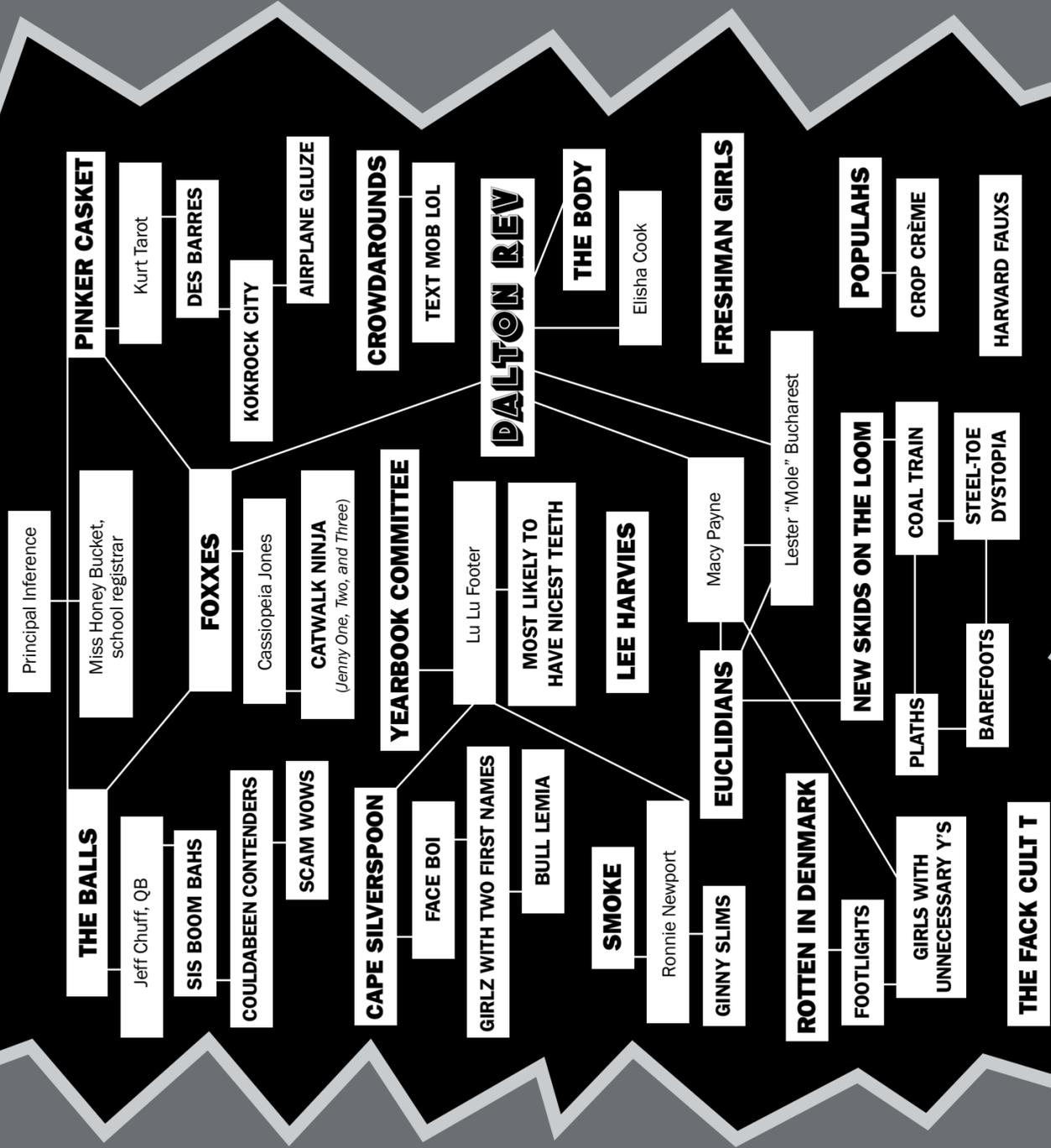


SALT RIVER HIGH CLIQUE CHART



SALT RIVER HIGH CLIQUE INDEX

THE BALLS: Comprised of Salt River's football team, except the punter and some freshman scrubs. Wearers of no-irony crew cuts, shoulder pads without shirts, and cleats or kicking the fallen and cleatless. They play only one sport at Salt River, and it's not field hockey. Mortal enemies of PINKER CASKET. ▶ **LEADER:** Jeff Chuff, QB ▶ **RIGHT-HAND MAN TO JEFF CHUFF:** Chance Chugg, WR ▶ **QUOTE:** "Chuff to Chugg...touchdown!" ▶ **RACKET:** Girlie mags, by-the-sip water, fountain, game tickets, autographs, pay-for-play bathroom use. ▶ **GROUPIES:** SIS BOOM BAHs: Milk-fed, long-legged leaders of cheer, Big Hair. Aggressively dim. Can't spell pom or pom. Make up sixty percent of the Booze 'n' Fondle dating pool. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** COULDABEEN CONTENDERS: Good enough to compete, damaged enough to avoid competing, e.g., the girl who was smarter than everyone else but now falls all her classes; the super-arty kid who gave up drawing and now mostly picks his nose; the seven-foot guy who quit basketball to write splotter. ▶ **SCAM WOVES:** Ferret-faced huckster clan. Members wear matching Bluetooth headsets and tight polo shirts. They'll buy or sell your mother. Seriously, is she available for purchase? Most are also sloths. Writers of sports poetry. Poetry about sports. What? Chuff does it. So what? No way, it's cool. It's about sports. Shut up. It is not. No, I mean it. I swear, you better shut your cakehole before I come over there.

PINKER CASKET: The rockings, thrashingest, band on campus. Loud and dark and drinking. Plays all pep rallies, proms, and school events, although probably most appropriate for funerals or virgin sacrifices. They yearly battle of the bands isn't a battle, it's a slaughter. Most popular songs are "There's a Shocker" in My Locker," "Sex Nuke," and "The Devil Went Down to Georgia. No, Not That Georgia, the One That Was Part of the Former Soviet Union Whose Capital is Now Tbilisi." Moral enemies