



Grimsby Collapses

By Cindy Ward

This Monday morning began as any other at good old Grimsby High, with many of the students already arriving. They moved slowly, as if in a daze, all trying to pry their sleep-filled eyes open to begin another week of school.

Mr. Topple, the assistant principal at Grimsby, had called an emergency teacher's meeting under the clock in the main hall.

He was worried about how fast the Toto regime was catching on, but his main concern was about the unusually cold weather. If the situation got critical, the termites would freeze. (It was common knowledge that the only reason Grimsby's 48-year old main building still stood was because all of the termites were holding hands.)

Just as Mr. Topple began to explain his evacuation plan, should the termites indeed freeze, a large chunk of ceiling landed with a dull thud right at his feet. It was as if the go-ahead whistle had been blown, for immediately pictures began falling from crumbling walls, window panes shattered, and showers of brick and plaster made sight next to impossible.

This was a perfect situation for Kelli Klutz, who ducked into a newly formed hole under a star well. As she stood panting, trying to catch her breath, angry tears stung her eyes. Nothing was going right this morning. She had not eaten her breakfast cereal fast enough and it had wilted, she had

ring around the collar, and now to top everything off, Mr. Gully was after her.

Mr. Gully, Grimsby's very own truant officer, had been in hot pursuit of her down the third floor in the main building because she had forgotten to sign out before leaving school last Friday.

Cautiously, she peeked out from her dark cubby hole, just in time to see a very astonished Mr. Gully disappear into a large crack which had opened up in front of him only moments before.

His fall was broken by Jimmy Bravo, the star player on the school's basketball team. He was starting that very night in the big game between the Grimsby Twirlies and the Caged Pi-rats.

Jimmy, who had been reaching for his chemistry book on the top shelf of his locker, never knew what hit him. The impact of Mr. Gully's descent smashed Jimmy headlong into the locker, squashing his 7'1" frame into his three foot locker. From out of nowhere a huge beam appeared, that not only slammed and barred Jimmy's locker shut, but also sent Mr. Gully rolling down the steps into the main hall, where he landed in the pile of debris which covered Mr. Topple.

As suddenly as the main building had begun falling apart, it stopped.

Mr. Grinn, the principal of Grimsby, announced that all students who had classes in the demolished main building could skip, as long as they remained on

campus. He also said the game between the Twirlies and Pi-rats would proceed on schedule in the undamaged boys' gym.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Gully regained his wits and vowed to catch Kelli Klutz if it was the last thing he did, the 69-cent man could just barely see with his bionic eyes, the plight Jimmy Bravo was in. The 69-cent man could do nothing, though, until he recharged himself with a Sears Die-Hard battery.

The game began in less than a half an hour, and still there had been no sign of Jimmy Bravo. If Jimmy did not show up, Coach Beaver would be forced to play Billy Botch, the world's crumbiest player. The coach knew that rules were rules, and the rules stated that each team was required to have five players on the floor at all times.

The team began their warm-ups, while Coach Beaver anxiously paced the floor, wondering where Jimmy could be.

Jimmy who had awakened in his pitch black prison, began to shout and beat against his locker, but to no avail.

Can the 69-cent man recharge himself in time to save Jimmy Bravo?

Will Billy Botch blow the big for the Twirlies?

Is Kelli Klutz safe from the treacherous Mr. Gully?

To answer these and other questions, tune in to the next issue of HIGH LIFE to find out.

Student of the Month

Ashok Chopra

Because of his academic abilities as well as interest and involvement in school, sports and community activities, Ashok Chopra has been chosen High Life Student of the Month.

Ashok, a senior and a member of the High I.Q. team here at Grimsley, plans on entering a pre-med school next year. Two of the schools Ashok is considering are Duke and Harvard.

Among school activities Ashok has been participating in during his three years at Grimsley include: Exchange student, Lab assistant, Debate team, Intramural Committee, Student Advisory Board, Interim Committee, Group Communications Leader, Treasurer Executive Board and volunteer work as student aid during registration. Ashok, who excels in track also plays volleyball, tennis, hockey, basketball and placed third in the Junior Olympics this past year.

Along with all this, Ashok manages to keep up with community activities. He has done volunteer work for the Greater Greensboro Open, Youth Carnival and the Republican Party. Ashok has been a member of numerous other activities such as Junior City Council-Councilman, Greensboro Youth Council, Young Life and India Association.

Special honors Ashok has received are: member of National Honor Society, received scholarship from National Science Foundation nominated for Anjari Bi Duke Scholarship and accepted Cullowhee program for gifted and talented students.



Contratulations!
Cliff Abels, Morehead
Scholar

March -- It Is Becoming Dull

March.

