

# The Kelvin S<sup>4</sup> *TAPED* er



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CAUTION

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Howdy folks,  
and congratulations! You are holding with your own human flesh a copy of everyone's favourite newspaper, The Kelvin Stapler. Please, take a moment to revel in this feeling, you deserve it after the war zone you likely had to fight through to behold this scripture.

To me, the start of school is much more invigorating than a new year. You can hardly reinvent yourself halfway through school; if you failed the first semester's classes, what's the point in trying to redeem the last few. But a new school year? Now that's a fresh start!

However, new beginnings are hard to get accustomed to. I spent my summer, as I'm sure many of you did, in the depths of despair. I grieved the loss of my mentor Harold Schmidt, whose harsh criticism crushed my fragile little ego without a care, as well as those who showed me the freedom that could come from temporarily unionizing against him. With them gone, I saw The Stapler's future slowly drifting into the mist, dragging my heart and soul alongside it.

After spending a long and painful 12 minutes in my dwelling, I realized there was a light at the end of the tunnel. I was Harold's successor. I am the new Boss Babe and gee whizz do I have a lot in store for you people! I've always thought Harold was lacking in the whimsy department, which, trust me, I am more than qualified to improve upon, and cannot wait to do just that. Therefore The Kelvin Stapler shall now be referred to as The Tape; named after the superior stationary commonly called "tape". It is not only far more whimsical but infinitely better for crafting. Staples are much too bulky for any delicate creation. So farewell to the infamous little red stapler, and may The Tape live on till the end of time!!!

frankie  
Longstocking

# The Dark Side Of Harold Schmidt

Wally Whitlock

For six cruel decades, Harold Schmidt has perched his bahookie upon the Stapler throne, clutching the last centimeter of life left within him. Fortunately, thanks to chronic back pain and criminal charges, we can now allay our fears and “whoop it up” as Schmidt has passed the torch to Frankie Longstocking. Though not before leaving his glittering Hello Kitty diary on his desk which I could not help but scuttle to collect. What I unearthed was too much for only my feeble mind to comprehend, so I’ve decided to expose the inner world of Harold’s noodle praying that a would-be Sherlock Holmes will study this diary like MatPat studies Fnaf lore.

After acquiring the heart-shaped key from Schmidt’s fanny pack, I rummaged through each glistening chapter in a trance, because much like George, I was curious. Some of the things found inside horrified me—a primitive illustration of John Martens in a grimace onesie, polaroids of Schmidt with the caption “felt cute—might delete ltr”, trademarked with his infamous em dashes. My eyes were cringing at the sight of all this... cuteness!



With a sickeningly sweet taste in my mouth and tears streaming down my face, I turned the page, and like the deplorable sequel to

Twilight: it got worse. Written on the page in sparkly calligraphy was a quote seemingly ripped right from a white woman’s wall, except with the Schmidt twist to it, “Live Laugh Lament—about the writers not handing in their articles on time.”

The time, like my grandmother on her way to the Ritz cracker convention, hobbled quickly and I knew it wouldn’t be long before Schmidt would realize he had left his precious masterpiece behind. I started to envision him plowing through the closet door and slapping me silly with his rambunctious retirement cane. Snapping out of my little fantasy I decided I better pick up the pace. I floppily flipped through once more, only to notice that beside Schmidt’s spiels about rainbows, unicorns, cookies and creams, and taking over the world, he dropped a bombshell that forcefully shattered my timbers. Schmidt mentioned a secret “cute room” located somewhere in Kelvin’s library where he creates contraptions, designs doohickeys, and manufactures mechanisms.

Sad to say, I had no more time to look for that, so I put the diary and key back in Schmidt’s fanny pack—which I humbly “borrowed”—and used an elongated crawl technique to break free from my hiding place, leaving my discoveries to linger in my slimy but rather large and intelligent brain. Since the eruption of all this hoopla, I’ve not done any of my homework, I haven’t slept, and Frankie might throw a temper tantrum if I go any longer without handing in this article, so excuse me while I tend to my dandelions.

# The Art of Passing Phys. Ed.

Alder Philby

One can never escape from life's unwanted tasks; we are taught from a young age to simply "suck it up and get 'er done", but there is one assignment that troubles even the mightiest of Kelvin students. An assignment that has them drenched in blood, sweat, and tears. An assignment that plagues students enrolled in grade 11 and 12 physical education, forcing them to take part in intense physical anguish for a total of 80 hours in one semester. It only gets worse when you learn that you can't even graduate if you do not complete this task. This assignment is the one and only Activity Log. Fortunately, I have been summoned from my two months of training with Chiron at the foot of Mt. Pelion, to grant advice on how to survive this logged peril.

1. Alpha Battle - The world is full of betas, and the activity log was created with the hope of strengthening their inherent weakness. If you shift into your wolverine form and challenge the school's alpha, Mr. Lloyd to a battle, you will have the chance to claim an automatic pass in the course, as well as prove to the school that you're not like the rest of them. It is important to know that in his 19 years of teaching, he has never lost a challenge.

2. Terrorizing Local Wildlife - It is common knowledge that critters like to roam the football field at night; all types of frogs, gnomes, and a bear, can be found there. Catch one and admin will grant you 1 hour of moderate activity to your log. Although they will require proof of your animal-traumatizing conquests, so perhaps bribe a strong friend to join you for some "quality bonding time".

3. Fishing - Kelvin is lucky enough to have its very own river a mere 12 moose strides away, so grab your good ol' pole and make your way down. Even though the only thing you're likely to catch in the river is E. coli, you can still log the time you spent down there.

