



# MOONSHINE



EDITOR: BRETT RICHARDS

## Just Say No To Summer Boredom

By Michael Blagg

Now that school is almost over, the summer months are quickly approaching. Entertainment during these months can get a little scarce. If you want, here are some ideas for some fun filled activities around this metropolis we call Albemarle.

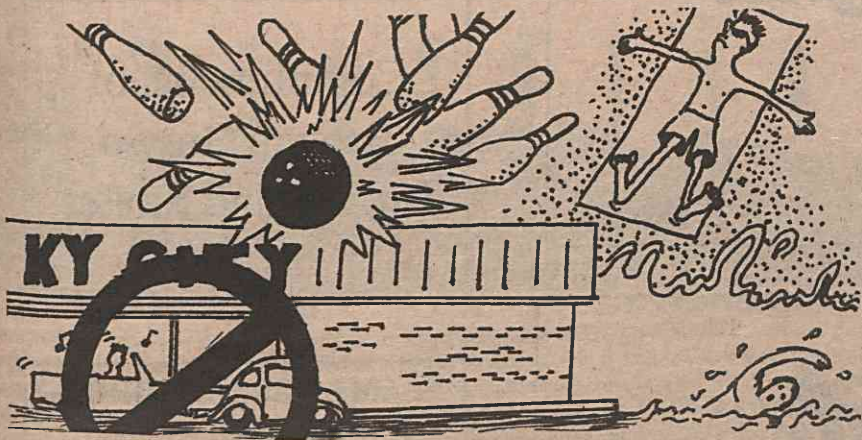
**Bowling:** This is an ancient sport that takes skill, precision, a mean attitude, and a little guts. Think about it: first you go in and put on a pair of shoes that you don't know who has been wearing. These things just sit around in a warm, dark place for extended periods of time. I distinctly remember my biology teacher saying those conditions are the ideal settings for the growth of bacteria. Then after oozing into your shoes, you take a heavy ball and throw it as hard as you can with intent to knock something down. Is that fun or what?

**Swimming:** The great recreational activity. After paying your way in to the pool, and dressing in a dark, damp room, you're ready. Now all you have to do is fight the crowds and find a spare area of water that is not being used. Just keep in mind, though, all those little kids who do not know what a bathroom is have been "relieving themselves" before you got there.

**Cruising:** The great pastime of Albemarle. This has an appeal all its own. Let's look at cruising from a technical aspect. You get in a car, talk to your friends, and DRIVE AROUND IN CIRCLES!

**Nothing:** This is a very popular activity. It does not cost anything, it can be done alone or in groups. I myself am a member of the record setting group who, while at Palmetto Summer Camp, did exactly nothing for seven hours straight. It takes a special kind of individual to do nothing for extended periods of time. It takes practice, and it should not be tried by mere amateurs.

Now, there it is. The most fun any normal human being can have and remain sane. So during the summer, remember, if you get bored it is your own fault. Note: this article was written before cruising was outlawed (so I guess it will be easier to get bored).



## He Who Laughs Last . . .

By Tom Stubbs and Jason Wagoner

It was a deviously beautiful spring day, and Jason and I were busily scheming and dreaming up things that we could do to Mrs. Hathcock to get back at her for the heck she put us through this year. We thought for a long time and wrote our ideas down on paper. We had some great ideas, but all of that plotting made us extremely tired, so we lay down for a moment. Suddenly, we woke up simultaneously. We thought it was quite odd that we both woke up at the same instant but put it out of our minds.

Since we were both awake we decided to follow through on some of our plans. We went to the store and stocked up on the necessities: toilet paper, spray paint, paper bags, Crazy Glue, stick 'em (adhesive spray), and last but not least, beautiful colorful plastic beads. After our trip to the store, we went to Sphincter's Exotic Pets, where we picked up a parrot, a pit bull, a medium-sized crocodile, and seven-inch pirannah. With the resources collected, all we had to do was to exact our revenge!

