Exposing UVic engineering students to news and junk since 1988.

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Photo of the Week:

Submitted by Kevin Lavery

Heard a prof or fellow student say something embarrassing or incriminating? Send it to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca

“Is it better from the backside? Okay, good.” - S. Nandi ELEC 365

“When I get nervous I can’t finesse it so I just gotta bang the s*** out of it.” - Tristan 2A MECH

“No I didn’t drink, ‘cuz then I wouldn’t have had the chance to fornicate.” - Anonymous 2A

Disclaimer: The views expressed in this paper are by no means the views of the UVic ESS or any member of the UVic Engineering department and therefore, should be taken solely as opinion rather than policy. ERTW
Upcoming Events

Dec. 6th Memorial

WHAT: Montreal Massacre Memorial
WHEN: Friday Dec. 3rd, 11:30am-12:30pm
WHERE: Outside the McPherson library
WHY: All classes across the country are cancelled during this time, and as an engineering student you should make yourself aware of the reason.
CONTACT: If you would like more info, or you would like to help out, contact Tiffany Yu at tyu@uvic.ca

Final Exams

WHAT: Finals
WHEN: Mon. Dec. 6th until Mon. Dec. 20th
WHERE: Various buildings around the UVic Campus
WHY: Because society has a need to judge your worthiness in making decisions that may or may not kill someone at some point.
HOW: Do a lot of stretching, and grab a container of Vaseline.

FooLadda Standings

1. PETER & NESBITT
2. KEN/KERRY
3. DAN/JEFF
4. TEAM #1 NAT & ZAC
5. TRISTAN/TREVOR
6. MARSHALL & JUSTIN
7. BUTT-FLASH (Liam and Flash)
8. Aaron + Matt
9. THE PACIFIC RIMMERS (RAJ ‘n’ O. G.)
10. Doug and James
11. Jeremy and Ethan (Team FROSH)
12. Unlimited Possibilities (Mitchell & Nigel)
13. Ruben on Ty (no homo)
14. NO PENGUINS (Otto & Felix)
15. STU/STEVE
16. HOOKERS & BLOW (Curt & Steve)

Dating Advice For MENGINEERS...

Some say getting the girl is the easy part, it’s keeping her that’s impossible. Well here’s the trick: to keep her around, you have to keep her interested. The challenge and excitement of the chase has worn off, now it’s you that has to be challenging and exciting. Here’s how to do it:

1. Show her your transistor collection. A man with hobbies is a man with passion.
2. Increase your allure by wearing black. This will imply there are unplumbed depths to your personality. She’ll have to stick around to find out what they are.
3. Never answer a question fully or directly. Leave her hanging to keep her hanging on.

Footnotes:
(2) Hey, if it worked for Scheherazade, it’ll work for you.
(3) Vizier’s daughter. Became Persian Queen. Inventor of the cliffhanger.

- Interpersonal Chemist
I feel like I’ve got an awful lot to be thankful for these days. I’ve spent four years working stupid hours towards this hellish degree with some of the most amazing people I could ever imagine suffering with. This past Thursday was a celebration of that. To most Canadians, November 25th was just another day closer to the weekend, but while those to the north of the 49th parallel went about their business, those to the south were feasting on Turkey.

Thanksgiving is a holiday of holidays. There is no pressure for presents, no religious conflict, and no depressing anniversary to be recognized. Thanksgiving is a day for getting together with those closest to you and eating until you’re thankful. Though fables claim to explain the difference, no one truly remembers why the United States and Canada celebrate the same holiday a month apart. However, if both countries insist on maintaining a distinction between each other’s Turkey Days, then they have created circumstances worth taking advantage of; celebrate both.

