

**TWO SENTENCE SCARES**

Twice the terror can be found in these short spooky stories by Normal Oak.  
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**IT'S LIKE POETRY**

Only if it rhymes (according to Teen High's resident poet, Scary Marlowe)  
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**LINK LETS 'EM HAVE IT**

A shocking tell-all from that quiet guy, Link!  
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THE TEEN  
**TRIBUNE**



A frankly underwhelming Jack-O-Lantern at Jason Funderberker's Halloween party.  
PHOTO BY EDWARD OU / TEEN HIGH

# ITEMIZED

## THE IMPORTANCE OF WELL-DESIGNED ITEMS

BY ANTHONY BURCH, DADDY MASTER

It turns out that our listener-submitted items are way, way more important to the quality of the podcast than I ever expected.



For most of this season, I've had the players fumble around either without items at all, or with some intentionally underpowered items of my own creation. I assumed limiting the players like this would result in more highly creative, unconventional play.



**"MOSTLY THE TEENS ENDED UP LOSING ALL THEIR ITEMS IN A VAT OF MOLTEN CHEESE."**

Maybe they'd use the Puber-Tree to send a villain into puberty, then take

advantage of his emotional confusion to make him join their side! Maybe Taylor would roll the Die Another Day to immediately find out how he'll one day die, and thus become functionally immortal and invincible until that day!

Nah. None of that happened. Mostly, the teens just got super overwhelmed and ended up losing all the items in a vat of molten cheese (like you do).

But why? The dads in season one were constantly using their items to cleverly escape or subvert the situations I'd planned.

Simple: I am not as good at designing items as all of you are. Everything I designed for the players was either way underpowered (the Kellogg K-nife) or way overpowered (the Die Another Day), whereas the items designed by our listeners— The Human Gun, for instance— are the exact perfect mixture of weird, overpowered, and only situationally useful that really excite the cast.

I always forget to hand out items because I get caught up in the story, but the cast's utter bewilderment and excitement for the Human Gun, combined with Beth's immediate use of the

Sleepy Cap, reminded me that I need to be tossing more listener-submitted stuff at them as often as I can.

Granted, they'll forget they have like half the shit in their inventories and most of it will go completely unused like the single rocket boot, but it'll be worth it for moments like Henry using the Re-Visor to turn "healing word" into "healing wood."



**"I AM NOT AS GOOD AT DESIGNING ITEMS AS ALL OF YOU ARE."**

Long story short, sorry I haven't given the teens as many items as I should have! I'll do better.





# TERROR *at* TEEN HIGH

Greetings, Boos, Ghouls, and Non-DIE-nary Pals. Para-Normal Oak here with nine bite-sized *bone chillers* set at our spook-tacular school to scare you silly! Read on, *if you dare...*

I screamed as my dog gobbled up my homework.  
(“My Homework” is the name of our class’s pet hamster!)

I hate dissection day in science class.  
Because the class is at GIANT FROG HIGH SCHOOL and the one being dissected is ME!

They say it’s “Mystery Meat” day at the school cafeteria!  
Too bad Mr. E, our school’s missing janitor, isn’t here to enjoy it...

They stuffed him in the locker on February 28th and said “see you tomorrow.”  
They found him on February 29th... THREE YEARS LATER.

The whole class cheered when our teacher said she was giving us all B’s.  
But the cheers turned to screams when the buzzing began.

“This year’s school blood drive was bigger than ever!”  
Said VICE PRINCIPAL DRACULA.

“A brain is a terrible thing to waste.”  
Said our guidance counselor, MRS. ZOMBIE.

“See me after class if you can.”  
Said THE INVISIBLE MATH TEACHER!

They always said the mascot had a lot of “school spirit.”  
I didn’t believe them until he took off his costume... and NO ONE WAS INSIDE!

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# CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM COLUMN

BY LINCOLN LI WILSON

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**T**ea Time. Quick question for all you Teens out there. Whose fault is it if a certain writer has accidentally written the exact same column as another writer for four consecutive issues of a certain publication? Is it the writer? Or the pathetic excuse of a faculty editorial board?

