OZZY OSBOURNE PUBLIC SCHOOL

2020-2021

THE HEURISTIC ~~SKW~~ SQUELCH

VOLUME 31 ISSUE 1



THIS YEARBOOK BELONGS TO:

Jack L. Emhoff



Welcome to Ozzy Osbourne Public School. It's just like any other school. In the morning, these teenagers pack their guns and lunches before catching the bus to campus. There's the jock, Derek Basketball, who competes in Division I ATV racing and bass fishing. There's the nerd, Timmy Cratchit, who spends all his time learning how to read while fighting dysentery. There's the artsy kid of course, Sapphire Art-Garfunkel, who pretends her boyfriend is a girl whenever they kiss. Then, there's Jane Doe. She's just like you. In fact, every morning she watches you through the mirror, perfecting her impressions of your every motion. She's just like you. She knows you better than you know yourself. It's like any other school — you have your jocks, nerds, artists, Jehovah's Witnesses, failed screenwriters, amateur chefs, stay-at-home dads, a foreign exchange student, and Jane Doe. In the single year that OOPS has been an operating school, it has seen one hundred and eighty-two firearm accidents, three chlamydia outbreaks, and one fatal duel. So go ahead, take a dive into the history of OOPS's Class of 2021!

COME JOIN THE
squelch

MEETINGS:
JOIN US AT OUR WEEKLY MEETINGS
WED. 8-10 PM, SUN. 3-5 PM

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The Heuristic
SQUELCH

Defending American freedom since 1991

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* Joseph and Ava declare a conflict of interest arising from the fact that they began dating during this issue's publication cycle. This has not affected the contents of the issue, but it has affected the publication date - in a good way. (Joseph's senioritis was setting in.) Drew declares no conflict of interest.

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words from the top

Uh.

Three and a half years ago, I was in a hallway full of students, following a mysterious email that ended: Stay thrifty and don't commit crimes. I asked nearby students if they were there for the same reason as me. Each person I asked gave me a look of confusion, disgust, and maybe hatred. All at once, they filed out of the hallway, into some consulting club's info session. As I stood alone in the hallway, a door nearby opened, and a goofy looking guy in a baseball cap poked his head out. He asked, "Hey, are you here for the Squelch?"

The Squelch at the time consisted of a few pasty, gangly English majors, one of them drinking a mojito from a Starbucks cup, another who took the Squelch's advertisement for jugglers seriously. Our goal at the time was humble: keep the Squelch alive.

From there began a journey that has changed many lives, mostly for the worse. With this band of awkward wastrels, I have faced threats from numerous blades, have pissed on more parts of campus than I care to admit, and have had a hangover so bad I almost missed the first day of my sophomore year. I have watched our gaggle of fools grow as I learned more than I ever expected to know about cannibalism, self-mummification, and Ted Kaczynski. In the many hours I have spent in meetings, I have been part of a team of twisted, deranged artists, a team that has created likely illegal how-to guides, an erotic fanfiction about a well-loved vice chancellor, and the lore for an entire Reagan-obsessed, anti-vaccine, Ozzy Osbourne-themed high school. Along the way, we have somehow published six magazines.

If you have read a previous Squelch, you might be wondering when I will turn to you, the reader, and make some witty joke. Dear reader, this is not that kind of piece. This is a love letter to the Squelch.

Dear Squelch, I have wasted hundreds of hours on you, hours I could have spent doing anything with the slightest benefit to society. Why did I do it? I think I like the idea of a club where people gather to publish in a form that no one cares about anymore. More than that, I like the idea of a club where awkward, strange, weird, and often freaky people can come together and be themselves. Is it a waste of time? Yes. Does anyone care about our work? No. But that doesn't matter. Here we are, thirty-one years later, long past our expiration date, hidden in the back of your pantry, and more than a little moldy.

Joseph Cohn

table of contents

4 newsflashes

6 oops: a groovy fifty year history

7 retiring teachers

8 class of 2021 yearbook pictures

10 superlatives

12 join us

13 clubs

14 faces around campus

16 letter from the yearbook club

17 obituary: chester fletcher roosevelt iii

18 join the rotc!

19 yearbook signatures

Transcript Of Duel Between Students

By Drew Bernhard, Operation Just Cause kid

EXT. OOPS TERF Football Field - DAY

In a heated exchange, OOPS's War of 1812 Kid and WW2 Kid faced off. Finally, the time had come to decide which war was more foundational to the genesis of modern America. Tensions were high. It was a form of trench warfare neither was too familiar with.

War of 1812 Kid: *[attempting Cockney accent]* Stand down rapscallion! You stand less of a chance at victory than General Dearborn did at capturing Montréal!

