

- DICTATOR MAKES SALAD
- GRASTY TRIES NEW CLEANSE

HUMOR

EL GATO • FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2018 • LOS GATOS HIGH SCHOOL • WWW.ELGATONEWS.COM

Braham decodes Snapchat

by Andy Braham
World Editor

Adolescent relations have not been the same since the introduction of the social media app Snapchat in 2011. In the beginning, the app primarily served as a way to send one's most private images to willing recipients. Today, the app controls a fair chunk of the social media sphere and a large part of the brain activity of our generation.

To understand the Snapchat phenomenon, we must take a look at the type of people who do not use Snapchat. These are the weird people in every social circle who do not use the app for reasons unknown. Although their motives are unclear, these non-users fit into a certain stereotype. Most of them suffer from a chronic lack of social ambition that typically leaves them on the third-to-bottom rung of the ten-part social ladder. The space that hovers just over the rung that's filled with all the people who cry in class after getting an assignments back, a lonesome place to be in. If you are reading this and thinking to yourself, "I don't have a Snapchat, should I get one?" The answer is no. If you do not have one already, you do not need to get one. What you really need is a total spa day and acceptance of your crushingly bottom most existence.

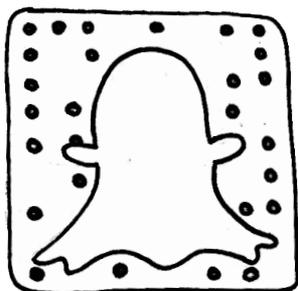
Now for those of us who do have the app, further delineations exist, separating the casual user from those who rely so heavily on it that their entire public identity might as well be under the personal domain of Evan Spiegel. Those on this spectrum could be said to be in one of three groups: seekers, producers, or captives.

Seekers check Snapchat constantly only to find a few unsurprising photos and meaningless texts. These people want to be popular. They want the attention, but they never seem to attain it fully. More often than not, these people are of average popularity with unrealistic expectations.

These are people who snap you photos of stunning skylines or horizons when in actuality they are on a worse-than-boring family trip. Their snaps lack creativity and substance. They hold meaningless streaks with people they don't care one inkling about. The behavior of seekers indicates that they would be more likely to join a cult or do something rash like shaving their head or buying a beta fish. These people are guaranteed to have a Snapchat score below a hundred thousand unless they have a 300-day streak with their nine-year-old cousin. In that case, their score is so artificially inflated by a year's worth of blank black photos that it no longer reflects their true, peasant-like social status.

Producers are the people who put those vital scholastic accomplishments that should be forever etched into our collective consciousness on their stories. Some of these essential, nearly historical Snapchat stories include clearly framed shots of scantily clad beach days with people you are not cool enough to date, a brunch photo between the most popular girl from our school and the most popular girl from any private Catholic high school, and most importantly, fist fights between two wannabe gangsta looking fellows. Without producers, we could never fully appreciate what the administration has to go through when two seemingly planned fist fights break out in the span of one week. Simply put, producers are the ones who feed our ever growing appetite for social calm and social unrest.

Captives are fully tied to their Snapchat. They weaseled their way into having a streak with their crush and won't let it go. These people send as many Snapchats as they can get away with and, to their credit, they have learned to play the social game well. Captives are the most sentimental of Snapchat users and they are sure to over analyze every snap you send them. Don't you dare open and not respond to a snap from a captive user unless you are willing to pay for the years of therapy your actions will result in. In a Shakespearean sense, the life of a Snapchat captive is a tragedy and he or she knows it.



graphics K. Monsef

Sadie's night goes wrong

by Katherine Monsef
Graphics Designer

It's that time of year again. For months, everyone anxiously awaits this "low-key" Sadie's dance where they can ask their friends and dress up with a big friend group. It sounds so simple and casual until all of the drama and costume ideas start swirling through everyone's heads.

Sally already called dibs on asking Jim, even though he's your best friend and crush. How could she backstab you like that? In fifth grade, you gave her the rest of your gummy fruit snacks even though you kind of wanted to finish them. Doesn't she owe you this one?

