

# THE BOLT

## ISSUE 14 2017



## WE NEED PUPPIES (OR OTHER PETS)

By Taris Breau

Some of you may have heard of Dalhousie University's Puppy Day sessions that have taken place in the past. Concordia had a dog day earlier this year, but that is nothing compared to what is to come. With the desire to improve Concordia, the possibility of introducing dogs to the school within the next year is high. That's right: Concordia could be getting its own dogs! You'll be happy to know that they wouldn't just be cooped up in a single room either, because the plan is even better than that.

You might be wondering how exactly this would work, and I'm about to tell you.

The hope is to hire professional dog owners to take care of the dogs both at school and at home. All of the dogs will live at Concordia during the

day, and at night, professionals will keep them in a house that will either be on or near campus so that the dogs can have a nice walk to and from the school every day. This will also allow easier travel for the owner so they don't have to pack the dogs into a vehicle every day. The school will pay for all expenses, including pay for both the professional and the dogs, just as any other faculty member is paid. Of course, the dogs will be paid in assets that they prefer, such as dog treats or other goodies.

All dogs will be hypoallergenic and trained prior to their incorporation into the school.

They will have free-roam of the main floor on the main part of campus with their designated professional keeping an eye on them and seeing to their needs. On certain days, an allotted time will be made for students to sign up to take the dogs for a group walk with their owners, or even go on mini field trips over the weekends. Other activities will be planned monthly in order for students to enjoy quality time with each of the dogs.

While this is currently in the planning stages and finer details are still in the process of being discussed, it appears that everyone loves the idea so far.



I can envision it already -- Are you stressed? Visit the dogs! Are you bored? Visit the dogs! Are you in need of a good cuddle? Visit the dogs! Do you just adore lovable creatures? Visit the dogs!

But what if you aren't a dog lover? Don't worry, because with the current talk of bringing in dogs, other animals have been mentioned too. We've heard the possibilities of having birds fly about Tegler, cats wandering in the library, and even building an aquarium in the front entrance.

This decision will be made over the summer, and if it is a yes, students will get to suggest and vote on names, and the animals will be introduced to the school on the first day of the Fall 2017 semester. Can you imagine having the hallways filled with adorable creatures?

I have my fingers crossed that the answer will be yes (I already have a list of names I plan on suggesting), but we will see what happens in the coming months.



# LOREMAN'S BOGAN BUNGAROO

By Kayle Sieben

Without further anticipation, the much awaited Concordia campus pub is coming to fruition. Dr. Loreman has consulted with his Australian associates to come up with the perfect solution for our campus watering hole problem- The Bogan Bungaroo.

When asked about what the pub will be called, Dr. Loreman claimed that he wanted an Australian aesthetic and menu to create an authentic Aussie experience. He was able to gain additional funding by pitch-

ing to the International Office that it would promote a safe, multi-cultural environment.

I tried to ask whether or not there would be a shrimp on the barbie, and Dr. Loreman looked at me with disgust.

"Nobody does that you dill, that's just rubbish. Rack off with the yabber and just focus on getting rotten at the ol Bungaroo. We've got plenty of rellies down under. This will make it feel like I'm back at home, and I hope everyone else can enjoy a taste of Aussie," stated Loreman.

The new pub will be a fantastic opportunity for students to socialize, eat some quality authentic Australian food, and get pickled before or after classes. Dr. Loreman also stated he thought that a cof-

fee with the President would not have the same effect as a Natty Lights with the President, claiming he wants to have a session with his students to show them just how down to earth he really is.


Another unique aspect of the pub is that it will not broadcast North American sports. In order to create a truly authentic experience, the Bogan Bungaroo will stream only footy around-the-clock. For those of you who are unfamiliar, Aussie Rules Football is what you choose on the television when NFL, CFL, and NCAA football seasons are unavailable and you are still hoping to see some gridiron action.

The most exciting part is that the menu will serve exclusively Australian foods! You will

find items such as witchetty grubs, emu, weet-bix, prawn cocktail, grilled-kangaroo, and of course, crocodile (or alligator, who knows?). Items I didn't even know existed are coming to town; just the other day I saw a transport truck unloading a 5-tonne crate of Vegemite™ and I, for one, am sad that I will have graduated by the time this Bungaroo is all said and done.

