

ALL CONTENT IS SATIRE

# THE RADISH

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# Turn into a Tree

Aramie Ewen

"Stop slowly killing the planet—before it kills us." At least, that's what people are repeatedly saying. But it's not right for anyone to say this without a complete understanding of the issue, even if they seem possessed. There are too few people telling us of the planet's actual revenge plot. Too few people are looking at the facts. Most people will be sure to offer some helpful notes about the changing Earth. Most people will say something about carbon dioxide warming the Earth, *et cetera, et cetera*. However, this statement is vague.

Obviously, the amount of carbon in the atmosphere is rising and there is something to blame. But if you look closely, you'll see how this is (conveniently) happening as the human population grows! Where most people stray from the truth is from a bias towards wanting to be human. They say that we are causing the carbon emissions. However, that's simply untrue: we are carbon.

The dinosaurs must have done destruction to their world. They must have disrupted a balance with their massive existence. They must have uprooted a lot of trees. The universe likes trees. All the biggest dinosaurs died. Yet all we do is rearrange this world. We messed up a balance—a balance restored after the dinosaurs were killed off. We might all be uprooted from this life anytime now, just as the dinosaurs were. Despite this, hope isn't lost for the human race. If we're good the planet might now have to hire a hitman, but we can talk about planetary conspiracies another time. How to be good? We should turn into trees.

Trees were around with the dinosaurs, trees were around with everything thereafter. We exist with trees, but what if they were our existence? If carbon emissions are the problem, how can we live as humans? The planet's saying we won't—for much longer.

If we all turn into trees, the global climate disaster will be fixed. Instead of restoring forests, think more: become the forest. It's not complicated: humans bad, trees good.

Ultimately, that's why we all must turn into trees. Or, at the very least, a radish.

On another note... I hope this gets printed on some nice paper.



# The Tales of Shvinkelputin

## Averie Michaelson - Parliamentarian

When most people think of a magical being, they think of a great and towering dragon in the sky raining fire on the hapless peasants below, or a majestic unicorn skewering soldiers with its horns, or a fairy eating children or whatever fairies do. Unfortunately for the fantasy fans out there, they don't exist; go back to yelling at people on the internet about Lord of the Rings. No, the real magic comes from the notorious Shvinkelputin. We all know and love the guy, but for people who don't know, Shvinkelputin is a Scandinavian gnome with mystical—if bizarrely specific—powers.

Shvinkelputin hails from a small town in Sweden, where for centuries he made a living off of hiding in mulberry thickets and stealing the mulberries from young children passing by. Shvinkelputin also has a particular love of ice weasels. He was appeased every year by the people of the town, who made him a stew of his favorite things: mulberries and ice weasels. However, Shvinkelputin, following a devastating mulberry blight, left town and moved to New York City, where his dreams of making it big were promptly crushed, just like the arguments of people on the internet who hold the wrong opinions about Lord of the Rings (as soon as I'm through with them). Shvinkelputin faced what may be the greatest evil of them all - the city's high rent and the complete absence of adequate mulberry thickets. Looks like not even magical gnomes can escape the trials and tribulations of finding a job.

Shvinkelputin has already attempted to find a job several times, with no success. I mean, even if you have two master's degrees, finding a job in this economy is hard enough. What was a poor gnome with magical powers to do? His skills of mulberry theft and ice weasel trapping were woefully inadequate in the city, as nobody had mulberries and ice weasels were nowhere to be found.

However, we at the Radish were sympathetic to this poor Scandinavian gnome's plight, as we did not wish for him to be forever trapped in a contract with an eldritch radish god (praise be unto thee) to serve in the gulag (that definitely is NOT located in the 9th floor tower) for all of eternity: a situation we definitely can not relate to. With all generosity and mercy from the Great Ancient One (all hail), we decided to give him all the publicity our paper can offer, which is definitely not just the span of one school. He gratefully accepted our offer to interview, seeking to



expand his horizons and maybe find a niche for his mulberry and ice weasel related skills. Our talented and only member, Jimmothy McDingus, interviewed him this past week.

Sir Jimmothy McDingus: Good evening, Mr. Shvinkelputin.

