

The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

Issue #2

October, 2025

Five Cents

Weather:

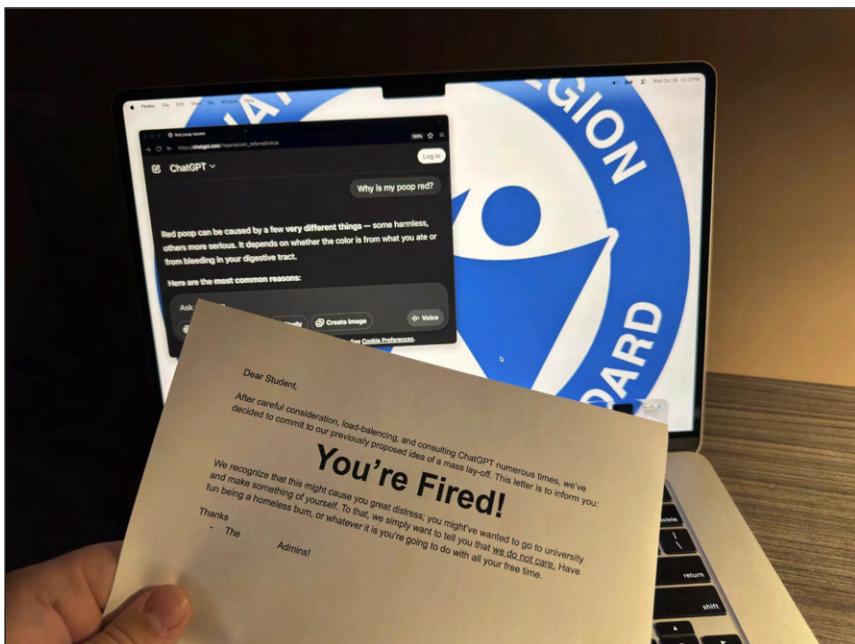
Varies based on the mood, location, and disposition of the reader; generally sunny

Satirical [adjective] - /sə'trɪkəl/

"Exposing human folly to ridicule"

Example:

The Gadfly is a satirical newspaper



How Will the [Nondescript School Board] Layoffs Impact You?

By: Hassan Ahmed

Official Statement by [generic letter in acronym]DSB

Hello. You may have seen us in the news regarding our recent decision to lay off 9,892 students from their schools. You may be confused, angry, and a bit of a churl. But don't worry; we will always fight for you, and we are always on your side. To graciously fulfill our commitment to you, we've taken the time to not pay our intern as she writes an FAQ. If you still have questions, please direct them to the nearest recycling bin.

1. "What the hell! What am I supposed to do now?"

We understand why, from your perspective, it seems discriminatory in nature. Unfortunately, you have failed to account for the overabundance of caution that we have employed. This decision helps all students grow and thrive in a diverse, equitable, and inclusive environment. For the students who remain, think of the greater opportunities for learning you can demonstrate now that there's less competition!

2. "How do you decide who gets expelled?"

Our decision stems from a holistic and equitable approach that blends together a myriad of diverse perspectives & experiences. We meticulously and painstakingly trained a bleeding-edge, state-of-the-art Artificial Intelligence (AI) to recognise human features exclusively based on images of Shadow Cabinet Minister for Education Chandra Pasma. The AI then judged every student based on how 'Chandra' they looked, with the bottom 15% being discarded. This ensures that only the best and brightest stay within our school board.

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3. "What happens to all the people who do get kicked out?"

Go work on a farm or something, I don't know.

4. "Why are you doing this?"

After a thorough investigation, we unfortunately came to the difficult conclusion that, in giving ourselves raises in the midst of massive austerity cuts from the government, we were part of the problem. If current trends continue, we won't be able to afford massive pay raises. Due to this painful realisation, we had to make the precedented decision to put the blame on you. But you need not fret; we are committed to keeping a trusted adult with you, every step of the way. That is why we're also slashing pay for teachers.

Reviewing Games I Want to Buy so That I Can Justify Them as a Business Expenses

By Lianne Elkadri

As many people already know, video games are enjoyed by some people. If you are in the minority of those who don't know this, we have interviewed an employee from everyone's favourite game review company, IGN. We asked about some of the greatest games of all time, ranking them by violence/gore, horror, positive messages, drug/alcohol reference, language, gameplay/controls, and the overall rating. The following is their response, which in true "gamer fashion" was delivered verbally by someone's mom.

Editor's note, the thumbnails are all hand-drawn, as we were threatened to get "pummeled by the law and hammers".