With the high student demand for a boozy romp-room, it was impossible to ignore them. Thank yourselves, because your alcoholism is really what made the deal come to life. If I may propose one idea: Loreman's Bogan Bungaroo definitely needs a life size cutout of Steve Irwin, the Crocodile Hunter. Crikey, what a great plan!

# study tips



## from The Bolt

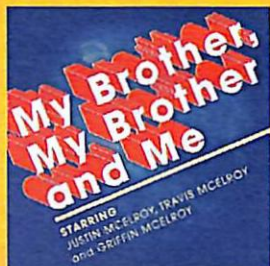
Step 1	Step 2	Step 3	Step 4	Step 5
Check your learning environment. Is it clean? You're going to want a clean space. That it's conducive to learning, you know? If there is dirty laundry, get that going too.	Now that your space is nice and clean, you'll need to seek out some comfort in a beverage and some snacks. Proceed to raid your pantry or a nearby convenience store. Make sure you grab two kinds of snacks, you need to have balance.	Shit, you forgot the new episode of your favourite show is on tonight. You're practically ready to go anyways, you may as well indulge to get yourself in the right head space to study. You may need to watch two or three episodes to build up the courage to begin studying.	When was the last time you checked social media? There could have been some pretty life-altering events since you last checked an hour ago. Make sure you do a thorough investigation of all new content. Don't skip over those links, that's quality entertainment right there.	Well, it's getting late. You may as well try again tomorrow. All of that media intake has worn you out for the night. You'll for sure be ready to hit the books tomorrow, I promise.



# For Your Ears Only...

Podcast recommendations from the editor.  
Perfect for unwinding during your study-breaks!

and everyone else's too



Available on iTunes

# FUN & GAEMZ



## SUDOKU

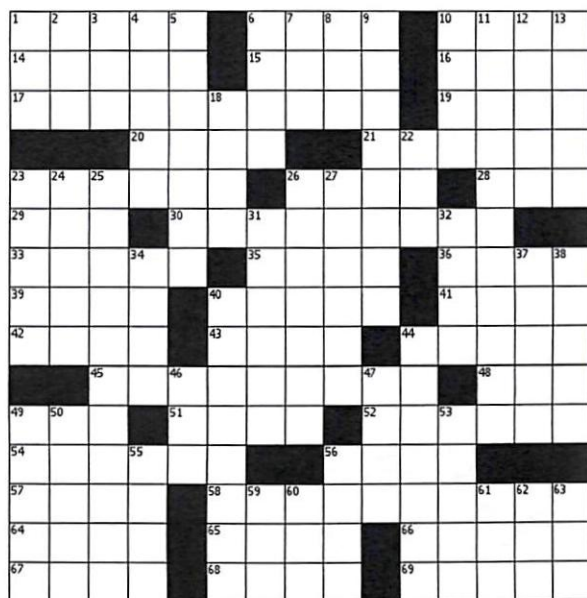
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## CROSSWORD

### Across

1. Minister's residence
6. Five partner
10. What this is
14. Shimmers
15. Irani currency
16. Achilles' weak point
17. Performance-based pay increase
19. To be, in old Rome
20. Quarter-deck?
21. "A \_\_\_ a Kill" (Bond film)
23. Boo-boo
26. Neeson of "Schindler's List"
28. Double twist
29. Cleveland-to-Pittsburgh dir.
30. Deft storyteller
33. Cash connection?
35. Corporation emblem
36. Appear to be
39. Spelunker's site
40. This puzzle's theme
41. Emulate Lucky Lindy
42. Amino, for one
43. Alamo competitor
44. Adrien of cosmetics
45. On cloud nine
48. Wrap up
49. Wrath
51. Arctic Ocean obstacle
52. Aphrodite's love
54. Drink of the gods
56. Legendary newsman
57. Ruler in Rimsky-Korsakov operas
58. Word processing process
64. Provoke
65. Removes a squeak from
66. "Velvet Fog" vocalist
67. Word of exclusivity
68. Zap
69. Koufax of baseball fame



### Down

1. RKO rival
2. Pub offering
3. Neither partner
4. Nothin'-but-net sound
5. Inlet
6. Mild euphemism
7. "Rocky \_\_\_"
8. Barker and Rainey
9. Way to get to the top, perhaps
10. "... 'tis of \_\_\_"
11. Store window sign
12. Royal pains
13. Some corn-oil products
18. Gifford's successor
22. "\_\_\_ Mine" (Beatles song)
23. Hajj destination
24. Sci-fi writer Asimov
25. Repairman's visit
26. Seeking dates
27. Swallow
31. Shamrock
32. Cold War letters
34. Give a makeover
37. Nicholas Gage heroine
38. Casting equipment
40. Passaic River city
44. Chocoholics, e.g.
46. Jazz gp.
47. Scruggs of bluegrass
49. Musician's lead-in
50. Violinist's accessory
53. Nobelist Severo \_\_\_
55. Small card
56. Ultimatum's ultimate word, usually
59. More, musically
60. Antlered creature
61. Fish-eating coastal bird
62. Mil. officer's position
63. CTRL, e.g.



