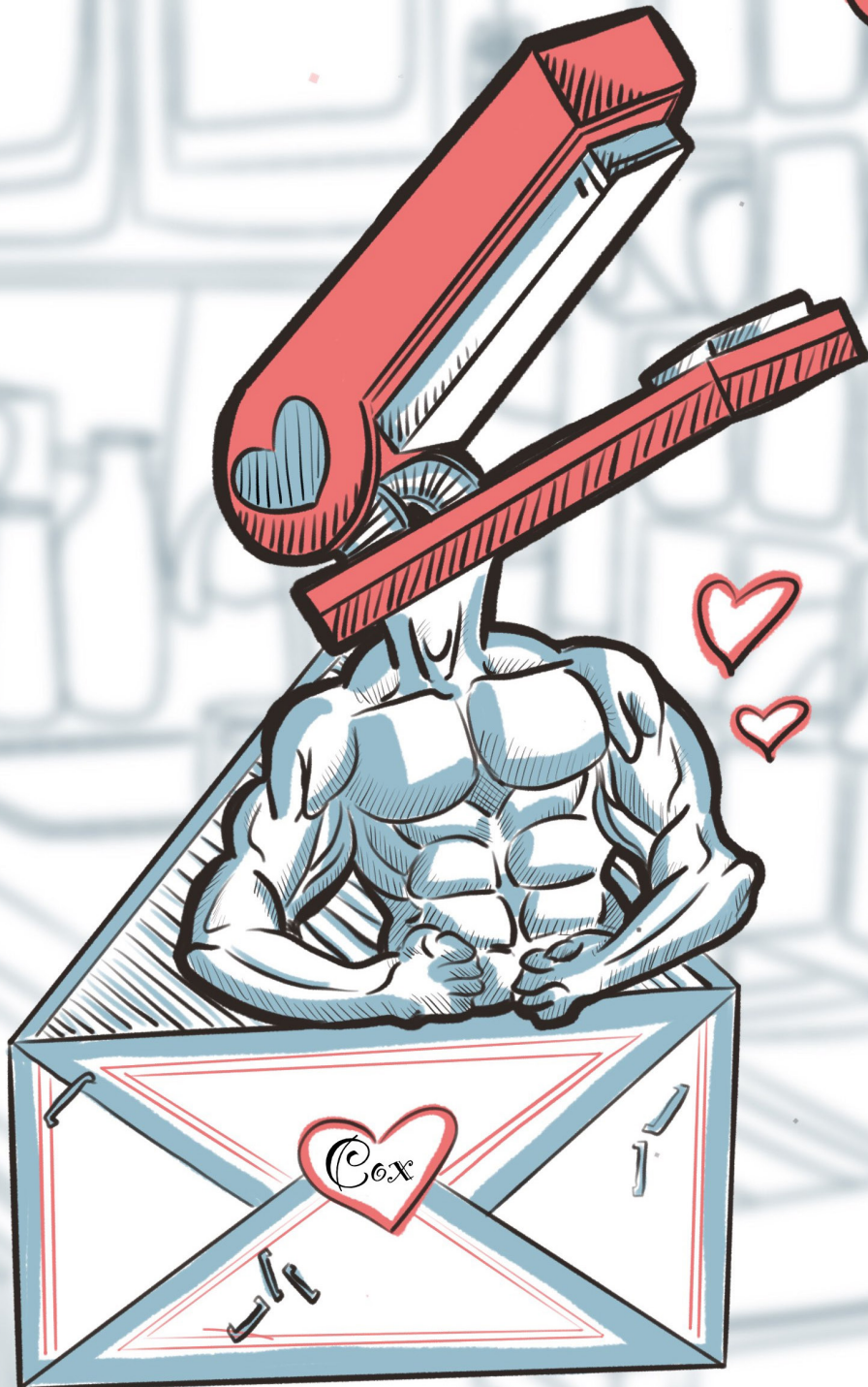
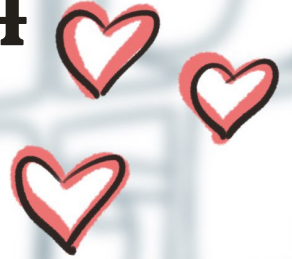


# The Kelvin Stapler

Issue #4



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# Editor's Note

Dear Kelvinites,

What the hell are you doing here? Have the first three issues and the winter newsletter taught you nothing? To return to the Stapler for a fourth time is beyond any imaginable metric of sanity. Don't you have support systems? I thought I told you last time to seek help, but instead of listening to my advice, you've fallen back into your old habits. The last thing I wanted to start my year was seeing you back here. You've ruined my 2023 and I will never forgive you.

What the hell am I doing here? I am missing in my mind when I am at the Stapler offices. The walls cave in each time a writer knocks on my luxurious office door. Their filth and grime plagues my presence and cannot be washed away. A heartbeat under my creative floorboards. I imagine hell will be one endless Stapler meeting. Constant interruptions from Ms. Pearl. Urich and Saul like deer in headlights when asked about their articles. No feedback. No productivity. No outcome. I am losing my sanity.

We have new contributors joining us for this issue, including a wonderful poet. They've worked very hard on this issue—I've made sure of it—so as usual, if you don't like it, you're wrong.

Forever paying for my sins,  
Harold Schmidt  
*Editor of the Kelvin Stapler*

# SPORTS AND HEALTH





# How Falling In Love Is Killing You

Frankie Longstocking

*Love.* What do you think of when you read that word? Perhaps it makes you feel peaceful, all warm and fuzzy. Maybe it fills you with a sense of yearning or hope that one day you might defy the gods and find something remotely similar. Even though most of us are cursed to live a life of caring for our cats and watching *The Bachelor*, their meows drowning out our sobs, we have all felt our hearts skip a beat upon the mere mention of a person. You, dearest reader, are probably thinking of said person right now, aren'tcha? Well, stop. The flutter in your heart is rapidly increasing your risk of having a heart attack.

It's well known that the inevitable doom of this fling will harm you emotionally, as dying of a broken heart is all too common. What is rarely talked about, however, is the danger of falling in love—emphasis on the word *falling*, people! When you really love a person, you think about them all hours of the day. You become completely obsessed. Every answer on your test is your beloved's name, you subconsciously walk in the direction of their house on your way home and somehow end up on their roof, silently peering into their room. You hide in their locker before school to ensure that you see them every day. You crave their attention so badly that you would run into their class naked just to elicit some kind of reaction. You start falling faster and faster until you are head over heels, plummeting into a dark abyss where all you can see are little pink hearts swirling around you. And while you are falling, what is happening to that precious heart of yours? It is beating uncontrollably. There is no coming back from here.

With every rapid beat, you are putting yourself in grave danger. Your heart is fragile—the stress of all that thumping takes a toll on the poor thing. It can only take so much until it bursts into smithereens with a nice big KABOOM! Now, this may seem like a graceful way to perish—letting your love be the cause of your demise is a nice idea. But if you remain disenchanted with all your possible suitors and save all affection for the many cats you will acquire, you could instead drown in your sorrows. Fill your empty soul with as much mead as you can muster, and kick the bucket all giggly with that sweet golden syrup bubbling inside you.

If you ache for a companion other than those fictional beings in your head, that's where A.I. comes in. Love attacks are a threat to us all, but have no fear—teams of engineers are working hard to combat them with lifelike creatures that live on your screen. Let's be honest—they're better than any living being anyway. In extreme cases, A.I. relationships can also accelerate one's heart rate a decent bit, but if you eat a loaf of garlic bread, it calms right down. Your robot date won't even judge your bad breath like a real date would.

