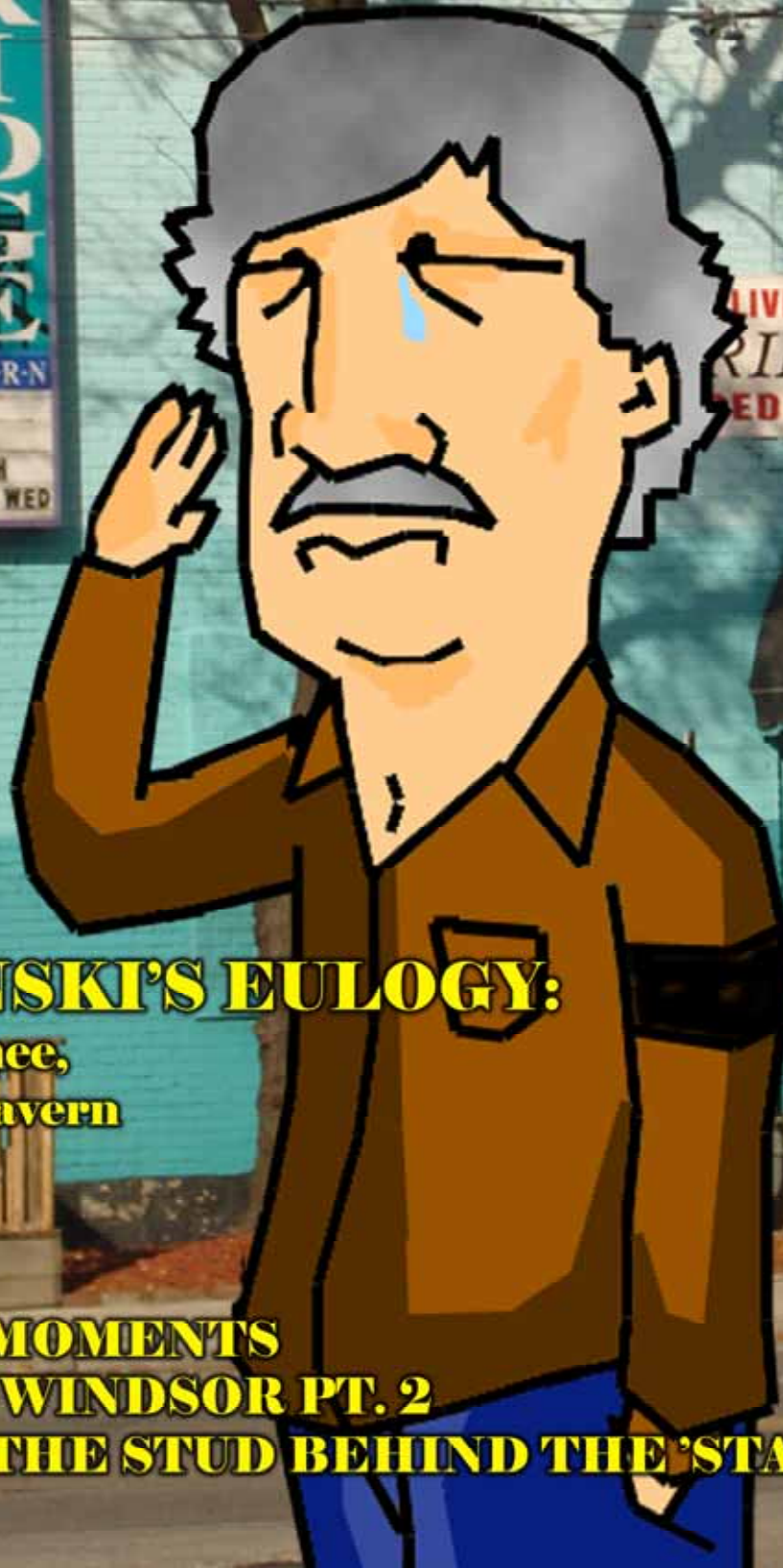


OYEZ

THE

THE ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY THING ABOUT LAW SCHOOL

VOL. 44 ISSUE 2



WYDRZYNSKI'S EULOGY:

**Farewell unto thee,
'O fair Bridge Tavern**

Also:

LAWKWARD MOMENTS

WORLD WAR WINDSOR PT. 2

DUCHARME: THE STUD BEHIND THE STACHE

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TORONTO MISSISSAUGA WATERLOO MONTREAL

c o n t e n t s

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Bonus: Printed using edible inks!*

*warning: paper is toxic.



t h e o y e z

what is this schlock?

The Oyez is a magazine by law students for law students in the finest tradition of satire and critique. As the only intentionally funny thing about law school, *The Oyez* isn't afraid to show just how ridiculous the law and the school experience can be. We aim to please, and are pleased to take aim. Also available online and in technicolour at www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez.

how can I efficiently ruin my law career?

The Oyez welcomes all student submissions, though it reserves the right not to print anything banal, offensive, un-funny or below our entirely subjective B curve. Drop any work, tips, hints, news, gossip or otherwise interesting tidbits at theoyez@uwindsor.ca sometime before any one of our four issues in September, November, January, and March.

permanently disbarred

Mark Loya – Nicole Corriero

monkeys at typewriters

Nicole Corriero – Mike Vogel – Mohammed Hashim – Mark Loya – Mahan Keramati
Megha Sharma – Charu Bhandari – Sarah Clarke – Etc.



The Vagina Monologues

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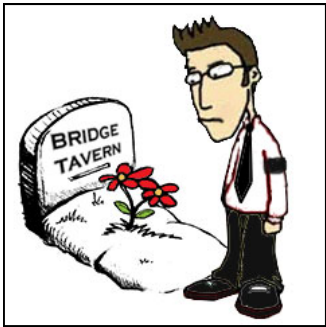
A Windsor Law Production – vagina_monologues2008@hotmail.com

e d i t o r i a

They may take our Bridge Tavern, but they'll never...

What? They took our Bridge Tavern!?! DAMMIT!

From the Pen of the Editor



To the City of Windsor:

I am writing this letter in complaint. You may be wondering why I, the co-editor of Windsor Law's most prestigious publication, am taking the time to write you this hate-filled letter. The bottom line is that you maliciously took away my bar. As a result of my grief, my ex-girlfriend has refused to have my bastard child, I am finding Civ Pro stimulating and interesting, and my dog has died in an unrelated gambling incident. I am holding you personally accountable. So what if the Bridge hasn't paid taxes in 10 years? When was the last time you paid the Oyez tax? Consider this formal notice that the Oyez is foreclosing on the City. We will begin by tearing down City Hall to make way for a new Bridge Tavern, a new and improved dive with more dank, more lowlifes, more grime, a couple of hookers, sketchier beer, and Golden Tee 1998. All this will take place as soon as I sober up and find an unsoiled pair of pants.

Mark Loya (a.k.a. "Loya")
Co-Editor, The Oyez

'Tis the Season... To Give Me Cannotes...



Ah, exam season. A glorious time of the year when mustaches are grown, romantic relationships end and the downloading and e-mailing of cannotes eclipses all other downloads, (even porn, and that chain about the girl who will die if you don't forward to all of your friends). Tim Horton's is essentially mainlined into the bloodstream of nearly every student with even some Starbucks Snobs suffering through the occasional Medium Double Double out of bare necessity. Friendships are made on the sole basis of the provision of notes, and terminated immediately thereafter. Facebook stalking reaches an all-time high. The school reeks of a combination of Pizza, Chinese food and BO, and if we're lucky enough, the Great Wall of Coffee Cups will decorate the vending machines once again, adding some festive cheer to the Robbie Ianni Faculty of Law. A stressful time requiring patience, endurance, perseverance, it is also a time that bonds students together, and helps us realize the greatness we're capable of. This of course is immediately forgotten about 5 minutes after our last exam, when we are drowning ourselves in vodka at Papa Cheney's. But it's a poignant moment, nonetheless in our lives, and what helps shape who we are and preparing for the challenges that lie ahead, in our future legal careers.