And then if they tell you, “Link, it’s not a big deal, these articles are all just for fun anyways,” how do you think that makes Link (me) feel?

You think belittling the work of someone who cares about the power of the written word and local press makes them feel better? HMM!? What say you, Mrs. Morrison? Just ‘cause you glance over this publication in between your lunch break (online poker one tab away) when you are supposed to be the one giving it a final review before publication, doesn’t mean nobody else cares. Yeah, I know it doesn’t feel like a “big deal” when you’re 20k in gambling debt.

And don’t even get me started on you, Mr. Larabee. Don’t know why I am addressing you, it’s not like you’re even gonna read this. But if you do, which you won’t, you know what’s the worst way to get someone to calm down?

*Tell them to calm down.*

Sorry if some of us want our dads to look at the school paper and be proud of their son’s work, not wondering why he keeps duplicating his peers’ work. “Oh, Linky, did they assign both of you to review books?” “I read it. Great job, son, but that Anthony had a really good take on it as well. Did you read his before writing yours?” Now I stay up at night wondering if they think I’ve committed the terrible crime of plagiarizing, not to mention I bet they wish they had Anthony as a son instead. Or at least *also* had him.

So, I ask again! Whose fault is it that I’ve published four articles of near-identical content to four of my friends?

But not this time. Oh no. This baby is ALL ORIGINAL.

This time I’ve taken things into my own hands. Nope. Not asking you what I should write this week again, Mr. Keating, only to have you look up from your pathetic cold cut sandwich you slapped together this morning, rushing out the door to get to school on time after a long night of drinking away from the wife. Oh yeah, your neighbor comes over to the Li-Wilsons for Bridge Night, and let’s just say when you play bridge, you’re not allowed to talk about the cards.

They talk about other stuff while playing. Including. Your. Late. Night. “ISSUES.”

So maybe next time you’ll actually give me the time of day and not just say “I don’t know, I’m busy Link. Just write about Batmanilton or whatever,” despite Taylor already being assigned to that!

So, with that long preamble out of the way. Here’s an original column.

Lincoln Li-Wilson’s presents: Constructive Criticism Column. CCC. Where I take a look at our beloved Teen High and try to get to the real nuanced answers on how to make it better.

For the first column, I suggest firing Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Larabee, and

Mr. Keating. And if they don’t agree, they can edit this column. They can come talk to me and ask me to change it.

But if you’re reading this now, it means, as always, they aren’t doing anything whatsoever. They just let this baby fly through editing and straight to the presses. They don’t care about journalism. Just like FIFA DOESN’T CARE ABOUT SOCCER. They just care about MONEY!

Can’t anything in this world be good? Can’t I even watch the greatest sports event of all time without it being full of corruption and death and misery? NOOO! ‘Cause adults can’t do anything right. They can’t run a stupid school paper and stop me from embarrassing myself, and they can’t keep the beautiful sport of football clean. How am I supposed to watch the World Cup knowing what I know now!? Huh? Any of my teachers have an answer for that!?

BURN IT ALL DOWN!

- Link



# THE G O D T O N G U E

FOOD REVIEWS  
WITH  
TAYLOR SWIFT

Hello fellow student wanna-be gourmands (to be clear— you’re the wanna-bes, I’m the real deal), it’s that time of year, where we go through our tier rankings for school lunches. I, as the resident culinary expert, will be your guide through the various school lunch options. As always, my opinion is absolute and should you find yourself disagreeing with me, I heartily recommend you take some time off and reconsider your wrong opinions.

## TRASH TIER (IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER)

Let’s start with the worst of the worst, the dregs, the days where you’re better off eating out of the vending machine because— while not nearly as filling or vital to morale as a hot meal— you at least know what you’re signing up for.

