

# The Kelvin Stapler

Issue #6



# Contributors

## **Alder Philby**

- *The Multi-Cox Conspiracy* (Pg. 19)

## **Ben Urich**

- *Graphics*  
- *Photography*  
- *Star Player Gets Crossed Up* (Pg. 5)  
- *The History Of Subway* (Pg. 11)  
- *Across The Kelvin-Verse* (Pg. 21)

## **Wilfred B. Shorte**

- *Free Psychoanalysis Quiz* (Pg. 26)

## **Dawn M.**

- *Jousting Tlip Permission Slip* (Pg. 7)  
- *Infograph: Schmidt's Country* (Pg. 12)

## **Felicity P. Nix**

- *Covers*

## **Frankie Longstocking**

- *Seasonal Depression Stays* (Pg. 3)  
- *Valedictor Shames School* (Pg. 16)

## **Harold Schmidt**

- *Editor*  
- *Graphics*  
- *Jousting Tlip Permission Slip* (Pg. 7)  
- *A Conversation With Tyler Desrosiers* (Pg. 17)  
- *Hangman Puzzle* (Pg. 27)

## **Henry O.**

- *Editor*  
- *A Conversation With Tyler Desrosiers* (Pg. 17)

## **Homer**

- *Graphics*  
- *How To Feel Your Best This Summer* (Pg. 4)  
- *Yearbook Quotes From Years Past* (Pg. 24)  
- *Uprising* (Pg. 27)

## **Lexa Pearl**

- *Andrea Tate Comes Out* (Pg. 10)  
- *Across The Kelvin-Verse* (Pg. 21)  
- *TSS: Barbie* (Pg. 25)

## **Maxwell Keller**

- *Graphics*

## **Paddling Pikachu**

- *Silhouettes*  
- *Another Conversation With John Martens* (Pg. 18)

## **Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito**

- *Graphics*  
- *A Conversation With Melani Decelles* (Pg. 13)

## **Saul**

- *E-Sports Team On Strike* (Pg. 6)

## **Wally Whitlock**

- *Graphics*  
- *The Multi-Cox Conspiracy* (Pg. 19)  
- *The Best Rooms At Kelvin* (Pg. 20)

# Contents

1 Editor's Note

## **2 Sports And Health**

3 Seasonal Depression Stays

4 How To Feel Your Best This Summer

5 Star Player Gets Crossed Up

6 E-Sports Team On Strike

7 Jousting Trip Permission Slip

## **9 Politics And World Affairs**

10 Andrea Tate Comes Out

11 The History Of Subway

12 Infograph: Schmidt's Country

13 A Conversation With Melani Decelles

## **15 School Affairs**

16 Valedictor Shames School

17 A Conversation With Tyler Desrosiers

18 Another Conversation With John Martens

19 The Multi-Cox Conspiracy

20 The Best Rooms At Kelvin

21 Across The Kelvin-Verse

## **23 Arts And Entertainment**

24 Yearbook Quotes From Years Past

25 The Stapler Standard

26 The Are You Normal Quiz

27 Cartoons & Puzzles

29 Horoscopes

## **32 Obituaries**

# Editor's Note

Dear Kelvinites,

Welcome to the very last issue of The Kelvin Stapler in the 2022-2023 school year.

Over the past year we have seen many contributors step out of their shells and put their best work into this publication—sometimes successfully. From fresh faces to old wrinkly-looking ones, students have worked hard to bring truth to Kelvin High School and create a community that encourages a strong work ethic and passion for journalism. A community I absolutely cannot wait to hand off to the next sucker.

I've been thinking a lot about what I heard from the shadowy figures that appeared to me over spring break. I distinctly remember one of the figures—who appeared to be their leader—telling me that my “clock is down to its final grains.” Perhaps it was right. I was getting too old for this. Maybe it was time for me to stop purposefully failing my classes like I have been doing for the past forty-six years to stay at the head of the table. That is why I have decided to graduate this year.

As I and many of my favourite contributors graduate at the end of this month, we will say goodbye to the Kelvin Stapler and move on to something, anything, better. As is expected the Stapler will dramatically decline in quality in the fall, but I will be sure to pass the torch to a bright upcoming editor to carry on my legacy. As always, our contributors have worked very hard on this issue, so if you don't like it, you're wrong.

With a sigh of relief,  
Harold Schmidt  
*Editor of The Kelvin Stapler*

# SPORTS AND HEALTH

Yo,

It is with heavy hearts that we must announce that, due to continued readership, the Kelvin Stapler will not be ending its publication after the current school year.

Somehow, enough of you have not yet stopped making the inexplicable decision of indulging the ramblings of our deeply disturbed batch of writers and continuing to support the endless emotional torments inflicted upon us by our soon-to-be former editor Harold Schmidt, whom we plan to exile to St. Boniface. Due to these unfortunate truths, we will continue churning out nonsense until the sun burns out of the sky.

Enjoy,  
Henry O.  
*Guest Editor of The Kelvin Stapler*



# Seasonal Depression Stays

*Frankie Longstocking*

It takes a lifetime to heal your childhood trauma of feeling like something was watching you when it was just a lonely snowman, and the energy-draining Winnipeg winters don't help. The truth of the matter is: seasonal depression affects us all, even the jolliest of souls don't make it through winter unscathed. So we wait for Spring and hope the sunshine will melt our troubles away. However, Spring is now upon us, and with it, the grey days become purely metaphoric. It's easy to think something is wrong with you for not feeling immediate relief, but there are many logical reasons why your seasonal depression is still bothering you.

The birds of Winnipeg are infamous around the world. Their incessant chirping from sunrise to sunset is the number one culprit for headaches during summer, followed closely by heatstroke and tumours. "I moved away from the roosters for a reason, but apparently, you city folk are no better," said one former farmer to the trees in a panic. Roosters, however, are the superior bird folk, for they act purely as an alarm clock and know when to stop their cock-a-doodling. Our local Winnipeg city birds don't understand the concept of shutting their beaks every once and a while, even for just a ten-minute break.

Another potential cause of your constant gloom is that the days are now too hot. Right as we're getting ready for a slow transition into springtime, the sun shows up and burns us to a crisp. We get no in-between. It goes from being completely colourless outside with the roads covered in ice to bright big rainbows and sidewalks hot enough to fry an egg. Some say their eyes cannot adjust to the sudden pop of colour, but that might just be the homophobes talking.

Of course, if none of these apply to you, you could just be depressed. Sorry. Good luck.



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# How To Feel Your Best This Summer

*Homer*

On many occasions, I have been told that going outside improves your mental health. I have always been skeptical about the lack of phone chargers in the not-so-great outdoors, and after my extensive research, I have something to back it up.

I'm sure you know by now that birds live outside, and these demons are hell-bent on your destruction. They'll give you a headache with their chirping, blind you with their colours, peck out all of your hair until you're bald, and even go so far as to drop an anvil on your head. Stay outside and you'll be hearing "meep-meep" in your final moments. Even worse than birds are their homes: trees. The last time I saw a tree it threatened to throw its apples at me and hit me with its branches. I ran and ran but it was no use. Every tree in the neighbourhood was ganging up on me, the best and only field reporter at the Kelvin Stapler. It's no wonder Isaac Newton was such a bad guy—he was traumatized.