Good luck!
Nicole Corriero (aka "Guns")
Co-editor, The Oyez

Could we be looking for you?
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Professor Weir Wins Nobel Prize in Science

Windsor Law's Professor John Weir shed a single tear as he stood on the stage in Oslo, Norway and accepted his Nobel Prize in Science. The award is Weir's first Nobel Prize.

Last year, in an unprecedented display of scientific imagination, Weir stunned a half-filled moot court with an unexpected rant culminating in theoretical conjecture composed of bold strides in the fields of astrophysics.

"I was there when it happened," recounted a Law III student. "He was going off on a tangent, as he does, you know, talking about things like why his left shoe fits more comfortably than his right, why clouds are afraid of ghosts, why his wife puts so much parsley in her spaghetti sauce... you know, Weirisms... and then all of a sudden, out of the blue, he was knee deep in quantum mechanics."

Students were amazed at how Professor Weir seemingly guided himself effortlessly through the complexities of black holes and other phenomena, offering theories and concepts well beyond common understanding. Despite Weir's repeated pleas to students not to record his lectures, one student was able to successfully capture the rant and forward it to reputed scientist Steven Hawking.

"Once I fast forwarded past the bit about why mice will one day eat humans, the rest of the lecture was miraculous," said Hawking. "His theories were miles beyond anything I have ever developed."

The scientific community has been studying the recording for months and has determined much of the content to be valid. It is hypothesized that Weir was on the brink of proving conclusively, through purely scientific data, the existence of God. Unfortunately, before Weir was able to reach that realm of epiphany, a student had interrupted him with a question.

"I just lost my train of thought," Weir said. "It was really the darndest thing. Also, I seem to have misplaced my pen... no wait, there it is..."

Access to Justice Course Objectives Achieved in Full

An overnight parliamentary session has resulted in bold sweeps to the Canadian legal system resulting in compliance with every Access to Justice course objective. It is believed that Prime Minister Stephen Harper obtained a copy of the A2J coursebook and was moved by its content.



"A2J? Never heard of it." said Harper in 2005.

The legislative initiative addressed every issue of A2J including increased funding to legal aid, a complete overhaul of the judiciary,

and sweeping provisions putting an end to all forms of overt and systemic bias forever. While the entire Canadian population celebrated, only a small handful of Windsor Law Professors seemed concerned about the decision.

"What do you mean you fixed it all?" Professor Bill Bogart asked Harper during an intense five minute phone call. "Did you address all the administrative tools? What about the uber-tool?"

Harper assured Bogart that discretion was indeed one of the key items bulleted on the agenda.

Professor Reem Bahdi appeared conflicted by the decision. "Well... there goes my life's work... I mean, it's great that all of Canada's legal problems are solved, and all, but what are Bill and I supposed to do now?"

Windsor Law's administration has ordered that the A2J course be concluded early this year following a brief one hour summary on the events that have transpired. Students offered no form of complaint towards this decision, except a small group of students who questioned why the course was not terminated several years earlier.

OCI In-Firm Allegedly Ended in Orgy

A reputable Bay Street law firm is being investigated following allegations that the firm's receptions were more akin to Roman orgies than formal hubs of unimpressive small talk. The firm, who's name cannot be published due to a

(Continued on next page)

mandate by the Law Society of Upper Canada, has not formally denied the allegations.

“I should have known something was fishy when they asked me if I embraced hedonism,” said David Fogel, a law II student who had interviewed with the firm. “Of course I answered hell yeah. Who wouldn’t?”



David Fogel with 2 Junior Associates and a Partner.

It is believed that the reception commenced with a luxurious feast involving an unhealthy consumption of meats and excess quaffing of wine, and only deteriorated from that point into a mud and chocolate encrusted love fest.

Of greater concern than the reception itself was that many lawyers at the firm drove their chariots home while under the influence of alcohol. The horses appeared drunk as well.

“I dunno what the *hic* big deal is, uh, yo...” said Majesty, the horse. “In fact, I uh... I love you man... no, no... no really... I love YOU, man...”

Windsor Law’s administration did not appear to be opposed to the reception/orgy. Speaking on behalf of the faculty, Dean Herlehy stated that since 5 Windsor students had received offers of employment with this Bay Street firm, OCI success trumps the need to question any inappropriate behaviour, no matter how fun it must have been.

“I don’t know if we want people to know what goes on there. After all, some of these kids might have a future.” Dean Herlehy said.

The CADO office has reportedly sent Leeann Marchand on a fact finding mission to the firm. It is currently unclear if and when she will ever return.

Health Practitioners Encourage Increase In Ocheje Hugging

Have you hugged your Ocheje today? Unfortunately, for many Windsor Law students, the answer is no.

In a recent study conducted by the Health Under Guidance Society (HUGS), statistics showed that morale and general well-being was 20% higher in students who had hugged Ocheje versus those who had not. Students who had never hugged Ocheje were more likely to be tired, over-worked, and depressed.

“The study confirms the suspicions that we’ve had for years,” said Dr. Reuben Clark, MD. “Hugging Ocheje is a critical component of maintaining not only a healthy body, but a healthy mind.”



How can you say no to this face?

In response to the study, the University Administration has declared that Monday, January 14th, 2008 will be the first official University-wide “Hug Ocheje Day”. The holiday will include, among other things, an opportunity for students to hug Professor Ocheje.

The study has been criticized by environmentalists for its findings that, much like brushing, in order to maintain a healthy lifestyle,

individuals are encouraged to hug Ocheje three times a day.

“In a world full of Ocheje’s, yes, I would agree that mass hugging would be best,” said nature enthusiast Free Waterfall Junior the 3rd. “Unfortunately, there is only one Paul Ocheje, and he is a non-renewable resource. There is only so much love that he can give.”

Scientists have been working diligently to determine why Ocheje Hugging is such a key factor in students’ health. The current leading working theory is that hugging Ocheje brings back childhood memories of hugging one’s favourite teddy bear.

“I always think of Wuggsy when I hug Ocheje,” said Professor Irish. “That bear and I sure had some wild and crazy adventures.”

Other Guy Who Isn’t Norm Saxon Gets Props for Help

A perplexed professor and classroom of bored and impatient law students cheered when the Other Guy, not Norm Saxon, repaired a technical issue and enabled a power point presentation to function normally. The success was considered a huge feather in the cap of the Other Guy, who has stood in Norm’s shadow since his arrival at Windsor Law.



“Holy Outlet Shortage, Norm!” said the Other Guy.

Dubbed “my young chum” by Norm, the Other Guy has worked diligently all semester to make a difference in

the Windsor Law community. Up until now, as Norm's inseparable male counterpart, the Other Guy has participated in numerous technical repairs, many of which required the use of four hands rather than two. However, with new found confidence, the Other Guy has been running missions on his own and has become a welcome face around the law building.

"He's a good kid," said Norm. "I'm proud of my youthful chum. He has the vigour and vim of Burt Ward, mixed with the proactivity and initiative of Chris O'Donnell."