That particular month brings to mind visions of blustery days, with the wind blowing so hard that to wear a dress would be a sin, and woe to the unlucky person sporting a wig or toupe.

The month of March also brings the first day of spring, and of course that terribly exciting holiday...Saint Patrick's Day.

Remember? The day that everybody gets a chance to pinch the tar out of any poor soul who forgets to wear a bit of green in his clothing? Sounds exciting, right? WRONG!!

Aside from the coming of spring, and Saint Patrick's Day, not one single solitary thing happens in March. Oh, there are other holidays, but only a minority of the minority know about them, much less celebrate them.

Every other month of the year boasts of at least one big holiday, but March, it seems, was forgotten in the toss-up.

Really, March has got to be about the most boring month of the year. It needs a boost...its own special holiday, that could be identified with March.

Grimsley could appoint its own day in March, and make it a tradition. Maybe our holiday would catch on, and Grimsley High could be famous! There is one slight problem, though, and that is what to call it, and how to celebrate it.

Any suggestions?

McDonald's Student Scholarship Winner



McDonalds would like to congratulate Jennifer Saylor on being selected a March Youth of the Month. This honor is co-sponsored by the Greensboro Parks and Recreation Department and the **Greensboro Record**, and is awarded to two outstanding city high school seniors monthly.

Jennifer has made special and regular honor roll for three years and was inducted to the National Honor Society her junior year. She is a member of the French Club and serves as Treasurer this year. Jennifer is a member of the Charioteers Service Club and a staff member of the Literary Magazine. She also is a Greensboro Youth Council representative and a member of the Greensboro Youth Planning Board. Jennifer was listed in **Who's Who Among American High School Students**. For these and her many other fine accomplishments Jennifer has received a \$100 McDonalds scholarship payable to the school of her choice.



GHS Personals

Betsy -- Seen any green rabbits lately? -- Terrie
J.C. -- Why are busdrivers so unsocial?
E.N., ripped any books lately. --J.K.
J.A., got Testophobia on 2/24, huh? --J.K.
Pic, talent gets you everywhere, but you are lost. --Teddy
Hey Stub, seen any lawnmowers, lately?
T.F.L.S., you're a prig!
T.N., the KKK cometh. --W.B.
J.C., R.M. --Bag-a-fag club hits the Pied tonight! --S.T.
F.C., slam dunk on C.J.'s face. Y-ball next year or splinters. --The Unc
Bring him back from heaven, please! --J.H.
Lee -- Nobody asked you if you had a good time ... Well, did you???

So Terrie, who's the new jock -- an ex-pro
Sam & Robbie -- Still running for your seat?
H.N., wohin lernst du dich deutsch? --Deutsche Klasse Drei

Screw the ERA.
Beth -- Have you any spare socks? --M.B.
R.W. -- Thanx! --C.E.
To Ms. Joyner's 6th period -- (especially Lisa) -- Doughnuts, Anyone???

Hey Smitty & Chilby -- opened any mailboxes lately? -- Dr. Amlit
T.G.F. -- sono yasashi sa o boku wa aishiteiru.
B.G. -- Thanks for the "B's", will return cooler at a later date.
B.D. x 2, B.F.
S.S. -- Luv ya! --D.E.
M.A. -- Tell me when he comes! --H.
K.H., a date. D.B.
B.W., love the form. --C.B.
G.Y., We haul butt. W.S.
A.G., On your toes!
M.A., you're training!!!
Pass the STROHS! --S.I.
J.K., I read your book, How to Pull Splinters from A --. It's right. --Dr. Bu
D.G., you're the greatest; for a sophomore, anyway. L.M.
AA, you ain't got no game. --L.S.

B.T., when you goin' to Columbia. --D.B.
M.M. -- Kiss, Kiss --J.E.
Shadow -- Just a simple hello from Wonder Woman.
Michelle -- Don't sit in the sun, it might melt! --Terrie, Sandy
Leigh -- Did you find it? --M.B.
L.C. -- Get that marshmallow!!!!
Russ -- Congratulations!!!! --C.A.E.
Mariana -- Love that laugh!
S.P. -- How's the G.O.F.W.? --L.C.
Fearless Leader, take me to Transylvania. --Drac, Jr.
Myrtle Beach, Me, and You; April, okay? --S.F.
B.J., we're goin' to California again. Wanna go? --TK
Tiki, where did you learn that Sunday afternoon move? --BBT
Few, get revenge!
Girls, dial 294-0503 for some action. You to P.K.!

T.F., get on with your double liplock. --B.B.
C.S. -- Take care, my man -- Richard