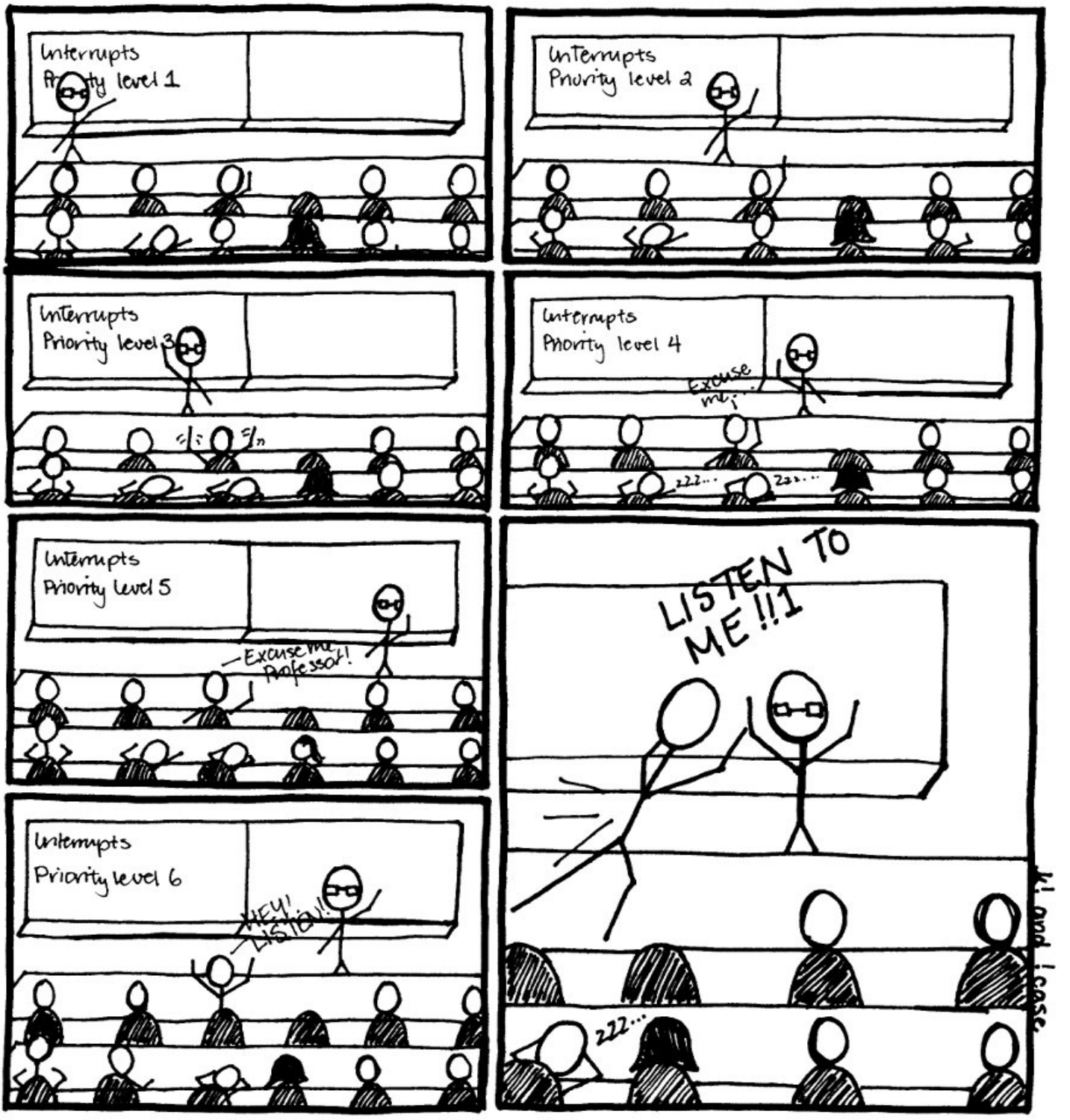
math NEWS



Volume 114, Issue 6
Friday, December 3rd, 2010

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*look*AHEAD

***math*NEWS**	
December 3	Issue 6 blasts off at the speed of light!
December 7	***math*NEWS** EOT
MathSoc	
December 3	Math EOT in comfy at 6:30pm
December 4-5	24 games day noon-noon in comfy
Math Faculty	
Ongoing	The Math Faculty still has nothing to say to ***math*NEWS,** we feel left out.
December 6	Last day of classes
December 22	Last day of exams
December 24-31	University closed for seasonal break
CECS	
Ongoing	Daily postings to continue on into the first week of February
Miscellaneous	
December 3	International Day of Persons with Disabilities (Needles Hall anyone?)
December 5	Day of the Ninja
December 8, 1980	John Lennon is assassinated
December 10, 1968	Japan's biggest heist is carried out in Tokyo.

Prepare for trouble!

And make it double!

To protect *math*NEWS from molestation
To seize power and cause irritation
To denounce the evils of unprotected love
To stare blankly at the lights above
!ED
ConcealED
Team Sprocket! Doing layout until midnight
Grab some nerf and prepare to fight!
WhorED, dat's right!

!ED and ConcealED

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The 7 Eevolutions: Espeon, Umbreon, Flareon, Vaporeon, Jolteon, Glaceon, Leafean (Sacha Koohgoli, John Stevenson, Jeff Bain, Rami Finkelstein, John Baxter, Harrison Gross,Will Morrison)

*mast*HEAD

So last weekend, Wikileaks caused a big explosion of controversy over some revelations of years' worth of government documents detailing secret messages back between world governments. There was a great deal of good stuff, and I'm sure the controversy is still raging now a week later, with people calling Wikileaks terrorists or DDoSing the website constantly.

Regardless of whether or not you're behind Wikileaks purpose as whistleblowers on everything they can get their hands on, it certainly is interesting to see what happens when you leak secret information to the public. In the spirit of openness, we tried to think of what we could leak ourselves. Unfortunately, *math*NEWS doesn't really know anything fun.

That's why we're asking you for this week's *mast*HEAD question: "What would you leak on Wikileaks?"

!case ("The articles that even *math*NEWS won't publish"), theDreamer("Magic"), Zethar("42."), Williver Dalliard ("If not found yet, the location of the natural log."), snippet("The proof for the Riemann Hypothesis"), RedMetal ("What you did last night") BlueberryMuffin ("Water."), ¬perki("x7gq@tjk4zteeqexTM4BtSRqM4Ajl (insurance) Jeff Bain's most sordid secrets."), Algoweird ("Vegetable puns"), !able ("I would tie everyone in a k! and then reveal all the editors' real names."), theSMURF("Pink-Tie's root password. Oh wait, that's already public knowledge"), !theNewGuy("Inconsistency of ZF. I broke math."), The Unfortunate Optimist("The last 3 digits of pi"), k! ("Bunnies?"). Scythes Marshall("secret CSIS documents (of which there are few)")

CorruptED("The top secret identity of WhorED")

Prez Sez

Hello wonderful mathies,

How fast this Fall 2010 term came to a close! It seems like only a few days ago I was running around during orientation week, trying to make sure everything runs smoothly for the rest of the term. And now, three months, dozens of events, and thousands of dollars later, this term has finally come to a close. I hope you've had a chance to come and enjoy some of our events and services.

On a more official note, this monday we had our Annual General Meeting, with turnout way greater than the turnout at the last FEDS general meeting. All the Execs gave reports on what MathSoc's been doing in 2010 — you can find minutes on our website, `mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca`. Also, the meeting created a Spending Review Committee, that will go and review "actuals" of the Society spending and let us know if we need to lower the student fee or spend more on Capital Improvements or something. So look out for another General Meeting in the Winter for their recommendations!

Finally, don't forget about the MathSoc exam bank at `mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca` -> Services -> Exam Bank. Hundreds of old exams at your fingertips to help you pass your courses with flying colours!

So good luck with your finals, have a great holiday break, and best of luck in the new year! As always, questions, concerns, complaints, and holiday wishes are welcome at `prez@mathsoc.uwaterloo.ca`

Here's to signing off as MathSoc Prez, for this term and forever! =(

Nadia Novikova
Math Society Dictator, Fall 2010

Rainbow Mathies #2

Love, Loss, and Coming Out: A Reflection

When I sat down to write this article, I had a clear-cut topic in mind. Being the last issue of the term, and knowing how sometimes the holidays can be harsh (especially for queer members of families), I wanted to write about how to best handle large family functions. I got about three sentences in when I recieved a call from my father. He let me know that my granddad, who has been in the hospital for the past couple of days, had passed away. I needed to come home immediately.

Sure puts an new meaning on my original title: "Surviving the Holidays" (I told you last issue I'd say something funny. I didn't say it wouldn't also be morbid.)

The news didn't exactly shock me. He has been in and out of the hospital for the past two of his 92 years alive. He worked deep in a nickel mine as a miner thoughout his working life, so it is surprising he lasted even that long. I was upset that I never had the chance to say goodbye, but on my last visit home we talked about that, so we understood I might not be around if he were to pass. So while I was a little surprised it was so sudden, and a little upset, the primary emotion I felt when hearing the news was confusion. Why? I hadn't come out to my grandfather before he passed, and what confused me was that I wasn't upset about it. Allow me to explain.