From now on, no matter what country I am in, I will be celebrating American and Canadian Thanksgiving. Regardless of whether or not the government declares a statutory holiday, there is still plenty of time outside of a regular workday to meet up with friends, eat food, and be thankful! And it feels amazing. 2010 marks the first year UVic engineering committed to eating turkey in celebration of American Thanksgiving. Despite ridiculous time constraints, this wild idea was brought from the deep recesses of my American psyche, to glorious, delicious fruition. Over two days I managed to fool thermodynamics into defrosting and cooking 40 pounds of turkey. Sarah Brookes (the ex-landlord of a garden shed) arrived just in time to help put out a grease fire and stuff one of the birds with bacon stuffing. Marshall Hayward, with the help of a pep-talk from his dad, skinned and mashed 10 pounds of potatoes. There was a field of pies, gallons of last minute beverages, rolls, gravy, veggies, and more cranberry sauce than you could shake a stick at.

The best part is that nobody would have shaken a stick at the cranberry sauce. Everyone was in far too good of a mood for stick shaking on this day. There was a sense of comradery known only to engineers outside of a working environment. There was food, there was us, and there was thankfulness. The rest of the world seemed to melt away.

And then, it was over. Cleanup took no time, all of the food was consumed, and before news crews could be alerted to the phenomenon, the American Thanksgiving outpost in Victoria dissolved to the design lab. The entire event spanned an hour and fifteen minutes.

Although there were no physical leftovers, there was a certain sentiment remaining when all was said and done. All fifty thankful engineers agreed that this needs to be done again. Whether that means American Thanksgiving is celebrated in the future, or ESS potlucks become a regular staple of each semester, anything that brings engineers closer together outside of equations and homework is a damn fine idea. Happy Thanksgiving everybody.

Vincent Lyon
Food for Thought

“Some Material for your brain to chew on while you study for exams”

Life has many questions. I tend to ponder quite often on these “questions”. I do so much thinking in my spare time and lectures I could literally be described as a daydreamer and wonderer in classes. I want to create a brainstorm so that we can all ponder on solutions to these questions as well.

1. Why is our society so offended by farts, and more acceptable with burps? Sometimes it’s the other way around. When someone burps (not on command) and says “excuse me” they are excused. Shouldn’t a farter have the same privileges? If they farted and said “excuse me” people would look at them with disgust and think “OMG I CAN’T believe them!” People do both, if you deny one of those above actions, you are LYING! Let’s admit it, both of these human actions create a smell, and both involve a release of air. If a farter could be respected maybe they wouldn’t have to be so obliged to let a quiet one rip that would stink up a room. Instead they would be encouraged to “excuse themselves”, release the tension in another room and then go back to resuming what they were doing.

2. I think about this one often, smoking and drinking. Of course they are both very bad for you but we do it anyways. Smoking and drinking both create damage to our internal systems. Both influence us in some way. Depending on what you like to burn up, one is illegal and one isn’t (unless you’re a minor). Both of them are illegal when you are driving a vehicle, yet out of the two, consuming alcohol is the bigger factor of car accidents. Think about this, why is drinking more socially acceptable then? If you were in a restaurant socializing with your coworkers, ordering a martini will not make you think twice. Pulling out a joint? Not the same story. Of course many people don’t like second hand smoke and smoking in general. Fair enough. People who blaze often are often seen as bad, compared to those who party and drink heavily every week. But alcoholics? “Oh, they just like their liquor.” I don’t understand!!

3. How come guys can wear the same shirt for an entire week but girls can’t do the same? If I wore the same shirt for a whole week or even twice in a row people say to me “Didn’t you wear that yesterday?” Or they’ll look at me and assume that I also didn’t shower because of the same shirt. Why is that? I definitely don’t notice guys and their clothing changes but since I came up with this one I of course have been noticing it lately. Are girls expected to always have a good rotation of clothing attire in stow? Why is it so bad when I feel like pulling a repeat?

