

Jambalaya School Newsletter

July 2019—Vol. 1 Issue 6

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Rattle Royale

The playground is free once more. Joseph Wheeler ruled the jungle gym with an iron fist until the last week of June. The Jambalaya staff had no choice but to turn to our very own PTSD-suffering World War 2 veteran shop teacher Mr. Johnson to figure out a way to take down the young Joseph and his band of misfits, The Forgotten Ones. Mr. Johnson constructed a series of devices somewhat similar to bear traps and filled them with Valentine's Day cards written specifically to each-and-every-one of these forgotten children. So of course they took the bait. After Mr. Johnson set these traps, he hobbled away from the scene, cursing the Japanese people under his breath. The rest of the staff looked on from the windows in the adjacent building. It didn't take long for The Forgotten Ones to crawl out from under the playground's slides, stairs, and Vietcong-esque tunnels below the wood chip flooring. Nine loud snaps later we had The Forgotten Ones subdued and distracted by the basic, loving messages written upon candy hearts and paper cards. I suppose the 3-inch steel spikes digging into the kids' ankles assisted in the subjugation.

Or at least we thought they were all subdued. One of the captured students was actually a child-sized dummy. The trap had been looted of all candy, and Joseph was nowhere to be seen. He's still in-hiding as of writing this, but I'm sure we'll see him soon...

Clarinetflix & Chill

Mr. Johnson's 7th period shop class replicated a 6th century Byzantine trebuchet and, using equations from the mathletes (who are higher up the popularity totem pole than band geeks), launched the teachers' lounge refrigerator from the soccer field all the way to and through the roof of the music department during band class.

Put Me In (an ambulance), Coach

Last week PE and football instructor Coach Larson scoured the 6th through 8th grade classes and pitted them against one another in a grand dodgeball game. The 7th grade class managed to pull out surprising win. However, this match was merely an opportunity for Coach Larson to collect data to be used in something much, much bigger.

Every child with a weak arm—a sad bicep; a gusto-less appendage; a strength-deficient limb—was rounded up and placed on either Team A or Team B. With both sides brimming with skinny and small children, a dodgeball match began. It was the most pathetic display of physical prowess that Coach Larson had ever witnessed. Thrown red rubber balls were barely making it to the opposing side, let alone ever hitting an enemy player. That is, until Harold McCormick ended his months-long façade of feeble ball throwing and came out hurling crimson blurs at his classmates' faces and ankles.

Coach Larson quickly realized that he had been tricked. But he admired Harold's determination to keep his plan under wraps and see it through with a bang. According to eye-witness reports, no one was spared from the bludgeoning. After Harold almost literally destroyed the opposition, he jumped to the other side and turned against his former teammates. The nurses' office promptly filled up faster than a warzone infirmary, and the ice machine ran dry in the first 10 minutes.

This is all to explain why your offspring you've entrusted to us are returning home to you on stretchers, in wheel chairs, and hobbling with crutches, and that Jambalaya School administrators and faculty are not hitting your kids. Harold is.

It landed on the brass section, horribly disfiguring Johnathan Bowers and bending his trombone into a French horn! Adding insult to injury, written on the fridge in lip gloss was the message, "This is the only cool thing in here." Burn.



All buses go to heaven, except the few whose back seats supported older kids making out in secret.