Growing up queer, I was constantly reinforced that my sexuality was a hugely important aspect of my self-identity. Research I did told me this, my friends told me this, advice columns told me this, the media told me this, even my counsellor and parents told me this. I mean, look at how important a coming-out process is for queer people. The mere act of revealing one's self-identity is preached as this huge, relieving, self-defining step that may take months or years to prepare for. And I had failed to do this in my grandfather's case. Shouldn't I feel anxiety, disappointment, shouldn't I be saddened by the lost opportunity?

So I've done some thinking over the past couple of days, and I've come to realise something that I think is important to share. These views and beliefs on the importance of self-identity conflict directly on a deeper, more meaningful value I hold and adopt my life around. I am speaking about how my belief that there is no such thing as a "true self." Over my life I am going to meet people and interact with them in a variety of ways and for variable lengths. They are going to appreciate different things about me, I am going to appreciate different things about them, and we're both going to appreciate different aspects of ourselves as they spectifically relate to the other. Because of these different values, I am essentially going to be a unique person as far as they know me. They are going to be a unique person as far as I know them.

This is especially true for our own selves: I know myself in my own unique way that no one else knows me, but I'm still going to learn more about myself and change myself as I go on interacting with myself. In terms of other people, well my mathie friends know different things about me than my queer friends, who know different thing about me than my Renison friends. Even my best friend, who knows more about me than anyone else, has a unique vision of me. And it's incorrect to say that any of these different versions of me are "wrong" or not my "true self." After all, as long as I feel open with these people, that I'm not hiding something I really want to be sharing, then that's what's important.

We were in the middle of the SLC great hall, playing a board game, when a very good friend of mine said something that to this day I find a very important truth. She said that among true friends is no questions or awkwardness around friends, that members of the friendship may have secrets or problems that the friends don't know about and that that's alright. As long as someone being as open as they want to be, that they don't feel they need to be hiding themselves out of fear of persecution or loss, then they're being true to themselves. The same can be said of my relationship with my grandfather. Sure, he might not have known my sexual identity. However, he did know everything I felt I wanted him to know about me before his passing; I wasn't hiding out of fear or anything. Looking at the big picture, I think that's the key difference.

R.I.P granddad, know that you will always be loved, and that I will always be that rock for you.

If you are queer identified, and are looking for someone to talk to or for supportive allies, there are always resources available to you. You can learn more about GLOW and its offerings, including a phone line at `www.knowyourglow.ca`. Counseling Services is always available to you, their offices are open 8:30-8MTTh and 8:30-4:30WF, located in Needles Hall across from Student Awards & Financial Aid. If you need support and assistance immediately, you can call the Waterloo Crisis Center at 519-745-1166. If you'd feel more comfortable speaking with someone from a queer specific service, please contact the GLBT Youthline at 1-800-268-9688.

If you have any comments or criticisms for this article, or would like to suggest a topic for future weeks, please feel free to contact me at `dtaleman@uwaterloo.ca`. If you are concerned about confidentiality, feel free to use an anonymous email service to contact me (for example, `www.mailinator.com`).

Join me next issue (aka next term) when I will probably discuss residence life as a queer person and what someone can do to help improve it.

(define this (not cool))

VPAS Sez

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of exams, I will fear no evil

Greetings, fellow mathies! Term is drawing to a close, and I hope you've all had a great time. To finish off the term in full revelry, we have planned one final event: a twenty-four hour games day. There will be games! There will be snacks! There will not be sleep! The festivities will commence on December 4th at noon, in the Comfy. Show up for as long as you care to, and remember, studying is over-rated.

And with that, I leave you. It has been a pleasure serving as your VP Activities and Services this year. Good luck on your exams, En Taro Adun, and may the force be with you.

Ian Charlesworth
VPAS Fall 2010

MGC Sez

Hey Mathies!

I hope all is well and that you're getting ready for your finals! I'm writing to give you guys some information to you from MGC!

Intending to graduate in 2011? You should fill in and submit your intent to graduate form! They're due December 1st for Spring convocation (or March 1st if you have classes in Winter 2011) and August 1st for Fall Convocation.

Have you taken your grad photos yet? The deadline has been extended to December 15th! Now go book your appointments: http://www.lifetouchatwaterloo.com/. This deadline applies even if you're convocating in Fall 2011!

Graduation Ball: A date has been selected! It'll be held on Saturday, March 5th, 2010 at St. George's Hall. More details to follow! So save the date and keep your eyes (and ears) open for tickets!

Yearbook: You can now pre-order yours and personalize it too! Visit our website for more details (http://mgc.uwaterloo.ca).

Picture Submission: Do you have any pictures you would like to see in your yearbook? For more information please visit: http://www.mgc.uwaterloo.ca/yearbook/.

Volunteers: MGC is always looking for volunteers to help with their weekly pizza sales and various other activities. If you are interested please email us at uwmgc2011@gmail.com.

Good luck with your finals! See you next term!

Thank you,

Maria Christina Greco
Communications Director
Mathematics Graduation Committee 2011

E-mail: uwmgc2011@gmail.com
Website: http://mgc.uwaterloo.ca
Facebook: UW Mathematics Graduating Class of 2011
Twitter: UWMGC2011

The Limericks that Never Were

There once was an article right here
And its writer had nothing to fear
But he looked to his right
And saw quite a sight
So he would soon disappear

There was a writer for *math*NEWS
And then he had a quick snooze
Then he woke up famished
Saw his article vanished
And turned into a puddle of goo

Red Metal

Things that will probably get *math*NEWS sued

Oh dear

- e is for [redacted]
- Imprint is [redacted]
- The [redacted] of Imprint is [redacted]
- Imprint editors are as [redacted] as [redacted]
- [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] Imprint [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

Fable III Review

The Fable series, developed by Lionhead studios, received its third installment this year for the Xbox 360. Considered by many to be the most anticipated disappointment of the year, it's no surprise that this game is disappointing. Or is it? Read on.

Fable III continues where Fable II left off (sort of). You are the son/daughter of the previous king/queen of Albion. Your brother is king. Although he sports quite a nice goatee, he turns out to be a ruthless dictator, killing several innocent people for challenging his rule. With the prospect of revenge in mind, you escape the castle through a secret underground passage. And so the rebellion begins.

The game is an action-adventure RPG and a real estate simulator *at the same time*. The first part of the game involves building a rebellion by doing quests and gathering followers. As your followers increase, so do their expectations of you. Eventually you are required to make several promises to fix the problems created by your brother. Such things include restoring a library, rebuilding a forgotten city, and ending child labour, among other things.

The second part of the game takes a step in a new direction for the Fable series. You play as the King of Albion, taking the place of your brother on the throne. This part of the game involves making decisions that affect the entire kingdom. A second objective of the game involves gathering enough money to raise an army to defend your kingdom. In order to be a good king, sacrifices must be made to keep the people happy. At the same time, however, you need money to defend the kingdom. So the second part of the game is really a strategic struggle to find a balance between your two goals.

When my roommate got the game, he played the good king, going into debt to lower taxes, build schools for poor children, and rebuilding war-torn areas of the country. When I played, I picked all the evil options. Not only did I increase the taxes, I also reinstated child labour, banned alcohol consumption, dumped waste into a local swamp, mined out a lake, and built a brothel on top of a children's school. (If this isn't awesome, I don't know what is.)

The game takes several steps forward and a few steps backwards from Fable II. There are far fewer options for clothing and weapons. Items are simpler than before. Most of the role-playing aspects, such as working a job or building relationships, are boring, as usual. Things are far more customizable, though. Buying houses and properties is much easier than before. The combat is slightly improved, but is still too simple to be much of a challenge. The game is fairly short, although there are an abundance of side quests that lengthen the experience. Although the game isn't a vast improvement, it was certainly one of the most fun things I've played this year. I would recommend it to fans of adventure games or fans of the previous two games in the series.

In conclusion, expecting greatness from this game will bring disappointment. Expecting failure, however, will bring a pleasant surprise.

Peter Molenyeux

CSIS Hops Down the Rabbit Hole

Wikileaks reveals disparaging attitude from ex-chief of CSIS

Before anything else is said, I want it to be absolutely clear: this article does not reflect the views of *math*NEWS as a whole. Rather the opinions of one editor who is rather upset about some of the comments that have come out of the recent Wikileak. Specifically I am talking about the leak from the American Embassy in Ottawa from the ex-chief of CSIS Jim Judd.

I am citing the file where I got the quotes I am discussing here: `http://www.cbc.ca/canada/story/2010/11/29/wikileaks-canada-csis-judd-cable.html`. Within the cable discussed in the article above, Mr. Judd expresses his intense displeasure that the rule of the courts is above the rule of his previous agency, and that we should simply use data that is given to us, and who gives a damn about the fact that the information 'may have been' derived from torture.

This incensed me beyond belief. The two major arguments I have against his attitude towards how we should gather information have been echoed time and time again. The first and foremost is that information gained from torture cannot be trusted. When those who are torturing get an idea into their head of how a situation played out, there can be an inherent bias in their questioning that may entice the detainee to answer accordingly in order to shorten the torture they are enduring. When it is not clear that information has been obtained in a civilized manner, how do we know that the interrogators even used a meaningful process of interrogation. "Aha!" you might say, "but we need to be able to trust our international allies, and disregarding their information seems counterproductive." I disagree with this entirely. This leads me into my next point.

