

# Letters to the Editor

## Where's Matt? Fired, concerned reader hopes

It pains me deeply to write to you of a grave subject, but I have analyzed the situation closely, and I conclude that it's my duty as a dignified member of society. I demand that you take action against one of your staff members, Matt Sandbank.

I have been a faithful reader for two and a half years. But for those two and a half years, I have stood by silently and watched as Matt has filled your otherwise outstanding pages with the rank odor of horrid writing and offensive ideas, and I will remain silent no longer.

I will not go to the trouble of citing any particular article of Matt's which has particularly incensed me, for they have all done so equally. He astounds me each successive issue by his lack of respect for all that sentient human beings hold dear, as well by lack of skill in expressing that lack of respect. The simple mention of his name makes me nauseated. In a word, he has single-handedly ruined my faith in humanity.

I have spied on Matt for many months, and I have discovered that his everyday actions mirror his written persona. He kicks dogs. He pushes old

ladies over when he crosses the street. He steals candy from little children.

It boggles my mind that anyone would ever allow someone like Matt Sandbank to infect the entire student body with such filth every month for almost three years. I beg you, editor, no more.

Granted, the raw sexual energy which Matt possesses is enough to sway many weak, unfocused minds, but certainly not all minds at Grimsley. Do his fellow staff members share his inhumane vindictiveness? Has the adviser, Mrs. Kidd, completely lost each and every one of her wits?

Whether this letter will find your hands, dear editor, and make it to the printing press, I doubt. Matt knows well my feelings towards him, and he will stop at nothing to ruin my efforts to expose his pungent soul.

But if it does, I would be forever indebted towards you for printing it, as well as towards the person who finally does us all the favor of wrapping Matt up in duct tape and tossing him into a swimming pool full of mean, snarling poodles (Matt has a terrible fear of poodles, swimming pools, and duct tape).

**-Matt Sandbank  
Disgusted Reader**

## Grammar of Letters needs to be fixed by you

As the copy editor for the newspaper and a grammarian of the conservative persuasion, I think that the writing which we receive at this paper is to be thoroughly condemned. The spelling is atrocious and many who rite to our paper could use lessons in rudimentary English. Where did you learn to write at? If I was one of them, I would ask someone to correctly teach me the subjunctive, as well.

Two of the most common errors are forgetting commas and passive voice. Passive voice is forbidden for use in this paper by us. When those who write for this paper and send in letters is taught this, the quality of the writing will be steadily improved. This is my least favorite error but one of the most annoying is improper punctuation such as forgetting commas or putting; semicolons in odd places or, putting, too, many, commas, in, and, you, would, think, that, people, would, do, one, or, the, other, comma, error but they, don't.

Things like this make the paper real hard to copy edit, as some of the errors are very subtle. Please do your part to intelligently help our staff produce a paper which everyone can agree was done good by our student body.

**-David DeWeese  
Man on a Mission**

## One hand clapping club raises applause

*Continued from page -8968*

after the firemen arrived people finally began to settle down. "I guess those chickens didn't like lime jello as much as I thought," said the exhausted freshman. Regardless the girls' locker room will most likely be closed for at least a week—and some members of the soccer team will never be able to walk into a KFC again.

Earlier this week the CEO of Jello Gelatin snacks issued the following statement: "We here at Jello in no way, shape, or form endorse this kind of activity even if most of the girls were 18 and the chickens were purchased legally."

"The film that the students used will be confiscated, trust me," said the embarrassed coach, sweeping the feathers off of the linoleum.

### Editor's Note

Due to publication deadlines, we were unable to provide pictures of this late breaking event. Look for scratch-and-sniff photos in the next issue, along with a recipe.

*Low Life*

### Volume 76 Issue 7

The *High Life* Staff grudgingly accepts comments in the form of singing telegrams, carrier pigeons, bricks through windows and "Yo Mama!" jokes from anyone suckered into buying a paper or threatened by Max. Letters may be shoved in your ear—sideways. All letters must be copied seven (7) times and sent to seven (7) friends. One man in Minneapolis failed to do this and was run over by a cement mixer. A woman in Topeka did and won the lottery the next day. The staff reserves the right to tweak your nose, jab you in the eyes and yell, "Nyuk! Nyuk! Nyuk!" And if we poke you in the stomach, you must giggle like the Pillsbury Doughboy. The *High Life* is published eight times a year and is produced by the students of Grimsley High School, 123 Sesame Street, Kevin Greene's Borough, MB 45678. The *High Life* functions as a medium for creative journalistic pursuits and as a summer camp for neo-Fascist revolutionaries that have bad toe jam and are missing their back molars. This *High Life* was sponsored by the numbers 3, 7, and by the letter H. The *High Life* functions, but we're not exactly sure how.

