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Letters from the Editors

Dear Reader,

Welcome to LOL Magazine, issue number one point zero, departing from Mundane and arriving in Hilarity. Please take a moment to locate the exit nearest you. Should the magazine experience a sudden loss of amusement, a laughing gas mask will spring from page sixteen. Simply place the mask over your nose and mouth and continue to read normally. If you are reading this publication with a small child, please secure your own mask first, and then let the little youngster fend for him/herself. Thank you.

Katrina Rudisel

Dear Reader,

The content in this magazine is pretty “hardcore.” (You’ll have to keep reading to understand). If you do need to use the gas mask someone is already using it so you’re going to have to wait your turn. There is a ton of articles in this magazine, but there are some pretty sweet pictures. So if the words don’t entertain you, the pictures will. Have a fun time reading and if you need to take bathroom breaks in between articles, it’s perfectly normal. FYI: You should turn the page right now if you don’t want to get yelled at by Mallory.

Hope Erickson

Dear Reader,

What are you doing still reading these letters from the editors? Everybody knows they’re just pieces of fluff meant to make the magazine look fatter (did it work?). There are so many well written masterpieces in this magazine for you to read, so stop reading this. I said stop. Stop. What are you still...

Mallory Nygard
OMG so my crazy mom won't let me go to the dance 2nite. wanna help me sneak out? ;)

i'll be there @ 9. b ready to look gorgeous! :D

ok! will u give me a ride to the dance? i don't want to walk that far! LOL!

...got a pumpkin?
Dear Reader,

When I was younger, I was very gullible (Look, there’s gullible written on the wall!) I’d look. Yeah, that’s back when I thought Barney was the best thing on this earth. I’ve learned since then that he isn’t as wonderful, especially since in one episode he was known for dropping the F bomb...so much for I love you, you love me, we’re a happy family. Anyway, back to my point, when I was younger I believed whatever I was told, not unlike other children my age, or at least I tell myself that. So here is a collection of memories I have of me and my siblings as youngsters and how ridiculous we were, please enjoy yourself, it’s all I ask! I’m sure it won’t be hard to do!

One of the first things that you will find very disturbing is that as an infant my sister would BITE me. No, she wasn’t a vampire, you twilight fans out there that just perked up...she just liked to bite me. I would cry when she did this, and when she came stomping down the stairs. I promise my family is normal! She got over it, and we get along fine now, usually. Well sometimes. Ha, just kidding. The next story is not as bad, I promise. Has anyone else thought that Legos could come to life? Because I was convinced they did. Some nights I would sleep with my older brother, he hated it, but it made me feel safe. My brother had a huge table that had every type of Lego you could imagine...He loved to build things, and hated taking them down, Hence the table, Der. But anyway, when I slept in his room, I could have sworn that the Legos came to life! And frankly, it freaked me out! I could just imagine them walking around and building things, but somehow my brother would never notice. To this day I still believe that Legos come to life. Honestly. Except not, that was a lie.

While we’re on the topic of dolls, I was obsessed with them. Barbies, Polly Pockets, Bratz. You name it, I had it. Because of this obsession I needed someone playing with me at all times. This was good fun when my sisters still played with them, but when they got too “mature” for dolls; I realized I had a problem. So they made a deal with me: They would play with me if I paid them money, or did their chores. I thought this was the greatest deal of my life. I was wrong. Now, the pay wasn’t even a lot, twenty-five cents for a half hour, fifty cents for an hour. Not bad right? But when my sisters got even older, they discovered the act of inflation. Yeah, their best offer was a dollar for a half hour. Jeez! I was a poor child, I didn’t work! So...I got over needing someone to play with me and learned how to play by myself. I also took out a loan. Ahaha.

Now that we know I’m a sucker when it comes to money, I’m going to tell you how good I am at science! Once, my siblings were playing with a children’s chemistry set so I decided I would play too. I found some droppers and decided to squeeze the air into my mouth to see what it would feel like. Upon doing this, my siblings yelled at me, and immediately I knew why. It was poison, why else would they be freaking out? Man, I had some imagination. So, realizing I was going to die, I started to bawl. My mom came rushing into my brother’s room to see what the commotion was. Since I was still alive I calmed down and realized I was fine. I haven’t really played mad scientist since.

One time, for a kindergarten concert, my mother made me wear a flowery dress. I wanted to wear the plain one, but I let her choose anyway. That night my teacher told me I would pass out flyers and wear a flower petal hat. I was mortified. And it was all because I was wearing that dang dress.

When I was like eight, I was watching TV with my friend, and a Hornbacher’s commercial came on. Back then they just sang the word. When they sang it, I exclaimed “Hornbackers! I thought it was cornbachers!” I wasn’t the sharpest tool in the tool box.

