



In this week's Prep News...

Sheridan gambles away endowment in Texas Hold 'Em	2
Mr. Sciuto fears "Bring Your Son to Work Day"	2
Gilbert indicted in BALCO scandal.....	2
Dr. Tai comes out: "I'm Irish."	4
10% of senior class fake tans (oh, wait, that's true)	4
Freshman doesn't realize this is all fake, tells mom	5
SLUH course requirements change: Srs. can't graduate	5
Broadcast Club to run our tanning bed story	6
7 feared dead in "Spring Break Shark Attack"	7
PN staff breaks into school to create news	10
Letter: Gilbert "talk(s) about future, not past"	10

Four tanning beds installed in Fitness Center as part of V2K

Beef is Good! Vegetarian of Beef

St. Louis U. High, in its continuing commitment to excellence, just came a little closer to physically developing their model student. The intellectual and spiritual parts of student development were overlooked because they are "so 80's" according to Principal Mary Schenkenberg. This past month, SLUH purchased four tanning beds that have been installed in the fitness center. These god-sent machines come as the latest update to Vision 2000 (V2K).

The newly installed tanning beds took the place of the aerobic portion of the fitness center because, according to the weights teaching staff, "Yeah, nobody really cares about a healthy heart these days. I mean, do you want a strong

heart, not even visible to the eye, or some massive pipes? I would choose the killer pipes. We haven't had anybody come crying to us that they are gone besides only those 100 cross country guys. And those kids are really pale anyway."

Naturally, the newly installed beds are state of the art, and according to the V2K Dermatological Improvement Committee the addition of the beds only set back the school roughly \$13,298.11. This price does not include the electric bill, but does include those cool little goggles, blonde hair dye, and disinfectant spray and wipes that have that fresh new car smell.

"Thirteen thou' is a pretty good deal if you're looking for a good base tan before spring break," said the chair of the board on a phone interview from Nassau. He continued, "Shoot, those things are so amazing!

see HOME COOKIN', 5

Kesterson, Moran beef, no deaths—yet

Justin Timberlake Tool

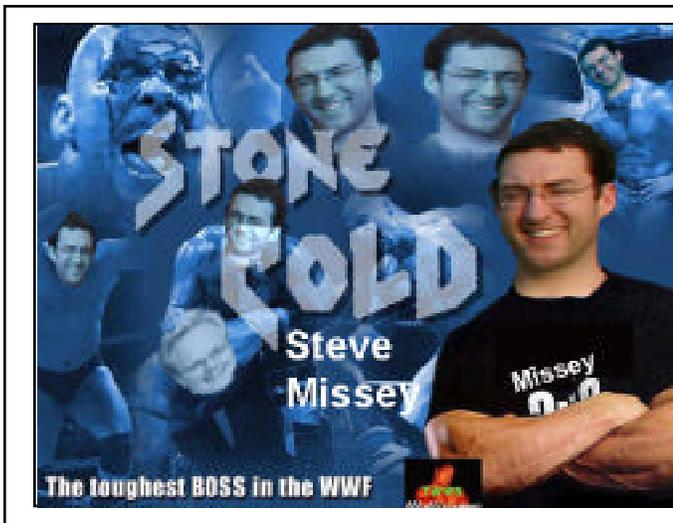
Poses now roam the hallowed halls of St. Louis U. High, as the community has been divided by a rap feud for the second time in as many years. Unlike last year's battle between sophomore history teachers Tim "Texas Tim" O'Neil and Steve "The Captain" Aylward, which left three sophomores dead and five more wounded, the war between Brock "B-Rock" Kesterson and Rich "Riche\$ M" Moran shows no signs of abating.

"Beef is on," explained Kesterson. "He disrespected (sic) me, and I took his insult seriously."

The beef is a result of ongoing tension between the two "natural-born hustlers" which boiled over earlier this week in a dis mixtape released by Moran. On the track, Riche\$ M raps, "Rock, you aren't on my level/Your class is weak and you always settle/Check out how much ice is in my Rolex's bezel." Kesterson was not Moran's only target, as the crafty veteran also dissed the entire social studies department: "Social studies, I have a message for you/the number of good teachers you have is less than two/I look at your faces and think, 'ewwww.'"

