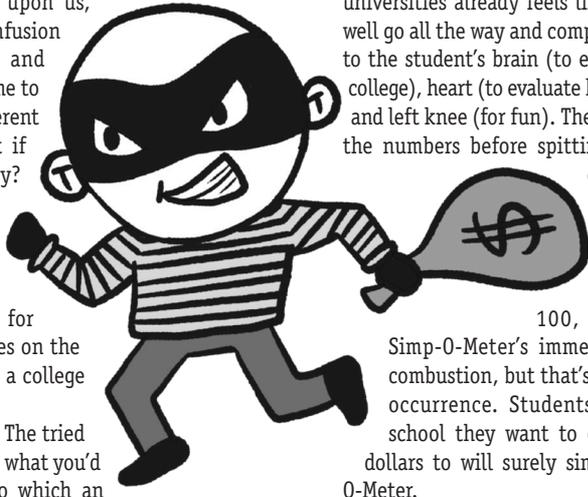


Fox suggests alternative college application methods

by Alaina Fox
Editor-in-Chief

College application season is upon us, which means exhaustion and confusion for students, parents, teachers, and admissions officers alike. We've come to accept the agony that seems inherent in applying to college, but what if I told you there was another way? After years of intensive research, I and the Scholarly Association for Veritably Enhancing Unsatisfactory Systems (SAVEUS) have discovered better methods for college applications. Feast your eyes on the fruits of our labor, coming soon to a college near you.

Method #1 - The Simp-O-Meter: The tried and true Simp-O-Meter does exactly what you'd imagine - measures the extent to which an applicant simps for a college. The process is an indisputable win for admissions officers, as it only takes about 20 seconds per applicant, which is (hopefully) less time than they currently spend reviewing



applications. The device resembles an electric chair. This design is intentional; receiving acceptances and rejections from our desired universities already feels like a death sentence, so we might as well go all the way and complete the aesthetic. Wires connect to the student's brain (to evaluate what they think of the college), heart (to evaluate how they feel about the college), and left knee (for fun). The device quantifies and crunches the numbers before spitting out a value between

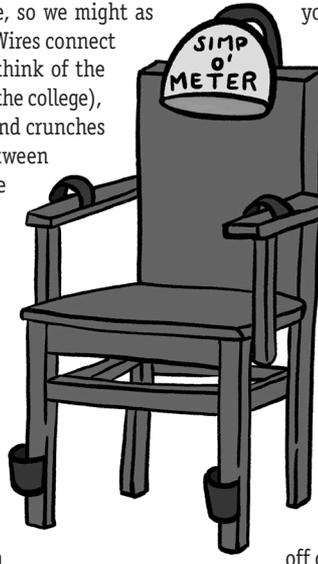
one and 100. Some early decision applicants have received scores higher than 100, resulting in the Simp-O-Meter's immediate spontaneous combustion, but that's a fairly uncommon occurrence. Students who know what school they want to give thousands of dollars to will surely simp for the Simp-O-Meter.

Method #2 - Bribery: All the cool kids are doing it! Or, well, at least the ridiculously rich kids who are low on brain cells. Have a parent pay off an admissions

officer, and bam, it's a win-win situation for everyone. No money? No problem! Just rob a bank or two. If you're going to commit crimes, you might as well make a habit of it. Go big or go home!

Method #3 - Direct Competition: As it is, you're already competing with your peers and classmates for a spot at Random Prestigious University. You might as well just cut out the middleman. Colleges will host direct one-on-one competitions that will measure a student's eligibility and value far more accurately than traditional applications. While SAVEUS ultimately determined that it was best to let colleges choose how to compare prospective students, our top recommendations include staring contests, games of rock-paper-scissors, and brutal fights to the death. (And you thought the Hunger Games franchise was over - not so!) Get your eye drops, research rock-paper-scissors strategies a la Payton Hobart in *The Politician*, and find a solid sword; it's go time!

If for some reason none of these options appeal to you, worry not. SAVEUS isn't sure why, but we haven't had any colleges agree to try one of our application methods. We'll keep working on it, so class of '22, hold off on those standardized tests for now. A better, brighter future is coming your way.



Graphics B. Gibson

Davidson promotes cereal

by Cara Davidson
Public Relations Manager

Dear egg lovers, I just want to start this article by announcing how excited I am to be writing this and, more importantly, how excited I am for you to be reading it. I view this as the Declaration of Cereal. Or the Constitution of Good Breakfast Food. I have been vouching for cereal since I was de-wombed from my mom. I'm going to just put it out there for everyone to marvel at. Cereal is the epitome of delicious food.

Cereal is so universal. Why is it such a universal dish, you may be asking?

Can you please tell me one place where you can't eat cereal? Go ahead, really! I'm waiting. Brekky, lunch, dinner, fourth period history class? A funeral? A wedding? The birth of your first child? You can LITERALLY eat cereal anywhere.

