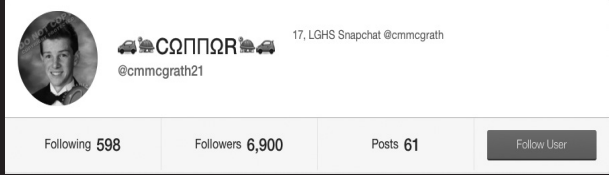


Insta-celebrities tell all

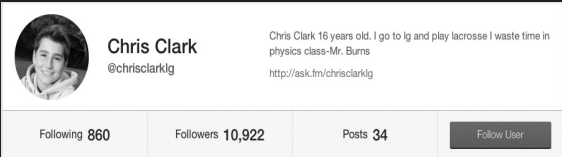
by Charlotte Pla
Humor Editor

Unless you have lived under a rock from 2010 to 2014, you have an Instagram account. Or you have at least heard of Instagram. But for those of you who are just now seeing the daylight of 2014, Instagram is for uploading photos of your Starbucks drinks, your every meal, your pets, and, most importantly, photos of yourself taken by yourself (the selfie). But do not be fooled, taking and uploading photos are not the only efforts that go into THE perfect Instagram.



courtesy C. McGrath

After you have taken multiples of the same photo and selected which one will be the next eye-candy for your Instagram followers, you must set aside a couple of hours to select a filter (or multiple filters) and a caption that mixes the perfect amount of wit, description, and emojis. If you correctly follow these steps, chances are you will hit Insta-fame (reserved for the most elite of Instagram) around post number 89,756. But who better to talk about Insta-fame than the two most well-recognized Insta-celebrities of LGHS, Chris Clark and Connor McGrath.



courtesy C. Clark

During an interview scheduled in between the two seniors' red carpet appearances and VIP lifestyles, they shared their Instagram secrets and experiences. Clark and McGrath were asked what the secret to Insta-fame is, to which Clark answered, "you just have to be really artsy." McGrath then nodded along with Clark as he explained the process of filtering photos, then screenshotting, then layering on more filters and finally, posting the "extremely filtered" photo to Instagram.

When the two Instagrammers were asked about their rise to fame, both answered that they use "the simple follow and unfollow technique." Following and unfollowing is when you follow around "100 people a day, wait a week, and unfollow all of them" to "establish a fan base." But according to McGrath, this technique only goes so far to create a long-lasting relationship with your followers. Clark added "you have to leave comments every now and then. Comments like 'nice' and 'cool pic' to show them that you care." But according to both, the "tag for likes" technique is ineffective and that "contrary to popular belief" they do not buy their followers.

The two Insta-celebrities follower counts come in at 10K for Clark and 6899 for McGrath, but McGrath was quick to say that Clark's high follower count does not compensate for his 31 week Instagram silence. Shocked, Clark fired back with "Look, I have more followers because I am artist." Either way, McGrath and Clark allowed a look into the perspective of the Insta-famous and highly suggest you follow them @cmmcgrath21 and @chrisclarklg.

Groundhog killer strikes

by Antonia Salisbury
Opinion Editor

The fog, in addition to the perpetual smoke and pollution, made the sky appear virtually opaque—but through it, I could still make out that it was raining. I woke to grab my coffee, snatching up my knife from my bedside table as I rose. I cut my orange in half. My gingham socks created static on the unfortunately textured doormat as I opened my home to the rain to accept my newspaper.