To make matters worse, when you looked up eighties fashion on Google, you realized that it's that "scrunchies and workout in neon" era. First, you do not pull neon off very well, and you lost all your scrunchies from when you purchased them all last year.

After this disappointment, your mom comes up from behind you and says while looking at your screen, "Oh my gosh! I loved the eighties! Did I ever tell you about that time..." That's all you hear until you zone out for the next thirty minutes. When you finally come to, your mom begins pulling out all of her old clothes from the back of her closet.

Although most of it is ugly and makes you cringe because your mom used to wear it, Sadie's



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is only a couple of days away, so you don't really have a choice at this point. On the night of the dance, after practice, you pull on those ugly tights and leg warmers and avoid all the mirrors, promising yourself that you won't take any pictures that night.

The night already begins with a tough start when mom finds her old crimping iron. She somehow convinces you to let her do your hair. With much pulling and hair spray, it ends in one big frizzy mess to say the least. But don't even bring up the makeup. That is tragic. Of course when you check the group chat and see the outfits everyone sent, you realize you went way overboard, instead of dressing in the "cute look."

Inside the dance, it only takes twenty minutes to coat check all of your things. Oh, plus the other fifteen minutes it takes to go through the line again with your friends and check her jacket that she forgot to put in a coat check bag originally. But as always, you rocked the dance floor during the Cha-Cha Slide.

As it turns out, you didn't have to post any pictures, your friends did the damage already. You wake up the next morning on Sally's couch and roll over to check your nearly-dead phone. Oh look, Sally tagged you in her Instagram photo. Of course, it's the one where you're blinking because she looked the best in that one. The argument that followed was the last time you spoke to Sally for a week. Sadie's was a wreck again, but good thing there's always next year.

Just like your chance of winning your March Madness bracket, nothing on this page is real

Buffalo, N.Y. March 26
April 3
T. Jenkins

- (14) Montana (22-9)
- (7) Clemson (21-10)
- (10) Missouri (22-10)
- (2) West Virginia (27-6)
- (15) Morgan St. (27-9)
- (16a) Arkansas-PB (17-15)
- (16b) Winthrop (19-13)
- OPENING ROUND GAME
- (1) Duke (29-5)
- (16) Ark-PB/Winthrop
- (8) California (23-10)
- (9) Louisville (20-12)
- (5) Texas A&M (23-6)

Pollock struggles to stay away from sweets for Lent

by Gabrielle Pollock
Culture Editor

In the spring of every year, the most dreadful Christian holiday rolls around: Lent, a time where we challenge ourselves to give up something for 46 unbearable days. I challenge myself every year to give up the same thing: sweets. And unfortunately, every year it ends in the same catastrophic way as I crash, burn, and ultimately give up on Lent. Here are the true accounts of my past endeavors with this so-called Lent journey of mine:

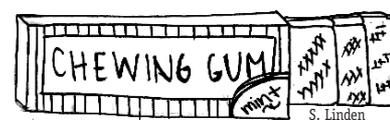
Day 1: Well, today is officially the first day of Lent and I'm feeling good! This year I think it will be different; I think I can do it. I began my day by bagging every sweet in my entire house and throwing them away in our garbage can, which is now under lock and key. Let's just say that I've had my incidents in the past. I then managed to clear my whole Pinterest feed from the addicting Tasty videos. The future of my Lent journey this year is looking bright!

Day 7: We're a week in, and I'm not going to lie, my life has turned to hell. Even the slightest mutter of 'cupcake' or 'gummy bears' makes me sweat. It's all I can think about, and whenever the cravings set in, I chew gum. So far today, I've chewed a total of two packs, and it's only noon. Just by the looks of today, a therapist isn't sounding like such a bad idea. I'm just praying that tonight I won't see anymore Häagen-Dazs commercials while I binge watch Keeping Up with the Kardashians (It's the only thing keeping me sane right now).