So you might be saying, "Cara, you can eat any food anywhere." This is where you're wrong. You're going to tell me when your wife asks, "Honey, what are you doing?" while she's birthing a child, you're going to tell her, "Oh babe, no worries, I'm eating a CHIMICHANGA." Disrespectful. On the other hand, if you were to say, "Babe, don't worry! I'm just having cereal," she'd probably ask you for a bite during her last and final contractions.

Gonna play Gordon Ramsay real quick; cereal is quite nice. It is very delicate and perfectly crispy. Cereal is bloody delicious. When my mum asks me,

"Gordon, what food would you like?" I always say, "Cereal." When those superbly-designed miniature chips hit my tongue, I am forced to sigh in relief. All of my pain? Is now gone.

Cereal is filling, yummy, AND healthy. The carbs fill me up with energy AND serotonin. Not only that, but the milk? So lovely for my bones!

Fun fact: my doctor told me to drink more milk and told me to EAT CEREAL. Literally doctor's orders.

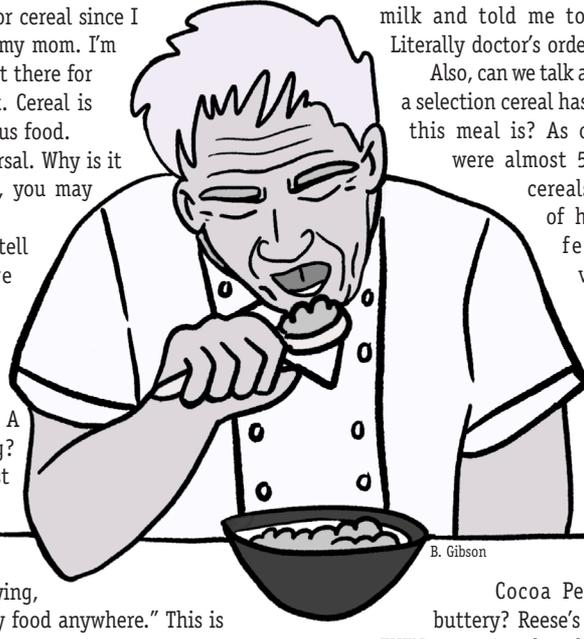
Also, can we talk about how big of a selection cereal has? How DIVERSE this meal is? As of 2012, there were almost 5,000 different cereals. That's a lot of happiness. You

feeling fruity vibes? Froot Loops. Feeling like you want some horchata? Cinnamon Toast Crunch. Chocolate mood? NO PROBLEM!

Cocoa Pebbles. Peanut buttery? Reese's Puffs. You can EVEN get none other than Travis Scott on your Reese's Puffs box. How cool! Feeling a little...boring? Plain Cheerios. Having an elderly type of day? Raisin Bran! You can also get something called Spicy Flakes, if you're feeling a little more like a hot-Cheeto-girl than other days.

There are so many to choose from, and there is truly a cereal for every occasion. Every cereal is unique, and the selection is more diverse than Los Gatos High School!

Bye egg lovers. See you next year. Or not.



B. Gibson

Rao fosters hatred of ants

by Revanth Rao
Sports Editor

Imagine this: you have new neighbors But instead of baking them an apple pie or some other corny American housewarming tradition, all you want is for them to move out. Immediately. You might be wondering, "What kind of psycho must this neighbor have to be for you to want something like that?" Well, this neighbor haunts your nightmares and, even worse, they actually live in your house.

That's right, your newfound neighbor is a rabid, untamed bulldog. Just kidding, it's actually a far more menacing animal: the mighty ant. They live in your walls, under the floors, in the bathroom, the kitchen - basically everywhere that you can't see. They even somehow manage to eat all of the food you want before you. Your triple stuff, candy corn flavored, once in a lifetime pack of Halloween Oreos? They're no longer yours. They'll leave you terrified to drop even a crumb on the floor out of fear that you'll attract a swarm. You've never bothered to clean your room, but once the ants arrived, it's never been cleaner.

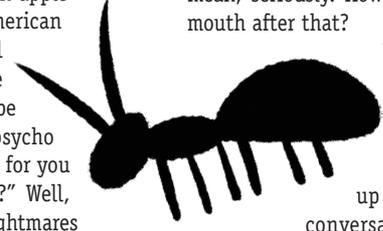
The worst part of this situation is the fact that the ants seem to have found a truly welcoming home in the bathroom of all places. They're in the shower, the sink, and they're crawling on your toothbrush. Somehow worse than that, and

this is a true story, they enjoy crawling through the tiny slits at the back of your retainer case and having some fun on your retainer, of all things. I mean, seriously. How do you put it back in your mouth after that?

You eventually decide one day that enough is enough. You can tolerate the annoying neighbor who doesn't miss an opportunity to strike up a painfully long, awkward conversation at the worst possible time, or the one who never picks up their dog's poop, or the one who sings karaoke all day, but not the borderline domestic terrorist who has taken refuge in your home against your will. You decide to take action immediately.