So there you have it, lovebirds, do not fall in love. Pity those who are cursed with that catastrophic fate. If you readers have somehow found yourselves in a relationship, I beg you to stop being so selfish. Think of your companion, have mercy on their heart and soul before it is too late. Sometimes those cliché rom-com lines are better left on the screen.

# Chasing A.D.

Night Of Passion Turns Warriors' World Askew

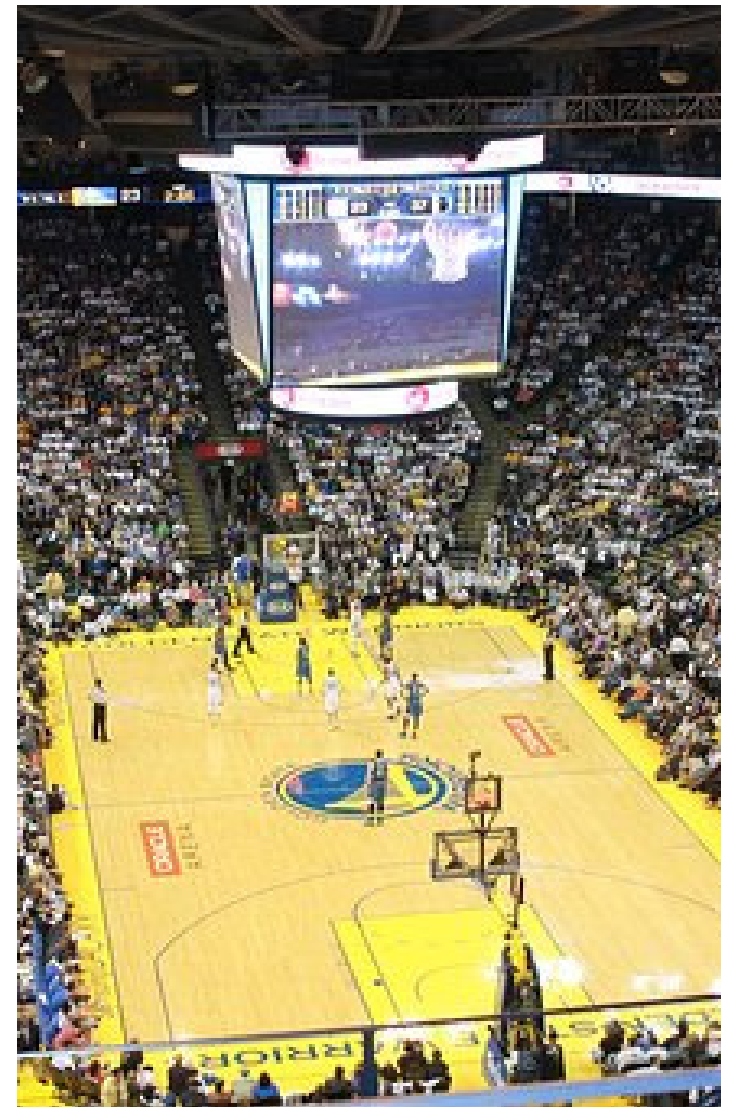
Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito

Love won Saturday night at Chase Center when the Los Angeles Lakers squared up against reigning NBA champions the Golden State Warriors. The Lakers utilized a brand new, never before seen strategy when star players LeBron James and Anthony Davis started passionately kissing each other with ten seconds left on the clock.

"It was one of those things where your subconscious takes over," said James. "The clock was winding down and I saw that the Warriors had begun stuffing the paint to take away any easy opportunities close to the basket. So as I was bringing the ball up, I just immediately passed the ball to [Russell Westbrook] and ran over to [Davis]."

Davis, a Laker since the 2019-2020 season, says that the moment was "a contingency plan that we always knew might come in handy someday. We've been practicing that play ever since I got here." Lakers coach Darvin Ham humbly didn't take credit for the development of this play, saying "Big Daddy Bron-Bron came up with that all on his own".

Taking advantage of the opportunity was none other than Russell "Wussell Restbrook" Westbrook, who took the momentary lapse in situational awareness provided by the smooch to chuck up one of his patented step-back backboard bricks. Even being—for all intents and purposes—the only player on the court (all 5 defenders simply stared in awe at the display of passion just over the half-court line) did not help his terrible jump shot, as he missed the buzzer-beater at the end of the 4th quarter. The Warriors would go on to win the game 103-63.



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# Clippers Hockey Olympic History

*Homer*

Although the Clippers have never technically “competed” in the Olympics, they’ve come pretty close on some occasions. However, something unfortunate has always happened that prevented them from competing. Is someone sabotaging the poor Clippers, or do they just have horrible luck? I don’t know, I just work here, ask someone else.

**1936, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany**

The team got lost in a corn maze the day before their first game. Could not compete.

**1964, Innsbruck, Austria**

Garden gnomes attacked the team before they caught their plane. Could not compete.

**1972, Sapporo, Japan**

Kirby appeared and systematically swallowed every plane and boat in North America. The team was unable to travel to Japan for the games. Could not compete.

**1984, Sarajevo, Yugoslavia**

Team captain got a tummy ache. Could not compete.

**1988, Calgary, Canada**

While practicing, the entire team and the stadium got transported to another dimension. They returned *different*. Could not compete.

As you can see, the Clippers have had some pretty rough breaks over the years, from maimings to life-ruining movie experiences. It all circles back to the same question: “is someone or something doing this to them?” We may never know, but if you do want to plot their downfall, I suggest garden gnomes—they’ll never see it coming. Unfortunately, I need to go now. Lexa suggested everyone at the Stapler watch Marmaduke (2022) and I’m already late.

**1992, Albertville, France**

Still recovering from the incident of ‘89. Could not compete.

**1998, Nagano, Japan**

Quicksand incident. Could not compete.

**2006, Torino, Italy**

Garden gnomes strike again, putting the team in critical condition. Could not compete.

**2014, Sochi, Russia**

The team thought it would be funny to put on suits of armour and weld themselves together, but got stuck. Could not compete.

**2022, Beijing, China**

The team watched Marmaduke (2022) together and all had a mental breakdown. Could not compete.

**2050, Probably on Mars or Something**

Captain says that they plan on winning gold; Kelvinites don’t seem to agree.

# MISSING CAT

- has both eyes
- answers to name
- walks on four legs
- long furry tail
- listen for signature "meow"
- DO NOT PICK UP



**CALL NOW!**

# Join The Stapler

Interested in writing for Kelvin’s fourth best school paper? Go for it!  
It’s not like you have anything better to do.

Meetings Mondays in Room 5

Message @kelvinstapler on  
instagram or talk to Mr. Mann  
in room 5 for more information.

# POLITICS AND WORLD AFFAIRS



# Valentine's Day Break Up Guide

*Henry O, June Darling*

Valentine's Day is a holiday for celebrating how much our loved ones mean to us by showering them with chocolates, flowers, and gifts. A day for love and intimacy. But it is an even better day to absolutely obliterate someone's heart and any possible future love. Has your paramour been especially annoying lately? Have you just realized how much better you can do? Whatever the case, this article will aid you in breaking your insignificant other's heart in the most painful way possible.

To cause the maximum amount of emotional distress to your soon-to-be ex-lover, consider writing them an evisceratingly personal breakup song. It will be posted on various social media platforms to be heard by millions and eventually released as a hit debut single on Spotify. Your ex will be unable to escape your description of why they are the absolute worst.

To further humiliate your former lover, you can also choose to dump them before an interview. Because your partner is so obsessed with you, they will be positively wrecked after you break the news that it's over. It'll leave make-up in smears, hair in tangles, and a deranged glint in their eye. They'll end up jobless, hopeless, and forever alone.