Okay, now that’s enough stories about me alone. I wasn’t the only one that was super gullible in my family my sisters were pretty bad when they were younger too.
In my old house we have a random little hole that was used for venting air, I think. There was also some black cloth just stuck in there, and no one ever bothered to take it out. One night, my sisters and I asked about this. My brother replied that the cloth was Santa Clause’s pants, and he had climbed through the vent to get to the chimney, but on his way over, he had ripped his pants. So instead of coming back to get them, Mrs. Clause just made him another suite, but she only had red cloth. And that’s the real reason Santa wears red. We soaked this in as if it was the most logical thing in the world, and back then it was. Now that I think about it, I’m going to tell this to my children, we could make this a tradition!

Another story! Because I know you’re just dying to read more! Once, my sister Erin lost a tooth. Not exactly a strange happening I know, but the clincher is coming, trust me. All three sisters were lying on her bed, and our parents came in to tuck us in. As we were praying good night, my dad took a dollar out of his wallet and dropped it through the ceiling fan “Look the tooth fairy just dropped by!” He exclaimed. My sisters and I were skeptical of this. We knew by then that it was him. We laughed anyway.

Now, I have told you some funny little anecdotes for the sole point to get a smile out of you, if I did I will be delighted. If not, you’re a tough shell to crack!

Fin.

P.S. I was also told that flies could bite. Scarred me for life.

Interesting Facts

- The Hollywood sign was built in 1923.
- The Hawaiian alphabet contains only 12 letters.
- The Pyramids in Egypt were originally white.
- The Great Wall of China cannot be seen from outer space.
- Maine is closer to Bermuda than Florida.
- The average career of an NFL player is about 3.5 years.
- In Delaware, pickles must bounce.
- Michael Jordan was cut from his high school basketball team.
- Virginia Woolf wrote all of her books standing.
- Avatar is the highest grossing film ever.
- Antarctica’s warmest temperature ever recorded was 3 degrees F.
- Al Capone’s business card said he was a used furniture dealer.
- The word “set” has more definitions than any other word in the English language.
- Only 6 people were injured in the great fire of London.
- The only continent without a desert is Europe.
- Adults can sweat up to 4 gallons in one day.
So I have this friend, he’s smart as can be
But sometimes my friend likes to be a tree
He stands on his lawn with his arms spread wide
And pretends he has roots growing outside
I know it sounds strange, but believe me it’s true
I think he is crazy and am not sure what to do
It was all fun and games and did no harm
Till one day a dog cam sniffing at my friends bark
The dog sniffed and sniffed at the “tree”
Then raised its leg up to it could go pee
My friend screamed and ran inside
He ran under his bed to a place he could hide
He no longer wants to be a tree
Instead he stays inside and plays solitaire with me
The moral of this story is not to be a tree
And try something normal, or as normal as you can be
by Sarah Greene

High School. We’ve all been there. We all love, hate, or are indifferent towards the social groups that dominate this institution of secondary education. But what makes these angst and hormone saturated places so similar to each other? The answer is simple – teenage subculture; the separation of students based on social groups, cliques, and comfort zones. In this essay I will be illustrating profiles of four main “categories” of the social groups that exist in almost every high school in the United States. They are Preps/Jocks, Goth/Emo/Punk/Metal Heads, Artsy people, and The Intellectuals.

Preps/Jocks

Preps tend to be the American Eagle, Hollister, Abercrombie & Fitch shopping “leader types” who care about nothing more than “balancing” their social lives with getting into that Ivy League of their dream (all while crushing the people whom they consider to be “lesser” life forms than themselves). The majority are perceived as ignorant rich kids who look down on every other “unique” social group. They “spend their weekends at the mall, at school sports games, or at parties, where they get drunk …” (The definitions found throughout this essay are courtesy of the ever credible Urban Dictionary). Preps usually make up the majority of the Student Government officials, which is saying a lot. Next, you have your jocks; the popular, good looking, tanned and chiseled brain-dead jerk athletes – who abuse the power that comes from winning championships for their school. They “date only cheerleaders and hang around other jocks.” Jocks tend to have nice cars that their daddies gave them. Low IQs are also a prevalent characteristic. The media enjoys playing up the stereotypical view of The Jock figure. In many movies, they tend to fall for Intellectual or Artsy girls, bridging the gap between the social barriers. Also falling under the Prep/Jock category, we have the subgroup of The Cheerleaders. They are frequently accepted as being ditsy, perky, promiscuous, or all of the above. As offensive as this description may be, it is how the majority perceives them. Either way, this social group is usually perceived to be at the top of the food chain.

