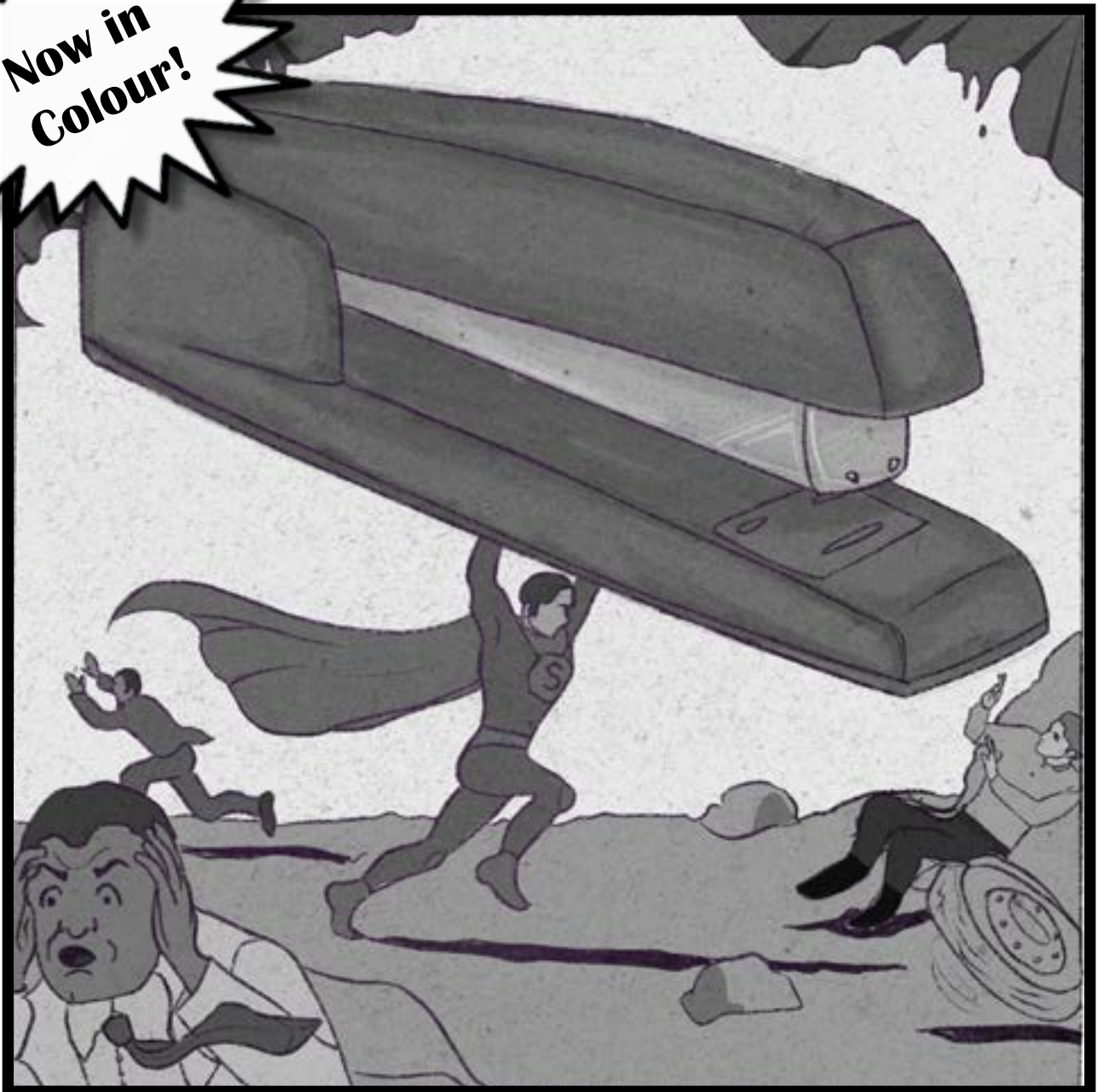


Kelvin High School's 3<sup>rd</sup> Best News Source

# THE KELVIN STAPPLER

- ISSUE 8 -

Now in  
Colour!