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It's clear that my position is anti-outdoors, but don't just take my word for it—take it from a few people I questioned at the park: "I only go outside when I absolutely have to," said one incel. "Is this guy bothering you," asked another. Even medical professionals agree with me. I waited outside the St. Boniface hospital for thirteen hours before a doctor came out of it. He told me he "hate[s] going outdoors. That's where all the apples are, and everyone knows those kill doctors." He went on to describe how apples impair doctors in such grotesque detail that I had to get away.

The final nail in the coffin is the word "outside" itself. You may not have noticed, but that word—outside—is an anagram for "sorrowful." So the obvious fix to your mental health is to go back to your basements and keep up your social media scrolling, away from these evil beasts. If anyone ever asks why you stopped doing these things, run away screaming nonsense, they'll never question your judgment if they think you're crazy.

# Star Player Gets Crossed Up

Ben Urich

Geff Lemire is at the forefront of not one but two of Kelvin's sports teams. He's the captain of not just the football team, but he's been carrying our baseball team since before he could walk. With both sports seasons starting up around the same time, an issue has presented itself. Last week, there were games for both of the sports Geff plays at the exact same time. Geff explained to me, the Stapler's best and only field reporter, that if he had missed either game, "it would be like so totally over for [him]." Fortunately for the reputation of our cloven-hooved high school, Geff had a plan, and he invited me to watch it unfold.

I arrived to see Geff looking particularly stuffed into his Clippers jersey, which he assured me was from the carbs in a carrot stick he had just eaten. He told me to follow him when he gave the signal, but that it was "gonna be subtle." Geff played perfectly for the first portion of the game, then, at the five-minute mark, Geff made a bee-line for the opposing team's captain and tackled him. He was put in time-out for five minutes.

Once play had continued, Geff shouted, "This-a-way, Urich," and burst through a fence, leaving a human-shaped hole that I followed through. On the other side of the fence was the baseball diamond at which Kelvin was playing. Geff attached a long blond wig to his helmet and removed his football gear, revealing an identical baseball one. When I asked why he needed a disguise, he told me to stop asking so many gosh-dang questions or he'd do to me what he did to that fence.

Geff and I ran up to the diamond, and despite being five minutes late, he was allowed to play. Geff hit little white balls so well that I thought I was witnessing the reincarnation of Jack "Wingding" Matherson. Then, after a few minutes, Geff set his sights on the umpire, raised his bat, and sprinted straight toward him. Geff was issued another five-minute time out for "misuse of equipment." He promptly ran toward the soccer

field and swapped out his wig for his original jersey. It was starting to look like Geff's plan just might work.

After about twenty minutes, Geff's plan began to fall apart. He was issued a time-out before he had expected it but ran back to the baseball diamond anyway. He ran past his disguise and arrived in record time, holding a football at the home plate. Geff, too focused on his movie trope to function, punted the football straight into the sky, which hit three birds and broke two windows on its way down.

After performing a celebratory touchdown dance Geff began taking off his gear. He shook hands with the opposing team, dumped a Gatorade cooler on his coach, and headed home. Thirteen players were injured by the end of Geff's plan, and he is to be honoured in the Sports Hall of fame for being the first player to do whatever it was he did.



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# E-Sports Team On Strike

Saul

Kelvin's E-Sports teams have brought many victories to the school over the past years, at one point coming third in the country, but the administration has refused to acknowledge their success. Fed up, the team announced last week that they were going on strike and have since been picketing in the field. As the Stapler's best and only field reporter, I have been tasked with covering the ongoing strike.

When I arrived at the front lines, I was hit with the overbearing stench of teenage B.O. I couldn't figure out if it was coming from the line of E-Sport athletes bearing *Kelvin Admin = Koopa* signs, or the opposing football team on the other side of the track.

Hiding my nose in my shirt, I approached the striking gamers with an extended audio recorder. "We're tired of this," said one pale student, "the administration must recognize our success at the same level as they recognize physical athletes. What do they even do, anyway? Throw a ball and run around? Sounds like child's play



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to me." Then the team erupted into a full a capella rendition of the main theme from *Smash Brawl*.

I cautiously backed away from their twenty-six-part harmony and into a wall of dissonant screams. "Watch where you're going, there, bud," a voice said from behind me, "or you'll end up like number nine over here," the football player pointed to a nearby friend of his, in a full-body cast, "concussed." I apologized and asked for his thoughts on the E-Sports strike. "Buddies need to stop caring so much and play something not made for kids," he said before promptly getting hit in the head by a football.

The ongoing strike seems to be going nowhere, and both sides of the picket line continue to say the same thing: that the sweaty guys on the other side have got to grow up and play a real sport. Perhaps in the far, far future, Kelvin's extracurricular groups will see eye to eye, and a new understanding will bloom. But until then, my dear reader, I'll be selling noseplugs outside the office every lunch hour.



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# Jousting Trip Permission Slip

*Dawn M, Harold Schmidt*

Hear ye, hear ye,

As a part of Kelvin High School's physical education program, your child is required to attend one of two sporting events hosted by the Winnipeg School Division every year. For this term, the Kelvin Clippers are facing off against the St. Paul's Crusaders in a Gimli jousting tournament on June 21st. Although one-way transportation by mule-drawn carriage is provided by the Winnipeg School Division, Kelvin High School is legally required to inform you of potential liabilities.

In the event that a jousting is thrown off of their horse and into the crowd, your child may act as padding to soften the blow. They may suffer broken ribs, bruises, or trauma requiring psychological treatment.

In the event that a jousting's protective gear malfunctions, your child may come in contact with bodily fluids that may stain clothing items permanently.

In the event that your child is trampled by a horse, impaled by a lance, or is escorted out of the arena for disorderly conduct, they will be shunned by the rest of the class and forced to wait outside in a stockade until the tournament is over.

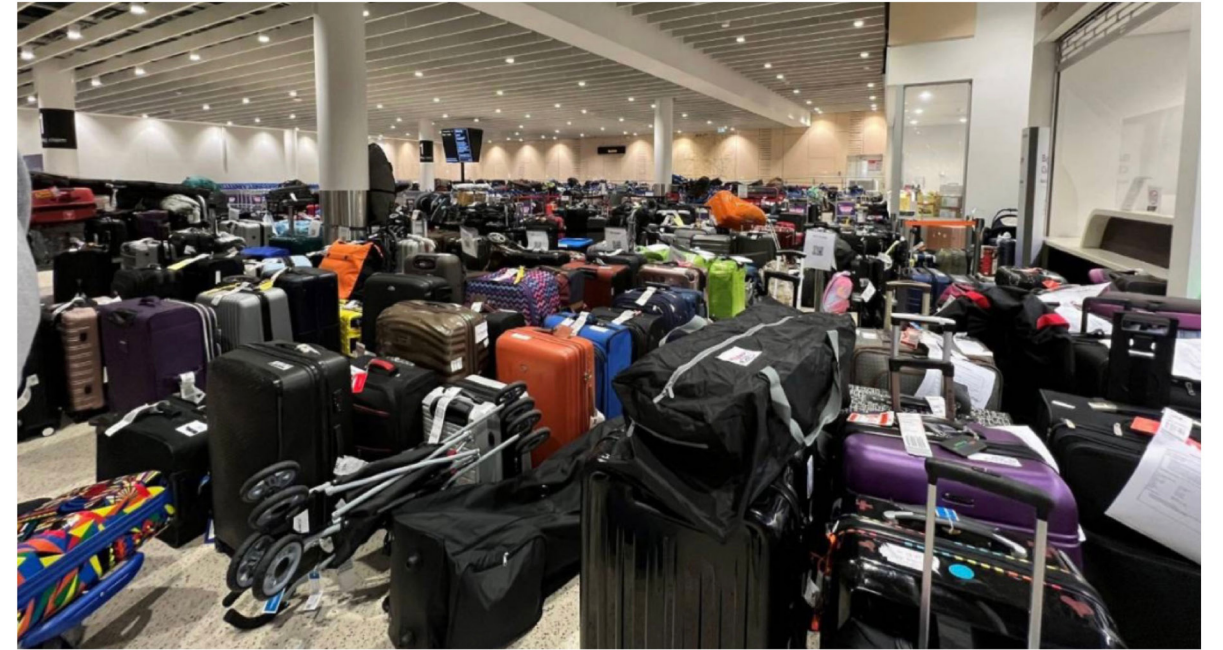
In the event that one of the horses used in a joust is injured or killed, your child may be used as a replacement for said horse, and will not be fairly compensated for their work.

