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Mohel Minute 1st Edition

Sweetheart elections were almost as crazy as this guy. Amirite?

LOCAL

Melech Goes Crazy:

Wrecks Stuff at Sweetheart Elections

Much to the chagrin of the adults, Melech recently wrecked stuff at its sweetheart elections. It was crazy good and if you weren’t there, you’re wrong!

Andrew Yanovski in a tree as his spirit animal. Read the full article on pg. 2

**News Flash:** Nas Buys Scented Candles! See full article on pg. 4



In no particular order, here they are:

10) Something you did today (remember to "find $20" if it's boring)

9) Jokes ([insert witty remark here])

8) Draw me a picture! (I liek purty colors!)

7) A current event (should involve black people)

6) Something you are annoyed with (if it involves black people, you are wrong)

5) Something you wish happened to you today (may or may not involve you being in a tree)

4) A dream you had (I mean at night… we don't care about your aspirations)

3) A haiku (They're really easy / Especially if you / refrigerator)

2) A limerick (for when haikus get old)

1) Your thesis/essay/paper (#jakesorells'dissertation)

Fraternally submitted with undying love for people writing me articles and Melech AZA #2461, I remain Aleph Alex “Chief” Danoff (blacked out for Jake Sorrells’ benefit)

Top 10 Things to Write Me an Article About

insidetoday

A Day In The Life of Andrew Yanovski

6:45 am – my ihome doesn’t recognize my ipod is plugged in, loud beeps play instead of the song I meticulously picked out last night. Accidentally press off instead of snooze

7:30 am – mom: “Oh Andrew, do you not have school today?”

me: “crap.”

8:03 am – casually sneak in through the cafeteria doors so I don’t get counted late at the front desk, sneak in undetected to minyan.

Period 1 (English) – bring in a cushion from a couch in the senior alcove, make a few brilliantly insightful comments and take a nap. Wake up to hear my friend announce that he sometimes wishes he could marry a lesbian

Period 2 (Music) – play some Jazz, do some interval/ear training.

Period 3 (Free period) – Take shoes off. Tree climbing time. Distract classes with a window by playing ukulele in a tree. Visit, chat, and innocently flirt with my college counselor. Receive cookies or some other form of chocolate treat. Get told by middle school principal I need to put my shoes on. “no.”

Period 4 (Hebrew) – along with my two table mates, draw incriminating photos of my friend across the room and occasionally look at him and laugh. My teacher talks about the protests going on in Israel and in New York. He asks me what the demands of the protesters are. I tell him they want cats for every man, woman and child. I was wrong.

Period 5 (Physics) – talk to the new Russian physics teacher about Russia, poop, and mirrors. Begin singing songs from various Disney movies with Brendan. He attempts to teach us for 10 minutes until we tell him that what he’s teaching doesn’t make sense. He then tries to do the rest of the problem himself for the rest of the period because what he taught us was actually wrong. Brendan and I make use of the time by making a replica of the album cover of Dark Side Of The Moon using mirrors and light rays.

Period 6 (Psychology) – Laugh at the name “Dick Neisser,” Perform classical conditioning on my friend by snapping and then punching him in the arm until he flinches every time I snap. Realize that this is the only room in the entire school with a coat-hanger on the door, excuse myself, get a coat from my locker, and hang it on the coat-hanger.

Period 7 (Math) – write a rap about derivatives for the first 10 minutes, learn some math, make some awesome math puns.

Period 8 (Current Issues) – Learn about the Arab Spring, say “Yemen” every time somebody asks me a yes or no question (if you don’t get the joke, you’re wrong). Briefly yell at the one, very uninformed republican (who is clearly only a republican because her parents are as she has no idea about anything that is going at on at all) in the room for saying stupid things.

Period 9 (Bible Class) – play fruit ninja, catch up on some words with friends, draw pictures of Alice in Wonderland.

3:45 – School’s over, leave my backpack at school because I’m a senior and I don’t have homework.

3:50 – notice the girl’s varsity tennis team practicing as I leave school.

