

# The Charger *Slant*

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News from a different angle

March, 2011

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## Student Voice

Name one thing you'd hate to live without.

*Mimi T., junior, says:* Oh, that's easy: my inhaler. It's so curvy and smooth and it feels so good to squeeze... just thinking about it makes me hyperventilate a little!

*Jake W., senior, says:* Call me superstitious, but you just can't separate me and my lucky pair of socks. I've had them on every day since halfway through the eighth grade, when they got me my fastest mile ever in gym class. All my track rivals tell me they can smell defeat when I'm competing.

*Daniella A., junior, says:* I honestly cannot go a single day without a Double Extra Grande SuperCombo 3000 at McTaco King. Call me decadent, but the food is just too delicious for me to pass up! But I don't always let myself splurge like that – sometimes I order off the value menu, so I can save up for my triple bypass.

*Danny T., sophomore, says:* I really couldn't survive without all the loving people who accept me for who I am, and have the goodness in their hearts to be tolerant of others. After all, being a homosexual is hard enough without all those nosy Mormons and bigoted Christians breathing down my neck!

## Artists' Corner

*I'm Clean*  
By X. Tasy

Cut me some slack, alright?  
It's been a long night, and it's much too bright  
In this fluorescent light to meet your gaze.  
Excuse the fact that I seem dazed –  
If my eyes look glazed, it's just that I've  
Hardly slept in many days.

Really! This is not what you think.  
Who ever said that I can't slink  
Quietly through the back door, as the clock strikes four?  
I know you were asleep, and I don't mean to keep  
You up for idle conversation.  
So here's the truth, short and sweet:

THC just isn't me,  
And I'd never touch LSD.  
At this hour it's much too late,  
For me to dabble in opiates.  
So why don't you just quit your whinin'?  
I'm not trippin' on psilocybin.  
I only like coke from a can...  
MDMA? No thank you, ma'am.

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“This map was quite fascinating,” muses Smith academically. “The symbols were unlike any dead language I’d ever seen; they were not Mayan, not Incan, not Greek – not even Canadian. After studying it for a while, it occurred to me that it must have been a cipher of some sort. Quickly I went to my attic and dusted off my antique Orphan Annie Secret Decoder Pin, from the days of my youth. With the pin, I was easily able to decipher the hieroglyphs on the ancient map. The message was: ‘BE SURE TO DRINK YOUR OVALTINE.’”

Armed with Dr. Smith’s insights, Hartke and Candy once again set off on his motorbike, this time into the cavernous network of deserted mineshafts that run underneath the city. Cigarette lighter in hand, the daring duo dove their way through a cloud of cobwebs and canary bones. Just as Hartke’s trusty lighter ran out of gas and the twosome was engulfed by absolute blackness, an unseen trapdoor opened and the plucky pair was plunged into a pit of peril. “It was oh so perilous!” comments Candy. “But Chad was oh so *cool*.”

A row of torches lining the walls of the burial chamber flickered into flames, filling the dusty, stagnant air with radiant light. Chad coolly rose to his feet, helping Candy to hers. They then beheld something that was not destined for mortal eyes.

“It was beautiful. It was like meeting Buddy Holly... and shaking his strumming hand,” Hartke whispers reverently as I interview him over a triple-thick chocolate shake. Hartke and Candy breathlessly faced a skeleton, seated grandiosely at a magnificent throne, still clad in regal robes. Clasped in its hands of bare bone was a chalice of pure gold, crusted with sparkling gems. Within the chalice was a curious pungent brown powder. “It smelled an awful lot like Ovaltine,” observes Candy.

Dr. Smith’s further research revealed the chalice to have belonged to none other than the long-lost Aztec king Choclatoatl. “He was remembered for his passionate love of the cocoa bean long after his death at the hands of the Spanish Conquistadors, who brought smallpox, gunpowder, and vanilla.”

*Want to taste what is in the Chalice of Choclatoatl? Beware – it is said that an ancient curse of death shall befall the one who dares mix its contents with milk and stir.*

## The Principal of Clark This isn’t Kansas

*By J. Bouti, March 3, 2011*

Next to its unparalleled dominance in the athletic arena, our school is probably best known for its faulty electrical wiring; Clark’s impressive winning record on the football field is matched only by the alarming frequency of its power outages. So it should come as no surprise that Judy Dorothy, junior and Psychology student, found herself in a sudden blackout during one of her daily sojourns to the school bathrooms.

“I was – well gosh, I was doing my business in there,” Dorothy explains sheepishly. “I went in to hide my Psychology rat, Bono, from that old hag of a hall monitor, Ms. Mulch, who is always trying to take him away because he leaves droppings in the hallways and chews on the electrical wiring. And while I was there I remembered that I had to go....”

