



STEWIE



JR. HIGH MEMORIES



So a weird
guy
you
the

Hi. MY NAME IS STEWIE.
FOR TWO YEARS IN THE
MID-1980s, I ATTENDED
THE PUBLIC JUNIOR HIGH IN
SLUDGE, MICHIGAN. THEY WERE
ARGUABLY THE STRANGEST, MOST
CONFUSING, AND MOST TERRIFYING
YEARS OF MY LIFE. NOWHERE BEFORE
OR SINCE HAVE I FELT SO HELPLESS,
SO BITTER, AND SO AT THE MERCY
OF AN ABSURD POWER. IT SUCKED.

weird
stay
go
S.I.

weirdes
with
at

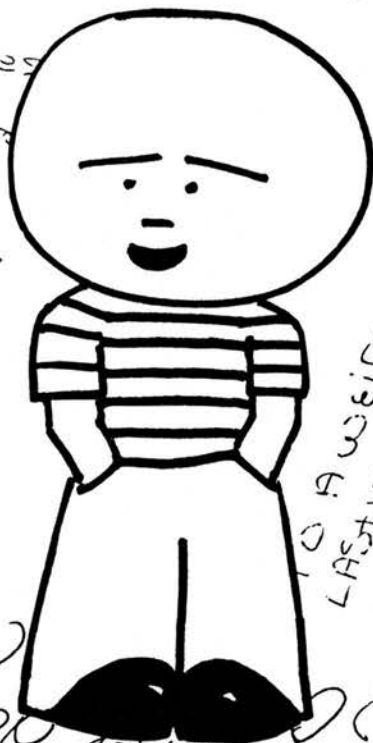
TO THOSE OF
YOU WHO HAD
HAPPY JR. HIGH
EXPERIENCES, I
SAY: BE GRATEFUL.

tries a "sweet"
and coming
back

A cool kid
get
hope
see
return

TO THOSE
WHO DIDN'T, I
DEDICATE THIS
BOOK...

OK
from
me
a new guy



TO A WEIRD, COME
LAST YEAR. (S)

THE BUS

IN SEVENTH GRADE THEY MADE US RIDE A BUS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, WHERE THE RICH KIDS LIVED.



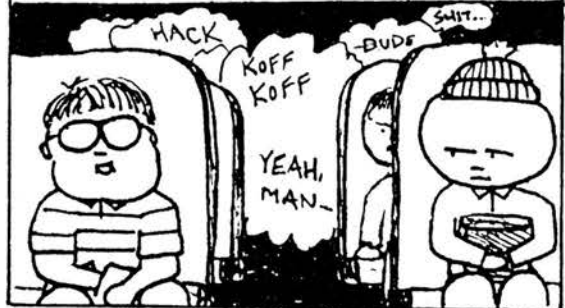
EVERY MORNING WE STOOD ON THE CORNER, FREEZING OUR ASSES OFF AND TRYING NOT TO GET BEAT UP BY THE OLDER KIDS.



THE BUS DRIVER WAS NO HELP. HE WAS A CRAZY, HALF-DEAF EX-MARINE WHOSE FAVORITE GAME WAS DRIVING FAST OVER SPEED BUMPS.



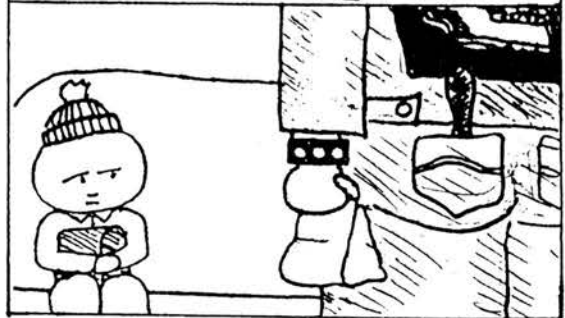
IT WAS QUICKLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE BURNOUTS RULED THE BUS. THEY SAT IN BACK AND SMOKED POT. I SAT UP FRONT, WITH THE GEEKS.



THE KING OF THE BURNOUTS WAS RANDY SCHLEVITZ. HE'D BEEN IN JUVEY FOUR TIMES AND CARRIED A KNIFE AND WAS LIKE 20 YEARS OLD. SERIOUSLY, HE HAD A REAL MUSTACHE AND KNEW BAD WORDS THAT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD. (THOUGH THEY PRETENDED TO.)



