



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

Community High School

QUARANTZINE 3

April 13,
2020

04/03/2020

hi corona, good old pal, it's me again
you put me into quarantine, thanks man, i
would have probably missed out on that
experience otherwise

it's like being imprisoned in my own house,
i'm watching my clock and the sun outside and
all that i notice is the changing of the window
through which it shines

life can be so repetitive
days are looking the same, there is sleeping
and eating and showering (yeah, i'm still doing
that shit) and school, wow, who would have
thought i could ever miss school so much, hmm,
corona? but it's giving structure, structure is
good.

sometimes i wished i could make every single
connection between electrical devices visible,
i'm sure i couldn't even see anything else
anymore afterwards

yeah, we're zoomers
i'm craving social interactions, yet i'm so
annoyed whenever i see the people in my house,
they are there all the time, everywhere, you
know, there is no escape from each other, it's
like sartre said; "hell is other people", i
never imagined I'd experience that myself some
day.

there is no more toilet paper.
gosh, what am i complaining about here, the
realization of my own first-world-problems is an
important one, i can literally save lives by
staying in my room and i won't starve, the world
around me takes care of me and i'm so
privileged. you still kinda suck, corona.

but i guess i could also say thank you, maybe
this damn world needed something like you as a
friendly reminder of how irrelevant people are,
we're so small and tiny.

it will be interesting to look back at today
and see how this period affects us in the long

run. isolation is messing things up, changing perceptions of what existing means, i'm almost sure about it.

who knows what the world is gonna look like after you're gone, corona. if you'll ever leave again, i mean, i don't know what your frickin plans are and you aren't necessarily the best at communicating.

i know it's all a question of the right mindset. i need to find things to do with my time. it's up to me to stay entertained. it's a learning process though, and you're a pretty rough teacher. there is always something to do and we'll get used to it, hopefully as a community.

i'm actually fine, corona, haha. but this is not just about me. looking outside the box becomes even harder once you stay inside all the time, and there are so many people in worse shape than me. don't be too mean, corona, i'm begging you.

i'm sure you'll keep me tuned.

👉 CULINARY CUTUPS 👈

CHAPTER III

THE CAT DIED FOR YOUR COOKBOOK, SO *USE IT!*

by Charlie Angleberger

My mother was born in Richmond, and lived in a part of the city known as the Fan. The Fan is where the families with nice cars and jobs live, and these people could also afford to eat well. My Grandmother was somewhat new to Richmond, and she's always been a Catawbite at heart, so suddenly living in the Fan was a big achievement. Her previous home, Montreal, was too cold and too hostile, full of irate Quebecois who always seemed to blame her for the outcome of the Nine Years war.

But now, here she was, living in the Fan among the likes of such celebrities as the guy who wrote *Shoe*, without having to become a Debutante like her Father wanted. She had snared a handsome, clueless doctor (Galusha) and had three children. There was only one thing needed to complete her new and happy life. This was The Cookbook.

The ladies of the Fan, a bunch of uptight southern society belles and their cooks, had cooked so many meals in their time that they decided to compile all their best recipes into one cookbook to spread throughout the neighborhood. In a fit of whimsy, they decided to name it *The Stuffed Cougar*. The cover

featured a large, grinning cougar in a green plaid chef's hat, kitchen utensils in each hand. A copy was presented to my Grandmother, who later contributed to later editions. This copy would probably become her most used cookbook.

It was a good cookbook. Every recipe in there seemed to be delicious and satisfying. When all the Fan people turned out to be real jerks, Grandmother moved to Salem, taking the cookbooks with her. My grandmother has used it for forty years, and will probably continue to use it forever. At one point, around the time a new and unfavorable minister took over at the church, she held it in higher esteem than she did the Bible. It was infallible.

Or so we thought, until it proved that it had one fatal flaw: Old JELL-O recipes.

What does the word "JELL-O" mean to us?

1. Probably not Kosher
2. Sometimes there's fruit in it
3. Sick day food
4. Chinese Buffet dessert table staple.

What Jello meant to people back in the day was much different. Looking back, one finds that it was once used in ways too terrifying to tell. For some reason, people thought JELL-O went well with anything. Thus, a diverse and frightening array of meats was plunked into Jello. Shrimp, Beef, Ground Beef, Ham, Tongue, Lamb, Salmon... It was a national madness. Ask one of these psychopaths why they were doing this to you and they'd say "Because it's festive, swertie!" while handing you two slices of Jellied Lamb Salad.

The Stuffed Cougar was not immune to this, as we would all learn one dark Autumn night.

My brother and I had come to our Grandmother's house after our piano lesson. We had lessons every Tuesday and ate at our Grandmother's afterwards. That night, Grandmother had pulled out the Stuffed Cougar and alighted on a recipe that she had never made. My mother inquired what it was.

"You'll see," said Grandmother. This was rarely a good sign.

Dinner eventually befell us, and the Recipe manifested itself in the form of a large, brightly yellow Jello mold with some sort of cloudy substance floating in it. "See if you can guess it," exhorted my Grandmother. Again, not a good sign.

It turned out to be turkey mousse. "Turkey" and "Mousse" are two words that should repel each other should they meet at all, but somehow this disaster had come true.

"Try it," my Grandmother said. "It's from the Stuffed Cougar."

My mother and brother did try it, but the little bit they *did* get down ensured that there would be plenty of leftovers. It chafed their throat and made them consider ritual regurgitation.

Who knows what became of the rest of it. Perhaps it became an ingredient in one of her "Garbage Can Soups." Probably she ate it all herself that night, as penance for misfeeding her babies. Whatever the outcome, her faith in *The Stuffed Cougar* was shaken. Sure, she still cooks from it, but it is no longer the omniscient feline goddess with eyes and hat of green that she worshiped long ago.

We want YOU for QuarantZine!

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

GUIDELINES:

Deadline: EVERY FRIDAY 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

Front Cover image: Haylee



I went to Downtown Roanoke for these. The only people we saw were by the market building, everywhere else was almost completely empty. It was very odd seeing Roanoke as a ghost town; there was something minutely unsettling about how quiet and devoid of people it all was.

I dunno, I'm probably just a wuss.

