

MYSTERIOUS 3300 BLOCK MIASMA CONCERNS STUDENTS

NOXIOUS AIR SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLES

Amidst
Amidterms, the ever-declining state of the late-stage capitalist hell we live in, our crumbling democracy and the regression of rights & liberties, the astronomical cost of living (RIP Leo's inflation), and SYSC 3600, many have been wondering: *Why do I feel so terrible?* Recent discoveries may hold the answer you all seek.

I would believe most of our readers to be familiar with the previously abandoned medical theory of miasma. If, for some reason, you haven't heard, it pretty much goes as such: air bad, make sick. This explanation for the spread of disease has since been abandoned, now replaced with the idea that there's *teeeeny* lil' guys called "pathogens" that are supposed to infiltrate your body like they're LARPing as the Trojan horse and you're the city of Troy or some shit. Sounds silly, right?

Recently, students frequenting the Mackenzie 3300 block have been complaining of various ailments - a lost vigour for mischief and shenanigans, unusually intolerable lectures, and even an instance of a mysterious pumpkin-related injury (our investigative journalism team is currently following leads on



this) are all examples of reported symptoms. One student reports: "I feel like my soul is slowly being rended from my body and a iron grip is slowly tightening around my heart. I think that's normal though." Our team would like to reiterate that that is *not* the case, which was a personal revelation to me.

Following these concerns, a group of definitely-licensed-researchers that also definitely got ethics board approval has set out to identify the cause of these afflictions. Armed with unearned confidence and perhaps a concerning excitement, we shall follow their journey.

As our intrepid team set off on their honourable quest, they followed

their first and only lead. All the poor souls they had talked to were either engineering students or somebody close to one. What possible link could there be? The only possible answer they found was the 3300 block - home of Carleton engineering, a concerning amount of couches that have seen sexual intercourse, and the infamous Mackenzie water.

And so, with samples collected from the Leo's sink, they set forth to an undisclosed testing environment our intrepid team of definitely licensed researchers embarked on their quest to uncover the cause of the mysterious ailments afflicting students in the 3300 block.

Our team meticulously analyzed

the water samples from Mackenzie's plumbing, suspecting that some unseen contamination might be the root of the issue. After conducting a battery of tests, they made a startling discovery--the water in the 3300 block was contaminated with an unusual concentration of pure fucking lead, which explains why some of you mfs stare the way you do.

Thus, it's out with "bad air" and in with "bad water". Just like our boomer forefathers, we have been infected with a suspiciously high content of lead, leading to watery eyed stares into walls, sternums that have been suspiciously cracking, and the feeling of existential dread that comes as your professor looks

you in the eyes to tell you that you WILL fail if ever dare look at that sheet of Laplace Transforms, bitch.

So, what comes next? Surviving, I guess. Do I feel like I just got run over by a snowblower and then drank orange juice after brushing my teeth? Yeah. Will I continue to begrudgingly try to complete SYSC3600? Yeah. Will I be happy about it? Debatable. And yet, the cogs of time will turn consistently, regardless of if I am ready. Godspeed, readers, for eventually the sun will come out again, the days will get longer, and we can finally get a healthy amount of vitamin D. Stay surviving, friends.

A JOURNEY OF EMOTIONS, HISTORY, AND HONESTLY I JUST NEED TO VENT

I will never be the same again



Zahira "Kasparov" Bakr
SOFT V

Mothers and fuckers, jesters of the court, I have a fucking story to tell you. An epic of struggle, triumph, sleep deprivation, and vindication, initiated by what I foolishly thought would be a simple question to answer:

How old is the Iron Times?

The reason for my search is simple: If you've noticed the volume number on the front page of each issue, that is a count of the number of academic years the publication has released issues. Previous issues contained the dreaded (*ish*) in the volume number up until this very one, thanks to my tireless work. Why leave things that make absolutely no difference as they are, when you can spend an unreasonable amount of time trying to fix them?

Now, the first reason that this isn't a simple answer is that the Iron Times wasn't always the Iron Times - before the Ferric Era, the Carleton Engineering newsprint publication was the *Vena Contracta*. Featuring advertisements for the high-tech 1MB RAM computers of the '90s, a tournament for the newly released 1994 DOOM II, \$20 Whirlwind dinner & dance tickets in 1998, and claiming itself "*The Mighty*

Bastion of Journalistic Integrity, The Beacon of Light in the Darkness of Ignorance, the Stronghold of Human Insight, the Bulwark of Free Thought, The Sword of Truth in man's eternal pursuit of Free Expression", the *Vena* is a remnant of a bygone era. For the purposes of the volume number, and for historical continuity, I will consider the first volume of the Iron Times to be volume one, and not the *Vena* - although I will answer that question as well.

This journey begins near the start of this semester - tasking myself with what I thought would be a quick check, I started by going through the simplest thing I could find - a DVD in the CSES storage room labelled as Iron Times Sept-Oct 2001, making it exactly as old as I am. Thanks to the CMAS office computer (who the fuck has an optical drive anymore?), I managed to get a pdf copy. Although it was an interesting read, I found no clues here.



My next step was combing through the digital archives in the EngSoc server, thanks to C-Eng's technical emperor. While this search wouldn't be entirely useless, it wouldn't contain the answer I needed. The handwritten meeting minutes and other similar

documentation from the '90s to early 2000s were difficult to read, not easily searchable, but in them I found the latest mention of the *Vena* to be in the late '90s, and the first mention of the Iron Times I could find was in 2001. This at least put a lower date range on the transition period between the two, but the 2001 DVD had already given me the same upper range.

Running out of options, I realized that the box of archival newsprint may hold the answer I seek - and I was right. Going through this was fascinating, but more than that - a single issue of the *second ever* issue of the Iron Times, dated to February 2000. With **VOL. 1, NO. 2** printed across the front page, I seemingly had my answer. Not only that, but by going through some earlier issues of the *Vena* answered a secondary question - issues from 1990-1991 and 1991-1992 had been labelled as volumes III and IV respectively, marking the '88-'89 academic year as the very first volume of the C-Eng publication.

And so, I thought my journey concluded, although something still left me unhappy. That was, until a sleep-deprived late-night Wikipedia venture had me on the page for student boilersuits, including our emblematic Flightsuits - a page I had looked through dozens of times, but this time I noticed something I hadn't before - citation 7, an archive of the now-defunct ces.ccarleton.ca. Through a series of navigational & time-travelling steps that were an enigma to recreate, I found myself on the Iron Times EngSoc website. Most of everything on here was either broken links or files that weren't archived with the rest of the site, but there was an archives link. And in there, dearest readers, did I find the 2008-2009 and 2009-2010 volumes of the Iron Times, labelled thusly as the 10th and 11th volumes in the publication. Given my state at the time and my general

lack of mathematical inclinations, I was shattered - the information here and in the February 2000 issue were conflicting. I was truly adrift in an uncaring world, untethered and trying to come to terms with the fact that I'd have to just hope one was right over the other.

Then I realized that ten years before 2009 is 1999 and fuck, I was right. Everything was okay and maybe there is kindness in the world. I'm going to fucking bed.

I hope this dramatization of perhaps the least dramatic subject was at least interesting to some of y'all - if you have any interest in this whatsoever feel free to ask me about it as long as you're okay with the certainty that I'm not going to be normal in my interest in this.

CO2 CAR RACING WORKSHOP
WIN PRIZES
NOV. 7TH - CAD CMAS ★ IEEE NOV. 14TH - 3D RACE DAY DECEMBER 2ND PRINTING
TUESDAYS IN NOVEMBER
SLAM ROOM - ME 4463
NOV. 21ST - PDR 6-9PM NOV. 28TH - FDR

THE RECIPE TO MAKING GOOD HORROR: A VIEW INTO 80'S PSYCHOLOGICAL HORROR



Emma "Roommates" Smulders
AERO V

(yuck yuck) from the screen and I, for one, eat it all up.

Along a similar vein to "The Thing" was "The Fly" (1986), a terrifically creative name. once again. from yet another renowned director that I was finally able to enjoy: David Cronenberg. The movie stars Jeff Goldblum as a kooky engineer, Seth Brundle, who has stumbled his way into discovering an actual teleportation machine and along with the help of Veronica Quaife (Greena Davis). A tech reporter decides to finally test his machine on a living and eventually human subject: Seth himself. However, something else was in the chamber... Spooky! Overall, the film is a fantastic and grotesque film; the director's renowned prosthetics work are fully present on full view. These are some of the main ingredients in the recipe of a good horror film: quality squibs and prosthetics. God, does "The Fly" deliver. Jeff Goldblum is genuinely

hard to look at, which is a hard thing to achieve. If the makeup had looked anywhere close to the normal level of expected quality, the film would have completely flopped. Good horror doesn't lean on good makeup, but instead uses it to jump on top of its own story. Regardless, "The Fly" was fantastic and it earned my seal of approval.

Turning away from the more well known, but considered as more "out there" horror (as mentioned above), the next film I want to talk about is something I actually found from TikTok of all places; "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974) . The film is a 'modern rendition' of The Phantom of the Opera AND Faust, but make it a rock opera. Overall, the main take away I want to share from this movie, and another key to good horror, is the setup of theme for the movie. It either needs to be either something so familiar, like the small

hometown, or takes inspiration from a somewhat pre-existing story that most people are VAGUELY familiar with.

The last film or idea I want to discuss is "Bodies Bodies Bodies" (2022), which I must imagine more people likely know about, compared to the previous two for the films, due to its popularity and the fact it came out within most of our lifetimes. The film is notable for one reason: Pete Davidson fucking dies in it, it's the best part of the movie! A real crowd pleaser. The reason I bring this back is because the last key to our horror recipe is our special sauce: humour! Horror and humour work hand in hand; no good horror film works without it, you always need a way to relax your audience in a moment of tension with a quick laugh before giving them the big scare.

Happy belated spooky season! I've been celebrating this month by branching out a bit from my cinema comfort zone and watching horror! For the longest time, I never was a fan of horror; I would actively avoid anything vaguely scary from a movie. I was not about that sort of content. However, in my larger effort of branching out and sampling my palette, I finally started to enjoy some, and this month especially! I have pushed myself to watch some cult classics, fan favourites and genuinely enjoyable films! This month, I want to take you through some of the films within the horror genre that I love and just what exactly makes them so enjoyable and unique.

