

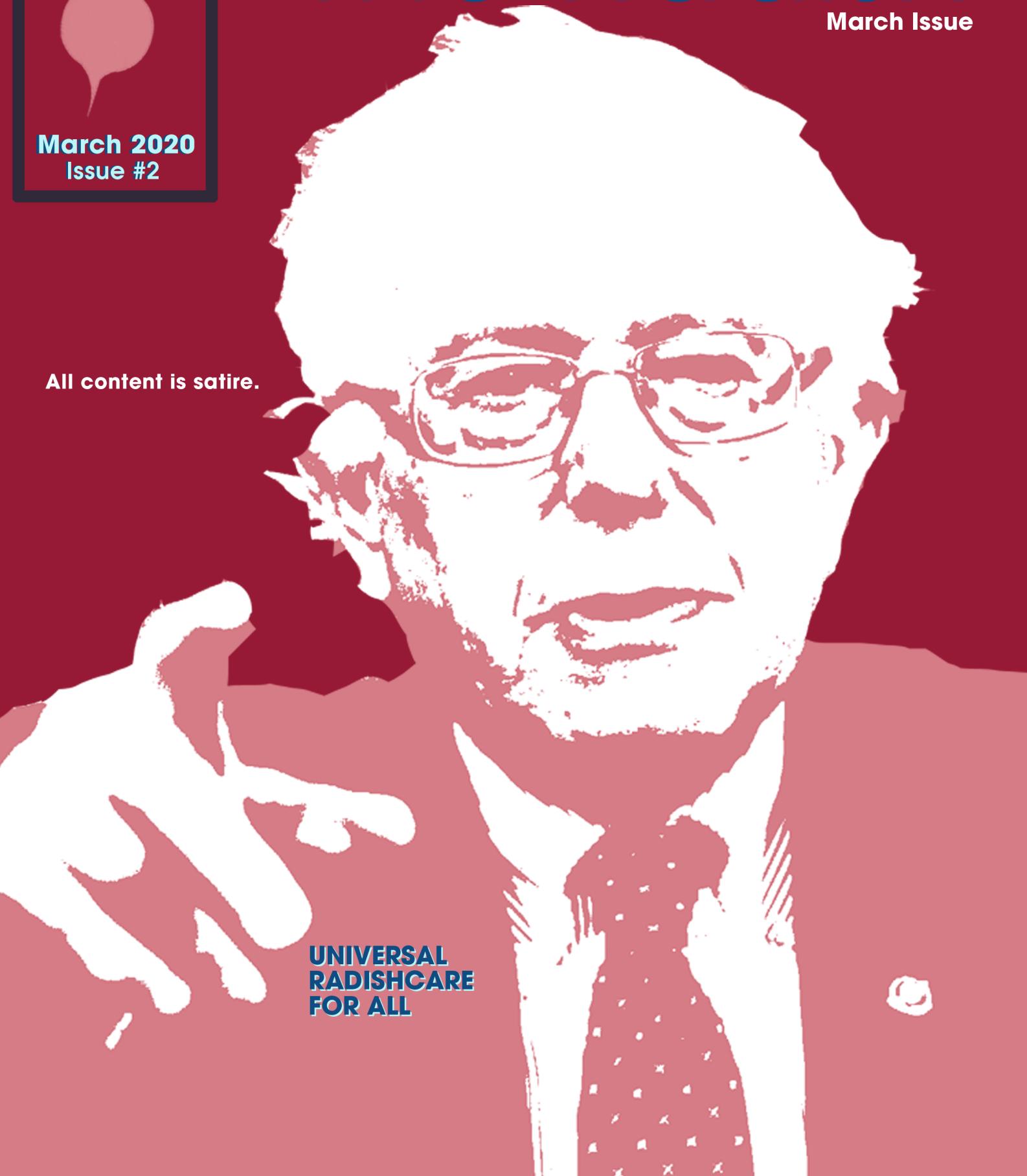


March 2020
Issue #2

The Radish

March Issue

All content is satire.



