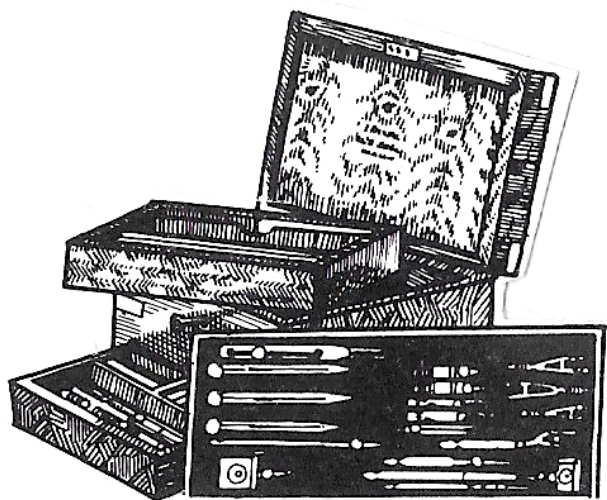
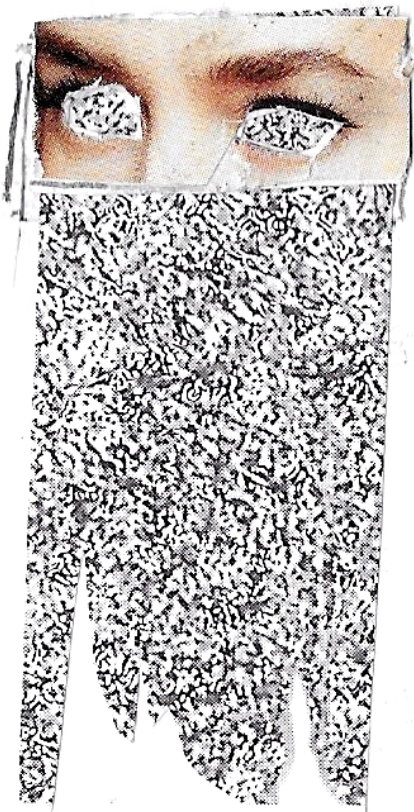


Community High School

QuarantZine

#1



Bread for toilet paper

Stirring in a seat waiting for things to move
Eyes full of boredom they wonder
Things slow to a hurling stop

What can you do?
The essence of time has changed
Stark white, white bread white paper
Shut in, shut out, shut up
Moving in a backwards motion
Clean, learn, talk, call, watch
Wait.

Clothing strung up like people
Their eyes devoid of thoughts
Cold arms hung by their sides
And their ears unable to get sounds

Nightmares of what's happened
Curling waves of untemperd earth
Call to her she's waiting
She's waited longer than you

– Sarah P.

Magnanimous care

Perforated happiness

Glossy chaos

Walloping n wailing

Sentient earthworms

Trees of oracle

Startled deviant

Infant perspicacious

Gasconading leadership

Grimy calm

Splintered spawn

gross gross gross gross gross gross gross gross

emoclew seert dewolloh eht
ssenevigrof kees ohw lla

– Haylee

Culinary Cutups:

Chapter One: The Tru-Value Meat Freezer Follies of 1995

by C. H. ANGLEBERGER

My Grandfather, Galusha, has a number of peculiar obsessions, many of which involve attempts to invoke an earlier way of life by burning things.

Some years ago, my Grandfather noticed that the Hardware Store was selling geese. Not like big, live honking boys (hopefully that sounds good) but their carcasses, plucked and frozen for eating purposes.

Now, if you were wondering, I don't think they were filled up with sawdust or anything, but you never can tell with these hardware store geese.

It was the Christmas season, when we come together to celebrate a birth that would have made a real ripping episode of the Jerome Springer show. In Victorian times, the working classes of London would kill a goose, pluck it, and eat it for their Christmas Dinner, as Charles Dickens described.

Now, the rich could afford the *good* birds, but the working classes got stuck with geese. Some prefer geese, true, claiming that it is moister than turkey, but I believe this is why turkey is eaten. Goose-grease is an actual term, used to describe all the slime resulting from cooked goose. A goose has no white meat, like chicken or turkey. It only has *Dark* meat, that viscous, bluish tissue of Satan.

Nobody remembers that the Urban Poor were forced through the oppressive capitalism of that time to eat geese, but just that Dickens wrote of it, which makes it sound delicious to a few certain people.

One of these people is my Grandfather, sadly.