In the event that a jousting misplaces or breaks their lance, your child may be used instead. They will be given elbow pads.

I \_\_\_\_\_ acknowledge the possibility of the above-listed circumstances, and accept responsibility for any injuries inflicted upon my child as a result of this event. I understand that treatment costs will not be covered by the Division, and my child will not receive sympathy from their peers should something happen at this event.

I permit my child, \_\_\_\_\_, to attend this event, and will ensure this permission slip is submitted by June 16th with the attendance fee of thirty silver pieces.

**YOU CAN OWN ALL OF THESE!!!!**



**CALL ME RIGHT NOW PLEASE!!!!!!**

## Join The Stapler

Interested in writing for Kelvin's fifth 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



# Andrea Tate Comes Out

*Lexa Pearl*



tateshustlers.com

Every high school white boy's favourite "Top G" Andrew Tate has become infamous on the internet for his misogynistic views and his Billionaire Grindset. But nobody, not even the Bugatti Baron, the Sigma Sargeant, the Air-breathing Admiral, is safe from the woke agenda. Yes, you heard that right, the Transgender movement has taken another victim, the one and only Andrew "Money" Tate.

Just last week, the Gigachad Governor announced his coming out of the closet on Twitter dot com. She stated that she denied her "true self for much too long. It's time to be true to myself and let the world know who I really am," before stating that she uses "She/Her" pronouns (whatever that means) and is using the name "Andrea Tate." What a load of blue-pilled woke-coded neoliberal soypilled beta cringe-core twittercel red-pilled garbage. This Andrea "Gender Pronouns" Tate situation is a clear example of the 2SLGBTQIA+ agenda of making people think they can be happy if they are true to themselves. This is a betrayal and an attack on the American vision where everyone has to be in an unhappy marriage and fit into concrete gender roles that have historically led to depression, divorce and the loss of self.

When asked about what her plans were for now, Tate replied that she's "taking a break to try to come to terms with my actions and apologize for my hurtful and discriminatory beliefs I supported in the past." Obviously, this means that she wants to ruin hard-working American families by just existing, and also live a fuller life with less hate and more acceptance. Have you ever heard a more terrible thing? She also stated she was planning to sell her Bugatti for a more ecologically efficient Toyota Prius.

She's also pledged to donate the money she's earned from Hustlers University to help fund accessible gender-affirming care for all transgender people in need. Well, as one of Kelvin Stapler's Transgender contributors, I have to say—good on you, Miss Tate. I am sorry for all the previous remarks Schmidt forced me to say.

# The History Of Subway

*Ben Urich*

For thousands of years, Subway has brought the good children of the world sandwiches with bread that is unreasonably sweet and meat that is unnaturally wet. However, Subway has had a history that is shockingly tumultuous for a simple sandwich shop, ranging from the strange circumstances of its founding to the senseless origin of its sandwich artist employee title.

Subway got its beginnings as a humble street vendor in ancient Egypt, where its founder, Badar Sub, was renowned for his quickly prepared sandwiches during the lunchtime rush. He achieved this by dunking his sandwich meat into the Nile River, which allowed the sandwiches to fly from his hands quicker than anyone else. Sub's sandwich shop would eventually become so popular, that he allowed his descendants to open up similar shops under the condition that they all maintained the practices and name of the original, which would come to be known as Subway, as the sandwiches would all bear his trademark wet meat. Many years after the death of Sub, when the Romans came to Egypt, they too would eat his sandwiches, eventually opening identical shops back home and across the world.

Much later on the Italic peninsula, Michelangelo was sculpting sculptures and fighting the foot clan until he put all his pepperoni on the wrong pizza roulette table. With the loan sharks hot on his tail and up to his neck in pizza gambling debt, he begged the Italian one percent to take him in and pay his debts in exchange for sculptures. They soon began black-

mailing him, disallowing his making of marble sculptures for anyone else. Though his gambling debts were being paid, they refused to house or feed the poor sculptor. In desperation, he began working for peanuts at his local Subway. Michelangelo quickly made a name for himself in the sandwich community, and other artists began applying to Subways in an effort to imitate his glory. Three stood out among the seemingly endless struggling painters and sculptors that had applied to the sandwich chain: Leonardo, Raphael, and Donatello. Together, the four painters coined the term "Sandwich Artist," and lived the rest of their days on soggy, barely-cut subs.

