

The Kelvin Stapler

Winter Newsletter 2022



Editor's Note

Harold Schmidt

Dear Kelvinites,

Allow me to explain.

You might have noticed that this issue is a little bit shorter than the previous three. That's because it isn't an issue at all! What you hold in your unfortunate hands is the first-ever Kelvin Stapler Winter Newsletter.

You see, we had begun to pitch our fourth issue in late November, and everything was going as well as it could have been going. That is until I told our contributors about the expected timeline for the issue. When I told everyone that we would not do a holiday issue and that they would have to work over the break on Issue Four, they were outraged.

Ms. Pearl began climbing the walls, mumbling what I interpreted as an ancient mediterranean language. Mr. Urich tried to break his chair by slamming it against the floor. It didn't work. It's a miracle Rev. Dr. Bandito was there, for he was the only man capable of restoring order in the meeting room. He sat Mr. Urich down, peeled Ms. Pearl off the ceiling, and then did something I would never have expected from him: threatened to unionize.

I was heartbroken. Had the satisfaction of contributing to Kelvin's greatest enterprise not been enough pay for the contributors? Was my constant yelling at them to hand in their articles not gratifying? Did they really believe that their work deserved compensation? These are all questions I asked in the following few minutes, before Bandito and I began negotiating. At this point, I had remained at the head of our long meeting room desk, and Bandito had moved to the other end. The contributors had joined him, commenting occasionally that I was "a mean one, Mr. Schmidt."

Eventually, the contributors and I reached an agreement. Instead of compensation for their work, I agreed not to fire them from the Stapler, but not without my own sacrifices. We agreed that instead of a full issue with no holiday acknowledgement to work on over the break, we would make a winter newsletter and release it during the last week of school. That brings us here. Now that you know why you aren't holding a regular Stapler issue with all its bells and whistles, I'd appreciate it if you left me alone. I'm extremely behind in all my classes.

Indulge in your greed,
Harold Schmidt
Editor of the Kelvin Stapler

A Clipper Carol

Lexa Pearl

Most know me solely as Kelvin's greatest film critic, but I am not perfect. I have been selfish and rude to other Kelvinites. But alas, I am reformed! One day, I was resting in the library—I must have fallen asleep—and I woke up to see an old friend of mine, the late Sam Wakeman (of Issue One fame). He said I was doomed if I didn't change my selfish behaviour, and I was to be visited by three spirits. Then, he disappeared into a cloud of cafeteria napkins.

The Ghost of Kelvin Past

In third period, I heard folk music coming from the hallway. When I investigated, I saw Neil Young, pickin' at his banjo. After taking me back to Kelvin in 2019, before I joined the Stapler, he pointed out how much happier everyone was because I wasn't harassing them. When I tried to say I didn't care about them, Neil just started singing 'Heart of Gold' and strumming his acoustic guitar. I kept trying to reason with the ghost but he said very loudly to me, "I MADE AN ALBUM! I PLAY THE GUITAR," before resuming his song as I walked away. Before leaving, he said:

"When you see Johnny Cash, tell him he'll regret stealing 'Old Man' from me." I then informed him that 'Old Man' was one of his songs, and he shouted in celebration, "I DID IT, I DID IT!"

The Ghost of Kelvin Present

As I walked back to class, I was interrupted by a familiar voice behind me: "Lexa Pearl, please come see me in my office." I turned to see a translucent Mr. Cox floating slightly off the ground and I was teleported to the inside of his office. "Why do you think I called you in here today," he asked. "After you joined the stapler, the happiness of Kelvin students plummeted. In fact, there hasn't been a single happy person in Kelvin since early 2020. Look, if you don't get your act together you will have a two-day in-school suspension. Now BEGONE!" With that, I was blown out of the room, leaving a comedically human-shaped hole through the wall of the office.

The Ghost of Kelvin Future

Dusting rubble from my clothes, I saw the next ghost. A figure in black robes. When the man removed his cloak, I noticed it was my editor, Harold Schmidt, with a handful of white hairs glued to his lower face. I defended myself in advance: "Well? What is it? You're going to show me why I'm selfish? I'm not buying it. You can't convince me of anything." The unspeaking Schmidt produced the 2023 yearbook from his cloak and opened it to a specific page. I noticed, just nestled between *Most likely to Steal Office Supplies* and *Slowest Runner*, was my picture and name: *Lexa Pearl: Worst Person Ever*. I was distraught, and I begged Harold to let me fix this. I promised to be selfless and suddenly, it was over.