4. I love this one. Ever since I’ve started school I’ve never had to line up for the bathroom. Ever. It always happens; girls’ bathrooms have lines out the door whereas guys can just walk in and out as if a line up doesn’t exist in their world. Because female bathroom use is so rare in ELW, they tend to be less crowded and cleaner. Lately I’ve been finding other females from other faculties using ELW bathrooms. So guys if you want to meet girls, just stand outside the bathrooms. Don’t worry about being creepy, it’s perfectly normal. Happens all the time *cough.*

5. I don’t understand when people tell me “You only got a job because you’re a girl”. Nobody says that to guys! I never say “all you guys got jobs because you’re boys!!” It just doesn’t make sense!!!! I’m pretty sure there’s no requirement saying “you must hire 2 boys and 1 girl for your next co op”. That would be ridiculous!

- T.Y.
Drink and Dodge Recap

This semester’s Drink and Dodge tournament had an absolutely AMAZING turn out. A total of 16 teams (15 engineering squads, and one group of business students) showed up to get their drank and dodge on. Each team had themed-uniforms varying from tight and bright, to FROSH, to uncomfortably short-shirted hick types. Of particular amusement (at least to me) was “Team Fraiche;” huge props for an epic theme. Also of note, the female representation was unprecedented! Almost every team had at least one girl, and some teams were more girl than guy (team Boozed up Ballerz comes to mind).

From the get-go the atmosphere at HMCS Malahat was electric, with over a dozen teams of 6-8 players all gunnin’ for the number one spot! The venue was perfectly set up to host the tournament, with a gym large enough to run two dodgeball games simultaneously, and a SICK bar on the third floor (complete with ping-pong, air hockey, pool table, giant Jenga blocks, a big-screen TV playing the movie Dodgeball, and hordes of engineering students in various states of coherence). Organization was a little spotty, as the overwhelming number of participants through a curve ball into the tournament draw, and so a hap-hazard round robin tourney was conducted to establish seeding for a single-elimination bracket. Every team got a minimum of three games in the round robin, and was guaranteed at least one more game in the bracket, so everybody got a solid amount of playing time.

At the end of the night only one team stood apart from the crowd, and much to my chagrin that team was not Team Win, but Team Tristan. An impromptu awards ceremony was held for the victorious dodge-ballers, and the naval staff presented them with the highest honour available to any ESS event winners: a full set of Justin Bieber stickers.

Immeasurable kudos to Nathaniel for pulling off an excellent year-end event, and to everyone who helped make Drink and Dodge possible; that was one hell of a good night!

- Flash
Life in the Patch

Working in the patch is a great life experience. For those who don’t know, “the patch” refers to the oil patch. My last coop was in Alberta working for a large oil and gas production company. I will share my life experiences with you so that you too can fit in with the people in the industry. Before your first day of work make sure to take you brand new boots and ‘covies’ (Nomex coveralls) and go for a jog in a mud pit; roll around for maximum effect, this is key to not look like a tool. Oil company poster boys and girls are covered in dirt and grease and work 16 hours a day, so get used to it. Once you get a company truck to drive into the field, you’re well on your way …to doing s*** that no one else wants to do. When on a long drive, keep the window open and the country music pumped because if you fall asleep at 160 you will die. On muddy days drive from lease to lease in two wheel drive for maximum potential to drift, but if you start slowing in the mud, a clutch switch to 4 wheel is important to not get stuck – DON’T GET STUCK! If you get stuck you’re a rookie and will look like a plug. I got stuck three times. The key to getting out is not calling your closest co-worker, but waiting until someone not associated with your company drives by and pulls you out. A clean reputation is more important than an unproductive day. Once you conquer the patch you can work in any industry.

- Marshall

Top 5’s:

Sappy Things to Watch with a Girl and When to Make your Move

1. The NoteBook:
   First sex scene. No need to wait for the next one and waste your time with the actual movie.

2. A Walk to Remember:
   When Mandy Moore tells her boy that she is gonna die. Before you make your move, say something about how life is short and how you should take advantage of the opportunities you have now.

3. Sweet Home Alabama
   When Reese Witherspoon goes back to try and divorce her old husband, she’ll be “emotionally” weak.