Shvinkelputin: Gøød evening.

Jimmothy McDingus, PhD, MD, ltd.: My, that's quite a long and difficult name to pronounce. May I perhaps call you Shvinky?

Shvinkelputin: Nø.

Jimmothy McDingus, esq: Ah, very well then. I see you are in search of a job. How has that been going for you?

Shvinkelputin: Not góð. I ask many places, but nøne seem to have want før ice weesel ør mulberry theef! Where are all the ice weesel, I ask. "Maybe yøu shøuld gó" they say! Shame øn them! Dø they say that tø the ice weesels, tøø?! Maybe that is why there are nø ice weesels.

Lord Jimmothy McDingus XI: Well, have you considered perhaps seeking a job that does not involve ice weasels or mulberries? I personally know of a great eldritch being you could pledge to.

Shvinkelputin: Jøb that døes... nøt invølve ice weesel ør mulberry? This is madness! I refuse tø speek with such a madman anymore! Begøne! Away from my sight.

Commissar Jimmothy McDingus: I'm sorry, but this is my recording stu-

Shvinkelputin: Peøple like yøu, whø reject mulberry and ice weesel are scum! Away, I said! Leeve!

Shvinkelputin then disappeared into a puff of mulberry scented smoke after several attempts to eat our desk, saying something about "these darn kids with their newfangled table technology." Despite our less than pleasant encounter, we would like to take this time to wish Shvinkelputin the best of luck in both finding a job and in escaping the horrific genetically mutated radishes that are converging on his location at this very moment. Thank you, dear readers, and as the Ancient One always says, "j meit hseedar dlíhc em htemoc leseew eci eht ee eE!"



# The History of Music

**Jacob Schles and Ivy Norberg Bodah**  
**Coordinator Assistant Coordinator**

In the modern world, Music™ is a basic necessity. Life without Music™ is practically unimaginable. But long ago, life without it was a given. There was no one bumping music from their car, no absolute bops in clubs, and dancing was a confusing sport rather than a fun activity. It was a dark, dark time.

## Early Life

The year was 1914. World War One was just on the horizon. On April 12<sup>th</sup>, a child was born in Brooklyn. His name was Johnny Music, short for Jonathan Musically. As a child, little Johnny always loved playing with drumsticks, banging on walls and people (as drums hadn't been invented yet). Johnny was an ambitious child without a passion. His parents worried that he would never become something meaningful, even though they saw the embers of ambition within him. He just needed a spark. And sure enough, in 1938, after years of practicing and hard work, Johnny finally invented the Bongo. A simple machine, the first prototype was comprised of a hollowed-out wooden log, tape, saran wrap, and pants. In fact, half of Johnny's journey to discovery was spent trying to anthropomorphize his instruments. He gave up this goal after Disney copyrighted the human form in 1939, just days before Johnny was to release his new product, the Guitar-With-A-Mannequin-Head (the name of which was still in dispute). Soon, Johnny went on to pursue new concepts in music.

## Musical Revolution

Mr. Music began to compose the first Songhuihjmhupxerhihjexxlxkhkxuedarher, which was renamed to simply a "song" after the name was found to be unpronounceable. After many hard years of slaving away, inventing notes such as B, F, S, C++, and N<sup>π</sup>, Johnny finally completed "If It's Your Birthday and You Know It Clap Your Hands". He had originally planned to call it "If You're Happy and You Know It Clap Your Hands", but that song was already copyrighted by Disney, despite not yet existing. Arguably Johnny's greatest achievement was when he realized he was able to multiply the Pythagorean Theorem by the Quadratic Formula, and when he subsequently used its result to discover the current musical staple of harmonies.

## Musically's Inventions

In the years to come, he invented 16 more instruments. The non-human Guitar, the Trumpet, and the Flute (which he later upgraded to the far superior Kazoo) were the most successful. Prior to those, the Banjo, Mandolin, and Ukulele (early and poor prototypes of the



Guitar that Johnny sold during the darker times of his life) had been released. The Clarinet, the Trombone, the Trombone with Pants, and the Trombone with Better Pants were all instruments he invented during the 1960s for his new genre, Jazzz (later shortened to Jazz). Later in his career, he invented the Triangle (the shape, the instrument, and the romantic relationship), the Violin, The Bad Violin, Mayonnaise, The Cello, and his penultimate invention, the Scary Tambourine (non-scary versions appeared 37 years later).