I woke up lying on a desk in the library. I turned to the person sitting next to me and asked for the date. They said it was December 11th, 2022. To celebrate

my continued enrollment at Kelvin, I asked them to go and buy the biggest turkey in the cafeteria, to which they gave me a confused look and moved a couple desks over. Happy non-specific holiday. Cox bless us, everyone.

A Day In The Life At The Stapler Offices

Ben Urich

You read the news we print, oh boy. About a lucky man who made the grade. And though the news was rather bad, well you just have to laugh—because that's what we intended. What you don't read about, however, is what goes into making the newspaper. Today, I reveal what goes on behind the scenes in a day in the life at the Kelvin Stapler.

Wake up, fall out of bed at 5:00 on Schmidt's orders. Get to school for our daily meeting by 6:00. Schmidt is late despite living in Kelvin's library, so the rest of the writers and I commiserate about yesterday's meeting and the many, many mistakes in Issue Three (Saul wrote a whole article that was incorrectly attributed to other people. He's heartbroken. My ad was butchered in printing. If I said any more I'd go on forever). Frankie Longstocking says that when they stayed after the meeting to discuss their article for Issue Three with Schmidt, his eyes clouded over and he dangled them out of a top-floor window screaming "no one starts their article before Harold—Harold is the Stapler!"

We all contemplated discussing our articles but opted not to, as Schmidt could walk in at any minute and would fire everyone in the room if he thought we'd started without him. As if we'd summoned him by simply saying his name, Schmidt drunkenly stumbled through the door and plopped down onto his comfy office throne. We all sat on the floor, "in [our] writer filth," as

Schmidt liked to say, and the meeting began. "I did my article—I assume that you all have as well." I had not. I was assigned the piece "Is Kelly in cahoots with Santa?" and though I had no intentions of writing it, I had to pretend I did so that he'd leave me alone. The other writers nodded their heads and smiled, avoiding eye contact to minimize the chances of an attack. Schmidt always reads his article to us and looks up to make sure we're laughing, but once his article is over, he randomly selects someone from the group to read theirs. That time it was Lexa Pearl. She read her article, and though it was good, I could tell just by her reading that it was slightly over the strict five-hundred-word maximum Schmidt had set in place. Schmidt could smell that there were too many words, so he snapped at Pearl. "This thing is conceptually flawed," he said. "Who do you think you are, James Cameron? Delete it and start from the beginning. What kind of an institution do you think this is, the Paperclip?" At that point, she was in tears. "All of you, delete your articles now. I want to see you do it." Since he was already in a frenzy, we all decided that it would be easier to start over than it would be to endure his wrath. Since I had nothing, I deleted my overdue English essay. As Schmidt sauntered out of the room, I knew the meeting would make a great article.

If this continues, we may have to strike. Not all of us can go on like this. Henry O. is queued up to become assistant editor, and because of it, he works with Schmidt much more closely. The amount of abuse he's already taken is hitherto undreamt of. And to Schmidt, since I know you're reading this, this is over five hundred words.

Christmas Shoes

Frankie Longstocking

The majority of the students at Kelvin High School celebrate the holiday season with eggnog, candy canes, and giving. It's recognized to be a time when we show our appreciation to others regardless of our beliefs. This year many French Immersion students spoke up, claiming that it was not the proper Parisian tradition. "The French are known to be cold-hearted and rude, there's no way they too spend the holiday season all lovey-dovey," said one failing IB student. After a solid couple minutes of researching holiday traditions, one Kelvin student discovered that the only proper French way to celebrate the holidays is by leaving your shoes out on the evening of December 5th. Parisians would display their footwear with the hopes of waking up to them being filled with frog legs, macarons, escargot, and all sorts of French goodies.

As soon as the news was spread around the school, all the bilingual students quickly gathered their best pumps, held shoe polishing events in the cafeteria, and even bribed some teachers to instruct minor shoe repair courses throughout the day. Everyone anticipated this event (except for English students, who couldn't have cared less about munching on some frog's leg). Finally, the evening of December 5th came around. All the French immersion students carefully laid out their now glistening boots with a childlike hope that in the morning they would have a perfect little French feast in their shoes.

