rooftops, looking to the vast water in vain hopes of the return their men lost at sea to my unleashed Kraken. My bad. Ghosted? Nay! When I come to you as a shapeless apparition, you will know. Primarily by the smell.

Rather, I have taken leave of the printed page to turn my pandemic into a mandemic; a series of daring feats in defiance of death itself (and too many municipal codes to mention). I have scaled the treacherous peaks of eastern Delaware and only ate three of my trusty mules. I have circumnavigated the globe via Spirit Airlines, the world record within my naked grasp save for an inconvenient 4-month layover in Atlantis. Shout out to the good folks at the Atlantis International Duty-Free shop. Last, I have eaten Arby's in Muncie, Indiana and emerged unsoiled.

But enough about Moi. Let us turn to your query, which sits in my inbox with all the promise and energy of an undigested bolus of mud.

High school is not "like", it is. It is a turbulent voyage cross a wine-dark sea of hormones lashed to a Boogie Board with a Hello Kitty scrunchie. It is a fight to the death with the Invisible Man on a Tilt-O-Whirl, armed with a wet croissant. It is a real-life version of N64 Goldeneye, viewed through a keyhole, heard through an overenthusiastic vuvuzela and played as Baron Samedi.

In other words, it is going to be great.

-John Motzko

The Flipside

Alternate Universe Update: Classes break down on Teacher Ditch Day. In retaliation for the abscondment of the Class of '22 on Wednesday, the teachers have up and left. Left to their own devices in the science labs, one chemistry class detonated four Improvised Explosive Devices.

This Week's Number

\$14

You payed at the Caf.

Chirps

We chirp Seniors who had their parents call them out for Ditch Day.

We chirp Jazz Night for being just too groovy.














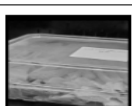



Out-of-Context Quote of the Week

"We could always waterboard them if we don't like them"

- Mrs. Holt

Cafeteria Food Tier List

The only correct opinions. If you disagree, feel free to schedule a duel with me.

S	 Quesadillas	 Wings			
A	 Muffins	 Sandwich bar	 Fries and Chicken Tenders	 Cheeseburgers	 Sushi
B	 Apple Fritters	 Pizza	 Wraps		
C	 Deli chips	 Hamburgers	 Chicken sandwiches		
D	 Salad	 Milk/juice	 Chinese food	 Pasta	

-Gideon Rigler and Max Kohl

YOUR DAD HERE!

This Week's Dad

Name:

Adrian Wiley

Date of Birth:

6/1/79

Occupation:

Corporate Attorney

Child at DHS:

Alex Wiley

Favorite Dad Joke:

"Deez Nuts"

Hobbies:

Pie baking, wearing XXL basketball shorts.



Next issue, send to be featured in The Flipside, email Noah Meyerhoff at noah.meyerhoff@gmail.com for more information. First come, first serve.

The Poll

How are you preparing for your AP Tests?

Preparing?	52%
Blood, sweat, toil, and tears.	3%
Helping to raise the curve.	12%
Calorimetry.	4.184 J/g°C %
I'll be in Europe	1%
CBT (Cognitive Behavioral Therapy)	100%