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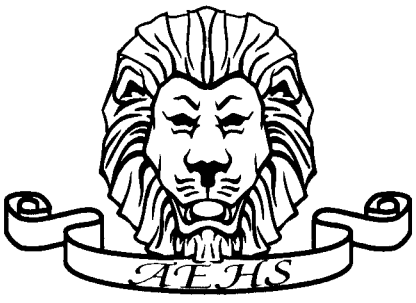
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Albert Einstein High School Fall Semester Course Schedule for:

Student: Thermopolis, Amelia Mignonette
Grimaldi Renaldo, HRH Princess

Sex: F **Yr:** 10

Period:	Course:	Teacher:	Room:
Homeroom		Gianini	110
Period 1	PE	Potts	Gym
Period 2	Geometry	Harding	202
Period 3	English	Martinez	112
Period 4	French	Klein	118
Lunch			
Period 5	Gifted and Talented	Hill	105
Period 6	US Government	Holland	204
Period 7	Earth Science	Chu	217



Dear Students and Parents,

Welcome back from what I hope was a relaxing and yet intellectually stimulating summer vacation. The faculty and staff of AEHS look forward to spending another exciting and fruitful academic year with you. With this in mind, we'd like to share these few conduct reminders:

Noise

Please note that Albert Einstein High School is located in a residential – albeit vertical – community. It is important to remember that sound travels up, and that any excessive noise – especially on the steps at the front entrance of the school – which might be disruptive to our neighbours will not be tolerated. This includes shouting, screaming, shrill or explosive laughter, music and ritualistic chanting/drumming. Please be respectful of our neighbours and keep the noise level to a minimum.

Defacement

Despite what is often cited as Albert Einstein High School 'tradition' on the first day of classes, students are expressly forbidden from defacing, decorating or otherwise tampering with the lion statue, frequently referred

to as 'Joe', outside the East Seventy-fifth Street entrance of the school. Twenty-four-hour surveillance cameras have been installed, and any student caught defiling school property in any way will be subject to expulsion and/or fines.

Smoking

It has been brought to the attention of this administration that, last year, large numbers of cigarette butts were daily swept up from the front steps of the Seventy-fifth Street entrance. In addition to the fact that smoking is strictly prohibited on school grounds, cigarette butts constitute a visual eyesore, as well as a fire hazard. Please note that any students caught smoking – either by a staff member or on the new video-surveillance cameras – will be subject to suspension and/or fines.

Uniforms

Please note that this year's standard AEHS uniforms include:

Female students:	*Male students:*
Long or short-sleeved white blouse	Long or short-sleeved white shirt
Grey sweater or sweater vest	Grey sweater or sweater vest
Blue-and-gold plaid skirt (or) grey flannel trousers	Grey flannel trousers
Blue or white knee-highs or blue or black tights or nude-coloured pantyhose	Blue or black socks
Blue-and-gold plaid tie	Blue-and-gold plaid tie
Navy-blue jacket	Navy-blue jacket

Please note that the wearing of shorts – including regulation gym shorts or athletic team uniform shorts – beneath skirts is prohibited.

Remember, classes commence the day after Labor Day, Tuesday, September 1, at 7:55 a.m. As always, tardiness will not be tolerated.

Welcome back!

Principal Gupta

Monday, August 31, Labor Day

WomynRule: Did you SEE it??? Did you get that hypocritical piece of garbage she sent out last week? Just who does she think she's kidding with that? You so know that that part about ritualistic chanting was directed at ME. Just because I organized a few student rallies last year. Well, we're going to show her. She might think she can stifle the voice of the people, but the student body of Albert Einstein High is NOT going to be intimidated.

