

Jambalaya Middle School Bulletin September 2018

Volume 1, Issue 1

Principal Ms. Fendleton
Vice-Principal Mr. Jones-Andmi



Out of two hundred and thirty entries, this drawing of our school, submitted by Taylor Haggie age 5, was the very worst of the bunch. Thanks for a good laugh, Taylor.

A New Year

Welcome, all, to another wonderful year at Jambalaya Middle School! First off, we had to change our school mascot this year, as Larry the Crocodile thought it would be a good idea to throw Beanie Babies in a wood chipper for YouTube fame. Several animals later Larry's snout got caught in the grinder and he was pulled in. On the bright side the video racked up 10 million views in 24 hours and, because Larry the Crocodile is property of Jambalaya Middle School, the Google adsense paid for a new mascot uniform! Sure, Larry's parents didn't get a dime from the video and had to clean the blood from and sell the wood chipper to pay for their son's funeral expenses. But, hey, say hello to Garfield the Bottlenose Dolphin! Mascot try-outs will be held in the gymnasium this Friday. Go Jambalaya Bottlenose Dolphins go!

In Other News

The sixty-seventh annual milk-chugging contest is during lunch period on the 21st. School funds are a little short this year, so it's a BYOM kind of deal. As always, the winner gets to shave the principal's mustache off. Even though our Principal this year, Ms. Fendleton, is in fact a woman incapable of growing facial hair anywhere near the capability of our previous male principals, her dedication to our school tradition has led to her consuming an unsafe amount of testosterone supplements. If you see Ms. Fendleton roaming the halls, give her a wave and a hello. Don't be alarmed if she puts you in a headlock and gives you a noogie-- it's just the hormones figuring out their new environment.

Apples to Apples to Bins

Please take heed when choosing fruit to eat during lunch. A crate of apples being delivered was contaminated by a separate crate of wax apples being delivered simultaneously for the art class. If you bite into a waxy red delicious, give it a polish and drop it off into the grey disposal cans next to the slightly darker grey garbage cans. Take note that some of the grey disposal cans and slightly darker grey garbage cans in the cafeteria aren't in-use disposal containers but are student art pieces. PLEASE DO NOT THROW YOUR TRASH IN THEM.

You're Not My Type

Every Thursday of this month we will be focusing on improving typing skills so that our children can return home, turn on their game system, and properly humiliate opposing players with intense diction and a wide lexicon of words graphed into a sentence to deliver a profound insult about the sexual circumstances of one's mother and themselves. This class will be taught by Mr. Guile whose impressive credentials showcase a total of 1,371 frustrated players rage-quitting due to his typing during his entire career of World of Warcraft.

Kindergarten News

“Even the chemistry lab hasn’t caught fire, and they literally built flamethrowers last year.”



Most of our crayons are now non-toxic this year! Just not the tasty-sounding colors like ‘yellow macaroni’ and ‘green apple’ and ‘white paste.’

Is your tyke starting Kindergarten this year? Well make sure to outfit your child with flame-retardant coat/pants. For some reason the classroom hosting the kindergarteners keeps combusting. Here are some quick FAQs on this occurrence.

Have you changed classrooms?

Well yes, of course we tried that. We change the classroom year after year, but it keeps happening.

Does this happen to other classes?

No. And we don’t know why. Even the chemistry lab hasn’t caught fire, and they literally built flamethrowers last year.

Are the teachers to blame?

We have a strict ‘no tobacco on campus’ rule that nearly everyone follows.

Nearly everyone follows?

Well, I mean, the janitors have a couple smokes after-hours. And the bus drivers have one or two on their lunch breaks by the garage. Aaand maybe Principal Fendleton inhales a couple packs a day, but she’s just going through some bodily changes. So, technically, the teachers are not to blame.

Do you have any leads at all?

Well, we know that most sparks are caused by friction, so we enacted a rule two years ago against hugs, hand-holding, high-fives, thumb-wrestling, anything that involves touching. A positive outcome of that action has resulted in fewer sexual abuse lawsuits against our faculty.

So that’s a quick rundown of the situation. I’m sure there won’t be another fire this year. What are the odds that it would happen nine years in a row?

Remember...

The teachers’ lounge is off limits to students. If you find yourself inside, you must escort yourself OUT. Mr. Johnson, who we all love dearly, has severe PTSD and has been known to poison/booby trap some of the food lying around in anticipation of invading Japanese soldiers. Do you want to end up with a mouth full of razor blades? Bobby Warner sure didn’t, but now his mouth has thirteen stitches it didn’t have before.

Wrapping this up

Picture day is Thursday during the third week. Please, please, PLEASE adhere to these guidelines...

- Don’t wear any yellow. Our photographer, as always, is Calvin Greuling, and he is terrified of anything reminding him of Spongebob Squarepants.
- DO NOT sing the Spongebob Squarepants theme song while you await your picture or you WILL be sent to detention.

- No hats, THIS INCLUDES KRUSTY KRAB WORKER HATS.
- No clothing showing drugs or alcohol, unless you’re repping Budweiser garb. The school receives a small kick-back from the company.
- NO porous clothing items.
- If your child was born with a square head, please contact the administration office to set up a time for pictures to be taken in private.