World War II Kid: *[in a strong, insincere New York accent]* Yeah right. You're more FUBAR than a khaki wacky chained to a dead hoofing chrome dome. You better make like the 21st French Infantry Division after the Battle of Boulogne and surrender!

War of 1812 Kid: You're more useless than the Battle of New Orleans.

World War II Kid: Oh yeah? Well you better make like King Leopold III of Belgium and surrender.

War of 1812 Kid: You're burning through comebacks faster than the White House.

World War II Kid: Uh huh? Get ready to make like the final Polish army corp at the Battle of Kock and suck it.

War of 1812 Kid: Can you shut the fuck up.

World War II Kid: You're a bigger failure than your prized 'Anaconda Plan.'

War of 1812 Kid: That's the Civil War, you dolt.

World War II Kid: Roll up your flaps, kraut. Unless you want me to stick a pineapple up your ass and send you on a long blanket drill.

War of 1812 Kid: Ligma.

World War II Kid: Ligma?

War of 1812 Kid: Ligma Old Hickory.

At this point, WWII kid is enraged and somewhat respectfully aroused. In what will come to be known as a tactile mishap, he brandishes his V:42 stiletto combat knife and charges.

World War II Kid: Island hop on this dick, bitch.

But War of 1812 Kid is ready. He has been yearning for this moment: to prove, once and for all, that the War of 1812 is the preeminent American war, the only American war, the sexiest American war. He reaches for his handy blunderbuss, and within seconds, fires away.

War of 1812 Kid: Fastest draw since Fuss and Feathers.

He misses spectacularly. Nevertheless, for the sake of the LARP, WWII Kid collapses onto the grass of TERF Field, arching his back to accommodate his large backpack. War of 1812 Kid holsters his blunderbuss and walks to fourth period.

World War II Kid: *[hoarsely]* What a helluva way to die, you debaucherous débutante.

An Open Letter to Campus Meatman Jonas II

By Jonas Castillo I, Campus Leafman

You motherfucker. Oh, you MOTHERFUCKER. You wanted to join the EDITORIAL STAFF of UC Berkeley's OLDEST, INTENTIONALLY FUNNY publication. You contact us three-quarters into the fall semester. "Fine," we say. We email you the link to our application – here's a hint, this application was impossible to fail. But you still failed it. You returned the application to us written in brown crayon on WIDE RULED binder paper.

We tell you no. We say that there's already a Jonas on the writing team, and that having two would only lead to confusion and further disorganization. You didn't like that answer. You say that there's already two Ava's, two white guys (at least), two members born in July. You elaborate on this, saying that the Squelch operates in pairs of two, and having a second Jonas would only double our efficiency. We STRONGLY disagree. You cook us a cheeseburger in an attempt to sway our opinions.

The cheeseburger was pretty good. It brought me to the realization that, in many ways, the work of a Squelch writer is easy. We risk very little, yet enjoy a position over prospective writers who offer up their work and themselves to our judgment. We thrive on negative criticism, which is indeed fun to write and to read.

However the bitter truth we "poo-poo-ha-ha writers" must face is that, in the grand scheme of things, the average piece of junk is probably more meaningful than our criticism. But there are times when a writer truly risks something, and that is in the discovery and defense of The New. The world is often unkind to new talent, new fiction. The New needs friends. So why us?

God, you're obsessed with us. You want to be with us. You want to BE us. But you can't. Why do you want to be a part of the Squelch so bad? If you want it so bad, get on your knees and BEG. Open your mouth. Stick your tongue out. Take our magazine in your mouth like a sloppy, stupid dog. Fuck yeah, TAKE it. You're such a squelchy little bitch boy. OUR squelchy little bitch boy. Welcome to the team.



Clumsy meat eating freakazoid can't even cut his stupid burger.

IN OTHER NEWS:

Virgin Postal Worker Finally Delivers Package Page A13

Pete Davidson Passed Around Like A Bong Page 51B

Op-ed: We All Owe Joseph McCarthy An Apology Page H18

Weezer Fan Tired Of Sex Page F12

Confused Furry Declares Anthropology Page F69

Breaking News: Did You Know This Actor Is Filipino? Page US1945

I Am Off My Lexapro And The Room Keeps Spinning Page 58008

I'm Fertile Page 18+

Students Host COVID Potluck

By Sage Alexander, virus positivity activist

Where can you get Covid, measles, mumps, rubella, and freshly baked lasagna all in the same place? OOPS's very own Measles Club hosted its first ever Covid Potluck this September to huge success.