### Jonathan Musically and Xyler

It took Mr. Music 7 years until he got a new idea for an instrument. On a bright day in 1987, Johnny was on a hike with his cousin Xyler. As the legend goes, they were hiking through a forest owned by Jeff Bezos, which had recently had a massive wildfire raging through it. Bodies of dead animals and burnt trees surrounded the two. While Johnny was checking out a burnt tree, Xyler wandered around mindlessly. Johnny suddenly heard a strange yet melodic noise as Xyler tripped over the skeleton of a dead deer. The noise inspired Johnny in a way he hadn't known before. He spent nights upon nights perfecting his new instrument. And finally, he had done it. He called it the Xylophone. Of course, as most know it was a massive failure, leading to the end of Johnny's career. For now.

### Final Years

But the Xylophone was not his only failure. As many have already inferred from Mr. Musically's last name, in 2014 he invented musical.ly. This led to his assassination by the infamous Tommy TikTok, two years before he invented his own similar platform. TikTok was then assassinated by John Wilkes Booth as revenge for assassinating Mr. Music, but the deed had already been done. Thus the legacy of Johnathan Musically was forgotten, and at age 100, little is known about his enigmatic life.



# Staunch Capitalist Refuses to Share Birthday Cake

## Charlotte Rotlander

*Editorial author Chipotle Ranch recently got a bit of heat for his article, "No, I won't share my cake, and you shouldn't either" printed in the New York Times. I sat down with him to discuss his piece.*

INTERVIEWER: Now, does your policy extend only to cakes?

RANCH: My policy extends to every damn thing the sun shines on. Kids nowadays are being taught that sharing means caring and whatnot. I remember when being roughed up a little, walking home in the snow, built character.

INTERVIEWER: I think what people are upset about is your approach to dealing with children. You said, and I quote:

*"That was the day I looked that ungrateful eight year old in the eye and said 'make me.'"*

Is that correct?

RANCH: Well, yes it is. My grandson needs to learn the benefits of personal responsibility when he's young. I'm not making the same mistakes I did with my children.

INTERVIEWER: If you don't mind me asking, what do your children do?

RANCH: They're both licensed therapists. Something about having to work through their issues. I'm not sure what issues they could have, but sometimes life's too tough for the softies I've raised.

INTERVIEWER: Uhuh.

RANCH: I ask that ungrateful daughter of mine to choose the cake. Surprise me, I say. And she gets vanilla! Who in their right mind gets vanilla?

INTERVIEWER: Maybe she just likes vanilla?

RANCH: Well she likes Jazz too, so maybe I should stop letting her make decisions.

INTERVIEWER: Right.

RANCH: Besides, Thomas is starting to look like he could use a little less cake.

INTERVIEWER: And is Thomas your child or grandchild?

RANCH: My grandson, but both could benefit from cutting back on carbs.

*He patted his own gut with a sigh.*

INTERVIEWER: So is your solution giving everyone their own cake?

RANCH: They've really got you, haven't they? I'm saying everyone should buy their own cake. I thought that was obvious.

INTERVIEWER: And that includes Thomas?

RANCH: Boy's got legs, hasn't he? He could set up a lemonade stand. Or mow the lawn. No age is too young to contribute to society.



INTERVIEWER: And do you believe in owning pets? Considering they don't do much?

RANCH: Don't patronize me.

