

THE FLOUNDER



April Issue...

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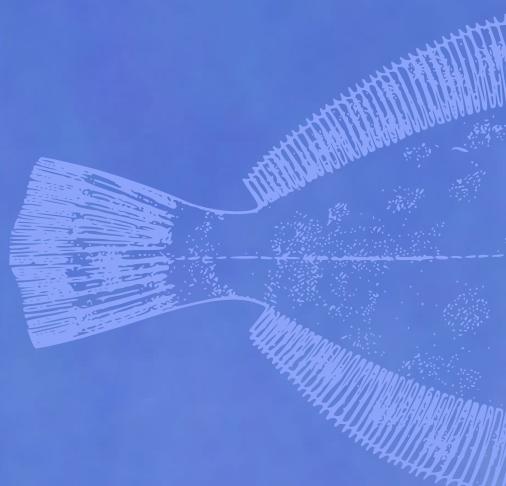
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Just in: Bill C-11 possibly not a good idea

By: Billy C. Ven --

To the public, Bill C-11, an Act created to sustain Canadian culture and online content, is extremely controversial. The bill seeks to moderate online content and strongly compel online streaming platforms to promote Canadian content. Its benefits may seem appealing at first glance, but its introduction of regulations, taxation, and unclear instructions is troubling. To The Flounder, this bill is extremely unsatisfactory.

As the largest entertainment source of modern day, The Flounder believes that although some of Bill C-11's requirements present no challenges to the Flounder company, such as that "content must provide a balance of information, enlightenment and entertainment for people of all ages, interests and tastes," others may. The additional potential taxation for online services that contravene Bill C-11, for example, is simply unfeasible. The Flounder has never been one to strictly comply with any rules. Unfortunately despite the fact that The Flounder name is a common topic of discussion and The Flounder itself a symbol

of worship in households across Canada, the organization itself is (fin-ancially) in the red. All revenue is spent on 24K gold-flaked fish food for Patricandra, the CEO of The Flounder. Another crucial issue is Bill C-11's vague requirement of "public and private endorsement of archetypal French language programs." The CEO has only just recently become fluent in English, and the mere thought of having to learn another language is turning The Flounder belly-up.

Sadly, the CEO is not the only one in the company lacking an ounce of French-language fluency. If producing French content becomes mandatory, The Flounder will have to hire French writers and editors, and perhaps promote a new employee to co-CEO, which is out of the question. The Flounder has ample difficulty paying its current staff who, underpaid, unappreciated, and une-fish-ient, are notoriously late with every deadline.

Categorically, Bill C-11 threatens to create an environment of unattainable and overly strict, yet ambiguous rules for online Canadians and especially those associated with The Flounder.

One Billion Lions vs. The Flounder

By: Ethad Baltet

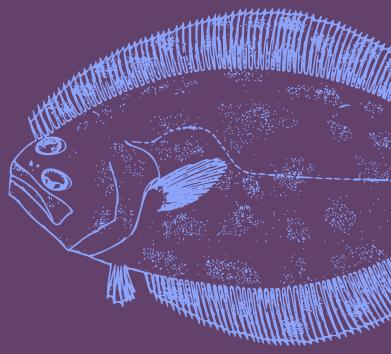
In one corner, there is the combined force of one billion lions, predators, at the top of their food chain armed with fierce claws and teeth. They're known as the Kings of the Jungle even though they don't live in jungles. Going non-existent toe to 5 billion toes with the lions is The Flounder, a being of worship with a vast cult following. Behind its floppy exterior is a sophisticated and calculating mind making this fight a brains and brawn vs. brawn matchup. It's obvious, one might contend, what would happen if they met in a Waffle House but for the sake of our readers' morbid curiosity, let us go over each and every way this completely fictional thought experiment would utterly decimate the lions.

You might be inclined to think that one billion lions have several advantages over fish, including The Flounder, such as limbs, mobility on land, and their sheer number. Frankly, such logic is sorely mistaken. 10, no 100 times more lions would be required to make The Flounder break a sweat.

