

# ***THE RADISH***

***No.9***

***Spring 2025***



# ***A Letter from the Executives***

Dearest Readers,

It's been a minute, huh?

I understand. You're upset. Where have we been? We know you've been asking.

As part of our collective New Year's resolutions, we all agreed that we'd "have fewer issues" in 2025. In all honesty, this was meant to be a general blanket statement, as we all looked to move past our personal issues such as not going to the gym or being dangerously absent from school. Unfortunately, some of us understood this to be publishing fewer issues of the Radish.

Ok, fine, all of us.

This isn't even the first time we've had a wacky homophone based misunderstanding. Let us not forget what happened when we confused "meat" and "meet."

The point is, we're back! Be grateful! Bite not the hand that feeds you, nor the satirical student newspaper that makes you chortle.

That being said, we thank you greatly for selecting and reading this very special issue of the Radish. We hope you enjoy the many funnies we have for you.

With love,  
The Radish Executive Team



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# ***Oops, The Scaffolding Is Back!***

Written By: Bora Bromberg

The following is a message from Dr. Holden, Brooklyn Technical High School's Assistant Principal of Structural Integrity, Civil Engineering, and Vending Machines (The latter is irrelevant to the matter of the message).

Dear students,

As you may have noticed when you arrived back to school in the new year, portions of the scaffolding around our building had been removed. Craaaazy, right? Hell, even I was surprised!

Unfortunately, due to several unforeseen consequences, we have to bring back the scaffolding.

Firstly, the entire north side of the building has collapsed. My bad! Turns out that removing the literal and figurative backbone of the building causes some minor avalanche-like behavior.

Additionally, the strong winds of the season have caused further problems. Quick Tip: If you feel like a wall is about to cave in, it's not a gut feeling, move out of the way!

Despite being a specialized high school, we are also seeing a rapid wave of stupidity amongst our scholars as a result of this change. Students, used to Tech looking like a cargo container wrapped in fishnets, have been unable to recognize the school.

We've been having a record-breaking rise in absences, which we've been assuming is from students not entering the school, believing it is some new fancy radio station. These absences could also be a result of the aforementioned collapse of the north side of the building. Your guess is as good as mine.

Finally, as I am being informed right now, we will have to put scaffolding inside the building as well. Due to the building's millenniums of age and general cardboard-like rigidity, the walls are now caving inward. Apologies if your classrooms are now half the size.

Sorry again for any inconvenience. If you have any questions, please come see me in my office on what used to be the north side. I'll be behind a slightly smaller pile of rubble than the main, big one.



# *Day in the Life of a Second Semester Senior*

Written By: Naina Mukherjee

6:35 am

Wake up and feel the fear of God sink into my bones. Another day, not another victory for the OG. Why? Because I have to go to English class.

6:50 am

Wash my face in glacier water because senioritis makes it too hard to use both taps.

7:00 am

Eat banana bread. Now this may be the highlight of the day. The way it collects on the roof of my mouth in a mushy mass is just...delectable.

7:25 am

The literal Oregon trail. I feel like I'm going to die of dysentery every day on my walk to the G train.

7:35 am

On the train. Should I do every single New York Times game right now? Yes. Frick that Duolingo streak.

8:05 am

Arrive disgustingly on time to my first class instead of dilly-dallying and then telling the teacher my train entered another dimension on the way to school and that's why I'm late.

8:20 am

Relearn how to read an analog clock to see how much longer I have to scribble incoherencies on my notebook from 9th grade.

8:41 am

Admire the weirdly amazing picture of an airplane I drew in the margins and contemplate becoming an art major.

8:43 am

Never mind, I choose life.

9:32 am

Second period done. I think I'm about ready to leave now considering I learned everything there is to know about physics.

Work and energy, amirite?

11:03 am

This life is a prison—only the bars are double-sided, legal-sized sheets of paper with math on them.

And by math, I don't mean the fun "1+1" stuff. . I mean the scary, unfriendly numbers—the math with letters. The "the right answer is a decimal" stuff.

11:20 am

Asked my economics teacher why we can't just print more money and three people ended up dead.

12:00 pm

Lunchtime!

