

The Kelvin Stapler

Spring Newsletter 2023



Editor’s Note

Harold Schmidt

Dear Kelvinites,

Since establishing the National Stapler ten years ago and scaling it down to Kelvin’s premier publication, I have not known peace. But as spring break approaches and the contributors pack their bags to leave town for the week, I can’t help the excitement I feel to be alone in the Stapler offices.

No longer shall I endure the new contributors’ relentless questioning about what they did wrong or why I’m yelling at them. My expensive, genuine leather chair that I had imported from the Tuscan hills will no longer reek of greying hair and dying dreams. My walls will not echo the screams and cries of writers after their articles are cut. For the first time in twenty years, I will be alone.

My plans for my week of solitude? Nothing. I’ll clear my desk off, take a big blanket from my special filing cabinet in the basement, and rest. For two hundred and sixteen hours I will be asleep in my office. Dreaming of a world with no suffering, no turmoil, and best of all, no Stapler. I haven’t slept in thirty years but my hibernation in the following week will make up for all the sleepless nights I spent as Editor.

When I awake, I’ll feel renewed. Alive for the first time in thirty-seven years. The purgatory of Stapler meetings will feel less like a personally designed hell handcrafted by the fallen angel himself and more like a personally designed hell handcrafted by the fallen angel’s assistant. Slightly more bearable than my previous forty years at the Stapler.

The Spring Newsletter is our second of the year. I’ve selected an exclusive collection of contributors to help with it, including the great Maxwell Keller who designed the covers. They all worked very hard on the newsletter, so if you don’t like it, you’re wrong.

Don’t hurry back,
Harold Schmidt
Editor of The Kelvin Stapler

Spring Break Prep Guide

Wally Whitlock

Spring is once again upon us, and Kelvinites are drooling at the mouth in anticipation of the well-needed break, and I am no exception. As spring break looms ever closer, I begin to vigorously vibrate more and more at the thought of one whole week of extra time to dwell on the deeper meaning of Drake’s most fantastic album—Certified Lover Boy. However, there is still a week until spring break, so I have taken the time out of my delicate day to compile a list of happy little activities you can do before this short hiatus.

With only a limited time before the break, one of my favourite pastimes is devouring the souls of the youth. There is nothing that gets me as giddy as guzzling all of the helpless souls of young children. I love absorbing their souls and turning their remains into nutrients as if I were Jeffery Dahmer. When I’m harvesting young souls, you might as well call me Ronald McDonald: because

I’m Lovin’ it. This springtime affair will leave your wounds healed, your arteries clogged, and your stomach full. And If you’re looking for a cuddly wuddly way of transitioning into the break, this activity is perfect for you. Much like running out in public naked, I recommend giving it a try.

If you aren’t a fan of slurping the spirits of kids, you can try to give a mouse a cookie. Of course, if you give a mouse a cookie, he’s going to ask for a glass of milk. When you give him the milk, he’ll probably ask for a straw. That’s when you hit him with a baseball bat that he assumes is a straw, ending his list of demands—teaching him the important life lesson that not everything will be delivered in wrapping paper. And much like when your idiot mom eats all the grapes too soon: sometimes you must resort to a life of crime and violence. Anyways, I recommend you may want to do this before the break as mice infestations have been a real problem lately. You should rid yourself of these Ratatouille rejections now rather than later before Mickey Mouse pulls up and murks you instead.

Okay. So you aren’t a fan of soul slurping, and you have an irrational fear of mice. What can you do to waste time before spring break begins? Well, you can clean out my locker for me. Please. I’m not asking. I am demanding. My locker looks like a grizzly bear was skewed by lego bricks and dipped in hot sauce, so cleaning it out for me would raise your value as a person by a minuscule amount. Cleaning out my locker will only be in your best interest. Plus, if you were to clean out my locker, I’d be your best friend.

Triumphant Regards,
Wally Whitlock

The History Of Spring Break

Ben Urich

Fortunately for the oft-depressed students of Kelvin high school, spring break is rapidly approaching. By this time next week, all the good little Stapler readers will either be sleeping or dealing with the homework from the one teacher who assigned it over spring break (by the way, don’t bother with that until 2 am the night before school starts). The students who do not read the Stapler, however, will likely be partying. Parties during spring break are far from a new thing, first getting their start in the 1930s. Since then, they have had a long and storied history.

