

Kupor enjoys Apple notes

by Lexi Kupor
Public Relations Manager
Some soft-hearted individuals keep a diary, others seek out a therapist, and a wild select few develop a Yerba Mate addiction. But I'm not one of those individuals. For me, the supreme coping mechanism is using none other than the iPhone Notes app. So, I've decided to take you on a quick tour of my all time favorite notes.



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1. A singular Hamilton quote from the point of view of Aaron Burr. Don't pull the alarm yet — I promise you that this note is from 2016 and I was so caught up in my eighth grade US history Constitution project that I somehow found this socially acceptable and, dare I say, "relatable." If you dare to call me a theatre kid I will seek you out with a Revolutionary War bayonet while wearing the "young, scrappy, and hungry" hoodie I got for my 13th birthday.

2. Mar. 6, 2017: "half vinegar and half water for half an hour." I can still recall the instant serotonin of all my classmates swiping up on the picture my mom took of me outside the orthodontist's office after I got my braces off. This note, a recipe for retainer cleaning solution — or forbidden soup, you decide — sadly remained unopened for the entirety of my high school career. Retainer solution be like "who want me?" Clearly, I don't.

3. A 100% unironic poem I wrote about chapstick. I wish I could tell you this was a long time ago, but the truth is that I suffered

through my spoken word phase at the beginning of freshman year. I would go so far as to say I approached the caliber of Rupi Kaur's eight-word Instagram aesthetic sob fests. Do not ask me to recite my poetry presentation in which I quoted a Cyndi Lauper song.

4. A phone number followed by the name "Valinda."

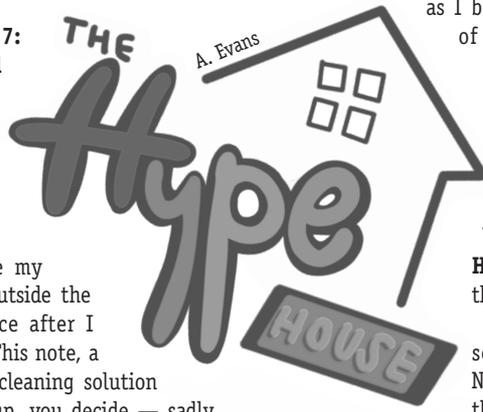
Valinda, I'm so sorry. Perhaps you are a long lost friend, my adopted cousin, or the Philz worker who messed up my iced hot chocolate a few years ago. Sadly, I do not care enough to find out.

5. My freshman year PE locker code. This is actually quite useful because I'm pretty sure I left my moist swimsuit bottoms back there sometime in May 2018. Maybe the next lucky recipient of locker 2084 can put them to good use.

Anyways, the trauma I experienced as I backstroked through a pool of musty adolescents was truly unparalleled. Perhaps that's what triggered the spoken word phase after all.

6. A note that reads "Justin Bieber song and Lyme disease and mono. Hype House." I can't make this stuff up!

I hope that this tour served as an informative, NOTE-able experience for those of you wondering what the inner monologue of an inferior homo sapien looks like. I urge you to consider tapping the undiscovered potential of the Notes app the next time you approach a mental breakdown, get your braces off, or, perhaps most importantly, feel a spark of chapstick poem inspiration.



A. Evans

Duvall talks Glee persona

by Emily Duvall
Culture Editor
How many times have I listened to my Glee playlist this week? Probably a solid 34 times. I am proud to say it: I'm a Gleeek.

Regardless of whether you were a fan when you could only watch it on live television or now constantly watch it on Netflix, this article is for you. You may think otherwise, but in my eyes, there is loads to unpack based on who your favorite character is in this masterpiece of a show.

Rachel Berry: So you like people with unstoppable voices! Cool! Everybody knows deep down you're incredibly insecure and that you can't handle conflict. You were "that" theatre kid at the cast party who would try to out-sing everyone once "Schuyler Sisters" came on. It wasn't cool or funny. You also have a thing for people older than you. If you know, you know.

Artie Abrams: If you like Artie, I'm here to tell you that you are very cool. But, I can just tell that you think regular mint toothpaste is too spicy, so you still use the blue kid's Crest one. You LOVE The Great British Baking Show, and you also love calling people out with a solid "this u?"

Tina Cohen-Chang: Snaps to you! You're quite laid back and a go-with-the-flow type of person. You do overshare though, and unironically listen to Bridgit Mendler. You also think calling yourself

quirky and different makes you special. Just because you have Doc Martens doesn't mean you're edgy. Also, you're not misunderstood just because you like Tina!