For extra fun, consider using your words in a one-on-one conversation like a mature adult, which is why we have compiled a list of handy break-up lines to really get the point across. Feel free to use any of these to show them the door in the most jovial way possible:

*Are you good at math? Because I'm subtracting you from my life.*

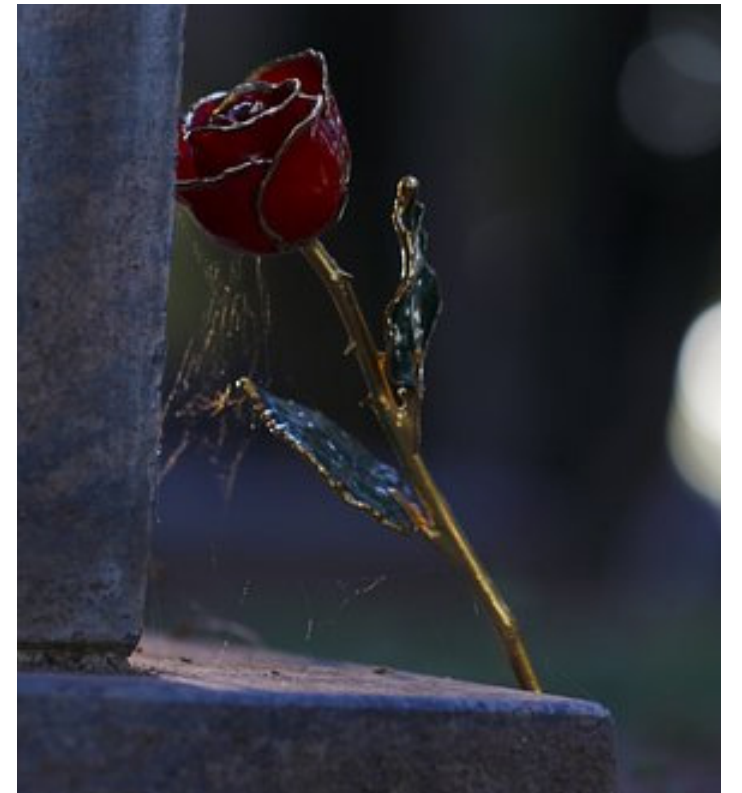
*Are you a truck? Because you're exhausting.*

*Is your name google? Because you don't respect my privacy.*

*Roses are red, violets are blue, I can't stand the noises you make when you chew.*

*Are you my homework? Because I really don't want to do you.*

If all else fails, simply dump them over text and block them before they have a chance to respond. That should take care of it.



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# Trudeau Caught In Scandalous Affair

Harold Schmidt

Scandal has broken out in the house of commons after a letter surfaced to the press detailing an affair between Prime Minister Justing Trudeau and an anonymous second party. The letter read as follows:

*To whom it may concern:*

*My name is E——. In the summer of 2021, Justin Trudeau and I engaged in extramarital activities. I am not ashamed. Every moment I spent with the Prime Minister significantly improved my quality of life and made me believe in a future for Canadians. A future where love prevails over oppression and inequality. Justin's touch is like a million flowers kissed by the sun, surrounding you in a euphoric embrace of democracy. His eyes are infinite oceans of passion that inspire me to be a better person in both my professional and private lives.*

*To the Governor General, I urge you not to dismiss Trudeau and take into account the positive impact on the world that he's had. Had he and I not 'lit our flames,' there would be thousands more orphans on the streets of Ottawa. A million puppies and kittens would not have homes. Were it not for Justin's generous company, the House would have crumbled long ago.*

*To the opposition, do not use this against the Prime Minister as some anti-christian anti-marriage protest. He is not a bad man. In fact, he is responsible for my resurrection. He opened my eyes to what marriage can hold, and I have since converted to catholicism and am once again engaged to*

*be married in March. Without Justin I would not have met my fiancé, I would not have found God, and I would certainly not be the person I am today.*

*I will always love you JT,  
E—— <3*

Justing has not yet spoken about these allegations and continues to hide behind his wife at the sight of reporters. We reached out to the press minister, only to receive an angry letter at our office steps that told us to “stop calling my house—you are scaring me.” Who knows what that means?



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# The Valentine's Day Grinch

Wally Whitlock

Here at Kelvin, no one takes Valentine's Day as seriously as me. When the season of love is approaching, I have my bow in hand ready to spread cheer and fear amongst the students of Kelvin. The ladies love me—so much so that they scream very loudly whenever I enter the room. I try my best to make everyone enjoy Valentine's Day as much as I do by doing kind acts such as giving away chocolate-covered peanuts, and ensuring young lovers' breaths are minty fresh by lending them toothbrushes from my extensive collection. Although my peanut recipients were allergic, I imagine they were telling all of their friends how nice I was.

I have no doubt that the students of Kelvin love me. They love me so much that they clear out a convenient path so I can get to my other classes, how nice of them. But as much as I do to force my love upon those at Kelvin, there is always one person that forcefully refuses my endearment: the Valentine's Day Grinch. The Grinch is mutually hated by everyone. He has bad breath that reeks of Crown Prince Solid White Albacore Tuna in Spring Water (no salt added) and he told me to leave him alone when I harassed him with smiley face stickers. The Grinch clearly seeks to make everybody's lives worse by disrespecting cupid straight to his face. He most likely does this because when Valentine's day comes around, nobody gets him any chocolate-covered peanuts. It might be a valid reason for some people as I too would be angry if I didn't receive the heavenly legumes, but since I am a saint to Kelvinites, I must take matters into my own hands.

I was rearranging my complex toothbrush collection when I heard screams of terror coming from a classroom two doors over. The screams sounded like a chipmunk was brutally shoved into an empty can of beans and then shaken around. I ran towards the danger much like how my grandfather ran a

store: with little to no effort. When I arrived at the crime scene, the Grinch was leaving the classroom. In a desperate attempt to change his view on Valentine's Day, I chased after him, but as soon as he saw me, he started sprinting as fast as he could. I ran faster. Eventually, due to plot convenience, he slipped on a banana peel outside of Mme. Rosner's room and gravity did the rest. I began harassing him with smiley face stickers again



Maxwell Keller

in hopes that he'll turn over a new leaf and gave him one of the toothbrushes from my collection because his breath reeked of Crown Prince Solid White Albacore Tuna in Spring Water (no salt added). Before he got up, I saw the opportunity before me and grabbed my bow and arrow, putting an end to the Valentine's Day Grinch.

My heart grew three sizes that day, which will most likely result in heart failure in the near future. But at least I can rest easy knowing how much joy I brought

to the Valentine's Day Grinch. He went from being a miserable person that no one cared about to being cared for at a nearby hospital. Thanks to me, Valentine's day can continue without the Grinch's meddling. I expect an award from the administration and a ceremony commemorating my bravery.



# Why You’re Lonely This Valentine’s Day

*Saul*

Every year there comes a time when couples rejoice and the unwanted wallow. A time of immense happiness, jealousy, and sadness. A time we’ve all been through. Valentine’s Day. Since I joined the Stapler as the premier and most educated writer, I’ve longed to write about my own experience with Valentine’s Day and document the different ways people experience it. So, after conducting one very real study on the student body and using my own experience (and common sense), I, Saul, have compiled a list of the objective reasons that you are feeling lonely this Valentine’s day.

**You Are.**

This reason is quite self-explanatory and is one of the most likely reasons to be plaguing you this year. Just accept it, my dear reader. You are lonely. You have no friends. You’re reading the Stapler instead of socializing. What else do you expect?

**2023 Isn’t Your Year**

You’ve heard it said from everyone after the start of this year, and if you haven’t, you’re clearly not on enough social media. The phrase “2023 isn’t my year” alone encapsulates the clear lack of social ability present within new generations. People can feel safe assuming the entire year will go as bad as the first few days. It must be stated, however, that oftentimes this is true and if you said it, you clearly don’t go outside enough and the statement therefore applies to you.