4. Forrest Gump:
   When he meets Jenny. This is like 5 minutes in... Perfect.

5. 1994 Canucks Stanley Cup Final game 7 Tape:
   When Mark Messier scores to tie it up, because you already know what happens after that and quite honestly, you might cry.

- PR

A Final Beer Review

Ah, winter time, the perfect time to drink. We all know that every time is a great time to drink but winter is doubly so because it’s damn cold, midterms went poorly and finals aren’t looking any better. Luckily, there are plenty of brews left unrated for this final issue. I’ve saved the Swan’s brewery for last as well as a new brew pub which I must admit, I’m rather taken with. It’s called Moon Under Water and is a cross between a hockey rink sports bar and a classy English brew house. Well priced food and decent beer; located on the Vic side of the Bay Street Bridge. The guys who started it were the founders of the Bowen Island Brewery (before it sold obviously) so it is good to see they’re back in the beer business.

Recall, the scale is out of 17. Don’t like it? Take it up with Gordon Tulip. It’s mostly his fault anyways. Ten and above is a decent beer and 15 and above is an excellent beer.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beer</th>
<th>Origin</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>(out of 17)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pandora Pale Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>As pale ales go, very nice. I've had a few better ones but this one on a hot day does the trick like few others.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oatmeal Stout</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>An excellent stout, very filling and very delicious. Great for winter nights and can easily take the place of supper, or lunch, or even breakfast. I won't judge.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appleton Brown Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>A good sturdy English style ale. Running in the middle of the pack but has a certain class about it that puts it just a bit above</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckerfield's Extra Special Bitter</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>A very good bitter (though I'd place it second behind the Canoe Club's). Always does well in competitions.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra IPA</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>A run of the mill IPA, good but doesn't stand out too much.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Towne Bavarian Lager</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>A good Bavarian lager but miles behind Phillip's Dr. Funk. Dr. Funk has its s*** together, let me tell you. Damn, damn fine.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arctic Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>An odd taste but very pleasant. A good sipping beer and one, as the name implies, for colder climes.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riley's Scotch Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>I love scotch and I love ale so hooray, someone loves me too! A sipper, I can make one last all night but it's a good night, damnit!</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raspberry Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>I love this brew. It sounds goofy made with &quot;Raspberries&quot; but holy god it hits me like a ton of bricks. One pint and I'm singing to the moon (which was so epic a few nights ago! Did you see it?!)</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coconut Porter</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>Very distinctive and oddly light but very nice. I tend to like some of these odd ingredient beers and this one is pretty good.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pumpkin Ale</td>
<td>Swans</td>
<td>Lacking this year. Swan's usually has the best but this year it was too spicy and overpowering.</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pale Ale</td>
<td>Moon Under Water</td>
<td>A good Pale ale, nothing amazing but I'd order it again.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bitter</td>
<td>Moon Under Water</td>
<td>A good bitter but, like the pale ale, nothing amazing. These beers are good in the location with food and friends but not as strictly drinking beers.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light Ale</td>
<td>Moon Under Water</td>
<td>I haven't actually tried it, but my buddy with impeccable tastes said it was pretty good. Hell, if I believe him, so should you.</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stellas</td>
<td>Belgium</td>
<td>Mass produced but as big beers go, not too bad. If you get a chance to go to Belgium (beer capital of the world) go. In Belgium, Stellas is just like Molson's here.</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McEwan's Export</td>
<td>Scotland</td>
<td>A damn fine beer, sadly unavailable in BC. My dad's favorite and definitely one of mine too. Very smooth, a bit like Smithwicks actually.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McEwan's Scotch Ale</td>
<td>Scotland</td>
<td>I love this beer because it was my first introduction to scotch ales but I'll admit it, Swans has it beat.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belhaven St Andrew's Ale</td>
<td>United Kingdom</td>
<td>Fran-freaking-tastic. Excellent all around English ale. Full bodied, full of character but not ostentatious.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditional Ale</td>
<td>Big Rock</td>
<td>Man, I wrote Big Cock when I first wrote this down... Oh man, so tired. Appendages aside, it's a good beer and you'll probably snicker in the next liquor store you see this in.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gopher Lager</td>
<td>Big Rock</td>
<td>I don't typically like things named after vermin but this one is an exception. Good light beer with a bit of flavor and kick to boot.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black chocolate Stout</td>
<td>Brooklyn Brewing</td>
<td>I'd have to give this the best rating on the list. Comparable to double chocolate porter but smoother. Hard pressed to choose between them.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackberry Porter</td>
<td>Cannery Brewing</td>
<td>I lied, this is the best on the list. A great Christmas present for beer enthusiasts, especially if you buy presents for yourself.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anarchist Amber Ale</td>
<td>Cannery Brewing</td>
<td>The second best amber I've had (Stanley Park takes top spot), smooth but powerful, a nice combination.</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maple Stout</td>
<td>Cannery Brewing</td>
<td>I love maple. Everything about it. Excellent syrup, beautiful wood in its figure and robustness; this beer is no different. Noble and proud, strong yet subtle. A true Canadian brew.</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The address was __________ and it was going to be my home for the next four months. I got out of my car and rang the doorbell to meet the land lady, _____, about potentially renting her unit for the upcoming semester while I was at school. She seemed very welcoming and friendly. When I entered the house, there was a nice living space and big common room area where I could hang out after class and watch Canucks games. It also had a good sized kitchen with all the cooking utilities (including a dishwasher, a must have) and a big back yard (which had potential for many things). Most importantly, it was very close to school. Advertised as a three bedroom two bathroom, common room, kitchen and a washer/dryer downstairs I threw down a security deposit of $275.00 (half the month’s rent) and a negotiated holding deposit of $275.00 because it was only December and I wouldn’t be moving in until January.