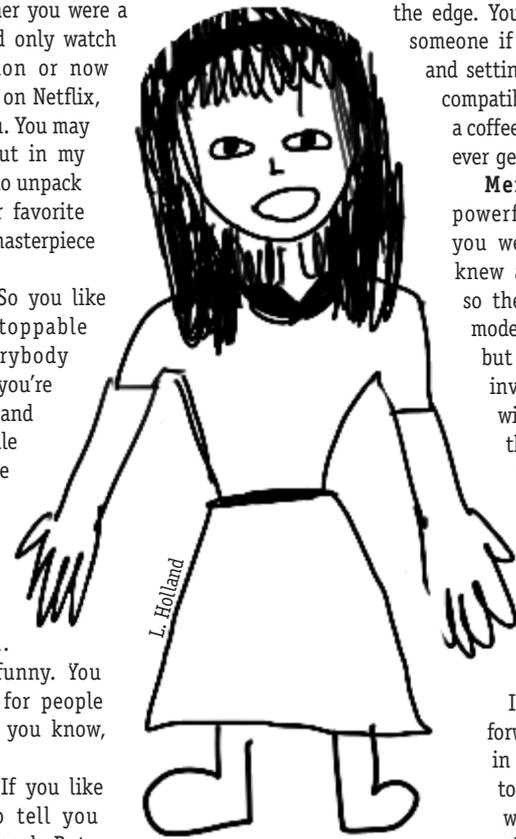
Kurt Hummel: You have so much energy on your hands that one Yerba Mate throws you over the edge. You will cut off all ties with someone if your star signs or rising and setting moons are not perfectly compatible. You are always down for a coffee date, but in reality, all you ever get is a hot chocolate.

Mercedes Jones: Another powerful voice lover! Except, you were the theatre kid who knew all the lyrics to Wicked, so the cooler one. You are the moderator of your friend group, but when it comes to things involving you, no one sides with you. You are stuck in the Tumblr 2014 phase with bright blue graphic t-shirts. Come on dudes, find a new personality.

Blaine Anderson: Not to gush, but you're actually a beautiful and perfect soul. Might I even say I love you, or, a little less forward: will you take my hand in marriage? You know how to express what you feel, but will not hesitate to go write down a play-by-play of any

borderline bad situation in your notes app. You went hard on Just Dance 4 as a kid, and now you flex your skills in front of all your friends.

Sam Evans: You are a simp. No matter who you are. You fall for people so easily. You also always fall for a good sap story. Sad dog commercial? It's over for you. You do care about the little things though, which is really cute. Similar to Sam, you give off golden retriever energy.



L. Holland

Entire Trump family forgets youngest son on Jan. 20

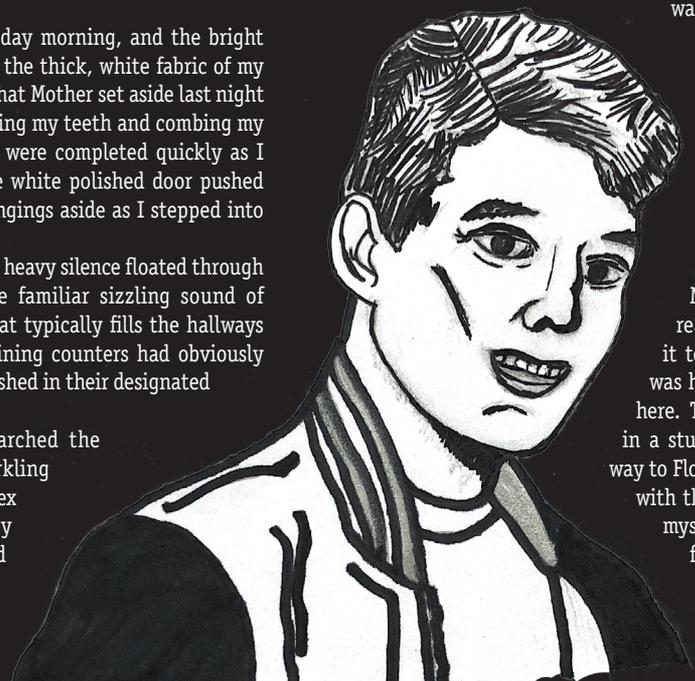
by Maya Gomez
People Editor

It was 9:30 on a lovely Wednesday morning, and the bright sun's rays shone their way through the thick, white fabric of my curtains. I grabbed a set of clothes that Mother set aside last night and headed to the bathroom. Brushing my teeth and combing my hair, all of the normal necessities, were completed quickly as I stood in an eerily quiet house. The white polished door pushed the nine boxes containing my belongings aside as I stepped into the hallway.

As I walked through the house, a heavy silence floated through the air. Where was everyone? The familiar sizzling sound of pancakes hitting the frying pan that typically fills the hallways were nowhere to be heard. The shining counters had obviously been cleaned and the dishes sat polished in their designated drawers and cabinets.

I picked up the pace as I searched the house. First floor bathroom? Sparkling from the excessive usage of Windex and Oxiclean. Indoor gym? Fully deserted, leaving the treadmill and elliptical by themselves; although, they were barely even used by Father anyways. Father and Mother's bedroom? Completely

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empty. Everything was gone. Everyone was gone.