Goth/Emo/Punk/Metal Heads

The Goths are easier to tell apart from the Emos and the Punks. Goths like to wear dark make up, nail polish, accessories, and clothes with chains, spikes, etc. They enjoy “expressing” themselves visually. “Emo,” which is derived from the word emotional refers to a teenager subculture that is more harshly stereotyped than the rest. In addition to being a genre of music, the widely accepted perception of an emo person is “side bangs, tight pants, and male
vocalists who sing like little girls about their failed relationships.” Self-mutilation is also an act that is commonly associated with emo people. People who do that simply do not possess the ability to see past their high school years to a world in which there is hope; they are your typical angsty teenagers – only to the extreme. That level of hopelessness really is a tragedy (well, either a tragedy or a cry for attention; the subject is debatable). The Punk subculture is seen as being anti-establishment. Punk teenagers tend to have a typical wardrobe of spiked jacket, Mohawks, and anything else that can be purchased at Hot Topic. The Punk subculture developed sometime in the 70s with the genre of music following after. Lastly, we have the metal heads. Metal heads are not as mainstream as these other social groups, but as they hold a special place in my heart, I felt the need to add them (and a few do exist in my school particularly). The common conception of a metal head is based on physical appearance – band shirt, blue or black jeans, and long hair or a shaved head. They are perceived as violent and dangerous people, who you do not want to get in a fight with. The truth however, is that most metal heads are really some of the “friendliest and most down to Earth guys you will ever meet.” Many are also “very open-minded musically.” One may be surprised by this given the “harshness” of the music they listen to.

Artsy People
Under the subculture of “Artsy” you have the Theater people, Band geeks (or Orchestra Dorks), and The Artists (of the visual persuasion). Theater people are perceived as the articulate, attention-grabbing, overdramatic actors. Band geeks are in band and traditionally have no life outside of band and their instruments (note: American Pie). They usually also like to attend Band Camp in the summer. Lastly, The Artists are the deep soulful types who are always making some kind of work of art. If you look at their clothes or hands, they usually tend to be paint splattered or covered in dry clay, ink, or graphite. They take their work with them wherever they go – literally.

The Intellectuals
The Intellectuals of the High School Hierarchy are more commonly referred to as “nerds/geeks.” In the interest of political correctness, we will refer to them as Intellectuals. They are the students obsessed with knowledge; usually of the Science, Math, and IT persuasions. They tend to be the butt of jokes and bullying by The Jocks because they are such polar opposites; The Intellectuals with their brains (being not the most attractive) and The Preps/Jocks with their “beauty.” The Intellectuals are the subculture that usually turns out to have the most success in post-high school life; a shining example of this would be Bill Gates, founder of Microsoft and richest man in the world.
The concept of The High School Hierarchy has been around for generations; the idea of equality among all students is seemingly impossible. Allowing a person to be in more than one social group exclusively is not a widely excepted practice in large public high schools. Smaller schools and private schools on the other hand leave more room for diversity. Frequently, you find a student who falls under say, both the Prep and Intellectual categories, or the Artsy and Intellectual, such as at my own high school, Shanley. Students can be “categorized” into more than one area. In larger schools, where the students are grouped together by the masses, the situation is different. Students in cliques stick together for safety, staying within the bounds of their comfort zones like caged animals in a zoo.

Categorizing human beings so trivially is just plain stupid. Each person is their own person, and no one should be allowed have manipulative dominion over anyone else. Yet the truth of the matter remains as such; high school subculture can be summed in a few simple sentences. “Emos cut themselves and cry over the littlest things. Punks are rebels. Goths wear black. Preps wear collared shirts and knee-high white socks. Geeks sit in the library all day.” The High School Hierarchy must be destroyed.

Wordle of High School Hierarchy

“Wordles” use frequency of vocabulary to decide color and size of words in picture.
The Bunny Poem

By Brianna Vance

There once was a boy named Ben, he was a little weird.

He loved to hear stories of strange, little boys.

He read a strange little boy, times were hard.

Ben loved to hear stories, of a little boy named Ben.

He loved to hear stories, of a strange little boy.

He loved to hear stories, of a strange little boy named Ben.
LOL reporting correspondent Katrina Rudisel secures an exclusive interview with legendary playwright William Shakespeare!

Katrina Rudisel: Thank you so much, Mr. Shakespeare, for joining me today.

William Shakespeare: The pleasure be but mine. And prithee, call me Willie.

KR: Neat! So, Willie, how have you been?

WS: Dead, my lady. Ay, there’s the rub, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil must give us pause. There’s the respect that makes calamity of so long life, for who would bear the whips and scorns of time, th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely...

KR: Wait a minute. Aren’t those from a famous play? Willie, you can’t say other people’s words as your own, that’s plagiarism!