Rumour around the law school has it that the Other Guy may eventually get his own office, although these reports are currently unconfirmed. The Oyez has been able to learn however that the Other Guy has been given his own set of keys, a parking spot, and a UWindsor mug with the old logo on it.

"This is a very special time for me and my family," said the Other Guy. "While I doubt that I can ever surpass the accomplishments, trust, and respect that Norm has earned over the years, I hope to at least succeed well enough that people one day may learn my name."

Menezes Returns From Future to Warn Childhood Self

While it is believed among scientists that time travel may be possible theoretically, Law II student Christian Farahat insists that it is a reality. According to Farahat, on October 27th, 2007, Professor Menezes approached him and told him that he was Farahat's self from the future.

"I got this strange e-mail from Menezes one day," said Farahat. "He tells me that he is me from the future and that he has come back in time to warn me of things that I am about to

do wrong."

Professor Menezes has since confirmed the story with the Oyez.

"In the future, I came across a time machine," said Menezes. "I thought to myself, what if I could go back in time and stop myself from making mistakes? And so I did. I had to change my name from Farahat to Menezes in order to avoid suspicion of course."

Menezes and Farahat have since become an unstoppable tandem. Ever whispering in Farahat's ear, Menezes



A recent photo of Farahat/Young Menezes

continues to provide advice on all subjects spanning from what to eat for dinner all the way to girls.

"My future self has been really great for me," said Farahat. "The other day I was about to ask this unattractive beast out, and Menezes warned me against it. Now I'm dating two super models... who knew? Future me, that's who."

Professor Menezes maintains that, while it was important for him to make his own mistakes while he was growing up, there is no sense in forcing his past self to relive those mistakes.

"Man, I ate a burrito once," reflected Menezes. "Not a day goes by that I don't wish I could go back and say to myself HEY! Eat a pizza instead."

Farahat has indicated that he has every intention on going back in time to warn his past self in the future of the lessons taught to his present self by his future self in the past.

Local Rat and Family Left Homeless

Following days of increased cleanliness in the women's lower pit washroom, a rat name "Whiskers" and his family were forced out on to the streets. Whiskers and his family have inhabited the washroom since the late 70s.

"For years, that washroom was home," said Whiskers. "You could always count on all sorts of unabashed nastiness and filth. Now, all of a sudden, you'd be lucky to find a discarded paper towel. Hard times."



Whiskers struggles to find a new home on the cold mean streets of Downtown Windsor

The sudden bout of sanitary hygiene resulted after years of the administration's pleadings to students to keep the washroom clean. Increased janitorial services coupled with an increase of "holding it in" has resulted in the washroom reaching unparalleled levels of clean.

"It's hard to take care of your family when you have no home, you know?" said Whiskers. "I mean, Fluffy has a breathing problem, Nibbles needs glasses... we're dealing with many real world problems here."

The United Way has encouraged students to return the lower pit washroom to its prior state of disarray so that Whiskers and his family may return.

Effective January 1st, 2008, all students are being asked to avoid use of waste bins, dispose hygiene products on the floor, and miss.



Dear Mary



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Dear Mary,

Coffee machine is not percolating.
Kicking with foot has failed.
Please advise immediately.

B. Elman

Bruce,

The machine has been broken ever since you tried to heat and filter a can of Diet Coke. I will not have it repaired until I am convinced that you have learned your lesson. Kicking it only makes it worse.

Mary

Dear Mary,

Can you pose for the next cover of the Oyez? We rented a cougar.

Corriero

Dear Nicole,

Sukanya's back in town? Snap yo, zinger! There's nothing like a good cheap shot to boost the 'ol ego.

MG

Dear Mary,

The University assigned me a spot behind May Wah Inn on University Avenue, they advised me that all other lots were full. May I borrow your parking permit for the Winter Term? (Neil has turned me down already. Perhaps you two could carpool?).

Thank you kindly,

Prof. Emir Aly Crowne Mohammed,
LLM, LLM, PhD (cand.)

Dear person named Mohammed,

I will not entertain the option of carpooling with Neil. I fear he will scuff my leather interior.

Weren't you already Dean for a Day last year? Please refresh my memory, I have trouble distinguishing between members of the peasantry.

Dean Gold.

Dear Mary,

I've served my sentence and have been on best behaviour. Can I go get a Bay Street job now?

Leeann Marchand, CADO

Leeann,

For speaking when not spoken to, add another 5 years in CADO as punishment.

Dean Gold.

Dear Mary,

Students are requesting that the cafe stay open later than 3. Can we do this?

Scott, The Gavel Guy

Dear Mary,

Why did you take our chairs away? The floor is cold and hard.

Diane and Cathy, GO staff

Girls,

Please be informed that chairs are a privilege and not a right.

Mary

Hi Scott,

The students' request has been noted. Please close an hour earlier today.

Gold.

Dear Mary,

Where do babies come from?

Little Timmy

Dear Little Timmy,

When two people love each other they get married. Then daddy gets bored and decides to have an affair with his legal assistant without a condom. Nine months later, a baby falls out of the hootchie and daddy gets sued for divorce. At least, that is how babies are commonly made in the legal community.

Mama G.

Got a problem?

Think Associate Dean Gold can help?

Email us at theyez@uwindsor.ca



"Okay, time to put some of that BLG training to work."

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barbs & jabs

WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

We know, given the entire content of The Oyez, this section might seem a bit redundant (and is also strikingly similar to the “Dear Mary” section). But that never stopped us before! We’ve decided to introduce a new section that allows you-joe blow public- to b*tch. And we’ll print it...usually... well, only if it’s funny. We may even respond to it...if we can come up with some smart ass remark. So email your complaints to theoeyez@uwindsor.ca and hopefully next year, someone will decide to follow up this last ditch attempt to fill space in this mega issue.

Re: Volume 44, Issue 1

Dear Oyez,

Since no one will believe that I actually wrote this, I am pleased to see that I have been excluded from the first issue of your ~~well-written, scholarly~~ publication. It is obvious that you like me (or have confused me with being a student).

However, in the future, should you wish to superimpose a Faculty member’s face over my body, please seek permission from me first. (Did you know that when they placed that white button on my speedo that it constituted a search under *Golden*? Really... Professor Tanovich says so, and he’s smarter than I am).

With respect to Tom Denholm’s obituary... my surname is spelt ‘Mohammed’... that’s with an “E”. Like the vitamins—and other pharmaceuticals—you may enjoy. (BTW, Professor Denholm left *a lot* more behind than just an access card and pair of shoes... trust me).

Could you also advise Mary that Professor Tanovich also stole my stapler? My stapler was ‘dark’ in colour, and was frequently found next to my desk phone, wallet, and coffee maker... all of which are also dark. This may be evidence of systemic bias in stapler removal and detention.

Best regards,

Prof. Emir Aly Crowne Mohammed,
LLB, LLM, PhD (cand.)

P.s. That brings the “Professor Tanovich” count up to three (3) now. (David, you can thank me by acting as my defence counsel on the charge of “being brown-ish and driving a car on Riverside Drive past 9pm”).

Dear Professor Mohammed, with an E, like the vitamins,

We thank you kindly for taking the time to write to us as feedback is always welcome down here at the Oyez. First, we would like to apologize for misspelling your surname. The author of that article has subsequently been deported and we assume is now dead (all Oyez staff are issued security certificates in the event of just such an occasion). The editor who missed the error has been promoted and rewarded handsomely. Don't be upset. This is how capitalism works.