When we are fighting an enemy who believes that torture, intimidation, and terrorism are viable means for a group of people in our modern world, we are faced with several options. One of them is to stoop to their level, and use torture right back against them. But to do so is to throw away the very values that we are fighting to protect. I am utterly ashamed that the head of our major security agency would disregard Canadian values that I am so very proud of and hold so dear to my heart.

Finally, if he truly believed such things, why did he not bring it out into the public eye? Let the people discuss such options among themselves and we could decide as a nation. If the judges are truly pandering to interest groups in defending human rights, show that the majority of the population of Canada truly believes that torture is okay as long as we aren't the ones doing it.

GroovyED

Public service announcement

Tim Hortons would like to make it known that they cannot find their supply of ninjas. As such, please refrain from ordering ninjas until they can resupply.

Free Education

I have decided that I should do something to benefit the UW community, and after some thought, I came to the conclusion that giving everyone a free term's worth of education would be acceptable. So, without further ado, here is a list of all the things I learned this term. Well, most of them, anyways. I left out the boring stuff.[1]

1. When frying chicken, do not throw a frozen chicken breast into hot oil. Defrost the chicken in the fridge first, then heat it up along with the oil. That way you don't get wildly spitting pans of hot oil. Also, if you are in ActSci, remember to add chicken-cooking skills into your parameters.

2. Check your return values. Different OSes will do different things. The result may or may not be defined, and may even change depending on whether or not you use a debugging tool. If you aren't returning anything useful, declare the function void.

3. Always carry an umbrella. Those collapsible conference swag ones are great for sticking in a backpack. Murphy's Law dictates that the weather will get you soaking wet at least once a week if you don't.

And there you have it, one term's worth of education. Now you can stay home and save a few thousand dollars in tuition. Aren't you glad you read this?

[1]*Granted, most of the things I left out aren't actually part of the curriculum, and as such won't lead to your getting a degree, but really, it's just a little bit of paper, right?*

!case

Something Completely Different

Get out your parasols, folks. A Spanish woman owns the sun, and it isn't free anymore.

International law states that no *country* can own a planet or star, but nothing whatsoever is said about individuals.

Upon finding this out, Angeles Duran went to her local notary office and claimed ownership of the sun... And has plans to begin charging for it.

You have no way of opting out of it, since its life-giving rays are used by all, for everything, on our little blue planet.

Luckily, she intends to send 20% of her revenue to the Spanish National Fund, 10% to "research", and another 10% to feeding the poor.

As such, I henceforth claim *The Black Hole at the Centre of Our Galaxy* as my property, and anyone using it to orbit rather than go flying eternally into the infinite vastness of the empty void of space, shall have to pay me an exorbitant sum.

Your Dark Spinny Overlord
theDreamer

Moth to a Flame

The first gentle hum of evening slowly rouses you from your slumber. Quietly, you shake yourself free from your cocoon and take flight into the dusky sky. Flying is your passion. You feel exhilarated as you carve a graceful arc through the air. You think to yourself that life is wonderful, life is perfect.

Then you see it.

It's such a small thing — so tiny, you hardly noticed it at first. A pale dot of light, far in the distance. It shouldn't be at all remarkable — it's just a speck — yet something about the way it shimmers makes it unlike anything you've ever seen. Lazily, you decide to veer toward it. It will take you a while to reach, but your curiosity insists that you know more about it.

As you travel, you take note of the scenery around you: deep colours, all sparsely illuminated by the first rays of starlight. You find yourself appreciating the world around you more than you ever have before, as though the desire to find this spot of light is filling you with life. You observe life of all kinds passing by beneath you, none of it taking note of your passing.

Suddenly, you notice someone far to your right: a ghost of a man, standing cloaked in the shadows. Like you, he seems to be unnoticed by everything around him. You're not sure how, but you know that he sees you as vividly as you see him. Before you can dwell too much, though, he gestures toward your destination, and you realize that in your distraction you've come much closer to that speck of light.

You can see it quite clearly now — a shimmering red light, sitting quietly, with life bustling all around it. Through the hive of activity you can take in every detail about it. Suddenly, it seems to you the most beautiful thing in existence — better even than flying. In an instant, you know that if you could only reach it, your life would be fulfilled. You speed up as much as you can to close the distance as soon as possible. You're so close, and you feel more alive than you ever have! It's right there...

You explode upon impact.

The life of a nuclear frickin' bomb

Xujhan

How to cram for an exam

Study Hard!

If you're like me, you have exams this term. If you're also like me, you've put off studying until the last minute. Not to worry, because I'm going to tell you how to cram for an exam. First, you open up your text book, your laptop, and your notebook, and if there is still room on your desk you get a pad of paper and a good pencil. Otherwise, the pad and pencil go on your lap.

Next, you take down notes from the prof's online lecture notes, your textbook, and your class notes. Once you're done, insert your witty comments to make things stick out in your mind.

Example: Here is one such comment: "*When dealing with vectors, pythagorize the shiz*". Finally, do an old exam. With any luck, by the time you're finished, you'll have 5 minutes to go run to your exam.

!bar

Terrible Jokes

That No One Should Ever Tell or Be Forced to Read

Two students are doing laundry. One of them is pulling clothes out of a washing machine when he exclaims, "Hey, there's a natural logarithm in the washing machine!" The other student says, "Well, you are doing laundry, after all."

So, as mathematicians, we say that functions have roots. But why is that? Functions don't take in water or nutrients. This is about as bad a misnomer as orthogonal matrices. Wait, it's worse. Nevermind.

Say you're extremely wealthy, and when you call your maids, they all come at the same time, instead of coming separately. Let an experiment be, "Call your maids and tell them to bring you orange juice," and measure two things: How long they take to reach you in minutes (X), and how many of them there are when they get there (Y). Then the units of the covariance of X and Y are minute-maids.

Theorem: Let V be an infinite-dimensional real vector space, and let S be an n-dimensional subspace of V. Consider the orthogonal complement of S, denoted S-perp.

Then we have: dim(**s-perp**) << dim(**your mom**). The proof is trivial.

Suppose X and Y are distributed by Mult(n; p1, p2). When calculating the probability function for X by itself, be sure to do your work in the margins.

Y? Y_o!

Scythe Marshall

ThE OnE I GaVe mY SaNiTy tO

I knew from the start that you were the one I wanted. I first saw you walking from the bus stop and my heart stopped. When I woke up a week later in the hospital, the only thing I could think of was you. You took over my life. You were the last thing that I saw before I died, and you became the most important thing in my life. I don't even know who you are. All I remember is the look on your face, that shock at seeing someone collapse. I must find you.

I found you. You go to class in the same building as me two times a week. I must see you. I sit outside your classroom, staring at the door and hoping that you will come through. I have gone 48 hours without sleep so far. I don't know how to get home anymore.

The funny white men came today. I tried to fight them, but they were too strong. They put me in this tight jacket with my hands behind my back, and gave me food. They say that I am severely underweight and sleep deprived. They gave me some medicine to make me sleep. I tried to fight it to keep thinking of you, but failed. I'm not sure if I'm worthy of you anymore. I am in a padded room, given food and medication. I'm tricking them though. I pretend to take my medicine, since it stops me from thinking of you.

This was found on the floor of Patient #143's room. We do not know where he has gone, his door was found open and the guard knocked out. We do not think he can function in society, however, so should be relatively easy to take back into custody.

—!theNewGuy—

For Rent:

Looking for a tenant for one townhouse near Laurier. It has a large backyard with a garden, suitable for burying bodies. Also several exits and alleyways around the house to facilitate escape. Comes with a shed full of various sharp implements. Clean tenant wanted, though any bloodstains will probably blend in with existing decor. Submit any letters of interest behind the hot water pipes in the sixth floor washrooms.

Off-campus Housing office

Zombie Log: Stage 1 Infection

Military 1

HAWK: Alright, everyone knows the mission. Priority is the survivors' safety. If you believe someone or something could be a liability for the rest, deal with the problem. I don't care how, we need as many people surviving as possible.

FALCON: So if we think of a survivor as a liability?

HAWK: It's under your jurisdiction on how to deal with it.

VULTURE: We're nearing where we believe the radio signal originated.

HAWK: Alright soldiers, remember what we briefed. Only shoot if a survivor is in danger. Our armour is designed to prevent any bites, so don't worry so much about yourself. You're more likely get injured from friendly fire than a zombie bite.

FALCON: You heard the man Eagle. Be conservative.

EAGLE: If they get in my way...

HAWK: Noise attracts them Eagle, so we can't go shooting around just to get kills. Even with silencers on, they'll come to our general area.

EAGLE: Understood.

FALCON: Still can't believe that there are this many zombies. Think we would have taken care of this before it got this big.

HAWK: It was out of our control apparently. Basically all of them just appeared out of nowhere. Military is doing the best they can, but there's too much area to cover. This isn't an isolated infection. That would be easier to exterminate.

VULTURE: We've arrived.

HAWK: Alright people, let's move out.

FALCON: By the way sir, what's with the code names and helmets? I know we wear helmets to protect our faces, but why were we ordered to wear them even before we met?

HAWK: It's easier to shoot someone who you never saw their face or heard their name. Understand?

FALCON: Yes sir!

How to Troll WhoreED

I'll share the knowledge because I know way too much about the guy. It's a little disturbing.