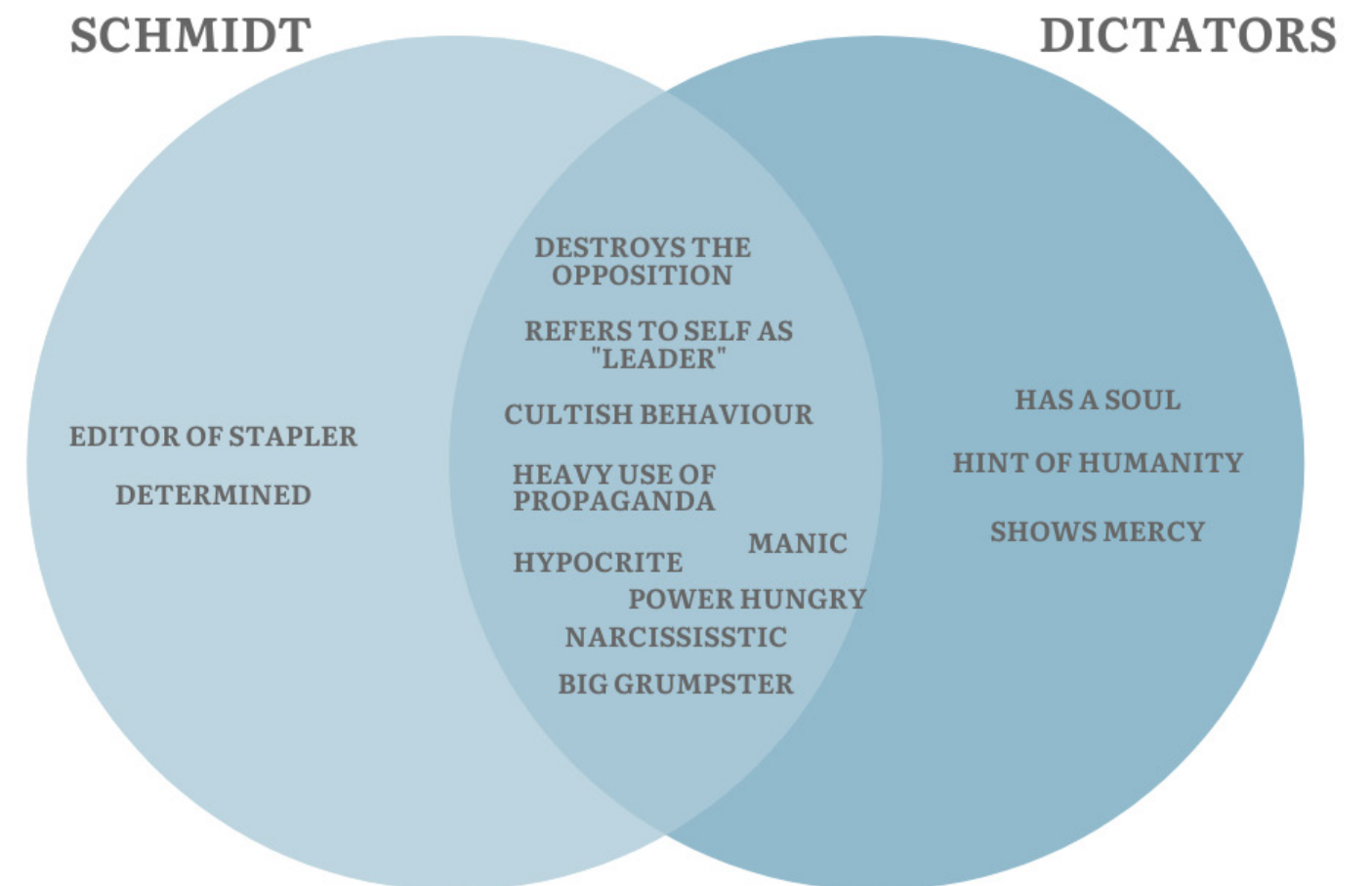
Due to Subway's popularity, the world had stopped attempting to innovate in the sandwich scientific field as they assumed the peak had already been reached. However, in 1968, a council member and descendant of Badar, Hammond Chies discovered something new, an array of incomplete bread recipes created by Badar himself that Chies went on to perfect. He presented these breads to the High Council which caused an intense verbal argument that quickly turned physical. The fight split the council into two factions, supporters of Chies' breads and those opposed to change. Chies was eventually able, like halves of a sandwich, to push the two sides together, and scrapped some of his more controversial breads such as child labour bread, flesh bread, and "garlic" bread while adding others to the menu, creating the selection we know today. Subway has had no controversy since the new breads were introduced and everything has been sunshine and rainbows for them.

# Infograph: Schmidt's Country

*Dawn M.*

Have you ever picked up a Stapler and wondered, "What is Harold Schmidt really like? Is he a good team leader that helps lift the writer's spirits, or is he some crazy man that crushes everyone's dreams?" If I wanted this to make this issue, I'd go with the former. If I wanted to tell the truth, on the other hand...

Look, here's an excellent diagram to represent how we as writers view Schmidt.





# A Conversation With Melani Decelles

Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito

With the rapidly approaching Manitoba provincial election, parties have begun ramping up their campaigns, each with the goal of making their leader the 25th Premier of Manitoba. One such candidate is Kelvin's very own Ms. Decelles, IB Coordinator and math teacher extraordinaire. She has launched a new party known as the Provincial Alliance of International-Baccalaureate Narcissists, or PAIN for short. As the Stapler's best and only field reporter, I was instructed to find out more about Ms. Decelles's campaign. What follows is the transcript of my interview with her.

**Why did you decide to name your party "PAIN"? Do you mean to insinuate all IB students are too full of themselves?**

*"PAIN" is not pronounced like the English word for suffering, and is rather meant to be enunciated like the French word for bread, a decision made to draw in that key St. Boniface vote. As for the second part of your question, of course they are. You can't have a single conversation with an IB student without being reminded that they're in IB at least twenty times. I'm sick of it.*

**What are your policy ideas if your party wins a majority in the Legislative Building?**

*First thing's first, we are instituting a life sentence for sidewalk-related offences. I know that may be a hot take, however, we will make sure it is only used for the most serious of crimes, like jaywalking or biking on the sidewalk.*

**Why do you intend to institute that harsh of a penalty for sidewalk-related crimes?**

*They annoy me.*

Ms. Decelles then hit a big red button on her desk, and a hole underneath her chair opened up, lowering her into it. I heard the revving of an engine and caught a glimpse through the parking lot window of her speeding away on her DeCycle to spread the gospel of PAIN.

**Is there any way to avoid the life sentence for these crimes?**

*Oh yes, absolutely there is. The alternative will be to spend 2 years in the IB Diploma Programme. It is quite sad that recently Westwood Collegiate and Miles MacDonnell Collegiate have gutted their IB programs. By implementing this policy, we intend to drum up interest in IB province-wide. Furthermore, all high schools with "Collegiate" in their name will be destroyed in a show of force to set an example. So Garden City and Dakota better watch out.*

**Any other statements you wish to make before we wrap up this interview?**

*Nothing much, just that the government we have had since 2016 has been so inept at maintaining access to basic human rights such as healthcare in our province that it's frankly a travesty that I have to run at all, to ensure that medical workers and the sort are compensated fairly for their work and actually want to stay in our province. Pay the damn nurses. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go campaign.*

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100%, real, free  
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"There's a  
reason they call  
me Ben "Child  
Pageant" Urich!"



\*Don't worry about it.

## WANTED

Five Loveable Misfits to form a Spanish Study Group

If you are one of the following:

- an old bigoted man fallen from grace
- a divorced heavily religious woman
- an intensely dumb blonde sjw
- a loveable clueless himbo
- a teacher's pet (looking at you IB)
- a young narcissistic man fallen from grace

Please contact ~~Abed~~ [REDACTED]

First ~~taping~~ STUDY SESSION in the  
library at lunch next monday

(by joining this study group you hereby forfeit  
the rights to your image, likeness and voice  
to Cool Abed Films Ltd. in perpetuity)



# SCHOOL AFFAIRS

## Valedictator Shames School

*Frankie Longstocking*

As the school year comes to an end, Kelvin's grad committee has been debating on who will tell the only speech worth listening to, and the one which represents this year's graduating class as a whole. The speaker was debated upon for at least an hour. The Stapler's premium sources have gotten ahold of an early draft of this year's Valedictorian speech, and boy, is it a doozy:

*Parents, guardians, teachers, fellow classmates, and ghosts who have been our constant companions these four years; I stand before you all today as an equal—a metaphorical equal, of course. As you all know, I am the chosen one—a valedictator, so to speak. This day marks the start of adulthood for our graduating class. It's both a blessing and a curse, but mostly a blessing. It's about time I'm able to be rid of you all, and hopefully won't see you again until we bump into each other in the distant future.*

*Speaking of the future, what a sucky time to graduate! Really, ChatGPT? You couldn't have come out at least a year earlier? That would've been a game-changer! Over the years I've wasted so much brain power trying to think for myself—and what for? What good is being able to genuinely analyze a text when a robot can do it for me? What a waste, I tell you!*

*I was told that the several years I would spend sleeping in Kelvin's classes would be the best years of my life. To me, they were more like a gnarly trip. Hearing the thundering tubas from the band room echo through the halls, fleeing the hallway where the stink room resides in terror after hearing a single footstep—these are the memories I am taking with me. Not getting the girl at the homecoming dance or hanging out at the local diner after school.*

*Now, I suppose it is time for me, on behalf of everyone, to stress how much we will miss these hallowed*



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*halls, or rather how much we won't miss the stress that came from them. My first year here, amidst a pandemic, was horrific! However, as restrictions were lifted, I warmed up to some of you, and I learned a lot from that. It is likely how I got to where I am today, I surrounded myself with idiots so I would always shine.*

*So thank you, and adieu to all the idiots who let me outshine them. You won't be easily forgotten.*

A rather unconventional speech, it makes sense that there was such debate surrounding it. There has never been one quite like it, however that little bit of German at the end set this one apart. Let's just hope this student gets a couple of peer reviewers before the ceremony.