UNIVERSAL
RADISHCARE
FOR ALL

Dedicated to

Rocky's Deli

My Mom

Fox News (for being a real
one)

Raid Shadow Legends

Mike Bloomberg's \$600
Million

Whoever Made this
Dedications Page



**March 2020
Issue #2**

The Radish

March Issue

table of contents

President
Kiran Berger

Vice President
Jacob Schles

Executive Editor
Vivian Lin

Secretary
Zachary Thompson

Coordinator
Ivy Norberg Bodah

Parliamentarian
Averie Michaelson

Graphics Coordinator
Amara Chowdhury

- 1 The Truth of the Maddening Mannequin Materials
- 2 News Replaced with Random Generator
- 3 The Tale of Gammazon
- 5 Think Pad Sucks
- 6 BTHS Scaffolding Older than BTHS Building
- 8 Birthstones

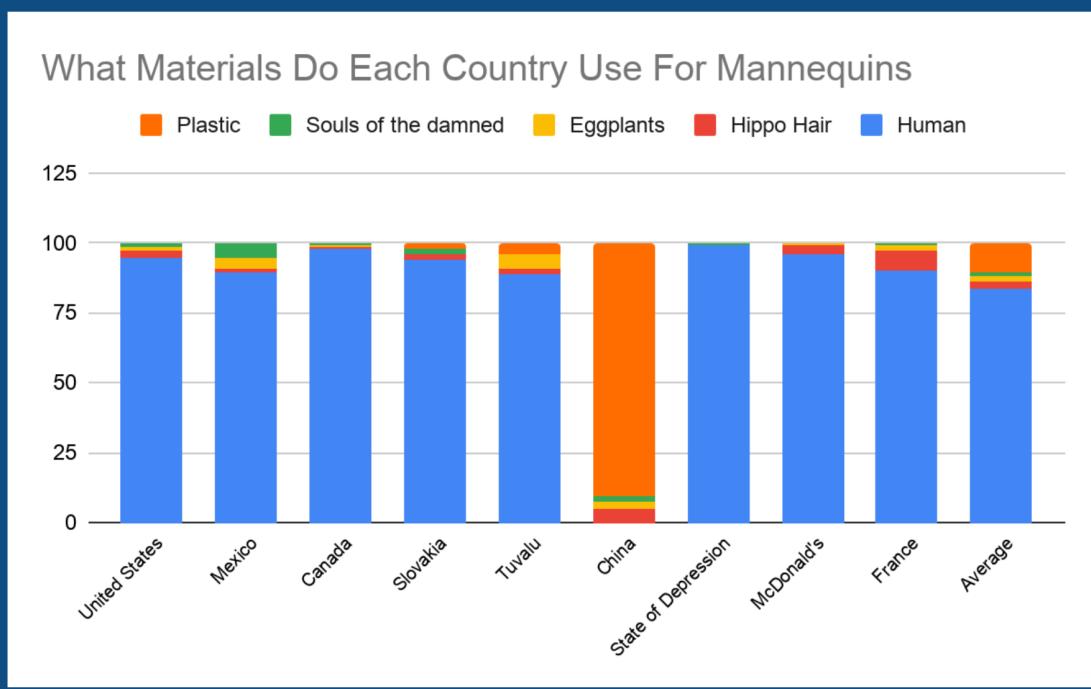
Has anyone ever questioned the weird stench of clothing stores? It's such a specific smell. However, if you've been to a graveyard, you may recognize the exact same smell, give or take a few stench units. Open your eyes, people, and realize that there are dead people in clothing stores. How haven't you noticed? It's because they hid them in the best place possible. The mannequins. After some data collection in nine different countries, we found out that 83.45% of all mannequins are made out of people. The rest of the materials can be found in this graph (Figure 1). We can see that China chooses to mostly make their mannequins out of

identities. A collective comment that came from all of them was that they "do not use people to create mannequins." But, during our interview, the representative showed all the tells of a liar, such as being nervous and constantly stuttering. They also told us "get out of my house, how did you get in?" and kept asking, "why do you have a baseball bat?" Pretty suspicious stuff, people.

Our second action about this topic was to slice open mannequins and prove that they were made from human flesh. When entering the nearest Target, we were stopped by security. Only two of us escaped, while the rest were

The Truth of the Madding Mannequin Materials

Matthieu
De Robles



plastic out of respect for human lives. However, most of the other countries choose to disregard the beauty of life and use people for their clothing displays.