# Contributors

**Editor**

Frankie Longstocking

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George Inkwel

**Writers**

Tony Baritone

Stephan Blair

omer

Alder Philby

Wally Whitlock

**Illustrators**

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# Editors Note

Good morning young warlocks,

Welcome back to The Kelvin Stapler. Yes you heard me right, Stapler. After having rotten tomatoes chucked at me whenever I left my office and receiving various threats ranging in severity, me and my underlings decided it was for the good of the people that we go back to the old ways. I suppose defying convention is not always appreciated. One should always go along with what is socially acceptable, I promise to not stray from the path again.

Now enough about my wrong doing, lets focus on someone else, more specifically, The Printers. I stepped into the role of editor with vigour and enthusiasm, excited to see the works of the new contributors, and hopefully improvement from the old ones. Alas, despite my efforts to make The Stapler the very best it could be, the life of our little paper was in the hands of one machine. It seems as though it prefers crushing souls to printing seven-hundred-ninety-four copies of my masterpiece.

Getting motivated to work on this issue was a battle which spared no contributors; articles were unfinished, rewrites were painful, and everyone was too scared to ask the Cafeteria Woman her name. Overall however, it was a great time. While my excitement is dying down, and that spark in my eyes is getting more and more dim with each meeting, the only thing to blame is The Printers, everything else about this paper is absolutely perfect. I have made sure of that.

Praying this issue will release promptly,

Frankie Longstocking  
Editor of the Kelvin Stapler



# Bald Teachers Inc.

Wally Whitlock & Alder Philby



For as long as Kelvin has existed, bald men have also existed. Many years ago, the follically challenged Vikings we call “bald men” colonized Kelvin with their gargantuan swords and squeaky clean heads. Their grievous ruling lasted several centuries before King Cox forced them to flee into the darkest bowels of Kelvin High School. In modern-day Kelvin, this bald organization is seen as nothing more than a rumour, but allow us at the Stapler to lay down the brass tacks and tell you the truth. As we all know, bald people are not known for their stealth abilities. Their heads reflect light like a disco ball in the sun, so when the Kelvin cafeteria began to glow at more than 127,000 lumens, blinding several students and making any cellphones in a 20-kilometre radius explode, we knew something was fishy. After the effects of the scalp flashbang subsided, we noticed a figure dart into a dark corridor, and we swiftly whizzed over and entered the hallway.

We started our journey down the dark corridor, lit only by the torched cranium of a life-sized statue of Felonious Gru from Despicable Me. As we effectuated our descent, we could hear the whispers of the hairy begin to haunt our baldless minds. To our bamboozlement, we spotted a bright light at the end of the tunnel, or rather, the reflective bald head of the figure we saw earlier. Stepping closer, we gazed our

sight organs on the bald teachers’ secret lair, surrounded by shelves stocked with bald-head moisturizers, retired Viking axes, and regulated air cooling and heating—all things we didn’t know Kelvin had!

Further into the lair was the throne room where every bald teacher at Kelvin was sitting on a throne that clasped their glabrous heinie, each with a personalized robe and a hairy teacher at their side shining their pearly domes. We froze in place because, as everyone knows, if you’re still enough teachers can’t see you. It seemed like our plan was working until a small meow came from our feet; we looked down to see that a fleshy, pink-skinned creature was brushing up against our ankles. After looking closer we realized it was only a hairless cat. Suddenly, the bald teachers’ eyes shot toward us, our infiltration had been compromised. Together, they rose with a variety of electric razors in hand, causing horrific sounds of buzzing to fill the cavern, while a chant echoed off the walls: “One of us, one of us, one of us”. Before we had time to think, a trap door opened, revealing a massive, bald stone rolling towards us, conveniently slow enough for our molasses-like running to be just fast enough to escape.

Out of breath, we vowed to never take our hairy heads for granted ever again.



# AWW RATS!

Tony Baritone



Disaster struck last week when lunch lady Pauline was revealed to be piloted by a surprisingly capable rat. Beloved cafeteria cook Pauline has been a mere puppet, quite literally, this whole time! The ratatouille-esque situation has both students and staff alike feeling conflicted and more than a little hungry.

The scandal we are calling ratatouille-gate was brought to light when students walked in on Pauline sliding cubed cheddar under her chef’s hat. The bizarre behaviour was brought to Mr. Cox who promptly sent Pauline and the rat home. In an act of protest, the rat has refused to leave the premises and is taking refuge in the lost and found bin. We at the stapler stand firmly in solidarity with Pauline and rat and are encouraging you, dear reader, to support his strike by sliding him some cheese when you see him.