*And that's all I managed to write down before my brain clunked out.*



# SGO Stickers Sold as Gym Memberships

## Zachary Thompson - Secretary

Brooklyn Tech's SGO sticker, once an item used only for club credits and discounts at school events, has recently been given a new use for non-students: a gym membership. At first, the school was somewhat hesitant to introduce the policy, but sales of SGO stickers have skyrocketed since then, as people all across the city have been scrambling to get their hands on the stickers, so they can gain access to Brooklyn Tech's state-of-the-art gym facilities, including the innovative running track suspended above the first-floor gym and high-tech mechanical workout equipment in the weight training rooms. Initially, the membership access only allowed people to use the school's gymnasiums on the weekends when all of those pesky students weren't hogging all of the space and equipment. However, the stickers were so popular that the school decided to give people access on the weekdays too. Said one person about the subscription, "I love the Brooklyn Tech gyms! My favorite part of it is the temperature. The hot and stuffy air in there makes finishing my workout even more rewarding." Another frequent user of the gym facilities at Tech spoke about the extra health benefits of running around the track. "Going on that track triggers my fear of heights, which really gets my heart rate going. I only have to exercise for half as long as I used to!"

Although some students have expressed their complaints about the new policy, the Physical Education Department at Brooklyn Tech has deemed it "a huge success." When asked about the potential safety and overcrowding concerns of letting random adults use the gyms at the same time as students, administrators said they were "still working on" a solution. The administrators also cited a poll that was put out by the school about whether or not people approve of the new policy, saying that "95 percent of responders said that they liked the memberships." After being asked whether the poll was given to students at Brooklyn Tech, they responded by saying that "the students only make up about 10 percent of gym users, so it wouldn't really affect the numbers that much. Either way, it is clear that the response to the new policy has been overwhelmingly positive."



# New Dimension Found on Ninth Floor

## Caylie Pacho

One of the many courses offered here at BTHS is orchestra, which can be found on the ninth floor. Unfortunately, this floor can only be accessed from the west side elevators, as there are no other sides to it. Freshman student Willimina Williams tried to use an east side staircase on her first day of class, but instead of finding violins, she found a portal to the twelfth dimension.

"It was my first day of school," says Billy Bill, "and I really wanted to join the orchestra as a subcontrabassist." Billy knew next to nothing about the school's programs, so she initially believed this portal to be standard. She was later told that portals are an uncommon occurrence for orchestra and are much more customary for chorus. Even chorus alumnus Charbus Evans said, "We rarely see portals beyond the ninth dimension... eleven was actually our old record."

She carried her 0.0669643 imperial ton instrument up to the ninth floor, but, to her dismay, did not find her classroom. Instead, she found a corridor containing what looked to be a "really weird floating Windows XP logo." This rift was apparently the entrance to a new world. In this world, Billiards reports having seen a host of strange things. Oddly, in this weird dimension, the Survey was more well-liked than the obviously superior newspaper, The Radish.

Williams, unfortunately, went back through the portal and used the appropriate stairwell to get to class. Since then, the school has prevented any other students from reaching the ninth floor this way by ripping out that side of the building and replacing it with scaffolding. The Radish is currently trying to get an agent up to the portal's corridor, now colloquially known as "Toby," or "Tobiathan" for the fancy.



# BTHS Invests in Air Conditioners to Counteract School Boilers

## Renee Ricevuto

At long last! The most insurmountable issue facing Tech will finally be overcome! We at the Radish have been advocating for air conditioners in the school since its invention. It seems that BTHS has finally caved! Just yesterday, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, sporting a sweat-stained suit fashionably paired with a loose tie, agreed to invest in ACs to combat the "second summer." In order to come up with the necessary funds, money will be diverted from efforts to decrease lead in water fountains. "Nobody will believe us if we tell them the water fountains are safe, so what's the point?" argued You-Know-Who whilst beads of sweat rolled down his face.

A chemistry major carrying his winter coat and sweater in his arms was excited to hear the news. "You know how hot it gets this time of year." He added, "In chemistry, the acetic acid reached its boiling point before we even put it on the Bunsen burner." A freshman simply gave a damp handshake and ran off to DDP.

Not all responses have been positive, though, and questions still linger. One Junior simply shook her head and said, "But how am I going to exfoliate now?" Upon hearing the news, a freshman worriedly asked which floor the 8th-floor gym is on. One student foolishly inquired, "Wouldn't it be easier to just turn down the heaters?" disappearing hours after asking the question. It seems that despite this pushback, the general reaction is excitement and extreme surprise that the administration is actually trying to get something done. "First ACs, who knows what's next! Maybe they'll finally get rid of SGO stickers!" exclaimed a girl. One can only dream.



