

Community High School

QUARANTINE 6

May 11-15

2020

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



front & back cover & opposite page: *Cursed Object* by McKenna
(class of 2017)

We want YOU for QuarantZine!

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

GUIDELINES:

Deadline: EVERY SATURDAY until we're free!

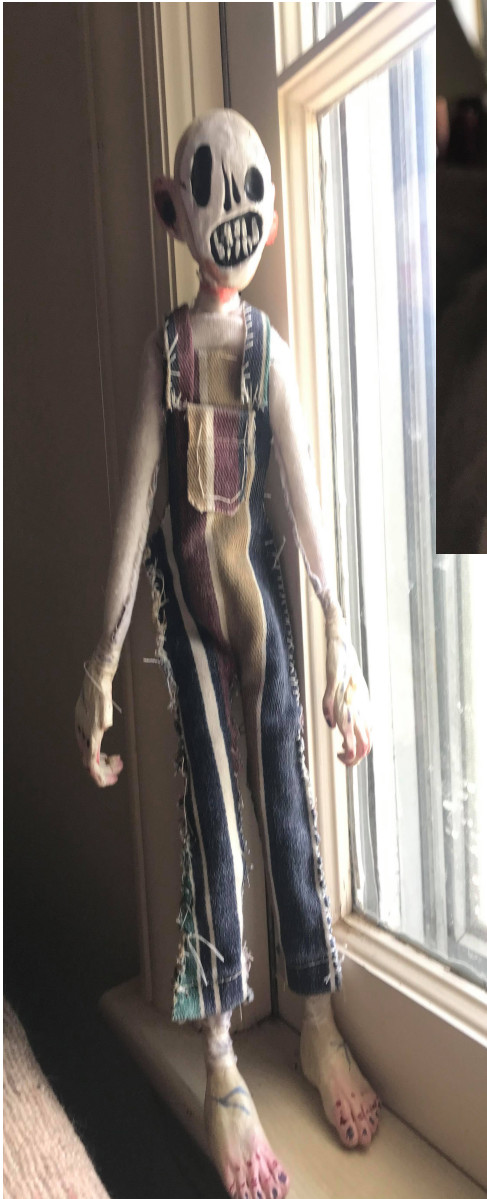
Size: 1 or 2 pages at 8.5"x5.5" (half of a Letter-sized or "normal" sheet of paper).

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



CULINARY CUTUPS

CHAPTER 6

The Game of Life

My Grandfather once split his time between Salem and Lynchburg. This started in the mid-90s, and continued until about 2012. This trite exposition will become necessary later.

As previously discussed, Galusha's unhealthy obsession with birds people do not often put in their mouths was and is a recurring problem in his life. Thus, it was inevitable that he should succumb to the charms of a great city that sold Cornish Game Hens.

He purchased two of these birds, which can usually be found forming the third and smallest component of a Turducken, at the local Kroger. Using the solitude the apartment gave him, away from the prying and disgusted eyes of the family, he cooked and ate one immediately. The other he would take home as a souvenir, to be eaten later.

It would not be eaten that year, or the next, but it made the trip from Lynchburg to Salem to many other places with him, from freezer to freezer. When he visited his mother, known as "Granny Bell" at the time, he would merely state "Hello, Granny Bell. Is there space in the freezer for the bird?"

"Judas Priest, son, not again."

The Circle of Life continued, but the old man grew fond of the bird corpse, treating it almost like a fourth child with a small layer of permafrost. Indeed, if it had not been for recent events, future

