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HUMOR

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Morley characterizes the types of AP Language students

by Emerson Morley
National/World Editor

As my only AP class, AP Lang has quickly become the subject in which I analyze the most. No, not the literature, the people. AP Lang is full of a lot of interesting characters, some of whom really grind my ghoul's. So as per usual, I've taken the time to make this news publication my outlet for personal issues. And kiddos, I've got a lot of those, so we won't run out of content anytime soon.

If there is anyone in an AP English class who makes me want to swan dive into concrete the most, it's "that kid". Everyone knows him. He sits in his gamer chair, on his throne of arrogance, headphones on. He thinks he's about to spit barz, but we all know he never has an original idea. When it's his turn to speak, everyone buckle in;



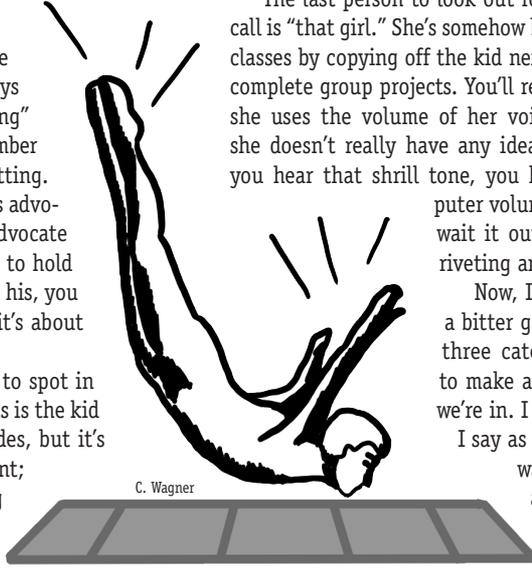
you're going to be there for a while. He uses history-teacher hands to really cement his point, but it's not covering up the fact that he's not as a big brain as he thinks he is. He talks very slowly and for forever to make it seem like he's saying something significant to the point where crows-feet begin to emerge on even the most baby-faced of my peers, yet he says almost nothing at all. He says "compelling" and "fascinating" more often than the number of Cheerios I can consume in a single sitting. This kid is the king of "just to play devil's advocate," when no one was looking for an advocate for that dude. Should you be so unlucky to hold an opinion that happens to conflict with his, you better get steady on your feet because it's about to be an MMA on that Zoom call.

The other stereotype you'll be able to spot in an AP English class is "the repeater." Now, this is the kid who miraculously gets good discussion grades, but it's not because they're particularly eloquent; it's because they're the master of saying the same thing as the person before them with bigger words and calling

it "piggy-backing." It's not "building on" the idea stated before you if you don't actually add any original thoughts. If it's possible to perform real-time plagiarism, this kid has got it.

The last person to look out for in your next English class Zoom call is "that girl." She's somehow been surviving through her English classes by copying off the kid next to her and letting everyone else complete group projects. You'll recognize her in discussion because she uses the volume of her voice to make up for the fact that she doesn't really have any ideas on the text in question. When you hear that shrill tone, you know it's time to turn your computer volume down about twelve notches and wait it out. You likely won't miss anything riveting anyway.

Now, I'm self aware enough to know I'm a bitter gal who likely is a mixture of these three categories, but it's a darn fun time to make a meme out of the tough situation we're in. I think I speak for most of us when I say as much as some folks may make you want to drop out of school entirely and become a thirst TikToker, we can't wait to be irritated by our classmates in person again.



Kupor judges coffee orders

by Lexi Kupor
Public Relations Manager

As a resident barista for a long and arduous six weeks, I've quickly mastered the arts of steaming milk, cleaning counters contaminated by four-year-olds' mysteriously sticky hands, and, most importantly, determining an individual's worth based on their daily coffee shop order. Now, it's time for me to share this valuable wisdom with the rest of the curious world.

Behold, the ultimate, 100 percent accurate, reliably-sourced guide to what your coffee shop order says about you.

Banana mocha: You don't deserve air to breathe. Seriously, if you willingly consume the strangely thick yellow liquid that this drink requires, you might as well inject yourself with a tree sap IV. It has the same effect.

Caramel frappe: You're probably a seventh grader who thinks getting dropped off by your mom to "go downtown" is an enjoyable outing with friends. You also likely wear a wristlet purse and pay in coins. Have fun at Petroglyph!

Chai tea latte: If you regularly order chai, I respect your elite taste. Unless you order it hot — then I will personally escort you out of the

store and directly into a therapist's office, because that is just not right.

Cappuccino: You likely have a British accent or spent a semester abroad in Italy — which you will most definitely reference at least seven times when you explain to me how I'm not making your drink like "the masters" across the Atlantic. I'm a 17-year-old high school student working a minimum wage job — what did you expect?

Mochaccino: You're probably a Libra who can't decide what you actually want, so you pick this weird concoction combining the most incompatible characteristics of everything on the menu.

Vanilla latte: I don't really have a problem with you, unless you order soy milk. Seriously, has anyone ever seen a real soybean in their life? I'm convinced that soy milk is a scam produced by the anti-laxxers (the suspicious lactose intolerant folk).

Americano: I will never understand you.

I hope this informative guide assisted in your journey to self-realization and allowed you to come to terms with your unforgivable habits. Next time you stop by, just remember that we're all silently judging you while you dictate your order from the other side of the counter — no pressure, though.