The tension began almost immediately once the two met at a faculty retreat early last year. Both battle rappers acknowledged their frosty relations, which came about after Kesterson allegedly took the last croissant from a refreshment table

see SCHAEFFER, 6



Steve Missey's wall-sized motivational artwork was found painted on the wall of his basement gym. Along with a rack of 5-lb. dumbbells and an elliptical walker, a spandex leotard and mask were found.

Three sophomores freeze to death, fewer care

**Artist formerly known as Prince
Tres Amigos**

As the snow and ice of winter melted away into the emerging tulips of spring, so, too did three unidentified sophomores emerge from the ice.

The trio were spotted early on Wednesday morning by fellow sophomore, Scruffy McGruff, who said, "As I was walking up to (probably the greatest school in the history of the world) from the Science Center lot, I saw a dog chewing on what I thought was grass." Wrong, Scruffy, *dead*wrong. The suspected grass

was really the hair of one of the students.

The bodies were excavated from the frozen tundra, using equipment for the V2K improvements. The three cadavers were placed on display in the library late Wednesday afternoon.

The three sophomores had parked in the wasteland behind the Science Center, well beyond the secure bubble SLUH provides. Its top-notch security has protected SLUH from any contact with natives, but outside the fence, the three were confronted and chased by savages shortly after leaving their vehicles and abandoned by the rest of their classmates. Security guards heard the

students' screams, but because their golf carts wouldn't start in the cold weather, they gave up. The three then froze in the snow.

The three apparently had not gone missing, and their deaths were a complete surprise. Sophomore class moderator Greg Bantle explained very simply, "Who would miss them anyway? They're sophomores."

The three specimens will be on display in the library until early next week when Steve Kuensting's biology classes will dissect them. No memorial services will be held.

Coldren puts English department in time-out

**Lollipop Kid #3
Sheltered**

Responding to allegations that the English teachers engaged incessantly in misanthropic, mischievous, and misguided misdemeanors, teacher Patricia Coldren in compliance with the Teacher Behavior Committee suspended English classes for the year. The literary miscreants have been put in time-out in the STUCO room indefinitely, which has since been converted into the Clark Reform Advocacy Prison (CRAP).

Coldren said of the action, "(Our decision) was unavoidable. I am ashamed of the (the English) office, and their irresponsibility must be punished. I mean, look at this darn place! Their messiness is totally unacceptable." She then gestured to books and papers strewn haphazardly around the room. She continued, "Most importantly, they are Cardinals fans. Blasphemers!"

The complaints cited teachers cruelly destroying their students' well-being with Gestapo interrogation techniques to make students participate. Among the most heinous offenses are students' near death beatings by Curdt and his oar and teacher David Callon's tennis ball barrages. More alarmingly, despite previous Touchy Feely Committee efforts at reform, generations of students have suffered under these grammatical fascists. According to an unpub-

lished study by the Ways To Make SLUH Look Good Committee, 113 per cent of SLUH graduates since 2000 have reported "serious emotional strain" because of these teachers.

An unidentified sophomore said, "I saw firsthand how Mr. Curdt beat up a student. Well, at least I woke up to see him wave the oar around threateningly. All of us are scared to death of him, but no one will come forward."

From his 3' by 3' by 6' CRAP cell, Callon defended his tennis ball fetish, "They're like huge fuzzy bouncy boogers. I don't see how anyone couldn't love them. Besides, when those damn (expletive deleted) hand me the papers that they poop out the night before, I have to express my anger somehow."

Across the narrow aisle in another cell, Curdt remarked, "This is just a whole 'nother initiation. These crybabies should thank me for making them men. If they can't take it, they should either go crying to their mommies or give me a week with them during wrestling season."

Despite their sudden and unexpected exile to CRAP, the teachers still sometimes curl up in a corner with a good book. However, time-out administrator H. Eric Clark suspects that the teachers may be plotting an escape as they huddle in the shadows with worn copies of Calvin and Hobbes.