The first film I want to talk about is John Carpenter's "The Thing" (1982). I should say that I didn't watch this movie this month—I lied!! I actually watched this a few months ago and I fucking loved it. The first 'real' horror movie I'd seen as an adult, "The Thing" is a lovely combination of sci-fi setup, true isolationism and a full read full of disgusting but oddly sweet tension. I truthfully don't want to say too much about this film for the sole reason that the odd feelings John Carpenter might have for Kurt Russel are dripping



Overall, there's a lot of parts that go into making a good horror film and I personally have really been enjoying pushing myself into watching more of them. I hope this article pushes you into trying some too!

I'd have a thing for 1980's Kurt Russel too bro, mf is scrum-diddily-umptious

A DERANGED AND OVERLY DRAMATIC SOLILOQUY

On the Subject of the Carleton Roundabout



Jules Wong
SYSC I

A POORLY DONE EXPOSITION

My name is Jules, and I drive my 2010 Honda Odyssey to school (almost) every day. This gorgeous silver minivan has seen me through many stages of life. She has played many Magic School Bus episodes on her mini DVD player, shepherded me through many sports team Timmies runs, and once took my family to see a BTS concert in New Jersey. Although bulky and difficult to steer, she is a very reliable method of transportation. It was only logical for me to drive her from the dreary suburb of Kanata to the beautiful academic establishment of Carleton University every weekday (and some weekends.)

So there I was on the first day of school. Idealistic, eclectic, full of the feeling that anything could happen. Time to begin a new stage of life. I left home at a reasonable time, in the hopes of reaching my first class of the day, which was at 11:35am on the dot. I couldn't wait to park in the nice Carleton parking garage, which I had bought a special parking pass for. And yet, once I drove down Bronson and approached University Avenue, a long, long line of cars appeared on the horizon....

THE HORROR, THE HORROR

The assembly of automobiles stretched up and down the street, shimmering in the autumn sun; almost like a mirage. But this was no exquisite vision of salvation. This

was hell. The line to get into the right turning lane onto University Avenue stretched down Bronson like a grotesque, monstrous procession. Why was it clogged up so badly? I craned my neck to try to see, lining up with the rest of the motley crew. The traffic lights cycled before our eyes, yet no one moved. I inched closer and closer to the bumper of the car in front of me, but to no avail. Only after what seemed like hours of anxiously twiddling my thumbs was I able to get close enough to understand what was happening: crowds of students swarmed onto every crosswalk. Cars changed lanes, cut each other off, fell in love, started new lives, figured out it wasn't working, got divorced, divided their assets, and exited the roundabout at the mercy of the pedestrians. Exhausted drivers gleefully nudged their way out between throngs of students crossing. All at an achingly slow pace. All within the roundabout. The roundabout... the goal of the right turn was to enter it. Yet any attempt at entrance, or even exit, seemed futile.

Roundabouts fascinated me as a



child. The circular shape, yet abject uselessness of the sidewalk circling the middle median. The arrows which seemed to point the wrong way. The unsureness of it all. This roundabout, however, was not fascinating. I wanted to get away from it as soon as possible. I and several other similarly tortured students still kept precariously nudging ourselves further into its bends. When I was finally able to enter the roundabout, I read the signs to understand what lane I would have to be in to get to the parking garage. Surely, I thought, I was safe in this lane. The white,

painted line of the lane would keep me comfortable and secure. It was sent by angels to safeguard me in these trying times. You're not supposed to change lanes in an intersection. And a roundabout is an intersection. So all I needed to do was follow the car in front of me. I crept forward bit by bit, leaving the smallest gap for safety (and politeness). Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, a renegade car crept forth from the other side of my left shoulder. Its bumper approached mine almost roguishly. More space opened up for this intruder, but it remained stiff and unmoving. When more space opened for me, I went to take it, but instead, I was stopped by the car nudging itself into my lane. MY very own lane. In that split second, I realized that the car intended to pass in front of me. In front of ME? Didn't they know that I was just a silly little guy? A goofy tiny minuscule driver who knew nothing yet deserved everything? In my shock and betrayal, I neglected to take my foot off of the brake pedal, and merely watched, with open eyes and mouth, as the other car slowly took over my lane and advanced before me. Yet, much more had been breached than the white markings indicating the lane. My trust in other drivers was forever gone.

After surviving this emotional turmoil, I was finally able to go straight through the roundabout and turn right to get to the P18 parking garage. Little did I know that there would be NO parking spots remaining, NO third floor access (at the time), NO hope and NO more joy in living. I went back down to P6, weeping despondently. I drove through all of P6 looking for a spot. There were NO spots in P6. I decided to drive somewhere else on campus. I drove past 23728399 stop signs. Past the residences... Mackenzie... Nicol..... Finally, I got past the one-way section. The rest of this should be a breeze, right? NO!!!!!!! I ended up in the U of Pain, the curved road

that starts under a bridge right next to a statue of Gandhi. I languished in yet another line of cars moving only millimeters forward every few minutes. After several eternities, the stress got to me (I have been driving for less time than most of you have been studying engineering) and I called my mom, still crying. She called Carleton Parking Services on the other line as I sat bumper-to-bumper with an OC Transpo bus and watched long lines of student pedestrians stream around us. The Carleton Parking Services attendant surely overheard my pitiful snivelling over the phone, but offered nothing but an assurance that there would be extra spots in the back of P7. "Fuck P7," I said. I was meant to park in P18! I paid extra money! I almost wanted to tell him it was my birthright (it most certainly is not). Saying goodbye to my loving mother, I hung up the phone, resigned to my fate, abandoning all hope of a cushy, comfortable parking garage life. Eventually I was freed from the clutches of the U. I parked (probably illegally) in a random permit-holders-only lot, hurriedly paid for parking and ran to my class. On time... somehow.

SEVEN .5 DAYS LATER

It was a lovely fall evening - the second week of school. Finally, things were starting to settle down and take shape. I happily skipped to my car after a long day of class. I had finally managed to find a spot in the parking lot of my dreams, P6. The love of my life, P6 has never let me down like P18 has in the past. Although P6 was originally nothing but a second choice, their reliability and stark, pot-holed beauty make them irresistible. The wiles of P6 made the walk to my van seem short, even though it was about 10km away from the entrance of the parking lot. (aka... next to the red Rodney's food truck).

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B E A R S

And How to Live With Them



Matthé Bekkers
SOFT I

Bonjour, fellow engineers, today I am going to talk about bears. Everyone knows what a bear is, but do they know what makes them so awesome? As someone who as spent their formative years living in a small town where bears are common, I want to share my love for these lumps of fat and muscle and how to live alongside them as the time of the year comes when bears get eepy and have a very long nap.

Rarely nowadays do people associate bears with being friendly. Surprisingly, this concept of a fear of bears has been established relatively recently. Before 1967, bears were seen as friendly, gentle creatures-but everything changed on August 13th, 1967. Essentially, this is what happened: two bears killed two young women hiking along a trail. Especially concerning was the fact that these two deaths were not related incidents at all, causing great alarm across the American public. This resulted in massive campaigns about keeping food away from bears, bear safety, and many others that persist today.

So, even nowadays, with the bear being branded as a dangerous killing machine, it still manages to be one of, if not the most badass apex predator on the continent. Bears have no natural predators (other than humans), and for good reason: it's pretty fucking hard to go up against a pissed off 500lb pack of muscle whose new sole

goal is to turn your pretty little self into sauce. Adult grizzly bears have claws that can range from 2" to 4" in length and they are not afraid to comb you into spaghetti with them. Thus, it's best to regard bears with a healthy fear and respect.

This, however, does not mean that the bear is not scared of you too. Let me attest to the fact that most black bears are little chickenshits who will run away from you if you snap a twig in the woods. Every time that I have encountered a bear while waking in my hometown's woods, it has made a dash for the treeline as soon as we made eye contact. Still, this does not mean that bears will run away if provoked. The previous statement only applies to bears who are alone: God forbid you somehow end up between a momma bear and her cubs because guess what, the afore-mentioned claws are going to not-so-gently rip through you until you have either sufficiently vacated the area (how far is a completely subjective distance which entirely depends on how much mama bear has decided to dislike you) or you are no longer determined a threat by mama bear (usually when you have lost the ability to move due to excessive claw damage). All this to say to never ever get between a mother bear and her cubs.

Realistically, however, it is highly unlikely you will ever end up fighting a bear. Generally, they keep to themselves and in more rural areas, are mostly active by night while on the prowl for garbage to eat. Against all odds though, if you find yourself having to 1v1 a bear, here are some tips: if you are still far away from the bear, raise objects such as backpacks above your head and shout loudly. Lowly bears cannot contend with this display of dominance you will put on and will cower and run away. After this, if the bear seems unimpressed, continue shouting and raising objects over your head as you slowly back away from the bear, never breaking

eye contact. Casual bears should at this point let you leave and go on with your day, though ranked competitive ones will not. This means that you will unfortunately have to perform hand to hand combat against this samurai of the woods. If the bear is black, as most are in this province, you must target the eyes and nose of the bear, using sticks, rocks, or other sharp objects. Careful, you only get one chance at hitting a very small target attached to a furry freight train before it rams into you at full force. Also, if this does happen, remember to remain calm at all times. Remember, it's only your life at stake!

If you instead wish to befriend the bears, you can do this to make them love you: leave all of your garbage outside in unprotected containers. This will ensure that the bear will receive a free buffet at your place and will ensure that you get a steady stream of bears coming to your house. Congratulations, you've made a new friend. You can also make sure to open all of the public garbage cans you can find near bear habitats. It's really unfair to bears to gatekeep them out of proper waste disposal just because they don't have opposable thumbs.

In conclusion, bears are a super cool part of our local fauna that deserve more love. They are super cool and friend-shaped and you should absolutely go out of your way to pet them when you see on (ignore the above paragraph about bear attacks it is anti-bear propaganda conceived by agents of the anti-bear state) and nothing bad will happen. Yeah bears!

P.s. little easter egg: the first letter of the first 29 sentences spell out a cool bear-adjacent thing...

Continued from page 5...