"We all know how important measles parties are to establish natural, vaccine-free antibodies for kids," Senior Albert "Sniffles" Portenia said. "We wanted to help protect kids from both diseases and microchips from vaccines. Basically, a bunch of us get together and spread whatever sickness someone has to bring to help develop immunity to future infections. Now, with Covid propaganda everywhere, we decided to see if we really could catch it."

The potluck included dishes native to the students' home countries. Junior exchange student Jeff brought a piping plate of salt-water taffy from his home town of Newark, New Jersey. Toni "Pepperoni" "Conan 'The Barbarian'" O'Brien, of Italian descent, baked a three-layer lasagna, a recipe she says was passed down from her great grandmother. One of the biggest hits was a traditional Shepherd's Pie, adapted to be potato free and vegan by Irish-American Ryan Kennedy.

"It was a huge success. One of our members, Patty, actually caught three viruses from the potluck, including Covid!" said Sniffles. He wanted the event to be inclusive, encompassing at least three virus immunities, and was happy to report extensive spread of illness as a result of his efforts. He hopes to make this a yearly event, and hopes to partner with more clubs to increase participation and possible viruses available to catch. "In such a dark time, it's heartwarming to see clubs really take initiative for protecting our kids," Vice Principal, gym coach, and biology teacher Andrew Wakefield said.

Op-ed: Free The OOPS I Did It Agains

By Ämy Kirkland, dancing queen

My name is Ämy Kirkland (unrelated to Amy Schumer) and I write to you today with a heavy heart and quads with the density of a dying sun. It has come to my attention that due to low interest levels, the OOPS administration has decided to pop, lock, and stop the funding and development of the dance team, the OOPS I Did it Agains. However, given that the "football" team is composed of only ONE "player," it is COMPLETELY feasible for the OOPS I Did it Agains to have low numbers. As an act of what I can only describe as manifest destiny, I am seeking to reclaim dance at the Ozzy Osbourne Public "School". Some may still claim that the lack of interest in the team is cause for omission, but I believe that I can carry the team on my own"." After all, as I'm sure many of you know, following our studies at the Kenny Ortega Institute of Tap (the faucet, not the dance) my twin brother and I won the Butte County partner dance competition with our contemporary interpretation of the Disney original Perry the Platypus theme song, otherwise known as Doobie-Doobie-Doo-Bah, otherwise known as Doofenschmirtz's Lament, otherwise known as Mating Waltz of the Egg-Laying Aquatic Mammals. Some have said that we only won the competition because our father was one of the judges, but we aren't even that close with him anyway. Besides, everyone says we look much more like our uncle, his brother. In conclusion, together we can bring dance back to OOPS—it is what Ozzy Osbourne would have wanted.

Messiah Pretending To Come

By Joseph Cohn, waiting for death threats

The Messiah will come. Few religions do not have some form of this tenet. Deirdre O'Malley, a former divorce attorney and Slavic literature professor, has a new question: "Is the Messiah pretending to come?"

O'Malley sees Messianic religions as sharing a tendency toward a focus on one's own needs. "We have developed practices, entire institutions, that claim to speed the Messiah's coming. Few ask if the Messiah finds any enjoyment in these practices."

In her book, *My Eyes Have Seen the Glory*, O'Malley illustrates the history of once key religious practices. She includes self-flagellation, a common practice in the Middle Ages, as an act we thought pleased the Messiah. She also describes practices that have retained their significance. "Many still insist beads will help the Messiah come. Even more believe they must humiliate themselves to please him. Of course, you also have the occasional believer in missionary work, though that has fallen rather out of style."

While O'Malley believes modern religions have adopted a more patient, hands-off approach, she still believes they are looking for the wrong signs of the Messiah's coming. "The most expected image is a dramatic climax, a redness blushing across the sky, while the air seems to ring with an angelic chorus. They seek the rushing of the chariot, the trumpet that marks the day that is the last day. Perhaps the Messiah's coming will be quiet. If we do not pay attention, we may miss it altogether."

In the meantime, O'Malley has a simple suggestion. "If you read religious texts, any text, you will see that the Messiah desires human goodness. Forgiveness, honesty, love—these are what will help the Messiah come. That is what we have forgotten. When the Messiah comes, we want him to peg us as people of kindness, not followers of sin."

Ozzy Osbourne Public School: A Groovy Fifty Year History

When the psychedelic folk band Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme's maraquero Sage Green broke his lava lamp while demonstrating his newly invented sport, laser football, his bandmates decided it was time to take a trip. After listening to Canned Heat's "Going Up the Country" fifty times in one evening, they piled into a Volvo station wagon and drove north, their destination being Mexico. Their journey ended six hours later, when lead guitarist Parsley Simmons tried to fuel their car using an entire blotter sheet. The friends found themselves in the woods of Modoc County, somehow farther from Mexico, to which driver and fiddler Rosemary Shrub replied, "Oops!"



Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme at their new commune, some point before Thyme's arrest in 1972

After quickly establishing the area's largest herb farm, a commune formed around the band. This edenic period ended when the CIA intercepted rhythm guitarist Thyme Slipchinsky as he delivered herbs to a local rehabilitation center. Fearing further federal harassment, the diminished Parsley, Sage, and Rosemary took steps to give the appearance of a normal town. Among these steps was establishing a public school, which they nicknamed "OOPS" after Rosemary's exclamation. Becoming paranoid that their school needed a real name, they flipped through records until they found Black Sabbath's "Paranoid," giving them a name: Ozzy Osbourne Public School.

Having no intention to use the school, OOPS became a practice space and occasional loveshack. The commune thrived in these years, attracting local dropouts and "environmental activists." The school partnered with a sister school in New Jersey, founded by former Greenwich Village bohemians bummed that Allen Ginsberg had moved to San Francisco. Newark Unified Teaching Substitute provided OOPS an east coast contact and occasional source of exchange students.

In 1987, upon learning that the Grateful Dead had gone commercial with their first hit song, "Touch of Gray," OOPS's commune decided to cut off contact with the modern world. With only occasional news from NUTS, OOPS remained in its small bubble. Before 2020, OOPS had learned of little recent news other than 9/11, "The Sopranos," and Fox News, of which it became a big fan. When OOPS learned that an unknown virus was shutting down schools around the world, OOPS decided The Man had gone too far, and it took the unprecedented step of opening its doors.



Forcing an OOPS education on the local youth has not been an easy job. OOPS's Class of 2021 tells the story of what happens when a commune shuts itself off from the outside world, besides Newark, New Jersey, for thirty years.

Congratulations, Class of 2021!



Honoring Our Retirees!



Our dedicated staff and faculty make Ozzy Osbourne Public School such a special place. This year, we have the honor of recognizing two members of our staff who have made an indelible mark on the commune!



Dr. Amy G. Dala ← MILF

In her 10 years here at Ozzy Osbourne Public School, Dr. Dala has served as the school counselor (both virtually and in-person) to at least 12 students – possibly more. With a PhD in child psychology from an undisclosed location, she has helped guide students through every situation imaginable, from mental illness to obtaining marriage certificates. Notable OOPS graduate Crystyll Méthe (Class of '17) had the following to say about this beloved member of our campus community: "[Dr. Dala] is great. I went to her junior year because I thought I was depressed. But then she told me that I wasn't because my life was good and I didn't have anything to be sad about. Honestly, she's a miracle worker!" Unfortunately, due to budget cuts, Dr. Dala will be leaving us at the end of the year. There are currently no plans to refill the position.

A Day in the Life of an OOPS Student

8:00 am: first bell
8:05 am: begin day with short military workout
8:12 am: microdose on shrooms
8:20 am: first period (uncritical race theory)
9:30 am: eat homegrown, unwashed vegetables and bunker food
9:42 am: another microdose
9:50 am: second period (cult literature)
11:00 am: doomsday drill
1:05 pm: sit in permanently hotboxed closet (same as the cough closet)
1:10 pm: third period (theoretical biology)
2:20 pm: end of school day. sports and extracurriculars

Coach James "Jim" Nayzeum



An alum himself (Class of '92), Coach Nayzeum has taught at OOPS for nearly three decades. In his time here, he has led our football player to victory in more than 400 consecutive games. Well-known for his can-do attitude, unbridled rage, and passion for kids, Nayzeum has endeared himself to all during his tenure. Current sophomore Connor Sürvateve (Class of '23) says this about the coach: "He's so cool! One time, he had us tread water in the lake for PE, and then he threw red playground balls at our heads while shouting 'Think fast!' ... It was awesome!" Tragically, Coach Nayzeum will not be able to return to campus next year, as he is currently wanted in 17 different states for unspecified reasons and has to flee the country. However, no worries for the future of the OOPS Athletics Program (not that it was in danger anyway), as Nayzeum recently donated a vast amount of money through an offshore banking account. His replacement will be none other than famous OOPS seven-time senior Robin Dacraëdel (Class of '02).

Norm is a WHORE!

CLASS OF 2021



SAPPHIRE ART-GARFUNKEL

"Peace and love, peace and love."

-Ringo Starr



DEREK BASKETBALL

"We have worked too hard to have someone take all this away from us, it is wrong.