Selecting a Law Mate of the Month is by no means an easy task. However, due to your enthusiasm and initiative, if you would kindly provide us with an 8.5" x 11" headshot we would be happy to include you in future issues. All of them. Go on, call my bluff. I dare you.

Finally, we here at the Oyez are pleased that you have read 'The Colour of Justice' and are well versed on the philosophies of our esteemed Professor Tanovich. We thus were surprised at your references to your stapler, wallet, and coffee maker as being "dark". Please, in future, use the politically correct term "racialized".

That being said, the Oyez is shipping you a new racialized stapler. Don't be afraid to use it, since the colour of stationary is white.

If we can ever be of any assistance to you, please feel free to write us. It is always great to see our Professors take interest in student malarkey. Balderdash as well.

Welcome to Windsor Law! It's great to have you!

Yours,

Loya
Co-Editor-in-Chief, apparently
The Oyez

d i v e r s i o n s

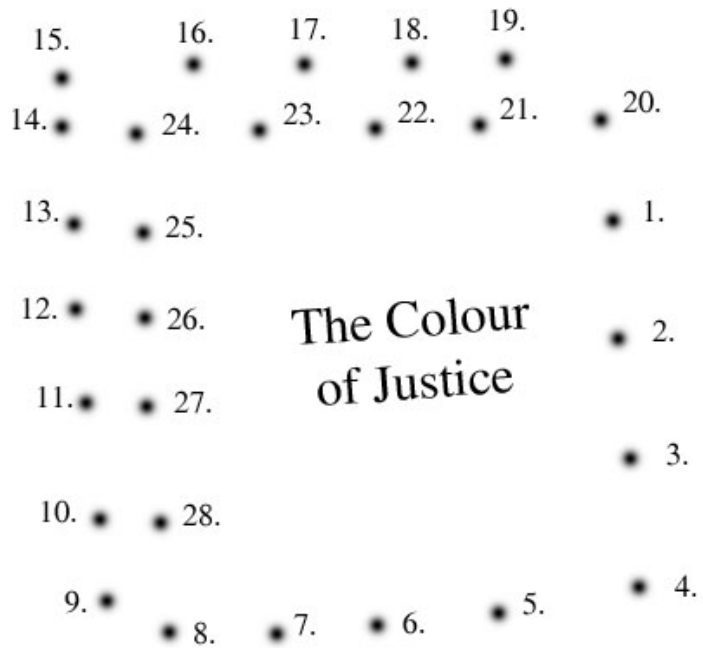
for dull days and duller classes

Get Out Y O U R Crayons

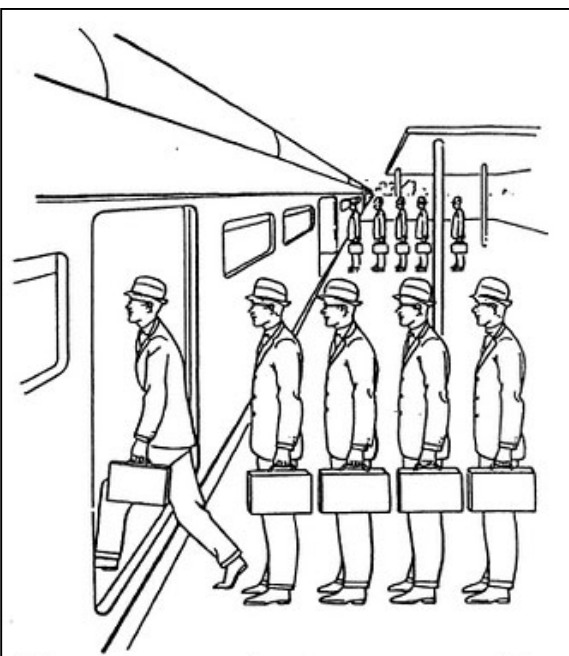


“I promise not to watch while you solve it.”

Connect the dots to discover which book is shown below!



The Colour
of Justice



This is my train. It takes me to my office every day. You meet lots of interesting people on the train. Color them all gray.

Pretend this legal word search hasn't been done yet and then do it

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | S | S | E | N | T | I | W | A | C | L | P | O | S | W |
| T | P | S | V | F | Q | M | A | B | L | A | A | K | P | S |
| A | R | A | S | S | E | R | P | N | E | D | S | J | O | O |
| C | O | U | R | T | G | Y | J | O | R | E | A | E | L | K |
| W | B | A | D | A | H | A | K | A | K | C | V | S | I | A |
| A | A | T | E | N | M | A | S | R | A | A | D | O | C | K |
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| A | I | F | I | A | A | S | O | L | I | C | I | T | O | R |
| X | O | A | A | V | X | C | A | D | N | C | D | F | H | L |
| C | N | W | R | A | N | M | I | U | W | Y | P | U | M | L |
| A | X | A | T | H | R | E | E | T | O | A | U | S | F | E |
| L | A | I | C | I | D | U | J | I | R | A | B | H | T | G |
| B | E | N | C | H | A | L | P | E | C | U | L | E | U | A |
| A | Q | A | W | E | T | A | L | S | D | R | I | R | O | L |
| B | S | T | N | A | D | N | E | F | E | D | C | M | A | T |

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Jonathan Cescon
Second-Year Associate
University of Toronto

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The Oyez Caption Contest

Everyone knows how these things work. Check out the picture below and think of the funniest caption that goes with it. Email your best entry to theoyez@uwindsor.ca. We'll print the funniest one next issue!



Sample Caption:

"Rare Large Wild African Elephants? Up close and personal? Pfft... Whatever."

Another Loya Abomination:

WORLD WAR WINDSOR

PART 2: THE SCALES OF INJUSTICE

Last issue: Mazer (now Dean Cobra Commander) builds Windsor's new med school. Defection in the law professor ranks sees Tanovich, Kuras, and Ocheje switch sides. Elman declares war.

Thursday Night: 10:30pm. Bridge Tavern.

It had been a great evening. The law students were making merry, pleased to have a well deserved night off. It had been a grueling semester, with many unexpected events. The law building had just completed repairs when all of a sudden the construction crew returned to build a turret on the south east corner. Professors Tanovich, Ocheje, and Kuras were nowhere to be seen. There was a lot of branded purple badger paraphernalia about. But tonight none of this mattered, as the students basked in each other's company.

Their revelry was interrupted briefly as two young men entered the tavern. The eyes of every law student followed them all the way to the bar. The pair did not seem to be undergrad students, based on something peculiar about their walk. They had confidence. They also didn't appear to be teachers, judging by their metrosexual apparel. These two were different.

The first man leaned over and said to the bartender, "two sodas please, with ice."
The bartender raised an eyebrow. "Er... are you sure? You don't want a beer or anything?"
"No thank you." The second man said. "We're on call."

At that moment, it struck the law students. The walk, the soda, the arrogance. All the pieces fell together. A brave law student quaffed his beer quickly and approached the pair. "Hey! Hey you! You're not from here, are ya?!?" he asked sharply.

"We're from the States. We live here now." The fellow replied with force. A pager rang. The second man blushed.

"I knew it!" the law student yelled. "You're doctors!"

"Yeah, we're doctors! What's it to you, little law man!" the first man replied.

"We don't take kindly to your types here!" the law student shouted.

The second doctor stood up suddenly to protest, but it was too late. By the time he realized the carelessness of his sudden movement, the law students were in a frenzy. The second doctor had committed the most foul of crimes. Beer was inadvertently spilt.