12:37 pm

Show my stolen lock to the bouncer in front of the locker room and get absolutely dripped out in my gym uniform.

1:18 pm

Walking out of gym feeling like the LeBron of badminton.

1:30 pm

Marinate in my major classroom while I inhale the concrete dust that coats every surface in the civil room. It fills my lungs and cures my senioritis.

1:50 pm

Look out the window longingly.

2:10 pm

By this time of the day I have lived five full lifetimes. I can't even remember what my first-period teacher looks like anymore.

2:50 pm

Crawl to my last class.

3:20 pm

Calculate how many minutes are left and draw little fun shapes on AutoCAD because I am supposedly the future of engineering.

3:34 pm

Finally free from the education demons! I leave school knowing my notes are chicken scratch, my brain is shrinking and I have a lung disease from dust inhalation.

# ***How to Survive in Ohio***

## ***Addicted to Sriracha Mayo***

Written By: Andrew Dodson

### **YOU CAN'T.**

Ohio is way too much like Ohio and Sriracha mayo is too addicting. Your addiction keeps you coming back to consume more and more Sriracha mayo and while Ohio has grocery stores, they're not enough. Sriracha mayo alone cannot sustain you as you struggle through the brutal landscape known as Ohio.

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### ***Ingredients For Sriracha Mayo***

- 1 cup mayonnaise
  - 4 tbsp Sriracha hot sauce, or more/less to taste
  - ½ tbsp lemon juice
  - Black pepper
- 

1. Find a container of mayonnaise. If it has a screwable lid, grab the lid and unscrew it to open the container. If the container has a squeeze top, take off the lid and prepare yourself to shake and squeeze out mayonnaise.
2. Find a 1-cup measuring cup. Inspect it closely to make sure it really is a 1-cup measuring cup and you haven't been scammed. Take a paper towel or a dish towel or a normal towel or a beach towel or a leftover napkin or a dry hand towel or an unused gym towel or a baby towel or a foot towel or a thin bath mat or a microfiber towel and use it to make sure the measuring cup is perfectly dry before even thinking about putting your mayonnaise in it.
3. Take your freshly opened container of mayonnaise. If it's the kind you can scoop with a spoon, use your smallest fork to slowly extract bits of mayonnaise into the 1-cup measuring cup until it's full. If you're using the kind where you squeeze the sides (like a freak), hold it so the top is facing down and pointed straight into that 1-cup measuring cup. Then, proceed to fight for your life as you struggle to get a drop out—scraping it off with salad tongs and depositing it into the 1-cup measuring cup.
4. The next section involves handling a particularly caustic substance known as Sriracha hot sauce. You will need to use proper protection (no, not that kind).
5. Find a Soviet-era GP-5 gas mask. It's absolutely crucial for the next step, and I'm confident you have one in your desk drawer. I have no idea how it works, so you're on your own when it comes to figuring out how to put it on. Put your hands into your Magid D-Roc Chemical-Resistant Waterproof Fully-Coated Nitrile Work Gloves to make sure you do not touch the corrosive Sriracha. Why? Because you may die.
6. It is finally time. The moment you've been waiting for. Take out your bottle of Sriracha. The only bottle you should own is the kind you have to unscrew and squeeze, because other forms of Sriracha bottles are simply not long for this world. If you have a different type of bottle than the one mandated above, return it expeditiously.
7. Put your hand on the tip of the bottle and rotate counterclockwise to unscrew it.