-Chase Garbers



ABRAHAM "HIROSHI 'DARKSTAR' YAMA-GATA" CHO

"政府が制限されない限り、人は自由ではありません。"

-Sensei Raigun



TIMMY CRATCHIT

"Something with an offensive British accent"

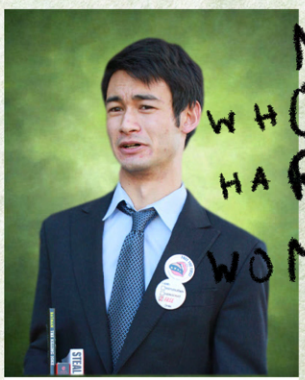
-Dickens



JANE DOE

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

-Eleanor Roosevelt



NORM HOOVER

"A political society does not live to conduct foreign policy; it would be more correct to say that it conducts foreign policy in order to live."

-George F. Kennan

CLASS OF 2020 1

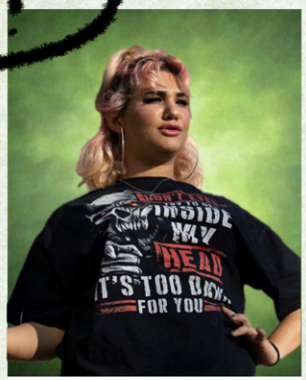
COVID-1984



MEI "MAELYNN" LIN

"Come and take it."

-Ronald Reagan



TONI "PEPPERONI" "CONAN THE BARBARIAN" O'BRIEN

"I will fucking attack you like a squirrel monkey."

-Snooki



ANDREW "LACTOSE INTOLERANT" REYNOLDS

"I'm not the one to sort of sit and cry over spilt milk. I'm too busy looking for the next cow."

-Gordon Ramsey

I'm a weenie!



ERWIN MONTGOMERY "GEORGY" EISENHOWER ROMMEL

"If I was on the USS York-town, Pearl Harbor would not have happened."

-Mark Wahlberg



CAT STEVENS

"By the way, I never realized that to be nonbelieving, to be an atheist, was a thing to be proud of. It went without saying as it were...Our creed is indeed a queer creed. You others, Christians (and similar people), consider our ethics much inferior, indeed abominable. There is that little difference. We adhere to ours in practice, you don't."

–Erwin Schroedinger



ANDREW YANNEY

"My life sax."

-Andrew Yanney

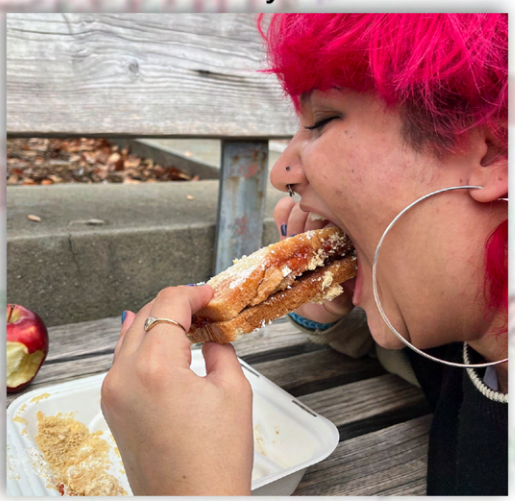
Senior SU



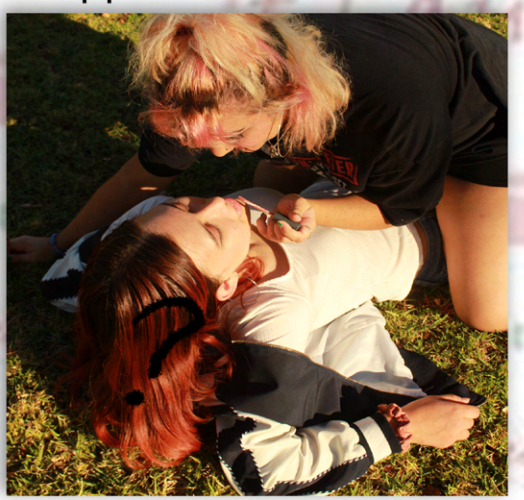
best bromance
Erwin "Georgy" Rommel and
Mei "Maelynn" Lin



