

Jambalaya Elementary School Newsletter

December—Vol. 1 Issue 3

Where We've Been

It caught fire. All of it. Well not all of it. But most of it. So it turns out Human Resources doesn't do a good enough job when it comes to doing background checks during the hiring process. It also turns out that lunch ladies are inherently evil. All four of our cafeteria personnel, Becky Henderson, Karen Thilde, Bernadette Jones, and Suzette Smithson, were cultists who opened up (or tried to) a portal to Hell. They skinned a racoon and threw the thing into a vat of instant potatoes. I don't presume to know what they chanted but a portal did indeed open—a portal to Lansing, Michigan, specifically Steve's Professional Auto Repair where a small oil fire, as I understand, had just broken out. As you can imagine that small oil fire became exacerbated by the sudden sight of four food service workers, a now inside out racoon, and mashed potatoes that had formed together to create a living Andrew Jackson of sorts. I'm sure you can piece together the rest. So that's all to say, "sorry," for being unable to write November's school newsletter. We'll try to not let that happen again.

Never Too Early to Hit the Bench Press

P.E. teacher Mr. Stanovich has been reminding me daily to let the parents know about his training program for Jambalaya's youth. Mr. Stanovich is encouraging 2nd graders and up to make their way into the weight room during their P.E. hour. "Forget kickball, I want you on bench press pushing 55 lbs. before winter break." He has also developed a pre-workout concoction of goat and cat milk protein powders, battery acids, rooster saliva, and Sunny D that will be available for your up-and-coming tyke to choose during lunch. As the great Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only gains and carb-loading can do that."

Bobby Warner

Goodbye and good luck.

Our beloved student, Bobby Warner, was pulled from Jambalaya Elementary by his father, Bobby Sr., and mother, Jessica, because rival school Grindewald has higher test scores (and a higher than average ratio of children with 3 nipples) and mother knows best. So we thought we'd say "so long" to little Bobby with a few messages from his classmates.

"dear Booby hehehe have fun at grindlwald NOT" -Tommy H.

"bobby, giv me back my lizard sticker you stole" -Sara R.

"Deer bobby I hop you choke on a hotdog."
-Franklin T.

"now that your gone Kevin is the uglyist boy in class hahahaha" -Suzie S.

Mascot Trouble

I guess I should mention that we lost Billy Turner or, as he was better known and should be remembered as, Garfield the Bottlenose Dolphin, in the fire. In all seriousness, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Billy was a lousy student. I mean it. That kid's times tables were sloppy, his grammar was beyond any hope of fixing, but gosh darn it was that boy limber in a dolphin outfit—a dolphin outfit outfitted with room for only one leg to fit comfortably.

Garfield was a blessing our school hasn't seen since 8-year-old Terry Mannfield javelined his way into the inner circle of JFK with the intent to assassinate him. Well wouldn't you know it, Jack Ruby beat him to the punch. And then the Feds found out about Terry and had him executed immediately to make him a lesson for future 8-year-old assassins. Well, almost immediately. His parents got to fly in to watch. It was brutal; they killed him using his favorite pine javelin.

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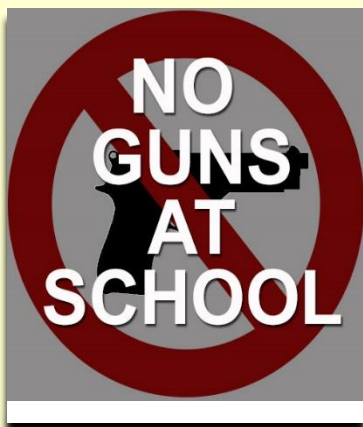
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Winter Music Recital

His parents were wailing and writhing about on the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. I, on the other hand, had a great trip. The school paid for my flight; it was a three-day-weekend; I bought some amazing outfits and spent most of my time drinking lime mojitos—blasting Toby Keith while lounging about in comfy pants. The Feds asked themselves why an 8-year-old would want to assassinate the president. Was he a tool carrying out the wishes of his school? “Heck no!” we said at the time. But the statute of limitations has passed and we can now officially say, “Uh, duhhhh. Nice investigation, dweebs.”

So that’s to say we are, once again, looking for a mascot. But it won’t be Garfield the Bottlenose Dolphin, I’m afraid. No, the school reached out to Duraflame (makers of the stackable, crackling firelogs which produce warm, robust flames that are perfect for any evening. Backyards are better with a fire) to secure the much-needed funding after our cafeteria fire (which is in no way reflected on Duraflame’s safe, affordable logs). So please help me welcome Logan the Duraflame Firelog as Jambalaya’s new mascot!

Tryouts: Meet in the gym after school on December 3rd to show us your spunk. Garfield “AKA Billy” set the bar extremely high, so we expect and accept disappointment. We’re bringing our most aerodynamic cabbages and tomatoes. See you then!



Unless you have a doctor's note.

It’s that time of year when we all gather together to listen to our young ones attempt to sing holiday songs with terrible accuracy. We all know how it goes. The kindergarteners are just the most adorable little beings—all dressed up like workshop elves, barely comprehending where they are. Then the 1st graders and then 2nd graders. But then 3rd graders (no longer cute children) step onto the stands and all our forgiveness for how terrible they are goes away. Suzie Royer is 6 half-steps off key. Billy Flanigan forgot the song entirely. Steven Boyd is picking his nose the entire time but stops halfway through to actually bust out some surprisingly great harmony from out of nowhere. Suzie Royer then faints and falls to the ground, but now the song sounds so much better that no one bothers to help her until it’s over.

Then come the 4th graders and their recorders. Yeah, you parents are well-aware of these monstrosities. Having practiced for weeks, Travis Grayland’s correct notes are drowned out by Kellie Cunningham’s ear-blasting blows right beside him. Freddie Picard stands in the back, his mouth is open and he’s slapping his cheeks, as he forgot his recorder entirely. John Rauld is playing all the notes at three-times the tempo, and the conductor is shooting him death glares until they finally finish and said maestro turns around to the audience with a big smile on his face; just in time, too, as ten percent of the onlookers were searching about for ways to take their own lives and be done with it.

Ah. Finally, kids who can play their instruments decently enough to at least recognize most of the song. They finish, everyone claps, people disperse. You’ve lived through another year. So bring your tallest, stealthiest flask and stumble over to Jambalaya’s Winter Music Recital!

This newsletter sponsored by Duraflame. “Tonight’s the Night” to roast chestnuts on an open fire and figure out why this nut was popular enough to be mentioned in a classic Christmas tune. Why not cashews? They’re better in every way, just saying.