# A Complete History of Garfield Lore

## Naiar Islam

When you think of Garfield, what comes to mind? The beloved orange tabby? Just a lasagna loving cat, right? You fool. You utter buffoon. You have no knowledge of the universe and its truths. He is not a character but an entity—one who is horrifyingly real. To fully comprehend the tale you're about to be told, we have to go back to the beginning. Or more accurately, before the beginning.

Darkness. Silence. Nothingness. Then suddenly, a light. The light grows brighter and bigger until that's all there is. For millions of years, it stays like this. Until the light starts to dim and shrink. It takes the form of a cat. He has arrived. He created the beginning, and will bring the end. He was present at every major battle or disaster in human history. In ancient times, we honored and worshipped Him. Some say He is the inspiration for both God and the Devil.

As humanity grew and flourished, we forgot about Him. But Garfield was always there, influencing history from behind the scenes. Here's a short list of some of the major events Garfield is responsible for:

- Killing the dinosaurs (because He was bored)
- Kickstarting the French Revolution by inventing the guillotine
- Killing Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria over a parking spot, triggering World War I
- Stealing the Mona Lisa in 1911
- Stealing my heart

Then, on June 19, 1978 there was a shift in the universe. A prophet had emerged. Jim Davis had terrible visions of a lasagna loving orange cat that will bring about the end of times. He decided to do something about it. Publishing the Garfield Comics (also known as the Post-Modern Dialects of Garf), he trapped Garfield in the realm of fiction. Not without sacrifice, however.

To keep Garfield at bay, Jim Davis had to dedicate his life to putting out Garfield content. He can't stop for too long, or else Garfield will grow too powerful and break back into our world. It's soul crushing work. He has to follow a certain set of rules and rituals to keep the barrier between our worlds working. These rituals were not disclosed to *The Radish™*, however, it has been heavily implied that they are graphic in nature.

Now you know the truth. The fate of the universe rests on Jim Davis' delicate shoulders. He and Garfield are constantly battling and will continue to do so until the end of time. You may ask, "what do I do with this information?" You should fear the answer.



# Student Robs SGO Store

David Marocik

Brooklyn Technical High School has always prided itself on giving students the best possible experience they could have. The cramped and claustrophobic stairwells, the beautiful, rich blue of the cafeteria tables, and the elegant luxury and availability of the wondrous SGO store are designed to perfectly cater to the comfort of the students. Its walls are lined with beautiful goods, from well made and comfortable shirts to beautifully functional combination locks, the design of which can be compared to DaVinci's ingenuity or Machiavelli's immorality. However, this array of high-quality goods may attract some students with intentions not relating to purchasing something.

A freshman walked into the SGO store at 16:20 PM and violently robbed the SGO by flashing his ID card—normal, right? No, this ID had a disturbing and frankly graphic lack of an SGO sticker. The student walked in at 16:19 PM and first asked for a new lock, citing that he had lost his. When the clerk saw the glaringly missing SGO sticker she became paralyzed with fear. She was sent into a state of panic and threw all the money in the register at the student, fleeing the highly dangerous scene. The deadly criminal attempted to hand the money back as if he had turned a new leaf. This was clearly not the case, as the perpetrator then resisted arrest by saying: "Why are you arresting me? What did I do?" This clear demonstration of a disturbing lack of respect for authority will shock students and faculty alike for years to come. After being presented with this unexpected resistance, the school security officers successfully neutralized the student, bravely bringing him to a state of not moving or speaking.

The student was brought to Supreme™ justice and given capital punishment, being forced to take the nonexistent German class at Tech located in the invisible and un-scented sub-basement. He has not been seen since his sentencing.

A slightly more solemn "Have a Monday" played over the loudspeaker during the announcements, the first of the school's responses to the tragedy. The SGO store also mourned in their own way, recently announcing a new sale on T-shirts to get the recent events off of their minds.

However, some students exposed their true colors that day, disrespectfully saying that the officers used excessive force, despite the police report clearly stating that the



responding officers used as little force as possible. The school responded gracefully and with honor, saying that the responding officer was "just a bad apple" and "reacted under pressure due to their very stressful job."

I can't even...