First created by former Kelvinite James Prescott IV in 1930, the spring break beach party is an iconic part of the holiday. James took several cars worth of people up to lake Winnipeg where they had the first-ever spring break beach party. Unfortunately, 1930 was a particularly cold year, and when James and 17 of his friends tried to go swimming, all but James contracted hypothermia and died. Even with the tragedy, the idea of partying over spring break swept the continent, albeit in warmer climates. Thanks to some sleuthing by yours truly, it was discovered that James is still alive today. We reached out to Prescott to see if he would give a comment or interview. When

he answered the call, the only words he spoke were, “Alexa turn the [expletives deleted] heat up! It’s so [expletives deleted] cold in here are you trying to [expletives deleted] kill me, Alexa?” He went on to make various old man grunts. We assume he did not know he was on call. Like many who begin their lives in Winnipeg, the spring break party immediately got out of here, departing for lands more suited to its lifestyle, the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the good ol’ US of A. By the 60s, the spring break party was a worldwide phenomenon, but it was yet to be perfected. That was until Mary Michaels and her Crew came along and threw the Great Rager of ‘64.

The 60s were, of course, a hotbed for hippie ideals, California, in particular, being a major proponent of this culture. When Mary wasn’t in school she was living that life. According to her peers, Mary had always been a party animal, but in March of 1964, an idea popped into her mind. Mary wanted to throw the biggest party she could, and so she did. Michaels threw a block party that encompassed the entirety of San Francisco. The only way it could be stopped was to call in an elite task force to take her out. This was more difficult than it initially seemed, as Mary had assembled a team known as The Crew. The Crew was a team of fourteen partiers that were, in essence, Mary’s horsemen of the apocalypse. They defended Mary until the last, but eventually, after 46 days, on April 17th, Michaels was assassinated and her reign of terror came to an end.

But what do the spring break parties of today look like? Well, to be quite honest, we don’t know. All the dang kids today do now is go on they dang phones and go to virtual parties on row blocks and fortnight. So, in honour of those who came before, go to a party. Heck, throw one yourself. No one will come because you smell a little weird and no one wants to hang out with you but throw one anyway. Do it for all those who never could. I know I’ll be having one. That was a blatant lie. I have as little social life as any of the rest of you.

Where We Get All Our Money

Homer

It has recently come to my attention that literally nobody who reads the Stapler knows where we get our funding. It has shocked me to my very core. You have dedicated entire seconds to reading previous issues and never considered where the money for such an immaculate work of art comes from? Well, no more of this injustice. You will sit down right now and listen as I go through every way we scrape together the cash to fund ourselves. Every method. All of them.

Firstly, we get a lot of our funding from Kelvin’s parents. Yeah, that’s right, your parents fund us. Have you ever wondered why your allowance just got lowered, or why you can’t fly to New Mexico for this year’s Vacuum Cleaner Collectors Club Convention? It’s because your parents donated that

money to us, their favourite people in the world. If they loved you anywhere close to how much they love us, you’d also get a \$12.95 wire transfer every year.

Another major source of our funding is Mr. Cox himself. For every issue, we take whoever wrote the worst article and make them go down to the office and beg Mr. Cox for any money left in the budget. It’s a terrible sight, but it encourages us contributors to write better articles, and what better motivator is there than fear of humiliation and degradation in front of your peers? Luckily, Mr. Cox is a kind leader and always gives us a few dollars out of pity. By the way, don’t you think Mr. Cox is the best, most amazing principal ever and deserves a huge raise? I think you should follow all of the rules and stop by the office to let Mr. Cox know how good of a principal he is.

You may have seen some of our ads in previous issues about some services we provide, and those are still a regular source of income for us. We get twos of calls every year asking us about our odd jobs, and to explain further, you get the same response that the Stapler Receptionist Robot (patent pending) gives whenever someone calls. We are very happy to announce our new service, the Stapler Favour. A personal favour from us to you, no questions asked. Call now!

Sometimes, when the above sources prove insufficient, we have one other method. We only use it when we are so underfunded that we can’t possibly make an issue. I’m not supposed to say this, so I’ll encrypt the next sentence in a top-secret, military-grade code. DWe- Dsteal- Dfrom- Dbanks-. Our secret method can cover an entire issue if done correctly and is our secret weapon if Mr. Cox wants to give more money to the “student council” or some other made-up nonsense.