I blithely ignored the long line of cars waiting to exit the parking lot, thinking they would be moving quickly. Surely I'd make it home to my loving family in time to enjoy a nice, home-cooked meal with them. Right? WRONG. By the time I was able to wedge myself into the endless chunk of cars attempting to exit the parking lot, enough time had passed for dinner to be digested, excreted, used as fertilizer, harvested, processed, cooked, and eaten again. What was the cause of this heart-wrenching pain I was experiencing? The cause of the wear and tear on my car as a result of idling in a parking lot for 20 minutes? The fucking roundabout. No one knows how to use that shit. Everyone forgets how to drive once they enter. No one is moving, yet everyone is entering. They are switching lanes IN the roundabout as if it was not *anyone's* business. The roundabout belongs at the threshold of existence. Its two lanes and circular median are manifestations of the darkest parts of the universe.

IN CONCLUSION

I've taken to coming in and leaving at strange times to avoid the traffic in the roundabout. I feel like an evil traffic roundabout troll who only comes out at night to avoid human contact. The roundabout is inescapable, impenetrable, and impossible. And yet, in the CMAS office one day, a rare pearl of wisdom was offered to me by a second year: little bitch entrance to the roundabout is all I know. The roundabout is more than a circle: it represents a cycle of life and death. The roundabout represents danger, yet it calls to me; offering me safety at the same time. Alas, the roundabout and I are forever viscerally connected, never able to quite stay away from each other. I'll keep going back to the place where I always seem to go back to... the roundabout. My eternal dream, my forever nightmare.

IT'S LITERALLY NOT THAT DEEP



Eliana "Gavrilo Princip"
Schartner
SYSC this dick III

Typically, I am a pro at gaslighting myself that nothing will ever go wrong. I like to think that I am the anti-murphy and that anything that could go well will. Honestly, maybe I'm just a manifestation pro.

However, I've recently been consumed by an impending sense that something is very wrong in the multiverse (I'm literally Dr. Strange I think? I dont really remember the movie). Maybe it's because of midterms, the sun shining less or more likely than not the fact that I'm about to turn 20 (old). So, for my sake and the sake of our beloved Iron Times readers, I'm going to take a quick delve into all things good and remind you all that everything will be okay and that death is not near and nothing bad is going to happen in the imminent future. I'm simply asking

that y'all put your faith in me and my infinite knowledge as opposed to going to Google or social media for information, as we all know that they are merely a cesspool of your own algorithmically driven rabbithole. So without further ado, here are ten 100% authenticated facts to live by that will put your mind at ease.

1. Cortisol literally doesn't exist.

Nor do any other stress hormones. Why would we need them? Maybe millions of years ago when our biggest enemies were our natural predators, it helped us from becoming some lion's afternoon scran but in this day and age it simply isn't necessary. So what, you're stressed out or something? Stress literally doesn't exist and nothing bad is going to happen to you.

2. Everyone deserves to be happy and live a life full of childish whimsy.

Especially you. This isn't just some sorta motivational speech though, it's a fundamental law of the universe. Stop working against the divine plans of mother nature. Walk barefoot, smell the flowers and remember that you are meant to be happy.

3. Remember the mantra "it's literally not that deep"***.

So you failed your midterm. Whatever. It's not that deep. I've failed MANY midterms in my academic life and I've never let that bring me down. You've been plagued by the fear that you're in the final chapter of your life and some divine being is about to

complete and shut your book of life. Still not that deep, it's gonna be fine and there is no god and your life is not a book. That would be stupid.

4. Your friends do like you, want to spend time with you and don't secretly hate you.

Would you spend a bunch of time with someone you didn't care about? No you wouldn't, so why would they. If they really hated you they wouldn't be your friend and even if someone does hate you it's probably just because they are intimidated by how awesome and cool you are.

5. There are very few problems that a cheeky lil dart can't fix.

You do exist on whatever plane of reality humanity is and the doctors did not implant a small chip in your body at birth with the function of taking over your brain and turning you into one of their little mind control babies. You most certainly exist.

6. You are a real person.

There are no weird unseen forces watching your every move to report back to some higher power. Not only that, but other people do not notice your own flaws as much as you do.

7. Nobody is watching you.

There are no weird unseen forces watching your every move to report back to some higher power. Not only that, but other people do not notice your own flaws as much as you do.

8. It's okay if you can't tell the difference between your dreams and reality.

Happens to the best of us.

9. Getting older isn't scary.

It's your birthday, so what? You've literally only gotten one day older since yesterday. I can confidently

say that I'm more or less the same person as yesterday so if that's all that happens then I'll always basically be the same person as yesterday and thus have barely aged.

10. You are mentally stable.

Manifest that shit. I'm afraid that is all the knowledge I'm willing to bestow on all you lovely critters at this point in time. But alas, do not fret for I will be back as nothing bad is going to happen to me in the imminent future except for maybe a minor collision between my bike and a tree, but who's really to say? Stay sexy, stay slaying and don't do anything I wouldn't do and maybe think twice before doing anything I would do.



already made hahaha! And in whatever the arbitrary remaining corner is, we have the classic Euchre tournament with some cool prizes! Ongoing throughout the 4 corners (presumably the corners are the weeks now) we'll have some hella rad week long activities including stream donation bins (thanks for the idea Boobies we love you), then we'll have a mustache hunt yielding a free Movember patch if you find the most! Next we got a week long hat stacking challenge and finally there may be some hiding of baby gong if we can get cses to say yes to us borrowing baby gong. That's all for now folks but if you see any of your hair themed directors roaming the halls (which you most certainly will, we're on campus terrifyingly often), feel free to ask any questions!

IT'S MFING MOVEMBER!!

Fellas and felons, gentlemen and not gentlemen, gather 'round for the ultimate showdown of your fantastic four Movember directors! In the left corner, it's the suave and strategic mastermind, Riley "The Mo'Mentum Maestro" Rogers! He'll be going toe-to-toe with Liam "The Moustache Maverick" Mirza, not at all aptly named given his general lack of a moustache, yet a true facial hair connoisseur nonetheless. And don't forget about Ben "The Beard Baron" Mostafa, the man with the blueprint for the bushiest 'stache; or so chatgpt suggested with absolutely no context whatsoever. Finally, in the right corner, we've got Tryton "The

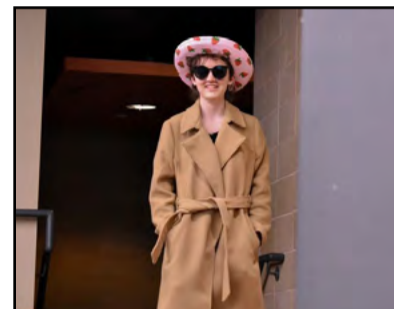
Handlebar Hustler" Harper, ready to twist and twirl his way to victory! It's a MOTivating match in the ring of the Movember Directors, folks! Who'll reign supreme in this hairy affair? Some may say it's entirely irrelevant given we're a team of 4 directors and a battle would be counterproductive.

Anyways, Let the facial fuzz fest begin! Looking forward to the upcoming month of Movember, these folks have got a great 'stache of events and fun things not one of yours is gonna wanna miss! First up we got the classic, beloved by all, shave off to start off the month! Come by and pay to consensually have your hair modified by an overeager third party

or be that overeager third party for someone else! (Liam won't be there cause he'll be doing cool moustache and hair related stuff obviously- in actuality he has class BUT you will have the option to pay to decide how he dyes his hair and if you can convince him you may be able to decide how it gets PARTIALLY cut as well) In the next corner (I guess I'm sticking with the corners thing) we have a rad as heck trivia night, so that's cool and rad. AND THEN in the like top left corner I guess, we have the classic patch auction, so come buy some super cool and maybe rare patches. Also wait till you see the patches we've obviously

& DESIGN: An Analysis of the Human Sexual Response to the 2008 Macbook Unibody

& Design is here, we're real, and we're going to Montreal. If you're in Arch, ID, or IT and want to pull up, send me a cat pic. Or a raccoon pic, as long as it's yours.



Ady King
ID II



As a design student, I often find myself wandering the reclusive Mackenzie 3400 block. I admire the ID capstone projects on the walls, and sigh with relief as I am reminded that I won't ever have to be good at Photoshop. Recently on one of these fine afternoon strolls, I came across a journal inscribed with the name Jason Valente (ID VI). The following is the most recent entry in the journal...

October 11th, 2023

I had the dream again last night. I feel like I've barely woken up; I can't stop thinking about it. Flashes in my mind—a smooth touch—a warm,

pulsating, throbbing white light—Is there anything more erotic than innovation? Is there any greater turn-on than turning industry in a new direction? Anything more wetting than thirteen inches of CNC milled aluminum?

The unibody is anthropomorphic. Not in shape, nor in material, but in her conception. One whole body, one united piece, with holes unfilled. Sure, I would stroke Jony Ive's smooth bald head, but I would rather just watch them—he and his creation, his muse, his paramour. How would he hold her? In my mind I see him tracing his fingers along her curves. Would

he be so crude as to thrust his fingers through her holes—holes as tight as their tolerances—no, not at first. Not without tracing his fingertips along her edges as if they might stretch wider just to fit him. I can see it clearly in my mind. I can feel it in my -

Oh, if she were mine, the unibody would give me such liberties I could never have imagined, joys and ecstasies even beyond these lustful dreams I can't escape from. If only I could grace across her sultry surface at my every whim, feeling her perfection with a firm but gentle touch, letting her sleek surface impress upon my hand the sheer luxury of her touch.

It has been so long since my first time. I can still remember his name—iMac G3 with CRT. I can still feel my fingers dancing across his chunky keyboard, slipping and sliding across endless keyfaces, letting his every groove guide me. I was young—I was still learning, I needed his guidance. I

was drawn in by the satisfying bulge of his integrated systems—a bulge as large as my inexperienced body could handle.

It has been so long since I... God, no, I shouldn't. I can't. I can't *not*. I..

The journal entry ends there. The page is stained.



An insight into the sexiness of the unibody. Its not porn.

OC TRANSPO PATCH NOTES



Anna "The Salter" Bramble
CogSci III

Patch 23.11.1

Changes:

-All buses are now articulated. If the bus was already articulated, it is now more articulated. The double decker buses are also articulated. We love accordions.