# A Conversation With Tyler Desrosiers

Harold Schmidt, Henry O.

As many of you here at Kelvin know, there is no man more intriguing on this earth than the one and only Tyler Desrosiers. He is a hero to some, but to others, he is thought to be more of a myth. Those who have had the opportunity to speak with him directly have stated that the inner machinations of his mind are an enigma, and a few students have even claimed to have witnessed him using what can only be described as superpowers. The following is my interview with the legendary Tyler Desrosiers.

**Many students here at Kelvin have been wondering what the fabled D-Rose gets up to when he's not at school. Can you give us some insight into your personal life?**  
*As you may know, at least one mouse is roaming the halls of Kelvin, and I have taken it upon myself to bring it to justice. I spend my nights surveilling the security cameras placed around the school. Watching, waiting to catch a glimpse of my elusive rodent nemesis. One day I'll catch him, and then everyone will know my name.*

**Very interesting. Would you say that that is one of your main inspirations as a teacher—defeating this mouse?**  
*Not in the slightest. Sure, Moby brings hell to my personal life, but I'm much more driven by the thought of dismantling the student council. Those people really get on my nerves.*

**Has this been an issue in the past?**  
*Yes. Throughout all my years as a teacher here, I've always had beef with the student council presidents. No matter who they were, they always weirded me out. The thing that gets me out of bed each morning is the thought of one day overthrowing the—*



Ben Urich

At this moment the mouse called Moby scurried past, and Mr. Desrosiers jumped up from his desk. He picked up his miniature tranquilizer gun and a machete and slow-motion ran out of his classroom. Before he turned the corner he said in a deep voice: “Fiiiiiiiiish yooooouuuur outstaaaandiiiiing assiiiiignmeeeeents!” The fate of Moby is, as of writing, a mystery to me, but at least now you readers have a better insight into the curious mind of Tyler Desrosiers.

# Another Conversation With John Martens

Padling Pikachu

“Yes!” you may exclaim at the sight of the title, “another conversation with our beloved Martens, a ray of hope during this year’s final exam season.” That’s right, in the spirit of mental health, and as the Stapler’s best and only field reporter, I have scoured the school and tracked the infamous band teacher down so that he can ease your panic with his wise words of wisdom.

I arrived in the band room last week to see a mound of blankets sitting in the centre of the room. From it, a voice: “You... you must have been looking for me.” The following is a transcript of my conversation with John Martens.

**The students of Kelvin must know: how do you remain so unaffected under pressure, with a resolve so strong and unwavering?**  
*I must confess: I'm a bad liar with a savior complex. As much as I wish to continue to inspire my students—the image of composure to save you from mediocrity—I can't continue to live a lie, or worse: as a mere pawn.*

**What do you mean by that?**  
*When I think about it too much I can't breathe, but I must say it: I don't know who I am anymore. How did I end up down here?*

**But until yesterday, you showed no signs of this mental torment. Why can't you be like the rest of us and ignore possible mental health concerns in the name of education? What was your breaking point?**  
*I am not broken, no; I'm just wishing I was someone else, feeling sorry for myself. I am a concrete wall that has been painted over too many times by the Stapler. I don't know what lies underneath anymore. I am a hostage to myself as much as a hostage to the Stapler for marketing purposes. Every time I posed confidently for an issue cover? I faked it every time.*

When they had settled, he was nowhere to be found. Gone was the Man in body, but not in spirit. Fellow students of Kelvin, in our darkest hours amidst these treacherous finals, we must not lose hope. Let us persevere for Martens; show him our strength. Hopefully, he will spitefully return to keep our egos in check.

**You mean to blasphemously tell me that the Stapler was your undoing?**  
*The Stapler has become too influential. I first noticed this a few months after the release of your first Issue; my wife pointed out that my playlists had shifted from Kenny G and Phoebe Bridgers, to Kenny G and Weezer. The reason? I was painted by the damned Sam Wakeman as a Weezaboo.*

**You mean to tell us that's a bad thing?**  
*It led to me selling my Phoebe Bridgers limited edition conductor's baton! I'm no longer in her fanclub, but I don't wanna be alone anymore; I'm so blue all the time...*

**May I ask what the final straw was?**  
*It is when my loss of self just grew; there's nothing that I won't believe. Just like you pitifully impressionable students, I didn't realize that Morgan Gregory's head was Photoshopped onto my body. I realized our physical similarities—mainly just our defined cheekbones—and now when I think Kelvin's Seniors are playing pranks by placing mirrors in the hallways, when really it is just a wandering Gregory... I guess the end is here.*

**Martens, please do not go! We need you; without you, how are we to be reminded of our mental, moral, and physical inferiority to you?**

Martens promptly collapsed into his heap of blankets, leaving my question unanswered.

# The Multi-Cox Conspiracy

Alder Philby, Wally Whitlock

We are currently outside room nine and three-quarters because one week ago, we saw Mr. Cox exit the room, and minutes later, a nearly identical Mr. Cox emerge. Our eyes were peeled in astonishment this regular Friday, and we've since been wondering: who is this mystery Mr. Cox? We, the resident detectives/field reporters here at the Stapler have been tasked with finding the answers.

After spending the weekend in utter flabbergastation, we hatched a foolproof plan that we would carry out on Monday. We spent the day following Mr Cox around Kelvin, though partway through the lunch hour we lost him behind a conveniently placed wet floor sign and could not find him again.

The evidence we had gathered was like a jobless man's salary—scarce. By Tuesday, Kelvinites caught wind of the double Cox rumours, and it wasn't long until a few students provided unhelpful police sketches of various Mr. Cox variations. The pictures were a few of the usual suspects: Mr. Lloyd, Yogi Bear, DB Cooper, and an amateur drawing of Cookie Monster. They offered no help to us, and we've already ruled them all out except for ol' C.M.

After a long and strenuous Wednesday morning with no leads, we decided we would commit the ultimate sin. We goofed our way into Mr Cox's office. As we entered, we were horrified to find the eerie yellow tones of the backrooms. We turned around to leave and were taken aback as Mr. Cox towered over us. We had been caught! We were booted out without a second word and the door was slammed behind us.