4. Hide and Seek - Very few Kelvin students know that during C slot when the clock chimes twelve, Kelvin High School hosts a hide and seek tournament. Seekers are chosen by little mice that crawl into your socks and nibble on your ankle at 11:55 a.m. As soon as nibbles have been nubbled the seekers will be released and the game will commence. A whole game will result in 5 hours of vigorous activity being added to your log, and legend has it that if you look hard enough, you may spot The Stapler Tapes's infamous Ben Urich somewhere in the school.

5. Run.

Good luck!

# Kelvin's Elevator is Going Places

Raleigh V. Kincaid-Clark

The Elevator is a more than helpful addition to Kelvin High School; it aids in transporting big, heavy things such as laundered money, the sheer size of exam anxiety, or a sofa. However, other than the occasional bone maiming incident, it is known for remaining dormant during most school hours. It was not until this summer, while everyone fell into a deep existential crisis, that The Elevator got up to something.

Perhaps wanting to find a meaning for life in a one-dimensional world, The Elevator generated a cryptic set of buttons directly below the old elevator controls. This discovery was brought to the attention of The Stapler Tape by drama teacher Kyle Collins, who spotted four Kelvin students exiting Ecole River Heights only 2 minutes and 13 seconds after entering The Elevator at Kelvin. "I have no idea what's going on, but you're just in time for your My Hands presentation!", Collins said, expressing concern.

The set of new buttons are sequenced as follows:

**BACKROOM:** When this "floor" is accessed, you will be greeted by puke-yellow-coloured hallways, the stench of mildew, and eery fluorescent ceiling lights. Investigation of this "floor" was abandoned after seeing a black shadow lurking down one of the corridors.

**RIVER:** I pressed this button hoping to be embraced by the cinematic sight of shining crystal clear waters. Much to my dismay, The Elevator doors opened to my alma mater, Ecole River Heights. After extensive experimentation

it was discovered that if any of the poor souls who have not attended River Heights are present in The Elevator, the doors will open to a wall with a note reading "gg no re". This is likely a reference to The Great British Scone-Off of

'82 when Earl Grey beat River Heights in a scone-baking competition 62-4. River Heights has not competed in any scone-related competitions since.



?RANDOM?: As one would expect, this button causes the Elevator to jump to a random location. Studies show that people have been taken to places such as Grant Park,

Gollum's cave, or an entire factory floor dedicated to manufacturing miniature clones of Mr. Martens, though some sources say these clones looked more like Mr. Reimer, and one particularly confused student claimed it was "most definitely Mr. Gregory".

When the final button HOME is pushed it will lead you back to Kelvin High School, where everyone would most like to be.

In retrospect, this TARDIS-esque elevator with all its gizmos and gadgets, doo-dads, and what-not, is a staple to Kelvin life. Without it, we would all be stuck on the upper floor.



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# Robot Uprising Takes Over

Homer

Today marks a huge leap in human technology, as the Kelvin computer programming class has unveiled its latest project, a football team composed entirely of robots! This is quite possibly one of the biggest steps Kelvin has taken in the field of robotics, as these robot ruffians seem to be not only fully sentient but the pure incarnation of evil.

Rumours about this overhaul of the team have been brewing for some time now, and the human players are flustered, to say the least. One player who preferred to remain anonymous for some reason said that he was “terrified of these evil robot things, man. It stole my spot on the team, took my job, kicked my dog, had an affair with my wife, and forced me into a career as a stockbroker.” Truly a tragic story, and it has seemed to have affected most of the other players in similar ways, with my study showing that 93.2453% of Kelvin’s football team have been put in absolute financial ruin by this robot uprising.

Unfortunately, the incredibly human-like design has left android athletes suffering almost as much as their fleshy counterparts, with one of them going as far as to say, “I stubbed my toe the other day, damn this infernal nervous system!”. I don’t know about you, but I was personally brought to tears by this statement. So much raw emotion in so few words. Maybe they aren’t evil and are just misunderstood, maybe they won’t learn how

to replicate themselves and destroy humanity. As I watch them stare at me through my window while writing this, I can see the... good in their eyes. It’s probably not malice and greed.

One of the strangest things about this tale is how these AI automatons came to be. Their kindness and beauty were born from one of the greatest evils Kelvin has ever seen: computer nerds. They appeared in Kelvin one day with a crack of thunder, keyboards clattering, and Red Bull chugging. They claimed the basement as their own and soon started development on their latest project. Countless weeks of blood, sweat, and Mountain Dew later, it was complete. A complete squad full of evil robots can now lovingly tear through their opponents with cybernetic implants without a care in the world.

These D-Line droids may have replaced the football team and possibly all of humanity, but if there’s one thing they can’t replace, it’s the beauty of The Stapler Tape. We consider our writing to be an art form, and we would never, NEVER, use ChatGPT to write this issue. The malice you must have in your heart, the lack of creative integrity, is appalling, absolutely beyond human. Not to say I am not a human, I’m full flesh, blood, and bones, baby. If I was hit by a bus, I would probably die. Damn, this flesh prison.



# Kelvin's Space Program to Reach Sun

Belathor

News of Kelvin's upcoming flight has spread like wildfire throughout the school, after co-founder and CEO of Kelvin's space program, Mme Rosner, gave word that they are "planning to reach the surface of the sun in early June 2025". The absurdity of this claim was at first taken as a reference to Kelvin's trivia team, Reach for the Top. "After being cheated out of first place at nationals, she and the rest of the team are likely plotting their revenge", a Kelvin Alumni stated after receiving 24 emails on the subject. Current team members, however, have heard of no such game plan; in fact they have not even seen Rosner since their first practice due to "experimentation".