Day 21: Okay, I'm just going to come out and say it. I crashed and burned. This year isn't different like I had hoped. Along with the sensitivity to certain sweets-related words and short periods of sudden lightheadedness, I've started to wake up in the middle of night craving desserts. This time, though, I couldn't take it. I told myself I could have a small cheat and it would be fine. I wandered

into the pantry and saw that we had a box of Rice Krispie Treats - I thought I had gotten rid of them! So I pulled one out and, the next thing I knew, I was lying on the ground with wrappers surrounding me. The moment is honestly still blurry in my mind, and all I know is that the next morning when I went into the pantry, there were no Rice Krispie Treats left. Lent, I've failed you once again, just this time with 16 Rice Krispie Treats.

Day 46: Even after my mishap a few weeks ago, I still tried to stay on the right track. I've only woken up with cravings 20 times since then, and I now honestly understand a pregnant woman's struggles. Anyways, so far no one in my house has noticed the missing chocolate or my late night runs to "study with my friends" as I sit in the parking lot of McDonald's and devour two McFlurries simultaneously. Wish me luck for Lent next year as I hopefully figure out this recurring problem that I am now noticing I may have.



S. Linden

Julius Caesar fights to keep his salad recipe a secret

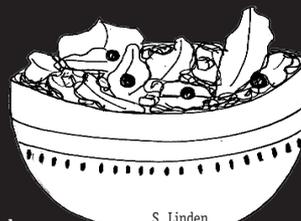
by Austin Yung
News Editor

Back before the rise of Jesus, in 45 BC, Julius Caesar ruled over Rome as a great dictator and the best salad-maker in the world. He ruled with an iron fist, while always carrying a plastic salad spinner in order to be prepared for emergency salad-making. The people of Rome loved him as he constantly threw romaine lettuce and tomatoes to the crowds every Tuesday, calling them "Tom-ah-toe and Lettuce Tuesdays" (emphasis on the "ah").

However, the Italians despised the Romans, jealous of their voluptuous tomatoes, and the way Caesar pronounced tomatoes as tom-ah-toe. Pizza production decreased and salad stocks increased due to the deliciousness of Caesar's world famous salad and secret salad sauce known as "dressing." Italy's economy crashed and the people lived in poverty; they were so hungry that the Tower of Pisa seemed edible. If closely inspected, bite marks can be found at the base of the tower. Lurking in the shadows like a meatball hiding under a sea of spaghetti, the Italians waited for their chance to

strike back at Caesar. On the other hand, Caesar had the city of Rome eating salad out of the palms of his hands as they obeyed his every command. Caesar successfully eradicated every other kind of salad from Europe, stating that no other plate of greens could possibly match his god-like salad. Other entrepreneurs attempted to recreate Caesar's salad, but they fell short as the secret ingredient only resided within Caesar's lettuce-filled mind.

While everyone else ate salad, a rising group that went by the name of "meatatarians" began to protest the eating of vegetables and salads, arguing that the killing of vegetables was horrific and unjust. They refused to eat any plant life and only ate meat, boycotting Caesar's scrumptious salad. Caesar ignored their calls for reform and exiled the group from Rome, forcing them to immigrate to Venice.



S. Linden

The Italians and meatatarians teamed up and decided to stand against Caesar in order to end his tyrannical veggie reign. They planned to eliminate the dictator on March 15, the pre-pre-Saint Patrick's Day. The original plan was to pinch Caesar to death on Saint Patrick's; however, not everyone could make it on the 17th as some of them wanted to watch Hamlet, the tragic story of a dead pig, so they chose to ambush Caesar and stab him with pizza ninja stars. As the two groups waited outside of Caesar's palace draped in togas, they began to tire and ate their weapons. Luckily, one person used forks and knives to eat his pizza, so they used utensils instead.

However, Caesar sensed the attack and armed himself with salad tongs. Sadly, he was vastly outnumbered. Caesar was no match for the angry mob as they chopped him up like a salad. Caesar lay there, left to die alone, but his son, Orange Julius Caesar, approached him, asking for the secret ingredient in his prized salad. Before his last breath past, Caesar whispered into his son's ear, "The secret ingredient is love..."