# SHOW TIME!

Here's what's playing this week:

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST  
PG

THE BOSS BABY  
G

GHOST IN THE SHELL  
PG

KONG: SKULL ISLAND  
PG

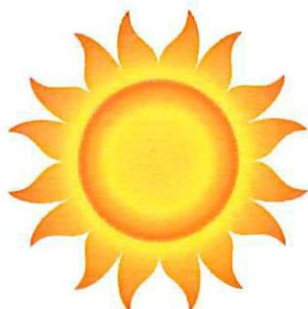
CHIPS  
14A

GET OUT  
14A

LIFE  
14A

LOGAN  
18A

POWER RANGERS  
PG



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# SUDOKU

# MOAR FUN & GAEMZ



# CROSSWORD

## Across

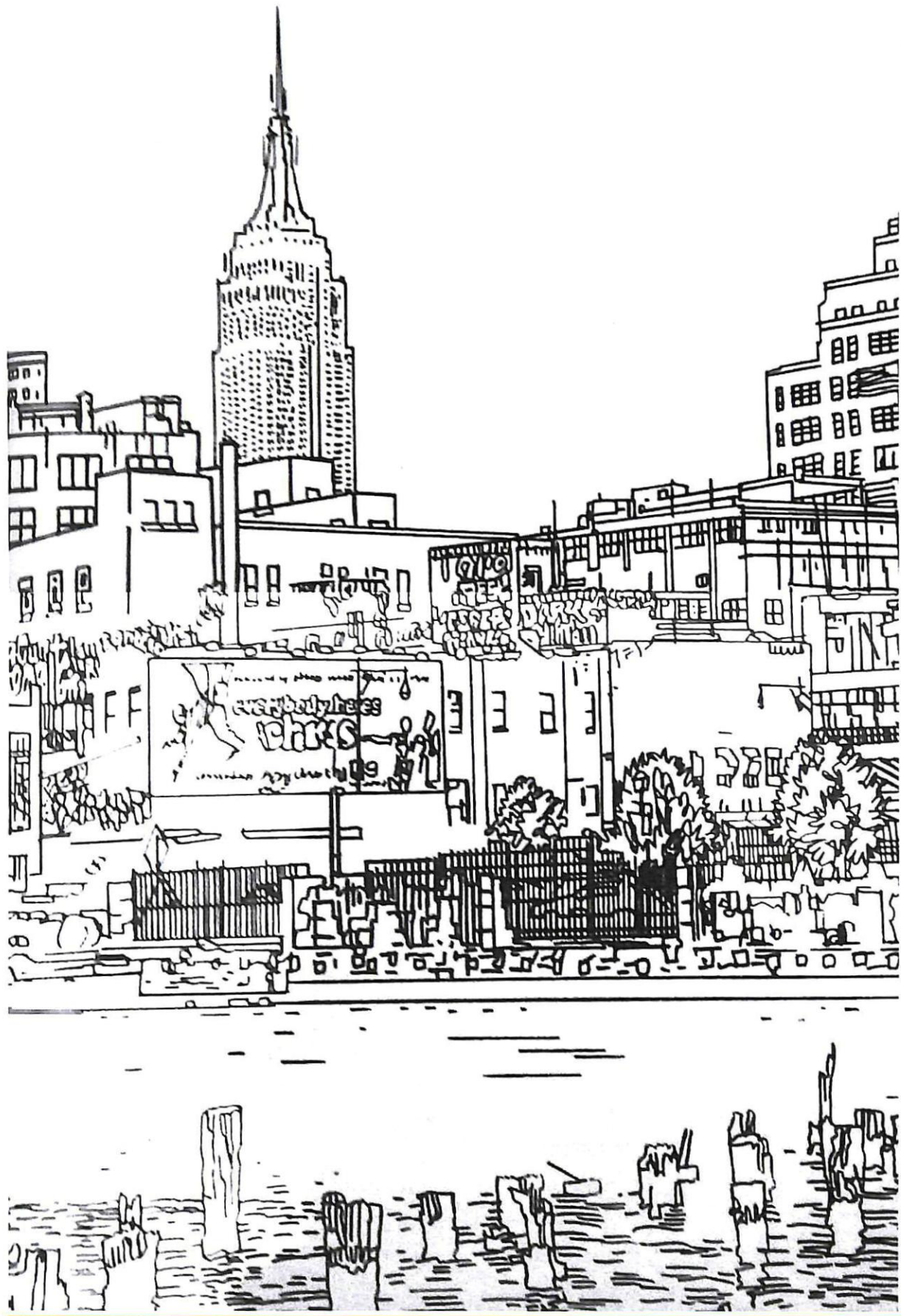
1. Afrikaners
6. Shoemaker's hole maker
9. Seventh-Day Adventist White
14. Capsize
15. Screen siren West
16. Supermodel Campbell
17. Dockworker
19. Range
20. \_\_\_ throat
21. Weak as a kitten
22. Pac-10 sch.
25. Family member
26. Santa \_\_\_, California
27. Prior to, to Prior
28. Handyman
32. Oblique
33. Merlin of "Little House on the Prairie"
34. Type of admiral
35. State of the country when the Eighteenth Amendment was in force
36. New Mexico art community
40. Like a haunted house
43. Patron of sailors (abbr.)
45. Opportunistic one
49. History chapter
50. Soup container
51. Lots of mins.
52. Call for help
53. Haley role in "The Wizard of Oz"
55. Pickled sides
57. Takes it on the chin
58. One who crosses the street illegally
62. Flying solo
63. Make public
64. "Chinatown" screenwriter Robert
65. Canis, for wolves
66. "\_\_\_ is me!"
67. Spirit of a culture