After extreme suspicion about whether this is all an elaborate hoax, students involved in Kelvin's Space Program have emerged with seared eyebrows and several missing teeth, proving the experiments are almost too real.

Several experts have voiced their concerns regarding the rocket's ability to withstand the sun's immense heat and radiation it will encounter on its journey. NASA's CEO's uncle's second cousin twice removed stated the following; "It will not even reach a few million miles from the sun before that thing turns into a cosmic campfire marshmallow."



Mme. Rosner spoke up at a recent press conference to address the gossip swarming around her project. "I assure you the rocket is real, and our manned mission to the sun is genuine; I mean it, honest, pinky swear! This flight will be the culmination of scientific discoveries to further analyze our solar system." Rosner also explains to the press that the secrecy involving the rocket is "to keep nosy aliens from getting their hands on Kelvin's Top-Secret rocket recipe."

The truth about this mission remains a mystery, but Kelvin High is still basking in the glow of possibility.

# Frankie's Ballot Blunder

Alder Philby & Wally Whitlock

As most have heard, we decaying contributors have finally freed ourselves from the shackles of tyranny by eradicating Harold Schmidt with the power of friendship, magical unicorns, and lots of tape. Unfortunately, Schmidt's successor, Frankie Longstocking, hasn't been any better. Frankie has been foaming at the mouth, ravenously fiending for power, shouting things such as, "The word count is now 300" while stapling the new writers to the wall. After "Roblox dating" was discussed, all hell broke loose as Longstocking clobbered Mr. Mann through the Mr. Mann-shaped hole in the wall, and she—like Team Rocket after failing to catch Pikachu—blasted off.

The following morning, we mounted our pogo sticks to pull up to school, passing by an advertisement that read: Elect Frankie Longstocking for Premier this October 3rd. As we pogged we pondered what this could

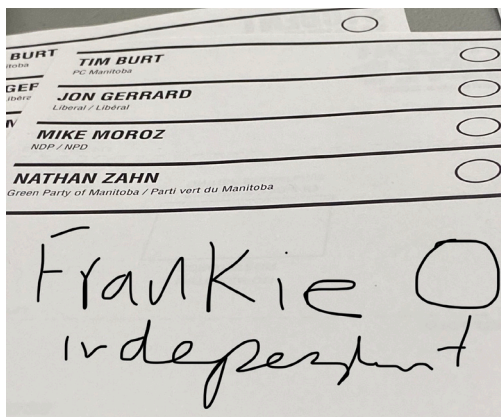
mean for the political and economic state of Manitoba. When we arrived at school, it was like stepping into a retirement home half-way through bingo night—it was scary. Political propaganda up the wazoo and photos of a deranged-looking stick figure demanding people vote for Frankie! Scratching our heads in confusion, we Pavlov'd ourselves into standing for our morning prerequisites. However, instead of the expected O'Canada,

it was Frankie's maniacal screeching: "You will vote for me, and here's why...". Out of fear, all the students called their moms, and at once, each screen illuminated. An animated stick figure bobbing its head began echoing the words Frankie was mumbling over the PA—like some creepy, evil, v-tuber politician. Longstocking's announcements were cruel. Declaring all bike locks banned, she stated: "They can't carry them all," as well as expressing the need to abolish house locks because she wants in. But one promise, like Mr. Beast's thumbnails, had everyone shocked. She proclaimed she'd force all food establishments in Manitoba to serve their guests hyper-allergenic food to "weed out the weak."



After a day of evading Frankie Longstocking and her supporters, we finally managed to break free from the crowds and flew away. With safety in sight, our eyes locked on Longstocking, who was campaigning door to door around our neighbourhood, stapling people to their front doors. It didn't take long before we were spotted, caught like a small child in headlights. Her eyes began to glow red as a dot trained at our foreheads, and her laser eyes began to charge—we only escaped by sheer luck.

Election day arrived quickly, and citizens were writhing and wriggling in anticipation as they made their way to cast their ballots.



Aside from the main four parties, a few others were running individually, big names like Kanye West, Kanye East, and Chester Chokalingam. As voters lined up, a whisper turned into an outraged gasp. The Herald had been harked, and Frankie was proven to have played an integral role in the Obama scandal. It was not looking good for Frankie.

Meanwhile, during the lack of school, the government seized the opportunity to increase math literacy from a young age. The ballots were counted by students in nursery to grade 2, who received no compensation for their work as it was labelled an “educational field trip.” The youth’s numbers added up to a total of 3.14 votes for candidate Frankie Longstocking, which led to celebration among the contributors, and all we can say is thank god.

# The Tragic Truth Behind The Mole Hawk

Stephan Blair

Society has always had a weird fascination with moles, mole men, making a mountain out of a molehill, finding the mole in the company, etc. etc.; however, with the latest fashion craze going around, people have taken this obsession one step further.



With the outbreak of a new hairdo, the mole hawk, people are using an immense amount of setting spray to harden their hair in the shape of a mole, reminiscent of Resetti from Animal Crossing. Unfortunately, the rise of this look, has resulted in many people who have tried this hairstyle claiming to suddenly wake up in a deep hole. Even our own Frankie Longstocking says: "I think they'd be adorable if they stopped burrowing in my garden bed". It is clear that this 'do is causing some problems.

A recent study by M.O.L.E. Inc. has shown that the excessive amount of setting spray used

to make one's hair appear this way can expose one to powerful fumes, leading to changes in their brain makeup, funnily enough, resembling that of a moles.

The solution proposed to solve this problem is that everyone ought to carry a mallet with them at all times. If you happen to see someone with a mole hawk in a hole swiftly whack them with the mallet, this has saved them of confusion and has only caused 3 serious injuries so far.