5:45 – Who knew playing tennis for almost 2 hours would be this tiring? Man I would look good in one of those white miniskirts…

6:00 – get home, check facebook, make the witty tweet my followers have been waiting for.

6:30 – Dinner time. Explain to my mom that I’m not doing my homework because I don’t have any homework. Receive skeptical glances from my parents as they mumble something about senioritis.

7:15 – Abuse netflix’s online streaming capabilities

8:30 – get interrupted by some girl who wants to video chat

8:50 – “Oh sorry I can’t keep video chatting, my pet squirrel just committed suicide”

9:00 – Receive facebook messages from some girls in my grade who are so sorry to hear about my pet squirrel. Chuckle quietly to myself. Continue to abuse netflix.

10:00 – Read Calvin and Hobbes. Feel like a kid all over again.

11:30-1:30 – Fall asleep.

Fraternally Submitted with undying love for: being a senior, BN, netflix, Calvin and Hobbes, Love, Phish, Jazz, Occupy Wallstreet, Tulane, Fun, and most of all, Melech AZA #2461, I remain Aleph Andrew Yanovski

Articles



Nas Buys Scented Candles

There's this website called rapindustryfanfiction.tumblr.com. It's basically a collection of made up stories about famous rappers doing ordinary activities like playing monopoly or getting stuck in traffic. Last weeks, I wrote a submission called "Nas Buys Scented Candles." It got in but the editors cut it down because it was too long so here is the full story unedited.

The past couple weeks had been busy for Nas. Touring with Damien Marley and long nights spent in the studio had him overworked and tired. “Better than being broke,” he thought. Unfortunately, his hectic schedule had prevented Nas from spending the much needed time cleaning his New York apartment. When he turned the knob on the door to apartment 4-A and stepped inside, he encountered the horrible mess he had been dreading. Pizza boxes, half eaten containers of Korean food, empty boxes of blueberry swisher sweets, and empty Heineken six packs were strewn about the floor.

Nas sighed. He walked towards the kitchen, careful to not step on any of the garbage littering his floor. He groaned as he confronted the kitchen which looked like it had encountered one too many dinner parties. He opened the cabinet below the sink and pulled out a box of black Hefty trash bags. It was going to be a long day.

The cleaning was long and arduous. When Nas finally finished, he let out a long sigh of relief and collapsed on the couch. It had taken the better part of the day and half a dozen trash bags to get his apartment back in order. “Better than being broke,” he thought. He slowly got up and walked over to his refrigerator to grab another Heineken. When he got back to his couch, he flipped on the T.V. “Top Chef Masters” was on, Nas’s favorite show. He loved Padma Lakshmi and was an avid fan of the culinary masterpieces presented on the show. Nas was a bit of an amateur chef himself, attempting such culinary challenges as steak tartar and veal osso bucco. He loved hosting dinner parties to show of his creations.

That’s when the smell hit him. It smelled like that Bodega back in ‘88 that had the mold problem. What a shame, they made the greatest arroz con pollo. Nas couldn’t take the smell much longer. He stood up, shut off the T.V. and walked into the kitchen. It smelled worse. His nose led him to the bathroom where he gagged, ran out and picked up his keys as he slammed the door behind him.

Unable to figure out what caused the horrible stench, Nas decided not to deal with it, and instead cover it up with some scented candles and hope the problem would solve itself. He remembered how Mos Def had a similar problem and some lavender scented candles made his apartment smelling better than ever. Nas hailed a cab and directed the driver to 5th Avenue and West 14th Street. He arrived at the Pier One Imports store that he and Jay-Z once spent 500 dollars in on one of their wild shopping trips. Jay needed some plush pillows for his new sofa and Nas tagged along, eager to shop with his old friend. “Just like the old days,” he had thought to himself while they shared a laugh lying on a green shag rug. Nas looked around as he stepped out of the cab and quickly ducked inside the store. He quickly walked over to the scented candle aisle, careful not to draw attention to himself. He didn’t like shopping alone. He was never good at deciding what to buy. He considered calling up Jay-Z and asking his opinion on the perfect candle. Jay would know. “Hawaiin Breeze,” he would suggest without hesitation. But Jigga was busy and Nas knew he was on his own. He selected a candle from the row and smelled it. It smelled like KRS-One’s place. He put it back. “Finding everything okay?” A smooth female voice inquired behind him. Nas was startled but kept his cool. “Uh, yeah, I’m good,” he hastily replied. The lady moved on. Nas half wished she would recognize him. He finally selected three “Tropical Safari” candles and quickly walked up towards the register. The cashier didn’t recognize him either. Nas was slightly disappointed but grabbed his bag of candles, thanked the man and stepped outside onto the street.