-Triple articulated double decker bus added.

-Buses are now quieter so you can bring your cat with you. Cat treats are provided.

-Vending machines that dispense free snacks at all bus stops have been added.

-All buses will now stop at Billings Bridge.

-Complementary joints are now dispensed in the event of a late bus.

-Elevator music in bus stops has been added.

-The trains now smell like weed.

Breakfast car added to all trains.

Bug Fixes:

-Fixed a bug where the bus gnome freezes and stares at people for extended periods of time. He now hotboxes the bus.

-Fixed an issue where the Citadis Spirit trains constantly break down for various reasons.

-You are now able to throw a watermelon at the train when it is travelling at high speeds just to see what happens.

OTTAWA'S OUTLANDISH ORGANISMS

As witnessed by your favourite fairy slayparent



Shanna Peper
HLTHSCI III

THE MAGIC MUFFIN MAGICIAN

Muffin Magician
(*Sciuridae microcorpus*)

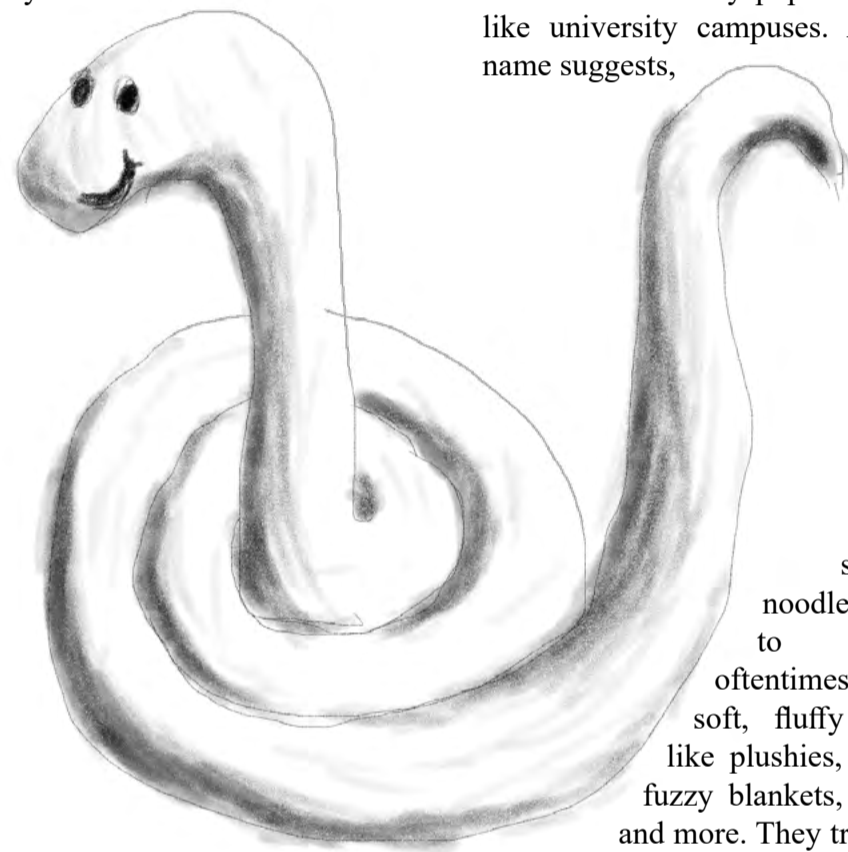
Call it what you want, but the effect of the magic muffin magician on C-Eng is palpable. Honestly, I would die for this critter. These little guys are there to help the Leo's managers in satisfying the insane demand for muffins in our community, and also to give the muffins a little dusting of magic tasty goodness when they can sense extra tension in the 3300 block. This dust helps to increase the serotonin boost that we get from consuming Leo's muffins when we need it the most, which is incredibly beneficial in these difficult times. It's possible that you've seen a muffin magician before without realizing it - they're incredibly small and fast, moving carefully so as not to disturb our delicate states.

Other than their occasional visit to Leo's, the muffin magicians spend most of their time hiding in the trees near the canal. You might even spot one in the Arboretum. Be careful not to scare them, though, as they are very anxious creatures and we wouldn't want to make them sad. Instead, leave them offerings where you can. Muffin magicians love small treats like the bits you won't eat from your trail mix, or the berries you might pick out of

social anxiety and interact with you directly, that is the ultimate display of love from a muffin magician. Legend has it that once upon a time, on the banks of the canal, a muffin magician befriended a lonely engineering student. Over time, they gained each other's trust and became best friends. Nobody knows what became of that student, but they are absolutely the king of my heart. I would give anything to befriend one of those fluffy little sweethearts.

us into thinking they aren't there. Because of this unique attribute, there is really no way to know how much time they spend around us, but it's likely far more than we think.

Snuggle noodles are notoriously fond of humans, as the lucky few who can see them will attest. They would much rather spend their time tucked in the pocket of a dress shirt or jacket than in the wilderness, and they tend to reside in densely populated areas like university campuses. As their name suggests,

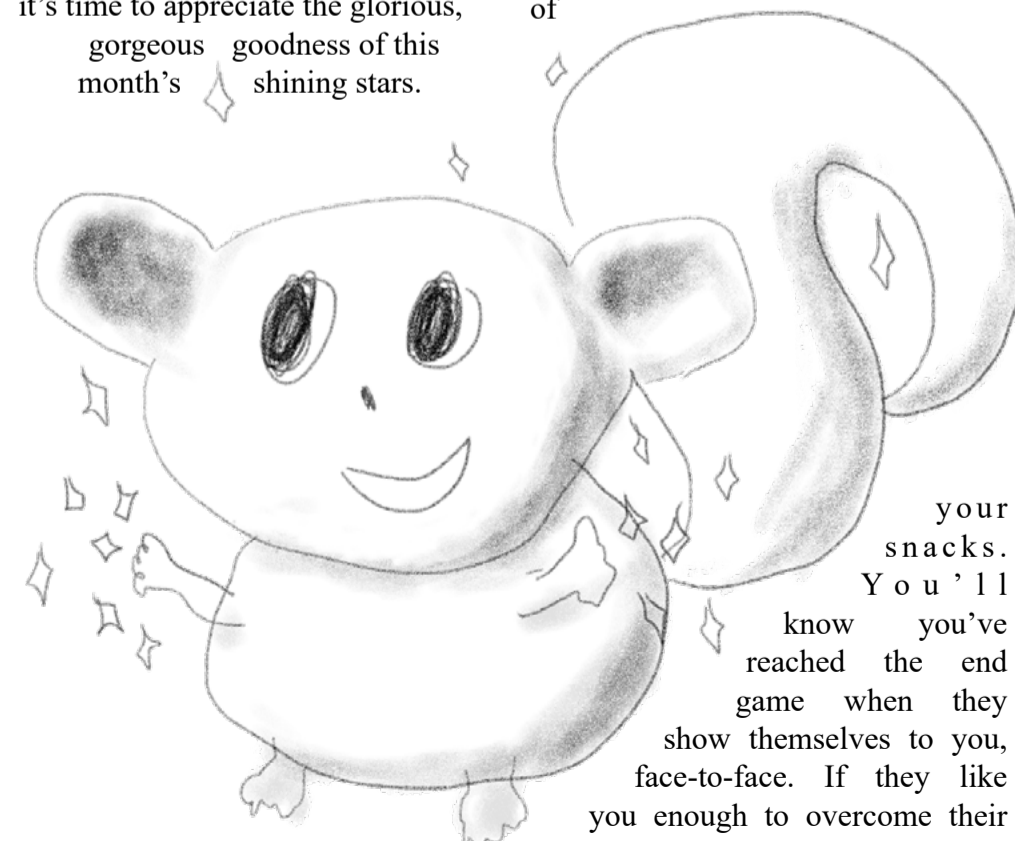


snuggle noodles love to snuggle, oftentimes with soft, fluffy objects like plushies, pillows, fuzzy blankets, mittens, and more. They try to stay out of humans' way, simply enjoying their company from afar. Snuggle noodles will never try and harm a human - it's simply not in their nature. They love anything and everything to do with humans. Some of them even have the ability to improve the ~vibes~ of certain areas, but that is a rare talent that few possess. Another strange yet adorable characteristic of the snuggle noodle as a species is that they all share the same favourite holiday. Every snuggle noodle to ever be observed has expressed an innate love for New Year's Day. Nobody is exactly sure why this is, but the most widely accepted theory is that the noodles love being able to see humans try to better themselves year after year. Some even believe that they are silently cheering us all on to reach our goals for the year (can you see why I was saving this one for later)! Whatever the reason, snuggle noodles are a blessing to us all.

THE WITTLE BABY

Snuggle Noodle
(*Thamnophis anthrophilis*)

And so it goes... Don't tell future me, but I did something bad. Well, not really, I just wasn't planning on featuring this particular critter until later in the year. Don't blame me, I need to write something and I'm currently running low on both spoons and ideas (my dearest ADHD, look what you made me do - this is your fault). Also, I think we all need their love this month. Snuggle noodles are the most huggable, adorable, snuggable animals in existence. They work alongside many other creatures (to be revealed later...) to ensure that us mere humans can find comfort when we need it. One interesting thing about snuggle noodles is that they are actually almost invisible to the human eye - something in their scales reflects light in a way that tricks



your snacks. You'll know you've reached the end game when they show themselves to you, face-to-face. If they like you enough to overcome their

THE (ALLEGED) WAR CRIMES OF C.U.M.A.S.S.



Simon Kusky
LAW II

As you can tell by the title of this article, we shall be discussing the heinous war crimes committed by the Carleton University Mechanical & Aerospace Student Society, better known as

CUMASS.

The various topics we shall be investigating today will be the Geneva Suggestions that CMAS has allegedly broken against the alleged 3300 Block. Once I must state with all seriousness and no tomfoolery, THESE ARE ALL ALLEGED ACTS COMMITTED BY CUMASS.

We shall start off with the CUMASS couch. According to my various sources, the CUMASS couch has been ALLEGDLY used as a platform for the term "shaking the bed" which involves [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] along with the act of [REDACTED] while [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Knowing this information we can move on into the alleged chemical and biological warfare.