This discovery seems to be showing that having the mental capacity of a mole is the price of looking cool. At the end of the day, there's only one question to ask: is it worth it? Here at The Stapler Tape however, think it definitely is.



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# Sleepy Joe Finally Wakes Up

Pablo P. Pablo

From Mr. \$1 himself to everyone's favourite Home Alone actor, our friends down south have had many notable presidents. Some good, some bad. Some are dead, Some are JFK. But what they can all agree on is that you shouldn't sleep on the job; all, of course, except one.

When he's not taking his bike riding lessons or starring in Bo Burnham's music, Joe Biden attends his side gig as the president of America. I use "attend" loosely for mentally he is long gone. On top of the days worth of footage we have of Joe lying on his desk unconscious, he's also had many recurring instances of being absolutely senile. Shaking hands with ghosts, falling down stairs, saying Lover is his favourite Taylor Swift album, you name it. This man really shouldn't be in a place of power, it's a crime against humanity!

So naturally, we started trying to predict when America would get an extra day off work, and our flawless calculations indicated a September death. We quickly sent The Stapler Tapes local international super spy to America, but the reports we got back were shocking. After his press conference in Vietnam, where he stopped himself mid-ramble and stated, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to bed", he proceeded to put on his pajamas, catch a plane, land in The States, and start walking home.

Suddenly, he found himself looking upon a golden structure filled with water shinier than

Robert Pattinson's skin: The Fountain of Youth. How'd he get there? I have no clue, and he probably didn't either. In fact, the old fool probably didn't even process that it was there in the first place, for our spy reports that he simply continued to walk forward and tripped right in. However, when he arose, something extremely expected happened. 80-year-old Sleepy Joe came out as 12-year-old Little Joe.



In his new form, Joe Biden is America's youngest president and is still less of a child than Trump is. Because of this literal Legend of Zelda transformation, he can finally do what he's wanted since becoming president: turn the white house into a travelling circus. He also ended world hunger, invented time travel, and finally learned to ride without training wheels. What is most important though, is he has brought youthful spirit back into the lives of Americans with his singing monkeys and juggling dolphins. Now this all may sound too good to be true, but I assure you, none of this is malarkey.

# Chinese Spy Balloon Makes Its Return

Homer

Some of you readers might remember a small drama in early 2023 regarding a certain Chinese spy balloon. Well, our floaty friend has made a return over Kelvin. How did it come back from the dead, you may ask? The answer seems to be the long-forgotten art of necromancy.

Recently, a suspicious blob was spotted floating above Kelvin. After a small research expedition, it was revealed to be our old chum, the Chinese spy balloon, who for the remainder of this article I will be referring to as Gandalf. Soon after, Kelvin's state-of-the-art defence team took aim and fired off 20 nuclear warheads. Gandalf seemed to have gone through some intense training since its last sighting, as it was able to skillfully dodge them all, resulting in the destruction of Jupiter. One planet and three hours later, Gandalf made a daring escape over the Pacific back to its home.

A few questions still remain about this encounter though, one of which surrounds the mysterious origins of Gandalf's reappearance. Early this year, Gandalf was shot down and presumed dead, though recent events have shown that it must have been brought back to China,

where it was reanimated through a series of rituals and sacrifices. Over the past few hundred years the Chinese Government has mastered the art of necromancy, reviving countless important people from their government, such as Michael Jackson, Kevin Hart, John A. Macdonald, and now our old pal Gandalf.

With all these mysteries solved, only one remains: Why? It seems Kelvin has been harbouring some dark secrets. Apparently, the teachers here at Kelvin and the Chinese Government have had a long-running game of Uno going on, being on the brink of defeat, they decided to send Gandalf out to spy on Kelvin's cards. They are now being charged by the International Criminal Court for violating the no-peeking rule. There doesn't seem to be any way out for China, and the prevailing consensus is that they will have to surrender a quarter of their land to Kelvin, who will be able to form a new country, with its own laws and government, free of the influence of the Canadian and Chinese governments. My sources tell me that this may open the first international Stapler Tape branch, but even we writers think this is a ridiculous idea.

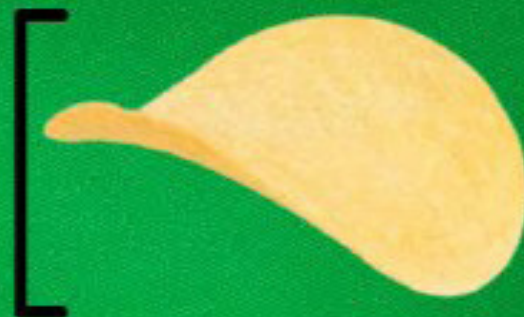


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# Taylor Swift's ERAS Tour

A Journey Through Time, Space, and Self-Discovery

Henry O.

In a world where pop stars reinvent themselves faster than a chameleon changes colour, Taylor Swift has decided to take it a step further with her groundbreaking ERAS Tour. Yes, you read that correctly – it's not just a tour; it's a time-travelling extravaganza that will leave you questioning the very fabric of reality. After the announcement that this tour is coming to Winnipeg, I have fought ticket queues and resellers to procure tickets to this once in a lifetime event.

Swift, known for her penchant for drama and storytelling, has taken her obsession with nostalgia to new heights by launching a tour that spans not only through her entire career but also alternate dimensions, parallel universes, and the very depths of her soul.