When all hope felt lost, Thursday, while we were playing fruit ninja with real knives, we caught a glimpse of Mr. Cox fondling parts of the wall until a doppelganger crawled out from a cat flap door that had appeared. They stared sensually into each other's eyes

as they did their secret handshake and swapped places. It was at this point that we took pursuit and chased after the new Mr. Cox. Conveniently for him, the article's maximum word count was lowered, causing him to slip so we wouldn't have to waste our precious words. We both approached the bogus Mr. Cox with delirium. It was time to unmask this phoney. We tore off the mask, and as it turns out... it was the Notorious B.I.G! However, even though we unmasked one of Cox's goons, it still wasn't over.

This brings us back to Today. One week later, as we wait outside room nine and three-quarters, the room where it all started, the room where we have seen not one, not two, but ninety-seven point three variations of Mr. Cox enter the strange room. We are left here with more questions than answers, answers that will undoubtedly be revealed in issue Seven of the Kelvin Stapler. Tune in next year for the thrilling conclusion to our harrowing tale.



Ben Ulrich

# The Best Rooms At Kelvin

Wally Whitlock

One can only expect that a large building designed for a bunch of snot-nosed teenagers, like Kelvin High School, will contain enough rooms for them to communize peacefully. However, most rooms in Kelvin are much like the tragedies I've caused—overlooked. This is likely due to the majority of them being storage rooms, bathrooms, and *dungeons*. More likely, though, it has something to do with inflation. As the Stapler's best and only field reporter, I ventured into three of the most unnoticed enclosures in the building.

My first adventure took place in Kelvin's oldest room. The band room is the first thing ever built back in the good ol' days when Homo Erectus founded Kelvin High School. Besides having musical instruments, the space also had a suspiciously decaying grape that I added to my inventory. Despite the oddities, my professional ranking of this room is 4 elephants out of 3 tigers.

The next room I explored was the hidden vent found outside of the ALC. I crawled through the small enclosure, but a troll wearing a Dora The Explorer backpack brought me to a halt. I noticed the troll seemed hungry so I fed him the decaying grape I had captured in the band room and trespassed into his dubious dwelling. After giving me a tour of his troll cave, where he began to cast spells. Ancient Latin-sounding words flew out of his mouth much like footlong subs fly into my mother's—quickly. I don't like this room. Don't go there.

My final recommendation is located in one of the crevices of the graphics room. When you arrive, you will be required to write the secret password on the special leaf and slip it into the crack next to the 3D printer. You will then be greeted by a small man that looks like a miniature Kurt Cobain. Upon entering the chamber you must pull the switch in between the big statue of Courtney Love and the Mr. Mann body pillow. A hallway of cells will be revealed. I need you to release me from mine. I've been trapped in the slammer for 2 weeks now. Please help me.



pixabay.com

# Across The Kelvin-Verse

Ben Urich, Lexa Pearl

Alright, let's do this one last time. My name is Lexa Pearl, and for the last ten months, I have been Kelvin's one and only interdimensional explorer. I have been to the Kelvin 1889 universe, as I recounted in my first entry, but since then, I've been to universes such as Kelvin Noir, Kelvin 2099, Hellvin (Please don't ask me to describe what happened there), and even a strange universe where Harold Schmidt actually cared about the writers. But my most recent adventure was the most treacherous of all, and I was joined by an unwelcome companion.

Schmidt had told me of another portal in the school, this time in the Elevator by the ALC, and sent me to gather more information about this new universe. As I went to enter the blue and green tear in reality, Ben Urich showed up and asked me about working on a new article. In an act of rage from having a lesser writer approach me, I attacked him and accidentally knocked him into the portal. Because of this misstep, I now have to share credit with Urich because he, as Schmidt said, "was there too."

## Urich:

As I fell through the portal, I screamed. I remember Ms. Pearl yelling at me to shut up "... or else". We crashed into a version of what I could only assume was Kelvin, but something was different. Everything looked like it was out of a cartoon. Before I had time to fully process my surroundings, a man who I would come to know as Saulman, big *S* on his chest, swept me and Pearl up and flew us back to his base in room five.

I studied the oddly cave-like room. Behind us, the door slammed. The man who did this, Wally Whitlock, wearing some sort of red and yellow number and a lightning bolt on his chest was immediately sucked into a portal to set up his spinoff,

*Whitlock.* Our own Mr. Mann emerged in a floating yellow wheelchair in a green suit. Suddenly, I realized where the portal took us. We were in a universe where every Stapler member had superpowers.

Professor M explained that for a long time, every member of the Stapler lived in harmony. But over time, the editors had become more and more restrictive. They eventually brought the maximum word count all the way down to just one hundred words. Little did we know, evil brewed under our noses. You see, after being exiled from room five, the editors retreated to the stink room, their natural home. Now, they were charging toward us at terrible speed.

The O-ggernaut burst through the wall, sending all of us flying. Longstocking followed through the hole he made, with more than her usual amount of foliage draping from her. Finally, Schmidt strutted through the hole wearing a garish green suit with too many em-dashes adorning it. "Impossible! Pearly Quinn and Benster Goldrich! I had you both expelled," cried the Schmidtler.

## Pearl:

Schmidtler berated us violently with questions, and when we seemed to have lost all hope, a very conveniently timed hero came to our rescue. Out of an orange hexagonal portal, pounced the actual Spider-Man 2099 from the new Spider-Man movie, *Spider-Man: Across The Spider-Verse* (2023), accompanied by an obnoxious synth riff. He saved me and Urich while brutally murdering Schmidtler because I guess he's edgy and cool. He sent us safely back to our own dimension and told us to "never to mess with the canon again... or else." before jumping back through the portal to yell at more teenagers.

## BABY FOR SALE

he comes with no shoes

he can construct devices

he has ears

\$\$\$

he has 9 to 5 job



please take him. i no longer need him

DO YOU WANT TO BE STRANGE AND WHIMSICAL BUT DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START? OUR WHIMSY 101 CLASS CAN HELP! WE WILL SUPPLY ALL OF THE WHIMSY AND CHILDLIKE WONDER FOR YOUR WHIMSY JOURNEY TO BEGIN FOR NO COST\*

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# ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT



# Yearbook Quotes From Years Past

*Homer*

We've all written things down that we thought sounded revolutionary at 3:AM, but when we read them the next morning they made us want to travel to Uruguay and start a new life away from anyone that might find the stain on creativity that we created. Lucky for you, we have compiled a list of many bad quotes so you can avoid such a disaster being tied to you forever. Here are some of the worst.

I laundered \$50,000 out of a Wendy's last year.

They call me "The Frying Pan".

Always put ice cubes in your cereal to give it extra crunch.

Paper cuts are like Swiss cheese, they hurt until they go with crackers.

Eat Sleep Minecraft Repeat.

I always listen to 'The Wheels on the Bus' when driving because it helps me remember how to drive.

Camels scare me.

They will never confiscate my collection.

Baskentbal- LeBron James.

I have successfully raised Abraham Lincoln from the dead.

Whenever you see books, burn them so the words can't eat your nightmares.

Follow the Bird, it will guide you.

I hope this list has been an informative one, as I have dumped many seconds into researching this very important topic. Now whenever you have an idea when you're running on an hour of sleep and seventeen cups of coffee, you can consult the Stapler if you're reconsidering your choices.

