



## Top 10 "HEY YOUS"

We have received all kinds of "Hey Yous" this year; the utterly mystifying, the unpublished and the ultimately poetic. Here, The Tribune chooses the best we've received so far.

### 1. how do i join wildcat tribune

Where do we even start? The lack of capitalization, the omitted definite article (*The Wildcat Tribune*, thank you very much); it's one of the rare "Hey Yous" that gets funnier every time we read it.

2. It's so AWKWARD reading the newspaper when I'm sitting on the toilet and drying my hands ...

3. MS, I <3 my high waist strip of denim shorts and PINK sweats and I'm still going to wear them and YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!

This was after our "infamous" pink issue. We can't tell if this eloquent argument hurts their cause...or helps it.

4. Hey You, MM, You smell nice, you're pretty, and unblock me on Facebook.

5. What is love?????

6. "Let us crinkle The Chronicle./It will be our tinder/When we are in the redwoods./Burls the size of town politics./Duff softer than Arabian rugs,/Perseids beaming with the City's envy./Let us run past scarlet skyscrapers—/Lose consciousness to the conscience of the woods./And when mist licks us awake,/We will laugh at the Men/Who think they are better than this." Perhaps the poetic muse (hey, you!) finally ought to be cognizant of his brainchild. If Man should love himself who is defined through his work, and his work was solely derived from tangible inspiration, then the Aristotelian syllogism suggests he loves the inspiration, too.

We don't know what to say. As far as we can tell, this is an original poem. Someone give this true artist a book deal.

7. "HEY YOU, YEAH YOU, I'M WATCHIN YOU -Dat random guy"

8. AC, you owe me cake.

We don't know who AC is, but s/he really needs to give this passive-aggressive person cake. We've seen a version of this in at least half the issues.

SEE "HEY YOUS" BACK PAGE

## Top 10 Hardest Classes at DVHS

### 10. Concert Band

This class is mentally exhausting, and requires the ability to tolerate the loud, uncoordinated screeching of many wind instruments, while many in the sax section compete to see who can say a crude word the loudest before the teacher notices. This class is known to cause the development of superiority/inferiority complexes, specifically with the ultimate judgment of musicianship known as "chairs". Finally, it tests the morality and decision-making skills of poor freshmen; specifically, what color pen to use to forge their parent's signature on their practice card. Keep at it, young freshies; it gets better. (And we recommend blue.)

### 9. AP Biology

### 8. AP Chinese

### 7. Chinese III

Chinese III is harder than AP Chinese. We do not know if you have ever been in a particularly competitive game of Flyswatter, but the games in Chinese III have been rumored to draw blood. Also, the listening exercises are nearly impossible to non-native speakers (who become too mentally and emotionally exhausted to consider AP Chinese). Take this class later, unless you want your new best friend to be Google Translator.

### 6. Power Walking

You heard us. Just the name sounds like work. Join power walking and you actually have to walk. Which defeats the purpose of physical education, right?

### 5. AP Chemistry

Guaranteed to turn you from a happy high-schooler to a sleepless 16-8-6-53-8-98-90 or your AP test money back. Just kidding—the College Board doesn't give refunds.

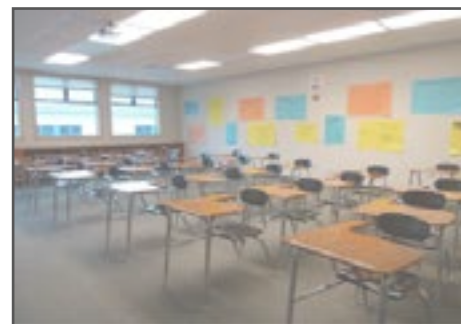
### 4. AP Calculus BC

This class is like the spirit of Willie the Wildcat. We're not entirely sure it exists, but we're terrified of it. And a teensy bit proud.

### 3. AP Physics

### 2. Teacher's Assistant

This is not a misprint. The *Tribune* meant to choose the classes that were the most



AP Calculus BC students working diligently. PHOTO COURTESY OF MIMI EVANS

strenuous mentally, not difficult academically. And being a teacher's assistant is tough. You never know when you're going to have to grade quizzes or fill out spreadsheets, so it's no guaranteed study hall. Additionally, a lot of teachers don't post any grades for TA's until the last hail-Mary day before the semester's end, so you're left with the anxiety-inducing 'No Grades Published' on SchoolLoop. Maybe they didn't like that half-joke about their shirt the other day. Maybe they didn't like that time you came in 20 minutes late with a bad excuse in one hand and Green Tea Latte in the other. Maybe even enough to give you a B and then you'll be known as the kid who got a B as a TA. Believe us, the incessant daymares are enough to cause kidney stones. Do yourself a favor—take a less stressful class (like AP Physics) and thank us later (our "Hey You" box is always open).

### 1. Honors Pre-calculus

Honors Pre-calculus is stressful because it is the first reality check many brilliant Dougherty students face. Many understood Algebra II. Multiplication makes sense. FOIL makes sense. Negative exponents don't really make sense, but you can wrap your head around it. HP is a whole other ball game. There's a circle. And there's points on this circle, and if you take the sine of these points you get a squiggle. But if you take the inverse, you have lots of squiggles. And when you increase the coefficient on X, you decrease X. And sometimes you flip things around, and they flip back and you're back to the beginning with no idea what direction you're in. And then you're in systems of equations, and there are two trains, one coming from Studying and the other from Sleep, and you have to calculate which one will hit you first. Here's a hint: divide by zero, and call it a day. Because the universe will rip apart either way.

