

Peanut butter pet food more dangerous than polonium-210 radiation.
-News 4

Philadelphia Flyers move to Detroit in hopes of better season.
-Sports 17



Bush to visit Bahamas, Fiji for goodwill.
Editorials 12



The PLAYWACKIAN

Issue 12 April 1, 2007 www.playwackian.com
The Students' Newspaper of Neshaminy High School 2001 Old Lincoln Highway Langhorne, Pa. 19047



Cows cause weather chaos

By Maria Kelmansky
Staff Writer

Although yesterday was bright and sunny, today we will experience a snow storm, followed by massive tornados tomorrow. Shady Brook Farm's cows are to blame.

The very consistent weather has made it feel like "The Day After Tomorrow." When climate conditions change as much as the color of Lindsay Lohan's hair, it is obvious that something is wrong.

After eating radioactive grass, Shady Brook Farm cows have grown into weather changing monsters. Each time they "moo," the weather quickly shifts.

"I don't know how the cows got the grass," Shady Brook Farm employee Bob Renj said. "It was hidden in the storage room."

The cows are currently being taken into surgery at St. Mary's Hospital. Although the actual surgical treatment they will receive remains undecided, doctors hope it will fix the problem.

"My medical staff and I are doing our best," Dr. Pam Minstin said. "We are concentrating on removing the radioactive grass remains in a way that will not harm the cows."

It is estimated that the surgery will take about five hours. The three cows will be hospitalized for a week in St. Mary's Extreme Animal Treatment Facility. After recovery, they will return to their homes on Shady Brook Farm.

The severe weather conditions have not injured any citizens or caused any damage to buildings. However, the Weather Channel has issued tornado, hurricane, heat wave and snow storm warnings for the next week.

"People should try their hardest to stay safe during these harsh times," meteorologist Bill Weese said. "Citizens should stay inside during storms and stay cool during the heat wave."

Taco Bell creates liberty burrito

In 2006 the Taco Bell Corporation announced that it had bought the Liberty Bell from the federal government and was renaming it the Taco Liberty Bell. Hundreds of outraged citizens called the National Historic Park in Philadelphia, where the bell is housed, to express their anger.

"Neshaminy Paradise" goes express



Neshaminy senior Maggie Gallagher hitches a ride on the Paradise Express at Platform 1, formerly LA Hall, this morning.
Graphic/Michele Lestochi

By Maggie Gallagher
Art/Copy Editor

Much to the excitement of students, Neshaminy administration has approved a project to build shuttles to transport students to different wings of our dilapidated school. Funds will be raised by initiating a toll to park in the senior parking lot.

Administrators hope the shuttles

will solve weather problems that students routinely encounter on their journey between the main building and the island of Gym #3. The shuttles will be modeled after airport shuttles designed to take passengers to different terminals. Drop points will be located at different wings of the school, such as F hall, the Business center, Gym #3, the cafeteria and the Art Center.

As of now, there are supposedly going to be four shuttles that will continu-

ally circle the school. Shuttles are expected to take up half the width of an average hallway. Each shuttle will have five cars attached. The construction worker leading the project said, "The cars will each be able to hold anywhere from 10 to 15 students, depending on how closely the students can compact themselves."

Rules will be instated to keep stu-

see OTHER on page 2

Melting Mods Massacre Multiple Minors

By Michele Lestochi
Photography Editor

Many have observed the constant dripping of the modular units this week, but no one anticipated the mass melting that occurred. The tidal waves of water obstructed students' attempts to make it to class on time. Innocent children were seen caught in the undertoe and floating out towards Gym 3.

Many believe the melt is an attempt by the hall aids to prevent students without minute passes from escaping the mods early. Others blame the Mod Troll's fixation with pastry baking, claiming the heat from his oven is causing the mods to melt.

On a lighter note, the large waves did manage to fill in the moat around the Gym 3 castle being constructed. This means Neshaminy students will not have to carry buckets of water filled at the water fountains down the cliff outside of G9A to fill it, as previously planned for the next Graduation Project half day.

see OTHER on page3



Seniors Ari Lipsky and Alison Kriesher take a plunge into the melting mods.
Graphic/Michele Lestochi

The Way Out
By Sammy Newport

Harold wanted to explain to his mother before he left
He searched.
He could not find her.
When the time came for his flight he hoped she knew
how he felt.
He was sorry.
He didn't mean for it to happen.
As Harold landed he received a phone call.
It was his mother.
She said, "I know you did not mean to harm him."
Life will go on.