Some speculate that this round-up is all a theology department conspiracy at-

tempting to censor "offensive material" in literature.

Special *Prep News* student investigator Encyclopedia Brown revealed, "You know those Jesus types, always trying to keep the teenager down. Well, I saw them and Missey beneath the stairwell, talking in low voices, real low. After all, the English department and their stooges, (the *Prep News*), are right above them. The resentment and hatred has been simmering for years."

Others insist that the entire English department is in on this sham, attempting to evade grading essays and quizzes.

"They are always in that office, cackling evilly and conspiring," alumni Hamlet said, "And they say I'm crazy. They are stuck grading crap from, snotty little kids. I've seen them, trying to burn their stacks of essays. Who's crazy now?!"

From their respective cells, teachers Frank Kovarik and Rich Moran dismissed these claims, wailing repeatedly in unison, "We have given the best years of our lives for this school and this is how they repay us? We don't even have windows!"

Although Coldren and Missey took the first steps in chastising the incorrigible department, they referred disciplinary action to the administration, which has created the Punishment Committee to study possible solutions. Also, in an effort to improve the efficiency of the committee's deliberation, the administra-

see **TIME-OUT**, 6

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Furter addresses bathroom etiquette

To the Editors:

I feel it's necessary to address the lack of bathroom etiquette here at St. Louis U. High. The other day, I walked into the freshman hallway bathroom to relieve myself during Activity Period. All the stalls were empty, so naturally I picked the automatic one, as any right-minded student should. Moments after selecting my stall a "frosh" walked in and took the stall immediately to my left.

Had this freshman not been aware of bathroom etiquette? It is common courtesy to leave a buffer state between urinals. He then finished, turned, and walked straight out the door. He had some nerve. Everyone knows the necessity of proper hand washing. One simply needs to rinse his hand with cold water before leaving, effectively creating the illusion of cleanliness.

Although a finer and often unknown point of bathroom etiquette, I must address the most sacred sanctum of the bathroom, the stall. One on such occasion, when I had to blow my nose, I don't trust the stalls at SLUH for anything more than that, someone had errantly ripped the tissue at a repulsive looking angle of around 17.8° and left the tissue dangling to collect all the germs floating around the bathroom.

I urge all my fellow students to please leave the stall tidy when they leave it with the tissue barely hanging out of its receptacle and torn along the perforation at a 90° angle. In closing, I would like to leave my fellow students with some bathroom etiquette wisdom I picked up in my travels through France. Loosely translated, it goes: "If you sprinkle when you tinkle, be a sweetie, wipe the seatie."

Most faithfully yours in bathroom etiquette,
Frank Furter

Department gang warfare exposed, linked to "accidents"

Gilberto Rivera
Eiffel 65

Tomorrow, students will have a day off school. This much is true. However, the main reason behind Paul Sheridan, S.J. declaring the day off, relates to the call for an emergency meeting on a topic unknown to students, but all too familiar to teachers: faculty gang warfare.

Since the founding of SLUH in 1818, teachers of SLUH have been bitterly divided among their respective departments. Any misfortune or accidents involving members of the faculty, both physically and otherwise, have been arranged by a rival department gang.

Specifically, this year's stint of teacher "accidents" has really been gang attempts at serious injury. Last February, English teacher Patricia Coldren was involved in a relatively serious car accident, causing her to miss a couple days of school.

Clean urges placement of more sanitizing distributors, yo

To the Editors:

I was looking forward to lunch. Sanitizing my hands is quite possibly my favorite part of the day. But as I walked towards the cafeteria with my hands quickly moving to my pockets to search for my phat (and fat) wad of cash for my high priced, high-quality lunch, I hit the hand sanitizer and heard the ghastly click. Empty. I fell to my knees and prayed to whatever God I believed in at the time, I think it was *The O.C.*, while fellow students helped me to Scott Gilbert, R.N. Gilbert's machine's diagnosis: I had gone AWOL.