- Tell him he's not a real gamer. (He totally isn't, bee tee dubs)
- Claim that top hats are overrated.
- Insult Nathan Fillion or Neil Patrick Harris.
- Bring up the fact that he doesn't like bacon. (I mean, seriously?)
- If you're male, ask to make out with him. And then keep asking when he says no. And then ask his girlfriend for permission to make out with him. Continue to constantly threaten him with makeouts.
- Call him out when he messes up the lyrics of a song he's singing.
- Ask him about the batarang incident.
- Tell him his haircut sucks.
- Look down upon him for not having seen The Karate Kid. (Again, seriously?)
- Ask him why he hasn't changed is kind-of-inappropriate Facebook password. Everyone knows it.
- Demand that he keep his shirt on — But be cautious, you may provoke him to take off his shirt.
- Tell him he's not nerdy enough.
- Call him WhoreED.

eira

How to cram for an exam

Bring a boom box

If you're like me, you have exams this term. If you're also like me, you've put off studying until the last minute. Not to worry, because I'm going to tell you how to cram for an exam. Running to your exam, you arrive 10 minutes early and are forced to wait in the crowded area with the hundreds of other students inside a small space.

Next, you try to set up a rave party. If you've been following this article, you would have remembered to bring it. After all, didn't you read the subheader? Sandstorm is a good example to blow off steam.

Example: You shuffle into the middle of the glob of people. Sneakily, you pull out the boombox and start playing music softly. Slowly, you crank up the volume, bobbing your head. The rest just works by itself.

Big Mak

1A: Good, 1B: Bad, 2A: Let's see!

It has come to the end of another semester, and I still feel like I'm far too young to possibly in university. I thought that this feeling would have gone away after I had completed my first work term. Similarly, it is surprising how quickly this semester seems to have gone. It seems like just yesterday I was getting the pink dye sprayed out of my hair. In retrospect, a lot has changed since then. I keep on hearing about what I did during frosh week from people that I have no recollection of meeting during that week, since I did not actually know them before this semester. Since then, it has been one deadline after another.

A warning to the first years reading this - it doesn't get easier or better in second year. It just becomes harder and more work. I remember that I got a job sometime during the term, but I do not remember doing anything related to a job search except applying to a bunch of jobs. Somehow I have managed to avoid malnutrition, but it feels like I have never cooked. I have money left yet every dollar feels like my last. In short, this semester has dislodged me from time and logic and I have no clue how to get back.

I offer the following lessons that I have learned this semester and the preceding work term to upcoming students:

1. Do not become too obsessed or concerned with a job search. Jobmine will not change if you refresh it every five minutes, unless you are attempting some sort of job "sniping", especially during interview time.

2. It is not worth getting worried sick over a single question on a single assignment. Math is often very difficult. If you do not understand a question, ask someone. Do not be ashamed of not being able to figure something out.

3. Make sure that your priorities are well-ordered. Be aware of what you consider important, and avoid wasting time on things that are either unimportant or irrelevant, and despite what you may feel at the time, sleep is important. The winter term is a great time to get involved in clubs. If you are in first year, presumably you have settled into the routine of university life at this point, so you may be able to budget time for this. Social interaction is key to salvaging what remains of your sanity. Avoid letting yourself become stressed unless this helps you work. You are only capable of a limited amount of work, and wishing/thinking you should be able to do more will only harm you.

This was my first partially serious article, which is not a good sign. Hopefully I will have regained my normal level of absolute disregard for taking anything seriously by the time I write my next article.

—!theNewGuy—

Rejected

You know you're addicted to Tim Horton's when: You get up from your desk, walk to someone else's desk, lift up your cup (sitting on said desk) with the intention to sip hot beverage from it, realize it is empty, put down the cup, and walk back to continue working dejectedly...

!able

And now for something completely different...

I noticed a disturbing trend in my previous article. This was me seeming to take something seriously, which is something that I have been avoiding at all costs. To that end, this article will be nothing but silliness.

Recently*, scientists announced the discovery of a "cure-all". It is a very simple methodology used that can get rid of all your health problems. It unfortunately comes with side effects, but these are relatively minor compared to what it can cure. Such things as cancer or degenerative diseases become trivial, and can be relieved in seconds. As a side benefit, it will remove any psychological problems that you may or may not have. Essentially, this cure relieves all of your problems and replaces them with a single one. This problem is that you would be dead. So really, as long as you are alive you will have problems. Lighten up!

* "Recently" defines any time within the past $9x10^9$ years.

—!theNewGuy—

A Tale of Woe

Getting turned down by WhoreED

WhoreED, the mythical beast who is rumoured to stalk innocent firsties, who lives out of the *math*NEWS office, and who will make out with anything that moves, has my heart. WhoreEd (herein after referred to as WE) has captured many hearts in his time at UW — so many that I believe he is attempting to catch them all (just like in Pokémon). However, unlike in Pokémon, where the Pokémon get taken out and played with (heh, played with), in real life WE has kept these hearts enslaved in little capsules where they are imprisoned until they wither and die.

After about three weeks, these withered hearts will start to resemble food pellets. They shrink many sizes (like in *The Grinch*) after which WE cruelly goes and feeds them to the geese. Once the geese have been satiated, though, most people start to recover from having their hearts captured. However, unlike when Pokémon live in small capsules, most human beings can't live without hearts, and will therefore spiral into a zombie-like state. Once in this state they easily fall prey to any wandering Level 4 Assignment, as well as any Test, Midterm, or Exam.

This zombie-like state can easily be remedied by a Shield Battery or a Level 2 Heal spell. If neither of these are at your disposal, a quick trip to Timmies and a Large Coffee should revive any heartless zombie. Once the former zombie is revived, you must attempt to help them replace their heart with something else. Though assignments and work will serve as temporary replacements, a clock will serve as a more permanent solution (until the batteries run out). As an additional benefit, this will ensure the former zombie will have a great sense of timing.

As an ex-heart-stolen zombie, I speak from experience. I was revived by a Large Coffee (it was decaf, so I'm still partially undead) and currently, my heart is a crappy cordless phone. Don't fall for WE — don't even jokingly ask to make out with him. He will turn you into a zombie.

Sad Frosh

We Interrupt Your *math*NEWS to Bring You a Special Bulletin

Imagine a world where space travel was ubiquitous, where species clash regularly in complex socio-economic ways with different cultures, different ideas and different biologies. Wars are fought impartially, destroying whole planets with horrific weapons from light-years away, and space travel is a lonely endeavour for those who abandon their earthbound brethren. For those who find space too harsh, there is the option of integrating oneself with technology, to communicate with the servers empathically, minds blazing at the speed of thought on the information sphere. These two sectors of society are ostracized by the fearful government, who wish to find refuge in tradition and bury their heads in the sand dwindling at their feet as the resources which maintain these traditions disappear.

Now imagine a society so small that a whole nation can live on the point of an iron nail. At this level quantum side-effects allow this civilization to perform seemingly magical feats to our macroscopic world. Suddenly, people can be in two places at once so long as nobody is watching. Perpetual motion machines are not so unfeasible, as virtual particles can be captured and converted into energy. Such vacuum energy powers the microscopic society to ineffable technological heights, all smaller than your eye can perceive.

This concludes the science fiction imagination calibration test. If your mind blanked out at any point during the article, go read some literature or something.

We now bring you back to your regularly scheduled *math*NEWS.

Brought to you by,
Zethar

Fallout: New Vegas

The Dangers of Addiction

I goddamn loved Fallout 3. Don't ask me why; the plot was mediocre, the combat was rather unbalanced (pausing the universe, aiming, shooting, unpausing, and then continuing to shoot REALLY made it easy to destroy even the toughest super–mutant), the game was ugly, the dialogue trees were bland, and conversing with those creepy staring faces was...well...creepy.

And yet, somehow, I managed to pour over 40 hours of my life into that game, before I even started the main quest, and all of this was practically non-stop.

After I finished the game, I decided I was done. No more of this for me. Nearly fifty hours of my life, and I didn't really gain much from it. I promised myself that I wouldn't buy the expansions, closed it up, and never looked at it again.

So when Fallout: New Vegas came out (by Obsidian, no less, and my heart still aches over their treatment of my favourite RPG ever [KOTOR]), I wasn't going to touch it.

Enter aubergine, my girlfriend. I spent the weekend at her place, with her superior computer, bed space, and food.

So when I was waiting for her to come out of the shower Friday night, and I got bored, I booted up her computer, and saw what she had installed. Singularity was prone to crashing, and I'd already beaten The Force Unleashed twice.