Art is God Wearing an Overcoat, Looking Cold
By Theodore Hoosier

I am the old man, my muscles atrophied,
the stairs a mountain and the chair a trophy.
Brownsville stays dark, stop signs posted
marked in black spray paint
by those who refuse to yield, to be slowed
because of the night.
I am the star's supernova, the volcano's eruption,
the view of cars from an airplane,
earth from the perspective of God – chaos into harmony,
little anthill swarming into perfect order.
I am the eclipse; the darkening of sun by a rock not even half its size.
There are no street lights in this half of town.
The mayor lives in an old colonial
About a half mile away but extends no comfort.
I am the earth diggers tearing up a field
outside the old high school. Yellow and rusted.
I am a hermit living between four walls hiding a painting
of God wearing an overcoat looking cold;
It is falling on a concrete sidewalk and scraping
both knees then standing and moving on
without so much as a glance backward.
I am missing a tooth, the one that can chew through loneliness,
That can handle the grit and grime of hermits.
My painter was color blind, my hues do not match the fall's
Falling leaves or the winter's bare trees.
It takes hours to cook a meal but ten minutes
to consume it in silence listening only to the tick
and buzz of an electric clock.
That broken second hand is me wearing my facade. My muscles are
atrophied, my back is aching and twisting, the stairs a mountain
and the chair a trophy, but why bother walking
when it takes more than a cane to make one single step.
Beechwood Field is missing trees, I am missing
a vital tooth an important message to relate
across the vast expanse of woodless grassland.

Let Us Keep on Speaking
From the Heart
By Drew Kalbach

The Journey
By Meghan Brown

I was cold and bitter
Just like the weather that day
The second she left I was empty inside
Fearing I would never again find my way
The minutes passed like hours
And with each hour the hole only grew
I kept thinking about her life
And just how much she went through
All I wanted was another minute
Just one final goodbye
But the more I yearned
The farther she was put to lie
The days turned into seasons
As I slowly found my way
The hole began to close
Leaving only a scar as a reminder of
that day
I'm learning to live without her
Facing each challenge one by one
But I'll never forget my aunt
Even though her work here is done.

Let Us Keep on Speaking
From the Heart
By Drew Kalbach

Like the muted television standing
Watch over the kitchen landing,
Don't speak. Be silent, shut those
Light purse lips that let drop hints
Of white teeth and red tongue.
Talking on the phone long distances
About radio programs and cognitive dissonance.
Close your mouth I'm trying to touch
Your teeth your curly brown hair
That sticks like static from a monitor
And leaves an unfair impression.
Try never again to use that expression
To let us know about your day –
Each time it's still the same as when
We spoke on the phone long distances
About sporting games and cognitive dissonance.
When are the airwaves crackling
Like lightning or a gravel drive.
The fall of a gavel marks your story
About lilacs, Tampax and academic glory.
Day in day out the light still shines
And I don't need to wonder if we'll dine
This evening, staring across the table long distance
Shouting about television and cognitive dissonance.
Then the moon forgets to rise and the Styx's
Ferryman travels in a brand new disguise
Across central America into the suburbs and farmhouses.
But we'll drown in your gaping mouth
Speaking on about best friend's fights and hating
This weather we're having. Then trumpets blow.
And the sun rises, the ferryman gone,
Decided that the plans are boring all alone
And to listen to you has to be what he
Felt in the night when the winds began to blow.
I'll fight this urge to contradict myself
And follow the ferry into its depths;
Because the sun will rise over long distances
As we keep on speaking of the rain and cognitive dissonance.

The waitful water threw itself continually into the urban juggernauts that stand ominously over the land, tall, grand temples of asphalt reaching out towards the sky where there once were trees and other lush organic forms of life, now like so much rubble beneath the stone feet of the anachronistic bodies that resembles skyscrapers, but lack their rigid dignity. Acid tears do not sting these granite edifices; they break apart splatter, waiting to evaporate in the unforgiving sun once the morrow dawns, gone without a trace, fragile and fleeting as a human life. Yet there is something beautiful also in the urban spectacle that spreads across the landscape. Not in its perfection, but its lack of it, its wear and tear, a lived-in quality that almost makes it seem as natural as the forestation it replaced. This sort of haphazard sublimity is a poor substitute for true nature, but the self-parody is as charming as one is likely to find in a man-made environment. What can one do but embrace this gritty honesty over the deluded pretentiousness of a suburban lot? Here at least, the setting has a sense of identity.

