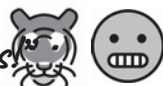


"Hellooooooooooooo, all you demure Cats and Kittens!"



The Principal's voice reverberates through the school's intercom system, thick with the cringe energy of a dad who just discovered TikTok. His voice booms with the unearned confidence, dropping a dated pop culture reference—Tiger King? Say whaaat? In *this* economy?! The collective student body groans in agony.

The poor guy probably thinks he's hip, blissfully unaware that his cultural references are as archaic as dial-up internet. But, does that stop him?



[Grab your copy here!](#)

He just powers on, oblivious to the psychic damage he's inflicting on every unfortunate soul forced to listen.

"The Staff Talent Show is going *down* IRL—that means *in real life*—during seventh period. BTW—*by the way*—we've got unicycle-riding, ballet, hula-hooping... the works. You'll vote, someone gets a trophy, boom. Democracy in action.

"Now, heads up, kids: my breakdancing skills are so on fleek—you're still saying that, right? Right?—I'm *obviously* going to win. LOL. Laugh out loud. *Laugh. Out. Loud.*"

You can practically hear the air quotes suffocating every acronym. He's trying so hard to be cool, but the effort is more painful than stepping on a LEGO barefoot. The man is the human embodiment of a group text with your parents—cringe, outdated, and impossible to escape.

If only someone had invented an innovative clap-on, clap-off switch for mouths.

But nope. The man is relentless.

And still going.

"Alright champions of the chalkboard—time to S.L.A.Y. (*Study, Learn, Achieve, Yasss!*). Head to class and give those lessons the ol' razzle-dazzle. Here's a jammy jam to put a wiggle in your walk and make Smuckers *grape* with envy. Why? 'Cause this school's got that *preserve power*—we spread excellence!

"Stay sharp, be kind, and remember: I'm not just your principal... I'm your princi-PAL. Peace out, Girl Scout!"

Somewhere in the distance, a single facepalm echoes.

The P.A system mercifully cuts away from the Principal's latest disaster-piece of an announcement only to be replaced by—wait.

Is that... 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat'?

The kids are nonplussed with the absurd music selection, clearly hardened by years of this man's chaotic playlist choices.

Could he pick nostalgic songs at random, blindfolded, possibly under duress?

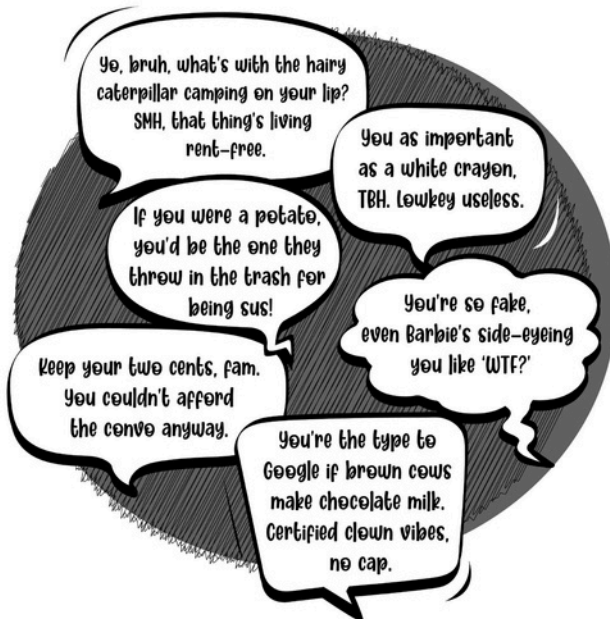
No telling.

You roll your eyes so hard you might sprain something. You haven't been here long, but the secondhand embarrassment radiating from this dude is enough to last a lifetime.

Shaking it off, you and Z push through the gym doors, heading for the locker rooms. Inside: pristine designer gym gear, freshly stacked—Gucci tags and all.

No crusty, years-old mesh shorts here—just premium drip for mandatory P.E.

You grab your gear, half-listening to the buzzing locker room chatter. Some things never change—middle school locker room talk is practically its own genre of chaos. The locker room roasts are flying at full speed, each insult hitting harder than the last.



Somewhere in the chaos, a distant “OOOHHH!” erupts as someone gets verbally obliterated. Just another day in the middle school trenches.