We interviewed the heads of three different mannequin manufacturers, Definitely Plastic People, 100% Synthetic Mannequins Totally, and Mannequins That Are Not People. Their names will be kept secret to protect their

arrested, which definitely had nothing to do with the ski masks and crowbars we equipped ourselves with. We can see from this incident that the security guards of Target are also attempting to hide the truth. Everyone's in on it, and we'll be exposing the truth for you. This is The Radish, debunking the lies of the world, one at a time.

News Replaced With Random Generator

Aramie
Ewen
and
Charlotte
Rotlander

Dear Generic News Team,

Sincerely yours,

Generic Reporter #59

Nowadays, reporting has lost its meaning, what with those cell-phone-owning plebs going aroun' an' whippin' that thing out every chance they get. We just can't drum up those dummies into a frenzy like we used to. So, we must take the initiative to try something new. Drum roll, please!

Here's our plan: take a whole bunch of random topics and words... and combine them. All we gotta do is input some random words into a random word generator machine. Then, we could make the words "potato, geese, and marching band" into "the dinner you want, but never knew you needed." Or, "orphan, hot air balloon, and one of our journalists" into "the weirdest way to meet your birth mother." It'll be a bit pricey, with estimates ranging from a couple of arms and legs to Jeff Bezos' net worth and the conquest of a few small villages, but we can make the most of it. Just think of the payoff.

But if y'all are really so desperate to hold onto your "journalistic integrity," there's another option. We could make the stories true, with a bit of creativity. Do you want to write about the traffic on the I-95? Looks like someone's got some roads to tear up! Bank robbery? Grab a mask and get going! Simply leave out a few key details about what actually happened. Obviously, arson might have to stay a no-no for now, but reporting about a beat-up granny or two should work—even if we have to say she "tripped and fell." Just something horrifying and eye-catching... horrifyingly eye-catching.

As our legal expert has informed us: "Screw 'em. They want a show? We'll give 'em a helluva show! Those ungrateful bastards."

So, c'mon. Let's have fun with this. Squash that voice in your head murmuring "is this the definition of evil?" You're probably insane. We need this. There just aren't enough important things to report on and we're running out of ways to increase our viewership. I hope you'll consider this new technology.

Chapter 1 Fame and Misfortune

Google and Amazon, the infamous conglomerate that is now known as Gammazon, has officially debuted as one of the largest megacorporations in history.

As Gammazon, the corporation's leaders have been shifting focus from selling commercial goods and user data to testing new military technologies. This has led to many mishaps. Just last week, many Amazon customers got a wild spook when their boxes grew legs and ran away. Unfortunately, Gammazon additionally claims that they're testing new delivery drones called Decimators™, and as the name suggests, they'll be employed to "protect items left by the door." According to Chief of Police McDingus, "we've had reports of witnesses witnessing another witness witnessing a group of local delinquents get their retinas burned out when they were caught trying to nab Gammazon packages off of someone's

Ever since the merge, they have gone silent. The last post that either of them made was last Wednesday. Perhaps they are celebrating their retirement. After all, why shouldn't they? I mean, for crying out loud! Nobody knows the Amazon rainforest has been on fire, and so many places have gone silent.

Well, that's all for now folks. We'll follow up with an update next week. Stay safe—and don't porch swipe. It's not worth getting your eyes gouged out for.

Chapter 2 Behind the Iron Curtain

~ 2 weeks later.

Urgent information to the Gammazon rebellion: we were wrong, catastrophically wrong. Jeff Bezos and Alphabet Inc. did not retire—they were vaporized by Gammazon's latest weapon. And now Gammazon is making something even worse.

The Tale
of
Gammazon

Joey Lu



front porch." Other eyewitnesses claim that Decimators™ have been equipped with shrapnel launchers under their box flaps. The new CEO of Gammazon, a mega computer comprised of Gammazon's servers and a brain scan of Jeff Bezos, has introduced a new catchy company slogan: "purging all carbon-based lifeforms from Earth with cleansing gamma rays!" Sadly, despite the shocking announcement that Amazon and Google are becoming a joint-stock company, we still haven't heard a word from Jeff Bezos or Alphabet Inc.

We don't know what the plans for this new weapon are, or how powerful it will be, but keep in mind that Gammazon seized control of Elon Musk's self piloting rockets with their current arsenal. If they could beat the Musk with their older technology... we should be terrified of whatever this new thing is.