As a new semester approached, I got rid of the worry that bothers most engineering students: I had found a place to live.

January quickly approached. The coop report was finished early this time and I had some cash in my back pocket. I was on the ferry to return to school and start my 3A semester. I had arranged to meet with _____ at the house to receive my keys and go over all the specifics. After walking into the house, I noticed that the common room had been dry walled and painted to divide it by only access of a keyed doorway, with the door closed. Interesting, I thought. However, being me, I assumed the best of everyone and shrugged it off like this wasn’t going to be a fourth bedroom. I started moving my stuff in, thinking it would still remain a common room. As the boxes opened, so did the pores in my face; I was getting tired and sweaty. Moving is a real bitch. Once I finally got settled, I started to venture around a little bit. Kind of like when you bring home an animal for the first time from the store, they stay in the corner for the first day until the waters are tested. Then, after a while, they start testing you. Fortunately for the owners, I was a docile creature. I walked into the bathroom to brush my teeth and saw an 8.5 x 11” sheet of paper, framed, outlining rules for the washroom. Yes, exactly like what you’d find at a summer camp for 10 year olds. I will never forget one of the rules reading “all toilet paper is to be placed in the waste bin.” The warning bells went off. Not only is this disgusting but it is potentially hazardous to my own health. I left the bathroom and walked into the kitchen. Unfortunately, the only thing I was fed with was another framed set of rules specialized for the kitchen this time. This trend continued as I walked into the hallway where I also found a cleaning schedule with my name next to dates. This is not where I was going to be living for the next 4 months.