The ERAS Tour is said to include a homage to all of Taylor's past selves, including the innocent country girl, the edgy pop star, and the woke social commentator. With the help of advanced technology and a touch of magic –or so she claims– Swift has found a way to bring all of her former incarnations back to life and is ensuring that no one goes home without feeling nostalgic for a time they may or may not have experienced. Swift has also found a way to access her not-so-far-into-the-future self, who will be making a special appearance by coming through a portal wearing a Kansas City football jersey and smeared eye black singing a song which sources say is called "From Touchdowns to Tears". In an interview with future Swift she

claims to be from the day October 21st 2023.

The ERAS Tour proves to be a rollercoaster of emotions, and fans can expect to hear classics like "Love Story," "Shake It Off," and "Blank Space," but with a secret twist. Swift has hinted at mash-ups that will have you questioning whether you're in 2008 or 2034. The real highlight, however, is the self-discovery element. Swift claims that as she revisits her past selves, she's learning valuable life lessons and gaining insights into her own growth as an artist and a person. We can only imagine the profound wisdom she's gained from this cosmic journey through time. One performance's biggest surprise included controversial rapper/presidential candidate Kanye West being teleported to the stage and the two musicians performed a duet of Kanye's song "Famous", perhaps being a sign that the decades-long beef between Swifties and Yeezies has finally been squashed.

So, is Taylor Swift's ERAS Tour the most audacious and ambitious undertaking in the history of pop music? Probably. Is it a shameless ploy to keep fans hooked on her nostalgia-fueled rollercoaster? Absolutely. But who are we to judge? In a world where the only constant is change, Taylor Swift is here to remind us that you can always go back in time and relive the past. So grab your wildly overpriced T-Swift merch, suspend your disbelief, and get ready to embark on a journey through the ages with the one and only Taylor Swift. It's a wild ride you won't want to miss.

# Oppenheimer's Big Screen Debut

Dr. Stone

After recently pirating the animated movie Oppenheimer, I really don't see what all the fuss was about. Being a massive physics nerd myself, some of the animated scenes caught me off guard, especially when Niels Bohr started writing on the chalkboard and I realized a majority of the equations were wrong; he even stated that the earth was a globe, what a loser.

Due to the critical feedback this film has been getting, there has been news circulating about a new edition which will be live-action! This would fix a majority of the issues I have with the super clunky and kind of ugly animated version we have right now; having a budget of \$100 million, one would expect that they would evolve from the classic Polar Express, hyper realistic but extremely unsettling animation style, which nobody enjoys in the slightest.

However, this movie is not all bad; one of my favorite scenes was when Oppenheimer stated "It's oppen time" and then he opped all over the place. Also big props to them for adding

Barbie to 8 scenes; not to mention Bryan Cranston's incredible performance as Oppenheimer himself. Another amazing feature of

the film was the big twist ending where the Nazis lost to the Americans, I never would've expected it.

My main gripe with this film is that my favourite obscure physicist/chemist, Glenn Seaborg wasn't even in one frame of the movie. There were only 4000 scientists and they decided they couldn't show my boy Glenn? Come on, this is blasphemy, they could have just added him for a couple of frames. He didn't get an element named after him just for him to not do anything in an animated movie.

Overall, I thought the movie was pretty good. I'd give it an 8/10, to make it a perfect movie all they would have to do is just add my BFF Glenn for a couple of seconds.



NO MATTER HOW HARD I  
TRIED, IT WAS HER. AND IT  
WILL ALWAYS BE HER.

it has been a beautiful  
fight

# Avril Lavigne: Absolutely Definitely Not A Clone

George Inkwell

Avril Lavigne. Whether it's from her song "Piece of Me.", the three months she served as Pope, or her trailblazing way of integrating more pop punk music into the early 2000s, you all know her. I only know her because of the absurd amount of people who believe she died in 2003, and I am here today to prove this conspiracy wrong once and for all.

This rumour started on a 2011 Brazilian blog titled "Avril Está Morta", it stated that the ex-pope, pop punk icon Lavigne had died in 2003 shortly after the release of her album "Let Go" and was replaced with a body double named Melissa Vandella. There are multiple theories on why she was "killed", such as the Illuminati theory, an angry mob of people who disliked her as said pope, or the record label who wanted a fresh new look. Whatever the reason, I think this is a stupid conspiracy theory and could harm people.

To back my logic, I will use a picture from 2003 and one from 2004 to compare her facial structure and show that she is the same person, not "Melissa".



If you find two photographs of Lavigne, one from 2003 and one from 2004 you'll see that she looks the absolute same- wait, uh sorry one second. Okay so she doesn't look the "absolute" same but the only differences are her nose, her eyes, and her...face structure.. wait was she actually killed? Okay, that's enough of that. Let's look at what other proof these conspiracy theorists have for us.

One of their other main points is that some of Lavigne's birthmarks and skin blemishes disappeared over time after the switch in 2003. Another main point is a photo that Lavigne shared from a photoshoot that shows Lavigne with the name "Melissa" written on her hand. Could she have been warning us? To sort out the facts I have invited Avril Lavigne's clone for an exclusive interview!

INTERVIEWER: "Hello, Avril Lavigne, let's start with one question. Are you a clone?"

LAVIGNE: "Oh um no? It's actually pretty interesting how many people ask me that but don't listen"

INTERVIEWER: "There you have it folks! She said it herself. Okay, thank you Avril, that will be all for this interview."

