

POV: Watch me Black Friday shop

By **Ashley Boak**,
Photo Editor

8 a.m. Thursday morning: as I'm drinking my pumpkin flavored coffee, I'm writing out my list of all the stores I want to go to for my Black Friday shopping adventures this year. I write down places like Target and Old Navy because I know that I want to go there no matter what because those are some of my favorite stores. Also I write down random ones like Ikea just to see what sales are available.

Noon Thursday afternoon: as I stare blankly into the TV while the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade plays. I calculate how much money I can spend tonight without going completely broke.

3 p.m. Thursday afternoon: after making a detailed route with my mom for our shopping adventures, I start to think less about shopping and more about Thanksgiving dinner. Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday after all. My mouth starts to water among the aromas of turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes and rolls.

5 p.m. Thursday evening: my entire family sits down to eat the turkey dinner my grandma spent all day cooking. I eat every single bite on my plate because this is the only time of year that I can indulge in my favorite food.

7 p.m. Thursday night: I start to get worried that I am missing out on the doorbusters sales while my grandma is forcing me to eat apple pie. I want to get the cheap deals, but I am stuck here eating a slice of pie that I don't even like. I force myself to eat it because the sooner I finish it, the faster I can get to

the sales.

7:30 p.m. Thursday night: it's time to ditch the fall colored flannel and boots and say hello to the yoga pants, sweatshirts and gym shoes. I am extremely full from the amazing dinner I just consumed, but if I want the good deals, I am going to have to run faster than the Olympic track team. Now that I have my comfy clothes on, I'm ready to dart my way to all the good sales.

9 p.m. Thursday night: After already accomplishing five stores, I feel like I am on a good pace to accomplish all of my Black Friday adventures. Unfortunately, I'm starting to crash. The initial adrenaline rush is wearing off, and I am in desperate need of coffee.

9:30 p.m. Thursday night: coffee acquired.

Midnight Friday morning: my entire trunk is filled with bags while my bank account is dwindling down. I'm starting to become tired and my feet hurt from all the running to different stores I did. It's time to call it quits for today and wait to begin again later.

5 a.m. Friday morning: after sleeping for a full five hours, I am pumped to begin shopping again. I grab an extra-large coffee from Dunkin' and set way on my shopping adventures for the day.

8 a.m. Friday morning: I've finally accomplished all of my shopping. I get into my car and get a notice from my bank account. I'm at \$0.00.

I hate you Black Friday for making me spend all of my money on things I don't really need. Still, I love Black Friday for giving me an excuse to stay up all night doing something I love, shopping.



The stress of Black Friday reaches everyone who desires the best deals.
Photo by **Ashley Boak**

Mustangs make school pigsty

By **Jacob Casella**,
Social Media Director

You guys smell. You're unorganized and dirty and messy. You, the students of DGS, are disgusting.

I walk around the school, and some of the messes you leave make me want to vomit. I hear kids complain about the janitors not cleaning up the lunchroom or the bathrooms, and let me tell you one thing, it is not their fault— it's yours.

You seriously think that the custodians don't pick up after you? The custodial staff works so hard to clean this building. They are angels.

I get why we are gross. The majority of students



Many students ignore the cleaning products available to them. why
Photo by **Jacob Casella** would

are still children, and every student's brain is still developing. When we're stressed all the time about grades or friends or significant others, it makes sense that picking up trash is the last thing on our minds.

But this can only be used as an excuse to a certain extent. For example, the amount of food left in the cafeteria after six periods of lunch is so disgusting. And the messes left the boys' bathroom: learn to aim. Do I really need to say more?

Even in the hallway, kids have a lack of courtesy and sense of cleanliness that is completely inexcusable.

I saw a kid break open a pen the other day and

throw the ink everywhere. My number one question was

someone do that? My second question was why would anyone with at least half a brain ever do that?

Something else that is inexcusable is the body odor. BO should've been left in middle school.

Please flush the toilets and do not vape in the bathroom. Again, that is simple courtesy.

Tasks like picking up garbage and showering show you care the slightest amount about the students and the staff at DGS.

Some staff have the job of literally cleaning up after us. Show them respect.

These simple skills are going to follow you into the real world as well. When you're an adult working a real job in some stupid office building, your boss is going to be really mad if you leave the bathroom looking like the one at a gas station.

As an unorganized and messy person myself, I know when to turn off messy habits. Places like school and work, I make sure to always clean up after myself.

Lockers soon to be extinct

By **Rachel Ley**,
Print Co-Editor-in-Chief

The transition to middle school can be scary and exciting for everyone. It's a big, new building with new people, and you're older and expected to have more responsibilities, one of which is having a locker.

As I transitioned through middle school and high school, my use of my locker diminished drastically. At my middle school, we weren't allowed to carry backpacks around school, so our locker was a necessity. When I got to high school, we were allowed to carry our backpack at all times.

I'm a senior now, and because of this backpack freedom, I have been to my locker a total of three times in all four years of school-- the first three days of freshman year.

Going to my locker is out of my way. Maybe it is because I'm in band, so I have another locker I can use if I needed to put something in there, but going to my locker in between classes seems way too tedious.

Not to mention that our lockers are super tiny anyway. They're not wide enough to fit all of our supplies comfortably so

everything just ends up in a big messy pile at the bottom; plus, they have hooks with nowhere near enough room for a jacket in the winter.

The only time I could see using your locker is if you were blessed with one on the first floor B hallway, or you somehow got one of the randomly giant lockers on the third floor. You know which ones I'm

talking about: the row of privileged students with lockers right by the cafeteria, conveniently placed in an area easy to get to at the beginning, middle and end of the day. Or the ones that are taller than all of us and twice as wide as the normal lockers.

My locker is on the third floor in the D hallway. I have exactly one class in that hallway, and it's my eighth period, so I'm near enough to my locker to use it once a day. Once a day doesn't really help me when I have seven other classes for which to carry



A locker stays empty and unused by its owner.
Photo by **Rachel Ley**

around materials.

It would take so much extra time to have to trek all the way up to the third floor every morning to shove my lunch in my locker, figure out what materials I can keep and what can go in my locker, and then get to my first period on time.

Maybe if the lockers were bigger, it would be alright to make the sacrifice of my time to use it a couple times a day to take some physical stress off, but I have chronic back pain, and I still don't use my locker.