

Image: McKenna (class of 2017)



*The CHS Community puts the **SOCIAL** in Social Distancing!*

Community High School

QUARANTZINE 4

April 20-24, 2020

All views expressed are those of the individual student.

Charlie Angleberger:
Culinary Cutups, Chapter 4
Early Thursday Morning

There is a school of parenting in Blacksburg, Virginia that may interest the readers. It seems to involve the massive purchase and consumption of parenting books, books that were either twee or blunt in their instructions. Another thing it involves is the temporary adherence to a Lent-like period stretching to, in some cases the age of eighteen, in which sugar is banned.

Sugar indeed. Red Dye 40--there's the big problem. It's a secret, tasteless enemy that drives you nuts. Now, while sugar will make children hyper, *not letting them have it* will come back to bite you. These parents seem to think of Sugar in terms of black and white. Either you deny it totally, or you feed your child an entire box of Domino's sugar cubes.

Case in point: I knew a mother who denied her two children sugar until the eldest was in fourth grade or so. One night, my mother, the other mother, and her children were going out to a restaurant together. It was a big night--all the mothers of the class were getting together, and the children got their own table, where they could say all the stuff they said in school, but out of school. On the way to the place, the mother told us of her many adventures in denying Satan's Granule to her children. On Halloweens, she said, they would all drive down from their mountain for trick-or-treating. The neighborhood gave out all the right kinds of candy--no raisins or anything like that. Then, as the boys slept, the mother would go through the bags and replace all the candy with raisins, granola bars, fruit, etc. Her oldest son giggled as she told us this, though under their laughter was a nice dose of anger.

Eventually, her husband convinced her that it couldn't hurt them, and the ban was lifted. At the close of telling us this tale of woe, she tried to pull off a PR move by claiming the ban was a success. "Since our oldest was stuck with the ban longer," she said, "He has much less of a sweet tooth than our youngest. Their palettes are different." One half-expected her next sentence to include the words "moral victory."

That night, at the children's table, the Eldest put 17 packets of Splenda into his water.

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Later, at the beginning of March, our science class was learning about meteorology. Our teacher had a fine idea for a field trip.

"We'll all go to where they launch the weather balloons at 6:00 AM, and see how they do it!" she proclaimed. We sat in silence.

"Then we'll go to Ihop and eat breakfast." Suddenly we were quite excited.

So the next Thursday, a group of cars parked in front of the launch site vomited a large, disgruntled stream of kiddies and their parents out onto the field. We stood in silence as the launcher crammed a few facts into our freezing, sleepy heads. It was a cold morning. There was just enough light to make out the other huddled, pathetic forms on the concrete. The balloon went up, and we all went back in our cars.

By 7:00 AM, the entire middle school had disembarked at the local Ihop and was greeted by an overworked hostess with a quiet "Oh, Jeez." We sat down, and both I and my father noticed a placard for these Tuxedo Mousse pancakes, one chocolate and one plain, with some strange, overly firm icing on the top.

"That looks disgusting," he said.

"It looks OK," I said.

"No, that icing! It's too sweet! Who in their right minds would put that on a pancake?"

"You have a point."

We sat down, and I ordered one of the saltiest plates on the menu, with plenty of hash browns. There are far too few opportunities to have a savory breakfast these days, and it is important to seize all of them.

The other children, however, soon realized that many of their parents were not there. This meant no sugar ban. So they took to those Tuxedo Mousse pancakes like babies to bottles. It didn't end there, though. Leafing through the menu, one was met with a mind-boggling display of cupcake pancakes, Oreo pancakes, pancakes *literally designed by children*. There was no end to the sheer variety, and the class ordered it all. What were the few parents who came along to do about it? They were in charge of large groups of children, and mostly had their hands full calculating checks and telling their charges to stop gossiping to remember every single parent's sugar policies. So the children, who devoured these specialties in stacks of four, were hyper and cranky the rest of the day, and no doubt a few angry phone calls were made that evening. But it wasn't the school's fault. What had been proved once by the Eighteenth Amendment had been proved again: Bans make for an extra-good time.

It would be easier without him
He was unmoved
Carrots speed up work
We say
Citizens have to think
Change audio
Of course it started
Play while playing
Very clear
Lots of music
Capitalism has also happened
He likes to lie

– *Sarah P.*

PROFUNDITIES

Written by Ava Sackett

Welcome to the new Quarintzine segment where we ask some WACKY In depth questions, give you the facts and then let you decide the answer!

*Today's Question
is...*

IS CHOICE REAL

To measure weather or not choice is real we will give an example of two historical figures and make you decide your favorite.

Lets get started!

Historical Figure A

- Wants to cut social security and medicare benefits
- Notorious for proposing hard on crime legislation
- Only began to hold pro LGBTQ beliefs when it became opportune to do so
- Made specific efforts to support racist legislation, has made several racist statements, and continues to do both today.
- Denies past racism, claims their not a racist.
- Has multiple sexual assault allegations and denies them, in the past washed away the severity of a sexual assault his friend committed and denied it, and routinely touches women uncomfortably in public.
- Today is a rich capitalist

Historical Figure B

- Wants to cut social security and medicare benefits
- Famously encouraged police to be harder on their victims
- Only began to hold Pro LGBTQ beliefs when they began their political career
- Has made numerous racist comments in their life and has engaged in intentionally racist business practices.
- Denies past racism, claims their not a racist
- Has a frightening number of sexual assault allegations and denies them all, has made pediphilic comments and admitted to raping at least one woman, today denies and mocks victims, denies all of it.
- Born a rich capitalist, and is still one

SO TELL ME
DO YOU GET TO CHOOSE

*The ever-churning wheel upon the weald,
A whisp'ring movement in the fields...*

Consciousness, Sisypheanic,
resplendent in those lacen vestments
stolen from the mouldering vase,
ever-inherent, ever-faceless,
finds itself a vessel in the dumb,
the fast approaching Cimmerian.
The wet and cold that's so encroaching.
The question rings, unstalled, I hear,
a sound which, in dark, becomes quite queer.
Necroticism stakes its claim
within the house once gripped by fame,
if ever we're so hemmed by fear,
we'll find that answer, shrill and clear.

The Manifested Soliloquy of Unimportance < .05 seconds

This dialectical treasure we seek
We sought
We found
We brought
It developed and devoted itself to us
It was an interlocutor
It talked with us, it joined our “boring” enrapture
We looked at the juxtaposition of luminous phenomena of these
shiny grizzlies
The special criticism of being erroneous or maybe your just
obscure
“Damn” this really is arbitrarily dizzying
I do try not to be banal more along the lines of elliptical
Although you may notice the guideposts
Along the path lined with my cavils and convictions
“One second”
While I analyze the number of my ruby hallucinations
“Two seconds”
While I assimilate and embrace the grated terms
It’s still unintegrated, still a-stray “ashtray?”
Wondering so it cannot be held liable it’s inadmissible
“Four Seconds”
It speeds past “It’s lightning-filled”
A shell of consciousness and a shell of purgatory convulsions

– *Reuben*



-Haylee

We want YOU for QuarantZine!

Texts, Drawings, Comics, Photos, Thoughts: whatever you've got!

GUIDELINES:

Deadline: EVERY SATURDAY until we're free!

Size: 1 or 2 pages at 8.5"x5.5" (half of a Letter-sized or "normal" sheet of paper).

Format: PDF, JPEG, .doc or .odt files.

Don't forget to put your name on it if you want identified!

B&W print copies to be mailed to contributors unless/until it gets too big & expensive

Members of the CHS Community: *send your contributions to Olchar*
olchar@communityhigh.net