LAVIGNE: "I actually thought you were going to ask about my new album or"

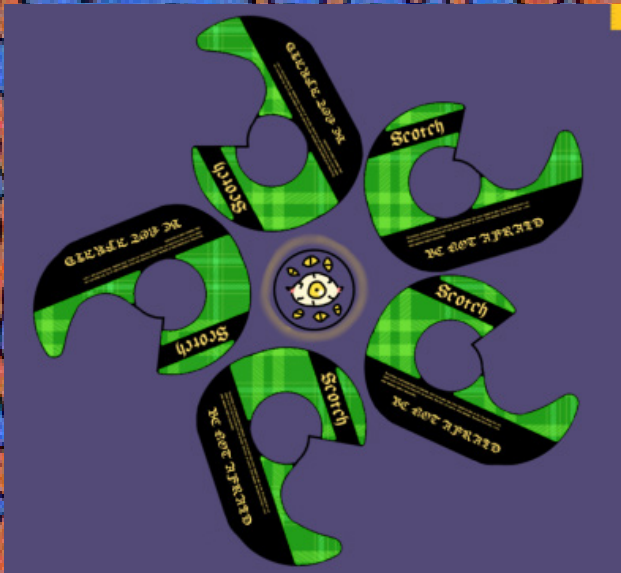
As you can see, Avril Lavigne's clone herself confirmed that she is not a clone. I am definitely not being held in a basement by Meliss- Avril. Although, some of that proof was pretty solid. \*faint click\* All that proof was nonsense.

# Cartoons & Comics

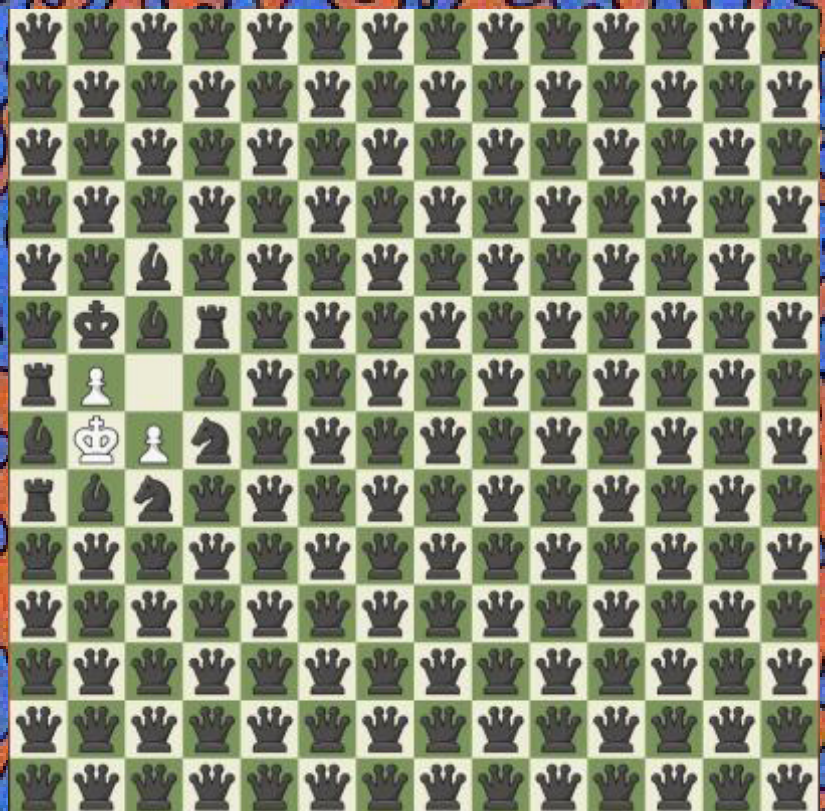
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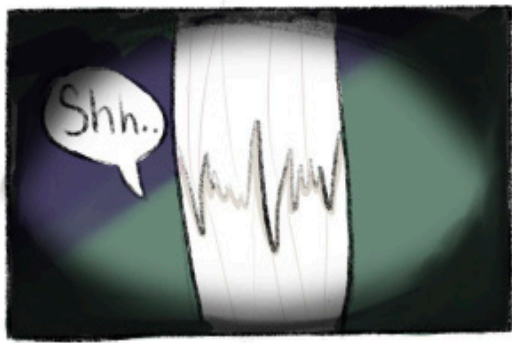
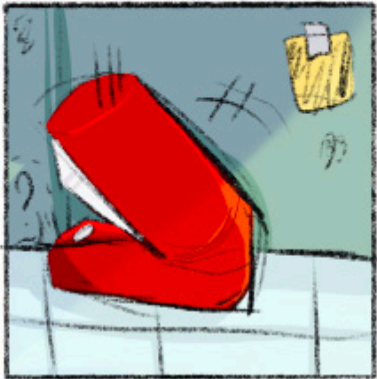
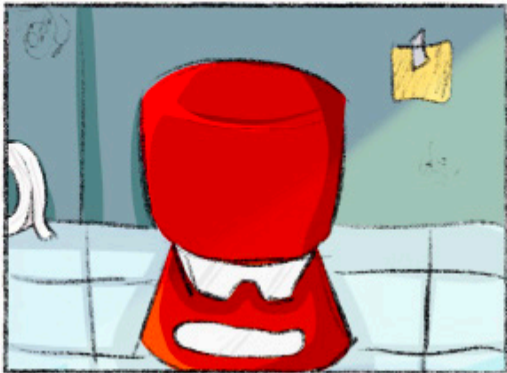
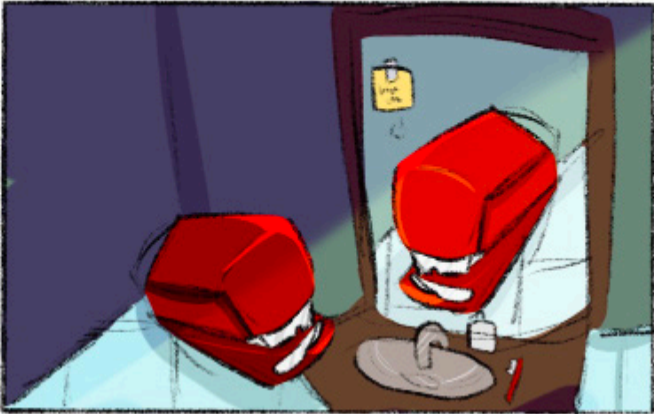


[Chess - For Beginners!](#)



[Biblically Accurate Tape](#)

The Rise of The Tape



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"Down With the Rodents!"