* * *

Assistant Dean Herlehy yawned. She had been working diligently on the anti-med school campaign for three days straight, with little or no sleep in between. Dean Elman seemed to be in a state of panic, having still not recovered from Dean Mazer's betrayal. His decisions seemed to be almost erratic, and he was demanding reports on the hour every hour. She was just preparing her briefs for his perusal.

She entered into Dean Elman's office and sat down in between him and Karen Momotiuk and the Super Head Librarian Guy.

"Okay, here's what's been happening." Herlehy began. Elman twiddled his thumbs nervously. "There has been quite a bit of movement amongst the faculty. I'm afraid that we've lost Professor Berryman to the Med School."

"Jeffrey? How did they win over Jeffrey?" Momo asked.

"They installed a shuffleboard table. He couldn't resist. But the good news is that Professor Kuras is back."

"What?! That traitor! Why did she return?!!" Elman barked.

"Apparently the Doctors weren't interested in the academic success program either."

Herlehy shuffled her papers before continuing. "As you know, we are still investigating the incident that occurred last night at the Bridge. Currently, our initial estimates show approximately 7 casualties."

"Bottles or draft?"

"They were both spilt. No one was spared"

"Good god. These people are animals."

"Also, our JD camps are starting to get out of hand. They are beginning to grow tired of the campus services food, and a few were seen trying to scale the fence."

"Did any escape?" Super Head Librarian Guy asked.

"No. We built a tall fence." Herlehy stated flatly.

"Those ignorant JDs. I'd kill to have some of those campus services crabcakes right now." Elman spat.

"Now here's the really big problem. Dean Cobra Commander is beginning a propaganda offensive against us. The slogan: 'Law Students – They Walk Among Us and They Eat Babies' is scheduled to be posted on every bulletin board around the University campus. We fear that the slogan will be read by 33% of Windsor Undergrads throughout the coming semester."

"That's because 67% of Windsor Undergrads can't read, right?" asked Momo.

"Of course." replied Herlehy.

Dean Elman stood up. "Well, thank you Francine for bringing us up to speed. Super Head Librarian Guy, I want you to gather your staff together and come up with a reply to this slogan. Let's really hit 'em where it hurts. Momo, you get Leeann and start ruining the job opportunities for doctors in Windsor. I want to see unemployment so bad that it makes GM blush. And Francine, I want you to continue your hourly reports. Heaven only knows what that lunatic Mazer is up to..."

* * *

At the top of Snake Mountain on the Death Star (Mazer's corner office in the incomplete med building), Dean Cobra Commander secretly watched Elman's private meeting on his crystal ball. "Fools!" he cried. "Little do they know that they are already too late."

A shrouded figure approached from the shadows.

"Good news, Dean. We have raised our projected tuition revenue by over 15%!" the figure said.

"Excellent, David! Excellent! I knew I could count on you! With this increased revenue, we can afford to rent a giant Tony the Tiger air balloon to keep outside the med building for an entire afternoon!"

Professor Tanovich's puzzled expression was not lost on Dean Cobra Commander. "As you surely know, David, Tony the Tiger wears an effeminate bandana for some reason... on said bandana is scrawled the word 'Tony'. We will remove this single word and replace it with a slogan so provocative that EVERY student in the University

will know who is in charge! The doctors! Muhuhaha! Muhuhaha!”
“Muhuhaha!” Tanovich laughed.
“Muhuhaha!” Professor Berryman joined in from the shadows.
“Muhuhaha!” Professor Ocheje added.
Everything was going to plan. It was almost too easy.

* * *



Elman was sweating. The caller on the line had just told him some very disturbing news.
“Are you positive? They can rent it for a whole afternoon? May god have mercy on us all. Thank you for the information. I will be in touch shortly.” Elman hung up the phone. “Francine!!! GET IN HERE! DEFCON 5!!” he bellowed.
Herlehy ran in. “What? What happened? What’s wrong?”
“I just received information from a secret informant I have in the med building that Dean Cobra Commander has it within his means to rent a Tony the Tiger air balloon.”
“For how long?” Herlehy asked.
“An entire afternoon.”
“This is serious,” she exclaimed sitting down. A slur campaign against the propaganda was one thing. But everyone responded positively to Tony the Tiger. This would surely deal the crushing blow to the law school’s reputation and establish the med school as Windsor’s sole pride and joy. Dean Elman leaned over and spoke in a hush tone.
“I’ve been thinking about what you said to me last time, and I’ve decided to go ahead with your third option.” He said. Herlehy gasped.
“You’re calling ‘King Midas’?” she asked. “Has it really come to this?”
“I fear we are out of options. We must do what we can to survive.” Elman pushed a button on his intercom.
“Yes sir?” his secretary asked.
“They’ve forced my hand. Send an e-mail to ‘King Midas’ with information detailing the situation. Request emergency assistance... but try to be really polite about it. We need help, immediately. These are indeed dark and troubled times. Make sure that the reply gets sent to my inbox only.” He said.

Not a minute had passed before a reply appeared on Dean Elman’s screen.

“It’s clobberin’ time. ~ Mary Gold.”

To be continued in the next issue: THE ELMAN STRIKES BACK

Top 10 frowned upon OCI strategies

10. List extensive criminal history as experience in judicial process
9. Submit list of references as “see facebook friends list”
8. When asked about leadership qualities, respond with elaborate plan to invade Poland
7. Offer bribe in the form of 2 for 1 special at McDonalds
6. Rather than power handshake, bring it in for the real thing, and hug it out.
5. When identifying skills, recite alphabet backwards
4. At cocktail reception, proclaim that “we’re going streaking!”
3. Under accomplishments, highlight that you found Waldo every time
2. When questioned on “where do you see yourself in 5 years” take a moment and then say “making amends... step 9”
1. When in doubt, simply declare... “I am the law.”





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CASSELS BROCK
LAWYERS

LAWKWARD MOMENTS

SURVIVAL GUIDE

By: Nicole Corriero

Social Orientation has come and gone and students of Windsor Law find themselves a month behind in school, completely broke, and unaware of where along Oulette Avenue they left their v-card, A2J textbook, and dignity.

While its a well-known fact that law school and alcohol consumption go hand-in-hand, the first month of Social Events even takes this practice to a level beyond comprehension. With this stress, and inundation of social activities comes the inevitable debauchery that leads ultimately to the obligatory daytime awkward moments.

Many are used to large universities where, outside of your immediate friends, most people don't know who you are. Law school, however, despite being "higher education" is, at least socially, a reversion back to High School. Thus, to truly survive in law school, one must adopt the social mentality of a 16-year-old cheerleader.

For all you law students ducking shamefully behind your laptops when a one-night stand walks by, or hiding behind a pole when that kid you threw a beer bottle at gives menacing glances your way, the *Oyez* has surefire solutions to every potential problem.



Lawkward Moment 1: The forgettable hook-up that you see EVERY SINGLE DAY.

Problem: Despite the fact that you blacked out, you can't seem to make yourself forget about this regrettable encounter with the person who was so much more attractive in the dark lighting and 8 beers deep.



Typical Reaction: Avoid making eye contact at all costs, become the 'shifty-eyed law student' who weirds people out and is forced to transfer to Manitoba Law School.

Oyez Solution: Do your best "clingy girl" impersonation by suggesting you study together, pick out baby clothes for your future children, or meet each other's parents. You will have them dropping out before you can say "OCI"

Lawkward Moment 2: You profess your love to Dean Gold at the Carbolic Smoke Ball.

Problem: Vulnerable moments lead to ethical dilemmas. As much as you may sit and pine away at Dean Gold's perfectly manicured nails, sheen hair and immaculately applied make-up, she's the associate Dean and married to the most powerful man in Windsor. Be realistic. You don't have a chance.