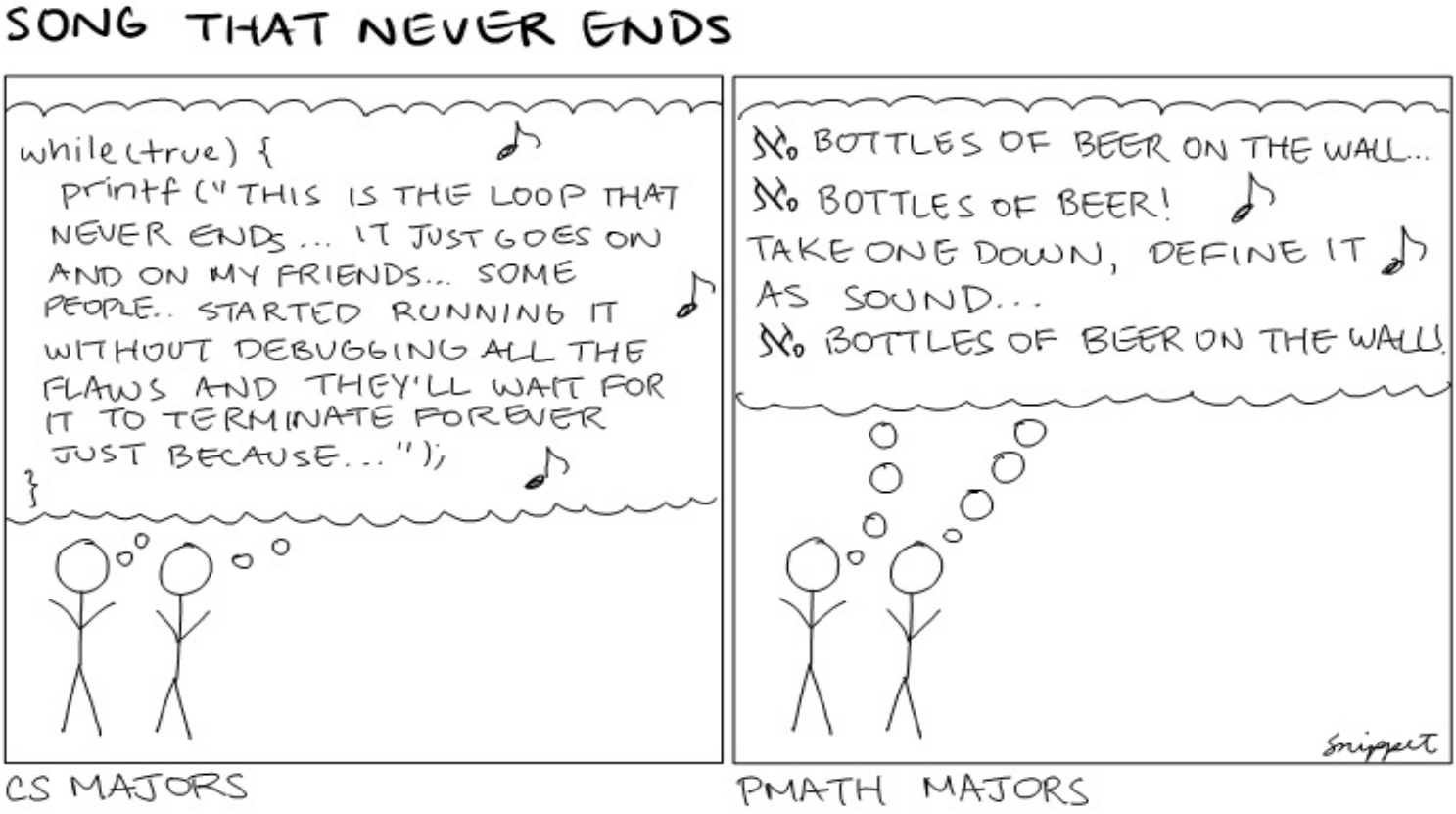
So I decided to start up Fallout: NV.

Stupid, stupid theDreamer.

I spent the WHOLE WEEKEND thoroughly neglecting her, my homework, and even eating(!) because of this game. It is identical in every way (except for hardcore mode), and it has sucked in my soul.

Again.

A Fallout Addict
theDreamer



profQUOTES

This fortnight's prof*QUOTES* *were compiled using Vim and regular expressions.*

Prof: [Premature board erasing] Was anyone writing that down?
Student: Yeah, it's okay, I have friends.
Prof: Yeah? Good for you.

Hill, PHYS 234

This is another slide that doesn't make sense to me, but I'll read it out to you.

Orchard, CS 115

[On infinite potential quantum wells] How can space be excluded from the particle? Well, there it is. I'm not proposing anyone actually understands why.

Hill, PHYS 234

I have a black marker today… The department finally ordered one in.

Mayer, AMATH 250

One of the worst Halloween costumes I saw [there] was someone was the inverse of himself. He came holding a '-1' up… it was a math party.

Mayer, AMATH 250

I just started using Wolfram|Alpha for this class… and I like it!

Mayer, AMATH 250

And I'll put my notes on that UWACE thing… so less people come to class.

Mayer, AMATH 250

Prof: [Draws vector x] This is x harpoon.
Student: Don't you mean arrow!?
Prof: Why so serious?

Mayer, AMATH 250

Let me first point at this and then *not* answer your question.

Mariott, CS 246

You can leave the hacks, submit it, and never have to think about it again.

Mariott, CS 246

I'll write it down but you should see that if I take the root test… I'll write it down.

Dur-e-Ahmad, MATH 128

The series part of calculus is just algebra… Whatever, write 'by calculus'. I don't care.

Russell, CS 245

We're going to count how many diabetes you have.

LaCroix, STAT 230

Say you're lost in the woods. You could use backtracking to find your way out… or you can just pull out your GPS. However, you're not allowed to do that in your code.

Goldberg, CS 135

You're so noisy that I can't see who has their hand up!

Clarke, CS 137

THE SUN HAS EXPLODED! PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM!

Mann, PHYS 121

So if God says the Sun is going to blow up, you have eight minutes to pray or party.

Mann, PHYS 121

[About cows] You gotta milk 'em, you gotta eat 'em, you gotta make them do stuff with each other so you have more of 'em…

Mann, PHYS 121

[Throwing a stick] What's the matter with you? Catch it, you wimps!

Mann, PHYS 121

I have a confession. My confession is that I'm an idiot. You say, "I already knew that."

Eden, MATH 137

There used to be a time where I'd say, "Who uses 'thus'?" Now I use it all the time.

Eden, MATH 137

[Using Intermediate Value Theorem] Prof: So, we choose another value. Like, $-\pi$.
Student: Or zero.
Prof: Zero's too hard.

Eden, MATH 137

Please take these seriously because I read all the course evaluations right before the final exam.

Eden, MATH 137

So that's our Astroblaster, and we can to see how much blast our… astro gets.

Mann, PHYS 121

How many of you are too lazy to raise your hand? Yeah, raise your hand if you're too lazy to raise your hand…

Mann, PHYS 121

With a suitable microscope all balls are the same.

Nica, PMATH 351

[On convergence of sequences] It's faster than a dream; it's like a honeymoon.

Hare, MATH 147

I may call [these problems] interesting. You may call them perverse, sadistic, and twisted.

Jao, Math 239

[After a flaw in the proof is shown] If you catch me with more objections, I will make more assumptions.

Nica, Math 247

[Talking about super colour blindness] So when both of a woman's X chromosomes are 'broken', it turns them into interior decorators.

La Croix, Stat 230

profQUOTES

Suck it Emacs.

They'll say 10 or so because it's a round number that's nicer than 15.

Balka, STAT 206

It's like in calculus where they spend so much on the foundations and background information that they go "Oh no, we have almost no time to cover derivatives and that's all we really wanted you to know."

Balka, STAT 206

I'm 100% certain that the mean expenditure is between 0 and infinity.

Balka, STAT 206

Hmm, I'm mixing up my significant digits and decimal places, but that's OK since I'm not an engineer.

Balka, STAT 206

Hint about the next assignment: start early. You're writing a compiler. I don't need to say anything else.

Petrick, CS 241

[About the magnetism portion of the course.] History repeats itself. We're going to do it all over again.

Mansour, ECE 126

[On poor attendance] I hope this isn't due to the effects of magnetism.

Mansour, ECE 126

[Holds up a cardboard tube] This is my *rocket launcher*! Straight from the Middle East!

Mansour, ECE 105

The positive and the negative mean nothing! This is me going *beyond* math!

Mansour, ECE 105

I see a lot of you are here, but I'm not sure if you're just physically here, or…

Hasan, ECE 222

Student: What's the difference between seven and eta?
Prof: Well, one's a natural number and the other's a Greek letter.

Trefler, SE 212

Money's not everything… That's why you're in Physics, right?

Mann, PHYS 121

[After a chain rule proof] Thank you for staying chained to your seats for this.

Nica, Math 247

The clock doesn't work… So we'll be stuck here doing Calculus forever.

Nica, Math 247

Every mathematician wants to hear the message "The number you have dialed does not exist, please rotate your phone 90 degrees and try again."

Wolczuk, Math 235

7 Wonders of UW

continued from last issue

Having traversed every clime on campus, from the prehistoric caves of the EIT building (aka the dinosaur building) to the mesmerizing ocean of the PAS building to the death-defying heights of the Dana Porter Library, I only had one task left ahead of me. I must gather up my courage and enter the scene of every mathie's worst nightmare: the Engineering buildings.

But wait! What if they could tell that I'm not an engineer? I had brought a friend with me, but she was in Arts so she wasn't going to be any help. Can engineers smell fear? Would the foul beasts attack? If a pack of 6 engineers is coming towards me at an angle of 60 degrees and another pack of 3 is approaching from straight ahead at 8m/min and the wind velocity is 28km/h ? No! I could not let myself think of such horrors! Stopping one last time to steel myself, I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I stopped. No massive horde of zombie engineers attacking. Well, that was a good sign. I figure it was probably because I wasn't holding any beer. I wandered around the hallways painted in strange shades of taupe, reading the warning signs. My favourite one was the "Biohazard level II" one. No wonder the engineers are crazy.