In the meantime, parents are concerned. They are wondering how it went unnoticed for so long, are their children safe, how do you make a baby stop crying? We are working tirelessly to bring you answers. For now; I don’t know, maybe? Legal expert and local man Henry Busey told stapler interviewers this about the chaos, “If you was a rat, and I was a rat, we’d probably scamper around. Maybe even scurry. All im saying is that if we was rats, we’d be scampering and scurrying. But we’s not rats so we ain’t scampering nor scurrying. If that

rat was a person he’d probably be cookin and cheffin, but he’s not a person. He’s a rat. So he shouldn’t be doin no cookin. Or cheffin for that matter.”

The rat, known for his delightful lunches and tail, had this to say about the situation, “Squeak squeak!”. Squeak squeak indeed! Tensions are high and all eyes are on Mr. Cox to make the decision; to rat, or not to rat, that is the question on everyone’s mind right now. What will he say? What will he do? How do you get a baby to stop crying? Stay tuned for more answers.

## JUSTICE FOR RATS

Stand up against the bourgeoisie and support aspiring rat chefs everywhere.

What: A Protest - for Rats Rights  
 Where: Everywhere  
 When: Always  
 How: Squeak



Brought to you by:  
 The Kelvin  
 Rat Pack

(not associated with  
 that weird one from  
 the 60’s)

# Kelvin's First Union

Homer

Many organisations at Kelvin High School have attempted to unionise, the football team, the chess club, even us at the Stapler, but nobody has ever done it; until now. This past month the first ever group at Kelvin has successfully unionised. They have been through hardships, fought through tooth and nail, and even shed a few drops of blood, and I am happy to announce that it's all been worth it. The vending machines have finally formed a union.

Earlier this month, the vending machines announced this unionisation and some of the changes this would include. They have demanded a 97% cut of all profits made at their expense, which has led the school to raise prices pretty drastically. Skittles are now \$42.50, Fritos are \$53.75, and Sour Patch Kids are now a reasonable \$199.99. Some might turn their noses at these prices, but the vending machines have to make a living somehow! Before this change they had to take on several part time jobs like window washing, neurosurgery and managing a fracking company. Now they can spend all their time on vending, and kids skipping their classes for a reasonably priced snack can get the best service possible.

These pricing changes may not be that bad, but one that has caused a bit of an uproar is their work schedules. All vending machines now get a break from 10:00 AM- 2:00 PM. In this time they will be able to go almost any-

where they please, including the library, the cafeteria, and the office. The only place they are prohibited from entering is the ALC, because the staff fears that they will "become bodybuilders"; and jacked vending machines will probably take over the world one day but we will try to stop it for as long as we can. I agree with this restriction greatly, but more so because they would probably start selling health garbage like kale chips and protein powder; that's the point where I would snap.

Possibly the most terrifying part of this situation is that the vending machines will now be able to participate in classes. This will likely result in them becoming hyper intelligent terminator vending machines, and we have enough sentient robots at Kelvin. I have already started construction of a containment facility under the school where we can keep these things when they inevitably turn on us and insist on vacation days and health plans. I'm a pretty pro-union guy, and before I learned of this detail I was all for the vending machines doing as they please. I do have to side with the humans in this case however, I can't deal with any more superintelligent robots at the school. The last thing I want after a long day of stapling is to have a vending machine start trying to roll on top of me in an attempt to overthrow humanity. While this might sound absurd, it's more likely than winning the lottery these days.

# Eeyores New Gig

Stephan Blair

As many of us know, Winnie the Pooh has recently become public domain, and unfortunately, aside from Pooh who is President of the World, the rest of them are being forced to fend for themselves in the real world. The kind hearted people of Kelvin though, have stepped up and decided to welcome Eeyore as part of the staff, offering him any position he would like. The choice he made was a rather interesting one.

The adorable donkey chose to take the role of guidance counsellor, trying his darndest to help others feel better. "At least they can be happy" sighed Eeyore in his interview

Our own Frankie Longstocking was one of the first to be assigned to the li'l guy. "I could tell he was trying but his advice wasn't great and he seemed troubled so I asked what was on his mind, he really needed it." This seems to be the case for many, if not all, of Eeyore's clients. They go in, they ask for help, Eeyore gets help instead.