I write this letter from my bed, fed through a feeding tube linked directly into the SLUH cafeteria grease bin. At my right, I have my trusty hand sanitizer, and on the left, another trusty hand sanitizer. I spend the mornings watching Ellen on my 42" plasma nightvision 4-D expanse screen (trademark pending) and the nights absorbing the goodness and morality of that man they call Jerry Springer. The entire time, I listen to the SLUH Pulse radio in the background, live on their webcast. I can always get whatever song I requested immediately because I've never seen more than three people on the website listening at once.

I urge the administration to consider placing more hand sanitizers outside of all classrooms, offices, and especially the STUCO room. Perhaps the abundance of wonderful hospital scent will keep our students healthy, physically and mentally. I know more sanitizers certainly would have helped me. We must learn from my horrible, mangled, disgusting, grotesque—but moving—tragedy.

The Most Honorable Mr. Josef Franz Xiu O'Malley Clean

What students don't realize was the driver of the car involved in the accident with Coldren was none other than history teacher Steve Aylward, out on another one of his terrorizing joyrides in his Hybrid Toyota Echo.

On the same weekend as Coldren's accident, Diversity Director Spencer McCall was rushed to the hospital because of an appendicitis. However, the origin of this excruciating pain brought about McCall wasn't natural, rather a tag-team effort by both the theology and science departments.

McCall has always been what teachers label a "floater" between different department gangs. Because his office is located between the social studies and theology departments' territory, for the past few years McCall has been embroiled in constant offers and threats from both sides. Theology teacher Matt Sciuto finally decided that drastic measures had to be taken and he contacted Chemistry teacher Charlie Busenhart, who

see GANGS OF STL, 6

Louie to release SLUH-specific issue

Captain Jack Sparrow Sea and Sky

While students were busy getting safe sun and sporting their clogs around the country, the history department decided to add a window to their boring cave of an office. The new window, which was paid for thanks to the Phone-a-thon donations, has created a new hang out spot for students.

The window was installed looking out into the commons. According to (teacher) Tim O'Neil, "We had thought to put our window facing the hallway, but then we looked at how boring the math department and their hallway view is, and we decided to face the student commons."

Stone Cold Steve Alyward said, "Yeah, Captain Flanagan and his wisecracks are the only thing making the math

department interesting. We wanted instead to watch students gorge themselves in that waste hole they call the commons."

The addition of the window has added a new coolness to the social studies office. Students have been found congregating in the office during activity period and at lunch.

Students are fascinated by the daily Monahan show, the five minute struggle to figure out how to work the coffee machine and produce the liquid gold he works off of. They can also listen to Alyward's tales, each lasting the whole activity period.

The tag team of Brock Kesterson and O'Neil exploit their collective coolness and gather the most student admirers. O'Neil dresses in his infamous pirate outfit and has shaved his goatee to make him

look even younger. Kesterson no longer complains about apparent back pains, as he tries to act younger than 30.

Dave Barton and Tom Wilson have brought in a mini-football table and hold tournaments among students. Barton has declared it the "Quest for the Rosebowl Cup."

Bob O'Connell freestyles and demonstrates his dance moves for freshmen and sophmores as he grades his papers. The place has even become so popular that Fr. Harrison has moved back into the department and has brought his anarchist followers with him.

Monahan said of the hip attitude, "How the hell does learning go on here? I mean, come on. I've gone from watching the bread line to being a five minute moron. The march to mediocrity ladies and gentlemen. Truly 'Murikan."

Crocs and Clogs battle over fate of the universe

Mardoch the Invincible Level 7 Ice Mage

From the dawn of time, human history has progressed when a thesis clashes with its antithesis, resulting in a synthesis and the evolution of the world. On March 1, as predicted by Nostradamus, a St. Louis U. High senior strutted into the cafeteria sporting crocs, the antichrist to the clogs that have ruled SLUH's halls since the Enlightenment.

Heads turned and lunch trays clattered as the Croc invader inspired and terrified the polo- and clog-adorned masses.

Jimmy Blacksheep, a freshman described it: "He walked into the room and, man, it was like, snap man, I was trippin'. I thought it was Jesus dude. It was beautiful."

However, not all students were impressed; the Clog Clique, an exclusive posse of elite juniors, was pissed out de hizzie.