cutest couple
Norm Hoover and
Sapphire Art Garfunkel



most italian
Toni Pepperoni O'Brien



best friends
Jane Doe and Toni O'Brien

PERlatives

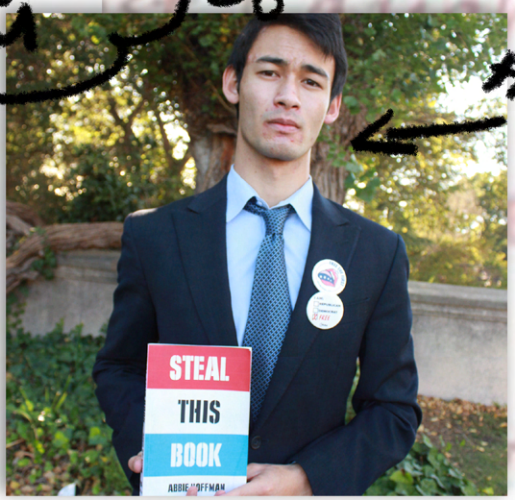


most likely
[REDACTED]



most likeley to suck seed
Jane Doe and Mei "Maelynn" Lin







most athletic
Derek Basketball

Most Political
Norm Hoover

D.A.R.E.

DO A RADICAL EDIBLE

- One hit won't hurt
- (really, I drive better high)
- You'll unlock cooler drugs like Prozac, b12 vitamins, and Ketamine
- helps diagnose schizophrenia



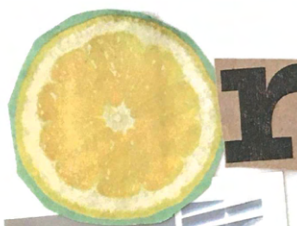
DARE TO LEGALIZE IT!

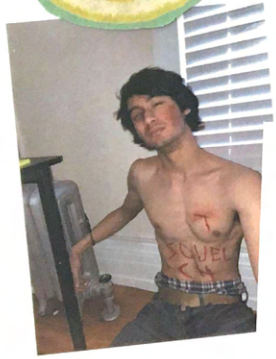
Paid for by Kyle and the Central Intelligence Agency

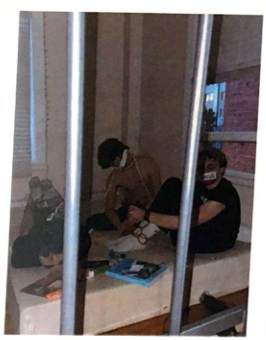
JOIN US



OR WE KILL A WRITER









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Clubs







Milk Club

Milk me, Mommy!



Keeps our resident sweep strong!



Future Vets of America



Cop Club

STRUMPET

Bat Scouts



Faces Around Cam



Band Kid Studies Up

Band kid Andrew Yanney is smarter and more advanced than many of his peers. He is really a visionary, someone who is going to change the world. He spends his lunch hour like this, studying music theory and flexing his intellectual superiority. Why don't you have fun like the other kids, Yanney?



When Cats are in Heat

Look out for Cat Stevens! Sometimes, when kitty doesn't get what she wants, she goes on an adorable rampage. Students spotted this Senior knocking over milk bottles, climbing up trees, and assualting Abraham Cho with a Katana.



npus



Touching Display of Friendly Camaraderie

In a moment of passion, two good friends share lip gloss. Seniors Jane Doe and our Italian American exchange student Toni "Pepperoni" "Dostoevsky" "Conan 'The Barbarian'" O'Brien say they've been best friends since O'Brien moved in August. They share makeup, gossip, and a bed during their frequent sleepovers. "Jane makes me feel like no boy ever has," said O'Brien.



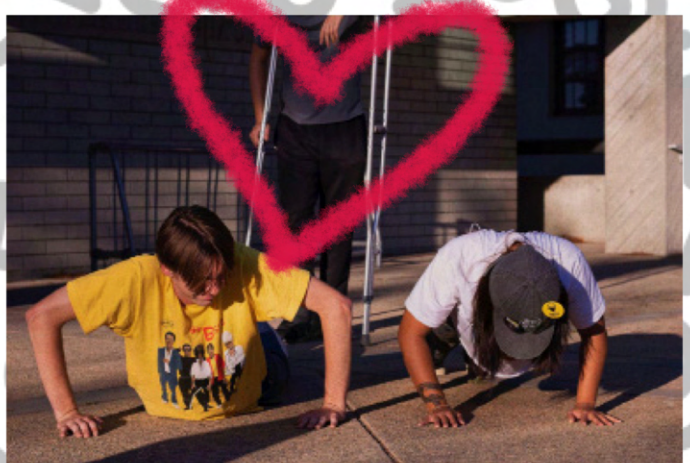
Student shows teacher her Book Report, an excerpt of which can be read below

I lurn'd t'read book by William Blake who'z a bri'ish writter in he only wrote abot chimney sweeps an how 'orrble the bri'ish are. Now methinks I hates me jobbie.

know I now hiw too reed.