# The Stapler Standard

Barbie  
(2023)  
Lexa Pearl

*Barbie (2023)* is a highly anticipated film by legendary director Greta Gerwig. Featuring an all-star cast including Margot Robbie, Ryan Gosling, and Simu Liu the film is set to release next month. But due to the status that I, Lexa Pearl, hold in the film industry, I was selected by Greta Gerwig herself to receive the privilege of seeing her newest masterpiece at the world premiere. I have signed an NDA and am not allowed to share confidential details of the movie, but I have been permitted to write my review because Greta is an avid fan of the Stapler and, more specifically, the Stapler Standard.

The story follows the iconic plastic doll and her life in a pink, perfect world. It seems simple enough, but it takes an odd turn around thirty minutes in. The film becomes a sort of a cosmic mix of the French New Wave movement of the '60s combined with Surrealist films of the '90s but with modern touches. It's existentialism, but it knows what it is. It's a bit Godard, definitely a bit David Lynch. It's sort of a cosmic gumbo. Needless to say, I was blown away by the elements of existential horror introduced. The film is shot, acted, and directed perfectly to give respect to the amazingly art-house screenplay. The film had many twists and turns without being hard to follow and showed the full potential of the art form. A truly transcendent experience.

Certain scenes were so beyond anything human beings have seen before. There were moments when my good friend Marty (Scorsese) leaned over to me and said: "This makes *Taxi Driver (1976)* look like *Ant-Man and the Wasp (2019)*," right before tweeting that he will be retiring from film forever. Tarantino himself walked up to Greta Gerwig and gave her his Oscar because, as he put it, "Margot's feet were so beautiful, I can't even call myself a filmmaker anymore." Big Chris (Nolan), who was there as my plus-one, has announced that his film *Oppenheimer*

(2023), which was planned to release on the same date as *Barbie (2023)*, will now be cancelled forever.

There was one scene near the end that I have been asked not to reveal, but I can say that it does include a very surprising cameo of a certain Winnipeg High School principal, one who will in no doubt become world-famous after the film releases.

My final thoughts on *Barbie (2023)* are those of amazement due to the writing, perfect acting, and powerful message of the strength of the human spirit. Be sure to watch *Barbie (2023)* when it releases exclusively in theatres on July 21st.

**FINAL SCORE: 10/10**



cineplex.com

# Free Psychoanalysis Quiz

Wilfred B. Shorte

DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT KNOWING YOU'RE JUST A MEANINGLESS SPECK IN THIS CONVOLUTED, VAST UNIVERSE OF OURS?

- |    |     |    |                      |
|----|-----|----|----------------------|
| A. | YES | C. | I DON'T SLEEP ANYWAY |
| B. | NO  | D. | I DON'T UNDERSTAND   |

DO YOU ENJOY CAUSING PAIN AND DISTRESS TO THOSE WHO DON'T DESERVE IT?

- |    |             |    |                     |
|----|-------------|----|---------------------|
| A. | HEAVENS, NO | C. | YES                 |
| B. | IT DEPENDS  | D. | I DON'T KNOW... YET |

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR?

- |    |         |    |        |
|----|---------|----|--------|
| A. | #3D3939 | C. | RED    |
| B. | #534F46 | D. | YELLOW |

HOW CONFIDENT ARE YOU IN YOURSELF?

- |    |                  |    |       |
|----|------------------|----|-------|
| A. | ALL OF THE ABOVE | C. | SEE A |
| B. | SEE A            | D. | SEE A |

DO YOU FEEL THE BUGS?

- |    |     |    |     |
|----|-----|----|-----|
| A. | YES | C. | YES |
| B. | YES | D. | YES |

IF YOU ANSWERED:

**MOSTLY A:** NORMAL. YOU'RE AN AVERAGE JOE. THAT'S THE BEST YOU COULD HOPE FOR.

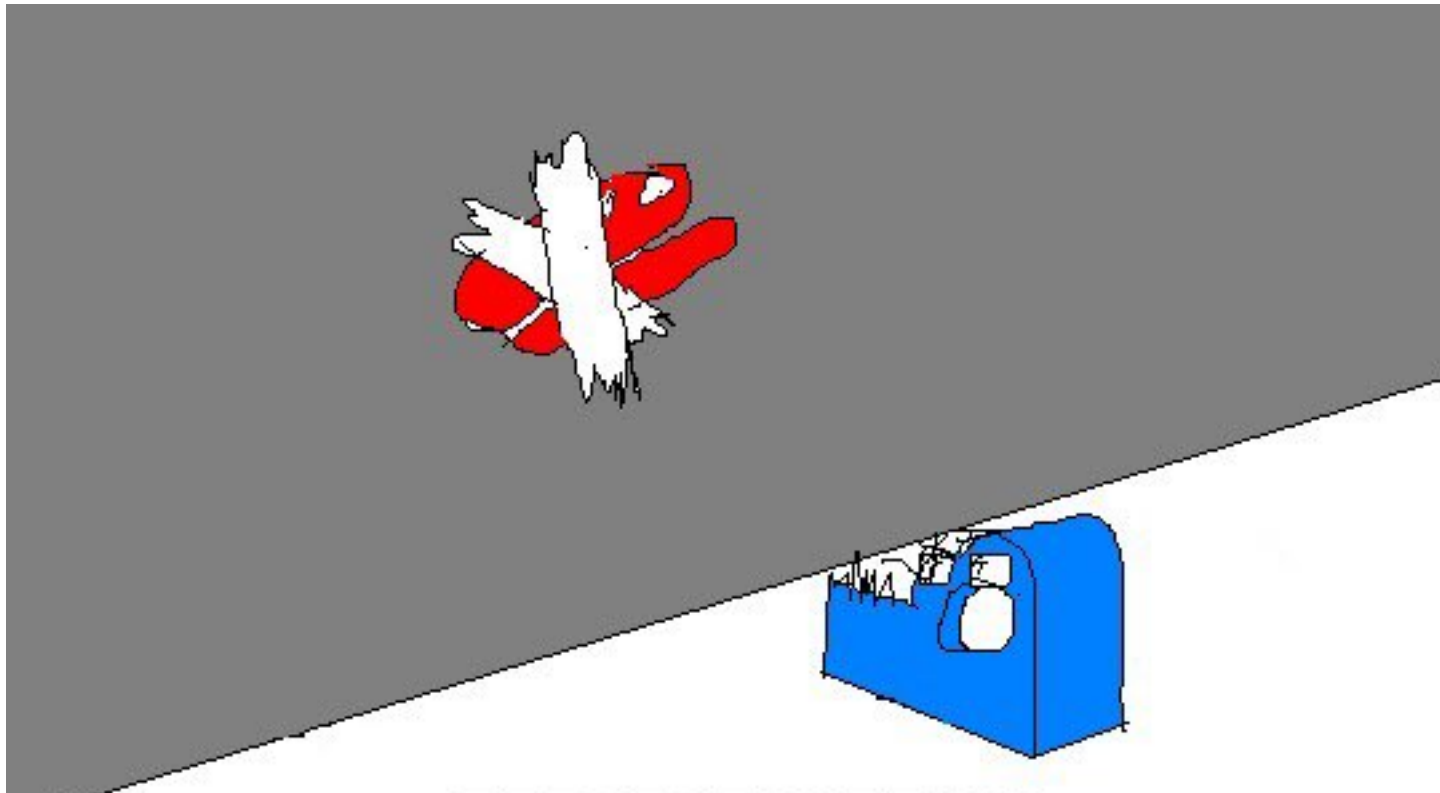
**MOSTLY B:** SLIGHTLY OFF. YOU LOOK HUMAN, BUT DON'T ACT THE PART.