of the Balls. ▶ **LEADER:** Kurt Tarot ▶ **RIGHT-HAND MAN TO KURT TAROT:** Mick Freely ▶ **QUOTE:** "If you can't play an instrument, why even have a name?" ▶ **RACKET:** Knocchoff foods, bootlegged MP3s, ripped DVDs, suspect electronics, and not-punch-you fees ▶ **GROUPIES:** DES BARRES: Sparadox, toe to neck and willing to de-sparadox as required. Tend to be in love with the sensitive drummer, who's actually more half asleep than he is sensitive. Most secret inner desire is to get a Marshall Stack tattoo. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** KOKROCK CITY: Guys who spend the majority of their time claiming to have heard of the latest trendy band way before you did. Anyone who sells more than ten albums is a sell-out. Anyone whose second album sounds even slightly different from the first is a sellout. Includes indie, glam, metal, punk, rude boys, go-go, hardcore, and thrash. ▶ **AIRPLANE GLUZE:** Frequent wearers of a perm-mullet hybrid. Lots of PINKY HEAVY bumper stickers. Lots of CEMRINO SEX INSPECTOR T-shirts. Congenital utterance of "huh?" Includes Garage Rockers, Jam Banders, Zap Heads, Random Noodlers, Stinky Phishers, and Feedback Queens.

YEARBOOK COMMITTEE: Controls all social events. Controls all captions and candid shots. Kingmakers for all student government and student council slots. ▶ **LEADER:** Lu Lu Footer ▶ **QUOTE:** "You want a quote, buy a yearbook." ▶ **RACKET:** The status inherent in being in print, and the favors delivered accordingly. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** MOST LIKELY TO HAVE NICEST TEETH: If you keep smiling, eventually someone will take your picture.

SMOKE: Enjoys muscle cars, smoking, and leaning against brick walls enigmatically. Prefers nonifiers. ▶ **LEADER AND ONLY MEMBER:** Ronnie Newport ▶ **QUOTE:** "Hey, you got a light?" ▶ **RACKET:** Transportation, yearbook photography, being the man behind the lens. ▶ **GROUPIES:** GINNY SLIMS: Ronnie Newport's inexplicably dim backseat posse. Big on laughing too loud, headbands, ripped jeans, glossy lips, and stiletto boots.