**You’re In Denial**

Since you’re still reading this, that means that neither of the two reasons above apply to you. So I



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have a message for you, my dear, sad reader: Take your head from above this page, take out your AirPods and pause your music, put your phone away, and just listen. Look around at what’s going on and just appreciate it. You have friends, you are loved. Don’t take your life for granted. They will say yes, just be confident. You’ve got this reader.

This Valentine’s Day, don’t look around so hopelessly, don’t hang your head so low and crane your neck looking at that phone of yours. Now, my dear newly motivated yet oh-so lonely reader, after feeling inspired myself, I’m going to have a nice long conversation with my very many, very real friends. Enjoy your lives and don’t take your objective loneliness as something you should be ashamed of. There are plenty of others in the same boat as you so go find them.

Important Notice:  
Don't Miss Out

Having Trouble Reading?  
Get Glasses Today!



They Work!

Very Stylish!

Call Now!  
(800)-588-2300



# SCHOOL AFFAIRS



# Century-Old Romance Resurfaced

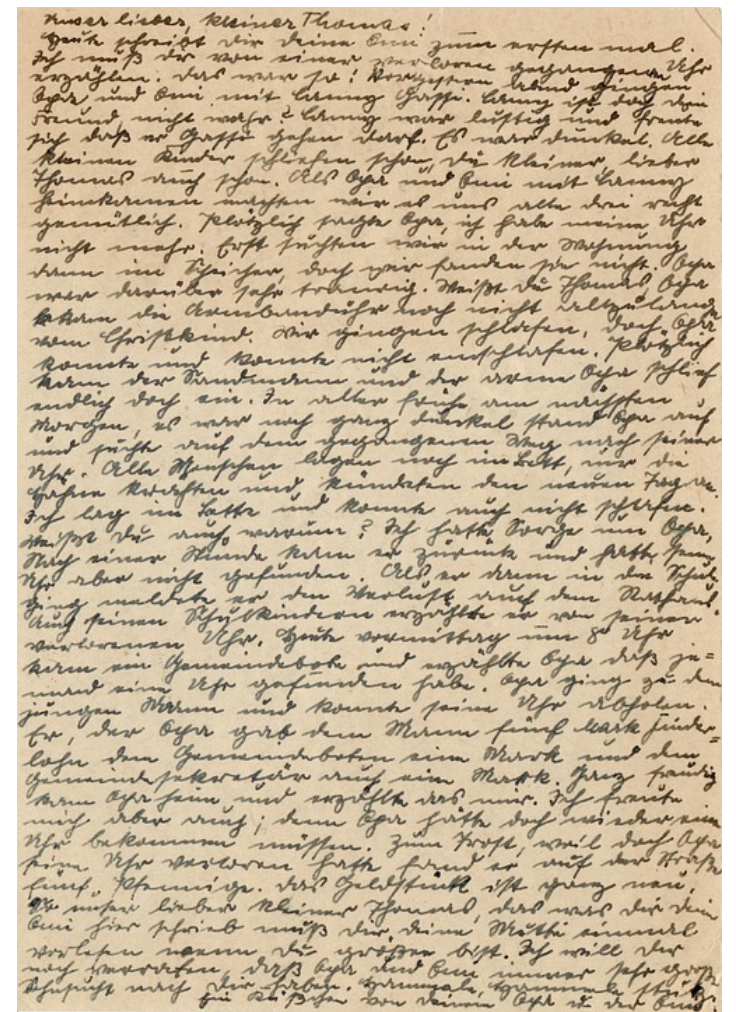
Dr. Stone

The Kelvin Archeology Club has been around for around two decades. But not too many people know about it, as it is quite an *underground* club. In a collaboration with the History Club referred to as “HARC,” this group of dedicated Kelvinites is working to find relics and fossilized remains of what the school was like way, way back in the day. After twenty years of excavating and carelessly digging under the school, much to the administration’s dismay, HARC has finally found its first relic. An ancient love letter that was written in the 1920s by a long-forgotten Kelvin student! Since it’s the season of love, HARC has collectively decided to share the love letter because it’s a perfect example of a student going all the way in the name of love. It is the most beautiful, heartwarming love letter I have ever read:

*Oh, Winifred, your eyes glow like diamonds in the rough. Your hair flows like a babbling brook. Winifred, your beauty and elegance radiates to everyone in the room. No one in this entire school can match your sheer perfection.*

*Though my grades are low, you have always been there to help me, even after school. You are the only thing I look forward to in the day. Just seeing you makes it better. Your eyes are as blue as the sky. I wish we could be together, but alas, it is forsaken. If you ever feel lonely, simply call me down and I will be there.*

After searching the school yearbooks for a student named Winifred, HARC and the student counsel were unable to find her, but upon further investigation, there was a Ms. Winifred who, as it turns out, was also married. Further inspection is needed to see Ms. Winifred’s response. There’s more information coming out as this story unfolds, so to stay updated, tune in to future issues.



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# Parking Lot Man: Friend Or Foe?

*Ben Urich*

Since the beginning of Parking Lot Man's career, he has been a force of good. Defending our honourable teachers' sanity from all manner of ne'er-do-wells and miscreants, until now. It appears that following his gritty reboot and Bike Cage Boys' fatal ruptured appendix around mid-November last year, our hero has become more severe and downright cruel in his "justice." Many have reported that Parking Lot Man slashed their tires, but that's not where his misdeeds end. Parking Lot Man was also one of the perpetrators of what some are calling "the Great Key Caper of 2023".

Also involved in this incident was the parking lot extremist faction FTAPP, which believes Parking Lot Man doesn't go far enough. FTAPP, also known as the Federation of Teachers Against Parking Parents, aims to end non-faculty parking once and for all by destroying all parent and student vehicles. FTAPP leader, Road Hood had been seen with Parking Lot Man seemingly plotting something not approved by the administration. Unfortunately every time anyone attempted to get close to the duo to listen in on their conversations, they ran away giggling like little girls gossiping at recess.

In the early morning hours of February 2nd, when the first parents were dropping off their children, Parking Lot Man and FTAPP struck. Parking Lot Man

leaped through the windows, sunroofs, and windshields of parent cars, and once he was inside the car, snatched the keys out of the ignition and got back out. Outside, he would hurl the keys to Road Hood, who would eventually attempt to incinerate them all. However, before Road Hood could do that, Parking Lot Man turned on him. He climbed up onto the roof, dispatched Road Hood and the other FTAPP members, and returned the keys to their rightful owners. But why? Why did Parking Lot Man involve himself with this plot in the first place? And more importantly, why the change of heart?

On February 10th, Parking Lot Man reached out to me. He said that he had something to tell me, something about the Key Caper. He demanded I meet him at midnight in the school parking lot, alone, and relay this information to all of you: "I wanted to stop the abomination that is parents parking in teachers' spaces once and for all. The way I thought best to do this was with Road Hood. He deceived me. He told me he wouldn't destroy the keys, and when he started to, I stopped him. I will be better. I promise from now on to be a beacon of courage, truth, right, and the Kelvinite way. From here on out, I pledge to protect not just the teachers' parking spaces, but I will intervene in any other crime that takes place in the parking lot. So to Road Hood, the Parker, and any other evildoers out there, watch your back. Because the parking lot is my home, and I will never leave it undefended."

# Entrepreneurship Class Disgraced

*Frankie Longstocking*

The entrepreneurship class is a popular one at Kelvin High School. It's acclaimed for giving many now flourishing businesses their big breaks. Students have made several dollars over the years thanks to this class. Last semester we saw a particularly fine group of youngins sharing their products throughout the school. From stickers to soap to bags, they've got it all. I don't think Kelvin has ever seen a bunch quite like this one. However, they were not all quite so angelic. This year's class had its fair share of scandals, the biggest one being the ongoing lawsuit between a budding bath bomb business and one ill-fated customer.