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57						58				59	60	61
62						63			64			
65						66			67			

## Down

1. "Speed" "demon"
2. Make a choice
3. Denver-to-Wichita dir.
4. Guns the engine
5. Spaghetti western topper
6. One-celled protozoan
7. Twist out of shape
8. Spike the director
9. Trap in a trap
10. Spike the punch
11. Came into view
12. "The \_\_\_ Strikes Back"
13. Your brother's son's sisters
18. "Catch my \_\_\_?"
21. Picnic pests
22. Slightly open
23. RSVP enclosure
24. Pac-10 sch.
26. Canada, to the United States in WWII
29. Singing Carpenter
30. 1961 Best Actress winner
31. Deserves a hand?
35. Leader of the Belmonts
37. Setting for "The Sound of Music"
38. Melville tale of the South Seas
39. Tipplers
41. Shuts up
42. O'Neal of "Barry Lyndon"
43. Termagant
44. Having a valid will
45. Result of flying from Austria to Australia
46. Camden Yards player
47. Group popular among teenyboppers
48. "\_\_\_ Coming to Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa!"
54. Bill of fare
55. Scott of "Charles in Charge"
56. Position in a sequence
58. Shoot the breeze
59. Meas. of electricity
60. Rock producer Brian
61. \_\_\_ judicata (decided case)





COLOURING PAGE





# twisted

## Patio Party

April 7, 2017

# Buffalo Patio

Thunder Wear Friday @ NOON  
Drinks Served at 12:30-6pm

#getsocial



# STRAWBERRY RHUBARB: ORIGINS

By Orrin Farries

On a hot and humid July day on the outskirts of Offenburg, Richard Fromdabloque wandered into the deep bush and bramble of the Black Forest, not with full wit, but rather with a stomach full of a well-vintages Merlot gifted to him by his cousin Maurice Fromdabloque. By the virtue of his drunkenness, Richard lost his way, a fact that he found most disturbing after waking from a long-winded slumber. As he had slept right through the break of day, he had lost the sun to the top of the sky. Unawares of east from west, north from south, and home from hell, Richard realized he would be in a spot of terminal hunger and as any sound man of stout proportions, he began filling his rucksack with rations from the ground, giving all the most suspect of foods a cursory taste-test to check for toxins. Richard had collected an entire rucksacks worth of shrooms, berries, nuts, and greens by the time the sun had made its way to set, giving Richard a frame of reference to head home, so he made his departure, taking rest once the forest was as black as its name. Before making his resting

spot for the night, Richard grabbed from his bag this lovely stalk of red celery that he had found earlier in the day, and scarfed it down, noting its intense bitter flavour. So happy was Richard with his discovery, he grabbed a strawberry out of his rucksack, and wrapping it in the leaf of the red celery, he had himself a delightful little dessert.