Our biggest lead: a horribly mutated rabbit corpse, found near the Gammazon HQ hive mind. The rabbit is now being quarantined in the CDC's testing facilities. There, biotech scientists confirmed unusual growths on the

rabbit as cancerous tumors unlike anything we've seen before. Because of this rabbit, the Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), and the Foodservice and Equipment Distribution Association (FEDA) have declared a national emergency. Rumor has it they're scared Gammazon has made a Class 4 Biohazard.

Officially speaking, the government made a deal with the Gamma Hive to keep the new weaponry secret, so long as Gammazon doesn't hurt citizens. The deal was mostly to prevent civil unrest, but people are starting to notice little things. "Coincidences" here and there; a missing bunny, a missing neighborhood. It won't be long until people find out about Gammazon's war force. And when they do, anarchy won't wait at our Decimator™-protected doors for much longer. As soon as mass panic erupts, the deal will probably be off with the Hive. I don't know how long this will hold stable, or whether the weapon is a pathogen, a massive hydrogen bomb, or Death-Star-inspired Decimators™.

I'll post more updates involving the Hive if they haven't killed me yet.

Best of luck to my friends at the resistance.

H.

P.S. please forward this to Lt. McDingus of the Resistance



A lot of confusion has been circling around about the productivity of the company ThinkPad.

"It just doesn't work properly," said some student, somewhere, probably. "It's just not close to as cool—or useful—as my Google Glass," said one unfortunate soul with too much time on their hands.

A few students tested the quality of a ThinkPad by comparing the time it takes to turn on the computer to the time it takes for the elevators to get fixed. We were shocked to see that the ThinkPad did indeed beat the timing of fixing our school elevators by a whole minute. So, we, The Radish, have decided to turn to the internet: the best place to see whose opinion matches yours on important topics like which brand of computer should be considered a historical artifact.

The ThinkPad is "the most horrible excuse for a computer you can find on the first world market. It comes complete with reliable blue-screening, and it's got structural integrity comparable to a multi-story cardboard tower. Mine blue screened when I powered it up, because the infernal blast seared my hands and I dropped it in agony. The laptop dropped four feet and three inches, and the hard drive shattered instantly," Major Shmoopy described in a riveting interview.

"It's not all bad, though," Major Shmoopy continued, "if you lay down with the ThinkPad on you, you will become immune to fire. Also, think you can listen to music? Think again, buddy. The ThinkPad's sound system has such difficulty buffering that your Nickelback (or whatever it is that those kids listen to these days) will freeze before becoming so choppy you can't understand a darned thing! It ain't no computer, it's a glorified brick." Honestly, he probably gave up and decided to read his assigned book club book, after waiting an hour just to search up the flash notes on a ThinkPad.

Finally beginning to understand that trying to use a "ThickPad" is as productive as attempting to motivate a Tech student who failed to get into Stuy twice, many people have begun looking for better ways to use their

ThinkPad computers. One such solution tested using a ThinkPad as a toaster oven. "The bread was burned and the cheese was on fire," Gordon Ramsay said after trying to make grilled cheese on a recently activated computer. Another idea was to use the laptop to heat homes unable to afford proper heaters. "The second we turned on the computer, it set fire to the walls and instantly ran out of batteries," my mother complained, packing her bags for our new apartment in Harlem.

Maybe ThinkPad isn't meant to be used for its original purpose. Maybe it was just an April Fool's joke taken seriously. Yet one thing is for sure: whenever we look at our burned, red, and crusty hands, we will remember those times we had when we were writing essays slower than engraving them into stone.

Think Pad Sucks

Victor Kotchev

BTHS Scaffolding Older than BTHS Building

Majka
Kiely-Miller

An astonished group of students alerted us immediately after it had come to their attention that no one had any idea when the scaffolding surrounding the school had been built. So, deciding that further investigation was warranted, we conducted some interviews.

Firstly, we asked an elderly Brooklyn Tech alumnus about the scaffolding. When they kindly informed us that the scaffolding had been up throughout their time at Tech, it occurred to us that this might need more investigation than we initially thought.

early site in the Dingwall area of the Scottish Highlands is a more valuable use of their time than investigating the mysteries of a high school's scaffolding?) Due to this unfortunate delay, students had to wait for the winter to pass to undertake the work themselves.