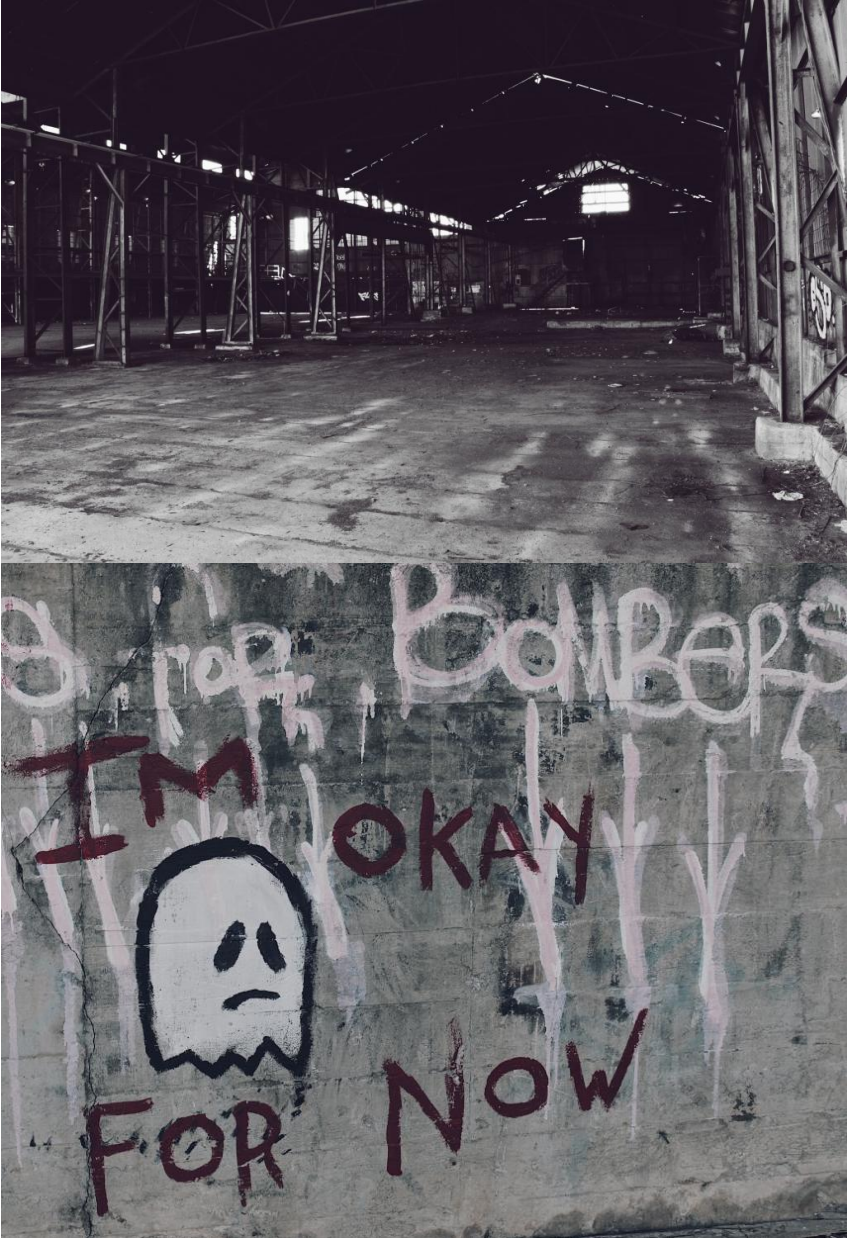
archaeologists would have dug it out of the topsoil and put it in the Smithsonian.

The current pandemic has been a great time of stress for my Grandmother. Food is running out. She needs to visit my Great-Uncle in the nursing home, but cannot always get through. Friends gleefully break the Governor's orders and invite her to do the same. She lived through both World War Two, the Great Recession, and the entire discographical career of Pat Boone, and she has always pulled through gastronomically. But, with supplies running low, she decided to make the ultimate sacrifice.

When she told my Grandfather, he simply said "Well, we gotta eat it sometime." Thus, the twenty-year old cadaver was hauled out of the freezer and upstairs into the oven. My aunt gulped, wondering what twenty-year-old Game Hen tastes like. We never found out.

"And I tell you, Cece, when we took that bird out of the oven, it had just *disintegrated!*" she recently announced to my mother with equal parts horror and pride. "Thank G-d we had that Cool-Whip tub of Green Beans, or we'd have *never* pulled through."

Galusha sat in the background with a wistful smile on his face, proud that his Child refused to go out without a bang.



**this time I found a cool abandoned warehouse.
it was absolutely huge inside!**



**seeing the old structure being consumed by ivy and decay was
honestly a wonderful sight.**

**also, I think some people really enjoyed hanging out there, given
the water bottles, clothes, and graffiti.**

**I'm pretty sure somebody was in there with me, due to sounds. I
left when I heard metal rattling and what was maybe footsteps...**

maybe i'm just a wuss...