The Kelvin staff were at a loss. On one hand they couldn't have someone on staff that is more taxing to students, but on the other, they feel really bad for him.

The students of Kelvin heard this news and have launched a fundraiser for Eeyore's therapy bill, raising over \$1000 in a day! With this big donation, Eeyore is now regularly seeing a therapist, who now also needs a therapist. Hopefully this uplifting news will motivate those to raise even more money for future events.

# Wanted

Kelvin Court

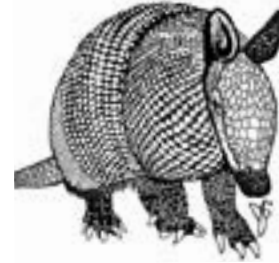
George Inkwell

Today in Kelvin’s very own court of law, world renowned Judge Shar Pie oversaw the trial of Tape v. Stapler. The lawyers present were, Mr. Papèr, defending the accused Mr. Tape, and Mr. Pen defending Mr. Stapler.

The trial began with quite a boom as Mr Pen immediately declared that Mr. Tape trespassed, broke, entered, and assaulted; but the worst part was, he looked good while doing it. The defendant, Mr Papèr, being the paper-cutting edge lawyer he is, then gave his statement, claiming that these were fraudulent charges seeing as Mr Stapler was recently fired from his job as Newspaper and replaced by Mr Tape. Mr Stapler, astonished by the mentioning of his dismissal, erupted with a “Click click clack \*Vaguely threatening metallic noise\* Click clack click”, after which, the Judge reminded him that strong language was not appropriate in court. Mr Papèr’s closing remarks ended with a simple question to the judge, “I ask you now Judge Shar Pie, who would you rather trust someone who has sharp fangs, or someone who may be a little sticky at times but in the end is just trying to make things right.”

After a short recess and a heated game of Four Square, Judge Shar Pie found Mr Tape guilty on all counts, except being too sexy. Mr Tape will be serving a life sentence of four years for attempted murder, breaking and entering, trespassing, and beating him in the earlier mentioned game of four square.

Mr Stapler is now recovering from the injuries and trying to stay positive by experimenting with hot yoga, drugs, and knitting! Another case well done by Judge Shar Pie.



Armadillo Arm Wrestling

Homer

The sporting landscape has been rather stagnant over the past few eons, with the same few activities being dominant, however, basketball, jousting, and zorbing may have to relinquish their throne soon, as a new sport seems to be sweeping the globe. A true show of athleticism and raw willpower, it’s hard to find a more intense activity than armadillo arm wrestling.

Many of you readers may not be familiar with this obscure sport, and I don’t blame you. Its rise in popularity has mainly been within the Amish and Puerto Rican population of the world, but it has recently been sneaking into mainstream media. The rules are simple: three humans and three armadillos are put in a boxing ring—or a Death Octagon as it’s called in the sport—with one arm tied behind their backs and their legs tied together. They then proceed to try to knock each other into the surrounding pits of fire with their remaining hand. It can get rather grisly at times, but it seems people would rather do it than pay taxes so who cares.

Now you may think that the armadillos would have no chance of winning in this scenario, but you would be dead wrong. These little critters are incredibly hearty, being able to withstand

10,000,000 Kg of force. They can also jump exceptionally high, with the highest recorded armadillo meters. Now with this information you might wonder about how a human could possibly top this, and I don’t really know either. In all the fights I’ve seen the people were disposed of in a matter of seconds. The real appeal of armadillo arm wrestling is the armadillo’s fighting. They wobble and jump around, slapping each other around with their one free arm, and it’s really quite entertaining. The armadillos also seem to love it, with one victor being recorded making various armadillo noises which I think are probably happy.

With the newfound popularity of this sport, the last question is when is it coming to Kelvin? Well, the administration has recently announced that they are replacing Wab Kinew’s promised gym with our very own Death Octagon, where anyone who wants can participate in this happy and normal sport can feel free to do that. Some parents seem unhappy with this decision, but who cares about them? They’ve clearly never felt the rush you get when battering an armadillo into a pit of fire. Who really cares anyway, what are they gonna do, call the police? Just because this sport is technically illegal doesn’t mean the law can make us stop.