"For months the CC has owned SLUH with our phat rides, but now these fools are stepping on our feet, playaya, they're stealing our thang and we're totally beefed about it," explained Shoesy McWearalot.

one of the most elite of CC members.

The CC members were all beefed up totally, and other, rival pro-Birk groups, such as the Birk Boyz and the WeWantClogs, Yo, also expressed similar discomfort with the presence of the new footwear on the school campus.

"It's tradition, and tradition never graduates, man. We want our school back, the crocs have got to go," yelled the CC's head henchman.

This and other similar reactions sparked the Clog-Croc war. Following the initial intrusion, an explosion of crocs sprouted the next day at SLUH, raising their popularity to the same level as clogs. Even H. E. Clark was seen walking around in a brand new pair, as was history teacher Dano Monahan, who had bought a pair for everyone in the history department.

The tension climaxed at lunch when clog partisans stood up on a table and kicked off their clogs at the croc side of the room (the cafeteria had been segregated into clog- and croc-tables). Kickboxing and sumo-wrestling ensued, and even the divided cafeteria staff joined in on different sides. When Clark arrived to put down the riot, he instead com-

manded his own troop of croc-ers, but was met by Paul Sheridan, S.J., who had joined the CC, explaining, "the clogs bring out the brown in my eyes, and they look classier for the family that is SLUH."

After a day of camel kicks and shoe scuffling resulting in a stalemate, Clark and Sheridan signed a make-shift treaty in Versailles, France. The Treaty of Versailles, drawn up by Clark and confirmed by Sheridan, banned both crocs and clogs, as well as forbidding all footwear.

"I had a metanoia," Clark stated, "I've made a 360 degree turn, and I know this is the path on which our shoeless feet should trod. I realize now how evil shoes are, and hopefully next year I'll be able to ban all clothing on school grounds. Clothing is the tool of the devil," Clark declared.

The new dress code, which bans all footwear and encourages attending school commando or in birthday suits, will go into effect next Saturday.

Quote of the Week

"Son, your ego is writing checks your body can't cash."

—Top Gun

Faculty mixes-it-up, teaching style

**Zach Morris
Bonesman**

In order to promote newfound respect among faculty, Assistant Principal for Academics Mark Michalski has declared next week to be Faculty/Staff Mix-It-Up Week. Throughout the week, teachers will teach each other's classes, and the plan is that teachers will end the week with new respect for one another.

Michalski decided to institute Mix-It-Up Week because of an incident that occurred in the Currihan Room during Faculty/Staff Mix-It-Up lunch yesterday. When English teacher Rich Moran left the lunch line with a tray full of spaghetti, he was confronted by social studies thugs Danno Monahan and Brock Kesterson. Monahan pushed the tray onto Moran's haberdashery shirt. Kesterson later suggested that Moran "check his attitude."

"The fisticuffs show a clear need for more respect among faculty," Michalski said. "Especially towards the administration from those (expletive deleted) over in the J-Wing. I swear to whatever God they worship over there, the theology department is worthless."

In a twist of irony, the first two names that were "randomly" selected were

HOME COOKIN'

(from 1)
ued, "Shoot, those things are so amazing! It's mid-March and everyone has been complimenting me that they don't see those nasty orange streaks in my winter tan anymore. Man do I love V2K. I'm actually thinking about starting V3K so I can get a few more booths."

A current fake baker, senior Brian Hausman commented on the booths, "Dude, these things are the fuego! I look so freakin' hot." When asked why he chose to begin fake baking, Hausman joked, "I just started (fake baking) to get a good base tan for Spring Break '05, which by the way was the bomb. But then I realized how hot I started to look. The more I looked in the mirror the more I realized that my silky-smooth golden skin

Moran's and Monahan's. Monahan will teach Moran's English classes next week, while Moran will be responsible for the education of Monahan's AP US History classes.

"Maybe I'll teach (my students) how to write a proper essay instead of reading the work of hermit Alaskan poets," Monahan suggested. "There will be no 'poem' by e.e. cummings."