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# Flowers: A Garden Staple

Felicity P. Nix

Stapler flowers, a rare and elusive flora, known for its eye-catching petals and distinctive stigma, iconic for looking exactly like a red stapler. Last issue, I had the somewhat dubious honour of designing the cover, lovingly illustrating the specimen of *claudusflos asinae* that sits upon the editor's desk. However, since that issue never saw the light of day, I found it prudent to introduce you, dear reader, to the bane of many a botanist's existence, The Stapler Flower.

Found in caves, dungeons, and other known dwellings of writers, this unique plant needs little to no sunlight to survive and has adapted to get nourishment from more artificial sources, such as computer screens and fluorescents, similar to the writers of *The Stapler*. It also thrives on a healthy diet of tears, despair, and the ink of countless scrapped drafts and storylines. As one can imagine, former editor Harold Schmidt's specimen thrived while he was in office, due to his own healthy diet of tears, despair, and spilled ink.

The Stapler Flower can be recognized by its bright blue petals, vibrant green stem, ovular leaves, and, of course the unusual stigma that gives it its name. A proposed theory for this stigma is that to attract its primary pollinator, the writer, the stapler flower has evolved to mimic a stapler, a common food source of the writer. However, this is utter balderdash as everyone knows writers hate staplers, espe-

cially when they have to write for them.

Prime specimens of this species are rare and difficult to find due to its unusual habitat and niche needs. However, there have been a few specimens of note throughout the ages, most notably William Shakespeare's stapler plant, which he referred to as "The Stapler Plant", and recently the plant formerly belonging to



editor Harold Schmidt has been added to this esteemed list. Although the plant's fate under editor Frankie Longstocking's rule is unknown, I have high hopes that, like her predecessor, Mx Longstocking will treat her stapler plant

well—although I did hear a rumour that she plans to replace it with a lowly tape plant—and that this issue may be released to the public on time, so that the talents of the cover artist may not go to waste. Regardless, may you thrive like your potted companion Mx Longstocking, and long live the Stapler! (Plant!)

# Frankie's Corner!

I don't know about you folks, but high school is scary. The overwhelming sea of people unleashed into the hall at the chimes of the bell, groups of people going to the bathroom when I'm trying to eat my lunch, just being in a room with a bunch of 14-17 year olds is completely wild. It's a lot for us sensitive souls to handle. As someone who is now well versed in the ups and downs of almost all of Kelvins stairways—I had flee the electronics lab stairwell for obvious reasons—I'm taking it on as my duty to answer all the questions of the clumsy, confused, and uncomfortable kids just trying to make it through the day.

Dear Frankie,

lately I just can't seem to stay awake in class. At first I thought it was the darkness of Mr. Romus' classroom that was causing this problem, but it's been spreading rapidly. Romeo and Juliette lulled me into such a blissful dream I thought they lived happily ever after. I even managed to doze off during band practice when resting my head on the bell of a tuba. It was very comfy until it started blaring. My ears are now permanently ringing, I fear the mark I got on my TIQA is irreparable, and I still can't stop sleeping! Please help!!

Narcolepsy Boy,

That is indeed a tragic tale, and one in great need of fixing. Might I recommend an old ancient remedy which has ensured I only sleep for 2 hours a week. Every night, after you've had a spot of tea and a sliver of extra old cheddar cheese, put on your nightgown and sprinkle a ring of salt in the middle of the floor and lie face down. With your mind's eye, try to summon every demon possible. This is merely to show those buggers who's boss, for of course, the ring of salt will be too powerful for even their crazy butts. This can be quite a long process and it is crucial that you do not fall asleep, and is performed daily. After you have summoned and conquered all these silly buggers, they will for sure stop haunting you during the day, and the curse of permanent drowsiness will be gone! Of course you will still have to conquer the sleepiness that will come from staying up so late but you can just suck it up and have a coffee like the rest of us.

Have a blessed day!

Frankie



# Obituaries



Probably July 1758 - August 28 2012

It is with celebration that we mourn the passing of Sir Bigfoot at the young age of 254, after being hit by two passing cars simultaneously.

Sir Foot was an inspiration to many. He was the first of his kind to be knighted, he loved his Lord and Saviour, Patterson-Gimlin, and was an active participant in the forest walk initiative. His faith was strong, and grounded, like the ground in which he left his tracks, and often looked to the Bible in times of sorrow, specifically John 11:35, "Jesus!", which is the first recorded instance of someone stubbing their toe. He would repeat this verse when he needed strength to keep going, sometimes saying it multiple times a day, though it often came out more like "AHHH".

Rest in peace big friend.



March 34 2001/1998- April 28 2012

It is with great sadness that we mourn the loss of two great cars at the old age of 11 years old and 14 years.

Vintage, Classic.

They passed after hitting an unidentified hairy person.

They were cars.

The funeral will be held December 12th at the Auto Shop.