In my travels, I stumbled upon a strange stairway with a ceiling full of glowing blue lights. Somewhere between an outer space dream and a fungal cave, I paused to contemplate the scenery only long enough to absorb a small percentage of their radioactive rays. Moving on, I suddenly found myself in an alien hall painted in clashing shades of red, aqua, yellow and pink. Ah, the good old Davis Centre. Back to civilization.

Having mastered all the wild and wonderful places on campus, I am now taking a break from my journey to pass on my considerable knowledge to the next generation. Heed well my words children, and if you dare to follow in my footsteps, bring a good can of zombie repellent with you. Adios.

BlueberryMuffin

The One I Gave My Heart To

I've seen you for a while now. We've been together for a while now, but I just don't understand. You're happy with me, right? You always smile and seemed pleased to be with me. I was happy then, because I was able to make you happy.

But how come when I'm watching you, you seem just as happy with your friends? Aren't I enough to provide you happiness? What can your friends possibly do that I can't do? You should always be with me! I especially don't like your girl friends, they make me feel uneasy.

Listen, alright? You don't need them, I'll prove it to you. I just have to get rid of them, and you'll realize that they aren't necessary anymore. Then you'll learn that you just need me, that I can do everything that they can. Just watch me. Love you.

The only girl you need

My Time Undercover As an Art Student

Part Two: The (pre-emptive) Party

Previously on Undercover Artsie: I had blended in with the artsies of PHIL200 with moderate success. However, Broseph had seen my treacherous notes and was most certainly about to turn me in. My fate hung in the balance.

Suddenly, a level 18 Deus Ex Machina appeared and cast Level 2 "Advanced Plot". The plot scrambled off its back, bumping into and almost knocking over the fourth wall in the progress, and started to dash forward.

"BROOOOOOOS! A BEER TRUCK BROKE DOWN OUTSIDE, AND THEY'RE GIVING AWAY FREE BEER!! FREE BEER!!!!"

Upon hearing this, the entire class, including the instructor, was out of the room and running towards the exit of the building in less than a Planck second. Seeing this as my only opportunity to save my cover, I picked up my notes, crumbled them up, and began to stuff them in my mouth. After the second sheet it became somewhat difficult, but with some water I managed to wash everything down. Good, now all the evidence was destroyed.

"JACK BROER! COME PARTY WITH US!"

Feeling somewhat nauseous from all the paper I ingested, I walked past the paper shredder to go outside and— What the duck? There was a paper shredder in the room? Huh… Adding another item to the list of my regrets, I left the building to join the artsies.

Following the loud, terrible crap they were playing, I arrived at the makeshift party. The beer truck was not so much "broken down" as "crashed into a tree after running into spike strips set down by the artsies and going off road". The driver, fearful not only for his job but also his life, was running around frantically trying to stop the artsies from raping and pillaging his truck, which, coincidentally, was bent over a log with its back open. The artsies had the truck surrounded on all sides, and most of them were already drunk. The instructor of the class had already taken his shirt off, and someone, somehow, had found a lampshade and placed it on his head.

After the Incident in '06, I was wary about consuming large quantities of alcohol. Luckily for me, most of it was already gone. Broseph had consumed so much that he had already passed out, and had hopefully forgotten about what he had seen earlier. I picked up a can of beer, opened it clumsily, and began to drink. The following four to five hours were somewhat hazy, but I briefly recall putting on three shirts and popping the collars on all three of them because damn, that's three times more awesome than just one popped collar. I woke up face-down in a strange place, but luckily, all my belongings were still with me.

I think I've been blending in quite well, especially with my multiple popped collars. Broseph seems to have forgotten all about the incident, and I had found out the location of the party on the weekend. Rumors have it that the artsie top command will be present and will be discussing their secret plans behind closed doors. I prepared myself, both spiritually and physically, for the next week.

Drunk, popping triple collars and lying in a puddle of puke,
broSMURF

Zombie Log: Stage 1 Infection

Military 2

Playing log...

HAWK: Alright, remember that when you shoot, shoot to kill. In other words...

EAGLE: In the head. Like any other zombie film.

HAWK: Precisely. Except this is reality Eagle, don't forget that. People can actually die.

EAGLE: If they die, we just have to kill them again right?

VULTURE: Bad joke.

HAWK: Alright, there are two barricaded buildings on this street from the overheads view. Eagle and Falcon will go to the east building located here. Vulture and I will secure the north. Regroup at the vehicle at 1800 hours. If either team is missing at the time, only wait for five minutes. Survivor safety is priority. Afterwards, return to pick up the rest of the team and survivors.

FALCON: What's with the small teams? You'd think that there would be more than just us in the vicinity currently.

HAWK: It's easier and safer to travel in smaller groups. Also, like I said before, the military is spread thin trying to evac as much places at once currently. We're not the only group in the city, but we have to cover a lot of ground. So we got this area to evac.

FALCON: Got it.

HAWK: Remember priorities, save as many survivors currently possible. Don't risk a whole group of them just to find two missing people.

EAGLE: Understood.

FALCON: Yes sir.

VULTURE: Affirmative.

HAWK: Also, keep quiet. The area is dense with zombies, but they're currently scattered about. Let's keep it this way for as long as possible. I trust you to take charge of the second team Eagle.

EAGLE: Understood.

FALCON: Good luck to you sir. I say we all grab drinks once this is over.

HAWK: Don't make promises you can't keep soldier. Alright, let's head out.

...end log.

A New Class of Snacking Algorithms

Consider how you typically eat your favourite snack foods. Perhaps you eat them one at a time, savouring each bite as if it were the last that you would ever take in your stress-shortened lifespan? Or perhaps you stack a number of them together, and eat them all at once, so as to maximize flavour impact. But perhaps you are growing tiresome of the same old routine. That's where *math*NEWS comes in, to brighten your day and salvage you from the snacking doldrums.

Hence, we introduce the sequence snacking method! The premise is very simple: Pick your favourite recurrence relation or sequence, and consume your chips according to the value of the next term in the sequence. For example, at the MathSoc Trivia Night, I was introduced to the Fibonacci method: I ate chips in groups of 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13 at a time in order, before I found that I had no more chips to eat.

Other fun ideas include:

- the x^n and the n^n sequences, $x>1$, for those who are hungry
- the sequence of Bernoulli numbers with even indices
- the sequence of Bernoulli numbers with odd indices, for those dieting
- the geometric sequence x^n, $x<1$, for those with finitely many snacking items

Care should be taken not to consider sequences with negative terms, as that is clearly unhealthy. As well, sequences with complex entries would very likely throw your stomach for a spin, not to mention your brain. Props if successful, though.

Credit for this idea should be attributed to, amusingly enough, an Archaelogy student who shall remain nameless in order to protect her identity, and who is from a school that shall also remain nameless, because we don't care about it. You know who you are. Maybe.

Scythe Marshall

A New Hope

It's like a shining ray in the black. A broad horizon of joy and life opens up on my ocean of despair. What before was gray, dead, and dark and now springs to life in fireworks of light and colour. I can hear angels singing in the air.

Yes, my Computer Science assignment has been postponed until Sunday.

-BlueberryMuffin

StaticED inserts one last filler... blames the new guys.

Pirate Party Proposes Annexing Alaska

The Pirate Party of Canada unveiled its new platform last week, and the most unusual aspect of the platform, accompanying the expected content about intellectual reform, privacy, and government transparency, was that they wish to have Canada annex Alaska.

The PPCA leadership believes that, as a political party, getting to Ottawa is important. Unfortunately, the party ship is currently stranded in Victoria, and the Party does not want to leave Canadian waters. "Therefore, the solution was obvious," says party leader Mikkel Paulson. "We need to acquire Alaska so that we can sail freely to Ottawa without encountering any US Coast Guard, as we would probably be arrested for trying to make copying legal, which goes against the wills of the USA's Big Content overlords.

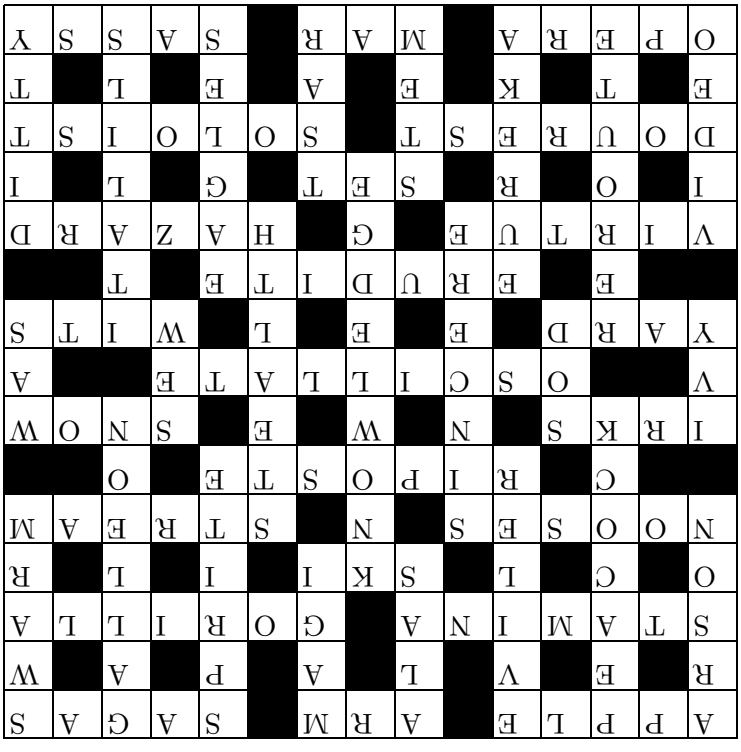
"We also encourage WikiLeaks as an alternate means to Ottawa. If there are enough leaks, they might for a river along which we can sail to Ottawa. We might even run into the Arrogant Worms as we go through Saskatchewan - I've always personally been a fan."