8. Put it back down because you're actually not ready for it yet.
9. Find a 1-Tbsp measuring spoon. Like with the 1-cup measuring cup from earlier, take a paper towel—or a dish towel or a normal towel or a beach towel or a leftover napkin or a dry hand towel or an unused gym towel or a baby towel or a foot towel or a thin bath mat or a microfiber towel—to properly dry the 1-Tbsp measuring spoon.
10. Grab your previously opened Sriracha bottle. Flip it upside down so you can squeeze it just tight enough to make it drip very, very slowly into the 1-Tbsp measuring spoon. It is imperative that you tip the spoon upside down over the "bowl that you definitely already had out" before you smack that spoon until all the Sriracha from the 1-Tbsp measuring spoon is in the bowl.
11. Repeat step 10 three additional times. At this point you are most definitely going slowly insane. Do not fret, as your Sriracha will be there to comfort you.
12. Do a happy dance because the terrifying Sriracha is now safely contained in the bowl.
13. Take your 1-cup of mayo that you definitely had out, flip it upside down over the bowl, and smack the mayo cup until all of the mayo has transferred to the bowl.
14. Add some lemon and pepper... somehow. (Those items are foreign to me because they're neither Sriracha nor mayo, so good luck)
15. Once all the ingredients are in the bowl, take the zucchini you forgot to buy and use it to stir your mayo mixture well until everything is well combined. You'll know you did it right when there are no odd chunks of mayo left in your Sriracha mayo.
16. Throw the now-used zucchini at your least favorite neighbor and enjoy your Sriracha mayo. Note: Sriracha mayo is best consumed with a spoon.

To summarize, Ohio is a very dangerous place and surviving it while addicted to Sriracha mayo is not possible. However, you can make your very own Sriracha mayo at home if you have the proper equipment. Good luck, and may you never end up in Ohio.





# How to Tie Your Shoes

Written By: Samantha Colon

We've all been there, walking around in public when suddenly you realize that your shoelaces are untied. You crouch down on the floor and begin to tie your shoelaces. And every time you have to deal with the judgment.

If you tie your shoes crouched on the ground, people will judge you and call you a beta for getting so close to the floor. And they're right. What are you DOING? You want to be an Alpha, right? So what are you *doing* getting so close to the ground—the ground that is beneath you? You are above the floor and superior to it, so, don't stoop down to its level, step on it and remind it you are better than it.

"Well, how can I properly tie my shoes so I can stop being a silly little beta?" 🙄 I can hear you asking. Well, I'll show you. Now here are four ways to tie your shoes like an Alpha. The last two methods require telekinesis, so if you're interested in using them and don't know telekinesis, be sure to check out my ten-hour podcast on how to perform telekinesis. Link in bio.

## 1. Wall Supported

This is the easiest method on the list. You may have even used this method before. All you have to do is put your foot on the wall, and tie your shoe while your foot is on the wall. Simple.

## 2. No Support

This method is slightly more difficult. To do the no-support method you need to hold up the foot with the untied laces and tie them as you balance yourself on one leg. The balance bit is hard to get the hang of—but if you follow the ten-week workout plan on my website, you too can balance on one foot like a pro.



## 3. Telekinesis (Floor)

This is the easiest of the telekinesis methods of tying your shoes. You will stare down at your untied shoelaces and use the power of your mind to tie them over a 5-hour period.

## 4. Telekinesis (Ceiling)

This method only works if you are indoors, and is perfect for showing off at a party. To start off, rapidly move your head up toward the ceiling, then down toward the floor. After about a minute, you should start to develop a headache. This is completely normal and part of the process. After a while, you should feel yourself falling and your vision going black, but don't worry—this means your telekinesis powers are moving your body to the ceiling. You should wake up sometime later after this happens, though your shoelaces may or may not be tied.

# ***New York Times Unveils Hardest Game Yet: Two Trumps and a Lie***

Written By: Gregory Valetin

Ever since the New York Times finally decided to get with the times and start putting digital games on their website, they've gathered quite the collection of activities. Their list of brain-games notably contains Wordle, a game they purchased and then single handedly tanked. Last Monday, however, digital subscribers to the famous newspaper saw a new game added to its repertoire. The game's title? *Two Trumps And A Lie*.

This politically charged game tests your knowledge on the chaotic political scene of the U.S., A scene that has remained unchanged since Donald Trump's second inauguration as President of the United States.

The game is based on the popular icebreaker game, *Two Truths And A Lie*, in everything including name. Players see three headlines involving the incumbent president's activities; Two of them are real, true things he has either said or done throughout his first month in office, while the last one is a satirical headline. The player's job is to guess which headline is fake.

The original posting of the game on the New York Times website was immediately met with varied responses from all circles. Most critics on the left praised the Times for their brave approach in tackling the more controversial sides of the first month of Trump's second term, with one critic from the Los Angeles Times stating:

"It is a game that wishes to fully point a finger at Trump's controversy and advocate for resistance of his policies when Congress doesn't. And it's a hell of a lot better than Wordle, that's for sure."