Typical Reaction: Attempt to one-up Neil Gold by changing your last name to Platinum and claiming you are the Provost at U of T.

Oyez Solution: Move on to Karen Momituk instead. She's slightly less regal, and an amazing cook. You can't score free rides in the Jag but at least you can take a break from Subway for a while.

Lawkward Moment 3: Publicly bashing the factum of your eventual Zuber Moot Partner

Problem: Team camaraderie and rapport off to a shaky start. Jilted partner, offended at your constructive criticism may withhold information, research and sexual favors.

Typical Reaction: Deny vehemently any knowledge of such remarks, claiming it was that 'shifty-eyed first year' making up stories again.

Oyez Solution: If there is one lesson one learns in law school it is that there is no problem that alcohol can't solve. (Second lesson is that double negatives are just fine). Take out partner to the Bridge (the bar, not the massive structure leading Canadians into the heart of the Detroit ghetto), and proceed to consume beer until the exact brain cells containing the memory of your remarks are soundly killed.



Lawkward Moment 4: You're a JD/LLB

Problem: You are enrolled in two schools yet manage to be segregated and alienated from both, resulting in self-isolation, socializing exclusively with fellow members of your program.

Typical Reaction: Attempt to transfer to UofT or the LLB program and become further alienated. You are either the 'former-JD' and thus not trusted by LLB's or the 'abandoner' and not trusted by JD's.

Oyez Solution: Use and abuse anonymity by convincing the hot first years you too are a first-year as opposed to the shady third year trying to hook up with first years.

Lawkward Moment 5: You slip on an errant cheeseburger sold by the Grad Committee in the pit

Problem: Your sore tailbone is not half as bruised as your ego. You're sure the entire Grad Committee was pointing and laughing at you. Also, you have cheeseburger bits on your butt and no one told you. Who's idea was this anyway?

Typical Reaction: Sue the law school, the grad committee, McDonald's and Mark Loya for the public shame and humiliation you are experiencing as well as physical inability to sit for extended time periods. Apply for Special Needs status. Become disliked even more than JD/LLB's.

Oyez Solution: Casually pretend that the entire debacle was staged in the Faculty's attempt to incorporate Torts into the curriculum without abolishing A2J. Then eat aforementioned cheeseburger because you're hungry.

Welcome to Windsor!

C

By: Moojibar

Conversation 1:

(Telephone Conversation)

Student: Hello, I'm a first year student. I missed a phone call last week from Ms. Herlehy. My student number is 1024...

Francine: Yes, Hello Adam

Student: 563.. wait, what?

Francine: This is Francine Herlehy.

Student: How did you know my name?

Francine: I called you last week.

Student: Yes, but *how* did you know my name?

Francine: I don't understand the question. You're a student here right?

Student: uh huh...

Francine: ???

Student: Weird.

Note: Francine knows everyone's name. Pop in and say hello.

Conversation 2:

Student: Hi I'd like to pay for this coffee.

Scott (Windsor Law Cafe Attendant): Sorry we're closed

Student: but my morning coffee just wore off!

Scott: Sorry, I already counted the cash.

Student: But it's only 2:46pm

Scott: yes, we close at 2:45pm

Student: why

Scott: umm..

Student: weird. Okay see you tomorrow BEFORE 2:45pm

Scott: Sorry, we're closed tomorrow

Student: YES!! Thank-you Yum Kippur!!

Scott: No, it's not a holiday, we're closed on Fridays

Student: But the learning doesn't stop on Thursdays at 2:45pm

Scott: yeah...sorry

Student: okay then see you on MONDAY

Scott: no, we're closed then too

Student: ?

Scott: It's exam period

Student: You're closed during exam period?!?!

Scott: Yes

Student: You're closed for the two weeks when 450 angry, sleep-deprived students are cramming until 4am and showing up half conscious to their exams?

Scott: Yeah that's right.

Note: The complete reversal of The Gavel's (that's what the café is called. We don't need a sign, it's understood) hours of operation would be much more accommodating to the needs of Law Students.



Conversation 3:

Student: Hi is Norm here?

Norm: Yeah I'm Norm what can I do for you?

Student: I'm not sure, my laptop is going crazy and the thing is I have this memo thing that's due in a couple of days and I really can't afford to not have a laptop and someone told me to come ask you to help me figure it out

Norm: Sure, pop it open

Student: Really? That's great thanks.

Norm: Hmmmmm

Student: What? What? You see something?

Norm: Well first of all you have all this crap saved on your desktop. All this stuff has to load as soon as you turn your laptop on, it's slowing down your computer.

Student: Oh, okay well you can...oh, you did already, okay then they're moved

Norm: and what are all these programs you have on here? Rainlander, Yahoo Messenger.. you don't need any of these, that stuff is bad for your computer, it makes it easy for people to get in and hack away

Student: Oh, umm okay well we can...oh you did already... okay then ...I guess don't really need Yahoo, I'll just find some other way to talk to cousin Olga in Russia...tha...that's cool thanks

Norm: And here's the problem, your antivirus is out of date, and you have all this other crap on here.....

30 minutes later...

Norm: All done, that should do it!

Note: You will come to worship Norm! Your laptop will crash two days before your minor memo is due...it's a rite of passage, just ask the editor of The Oyez, but Norm will save you! Step out of the way, don't interrupt, and let him do whatever he wants (after signing the waiver of course).

Conversations between First-Year Windsor Law students and themselves:

Conversation 1:

Student: Crap 10% battery left. Pppssttt can I plug my laptop into your outlet. Oh you're using yours too?

Grrrrr, okay ummm pppssssttt can I plug into your outlet? Sigh!

Note: There aren't enough outlets. We get it. Improvise! Bring a pencil and stop pppssssttt-ing I'm trying to listen.

Conversation 2:

Student: What's a Shawarma?

Note: Shawarma is Lebanese for delicious.

THE LETTERS OF THE LAW



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shouldn't be said, doing things that shouldn't be

done.



Karl Pensa
No Comment.

PROFESSOR PAT DUCHARMIE

LAW MATE OF THE MONTH



Prince
Ducharming





WHAT'S GOIN' ON

According to Law III, Law School is boring.

A recent poll of a Law III who prefers to remain anonymous has rocked the Robert Ianni Faculty of Law with results termed to be “shocking.” According to this student’s data, it was unanimously decided that Law School is boring.



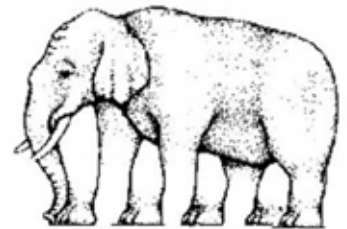
The student polled a number of individuals, namely herself, the white elephant in the room, and her Administrative Law textbook, and all parties, despite their different backgrounds, personal goals, and favorite types of cheese, overwhelmingly agreed that maintaining a continuous attention span of longer than 15 minutes in a given class was a monumental feat. 20 minutes was termed ‘Steven Hawkins-eque,’ and 30 minutes termed ‘possible only with the grace of God’ (or whatever deity you choose to believe in)..

White Elephant in the Room racist, according to Tanovich

Professor Tanovich, in a recent lecture to his first year criminal law class generated a stir when he informed the frantic first-years that contrary to popular belief, the white elephant in the room, is a racist remark. “Why can’t the elephant be black? Or brown? Or Magenta? Aren’t elephants grey?” Tanovich’s rhetorical questions shocked students and caused them to redefine their perceptions on elephants.