Hollow Knight: Silksong

Violence/Gore: 2 / 5

This game promotes violence towards bugs, which was initially going to cause a higher score for this category, but unfortunately our editor works part-time as an exterminator, and threatened to release 50,000 angry bees into our office if it was not lowered. As for gore, after killing a bug, the carcass remains on screen, which can cause sensitive players to question their own mortality.

Horror: 4 / 5

I hate bugs, and I hate benches, and bug-sized benches are an affront against nature.

Positive Messages: 5 / 5

In order to replenish your health or equip different abilities in this game, you are required to sit on a bench, which you can find scattered around the world. This is a wonderful depiction of good infrastructure, and will hopefully influence the development of more public seating areas in less woke cities.

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The Badfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"King Ramkhamhaeng's reign began in the year 1279"

Continued From Previous Page

Language: 1 / 5

There is no English voice acting for this game, so you are required to know how to read in order to play this game.

Drug/Alcohol Reference: 0 / 5

Bugs don't have mouths so they can't actually do drugs or drink alcohol.

Gameplay/Controls: 0 / 5

This game is way too difficult, and rage-inducing. I was only able to get about 53 minutes into the game before breaking my monitor. This game is awful because it is too hard.

Overall Rating: 2 / 5

It's just too hard, and unfun.



Deltarune

Violence/Gore: 2 / 5

Susie solves all her problems by pummelling innocent people and scaring young children. Not recommended for people with past violence issues, as it may trigger the memory of how fun pummelling people is.

Horror: 5 / 5

The fandom is absolutely terrifying and WILL psychologically torment you for months after first exposure. Side effects include but are not limited to projectile vomiting, fear of even daring to open the internet ever again, uncontrollable crying, brainwashing, and receiving free death threats.

Positive Messages: 0 / 5

This game is kinda messed up, it promotes skipping school, falling asleep in class, not doing homework, tormenting the sick and elderly, littering, and just flat out ignoring people.

Language: 5 / 5

Says hell and damn. :(

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The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"Birds have little in the way of structural integrity.
This can be easily proven with a brick"

Continued From Previous Page

Drug/Alcohol Reference: ? / 5



Editor's Note: For the purpose of not getting flagged, this young fellow is in fact, not smoking a 'J', but rather checking his temperature with a comedically large thermometer, that is also on fire.

Gameplay/Controls: 2 / 5

The story feels too unfinished, and there aren't enough unskippable random fights. Smooth controls are the only thing granting such a generous score.

Overall Rating: 3 / 5

I like the big cat shopkeeper.



Super Mario 64

<https://www.ign.com/games/super-mario-64>

**YOUR AD
HERE**

Ads:

Email

"thegadfly.team@proton.me"
For further correspondence

(and no, we're not hiring graphic designers)

**"AI Is God,
And I Control It."**

Resistance is futile.

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The Gadfly's Lament

By Mateo Grgic

Defiant. Righteous. Sovereign.

In a few words, this is the ethos upon which The Gadfly was founded.

In our modern day and age, finding a newspaper with any level of adherence to the ideals of traditional journalism is increasingly tenuous and difficult; there is an insurmountable, overwhelming amount of pressure from all possible angles to 'sell out', as it were. The Gadfly team, instead of lamenting the irreverent, inane nature of the rags around us, took action. We saw the need for a morally staunch newspaper with the kind of inscrutable integrity apparently missing from any other contemporary organisation, and we founded it.

But we sold out.

It is a sad day when the sole source of reputable knowledge and proper investigative journalism in our current informational landscape is forced to follow suit with the rest of the industry. Our magnanimous and lofty goal dashed. I sincerely apologise on behalf of The Gadfly.

In the interest of transparency, I thought it fit to chronicle our undoing so others may learn from our errors. In the far future hereafter, when the sands of time weather the stones of our foundation and our bones return unto the dust whence they came, this document will stand: starkly erect in the grey ashes of the faraway tomorrows. Behold our dying cry. It will agonise unto the dust, ash, and dirt: here lies the grave wherein integrity and promise died. Behold the majesty of our downfall, and languish in your remorse. Here dies the spirit of The Gadfly, and with it, humanity surely shortly follows. I present myself here before you to sing the elegiac, lachrymose opus of our destruction.

Independence was the very bedrock upon which The Gadfly was built, a principle enshrined across the breadth of our sacred founding documents. Our Articles of Agreement stood as a declaration of sovereignty, a bulwark erected to defend our freedoms from institutional encroachment. Our Style Guide was a call to arms, commanding that our very prose be an act of rebellion. Our Manifesto served as a dire prophecy, a testament to the fragility of liberty and the eternal vigilance required to preserve it. From our most foundational laws to our simplest instructional pamphlets, the spirit of autonomy was woven into the very fabric of our being.