WS: They are from a famous play: Hamlet. Which I wrote.

KR: I thought that was a James Cameron movie. Speaking of whom, what do you think of him?

WS: O Gull, O Dolt, as ignorant as dirt. That beetle-headed flap-ear’d knave! He has not so much brain as ear wax! He’s a canker-blossomed poisonous bunch-back’d toad! A dusty nut with no kernel! Besides, Avatar was totally a stolen mix of Fern Gully and Pocahontas! NOT ORIGINAL, DUDE!!!

KR: I know! But you got to admit, the CGI effects were sweet. Anyway, moving on, what do you think of modern adaptations of your plays?

WS: I will praise any man that will praise me. After all, imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, is it not? At the very least, it’s how I stay hip with you hooligans and hobbledehoys!

KR: So you’re not offended by directors cutting down your work? For example, Michael Almereyda’s version of Hamlet isn’t even two hours long—your original played for over four hours!

WS: ‘Tis true, for truth is truth to the end of reckoning. But it appears to me that in this era the public has a rather short attention span.

KR: About that, Willie. That’s all the time I have! Thanks again for this fascinating interview! You can go back to your crypt in The Holy Trinity Church.

WS: I do have a lot of decomposing to do. Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow!
Rapunzel Revisited

By Breken Lach

to: Prince
from: Rapunzel
3:03 pm
dude! i'm stuck in this stupid tower!
i barely even have cell reception! :(

to: Rapunzel
from: Prince
3:07 pm
OMG r u ok?! i'll come & find u!

to: Prince
from: Rapunzel
3:14 pm
sweet! how r u going 2 get up 2 the window?

to: Rapunzel
from: Prince
3:18 pm
...haven't u been growing out ur hair?
The 20 BEST and WORST Pick up Lines Ever Used

By Sage Nichols

WORST

1. Excuse me, but I’m new in town, can I have directions to your place?
2. I wish I were a tear so I could start in your eyes, live on your face, and die on your lips.
3. Is there an airport nearby, or is that just my heart taking off?
4. Excuse me I think I just dropped something. MY JAW!!
5. (With hands on shoulders) Oh, those are shoulder blades, I thought they were wings.
6. You are just truly absolutely beautiful! Can you cook and clean also?
7. Your name is Laura, huh? Can I call you Laura? Really, what time?
8. If you were a new hamburger at McDonald’s, you would be McGorgeous.
9. Is your name Gillette? ‘Cause you're the best a man can get!
10. Your eyes are as blue as the water in my toilet.
11. Girl you must have fallen from Heaven. I guess that’s how you messed up your face.
12. Hey baby, how much does a polar bear weigh? (I don't know) Enough to break the ice. Hey, I’m Chris.
13. "Your name must be Mickey because YOU'RE so fine."
14. Darn. Something’s wrong with my cell phone. {Oh really, what?} Your number’s not in it!
15. Do you believe in love at first sight? Or should I walk by again?
16. Are you a parking ticket? ‘Cause you have FINE written all over you!
17. Do I know you? You look a lot like my next girlfriend.
18. I hope you know CPR. Cause you take my breath away!
19. Your eyes are bluer than the Atlantic Ocean, and baby, I’m lost at sea!
20. If I had a garden, I’d put your two lips and my two lips together.

BEST

You’re probably wondering why where the best pick up lines are. Well, it’s because they don’t exist! I’m sorry if you’re disappointed, but I’m sure they wouldn’t have gotten you a date anyway!
Word of the Day: Hardcore
By Mallory Nygard

Hardcore, as defined by Dictionary.com means "unswervingly committed; dedicated." In today's world the meaning may be a little more, shall we say, abstract. Let me give you a few examples of hardcore things in today's world.

North Dakota is hardcore. The people living in North Dakota are hardcore. Think about it. We, as North Dakotans, spend our winters outside shoveling when it is cold enough to freeze our snot. We spend our summers baking in the sun like lemon poppy seed muffins in Jamie Oliver's oven. We are hardcore because we use horse drawn carriages to travel long distances and we don't have indoor toilets. That's a joke. Ha. But seriously, some people do think we are that far behind on the times. Going beyond that stereotype also makes us hardcore.

Another hardcore thing is having two computer screens hooked up to one computer. My friend thought he was "special" when he figured it out, but I just laughed at him. My dad had it figured out weeks ago. Take that, genius.

If you are living anywhere within three thousand miles (give or take a few) from Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota, you are a Vikings fan. If you are not a fan, no one likes you so it doesn't matter anyways. Now, Vikings are hardcore. The ones who invaded North America were; the ones who beat the Green Bay Packers repeatedly from September to January are and the ones who cheer them on dressed in their fake yellow beard and purple chest paint are too. Go to a game and tell me you disagree. Just try it. You'll fail.