### FISH STICKS DAY

While, on paper, fried fish strips and crinkle cut fries seems like a golden brown match made in heaven, our school’s execution leaves much to be desired. While the idea of cooking fish has become a sad necessity since the heavy metal poisoning risks from eating sushi are simply too great to justify the meal more than once every few years or so, I think I speak for many of us when I say the rubbery end result can’t possibly be that much better than eating these dang things frozen (at least some crunch! Some texture!).

Once again, the filler/binding/gums used in conjunction with what is supposedly farm-raised cod, similar to how, say, a narcotics dealer might “cut” their primo “product” in order to extend the volume, blends everything into a tartar sauce flavored mash. French fries are good though, I usually just eat those. And would you please sign the damn petition for malt

vinegar as a condiment option?! Seriously! The head of the lunch staff told me I needed 200 signatures and to “stop barging into my office without knocking and acting like you own the place.”

### BEEF STROGANOFF DAY

Comedic potential aside, this dish is literally better off in dehydrated MRE camp food form. The gravy is chalky, the roux tastes of flour, and the beef chunks are presented with an unnerving cubicle precision (I suspect it is in fact beef product with filler, injected as a slurry into molds, and formed into cubic chunks).

The sole reason why this isn’t below trash tier is because the amount of verbal entertainment from “Stroganoff Day” is enormous, and one cannot underestimate the effect of atmosphere on a meal. I make sure to tell the school lunch staff about how funny it is, coming up with a new unique pun every time, and I can tell from their tight lipped smiles that they think I’m hilarious but the oppressive administration is forcing them to not even chuckle at my jokes (how insidious that the bourgeoisie might seek to regulate the proletariat’s emotions!)

### SQUARE PIZZA DAY

I burned the roof of my mouth one time so bad from one of these dangerous pizzas that my hard palate felt weird for a week afterwards. A week! Pep Tony’s lucky I don’t retain legal counsel and seek compensatory damages! I think it was made worse because that morning I had

Cap’nCrunch cereal so my hard/soft palate situation was already embattered from extended battle with the cannonade from The Captain, so in many ways this was a bit of a scorched earth scenario in my mouth.

Anyway, I cannot therefore put square pizza, beloved though it may be, in any tier other than trash tier due to the grievous and extended injury it caused my mouth. (Ladies don’t worry even though the smooch hole was outta commish, it’s back once again and open for any takers!) Believe you me— the school lunch staff received quite an earful from yours truly about safe food service temperatures!

### CORNDOG DAY

Ever since Korean style corndogs took the world by storm decades ago, it’s hard to justify sticking with the old basic American corn dog. Don’t get me wrong— it’s hard to mess up a corn dog, but I found you can markedly improve the taste by getting Fritos out of the vending machine, dipping the whole thing in spicy mayo, and then sprinkling the Fritos over the dog (a.k.a. *Taylor Dogs*, as I keep trying to petition the lunch staff to offer as a “secret menu” sort of item). Next time Corn-dog Day rolls around, you’ll know what to do— demand that they make you a corn dog the Korean way, and tell them Taylor sent ya!

### CHICKEN NUGGETS DAY

I know. You’re thinking; “Taylor! This is blasphemy! This undermines your author-

ity for the entire rest of the article!” Well, tough cookie twinkietoes, it’s time to start looking ourselves in the mirror and telling ourselves, “I’m too old for chicken nuggets! Even though they’re easily the most delicious food item at this school, I cannot, in good conscience, stand by while I receive eight, and resident student body gourmand Taylor Swift receives seven (and sometimes six) despite his protestations. At this point, I believe they are deliberately miscounting and giving me fewer nuggets (for what reason, I cannot possibly divine).

## GOD TIER

### MY MOM’S TUNA FISH SANDWICH

There is nothing, and I mean nothing, better than a well made tuna fish sandwich, and my mom makes the best ones in the world. I’ve been eating them for years, they’re the perfect blend of savory, tart, and delicious. Unfortunately, the recipe is a Swift family secret, but I’m pleased to announce that starting Monday, I’ll be having my mom make me 10 of them a day, so that I can flip them to all of you.