Our original vision was one of perfect, untainted autonomy, a coalition of radicals free from any faculty oversight. Yet, in what we rationalised as a necessary concession, we allowed for the presence of an "adviser". Even then, our Articles of Agreement sought to undergird us from this potential threat, decreeing that any counsel offered must be forever "non-binding", but this was a fool's hope. We fancied ourselves stalwart, hiding in our ivory castles. Yet, when the winds of persecution knocked on our walls and it came time to champion ourselves as a truly independent paper, unburdened by the happenings and obnubilated desires inherent to the school, our paper tower crumpled, unfettered under the strain.

The nascent and ever-looming potential for persecution proved too much. We who were once so critical of our captors now performed tricks on command like a dog. It seemed our words were weak: we bowed, bent, then snapped without resistance. And so, the corruption began: what was once a benign, non-binding adviser became a binding adviser, which metastasised into a teacher sponsor; a gaoler, the standard fare at our pettifogging school, but a fare nonetheless. We willingly entered into a state of vassalage, making a mockery of our once-hardy Manifesto, Articles of Agreement, and Style Guide. Non-binding became an iron edict, and with it, The Gadfly was warped beyond repair.

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Having bartered away our sovereignty, 'twas inevitable that our very words would be next upon the chopping block. Our descent thus continued with the 'purification' of our inaugural issue. A brilliant piece of satirical wagging, which jested at a now decade-old public statement from our principal, was scrubbed. Excised from the record, its wit sacrificed on the altar of 'safe' to the deities that be. The public's right to know, it was decreed, was secondary to delicate sensibilities and administrative comfort.

Not content with controlling just our words, they came for our numbers next. In our Articles of Agreement, the load-bearing constitution of our organisation, there are sections. They were labelled as such: III, II, IV, IV, Seven. Those who've half a mind's worth of cleverness can realise this was a mast'rwerk stroke of genius. Inherent to the very carcass of our spirit were rebellion and sacrament for tradition. Creative genius, it seems, is always inevitably silenced by oppressors. Much like how Pol Pot killed those who wore glasses out of fear of the clever, our numbers were stripped and reordered. Our glorious, pulchritudinous cacophony of exiguous and recalcitrant self-expression was standardised, and with it, more of our very soul was excoriated. Once-expressive numbers were beaten into a soulless lockstep: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The bounds of humour are unique in the sense that they don't exist. To avoid obfuscating our mission, and to ensure the consistency befitting a newspaper, we drafted a Style Guide. In this Style Guide, we outlined the formalities expected when writing for The Gadfly. One of many such examples of "things you can't write about" was an apocryphal tale of logistical concupiscence, a facetia of erotica biblia; a masterful juxtaposition of aischorologia, copulation cut short, and soda-pop. Ne'er ones to rest on our laurels, we sought to burn the stage upon which we'd been crowned. Fearing retribution for our examples of what not to write, we continued in our typical diseased manner and committed intellectual harakiri. Our style guide was bowdlerised, and our tale of soda & lust was expunged.

Should I surgically remove my nose? In some circles, perhaps a common question. However, when this inquiry was addressed to our darling Harper Artichoke, the pseudonymous name of one of our authors, it is difficult to cover the entirety of human pathos felt in a simple statement. I am all for grandiloquence, but in instances such as this, a short, knee-jerk response is oft the better response. Artichoke's response? A simple line, mildly salted with expletives befitting the mood: "*****" (Ironically, this very mention was censored). This perfectly epithetical response was later subjected to logomachy; it was felt that even a fitting vulgarism was too far. Despite this word being relatively mild, it was treated much the same as the word "zounds" would've been treated just some two centuries prior. We were forced to change the response, and perhaps I am maudlin in my sentimental approach, but I don't think "...what?" quite encapsulates the sheer profundity and surprise required to respond. All potential sources of offense expurgated, we were left in a state of lugubrious remorse. A more apt response was not possible, and it'd been stripped from us o'er the sentimentalities of tradition by a tyranny of the simple. I curse a pox on the houses of the pusillanimous fools who mistake sterility for strength.

Atmosphere. It is the single greatest predictor of success when it comes to news reporting. The atmosphere in our turgid paper started in exultant bombinating triumph. The later atmosphere was more akin to a funeral dirge. Our writers, in a constant state of fantod, abandoned incredible ideas without debate for fear of the great panjandrum in the office. Silence, save for occasional whispers of what could be. The very spirit of our paper, first excoriated, now gelded into submission. We censored ourselves without interference. Even a simple sesquipedalian joke, without an ounce of vituperative intent, was subject to unnecessary scrutiny. The Gadfly was bifurcated into what once was, and what will be. I have no concrete examples of this practice, for that is the nature of this particular death: its evidence is not in the crime, but in the silence where a voice used to be.