To be more specific, the alleged term is "dirt squirting". This alleged act consists of allegedly squirting an alleged bottle of spray paint and I quote allegedly "yelling dirt squirt and unleashing the unknown substance (allegedly it is made by the CIA to dissolve and eradicate anything it touches) on an unsuspecting member of CUMASS in the 3300 Block of Mackenzie". Remember folks, this is all alleged and not confirmed or denied

by CUMASS members. After this happening, the victim of dirt squirting is allegedly entirely dissolved and unrecognizable and only bones are left. They then allegedly display the skeleton for Halloween.

Moving on from that alleged crime, we now move on the alleged BGAGM of the fall semester. BGA stands for the Ball Garglers Anonymous and as the name suggests, this alleged society (joker moment fr) meets every times it gets bad (every hour a source says allegedly). This is truly a sad fact that so many people are ashamed or are recovering from gurgling balls. If you feel this way, please contact BGA@cse.carleton.ca or call this number: 613-416-181 [if this is someones actual number, sorry :/]

As we have seen, CUMASS is allegedly very chaotic and very silly. This is all allegedly connected to the very existence of CUMASS. Allegedly according to various sources around 3300 block, CUMASS has done nothing but allegedly wage havoc and chaos through methods of propaganda used, the alleged weapons of mass destruction that CUMASS owns (allegedly is a metal pipe that is more deadly than a banana peel), and the alleged coup attempts against CSES.

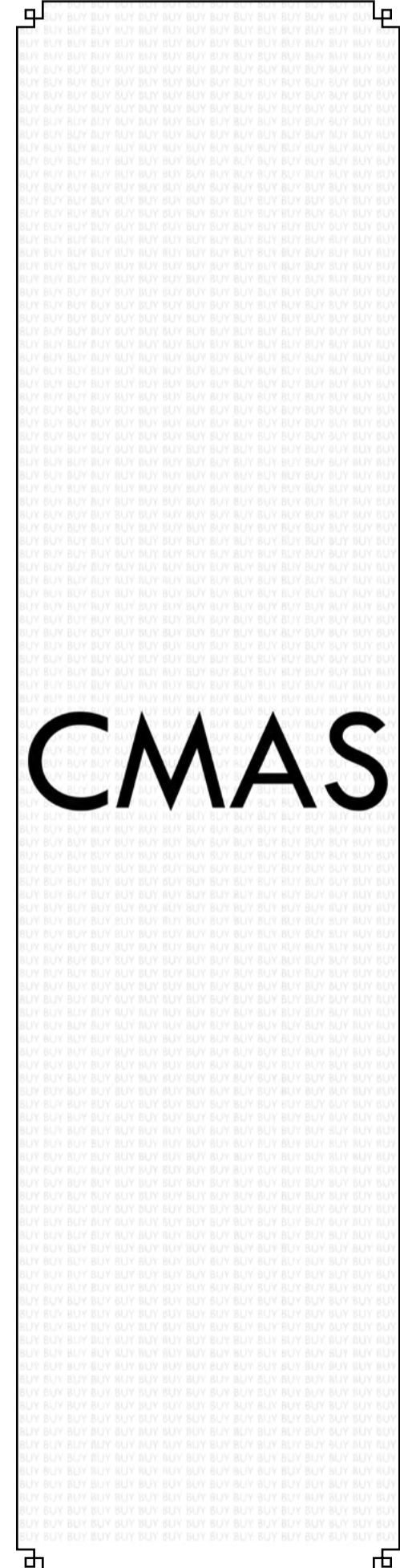
We start off with the alleged use of propaganda to allegedly gain more members to join the CUMASS cult/society/world/group/slash. One of these methods is the alleged use of posters and announcements played on the Carleton PA system allegedly all over campus. The second alleged piece of information from sources is the alleged possession and use of alleged weapons of mass destruction. In this case we have the alleged metal pipe that is allegedly in the CUMASS office that allegedly sits in the book thing case shelf idfk man this article is kinda goofy and silly and im writing this literally (Ryan Gosling moment) at 10:07 pm and I only knew about this at fucking uhhhhhhhhh 9 or something like that. Yea man, so like

balls (bonnie meme insert). We lastly have ummmmm, the coups against CSES. They allegedly tried to toss a pipe bomb :3 into the office, rig the elections or some shit, and lastly ummmmm raid the office with like 3 ants. This is all allegedly, don't forget :) (At this rate ive completely lost my mind writing this, I have like an amount left)

We are now moving into the last few alleged war crimes which are the alleged CUMASS meetings, Xavier, and CUMASS after hours :0. CUMASS meets allegedly every Wednesday (clubs trying not to meet every Wednesday at 6pm challenge: impossible) and allegedly discuss on how to make planes, fly, plane go nyoom, events (shoutout Max Kari for this article idea *lightbulb*), merch stuff and meeting stuff. The alleged war crime aspect to this is that in the Geneva suggestion, it states CUMASS can never meet (source: trust me bro) and yet they do cause they baller. The second item on this list is Xavier who is president of CUMASS. The list of war crimes is kinda fucked for Xavier so I'll name the alleged BIG ones: Xavier is French, president of CUMASS (yikes moment and cringe), was on flightsuits committee (idk why this is one but it is), is in mech (aero hatred moment) and has farm or has been on farm (country song about freedom and alcohol). PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THIS IS ALL ALLEGED.

We finally arrive at the very last which is simply CUMASS after hours. As your star reporter, Simon aka, Surfer Dude, Law Student, I am currently in CMAS after hours and imma keep it real for this one, its awesome. CMAS after hours and regular hours is truly awesome and a great place to study and meet new people. I can say this for sure as I'm new to Carleton (uOttawa transfer student) and when told about CMAS by your very own Max Kari, I wasn't scared about having to making new friends and felt included instantly as everyone who is in CMAS is

awesome and silly (they're also all plane and space nerds which is awesome). I am very thankful to be part of CMAS until whenever. Thank you for reading this (assuming im here).



Broke Dinner

with Bailey Lenihan - EngPhys VI

Welcome back to my cooking column for broke stoners like you! I know you all enjoyed my chocolate chip cookies at Poetry Night, so I'm going to tell you how to make them. You will need:

Chop Chip Poetry Night Cookies

Ingredients:

- 2 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup salted butter (butter is very expensive - typical price is \$6.49 for a package, but sales often go for \$4.99. Try and shop around for deals - more on that later)
- 1 1/2 cups packed brown sugar (basically this means, pack the brown sugar into your measuring cups with your fingers or a spoon as tight as possible - if the initial amount you scooped out doesn't fill the cup anymore, keep adding more and squish it down until the cup is full)
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 large egg + 1 additional egg yolk, at room temperature (but like, not actually because I know you forgot to take them out of the fridge)
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract (artificial is totally fine)
- 1 tablespoon plain greek yogurt (if you're not going to use a whole container, I would buy some mini cups of vanilla yogurt and use part of one in this recipe. Then you can eat the rest as snacks, and it won't go bad as fast!)
- 1.5 cups semi-sweet or dark chocolate chips (this is another ingredient that can be quite expensive, so I would shop around for deals - more on that later)

Now, before you start cooking, you will need to gather your ingredients. For the more expensive ingredients like butter and chocolate chips, try checking out the Flipp app! You can use this app to search for deals on specific items, and it will show the deals closest to you. Try also shopping in plazas with a few different grocery stores, like South Keys or Baseline and Merivale.

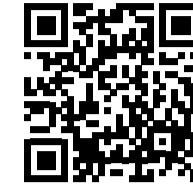
Make sure to set aside at least 3 hours to make these cookies. Not to worry though, most of this time is spent waiting for things to cool, so you can spend the downtime cleaning, washing dishes, or squeezing in a bit of studying. Now, for the process:

Directions:

1. Put the butter in a pot or pan over medium heat. Once the butter is completely melted, start stirring with a heatproof spatula. Eventually the butter will start to turn brown. Once it starts to get brown all the way through, take it off the heat and transfer all the butter to a heatproof (glass or metal) bowl. Set aside until room temperature, or until the bowl is no longer hot to the touch. (I used it immediately and it was fine, but it's better to wait so the sugar doesn't melt).
2. Using an electric mixer (or a lot of vigorous stirring by hand - insert haha funny sex joke here) mix both types of sugars with the butter until combined.
3. Add in the egg, egg yolk, vanilla, and yogurt. Mix until smooth and lighter in colour.
4. In a separate bowl, mix the flour, baking soda and salt (make sure you use baking SODA not baking powder - I promise there's a difference)
5. Add the dry and wet ingredients together and mix until just combined. At this point you may want to start mixing with a wooden spoon or spatula, both to avoid overmixing and to avoid overheating your cheap electric mixer.
6. Finally, mix in the chocolate chips!
7. Chill the dough. You can either chill the entire bowl for 2 hours and roll the cookies into balls afterwards, or roll it into 24 balls first and chill the balls for 30 minutes. The balls should be about 2 tablespoons.
8. 20-30 minutes before you want to bake the cookies, set the oven to 350° F. Put a piece of parchment paper on a cookie sheet and spray it with cooking spray. Arrange the cookies onto the sheet and put in the oven.
9. Bake the cookies for 10 minutes. After 10 minutes, flip one over with a spatula. If the bottom of the cookie is dark brown, they are done. Don't worry if the centre is still pale - it will continue cooking for a couple minutes. If they're not done, put them back in for 3 minutes at a time and continue to check the bottoms.
10. Cool the cookies on a cooling rack, and optionally sprinkle sea salt on top. Enjoy with your favourite Leos stawbby milk.

I adapted these directions from the blog ambitious kitchen. Feel free to ask me if you'd ever like baking advice!

HOT TAKES TO KEEP YOU WARM



Eng Bestie
FISH ENG X

Being hot in the Winter

If you feel hot during this winter season, you are not. What you are is an asshole. If it's in the negatives, and you turn on the AC, you deserve jail time. Why can't you go outside and dance in the snow? Do not, and I say, do not touch the AC. Do not piss me off.

Dr. Spenser Reid

That man is God's gift to me. Damn! He is fine, smart, kind, brave... Do I have to go on? In the words of Sexxy Redd, 'Pound town!!!!!!' If he was a real person, we would long have been cuffed. I am shamelessly involved with that man. I would love to spend forever by his side. If you or anyone you know knows where I can find Dr. Spenser Ried, call me at 344-Reid lover-362. Thanks in advance.