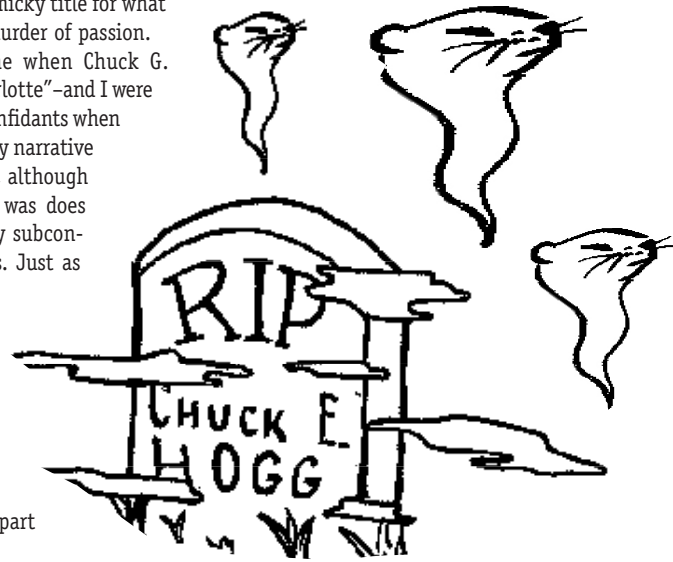
Coffee in one hand and orange in the other, I attempted to use my feet to coax the newspaper indoors. I used a clumsy movement of my large toe to flip the paper to its front side; above the fold it read, "A Groundhog's Day Whodunit." Quite the gimmicky title for what only I knew was truly a murder of passion.

See, there was a time when Chuck G. Hogg—or should I say "Charlotte"—and I were close companions, even confidants when need be. At this point in my narrative that is no longer the case, although the friendship that once was does flicker through my drowsy subconscious on sleepless nights. Just as our friendship grew from deep necessity, it was ended (along with Chuck's life, as I'm sure you've heard) from an equal, if not stronger, necessity. His death was an unfortunate but integral part of protecting my sanity.

The purpose of the murder has



courtesy wikicommons



S. Sullivan

become less and less clear over time, as the specifics of my emotional injury have slowly disappeared into the a haze. But clear they were on the night of the event. Never have I known anything clearer than my intentions as I gripped my work-worn hands around that tiny, pathetic groundhog's neck as it begged for just one last goodbye. The memory of his horror-stricken eyes comes to me now: two scared beads brimming with tears before falling lifeless.

The article reads: "Mayor Bill de Blasio stands accused of inadvertent rodenticide." I can't afford to let my conscience get in the way of justice; I've come too far. But how many people will be hurt? How many lives will I destroy? In my heart of hearts I know this is my first kill, but surely not my last.

Rain shocks dry CA

by Brent Gingell
Web Editor

With the first minor drops of rain hitting the Bay Area, locals report mass panic. Sources confirm that people have gotten so used to the drought that they totally forgot how to operate anything that's vaguely damp. When the first drops of water splashed onto our humble slice of Earth's surface, many were seen suffering existential crises about how water managed to get into the sky and why it had chosen to fall on this sky-water-falling deprived land.

Local boy Alex Alexson told reporters that when his mother sighted the water on her vehicle's windshield, she burst into tears and shouted at her son to remember how to operate the rain-get-off things on her vehicle. Of course, Alex, like all children of the drought, had no idea what she was talking about.

The mass panic caused enormous traffic issues as people tried and failed to cope with a slightly damp road. One driver, Timmy Timson, told reporters "I had no idea how the damp appearance of roads would affect my car's handling and braking, so I obviously did everything much differently than I usually would. I tried to maintain control by slamming on my brakes every fifteen yards, and never turning the wheel at all."

Some in California had begun to associate themselves as humans with being in the drought. When the rain came, many suffered existential crises as they faced the world being slightly damp once again. The group, called "Rain-Rain-Go-Awayers", were quoted as saying "N00000000!" Many other pro-drought groups issued agreements with that statement.

Reporters confirm that the panic died down at 8:11 AM, when the few drops of rain dried off. Officials responded to the rain storm, dubbed "the rain storm of the century" by a few very stupid people, saying "The drought isn't over. It was like two minutes of rain. Come on." The officials failed to kill the public's joy, many of whom continued on with their drought vanquishing themed parties. The Center for Making Weather Related Statements made a statement about the weather saying, "We advise people to stay indoors or just continue on with their lives at the cost of being slightly wet. Any exposed clothing or skin will become slightly wet, and you will suffer for the seventeen minutes it takes for the offending clothes to dry."