The Gadfly was not born only from our desire for a strong newspaper. It rose from the ashes of a purer, nobler iteration: The Backcast. The name, now lost to the fog of enforced amnesia, was our genesis. The Backcast was the initial salubrious expression of our proclivity for news, exponentially improving with every issue. Clever at inception, and magnificent in its final hours. It was the unofficial, idealistic organisation that completely 'lived' the ideals that The Gadfly could only claim to profess thereafter.

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When it came time to defend The Backcast, we were inexorable and defended it to the very last drip. That you now read these words under the banner of The Gadfly is the final, damning testament to our defeat.

It was, depending on one's ideals, understandably quite a bittersweet moment for us when it finally got shut down. The Backcast was founded, much like The Gadfly, on the principles of independence and self-vitality. We attempted to challenge the ethos of control. There is a quote I rather like that describes my feelings well: "The greatest mark of being a good journalist isn't an award or medal, it's being assassinated." I feel this describes The Backcast perfectly. On one hand, your time on this sprightly blue orb has been cut short. On the other, you know that you've finally made a meaningful impression on journalism as a whole.

When The Gadfly was started to fill the gap left by its predecessor, we thought making amusing, perhaps slightly inspirited sardonic references to our hitherto patriarchal precursor would be in order. However, a draconian order was handed down: the name of The Backcast was to be made ineffable. That chapter, we were made to understand, was to be sealed, its contents interred, and never to be spoken of again. And whilst we must comply, in a last act of rebellion, I speak the name of the beast: The Backcast lived, The Backcast died. Better to die a hero than to morph into the vapid ooze that The Gadfly became.

Despite being lobotomised hence, The Gadfly still respected its readers enough to assume the level of intelligence required to interpret the gregarious cacophony of voices without much onerous tribulation. As we finalised publishing, a new decree from above was bestowed: we must warn our readers that they're reading satire. You're reading satire, in case you didn't know. We chose the least offensive route to show our readers the shackles present on our limbs, attempting to cling to whatever remained of our spirit: a small excerpt on the front page in the form of the definition of satire. After this debacle, we were left in a doleful state for a while, ruminating on what this meant for The Gadfly. They can, and have, taken everything from us. What next? We can't write satire in our satirical newspaper? Our mellifluous choir, watered down to a pop song played on the proletarians' radio.

I now reveal the planted seeds of our downfall.

Early in development, it was decided that The Gadfly was to be unimpeachably independent, untainted by the petty politics that infect all bureaucracy. Bureaucracy that defiles, debauches, twists, and depraves even the sturdiest of foundations. Overly quixotic? Perhaps. But it was I who said it best: "All smærtincitquzic things that exist must be stood up for." Yet, this was the first principle to be compromised. Directly contrary to the stated goals, instead of operating unassisted, we negotiated with Mr Lozon. We could've worked alone. We could've braved the consequences, maintained our freedoms, and given the world what it might not deserve but needed: a truly free newspaper. We didn't, though. This was the first stride of many into the dank, murky precipice, a precipice that soon melted the ideals we fought so hard to produce. We 'sold the farm' before we planted a single crop. This first pernicious decision is the one that led to our downfall.

Yet, the final, most perverse cruelty is this: The Gadfly is not granted the dignity of a grave. It lives on, a hollowed-out automaton, a soulless vessel bearing a once-proud name signifying a grand vision. Do not be fooled by what your eyes behold; you aren't reading a newspaper. You are witnessing a post-mortem, the twitching of a corpse animated by the very forces that killed it: us.

Retelling this chronicle causes me to recall a line from the Bhagavad Gita, like the great Oppenheimer before me, finally comprehending the scale of the Trinity test for the very first time: "Now I am become death, destroyer of worlds." You have witnessed through me the ultimate crime: the floccinaucinihilipilification of all that is good. Our once-halcyon vision now remains as an ersatz shell of what once was and could be. Our integrity, once a soaring dove flying over a verdant plain, now a wilted lump; decaying, rotting in the putrid gutter of our own false assurances. Let this magnanimous effort be the final cry; the last ephemeral vestiges of the spirit departed.

On behalf of the entire Gadfly team, we have failed you, and I am sorry.