However, a huge portion of the right has bashed the Times for being too politically charged and biased in a time where misinformation runs rampant. Unsurprisingly, the leader of this criticism is none other than the President himself, who proclaimed in a press conference yesterday that "[The Game] is an absolute disgrace to fair journalism in this country, and it's especially harsh toward me."

In the week following the official publication of *Two Trumps And A Lie*, results from the playerbase's past games have been compiled, and they are certainly telling. Only 17% of players guessed correctly. Let it be known that some of the satirical articles in the game included: "President Trump nominates Nikocado Avocado as head of FDA", "President Trump announces 50% tariffs on anime imported from Japan", and "President Trump sneezes, blames it on Joe Biden". For now, as people argue whether games like this are socially reprehensible, we can at least see a glimpse of what is to come of America. And all collectively pour good ol' bleach in our eyes.

# ***So You've Disappointed Your Mom, Now What?***

Written By: Madison Le Ny

Imagine this: you're going about your normal, everyday life. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and there isn't a care in the world. Perhaps you've done something bad in the past—but the past is past, despite the fact that it was literally five minutes ago and literally nothing has changed. Like, that's not even the past at this point. It's literally the present, and—

Getting off track. So you screwed up. It's not a big deal—you can hide it! Nothing's wrong. Everything is A-OK! Until that dreaded moment. Maybe you get a call. Maybe you hear it from someone else. Maybe someone tells you when you get home. But it doesn't matter how you heard the news—it still reached your ears. What's the news?

Mom is disappointed in you. God, how did it come to this? Mom? MOM? MOMMY? This is a betrayal of the highest order. You can never make up the colossal disappointment that is yourself to your mother. It's so bad, how did you even get to this moment? Jesus, get it together! This isn't the end of the world! Maybe you didn't even like your mom!

Ignore that. Of course you like your mom. Unless you don't. Then click off, idiot—this is for mom lovers only. Getting back on track after your really embarrassing interruption, here's what to do now that your mom is disappointed in you.

## Number 1!

Beg God for mercy, because although there's a chance your mom will forgive you and stop being so disappointed, you will never be able to forgive yourself. Guilt is a sin (don't look it up, just trust me, bro). So when you're sent to the pits of hell, you will have to pray that God takes mercy on your soul and forgive you.

## Number 2!

Only say these exact words:

"I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M  
SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY  
I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M  
SORRY I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I'M  
SORRY..."

Repeat them over and over again until you're red in the face! Don't worry about the dark spots in your vision; that means the apology is working. Your mom will be so desperate for you to stop that she'll forgive you!

Now let's say that you're a pathetic loser who can't earn forgiveness after all that work. These are the steps you should take to earn Mommy's forgiveness. For these steps, it is imperative that you remember that this is about you, not me, no matter how much it may seem like it's about me. I am a pleasure to have around, and I would never disappoint my mom. Right, Mom? Mom? MOM? WHERE ARE YOU?!?

Oh God, I was so focused on my writing that I didn't notice that my mom disappeared. Oh Jesus Christ, I can never come back from this mome-

Oh, hi, Mom. As it turns out she was just in the kitchen. She would never leave me because I am the world's most perfect child who would never disappoint their mom. Oh, you thought this was real? Well, not only have you disappointed your mom but you have also disappointed me.

### **Number 3!**

Don't use words, use actions. By this, of course, I mean that you take a vow of silence and interpretive dance as your main form of transportation. Never walk, only interpretive dance everywhere. What music are you dancing to? The world's smallest violin! Not the song—a singular tiny violin.

### **Number 4!**

If you haven't made your mom forgive you yet, then this might be your last chance. Here's what you do: admit what you did was wrong. Using sincere actions and words to express your regret could potentially lead to someone forgiving you. You have to remember that people may not always forgive you, and that there will sometimes be cases where the relationship is broken beyond repair. Above all, you have to accept the responsibility of your actions, no matter the cost.