FOXEXES: Hot, Chix and Whiskey Licks. All Foxexes can more than hold their own, and frequently do. Wearing the best vines

and dressed to the nines. ▶ **LEADER:** Cassiopeia Jones ▶ **QUOTE:** "Go ahead and mess with me. Please." ▶ **RACKET:** Unknown but highly lucrative. ▶ **GROUPIES:** None. Unless you count every guy at school. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** CATWALK NINJA: The Foxexes' highly mysterious bodyguard tripets, with lightning moves to match their racy leathersette. Thighs to die for. Sometimes referred to as "Jenny," but rarely to their faces.

CAPE SILVERSPoon: Rich girls who are, amazingly, also popular. Not as smoking hot as Foxexes but with spending power to work around it. Too much of a cliché to have a leader, too boring to even describe. Yeah, blond, yeah, perfect, yeah, big house and sculpted calves and two-grand pumps. Not big fans of Proust. ▶ **QUOTE:** "Whatever, Lesser. Go get me a diet Rush." ▶ **RACKET:** Dad's wallet. ▶ **GROUPIES:** You gotta be born into it. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** FACE BOI: Groomed, attractive, naturally muscled, and unencumbered with the baggage of excess personality. They enjoy driving Silverspoon to the mall or a movie like the expensively sweated gentlemen they are. Formerly Lax Brats with flow, but since they cut the lacrosse budget, it's all about abs and three-stage acne solutions. ▶ **GIRLZ WITH TWO FIRST NAMES:** Tiffany Michele, Amber Jennifer, Sadie Lynn, Carl Natalie, Hannah Bella. Exotic nomenclature allows them to be a subset of Cape Silverspoon without having sufficient access to Mom's credit card to otherwise qualify. ▶ **BULL LEMIA:** One purged meal and a designer handbag away from graduating to Silverspoon. Oh so in love with that Face Boi who would probably notice them if they could only stop eating Cool Ranch Blonnes. Time to do another thousand leg lifts.

LEE HARVIES: Self-appointed regulators of who is or isn't strapped at Salt River. Shadowy group with no known leader, cause, racket, or purpose, except firing at random. Sniper skills are without parallel, as there has yet to be a Lee Harvies-related fatality. Are either disrupting the herd, or herding the herd. When rare Lee Harvies sightings are made, they're usually running from the scene, wearing a Jason-style hockey mask with silver anarchy symbols painted over the eyes. They always leave behind a single playing card, the jack of spades, where the jack's face has been replaced by a portrait of Leon Czolgosz. ▶ **LEADER:** None. ▶ **QUOTE:** "I'll give up my gun when they pry it from my cold, grassy knoll." ▶ **RACKET:** None. They can't be bribed. Or bargained with. Or even identified.

FRESHMAN GIRLS: Sigh. ▶ **RACKET:** Causing sighs.

ROTTEN IN DENMARK: The theater department. Constantly quoting Brecht. Prone to porkpie hats and Kansas prairie dresses. Members know all the songs from Cats and two-thirds of the songs from Rent. Since third grade have been beat up at least one-fourth of the time because of it. ▶ **LEADER:** Whoever's got the most lines that day. ▶ **QUOTE:** "Give me a minute to get into character." ▶ **RACKET:** Improv tips. ▶ **GROUPIES:** The occasional soon-to-be-arrested visiting playwright who has graciously volunteered his scraggly-bearded time for one-on-one instruction.

▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** FOOTLIGHTS: Kids who really, really want to be in a play but never make it through an audition without crying and saying, "Okay, sorry...sorry...okay, let me start again...I just...I just...sorry, I have it. I can totally do it. Let's just start over. Can we start over? From the top?" They tend to hang around dejectedly backstage before eventually agreeing to spend the weekend painting backdrops. ▶ **GIRLS WITH UNNECESSARY Y'S:** Aspiring dancers like Cyndi, Jyl, Alyce, Chrys, and Lysa. Women who refer to themselves as womyn. Aspiring spokesmodels like Susyn, Lynda, Jordyn, Bryn, and Cameryn. Aspiring trophy wives like Myra, Mylissa, Tyne, and Skylar.