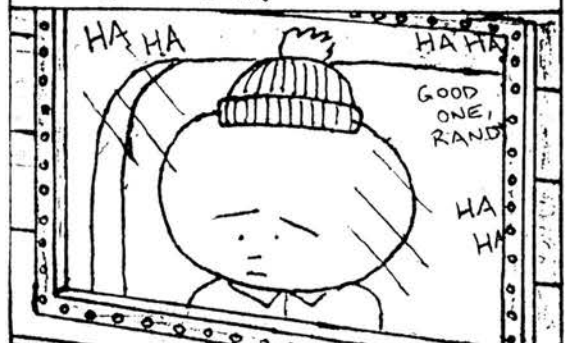
ONE MORNING, RANDY WAS LATE FOR THE BUS. BY THE TIME HE GOT ON, THE ONLY SEAT LEFT WAS THE ONE NEXT TO ME.



I REMEMBER HE SAT DOWN NEXT TO ME AND SAID, REALLY LOUD:



WHEN YOU HAVE TO, YOU CAN STARE AT NOTHING FOR A LONG, LONG TIME...



MR. CROTCHKIN

NOW I WANT EVERYBODY TO LISTEN TO ME!

THERE'LL BE NO TALKING NO WHISPER NO NO

Who was this foul creature, this raucous, scowling excuse for a junior high principal — steadfast in his anger, complete in his insanity and absolute in his control?

SURELY, WE THOUGHT, HE WAS NOT OF HUMAN SPAWN, FOR NO MORTAL BEAST COULD EVOKE SUCH TERROR.

MR. CROTCHKIN WAS LOUD. HE WAS RUDE. AND HE WAS CONVINCED THAT, WITHOUT HIS 'MORAL' GUIDANCE AND IRON HAND, THE ENTIRE SCHOOL WOULD CRUMBLE.

HE LOVED TO MAKE SPEECHES IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL, ESPECIALLY BEFORE DANCES.

BEFORE I CAME HERE, THERE WERE DRUGS AND GUNS AND SEX AND...

KIDS WERE PASSED OUT IN THE HALLS DRUNK! BUT I WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT!

AND IF I SEE ANYBODY KISSING OR PUTTING THEIR HANDS WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG THAT'S IT! THE LIGHTS COME ON!

I'M A PROUD MAN AND I WON'T STAND FOR THAT KIND OF BEHAVIOR IN MY SCHOOL! AND ANOTHER THIN

AND GOD FORBID YOU HAD TO GO INTO HIS OFFICE...

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS WERE UNIFIED IN THEIR RAGE, SEETHING HATE FOR THE MAN.

I'LL TELL YA WHAT I OUGHTA DO IS SHOW YA WHAT A REAL MAN DOES TO A PUNK LIKE YOU!

PLEASE, MR. CROTCHKIN, LET ME UP! I'M JUST THE TYPING TEACHER!

NEXT!

WHAT KIND OF CLASS ARE YOU RUNNING HERE, LETTING YOUNG LADIES SLOUCH IN THEIR SEATS???

I WON'T STAND FOR

THE WORST PART WAS, NO ONE OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL BELIEVED IT.

FIVE YEARS LATER, MR. CROTCHKIN DEVELOPED CANCER IN HIS MOUTH AND UNDERWENT SEVERAL PAINFUL OPERATIONS. HE DIED SOON AFTER...

OH, STEWIE, ALL KIDS SAY THAT! HE CAN'T BE THAT BAD.

BUT I REALLY HATE HIM!

HATE'S A STRONG WORD, SON. EAT YOUR DINNER.

CITY MOURNS PRINCIPAL

...TONGUELESS AND UNABLE TO SPEAK.

WHO'S WHO AT SLUDGE JR. HIGH



Randy Schlevitz

CLAIM TO FAME: King of the Burnouts,
sports a full mustache

FAVORITE PHRASE: "Fuckin-A"

FUTURE PLANS: Drummer for Iron Maiden

FUTURE REALITY: Pizza delivery,
Illegitimate Kids



Danny "Dogboy" Krups

CLAIM TO FAME: Allegedly caught
copulating with a dog in his garage

FAVORITE PHRASE: "Just shut up, okay!"

FUTURE PLANS: To change schools

FUTURE REALITY: Whereabouts unknown



Todd Vallejo

CLAIM TO FAME: Can draw any
heavy metal band logo perfectly

FAVORITE PHRASE: "Do it up, dude"

FUTURE PLANS: Art Editor for Hit Parade

FUTURE REALITY: Sells airbrushed T-shirts



Veronica Sims

CLAIM TO FAME: Hottest Girl in school

FAVORITE PHRASE: None. She
would NEVER talk to YOU.

