

# Jambalaya Elementary School Newsletter

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## Logan at Large



*Remember, like Toy Story, your school supplies are sentient and can see what you're doing. So stopping putting the pencils in your body, Kid-I'm-Calling-Stephen. You know who you are.*

Joseph returned to us. He came back a changed little boy. As you may recall in our last issue, we mentioned that our school mascot, Logan the Duraflame Log, had gone missing. Its wearer, Joseph Wheeler, disappeared during a pep assembly, and we didn't see him for months. Well, in the final week of May, a figure emerged from a hole in the stage of the gymnasium. It was Joseph! Apparently he had fallen out of the cannon (that was to fire him during the pep rally) into a small hole within the stage. He fell down and down into a deep abyss, into the Jambalaya Catacombs. He lived down there for months, feeding himself on rats, insects, and the bone marrow from Jambalaya's previous, long-dead principals. It's the highest honor to be enshrined, alive, in the crypt beneath the school; I hope to one day be laid there to rest pre-post-mortem.

Anyway, not only did Joseph crawl his way out of that prison Dark Knight 3-style, but he also assembled The Forgotten Ones, the children left at school when a parent forgets it's *their* turn to pick them up today. The children forgotten at kids' major league baseball award ceremonies. The children whose lunch money was not given to them that morning.

We had suspected that there was a mole within the recess aides. Upon Joseph's return, this aide unlocked the recess equipment, giving The Forgotten Ones all the tools and ammunition they'd require to take down The Color Pencil Catapultists as well as The Rubber Banditos. It was a bloodbath: endless red rubber balls thrown into groins and faces. Jump rope nunchaku & whip lashings. Hoopa-Hoop miniature child prisons. The others never stood a chance. Joseph now runs the recess playground. He's too powerful; we can't stop him.

This newsletter goes out to Jarhead. Without him, this would not have been made. His dedication to this publication holds a special place in my butt.

## Under Our Wing

So you may have noticed that this is only the second newsletter of 2019. And the reason for that is a budget cut! Jambalaya has always faced adversity head-on, and we're no stranger to funding issues. In response to the shortage of money, Jambalaya is opening up a long-closed wing of our historic building for a high school! Jambalaya hasn't had a high school since Jerry Lederman barreled his way through a 10<sup>th</sup> grade algebra class in his jousting bus in 1987. He took bronze in the event and received 5 years in prison with a chance to get out early with good behavior and original Laffy Taffy-style jokes. Times were different then. Comedy was scarce. I digress. Jambalaya is now accepting 9<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> graders for the 2019-20 school year! If your child is unvaccinated, they won't be for long. Our staff members have a very particular set of skills; skills that make us a nightmare for people like you. I'm looking at you, Mrs. Bendersen. If little Billy comes in here without a vaccination, I will strike matches on his body to light my very large cigars.

## Joust Do It

The annual bus jousting event is upon us. I know people may be surprised that we're doing it again, even after two contestants died last year, but it's a Jambalaya tradition that we hold dear. As always, all busses are windowless, the stop sign is unfurled, and drivers must hold onto their lances with one arm. Jousters can attempt to jab the outstretched stop sign OR aim for the driver themselves. The *Jambalaya Way* is to do a little of both; dodging an incoming lance and then running through your moving bus to fire off a mounted cannon at the enemy bus as the two of you pass is wonderful fun. Proper protective gear is advised if you're a little b1+ch. Yeah, I'm looking at you, Stanley Rubrick of Team Brotry Saw! Team Scented Marker Martyrs are coming for you!