If you have any extra change you would like to give to the Stapler offices, we are accepting donations. Just put the cash in an envelope addressed to the Stapler, and slide it under the door to room five. It helps us provide more quality content to you readers, and keeps us from needing to break the law as much as we do now. We’re also technically a government program, so we get funded by your taxes, but I don’t count that. It’s too easy.

2023 Plant Trends

Frankie Longstocking

Huzzah! Spring has sprung. As I’m sure you plant buds know, it would be a kind of social suicide if you didn’t try to recreate one of the gardens in your extensive House and Garden magazine collection. So I’ve collected a few of the biggest plant trends of the season.

Climate-conscious gardening is probably the biggest trend this year. I know what you’re thinking: is the popularity worth having a bunch of apple cores and creepy crawly worms in your backyard? Several “climate activists” seem to think so and

are preparing for it by planting many trees in their yards. People are starting to grow their own little forests on their property. An activist from Walseley said they had at least 72 trees covering their land. I entered the wildwood to get a statement and saw things from magical mushrooms to goblins, but raced out after spotting a mosquito. In my terrified flight, I crashed into their neighbour who was enthusiastic to speak on the subject. “If they are going to do such an honourable task, they should be more considerate of people who don’t want bears wandering into their kitchen in the morning,” they said.

Rather than reducing carbon emissions, this year people are taking it upon themselves to reduce humanity as a whole. Known by its name, Audrey II is a cross between a venus fly trap and an avocado and has crowds going wild. After the hit musical *Little Shop of Horrors* premiered, people were turned off, but this year, many are realizing the poor little darling was just misunderstood. The fact that it requires several human sacrifices isn’t its fault. With some training, it can learn to prefer munching on climate change deniers rather than honest flower shop owners. Plus it can carry a tune.

Another theme we’ve been seeing this year is the embrace of the jungle vibes, and nothing gets more jungley than a Monstera, or The Swiss Cheese Plant to the locals. It was bestowed its name because of its odour and its huge holey leaves, which resemble the texture you’d find in the equally holey cheese. The sweet stench of grilled cheese has left the entire gardening community wanting more. It’s been sold out in stores for months which has caused an uproar in the community. Botanists have begun to dig up the cheesy plant from neighbouring gardens, forcing the owners to defend themselves with boobytraps. One step towards it, and BOOM! A rake will whack you right in the face. Who knew cheese was such a delicacy to our green-thumbed friends.

If you are into plants because of the uprise of vines on your favourite influencer’s bedroom wall, stick to Amazon, honey bun. Let’s be honest, you’ll forget to water your plant babies within the first three weeks of potting them, so you might as well stick to plastic. Trust me, other than the weird smell, texture, colour, and taste plastic plants have, you don’t see the difference. Regardless, please don’t make my hobby mainstream. I have a hard enough time finding healthy plants without you youngins buying up all my succulents.

Dead Bodies I Found In The Melting Snow

Harold Schmidt

As spring break approaches, the weather is significantly improving. Snow melts and leaves from last autumn are revealed from beneath it. I can’t imagine a better time to go for a walk, and that’s precisely what I did this morning. I stepped outside the Stapler offices, took a big breath of fresh smog, and started down the

path so generously carved by the city.

It wasn’t long before I found my first corpse. A man, not a few years older than I. He wore a yellow knit scarf, a fleeced-lined denim jacket, and half a pair of fingerless gloves—also yellow. My first instinct when I came upon him was to look through his wallet. I searched his body and found an old leather pouch underneath his coat. His name was Archie. Archibald for long. I wonder if his friends called him Archie or if he went by his middle name: Kate. Kate was a member of the Winnipeg Librarians Against Communism Guild. A frequent and generous donor, his membership card was laminated. Disgusted by his loyalty, I placed the pouch into his naked hand and continued down the path.

Around five minutes later, I thought I saw another corpse on the road. I waited for traffic to slow down so I could go out and look through its wallet, and when it did, came the worst disappointment of my very long career at the Stapler. It was just road kill, not a person! A golden retriever dog! I kicked the carcass out of frustration, though I admit my frustration did not set in until later, and I kept walking.