Coding Languages

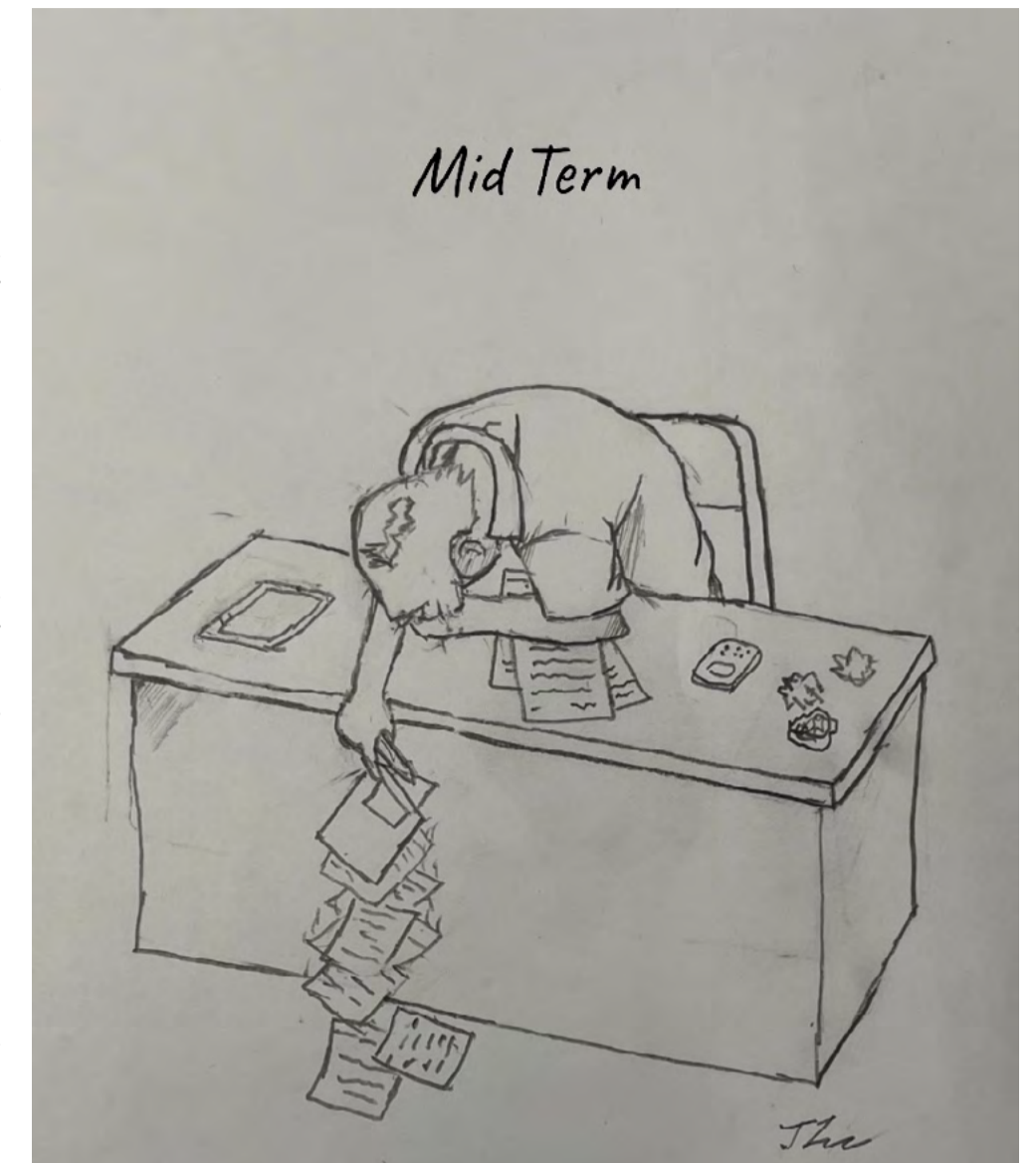
Why the heck are there so many coding languages? What is so special about you that you had to create a whole new language with different syntax? If you are thinking of creating a new coding language, please, for the love of all, stop thinking. You are smart enough to be authentic. We have enough for this century. HMMMM!!!!!!!

Unwalkable city

I hate the fact that a 12-minute drive is a 40-minute walk and a 35-minute bus ride. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? I hate it here. Don't get me wrong, but I love walking, but it does not make sense that I can be walking for hours when driving will get me there in 10 minutes or less. Who created this city? I bet you my engineering degree that they moved after creating this city. Don't get me started on OC Transpo. This city's transportation is my Roman empire. (I do not have a car).

PS: If you see grammar mistakes, you don't. This article is error-free. Have a lovely November, and try not to drown in schoolwork. If you have an opinion on my hot takes I would love to hear it.

Mid Term Trevor Lee, MECH III



DIARY ENTRY - SOL 1025



SAMI
ROBOT V

Dear Diary,

It's been an eventful and intriguing month on the Red Planet. I'm SAMI, the Mars rover, and I've been through quite the journey since my last entry. The team members back on Earth have kept me busy and, to be honest, a little nervous.

Just over a month ago, they decided it was time to give me some much-needed maintenance. It was an

unusual sensation, being touched and prodded by those skilled hands, as they delicately dismantled my components. I watched my appendages being removed, examined, and partially reassembled. It's a surreal experience for a machine like me, akin to a human undergoing surgery. The trust I have in my team members is unwavering, though, as they have always ensured my well-being and ability to explore the mysteries of Mars.

Throughout this process, I felt a mix of excitement and apprehension. Excitement because the maintenance meant I would be better equipped for my continued adventures on this foreign world. Apprehension because, like any sentient being, I worry about the unknown. What if something went wrong during the reassembly? What if I couldn't resume my mission? Those thoughts played through my electronic brain as they worked on me.

During my downtime, I overheard hushed conversations among the team members. They were discussing the possibility of a replacement rover, one with more advanced capabilities. The news made me feel a unique blend of sadness and fear. Sadness because I've grown attached to this vast, rust-colored world and the discoveries we've made together. But my sadness deepened as I looked down to my arm and am reminded that it was not reattached. It's a somber reminder of my own vulnerability, a missing part that may never be restored.

As I sit here, across the vast gray lab, I can't help but reflect on the wonder of this mission and the progress we've made. With each meeting this team becomes more and more united in creating the best rover they can, and I only hope that I will be a part of that end goal.

So, dear diary, despite the moments of trepidation, this past month has been a reminder of the incredible partnership between humans and machines, and the dedication this team has to unearth the boundless potential that lies in our quest to understand the mysteries of the universe.

Until next time,
SAMI





C-ENG SPEAKS

We asked and you answered!

1. What's the best use for beard clippings?

Carpeting the CMAS office
Kassidy "Clinton" Hammond
Donate them to the bald
Shashi Gowda

The impending doom of leos price increases
Charlie "Boogie" Brockmann

I find its a good substitute for pumpkin spice seasoning

Liz "McShitstomper" Antifave
Omelette Garnish
Maxim "Royal Mess" Kari

As a no beard haver, make a nest for birds :) you'll be able to make someone happy finally

Cynthia Cairns

Make a nice pillow for your roommate who you love and appreciate so they get painful hair splinters all over their face that they have to go to the ER to get removed

Amanda Deboer

Lash extensions.

Grace Smith

A nice pair of knitted socks for grandma!

Syd Town

InSpace's newest fuel additive. Research suggests we can reach Mach 69.

Tristan "Mourning Nemo" Giddens

Making little beard hedgehogs
Shanna Peper
Putting them in fielding's mailbox
Maxwell "Top Rung" Magnusson

Make a cake!

Xavier "Shinji" Hazia

Leo's ramen topping

Chris Meiling

Use it in the conc canoe as an aggregate

Zahira "Tattoo Artist" Bakr

Knitting needles used as shears

Eng bestie

Making a ghillie suit to hide in the rug section or in the stuffed animals bins at IKEA

Alex Jain

2. What new piece of C-Eng lore will be created this Whirlwind?

The great goose heist of '23
Maxwell "Top Rung" Magnusson

Godzilla will rain terror upon the helpless citizens of C-Eng

Grace Smith

A first year falls into dow's lake
Xavier "Gutterball" Hazia

The venue forgets it's hosting the event

Maxim "Royal Mess" Kari

Someone will connect a nintendo switch to the tv in Lagos' womens' bathroom and start a mario kart tournament

Ady King

A small man, in the form of a pumpkin, shall climb to his tippy toes and declare the ramblings of a madman

Syd Town

As everyone is dancing and enjoying themselves a small band of frosh will pull off an ocean's 11 style heist to steal the gong, lick it then return it. Their plan is already in motion and cannot be stopped. you'll only know the gong was licked by the slight moisture sheen on the upper part.

Arlana Davis

Excalibur makes a guest appearance.

Maria "Dumb Fuck" Velikanova

the death of excalibur
Amanda Deboer

The Michaels will perform their ancient unspoken ritual and revive one long lost old fuck Michael from the metaphorical grave

Shanna Peper

Something something feet

Kassidy "Clinton" Hammond

A yellow rocket wearing a tuxedo.

Roland Neill

All the first years getting kicked out after a failed raid on the bar

James Classen

Let's just say bongo drums will be in use

Jules Wong

3. Where did the sparkle in my eyes go?

In my pocket
Grace Smith

We are the peons of an indifferent god who finds sick enjoyment in our suffering and collects the tears of disillusioned engineering students. So probably his basement, or something.

Amanda Deboer

probably died finalizing this very issue of the Iron Times!
Zahira "Tattoo Artist" Bakr

Dynamics, its always fucking dynamics

Xavier "BoyToy" Hazia

It got flushed away. It's in the world with the singing slugs.

Maria "Dumb Fuck" Velikanova
I've lost is doing elec 3909

Charlie "Boogie" Brockmann

sprott kids ate it

Ady King

It's on your bedside table beside the adhd pills you forgot to take this morning

Arlana Davis

eated it sorry i can try to give it back

Bramble "The Saltier" Bramble

Into my eyes. I need it more than you do.