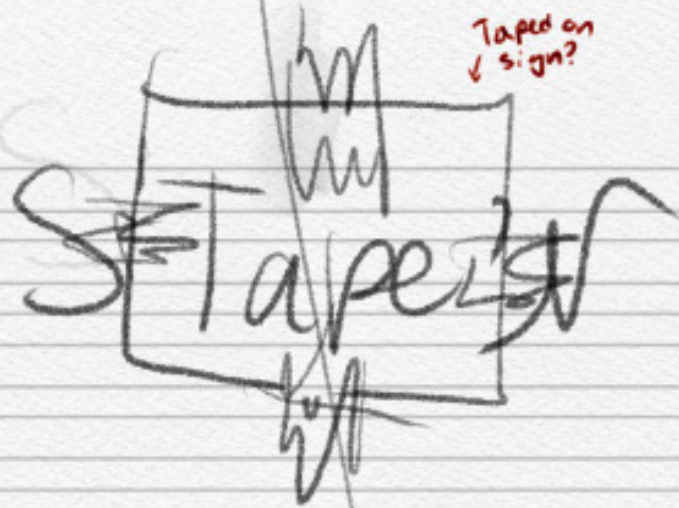
Unknown - June 31, 2023

After Harold Schmidt proclaimed Frankie as the new editor of the Stapler, he kissed his office desk goodbye, tucked in his typewriter, and left the Stapler offices for good. With his Hello Kitty diary in hand, he took one last walk down the path he had plodded down for over six decades, taking in the familiar surroundings. Corpses scattered about, the general public busy shooting spitballs and hurling eggs at the office windows.

He had lived his whole life with a frown on his face and grit in his teeth, but for the first time, he smiled. Seconds after Schmidt left our sights, he was fatally cut in pieces by a rogue Viking's axe in pursuit of battle.

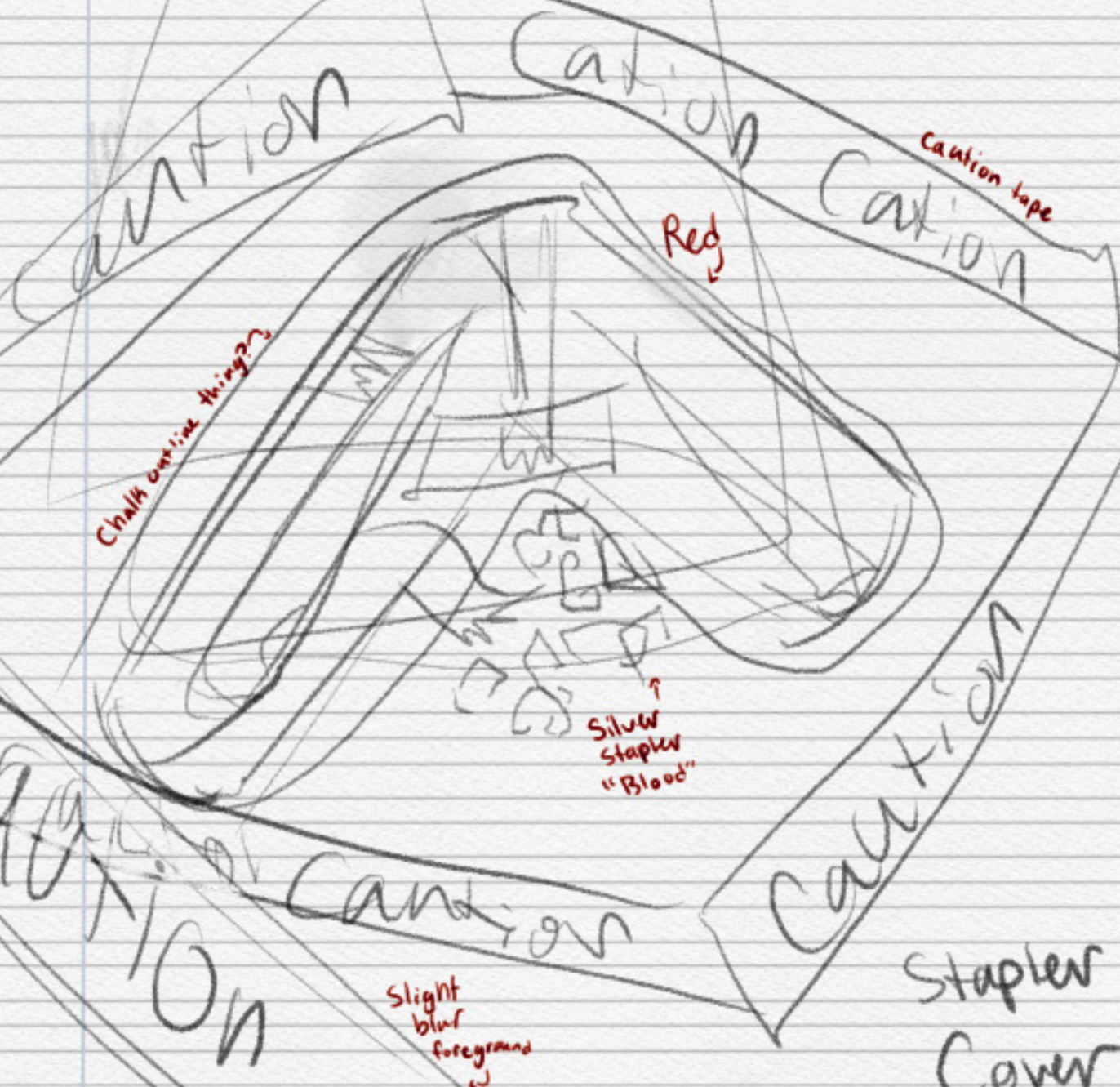
Rest in pieces, Schmidt.

The



Taped on sign?

spot light



caution tape

Chalk outline thing?

Red

Silver stapler "Blood"

Stapler Cover

Slight blur foreground

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