

snowdozer

## “WHICH INANIMATE OBJECT WOULD YOU LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE MOST?”

I’m generally not great at taking on responsibilities. This one time when I was on co-op, I rolled out of bed and clicked on my daily standup meeting only to find out that apparently, a few weeks earlier, I had agreed to run the sprint retrospective that day. Having not prepared at all and with the growing, devastating realization that my entire team was relying on me at this moment, I stumbled around and struggled to find words until finally a more senior colleague stepped in and took over for me. The whole time, I was trying to figure out how this had happened. I had no memory of agreeing to this.

Anyway, this morning I rolled out of bed and discovered that at some point I had agreed to be a **mathNEWS** editor.

It’s not all bad: I have a box of leftover Oreos on my desk that I got to take home from prod night, I get to go by a name ending in ED without the editors arresting me for impersonation of a government official, and most importantly, I get to read my favourite news publication four days before everyone else. All for the low, low price of having to spend my entire day in my favourite room, MC 3030.

This room is awesome, by the way. I gotta give it to the generations of editors before me: they really knew how to decorate an office. We’ve got artifacts on the walls dating back probably as long as we’ve had this room. The one downside is having to use the oddly-shaped keyboard and mouse that those same generations of editors insisted on using for some reason. They tell me I’ll get used to them, but I’m not convinced yet.

I hope your days are going as well as mine! If not, hopefully this collection of articles about groundhog watching, shawarma, radio commercials, eccentric YouTube streamers, fake dinosaurs, and dads named Dave will make them slightly better. I’ve read them already, of course, but maybe I’ll read them again. It’s always nicer seeing them in print.

Other than that, good luck on your job interviews, and we’ll see you again in two weeks!

*derailed*  
Editor, **mathNEWS**

*derailed*  
Editor, **mathNEWS**

<b>WHOLE NUMBER HAVER</b>		the lights atop DP
<b>NO PUN INDENTED</b>		The moon. It's seen so much yet so little.
<b>SEXY_SOFTWARE_BABE</b>		my D&D character sheet
<b>ANDOIHI</b>		The paper mill, and for it thinks the trees are worth being used on <b>mathNEWS</b>
<b>MOBPSYCHOFAN</b>		The mattresses in REV, I feel like they have stories
<b>MOLASSES</b>		molasses
<b>ROCKFACTS</b>		Magic 7 Ball
<b>APHF</b>		You. The reader. I know you were replaced by an automaton
<b>JEFF</b>		chicken nugget
<b>TERMINAL</b>		the <b>mathNEWS</b> editors
<b>0.423</b>		My Vim UwU
<b>PINK BOMB</b>		Rock #22 (aka Mike) in my backyard
<b>SHAHABEE</b>		My shower drain (I'm not sure if it qualifies as inanimate at this point)
<b>NIKE</b>		Schrödinger's box
<b>NOT_A_UW_STUDENT_(YET)</b>		A chair, that thing has seen some stuff.
<b>LARS NOOTBAAR</b>		Mark Zuckerberg
<b>VERDANIK</b>		any of the desks in dp
<b>SNOWDOZER</b>		β Scorpii
<b>HELIx2</b>		walls
<b>CUTLET</b>		chicken nugget
<b>CLASSIFIED</b>		the Jerma head from the <b>mathNEWS</b> office

## ARTICLE OF THE ISSUE

We’re getting articles with scene-setting music now? **mathNEWS** truly is on the cutting edge. As a David myself, I feel obligated to give this issue’s AOTI to *The Daves I Know* by ~~rock~~ **DAVE**facts. Come to MC 3030 to collect your prize, and apologies again for not going by Dave—I guess the hamburger effect hit me too.

We don’t give enough credit to InDesign for the little challenges it gives us to keep us engaged.

SARA NAYAR, **mathNEWS** EDITOR FOR SPRING 2024  
ALONG WITH OWEN GALLAGHER, AWAB QURESHI, ISABELA SOUZA, AND DAVID TERESI

# mathASKS 155.1

**FEATURING THE mathNEWS OFFICE'S MOST RELIABLE AND INSIGHTFUL SPHEROID, THE MAGIC 8-BALL**

**APHF: WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON DIFFERENT EMAIL SERVICES?**

Without a doubt

**JEFF: IS THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION "NO"?**

Yes definitely

**NOT\_A\_UW\_STUDENT\_(YET): WILL I GET INTO WATERLOO COMPUTER SCIENCE?**

Concentrate and ask again [Editor's note: we believe in you, at least!]

**SEXY\_SOFTWARE\_BABE: WILL I BE GRANTED THE CREDITS FOR APPEALING THE COURSES I FAILED LAST TERM?**

Without a doubt [Editor's note: 🤔 ]

**SEXY\_SOFTWARE\_BABE: COMPLETELY UNRELATED TO MY LAST QUESTION, SHOULD I WAIT ANOTHER WEEK TO RESPOND TO THE EMAIL ABOUT CHALLENGING THE FINAL FOR A COURSE?**

Without a doubt [Editor's note: 🤔 ]

**TOTALLY UNUNIMODULAR: WHY ARE WE HERE, JUST TO SUFFER?**

It is decidedly so [Editor's note: 😊 ]

**MOBPSYCHOFAN: DOES YOUR MOM KNOW YOU'RE GAY?**

Yes [Editor's note: 💖 ]

**ROCKFACTS: DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE? IS THERE A GUIDING FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE?**

Most likely

**SNOWDOZER: WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 20, 1968?**

Signs point to yes

**JEFF: WILL C++ EVER BE MEMORY-SAFE?**

Yes [Editor's note: ☹️ ]

**JEFF: WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE BATHROOM ON CAMPUS?**

Yes [Editor's note: I promise this 8-ball is capable of giving negative answers. It is just choosing not to]

**NOTAKLUTZ: WILL I BE EMPLOYED THIS FALL?**

Without a doubt

**PINK BOMB: HOW DO I BUILD A HYDROGEN BOMB (IN MINECRAFT) (WINK WINK)**

It is certain

**NOT\_A\_UW\_STUDENT\_(YET): IS SLEEPING REALLY NECESSARY?**

Yes

**MOLASSES: DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ON THE AS-OF-YET UNRESOLVED DISAPPEARANCES OF MAGIC BALLS 1 THROUGH 7?**

Concentrate and ask again [Editor's note: 🤔 🤔 🤔 ]

**CLASSIFIED: ARE YOU LYING?**

Very doubtful

**LEAH: SHOULD I GET ANOTHER CAT?**

Don't count on it

**LARS NOOTBAAR: SHOULD THE READER SEE THE MASTERPIECE THAT IS HUNDREDS OF BEAVERS?**

Cannot predict now

**\_\_INIT\_\_: WHICH INANIMATE OBJECT WOULD YOU LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE MOST?**

Outlook good

**VERDANIK: IS MY SHITCOIN GOING TO THE MOON?**

My reply is no

**HELI\*2: WHY IS THERE ANYTHING AT ALL?**

Don't count on it

**NO PUN INDENTED: WILL mathNEWS STILL BE PUBLISHING 100 YEARS FROM NOW?**

You may rely on it [Editor's note: 😊 ]



The logo for mathNEWS, with 'math' in a lowercase, rounded font and 'NEWS' in a bold, uppercase, blocky font.

# THE DAVES I KNOW

In the late 2010s, there was a deluge of articles decrying the amount of Steves, Pauls, or Daves vs the amount of women in management positions.<sup>1</sup> It was an easy-to-grasp and indicative fact of the glass ceiling effect. However, this seems to have changed in the past few years: now there are more women CEOs than Daves. A talented reporter may investigate the gains made in women's rights over the past five years and how we can continue to improve. However, I am a hack and a fraud. Instead I want to look into what happened to being named **Dave**.

Some scene setting music:



Think about it. How many **Daves** do you know? How old are they? What do they do? Do they have their own hands and come from different moms???

I personally work with three **Daves** and know two dads named **Dave**! Yet I know only two my age, and they both go by David 😊 [Editor's note: sorry 😊] What captured the hearts and minds of so many men to be named **Dave**? Or rather, what was it about the name that captured the minds of mothers to name their children **Dave**?

## THE HEYDAY

In Canada, the name **Dave** reigned supreme in the '50s and '60s. It was the heyday of naming your baby **Dave**. Or rather the "**Hey Dave**", which they must have heard all of the time. In fact, David was the most popular baby name for boys from 1958 to 1967!<sup>2</sup> But this seemed to have satisfied the **Dave Crave**. The **Dave Wave** crashed in the '70s and the name has been sinking in popularity since. This glut of Davids and **Daves** means that almost all the **Daves** I know are retired old men, which is interesting if you ask me.

## A FUN GRAPH OF THE POPULARITY RANKING OF THE NAME DAVID FOR NEWBORN BABIES



I like graphs so please look at this one from <https://www.behindthename.com/name/david/top/canada>

## MY THEORIES

Why was the name **Dave** so popular?

**Theory 1: Famous Daves.** In the **Hey Dave**, there must have been some pretty popular **Daves** that people wanted to name their kids after. For your consideration:

- Dwight **David** Eisenhower—US President 1953–61
- **David** Bowie—famous British Musician and gender icon
- **Dave** Seville—fictional caretaker of Grammy-winning artists Alvin and the Chipmunks

**Theory 2:** The name **Dave** should be popular but the advent of some awful **Daves** tanked the name. These **Daves** include:

- My great uncle **Dave**—doesn't help with dishes after family dinners
- A bunch named **Dave** became dads in the '80s and '90s—nobody wants to name their kid *Dave Junior*

**Theory 3:** We have reached the Critical Mass of Davids and **Daves** in Canada. It became too cliché to name your child **Dave**. And due to the long life expectancy of Canadians, the **Daves** have yet to die off.

## DAVE THOMAS

Those theories, while they have some merit, are just theories. I present the *very real and actual* reason why the name **Dave** dropped in popularity: **Dave Thomas**. In 1969, the fast food chain Wendy's was created. A notable special you could order was a classic Hamburger called **The Dave**. This marked a drastic transition in the meaning of the name **Dave**. It was no longer a name for your new baby. It is now the name of a *Hamburger*.

That's it.

## BE A PART OF THE PROBLEM

We were once a glorious country of **Dave**. With your help, today we can once more be 4.6% Dave. I dream of a world where we are 5%, dare I say **50% DAVE**. Trans your gender, change your name to **Dave**.

rock**DAVE**facts

1. <https://www.nytimes.com/2015/03/03/upshot/fewer-women-run-big-companies-than-men-named-john.html>
2. <https://www.behindthename.com/name/david/top/canada>



# I LISTENED TO EVERY CARLY RAE JEPSEN ALBUM

Yes, the girl who sings “Call Me Maybe” still makes music, and most of it is pretty damn good. [Editor’s Note: SO TRUE!] No one can nail ’80s-inspired synth-pop like she can. And we get to claim her because she’s Canadian!

**Tug of War (2008)**— Her debut is so interesting. It’s completely different from the rest of her work, to the point where it doesn’t feel real. The blend between folk and soft rock provides a neat contrast to her usual pop sound, and the whole record carries this innate sense of innocence. Most songs are about relationships, of course, but there are a few about finding yourself and dealing with responsibilities brought on by adulthood, themes that are a lot rarer in Carly’s later projects. It’s cute!

**Kiss (2012)**— So this exists. It has “Call Me Maybe” and a Justin Bieber feature.

**Emotion (2015)**— Now this is what I’m talking about. This album *rocks*. It opens with one of the best pop songs ever created and doesn’t stop entertaining until the final track’s fade-out. The title suits it well; one minute you’re dancing, the next you’re yearning. But the whole time, you’re escaping into a world of bright lights, city streets and endless euphoria. I’m so glad this record exists, since it acts as Carly’s pivot into more mature pop music, which has yet to see a decline in quality. Even the B-sides are sick. Go listen!

**Dedicated (2019)**— Banger after banger on this thing. Experimenting with funk and disco influences while still heavily rooted in the synths of *Emotion*, the album proves that Carly is in it for the long run and is willing to do whatever the hell she wants musically. *Emotion* showcased her talent, but *Dedicated* confirmed it.

**Dedicated Side B (2020)**— Carly writes and ideates so much music that she is always left with outtakes. Rather than shelve them, she just releases them as companion projects. Thanks dude! Still chock full of *Dedicated* era upbeat tunes, it also features several slower pop songs, which I believe make it stand out from its predecessor even though it can feel off-kilter at times.

**The Loneliest Time (2022)**— It takes a bit for it to pick up steam, but the wait is absolutely worth it. Most of the songs themselves aren’t too distinct; instead, they shine when put together and experienced as *The Loneliest Time*. With catchy choruses, killer bass and a closer look into Carly’s personal life, this album is another great addition to the catalog and ends with one of her best songs. TikTok finally got it right.

**The Loveliest Time (2023)**— Another B-sides album that doesn’t stand in the shadow of its A-sides. Dare I say it casts a bigger shadow? If *Emotion* weren’t so timeless then this would probably be a contender for her best work. So many risks are taken here and they pay off in spades, creating a surprisingly addictive listening experience. There’s off-tempo drumming, a French house song, whisper-singing... it’s all so lovely. (Sorry.)

## FINAL RANKING

1. Emotion
2. The Loveliest Time
3. Dedicated
4. The Loneliest Time
5. Dedicated Side B
6. Tug of War
7. Kiss

JP

## A GREAT CLUB

### YOU SHOULD JOIN CONCERT BAND

Do you like music? Do you play an instrument that doesn’t have strings in it? Do you like large ensembles? If yes, then do I have the club for you.

The University of Waterloo Concert Band Club, or UWCBC for short, is the only concert band on campus! At least, as far as I’m aware. Bare minimum it’s the only one with no auditions. Practices are on Tuesdays from 7–9 pm and it’s a great way to have fun with sounds more real than anything you’ll get from a pair of headphones.

I’m not kidding when I say it’s one of my anchor points during the week, and it’s open to anyone of any skill level. Don’t have an instrument? UWCBC will reimburse you 1 month of rent from Long and McQuade (assuming you remember to fill out the paperwork).

Join UWCBC! Also, the rehearsal on Tuesday the 14<sup>th</sup> is open for anyone interested with no commitment.

別

## IT’S MY FIRST WORK TERM!

- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed
- I am still unemployed

Whole Number Haver

# SAVE MONEY, MAKE WEIRD THINGS

## A THING OF BLEACH IS \$3.49 AT SHOPPERS, OR WHY I THINK YOU SHOULD GET INTO DIY

If you, like me, are moderately interested in fashion yet tragically broke as fuck, you know it's a tough spot right now. Why, in this economy, is it normal for a graphic tee to be \$30? And god forbid you want anything branded, any merchandise, or any kind of embellishments on your pieces (fuck you, Hot Topic). Jeans with a few studs in the knees, for over \$90?? Unsatisfactory.

So the fabric-hawking corporations are completely unsympathetic to your plight, and hey reader, weren't you also looking for a new hobby? (Clever segue, I know.) Here's where I am going to propagandize to you: get into DIY. I've done quite a few projects over the years, including bootleg band merch, a few of my own original designs, and just tiny embellishments I felt would make my clothes stand out. It's a fun hobby, it's saved me a lot of money in the long run, and I get to look cool while doing it. 😊

Though let's address the downsides first for the sake of honesty. Firstly, any sort of DIY project is an investment of time, skill, and personal labour, which not everyone can afford to exert, and that's fine! There are different tiers of involvement to creating—you don't have to go in weaving your own fabric from scratch or crocheting with wool spun from your own pet sheep right off the bat. Some examples will be listed later to get you started.

Secondly, there's no way around it—there will be material costs. Fabric paint, bleach, scissors, embroidery thread, so on and so forth, as well as the clothes you're modifying—all require a pretty non-negligible upfront cost to the practice. Fortunately, pretty much all of these supplies can be obtained for cheaper than they would be at places like Michael's (side note, almost never go to Michael's—it is ridiculously priced and mostly unnecessary). For starters:

- Household bleach can be found at pretty much any grocery store.
- Acrylic paint from the dollar store can be mixed with fabric medium (or, if you can tank buying multiple fabric paint colours, the investment is worth it).
- For fabrics and base clothing items, the thrift store is normally your best friend. Basic pieces tend to be priced decently and most stores usually have a fabrics/quilting section you can check out for embellishments. I will also begrudge Michael's this: they have cheap clothes from Gildan, Fruit of the Loom and similar brands in the fabric DIY section.
- In the same vein, many thrift stores will sell doodads like buttons, ribbons, and embroidery thread packaged together as sewing supplies, which are typically pretty cheap.
- Ask around—see if family or friends have any old clothing they're looking to get rid of, or better yet, some supplies you're looking for. See what you can

get from club memberships or events. Also, look around your house: I found a big-ass tin of buttons in my basement this winter that no one was using. It was a great day.

Also, many of these materials will last you over several projects if you commit to the practice, which ends up cheaper in the long run than buying several new pieces.

Ok, so here is a non-exhaustive list of modifications you can make to clothes to personalise them:

- Painting with bleach. (PLEASE please learn from my mistakes and do this in a well ventilated area with gloves!!)
- Painting with fabric paint.
- Tie dye/regular dyeing—you can buy something like Rit or try and use beets or coffee if you're feeling adventurous.
- Spray painting/bleach spraying—you can make a stencil easily enough with a craft knife and a piece of dollar store cardstock. Again, be safe and make sure you're doing this in a well ventilated area, preferably outside. (This is why summer is the perfect time to start!)
- Sewing on buttons, beads, or any interesting bits you find.
- Putting in grommets and spikes (though depending on the type this may require a machine).
- Basic embroidery—I have an old black t-shirt with red stitching I did around the sleeves that came out pretty cool.
- Alterations—the fit of a piece goes a long way towards making it look good. Fuck around with cropping, changing necklines and chopping off sleeves for a start.

On the pricier/more involved end, you can look into cyanotyping or even at-home screen printing. I haven't tried these myself because the materials run more expensive and I would generally recommend this if you're going to be reproducing a similar design multiple times. I would also try to stay away from print-to-iron-on transfers, as I haven't found a brand that doesn't end up looking cheap and shitty, and they fall apart fairly easily. If you want more ideas, Pinterest is your best friend!

As a last note, remember that you're trying to save money, but also have fun. Your final product, especially the first several times, is going to be nowhere near perfect, which is alright. But you'll end up with a unique item of clothing no one else can say they own, and you'll have partaken in the act of creation, a joy I wish upon all. Good luck and happy crafting! :)

# A REVIEW OF MY FIRST SPRING TERM (SO FAR)

This is the first time I have spent a school term in Waterloo during the summer, and also the first time I have written for **mathNEWS**, so please enjoy an assortment of my very personalized thoughts and reflections on this experience.

## CONS

- I forgot how much I absolutely detest the garbage collection in this city. The garbage bins are so easy for the animals to get into and strew everywhere. Call me a zookeeper the way I look after their enclosure.
- Being in co-op and having to immediately apply for jobs one second after arriving here reminds me of the time when I spent the entire term applying for jobs and still had to find a job externally.
- My genetics class has a truly insane marking scheme where I will fail the course if I do not do well on a specific tutorial assignment. Which does not have a published due date, by the way.

## PROS

- I live in a house with my friends <333
- I enjoy going to class! It's interesting and fun! (this message is sponsored by the University of Waterloo)
- There is daylight when I get out of my class at 4pm.
- Eurovision happened this past Saturday, so I had even MORE friends over for the weekend and Y'ALL I truly recommend a good old fashioned sleepover there was cuddling there was karaoke there was cooking meals for each other.
- This particular Eurovision introduced me to many fun and silly songs that I can listen to on my way to and from class.
- I have also started listening to my summer playlists and new music and it is a joy!
- My one friend I live with is a fiend for beverages and little treats. He bought a jumbo bag of freezies and they were in the freezer but have since been consumed (it has been one week).
- Related to the previous, we as a household have consumed a large tub of kimchi in one week.
- Also related to the previous, we as a household have a rotation for buying some shared foods. Bananas are our biggest import.
- Shoutout to my housemates for being literal whores for cleaning!
- I have joined a volleyball intramural For Fitness And For Fun.
- I sometimes walk home from campus and have an enjoyable time.
- I have so many fun ideas for summer outfits—dresses, cropped shirts, heart shaped sunglasses, a cool jacket, sparkly hair clips (and of course, earrings shaped like garlic).

- My schedule this term has many breaks between classes and I love that for me.
- I have learned tonight of the Burger Pizza (cheddar, ground beef, bacon)—exciting!

*garlic earrings*

## IMPASTA SYNDROME (NOT RELATED TO IMPOSTER SYNDROME)

Here are my opinions on different types of pasta ranked best to worst. For reference, we, unless specified is me and my roommate/best friend Vista, who suggested this article topic. Also, this is only a list of all the pastas I can currently think of. There are a lot more, and also I haven't tried lots of pastas and I can't rank those.

- **Tortellini**—Tortellini is my favorite type of pasta because it has cheese in it and I like that. Fun fact about tortellini: one time we left it in the fridge for a very long time and it got really hard and we put it in a pasta bake with rotini and it was really bad.
- **Lasagna**—Also very good. And a very pleasant shape. I really appreciate lasagna. And it's not stressful to eat because you can see all the stuff in it pretty well.
- **Penne**—Penne is very classic, it's not a stressful shape and I appreciate that you can see inside them.
- **Cannelloni/Manicotti**—These are the same in my mind and I really like that you can fill them with lots of cheese. But it looks hard to make so it's not at the top of this list.
- **Macaroni**—I really like macaroni and cheese. But I feel like it's weird to use macaroni in anything else, so it gets points off for lack of versatility in my mind.
- **Rotini**—I don't know, it's fine. I would definitely eat it but I kind of don't like that it's spiral.
- **Spaghetti**—I find spaghetti very embarrassing to eat, because I'm bad at eating it and I don't like slurping and the whole thing just kind of feels unfortunate to do in public. Also, I don't like onions and spaghetti makes small onions very difficult to avoid, and then that becomes even more embarrassing.
- **Ravioli**—While some people may feel that ravioli is extremely similar to tortellini, it is in my opinion, much worse. I have only had good ravioli maybe once and I often find it too heavy. So I'm anti-ravioli.

# profQUOTES

## BIOL 382: BRIAN INGALLS

- “ [On genes] Making things NOT work is easier than making things work.
- “ [On synthetic biology] These advancements feel like recent stuff to me, but I understand that this is because I am old.
- “ [On oscilloscopes] I know this looks like a museum piece now, but this was the type of thing that was kicking around in school when I was a kid.

## CS 136: CAMERON MORLAND

- “ Well, you need to destroy its two children.
- “ It will always be zero, until you're doing something important, then the little demons will change it.
- “ Well now the universe owes me a billion dollars.
- “ Here's a little program which is a little silly, but could be tasty.
- “ I want to show you something that's bad form, but we'll do it anyway.
- “ The answer to the poll is D. I don't care, because you should, in fact, not care.
- “ C gives you enough rope to shoot yourself in the foot.
- “ It might cause unicorns to fly out your computer.
- “  $0 + 1 = 24$ , it's the new math.
- “ C is a very useful language if you can damage your brain enough to use it.
- “ If I gave you a list of numbers, you could probably find the highest value in less than 100 years.
- “ 7 turns out to be less than infinity.
- “ C doesn't protect you from killing yourself.
- “ 106? That sounds wrong. [Checks his code.] Huh, I guess that's right.
- “ [Looks at his code] Somethings wrong... Eh, whatever.

## MUSIC 140: SIMON WOOD

- “ You're not really that important.
- “ What quantity of drugs did they give to the dog?
- “ You be driving.

- “ I brought the tiny amp because the big one gives me a hernia.
- “ I was thinking of getting drunk and not showing up.
- “ I maintain consciousness most of the time.
- “ You have no concept of how to abuse family relations.
- “ Back when being a producer meant something.
- “ The Beatles is the only band that got better after taking drugs.
- “ Ariana Grande has a new concept album about breaking up other people's marriages.
- “ No booties will be shaken.
- “ If you get sick you don't have to sell one of your children to get a kidney.

## CS 146: ED LEE

- “ Trees aren't real.
- “ [Attempting to draw a paperclip on the board] What does a paperclip look like?

## CS 247: ROSS EVANS

- “ Most languages err on the side of safety... C++ errs on the side of C.
- “ Sorry Brad (Lushman) I am flexing on you right now—he doesn't need to know, nobody tell him.
- “ I gave Brad this code just so I could come in and be like, “Pfft, we can do better.”
- “ So none of this actually works. If you're wondering why, I literally got hired to teach this course last Thursday.
- “ Everyone loves friends! Friends make us happy.
- “ [Class claps at the end of lecture] You guys know you're only supposed to do that at the end of term right? You do that every class? Why??
- “ [Class claps again at the end of lecture] You guys are so weird. Just wanna re-iterate that. *Nobody* else does this.

## CS 350: KEVIN LANCTOT

- “ Has anyone here been demon possessed? That would be similar.
- “ You're killing yourself, not your children.

**CS 240: ÉRIC SCHOST**

“ Do we agree with this? Or is it... sus?

**PMATH 347: STEPHEN NEW**

“ That’s a fire alarm? That’s not very impressive.

“ Let me try to answer your question before you ask it.

**PMATH 351: NICO SPRONK**

“ 3, 3.1, 3.14, 3.14 whatever the next digit is.

“ The problem is if you try to store my age in base 2, that’s way too many digits for my liking.

“ We’ve all passed high school, cause we’re at the University of Waterloo.

**PMC PROF TALK: ALEXANDRU NICA**

“ I am between you and dinner, so I must hurry before I become the dinner.

## HEARTBROKEN BY profQUOTES

To be an excellent professor, at least in the eyes of the UW student body, you must often achieve the following two things. One, be good at teaching. Two, and more importantly, be funny. “Funny” is unfortunately hard to measure, but one of the best ways to determine whether you’ve achieved this standard is to see whether your quotes have graced the pages of this esteemed publication.

Obviously, then, Dr. Kamal of CS 251 fame is a regular presence in **profQUOTES**, and having taken her course in Spring 2023, I attest it is for good reason. In **profQUOTES**, [[mathNEWS.v152i6](#)], you can see some of her finest work.

**CS 251: ZILLE HUMA KAMAL**

“ It’s not real... like how every day you wake up and look in the mirror and think you look so pretty.

You can imagine my surprise then upon reading the following in the recent **profQUOTES** in **mathNEWS** 154.6:

**CS 251: ZILLE HUMA KAMAL**

“ Just like you woke up this morning and thought you looked really nice, and I let you believe that, virtual address space is like that — a figment of your imagination.

I understand the reuse of the “making fun of us thinking we look good” bit — it’s a good bit, and any term of students will ideally only hear it once.

But I thought my term was special :(

molasses

## N PEOPLE I BELIEVE WOULD BEAT DRAKE IN A RAP BATTLE

**PUT A FINGER DOWN FOR EVERY CRITERIA THAT APPLIES TO YOU**

- Brad Lushman
- Eric Cartman
- Both handsome Squidward and regular Squidward
- Reigen from Mob Psycho
- Anyone who swallows their gum instead of throwing it out
- A combined effort of my roommates
- Graydon from Hive Mind
- Josh
- Cthulhu
- The guy who designed the Comic Sans font
- Toby Fox
- A Russian ballet teacher
- Anyone over 30 working in food service.
- Anyone who uses it/its pronouns
- Johnny Johnny from famous internet meme “Johnny Johnny (Yes Papa)”
- Any users of Tumblr from 2010–2016.
- Haley from Stardew Valley
- Any lesbian Genshin Impact player
- Any non-man that plays League of Legends, Valorant, or Fortnite
- Perry the Platypus
- Simon from Alvin and the Chipmunks
- The “she” from the infamous “she x on my y ’til I z”
- Anyone currently balding
- Unironic enjoyers of Monopoly
- Any transmasc and transfemme friendship duo
- Similarly, any gay man and lesbian friendship duos
- Fanfiction writers
- Jerma985
- Survivors of situationships lasting longer than one month
- Anyone who has played the hit social deception game “Blood on the Clocktower” past 3 am.
- Anyone who has listened to me info-dump about musician Hozier

wicked





# THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO GROUNDHOG WATCHING

As the summer begins, the cute critters resident to the wonderful city of Waterloo have begun to once again show their tiny faces. The baby geese and squirrels are undeniably adorable, but who takes the cake? The groundhog. With his tubby yet furry body, frightening teeth, and surprisingly long tail, this rodent does more than haphazardly predict the length of our gloom (winter). He also digs holes and emerges from them, occasionally! Due to his elusive nature, one must be vigilant to spot the groundhog. That's why I've compiled The Comprehensive Guide to Groundhog Watching™.

Following are a list of places where I've spotted groundhogs, and hopefully where you can too!

## UWP

For those of you who were (un)fortunate enough to live at UWP in first year, this may bring back memories. For the rest of us, the maze-like communes of UWP provide little comfort and even fewer exits (why do none of the housing blocks have more than one exit??). There is one solace, and that is the groundhog. Those little creatures seem to love it here. I've spotted near ten groundhogs in the area (though it is possible I've seen the same groundhog on ten separate occasions), scattered within the various housing blocks, and even on the mini hills in the parking lots.

## WCRI

Many students seem shocked to realize that the space between Rez-One and ICON is in fact not a black hole, but host to the largest housing cooperative in Canada, WCRI! Housing more than just hundreds of post-secondary students, WCRI grounds hold an impressive number of cute critter residents. The CCK Courtyard and A-Dorms areas are abound with groundhogs galore, especially in the grassy and hilly areas.

## ON CAMPUS

For those of you who are locked into the grindset even amidst this joyous Summerloo season, but would still like to view a groundhog, fear no more. I have spotted several groundhogs on campus, mostly near SCH, as well as near the Environment buildings. If the 500m walk from MC to SCH is still too far for you to make, perhaps re-evaluate how you spend your time.

## WATERLOO PARK

Beautiful this time of year, Waterloo Park is a 15-minute walk from campus and a great place to take a walk, play cricket, or observe various fluffy animals (this time referring to the alpacas, donkeys, and chickens which will soon be returning). Though the geese outnumber the groundhogs 100 to 1, there are still a couple of groundhogs lurking around. As an added bonus, you can watch the baby geese (recommended from a very safe distance) swim in the lake!

## CMH

I still remember my first groundhog sighting as a UW student. One fateful first year afternoon, I was playing pool at CMH with a friend when I spotted him out the window. A rodent so perfect, so rotund, I felt compelled to run out of the building mid-game, chasing him to get a closer look. As I approached, he hurried up the little hill separating the CMH parking lot from the ION tracks. Of course, I followed him up. And that's where I discovered my first groundhog hole. I've been chasing that high ever since.

## CONCLUSIONS

You are now equipped with all the necessary skills to view a groundhog. Once you spot one, simply observe it! Feel free to run after it when it inevitably notices you and scurries back to its hole, but DON'T get too close! Groundhogs also enjoy their privacy.

For more groundhog watching tips, feel free to email [groundhoglover69@gmail.com](mailto:groundhoglover69@gmail.com). Happy groundhog watching!

headphones97

## N LIBRARY BOOK STATUSES

- **RECENTLY RETURNED:** so it should be in the library right? y'know, on a cart or something? they said it was returned yesterday but for some reason they can't find the book??? i guess i'll just place a hold
- **CHECK SHELVES:** huh? how? i have a hold! how the fuck is it on the shelves. they must be lying. it must just automatically switch to that status after a while right? surely. i cope
- **TRACE:** TRACE?? what about DETERMINANT??? you're telling me there's a TRACE of the book left???? did they fucking lose it — they fucking lost it didn't they. it's in the bowels of the library now and they'll never find it. it's joever i'm never getting this book i'll just have to wait for the other copy to be returned
- **DUE:** i will have to wait for this book to be returned as the other copy fucking disappeared

terminal

# RANKING EVERY FAKE DINOSAUR AT DINOSAUR ADVENTURE GOLF IN NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO BASED ON SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY

**Dsungaripterus:** Actually shockingly accurate. They even got the feathers right! The one minor nitpick we have is that the wings are slightly too short, and these guys aren't technically dinosaurs, but this is absolutely our peak. It's all downhill from here, folks. **9/10**

**Woolly Mammoth/Mastodon:** Can't tell which one this is supposed to be. Either way: it's terrible. If it's a woolly mammoth, its tusks should curl up instead of towards each other. If it's a Mastodon, the tusks should be straighter and it should have less hair. Also, if it's a mammoth, it should have a larger shoulder hump as well as a higher head and if it's a mastodon it should have a straighter back. No matter which one it is, it should be way smaller: they were both around the size of a modern day Asian elephant. **7/10**



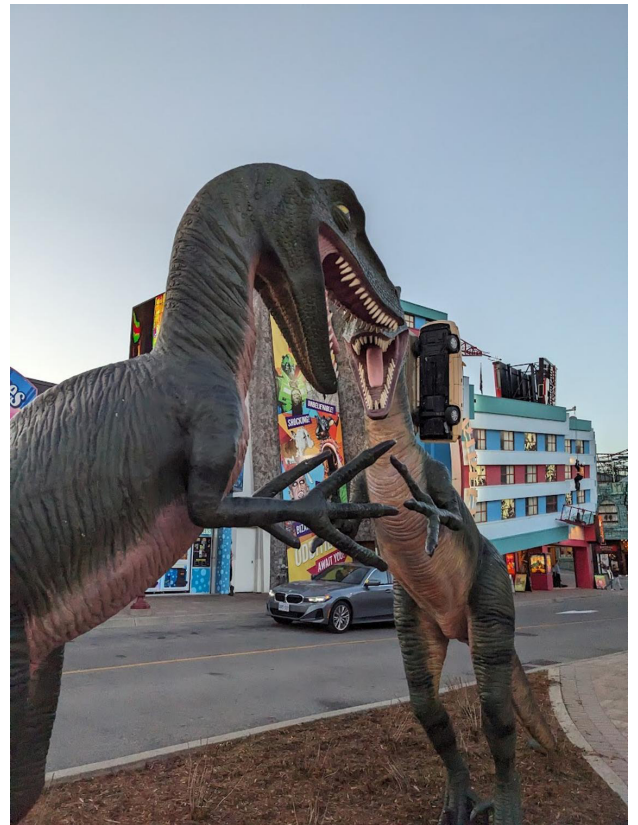
OMG T-REX HI :)

**Tyrannosaurus Rex:** The posture is incorrect—it looks more like a kangaroo than a T-rex, dragging its tail on the ground. That was a common way to depict dinosaurs when they were first discovered. The feet are too big—in fact, it's too big in general, likely because it's the centrepiece dinosaur placed at the entrance to draw in customers. The skin is notably 'shrink-wrapped', meaning that there isn't as much muscle on the dinosaur as is likely accurate to history (it conforms too closely to the shape of the skeleton in a way that most animals aren't like in real life), and the skin is much more lizard-like

than is correct, as well as being very wrinkly. On the bright side, the hands look accurate (second finger bigger than the other). It conforms very closely to the Jurassic Park design, which you can't really hold against it. Hollywood wins again. **6/10**

**Brachiosaurus:** Back feet are mostly accurate (as long as you ignore the number of toes), although the front feet are basically just a copy of the back feet and not accurate at all, they should be much more pillar-like and without claws (other than on the thumb). The tail is dragging, which is wrong, and the head is too small, with the nostrils in the wrong place, on the crest instead of placed farther down the head. **6/10**

**Pachycephalosaur:** Not bad. The head especially is pretty good, supported by a thick neck and thick arms. The legs let it down, though: they're much too skinny, and the posture is far more kangaroo-like than dinosaur-like. Someone skipped leg day. **6/10**



SCIENTISTS WILL SAY THEY WERE "JUST FRIENDS".

**Velociraptors:** These are basically just the Jurassic Park designs, which are all decent, if not particularly accurate in modern terms. The biggest sin is the size: raptors were really the size of a small dog and covered in feathers, but that's also

just taken from Jurassic Park, like the T-rex. It's lazy, but our list gets worse. **5/10**

**Pteranodon:** Actually not awful! The hands are wrong: they look too separate from the wings. In fact, the wings were a part of the hands. However, the actual wings aren't that bad, although they could stand to be a little more muscular. It should have more feathers, but so should most of these guys. It definitely shouldn't have teeth, at any rate. Pteranodon literally means toothless wing. **5/10**

**Stegosaurus:** This looks terrible aesthetically, but scientifically, it's not that bad. It's way too big with very inaccurate body proportions. While it has a beak, which is good, the plates are tiny, and they're side by side when they should be staggered. He's dragging his tail, but at least he has a tail. **4/10**

**Triceratops:** Terrible. Way too small, with a back that looks hunched, bordering on broken. Legs should be more column-esque and the hands and feet should look weird. The spikes around his head should be gone as they lose those as they grow. The brow horns should be pointed straighter and more forward. **3/10**



**I HAVE NO LIPS BUT I MUST SCREAM.**

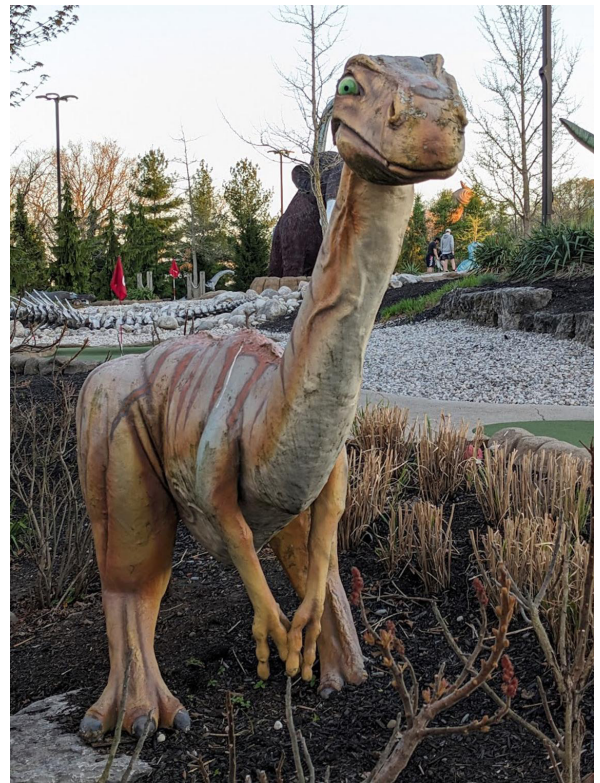
**Oviraptor:** This one is terrible. Its wrists are broken, and its feet look worse. The model has no feathers, which it should. It has teeth, which it shouldn't. It's got the lamest-looking head so far. Finally, and this is purely a personal thing, but this model is one of several with extremely pronounced veins on their necks that look extremely creepy. Not friend-shaped. **3/10**

**Saurolophus:** ...at least, we assume this is a saurolophus. It looks really off, but there's nothing else it could really be (nothing else has that crest). It's way too big—almost the size of a T-rex—with especially disproportionate legs, which it is standing on bipedally, even though it should be on all fours, which it can't do because its arms are tiny and the hands are wrong. The head is pretty shrink-wrapped, too, although not as bad as some other models. It also looks like it might have lips? If so, that's completely wrong: it definitely had a bill. **2/10**

**Parasaurolophus:** Atrocious. It looks like it's got PTSD. It's seen the horrors of war. It's tiny and emaciated. Its feet and hands are both wrong. Nothing is right. **1/10**

**Dilophosaurus:** Hey, wait a minute, this is just the raptor mold with a frill on! **1/10**

**Spinosaurus:** Hey, wait a minute, this is just the raptor mold with a spinosaurus head and a sail! **1/10**



**HE LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO ASK FOR GAMES ON MY PHONE.**

**Gallimimus:** Upon seeing the gallimumus for the first time, my colleague exclaimed, "They done fucked my boy up." His hands look broken. His legs are veiny and swollen. The head is too fat and featherless. From a strictly scientific perspective, other models are worse, but this one terrifies us. **0/10**

**Dr. Dick Smithers, et al.**

Note: due to the tyrannical word limit, this is not actually every dinosaur at Dinosaur Adventure Golf. Go and experience it for yourself!



# THE FORMER FORMERLY ENIGMATIC HOOTERS OF THE TORONTO PEARSON AIRPORT

On Friday, November 11, 2022, many were on their way to pay their respects to our highly esteemed soldiers that sacrifice the biggest price to our freedom. Meanwhile, I was boarding the Ontario Northland bus in Barrie, en route to 171 Carlingview Drive, Etobicoke, Ontario. Otherwise known as Hooters!

**mathNEWS** has already been blessed with many reviews of various Hooters establishments in Canada. The Toronto Pearson Airport was once home to the beloved boobs bar, but this neck of the woods has officially closed at some point between Remembrance Day 2022 and today. When I tried to call their number, an automated voice said, "8B1. Your call cannot be completed as dialled." But, luckily for you, readers, I went there before the fateful closure and am here to share the experience with you all. By taking the Barrie bus and after chatting with a lad from Orillia, I got off at the southernmost last stop: Yorkville Mall. (Did you know that, with transfers, you can take this bus all the way to Winnipeg?) By walking down a few streets, I ran to catch a giant TTC bus with an accordion in the middle, my pant legs getting splashed by rain puddles. I didn't care. On the bus I stood, not daring to expose myself to the various viruses of the GTA transit chairs, as I do not have immunity. Someone next to me had the exact same deluxe umbrella I had bought for myself at Shoppers Drug Mart, too. Before I broke my curiosity to ask about this peculiar predicament, I got off at one stop and transferred to a second, smaller bus, which then took me to the airport!

I went directly into a Hilton hotel to charge my phone and sit on their luxurious poofy couches. In my rained-on haze, I googled places around me to eat. Lo and behold, there was a Hooters, just over a kilometre away. It would mean I would have to run in the rain to get there, but the whole point of this escapade from Barrie was to meet a friend after her co-op work ended, and it wasn't even 2pm. So, Hooters it was! Maybe while I was there I would apply. The sign said, "Monday all u can eat wings; now hiring all positions".

Next door to the Hooters was, naturally, a sex shop. So after going in there too, I walked up to the Hooters, and opened that sticky ass door with my coat sleeve. Out of the rain, I was transported into an unemployed bachelor's wet dream of a restaurant! On this humble Friday afternoon, there were only a few people inside. Maybe this is why it's closed now. Or maybe it's because it was Remembrance Day. Yet, sitting at the square bar in the centre of the room, was some random guy in his thirties with glasses, and another guy with a really long gray beard. A blonde woman in her twenties was in that centre square, and immediately took my order, because there was fuck all else to do.

I ordered one Jägerbomb like the degenerate I am, and it was served with the redbull in a shallow cup, and the shot of Jägermeister sitting inside, so I got to have a fun time mixing it. As I took care of the drink, the phone rang at the bar, and the blonde picked it up to say:

"Hello, Hooters," and "Is this you again? Stop calling here!"

And once I was finished my drink, the guy in his thirties was all, "Get her another of what she just had!" like I wasn't freshly 20 years old. Then his new friend sat next to me and told me all about how he took the day off from his own contracting business because of the rain. Then, before I left, I got a shirt from their SWAG SECTION in the front of the store. It's like I've been working there my entire life. Upon leaving, I returned to the hotel lobby, where I acted like I paid to be there until my friend was done with work. Overall experience: 7/10, no vegan options, random sticky spots, but exactly what I expected.

I would now like to pass on the torch to anyone who has been to the Barrie Hooters, that has closed ages ago but still had the sign on its building downtown. Eerily reminiscent of the old Blockbuster Video that is still in my hometown, at the bottom of some rich person's to-do list. Maybe old Hooters can be turned into heritage sites?

nike

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## WHAT I WISH BABY GEESE WERE LIKE



Moon

# BLUE JAYS RADIO COMMERCIALS RANKED

**“IF LIFE IS THROWING YOU A CURVE BALL AND YOU’RE STRIKING OUT WITH YOUR INSURANCE, GET AHEAD OF THE COUNT AND CALL BERGMANIS PREYRA INJURY LAWYERS”**

Baseball specific references, a little goofy but honestly not mad about it. Doesn’t run too often, so you don’t get too frustrated with it. They sponsor the injury report, where the announcers tell us who’s on the injured list, which is appropriate given their trade.

7/10

**ANY AD FOR BET 365**

There’s way too many of them and we shouldn’t be promoting sports betting/gambling this much. Please stop.

0/10

**“ARMSTRONG BIRD FOOD, FEEDING BLUE JAYS SINCE 19\*\*”**

Sorry I don’t remember the year. Love the bird theme. Short and sweet. Good job. Would get a better rating if the year was more memorable.

a power line covered in birds/10

**“DID YOU KNOW THAT SPRING IS THE BEST TIME OF YEAR TO PROTECT YOUR CAR FROM RUST WITH KROWN RUST PROTECTION?”**

This sounds normal but I’ll have you know, Krown, that I remember your ads from last summer when you told me that summer was the best time to protect my car (that I don’t even own). And that time at least you gave a reason! You said something about the heat that kinda made sense but idk I had no reason to doubt you. Now you don’t even give me a reason! Who’s to say that you won’t change your mind in the fall and tell me to do it then. Or the winter. Are you regretting that you locked yourself into one season?

rusty ass shitbox car/10

**“...WE DON’T ACCEPT FOOT MONEY HERE... NO ONE LISTENS TO THIS THING... YOU DON’T NEED THE WEATHER REPORT IF YOU DRIVE A SUBARU.”**

Can’t remember more than this but honestly I feel like this jumble accurately depicts how I feel when I hear this ad. I also think I might be combining the two Subaru ads together in my memory? The foot money one is funnier though. The gist is they’re passing it over to their correspondent to do the weather report but the weather guy just talks about random shit instead of the weather cause he doesn’t care about the weather cause he has a Subaru. But honestly the plot doesn’t matter I just wanted to mention the foot money line. He forgot his wallet but he has money in his sandal but the

restaurant doesn’t want to accept his foot money. Anyway.

i forgot my credit card and now i only have this \$5 bill stuffed in my sandal/10

It has not escaped my notice that clearly this advertising has worked well enough for me to remember them all, and also now tell you about them. So maybe they win after all. Damn.

normalparameters

## SKETCH 3



snowdozer

# ECLIPSE TRIP TRANSIT REVIEW

After almost 5 years of writing yearly eclipse reminder articles,<sup>1</sup> I finally got to experience it! To get there however, it was quite the journey involved with transit.

## PRE-TRIP

A friend (who I will refer as “P”) and I found out that we both wanted to go to see the eclipse, so we decided to plan our trip together. We originally booked non-stop flights between BC and Ontario, but two months before the eclipse we got a notice saying that our return trip would instead involve a 2-hour layover in Ottawa because of an unknown reason. smh.

Outside of that, don’t even get me started on the number of hours I spent figuring out everything to do with transit. I had done a deep dive into all things transit from Toronto to Niagara Falls. I discovered some helpful things like GO transit’s weekend and weekday passes saving us money, while others were less helpful like finding out the UP Express isn’t covered and would cost us money. I guess it evens out.

## APRIL 5

I finished packing and reviewed my 4 page transit plan one last time before printing it. My mom drove me to my girlfriend’s place where she calmed my nerves by playing songs on her guitar. Then, I walked a couple blocks over to my friend P’s place around midnight.

## APRIL 6

There, I helped her finalize her packing. After, I forced myself to not fall asleep since I would be better off dozing on the plane. It helped that her cat staring into my soul in a darkened room spooked me at one point.

We were driven by P’s mom to YVR. We had a breakfast, went through security, and made it to our gate by 7am. We noticed the Porter Airlines people discussing very peculiarly and so I had an inkling something might not go smoothly. Once everyone was aboard, I noticed that we soon went past the scheduled departure time. Surely enough, an announcement was made that there weren’t enough baggage people working, so we ended up taking off about 30 minutes late. I became worried because once we landed at YYZ there would now be less time to make it to Niagara via the earliest possible (and most direct) train from Union Station.

Once we arrived, we picked up lunch/dinner (Subway), I got P her Presto card, then we headed off to the airport Link train that connects Terminals 1 and 3 together. Once at Terminal 1, we sprinted to the UP Express platform but unfortunately we missed the train by 1 minute. The doors closed right in front of us. That meant we had to wait a 15 minute cycle. Unfortunately, the next train arrived 10 minutes late. At that point, I gave up on the goal of making it to the earliest train. It was so over.

As I was eating my sandwich in the train, I noticed we were arriving at Union earlier than expected. We were back with the original goal! We sprinted from the platform, hectically navigating through crowds towards platform 8 for the Lakeshore West train direct to Niagara.

As I sprinted up the platform stairs, the train doors were still open! I put one foot on the train, and kept the other on the platform so P could catch up to me. We made it with mere seconds to spare!

We thought all was clear to Niagara, but alas once the now-nearly-empty train was a little east of West Harbour GO, it halted. An announcement soon said that there was an “operational issue” (we later overheard there was a fire) and that the train would reverse towards West Harbour where a rail replacement bus would await us. Fifteen slow minutes later the train was stopped just outside West Harbour. Another wait later, they announced that the issue was cleared and the train would go as originally planned. We arrived at Niagara Falls GO a couple minutes after the bus arrived that we would’ve taken had we missed this train. smh my head. We sprinted through Union for no reason. Thankfully our hotel was a block away.

## APRIL 7

We didn’t take any transit this day. We just walked to and from our hotel to the falls doing all the tourism and exploring we could do without spending too much money.

## APRIL 8 — ECLIPSE DAY

Again it was mostly walking today too because we expected all the transit chaos. Many of my Waterloo friends showed up for the eclipse, and from what they said, I’m glad P convinced me to arrive two days beforehand. When totality happened I noticed one of the NRT buses that went past in front of us had turned on its headlights.

After the eclipse (in its entirety including the portion after totality when the moon is uncovering the sun) when the stream of people heading towards the GO station was over, and my friends went back to Waterloo, we headed back to the hotel via the local bus line 210/204.

## APRIL 9

After checking out from our hotel, we took GO Bus 12 to Burlington GO where we transferred to the Lakeshore West train. Once at Union, we explored around city hall, UofT, and Queen’s Park and took the subway to Kipling for the TTC bus 900 Airport Express. It didn’t show up for 30 minutes, making us arrive less than 2 hours before our boarding time. We did make it to our gate just in time for the most stupid plane ride ever: Toronto to Ottawa. We were in the air for just 36 minutes! That could’ve been a train instead! Even worse was that the drinks service still happened but got cut off right before it



was P's turn! The connecting flight though went smoothly. P's parents picked us up from YVR and dropped me off home around midnight.



I highly recommend people see a solar eclipse some day, but with any trip, detailed planning is key. Overall, I'm very happy I got to experience both the eclipse and all the trains. Now, time to plan for another one...

**boldblazer**

1. My previous articles were in 144.4, 147.4, 150.4, and 153.4, each reminding readers about this eclipse.

## POULE MINI



jeff

## PSA: WATCH HUNDREDS OF BEAVERS

I do not normally do movie reviews/recommendations. I have not thought that I've had the discerning taste, eye for detail, and cultural context to recommend movies to people in a publication as scared as **mathNEWS**. I don't even have a Letterboxd account.

However, I know talent when I see it, and this isn't a movie, it's a *film*.

Imagine these descriptors. Black and white film made in 2022. Almost no dialogue. Two hours of Looney Tunes-esque action. \$150,000 budget filmed over the course of the pandemic with whoever they could find. Numerous human sized mascot costumes. **Hundreds. Of. Beavers.**

What if I told you that all of these descriptors were combined together over the course of 108 minutes and none of the gimmicks get old? What if I told you this film had a 95% on Rotten Tomatoes? What if I told you that this film has made over double its budget in revenue (\$337,506)? What if I told you that the technological development of beavers has far outpaced that of humanity and there is nothing we can do to stop it?

By the time this article comes out, *Hundreds of Beavers* will have concluded its run at the Princess Cinemas (unless it's extended again). However, it is available for streaming on Apple TV and Prime Video. Or, if you are really inclined, you can dress up as a beaver or a woodsman and attend an interactive streaming in your favourite American college town or big city at least 6 hours away.

Please, do yourself a favour and witness each individual beaver by indulging in this masterpiece.



**JEAN KAYAK, PICTURED AMONGST HUNDREDS OF BEAVERS**

Lars Nootbaar

Credit to my co-op student Nigel Nootbaar for assistance on this article.

# A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF MOST (DECENT) SHAWARMA IN THE KW REGION

## OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE SPIT

Sorry to disappoint those eagerly awaiting my LambdaScript compiler from the previous term's issue. I did not make that and also that article was littered with mistakes because I wrote it very quickly, so if you read that I would appreciate if you just erased that from your mind. Instead, I would like to take you on a journey I endeavored on during the winter term: trying as much shawarma as possible in Kitchener-Waterloo. Although shawarma is a favorite at this university for thousands, we are often restricted to but the smallest culinary sliver of the possibilities this region has to offer. I had a car for that term, so I figured this would be its best possible use. I couldn't try literally every shawarma joint because there are like a LOT of them so I just went to ones that Reddit or other sources recommended were good.

To keep things standard, I (usually) ordered either a chicken shawarma on rice OR a wrap, with some exceptions when I got bored. I will give each institution a 10 point (with a precision up to 0.5) rating followed by a description. For reference, here are my ratings for some of the well known shawarmas around campus:

- Lazeez: 5.0/10
- Shawarma Plus: 7.0/10
- iPotato: 4.5/10

Ok, let's begin.

### ZAY ZAMAN (309 LANCASTER ST. W): 8.0/10.0

As goes for many of these, Zay Zaman just looks like one of those perfect holes in the wall with a single pathetic seat that you would expect to find the best of shawarmas in, and Zay Zaman is no exception. I got the Zay Zaman plate, which I realized wasn't an entirely plain chicken shawarma plate because the chicken was wrapped in saj bread, but whatever, it was close enough. I was very impressed by the quality of the shawarma—the chicken had great texture and good flavor, a far cry from the dry Lazeez many of you would have adjusted to. Their sauces were relatively expressive as well, not being too strong while highlighting the flavors properly. The bread the chicken was wrapped in was pretty high quality and not too heavy. They have a lot of other interesting options like pizza so I'll definitely go back at some point. It's not great to commute to but probably better than some of the others on this list.

### 1001 NIGHTS SHAWARMA (1450 BLOCK LINE RD.): 9.5/10.0

Holy, is this one good. First of all, let's talk presentation. 1001 Nights does not actually look like a hole in the wall, which may be considered a red flag, but they actually have a decent looking while still reasonably casual dining area that is very welcoming whether you want to take out or dine in. Their

menu has some nice options that are often lacking in my view from shawarma joints like Turkish tea, which I did order. Instead of just a plastic box, I was given a nicely decorated plate for my meal with reasonable separation between the constituent ingredients. The plate was full of *fresh* vegetables which didn't just seem like they came from a Sysco package and the rice was very nice and soft too. But I think the chicken was the highlight: its texture and appearance was unlike what you would usually expect, not being that crispy but very tender and flavorful, kind of a melt in your mouth feel. I went through this plate very fast and have to say it was probably the best I had in this list—and all this for a pretty reasonable price, not too much more than a plate anywhere else. This place is actually kind of close to the ION but it's all the way near the bottom of the line unfortunately.

### HIGHLAND HALAL (200 HIGHLAND RD. W): 7.5/10.0

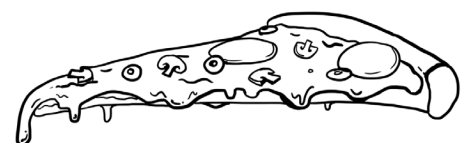
We're back to hole in the wall territory with Highland but, hey, I never said that was a bad thing. I switched to a wrap with this one and was not disappointed. One thing I was most impressed by here was, like Zay Zaman, the sauces, which again were bursting with flavor without being overwhelming. The chicken was perfectly crispy while not being too dry all the way through. I would say the surrounding wrap was a little thin though and kind of difficult to manage. Overall there's nothing *that* special about Highland Halal, but they do what they do really well and that's always respectable.

### FOUR SEASONS SHAWARMA (450 COLUMBIA ST. W): 6.5/10.0

This one wasn't on my list to try initially but during one of my evening runs I came across it and gave it a go. Google gives it pretty good ratings, but unfortunately I would say it's pretty average. Because I was cheating anyway on this one I got a beef wrap instead of chicken. It's pretty similar to iPotato beef, with an overly soft texture and a weird kind of artificial flavor. The vegetables were also pretty standard shawarma vegetable fare, being a decent addition but not really that fresh. I got a falafel salad on the side as well and the falafels were decent at least. They *did* give me tap water for free however, unlike one I will talk about later, so I appreciated that.

And wow I'm pretty much out of room for this article now. I don't want to skimp on any of the details so I'll cut it here and probably put it in a secondary article next time or even a primary if I really need the space. See you next time.

epic\_waterman



# ON N OPINIATED CLAIMS AS TO WHY ONE SHOULD CONDUCT THEMSELVES TO SPEAK HYPER- ELOQUENTLY

*TO THE POINT WHERE NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND  
ANY WORDS THAT ARE ACTED BY THEIR HAND*

Let it be known to those of the circles of outer influences, for those who perchance have not heard; that the **mathNEWS** writer Andoiii, on occasion, conducts his speech akin to a Victorian era British middle-class academic. As per the title, he wishes to disclose the advantages to reconfiguring his speech as such.

- For he finds it most amusing that the modern pupil put up with such embellished speech,
- And that he does not find this a method to ostracize and claim himself vanity or intellectual superiority,
- But rather such speech aims to perplex the friend or reader in question with humourous intent;
- For speak of such caliber extends thee vocabulary to a most ridiculous extent,
- And allowing such words as “inexorable” and “befuddled” as being rend as normal and commonplace,
- In contrast to the modern lang, to which it sees no use; there is estranged humor in seeing it again;
- However most critical is the provided ability to, at any point, switch speech styles at such a rate that
- the showock fwum converting from elequwuent spweech to the howwors of uwuspweak
- then being normal
- ‘fore returing thy cadence to that of one of high eloquence
- before s’wit’c’h’n it ups against the wall and being into a ye old pirat
- Shall haunt thy friends and acquiants for eons to come.



sometimes online i talk like i am a victorian era middle class aristocrat. this is why you should join me

- its funny
- silly words
- mess with ur frens

do it.

andoii

# N WAYS TO GET AN OFFICE IN MC

Ever since Spring 2023, I have had indirect access (through a friend) to an office in MC. And ever since Winter 2024, I have also had one. Some are “better” than the others. By “better,” I mean more secure, easier to leave stuff, better work environment, etc.

Anyway, this is the list of how my friends and I have acquired access to offices in MC, in no particular order:

- Become a **mathNEWS** editor
- Become a PMAMCOC exec (or any club exec)
- Become a MathSoc exec
- Become an ISA
- Become a USRA
- Become a part-time URA (they don’t usually give offices for this but this one was lucky.)
- Work for the equity office (or any other job with the dean)

I’m sure there are more ways to get an office and if I missed some big ones just let me know, but this is all that comes to my mind. Toodles~~

0.423

## ISSN 0705-0410

UW'S BASTION OF ERUDITE THOUGHT SINCE 1973

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# THE ARIZONA HIGH ROLLER CHAMPIONSHIP

## A SHORT STORY

The cards slid to his seat. Wiping the sweat off his hands, he slowly reached for them.

It was the final table, \$2,000/\$4,000 blinds, and he was right on the bubble. With only ten grand in his stack, one bad hand and he'd be living on the streets next month. Especially against this crowd.

To his left was The Michigan Cow, a stout man, and every bit as aggressive as he looked. To his right, Devil Fish, the most dangerous bluffer south of the 54-40. Across the table were the only folks from Phoenix still in the game, Jack-o-Lantern and The Professor. Jack was the loosest pro you could find, but he'd tightened up since sharing a table with the relentlessly optimal Professor.

Lastly, and smiling from the small blind, sat The Kid.



With his rent money on his mind, he peeked. Two red Kings in the pocket.

Suddenly his attention shifts to his heartbeat, steady now, but not for long. To limp in would be his usual play, but whether he can hide his nervousness from the pros is a serious question, so he wipes his hands on his shirt, and looks up.

He's under the gun so he's betting first. Limping with four grand won't raise suspicion, but if anyone raises, he'll have to go all-in anyway.

*What the hell? He shoves. If the gods gave me Kings, then I might as well act like one.*



If he didn't feel out of place before, he sure did now. A sitting duck, waiting for five veterans of the game to decide his fate.

The Cow folds, but Jack lazily tosses in a few blue chips. The Professor, with the privilege of the button, calls too.

He turns to The Kid. He better have something serious to call from the worst position, yet he still reaches for those baby blue chips. At least the Devil folds, thank God.

Four players entering the flop is still significantly more than he needs.

He's been shaking a bit too much, and everyone knows it. They're just reading him as he sits, ready to spot the slightest flinch after the flop.

He pushes his chair back, shirking some frustrated glances as he heads off. There's no way anyone could properly sit through this.



The washroom is brightly lit. He lets out a deep breath, sets his hands on the counter, and stares into the mirror.

He's lucky to be here, that's for sure. Last summer he discovered the world of poker, and by October he had dropped out of college to pursue it full-time. He qualified for this tournament online.

Of course his parents didn't approve; that was a given. But what really bothered him was the way his roommate watched him as he packed. Those worried eyes that let him go, expecting him back before Christmas, in ragged clothes.

Losing this hand would mean hitchhiking all the way back to Georgia, and begging for his old room in the flat.



He straightens up, takes a deep breath, and heads out to the table.

Something feels off. His Kings are face-up, there's at least a few mil' on the table, and the Cow's staring him down, angrily. He reads the community cards.

Ten of Hearts. Jack of Hearts. Queen of Hearts. On the turn, the King of Clubs.

So he has a set; but on the river sits the King of Spades. He hit quads! He looks up around the table again, shivering as a tingling runs down his spine.

In front of Jack, the Ace of Clubs. So he made the royals on the turn, but it came to nothing against quad Kings. In front of The Professor, the Ace of Spades, another top straight. Yikes, that explains the huge pot; he's almost starting to feel bad for these guys. He turns his attention to The Kid.

He's sitting rigid, a tear rolling down his cheek. He had the pocket rockets, in Diamonds and Hearts.

If either community King had been Hearts, The Kid would've made a Royal Flush, taking home over three mil' in earnings. He would've brought the championship trophy along with him, and his name would be written in the Poker Hall of Fame as one of the all-time greats.

But there it was, the King of Hearts sitting in front of himself. With every other player holding a straight, by what sick twist of fate was he meant to be dealt those two, red Kings?

Now he really felt bad for leaving the table; he was no sportsman for not staying to the flop. And goodness, watching this game play out, with the two black Kings on the turn and the river, would've been one hell of a ride.

He glanced to his right. The Devil had been staring him down; he gestured to The Kid, whose head was buried deep in his hands. By now, there was a river of tears flowing from the poor guy, all the way down to those community Kings.

The Kid raised his head, and locked eyes with him.



Something was off when he returned from the washroom, and he thought it had just been the wild hands. But it wasn't that. Man, how did he not notice this before? Looking into The Kid's eyes, he saw it now.

That kid must have been no older than four, maybe five years old.

As the tears on the table kept running, a little voice from within questioned him: Who could take over three million dollars from a five-year-old?

*Not me*, he thought. *I might not be the best player, or the most loyal son. I might not always play by the rules, or make the wisest decisions. But there's one thing I do have, and that's a heart.*

He picked up his King of Hearts, handed it to the kid, turned around, and walked right on out, never to return to the game.

no pun indented

# WHAT YOUR CHOICE OF CAFFEINE SAYS ABOUT YOU

**black coffee:** health nut

**coffee but not black:** you don't like the taste of coffee but you enjoy feeling like an adult drinking coffee

**tea:** u drink tea to pretend you have ur life together

**matcha:** u have ur life together

**energy drinks:** burnt out mentally ill math student

**5-hour energy:** burnt out mentally ill math student

**caffeine pills:** burnt out mentally ill finance or cs bro

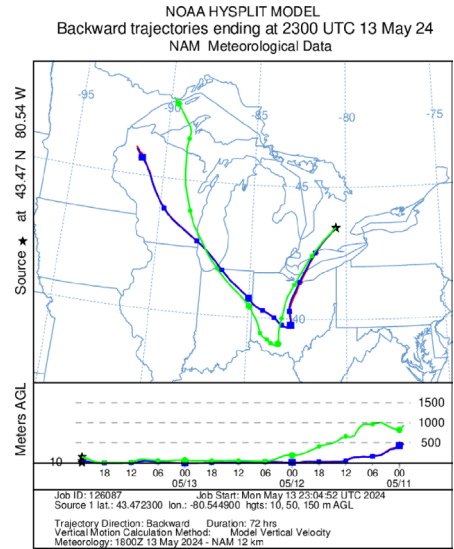
**none:** you enjoy making life hard for yourself

cherry ♡

# I KNOW WHERE YOUR AIR IS FROM

## I LIVE IN YOUR AIR CONDITIONER

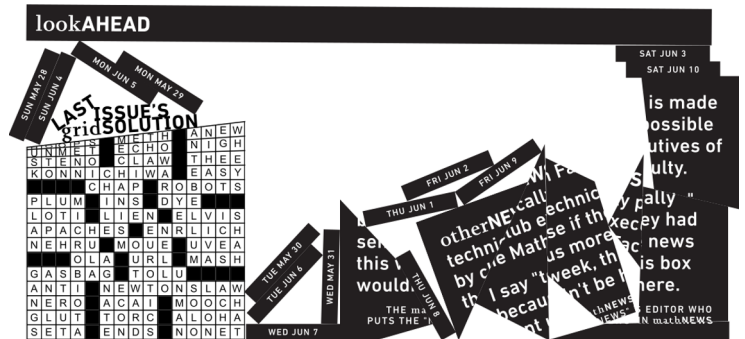
At 23:00 UTC on May 13<sup>th</sup>, the time of this writing, the University of Waterloo's air comes from Wisconsin. Starting from Wisconsin, it heads south-east before sharply turning north-east in central Ohio. You breathe Ohio air, though the pollen is local.



The NOAA Air Resources Laboratory has a nifty tool called HYSPLIT ([https://www.ready.noaa.gov/HYSPLIT\\_traj.php](https://www.ready.noaa.gov/HYSPLIT_traj.php)). This is a "Normal" forecast trajectory from the NAM CONUS meteorology data set.

QUAAAAAAAAACK

# NEW EDITOR DROPS THE lookAHEAD ON HIS FIRST DAY



# CURRENT HYPERFIXATION: GOKANARU

## PART 2

*This is part 2 of a series. If you haven't read part 1, I highly recommend you read it and then come back to this article. This part will make very little sense to most people without the context from part 1. I have decided to submit this article as it was written back in early April. As a result this article will contain the same piece of misinformation as part 1. Please read my errata for more information.*

Okay, where were we? Right, the Gokanaru<sup>1</sup> stream after Destiny's Kick or Keep livestream. This absolutely insane idiot decided not to get medical attention for a further 3 hours in favour of celebrating his victory. He got an ambulance to come for the end of the stream, but when they got there he asked them to give him 5 minutes and then continued to stream for another 10 minutes. When I say a person is an insane idiot, *I mean* they're an insane idiot. I'm also going to abbreviate Gokanaru to Goka when referring to the person from now on, in order to differentiate between him and the channel.

Despite Goka not being able to see the entire time, this stream still did serve a different purpose than just background noise for me while working on chemistry: This was ultimately when I actually began to learn the lore of this channel. Although this stream was mainly just reflecting on the absolute brainrot that is Kick or Keep, Goka yet again manages to connect it to something bigger. During the Kick or Keep livestream, one of the few times that Goka was able to be heard over the shouting was when he asked a very simple question to the guy yelling the whole time: "Would you kill someone for content?" The other guy answered simply: "Yes."

How does this tie in to the lore of the Gokanaru channel, you ask? I promise that this does have a point and I am getting there. However, I need to take you on one last detour first. Crime and Punishment is a novel written by Fyodor Dostoevsky. I have not read the book myself, but during the stream Goka gave what seems to be a fairly good summary. At its most basic, it follows a man who commits a murder and examines the motives and consequences of this decision. Specifically, a passage in the book (as read aloud on stream) is when the protagonist explains to another character that no matter how he might try to justify it to himself, he ultimately committed the crime simply because he wanted to.

Now we can finally begin to get into the Gokanaru lore, specifically in regards to the Video Vigilante series. As Goka explains explicitly during this livestream, the first two episodes of Video Vigilante—specifically the introductory and conclusion segments—are meant to mirror the Crime and Punishment book. The first episode involves Goka committing the crime of killing H3H3 Productions. The second episode involves the comeuppance; the punishment, if you will. At this point I'm not entirely sure how the third episode, the most recent one at the time of writing, ties in to this, but there is certainly a larger narrative at play here. In the introductory segment to the first episode, one of the shots is of Goka sitting in a chair facing the camera and reading a book. One guess as to which book it is.

Another thing that is interesting to look at is the introductory scenes with Goka's bedroom door. These scenes appear in all three of the videos in the Video Vigilante series, and each time they are vastly different. In the first episode, Goka crashes into his room through the door with a lot of energy. The last scene of this introductory segment has Goka standing in the doorway, illuminated by the light behind him, appearing to be thinking about something. In the second episode of the series, Goka slams through the door yet again, but this time slams the door shut behind him. When he flicks the light switch, he is revealed to be sitting on the floor, slumped against the wall, and looking utterly defeated. When he gets up, he pulls a piece of paper and walks over to a bulletin board, then pins up the sheet which states "Wanted for homicide" along with a picture of his face.

Finally, in the third episode of the series, the door scenes become even more interesting, with the first shots of the door flickering between the real world and what looks to be almost a TV-static alternate reality, with a shadowed figure standing there and then holding up three fingers. The second-to-last shot involving the door in the opening segment is an arm shooting through the gap in the door as it is ajar, holding a robot figurine with a snow globe for a head. Then, a panning shot traces up the arm of the person holding the figure until Goka is revealed. The final shot involving the door is Goka slamming the door open with even more energy this time, striding quickly over towards the camera, and confidently slamming the robot down on the desk.

All of this is explained on stream by Goka as being a representation of the evolution of himself as a content creator as well as mirroring how the protagonist of Crime and Punishment evolves throughout the book. He goes from a righteous fury (energy slamming through the door, and the pensive thought as he decides to commit the crime) to admitting the truth to himself (hiding away inside, slumping against the door, and the wanted poster) and then finally to self-confidence (slamming open the door and slamming the robot figurine down on the desk). I consider this to be a great introduction to learning the lore of this channel, but there is still a lot more symbolism that I have yet to discern and I will no doubt continue to do so over the next days/weeks/months/however long it takes.

Sexy\_Software\_Babe

1. <https://www.youtube.com/@Gokanaru>

## SOUND HORIZON

### VOICE OF THE UNIVERSE

[Editor's note: the image on the next page is part of this article.]





## ERRATA — CURRENT HYPERFIXATION: GOKANARU

Last issue, I published part 1 of this series. However, I didn't think to actually fact-check what I claimed in the article with other members of the community. Who knew that fact-checking was a good thing? To be more specific, I completely fell for an apparently very common bit from this channel. That bit being that this guy was streaming while actively bleeding from his eye. Apologies if you were misguided into thinking he was completely insane by my article — if you catch one of his streams you can confirm for yourself that he's not 100% insane, only 99%.

*Sexy\_Software\_Babe*

## N RED FLAG THINGS SAID BY MY FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD MATH GUY

*THIS WAS MY FIRST TIME SPENDING EXTENSIVE AMOUNTS OF TIME WITH A DUDE WHO ACTUALLY ENJOYS MATH NON JOKE/NON IRONY*

- “Hehe, I’m lactose intolerant, do you want to go get ice cream?”
- “Humans are just electric jellies in meat suits, and that sounds very appetizing.”
- “Deez nuts.” (All deez nuts jokes are objectively bad, I will not accept criticisms.)
- “I’ve seen enough blood to know what it looks like.”
- “I will murder you.”
- “I have a designated Joe Goldberg outfit.”
- “I’m not into cannibalism yet.”
- “I definitely could walk to Toronto, given enough Tim’s.”
- “My friends are planning to get a baby monitor for my room.”
- “I’ve dreamed about you and your 10 sisters...” (I only have 2.)
- “You do have a **mathNEWS** sense of humor.” (Derogatory)
- “I have never played minecraft before.”
- “Stealing is fun, I love fraud.”
- “I have a subset of murder songs.”
- “I aspire to be the most abusive person ever.”
- “[The taste of blood] is not nauseating to me. I actually like it.”
- “Murder is my love language.”
- “I want to eat your eyeball.”

nonebeef

## ON POKÉMON

I never really understood Pokémon. It’s not like I never had any exposure to it, either. In elementary school, my classmates often brought in Pokémon trading cards to look at, and I was all like, “whoa” and so on at the designs, but as soon as recess was over, it was out of my mind. It didn’t really help that as a kid I never tried to engage with anything that any of the other kids were into (yeah, I was the weird kid at school). Even when I started to become terminally online where Pokémon was basically everywhere you look, somehow I never tried to get into it and I have no idea why.

So now I’m kind of kicking myself because I finally understand why it’s so popular and, if you can believe it, it’s all because of a Discord bot of all things. There’s a bot I use that has a side minigame built in where, every two hours, you can do a roll on a virtual slot machine to have a chance of getting various Pokémon. They’re sorted into tiers where the better the Pokémon, the lower the chance is to get it, and oh my god this stupid little Discord minigame has been absolutely TAKING OVER my life. Somehow, collecting these silly little guys scratches the magpie part of my brain that screams at me to collect a stash of all the things ever. I am obsessing over the creatures so much that sometimes they appear in my sleep. I am going crazy, I swear. I don’t know how. I’ve never watched the show, ever, or played any Pokémon game, ever, because this is the exact kind of thing I would have loved so much as a kid that it would have had me holed up in my room for even more time than I already was. I’ve chosen a favourite Pokémon (it’s Latias, for anyone wondering, no I don’t know why) and if anyone slandered them I don’t even know what I’d do. My YouTube recommendations are FILLED with videos about Pokémon challenges, Pokémon mods, Pokémon design, and everything else. Instead of doomscrolling Reddit and Twitter, I doomscroll Bulbapedia, which by the way is a terrible choice of website to look at for any extended period of time because it completely demolishes my phone battery. I am so far gone at this point, it’s so fucking Jover.

Anyway, the moral of this story is, like, you should be open to trying new things out, even if you don’t see the appeal at first? I don’t really know. This article (and my life right now) is a bit of a train wreck.

*hyperlynx*

## WHY CAN'T I GET UP FOR MY 8:30 LECTURES?

**Weekly Report Available**

Your screen time was down 6% last week, for an average of 9 hours, 56 minutes a day.

*my phone is calling me out*

# THE GRADUATE

*TERMINAL MISSIVE TO THE POST-MORTEM STEWARDS. YEAR OF GREGORI MMXXIV, SEVENTEENTH OF MAY.*

The world was quiet when I found him. Walking over the threshold, I felt one thousand crows keep watch in the shadowed trees below, and beyond her window, even the distant many-lined cube had finally fallen dim. Little moonlight slipped in, for firm curtains shielded the room from the moonlight's oppression. Posters warred for wallspace, their writing invisible in the shadow, while on the floor, multicoloured swarms of discarded clothes clambered atop each other, grasping for the sky. The air was nearly still, its silence broken only by quiet breaths from the unmade bed defining the room, its only hint of life an outstretched arm fallen to the floor. Not even he broke the silence. He was stood in the corner, almost waiting, his characteristic attire a black suit in keeping with the times. You know he was ever regal. At his foot lay the cause of my arrival: an empty orange cylindrical bottle, and beside it, a discarded white lid.

"Happen seeing you here," his voice filled the room with the depth of a hundred chasms. "It has been so long."

You never told us he lived. I never knew. He and I died along the same axiom—decades we spent training together, learning our ways, becoming one with the world after. Death trained us both—we were to graduate together, him moments after me. As you know, I am the last graduate. Death fell during his graduation trial. And my friend disappeared.

I walked across the room as fast as I could. I embraced him, my ratted grey cloak against the finer threads he'd always preferred. You said he was dead.

How wrong you were.

I finally released him from my embrace. *Where have you been all this time?* I asked. In the human counting, it had been decades since he vanished. Doing our work, he'd said. Traveling the ends of the Earth, tending to the dying across every sea and land.

Doubt rested in my heart. I have crossed paths with many of our kind along the hollows to Charon's dock, many more in the sands of the Duat. I have seen so many of you in the feasts of Hel, between the clouds of Limbo, on the ships of the astral sea. Have you ever seen him there? Decades it has been. But I understand.

We thought we would meet regularly after graduation. It is how it has always been. But things changed after his graduation ceremony. After Death left us alone. After you took control. You tell us to continue as usual, at double pace even, you tell us that with greater efforts, we can make up for his absence. Never do you have any regard for our declining numbers, never any regard for those we've only started losing since Death's absence. And look around at what those losses have wrought. Human lives grow beyond their bounds.

Increasingly, you rely on cancers to rein in human lives, and increasingly, they learn to circumvent them. Even our strongest weapons weaken; under your watch, natural law has been forgotten.

Miracles, they call them. Humans across time, escapees from death.

It made sense I had not seen him. We have had no time. "I am sorry to only see you now, old friend," he assured me. "What brings you here this night?"

*The girl*, I told him. *It is time.*

His face turned down then.

We both walked to the foot of the bed. Within it, she barely breathed, her breaths shallow and wet. She lay face down; her hair fell in all directions, some fell into the bile staining the pillow beside her. Atop her back, a black cat laid concernedly, lapping at her unconscious body in the night.

As Death had shown us so many times, I began the work we'd trained for. How filling it felt to stand beside my friend at last! How glorious, to have our long training pay off in such a way, side-by-side once more!

From within my cloak, I withdrew the last scythe Death had ever bestowed.

From within his sleeve, he withdrew a pocket knife.

I raised my scythe.

He stabbed me in the chest.

I fell to the floor. He did not stop. He had to be sure. Seventy-one times more he rammed his knife into the folds of my back, severing every nerve, leaving me helpless but to scream. He was the only one who heard. I pleaded with him, begged him to stop, demanded, why? Why me? He said no word.

When he finally relented, he returned to the bedside. I saw him kneel then, and whisper to the girl. He looked at me once more, the ends of long black suit melting into the shadow, his eyes furious crimson, peeking out from his only constant: an obsidian, wide-brimmed hat.

Then he left.



# THE OFFICIAL TIER LIST OF WATERLOO ROADS

AS OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED BY THE OFFICIAL CITY OF WATERLOO, OFFICIALLY

When I was in first year, I did not have a car, so I took the bus. For a budding public transit enjoyer like myself, it was like I was living in heaven on Earth. My student card is a bus pass? Included in my tuition? All glory the WUSA gods!<sup>1</sup> Stops with dot-matrix displays? No more consulting My Favourite Maps App! Not to mention the contactless card validation. Oh, the contactless card validation! How could I find myself in such a futuristic utopia? Who would ever even want to have a car here?

Since then, I am sorry to report that I have fallen from the grace of vehicleless existence. My first in-person co-op term brought me to the suburban wasteland commonly known as Mississauga. To survive this ordeal, I brought a middle-aged green sedan from my home province to shuttle myself the thirty minutes to work and back. But after two years of having a wheel at my fingertips, the feeling of defiant independence from a motorized vehicle has waned. Is it Stockholm syndrome? Have I become too accustomed to the bourgeois decadence of a personal vehicle? Or am I simply shedding my student tendencies and embracing the quiet lifestyle of the Canadian dream?

I have no idea. Here's a tier list of some of the major roads in Waterloo that I've driven/biked/walked along based on vibes alone.

## F TIER

### IRA NEEDLES BOULEVARD

I've got to hand it to traffic engineers<sup>2</sup>—they understood the dangers of four-way stops with this one. It's easy to imitate the arrow-straight roads of the surrounding farmland, and these guys opted instead for a series of roundabouts. There's a point, though, at which roundabouts become annoyingly excessive, and Ira Needles blasts past it with its unbelievable seven roundabouts in just four kilometres. I'm sure even the cyclists brave enough to use this road's bike lanes can't stand them. Not only that, but when the wind's just right, you can get a nice whiff of the stench of the region's landfill. How I love the smell of rubbish in the morning.

### NORTHFIELD DRIVE

Featuring a world-famous bike lane (for all the wrong reasons).

## D TIER

### BRIDGEPORT ROAD / ERB STREET

I'm going to combine these two because they're basically two directions of the same east-west thoroughfare, which is part of why this diabolical duo is down in D. These three-lane one-way monstrosities ruin the otherwise charming aesthetic of Uptown Waterloo with a seeming mid-century mindset of "throughput at all costs." For pedestrians, the result is a series

of barriers preventing them from getting to the next bar on their pub crawl. Seriously, Erb, what did Uptown do to you?

### COLUMBIA STREET

The north side of campus and the border between civilization and barbarism.<sup>3</sup> How fitting that the only nearby McDonald's is on this street.

### FISCHER-HALLMAN ROAD

Don't know anything about it. Don't care enough to find out.

## C TIER

### UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Hate to break it to University Avenue stans, but this ain't it. Basically, the road is nice whenever you're not near a university. Deceptive, right? In short (and with no elaboration), the stretch of road from the highway to the ION tracks is among the most wretched and cursed I have had the displeasure of travelling along. Yet outside of that, the avenue transforms into the equivalent of a nice walk in the park. What a dichotomy.

Also, the protections for the bike lanes are laughable. And in the winter? Well, what bike lanes?

### WEBER STREET

Perhaps the street that embodies the spirit of Waterloo best. With a German name and a winding route that follows the original wagon trails of the region's pioneers,<sup>4</sup> this road starts from the St. Jacobs farmland before barreling through the region's cities and coming to an abrupt end at King Street. And that last part is key to understanding the psychology of this street. It manages to cross King not just once, but three separate times. Despite the frankly stalker-like behaviour, Weber fails to capture King's *je-ne-sais-quoi* and achieves little more than mediocrity.

Also, you could pronounce it the same way your entire life and only be correct half the time.

## B TIER

### KING STREET

Weber Street but better in almost every way. This is where Uptown Waterloo and Downtown Kitchener go all out. Patios, streetside planters, and raised bike lanes, oh my! Not to mention the ION! Very chic. But leave these Gardens of Eden behind and you'll realize they're the exception, not the rule. Bike lanes quickly give way to strip malls and parking lots, leaving a feeling of deception and disappointment at that which could have been. The niceties of the city centres mask

the street's real nature, and you see that the King truly does have no clothes.

#### A TIER

##### WESTMOUNT ROAD

A couple of the streets I have mentioned earlier don't seem to understand their true purpose. In this sense, Westmount triumphs. It was purpose-built as a suburban boulevard in a suburban environment, and it succeeds superbly at that. With its rolling terrain and environments ranging from fields to suburbia to apartment towers, what more could you ask for? "Much more," I hear everyone outside a car say. But until that comes, Westmount has my heart.

Also, the fact that Westmount Road intersects with Westmount Road is either whimsical, ridiculous, or utterly confusing. I am firmly in the first camp.

#### S TIER

##### CONESTOGA PARKWAY

The epitome of the Waterloo experience, this windy freeway sees the highest highs and the lowest lows. Whether you're heading to campus for the first time, heading home for a weekend visit, or speeding to Toronto for a night on the town, Conestoga's seen it all. What could be better than that?

*verdanic*

1. Elected, not made, consubstantial with the Federation, by whom all clubs are funded.
2. I definitely do not have to hand it to traffic engineers.
3. Sorry CLV, your lake's pretty cool, I guess.
4. Don't fact check me on this. I can't be bothered to care enough about Weber Street.

## N PART TIME JOBS AS A UNI STUDENT

1. Tutoring: A very common part time job to have. Probably will not help your resume stand out much, but it's one way to make some money.
2. Campus Jobs: Consider applying to WUSA or campus housing. Pretty convenient too since you can just work on campus.
3. Fitness Instructor: idk
4. Food Services: No personal experience with this, but a lot of people work with Food Services. Seems like a great on-campus opportunity too.
5. Internships: Hard to get, but most helpful if they're in the same field that you wanna work in.

## THE BEST OFFERING OF PMATH 347

×	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
2	0	2	4	6	1	3	5
3	0	3	6	2	5	1	4
4	0	4	1	5	2	6	3
5	0	5	3	1	6	4	2
6	0	6	5	4	3	2	1

*e*

## INTRODUCING: THE PPP (PROCRASTINATION PUZZLE PARTY)<sup>TM</sup>

*INSERT PP JOKE HERE?*

do YOU have lectures you should be pre-studying for? do YOU have  $n \geq 50$  co-op applications to complete by the next cycle application? do YOU have assignments you should be starting instead?

if you require a shiny new distraction to waste your brain cells on, fear not. i present to you: the triple p (alternatively titled: she procrastinate on my puzzle till i party)

here is the holy rotation. please enjoy irresponsibly.

1. Wordle (yes, back from the dead of pandemic-time hobbies we briefly entertained in the hopes of regaining some semblance of sanity)
2. wafflegame.net (daily and the weekly deluxe! good fun to brush up on vocabulary because... english is my first language... and i am forgetting most of it)
3. NYT Strands (optional skip tbh. bonus if you manage without hints. the theme prompts never make sense to me)
4. NYT Connections (fun. probably my favorite out of the rotation and a new addition!)
5. NYT Mini (crossword! bonus if you listen to the little jingle when you complete it. it will reignite your will to live, partially)

# WE'VE ENTERED THE NEW AGE

## A REFLECTION ON OUR PAST AND A GLIMPSE INTO OUR FUTURE

In the past, we would have to look up coding conventions in books like *The C Programming Language*, 1983.

In the future, we will not exist due to AI taking over the world and killing us all.

But, in the present, we're left reading eerily in-between sentiments like the following in our WaterlooWorks job postings:

### Required Qualifications:

- Comfortable using ChatGPT as a rubber duck but uncomfortable using it before googling.

no pun indented

# MY GO-TO SUBWAY ORDER

## ORDERED IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER

- foot-long white Italian
- cheddar
- toasted
- tuna
- lettuce
- tomato
- cucumber
- onion
- green pepper
- mayonaise
- salt and pepper

If you have strong opinions regarding my order feel free to suck it up. Nobody cares.

pink bomb

# QUACK?

## QUACK!!!

Quack, quack quack quack quack. Quack  
QUAAAAAAAAAACK. Quack quack.

Quack?

Quack.

QUAAAAAAAAAACK

# POULE MAXI



cutlet

# I ALREADY MISS WATERLOOWORKS

I haven't graduated yet, but I accepted a return offer for my next and final co-op, so I'm done with WaterlooWorks forever. I don't miss the stress of cover letters and interviews and rankings and uncertain housing situations and juggling deadlines for WaterlooWorks rounds and external applications and sequence changes. But now it's the start of a new term and WaterlooWorks is in the air and it's on every screen that I pass in the hallways and that glows at me in my lectures and it turns out that I miss it actually. Specifically, the part where I sit by the big window in E7 and scroll through the endless list of options for life in the next four months, taking a break from scrolling to select one particularly appealing location and check out the office on Google Maps and look at local apartments and transit networks and main streets and try to imagine a day in this strange place. I feel like I was sold this dream of the co-op program sending me all over the world, not even by the university itself but by alumni who experienced it, who were in school years ago before COVID and the tech job market crash and remote work getting big. Even as the dream began to seem less and less attainable each year, the few postings I could find in exciting locations still brought me joy. It feels like it's over too soon. WaterlooWorks should give me read-only access so that I can pretend to look for a co-op again, just for fun, I think.

\_\_init\_\_



# MY REVIEW OF FALLOUT 4

## TALES FROM A GAMER WHO PLAYS GAMES 9 YEARS AFTER RELEASE

As a kid, I never got the chance to play a lot of video games. My parents thought spending money on video games and computers was a tremendous waste. Before Grade 8, the only computer in my house ran Windows Vista, and if I recall correctly, had 512 MB of RAM. This was the case as late as 2016. Consequently, I never got to play many of the classic games that my friends did.

In high school, I finally got a modern Windows 10 laptop (though I could only buy one with 4 GB of RAM). Even during high school, technologically, I was always behind the curve. But finally, in 2022, I got a mid-tier gaming desktop! Though far from the cutting edge of its time, this was revolutionary to me. In the past two years, I've been able to play some of the greatest games from the early to mid-2010s at their highest possible quality.

I'm now realizing how much I missed. Before December, I thought that "Fus Ro Dah" was a random phrase that everyone collectively agreed was funny. Did you also know that the "arrow in the knee" joke originates from a video game? Because I sure didn't!

That brings me to the topic of this article. In the last few weeks (through a combination of gaming degeneracy and procrastination), I've managed to play Fallout 4. Though this game is quite old at this point, out of respect for my fellow gamers who have been living under a rock, I will warn you that the following review contains **spoilers** for Fallout 4. There will also be some vague comparisons to the story and features of Fallout New Vegas since that was the first Fallout game I played, but I will do my best not to spoil it.

I went into the game having heard mixed reviews. My roommate was very critical of the game but my friend and fellow writer molasses (who suggested I play it in the first place) thoroughly enjoyed it. However, I tried to go in with an open mind. I decided to play without mods to get the most *authentic* experience, as Bethesda intended (so I expected a little jank). One of the first features I was introduced to that wasn't in New Vegas was the settlement building. Now, at first, I didn't like building at all. I thought it felt very out of place in the game, making it more akin to Fortnite than Fallout.

I admit, however, that I came to enjoy it. Once you get the Local Leader perk, building becomes much easier. Instead of worrying about having all the right resources to build and taking care of food and drink needs in each settlement, you can focus on actually building out and designing settlements. At first, I put beds wherever, in a way that was most convenient for me. The house that you spawn outside of when fast travelling to Sanctuary Hills? It can fit quite a few beds if you pack them in like sardines. You're gonna sleep next to the toilet Sturges, and you're going to be grateful!

Alas, as my settlements grew and it became easier to acquire resources, I considered putting in a bit more effort. The Castle

in particular is massive and has a large structure you can build inside of or connect buildings to. But why is the building limit in The Castle so small? Despite its massive size, it was not long before I got the message that I couldn't build anything else.

Another issue at the start of the game is the number of missions the player is inundated with (some of which were introduced by the recent next-gen update). Why do I have a billion things to do and why should I care about these things? Which one should I do? Are some of these not doable at my level? I don't know!

The story of the game is decent. It does not hold a candle compared to Fallout New Vegas though in terms of emotional impact. Sometimes I even found myself forgetting what the main goal was. Oh right, my son's been kidnapped! But seriously, I did not feel compelled at all to make my way to Diamond City. It was very hard for me to relate to the urgency that was occasionally conveyed by the Sole Survivor and so I spent a lot of time meandering around and completing side quests.

Some of the sidequests I enjoyed. The Covenant side quest in particular does a great job of building out the world. But quests such as the ones given by Scribe Haylen are not indicated as infinite. I would have kept doing them for quite a while before getting fed up, hoping that if I did enough of them I would get another unique mission from the Brotherhood. Even if this was an intentional design choice, it is not consistent. If you return to Elder Maxson at a specific point in the game, it will explicitly tell you to come back after getting into the Institute.

Also, since when was my dog named Dogmeat? Somehow you learn of your dog's name from a character you've just met and act like you've known the name forever.

As commonly touted, the gunplay is fantastic. Blasting through your enemies never gets old and the variety of guns and mods are great. I also like that you can *feel* mini-nukes go kaboom, invoking a strong sense of danger.

Overall, it's a great game with a story that won't bore you but also won't leave much of an impact. Significant issues exist with game design and QoL, but unfortunately, I'm used to it from playing other Bethesda titles.

### Final score: 7.5/10

I could have written more in this review but **mathNEWS** has a 1,000 word limit and I need to work on getting employed somewhere next term.

Special thanks to my roommate for introducing me to the franchise and to fellow writer molasses for suggesting I play Fallout 4.

## A PUN (PART 1/6)

There's not much in Wallerby, Australia. Our biggest tourist attraction is a sign warning motorists we are the only source of water between Carnegie and Warburton, which are otherwise separated by 500 km of outback. There are two radio stations, Christian rock and cricket. The temperature is in the 30s year-round. We used to be a mining town. You can see the remnants of it everywhere. Not the actual mines of course, the companies prettied them up when they left town, but in the empty hostels where miners used to stay for their monthly stints, and the vast slab of asphalt just south of town they used to fly in to. The only way in and out of town now is along the Gunbarrel Highway, named that way since—were it not for the haze and the dust—you'd be able to look down it from one end to the other like you were looking down the barrel of a gun.

We have one tavern in town, tended by a scraggly old bastard named Steve. Like the airstrip and barracks, this place is another vestige of an older time. It used to be filled to the brim with miners on their nights off. Steve must have made a pretty penny from those days since I don't think he's running a particularly profitable venture anymore. I'm not sure he minds too much either, every story he has about the miners involves him tossing out at least one. There's never more than a couple of people in here anymore, although I will admit I tend to find myself here at least once a week. It's the only building in town with air conditioning.

Every now and again the tank truck comes through to fill up everyone's generators and the gas station. Every now and again a car passes by on their way across the outback. No one comes to stay here, but it has always been that way. Even the miners back in the day were just out here from Perth for their four week stint before going back home.

Regardless, you can imagine my surprise when on an otherwise quiet evening, a complete stranger stumbled into the tavern. Steve had the cricket game turned up too loud to hear him enter, but we smelled him. It was a smell of sweat and whatever gunk he must have rolled in outside. He was caked in desert sand, every footfall of his sent up a cloud of dust.

"Well, well, well," called Steve, "looks like we found the long-lost tenth member of the Pintupi Nine!" He cackled.

The man sputtered, coughing out dust. Getting a clearer look at him it was obvious he had been in the sun for way too long. What I could see of his skin was covered in scratches and blistering sun burns.

"What'd you do, fall into a dingo den?" chortled Steve.

The man sat down at the bar next to me, sending up another plume of dust. "Gimme a drink and I'll tell you my story," he rasped, voice hoarse. It sounded like it hurt to say those few words.

Steve looked at the man, then at me, then back at the man. Steve shrugged. "I've never been one to turn down a good story," he said, pouring the man a glass. "Drink up."

A bit of life returned to the man as he downed his drink.

"What's your name," I asked the man. It seemed only polite.

"I'm Mark," he said. His voice was still hoarse, but he didn't seem to be in as much pain speaking. "I am afraid this is the only chance I will have to tell my side of the story. You see, I made a mistake. A very large one, and once word about it gets out it'll make national news. You'll even hear about it here in Wallerby."

"You've heard of our town before?" Steve asked. I was equally surprised.

"Oh yes," said Mark. "It's my business to know as many outback towns as possible. You see, I was part of a travelling fair and not but a month ago everything was all fine and dandy. I was the skee ball operator." He paused, "Hold on, how much do you guys know about the hierarchy of fair games?" He looked at us.

"Very little," Steve said, and I nodded in assent.

"Well," Mark continued, "Skee ball isn't bad, but there's no real glory in it. The machines only print out the tickets that the kids go redeem at the gift booth. There's far more glory in something like the ring toss, where you're actually the one to hand out the prizes. You get way more respect from the public, you see."

"Anyway, things only first started to get weird when one day, a couple of kids came up to me and complimented me on my promotion to ring toss booth operator. They were real weird about it too, I don't think they blinked. And then after a weirdly long pause they said I would be ferris wheel operator soon after."

Mark looked at us, clearly trying to convey how odd this was to him.

"Is the ferris wheel operator the bee's knees or something?" Steve asked.

"Damn right, he's top dog of the whole operation," Mark leaned forward, "and I didn't even have the qualifications to do it. So anyways at the time I think nothing of it, right? Just some stray bush kids messing around. It happens, but at the end of the day when we close up shop and all tuck in, we notice that Connor, the ring toss operator, is nowhere to be seen. Turns out he got caught giving out extra prizes to some lady he fancied and he got canned. Even weirder, when we later hear about it officially from the boss, it turns out the bloke they are getting to replace him is me."

Mark just stared at us.

To be continued.

aphf

## N CORPORATE CONVOS THAT LIVE IN MY MIND RENT-FREE

**CORPORATE NIGHT EVENT WITH VIP TICKETS  
GIVEN TO STAFF (INCLUDING CO-OP STUDENTS)**

- “For a VIP entrance, there should have been a VIP exit!”
- “The service was so bad—they didn’t know what they were serving nor the ingredients in the food, and I was forced to tip only \$50!” (Note: the food and drinks were complimentary with the \$200 ticket.)
- “I thought Bob brought his partner, turns out he was his nephew.”
- “People in the VIP section were lining up for a table [*stretches out hand to arm length*] that big that contained a charcuterie board where things were cut up so thinly! Talk about cheap!”
- [*This was overheard the next day at the Bloomberg Terminal*] “No, I had a kidney stone yesterday so I couldn’t go to the event. I was on the floor in pain and agony.”

silverstraws

## TAMSYN MUIR’S SHORT FICTION, RANKED WITHOUT JUSTIFICATION, BY ME

**TO TIDE YOU OVER UNTIL ALECTO THE NINTH  
DROPS**

1. The House That Made the Sixteen Loops of Time
2. The Deepwater Bride
3. The Magician’s Apprentice
4. The Woman in the Hill
5. Chew
6. Union

vitc

## REASONS WHY MC IS THE WORST BUILDING ON CAMPUS

- we should not be ranking buildings on campus, they are all equal in unlikeableness, and should not be judged because they were built by people with no light in their lives
- it’s MC—the halls are all coated in academic trauma

naurname

## WE THE PEOPLE WILL FREE THE PEOPLE

Currently, the IOF is attacking the 1.3 million Palestinians in Rafah (where they were told they would be safe). Approximately 600,000 of these people are children. Israel is starving children and civilians and our world leaders have failed to protect the people of Palestine. I urge you to donate to the many families who are desperately trying to find safety. I have attached QR codes that go directly to families that I have been communicating with who just want to live. We are complicit in this genocide and we were put on this Earth to care of each other. You cannot be a “good person” and ignore an ongoing genocide.



[Editor’s Note: The above QR code is for the Islamic Relief Fund, a charitable organization operating on the ground in Gaza. Originally, these links were to GoFundMe campaigns supporting families in Gaza. We could not verify the legitimacy of these pages and concluded it would be irresponsible to include them. The author suggested the Islamic Relief Fund as a backup option but would like to note that they did not agree with the decision to remove the original links, and would encourage the reader to find ways to donate directly to Gazan families if they are inclined to do so.]

# SOS RIO GRANDE DO SUL

In September 2023, Porto Alegre, the capital of Rio Grande do Sul (Brazil's southernmost state) had its worst flooding since 1941, with the water reaching 3.46 meters tall. On Sunday, May 5, however, the water level reached 5.3 meters, becoming the worst flood in the history of the state.

This time, the water took over places it had never done before.



FIG 1: PORTO ALEGRE'S AIRPORT BEFORE THE FLOOD



FIG 2: PORTO ALEGRE'S AIRPORT AFTER THE FLOOD

People who lived in places at risk of flood (and had already been affected by last year's flood) were not expecting the speed and strength of the river. Most refused to leave their houses until it was too late. Others did not even have the chance to choose. I am fortunate to know that my family and loved ones are safe, but I know people who have lost everything. The clothes they wore at the time they were rescued were the only things they could bring.

Civil Defense reports 95 confirmed deaths and 131 missing people, with the numbers potentially increasing in the upcoming days. The following map shows 397 cities that were affected by the flood. A more recent statement released on Monday, says that 450 of the cities were affected, about 90% of all of the 497 cities of Rio Grande do Sul. For reference, Rio Grande do Sul has an area of about 282 kilometres, which is roughly the size of Italy. It is as if most of the country had been flooded.

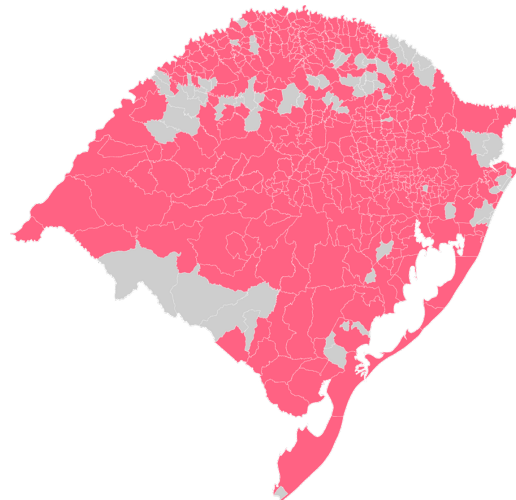


FIG 3: RIO GRANDE DO SUL AFFECTED CITIES

Currently, there are more than 81,000 people in improvised shelters, while over 538,000 people are displaced. Cities like El Dourado Sul were left completely underwater, and, as the water level recedes, people find nothing left—only ruins where once were their homes.

In 1941, it took more than a month for the water levels to reach 3 meters again (the inundation level). And, unfortunately, according to UFRGS (Federal University of Rio Grande do Sul), it will take a similar amount of time until the water levels reach 3 meters this time as well.

It does not help to know that it did not have to be this way. In most cities near and including Porto Alegre, the existing system should have been able to avoid flooding. Instead, the water passed through the gates as there were failures in the floodgates system. And pump houses, not working properly, pumped water right back into the streets, instead of out of them. This resulted in the water rising much faster than it was expected, in neighbourhoods that should have been safe.

Hopefully, this catastrophe will serve as a warning sign to the government and work will finally be done to support and improve the defence system of the cities. Otherwise, if nothing changes, natural disasters like this in the future will result in more **preventable** losses.

leah

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**JOYEUSE FÊTE DES  
PATRIOTES**  
*À TOUS LES QUÉBÉCOIS!*

une anglo qui n'en connaît rien



# HELLOOOO NEW gridWORD

## gridCOMMENT 155.1

helloooo new gridWORD

I'm happy to share that I'm starting a new position as **gridMASTER** at the University of Waterloo's **mathNEWS!** I would like to thank Wink wonk for a smooth recruitment transition process.

**welcome** back to a new term!! i hope everyone had a great **week!!** i know i did :))

i would like to get to know you all a little better, so for my very first **gridQUESTION** as **gridMASTER**, i ask: what is a cool

fun fact about you? i'll go first: i have five fewer teeth than my identical twin.

please send your **gridWORD** solution, **gridQUESTION** answer, and pseudonym to [mathnews@gmail.com](mailto:mathnews@gmail.com) by monday, may 27, 2024 at 6 pm to be featured in the next issue. whoever has the coolest and funnest fact will get a shoutout and a prize!!!!

i hope you all enjoy this **gridWORD**, and i look forward to creating more :))

spaggettiinhalers

### ACROSS

- 1. Part of a nuclear arsenal, for short
- 5. In \_\_\_ of
- 9. Crustacean's claw
- 14. French Sudan, today
- 15. Genesis garden
- 16. Less strict
- 17. Pudding fruit
- 18. Pacifist's behaviour
- 20. Believer
- 22. \_\_\_ Gaming Lounge\*
- 23. Madcap comedy
- 24. Diabolical
- 26. Sex \_\_\_ Bingo\*
- 27. Of an ancient Greek philosopher
- 31. Canterbury can
- 32. Waterloo co-op student's race
- 33. Esprit de \_\_\_
- 37. Five-star event that featured the five starred clues\*
- 42. Micrometer microorganism
- 43. Shade
- 44. Reggae relative
- 45. Conductor's domain
- 50. Welcome \_\_\_\*
- 53. Survive
- 54. Likely (to)
- 55. Escape, as a secret might
- 58. \_\_\_ Us
- 59. Hybridize
- 62. Bad day for Caesar
- 64. Trap
- 65. "Holy cow!"
- 66. Egg holder
- 67. Feudal workers
- 68. Tittles
- 69. Viral point guard

- 19. \_\_\_ of Man
- 21. Lay
- 23. Islamic decree
- 24. Bibliography abbr.
- 25. Winter cover legumes
- 28. Mine find
- 29. Trick taker, often
- 30. Immediately
- 34. Emergency worker
- 35. Chinese dog breed
- 36. \_\_\_ Night\*
- 38. Blood letters
- 39. Card game for two
- 40. Dethrone

- 41. Encountered
- 46. \_\_\_ Fair\*
- 47. Odium
- 48. Engine speed, for short
- 49. "Begone!"
- 50. Euphoria
- 51. Sesame
- 52. Doha's land
- 56. Notch made by a saw
- 57. They lack refinement
- 58. Combines
- 60. Freudian topic
- 61. Dine
- 63. Place for a pig

### DOWN

- 1. Rascal
- 2. Roman bath chamber
- 3. Dye used to reduce yellow tones in white hair
- 4. Makes like
- 5. Carnival follower
- 6. Altar words
- 7. Poetic dusk
- 8. Reveal
- 9. Hoof sound
- 10. Angel's headwear
- 11. Strain
- 12. Slowly, on a score
- 13. Pretentious

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12	13
14					15					16				
17					18					19				
	20			21				22						
23						24	25					26		
27						28				29	30			
31						32				33		34	35	36
37			38	39				40	41					
42								43					44	
				45		46	47				48	49		
50	51	52				53					54			
55			56	57						58				
59								60	61			62		63
64						65						66		
67						68						69		

# lookAHEAD

SUN MAY 19

MON MAY 20

TUE MAY 21

WED MAY 22

THU MAY 23

FRI MAY 24

SAT MAY 25

Victoria Day

Make-up day for Victoria Day (go to Monday classes)

Course selection period begins

National Wine Day

SUN MAY 26

MON MAY 27

TUE MAY 28

WED MAY 29

THU MAY 30

FRI MAY 31

SAT JUNE 1

Tuition and fee refund deadline

Drop with WD begins

Final examination schedules released

mathNEWS 155.2 released

## BLUE SCUTI GETS SIGNED BY COMPLEXLY

In December 2023, the first human crashed the classic NES Tetris. The game that had always beaten the player didn't win! This record was first achieved by a 13-year-old NES Tetris player, Blue Scuti.

In January, the company, Complexly, which you might know from shows like SciShow or Crash Course, signed the Tetris player in an official e-sports contract.

The professional classic Tetris scene is quite small, to the point that the largest in-person classic Tetris event at the Portland Retro Gaming Expo is crowdfunded. So this signing is pretty exciting to have this community be recognized!

You can check out the announcement of the signing on the vlogbrothers' Youtube channel :)

heli×2

## CUMC APPLICATIONS OPEN

Interested in research and academia? The Canadian Undergraduate Mathematics Conference is a great opportunity to meet and learn from both undergraduate and professional mathematicians from across Canada. This year, the conference is being held at the University of British Columbia on **July 8–12**. The Faculty of Mathematics, MEF, and MathSoc are jointly funding travel and accommodation for 25 undergraduate Math students to attend the conference. Applications are open at [bit.ly/UWCUMC2024](https://bit.ly/UWCUMC2024) and will close on **Friday, May 17<sup>th</sup> at 23:59 ET** (if you're reading this issue on Friday, that's *TODAY!*). Don't worry too much about missing classes; you can get your notes from a friend or the instructor. And even if you aren't sure you're interested in academia, apply anyway! It'll be a good experience, and there's only one way to learn more about it.

UW CUMC Committee

otherNEWS is made technically possible by club executives of the Math Faculty.

I say "technically" because if they had actually sent us some news, this box wouldn't be here.

THE mathNEWS EDITOR WHO PUTS THE NEWS" IN mathNEWS