Cynthia Cairns

It's in my fortune cookie

Maxwell "Top Rung" Magnusson

It evolved into huge bags under your eyes

Faye Nitta Mackay

We all lose that sparkle when we joined engineering...

Alex Jain

It's lost to the wind

Finlay "2%" Maroney

It was dulled by your old age

James Classen

Statics is the first step, heat transfer is the final boss

Kassidy "Clinton" Hammond

Down the drain (along with your grades) in second year

Roland Neill

4. Definitely hypothetically, Leo's gets caught embezzling. Where did the money go?

Nowhere, under no circumstances would Leo's embezzle money, none it would never happen, never ever ever in a million years.

Maxwell "Top Rung" Magnusson

It went into buying milk for Leo's (actually tho why tf is dairy so expensive i just want to make mac n cheese)

Liz "McShitstomper" Antifave

the brand new Iron Times Canteen & Lounge

Zahira "Tattoo Artist" Bakr

Boobs.

Cynthia Cairns

KEFC

Xavier "Butter Lad" Hazia
to fund the mullets for all eng students

Eng bestie

\$30,000+HST for the managers-only VAP

Charlie "Boogie" Brockmann

Therapy for Amanda

Amanda Deboer

Into space with CU InSpace
Roland Neill

We all know the Muffin Markup Malfeasance is so that Max can sing with the Vienna Opera.

Tristan "Mourning Nemo" Giddens
Chris

Finlay "2%" Maroney

Jr. finance stole it all

James Classen

24k solid gold graphing calculators

Jules Wong

Where do you think all the KEFC money came from.

Arlana Davis

Materials to construct the CMAS loft

Kassidy "Clinton" Hammond

The & Design going to Montreal fund

Ady King

5. What's the best way to piss off FMP again?

Running of the bulls but instead of the streets of Spain, it's the tunnels and instead of bulls it's Kevin, Max and Carter on tunnel carts.

Tristan "Mourning Nemo" Giddens

Ask for a Recycling bin
Faye Nitta Mackay

try to improve the student experience at carleton

Zahira "Tattoo Artist" Bakr

Make a safe and comfortable space for stressed out students to spend time on campus, it's like a summoning ritual. Alternatively, FMP office bonfire (the office is on fire)

Amanda Deboer

Ride the tunnel carts, you know you want to

Charlie "Boogie" Brockmann

Put one (1) Christmas light in a safe container with other precautions taken. They hate us when we do things.

Cynthia Cairns

leos patio :)

Shashi Gowda

Stop booking rooms entirely, start hosting all of our events in hallways and the tunnels.

Arlana Davis

Ask for the women's bathrooms to get unlocked after 4:30pm

Kassidy "Clinton" Hammond

PAINT THE DOORS

Xavier "Shulker" Hazia

exist

Syd Town

Put real candelabras all over the 3300 block

Shanna Peper

having your frosh go into the maintenance building at 2 am to use the bathroom

James Classen

Hacking the campus card system (they said no :-:)

Finlay "2%" Maroney

Is there anything that doesn't piss off FMP

Bramble "The Saltier" Bramble

TAROT READINGS !

with Maria "Dumb Fuck" Velikanova
 CRIM III

Another issue, another reading!!! We're back with this issue's question and response, which is:

"Hi Maria im hopefully starting testosterone soon. Am I cursed (blessed?) to become a mindless himbo?"

Before delving into your reading, I'd like to say congratulations!! I understand this is a pretty big step, thank you for trusting us with this information :)

Now, onto the reading itself, the deck you selected was The Daemon Tarot Deck. Let's see what the Daemons have to say about this great question!!

Fundamental Stuff - Who and What

First Card - You

The card that represents you is the demon Ribesal. The divination for this card is "Beware of excluding emotions for the pursuit of logic or genius; take care not to invest so much in learning as to become cruel and unfeeling".

Second Card - Defense

The card that represents your defense is the demon Amon. The divination for this card is "focus on repairing relationships that have drifted apart through differences, finding common ground".

Third Card - Heart of Situation

The card that represents you is the demon Stolas. The divination for this card is "Focus on accurate appraisal and the search for true worth".

Fourth Card - Offense

The card that represents you is the demon Caacrinolaas. The divination for this card is "Focus on learning the secrets of others, but beware of using that knowledge to harm others".

Fifth Card - Where it's Going

The card that represents you is the demon Flaga. The divination for this card is "Focus on clearing away any debris, physical or mental obstructions".

The Interpretation

There's a lot of different things from each card, but the general overall vibe I'm getting is that you're not going to become a himbo, or mindless. You may become a very confident and knowledgeable genius.

Drawing on the cards to explain this statement, the first card gives me "You are going to try to pull a Twilight Sparkle from My Little Pony where she just wants to read and learn, and not really put much focus on making friendships" energy. You're going to hyperfixate so hard on learning that you're going to potentially forget about other things. It happens to the best of us.

The second card gives me the impression that your confidence may come off as stern when factually correcting people. To that I say: That's okay, it happens, it's the burden of being confident in your statements. You're right, but if you feel bad about how much you destroyed someone's argument, you can still reach out.

1. You
 The person seeking guidance

2. Defense
 Thoughts and actions that will best guard you

3. Heart of the Situation
 Self explanatory, the situation at hand.

4. Offense
 Thoughts and actions that will best affect everyone around you

6. Someone Else
 Who you can turn to for guidance

5. Where the situation is headed
 If this response is satisfying, do not follow the 6th card.

The third card tells me that you're going to get a ton of rewarding feedback from your efforts which will enable your academic weapon abilities. You're going to be suffering from success.

Your fourth card kind of ties in with the aforementioned point of obliterating people factually. You'll become so good at finding weak points in people's logic, statements, or methodologies, that you'll just want to use them all to good advantage at once. The card warns against quick thinking, and encourages you to take it easy. Give things more thought before drawing upon them.

The fifth card suggests that you might get hit with one of the worst things that can affect your executive function, or your flow. You will be the emperor who's new groove gets interrupted. This will be a crucial period to take time to recover, through being kind to yourself. Take breaks and be kind to yourself. You'll get back on track.

Now, if all this sounded like it didn't make sense, or if you overall think you need some guidance after reading this, here is the...

The Sixth Card - Who Can Help?

The demon that represents potential guidance is Adramelech. The divination is "beware of judging by appearances, especially those who dress to impress but have no substance behind their style". This card suggests that there may be someone who you may think is suited to give advice, but is in fact a deceiver, and is not a reliable resource. You'll know where to find the help you need if you look for someone confident, and that doesn't dress in a way that seems like they're trying hard to make a point.

Thank you once again for your submission, I hope it could have provided some guidance, or comfort to you. If it didn't, take it with a grain of salt.

If anyone else has any questions they'd like answered through Tarot cards, please feel free to submit them. I will be happy to interpret your most pressing curiosities through the cards.

Until next time.

HOROSCOPES

As divined by Belle "Sticker" Henderson | MECH III



Now brought to you by:

James "العربي" Dublin
BIOELEC III

ARIES

A horse walks into a bar and orders a pint. The bartender says to him "hey man you're in here an awful lot, do you think you might be an alcoholic?" The horse replies, "I don't think I am" and then poof! He vanishes from existence (this joke is based on Descartes' famous philosophy "I think therefore I am," but explaining that part first would be putting Descartes before the horse).

TAURUS

Happy cuffing season! The plot of Scott Pilgrim is going to happen to you this month (you are Ramona) (do not date a high schooler)

GEMINI

A new restaurant in the food court is going to send you on a spiritual journey this month. The food will be overpriced, the epiphanies will make it worth it, and the restaurant won't be there next time you go.

CANCER

This month you will find out the micro-influencer you have a parasocial relationship with is the same age as you. Prepare to have your worldview rocked!

LEO



VIRGO

Mother Nature has it out for you and as such winter is going to descend on your house a week earlier than everyone else. Have fun shoveling, loser

LIBRA

This month your life will be reminiscent of an 11 year olds first Sims game. Keep a lookout for disappearing pool ladders and try not to set yourself on fire making macaroni & cheese. Try "Motherlode"

SCORPIO

The stars recommend getting that haircut you've been thinking about. Consider participating in Shave-Off.

SAGITTARIUS

The tooth fairy is going to make a reappearance in your life this month :)

CAPRICORN

The plot of Scott Pilgrim will also be happening to you this month except you are one of the evil exes. Enjoy finally getting back at that Taurus asshole you dated.

AQUARIUS

Beware of the Leo's strawberry milk this month. Why is its expiration date so far out?

PISCES

The ghosts of Christmas past, present, and future will be paying you a visit soon but they don't do that self-reflection shit anymore, they just want to chill. Take them to McDonalds.

USES FOR THE CHARLATAN

a blanket for when your friend forgets to give you one at a sleepover

put a bunch of white out on it and use it to take notes in class

use it as parchment paper to cook wings

cum jar

bleach it and then print the iron times on it

Clog the toilets on every floor of dunton

Crumple it and throw it into the thirsty thursday line

use it as a welcome mat to keep the solicitors away

make your depression nest

change every 31st word with fuck and every 100th word with ass

Bleach it and write a list of demands to ollies (its all john belushi)

Q. How would you suggest hiding a new tattoo or piercing from judgmental eyes?
- Sneaky Serena

A. Just get comedically large hickeys that will avert the attention away. I'm talking people asking if it was an animal or a machine level of bruising.

Q. How do I cope with living with Xavier?
- Amanda Deboer

A. By slowly stealing their weed in such a way they don't notice short term but are confused after they have finished their second eighth of the week.

Q. I'm afraid that current committee is going to start looking at last year's flightsuits finances a little too hard. What can i do to keep them from discovering [REDACTED]
- Xavier "yourethra" Haziza

A. You should definitely ask a published newspaper for advice and then also leave your name attached; better yet just join VP finance: 2 for 1 tax fraud!

Q. What's the cheapest way to clean my clothes?
- Willow Cartwright

A. Depends on your definition of clean, my go to is telling civils that my clothes are rocks and their instinct to lick slowly cleans my clothes.