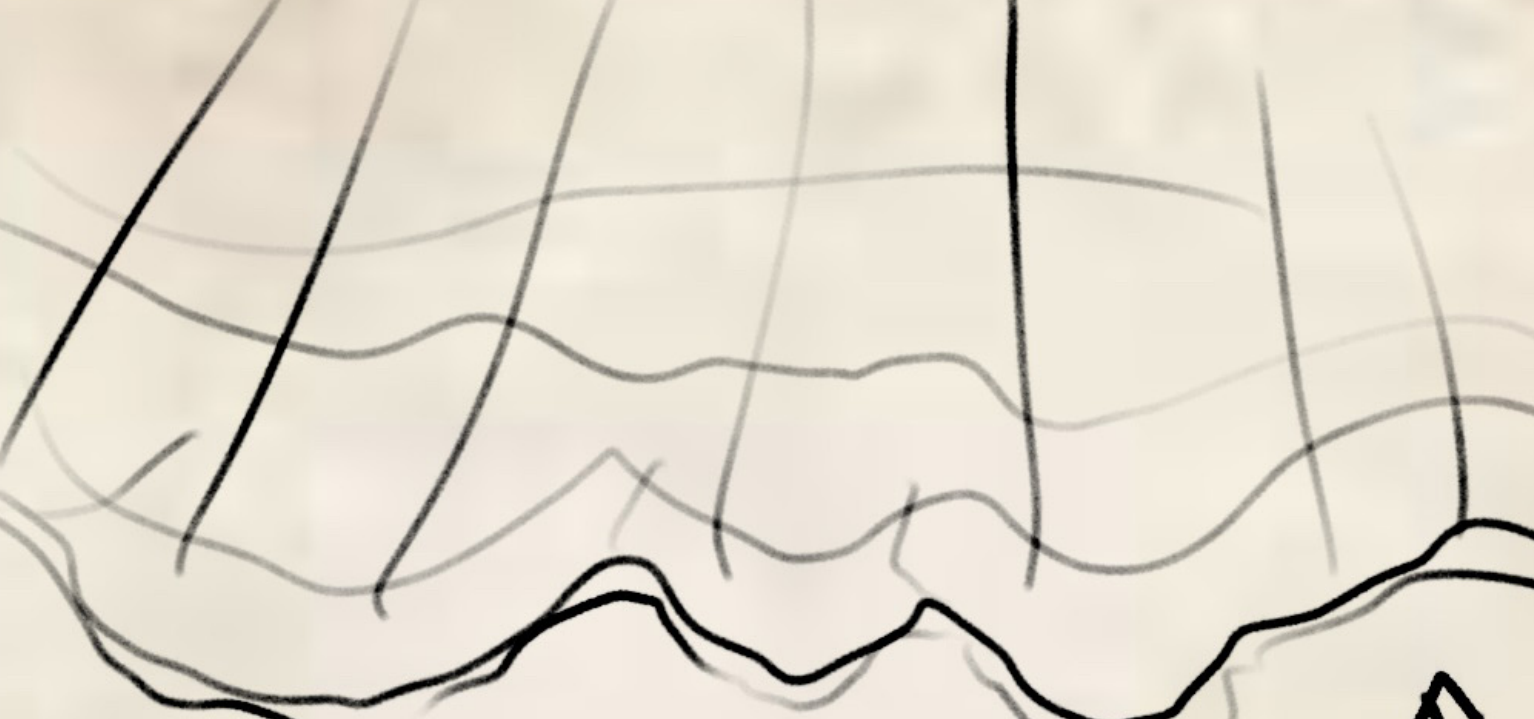
I saw my next corpse shortly after crossing the train tracks. Another man. Curly brown locks down to his chin, his legs disfigured from what I can only assume had been his own doing. Something about this man seemed familiar, and I only realized what it was when I moved his hair out of his face. What I saw was something only few would call a face, masked in blood and dirt. It was Jimmy from the grocery store! He had been a regular bag boy since I had begun shopping there. A few months ago, I went to buy my Saturday dose and he had been replaced by some amateur who didn’t know a cracked egg from a chicken. I wondered where Jimmy had gone. Now that I know his fate as a mere bush body, my wait for his return is futile. I’ll promptly switch grocery stores to the rat-infested one down the street.

I didn’t see any more corpses on my walk. When I arrived back at the Stapler offices, a meeting had started without my knowledge—without me. Everyone was there, all the contributors (well, all the important ones). When I opened the door, they tried to play it off as an end-of-winter discussion, but I knew what they were talking about. The Stapler is moving on to its next season, and I’m being left behind in the melting snow.

Join The Stapler

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

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



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