# WALL OF SHAME

When I was a lovely freshman (oxymoron?), I was a runner. You know, one of those people who had to get to the front of the lunch line to get the buffalo wings before they ran out. One day I ran too fast, tripping over TWO stairs. When I tried to swing back, my giant bag that carried my clarinet swung forward, and I fell flat on my face. I even waited on the ground for a looong five seconds, waiting for someone to ask, "Are you okay?" and help me up. No one ever did, so I got up and went to the bathroom and cried. I think.

During 3rd, I walked into the downstairs 1000 boys' bathroom, thinking I was in the 2000 building (I'm a girl). By the time I realized my mistake, a guy was already looking at me from the sink. I totally froze. Then, I quickly ducked out of the bathroom, my heart pounding with embarrassment. Naturally, what should happen? A class coming through the building doors, just as I stepped out.

In Dance 1, part of our semester final is to perform the teacher's choreography in groups. I got so nervous and confused that I sat down in the middle of the dance, thinking I was done. It sounds just as dumb as it was...

I posted the final exam on school loop my first year at Dougherty.

After school one day, I was walking down the 4000 building staircase, amidst every student rushing past me. About the 8th step down, my heel caught the cuff of my pants, mid step down to the 9th. My whole body pitched forward, and I started falling, face forward, belly flopping down the stairs. My water bottle, papers and keys flew out of my hand, landing at about the same time as I did, with a giant THUD. Kids started rushing toward me, offering me my stuff, asking nervously to one another, "Is she okay?" Still sprawled out on the floor, shaking in shame, I looked up to see a nervous freshman, worried and confused, holding something out to me in the palm of his hand. It was my other shoe, as if I had lost my glass slipper. Except Cinderella was a lot more graceful.

I wore my favorite pair of leggings for weeks, but have since stopped since I discovered they were see-through...months later.

Ray (our Campus Supervisor) has stopped me four times in the hallway during my prep period to ask why I wasn't in my class and where I was going... because he thought that I was a tardy student.

I was lecturing to a class once and meant to say "A little bit" but I accidentally said "A little b\*\*ch".

I wore an old pair of shorts and I realized that it was too small since it hitched really high over my knee when I sit down. Which would be fine if I wasn't a guy.

One day, I was supposed to go into another teacher's classroom, but I was running late. I had on these shoes that slipped and slid all the time, so I thought, "Wouldn't it be funny to run and then slide to a stop right in front of the door?" I was already jogging because I was late, so right before I got to the door, I stopped suddenly with my feet together, ready to impress the kids with my ultimate cool. I may have slid, but not enough. I went from standing perfectly straight with my hands at my side to laying straight on my side on the floor—a perfect 90 degree arc. No flailing arms, no bent knees: just up, then down, like a falling tree. I heard someone say, "Hey, did someone just go by out there?" The teacher came to the door to see what had happened and saw me, doubled over laughing at how stupid I had been.

Once, I was wearing a short skirt and I didn't realize I'd forgotten to wear spandex underneath until after it got stuck under my backpack while walking and exposed my entire behind.

On SL, instead of posting a worksheet, I posted "works\*\*t". During class, I had the SL homework assignment projected to show students where to find the "works\*\*t". A student took picture of me explaining this with the assignment right behind me where it said "works\*\*t". When he told me about it, I died of embarrassment.

In my science class, we were doing an experiment that involved liquids. I was walking to my lab station, unaware of the puddle of liquid in front of me. I slipped, fell on my butt really hard and even knocked someone else down with me. She ended up spilling water on my head as well. We were a wet mess while the entire class was laughing their heads off.

I left my fly down during class and a student said, "Hey Mr. B, XYZ!".

One time in Ms. Tyson's English class freshman year, I tried to take off my sweatshirt during a lecture and ended up taking my shirt off with it.

I once got asked to prom by a student in a tuxedo with a bow tie that matched his flowers. When I had to turn him down in front of the entire class, he assured me he had done the background research and there were no legal concerns because he was already 18.

## Top 10 Foods



PHOTO COURTESY OF COLLIN ENG

The Tribune staff likes to fantasize about food. A lot. Maybe it's because we're so close to lunchtime. (Or maybe

just because food understands. Food doesn't ask questions.)

- |          |                  |
|----------|------------------|
| 1. Ramen | 6. Buffalo Wings |
| 2. Pizza | 7. In-N-Out      |
| 3. Sushi | 8. Dim Sum       |
| 4. Steak | 9. Lumpias       |
| 5. Curry | 10. Clam Chowder |

## Hey You, Yes You, Thank You!

*It takes a village to produce the Tribune, and we want to thank everyone for their support. Specifically, we would like to thank:*

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**You, the reader**. Whether you're a casual-glancer, Hey-You scouter, poll-responder, avid fan or ferocious enemy—thank you for taking the time to read our issues. Our goal is to inspire conversations about school, our community and the world at large. We thank you for helping us start the conversation!

## HEY YOU——from Page 1

**9. If you aspire to go to select colleges, you should at least visit their campus.**

Love this. You can hear the condescension dripping off the page.

**10. Hey upperclassmen, any tips on studying for a 27-chapter AP history final?**