Waking the next morning, Richard's throat was sweltering hot, as was his mouth, as if he had been eating exotic Indian curry throughout the night in his slumber. Rushing behind the nearest bush, Richard tried to relieve himself, his body stinging with hot, prickly pain, his eyes puffing up, distorting the landscape into a blurry, tear-filled abyss. Richard passed out from the pain, this time sleeping for a whole week before coming to again. Finally awake, weaker than a lamb, Richard stumbled in the direction of the setting sun until he was intercepted by his brother Jacques Fromdabloque, who took him to his home and nursed him back to good health.

Jacques allowed Richard to take one of his horses to ride home on, and Richard bade him good tidings and thanks for saving his life, and departed for home. Just down the road from his house, Richard heard his wife screaming as if she were being attacked, and Richard dismounted his horse, grabbed the

pitchfork from outside his home, and barged through the door, only to find his wife, Jenavive Fromdabloque, intimately engaged with the Milchmann. Richard was furious. However, as the Milchmann was the strongest man in the village, Richard knew it was suicide to physically confront the beast. So he devised a much better plan.

Going back into the Black Forest, Richard gathered all of the red celery that he could, knowing that if a few small bites of it brought him to the brink of death, it would likely take a stronger dose to put down the Milchmann. Recalling the powerful bitter flavour of the stalk, Richard also gathered all of the strawberries he could find, knowing that he could coat the strong taste with the sweetness of the berries. With his wits about him Richard went home, dismissive to his wife's apologies, and began baking the poison pie that was set his life right once more. Richard spared no expenses, using his finest flour, the purest cane sugar, and of course, the ripest strawberries to veil the poisonous red celery. When the pie came out of his stone oven, Richard was pleased with it, for it was the most fantastic pie he had ever laid his eyes on. The floury lattice settled perfectly atop the mounds of strawberries and red celery chunks, and the smell was as infatuating as perfume. Richard invited the Milch-

mann in for a piece of pie after he had finished his morning deliveries, to which the Milchmann happily agreed. Sitting at the table across from Richard, and beside Jenavive, the Milchmann noshed down half the pie, before being offered the rest, and complying with great vigour. The Milchmann had declared it the single greatest pie he had ever eaten, and suggested to Richard that he enter it into contests, believing it to be a champion pie. A wry smile etched from ear to ear across Richard's face, and he bid the Milchmann adieu, happy that the Milchmann had at least enjoyed his final meal.

Alas, the next day when Richard woke, he was very displeased to find that the Milchmann was still delivering his milk, perhaps with even greater vigor in his step. Later that evening Richard set off for the Black Forest, never to return. His wife who had watched him create the pie decided to name its key ingredient after the Milchmann: Rufus Barbara.

And that is how strawberry rhubarb pie came to be. So just know that the next time you are taking a bite of the succulent bittersweet pie, that underneath its baked soft exterior, is a dark and terrible history filled with horrible, immeasurable sadness for one Richard Fromdabloque.

O.F.



# BILL 15B: THE TOUGH ON CRIME BILL

By Kohan Eybergen

In response to the Progressive Conservative's constant rhetoric about Liberals not being tough enough on crime, the Government of Canada has crafted a new bill. Bill 15B is designed to severely minimize the rising Canadian crime rate that the Tories are all too happy to reference. While addressing the House of Commons about the new bill, the Liberals unveiled their long awaited research perpetrated in our country.

Through strenuous research the Government of Canada has discovered that people who have brown eyes commit an astonishing seventy five percent of the crimes in Canada. The new bill, Bill 15B, will allow the federal government of Canada to implement extreme surveillance on Canadian citizens with brown eyes. Due to the overwhelming correlation of brown-eyed people and felonies committed in our country, the Canadian government feels that this is a necessary decision. The name Bill 15B refers to the hu-

man chromosome fifteen, which is responsible for brown eye colour.