And the rain is falling...

Tears from the deep grey majesties that soared overhead dove into the traumatized earth long raped and pillaged by its human inhabitants. Clouds are unlike people in that they do, on occasion, bear acid tears, rarely salt, as if in request of the life on the planet to share its ethereal pain. It is the misfortune of these vaporous bodies that man rarely notices any change in the rain; as is typical of the race, he is far too involved in his own misery to even notice the epic sadness of his home.

Rain is falling...

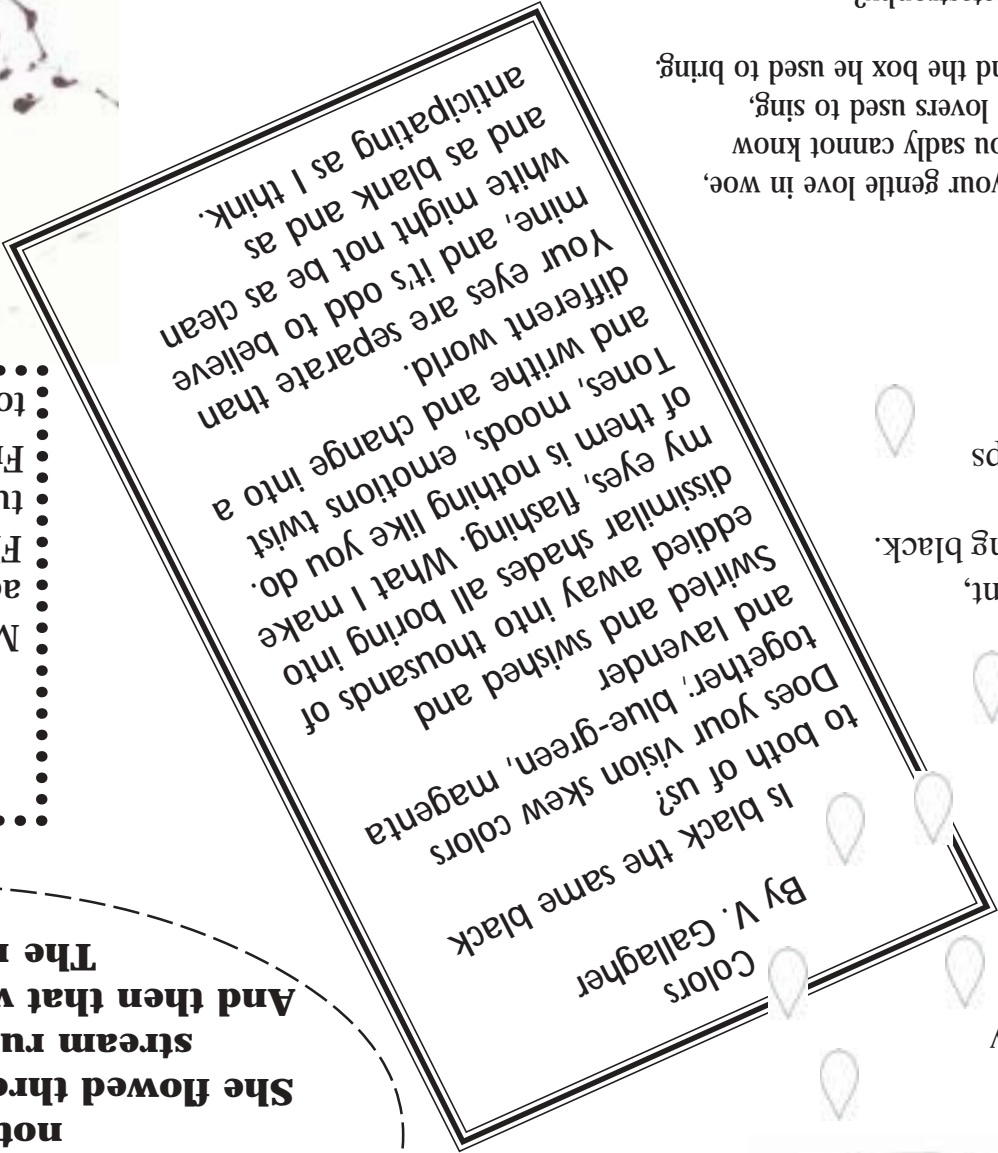
Tears from the deep grey majesties that soared overhead dove into the traumatized earth long raped and pillaged by its human inhabitants. Clouds are unlike people in that they do, on occasion, bear acid tears, rarely salt, as if in request of the life on the planet to share its ethereal pain. It is the misfortune of these vaporous bodies that man rarely notices any change in the rain; as is typical of the race, he is far too involved in his own misery to even notice the epic sadness of his home.