**Queen of All Journalism:** Lil' Dina's Ackerwomann, **Complaints:** Jessica - is the glass half Fuller half empty?, **Newsie:** Have a very Merry Kristen Kelly, **Back to the Feature, Part II:** Wyatt Earp and Angie the Kid, **Back Page Editor:** Stairway to Kevin Link, **Subliminal Advertiser:** Nicolemine's Daughter Rozelman, **Capitalist Pigs:** Wild Wild Wes Cranford and Rachel Shockley Therapy, **The Grammar King:** David DeWeasel, **Paparazzi:** Jon the Bass is pumpin', **Sharks:** Sir Mix-a-Locke, David DeWeasel, Ellen Fragola Rock, Jessica Gurvis Breakdown, Ashley Kelly Green with Envy, Warr-n-Peace Kuhn, When Meredith gives you Lemons-make lemonade, Laundro-Matt Sandbank, Regina "Fruitless Crown and Barren" Sechter, **Jets:** Kate "Get the tea the water's" Boylan, Emma Nem Burgin, Max "the Jubilant Giant" Gaspeny, Dahlia "What the heck rhymes with Dahlia?" Halpern, Allison Hannibal Lecter, Kevin the Big Mac Daddy, Lauren "Quit writing all over the walls with that big black magic" Marker, Puddle o' Drool Parsons, Rachel Shockley Therapy, Lauren Webster (featuring Gary Coleman), The Reverend Abraham "Hallelujah!" Whaley, **Sweatshop Manager:** Lind-a-brother a dollar (just Kidding).



*Cupid photo*

In a nauseatingly sappy display of affection, Mr. X clutches Mrs. X to his heaving bosom, protecting her from the big black blob moving in from the side of the page.

## Mr. and Mrs. X: The X stands for extraordinary

By Don Juan deMarco  
*Lover with a capital L*

In my entire life, I don't believe I have (or ever will, for that matter) witnessed a love so pure and true as that belonging to this month's Mr. and Mrs. X.

Their relationship, however, did not begin on such auspicious terms. When I interviewed Mr. X and asked him about the first time he met his significant other, he replied, "The first time I met who? Oh, Mrs. X. I don't know. What a stupid question! I have trouble remembering what I did five minutes ago!"

Mrs. X had a clearer memory of the event. She recounted, "Oh, the first time I met him I truly almost chundered. I mean, he was the most hideous-looking troll I had ever laid eyes upon. I could barely see his face underneath all the warts and whatnot. He also made this annoying whistling sound out of his nostrils when he breathed because he never opened his mouth."

"As I got to know him better, though, I realized how sweet he was, and the warts and the whistling became kind of cute. Now I'm hooked, and I pity all those girls who don't date wheezy, wart-faced types."

After Mr. and Mrs. X discovered their feelings for one another, they began dating. At first, they shared fun-filled evenings at the retirement home, spending quality time with the residents and then beating the old fogies in bingo. Then things progressed to romantic candlelit dinners together at fancy restaurants like Mrs. Winner's, or Sonic.

Mr. X's depth of feeling certainly

rivals his sweetheart's. "Without Mrs. X," he says, "I would be lower than circus sawdust. Why, before I met her, I wasn't worthy to clean Grimsley's bathrooms with my own toothbrush! Her love has lifted me higher than anything my pathetic mind could ever imagine. It's like

"The first time I met him, I truly almost chundered... I could barely see his face underneath all the warts and whatnot."

**-Mrs.X**

I'm floating on a cloud or have really bad gas or something."

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. X's couplehood has not always been peaches and cream. Many spiteful, envious individuals have made attempts to break them up. Senorita Y, for instance, says, "I absolutely despise happy people, especially those two stinking love puppies, always carrying on like mushy puddles of slime." Mr. Z, Esquire, has a similar opinion. "They're both so gosh-darned attractive," he says, "I can't tell who to be more jealous over!"

Perhaps Mr. X phrases the secret to his and Mrs. X's success best when he says, "I believe the key to any loving relationship is to always be there for the other person. Even when they don't know it. Just pick a nice, thick bush for cover, and hide there as long as you have to!"