Pushup Contest

Our region-renowned star athlete Derek Basketball suffered a terrible accident last summer while performing a gymnastics move for the dance team. Derek is our quarterback, varsity hurdler, swim captain, goalie, and the pride of OOPS. He's also sweet to elderly ladies. Here, he watches two other students have a push-up competition. Derek could likely do many more push ups than these two, but his torn ligament forces him to sit on the sidelines.




CBD gummies
1500MG
Babybel
Original
POLITICAL CORRECTNESS IS TYRANNY WITH MANNERS.
-CHARLTON HESTON
Dear Buckley Bonanno,
We accept that we had to sacrifice an entire semester working on this sexy hot garbage as punishment for whatever sins we committed in our past lives but we think you're crazy to make us write a letter telling you who we think we are. You already know who we are, in the simplest, least syllabic terms, with the most convenient definitions. And what we've found out is that we pretty much are just a Katana Kid, a Libertarian, a Cat Girl, an Italian American, and a Victorian Orphan.
Sincerely,
The Snacktime Recess Club
OOPS!
Holy Bible
ANALYTIC GEOM
THE FOUNTAINHEAD
AYN RAND
HARRY POT
AND THE CURSED CH
"Politicians and diapers must be changed often, and for the same reason."
-Mark Twain

IN MEMORIAM
Chester Fletcher Roosevelt



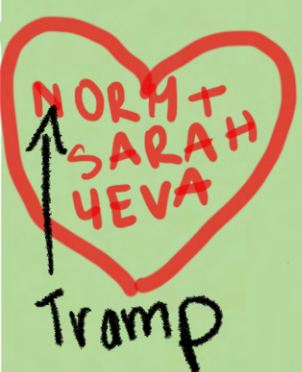
Our beloved security guard, Chester Fletcher Roosevelt, known as "The Cheetah" for his speed and agility in snatching up hooligans, tragically and heroically sacrificed himself for our students' safety during a shooting. Although he died of a heart attack, instead of a bullet wound, and though the NRA does not consider this a school shooting, it's the thought that counts. Chester fought in the Vietnam War and is estimated to have fathered twenty-five children while abroad, lovingly referred to as his cheetah cubs. After, he joined the Hell's Angels, fulfilling his love for sexually charged security work. It was through this that he learned high school security work was for him.

Although Chester never fully agreed with our commune's ideals, he was a devoted supporter of Vermin Supreme. He was very into the idea of giving everyone a free pony. He also sponsored the campus JROTC and organized Police Day, which proved to be his downfall.

To honor Chester's passing, Ozzy Osbourne Public School will be working together to commemorate him. A new football field will be constructed in memoriam, so that our star football player Derek Basketball (once he recovers from his concussion) can lead us to victory in all upcoming games.

Top Ten Highlights of the School Year

1. My first measles party (at Theta Chi)
2. Bring your blank tax forms to school day
3. Eugenics seminar by David Prescott Barrows
4. Sex-ed with Alaskan senator Sarah Palin
5. Taking a trip to the woods
6. Celebrating 85% of our students not being on a watchlist
7. Gary's dad coming to show how to assemble and disassemble an automatic weapon
8. Alaskan senator Sarah Palin and quarterback Chase Garbers's graduation speeches
9. Taking a trip in the woods
10. Crowning the democratically elected homecoming leaders



JOIN JROTC

Become a leader and serve your country, **all without sacrificing your college experience.** In Army Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corp (JROTC), **a career is waiting for you** when you graduate.





JROTC CREED:

I am an Army Junior ROTC Cadet.
I will always conduct myself to bring credit to my family, country, school and the Corps of Cadets.
I am loyal and patriotic.
I am the future of the United States of America.
I do not lie, cheat or steal and will always be accountable for my actions and deeds.
I will always practice good citizenship and patriotism.
I will work hard to improve my mind and strengthen my body.
I will seek t… …le of leadership and stand prepared t… …the Constitution and the American way of life.
May God gr… …e the strength to always live by this creed.



< This could be YOU!

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Signatures

H.A.G.S.! Thanks for all the great memories ♥ -Jane

MAELYNN

Pizza Pizza
- Toni
Peppcroni

杰克桑，你的
力量就是你的真理
那是你的命运。暗星沙
约娜拉
-亚伯拉罕

Jack. Ever since the day you ran against me for president of young Dems, I saw you as a peer and a competitor. Since then, I have had the pleasure to be in American History and fifth period foraging w/ you. I am glad we got to bond in American History, sharing notes and study materials, not unlike the eternal alliance between the British and Portuguese nation-states. Now, like 2 nation-states, we must follow our own paths. I am sure you will have some accomplishment in your path, which is why I would like you to accept my request on Linkedin.