CROWDAROUNDS: Pretty much everyone at school is a charter member. If there's a crowd, they crowd around. They gawk

and laugh while basking in utter relief that they're not the one being picked on. Everyone talks derisively about Crowdards, which is ironic, since pretty much everyone is one. ▶ **LEADER:** None, or they wouldn't be Crowdards. ▶ **QUOTE:** "Be quiet and watch." ▶ **RACKET:** Vicarious immersion. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** TEXT MOB LOL: OMG! D U Just C wit Hippo? Th wuz CR3y! LOL! Did U C Skyler's hair???? Gross! R U cming 2 School 2day? I'm b'ing in my homework since mom got doc's note sez my thumbs r inflated. LOL.

EUCLIDIANS: Sure, nerd is a cliché, but nerds are a reality and revenge is inevitable. As Moses or someone once said: "The nerds will inherit the meek." Mostly fingertip-shuffers, Fack Cut daughters, corduroy-wearers, and that kid who plays with his Robot Lion Fist™ action figures while making a preer preer sound through his nose during lunch. ▶ **LEADER:** Possibly Stephen Hawking. ▶ **QUOTE:** "Some people like to study, okay? Get over it, mouth-breather." ▶ **RACKET:** Test scores, term papers, video game unlockables, tutoring, high-grade Wire-Out, and Finish Your Sudoku for You? ▶ **GROUPIES:** Occasionally a wayward Plath with a few wine coolers under her belt, but not really, no. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** None, except for the natural boose affiliation with various New Skids.

NEW SKIDS ON THE LOOM: More a poorly dressed amoeba than a true clique. New Skids is a nebulous catchall for the socially stranded. Encompasses most species of geeks, king-of-nerds, and phyla of dorks, including but not limited to: debating geeks, activities geeks, code-writing nerds, geeks with wearing dorks, as well as all other variants of sit-alones, snorty laughers, movie dialogue reciters, the helplessly flustered, the NASA-obsessed, pretty-horse drawers, the willfully unpleasant, virtual-girl fantasizers, those with yellow breath, the cat-chair-covered, Nerd herders, the daily velour-sweathed, and those having fully retreated into elf realms. ▶ **SUB-CLIQUE:** PLATHS: Girls who write aching poetry in their algebra book margins about razors, virgins, and the eternal love of Germanic vampire overlords. Are known to rock the occasional beret, along with the occasional stained sweatpants. ▶ **COAL TRAIN:** Marching band winners. Tuba lads. Flautists. Triangle dingers. Auto-harp toters. Sniffers of fuzzy-tipped drumsticks, owners of spic-caled clarinets, and donors of fringy polyester uniforms. Tend to spend countless hours on the bus trying to interest people in their quadruphonic recordings of Bitches Brew. ▶ **BAREFOOTS:** Random shouting vegans and the petition-wielding patchouli-soaked. Peace yellers. Justice demanders. Totu garglers. The mud-fleeced. ▶ **STEEL-TOE DYSTOPIA:** Wearing distressed leather and fingerless gloves, they spend many hours on the couch envisioning themselves with architectural stomach musculature, an indefatigable sword arm, and a high-tensile mullet. They lust for the Take-Charge Apocalypse Female, who tends to prefer to do her fighting in something tight and low-cut and will soon come to lead them to the promised land, which in this case is the remnants of a heavily irradiated Las Vegas.

THE FACK CULT T: The faculty and administration; young, idealistic math teachers; old, broken, sweat-vested history teachers; gym teachers driven insane by the parade of hope-less delinquency; secretaries; various staff; substitutes; lackeys, librarians; cafeteria workers; and the dude who drives the Roach Coach. ▶ **LEADER:** Principal Inference ▶ **COLEADER:** Miss Honey Bucket, school registrar ▶ **QUOTE:** "Do you have a hall pass? No? Well, then, do you have ten dollars?" ▶ **RACKET:** Power corrupts. Absolute power equals absolute cash.

THE BODY: Don't think about Wesley. Don't talk about Wesley. Shhh. Who? What body? I have no idea what you're talking about, and even if I did, do you think I'd talk to you about it?