FUTURE PLANS: Jordache Supermodel

FUTURE REALITY:
Sells Jewelry at Ward's

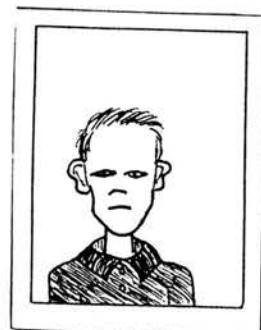
Leonard Stimpley

CLAIM TO FAME: Tiniest kid in school
(maybe on Earth), widely-imitated lisp.

FAVORITE PHRASE: "You wisth!"

FUTURE PLANS: To get big and kick
everybody's ass

FUTURE REALITY: CIA Assassin



Angel Ratnour

CLAIM TO FAME: Once met Dee Snider,
Knows all the words to "Home Sweet Home,"
Allegedly beat up her last boyfriend.

FAVORITE PHRASE: "I don't FEEL tardy."

FUTURE PLANS: To marry OZZY.

FUTURE REALITY: Works midnights at
the gas station, saving up for a Harley.



Marie Fletcher

CLAIM TO FAME: The "weird" girl,
Hair color changes weekly, Knows
who Tony Hawk is.

FAVORITE PHRASE:
"I take one, one, one 'cause you left me..."

FUTURE PLANS: To start a band
with Martha Plimpton

FUTURE REALITY: Works in record store



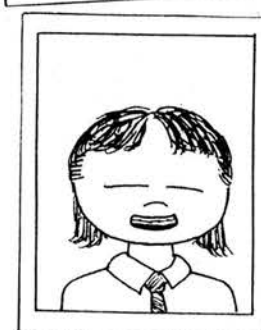
Leon Chase

CLAIM TO FAME: Can make milk
shoot out his nose.

FAVORITE PHRASE: "Rad"

FUTURE PLANS: To be the first
rock star in space.

FUTURE REALITY: Publishes badly-
drawn comic 'zine



INDUSTRIAL ARTS

IN JUNIOR HIGH, THERE WERE CLASSES CALLED "ELECTIVES" DESIGNED TO FOOL STUDENTS INTO THINKING THEY HAD SOME SEMBLANCE OF FREE CHOICE IN AN OTHERWISE DOMINEERING AND FASCISTIC INSTITUTION.

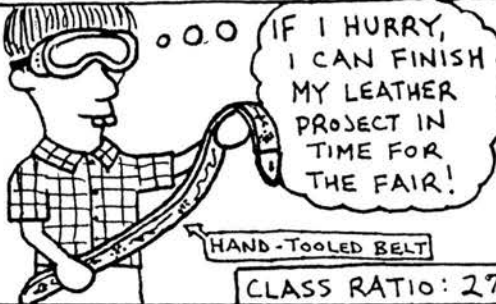
ONE OF THESE WAS INDUSTRIAL ARTS: "A HANDS-ON INTRODUCTION TO THE SKILLS AND TECHNIQUES OF THE CRAFTSPERSON."



THERE WERE 3 KINDS OF PEOPLE WHO TOOK INDUSTRIAL ARTS...

① "THE CAREER MAN"

THIS WAS THE RARE GUY WITH A GENUINE LOVE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP AND A SINCERE DESIRE TO LEARN.



② "THE DELINQUENT"

THIS GUY TOOK THE CLASS BECAUSE HE HEARD (RIGHTLY) THAT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH A LOT AND DIDN'T HAVE TO USE YOUR BRAIN.



③ "THE WIMP"

THIS GUY TOOK THE CLASS BECAUSE, UNLIKE GYM CLASS, NOBODY HAD TO SEE HIM NAKED.



THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS ROOM LAY AT THE END OF AN OTHERWISE ABANDONED WING, LEFT OVER FROM THE DAYS WHEN THE SCHOOL ACTUALLY OFFERED ART CLASSES.



NOW, IT SERVED AS THE PERFECT MACABRE SETTING FOR THE SURREAL HORRORS THAT TOOK PLACE INSIDE...

THE TEACHER, MR. STANLEY, HAD BEEN TEACHING INDUSTRIAL ARTS FOR ABOUT 3,000 YEARS AND LOVED TO TELL STORIES WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.



NO ONE WOULD HIRE A TYPING TEACHER WITH NO EYES, OR A HOME-EC TEACHER WITH BURNS ON HER FACE, BUT FOR SOME REASON IT WAS TOTALLY ACCEPTABLE TO HAVE AN INDUSTRIAL ARTS TEACHER WITH MISSING FINGERS.