“Triblys and Eggs” by The Face



A Rainy Day

By Hank Curry



Ode to Carla
By Mr. Snorts and Friend Of

Distracted by the thoughts of your gentle love in woe,
Longing for the feelings that you sadly cannot know
He's thinking of the songs, the lovers used to sing,
You are thinking of his face, and the box he used to bring
You are now the enemy,
How has your love become a catastrophe?
He wants you, but you let go
Go back to him,
Reunite with your gentle-eyed doe.

It only rains at night
under a hollow, cloaked sky
and sleepy, frowning lyrics.
Drops fall
on sheeted clouds
and dimmed lights.
Before the blinded hours,
over that one hinged moment,
hoisted against the crumbling black.
In awkwardly beautiful drops
the sky is just as perfect.

Nocturnal Resolution
By Amanda Boccuti

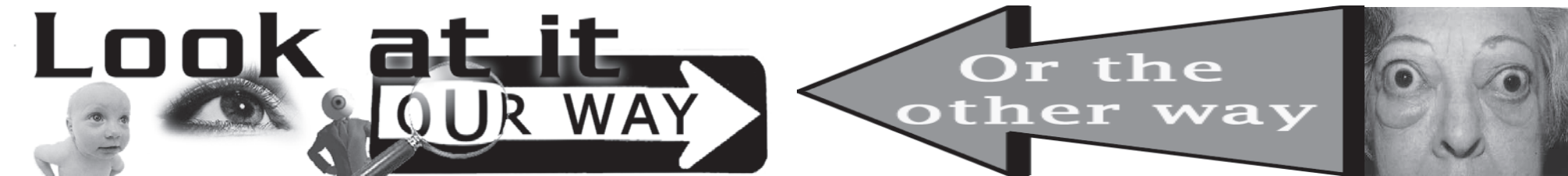
River
By George Randall

As I sit here and watch the river I think of
nothing but her
She flowed through my soul as a steady
stream runs through a brook
And then that wretched day came along
The river dried up.

Acidic Thoughts
By Dan Ben Yishay

My mouth filled with the taste of
acidic thoughts
Flaming through old – unused-
tunnels
From my fingertips to my mind
to my brain.





Shrinking muffins create chaos amongst students

There are many cafeteria issues causing an uproar in the student body. The most traumatizing of these issues is the Muffin Scandal. Since September, the muffins have been slowly getting smaller until finally they have virtually disappeared.

Students have reported seeing cafeteria staff looking through the ovens with a magnifying glass for the tiny muffins. Cafeteria staff denies these allegations of searching for the muffins.

“We know exactly how big the muffins are and they are, in fact, larger than a ‘crumb.’ They can be seen with the naked eye,” a cafeteria aid, known only as The Muffin Man, exclaimed. “We had to make them smaller to maximize profits. These students are paying for the renovations too!”

Students, on the other hand, feel that they should not be paying for these renovations in more ways than one. “We’re paying for the renovations by just having to be here during them,” a Neshaminy student said. “Why should we have to pay money too?”

Some students were happy to hear the news of the bite sized muffin becoming nothing but a chocolate chip dipped in batter. Shorter students were happy at first but have come to find out that the tiny muffin wouldn’t satisfy even the smallest of students.

“I thought that these muffins would be perfect. I couldn’t eat even half of the old muffins,” Matt Share, a 5-foot student said. “I was wrong! These muffins are way too small, even for me!”

This muffin scandal hasn’t been all bad, however. The rat problem has been solved due in part to the mini-muffin. There have been reports of students seeing rats leave the building because the muffins won’t even satisfy them.

“I saw a rat leave the building and spit on the floor on his way out,” a Neshaminy student said. “It’s so degrading knowing that even the rats won’t eat the food.”

Fear not, Neshaminy students. The cafeteria staff has something new in store to

replace the muffins due to the mass of student complaints. They plan to replace the muffins with a Dunkin’ Donuts buffet. They cannot, however, replace the muffins without replacing Beefy Cheesy Nachos with a Taco Bell menu and all vegetable sides with Irish potatoes. KFC has also stepped in as our new source of processed chicken products.