I had no idea that there was even such thing as a black elephant OR a white elephant for that matter, to be honest, a sheepish first-year admitted.

This budding law student was not the only student ignorant of such hued elephants. Another student conceded, “I actually never know what it means when someone says that phrase. I use it quite liberally, myself – because I think it makes me look smart – but I really don’t understand it. But now it makes so much more sense.”



Expose on the JD/LLB Program in the Works

A former JD/LLB student, who requested to remain anonymous, has tentatively agreed to appear on 60 minutes, in what has been described as an “Earth Shattering Expose” on the life and times of our dual-degreed peers. According to a fictitious informant who has also requested anonymity, this whistle-blowing bi-degreed student will shed light on crossing the border on a daily basis, having no time to shower for weeks on end, and the 16th Century Russian torture devices implemented across the curriculum at the University of Detroit for students who came to class unprepared.



MSN Chat Session of the Month

Wilson - Conversation [minimize] [maximize] [close]

File Edit Actions Tools Help

msn

Invite Send Files Video Voice Activities Games

To: Wilson <furryface@hotmail.com>

Wilson is grooming his sanchez

Etherington says:
Hey Larry! You get a load of Ducharme's moustache?

Wilson says:
Brian! Yeah! I did see it! What was he thinking? LOL

Etherington says:
His moustache is nowhere near as full nor as rich as yours.

Wilson says:
It clearly lacks the body and volume that your moustache has.

Etherington says:
You know what Weir asked me today? If I liked his moustache.



Wilson says:
OMG! What did you say?

Etherington says:
What could I say? I told him I did. He's such a sensitive little guy, I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

Wilson says:
LMFAO! I can't believe you did that! Our moustaches are way better!

Etherington says:
No need to be mean, Larry. Just because we are the pinnacle of upper lip foliage, it doesn't mean that we have to become jerks. ;)

Send Search



From the Desk of the Dean

TO: Mark Loya and Nicole Corriero



In light of your recent actions, including, but not limited to:

- Matriculating at this law school despite rampant objections by Administration;
- Misrepresenting yourselves as having access to the WRLSI office;
- Seducing a Janitor to obtain the passcode to enter the SLS office and WRLSI office;
- Attempting to get run over by Dean Gold's Jaguar to attain Special Needs status
- Breaking & Entering the WRLSI office;
- Defiling the WRLSI office with lewd videos; inappropriate sticky notes, the October 1989 Playgirl centerfold spread of David Hasselhoff and a wrinkled napkin with David McNevin's purported phone number scribbled on it;
- Documenting your atrocious acts with photographic evidence,

We, the "Powers-that-be" have unanimously decided that you are accused of witchcraft, and have proposed a 'trial' to be held at the Olde Towne Hall, where we will make up stories about you blaspheming Accessing Justice and throw you in the Detroit River after we ignore your persistent pleas of innocence.

Unfortunately, our 'Witch Adjudicator' transferred to Western, so we are unable to effectuate this punishment. Furthermore, it has come to our attention that recent DNA evidence has proven that Mark Loya is actually half-black (or, at least from the waist-down as he claims). Thus, for fear of enraging David Tanovich, we will lesson our punishment to:

BANISHMENT FROM THE WRLSI OFFICE FOR ALL OF ETERNITY

(with application for parole upon expiration of eternity)

Your antics have proven that you possess neither the maturity nor the intellectual capacity required of anyone granted the privilege of entering the WRLSI office. Their porn-free filing cabinets, filled with wondrous literature on the joyous topics of Fiduciary duties to Aborigines, and most importantly, how to 'stick it' to 'the man,' cannot be stripped of their dignity through the hooliganistic antics of *The Oyez* and its sick group of followers.

It has been determined that, despite overwhelming support from the faculty to move all *Oyez* related people and activities to a closet in the basement adjacent to the one for misbehaving JD's, we have instead determined that a more fitting punishment is to instead, move you to an office harboring individuals who have been equally destructive to the law school environment, and the concept of law as a whole. Thus, the *Oyez* has been officially exiled from any location of respectability in the Law School, and banished to the office of that new Legal Research and Writing Professor Emir Aly Mohammed.

Although this punishment may appear to be "cruel and unusual," when balanced against the potential harm your collection of bad jokes can have on this fine institution, your personal rights, dignity (or at least, the limited amount that you possess) and freedoms are overwhelmingly outweighed.

All the best with your future endeavors,

Tha Dean



The Oyez Takes Over The Faculty Lounge!



By: Niq



None of us know how it happened but somehow, the Oyez became the most hated group of individuals at Windsor Law, disliked even more than Bay Street Partners and the entire University of Toronto Faculty, Administration and Student Body.

As Mark and I held the letter from Dean Elman, with its cruel words piercing our frail hearts like sharp daggers, we went from shocked, to outraged to just plain raged. Loya threw a chair. I threw Loya. Neither have been the same since.

Dean Elman and the entire Administration left us with no choice. If you can beat ‘em, kick the living crap outta them. That’s a motto that we both live by and hope to die by. Cramped in our new assigned quarters of Professor Mohammed’s office, we knew that dire action needed to be taken, and fast. We needed to hit the ‘powers that be’ where it hurt them the most, where they least

expected it, in the place where everybody knew their name and they could be at peace without students asking questions about their personal legal problems, or the exam next semester. The one sanctuary where they could loosen their ties, kick up their heels and take a moment to catch their breath: The Faculty Lounge.



Stealthily pretending we were visiting Professor Tanovich’s Office Hours, we were nearly run down by an eager Professor Ocheje sauntering down the hall with a face beaming with anticipation. Immediately we knew where he was headed. The clock had struck 12:00. It was lunch time. Keeping a fair enough distance to not be detected but able to piggy-back into the lounge after our beloved Property Professor, we snuck inside.

After taking a moment to relish in our smooth, James Bond-like entry into the lounge, we focused our attention on our surroundings. We were dumbfounded at what we saw.

In one corner of the room, a rowdy game of “Pin the Tail on the Dhir” was in full force, causing momentary bursts of hysterical laughter to erupt, upon every misplacement of the alleged tail.

Near the window, Professors Badhi and Eansor were surfing Facebook on a laptop, pointing and laughing at the profiles of some of the students in their classes.



The Newly Installed Dance Dance Revolution was a huge hit with Professors Weir and Wydrynski, who, to the dismay of Professor Tanovich, had monopolized the machine for the past 2 hours, in what they called the “Battle of the Titans.”

Professors Ocheje and Rotman sat quietly amid the hubbub, enjoying their sandwiches and snack packs and discussing the plight of Aboriginal-Canadians in the modern era.

All the while, Karen Momotiuk was walking around trying to solicit participants in a friendly game of Twister.

It took us several moments to take it all in. We had no idea what to expect, but even we felt like we were in over our heads. We cautiously moved in, working our way toward the kitchen, trying not to draw too much attention to ourselves, but it was too late. Assistant Dean Herlehy, who had been watching the DDR marathon with great interest, took her attention off the fluid gyrations of Professor Weir for a split second and immediately detected the foreigners in their happy haven.



(continued on next page)

“What on earth is going on here?!” She exclaimed, pointing in our direction. “You’re NOT FACULTY!!” A collective gasp, followed by silence filled the room. All eyes were on us. Immediate reaction involved making a dash for the door, throwing Loya out the Window and jumping after him (using him as a cushion, or pretending to be Professor Mohammed if you prefer). Loya, however, had a better idea. “CONGA!!!!” He exclaimed, grabbing Francine and prancing around the room. Within seconds, the entire room transformed into a giant Conga line. Out of nowhere, latin music was playing in the background. And within minutes, we escaped, unnoticed.