When asked why the Party wants to get to Ottawa, Mikkel said, "Well, we're a political party, so going to Ottawa is sort of what we do. But also, we want to be a pain in the butt to the corrupt parties in power. And then people will make pirate jokes about us. I love those, especially if I'm the butt of the joke."

Algoweird

This week's answers:

No Peeking!



elseWHEN

Tis the season...

Once upon a time there was a writer/editor/all-around grinchy guy named Angelo. It was late one cold Christmas eve when Angelo first brought me this yuletide tale. I of course questioned his fake Santa suit, but welcomed the gift. So without further delay, from Volume 108 Issue 6 here is the Grinch's Tale.

StaticED

How the Grinch stole Statistics

Every H_0 down in Math-ville liked Mathmas a lot
But the Grinch, who lived (x-100,y+20,z+1300) from Math-ville, did not!
The Grinch hated Mathmas! The whole Mathmas season!
Now, please don't ask why, it's too vulgar a reason.
It could be his tie wasn't tied up just right.
It could be his solar calculator never got enough light.
But I think that the reason with the largest probability
Was he failed STAT231 and suffered humility.

But, whatever the reason, represented by a histogram plot
He stood there on Mathmas Eve, hating all the H_0's.
"They are studying for their exams", he snarled with a sneer
"Tomorrow is Mathmas, man I need a beer!"
Then he growled, his fingers drumming fastest ever seen,
"Oh great, I drank it all during last Mathowe'en..."
For, tomorrow, he knew all the H_{Girls} and H_{Boys}
Would wake with a hangover and they'd rush for their toys!
Then the H_0's, failed and passed, would sit to feast.
And they'd feast! And they'd feast! And they'd feast!

They would feast on Poisson-Fish and Weierstrauss M-Beast
Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!
And then they'd do something he liked least of all!
Every H_0 in Math-ville, the tall and the small,
Would stand ε away from each other with Mathmas bells ringing.
They'd stand connected, an n-cycle of aleph naught singing.
"They'd sing! And they'd sing! ... And they'd... sing.
It's weird how I only know one word to describe most things..."

And as the Grinch thought of this H_0-Mathmas-Sing,
He was approached by a salesman who was travelling.
The Grinch wanted silence and the salesman gone
"Damn you kid! Get the hell out off of my ln!
That was bad..." Although, his pun was lamented
He thought of an idea which was quite demented.
"I know just what to do!" The Grinch laughed with no pants
And he quickly ordered an lolcat fur coat.
And he chuckled, and lol'd, and got on the roflercopter.
"Hold the lmao, I'll need a TA that can proctor."

The Grinch looked around. But, since TA's are rare
"To hell with it, no one ever notices they're there."
On a ramshackle sleigh at the top of the hill
The Grinch saw the incline and felt his blood chill.
The Grinch reconsidered while his sleigh remain stuck
Then a slight breeze pushed it foward and the Grinch said "Oh, fuck."

The sleigh sped towards Math-ville with sinister glee
And came to stop when it smashed into a tree.
The H_0's windows were dark. Quiet snow did abound
And blood from the Grinch's head had spilt on the ground.
"I've had better ideas" The Grinch sharply said.
"Alright, can we stop rhyming? It's a little contrived." Bread.
All the H_0's were all dreaming sweet dreams without care
When he came to the first little house on the square.
"This is stop number one, with an index of zero."
And he lept to the roof not unlike a superhero.
Then he slid down the chimney, feeling ever so keen
Not realizing that it was a chute for the latrine.
The Grinch traded stealth so that he could be 1337
And just kicked down the door to the first house on the street.

He ran to the fridge to eat all of their food
He found family pictures and drew things that were crude.
"Ah, my coup de grace", as he laughs and he gloats
"I am going to go and steal their STAT231 course notes!
When he heard a small sound like the call of an emu.
He turned around fast and then he saw who.
Little Mathy-Lou H_0
Who was not more than hot.

The Grinch had been caught by this tiny H_0 daughter
Who'd got out of bed for her hand was dipped in warm water.
"Whoever you are, why? Why are you taking away my course notes? Why?"
That old Grinch thought a lie but she said "You know what, nevermind. I don't care why."
Then out the front door he went, himself, a would-be-liar.
And the last thing he did was set the H_0's house on fire.

It was a quarter part dawn, all the H_0's still a-bed,
All their houses on fire, when he packed up his sled.
He wanted to dump all the goods off of Mt. Crumpit.
"I have no way to get up there and that's totally horseshit."
When suddenly a sound came from the town's fiery glow.
It started in low. Then it started to grow...
But the sound wasn't sad! Why, this sound sounded merry!
It couldn't be so! But it was merry! "Balls..." Very merry!

Every H_0 down in Math-ville, who was not on fire, was singing!
"This is so many different levels of suck that my ears are actually ringing...
They sing without means, with standard deviators...
They sing without distributions or least squared estimators..."
And what happened then? Well... in Math-ville they say
That the Grinch's small heart grew an order of magnitude that day.

The H_0's were glad with stats, the Grinch flummoxed at best.
With his brand new heart size, he suffered from cardiac arrest.
There was no more statistics and all the H_0's celebrated
And starved to death since the Grinch ate their food. Except the ones that were incinerated.

Angelo

Zombie Log

Stage 1 Infection

CARL: There's no way this can be real, right? This has to be a bad dream. Just have to wake up and—

JIM: No hope with this one, we should just leave him.

CARL: We can't do that, Jim.

JIM: I'd rather not die just to help someone who's broken down, Carl. He's of no use like this. He'll only hinder us.

CARL: But we can't just leave someone to die here!

JIM: So you'd rather have all of us die together? Look, I'd like to help these people, but the truth of the matter is that we can't. Not people like him, anyways. I ain't no psychiatrist — I have no idea how to fix a broken person. Broken limbs, maybe — not minds.

CARL: You're a doctor!

JIM: A person with a broken leg will be too slow.

CARL: That what would you do if I broke my leg?

JIM: Depends, want me to leave you or mercy-kill you?

CARL: God dammit you're sick!

JIM: Hey, I'd ask you to kill me. I'm not gonna have it so my poor excuse of a body ends up killing you as well.

CARL: How very thoughtful.

JIM: How very sarcastic. Look, you can deal with this guy here, but I'm going on ahead. We have a lot of ground to cover to make it to...somewhere safe.

CARL: Hey wait! Don't, wait! Hey are you...god dammit. Sorry. I swear to God if I go to hell because of you—!

End log....

New Editors Approach!

I wanna be the very best
Like no ED ever was
To print them is my real quest
To change them is my cause
I will stay up half the night, never breaking stride
These writers will understand, the power they confide
In ConcealED!
Gonna lay em all! (out)
It's like ecstasy
He just can't break free
!ED
Ooh, he's my best friend
But it's his work he must defend
Editors!

ConcealED and !ED

Tick-Tock

Alternate Lyrics. Just trust me

Wake up in the mornin' feeling like Osama
Grab my C4, load up the glock, I'm gonna cause some drama
before I leave grab the plans for the coming attack
'Cause when I leave on the flight, I ain't coming back

I've got an AK in my trunk (Trunk)
Walkin' in like a punk (Punk)
My passports' total junk (Junk)
Wa-Waiting now in the line (Line)
Ready for my time to shine (Shine)
This shits about to get divine…

Chorus:
Don't Stop, Blow it up
This time it won't be a flop
Tonight, on the flight
We will see a bright light
Tick tock on the clock
Lets all make this plane drop, I say

Chorus

Ain't got no fear in the world, got a bomb on my lap
If the kid behind me cries again, I will totally snap
And now the guy next to me has put the pieces together
But he won't be talking much since he's impaled by my dagger
I'm saying, everybody frightened here (Here)
Holdin' on to what is dear (Dear)
Their future isn't all that clear (clear)
Now, now its going to end very soon, soon
'Cause The plane will go all boom, boom
The place will go all boom, boom
Plane will go all

Chorus x2

Pilot, You fly me up
I crash you down
My heart, it flies
Yeah, we got this
With my hands up
I crash you now
We got this down
Yeah, we got this
Yea, You fly me up
I crash you down
My heart, it flies
Yeah, we got this
With my hands up
Put your hands up
Put your hands up

Now this party don't stop till I go splat

Chorus x2

RamED

*grid*COMMENTS

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet

Well, the last issue of the term is finally here, and we received a large number of submissions to last this issue's grid, despite the missing clue for `28+i` down. Some of our submitters were also polite enough to provide their own clues, which they then solved. The *grid*QUESTION last time was "Why are wrong numbers never busy?" Our winning answers come from Matt Beckett for the cryptic clues, whose answer was "Because 789", and Graham Pinhey for the quick clues, whose answer was "There is an infinite number of wrong numbers and a finite number of humans making mistakes, so on average each wrong number does zero work." You may claim your prizes from the MathSoc office.