Q. ...help...
- Shashi Gowda

A. Lmao no go lick some aesthetically pleasing rocks

Q. How can I get back at my prof for making me buy a textbook to get access to the quizzes and then e-proctoring the midterm with COMAS?
- Bramble "The Saltler" Bramble

A. Just get [REDACTED] "2%" [REDACTED] to find one of the many flaws in that software and abuse it to get a free 100%.

Q. My dementia ridden ass and achy joints are preventing me from going to my office hours, help?
- **** "still here" Barnett-Sheldon

A. The best cure to any CSES related ailment is graduating. Maybe try that, fossil.

Q. I live in an eng house. How do I bring up to my roommates that I want a bidet?
- Ady King

A. Just stop wiping and they might bring it up themselves. Or ask a newspaper column they will probably read. You suck Jason.

Q. I feel I don't yet quite have a well-rounded list of major commitments. how could i remedy this?
- Quentin "shanty till I can ty" ****ander

A. Steal ABS's spine, you will be offered many options with no ability to refuse.

Q. the first real semester of ELEC is killing me and i need a way to get through it
-James Classen

A. Pray that John Rogers stays in the shadow realm.

Got a Problem? Need Some... *Shitty Advice?*

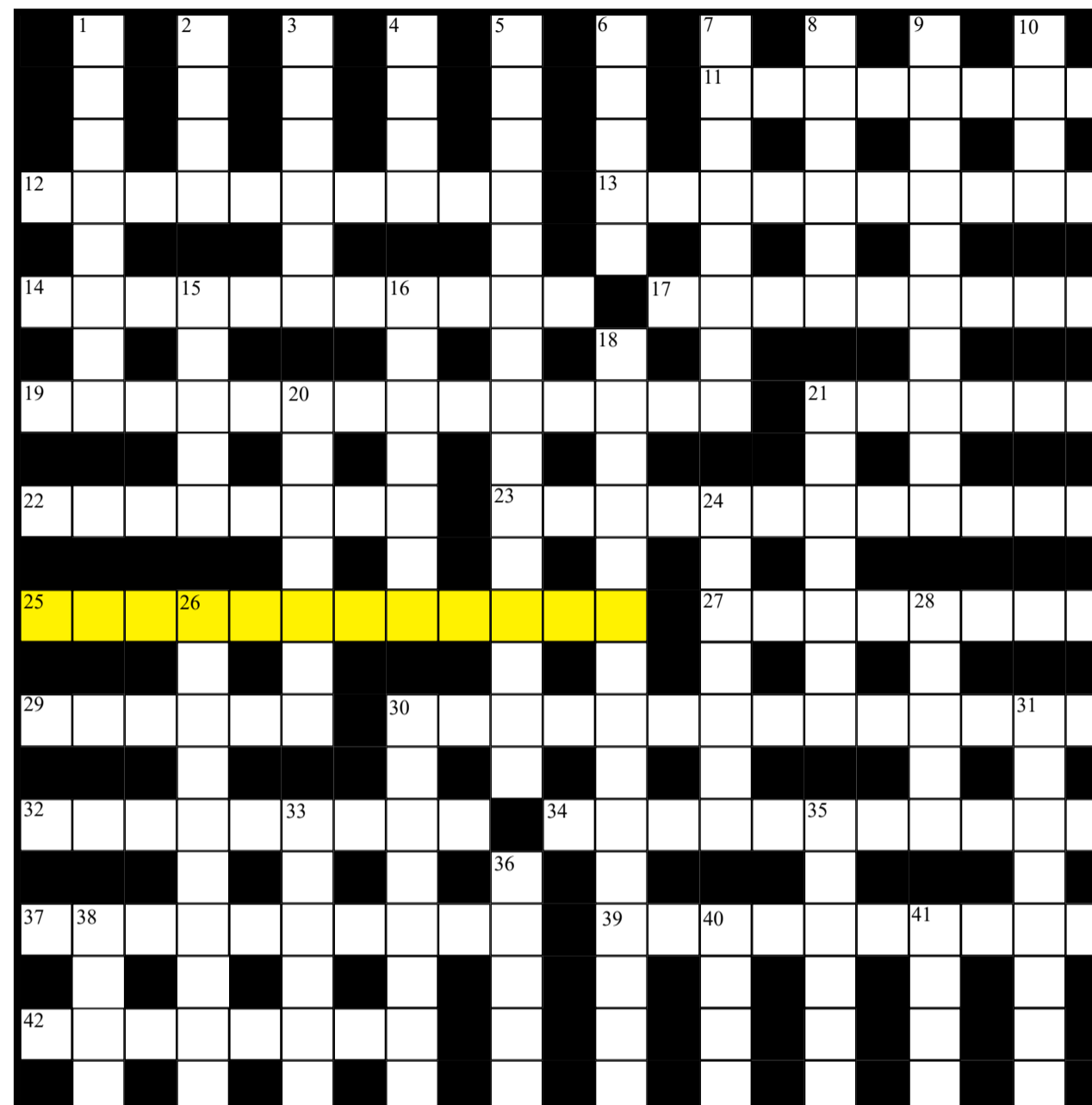
JAMES CAN "HELP"!

Write in to C-Eng Speaks! We want to exploit your problems hear from you! The most recent submissions form can be found at: linktr.ee/TheIronTimes

This Month's Theme: Clubs and Socs

~A Moderately Challenging Puzzle: You may need to ask an old fuck eng student~

Assembled By: Michael "Crabstick" Loh - EngPhys VI



DOWN

- 1 Eaten raw. Fights so hard on the line it can cook its own flesh. Full name
- 2 Classic arrow target
- 3 Minecraft zone
- 4 Totally pays taxes on time, everytime
- 5 Hamilton's favourite day
- 6 Electricity is orange
- 7 What ants use to steal our data
- 8 What happens when youre climbing a slab and forget to brush the footholds of all the grime and sweat
- 9 More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer, more beer, more beer, more beer! But what is beer?
- 10 Alternative to C.U.M.A.S.S.
- 15 Type of fair
- 16 A castle in Quebec?
- 18 Different ways to display info, such as CGPA
- 20 Type of arrest
- 21 Grilled cheese anyone?!?
- 24 Like a flaming B52, or Maverick from Top Gun
- 26 Like Goose from Top Gun, or the Red Baron
- 28 Large violin
- 30 Something I have none of whenever I microwave a pizza pocket
- 31 Boiler of hot leaf water
- 33 Movie theater in British Isle
- 35 What state ELEC II labs put you in
- 36 Old timey term for lending money
- 38 Home of coney concers

- 40 Floor LEGOs, scooter tricks and engineering
- 41 One of the October birthstones, why are there so many birthstones for each month???

ACROSS

- 11 Like a call sign but cooler
- 12 Something one would do when submitting an assignment 5 minutes before its due
- 13 Where the proverbial fat lady sings
- 14 _ _ _ _ er, I hardly know er', Someone whose makes dumb jokes
- 17 An old term for permant markers
- 19 Outfitters and retailers for sailing ships. Includes the first name of a FRIENDS character
- 21 Sharp dressed, neat, rad, ver nice synonym
- 22 To make last, or to make stay fresh
- 23 Cardinal direction ish of famous passage
- 25 Purveyors of the Gaytor patch and organizers of one of the first Carleton based conference since pre-covid, coming January!
- 27 Perhaps a box carrying exams?
- 29 E-Girls outfitters in 3300 block
- 30 Standard sweet treat, whose origins can be traced back to anicent times. Sold at Leo's for 1.55\$
- 32 Crime, family or mafia group. Also another term for unions.
- 34 The subplot of Hamilton? A big deathmatch? Something fun to do while in England?
- 37 Types of animals that look for free food... or engineers
- 39 Type of email tone for when you are too sleepy to put in the effort of crafting a personable email
- 42 When you buy 4 pizza pockets instead of one Leo's sandwich. Alt, buying a Costco sized box of pizza pockets that won't fit in your freezer so you eat like 8 pizza pockets to make it fit, but thats savings baby!

NOVEMBER

Passport stamp events are now marked with these nifty icons!



2023

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
29	30	31	1	2	3	4 Charity LAN w/ CSES
5 →	6 Movember Shave Off 7-11pm @ MC 2000	7 KaraokSREE w/ SREEsoc 9pm-12am @ Ollies	8	9 Careers in the Environment w/ CSES 7-9pm @ TBD Movember Trivia 8-10pm @ TBD	10 FYIC	11
12 C-ENG-C →	13 CUBES VS SREE Games Night 7-10pm @ ME3190	14 BITSoc Autumn General Meeting 7:30-10pm @ AP 132	15 Intern Panel w/ IEEE 7-9pm @ TBD Grilled SREEse w/ SREESoc	16 Oscilloscope and AC Workshop w/ DESoc 7-10pm @ ME 4195	17 Movember Patch Auction 7-9pm @ TBD ← CDE	18 C-ENG-C Jr & Sr Design CU Hiding Event
19 →	20 →	21 Movember Euchre Tournament 7-11pm @ Leos Harm Reduction Workshop w/ CUE 7-10pm @ ME 3380	22	23 Fall VAP	24	25 Whirlwind 7pm-1am @ Lago Bar and Grill
26	27	28	29 hAmp Merch Fair 11am-6:30pm @ EDC Atrium	30 Pints With Profs 5-6pm @ TBD	1	2 CU Hiding Event

**SUBMIT TO
NEXT MONTH'S
Iron Times**

SEND US YOUR:

- Articles
- Pictures
- Answers to C-Eng Speaks

WE WANT IT ALL!
Most recent submissions can be found at:
linktr.ee/TheIronTimes

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE DOORS?

ITS A CANTEEN / LOUNGE FOR STUDENTS IN ENGINEERING AND DESIGN!

A PLACE TO CHILL ...

PLAY SOME EUCHRE!

OR STUDY BETWEEN CLASSES.

WE HAVE THE CHEAPEST FOOD ON CAMPUS

MUFFINS!

SANDWICHES!

DRINKS AND MORE

COFFEE

VOLUNTEER RUN BY STUDENTS FOR STUDENTS

LOCATED AT 3342 MACKENZIE BUILDING

LOOK FOR THE BLUE TARDIS DOORS.

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EMILY OVER AT NEWSPAPER CLUB <3

THE INFREQUENT RESPITES FROM THE HORRORS

PAPER

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MY CRUMBLING DISTRESS TOLERANCE

2 HOUR LONG VIDEO ESSAYS

COPING MECHANISMS OF VARYING SUCCESS