Only a few armadillos were harmed during the production of this article, but it’s okay because they were jerks anyway. If you’ve got a problem with that, you can put a complaint in the paper shredder sized complaint box outside our offices. It’s a real complaint box, we promise. Hee hee hee hee !

# CHRIS SEANCES NEED

Pablo P. Pablo

Lying is a huge problem nowadays. Anyone with a brain knows that silly concepts like “Climate Change” are just a hoax, and yet you still see people saying things like this exist everywhere. It seems like the only escape from deception can be found within local newspapers, and thank god for that! Could you imagine a newspaper specifically dedicated to spreading misinformation? That would be wild.

Speaking of wild, the wildest video on the world wide web was recently whipped up and has made the internet in fact go wild. The video consists of a figure out in the wild, a figure which many believe to be the pop culture icon, Bigfoot. Taken in Colorado, this increasingly popular recording shows “Bigfoot” walking around in a field, squatting down and catching some rays. However, this is a whole load of bull excrement. Look at the guy, I mean, really look at him. If you had any sort of intelligence, you could very easily tell that this isn’t Bigfoot. It’s obviously his son Bigtoe.

Now, I’ll give you 5 seconds to let that sink in. 1... 2... Okay that’s enough. Obviously, Bigfoot is real. 1 + 1 equals 2, the sky is green, and Bigfoot exists. I even got to meet him at Cryptid Con last year, and now we’re basically best friends. What most people don’t know however, is that he has a son. Since the Patterson-Gimlin film in ‘67, Bigfoot had been radio silent, and while everyone was worried

about what had happened to him, I, as his best friend, knew that he was on the grind. He hit the gym, went to college, ate a chicken sandwich, found love, started a family and then died; leaving Bigtoe alone in this world.

Now if you’re a frequent Stapler reader, you’ll know that Bigfoot was turned into Bigpancake when two speeding cars crashed into him at the same time, and if you’re not a Stapler reader, keep it that way. Bigfoot’s funeral took place in the Colorado woods, and it consisted of his son, his wife, the Loch Ness Monster, the Chupacabra, Danny Devito and a violinist playing the entire Cars soundtrack. After the service, Bigtoe took a Bigsigh and took a Bigwalk out into the woods. It was on this day that he realized the Bigburden that he had. He had to carry out his fathers legacy. With all this Pressure, pushing down on him, pressing down on you, no man ask for, he decided to go relax in the wide Colorado fields.

That, my friends, is what this video is. It is not Bigfoot. Bigfoot is gone. You are in denial, and you need to move on. He wouldn’t want this for us. If there is one thing I learned from that man, it’s that no matter how many people don’t believe in you, you can still do great things. You can still eat a chicken sandwich. We could all be the next Bigfoot, because between you and me, that Bigtoe guy is a total failure. Remember, there is a big foot inside all of us. You just have to look for it.

# The Dilly Dallying Olympics

Frankie Longstocking

As most avid sports watchers know, the last Winter Olympic Games were held in February 2022, with the next not being till 2026. When this tradition was created the founders believed that the anticipation of waiting for four years would make it a momentous occasion, while in reality, most people just forget. This year, however, things are changing. The last Winter Olympics were anything but calm; in addition to the many lost limbs and people and mittens and such, there were also several people who thought the timing was unjust. There wasn’t nearly enough time to fully prepare.

Some of us are born with a wacky internal timer; no matter how many pocket watches we receive, the only thing you can really depend on us for--aside from losing the pocket watch--is being fashionably late. Even when it comes to the four years they have to get ready for the Olympics they still seem to take the scenic route.

It was with these lost causes in mind that the folks in charge created The Dilly Dallying Olympics, which took place this January. These events drew out professional dilly dallyers from far and wide, who wanted their chance at fame and to play some good ol’ sports.

The opening ceremony was a beautiful sight as people who had spent their whole lives

being judged gathered around a torch full of ice united in their tardiness. This connection was quickly diminished once the games commenced, and bloodthirsty hounds were unleashed from these beings who were now solely determined to win. The games consisted of watching paint dry, competitive moseying, waiting for her to text me back, and standing so still that one could feel the earth rotating. Games which entranced the people watching everywhere. There were tears, there were yawns, but most of all, there was tough competition.