It all started upon the purchase of one of those superfluous circular items, we've all been there. The sparkly neon globes catch our eyes and we are drawn closer. Suddenly we realize how heavenly they smell and we can't resist. It was innocently done. The customer never could have expected what would happen in the following hour.

The boom could be heard from miles away. The product had exploded, leaving the buyer with seared eyebrows and at least two months' worth of glittery hair. A full investigation has been conducted and the traumatized Kelvin student is suing the start-up for all they own: exactly seven dollars, twelve cents, and a pack of gum. The owner of the bath bomb business claimed in court last Thursday that "it was all just a silly little accident, I wasn't aware I had to make an actually safe product. I thought it was all for funsies!" The question now is whether the jury takes pity on him. Recently discovered evidence has made acquittal very unlikely.

After checking the books, it's clear that many shenanigans were going on. Tax evasion, money laundering, theft, human trafficking, and who knows what else? The perpetrators knew just what they were doing. Their books are in

such a state of catastrophe that it was impossible to even see where the company was really getting their money and their gum from. It was as if they didn't know anything about accounting procedures. As if they were playing candy crush throughout that entire lesson, which left us to one conclusion: the entrepreneurship class is full of corrupt criminal masterminds disguised as empty-headed kiddos who just want to sell some nice bath bombs. *Bath bombs*. No gentle soul would sell a bath bomb. It has the word "bomb" in the name! No, this was a terrorist act of which anybody could have been the victim. We can not let these hoodlums further tarnish the good name of the entrepreneurship class. They must be held accountable for their shotty accounting skills.



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# Choose Wisely: UM vs UofW

*Frankie Longstocking*

The ever-approaching deadlines of uni applications have most seniors pondering where they are going next year. Some might have the appalling idea to try and leave our beloved Winterpeg behind. But for those who are not yet ready to leave the nest, don't worry, little ones. You'll get there soon. It is still possible to be content despite knowing that most of your peers will eventually be your superiors, and of course, you can always try and get on their level with Winnipeg's university choices. The two main ones are the UM and the U of W. But which to choose? Sure, college counsellors come in and talk about UM's flourishing engineering program, but can you really trust them? How do we know these counsellors are not being bribed and are only in it for the money? That is far more likely than them caring about our dismal futures. That is why you readers turn to The Kelvin Stapler: for the cold hard facts about these supposedly fine establishments.



umanitoba.ca



uwinnipeg.ca

## **University of Manitoba**

The University of Manitoba is a lovely place. It has a beautiful campus with some buildings, a library, and a gym or two. If you're pursuing science, this is likely where you lean towards, for their allegedly adequate pre-med program. Back in the day, when the program was new and sparkly, they dedicated a lot of time and money to it. UM was known to have one of the best Infectious Diseases programs in Canada, but the pandemic diminished students' hopes for this course as they were unable to cure the infamous Covid-19 or any of its many variants, no matter how hard they tried. Their efforts ended in the infection of every single student so they could use them as their lab rats to test possible antidotes. That is why there is a mask mandate on campus to this day. But no one is interested in whether it'll give you a good education or not. We are here to talk about the stuff that goes down outside the classrooms, and may I be the first to say the UM parties get WILD! All-night raves, bubble parties, and doing tequila shots out of one's navel, are only a few of the things you will experience during your time there. However, because of the ongoing rivalry between the law and med students, these often end up in battles, using potato trebuchets hand-crafted by engineering students who just wanted to stay home with their lego sets. The head of UM claims that this is perfectly healthy, "having potatoes chucked at you gets you ready for the harassment you will face in the workplace".

## **University of Winnipeg**

The University of Winnipeg is another fine establishment, although a bit more bohemian. If you're a little flower child who wears Birkenstocks and beanies and smells like essential oils, you will fit right in here. Your gender studies prof will embrace you with open arms, and likely no shoes. Your Greek mythology final will entail you singing a little diddy on your banjo about how Zeus should've just taken a chill pill. Now I know what some of you lazy daisies are thinking, and I must tell you, this is not a slacker school. The small class sizes make it impossible to skip a lecture, at least without a deep meaningful conversation with your prof about if you're "seizing the day" as you should. As for entertainment, the UofW students let loose in a very different way. They prefer renting a bouncy castle at the YMCA and coming up with new topping combos to put on their subway sandwiches, as opposed to twenty-four-hour riots.

In conclusion, all universities have problems. It's better to just not go. Stay in the comfort of Kelvin highschool. Don't move forward with your lives, wallow in the past. Or I guess you could go to CMU, the USB, or Red River or something. You're sure to go far down one of those roads.



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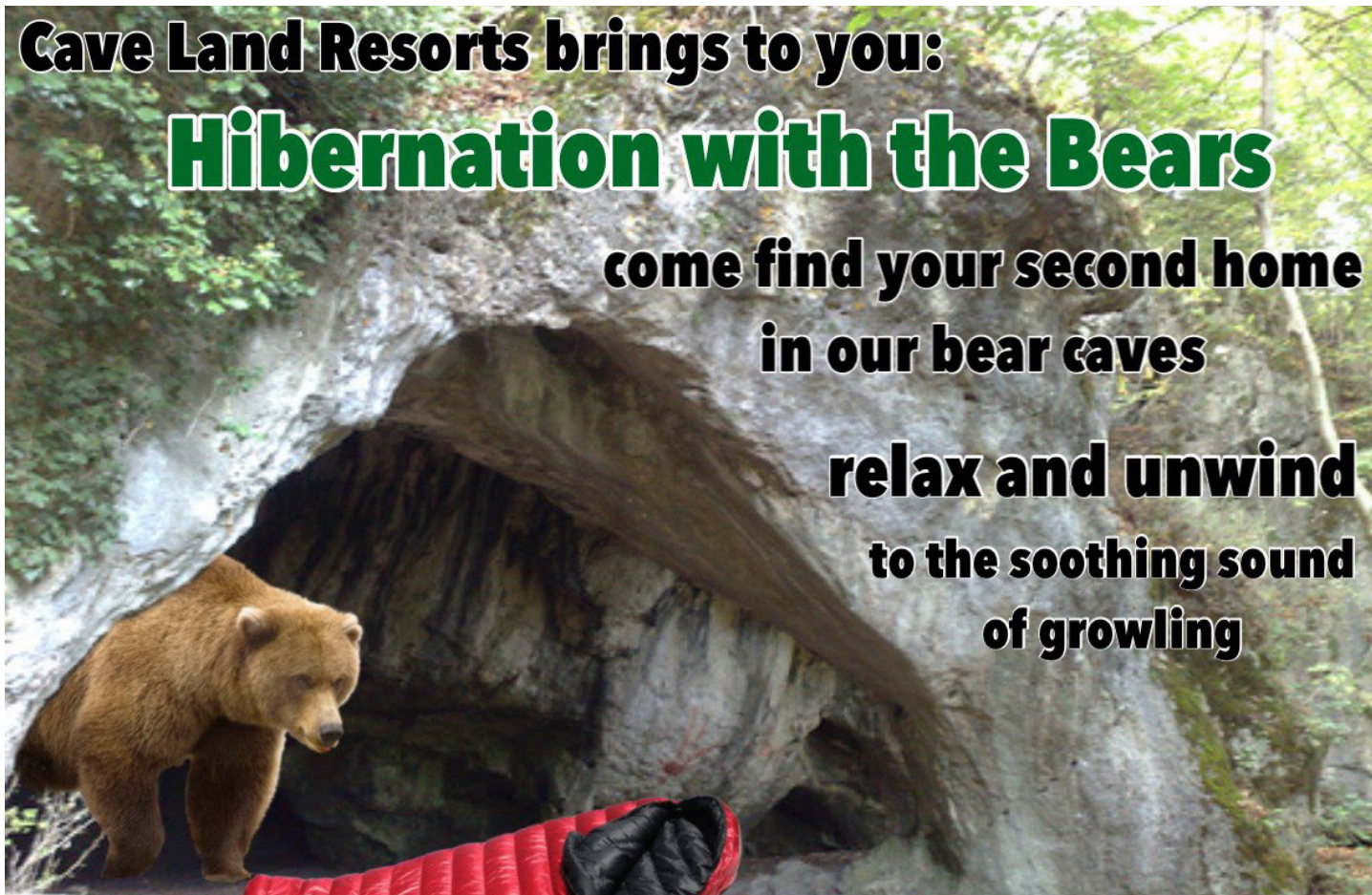
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## ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT





# Kelvin's Late Winter Art Exhibition

*Homer*

What is the greatest event Kelvin could possibly hold? Maybe a second spirit week, or a hockey game where Kelvin wins? Wrong. The best event that Kelvin will ever hold is the upcoming art exhibition! With pieces from the most famous artists history has ever known, this is sure to be the best hour of your entire life. The following are some of the most exquisite pieces that will be on display.

## Leonardo da Vinci - Pac-Man #6

This piece is currently on loan from the Louvre and is the only painting in there that you're not allowed to touch, just try feeling some of the others on your next visit\*. It is said that da Vinci had a recurring dream where he was trapped in a maze, and he would be chased around by a giant yellow ball with a triangular mouth. Eventually, it would catch up and eat him alive, and he would wake up in a cold sweat. He decided to paint it one time, the result being this exquisite creation.



## Pablo Picasso - Smiley Guy :)

Recently stolen from a private collection—please don't tell the owner that it's here—this work was from

Picasso's earlier days of art, thought to be one of his first drawings ever. At first, it may seem like just a happy stick figure, but people who go to lots of museums say that they get it, so maybe there's some deeper meaning we peasants just don't see. All I know is that he is, beyond any reasonable doubt, content.

## Vincent van Gogh - Cluster of Rabbits

Currently on loan from the Met, this painting shows seven rabbits huddled together in a circle. Apparently, after cutting his ear off, he also bought an assortment of rabbits for some reason. He gave them rather unconventional names, such as Lincoln, Washington, and Biden. He loved them dearly and gave them everything in his will, which was little more than that fuzzy lint stuff you find in your pockets.



Some people might say that these paintings are "fake," or "drawn by a five-year-old," but as a very trustworthy and informed person, I can personally guarantee their authenticity. On a different note, all the paintings on display will be on sale for \$20 each under the bleachers after the exhibition.

# The Stapler Standard

10 Things I Hate  
About You (1999)

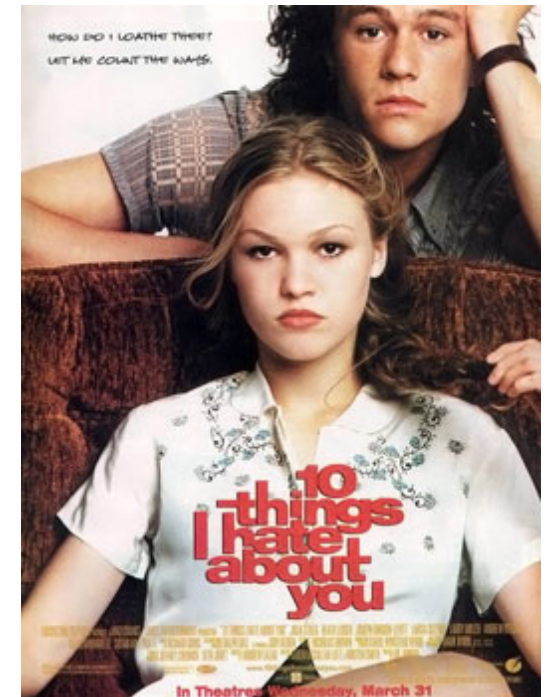
*Lexa Pearl*

*10 Things I Hate About You (1999)* is a popular romantic comedy film starring Julia Stiles and Heath Ledger. It follows the story of Kat, a social outcast, and her sister Bianca who can't date until Kat dates. When the new arrival at their school, Patrick, crosses paths with Kat, romance ensues.

While being well acted and written, *10 Things I Hate About You (1999)* lacks realism, as the events of the film have not yet happened to me. It's especially frustrating that the film is so unrealistic because I, Lexa Pearl, see a lot of similarities between myself and Kat. We both are older siblings, antisocial, rebellious, and like "Thai food, feminist prose, and angry girl music of the indie rock persuasion." Except I don't really like Thai food and only listen to film soundtracks, so, yeah, we are basically the same person. Despite Kat and me being almost identical, however, no bad boy with a heart of gold has fallen in love with me yet, which makes it hard to relate to these characters' struggles and motivations.

I'm sure most other people have similar complaints if I, being probably the coolest and most attractive person ever, can't even have a boyfriend yet. I am sure that no one else has experienced it either, which disconnects the film from emotional relevance to its target audience.

The unrealistic standards don't stop there, because the film also sets unrealistic expectations of beauty standards for high school students. There is no one at Kelvin High School, for example, who is even close to being as hot as a 20-year-old Heath Ledger.



wikipedia.org

The film would have connected emotionally to a larger audience if the story continued with Patrick not falling in love with Kat. But the final project is so outlandish in its story that no one can be impacted by it. Maybe I would identify with the story more if someone asked me out for Valentine's day, which I still don't have a date for, but there is absolutely no way that would ever happen (I'm 5'8" and a Scorpio, by the way—).

My final thoughts on *10 Things I Hate About You (1999)* are those of disappointment and the lack of emotional connection and relatability in the story due to its shortfall in realism. **FINAL SCORE: 5/10**



# Lexa Pearl's Oscars Predictions

Lexa Pearl

The 2023 Oscar Nominees were announced a few weeks ago, and as the excitement for the ceremony in march grows, many people are speculating who will receive the “Big 5” this year. Every prediction I have seen has reminded me yet again that everyone is stupid but me. All these lesser amateur movie fans seem to actually think they know what they’re talking about. I, Lexa Pearl, as president of the movie society, can guarantee my predictions will be true. I know this, because Lexa Pearl knows this. So, here is how this year’s academy awards will play out.

## Best Actor: Jared Leto as Doctor Michael Morbius in *Morbius* (2022)

Despite not being nominated, Jared Leto gives such an outstanding performance that it will be a “twist of fate” win, only seen 0 times before at the Oscars. Due to the number of jokes made at *Morbius*’ expense, people seem to have forgotten the pure talent shown by Leto in this film. It is on par with performances such as Adam Sandler’s in *Jack and Jill* (2011). Truly moving and without a doubt the best performance of the year.

## Best Screenplay: Matt Sazama and Burk Sharpless for *Morbius* (2022)

*Morbius* (2022) will for sure be the “wild card” of this year’s Oscars, similar to *CODA* (2021) at last year’s ceremony—unexpected to win many awards but will end up taking many of the major ones. Like *CODA*

(2021), *Morbius* will win best screenplay, beating out other frontrunners such as *The Banshees of Inisherin* (2022), *The Whale* (2022) and *The Fabelmans* (2022). The film’s writing speaks for itself in its quality. Lines like “You don’t want to see me when I’m hungry,” “You ever have 36 beers?” and “The Pretty Little Stinky Pinky,” are all prime examples of the masterclass in screenwriting that is *Morbius* (2022).



wikipedia.org

## Best Directing: Daniel Espinosa for *Morbius* (2022)

While directors such as James Cameron, Steven Spielberg and Rian Johnson are adding another masterpiece to their already extensive repertoire this year, Espinosa is just starting his breakout career with his first big hit. What else would be a greater celebration of the art of cinema than awarding an up-and-coming director with his first-ever Oscar? His direction was essential to capturing the never before seen visuals and personal style that defined *Morbius* (2022). With his first oscar in the bag, Espinosa’s career will go places beyond the works of Hitchcock and Tarantino.