“And then *poof!* I flushed and right then the lights went out and I couldn’t see any further than my eyelashes. It was all terribly frightening.” As Dorothy stumbled about from stall to stall in her ruby glitter Toms, she slipped and knocked herself unconscious against a sink. And when Dorothy stirred, the lights were back on, yet something was amiss. “After knocking my head against the sink, everything just looked... different. I’m not sure how,” she remarks. “It was as though the whole world became colorful.”

Dizzy and confused, Dorothy (and Bono the rat) happened upon Alice, the new Student Body President-Elect. “I was so upset – I didn’t know how long I was out, and I figured that I was already late to my Psychology class. Alice cheerfully sent me off to see the Principal – the wonderful Principal of Clark! Alice told me to see her because, because, because... because of the wonderful things she does! And all I had to do to get to the Principal was follow the path of yellow paper that was there to decorate the hallways.”

It was along this path that Dorothy met a clueless AMSAT student. “He was just standing there, staring at his calc book, TI-89 in hand, wondering what to

do. He told me he didn't know the first thing about calculus, and wanted nothing more than to pass Bombino's class. I told him that maybe if he came to the office with me, the Principal could help him out."

On went Dorothy and the clueless AMSAT student along the yellow paper path, joining a dispassionate Theater student. "He was sobbing in a corner, depressed that he didn't get cast in the new musical because he didn't audition with enough emotion. He wished that he only had enough heart to perform a part well. He decided to come with us to see if the Principal could do anything for him."

Dorothy and the clueless AMSAT student and the dispassionate Theater student continued, now encountering a timid football player. "He was so afraid of getting picked on by the Varsity guys that he stuffed himself inside a locker. Jock-strap and helmets and linemen – oh my! He said that all he really wanted was to grow some balls. We thought that maybe the principal could solve his problem."

The quartet's journey was nearly complete – but as they neared the main office, the wicked Dean West confronted Dorothy, threatening to give her detention. "Who knew that ruby glitter Toms are a violation of dress code?" ponders Dorothy. When the dean slipped in a puddle of water from an overflowing bathroom, the foursome quickly stole away to meet the Principal at last.

"It was ever so strange!" exclaims Dorothy, describing the encounter with fearful wonderment. "We were in her office talking to her but, somehow, she wasn't there. (Actually, it turns out that she was just speaking to us from her dressing room over the intercom.) We told her about what was troubling us: the AMSAT student just wanted to pass calculus. The theater kid wanted a role. The football player wanted to man up. And as for me, Judy, if you please; I told her there's no place like my home room, Psychology, and I just wanted to go back without being marked tardy."

The great and powerful Principal was at a loss as to how to help Dorothy's three forlorn friends, but had kindness enough to write Dorothy a hall pass. Dorothy hurried back to her Psychology classroom, the heels of her ruby glitter Toms clicking all the way.

## Diggin' this scene

### Hip cat throws archaeology a bone

*By J. Bouti, February 28, 2011*

He smokes cigarettes and doesn't care. He listens to Rock 'n' Roll music even though his parents don't like it. The only thing about him cooler than his leather jacket... is his motorcycle.

"Yeah, once I was at some diner, and this kid was losing his cool because he thought the jukebox stole his nickel. I told him, 'cool it,' and smacked the thing and it started playing everyone's favorite song." Clearly, Chad Hartke is slicker than a tin of pomade, cooler than a top-of-the-line Frigidaire. But a recent run-in with an ancient artifact was enough to leave even him shaking in his blue suede shoes.

"It was late. I was out with some chick, at that spot in the woods where we always make out after a night at the drive-in. Her earring fell onto the ground. I was about to flip it into my hand with my shoe, when I saw there was something sticking out of the dirt next to it. I started digging the thing up."

Hartke soon realized he was on the verge of something magnificent, and began shoveling at a slightly less laid-back pace. First a vague outline of the object emerged, and finally Hartke, brimming with excitement but too cool to show it, was able to pull the treasure out of the ground. The find appeared at first to be a mere slab of black stone – but a closer examination revealed a detailed inscription of a map, mysteriously marked with arcane hieroglyphs.

Intrigued, Hartke hopped on his vintage Army surplus Harley-Davidson with his date, Candy, in tow, and drove back into town. "I figured we could swing by ole Dr. Smith's place, to see what the cool cat had to say." The Dr. Smith to whom Hartke refers is, of course, the venerable Dr. Rhode Island Smith, one of our town's most experienced and keen-eyed archaeological experts. Smith became famous in the 1930s for uncovering the final resting place of the legendary Egyptian prince Baconhamun, who is rumored to have had the gumption to attempt to build a pyramid upside-down.