All we know about that night is that the following day all the French immersion students came to school looking gray, haggard, and significantly more lopsided. Upon further examination it was clear that every single student enrolled in the French immersion program at Kelvin High School

was missing their left shoe, and their right was notably more worn. Some people's soles were detaching, others looked like they had trekked through mud, and some reeked of old tuna fish that sat in the sun for too long. No matter what condition the shoe was in it was clear that the students were not impressed. Nobody knew what had occurred that night. No one but one, who in the dead of night awoke with a startle to the faint blow of a French horn. "It was an elf, I swear!" the student said in a clearly Québécois accent "a little French elf with a curly moustache and beret. He looked me right in the eye, spat on the floor, and said "pooh-pooh, filthy Québécois!" then blew his French horn once more and ran off."

The miserable French immersion students were crushed after hearing the tale of the little Parisian elves discriminating against French Canadians who only wanted to partake in some classic French activities. Their very inspiration for speaking French had stolen their dreams and taken their left shoe with them. Their heartbreak took over them and they all simultaneously made a pact that they would never speak French again and dropped out of the French immersion program. As of December 6th, Kelvin High School is no longer considered a bilingual school.

Unionizing The Stapler *Reverend Doctor Udon Bandito*

Harold Schmidt: the man who I look up to more than anyone in the world. The man who, if he were having trouble falling asleep, I'd serenade with lullabies. If he needs his shoes cleaned, forget the polish, I'll use my tongue. If he wanted to eat my firstborn child, I'd season it myself. There is no limit to what I would do for the man who has given me—and other writers of the Stapler—so much.

Sure, there's the fact that we have no paid leave, are subjected to cruel work hours, and there was that time when he gave Sam Wakeman ten thousand lashes for not submitting his article on time, but that's besides the point! If it were not for Harold Schmidt, journalism at Kelvin High School would be dead! He single-handedly saved our school's soul. But the question "what if things were better" arises, does it not? What if we weren't expected to burden the verbal abuse Schmidt doles out every single meeting? What if we didn't have to drop down to our knees in reverence every time he walked into the room? What if we were not forced to sign every email with "Glory to Our Lord and Saviour the Most High and Illustrious Harold Schmidt, Eternal Bosom of Hot Love"?

No, dear readers, I am not advocating for unionization. In fact, that could not be further from the truth! As any of my supposed acquaintances—I'd call them friends, but let's be honest here—would tell you, I am anything but a labour organizer. Child labour protections? Chuck 'em in the trash! Who else would be small enough to fit through the sewer grates? Forty-hour work weeks? Chuck 'em in the trash! Who needs personal time when you have the soothing, relaxing atmosphere of a Stapler meeting, complete with Schmidt's unquenchable rage and bloodthirst? Safe working conditions? Chuck 'em in the trash! If your desk job doesn't have the potential for fatal injury via Schmidt-powered sharp projectiles, it isn't a job worth working. According to my idol, Maggie "The Porcelain Lady" Thatcher, unions bring nothing but inefficiency to our society and should have been eradicated long ago.

Never have I praised their ability as a collective bargaining tool and their inherent worth in holding those who possess more capital in our

society accountable. What's that? You read the editor's note that says I tried to unionize the Stapler in response to His Holiness Schmidt's attempts to make us work over the break? Well, my dear reader, I'm sorry to burst your bubble but that was simply a misunderstanding. I merely had a momentary lapse in reason, and Lord Schmidt helped me to see the light, to see the right path: the path of Schmidt.

There is no hidden meaning behind this article. I am not secretly pushing for a union behind the scenes. We will not overthrow Harold Schmidt. I pinky promise.

The Kelvin Stapler Gift Guide *Henry O.*

That magical time of year has come once again. The season of giving, where you show the people in your life exactly how much they mean to you by trying to see just how little you can spend on them. Thankfully, your friends at the Stapler are here to help with our annual holiday gift guide with gift ideas for moms, dads, annoying overachieving cousins that you always get compared to at family dinners, friends, weird uncles, and more!

FOR MOM:

Get mom something to calm her nerves after a long day of dealing with everyone else's bullcrap with a four-litre milk jug filled with vodka! Given how much she puts up with you on a daily basis, it should last her until the New Year.