In fact, that ability to live on land will be the lions' downfall. With lungs comes an inability to live underwater and the Earth is covered in 93% water. Therefore, how could a single lion come within striking range of The Flounder? In the water, The Flounder has the immediate upper hand and in face of this immense power, the lions' bodies being made up of 124% water, would crumble.

Our keen readers may find it fishy that this hypothetical only takes place in aquatic habitats. Surely, if the fight were to take place on land, death would befall The Flounder by mere suffocation. While that may be semi-plausible, The Flounder doesn't even need to engage in a fight to win. Lions, like all living creatures, are subject to their needs: water, food, light, regulated temperatures, etc. If a billion lions truly had to co-exist on this Earth, those needs could not be met, leading to a classic case of scarcity soon followed by their demise. The Flounder would be happy to outlive them, sipping tea and reading The Flounder, keeping its brain sharp.

All of the above neglects to mention The Flounder's strength, principally derived from its cult following. Having the fastest-growing audience in the world means the longer the fight drags on, the stronger The Flounder will become. No matter how you look at this fight, the outcome is the same: all one billion lions will be left floundering around helplessly at the fins of our fish god and saviour.



The Flounder Is Cut In Half Due to a Lack of Ideas

"Vertically. You really cut the paper in half vertically. Who the

By: i give up

In a bold and slightly fishy turn of events, the Flounder has been cut in half - vertically. Yes, vertically. The cut was not made by some printing error or joke by the “serious” competing newspaper The Lyon, but rather, by the editors themselves due to a lack of ideas. This all traces back to a meeting in late December.

The Flounder, known for fishy reporting and questionably phishy marketing, has been struggling to put out issues. Even self-proclaimed “writers” in English class found the humor staler than the food day products and the writing falling short of their glorified Quora posts they call essays. The Flounder was in dire need of a fresh perspective. At a recent meeting, staff realized that if they cut the paper in half, then there is half as much to dislike. Unfortunately, the staff were clueless as to how to cut it in half, so it was passed to the editors.

Unfortunately, editors being only useful for cutting stuff and not actually adding any ideas of their own, went with their primal instinct and grabbed a saw to chop down the paper faster than their dreams of being writers. This left the rest of the staff feeling frustrated and disappointed, but there remained a spark of hope. The writers had hopes of someone other than their English teacher actually reading their writing.

Despite mixed reactions, the Flounder is determined to swim upstream and make a comeback. This has paved the way for new business ventures. Students are now advised to get the full article on Saturdays to buy the other half of the article that was never meant to see the light of day, which will be available for purchase from the weird room in the basement that reeks of fish (rumor has it that is why the pool is off limits). Meanwhile, readers are encouraged to stay tuned for more reporting from the Flounder - or at least until they figure out how to glue their newspaper back together.



LET'S GO, LYONS! – And Flounders?

By: The Flyin', Fryin' Fish

Mackenzie's winter sports teams had thrilling seasons this year, filled with hours of practice, commitment, great teamwork, and spirited games. And for this, we can thank not only our Lyons, but also our frenemies: flounders.

First, both boys' basketball teams were very successful this season, and we all know they deserved to go further, so why didn't they? Flounders. Players and audience members alike noticed these feisty little fish sitting in the opposing teams' basket during the junior and senior boys' basketball games, obviously hired by the opposing teams to knock Mackenzie's shot attempts out of the basket (while giving off incredible attitude, may I add). However, to the great dismay of Mackenzie's Lyons, the referees were incapable of calling out the violation due to the lack of on-site cameras to prove foul play.

Sometime after those controversial basketball games, the flounders were officially found guilty of game interference. As punishment, they were forced to sit on the Mackenzie team bench, supporting the school whom they had just cheated against, during the junior girls' volleyball semi-final game. However, in a bizarre turn of events, Mackenzie had no choice but to sub on three flounders because numerous Mackenzie players were mysteriously absent from the game. Fortunately, these hot-tempered flounders were actually professional volleyball players in the OFVL (Official Flounder Volleyball League) – the one problem being that OFVL games are played exclusively underwater. Thus, the squirming flounders fared poorly in the above-ground volleyball game, hence the junior girls' loss.

When it came time for the senior girls to play their north region finals game, they too were down several players. However, having learned of the flounders' exceptional underwater volleyball talent, potentially-

haunted pool, to which the opposing team agreed out of curiosity. This move turned out exceptionally well for the Lyons, as the flounders dominated with their terrific underwater volleyball moves, securing the win for the Lyons and bringing home a special plaque.

Flounders also took on Mackenzie sports on the ice this winter. This year, the varsity boys' hockey team boasted an impressive regular season record, but ultimately lost their first playoff game. And yes, the flounders were involved yet again. After contributing to the senior girls' volleyball victory, the flounders were ready to lead other Mackenzie teams to the championship, namely, the boys' hockey team. This time, the flounders chose to explore an area of the game previously untouched by flounders – officiating. After obtaining an abnormally quick referee certification, two flounders were set to officiate the upcoming playoff game between Mackenzie and Northview. All would have gone in favour of the Lyons, but the flounders, who thought the game would take place in the Mackenzie pool, had a dispute with members of the hockey team the day before the big game regarding the value of playing underwater hockey. The flounders were reported feeling "mildly bothered by the team and their strange and abnormal desire to play hockey on a rink as opposed to underwater". Due to this disagreement, the flounder referees ganged up against the Lyons, making some highly questionable calls during the game, which led to the Lyons' eventual loss.

The winter sports season has undoubtedly been a wild rollercoaster ride for our Mackenzie Lyons. From the proud and celebratory wins to the disappointing losses, the Lyons have fought hard and strong, and all the teams have much to be proud of. But the biggest takeaway from this winter sports season is this – always be on the good side of flounders. Otherwise, the tide might turn against you, and things might get just a little bit fishy.

Mackenzie Through the Years

"We shall discusseth our plans for the grand weeketh of spirit" - Julius Caesar, former President of the Mackenzie Student Council

By: Prince Phillip VIII

Mackenzie, is old, I believe this to be true. 5834 BCE is not too long ago in the great scope of humankind's existence, but in light of our four years of highschool? 5834 BCE is prehistoric. As I calculated the number of years that have passed since I wrote my first Flounder article in 1858, I began my slow descent into madness.

Whilst working on said article, I stumbled upon, in the school's musty undergrounds, a corridor with riches of the past you could not begin to imagine: William Shakespeare's lesson plans, trophies, yearbooks, and the report cards of his students (he failed many). Most interestingly, I found a large book, "The Constitution of the Students' Council of Mackenzie", a foreword from the 50 BCE Council President, Julius Caesar, and over a hundred typewritten pages revealing twenty years of drafts and changes. I was enthralled. I later returned to the corridor, and under the light of my torch, wrote an article on the foreword.

Asking my literature studies teacher, Martin Luther King Jr, to assist with the creation of a new society named "the Delegation of Enigmatic Nerds" helped greatly. With my dear friends Marsha P. Johnson and Amelia Earhart, we founded the society in 1861. To explore the corridor to greater depths was our innocent desire. And quench our thirst we did.

Upon finding more exciting documents, notably more yearbooks from 100 CE, we proposed plans to post the retrieved in the public square. Negligible concerns from my classmate, Bruce Lee, regarding alumni privacy were duly unnoted, as the alumni in the yearbooks were dead. With great hope, we prepared the blueprints for publication on an upright table of blue light, later to be known as Wikipedia (once ours as Willimacly).

Alas, the Spanish flu felled half of my comrades. Those of us remaining were forced into quarantine. Our plans to display the information had to be postponed. In the meantime, we recorded the school's current achievements with etchings on stone tablets, and watched with dismay as outsiders published our unhidden, editable blueprints, errors and all.

Nevertheless, I continue to this day to be hopeful for retribution, and am astonished by the vast history our school possesses, despite its size.

To all ye young folk, I have one message. Tis easy to take the state of the world for granted, but things are changing, and only two things will remain a constant: the existence, superiority, and greatness of the Flounder. History is an active thing, you may as well procrastinate.



MATCH OF A CENTURY

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