AFTER TELLING STORIES, HE WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR THE REST OF THE HOUR, LEAVING US ALL ALONE IN OUR DESOLATE CORNER OF THE SCHOOL.



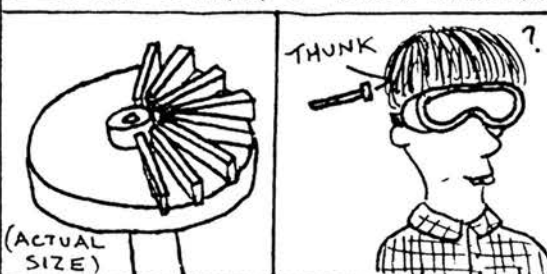
NEEDLESS TO SAY, CHAOS ERUPTED...

A FAVORITE GAME WAS TO LOCK GUYS IN THE SHELLAC BOOTH AND TURN OFF THE VENTILATION.



ACTUALLY, THIS WAS OFTEN PREFERABLE TO THE TERRORS THAT AWAITED ON THE OUTSIDE...

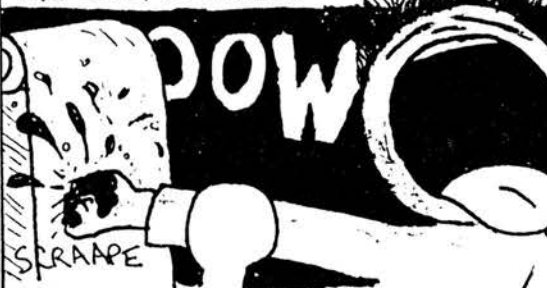
LEATHER-STAMPING TOOLS WERE THE WEAPON OF CHOICE. THEY WERE LIGHT, CONCEALABLE, EASY TO THROW, AND LEFT A DISTINCT, DECORATIVE MARK ON THEIR VICTIMS.



RANDOM SCAPEGOATS WERE GANGED UP ON, PLACED HEADFIRST INTO THE LARGE WHEELED GARBAGE BINS, AND ROLLED OUT THE DOOR.



THE WORST WAS WHEN MATT ZIMKOWSKI, FOR NO REAL REASON, HAD HIS KNUCKLES HELD AGAINST THE BELT SANDER.

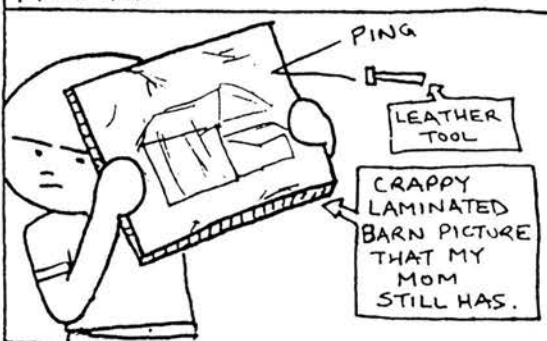


THERE WERE NO OFFICIAL WITNESSES.

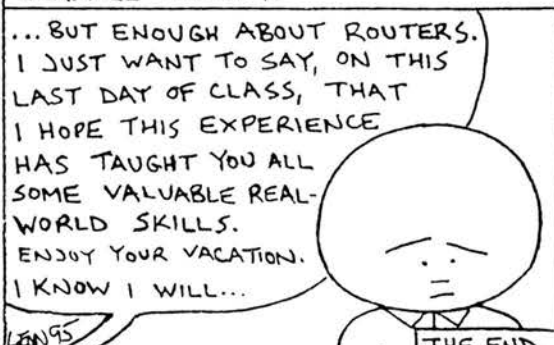
EACH DAY WE COVERED IN FEAR, WORKING ON IN SPITE OF OVERWHELMINGLY ADVERSE CONDITIONS.



OCCASIONALLY, AS IF BY ACCIDENT, A PROJECT WOULD ACTUALLY GET FINISHED.



NO ONE ACCOMPLISHED MUCH. BUT, LOOKING BACK, I THINK WE ALL LEARNED PLENTY.

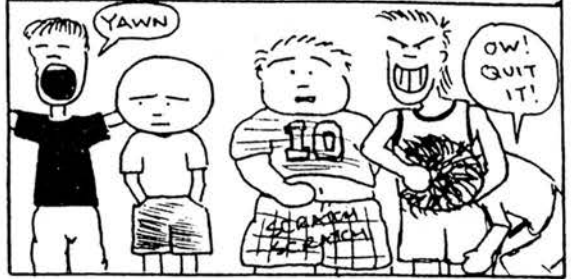


INTRODUCING...

