

What Scares You The Most?

By LAMAR CHANCE and LISA CLARK

Joe Talbert — Tom H. with camoflaug and his face painted, running house in the neighborhood.

Melinda Smith and Jennifer Saunders — A rampaging moose!

Tracey Worley — the "AHG" getting banged up — J.S., B.B., R.S., D.B., R.R., J.S., (and Jennifer's driving.)

Jennifer Griffin — my car going to "The Point" with R.R. driving, and the "AHG" eating pizza in the graveyard.

Julie Cochran — Adam's "cow."

Jennifer Maiden — Mike Snyder's "calf."

Bill Duke — looking into a mirror.

Jesse Hicks — Gary M. without his make-up.

Lisa Clark — being deserted beside a 1/2 rolled van and teaching Tonya and D.D. how to dance.

Tonya Springer — knocks on kitchen doors when you least expect them.

Becky Coley — a certain freshman the "Day After."

Kipsy Helderman — being the target of the initiation of the Moose Patrol.

Jody Giglio — going to Geometry.

Rob Byrum — It can't be printed, it wouldn't pass the censor.

Anonymous — Gary Deese.

Michelle Booth — Jesse at lunch! Gotcha back!

Elizabeth Coleman — spiders and clown.

Shaun Merriman — Selene Davis!

David Baucom — Mr. Holcomb's yardstick!

Tim Haire — Mrs. Burleson's tests.

Lamar Chance — members of the Moose Patrol.

Melvin Byrd — The answer to that fatal question, "Will Lisa C. and Tonya S. ever grow up?"

Gerald Helms — Ms. H. in a bathing suit.

Tony Craig — Tonya Springer in her "jumpsuit."

Leigh Childers — Perry's face in the morning!

Dana Parker — going to Mr. Holcomb's class.

Jessica McIntosh — Hosers!

Tondra Clark — Suzanne H. waking up in the morning.

Kyle Hatley — Coach Fast at himself.

Greg Parker — People opening the door while rolling their yard at three in the morning, especially Sarah T.'s father.

Tom Hudson — Coach Bright when he has hemorrhoids.

Suzanne Holhouser — Conchita Clark (Sister).

Susie Bowers — Being in the passenger's side of a "green Honda."

Jim Adams — The idea of "Farmer" Brown and Greg Harwood playing tennis.

Michelle Dennis — "Jeff" Hartsock on a cannon with Capt. John Fogerty. Do you know the speed limit in Ramseur, Ms. Hartsock?

Adam Lemmar — Michael Snyder, the morning after?

Michael Snyder — Adam Lemarr, the morning after?

Coach Fast — K.H.'s k.h

Anonymous — Linda H.'s big doobie.

Anonymous — The Moose Patrol patrolling my neighborhood. (Barou-u-u-ba!!!)

Big Red

By SHAWN MERRIMAN

You had better be careful of what you say on Bluemont Day (Halloween) in Queenstown, Tavarria, a country somewhere near Transylvania, or what you say might come true! I remember the time the Daniels got into a fight. The Daniels were always getting into fights. Tom Daniel, the town drunk, frequently came home late from the local distillery. He was a pale man of little intelligence even less wisdom. He was long and slanky with two eyeballs that looked like those of a stomped-on frog. He was a scared man, a gentle man, and a loving man (loving every woman that came by). Not only was Tom a drunk, but he was a lover as well. Somehow Tom had ended up with Henrietta, a large nagging hog of a wife who was long on tongue and very strong of arm. Well, it was the morning of Bluemont Day, and Tom had found himself dead drunk at the local saloon. Tom knew for sure, that whenever he wasn't home before midnight, his wife would skin him alive. Tom drank his last drink, grabbed his coat and hat, and stumbled down the road. As Tom stumbled down the cobble stone street, he prayed to God that Henrietta, the old nag, wasn't waiting at the door with a big stick. Oh, how he prayed. As Tom ran past Widow Sinclair's house, he noticed that someone was running beside him. A short chap with a darkish complexion dressed in a white suit wearing white shoes. Tom came to a

Bulldog Barks

NORTH STANLY		
Offense Tom Hudson	Defense Gary Crump	Specialist Warren Leak
MOUNT PLEASANT		
Offense Guy Harris	Defense Efird Cato	Specialist Gary Crump
101% — Greg Parker, Ray Surratt		
PARKWOOD		
Offense Jerry Steele	Defense Derrick Brown Kyle Morton	Specialist Warren Leak
101% — Steve Wall, Warren Leak, Rob Scull, Chris Hunter, Ray Surratt, Kevin Brown		
MONROE		
Offense Steve Wall Mike Hogan	Defense Orlando Lilly Ben Jolly	Specialist Kevin Brown
101% — Joe Brooks, Mark Dunn, Alvin Currie, and the whole offensive unit on the last scoring drive.		
TENNIS		
Undeafated singles — Sarah Thomas Noelle Goins		Undeafated doubles — Noelle Goins Kim Goodman

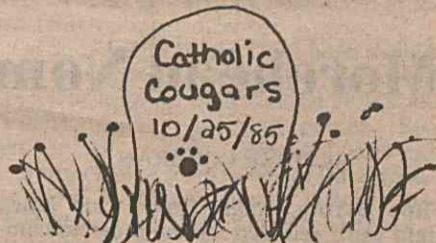
complete stop and asked the man what was his name. "Big Red!" replied the man with a smile stretching from ear to ear. "What you!" snapped Tom.