He announced the issue of his meat of choice around October. "I am thinking...of getting...a goose this year...for Christmas. The Tru-Value...is selling...geese for...a good cost."

"Galusha!" my grandmother said, "a *GOOSE?*"

"Dad!" said my mother and aunt, "a *GOOSE?*"

My father shuddered, no doubt remembering some ghastly Xmas Xperiment of his mother. "*Geese*," he muttered. "*Geese*."

Before you know it, my grandmother was setting up precautionary measures to keep the geese out. "I'll do anything," she pleaded. "I'll buy you a BMW. Just no goose. *Please*."

Galusha finally relented, but next year, after the Halloween decorations were put away and he got everyone's attention with a long tangent about Pud and Dump, two kids he had known in Christiansburg with no real interesting features other than the names, he made his second annual announcement.

"Maybe...this year...we could...in the Dickensian spirit..."

"It's that g-d-mn goose again, isn't it, George?"

Galusha's face flattened. He knew he could not win the short game, so he would have to play the long game. Years passed, and every year he brought up the subject of Goose. Some years he managed to cook a duck in addition to the turkey, but these efforts were met with muffled jeers and lots of leftovers. You can't have anything against ducks. Geese are violent, Turkeys impossibly big, but Ducks just swim around and quack occasionally. My mother considered vegetarianism.

One year, somehow, he ground my Grandmother to the breaking point. "OK, fine!" she said. "Have your goose! But I shall have no part of it, even if you drown in the grease!"

Their friends and relatives arrived to find a kitchen of chaos. Galusha was attempting to baste the goose, though in reality he was basting the table. Finally, my grandmother gave up and began hovering over him with a dishrag and a bottle of cleaning spray. Somehow, Galusha crammed the goose in the oven without causing great structural damage to the house. This meant it was my Grandmother's turn to cook.

However, when she started making her things, Galusha started hovering over her, not to clean up or do anything constructive, but just stare at her. My father looked upon this pageant of mutual annoyance with disgust, but my mother and her siblings knew it as the usual course of action, as vital a part of Christmas as trees and long, mundane stories behind each gift.

When Galusha wasn't staring at people, he was checking the goose in the oven, essentially closing off a good part of the kitchen. He must have stuck the meat thermometer in there thirty times until my grandmother said "Just *leave it*, Galusha."

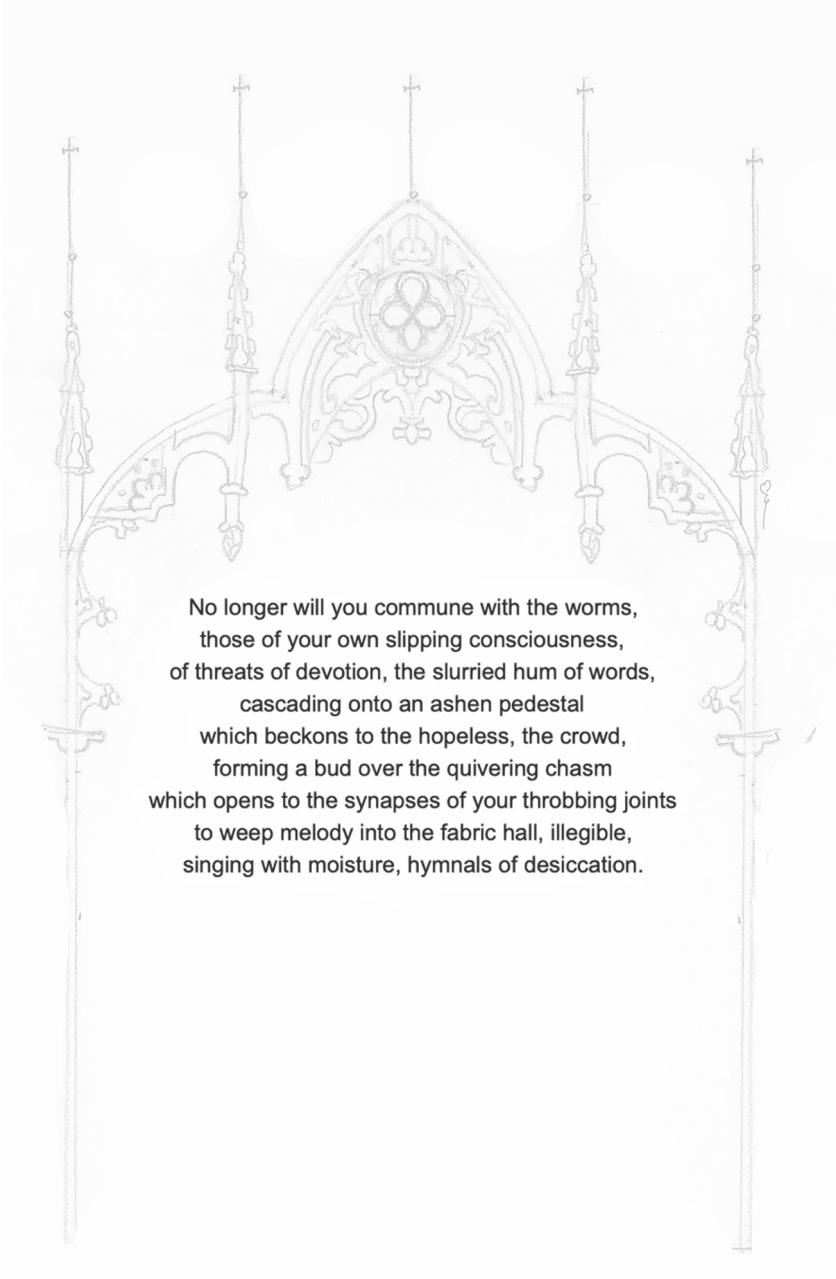
Finally, with oceans of grease oozing from every pore with several audible popping sounds, the goose emerged. Yet, despite Dickens writing so favorably of it, the goose was completely unappetizing. Another distinct benefit of turkey is that, while it is often dry, it does not glisten like a chromium bumper in the direct sunlight. My grandfather was the only one who partook of the flesh, perhaps my grandmother took a slice to grandiosity throw it in the garbage. But most of it remained, looked at by the guests as the gastronomic equivalent of a serial killer.