Kaufman hates on emails

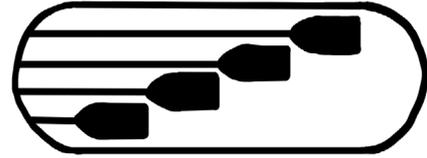
by Georgia Kaufman
Humor Editor

Let me set one thing straight: I hate you, emails. There, I said it. I can't go back, what's said is said.

Despite being the "tech genius" amongst all other non-tech-savvy delinquents, I continuously face one ongoing issue that never fails to aggravate me. So. Much. I know members of my family group chat might be reading this and thinking to themselves about how amazing I am with technology. I truly am the Steve Jobs of my family. Minus the turtleneck. I hate to break it to them: I have no idea how to unsubscribe from chain emails.

Every time I go into my inbox, I look for one thing, and one thing only: college recruitment emails. That is all. I am not looking for messages from The Comfy, Starbucks, or Post Malone. If Posty wants to talk to me, he can Direct Message me on Instagram. The slip and slide into my DMs is a 24 hour service for him.

That being said, I have not received any recruitment emails. Therefore, my inbox? Should be empty. Guess what state my inbox is in? Not California. Certainly not a mentally healthy one either. My inbox? IS FULL. I genuinely do not understand how I can go from zero emails at midnight to 147 new ones by 11:59 PM the same day. That, my friend, is my designated "turn in your homework" time. Not my "let's go delete 147 new emails for the fourteenth night in a row" time.



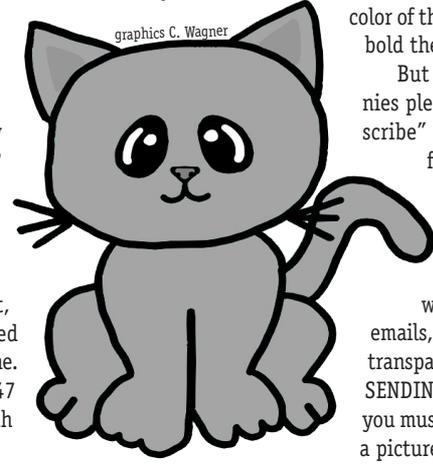
USRowing

Speaking of the word row, can USRowing please stop sending me emails? Love you the most, but about 50% of the emails in my inbox come from you telling me to participate in a virtual race. I will not, thank you very much.

Sorry for getting sidetracked. Do you want to know something funny? I literally do not know how to unsubscribe from emails. I have been told that there are buttons at the bottom of emails that give you a choice to unsubscribe but I can never find them because they are WRITTEN IN THE SAME COLOR AS THE BACKGROUND OF THE EMAIL.

Heaven forbid you keep it the same color of the text or, here's an idea: bold the unsubscribe button.

But seriously, can companies please make their "unsubscribe" button any harder to find? Please :) I am BEGGING that instead of creating a whole team designated to play hide and seek with the receivers of the emails, you make the button transparent. Better yet? STOP SENDING ME EMAILS. And if you must reach me? Just upload a picture of a cat. Yeah, a cat.



Evans discusses the absurd nature of Gen Z humor

by Alexandra Evans
News Editor

Who let Gen Z humor get so niche? I mean, you could put a picture of a horse by the ocean and caption it "mood," and we'd still be laughing about it for weeks. Quote a Vine from 2014 and a crowd of people will respond with the rest of the phrase.

Taking a look back, I can attribute our generation's broken sense of humor to the widespread exposure to the internet at a questionably young age. Trends in internet memes change so quickly that the references become deep rooted and layered. To an outsider, it may appear that random means funny; however, this is false because each joke commonly has many other references behind it. More specifically, I would laugh at a video of someone dancing to Mystery of Love because of the original edit someone did of Timothée Chalamet, but it wouldn't be the same if it was any other song.

Taking the meaning away from the red heart is a prime example of the ever-changing memes. By ever-changing, I mean that meme formats are gone through so quickly, and are commonly very absurd. Over the years, many new and different formats of memes have trended and expired, so I guess we just turned to making symbols with very meaningful connotations sarcastic. People typically

perceive a red heart to represent love and compassion. However, Gen Z took it upon themselves to rip this meaning away and make the red heart a representation of someone getting the absolute life roasted out of themselves, or just flat out getting shut down.

A situation I could think of would be someone complaining about not having finished their homework, and someone else responding with "Couldn't relate <3," as opposed to offering help or moral support. While an absolute low-blow, any of these situations would leave any member of Gen Z laughing hysterically (just kidding, it'll probably just get a hard nose exhale). The typical form one would find these red heart jokes would be in a text or social media comment just saying "Yeah <3."

Now let's take a look at another symbol through a "Gen Z" point of view (or POV as we would say). The middle finger has represented hatred and anger in the past, but Gen Z has eliminated this connotation. I consider the middle finger primarily used as a pose people will do for photos; similar to how one would use a peace sign. It's

a little edgy, but I won't think twice if I see someone doing it. If someone gave me the middle finger, I would take no offense and find it comical at this point.

To put the normalized but eternally strange action of posing with the middle finger into perspective, imagine you are taking a selfie with your grandma. How would you react if they stuck up their middle finger as a go-to pose? I would be a little confused. I don't know about your grandma, but it would be very out of character for mine, although she would look pretty #swag.

Overall, these references do burn out at some point, if I saw someone using the red heart in October... that's just embarrassing. I just find it to be a prime example of how specific Gen Z humor is, and how we have gone through so many things that it has resorted to this. Even though these trends fade in and out, ever since the red heart's meaning changed, I feel that I will never be able to read a text ending in a red heart without questioning the sincerity behind it.