When the Government of Canada was asked about the fact that this bill will severely encroach on citizens' rights to privacy, they responded that nobody truly has any privacy anymore anyway. Prime Minister Trudeau made a statement about Bill 15B: "um well, the Conservatives criticized us for not taking crime seriously. So um, we did some research, and um, it's clear that people with brown eyes commit the majority of crimes in Canada." The Prime Minister also stated: "criticizing Bill 15B is almost like admitting to criminal activity of your own, and um, it's a matter of public safety."

When a member of the Green Party voiced his opinion that Bill 15B is ridiculous because obviously the majority of crimes are perpetrated by people with brown eyes! The majority of people have brown eyes! the overwhelming majority of the House of Commons quickly silenced him. The Conservatives on the other hand believe that Bill 15B is a step in the right direction, and they seem to feel that this is the crime bill that they've been waiting for. "Think of the children we'll help protect by passing this bill! It's astounding that we allow

these dangerous people to live among our sons and daughters!" a Conservative Member of Parliament was overheard stating to a tobacco company lobbyist who is attempting to abolish the tax on tobacco products.

It is not entirely clear yet how the Government will monitor citizens with brown eyes if Bill 15B passes, but it's rumored that it will involve wire-tapping and extensive social media

surveillance. Although highly controversial among the majority of the general population, the new bill is highly popular among the elderly population, and upper class voters, as well as with the RCMP. Bill 15B is still currently in the process of being passed by the Canadian parliament, however it seems that all of the major political parties in the House of Commons are on board with the new anti-crime legislation.



JEREMYKAYE.TUMBLR.COM



# TODAY HE LEFT ME

By Taylor Jevning

Today, he left me.

I don't know what I had been expecting. I'd never been good enough for him anyway. The only goals I had for myself and my future all revolved around him, and now I feel so lost and broken, as if my life has no purpose. My soul feels as though it has been torn from my body, and it took all of my energy to stomach a few bites of food around dinnertime. I had to write this quickly tonight so that it could be published first thing in the morning so everyone would know the truth.

Anyone who knows me knows how highly I talk about my relationship. I've always said I've never been happier. I act like there has never been an issue between us. The truth is, my happiness has always been a lie. I can't keep up this facade any longer. There is

no relationship where you always feel happy and have no major issues, and I'm sick of pretending that there are. Every single happy couple you see online? They're all lying to you. Their pretty, posed pictures with those picture perfect smiles are all a lie. Don't worry, it's not your jealousy and loneliness making you bitter when you see these images, because you are absolutely correct. True happiness and love are made-up concepts that do not exist in the real world.

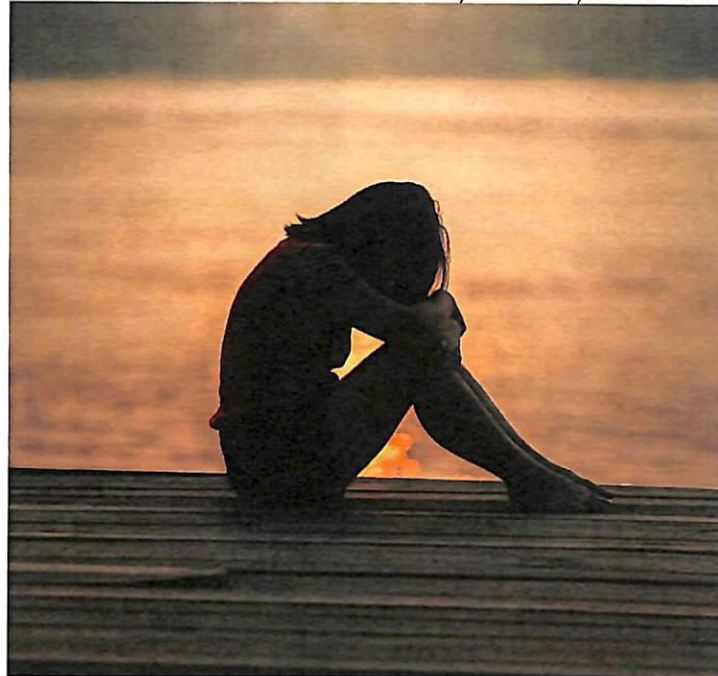
I thought they might exist, if only for a moment...