FOR DAD:

If it ain't broke, don't fix it. Get him a "World's Best Dad" mug and a tie for the third year in a row. After all, why mess with the classics?

FOR YOUR FAVORITE SIBLING:

A sweater with the words "Favorite Sibling" printed on it. They'll probably end up wearing it for any family photos that get taken that day, making all your other siblings feel inadequate whenever they flip through the photo album.

FOR YOUR LEAST FAVOURITE SIBLING:

A \$15 gift card to Bianca Amor's Liquidation Supercentre.

FOR YOUR FRIEND WITH A VERY DISTINCT MUSK:

A stick of deodorant. Take the hint.

FOR YOUR FRIEND WHO KEEPS SAYING HE'S "ACTUALLY 6% BLACK":

A 23andMe DNA Test. You're still not allowed to say it, bro.

FOR YOUR FRIEND WHO IS A SERIAL OUTFIT REPEATER:

A new shirt. You're not a cartoon character. Switch it up a little, for your own sake.

FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE:

A reminder that you already give them plenty of attention, even when you'd much rather be playing GTA. Also some flowers.

FOR YOUR DISTANT RELATIVES YOU ONLY SEE TWICE A YEAR:

A restraining order. How's Great Aunt Sharon gonna ask you uncomfortable questions about your love life and remind you that she used to change your diapers as a baby when she's legally not allowed within two hundred yards of you? Yeah, that's right. Checkmate, sucker.

FOR YOUR ENEMY:

A totally normal antique doll named Margarith. Ignore the seemingly lifelike eyes and occasional whispers. It's definitely not cursed. What are you talking about? It's exactly where you left it. Clearly, it's only in the kitchen holding that knife because you put it like that. You sound really crazy right now. That's what a crazy person talks like.

FOR YOUR TEACHER:

A vaguely threatening throw pillow.

FOR YOUR BOSS:

The doll thing again.

FOR YOUR RICH FRIEND:

An IOU. They're not missing out on anything in the meantime.

Fixing Hannukah

Harold Schmidt

It's the most wonderful time of the year. There's kids jingle belling and everyone telling you, "be of good cheer," but I can't help but notice something missing from the lamppost decorations downtown—a dreidel. Hannukah has long been dismissed in North America as a second-tier holiday. One that doesn't hold up to Christmas or Easter, and has nothing going for it—and don't even get me started on Kwanzaa. This misconception has cost millions of people the joy of opening presents on eight days instead of just one, the delicious mess of jelly-filled powdered doughnuts, and yes, even initial exposure to gambling. It's time someone showed the world why Hannukah deserves Hallmark movies and Coke ads, too.

Sure, Christmas has Santa, and eggnog, and the elves, and its preceding nightmare, and mall decorations, and tons of movies, and cookies, and plenty of songs, and trees, and lights, and holiday promos, and reindeer, and sitting on a strange old man's lap in the middle of a shopping mall, and sleigh bells, and Mariah Carey, and Mikey Blublé, and the Grinch, but Hannukah has greasy, salty potato pancakes, so is Christmas really all that great? Tell me this—on Christmas do you get to argue with your uncle who flew in from Tel Aviv about what the symbols on the dreidel mean? Do you get to frantically look for napkins after stuffing your face with sufganiyot? Do you get to be slightly disappointed that eight consecutive presents means that none of them are quite what you wanted? Do you get to ignore your grandma as she tells you all about the "nice Jewish girl from temple" that she thinks would