No soldier comes into battle unarmed, and no sane person fights ants without a weapon of choice. You come in with a bottle of Raid and clothes that cover you from head to toe. There is NO way an ant is touching an inch of your skin if you have anything to say about it. Like any good SWAT team, you need an element of surprise. The ants can't see you coming, or it's game over for you. Slowly but surely, you approach the room in question. Then out of nowhere, you kick down the door and face the enemy. They're everywhere. You spray to your heart's content until every one of them is no longer a threat. Then, after a quick clean up, you're done. Right?

Wrong. Enjoy the brief satisfaction before they strike back. Any power you have over your household is now gone. Believe me when I tell you that you may have won the battle, but make no mistake: they will win the war.



Graphics B. Gibson

King reveals multitude of issues with home remodel

by Jackie King
Humor Editor

I hate it here. For the past few years, every time my family hosts a big dinner, we somehow always end up discussing how our oven doesn't work, and the fact that we have our kitchen in a hallway. Never fear, Aunt Linda, we have finally started the project, after what seems like a billion Thanksgivings full of you judging the oven that you like insulting so much (they have feelings too, Linda).

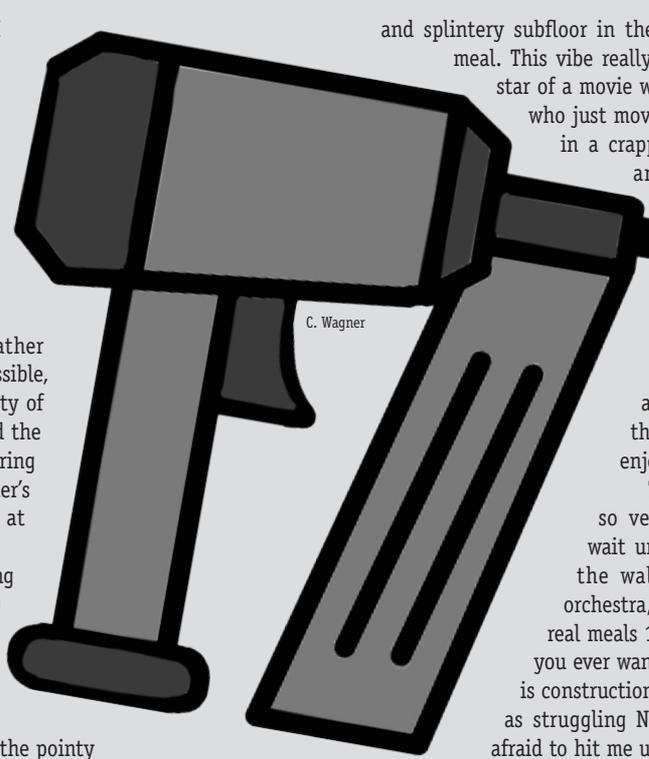
So Demo Day comes along, and anyone who has remodeled anything before (or is obsessed with HGTV like myself) knows this is where it all starts. Because only our downstairs is being ripped to shreds, I, thankfully, get to endure the banging, scraping, ripping, and more, all through online school. As if it wasn't harder to concentrate already.

My favorite construction noise so far is the nail gun. So rhythmic and soothing, like a good lofi beat. Although this has to be my top sound of all time, today I was introduced to a new one: the drill. The constant buzz of the fast spinning tool is a perfectly harmonic background noise, really accentuating the monotone voice of one of my teachers (who will stay unnamed - I am not trying to fail).

Adding onto the lovely (and free!) symphony I have the pleasure of listening to on the daily, we have decided to make a big plywood door with a lock at the top of the stairs. The reason for this? To ensure that no one comes upstairs and steals all of my Star Wars Legos (I just know they want my Yoda model). The saran wrap that covers our balcony from floor to ceiling really wraps together the whole look of the upstairs floor - the Property Brothers would really be proud.

Thanks to this situation, I hate social interaction of any sort even more. With five-ish people spending most of the day in my house, blocking my access to the fridge, I face a REAL dilemma. For the most part, I choose starving over interacting. I wait until all the workers all go outside for a lunch break before I sprint down the stairs in my pajamas. I gather as much food and water as possible, before escaping back to the safety of my room. Once I have completed the mission, I sit down to munch during my last period, much to my teacher's dismay (this time I'm looking at you, Mr. G).

Although all of these amazing things do bring joy to my life every day, by FAR my favorite thing about it to date is the lack of furniture around the house. After I make myself a nutritious dinner, I sit down on the pointy



C. Wagner

and splintery subfloor in the living room and enjoy my meal. This vibe really makes me feel like I'm the star of a movie where I am a struggling actor who just moved to New York and is living in a crappy one bedroom apartment, and I really enjoy it. Like Lea Michele in *Glee*, although none of my coworkers hate me (I hope). But you get the jist. Even though I am no actor, I live nowhere near New York, and I am in a house, it makes me feel like the main character, so I will enjoy it while it lasts.

This whole experience is just so very enjoyable and I cannot wait until they start tearing down the walls because it'll make the orchestra, saran wrap, and the lack of real meals 100 times better. Anyways, if you ever want to hear the symphony that is construction, or pretend to live our lives as struggling New York actresses, don't be afraid to hit me up.