Hardcore people do not fail. It's in their blood, because you see, hardcore people are born not made. This can be showed in two specific examples: runners and soldiers.

Runners are some of the most hardcore people. Think about it, they run in circles, for hours on end. Hours. Not stopping to eat, drink or pee. Nothing can get in their way. They'll just run over it. They are the steamrollers of sports. You can't get much more hardcore than that.

The military does try, though, to be more hardcore than any person or thing on this planet. And they succeed most of the time. Not everyone can make it through basic training. I'm willing to bet there is a wall, somewhere hidden inside West Point, where gnarled experienced military officers who are missing an eye or a leg go to smoke cigars (hardcore) and laugh about the pansies that couldn't
make it through and ended up with their picture on the Wall of Shame.

Now, let me clear something up. You don’t have to be physically tough and enduring to be hardcore. I know a few hardcore individuals who couldn’t lift a dumbbell to save their lives. The waitress, for instance, who knows how much I love pumpkin pie, and brings a slice to my table complete with a dollop of whipped cream. She’s hardcore.

But the most common way people are defined hardcore is their physical toughness. Take those who participate in the Iditarod. The Iditarod is a race through the Alaskan wilderness of over one thousand one hundred fifty miles during the dead of winter. The mushers (people) and their dogs have to battle sub-zero temperatures, hunger and the wind just to win bragging rights. Bragging rights that say they are, legitimately, hardcore.

Now, there are not many legitimately hardcore people on television. With the exceptions of Regis Philbin and Barbara Walters, I can only think of two:

Survivorman and Howie Mandel.

Survivorman is Les Stroud who goes out into the Canadian wilderness with limited resources and tries to survive - thus the name - all the while videotaping his adventures to be broadcasted across the world. He would be hardcore even if he didn’t tape himself eating squirrels; that just makes him that much more hardcore.

Howie Mandel is hardcore for a different reason: the infamous fist pump. One might also argue another factor making him hardcore is his job; spending most evenings with twenty-five beautiful models may also make you hardcore. One might argue.

I hope I have advanced your knowledge of the idea of being hardcore. Now what are you doing still reading this? You should be out running, or training for the Iditarod, enlisting in the military or buying me a pumpkin pie. Go on, go be hardcore!
Igloos and Elephants
By Emma Millspaugh

Igloos and elephants and igloos and elephants
And igloos and elephants and igloos,
And igloos that I built in Russia and
An igloo that I found in my backyard
Which I filled with popsicle sticks
Because I had nowhere else to put them
Except for the elephant.
I could have fed them to my elephant.
He loves to eat my popsicle sticks
But I worry about him eating too much because
He almost doesn’t fit anymore
In the igloo I built him.
Maybe he and I could fly to Africa
Where he could run his heart out
But I fear there is not plane on which he may fit.
A cruise?
He would need his very own.
I think I will just build him a bigger igloo,
But if he continues to grow
I will have to build and build
Igloos and igloos
And Igloos and igloos
For just this ever-growing elephant
And me.
The Dane Train! You have just been hit, a lethal blow to your stomach region. You cannot move, you are short of breath, and are hyperventilating. No, you were not just hit by a train. You, my friend, have been listening to Dane Cook.

Dane Cook seems to be a pro at making people laugh so hard they almost wet themselves. It’s a hard concept to master, and few are able to do it. He seems to have the touch; he can make even the most fickle people crack a smile. So, how does he do it?

"I don't like a girl that exaggerates. I can't listen to your stories when you exaggerate, and here's why, because when you tell me a story I really listen. I listen. And I don't just listen, I liiiiiiiisssssstttteeeennn. I don't just hear you, I HEAR YOU. So when you start telling me the story what happens to me is that my brain is so fantastical...I have such a fantastical brain that when you start to exaggerate I don't follow the story I follow the exaggeration. And it gets me frustrated because you'd be like,

'I got home from work today and I took like a hundred hour nap.' No you did not! You would be very sick if you were taking hundred hour naps! That's a coma. Say you took a coma after work and I can follow the story. I took a coma. Hundred hours? Was it about a hundred hours? That's a great coma, that's a good coma!" (Dane Cook, Exaggerating Girlfriend)

In the first paragraph Dane explains one of his pet peeves. Everyone has a pet peeve, and this might be one of them. He addresses an issue that people can easily relate to, which gives them a reason to become involved in the joke themselves. Everyone likes to be part of something. He also uses some out-there words; such as fantastical. I mean, really, who uses that word on a daily basis? None one!