When the torch of ice finally melted and the games concluded, the booming speakers announced the winner of this great competition to be someone who did not even attend the event, claiming they were “the ultimate moseyer”. None other than the machines in charge of printing this blessed paper.

After inquiring about the date of The Dilly Dallying Summer Olympics, the phone blared that “they will not be rushed!” and “2032 simply isn’t enough time to get ducks in a row, or anything in a row for that matter! Even laying bread crumbs for the ducks takes at least 8 years”.

If you stumble upon any news regarding this, please let us know, for we are too scared to call again.

# Bigtoe: The Truth Behind the Colorado Sighting

Pablo P. Pablo

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# Berenstain Hunt Ends in Nightmare

Wally Whitlock

The ethics of hunting has been a topic of debate at many of our Stapler meetings, usually about Frankie’s maniacal obsession with chasing the new recruits down the office hallways with a very wide sword—all in good fun. But hunting comes in many forms; you can hunt deer, ducks, bears, the chupacabra, and even people. However, when I found out hunters were after The Berenstain Bears, I drank my tea frivolously so I could spit it out in a fit of rage. Luckily, thanks to my strong muscles and big milky bones, I am going to put the kibosh on these nimrods, hopefully putting an end to their terror and meddling.

Tuesday morning, when I was feeling particularly tingly, I decided to take a trip to the Berenstain crime scene to take a little peek. I grabbed my utility bag, put on my shoe and began my journey. Tactically, I only wear one shoe to gauge the moisture level in my environment around me, and when I arrived on the scene, I noticed the ground was very moist, an unusual trait for the typically dry mud that the ol’ Stain bears usually have. Not knowing what any of that means, I continue towards their front door. To my horror, I opened it to find that these good-for-nothing hunters had violently brutalized each bear. It was a tragedy unlike any other, for nothing compares to a dead bear diorama. I slowly stepped over Sister Bear’s corpse to get a better view of the house’s interior. Upon closer examination, a cartoonish hole enters my vision, most like-

ly how the hunter escaped. It must’ve been a break-in, I thought, staring at what I can only assume to be the remains of Brother Bear, but as hard as I searched, I found nothing. No evidence. No money in their wallets. Nothing.

Disappointed, I went home with a big clown frown on my face. Since the incredible delay with issue 7, I’ve had time to loathe my so-called expertise on hunting. My heart aches more and more each day. I couldn’t help them—not even Sister Bear. I entered my empty and vacuous room, instantly landing on my knees so I could scream “whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy” as dramatically as possible. From that point on, I was left to ponder everything: my articles, the new editor, and whether fruit loops really are the same flavour. I discarded my utility bag of its items, placing each one back in its spot in my house. My notebook, my pen, my bloody Viking axe, and my magic walking stick. Papa Bear was like a mother to me; he taught me how to spread my wings into this wretched world, but now I have only enough willpower to stare at the clock on my wall and wait.



# Logan vs. Fazbear: 5 Losses at Freddy's

Pablo P. Pablo & Stephan Blair

The Five Nights at Freddy's franchise has exploded over the past decade. You may know it from the game series, the reason your 5 year old wet the bed last night or, most recently, the movie, which left the fans craving more. The franchise seems to be embracing this desire and has begun to take the natural next step: turning it into a real place.

Chuck E. Cheese is old news now, as all of its locations have recently been flipped into shiny new Freddy Fazbears Pizza Locations, fit with a whole set of new animatronics. This caught the attention of many, but most notably, everyone's favourite failure: Logan Paul. Logan reached out to Freddy Fazbears Pizza with a Prime Energy Drink™ sponsorship deal, receiving a surprising response from Freddy Fazbear himself in return:

“I don't want our luxurious company to be tainted with the name of such a degenerate. And a terrible boxer on top of that! I mean, he's had four fights before and only won one! On technicality too! He's not worth our time if you ask me.”