Another twist of irony had chemistry teacher Bill Anderson and biology teacher Steve Kuensting teaching sophomore theology classes. While Bill plans to blast the creationist theory once and for all, Kuensting plans to "watch a movie or three, have some 'discussions,' go to confession, and give them Friday off. You know, a pretty standard week of theology."

Some teachers have raised doubts about the educational value of such a week. "We're a month away from the AP, dammit," growled AP Modern European History teacher and conservative orthodox Muslim Steve Aylward, who will be a Jesuit and school president next week.

"With such a crunch in the fourth quarter, the timing could be better," conceded principal Mary Schenkenberg, who will take over the football, driver's ed, weights and phone duties of Gary Kornfeld

really does complement my pink polo and popped collar. Hausman finished off saying, "Finally, I'm getting something out of this school besides a heart attack from that skeet cafeteria."

However, ridiculously greasy burgers might not be the only biological hazard to his health at SLUH. Pale Students Against Tanning (PSAT), a group of about two, have informed fellows students that fake baking in tanning salons is a leading cause in skin cancer later on in life. Senior spokesman Tom Progresso said, "It's simple! Normal people aren't orange in February. It's a proven fact that lengthened exposure to sun causes skin cancer. If they love lying in a really bright box all day then at least "get on the boat" with some Banana Boat SPF 45. And by the

next week. "But I am very confident that our faculty will adequately fill in for one another. Except for the math department. I'm a bit concerned about them."

Schenkenberg ought to be more concerned for the upkeep of the grounds. Latin teacher Mary Lee McConaghy, affectionately known as "Magistra," will be raking the synthetic turf field and cleaning toilets next week.

"There are a plethora of water closets to sanitize, but unfortunately, my pecuniary remuneration will not be adequately raised to sufficiently cover the rankness of your (expletive deleted) I have to clean up," Magistra explained.

Magistra, who is to don Fendi capri pants and Manolo Bhanik shoes and promises to leave the bathrooms smelling fresh, could not be more excited about her job, but is concerned that her substitute, Ray Manker, will drop the Oral Component from her Latin classes next week.

Art teacher John Mueller will teach AP Physics and a section of AP BC Calculus next week.

As next week's Dean of Students, Kesterson plans on a "somewhat to moderately loose" enforcement of the rules. "I'm not gonna dog you all week for untucked shirttails," Kesterson explained. "But if you get up in my grille or call me 'B-Rock,' you're mine."

way, in Victorian times a pale body was more desirable than a tan one. Give me cheetos."

A proponent of the tanning booth simply said, "Dude PSAT is totally NOT the fuego." When asked which PSAT Hausman was referring to he wasn't quite sure, but either way he voiced an overall whiny and angry argument against it. "They don't have any facts and they are really pale. Oh, and dude, that thing about cancer is totally a skeet lie."

On the truth whether or not fake tanning is a risk for cancer, the school nurse said, "It's not our problem once they leave SLUH. Besides, not one alumnus has complained yet." The nurse failed to bring up that the tanning booths were installed this

see MMM MMM GOOD, 6

SCHAEFFER

(from 1)

during a break at the retreat. Explained Moran, "I had been eyeing that croissant, but he went in and snaked it before I could get to it."

Kesterson vehemently denies the allegation, but agreed that he and Moran never became fast friends. "Riche\$ M has to stop cramping my style," Kesterson whined.

Since Moran's battle track, neither has been seen without at least three fellow departmental teachers. Kesterson is escorted to class by Danno "Dan-O" Monahan, Tom "Big Fella" Wilson and Aylward. Moran favors the company of William "Wild Bill" George, Charles "I only like southern novelists and British playwrights" Hussung and Steve "Stone Cold Steve Missey" Missey.

The two posses have engaged in combat a number of times. Yesterday, Kesterson and Monahan covered Moran's shirt in a plate of spaghetti and verbally threatened the well-being of Moran's favorite red pen. Finally, Kesterson's factory-standard 14-inch rims were reported stolen from his car.