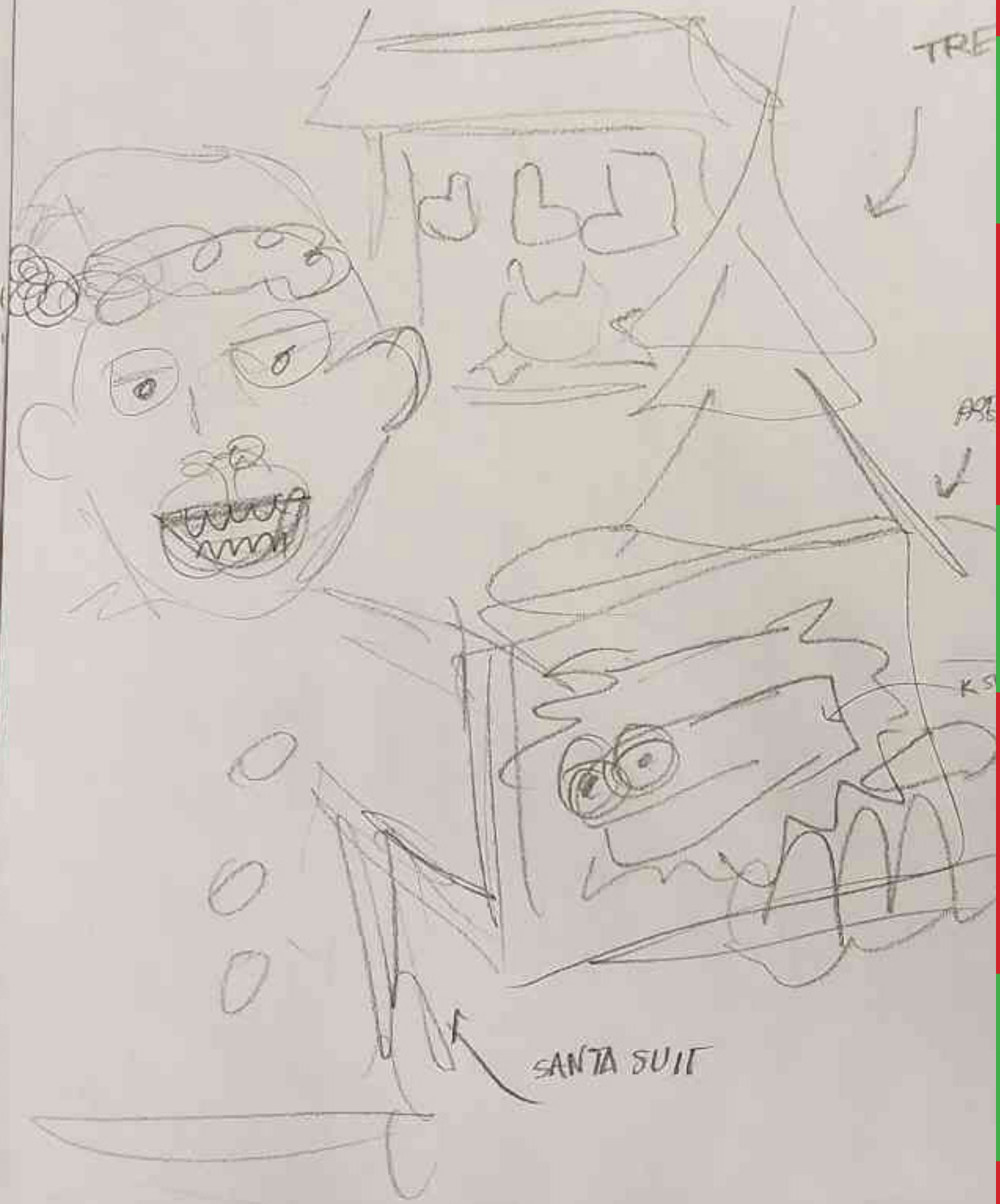
be perfect for you? I think not! The only thing that I think Hannukah is missing is a good marketing team. As a graduate of Kelvin's *Marketing And Digital Commerce* course, I think I can be of assistance. The first thing you learn in the afternoon class is that to be marketable you have to build a brand, and you can't build a brand without a spokesperson or a mascot. Christmas's mascot is Santa Claus. A jolly man who loves milk and cookies, and will stop at nothing to give any child that does something even slightly morally questionable a sackful of coal. I propose a counterpart: Hannuklaus. He is neither jolly nor does he like milk and cookies. Hannuklaus is a cynical Jewish man who lives above a kosher bakery in Brooklyn. Though he doesn't bring the children of the world presents each year, he also doesn't resort to slave labour, paying his employees a respectable \$15 and 2 latkes/hour. For those of you wondering, no, he isn't Bernie Sanders, though they did go to Hebrew school together and Hannuklaus's apartment has a "Feel The Bern" sign in the window all year long.

And there you have it. I hope this article has opened your eyes to the wonderful world that is celebrating Jewish holidays as a non-Jew. I'll see you all Friday night for Shabbat dinner.

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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