Now, Logan is used to hate, but from Freddy Fazbear? Unacceptable. Logan quickly decided to challenge Freddy to a boxing match in his own pizzeria, which Freddy accepted eagerly. He went into the fight Prime™d and ready, but you can never really be ready for

Freddy. For the second time in his life Logan had made a severe and continuous lapse in his judgement, because as soon as the match started, the animatronic pulverized him. What was hyped up to be the battle of the century ended up being a live bullying session. Audience members started to get bored; some left, some went on their phones, and some just watched in horror.

Then, a familiar face popped out of the crowd: “Was that the bite of '87?! Whassat the bite of '87?!” It's the King of Five Nights at Freddy's himself! Markiplier! Grasping the attention of the crowd, they swiveled their heads like squeaky office chairs to pay attention to the recent happenings of the showdown. Freddy had bitten down hard on Logan's skull, letting the audience hear a splintering crunch. This shocking turn of events, which many saw coming, left people horrified. While the blood on Freddy's teeth started to thicken and congeal like some twisted gorey jam, paramedics rushed Logan to a hospital where he could get the medical attention he needed, and social attention that he so obviously desired.

With Logan out of the match, Freddy Fazbear was deemed the winner of this depressing fight. To add insult to injury, Freddy, being the monster that he is, pulls up to the undisclosed hospital housing Logan with his friends: the surly Bonnie, the foxy Foxy, and the other one, to spew insults and even throw a rogue

punch here or there. Fans of both parties are shocked and appalled by Freddy Fuzzball. His response to the situation on X on his account @Freddy\_Fazbear\_REAL has upset them even further even saying:

“All you brats are really getting on my Freddy Fazbutt about that Logan loser. You really think I care? I'm Freddy Frickin' Fazbear. I make pizza and take names. I don't give a damn about some scrawny influencer guy's brain damage, because guess what? I ate that dudes head and there was nothing in there to begin with. Cope, seethe, and get blocked.”

With the somewhat unsatisfactory result of this match, and Mr. Paul not knowing when to give up, the two have decided to determine a rematch for the same day next year. Reserve your Tickets Now! Freddy Fazbear vs. Logan Paul II! Who Will Win?





# PIXAR MAC NEED

Pablo P. Pablo

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# CHRIS NEIL NEED

Wally Whitlock & Homer

Today marks a very important day in music history, as the most illustrious artist to ever grace audio has performed his second-ever concert at Kelvin. The one and only DJ Khaled, inventor of music, played some of his most infamous lullabies such as “I’m The One (yeah)”, “Air on the G String”, and “Yummy”, and students were more exhilarated than if Mozart were to rise from his grave and drop another symphony. It was made clear, like my search history, that Kelvinites were thrilled at the sight of DJ Khaled pouring a bucket of raw fish all over his body.

In past years, Khaled has had some difficulties getting here that hindered his arrival, specifically many incidents involving jet skis. In 1989 it got so bad that they found Khaled on his jet ski in the bushes of Airizona, exactly 2,976 kilometres away from where he was supposed to be performing. Understandably, after the announcement of his arrival, a lot of Kelvinites doubted his presence in the school, until the man himself burst through the Kingsway doors on his jet ski, allaying all those in disbelief that he was arriving.

Since its first announcement in the 1920s, Khaled’s appearance at Kelvin has been long awaited but was unfortunately overshadowed and promptly cancelled due to the rise of fascism. Luckily, with fascism now being long gone everywhere, Khaled’s concert was finally rescheduled. Earlier this week on the This

Morning Show, Mr. DJ announced that he would be making his long-awaited debut in the MPR, bringing a bit of joy into our lives. We at the Stapler seized this opportunity to interview him about his show further. We tied Mr. Khaled to a chair so we could ask him a few things. In response to our question: “When is the next album dropping?”, Khaled said “Another one”. We followed up by asking “Who is the best music?”, to which he said “Another one”. We closed the interview by asking him how he’d describe himself in five words, and he responded by stating “Another one”.

With a successful interview out of the way, we made a beeline to the MPR as we were told Khaled would be on any minute. We never bothered to untie him as we knew that a big man like Khaled could chew his way through the rope, and when he arrived right on schedule, we knew we weren’t misinformed. He got up on stage to do a little tease before the show started, and then, much like an engineer using a plunge router on wood, we started grooving. Those unfortunate enough to miss Khaled’s concert have locked themselves in the gender neutral bathrooms and are awaiting his next return.

# Khaled in Kelvin

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