He loved New York in the fall. It wasn’t too chilly and Nas decided to walk back to his apartment. It wouldn’t take long. He got back to his apartment in the early evening and braced himself before unlocking his door. He stepped inside and was assaulted by the smell. He quickly tore off the plastic wrap of all three candles and lit them with the lighter Kool G Rap had given him. He arranged the candles on the coffee table and sat back down on the couch. He shut his eyes and inhaled deeply. The candles masked the smell and he relaxed for the first time in weeks. Nas kept his eyes shut and enjoyed the silence. It hadn’t been five minutes when his phone rang. “Bad Romance” was the ring tone he had set for Raekwon. Raekwon told him he had a new set of beats for him to check out. “Be at the studio in half an hour,” Nas said. He sighed. “Better than being broke,” he thought as he blew out the candles.

Fraternally submitted with undying love for scented candles and Melech AZA #2461,

I remain Aleph Grant Fox

Top 10 reasons that everyone should write Chief an article

10) Make Chief publish more articles than Ethan.

9) Stick It To The Man will only make Daniel Hamburg mad if we have enough articles to do it.

8) It can be fun.

7) Chief is cute

6) Good way to procrastinate

5) Looks like you are doing homework.

4) Ummm...

3) What do you call something that has nothing to do with elephants?

2) Irrelephant.

1) Idaho.

Fraternally submitted with undying love for Melech AZA #2461,

I remain Aleph Adam Bogart



Top 10 Things Ethan Steinberg Will Do in His Life

10. Start a college fraternity that nobody joins

9. Become sopher for the Washington Post

8. Get in the Guinness Book of World Records for wearing the most soccer jerseys ever

7. Get a sex change because he has “found his passion”

6. Be a professional catcher…but not in baseball

5. Never be as smart as David Steinberg

4. Play on a professional cricket team

3. Not get his cricket team’s jersey for over a year

2. Profess his love for Willie Gluckman

1. Be a bitch

Fraternally submitted with undying love for Melech AZA #2461, I remain

Aleph Jeremy Etelson



Top Ten alternatives to "Racks on Racks on Racks" by Yc

1. “Blacks on Blacks on Blacks” by Booker T Washington  
2. “Wax on Wax off Wax” by Mr. Miyagi ft. Chris Brown  
3. “Snacks on Snacks on Snacks” by Fat Joe  
4. “Lax on Lax on Lax” by Barack Brobrama  
5. “Tax on Tax on Tax” by Warren Buffett  
6. “Cracks on Cracks on Cracks” by Tyrone Biggums  
7. “Plaques on Plaques on Plaques” by Monton (who didn't brush his teeth for 4 months)  
8. “Sacks on Sacks on Sacks” by Bret Sacks and her last 3 boyfriends  
9. “Max on Max on Max” by Remi Morris  
10. “Cats on Cats on Cats” by Remi Morris and her cat-loving grandma

Fraternally submitted with undying love for racks of all shapes and sizes,

Jordan Pories and Grant Fox

Quote Corner

“I don’t give a f\*\*\* man, I am Jake Sorrells”

--Jake Sorrells

“No”

--Max Fader

“The way I see it, if you want to rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain”

--Zach Grinspoon

“A wise man once said, ‘only wise men quote themselves’”

--Ryan Goldberg

“What is the point of a shirt other than to block off those who are unfit to view what is underneath it?”

--Michael Turow

“Why does my iTouch autocorrect negotiations to negrotiations?”

--Adam Bogart

“Have you ever noticed how Sophie ruins everything?”

--Jeremy Etelson

Essential Questions