As this is the last issue of the term, there is no prize for answering the new grid. However, the solution is in the issue so that you can check your answers. Further, as I am swamped with assignments this week, there are only quick clues, no cryptic clues. I apologize to those of you who like cryptic clues.

¬perki

Drywaller

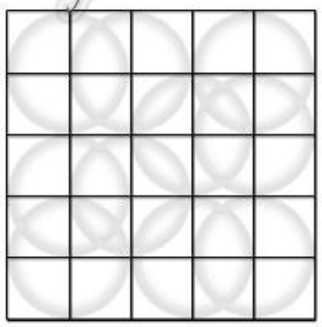
"Listen up. Our client isn't picky, as long as each square has the right number of walls surrounding it. Sounds a little tricky, but we didn't get to be the #3 drywall outfit in town by being lazy."
Also:

- There's a wall around the outside
- They want exactly 11 rooms

4	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	2	3
2	1	1	1	1	2	1	0	1	2
1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	3
1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	3
1	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	2	2
1	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	2	2
2	1	1	1	1	2	1	0	1	2
3	3	2	3	2	1	0	0	1	2
2	2	3	3	1	0	0	0	1	3
3	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	4

umbrellas

Place the following 10 squares on the 10 circles so that the overlapping numbers match up.



3	3	3	2	1	9	3	5		
7	0	0	3	5	4	3	0		
5	4	6	7	7	3	9	4		
0	7	9	4	4	3	6	7		
3	5	5	2						
3	1	1	4						

WORDARC

The scrambled words overlap by two letters

aps, aapp, achpt,
ccehio, acelnrt, ailmnnuu,
eemptu, aeelnn, deelu, deer, err,

http://eurl.ca/puzzles

Quick Clues

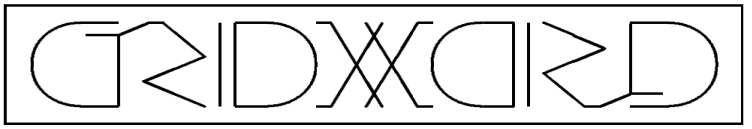
Across

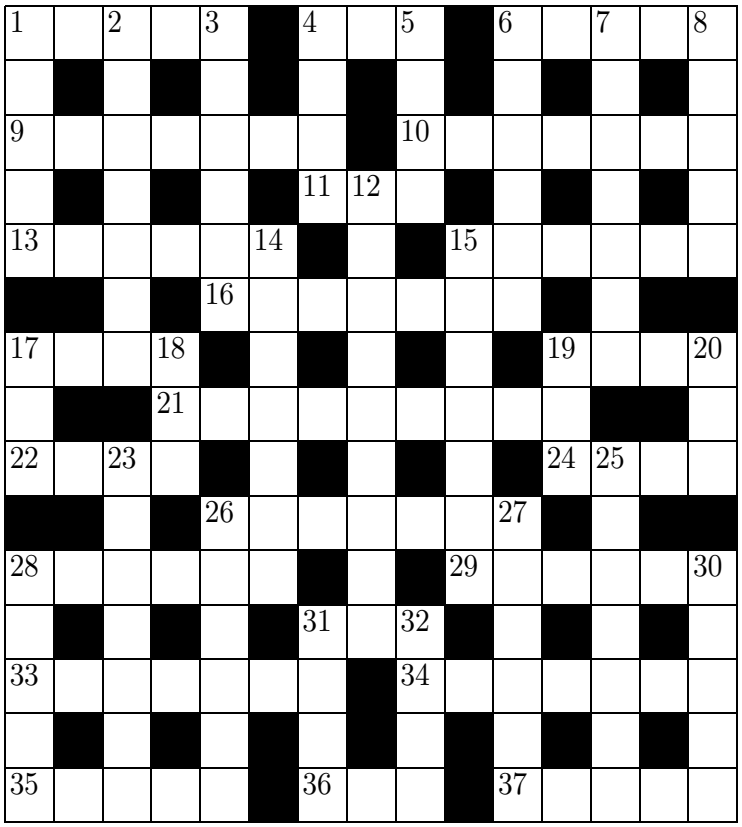
1. Fruit of a rose tree
4. Provide with weaponry
6. Epics
9. Endurance
10. Largest living primate species
11. Alpine descent method
13. Hanging knots
15. Brook
16. Counterattack
17. Bothers
19. Tiny ice crystals
21. Swing to and fro
22. Lawn
24. Canniness
26. Scholarly
28. Honour, decency
29. Peril, threat
31. Collection
33. Most solemn
34. Lone performer
35. Grand musical play
36. Disfigure
37. Cheeky

Down

1. Deliberate burning
2. Male peafowl
3. More fiendish
4. Alack-a-day
5. Sorcerers
6. Fairy
7. Spanish sailing ship
8. Horde of insects
12. Intelligence, wisdom
14. Honest, genuine
15.
17. Clinging vine
18. Turf
19. Stitch
20. Used to be
23. Send on a detour
25. Slanted typeface
26. I have found it!
27. American bird of prey
28. Radio star killer
30. Short song
31. Staunch
32. Russian emperor

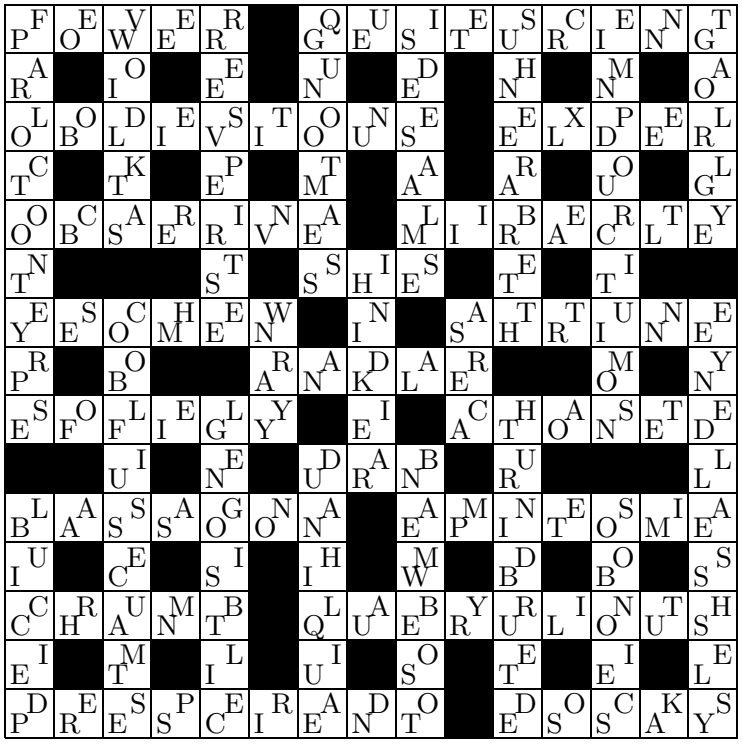
Puzzles courtesy of euri.ca





Last Week's Answers:

This week's answers on page 13



mathNEWS Caption Contest!!!!!!!

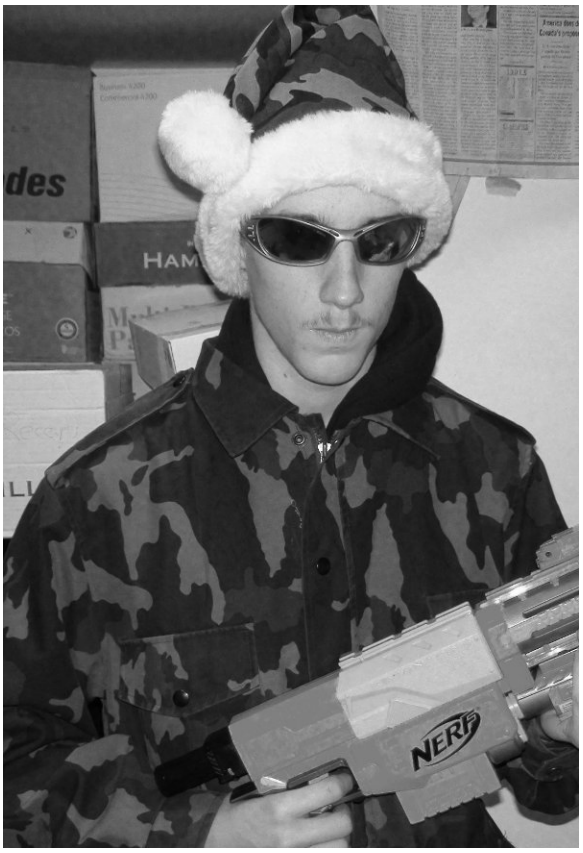
It's the end of term, and that means it's the last issue! Congrats to Everrett Bokma for winning last week's caption contest, you can come to the MathSoc office (MC 3038) to claim your prize.

Since it's the last issue, there are no prizes for this week's gridword and caption contest, but you should do them anyway because they are totally awesome!

Either throw your submission into the BLACK BOX
OR
Email us (the editors) at mathnews@student.math.uwaterloo.ca with the subject heading: caption contest!

Although there isn't a prize for this week, we have give you an extra photo to caption.

The Editors



Last Issue's Winner

Winner: Everett Bokma A thorough pat down and drug check is required before one may receive free pie

Runner up: Graham Pinhey The cake was a lie, but the pie is delicious.