S. Sullivan

Dad influences fashion styles

by Ruth Murai
Web Editor

The following is an apology to those I have hurt. Never did I think fully about the repercussions of my actions. I didn't imagine that what I did would have such widespread consequences. Although I cannot take back what I have done, I am hoping that by telling my story, society can begin to recover.

I have always been trendy. I mean, really it's like I came out of the womb in pastel Aztec prints and infinity sign accessories. It's how I got my 731,949 Instagram followers, and it's why people are constantly asking me for fashion advice. But although my huge fanbase would wholly disagree with him, my dad has not always been a huge supporter of my (incredible) clothing choices. It's routine, really. Every day I put together something totally, mind-blowingly fabulous and every day he shuts me down, saying "Someone is going to ask you your hourly rate, I swear." Or, "No daughter of mine is leaving the house looking like that."

So one day, against my better judgement I decided to humor my father, and I wore his clothes to school instead of mine. I mean, really, the whole thing was pretty funny. I wore a hawaiian printed button up in a color that I'm sure used to be bright blue, but has faded to a sort of gross purple. Around my neck I had glasses on a cord that looks like it came from some sort of camping equipment. I tucked the shirt into some knee length khaki shorts, you know, the ones with the elastic waist and got some gross crew length white socks. Although it nearly made me retch to do it, I put on some Birkenstocks over the socks and let me tell you, it was freaky. I mean, I really and truly was the spitting image of my 46-year-old father.

At school nobody actually questioned the look, which I guess was odd, looking back. I even forgot that I was wearing something so ridiculous. I didn't post the outfit on Instagram or anything, but I guess someone must have, because the next day everything fell apart.

I'm used to girls wanting to copy my looks; it's totally normal to want to look as good as I usually do. It's just that I totally and completely underestimated the power I had over

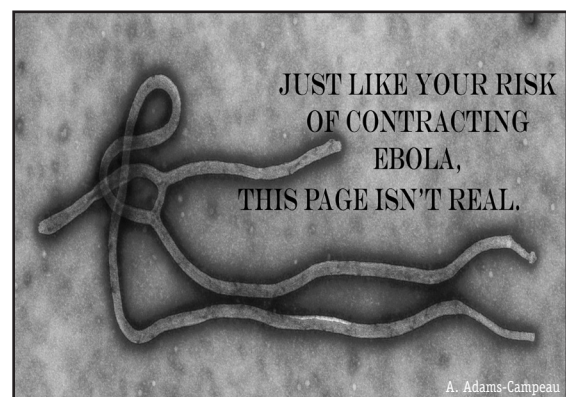
my followers. The day after my Dad joke, I got to school and found myself surrounded by middle-aged men. I mean, from the khakis to the socks and sandals they were everywhere. They were surrounding my locker, swapping stories of how they went to the thrift store to get the shirts. I mean, really. Gross. They were in the bathroom, discussing the benefits of elastic waistbands. Worst of all they were actually excited about how comfortable their Birkenstocks were. My best friend Shauna really wouldn't shut up about it. "It's like they mold to your feet!"

"Shauna," I said to her, trying to stay calm, "those Birkenstocks are at least three sizes too big on you and they look really stupid. You look stupid."

But it wasn't enough, Shauna and all the other girls were so caught up in what had turned into the new trend, and I couldn't do anything to change it. So, I'm sorry society. I'm sorry I brought Birkenstocks back and I'm sorry "thrifting" is cool now. I want to take full responsibility for the actions I took that have caused such harm. I hope that those of you who trusted me to act in the fashion world's best interests can forgive me for what I have turned this world into, but I understand if you never want to see another #OOTD from me again.



courtesy wikicommons



A. Adams-Campeau