>

FtLouie: Lilly, I—

>

WomynRule: Did you see that part about the surveillance cameras???? Have you ever HEARD of anything so fascist? Well, she can install all the surveillance cameras she wants, but that's not going to stop ME. It's just another example of how she's slowly turning this school into her own academic dictatorship. You know they used surveillance cameras in Communist Russia to keep the proletariat in line? I wonder what she'll bring in next. Ex-KGB militia, perhaps, as hall monitors? I so wouldn't put it

past her. This is a total invasion of our right to privacy. That's why this year, POG, we're taking matters into our own hands. I have a plan—

>

FtLouie: Lilly—

>

WomynRule: —that will totally undermine her attempts to strip us of our sense of self and bend us to her will. Best of all, it's in complete compliance with school ordinances. When we're through, Mia, she won't even know what hit her.

>

FtLouie: LILLY!!! I thought the whole point of Instant Messaging was so that we could TALK.

>

WomynRule: Isn't that we're doing?

>

FtLouie: YOU are. I'm TRYING to. But you keep interrupting.

>

WomynRule: Fine. Then go ahead. What do you want to say?

>

FtLouie: I can't remember now. You made me forget. Oh, here's one thing: Stop calling me POG!

>

WomynRule: SORRY. God. You know, ever since that

little brother of yours was born, you have got way . . . sensitive.

>

FtLouie: Excuse me. I have ALWAYS been sensitive.

>

WomynRule: You can say that again, BL. Don't you want to hear my plan?

>

FtLouie: I guess so. Wait a minute. What's BL?

>

WomynRule: You know.

>

FtLouie: No, I don't.

>

WomynRule: Yes, you do . . . baby-licker.

>

FtLouie: STOP IT!!! I AM NOT A BABY-LICKER!!!

>

WomynRule: R 2. Just like the red panda.

>

FtLouie: Just because I didn't think it was appropriate for my mother to take her six-week-old newborn on a peace march across the Brooklyn Bridge does not make me a baby-licker!!!! ANYTHING could have happened during that march. ANYTHING. She could have tripped and accidentally dropped him and he might have bounced off the safety railing and fallen hundreds of feet into the East River and drowned . . . if the

fall didn't crush all his little bones to pieces. And even if I dived in after him we might both have been swept out to sea by the current . . . OH, THANKS, LILLY!!! Why did you have to remind me????

>

WomynRule: Remember what the zookeeper had to do to the red panda?

>

FtLouie: SHUT UP!!!! NO ONE IS GOING TO TAKE AWAY MY BABY BROTHER BECAUSE I LICK HIM TOO MUCH!!! I HAVE NEVER ONCE LICKED ROCKY!!!!

>

WomynRule: Yes, but you have to admit you are a little obsessive-compulsive about him.

>

FtLouie: Well, SOMEBODY has to worry about him! I mean, between my mother wanting to lug him around to all sorts of inappropriate venues such as anti-war rallies — sometimes even taking him there on the SUBWAY, which you know is just a breeding ground for germs — and Mr G tossing him into the air and causing his head to smack against the ceiling fan, I frankly think Rocky is LUCKY to have a big sister like me who looks out for his welfare, since God knows no one else in the family is doing it.

>

WomynRule: Whatever you say . . . baby-licker.

>

FtLouie: SHUT UP, LILLY. Just tell me your stupid plan.

>

WomynRule: No. I don't want to now. I think you're better off not knowing. Baby-lickers like you, who worry too much, are probably better off not knowing things too far in advance, as it will just cause you to lick the baby harder.

>

FtLouie: Fine. I don't have time to hear your stupid plan anyway. Your brother's on the phone. I gotta go.

>

WomynRule: WHAT? Tell him to hold on. THIS IS IMPORTANT, MIA!

>

FtLouie: This may come as a surprise to you, Lilly, but talking to your brother is important too. At least to me. You know I've only seen him twice since I got back Friday—

>

Womynrule: I'm sorry I called you a baby-licker. Just wait one minute while I tell you—

>

FtLouie: —and once was dorm move-in day on Saturday, and hardly counts since

he was all sweaty from carrying that mini-refrigerator up all those stairs after the elevators broke down—

>

Womynrule: MIA!!! ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME????