I got on the horn with the old man and explained the situation. His advice was “Bryce, pack up all your things and get outta there.” Unfortunately, I didn’t have the balls to just up and walk and I was worried about these pieces of paper I had signed in December and what it might mean if I drove off into the sunset leaving the keys behind. I began to read the contract and it did have a case for “driving off into the sunset,” just in a more overly jargoned format; I was to pay what was called “liquidation damages.” Basically, if I left the contract earlier than I had agreed, I would have to pay a month’s rent, $550.00. I panicked. This place on Gordon Head became the last place I wanted to be; however, I was bound by something I didn’t have a lot of – money. I called up _____ and said I would like to meet with her to discuss the terms of the rent. Let’s just say she didn’t share the same opinion and the nice lady I had met back in December was not on the receiving line of that phone. She came over with her husband. We began to talk in my room about the contract and where I stood regarding the penalties I would have to pay. All the arguments and conditions of the contract that I had worked up before they came over became seamless and I had started to feel like I had done them wrong by putting them in such a tough position to make their own mortgage payments. I felt as big as the ball point on the end of my pen while I wrote out a $550.00 cheque for liquidation damages. I had been muscled into something I didn’t feel was right, that wasn’t right.

I told my dad the news and shared conversation with both my parents about what had gone on. They weren’t very happy either. Their son had been bullied on the playground and they weren’t going to have it.
I had moved everything out that night and had found a new place just a few days later. Everything was going well with the new place; I could flush the toilet paper down the toilet and clean the house at my leisure. I was busy with school and my mom was looking into some legal action, but progress was slow. It was now almost a month after I had moved out, midterms were around the corner and I had little time to do things myself. I had remembered my old roommate that was in law school telling me about a service that the UVic Law program offered called The Law Centre. Their service was to provide low income workers and students of UVic with legal services for free – bingo. I had nothing to lose so I called them up.

To be honest, I had never met with a lawyer before and didn’t really know what to expect. Would I be put in a room with one way glass and a tape recorder lying on the desk? Arriving early for my appointment I was put in a room and instructed to wait. I sat there in my chair listening to the stir of the office and watching the people walk by in the office through the window. I wondered what cases they were dealing with... A very clean cut, grey-haired man entered with cuff links, an expensive looking watch, and suspenders – this was my guy. He started to ask me about what had happened and I explained all the details. I told him about the toilet paper, the contract, the liquidation damages and everything else that went wrong. He took it all down on his yellow notepad and said he would write up a demand letter to _____ for the liquidation damages to be refunded with ‘further legal action pursued if the money was not returned to me.’ There was no doubt about it; I had been screwed over by these land owners. Not only had they falsely advertised, (oh yes, the dry walled common room did turn out to be a fourth bedroom) but they also started forcing rules on me that I did not agree to in the contract. Although my lawyer had asked me to go after more money, I made it very clear that I was only interested in the money which I thought was rightfully mine. The “more money” part ended up being some legal muscle to scare them into coughing up the dough right away; funny, I found myself in a similar situation about a month before this meeting. The lawyer and I shook hands and parted ways, telling me that he would have my demand letter mailed to _____ soon and I would be hearing from him.

About three days later, I was walking on campus and got a call from the law office – it was my lawyer. He had told me that _____ had offered a settlement of $300.00 and that she would like to speak with me personally. I was slapped in the face with three one-hundred dollar bills and was asked to talk about it? “No,” I immediately replied. “Tell _____ I will not settle on $300.00, the amount is to be paid in full, and also I would not like to speak with her. Tell her all forms of communication are to go through you first… if that’s possible.” Remember, I didn’t really know what I was capable of with this lawyer, so I tried that one out. He absolutely complied and told me that he would make sure she understood what I had requested. My lawyer had written another letter and sent it to _____ basically saying if you don’t give my client his money within 5 business days, we would be following through with that “more money” we were talking about earlier.

The next day after I had finished classes, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and saw that I had a new voicemail from the law office. I threw in my voicemail password and pressed the speaker hard against my ear. “Mr. Donnelly this is the law office calling. I have a cheque here for you in the amount of $550.00 from Ms. Wang. You can come down anytime to pick it up during our business hours.” That was it. End of message. End of story. I hope the good guy won, but it would be a little biased of me to say that he did.

For the record, I didn’t gloat afterwards. I didn’t call up _____ and say “Hey _____, you know that $550.00 you coughed up? Well that’s going towards my new TI-89 Titanium calculator, so you and tough equations can suck on it.” I let it go. And I don’t think I’ll be returning around those parts any time soon.