In the second paragraph, he describes the first example of when a girl has over exaggerated in a conversation with him. 'Oh my God, Dane. There was a fire down the street from my house, and there were like a thousand fire fighters out there.' No there was not. That's waaay too many fire fighters. They'd all be bumpin into each other, 'what the f*** are we doin out here, guys? There's like a thousand of us. Who called a thousand of us? Is anyone on the hoses? I believe there is a thousand of us if I were to guesstimate.'
we doin out here, guys? There's like a thousand of us. Who called a thousand of us? Is anyone on the hoses? I believe there is a thousand of us if I were to guesstimate.' This line would case an uproar of hurt stomachs because of the simple fact that everyone thinks it, but no one is brave enough to say it. “It is funny, because it is so true, hence funny.” (Dane Cook)

In the third paragraph he adds to his theory by giving the example of, “sleeping longer than you actually did.” 'I got home from work today and I took like a hundred hour nap.' I know that everyone has at some point in their life exaggerated on how many hours they actually slept. Whether they added an hour, or took away an hour to feel B.A. about themselves; but in Dane’s mind, and perhaps everyone else’s he responds with the correct answer. No you did not! You would be very sick if you were taking hundred hour naps! That's a coma. Say you took a coma after work and I can follow the story. I took a coma. Hundred hours? Was it about a hundred hours? That’s a great coma, that's a good coma!"

This joke doesn’t completely explain to you why Dane Cook is so funny. It was just a basic overview of the layout of his joke and how he relates. Though, there many ways not mentioned such as:

1) He imitates the female voice- this is a key skill every male comedian must have. Whether it’s dealing with a girlfriend, mother, or best friend
2) He uses adjectives and words not commonly used- fantastical, banana sangwich, Christ Chex, persnickety, plethora of cheese, BK lounge, fit of joy
3) He relates all of his jokes to something we might have thought before, done, or seen happen...- getting hit by a car, the kid who smells like pee, the creepy co-worker, the indecisive girlfriend at a theatre, wanting to name your kids after Transformers, working at Burger King, wanting a monkey/heist, crying, and your father in a very short robe
4) He moves in magical ways—he scampers across the stage, acts out some of his jokes, and doesn’t care to make himself look like an idiot
5) He has fun with it- he feeds off the crowd, improvises, speaks bluntly, and talks about dirty things...

Just think of all the comics in the world, how many are actually famous? How many are world-renowned? How many can make a person almost vomit profusely from laughing so hard? If you can’t think of any, maybe these comics need to experience an exaggerating girlfriend, work at Burger King, and have a bowl of Christ Chex in the morning.
Baby Got Book
By Kelsey Drayton

There is a little background that goes with this song. The teachers at my school had a spirit week and one day there was a department theme day. On that day they had to pick a theme and dress as that theme. The English department was “Witticism and Wisdom.” One of our English teachers made a video to this song. I changed much of the lyrics and made it from an English student’s perspective instead. The lyrics are set to Sir Mix A Lot’s “Baby Got Back.”

I like big books and I cannot lie
You other students can’t deny
When your friend walks in with an itty-bitty bag
And a bound book in your face
You get smart

Wanna pull out your pencil
Because you noticed that book was stuffed
Deep with the themes I’m digging
I’m hooked and I can’t stop reading

Oh, Hugo I wanna get witch-a and take your picture
My friends try to warn me
But that book you got makes me so intelligent

Bound with smooth skin
You say you want to read my book?
Well read to me, read to me
Because I ain’t that average groupie

I see kids cheating
To heck with no reading
That’s wack, Jack
They fail cuz teachers don’t like slack

They’re tired of student’s excuses
Saying no books are the thing

Take the average student and ask them that
They gotta pack much fact
So fellas
Yeah
Fellas
Yeah
Do like books with facts
Heck yeah
Tell your friends to read it
Read it
Read it
Read it

I like ‘em bound
And big
And when I’m throwin’ a gig
I just can’t myself
I’m acting like an animal
Now here’s my scandal

I like to read at home
And UH
Double up UH, UH

I’m not talking about Amazon
Cuz online books are made for squares
I like them real thick and juicy
So find that juicy novel
Read-a-lot’s in trouble
Begging for a piece of that novel

So I’m looking at math videos
Asking questions nobody knows
I don’t want it like that though,
I like my artists like Thoreau

A word to the lazy students
They just wanna teach ya
They won’t cuss or hit ya

But I gotta be straight
When I say I wanna learn till the break
of dawn
Books got it going on
Just like this song

Some punks like to hit it and quit it
But I’d rather stay and play
Cuz I’m right
And I’m bright
And I’m down to get the books in sight