He cheated on me. It's

sickening to admit, but it's the honest truth, and I'm embarrassed that I even have to publish this, but my integrity as a writer is at stake. You were all right. Every single one of you who told me he didn't actually love me was right. It was so easy for him to look at another woman, to betray me for some meaningless momentary pleasure. I guess I was never anything but that to him, anyway. He was only here for four months before we were forced into long distance, and he strung me along so that he wouldn't be lonely. I desperately hung onto every word, every kiss, every touch, and ev-

ery I love you as if he could ever love someone like me. He gave me everything I ever needed and wanted, but it was all just so he could take advantage of me. Now, he's giving everything to her, as if I was meaningless. I'm just so broken.

There's a purpose in this article. I want you to look deep inside yourselves and examine the relationship you are in. What do you do to make this person happy? What do you do to make this person feel loved? Do you wake them up sometimes with fresh baked cookies, or write poems professing your deep admiration to them? Do you rub their feet after a long day at work or massage their back to gently lull them to sleep on the other side of their bed on a lazy Sunday night? I want you all to know that everything loving and generous that you're doing for that other person is useless. The effort you're putting into your relationship is to no avail, and when it all comes to an anticlimactic, burnt-out end, you'll



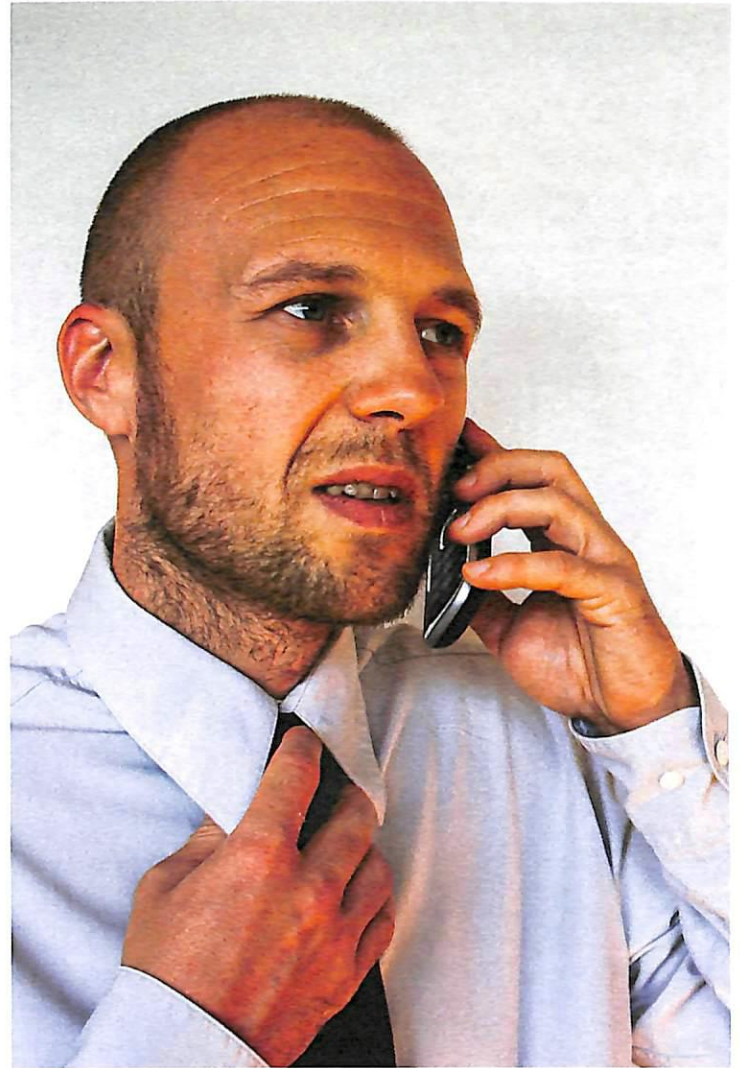


realize that your efforts were wasted and fruitless. No happiness you ever have in life is permanent, and there is no point in fighting for anything you want. It will all eventually abandon you, and you will have nothing left. Any ounce of generosity in this world is a form of selfish exploitation and should be treated as such. I wouldn't wish this type of heart-wrenching pain on anybody, and if you take anything from this article, let it be this: everything in your life that brings you joy will abandon you and leave you broken and screaming on your bathroom floor. Every happy song, every late night drive where you're screaming your lungs out with your best friend, and every morning when you wake up and roll over to brush the hair out of your loved one's eyes. Nothing amazing and incredible has ever lasted, and that's the truth.