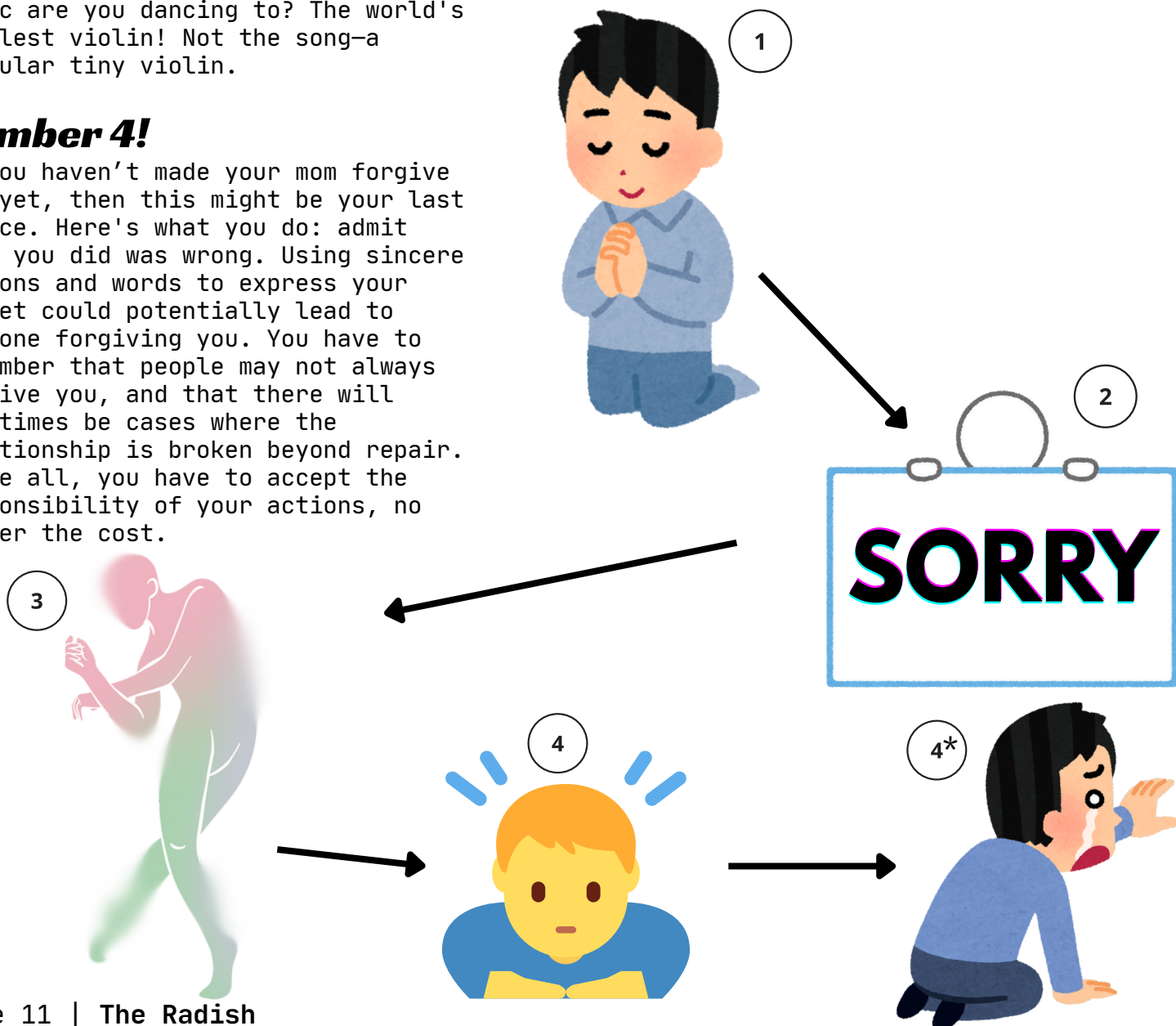
Scratch everything I just said during number four.

### **New number 4!**

Cry yourself to sleep at night over the horrific ways you've disappointed your mother. Actually, don't even cry at night. Cry right now, all over the screen. Or the page. Or both. Cry! I don't see tears! LET ME SEE THOSE TEARS! TEARS! TEARS! TEARS! TEARS! TEARS! TEARS! TEARS!