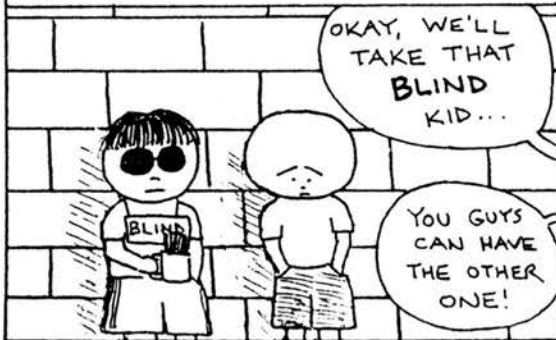
GYM CLASS

A DAILY PROGRAM GEARED TOWARD BUILDING STRONGER, HEALTHIER YOUNG MEN.

GATHER TOGETHER A GROUP OF ADOLESCENT BOYS, ABOUNDING WITH THE NONSTOP ENERGY, BOUNDLESS POTENTIAL, AND PHYSICAL STAMINA THAT ONLY YOUTH CAN BRING.



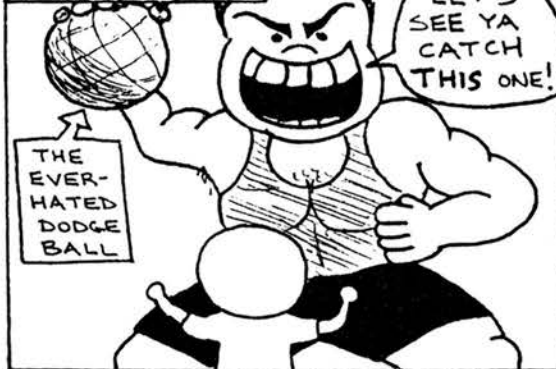
CREATE AN ATMOSPHERE BASED ON PHYSICAL PROWESS, COMPETITION, AND SPORTSMANSHIP.



PUT THEM IN SITUATIONS IN WHICH TEAMWORK AND PEER INTERACTION ARE CRUCIAL.



BUT ALSO ENCOURAGE INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENT.



MAKE THEM ALL GET NAKED.



KEEP IN MIND THAT THE BEST INSTRUCTORS TEACH BY EXAMPLE.



AND REMEMBER: PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.



OKAY, SO JR. HIGH SUCKED. BUT FOR ALL THE CRAZINESS AND HURT AND CONFUSION AND DANGER AND RAW SHITTINESS, THERE WAS THAT ONE TIME WHEN SOMETHING CAME TOGETHER FOR YOU, EVEN IF YOU DIDNT QUITE KNOW IT THEN, SOMETHING SO SWEETLY, TERRIFYINGLY GOOD HAPPENED AND - FOR A LITTLE WHILE AT LEAST - ALL WAS WELL IN THE WORLD...

JUNIOR HIGH
CHRISTMAS DANCE

HEY STEWIE. NICE TIE. SHUT UP. MY MOM SAID I HAD TO DRESS UP. MINE TOO. I PUT MY TIE IN MY POCKET. GOOD IDEA.

SO WHO YOU GONNA ASK? ASK WHAT? TO DANCE! YOU MEAN LIKE A... GIRL? YOU FAGS GOT THREE SECONDS TO GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I GIVE YOU A SWIRLY.

GOODY COMB

IN THE GYM...

HEY MATT, WHAT'S UP? JUST STANDIN BY THE WALL. YEAH, US TOO.

TWO THOUSAND ZERO-ZERO ZERO PARTY'S OVER, OUTTA OF TIME

TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA PARTY LIKE IT'S 1999...

ALRIGHT, SLUDGE JUNIOR HIGH HOW YOU DOIN' TONIGHT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

PARACHUTE PANTS

THERE HE IS! ASK HIM!

NO, YOU ASK!

HOLY SHIT! WHAT? THAT GIRL'S COMING OVER HERE! WHATEVER. NO, I'M SERIOUS! HOW'S MY HAIR? AAUGH! MY ASTHMA!

LEWIS

HEY, ARE YOU STEWIE? HE'S TALKING TO HER! YEAH. DO YOU KNOW MY FRIEND JESSICA? No. DO YOU WANT TO DANCE WITH HER? COUGH! COUGH! GASP OKAY...

LEWIS