The words he spoke to me still ring in my mind like the repetitive music on a special features menu on

your favourite DVD. The way his laugh rang through my soul like the peals of wind-chimes already haunts me even just three hours after the break-up. Never again will I entertain the idea of dropping out of my degree to get pregnant and devote my life to a family I will never have. On the other hand, this pain is enough to make me consider dropping out for other reasons.

Now you all know the truth. All of the time me and him spent together, every article on relationships, every love letter we sent to each other, the skype calls, the social media posts, and the intense dedication and love we had for each other was never real. I remember seeing happy couples back when I was single and thinking that love like that could never exist, ultimately blaming them for my own unhappiness and making bets on when they would break up. I thought I had proven myself wrong. I thought this time would be different, but you all knew my own relationship better than I did. Ev-



ery one of you that made a bet on when we'd break up. You all told me I was too obnoxious and that one of us would lose feelings, and you were right. Honestly, my biggest regret is that I never got to tell him about all of the times I cheated on him, even when he was here. If he'd have known that, he never would've gotten to cheat on me; we just would've

broken up beforehand and it would've saved me all this pain, yet here I am, the perfect girlfriend, getting dumped as if I deserve it. Alas, I've learned my lesson, and I apologize to everyone I've lied to about my own happiness. Love is dead. Happiness is a lie. Every living creature in this world lives and dies alone.

I'm

sorry.



# I LOST MY SANITY IN GREECE

By Ester Latifi

Last summer, I spent a month in Albania. Though I was born there, I spent my three years in Europe moving between Albania, Greece, and Italy. My family moved to the States when I was almost three years old, and I lived there for eight years before finally moving to Edmonton, which is where I've spent the majority of my life. While on vacation, I learned that as a toddler, I spoke Greek pretty fluently. This did not come as a huge shock to me as I did spend some time in Greece, but it did explain a lot, and within that three-minute conversation, I learned something pretty odd about myself.

I'm about to confess something that no one knows about me. The only people who do are my parents and siblings, and the reason I don't talk about it is because of how bizarre it is. There isn't exactly a smooth way of putting this, so I'm

just going to be upfront and tell you guys that sometimes, I find myself having outbursts of random Greek. I'm not talking about sporadic words here and there because I experience full monologues sometimes. It's almost like a seizure; when it happens, I have no control over myself, and when it ends, I'm shaking and in tears and usually have no clue as to what has occurred. I was ten years old when it first happened; I had just moved to Edmonton, and it was the middle of the night. I figured that I had just been sleep-talking, but it was terrifying because I woke up yelling things that sounded like complete gibberish. My mum came into my room because she'd heard it too, and all I remember from that night is her cuddling me back to sleep.

It happened again a few weeks later, except that time, I was doing math homework, and I recall being quite frustrated with a particular problem. My head started spinning, and the next thing I knew, I was shouting gibberish, and my mum was crouching next to me trying to calm me down. Because I was homeschooled, my siblings

were home as well, and after I had calmed down, I recall seeing them standing off at the other end of the room looking pretty horrified.

When my dad came home from work that night, I was already in bed, still shaking from my outburst. I was extremely terrified and scared that something was seriously wrong with me. I heard my parents whispering in the next room, and the next day, my mum told me that she was taking me to see a psychologist. "Your outbursts have been in Greek, and I'm not sure how that's possible, but we're going to find out what's going on," I remember her telling me. All I could do was nod.

She took me to see the psychologist that afternoon. The memory is pretty foggy to me as I was still quite shaken from my two experiences, but I remember being told that my outbursts were like tics that kids with Tourette's experience, and that because I used to speak Greek somewhat fluently, I would revert to Greek during those tics. She said that there was nothing wrong with me, and if we were still concerned,

she'd recommend seeing a family doctor. In the meantime, she suggested that I work on my stress levels as she could immediately see that anxiety was something I had issues with, and that if I could work on my anxiety, the outbursts would consequently happen less often. She attributed the onset of the outbursts to our move to Edmonton; it was a drastic change for a ten-year-old girl, and she said that it was normal for me to feel unrest.

I'm twenty-one years old now, and I still have the occasional Greek outburst. My peers have never witnessed these outbursts, and I hope that they never have to, as they never get any less traumatising.

My vacation last summer helped me understand that I wasn't just speaking Greek out of nowhere; having this new knowledge doesn't make my attacks any less scary, but it does make me feel less insane.

I realise I may have freaked some people out, but I promise that I'm a normal person otherwise! Please feel free to talk to me, even though you now know my most hidden secret.