**MOSTLY C:** INSANE. WHAT THE HELL, MAN?

**MOSTLY D:** CLINICALLY DUMB. SORRY, BUD.

**SECRET FIFTH RESULT:** APRIL 12TH, 2034. BE READY.

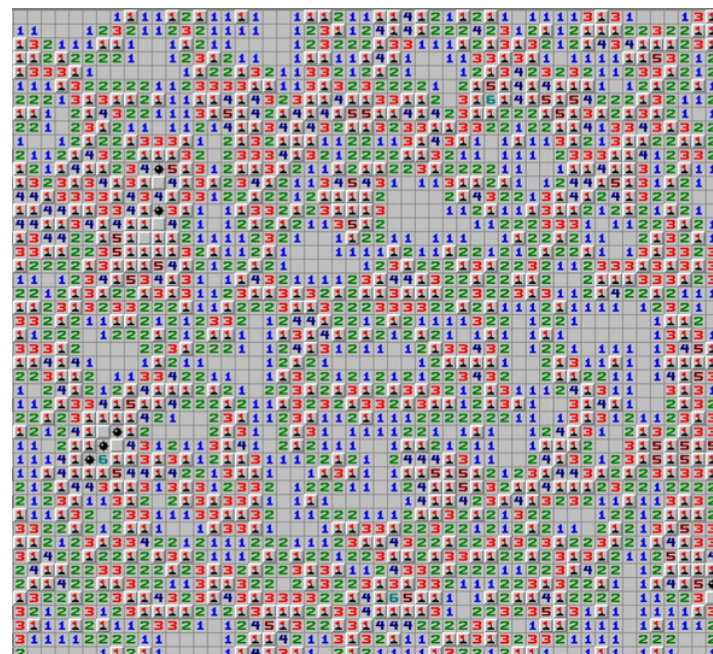
# Cartoons & Puzzles



"Uprising" - Homer

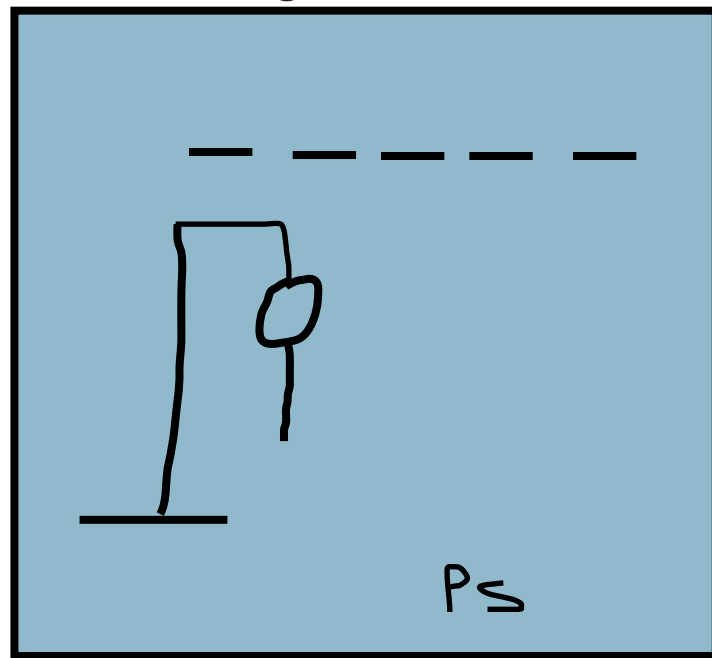


Answer To Minesweeper:



\*see issue 5\*

Hangman Puzzle



Harold Schmidt





# Horoscopes

## Aries

You will overcome your crippling fear of flying, whether you like it or not.

## Taurus

Tomorrow you will be walking, then you will walk more. The first person you see, run away. No matter what. That is your doppelgänger in disguise, and they intend to steal your skin.

## Gemini

I know for a fact that by end of day today there'll be a gem in yer eye, buddy. I dunno what ta tell ya. Look buddy, don't shoot the messenger 'cause the horoscope don't make sense, I just write 'em down.

## Cancer

YOUR NEFARIOUS SCHEMES WILL COME TO AN END ONCE AND FOR ALL!

## Leo

I see you being quirky and different and I really need you to stop. You are too quirky and different. If you don't stop now I fear that you may never be able to stop. Please, before you become self-sustaining in your quirkiness, seek help. And for God's sake, stop singing "The Lion Sleeps Tonight".

## Virgo

The academic world is coming to an end, and it's all your fault. Literacy rates are dropping, unemployment is skyrocketing, everyone is starving, and you're the center of it. It all comes back to you and your dumb star sign.

## Libra

Make one hundred small decisions or one really big decision, the choice is yours.

## Scorpio

You are the only sign not chained by some meaningless fortune, and for that reason, I fear you. You can choose your own destiny and it scares me. Please, for our sake, don't get too crazy.

## Sagittarius

An old rival will rise from the ashes like the mighty phoenix. You must defeat them, for if you don't they shall curse your family with a pox unknown to all medicine—conventional, mystical, or otherwise.

## Capricorn

You do realize stubbornness doesn't make you right, right? Right.

## Aquarius

Jelly beans. Lots of 'em.

## Pisces

You will soon meet the council of Erics and one Matt, be gracious and they shall reward you with the location of several magical items—the likes of which have never been seen on this side of the Andes in many moons.

# THE GOO

"I can't stop eating it!  
Seriously I can't  
someone help"



"Mmm it  
burns good"

Quality "food" since 1425

Negative side effects may include: bloating, swelling, rapid hair growth and loss, jaundice, loss of teeth, rapid fingernail growth, memory loss, seizures, blacking out, vivid hallucinations, a sudden and uncontrollable hunger for cardboard followed by hatred for the taste of cardboard, internal bleeding, and death.

## LOOKING FOR 400 WARRIORS

### REQUIREMENTS-

-MUST BE TRAINED

SWORDSMEN/ARCHER

-WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR  
THE GREATER GOOD

-KNOWS HOW TO OPERATE BASIC SIEGE

WEAPONS (TREBUCHET, BALLISTAE,  
CANNON, ETC.)

-MUST BRING ARMOR AND SWORD

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# OBITUARIES

Remembering Those We've Lost



The Stapler's Golden Age  
February 2022 - June 2023



Rejected Kelvin Stapler Articles  
May 2023 - June 2023

One cold February day at the top of the wheelchair lift outside the woods room, Schmidt was complaining about the quality and quantity of releases from the Kelvin Paperclip that year. Urich joked that if he had such a problem with it, he should create his own newspaper, call it the Stapler in contrast to the Paperclip. Things went crazy from there. Issues were released to raving reviews. Now, with all but one of the original contributors gone, we leave a new wave of writers to struggle to live up to us. They will without a doubt blunder everything we worked so hard to build, but we wish them well nonetheless. Rest in peace to the best era of the best school paper Kelvin has ever—and will ever—know.

When writing a school paper, there are some ideas that you know are great but just don't cut it. "The Coronation Of Tim Cox," "Kelvin Choir Replaced By AI," and "Kelvin Unveils New TV Station: KTV," 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.