YOU CRYING YET?!? GOOD! NOW GET IN THERE AND CRY TO YOUR MOM, YOU LITTLE MOM-LOVING CRYBABY! GO GO GO GO GO!!!

And that, folks, is what you do now that you've disappointed your mom!



# BLOCK BLAST



TETRIS FOR PEOPLE WHO DONT BELIEVE  
IN GRAVITY

## ***Block Blast: An Addiction***

Written By: Naina Mukherjee

It's real and it's here to stay. Block Blast! was introduced in late 2022 and has since skyrocketed in popularity in all spheres (and cubes) of life. Not only are the commuters on the subway playing the colorful game, but the subway conductor is also tapping away at their iPhone.

"Drag, drop, repeat" has become a popular mantra for these mindless block blasters, forcing experts to ask: when does it become an addiction? Well, we asked a few people for their thoughts.

Joey: I used to only play it in the day, but now I play it at night too.

*WOW, Joey. OK, slow down. At night too?? You're a real rebel, Joey.*

Jilly: I have hallucinations of the block blast board on my ceiling, and I play it as I fall asleep like Beth Harmon in The Queen's Gambit.

*Chill, Jilly, you're no Beth Harmon. She was a redhead so you don't want that anyhow.*

Josh: I ate my brother's Lego set because it reminded me of the game, and I just couldn't hold myself back.

*Jesus, I hope you apologized. Really makes me feel like the kids who eat play-dough aren't as stupid as I thought. Also, I feel like we skipped a beat between "addicted to Block Blast" and "eating plastic." This may be a pre-existing problem.*

*P.S. Is eating them more or less painful than stepping on them?*

Jakwelin: My screen time is 25 hours a day on Block Blast and my mother disowned me.

*I would disown you too, but only because you broke the laws of the space-time continuum.*

Jim Bob: I spend my days slotting blocks. At lunch, at yogurt class, at my great uncle's second funeral, I just can't stop.

*Not sure what yogurt class is. Do you make yogurt, eat it, or neither? What do you mean by second funeral? Is English not your first language? If so, perhaps Duolingo should be your app of choice over Block Blast.*



Joo-Lee-Uh: The 3x3 block is tattooed onto my corneas.

*I can't tell if you mean by choice or because you've been staring at the game for so long. Either way, phonetically spelling your name has never-and will never-be in style.*

Jason Derulo: I know I'm falling into the famous-person-addict lifestyle and for that, I'm truly...

*And...he's started playing Block Blast. Another great one, lost to the blocks.*

James, LeBron: Balling? More like block blasting!

Kevin: I hate the stupid game. I work day and night blasting endless blocks but get paid nothing. The makers of this game are ungrateful wannabes. You know that Block *Puzzle* was around first?? That's the real OG. Also, Block Blast always tries to make me lose. What's up with that, huh? You knew I couldn't place that zig-zaggy block and you gave it to me anyway! You worthless piece of-

*Okay, Kevin, let's get you to bed.*

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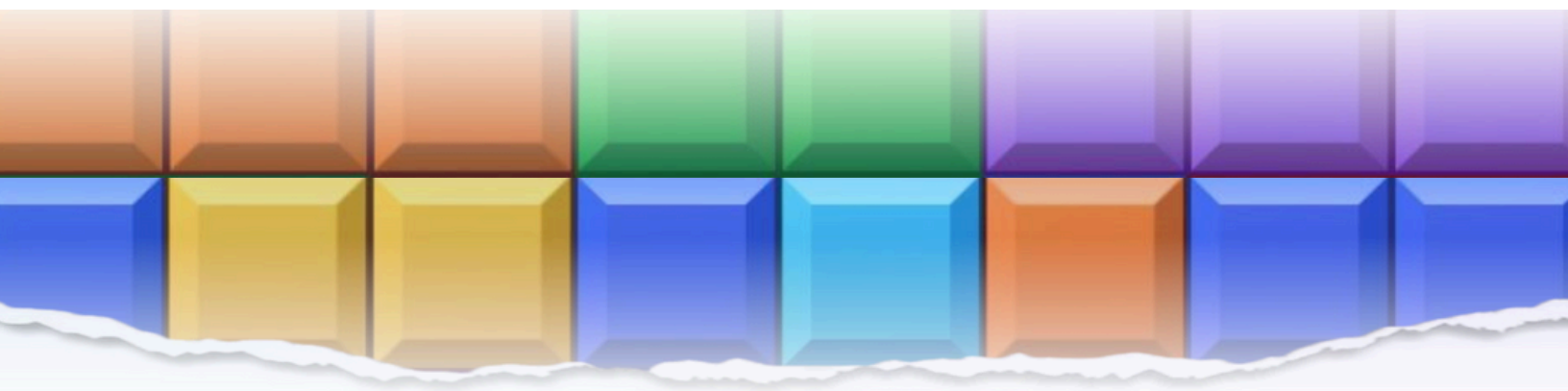
*Well folks, it's up to you. Are these people addicted? And is it a problem?*