If you’d like to pre-reserve a Swift Bento Box (Tuna), please swing by my locker and fill out a subscription request to join my dining club. Interviews for the lucky candidates start tomorrow and the selection committee will make a decision by the end of the week, at which time the selected elite diners will need to pay me 50% of the semester-long membership fee up front, in cash. You also will be required to sign an NDA where you agree to not tell my mom or the school authorities about our secret dining club and should I find ANY member breaking those rules, they will be sure to meet a quick end at the tip of my steel!



# SCHOOL SUCKS

BY  
SCARY  
MARLOWE



**S**up scholarly bitches, I'm back to help you with your friggin homework again. Ugh. Anyways let's mix it up because today I'm inviting you on an artistic journey that will totally rock your world... if you're a loser! Cool people don't have feelings but I'll teach you how to tell the difference between good poetry and poetry that totally sucks.

Here is a poem:

## **The Red Wheelbarrow** by William Carlos Williams

*so much depends  
upon*

*a red wheel  
barrow*

*glazed with rain  
water*

*beside the white  
chickens*

This is, obviously, a terrible poem. First off, it doesn't rhyme! How is anyone supposed to know it's a friggin poem if it doesn't friggin rhyme.

AND, what if William Williams finally found the remaining members of a punk band, huh? What if he found people who knew how to play instruments and actually wanted to be in the band and then he didn't even have lyrics he could make into a song because it doesn't rhyme??

Don't even get me started on what the point of this poem is. I can think of so

many things that don't depend upon a red wheel barrow. But I guess your grade does depend on your ability to properly analyze it, which is what you have me for! Anyways, it totally sucks, it's about nothing, and it doesn't rhyme. Bad poem!

Here's another poem:

## **The Road Not Taken** by Robert Frost

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.*

LOL ok what kind of name is Robert Frost anyway? Sounds totally fake like a porno name or something. Might as well be Dick Chilli am I right? Anyways, at least this poem friggin rhymes, although I don't think the lyrics will make a great punk song anytime soon. Needless to say, this poem sucks. (Note: These poets are hella dead so I'm allowed to say this shit and they can't do anything about it). I mean it makes pretty much no sense, because the speaker is saying, "Oh fuck I'm gonna take the less-travelled path," only to realize the path that's less worn is about the same as the first. There is no less-travelled path. And still at the end he's trying to be cute by saying it WAS the less-travelled path,

and that that shit's affected his life. Well it didn't! He's just trying to be cute! He'll never fucking know if that would have made the difference because he never went back to the first path. It's like kids these days thinking they're so deep for wearing black one day. Like, bitch, you never committed. You can't say you know what it's like to have dark thoughts because you never actually explored them. You're all sick posers and so is Robert Frost.

Now we move on to the last poem.

## **Wiser** by S. Marlowe

*The world breaks down into two veils  
One sits heavy on me, drenched in thorns  
the other with knowledge thus impales  
me, like a bitter devil with one horn*

*The world breaks you down and then you die  
leaving nothing but the mess you've made  
follow me to break the tie  
embrace nothingness in a Black Parade*

*Everything sucks and no marching band  
can give you truth like my poetry now  
I have no wisdom, no fucking plan  
that makes me wiser, don't ask how*

This poem is pretty great, mostly because it rhymes, but it would also make a killer song if anyone was interested in joining a band or something. Yeah, my quick analysis is that like a sick drum beat would make this poem way better, even though it's pretty much perfect. Text me if you're interested in joining a really sick band. Anyways, it rhymes and it stunts on the posers. What's not to love about this poem? It'll probably go down as one of the classics. Definitely. Anyways text me please about the band for real. If you want. Great poem!

# STUDENT ARTWORK



Artist: [@FEYMARCHE](#)



[@MILKTRICIAN](#)

Artist: [@milktrician](#)

# STUDENT ARTWORK



Artist: [@maru\\_illo](#)



Artist: [@izzizzels](#)