I hope that this has awakened her knowledge of the resourcefulness of university students and I also hope that you, as the reader, will not let this happen on your next shop for a place to live. You have legal rights, use ‘em. Any questions? Talk to my lawyer.

- Bryce Donnelly
Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18)
When you tell yourself that you just need to try harder, well, you need to try significantly harder than *that.*

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20)
You will find some money on the street. It won’t be a lot of money, but you’d better pick it up. Trust me.

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 19)
I didn’t want to have to tell you... but you’re a jerk, destined for failure. I guess I didn’t have to tell you that; I just wanted to. So much for that first part.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20)
Remember to put out milk and cookies for the spirits. They get mighty cranky and vengeful when they don’t get their cookies.

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20)
If you haven’t submitted work to the Fishwrap yet, it’s too late! You’d better cancel whatever you had planned for next term and become the editor for the Tubes and Wires. All of you!

Cancer (Jun 21 - Jul 22)
Go ahead and do a genuinely good deed for another person and find out, as it goes ignored, why more people aren’t nicer more often.

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22)
Try eating badly and doing less. What’s the worst that could happen?

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22)
Make more use of the free phones on campus, even if you have no one to call. Your lucky numbers for the week are the odd ones.

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 22)
One Libra claimed to speak for everyone when he traded blissful immortality for a second beer. That is why no one likes you.

Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 21)
I see a cloudy, blustery future for you in the coming weeks, with a high probability of rain.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21)
Music will cheer you up! It won’t make you better looking or more successful though.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)
Beware of rickety old bridges over spikey depths.
CAN YOU SPOT ALL 10 DIFFERENCES?

NOTE: The alien and associated Santa bits count for only one difference.

Today I will be putting you through a series of exercises to prepare you for the final exam.

That seems practical...

Oh for $**%# sake!!!

AHHH! Oh God, it's horrible!!

My knees!!

And remember to fill in your name on the test AND the bubble sheet.

FLASH
Editor’s Note

This has been a crazy, crazy semester, and perhaps what’s crazier still, is that in less than three weeks it’ll be over! Good-bye 3B and hello fourth year. CREEPY! We’re gettin’ terrifyingly close to the end. Don’t you second and first years worry too much yet though; you still have a ways to go before the light at the end of the tunnel appears to be within reach.

It’s funny, we all joke about how insane this program is and what an awful time we’re all having and I think a lot of us concentrate too much on the stress and the work and we forget to enjoy ourselves along the way! This might be the most ridiculous and time-consuming degree you can take, but it’s also your university experience, and you’ll want to be able to look back on it and smile and maybe have a good laugh. Sure, you can say you don’t have time to do this, or you’re too busy to do that, but at some point you’ll realize that you’re entire post-secondary education slipped by without you. SO HAVE A GOOD TIME! Participate in some events, join a yoga club, paint a picture of two panda bears playing twister! You’ll be better off for it, mentally and spiritually. Don’t lose sight of what makes you happy in life.

Now that I’ve imparted upon you my wisdomly words of guidance (which, by the way, are strongly influenced by a lack of sleep; yay all-nighter number... seven? Wow...), I would like to just say what an honour it has been to be your Director of Communications for the semester. My grades have suffered, my mental and physical health are questionable at best, but damn, I have a ton of good memories from the past three months.

Well, I’m off to Calgary for the Spring, but I’ll hopefully see most of you again in the summer. Good luck on exams!

Flash
essa-com@engr.uvic.ca

Sudoku!!

Because putting numbers into boxes will somehow make you live forever.

```
   | 4 | 9 | 8 |
---|---|---|---|
 3 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
 8 |   |   |   |
---|---|---|---|
 9 |   |   | 7 |
 2 | 6 | 7 |   |
 8 | 2 | 6 | 3 |
 6 | 8 | 5 |   |
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If you encounter any of the above-mentioned people, please give them a high-five. Thank you.

Happy Holidays

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