The Snack Stop will now carry cotton candy balls and Red Bull in an effort to get the students and cafeteria staff on the same side. They are well on their way to being the healthiest cafeteria in Pennsylvania.

“Look at it our way” represents the majority opinion of the “Playwackian” editorial board.

KFC to employ rats, illegal immigrants not satisfying customers

By Michele Lestochi
Photo/Art editor

There are few fine dining, mammal welcoming establishments in our country. Kentucky Fried Chicken is winning over the hearts of millions with their new animal friendly enhancements.

With help from PETA, KFC is launching their new campaign to promote mammal coexistence and equality. With increasing popularity of fads such as fast food, trans fats and cellulite, PETA felt it was the perfect place to begin the movement; the world renowned eatery Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Due to the narrow- mindedness of American citizens, rats have been given a reputation for being cruel, unintelligent and unsanitary creatures. We don’t criticize our president for being a cruel, unintelligent and unsanitary creature, so there’s no reason for us to accuse a rodent, capable of pronouncing “nuclear” and eating a pretzel, of falling under these harsh generalizations.

KFC will begin by changing their slogan from “Chicken Capital USA” to “More Mice, Less Price,” as well as replacing their mascot, Colonel Sanders, with the trendy, loveable Admiral Rodent.

premises of Kentucky Fried Enterprises by a generous donation from HAM (Hippies for Animal Movements). These rats will endure a grueling training process in which they will learn customer friendly social skills, drive-thru safety skills and hip dance moves, before they will be deemed KFC worthy. Upon graduation of the Kentucky Fried Training Program, the rats will be released into the real world to make a living and create a life for themselves.

Of course, under any circumstances, there will always be the rebellious rodents. These rats, regarded as ineligible for KFCdom, are entered into the Admiral’s 12 Step Program, where they will be guided towards a better track of life.

The rodent attractions are not only going to improve KFC’s already admirable reputation, but they are also going to launch a future of animal rights. Thanks to KFC,

animals will be able to hold corporate jobs and strive in the world of Wall Street. Pretty soon, animals will be regularly employed as chefs, podiatrists, aerobics instructors, dieticians, plus size



KFC promotes mammal coexistence and equality by hiring family friendly rats.

Graphic/Michele Lestochi

models and TV talk show hosts.

American Idol has already talked of replacing current host Ryan Seacrest with new rising star, Raterina. This idea was proposed by Simon Cowell as a result of his frustration from Seacrest’s unwillingness to “come out of the closet.” American Idol producers feel that this change will draw in a larger male audience and overall increase the show’s ratings.

Other rodents have already begun to clear the path for rats in Hollywood. These celebrities would include Mickey Mouse, Jerry, Mighty Mouse, Hilary Duff and Splinter.

These kind hearted, compassionate, genuine creatures will not only open up a world of equality for all mammals, but they will brighten the days of many around the globe. Now Chuck E. Cheese’s won’t be the only place a kid can enjoy fine dining in the company of a fine rodent.

Other: From Page 1

students in these single file lines in the shuttles as they will be crowded.

The left over half of the hallways will be kept open for foot traffic when students aren’t traveling long distances. Many teachers hope that the shuttles will cut down on ruckus in the hallways.

So far, the only convincing argument against installing shuttles was made by an anonymous gym teacher, “Putting shuttles in the school is going to cut down on the amount of walking students do daily. It’s a step backwards in the fight against obesity.”

The administration is taking the teacher’s professional opinion quite seriously. In a recent announcement the administration decided, “The concerns of the teacher are absolutely correct.”

In response to the teacher’s thoughts, the administration will administer each student a shuttle pass. The pass will be marked every time the student

enters a shuttle. To erase the marks students will be expected to run a lap around the gym at the beginning of gym class.

Many seniors are distressed by the toll being created for the senior parking lot and have judged it as being “unfair.” The administration will settle on an exact price for the tolls in the next month or so. The tolls will be selected based on construction and fuel prices. They are being estimated around \$20 to \$30 a day per car.

Administrators feel that it is a reasonable amount, although they are now going to be giving parking passes to any student in any grade level with a driver’s license because they are afraid the prices may deter prospective parkers.

Despite all quarrels over the practicality of the shuttles, the final decision has been made. The shuttles will begin construction this summer and are imagined to be complete within two to three years.



Rating: Easy

Concert Capsule

Britney Spears

N*Sync

Daniel Charen

Tracie Dossick

April 2

April 3

April 1

April 5

Neshaminy High School Auditorium

G9C

1 Hall

Next to the pool