Therapists around the world are debating these questions every second. Some say the dopamine rushes you get from clearing a row are unhealthy, while others say that the wave of rage that washes over you when you know you're about to lose cleanses your soul more thoroughly than reaching nirvana (I asked Buddha and he said so. We're pals).

You want my opinion? Do what makes you happy. For some people that's spending time with family, touching grass, and creating long-lasting memories. For other people it's clearing 32 blocks in a single move, getting an "all clear," and hearing an unsettling voice say "good" or "amazing." I mean, we're all unique beings at the end of the day, right?

Let's even take another step back. Is being addicted to Block Blast really that bad? You can learn colors, spatial reasoning, anger mismanagement, and tons of other things from the game. You might even learn to count to a million! And even if your high score never exceeds ten thousand and your IQ drops to the lowest of lows, you'll always have a community with Joey, Jilly, Josh, Jakwelin, Jim Bob, Joo-Lee-uh, Jason, James (Lebron), and Kevin.

So block blast away, my friends, and reach for the stars (because you'll never get there for real-NASA doesn't hire people who willfully rotted their brains away. Maybe SpaceX does?)



# ***I Think My Spanish Teacher Is Teaching Me French***

Written By: Eli Weissman

Three months ago, on the 17th of December, I overheard my friend talking to his mom in French. Normally, I wouldn't have thought anything of this, as they are French, but what was truly strange was that I understood them. The thing is, I was pretty sure I didn't speak French, so I was quite befuddled by this. It kept me awake at night, thinking, "What the heck? I don't know French. I cheated my way through my 8th-grade French class. Something must be afoot..."

Ever since that day, I've spent every waking moment looking into possible explanations. Had I just assumed what they had said? Had our lord and savior Ryan Reynolds spoken to me, whispering their words into my mind?

...Did I actually learn things in my French class last year? No, these theories were all completely ridiculous—especially the one about learning in my French class. There's no way I learned anything there.