"Oh, I'm here to do you, sort of a favor" said Big Red, "I hear you have been having troubles; I'm here to help you." Well, Tom and Big Red sat down for a while and chewed the fat. They chewed and chewed until Big Red came up with a terrific idea. He reached over to Tom and said, "Tom, I tell you what, everything you say on Bluemont Day will come true, just for one day." Tom, who didn't believe a word that Big Red said, got up and said good-bye. When Tom reached his door, there was big Henrietta waiting for him with a big stick.

"Where you been Tom!?" roared Henrietta. "Hm, hm, down at the docks fishing for food," said Tom.

"Liar! You've been drinking again!" replied Henrietta. She came at Tom with a humongous stick. She was aiming to kill. Tom closed his eyes and prayed that something mean, something vicious, would give Henrietta the thrashing he was about to receive. Just then the walls caved in. A huge, man with a shiny head and a body like the Rock of Gibraltar came out of nowhere

and jumped on Henrietta. They went at it, fist to fist. The stranger beat the tar out of Henrietta. He bashed her face in, pulled out every snatch of hair she had on her head, and kicked her up her posterior rumpus a few good times. Tom enjoyed the rest of the day. Eating breakfast in bed, sleeping late, and drinking all he wanted. It seemed like paradise until a bowl of soup was spilled all over him. Tom was so mad, he make a slip of tongue, he said, "May the Devil burn me alive." Just then, the ground opened up and Big Red jumped out. He burned Tom alive. Now if there's a message to be learned, it probably would be, watch what you say when in Queenstown, Tavarria, on Bluemont Day or what you say might come true!



Where's The Beef?!?

An Investigative Reporter's existence is plagued with the maladies of humanity and the cosmos. It is no different with this humble reporter. I have striven to unlock the mysteries which have hovered about our scholarly institution and to procure repose for our assiduous young people. So, it is no magnanimous unexpectancy that I have undertaken a problem which effects every single patron of our illustrious haven of savory dining. This problem, you ask? Beef Ribs. Now, far be it from this reporter's equitable practice to downgrade the virtue of our own dedicated food staff. That is not my goal. In their own right, the Beef Ribs at Albemarle have an enjoyable sapidity known only to them. Where else can you acquire such a palatable appetizer for only 29 2/10 cents a serving? No, the taste of these Ribs is not their problem. It is their nomenclature, their classification as "Beef Ribs" that is their appalling inconsistency. The discrepancy is severe. Never in my numerous samplings of the world's beef ribs have I come across a morsel like our local facsimile.

Let me start with the first name, beef, which seems highly unlikely considering their flavor. The presence of

beef is probably out of the question, and, if present, it is probably in a form unrecognizable to the student consumer. Moving on to the second name, I see that an even more disturbing oversight has been made. A common understanding for the anatomy and skeletal structure of mammals makes it perfectly clear that a rib is a bone. Search as I may, I find no bones in our alleged Beef Ribs! Oh, they try to deceive us by forming the imposter into a "riblike" slice with "riblike" grooves cut in the meat. Close scrutinization reveals the truth, however.

The truth is that what we are fed when the menu says Beef Ribs is actually nothing of the sort. My question is, "What are they?" My inquisitive search began in the school cafeteria. Simple deduction brought me to the cafeteria business office and to Mrs. Nannie Sinclair, who is in charge of food orders. A very benevolent conversation ensued, as a result of which the reputable Mrs. Sinclair divulged the necessary information for my investigation. The dreaded ribs are ordered from a food supplier in our metropolitan neighbor, Charlotte, North Carolina. I thanked Mrs. Sinclair for her integrity and departed. My next

stop was the PYA/Monarch company in the Queen City. I entered to find a secretary who asked my business. I relinquished to her my purpose for my arrival. She eyed me with suspicion and abruptly told me that her superiors would give "NO COMMENT." Without any placid alternative I left the company as requested. I realized, of course, that I could penetrate the innersanctum of the center with a quick disguise or a slight diversion, but I did have very important matters of world nuclear disarmament discussions to attend to, so I sought another method. My idea calls on the aid of the reader and is very feasible because the power of the masses often brings quick actions, and because it allows me to devote all my intellect to my more pressing problems. So, I implore you, the reader, to take part in this demand for justice. Write the PYA/Monarch company at the following address and confront them with the insurmountable evidence. I feel confident that in so doing this unfortunate Beef Rib scandal will be rectified. PYA/Monarch, 4423 Wilkinson Blvd., Charlotte, N.C., 28266.

Rob Byrum, Investigative Reporter

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