-Norm

Pappy said
i have
consumption
-Timmy

I hope you like the earrings I made you!
-Sapphire Art-Garfunkel

Derek Basketball

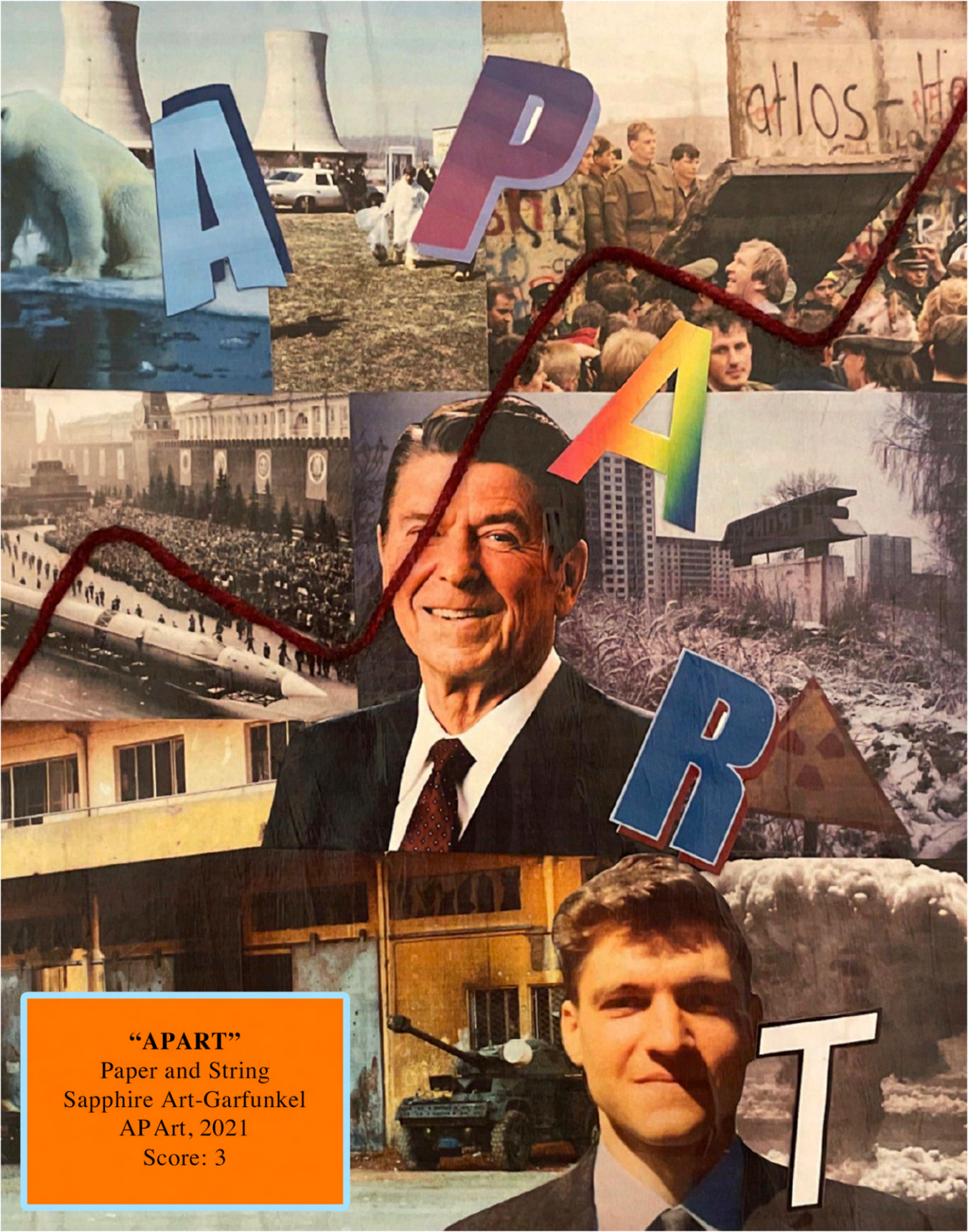
ERWIN MONTGOMERY "GEORGY" EISENHOWER ROMMEL

HEY BY THE WAY, I AM NOT A WEENIE! MY NAME IS ERWIN ROMMEL AND I WAS NOT INVOLVED IN THE WAR WAR WAR WAR WAR WAR WAR WAR

nyah?

Has anybody ever told you that you look like Big Chungus??
DERRRP
-Andrew





“APART”
Paper and String
Sapphire Art-Garfunkel
AP Art, 2021
Score: 3