



Spread Topic

What spread topic? Who did the spread? I didn't do the spread. Did you do the spread? Oy vey! Ms. Roz will be mad! pages 1/4-7/8

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66

around,

sipping

our Starbucks Coffee

in our Hummer H2s,

there are just as many

people in South

America drinking

cocoa liqueur and

kicking baby leopards

in the stomach.

Grimsley High School 801 Westover Terrace Greensboro, NC 27408

March 24, 1891

fighLIFE Seniors, juniors lose parking privileges on campus because of pothole frenzy While many of us drive

BY CEM MENTAR Transportation Specialist

Most of you know that the student parking lot at Grimsley is filled with pot holes, bumps, and general neglect. During the month of April, the student parking lot will be closed to all student drivers in order for transpor-

tation specialists to repave the area. All students who drive to school will need to find alternate ways to school or find parking availability off campus. Due to the size of the lot, it will take approximately three weeks for completion of the maintenance.

We know this situation will cause problems for those of you cause of the numerous problems and the budget recently designated for the repairs, the time cannot be changed. Extra school buses will run for the month of April to accommodate the extra students who will be riding them. Please be sure to check in the student hand-

who drive to school, but be- book for times and routes for the bus schedule.

> April is generally a mild month regarding climate, so bike riding and walking would benefit not only students, but the atmosphere as well. Rather than being upset by this inconvenience, let us consider this inconvenience as a way to go green!

Party on: principal, police officer, popular underclassmen find new hangout

News

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Ice Cream killer rages through South Nevada, targeting chunky mint chocolate chip flavors and plain vanilla.

Opinion

Why you gotta do me like that lil' girl? I SAID WHY YOU GOTTA DO ME LIKE DAT SALTY SUGA! page #0

Features

Yeah, my features are definitely my left knee cap and sometimes my elbows when I lotion them.

BY DANNY PARTRIDGE Party Hardy Down (PhD)

During the week of March 15-19, a significantly noticeable number of seats in the cafeteria and benches in the Grove appeared to be empty during lunchtime. It is a well known Grimsley policy that only senior students may leave campus for lunch; however, the disappearance of numerous underclassmen has raised concerns for not only students but staff members as well.

When informed on this matter, Principal Anna Brady and Officer Marc Ridgill teamed up to investigate this mystery.

"Oh we'll find 'em, alright. They always run, but they can't hide; I've got the eyes of a hawk and the speed of a cheetah," said Ridgill.

At the time, the man in black was exerting energy while doing jump jacks-momentum, maybe? "Ever since I was a little girl growing up in North Carolina, I have wanted to be just like "Nancy Drew," and now is my chance to shine. The issue of the missing students at lunch



will be solved shortly, folks," Brady assured staff, students, parents, and other illustrious members of the community.

On Friday, March 19, at approximately noon, Ridgill and Brady searched each building, only to find a couple making out in the cafeteria building (You little rascals...you know who you are!); one of the janitors singing along with his iPod to ""Thriller" in Old Science; and a teacher, whose name shall remain unknown, picking his nose in the Main Building. After a long walk around the entire campus, the two decided to enjoy the last

few minutes of lunch outside in the fresh air. Immediately after leaving the gymnasium, they heard distant sounds, which they soon realized came from the bus parking lot. Following their instincts, they walked up to the bus parking lot to monitor activity in that area.

Approaching the parking lot, something bright and shiny blinds Ms. Brady.

two partners on a mission stood a yellow school bus, #809 to be particular, and on that bus were several underclassmen. Some were fist pumping, some were jumping up and down, and others were dancing like no one was watching; little did they know. As Brady and Ridgill stepped onto the bus to bust the party going on, they were distracted by the impressive disco ball hanging from the bus ceiling and the intricate system hooked up in the back of the bus. What could Brady and Ridgill do but join the dance party?

Administration from Central Office asked both authorities for a report on the infamous lunch skippers.

"Turns out the underclassmen felt as if they had an unfair disadvantage by not being able to leave campus like the seniors, so they started a little harmless fun. Today the kids taught us how to 'Crank Dat Soulja Boy and we believe this act of rebellion could bring some spice to our campus. After all, lunch time has never been so enjoyable," said Brady, and Ridgill agreed.

Sports The Olympics were due cancelled to inclement sunny weather and random spurts of cat and dog attacks.

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Ridgill, put that darn badge up! You're blinding me," said the principal.

"Uhh, that glare is not my badge," Ridgill said sighing and pointing to the top of his head. A few feet ahead of the

Sunbathing in solace leads two to trouble

BY COPPERTONE BABY No Butts About It

Employees have recently started gossiping about two of their colleagues who have been missing from the past three faculty meetings. The two castaways have turned out to be none other than the infamous power couple of Matt and Kristian Martineau, math and social studies teachers, respectively. While administrators searched to no avail for the two lovebirds in the teachers' workroom, the various offices on campus, and second floor of the Home Ec Building, the rest of the staff was entranced by staff development training for Marzano's "Classroom Instruction that Works" and the new evaluation procedures ef-

fective next school year. Recent evidence has put all rumors to rest. "High Life" reporters caught the Martineaus sunbathing on the roof of the cafeteria building after long days of hard work. Mrs. Martineau was reading "Psychology Today" while Mr. Martineau was concentrating intensely on his "90:00 Soccer Magazine." At least they were enriching their careers.