## Best Actress: Cate Blanchett as Lydia Tár in *Tár* (2022)

Cate Blanchett has given us a truly outstanding performance in a year full of amazing actresses. I have no doubts that her work in Todd Field’s fictional biopic, *Tár* (2022), will be recognized by the Academy for her commitment to her role. She brings this fictional character to life in a way no other performer could and goes beyond any expectations for an actress.

## Best Picture: *Morbius* (2022)

Unlike *Dune* (2021) which similarly swept in most categories at last year’s Oscars, *Morbius* (2022) will not lose in the esteemed “Best Picture” department. The concept of the best picture is a film that exceeds the standards set in all facets of the art form, and *Morbius* (2022) is the definition of those qualities. If there was ever a film that was a complete certainty for an award, it would be *Morbius* (2022). The full potential of the art form of film was realized in the greatest one-hundred-and-four minutes of all time.



wikipedia.org

All the other categories are less important in the mainstream population, but it is pretty apparent that there is one film which will clean house in those categories: *Puss in Boots: The Last Wish* (2022) of course. I hope you will be able to catch the 95th Academy Awards on March 12th and watch the history of cinema change forever.



# Candy Hearts

*Cleo Knifeman*

Middle school and the beginning of high school were never jackpots for relationships. I'm sure you all remember your first-grade seven boyfriend/girlfriend/significant other who you liked one day but couldn't stand the next. This poem is dedicated to you if you're like me and felt exactly that. It's okay, we all mess up. You probably only held hands during lunch hour anyways. If you're still like this, though—well into high school and still cuddling and kissing in the halls as people walk by during our five-minute break, please stop. It's not cute. You're, like, fourteen. I give it two weeks before you block each other on snap and hate one another. Now, awas, move, I need to get to my class.

Your deadly auntie,  
*Cleo Knifeman*

I opened up my locker to the sweet smell of roses and a chocolate heart tray of Ferre-ro Rocher as you snuck up behind me and popped a heart shaped candy into my open hand. Your embrace was sweet like a lollipop. “Be Mine”  
I already gladly was.

Snuggled up together, I held your hand in the halls as we walked down the bustling corridors, blocking the paths of many other people just trying to get by. They rolled their eyes and sneered in our direction. Jealousy never looked good on lonely people during Valentine's Day. You snuck another candy heart into my pocket. “Luv Ya”  
It wasn't even spelt right, but love could be full of grammar mistakes.

I saw you in the hall walking with a group of friends to your next class just as I was, but when I smiled and waved, you walked past me on your phone smiling at something else. No acknowledgement to me whatsoever. What could be better than your significant other? My smile faded as the other couples walked by with arms over shoulders and hands intertwined. A single candy heart, bright and chemi-

cally filled, left behind next to your dirty footprint. “Hot Stuff”  
You know I hated being called that. But clearly you didn't care.

By the end of the day, I had my fair share of candy and cards, once tasty but now more bittersweet than seeing you walk towards me. Looking down at your phone with a hand in your pocket and a stupid look on your face. The bouquet of roses sat in my locker with petals scattered around, that stupid candy heart still sitting there collecting dust. You looked at me, I looked at you. You gave me another candy heart. “Laugh”  
Laughing was the last thing I wanted to do with you.

Why did candy hearts always have to be so stupid?

A bittersweet end to our relationship, I walk down the halls now and gag at the “couples” who share roses, chocolate heart trays, and candy hearts. I may be alone on Valentine's day, but break-up candy hearts are so much more fun and creative than stupid love hearts. And I think I proved that when I left the wilted rose petals and a single candy heart in your locker that read: “Roses Aren't Even My Favourite Flower”

# Horoscopes

**Aries** - Go from Aries to Ares. Follow in his footsteps. Start a war.

**Taurus** - You will be visited by an alien who won't abduct you or probe you or anything, but it will stay with you for about a month and just kinda mess with you. Ultimately it will make you a better person, and really, that's what life is all about.

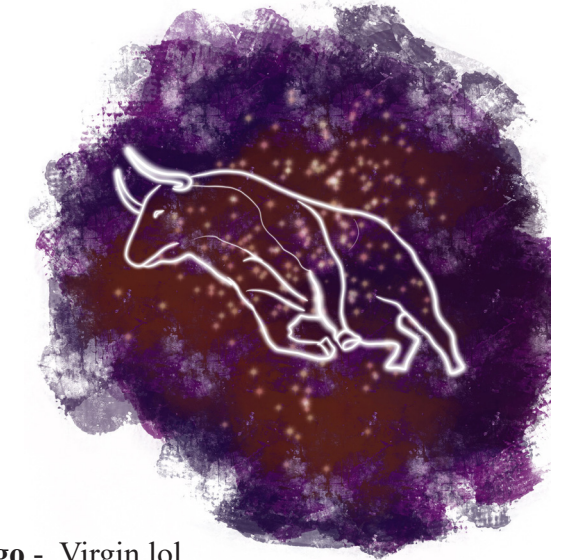
**Gemini** - You're gonna meet a fella named Nelson and when you do, tell him to call us. He owes us. Don't ask. It's got nothing to do with betting on the death of any global leaders we promise.

**Cancer** - DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR.

**Leo** - You're going to eat a snail. What's that? You don't want to eat a snail? That's too bad. You have to. What are you gonna do if we start force-feeding you snails, huh? What then? Nothing. We know you. Weakling.



Maxwell Keller



**Virgo** - Virgin lol.

**Libra** - They're plotting against you. Prepare for the worst. You must be ready. They're coming for you, they're coming, they're coming, they're coming.

**Scorpio** - Don't give in to corporate greed, hold out another month.

**Sagittarius** - Hey! Cut that out! Stop pinching us! Ouch! It hurts! Do you think this is some kind of game? Do you think we're joking right now? Seriously! Stop it!

**Capricorn** - You will buy a hat to disguise your horn. You remember. From the last horoscopes. Talk about a callback huh? Ahh classic. Good times.

**Aquarius** - You will turn into an aquarium soon. 8-10 business days we believe. Don't take our word on that, though. It could be a little off this time.

**Pisces** - Shut up for one minute, good god.





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# Cartoons & Puzzles

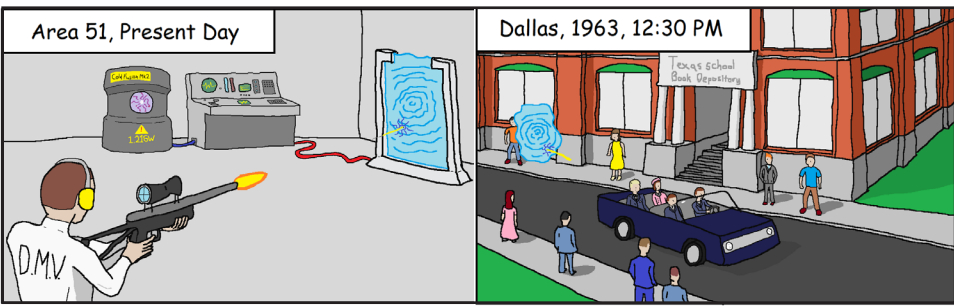
Answer To Jigsaw Puzzle:




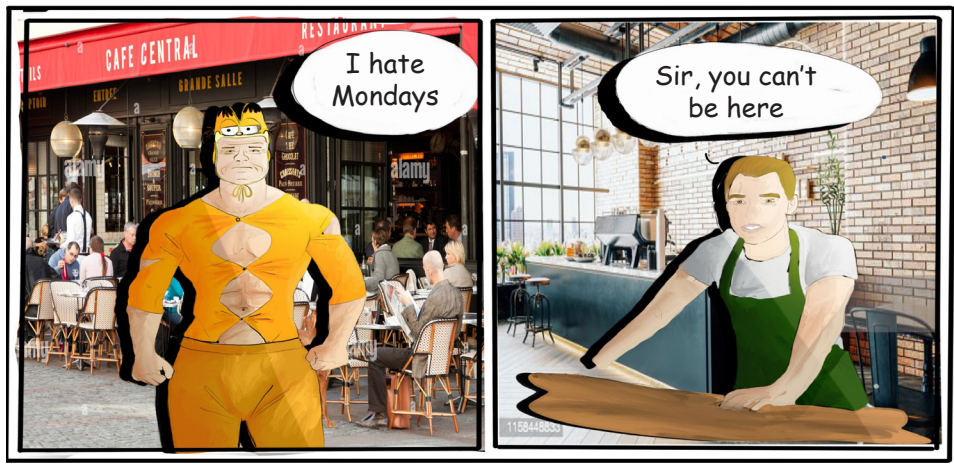
\*see issue 3\*



“Date Night” - 



“Shooter Under The Sandy Knoll” - The Duke Of Deliciousness 



“Garfunkel: Tresspasser” - Maxwell Keller

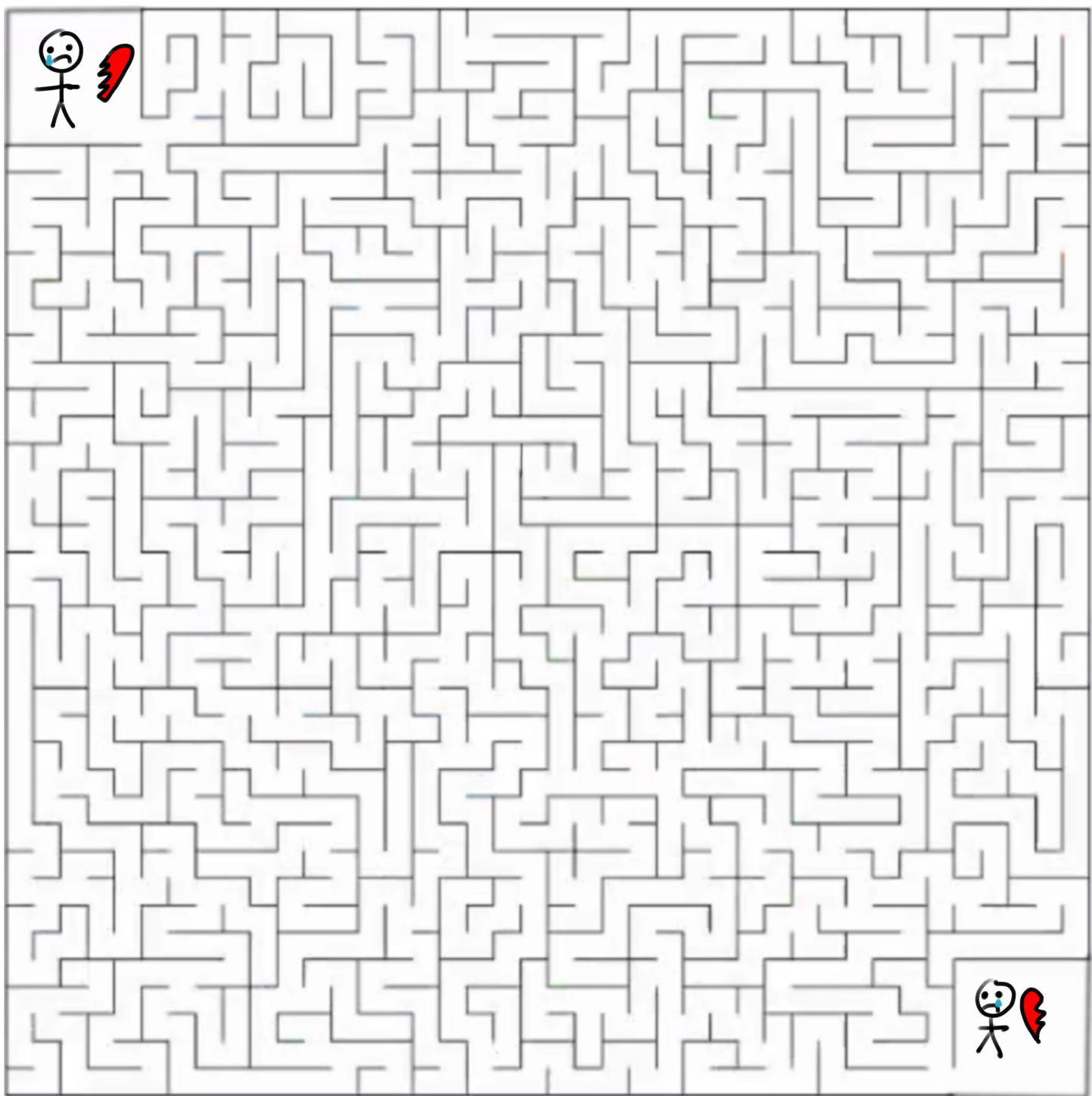


“Breakup Candy Hearts” - James



“Poultry Farm” - Maxwell Keller

Valentine’s Maze  
Reunite The Lost Lovers  
Harold Schmidt, Maxwell Keller





# Boy Troubles?

We can take care of that.

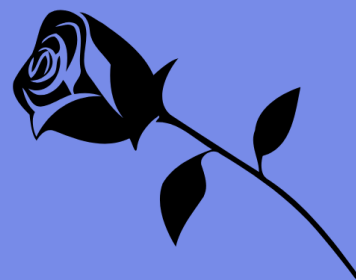
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## OBITUARIES

Remembering Those We've Lost



Love

July 2017 - The Night She Broke My Heart  
That's right, folks. Love is dead. Nothing is good in the world. Ever since she left me my heart has been in ruin. I haven't left my house in weeks. The days have begun to blur. I've lost track of what day of the week it is. I wake up at sunset. I sleep at sunrise. Everything is backwards without her. My friends keep trying to call me, but the only person I want to call is her. They've shown up to my door a few times, but I pretend I'm not home. I can't see any possibility of loving again, and so I tell you—love is dead.



Those Lost To First Semester Exams  
2005/'06/'07/'08 - February 2023

Tragically, for the first time since 2020, exams occurred. Many students assumed that exams, like in the previous 2 years, would simply be cancelled in favour

of a simple presentation or an extended in class test. Those students were wrong. This obituary is dedicated to them. Those whose grades were ravaged by the unforeseeable and unforgiving exams, those who flat out refused to attend, those who overprepared and got in their own heads, those who hedged their bets on said exam and lost, and those who forgot how to study over the pandemic and were either too stubborn to relearn how or too lazy to try. Our hearts go out to the friends and family affected by the loss. Rest in pieces.



Rejected Kelvin Stapler Articles  
January 2023 - February 2023

When writing a school paper, there are some ideas that you know are great but just don't cut it. "Kelvin's World Cup History," "Putin, Zelenskyy Lovers Behind Closed Doors," and "The Second Coming of St. Valentine" were some of those ideas. They were great ideas. They made us laugh, they made us cry. They were with us through so many hours of research and collaboration, that they had become like our children. That's why we were so heartbroken when they were rejected by our cruel, coldhearted editor. Rest in peace, dear articles. We'll miss you.