It was an early day for us. While everyone else in the world was busy sleeping, Jason and I dressed in black and got on the move. We were up and out by 3:00 A.M. This early time was necessary so no one would hear the entourage of exotic animals in tow. Our first stop was the school. Because Mrs. H is sometimes seeminly obsessed with doors, we planned to eliminate hers so she wouldn't have to worry about it any more. We broke in and jimmed the lock on Room 210, careful not to show any signs of forced entry. Once inside we placed the vocal

parrot in the closet. Then we commenced to hanging the beautiful beads, from the inside, so she wouldn't notice them until she came in.

Next we hopped in the van and headed for her house. Upon arriving we quickly made a mockery of her yard with the toilet paper; then we painstakingly painted her house, car, trees, shrubs, and grass with the fluorescent spray paint. With this task completed, we tied the ferocious crocodile to her front bumper. We then applied Crazy Glue to the gas and brake pedals and the gear selector. Then we sprayed stick 'em onto her steering wheel. This all took quite a while, and we knew she would soon be getting up and ready to go to school. We sneaked around back to the bathroom window, looked up, and then ducked back down as Mrs. Hathcock entered to draw her bath. This couldn't be more perfect! She was a slave to our every whim! She turned the water on and then left the room. We then stealthily crept in and dumped the pirannah into the warm tub.

The sun was beginning to rise so we thought we had better leave; but before we left we took one of those paper bags we bought and filled it full of crocodile droppings. We then placed it on the front porch, set it aflame, and rang the doorbell. We then lit out of there lighthearted and crackling feeling like we were finally even.

Boom! Out of the clear blue we woke up. It had all been a dream. We set back and laughed for a couple of minutes. Then we both got a devilish grin and thought aloud, "Dreams really do come true!"

## Furr's Back

By Brett Richards



Mr. Furr explains to Mr. Taylor, "I don't scare easily."

As reported last month, Reed Furr, assistant principal at AHS, handed in his resignation due to unreconcilable differences with administrative staff members (namely, Mr. Taylor). Mr. Furr had planned to leave AHS April 31. As the weeks have passed, however, this story has taken a surprising turn. Mr. Furr will remain at AHS through the year. Inside sources report that Mr. Morgan had a meeting with Mr. Furr, and Mr. Furr's letter of resignation was destroyed during the meeting. Apparently, Mr. Furr's earlier decision to leave to avoid what he had described as "bloodshed" has been reversed. Mr. Taylor hasn't commented on the subject but seems to be cooperating fully. It appears that these gentlemen have decided to resolve their differences for the betterment of the school. After all, it would be crazy to think that one assistant principal could keep all of us under control. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Furr, and Mr. Taylor seem to be trying to sweep this entire incident "under the rug." These events are best forgotten, and the exact how's and why's behind Mr. Furr's sudden change of plans are best left a mystery. Welcome back, Mr. Furr (although, technically, you never left).

## Who's Who?

By Meonne Blalock

As you read this final "Who's Who" article for the 89-90 school year, I would like to thank those who let me in on all of the malicious gossip at AHS. I have once again been informed by many AHS students of some of the most secretive activities that AHS students are involved in.

What 11th grader asked a freshman's boyfriend to the prom and promptly got turned down?

Who has two boyfriends, keeps it a secret from everybody, and is constantly running from one to the other?

Who am I? I am a secret admirer and my admirer's initials are A.R.

Who has more zits than outer space?

What guy likes to have a very large ice cream

cone every night?

What junior guy has a long distance relationship and a main squeeze at AHS? (Talk about secrets!)

What teacher shows his/her class perverse filmstrips entitled "The Reproductive System"?

What AHS students have their licenses to fly?

What group of wrestlers left Davidson College and went shopping at Eastland Mall during a wrestling match?

What junior girl claims to be your friend until your back is turned?

What AHS students routinely enjoy eating lunch at Joe's?



This biology student waits for a peek at Mr. Eidson's x-rated slides.



For Bryan Land and Todd, the sky is their limit.