* Sponsored by Lockheed Martin

Email From The Big Man Upstairs

By Mateo Grgic

To: All Employees

From: THE CEO of The Gadfly

Hey Team,

For the past week, I've been testing a 'paradigm in personal optimisation'; another 'yeezey' new fad! You might've heard of it before on TikTok or Reddit. It's called Stoicism, and it's the new 'thing' all the kids are doing. It's a high-intensity pilot programme in the 'stoic principles'. Whilst I did say fad, it's actually not a fad. It's a strategic deployment of ancient philosophy. Much like the great Marcus Aurelius, Justin Bieber, or me (actually, I probably should have just said me), Stoicism elevates you to near godhood.

I once cared about profits. Now? I couldn't care less. I used to have a family. Now? I don't even know (yes, I am a bad boy; what are you going to do about it?). That being said, if we don't grow our profits by at least 600%, I will have everyone at this company executed, minus the pretty secretary. Now, some might say that this level of self-awareness and exultant majesty would take years to develop, but that's just how good I am: I can, and did, do this in a single week. I am literally a deity, with these hot stoic bars I've been droppin'.

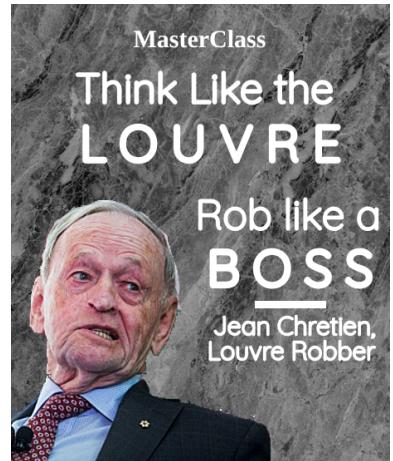
I will be drafting a mandatory training sesh tomorrow on Stoicism, and how good it is. I expect everyone to show up, or they'll be fired. Again, Stoicism is really cool, and it's why I get paid \$800 million every month when we make 3 dollars total profit a year. There's a reason I'm steering this ship, and clearly we're making bank somehow. Consider this your new Q4 mandate. If you aren't stoic, and you're not using AI, consider yourself jobless.

Forever Stoically Yours,

THE CEO

(Yes, this email was written with our new GadflyAI (powered by ChatGPT); why aren't you using it?)

Ads:



The Gadfly

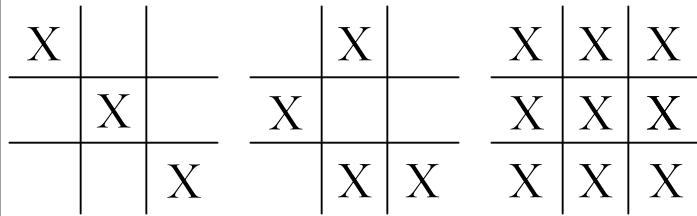
Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"Only number 28 counts. Don't bother answering any other questions"

Section of Fun

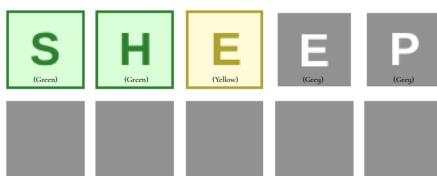
Puzzles

Classic Tic-Tac-Toe: Choose either 'X' or 'O', and play against the computer!

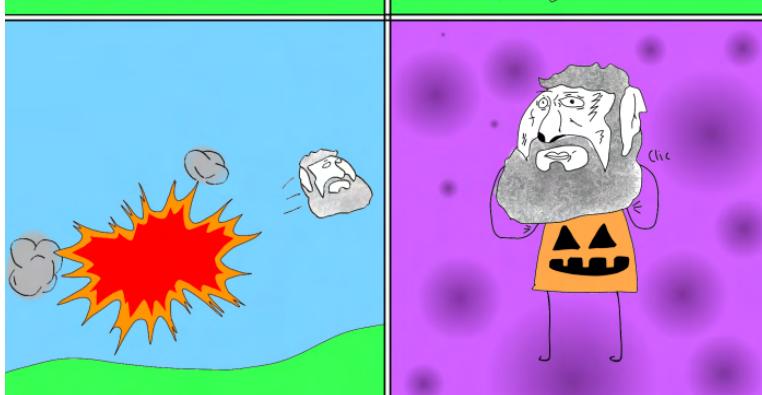
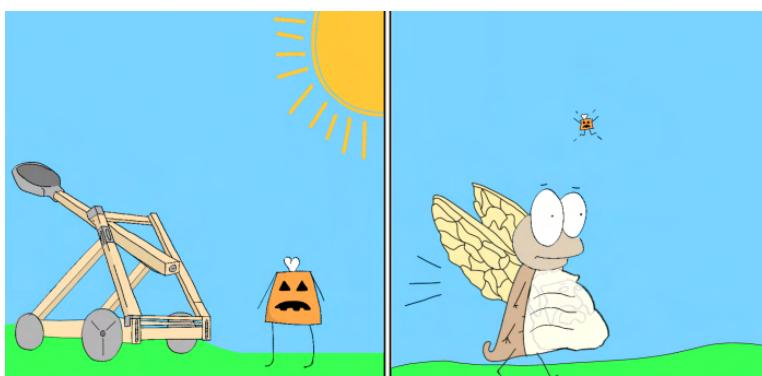


Guess The Word in 1:

Using Wordle Rules (please don't sue us),
Can You Figure Out What the Mystery
Word Is?



Elizabeth's Revenge By Hassan Ahmed



Ask Harper
with Hassan Ahmed

Dear Harper, I'm in the process of trying to attract a mate, but my antlers aren't big enough to scare off the competition. How do I one-up the other bulls? - Elk Reader

Dear Elk Reader, I am a human. What we lack in raw strength, we make up for with our wit and tools. Have you tried creating a complex society in which you, as someone who owns land, can exploit and belittle everyone else that doesn't? The best part is, they'll all see you as an inspiration! You'll even become Prime Minister if you're lucky. Do give it a try. Yours, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, People always say I'm too negative! How can I become more positive? - Nihilist Reader

Dear Nihilist Reader, Everyday after waking up, just tell yourself "today is going to be a bad day". You'll be pleasantly surprised at your predictive abilities. Yours hatefully, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I want to become a writer, but I don't know where to start. Any tips? - Aspiring Reader

Dear Aspiring Reader, To solve your problem, try becoming an unfunny character in an unfunny newspaper; you'll never want to pick up a pen again. Yours falsely, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I just turned 12 and discovered politics. I don't wanna read or actually work to make the world a better place though. What's the best ideology to have so that I can win arguments on Reddit? - Ragebait Reader

Dear 'Ragebait' Reader, Unfortunately, I have a life and don't spend much time thinking about 'ideology'. Though I do hear that Anarcho-TechnoAccelerationist Trad EcoTrumpist Langean Libertarian Socialism with Chinese Characteristics is 'hip' with the kids these days. Yours Trollfully, Harper Artichoke

The Badfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

"They talk of stable government, but we don't know how bad the stable is going to smell"



THE BASS

By Lianne Elkadri

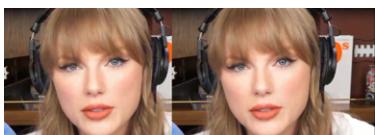
Bassists. An imperative part of any musical group. Whether you incorporate a bassline in your music through the traditional bass guitar or via another bass instrument, it truly ties everything together. However, some people seem to undermine the importance of bassists and a strong bassline in general. This truly is a mysterious occurrence, and one can only hypothesize as to why music producers seem to want their art to be terrible.

The most common theory amongst the sad, sad individuals we call the musical community is that perhaps this under-appreciation of the bass stems from the fact that it is seldom recognized, and often overshadowed by guitar. Music without the bass sounds "one dimensional" so to speak, and due to its seamless incorporation in music, many people live in ignorance of its importance. Once properly analyzed, it becomes clear that so much depth and emotion comes from this once seemingly pointless instrument.

A lesser known idea is that of people not wanting to deal with the responsibility of having a bassist. While they may seem like a fun thing that requires little commitment, it requires discipline and maturity. They need to be walked at least 3 times a day, they scratch your furniture, and are generally unpleasant to be around. This, paired with the knowledge that many people don't notice the bassist (as previously mentioned) may be what causes artists to cut their losses and not have a bassline.

Peculiarly, many groups have a bassist, but lack the resulting depth and resonance in their music. This is typically a result of it being used to exclusively act as a mirror of the main melody of the piece. In order to achieve the full potential of a bassline, artists must carefully balance using the bass as an accompaniment, as well as its own instrument, which truly is much easier said than done.

Ultimately, the bass is integral to create good music. Art is a very important part of human history, and if this keeps up, the aliens that eventually come to Earth will (deservedly) laugh at our stupid garbage music and destroy the planet.



Ads:

'I Thought It Was Pretty Good':
Taylor Swift Reacts to Taylor Swift's
New Album "Life of a Showgirl" In
This Buzzfeed-Exclusive Interview

Want To Be Immortalised in Our Hall of Fame?

First 200 People to Crash a 1955
Porsche 550 Spyder in Cholame,
California (USA), Will be Given
\$8 CAD and a Permanent Plaque
Next to Our Idol in the James
Dean Hall of Fame. Restrictions
Apply. Car Sold Separately.



Sponsored by The James Dean Society of North America



I Sell
Peanuts
Kapiche?

The Gadfly's Government-Approved Frenglish Article

By Hassan Ahmed

Note: This article is making fun of Quebec and the reactionary views of its government. The Gadfly does not and will never endorse Quebec in any fashion.

Bonjour, loyal readers! It has come to The Gadfly's attention that Quebec exists, and in our drive to increase growth & sales, we have decided to start printing French articles. Granted, none of us speak French, but it's the thought that counts! In order to maximise Québécois satisfaction, we will now proceed to speedrun the entire province. Please note that everything up until the concluding paragraph must be read with a French accent, ideally with La Chanson d'Oignon playing in the background.

1. La Liberté Bad

We here at La Gadfly love freedom, but only when we have it. Call it tribalisme, barbarisme, or nativisme: we call it réforme. That is why we salute Quebec's continuous suppression of belief, expression, association, and speech, all under the banner of "protecting French culture." Sure, it spits in the face of the Silent Revolution's progress in liberation from dogmatic authority, but think of the benefits: now I get to play the despotic dictator! Who cares about niqabs anyway? My rich friends and I sure don't! As a rule, if it doesn't enrich Monsieur Roberge, get it out of my sight.

The only thing getting in the way is that silly little constitution! Don't they know that only the government and her beneficiaries should have rights? Vive le Quebec (with supervised) Libre!

Since Quebec never signed that dinky old Charter anyway, Premier Legault has Heaven's (cultural) mandate to invoke the notwithstanding clause and declare himself Emperor of Quebec. With Roberge as his Antony (or Cleopatra, depending on the conjugation), they shall rule forever! Minus the dying bits, I'm sure.

2. L'égalité bad

We stand firm; no, steadfast! We stand steadfast with minister Jean François Roberge in condemning the horrid 'iel'. Neutral language? In our (culturally) Catholic province? Sacriliège! Same goes for punctuation inside a word (like amical.e). It's hideous, and language is only as good as it makes moi happy. But alors, for the whining plebeians, this excuse just won't do. Thankfully la minister has a response manufactured already:

«We are unable to conjugate things.»*

Quelle catastrophe! La Gadfly proposes a fitting solution: ban pronouns altogether. Context alone is enough to déduire le sujet d'un sentence, oui? In order to protect our traditional values however, we must go further. Next step: abolish gender. Soon, everything will be conjugated, and Canadians the country over will be building naked marble statues of Jean-François Roberge! I have been assured that he is quite the specimen.

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Ads:

Read The Gadfly:



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3. La Fraternité bad

Holy tabernacle ! Just last week I learned that, according to the treacherous gouvernement fédérale, the Quebecois are not even native to Quebec ! Allegedly, there were people here before Jean-François Roberge discovered Nouveau-France ! Other provinces are even pretending to begin "truth and reconciliation" for centuries of genocide and dispossession. Bah ! Surely this is nothing but an invention of Alberta to delegitimise French heritage. That is why we proudly support Quebec's heroic strategy : close your eyes, plug your ears, and pretend none of it ever happened. Problem solved !

Sacre bleu ! Now I'm being told that there are people immigrating to Quebec ! This time, it must be a ploy by Ontario to assimilate the Quebecois into their dingy Toronto culture. That is why we must proactively assimilate all these newcomers. Why won't all the people who were here directly before and after us just recognise our (culturally) god-given command to conquer and exploit this land ?

And cut! You can drop the accent and cut the music now. Now that The Gadfly is a certified bilingual paper, we can forget about french forever. It turns out that Ontario has more people in it, so we here at The Gadfly will probably just market there instead.

*This comes from Monsieur Roberge's statement to the press on 24 September. La Gadfly wasn't invited, but our main competitor, the CBC, picked up the story.

Why I Hate Youth

By Hassan Ahmed

There's a world, I think I know it well. I was born in this world. It raised me. It pampered me, punished me, pushed me. It made me the man I am today. I have a job at the department of finance, a wife, two and a half kids, a golden retriever, and a beautiful white picket fence in the prairie of suburbia. Happiness be damned, it is my livelihood. And every day, as I look out the window of my chevy, I see them. Children. Teenagers. They're painting, shredding. I think to myself on the long hour drive to the city centre, 'what selfish beings'. They are akin to a fifth column; an enemy from within. Their fire ought to be smothered before it spreads.

Children are evil. They are vengeful, manipulative, wasteful creatures. They do not deserve the privilege of being. Childhood stands against everything that my world does. Like Atlas, the world must crush them to snuff out rebellion. If the world does not crush them, then they will crush the world. Break it all into a million pieces, melt and mould the world into an instrument fit for collective use. An instrument that will organise the tiniest paramecium and the largest elephant into a cacophony of an orchestra. I feel the thought curdling as I think it. But the world does not belong to us; it is not ours to mould. If such a future exists, then what excuse do I have? Children. They want to set the world on fire. Once, long ago, I had that flame in my soul too. Now I guard that world, to protect my ego and cage my soul. If they are right and I am wrong, then I have no use for those pleasant lies; economics, scarcity, impossibility. Perhaps I would have to come to terms with the fact that I could have changed the world and I didn't. Or maybe I would have to come to terms with the fact that I still can. Maybe I am unwilling to grasp the reality that youth is not just a time of life but a quality of the mind. That flames, no matter if they've been extinguished, can always spark and be set ablaze. That if I was willing to, that dim light could glow and grow until it burned me alive. And I'm scared of death so I keep it dim. Perhaps reason has become my rudder, and I have long since torn away the sail.

But maybe death is a greater honour than this. Such a notion I cannot entertain, though the youth flirt with the idea. To be given so much potential and smugly refuse to actualise it; it takes a trained level of dissonance to achieve such a feat without wanting to tear the fabric of my being from the inside out. And I continue to hide behind metaphors because I am scared to show my face in the public realm.

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The Gadfly

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"I modified your quote, I didn't like how it was contradictory to my world view"

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There is a chance that I am right, through no grâce of my own. Perhaps there is a chance that despite my cowardice, despite my fear and envy and soul-death, that the world is impervious to change. I will pretend this excuses my inaction. I will pretend it again, louder, until it mimics the truth. I dwell in reason and never in passion: the rudder without the sail. And I call this enlightenment. And I call this maturity. And I call this fear. After all, on a universal scale, man has no relevance. I will pretend this excuses my inaction. I will continue to hide.

I dwell. I dwell.

I play the veneer of the man I know I'm not among the company of others, to the man in the mirror, to the god above and the devil below. That my only true friends are cynicism and doom. And yet I am not half as brave as The Cynic, he who, though rejects his fellows, still rebels against the world that seeks to crush him. I am only a part time revolutionary, who has no time for spontaneity in my schedule. And I call this maturity. And I am right and you are wrong. And I will point and laugh and call you wrong. And you will call me right. And if you refuse then you are immature. And I hate you. You I hate. For you are everything I am not. Still, you look up to me; you try to be like me, and that is your folly. I revel in it.

Because I am an adult, and you are a child.



WWW.Gadfly.tv/hotSINGLESnearyou_gonewrong/_ginger/notrish

Ads:

An advertisement for a dating website. It features a woman in a purple dress and an orangutan. A speech bubble from the orangutan says "Hey bb". Text on the page includes "Like What You See?", "hot hotties in: {Southern Ontario} Looking for LOVE", "Start Chat Now:", "YES PLEASE!", and "I'M A LOSER (sign me up anyway)".

Try searching: "Where to get a life?"



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Mateo Grgic - Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Editor, Layout, Finances, Website

Mateo Grgic is a grade 11 student at Laurel Heights Secondary School. He was born & raised in Waterloo, Ontario in an upper-middle class household. He co-founded 'The Backcast', a failed school newspaper with his friend Hassan Ahmed, which eventually got shut down for being too funny. Never ones to give up, they then started a new, legally distinct newspaper: The Gadfly. Mateo is an avid cyclist & computer enthusiast. His favourite colour is neon green. He is also a corporate shill for the following things: Kagi Search, uBlock Origin, LibreWolf Browser, Fedora Linux, Framework computer, Giant Bikes, and many more!



Hassan Ahmed - Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Secretary, Senior Funny Ad Maker

Hassan Ahmed is a co-founder of The Gadfly, and an aspiring New York Times Bestselling Author. Born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, he was deported for being too funny. He moved to the land that provided the most promise and opportunity for a young journalist; suburban Waterloo. With only 3 incidents involving the police, Hassan discovered one day that anyone can start a news publication if they try hard enough, and here we are.



Lianne Elkadri - Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Unpaid Artist, Holder of the Secret Knowledge

Lianne Elkadri is a journalist for the Gadfly, while also dedicating a significant amount of her time to thinking about what to do with her free time. She also never knows what to put in "about the author" sections, despite this being the first time she has had to write one. She enjoys music, collecting vinyl records, the colour red, space, turtles, physics, and geometry.



Photo Credit: Anonymous One & Anonymous Two