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Professor Lorne Sossin
Associate Dean, University of Toronto Faculty of Law

Sidney H. Troister
Partner, Torkin Manes
Former co-head of the real estate law section of the LSUC’s Bar Admission Course

The Stud Behind the 'Stache

20 Questions with Windsor Law Hottie, Patrick Ducharme

Move over JTT. Step aside Brad Pitt. No one even liked you, Elijah Wood. Windsor Law females don't need movie stars to swoon over, these days. They have their own resident hunk, practitioner and Criminal Procedure Professor Patrick Ducharme.

He is handsome, with his chiseled face, toned muscles and bountiful facial hair, ready to lightly tickle the lucky female lips so blessed enough to brush against it.

He is benevolent, offering lonely female law students rides along University Avenue, even during the wee hours of the night.

He is intelligent, able to rhyme off Criminal codes in his deep, husky voice, making strict liability sound naughty.

Most of all, though, he has a commanding presence about him. He is the s&# and he knows it. His Ferragamo Suits show it. He's probably been shot at more times than 50 cent. I just made that up, but who cares.

In a word, he is hot. Not even VooDoo on a raging Saturday night can inspire the females at Windsor Law to groom themselves the way they do for Ducharme's Tuesday night Criminal Procedure class. One student even wore a formal gown to class. Unfortunately, his efforts were not well-recognized by his professor or his classmates.

As a respected fake reporter for a reputable fake news magazine, I undertook to sit down with the legend himself, to bask in the full glory of all 212 pounds of unadulterated legal beastliness (in a good way, of course), and ask him the 10 questions that every female is dying to know about Patrick "Duke" Ducharme.

1. What is your Favourite Color?

Green – because it reminds me of the first Ferrari I ever bought.

2. Who is your Favorite Movie Star?

Whoever plays me in the "Patrick Ducharme Story"

3. What is your Favourite Movie?

Primal Fear. It was actually based on a trial I did about 14 years ago. Also, I enjoy Richard Gere movies because we look alike. Except I am far more attractive.

4. Favourite TV Show?

Any show but the Bachelor, until they stop rejecting my application and let me be on the show.

5. If you could be any animal, what would it be?

Sex Panther. Its a panther. But it also has lots of sex.

6. Boxers or Briefs?

Please refer to my Centerfold in 2002 *Nulli Secundus*. Karen Momituk has never looked at me the same ever since.

7. Sit ups or Push-ups?

Sit-ups are for wimps. You don't get pipes like these by lying on your back. I'm a push-up man through and through.

8. Britney Spears or Christina Aguilera?

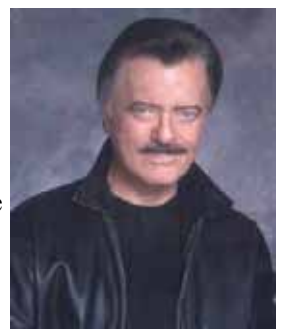
Neither of them were any good.

9. If Beyonce could invent a word to describe you, what would it be?

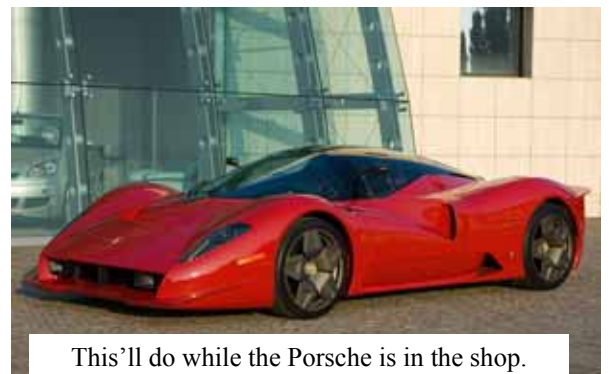
Sexifying. But Bootylicious would be a close second.

10. Jack Bauer or Chuck Norris?

Patrick Ducharme.



In your dreams, Goulet.



This'll do while the Porsche is in the shop.

EULOGY FOR THE BRIDGE TAVERN

Poetry read by Professor Chris Wydrzynski at the famous bar's closing

Plagiarized by: Loya

The Bridge Tavern disappeared in the dead of winter:
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
What instruments we have agree
The day of the Bridge's death was a dark cold day.

Far from the Bridge's illness
The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests,
The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays;
By mourning tongues
The death of the Bridge Tavern was kept from his taps.

But for the Bridge Tavern it was his last afternoon as himself,
An afternoon of nurses and rumours;
The provinces of his dank interior revolted,
The squares of the Bridge's mind were empty,
Silence invaded the suburbs,
The current of his feeling failed; The Bridge Tavern became his admirers.

Now he is scattered among a hundred cities
And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections,
To find his happiness in another kind of scummy city
And be punished under a foreign code of conscience.
The words of a dead bar
Are modified in the hearts of the living.

But in the importance and noise of to-morrow
When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse,
And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed,
And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom,
A few thousand will think of this day
As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual.



Mourners bawl at the doors of the closed Tavern



"I can't believe I'll never drink there," cried baby.

What instruments we have agree

The day of the Bridge Tavern's death was a dark cold day.

O Bridge Tavern! my Bridge Tavern! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather'd every rack,
the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Bridge Tavern lies, Fallen cold and dead.
O Bridge Tavern! my Bridge Tavern! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up- for you the flag is
flung- for
you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Bridge Tavern! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.



"Off to Ferrary's we go," said roach colony.

My Bridge Tavern does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Bridge Tavern lies,
Fallen cold and dead.



"Duffman shames the city of Windsor!" said Duffman.

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of the Bridge Tavern's days
Teach the free man how to drink heavily without shame.

Farewell unto thee, 'o fair Bridge Tavern. Whilst thou art gone in body, we will e'er cherish thine
memory in spirit.



BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT!

The long awaited “baby maker” Professor Gemma Smyth, finally gave birth to her new son, Backhouse Dhir-Smyth, just the other day. This aspiring A2J activist/mediator entered the world weighing in at 5 pounds, 3 ounces. His first words followed shortly after the birth when he chirped: “You can’t handle the truth.”

Windsor Law has made an exception to their internal policies in allowing Gemma to take a full three weeks of maternity leave. However, she was mandated to have a blackberry on her at all times to help resolve any mediation clinic disputes or answer student questions. The delivering doctor, Dr. Lana Cain claimed, “She was sending emails to her students as she was pushing out the baby!! I have never seen anything like that. I have always felt that 99% of lawyers give the rest a bad name, but this woman is practically a saint.”



Photo of what Professor Smyth’s baby probably looks like. (Whatever, all babies look the same anyways).

So for all of the student’s worried about their exams and papers being graded on time, not to worry. Gemma will be back in her office during the entire holiday season to get everything complete and also set up for next semester. Little Backhouse had no comment on missing his mother during this time.

Windsor Law Faculty Hot Body Contest postponed until Next Friday

The much anticipated Windsor Law Faculty Hot Body Contest has unfortunately been postponed until Next Friday, sources say, on the account of many professors feeling the heat after an All You can Eat Wings bender last Wednesday at the undergraduate haven, Faces.



Oyez “LSUC” Edition Proposal Rejected Unanimously by LSUC

That’s really the whole story right there. Sorry.

Like what you read? No? We try our best, dammit.
Forward your submissions to: theoyez@uwindsor.ca
THANKS FOR READING!