>

FtLouie: —and your parents were there and so was his Resident Adviser. And then on Sunday we went out, but I was still jet-lagged and I accidentally—

>

Womynrule: I'M—

>

FtLouie: —fell asleep while he was showing me his—

>

Womynrule: GOING—

>

FtLouie: —newest Magic deck, since Maya dropped his last one—

>

Womynrule: TO—

>

FtLouie: —and it got all mixed up with the decks he doesn't use any more—

>

WomynRule: KILL YOU!

>

FtLouie: terminated

Monday, August 31, Labor Day, 10 p.m., the Loft

Another school year. I know I should be excited. I know I should be thrilled at the prospect of seeing my friends again after having been on foreign soil for the past two months.

And I am. I *am* excited. I'm excited to see Tina and Shameeka and Ling Su and even – I can't believe I'm saying this – Boris.

It's just . . . well, it's going to be so DIFFERENT this year, with no Michael to pick up on the way to school and sit with at lunch and have drop by before Algebra – ACK! No Algebra this year either! Geometry! Oh, God. Well, I'll just think about that one later. Although Mr Gianini (FRANK. MUST REMEMBER TO CALL HIM FRANK) says people who do badly in Algebra always do really well in Geometry. Please, please let that be true.

And OK, it's not like Michael and I ever used to make out in front of my locker or anything, what with his lack of enthusiasm about PDA and my bodyguard and all.

But at least – because there was always a chance I could run into Michael in the hallway at any moment – I had something to look *forward* to at school.

And now, because Michael has graduated, there's *nothing* to look forward to. *Nothing*.

Except for the weekends.

But how much time is Michael even going to have to spend with me on weekends? Because he's in college now, and he has so much homework already there's no way we can see each other on week nights – not that, between princess obligations and my OWN homework, that was ever going to happen anyway. But still. It's like—

God, what is WRONG with my mother? Rocky was just crying there for like FIFTEEN MINUTES while she did absolutely NOTHING. I went out into the living room and there she was with Mr G, just sitting there watching *Law and Order*, and I was all, 'Hello, your son is calling you,' and Mom, without even looking up from the TV, was like, 'He's just fussing. He'll settle down and go to sleep in a minute.'

What kind of maternal compassion is THAT? Lilly can call me a baby-licker all she wants, but is it really any wonder I'm as maladjusted as I am if this is an example of how my mother treated *me* as a baby?

So then I went into Rocky's bright-yellow room and sang one of his favourite songs – 'Behind Every Good Woman' by Tracy Bonham – and he calmed right down.

But did anyone thank me? No! I walked out of his room and my mom actually looked at me (only because there was a commercial) and went, very sarcastically, 'Thanks, Mia. We're trying to get him to understand that when we put him down for the night he's supposed to go to sleep. Now he's going to think all he has to do is cry and someone is going to come in there and sing a song to him. I just got him over that while you were in Genovia this summer, and now we're going to have to start all over again.'

Well, EXCUSE ME! I may be a baby-licker, but is it really such a crime to have a little compassion for my only sibling? JEESH!

Let's see, where was I?

Oh, yeah. School. Without Michael.

Seriously, what is even the point? I mean, yeah, I know we're supposed to be going to school to learn stuff and all of that. But learning stuff was so much more fun

when there was a chance of spotting Michael by the water fountain or whatever. And now I fully have nothing like that to look forward to until Saturday and Sunday. I'm not saying that life without Michael isn't worth living or whatever. But I will say that when he's around – or even when there's just a chance that he MIGHT be around – EVERYTHING is a lot more interesting.

The only bright spot in what appears to be a school year otherwise completely devoid of them, is English. Because it looks as if our teacher, Ms Martinez, might actually be enthusiastic about the subject. At least, if this note she sent around to all of us last month is any indication: