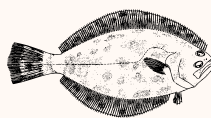


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THE FLOUNDER

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Surviving the Hallways of Mackenzie

By: Hallex Pert

TORONTO, ON — The hallways at Mackenzie have turned into a battlefield, just like the Hunger Games. As the bell rings, students brace themselves for the ultimate challenge to get to class on time, unscathed.

Students are both excited and tense for a little competition everyday to see who can get to class on time, unharmed. "What's a hallway without a little friendly competition?" exclaimed Pushand Shuv. "Making it through these ruins means you can get anywhere in life," half-joked another.

Even the academic weapons are not immune. By measuring the dynamics and adding the equations together, they have created high-tech goggles that not only help them find the most optimal way through the crowd, but identify potential dangers and solutions.

However, not all technology can keep up. The Google Maps app has struggled and crashed numerous times due to students overburdening the system, attempting to find the most efficient way to get to class on time. "My ETA changes every minute!" complained Dashen Thru, as traffic jams appear at stairwells. It seems that the apps are just as confused as everyone is, as what was supposed to be a simple walk to class has turned into a survival race against the next bell.

For those not as fortunate, the hallway competition is not pretty. Afraid of getting separated, some cling onto their friends' backpacks for dear life, in hopes of making it to class together. As the day goes on, simply transitioning from one class to another turns into a test of endurance, with many battle tales of survival.

When all's said and done, these hallways are not for the weak. Mackenzie's hallways during passing periods is just one of the many amazing things the school has to offer. Surviving this place will prepare you for anything the world may throw at you, not just backpacks!

Ontario is cautiously optimistic as it announces the Mackenzie foyer mural will be completed in 2336

By: The Mayor Herself

After multiple delays and setbacks to the opening date of the Mackenzie foyer mural, Premier Pug Ford spoke at a press conference earlier today to announce an opening date for the long-awaited art installation: 2336.

“We are pleased to be able to give the people of Mackenzie a concrete date on which the mural will be completed,” Ford spoke to gathered journalists. “Now we can breathe easier knowing that there will be a firm date for the completion of the project. We can assure you that the project will definitely be completed in 300 years, give or take.”

Pil Verster, CEO of Metrolynx, warned people to take Ford’s statements with a pinch of salt, when he randomly commented on his thoughts about the school mural which had remotely nothing to do with public transportation in the GTA.

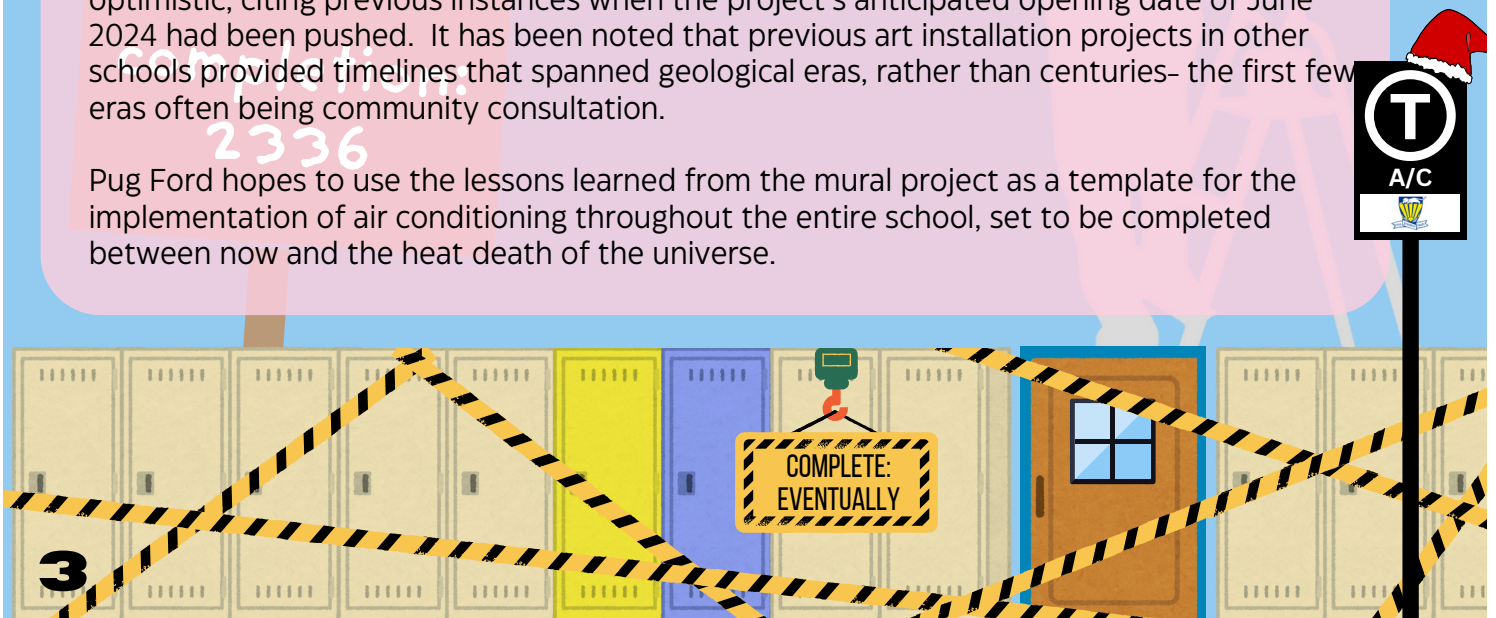
“I’m not going to speculate on dates because that gets us into a messy place but I will give you the assurance that when we open we will operate the mural reliably and operate the mural safely. And that’s the priority.”

When we reached out to the TTC Media Relations Board, they apologized for the inconvenience.

“I assure you that we are making relentless progress on the mural,” Ford continued, unaware that this article had already shifted attention towards other people. “All that we need to do now is argue with Bombardier, connect the electrical grid, inspect the mural, implement slow zones on the mural, ban the construction of new bike lanes on the mural, sue the school board, reach a settlement with the school board, dig a highway under Mackenzie, figure out how to block Reddit on school internet, and figure out what the heck a mural even is.”

However, critics say that an opening date of three centuries from now is suspiciously optimistic, citing previous instances when the project’s anticipated opening date of June 2024 had been pushed. It has been noted that previous art installation projects in other schools provided timelines that spanned geological eras, rather than centuries- the first few eras often being community consultation.

Pug Ford hopes to use the lessons learned from the mural project as a template for the implementation of air conditioning throughout the entire school, set to be completed between now and the heat death of the universe.



Local Woman Starts Portable Hairdressing Business on the Subway

Her cutting is unsteady, her business is questionable, but nobody shares her passion.

By: T.T.C Andre-Preneur

TORONTO, ON — Toronto native Paula Cuttingham has found a new portable way to make money from her passion—cutting hair aboard the subway. She cuts from Monday to Friday, from 9 am to 7 pm, and frequently plays a high-stakes game of hide-and-seek with TTC workers.

Paula Cuttingham always dreamed of cutting hair, but was never trained due to her very unsteady hands. After getting fired from her job counting beans due to spilling her beans countless times, she was riding the subway home when she noticed a man with very long hair. The idea was born: a portable hair salon aboard the TTC.

“I think Paula’s haircuts are a bang for your buck!” frequent customer Crazee Hare raved in a recent interview at Spadina station. “Her prices are affordable, which allows me to get my haircut for only forty-five cents! ”. Half of Crazee’s head was styled as a buzz cut, and the other half in the form of a bowl cut, along with being covered in bald spots.

One of the Flounder’s employees, Buzz Cuut, purchased a haircut from Cuttingham this morning, and requested a trim for eighty cents. The haircut resulted in the top of his head shaved to bald and only the crown of his hair remaining. Like his hair, his session was cut short, due to TTC workers entering the train to shut down Paula, forcing her to flee like a vigilante on the run.

“This business is disruptive, illegal and a disgrace to hairdressers everywhere,” said Carol Thomas, a TTC employee at the station of Spadina. “There has been a trend of awful haircuts from passengers, every day I see people with lopsided bangs, accidental mullets, and bald spots. This woman doesn’t know how to cut hair, and I don’t know how she is still in business.”

However one views Paula Cuttinghams business of Subway Hairdressing, it’s fair to say that Canada’s entrepreneurs are as fearless as they are questionable. The only question left is, would you trust your hair to a woman who cuts on a moving subway?

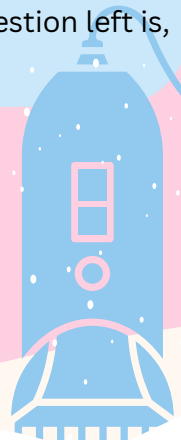
food for thought:

if a flounder wore a santa hat, how would it wear it?

1)



2)



The Great Homework conspiracy: Where does it go?

You're reaching into your backpack as your teacher taps her foot angrily and holds a clipboard tightly to her chest, a disappointed expression already making way. You push your arm around wildly, pulling out loose papers and shaking your head when you see what's on them. You finally hit the back of your bag and pull your arm out with a sheepish expression on your face. "Sorry Teach, it's just that...my sister must have taken my homework" or "My dog ate my Chromebook." Trust me, we've all been there before.

This scenario, more specifically, is one that we refer to as the "I Lost It in My Backpack". You know the drill—your backpack is a black hole. You reach in for your homework, and it's like a scavenger hunt that could rival any reality show. You pull out everything from old snacks to that one sock you thought you lost last semester, but the homework? Nope, it's gone. Then there's the infamous "I Thought It Was Due Tomorrow" excuse. This is a favourite among students everywhere. You know, you spend hours working on something, only to realize you mixed up the due dates. It's like your brain has a built-in calendar that only works on weekends. Suddenly, the homework that you were so proud of is now a relic of the past, lost to the depths of your confusion.

Your parents are upset at you, your teachers are getting frustrated, heck even your dog's angry for being the subject of all missing assignments, and all you can think about is that you do complete the homework, you just don't know where it all goes. Or at least, you think you did it...wait did you? And that's when it hits you. Your mind has fallen so deep into your delusions that you've started BELIEVING you DO your homework, and that something unfortunate ALWAYS seems to happen to it.

As a fellow student, I can confirm that homework always sucks. I mean who wants to spend their afternoons doing assignments that don't even get checked over half the time? But in the end, it is important to complete it, and in honour of the upcoming exam season, let's start getting our homework turned in, because come on, who are you trying to trick? The teacher who's been working with thousands of students for the past 10 years?

THE PINEAPPLE PIZZA DEBATE: A SLICE OF CONTROVERSY

BY: ANA NAS TAWPING

Ah, pineapple pizza—the culinary equivalent of a soap opera. You either love it or you hate it, and there's no middle ground. It's like that one friend who shows up to the party uninvited but somehow manages to steal the spotlight. Let's dive into this juicy disagreement!

First, let's address the pineapple itself. Who decided that sweet, tropical fruit should be paired with savoury cheese and sauce? It's like someone took a vacation in Hawaii and thought, "You know what this pizza needs? A fruit salad!" The audacity! Imagine biting into a slice and feeling like you're on a beach while questioning your life choices. It's a culinary roller coaster that leaves your taste buds in a state of confusion.

Then there are the passionate defenders of pineapple pizza, rallying like it's the last slice of pizza at a party. They argue that the pineapple's sweetness perfectly complements the ham's salty goodness. "It's a match made in heaven!" they proclaim as if they've just discovered the secret to world peace. Meanwhile, the haters shake their heads, clutching their pepperoni slices like they're holding the last bastion of pizza integrity. "Fruit does not belong on pizza!" they cry as if they're guarding the gates of a pizza fortress.

And let's not forget the social media chaos! You can always count on Twitter to erupt into a full-blown war over pineapple pizza. Memes fly like confetti, and hashtags trend faster than you can say "extra cheese." It's a battlefield of opinions, with each side throwing shade like it's going out of style. Who knew a simple pizza topping could spark such intense disputes? It's as if the fate of humanity hangs in the balance!

In conclusion, we may never settle this ongoing debate. Whether you're a fan or a foe, it's clear that this pizza topping knows how to stir up drama. So, the next time you find yourself at a pizza joint, just remember: whatever you choose, someone's going to be upset. But hey, at least you'll have a great story to tell!

OUTRAGE OF THE SEASON

THE WAR AGAINST SNOWY WINTERS

BY: IGLOO J. FROST

TORONTO, ON - Throughout the years, Toronto's winters have always been a joy for the city's people. Recently, these winters have been more slush and mud rather than snow, and when snow does fall, EMS service reports 5 times the amount of calls for back breaks from shoveling.

Meteorologist and amateur poet Dr. Avery Rhéal DeGree discussed the upcoming winter in their most recent haiku, 'Toronto Winter -- A Haiku', presented here:

'Winter's new outrage;
Toronto snow for three days;
missing tradition.'

The Haiku was poorly received by critics, with critic Thé DiOuse saying the poem should show more 'emotion' and respect for the craft. However, the general population's main concern was the three days of snow as promised by Dr. DeGree. Three days of snow comes as a shock to the public: "It is a disgrace to Toronto's slushy traditions!" exclaimed a passionate Torontonion and slush enthusiast.

From this outrage a movement has spawned, with a local school newspaper leading the charge into tradition. This newspaper, known as The Flounder, has taken a pivotal role in protests against the snowy winters. They protest by promoting the classic slush-winter activities like 'mud sledding' and 'mud devils'. A prominent figure among these protests is Flounder club president Stew Dant, who says, "The world embraces the glorious staples of Toronto winter: Mud, ice and slush. Our mission as the youth of Toronto is to spread this soggy misery to an international community." Stew Dant has started protests, advocating for the creation of more roads and potholes, as increasing pollution in Toronto to maximize the number of days our traditional winters had -- mushy and wet just like March and April!

Stew Dant did not start with the passion against these snowy winters -- in fact, he grew up with fond memories of making snowmen and snow angels. However, during the suffocating winter months that led to snow at about 10 feet in height, he was told he had to shovel it all by himself. Stew shoveled from dawn until dusk, sure at every point his back was on the verge of snapping in half and he was about to freeze. He came back up the elevators at sunset, proud of the work he put in; only to realize... he lived in an apartment! The only snow he had to shovel was right on his balcony! Since that day, he has vowed against the snow, and the snowy winters.



Social Media Ban Leads To A Rise In Data Plan Sales



TORONTO ON - At the beginning of the 2024/2025 school year, the TDSB announced that social media use was going to be banned on school wifi. This caused many students to go into a frenzy. “I cannot last 6 hours without checking social media!” exclaimed avid social media user, Snappy Streak.

In order to continue frying their dopamine receptors, students have now resorted to using their own personal data to check social media. This has caused a significant increase in sales of data plan companies. It was reported that \$500,000,000,000,000,000 was made in profit as a result of what many are calling “the data boom”. Due to the skyrocketing demand, some students have paid about \$80,000,000 each month on their data plan to be able to pass the tik-tok-ing of class time by insta-ntly snapping out social media apps on their phones.

Students are constantly seeking good and creative ways to boost their serotonin, and although banning social media was good in theory, students have found ways to simply overcome these obstacles.



Student Wins Gold at Science Fair for Study of Mackenzie Climate Patterns



“Truly astonishing. Who knew that turning on the heating in the summer saves us so much money,” says Mackenzie office staff.

By: Mentie Brakedawn

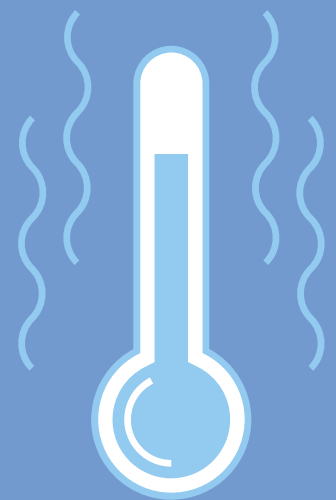
TORONTO, ON-- Grade 12 Mackenzie student Maddie Ness won gold at the FSF (Fishy Science Fair) which was held at the Metro Toronto Crabby Centre last weekend. She beat out the thousands of other students in Ontario participating for the grand prize of one giant live fish specimen of the winner's choice. Her winning project was a study on the temperature patterns at Mackenzie, a school known for its extremely unique climate control, not found anywhere else. Specifically, the school tends to turn up the heating during the warmer months, and have the AC on full blast during winter--- a phenomenon that Maddie wished to investigate.

“Like any other Mackenzie student, I’m used to sweating buckets in June when the heating’s on in the classrooms, or freezing my teeth off in January when the AC’s set to fifteen degrees. But I thought there must be a reason our school does things this way. There has to be a method, you know? That was why I started my project,” said Maddie, when asked about the inspiration for her research.

Her project did indeed find a method behind the madness. According to the data gathered, turning on the heating during the summer reduced the electricity bill by a whopping 0.01%. Maddie also found a positive correlation with R-squared 0.999 between student grades and how cold the AC is in winter, seemingly the reason behind Mackenzie students’ academic success.

“These findings are extraordinary,” one science fair judge commented. “I am sure that they will have a large impact on schools throughout the city, maybe even the country.” “This student’s findings only reinforce the idea that we should all follow W.L. Mackenzie C.I.’s example and implement these techniques in schools everywhere,” a TDSB administrator proclaimed. “This could be revolutionary.”

The Flounder specimen that Maddie won as her prize currently resides in the school pool, serving as a new fascination for the entire student body.



The Five Stages of Group Project Grief

Does anyone here like group projects? If you do, you're either a liar or the reason for this speech in the first place.

A very intelligent poet named William Langland once said, "Patience is a Virtue". I am, unfortunately, not a virtuous person, nor have I ever made any pathetic, floundering attempt to be, which is especially true in the group projects of today.

I have been described as passive-aggressive, and maybe even not-so-passively aggressive at times. They say, "Bossiness is not a trait for leaders" and scorn me for the way I organize things, but how dare they when they're the sole reason? What else am I meant to be when I am surrounded by the most grossly inadequate creatures of my life every single day, forced to slave away to do my part and theirs because they can't?

In my opinion, there are five stages of a group project. One for every stage of grief, of course.

The first stage is one I like to call, "The Great Divide", or denial, in which the teacher announces the project and the groups. I, by my horrendously bad luck, am lumped with the most socially inept people of the Earth. We sit in the far corner of the classroom, and then it can go one of two ways; either, there's an awkwardly long, tense silence that settles over us like a blanket before I elect to pretend they don't exist and begin planning on my own, or they immediately start babbling about grossly unrelated topics and I...elect to pretend they don't exist and begin planning on my own. In any case, I deny their presence for the sake of my own sanity, because I'd much rather act like this is an individual project than wrangle them like I am their mother.

On the rare occasion that I do manage to coax them, like I would a toddler, to participate, we move onto the second stage: Planning—if you can call it that. Like clowns at a circus, chaos immediately ensues—everyone talks over each other even if they have nothing of essence to say, simply aiming to fill the space with noise. And then someone's on their phone, another has disappeared like the wind, the third is ranting about what they have planned for the weekend, and oh, they'll be so busy that they won't be able to work on the project—it's okay if you shoulder their weight, right? Eventually, I am left fuming and with the impossible task of formulating something that vaguely resembles a plan in the last five minutes of class. Everyone ends up agreeing to something half-baked—"Sure, I'll research this, you do the slides, and we'll have a meeting later," which translates to, "I'll never do my part, you're going to end up doing all the work, and we'll all pretend to be surprised when the deadline hits."

Stage three is predictably, the actual project itself, of which I've dubbed: "What am I even doing?". Everyone has their respective workloads by now, and everything is clear, right? Wrong. Someone will claim the research portion and subsequently fall off the face of the Earth for the next two weeks, the person in charge of slides is going to forget what the project is about in the first place and what their role is, and there's always one person stuck in their bed like a sickly Victorian child plagued with the scarlet fever. Still, everyone insists that they've got their part down, that they don't need the help I offer. At this point, I've rightfully given up on any hope of collaboration and start to wonder if I could beg my teacher to separate from my group and do the entire project myself, because no matter how devastatingly bad it will be, it would at least be done.

Now comes the fourth stage: "Insanity". I'm inconsolable at this point. The research person never reappears and the slides person sends an incomplete mess of a powerpoint, both of which I fix late into the night because no one asked for help and everyone ensured that they had it covered. And then it's the last stage, time for presentations. Everyone is scrambling to practice parts that they didn't write. I feel like I've aged at least ten years in the past two weeks, and I've long since accepted that my mark is going to plummet. That's why I think all group projects should be completely eliminated from schools. They waste our time, stress us out, and allow the lazy to ride on the coattails of those who actually do the work.

Thank you.

WORD SEARCH!

Z	F	M	U	D	S	L	E	D	D	I	N	G	O	I	I	B	W
L	I	P	I	N	E	A	P	P	L	E	N	W	W	V	C	U	V
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T	F	B	A	B	V	O	K	R	D	S	Q	X	A	A	C	Y	H
F	Q	O	V	L	K	J	S	N	O	W	Y	K	D	Y	N	N	P
Q	S	R	Q	H	X	C	I	W	A	F	I	K	N	J	F	Z	R

SNAPPYSTREAK

CLIMATE

MURAL

MUDSLEDDING

SUBWAY

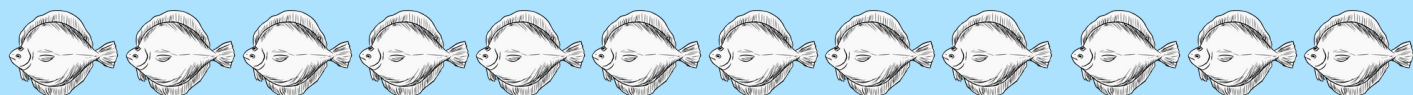
PIZZA

PINEAPPLE

WINTER

SNOWY

HALLWAY



The Winter Flounder