Then, it hit me. They had forgotten me. Somehow, not a single member of the Trump family managed to realize that little ol' Barron wasn't on the plane. I wasn't angry, no. Disappointed? Maybe a little. Rather, I realized that I could use it to my advantage. No one was home, I was the only one here. The press thought I was in a stuffy, smelly plane on my way to Florida; instead, I was here, with the entire White House to myself for the first time in four years.

How did I spend my one day of freedom you may ask? Well, I was determined to

break as many rules that my father had set for me as possible, from eating his favorite snacks, to jumping in the pool fully clothed, to listening to Katy Perry. I spent hours marking things off of my mental checklist, pleased with the fact that I was the man of the house for an entire day.

Eventually, I got to my last major event of the evening, raiding the kitchen. I gathered everything that would fit in my arms and brought them over to the couch in the first floor living room. I tried sitting in every chair and couch, until I finally landed on the carpet as the best option.

I spent about 30 minutes munching on the final strawberry Pop Tart boxes as Troy and Gabriella's karaoke scene blasted through the speakers. And like any educated and sophisticated 13 year old would do, I sang along.

While my notes during "sooaarin" and "flyyyyying" were a tad bit pitchy, I personally don't think that the interruption I soon encountered was called for. The horror on the movers' faces prompted me to put the lid back onto my whipped cream can make-shift microphone. Soon enough, a car was called to take me to the airport.

On the jet, I was allowed to sit anywhere I pleased. And this is where my story meets reality; here I am now, in the very back of the jet, finishing the HSM franchise on my phone and secretly grabbing handfuls from the Cheetos bag I snuck into my pocket. It was a good day.

Davidson analyzes middle school matches accounts <3

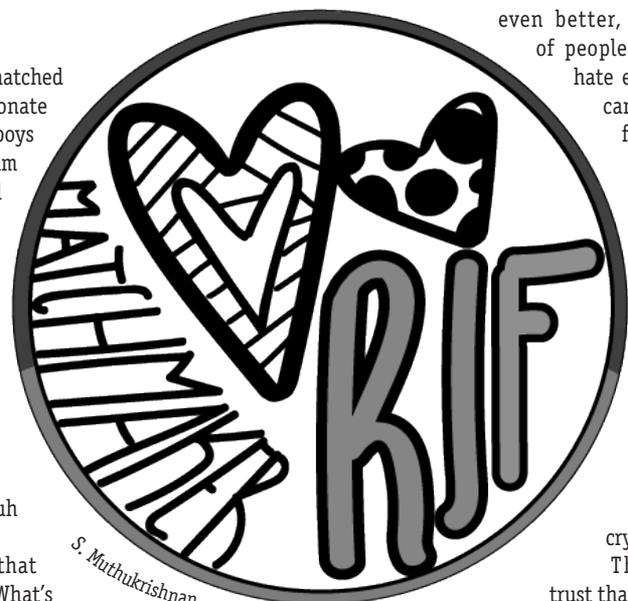
by Cara Davidson
Public Relations Manager

I miss the days when love was easy. When being matched with someone was the only thing that fueled my passionate true love for them. An account would match me with boys whom I could never even think of liking and boom. I am suddenly so in love with them and we are getting married and I will probably try to hug them at lunch maybe.

Although they started me off as a hopeless romantic, I still remember the sting of seeing me and my crush were not matched up on @rjfishermatches69420.

The best part about these pages? The comments. Nothing fuels my soul more than cringy letters of love coupled with comments on a middle school matches account. Seeing a bunch of middle schoolers who are now "too cool to walk the same earth as me" comment stuff like "[peace sign emoji, cool emoji]," or worse: "uh no" really does something to me.

The sad truth? Someone actually commented that on a post of me and them. I'm hurt, ****. Hurt. What's



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even better, is the matches of people who absolutely hate each other now. I can still remember frantically dming @6matches_forreal: "PLEASE delete the post of me and my ex boyfriend. We dated for like three whole weeks and I am still hurt [broken heart emoji, crying emoji]. The amount of trust that came with these

accounts is even more astounding. We had NO idea who we were DMing, but we had the guts to spill who we were crushing on. "Dear @fisher_matches_7, Will you please match me with ****? I've liked them for a while [secret emoji, wink emoji]."

After scrolling back through my old DMs, I did it guys. I managed to find real life messages between me and @matchsatfisher. You're welcome in advance for this conversation I found:

Cara: *** can't know
Matches account: Trust me it's safe with me. Girl trust.
C: ok
M: I just wanna say that you and **** are so good together and **** has been good to me so ur really lucky to have him [winky emoji]
C: K cool. I'm tryna figure out who this is...
M: Sorry can't tell you [winky emoji]
C: Ik. But I'm guessing Brynn (Yes guys! Brynn Gibson, the real life El Gato staff member!)
Well, that was a nostalgic whirlwind. The only thing I've gotten out of this is an understanding of the POWER middle schoolers have. It's absurd.

Anyways guys, I'm making an LGHS matches account. MATCHES!! Sophomores ONLY. Plz don't block<3. No harm intended. Thx :)