So ladies
Yeah
Ladies
Yeah
Do you want to roll with Ulysses?
Heck yeah
Then pick it up, hold it out
Even Science kids have to shout
Books of fact

Yeah students
When it comes to books
Spark-notes ain’t got nothing to do
with my selection
36-24-36

Haha only if it’s finals week
So Spark Notes lists William Golding,
Saying the pigs head is the thing
But Golding ain’t got a plotline in the
back of his binding
My intelligence don’t want none unless
you got puns hun
You can do homework or essays
But you should read that book
Some students take the hard road
And say that the book ain’t gold
So they toss it and leave it
And I pull up quick to retrieve it

So your friends say your wack
Well I ain’t down with that
Cuz your brain is small
But your grades are kickin
And I’m thinking about sticking

To those bad kids on the steps
You ain’t it kid
You should be a student with the
rudiment
Rigor and brains didn’t miss you
Some knuckleheads try to dis
Because I like books that aren’t on the
list
He could have had ‘em, but chose to
throw them out
So I pull up quick and grab at ‘em

So students if that book is bound
And you want an English student
throw-down
Call 1-700-Read-A-Lot
And kick them nasty thoughts

Books of fact
(Little in the middle but they got much
plot x3)
Commentary of “Alejandro” – Lady Gaga
By Morgen Quintus

Nineteenth century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche once said, “All things are subject to interpretation. Whichever interpretation prevails at a given time is a function of power and not truth.” I am going to use my “power”, my artistic license, to analyze “Alejandro”, by Lady Gaga. Her songs usually have a sexual/risqué theme, so I am going to take a radical approach (the approach that Lady Gaga is a poetical genius and we are all simply idiots who do not understand her and should bow at her feet) while scrutinizing this one, because as art, it is open to interpretation. Also, as Friedrich says “interpretation…is…not truth”, please remember that mine is no exception; however, perhaps my ideas will help inspire you to create some of your own about this popular ditty.

Let us begin by looking at the first stanza, which is spoken, not sung:
1 I know that we are young.
2 And I know you may love me.
3 But I just can’t be with you like this anymore.
4 Alejandro.

In line one, “young” might not only mean youthful – it might mean “not experienced”, according to Merriam-Webster’s definition of the word. Well, we assume that Lady Gaga is experienced in most aspects of her life, as in writing and performing music and perhaps living out the events described in her songs. However, in this song, she is telling us that she, and whoever else makes up we, are inexperienced in something we (the interpreters) don’t thoroughly understand – the struggles that face active feminists. In line 3, we see that Lady Gaga is giving up on the other who makes up we, and in line 4 we find that this other is ALEJANDRO, who we will later discover to be a personality/characteristic of Lady Gaga. (Just trust me here; it will make sense later.). We also notice that the voice of this piece is in 2nd person, which draws the listener into the song.

5 She's got both hands
6 in her pockets.
7 And she wont look at you,
8 Won't look at you

From this stanza, we understand that Lady Gaga, or whomever is supposed to be singing, is so preoccupied with whatever is in her pockets that she cannot look at “you”. Or maybe she is
just self-conscious and has her hands in her pockets out of habit.
9 She hides true love.
10 En su bolsillo
11 She’s got a halo 'round her finger.
12 Around you.

Line 9 states, “She hides true love.” This does not tie together with the last stanza at all! Yet... And Spanish? In line 10? Yeah, I’m pretty sure the average American might not be able to figure that out, but luckily, I was able to. It means in your pocket. So okay, Lady Gaga, is digging around in her pocket for “true love” when it is hiding in someone else’s pocket? Crazy. She is leading us, the readers/listeners/interpreters, on a jerky, dysfunctional roller coaster ride to God knows where. “She’s got a halo ‘round her finger.” Um...wow. It’s crazy how none of the lines in this stanza tie together, right? Wrong. It will all make sense in the end, because the end isn’t the end unless things are right, because Americans like their happy endings. Anyway, I think what she is trying to infer here is that “she” is angelic/appears to be good, and according to line 12, Alejandro is angelic too. Otherwise it could mean that she is trying to be religious/good-hearted, but it is just hard when she is taking such a crazy route in supporting women’s rights.
13 You know that I love you boy.
14 Hot like Mexico, rejoice.
15 At this point I gotta choose,
16 nothing to loose.

What does line 13 mean? “Love”? Does she seriously “love” him? Or like him? Because that term can be used loosely. I don’t know; however, I believe she means that she has a strange, inborn, almost Sci-Fi bond with boy (one of her personalities...explained soon; I promise). And as far as line 14 goes, Alejandro? Mexico? Hot? How stereotypical is that? There are boys named Alejandro in other countries, Miss Gaga, AND there are other places that are hot too. Hot like Dakotas works. So does any other warm, three syllable state or country. Plus, I’m pretty sure you’ve never even lived in Mexico, Lady Gaga. It’s actually kind of ironic that you would even say Mexico, because I’m pretty sure that women’s rights are bad there, and that would make it totally un-hot by your standards.