In Dickens, Scrooge took pity on the Cratchits and their cherished goose, and had the decency to buy a turkey for them. My grandmother was so kind as to play the part of Ebenezer this year, and nobody was more grateful for this than her.

Despite the disastrous reception the Goose received that year, my Grandfather still sticks to his guns on his choice of poultry. Often, most likely when we are departing the house, he will stop us and make his case.

"I am thinking...of getting...a goose...to eat...this Christmas...the Tru-Value..." he will say, continuing for some time.

My Grandmother turns away, beginning to weep. Silently, but she weeps.



No longer will you commune with the worms,
those of your own slipping consciousness,
of threats of devotion, the slurried hum of words,
cascading onto an ashen pedestal
which beckons to the hopeless, the crowd,
forming a bud over the quivering chasm
which opens to the synapses of your throbbing joints
to weep melody into the fabric hall, illegible,
singing with moisture, hymnals of desiccation.

A POEM BY
AVAL

HUMOUR

F U N N
Y

WE DONT GET TO CHOOSE
"ISNT THIS WEATHER?"

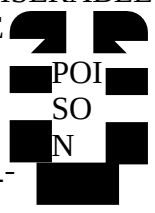
COGNATE

SEETHING BLACK TAR, I AM, I WILL- FROM MY
FINAL DROP OF ACITONE, I PLAN, FOR THRILL A
SINGLE SAW FOR THE FINAL LIMB, I AM, I KILL -
REEKING RAW ANOTHER KILT, ICE HAND, I FILL-
QUIET CROWS CAN SEE THROUGH, I AM, I WILT-

WORDS NOW
PRESENTLY
ENTERTAIN THE
ONLY IMPORTANT
THING, COMEDY!
AS ALL THINGS
ARE NOW
COMICAL SO IS
THE SEVERED
SPINE EXCRETING
WHITE FLUID
FROM MY BACK.

?COMEDY IS
TORTURE!

ITS HUMOUR COMES FROM
THE SAD TRUTH THAT WE
ARE MISERABLE AND THAT
VALUE DOESNT
EXIST. MEDIA
CONGL- OMERATE
MURDER.
WE DONT GET TO CHOOSE



GHOST POST WEEKLY

LONELY?
Here's the
solution-
GHOST!

Could
you be
DEAD?

See what
doctors
say
Pg. 10
...

A
MUST
READ!
Befriending
GHOST
HOW-TO
Pg. 5

BRAND
NEW!

Exclusive Interview with "Eighth wonder"



THIS SERIAL KILLER'S
SUCCESS STORY

