



# MOONSHINE

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## Adventures of the Burr Brothers

### Son of A "Jail Bait"

March is a month in which most people, like us, take time out from their usual schedule to enjoy the ever-so-warm air that marks the beginning of the spring season. With this month comes many days of warm and sunny weather. We couldn't wait for all this "nice" weather to reach our area. The winter was long and grueling and we were very tired from the various "good deeds" which we had performed over the past three or four months, so we sat down to decide and plan on this years "spring vacation."

It was going to be great. We would get a condo on the beach, a weekly pass to the premiere golf courses at the strand, and of course, many, many cases of our favorite choice beverages. The only problem was we didn't have any money and without a decent supply of money we couldn't uphold the Burr-Brother name. We couldn't think of any way to get some quick cash without paying outrageous interest. After many hours of deep thought and mind-boggling analysis, we came up with nothing. Then it dawned on us what we could do. In front of us, lying dormant on our dust-covered homework desk, was our lovely Income-Tax Returns. We studied the entire paper and finally found the column entitled, "money due back" and beside of it was the mesely figure of \$11.27. This small sum would get us nowhere. But what if we changed it? Add a few zeroes and move the decimal a few places, who would know the difference? So we quickly did our math and came up with a figure that satisfied us much better than the previous. The new figure read, \$110,027.00. That was more like it. We quickly finished our papers and mailed it double the usual first-class rate to ensure the fastest return. Now all we could do was wait.

After many days of worriless anticipation, it finally came. We hurriedly opened it. We couldn't speak when we saw a Federal Check made out to the famous Burr-Brothers for the lofty sum of \$110,027.00. After we cursed for a few minutes and drank a pack of Genuine Draft, we decided to cash our check and go on a little shopping trip. After receiving our Grande amount of dinero we got into the Burr-Mobile and took off for the wonderful town of Charlotte. There we probed the many selections of wonderful car dealers and narrowed our list to Hendrick Porsche of Charlotte. We got our cash and walked in. A dealer came up and just sat there. We asked him how much a 91' 928 would cost. He started laughing and said very jokingly, "Too much for you kids, so scram!!" Annoyed to the point of anger, we slapped him across the head a couple of times and asked him one more time. He said, "80 grand." We quickly gave him the "Cash" and signed the papers.

After we acquired our new vehicle, it was time to head to South Carolina and get ready for our first night on the town. After prepping up our muscular bodies with very nice attire and expensive cologne, we headed out with our pockets full of cash and nothing on our minds but chicas. After cruising the strip only one full time, we were greeted by two very lovely chicks. After hearing our story of how we were naturally rich and seeing our "wad" of cash, they quickly jumped into the car for a night of adventure of love. We took them to the nicest resturaunt and treated them like queens. After doing all of this for them they realized they were in love and asked us if they could stay with us at our family acquired condo for the night. Quickly we got into the car and traveled, at a ridiculous volocity, to the condo to begin our night of fantasy.

As we pulled up to the condo's parking lot, we were greeted by two men claiming to be the FBI. They asked us to step out of the car for a few questions. After we revealed our identity to them, they threw us on the hood and cuffed us as they read our rights. The two girls looked on laughing as a wrecker hauled off our car and the owner of the condo took our keys and cancelled our reservations. When they settled our bond at \$1000, we decided it was time to use our mandatory one phone call to try to get in touch with our relatives back home. They were very upset by the collect phone call so we just asked them for a grand in cash and decided to wait until we got home to tell them the bad news. We got home and spilled our guts to them. They grounded us for an indefinite amount of time and told us we would never leave Stanly County again. We ended up settling the charges with the FBI outside of court and our records were clear. After all that, all we could think about was being broke again!! Oh well, that's just another day in the life of a Burr-Brother.



Jason and Bill show off their "wad" of cash.

### They Are Where ?

By Seth Cain

Wrestling, the sport for men, losing weight, sweaty, and smelly bodies, is the championship sport at AHS. We all know how well the wrestling team did throughout the year but few people know of the plain ole' funny things that have happened to the team when they have practice.

The most recent and probably funniest thing that happened was our nice little jog at Morrow Mountain. We left school with the whole team to go run. Starting at the entrance of the park, we got off to a nice pace. Slower and slower everyone became. Steeper and steeper the mountain seemed to get. Jogging at a nice pace everyone stopped, except for a few, and caught their breath. Hoping the top was to come soon, it just seemed to keep getting further and further away. Finally, arriving at the top along with some others, the bottoms of my feet would go no further. While I rested, the last of the clan came. How in the world could they get here so quick when they were so far behind. The question was answered, "HITCH-HIKING." Coach Eidson's response was "They will only hurt themselves." I and the rest of the people just looked disgusted. With a sigh we were ready to get on the bus but that was shattered when Coach Eidson said "see you at the bottom." Everyone moaned but everyone headed down.

Some stayed on the road, but others did not. Some of us tried to find short cuts, but it just lead to a longer "WALK." After many hours of excruciating walking, we finally saw the gate. Picking up the pace and breathing hard to make the illusion that we ran with all our might, we arrived at the gate. There was a sign that said "2 miles to the bus." Cursing, we were off for the last trek of our jog. Some of us were anxious to get to the bottom so the pace was picked up. Others said "screw it" and they didn't care how long it would take. They were walking.

The bus was finally in sight with some of the faster runners. While I recouped, others came down. Although we waited hours, several wrestlers still did not show. The sun was heading down, and it was almost dark. Time to find the scoundrels. Coach Eidson was not his jolly self when he had to go to the Park Rangers Office and explain some of his wrestlers are lost on the mountain. While we waited for his return, Mrs. Myers drove up and said some of the wrestlers got a ride to the school. Amazement was written on everyone's face, but when Coach Eidson found out "Kill" was written on his face.

Quickly heading back to the school, we thought of what punishment we could put them through. When we arrived at the school, mad hoards of wrestlers ran to the coach's office to beat the living crap out of them. Of course, everyone lived happily every after.



Jeff Euto and Daniel Chester wonder, "Where in the heck are we?"

### 36-24-36 for Myrtle Beach

By Jessica Poplin

As summer approaches and graduation is only four months away, girls and some guys become obsessed with their weight and frightened of how they will look in a bathing suit. We start fasting, jazzercising, jumping rope, and running two miles a day to burn off calories and, most of all, body fat. Most starve themselves by eating graham crackers, cereal, or drinking slim-fast to cleanse the system, but all we think about is looking good in a two piece, French cut bikini. At the beach you want to have the bod to knock everyone on their butt as you walk by with head up high, breasts stuck out, tummy tucked in, and a studly walk (don't let it go too far). All of us know that Myrtle Beach is full of hunks and Barbie-doll babes that all have the intention of getting with someone for a short-term affair. I'm referring to singles only. Everyone's eye is on a major hot body and the way you look with tanning oil greased all over you. Though you want to succeed in forming a perfect body, it is very hard to do in a short amount of time. Starving yourself or not eating the right foods is not the way to do it and causes difficulties to the body. Get out a little, run around, or go to the YMCA a couple of times a week. If you start now you can lose some pounds and tone up those muscles by beach time. Every-

body gains a few pounds during the winter and will keep it off on losing it until this time of the year. Even though it may seem impossible, it isn't. Eat three well-balanced meals and exercise regularly. Though it may be jumping rope everyday, that's better than nothing. You've got three months to go, so take your time. If you're not the perfect 10 you would wish to be, don't worry, they don't know what they're missing.



Okay, ladies, shake those hips!