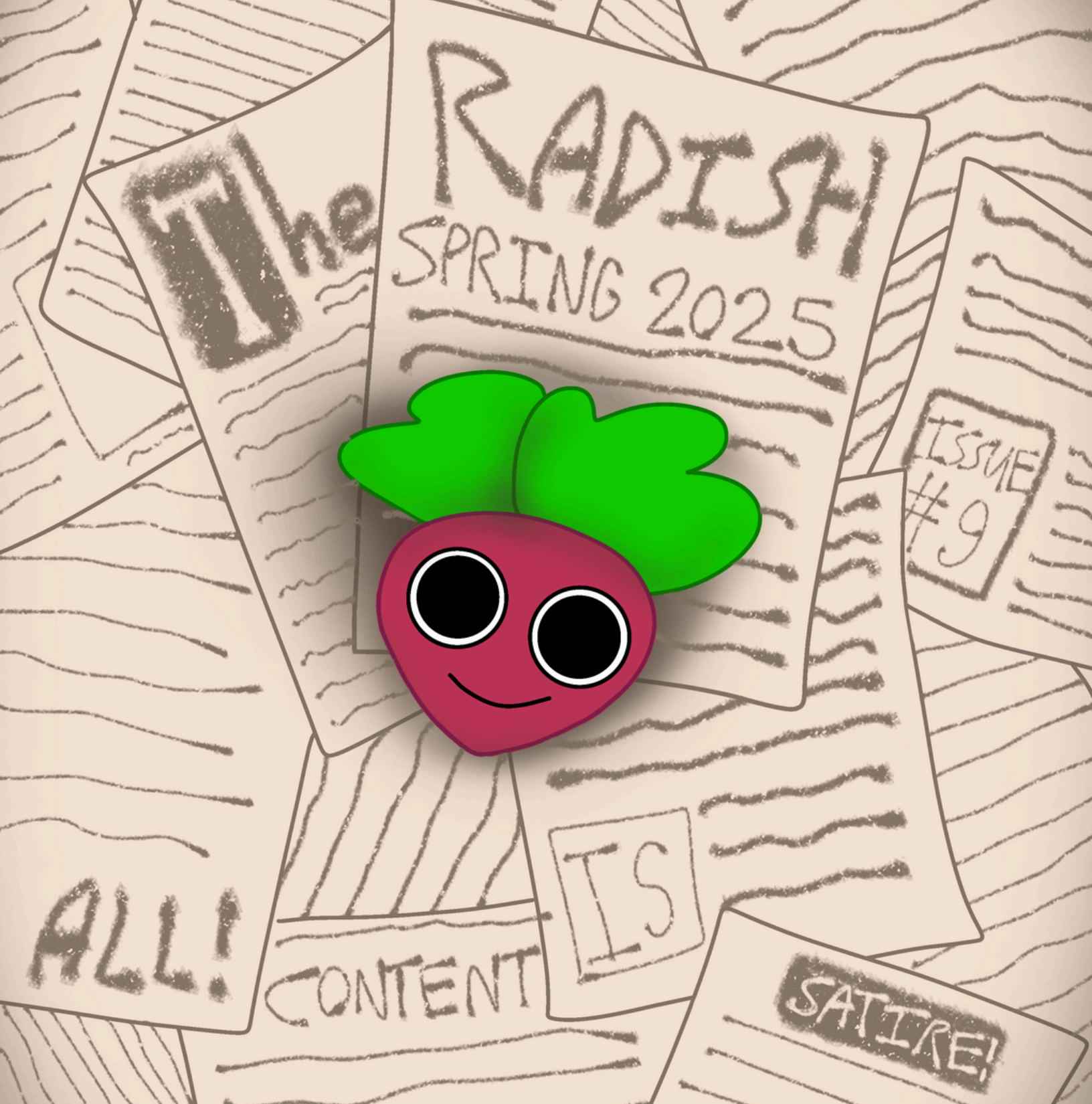
Then, all of a sudden, it came to me. I realized that even though I wasn't taking a French class, I was taking a language class. It may have been advertised as a Spanish class, but what proof do I have that it was actually Spanish we were learning? How am I to know that my teacher wasn't teaching me another language—like French? I've never had a conversation in "Spanish" outside of class. In fact, whenever someone—like my sister, who had been taking Spanish for years—spoke to me in Spanish, I could barely understand a word they said.

At the time, I just thought I was really bad at Spanish. But now I know the truth: I *am* really bad at Spanish—but for a far less disappointing reason!

Now armed with the most realistic explanation there is, I began my research. Three months later, here is all the proof I have found.

- I've been able to do a ton of French lessons on Duolingo without struggle, but I struggled to do any Spanish lessons.
- I helped my friend with her French homework.
- I went to Mexico and couldn't understand anyone (but I got a bunch of pretty pictures!)
- I accidentally walked into a different Spanish class once and didn't know what anyone was saying.
- My teacher called my class French 1 instead of Spanish 1 one time.
- I understood every word Frenchie from *The Boys* said in French.
- I understood every word the French guy at the restaurant said in *Spider-Man™* 3.
- This guy I know—who lies about everything—said I was wrong when I told him my Spanish teacher was teaching me French.
- My grandma, who only knows French and English, understood me when I thought I was speaking Spanish.
- I could do my old French homework (that I cheated on originally).

Now it's finally time to do something with all the proof I've gathered. Tomorrow, everything changes. My months of investigation and plummeting grades will finally have their payoff.



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