You’re tempted to add in a few of your own signature salty one-liners, but nah—you’re supposed to be flying under the radar. Blending in. Just another face in the crowd.

The locker rooms walls are a whole vibe—like someone tried to fuse middle school pep rally enthusiasm with the aesthetic of a run-down dive bar.

One poster features proper yoga poses (because zen is all about middle schoolers, right?) Another outlines the physics of sinking a perfect three-pointer—as if math is what’s holding anyone back from making varsity. And then there’s the classic generic pep talk poster:

“Don’t get bitter, get better!”

Which honestly? Weirdly on-brand.

The whole room practically screams, “Fake it, ‘till you make it, kid.”

But the real masterpiece?

A scientific-looking Fart Chart, taped up between all the ‘official’ posters, meticulously categorizing different types of locker room stench.

Educational. Timely. A true public service.

The other kids are too absorbed in collecting and crafting the latest gossip to notice the two ‘new’ students slipping into the gym, entirely undetected. Normally, the thought of attending any class—*especially* P.E.—wouldn’t spark even a flicker of excitement.

But crashing a class you have zero business being in?

Exhilarating. Total rush. And your adrenaline is riding high.

As far as gyms go, this gym isn’t just fancy—it’s designer-level ridiculous. More high-end fitness club than anything you’d expect on a school campus. Floor-to-ceiling windows flood the place with natural light, making every surface gleam like a showroom.

The treadmills?

Ostentatious, top-tier, with built-in TVs like they’re auditioning for a spaceship.

The weight machines?

[Grab your copy here!](#)

So high-tech, they adjust to your strength like they can read your mind.

A spacious area for free weights, stocked with flawless rows of shiny dumbbells and kettlebells? Check.

A glass-enclosed yoga studio with mood lighting? Double check.

And because this school refuses to do anything halfway—

A water-filtration system that dispenses flavored chill drinks and Gucci (again) robes to match the designer gym clothes. Because, why not?



Despite the unapologetic display of wealth, one thing remains untouched by money: the ubiquitous middle school gym funk. A copious cocktail of ripe sweat, adrenaline, and untamed hormones.

Even Gucci can't cover that up.

The P.E. teacher, Ms. Kristen, blows her whistle—hard

To say she was immense would be putting it kindly; she straight-up resembled a beluga whale crammed into sportswear at least three sizes too small.

Like someone poured her into her clothes...and that same someone forgot to yell 'Stop.'

But worse than her deeply questionable fashion choices? Her aura. She radiated pure, unfiltered desperation—desperate to be respected, obeyed, taken seriously.

And desperation? It's a bad look on anyone. On a teacher? It's a career death sentence.

She blows her whistle again, this time adding a dramatic foot stomp like she's trying to summon some authority out of thin air. Nobody reacts. Nobody even acknowledges her. She's invisible, irrelevant, a non-factor. The ultimate silent diss. Ms. Kristen just fades into the background, like a dying smoke alarm—annoying, but entirely ignorable.

Oh boy, she's about to go full meltdown mode.

You infer this from her bulging eyeballs, the way her face has turned a violent shade of beet red—like a pressure cooker seconds from detonation.

Do you intervene? Try to calm the room?

Nah. Being in the eye of the storm, watching students exchange finger salutes and air kisses, is far more entertaining than worrying about her impending and inevitable tirade.

Then—

Someone yells ‘Mrs. Kristen!’ above the cacophony of teenage revelry and all attention shifts to the lone voice. Every head turns. The room collectively holds its breath.

Oh boy *again*.

Anyone with half a brain cell could see what’s coming next—a savage, no-mercy roast.

And Ms. Kristen? She’s about to be flambéed.

“Ms. Kristen—I love what you’ve done with your polyester hair!

“How do you get it to come out of your nostrils like that?”

Oof. Direct hit.

Is it still considered clever when you’re roasting a defenseless potato with zero bandwidth to return fire?

Judging by the way the room erupts into laughter—absolutely.

Ms. Kristen’s face gets red, like fire-engine red. She’s seething.

And the raucous class?

They’re about to pay a hefty price for laughing at her being trolled.

Bet.

TURN TO PAGE 221.

[Get the Hustle Files!](#)