Kesterson has not yet released the retaliatory mixtape, but this reporter obtained an early copy of the track, entitled "#1 Teacha." In the song, Kesterson calls himself "Teacher number one/Because Riche\$ can't hang with my daddy's son." He goes on to call Moran "a foolish teacher/a lot like a Godless preacher." In his final line, he warns the English department "to watch out for me and mine/ because all our girls are mighty fine/ we're itching to go, our pens are ready/

TIME-OUT

(from 2)

tion has created the Efficiency Committee to evaluate the discussions.

"As of right now, all options are on the table to address this problem," said Principal Mary Schenkenberg. "Obviously SLUH values the English department, but we do not condone this type of behavior at SLUH."

President Paul Sheridan, S.J., con-

when we grade, we hold them steady."

In a surprise appearance, veteran battler Aylward takes on his old nemesis, saying that Moran "can't hold a candle to me/I will sting him like a killer bee/I read his essays, and they aren't much/I leave them bleeding with my red pen and such."

So far, students have been left out of the beef, but hallway politics have already shifted. English types have begun squaring off against history buffs in impromptu freestyles and the occasional walk-off.

"The lines have been drawn," said one Honors English student as he nervously glanced over his shoulder. "We're ready to roll when the time comes."

In the wake of yesterday's Currihan Room confrontation, Aylward has taken over Kesterson's security. "I know how these things work," Aylward explained. "I learned a lot from my beef with Texas Tim, and I got B-Rock's back. If they try to pull anything, step on our turf or whatnot, they will have a serious problem on their hands. I'm a wolf."

Moran, however, is optimistic as to the result of the beef. "Pac and Big taught us all a lot. We're going to keep it safe, but if the (expletive deleted) gets thick, we're down." Moran also obtained an advance copy of "#1 Teacha," and has already planned his response. "They have nothing on me, but my claws are going to come out. B-Rock is just a washed-up West Countyite, and The Captain is going to feel my wrath."

Moran gave this reporter a freestyled sample of the response to end the interview: "B-Rock, I love your gelled hair/It looks like the hindquarters of my wild mare/Your glasses are cool/I'll floor you in any bout/Captain says he's holding you down but he's just a sellout."

cluded, "It is with sad, sad hearts that we recognize that some members of the family that is SLUH have these issues, but we are one body, one mind, and one spirit. The outpouring of love and kindness that I have seen SLUH give to these lost wayward sheep is amazing and I firmly intend with your help, to sin...erm...and I firmly believe that, we will get through this. And hopefully, enrollment will not decline."

GANGS OF STL

(from 3)

owed Sciuto a favor. Busenhardt concocted a tonic that would trigger McCall's appendix to burst. At a meeting one morning, Sciuto simply poured the tonic into McCall's drink while fellow Theology teacher and rising member of the respected gang, Matt Stewart, distracted McCall with his latest relaxation exercises.

The very recent news of mathematics teacher Kate Thaman's car accident is teacher-gang related, but only by mistake. Steve Missey, one of the English department gangs most tenacious members, recruited ASC English teacher, Sean O'Neil, to "take care of" Mathematics chair Tom Becvar who had a clear majority at winning the new Assistant Principal position. However, O'Neil misread Missey's "snap-point" gesture towards Becvar, as the pair stood outside the math office in the second floor middle corridor. O'Neil instead thought Missey had gestured towards Becvar's office neighbor, Thaman.

One of the most drastic attempts by a department gang remains a mystery to this very day. Two years ago before the start of 2002-2003 school year, AP US History teacher Danno Monahan fell off the roof of the first story of his house. Miraculously, Monahan went away with only two missing teeth and a lot of aches and bruises, but this has been by far the farthest a gang has gone to get rid of a rival gang member. Although, it isn't known for sure, Monahan's own theory on his assassination attempt blames the English department. As a result, Monahan has vowed never to speak of them by name but instead bitterly refers to them as "those people upstairs."

MMM MMM GOOD

(from Zebulon 363.84)

year.

With the recent success of fake baking at SLUH and the growing addiction to it from the senior class, it looks as though tan booths are here to stay. So if SLUH gets progressively darker it is not because we moved to Florida or even South County, but because of those four little boxes from the golden gods. Thank you V2K!