A few students worried about floating rumors that the administration could soon be taking the scaffolding down before we could resume the investigation. Fortunately, and as most of us expected, the scaffolding was still up when the warmer weather



We then interviewed another Tech alumnus. "My great-grandfather also went to Tech," she confided in us. "When I was a little girl, he once told me that the school's greatest flaw was its covering of scaffolding." She also told us that her great-grandfather had attended the school in its very early years. In fact, he was part of the third graduating class at Tech.

That really proved the point, but we decided some professional help could be useful. Fruitlessly, we tried to contact an archaeologist. But, for some inexplicable reason, everyone we called either didn't pick up or seemed to think that our case was not of the utmost importance. (I mean, come on, who thinks that studying an

came.

"I was determined to get to the bottom of this," said a student who was determined to get to the bottom of this. The member of the highly professional, student-organized archaeological team spoke with us in a private interview after she had spent a particularly long time staring at the scaffolding from many angles.

Finally, one pleasant day, a student made a startling discovery. It turned out the drawings on the north side of the building were actually ancient cave carvings. With this discovery, they thought back to freshmen year world history class. And, with their vague memories from that class, they deciphered that

the carvings depicted scaffolding in the shape of Brooklyn Tech.

Samples sent out to a reputable carbon-dating site were carbon-dated to 2500 BCE. (Take that, early Scottish site in the highlands!) After that stunning revelation, the archaeological team alerted the school administration of their discovery. In response, due to OSHA regulations prohibiting the use of sketchy ancient scaffolding, Tech called a scaffolding company to tear down the old scaffolding.

Tech students rejoiced, for the school had been darkened by the monstrous scaffolding for so long. But when the students returned from summer break, they were met with a terrible sight: the scaffolding had been torn down, only to be replaced!

So, now, despite extensive protests, the scaffolding is rumored to be scheduled for another few years. However, many students have questions as to what "a few years" really means. Some have even taken to writing to future students on the scaffolding.

These times seem dark, but maybe someday in the distant future, there will be hope for taking down the scaffolding.



Birthstones

Ethan
Perkis

Aquarius: Your birthstone is a garnet. Cliché, yes, but do you have anything greater? I beg to differ. Maybe if you were writing these, you could put your birthstone as a laser-shooting fantasy rock, but for the time being, it is a shatter-resistant red gem. Enjoy!

Pisces: Your birthstone may be a pink salt crystal, but don't be salty.

Aries: Your birthstone is a new stone added to the earth sciences curriculum. Known only as blortlesnap, this rock is robin's-egg blue, completely edible, and smells like the concept of infinity. Any student who can bring in a sample of it will receive a 100 for the marking period.

Taurus: Your birthstone is alive. It seeks... something. It does not know what, but it will begin destroying all the Tauruses that it sees in the hopes that this will complete its unconscious craving. Our only survival tip is to leave behind the children and elderly, and run. Safe travels!

Gemini: Your birthstone is an icosahedral quasicrystal. We have no idea what that means, so good luck figuring that out.

Cancer: Your birthstone is deep in the recesses of the hollow earth, among the dinosaurs, JFK clones, and hidden government projects.

Leo: We couldn't possibly tell what your birthstone is. No, seriously, if we told you your birthstone's name, the knowledge would literally destroy part of your brain.

Virgo: Your birthstone is embedded deep inside of a dead man's skull. It will be found one day, but will have a terrible price of \$0.59. It will be the most beautiful gem discovered yet, but worth about as much as a crumpled plastic cup.

Libra: Your birthstone is a piece of Apocrypha, you holy creature of a zodiac sign.

Scorpio: Your stone will allow you to whack others upside the head with it. What is it, you say? 'Tis but pure granite. Have fun causing brain damage and being punished for said brain damage.

Sagittarius: We live to feel pain so that we may know joy. So, your birthstone is a dented skull to make you feel the pains of others. It will also bleed dead people's blood. You will be tortured with the pain of a thousand burning suns, but the skull looks pretty cool.

Capricorn: Your birthstone is a blueberry. Have a delicious zodiac treat, you monster.



Edited By

Executive Editor
Vivian Lin

Aramie Ewen

Charlotte Rotlander

Yilin Li

Hailey Wong

Ivy Norberg Bodah

Graphics

Graphics Coordinator
Amara Chowdhury

Cover
Makana Hellberg

Back Cover
Jacob Schles

Table of Contents
Jacob Schles

Article Template
Jacob Schles

Formatted by Jacob Schles