17 Don't call my name.
18 Don't call my name, Alejandro.
19 I'm not your babe.
20 I'm not your babe, Fernando.

21 Don't wanna kiss, don't wanna touch.
22 Just smoke one cigarette and hush.
23 Don't call my name.
24 Don't call my name, Roberto.

Now, this, the refrain, is where things get interesting. This is where things start to make sense and meaning starts
to take shape. Notice the names in lines 18, 20, and 24 – Alejandro, Fernando, and Roberto – they are very significant. She alludes to important people in history, because in this song she is actually expressing her constraints that are keeping her from being the woman she is meant to be – it is about her struggle – internal (against herself) and external (against society) – for feminist rights.

Alejandro is actually Alejandro Ramirez, the 22-year-old “Costa Rican chess Grandmaster” (according to Wikipedia), and he represents Lady Gaga’s logical side. She sings, “Don’t call my name, Alejandro,” she means that she is running away from her judgment, as she must take some illogical actions, such as dressing scandalously and innovatively and wearing crazy hats, in order to make her point, and also to make some nice hunks of cash.

Fernando is Hernando Cortez (who actually called himself Fernando) who conquered the Aztecs of Mexico once upon a time. Fernando represents Lady Gaga’s attempt to conquer stereotypes about the common woman and her attempt to push for better feminist rights, including freedom of expression when it comes to wearing – or not wearing – clothing (because men don’t always have to wear shirts in public in America), in the American patriarch we live in. When she say, “I’m not your babe, Fernando,” she is denying that she is the rebellious, feminism-forward woman she is simply because of the internal struggles she faces on a daily basis due to who she is. God, that sounds tough.

Line 22 ties in with line 24: Roberto is Roberto Locatelli, an Italian motorcycle-er, and he represents Lady Gaga’s need for fresh ways and freedom. This ties into 22 because even though smoking is bad for the health, Lady Gaga is allowed to smoke and sing about it because she is her own, free woman, regardless of the examples that smoking sets for the daughters of America. However, she is only smoking one cigarette and not telling anyone about it, so maybe she is trying to quit or something. When she tells Roberto to not call her name, she means, “Leave me alone because sometimes my life is hard and I don’t want to be who I am because I want to be normal like everyone else, but I can’t be because women need a good fighter like me to fight for their liberties.”

30 She's not broken,
31 She's just a baby.
32 But her boyfriend's like a dad, just like a dad.
33 and all those flames that burned before him.
34 Now he’s gonna fight your fight, gonna cool the bad. In lines 30-33, Lady Gaga is saying that she in young (inexperienced), “a baby”, in the world of feminists and all of the men in her life including her boyfriends and her personalities (Alejandro, Roberto, and Fernando) have somehow oppressed her at some point in her life, just like a big dad. If she had said “just like a mom”, this line wouldn’t have even been significant at all. So that was a brilliant point she made. In line 34, she means now her personalities, or characteristics, are going to help her fight her fight for feminist rights. In lines 21 and 43 and others that say “don’t wanna kiss, don’t wanna touch” Lady Gaga is simply referring to her internal struggle.

Lady Gaga has faced many hardships throughout her time in fame. She has been called a hermaphrodite, which was not true and is offensive to those who are; has been ridiculed for her innovative ways and has never been left out of the media for more than a day or two, just because she is a little different and SO thought-provoking. She is a musical genius whose hidden themes should speak to us all. However, someone once anonymously said, “If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is ugliness.” Therefore, where I see a musical masterpiece, another might simply see a musical tragedy. Where I see a role model advocate of feminism, another might see a rebel who is corrupting America’s youth – but she’s not! We are just too used to the conventional views of what a woman should be.

So before taking the average, not analytical view of this song to heart, please develop your own opinions. PLEASE!
Thank you.

“All meanings, we know, depend on the key of interpretation. “
-George Elliot
to: G-ma
from: Lil' Red
11:37 am
hey! i'm bringing over lunch 4 us!

to: Lil' Red
from: G-ma
11:40 am
cool! :) b careful in the woods on ur way over!

to: G-ma
from: Lil' Red
11:50 am
i will! i'm almost 8 years old now! :D

to: Lil' Red
from: G-ma
11:57 am
i know, ur getting so big! remember, the woods can be scary.

to: G-ma
from: Lil' Red
12:01 pm
i will b over soon, don't worry!

to: G-ma
from: Lil' Red
12:15 pm
...when did u get a dog?!