

THE OYEZ

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE OH BOYEZ

VOL. 44 ISSUE 3

FEATURING:
THE VIRGINIA MONOLOGUES

Also:
ANOTHER ARTICLE ABOUT VIRGINIA
WORLD WAR WINDSOR PT. 3
SOME FILLER MATERIAL!



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c o n t e n t s

features

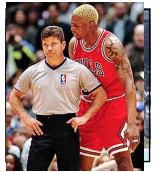


14 World War Windsor

1 Table of Contents



**18 Law Games:
A Champion's Story**



**22 A Semester
In Leicester!**

**24 The Truth Behind
LRW Prof Mohammed**



**27 Snapshot of
Obierski's Life**



**30 The Virginia
Monologues**



departments

- 3 editoria**
- 5 all the best fake news**
- 8 dear mary**
- 11 barbs and jabs**
- 12 diversions**
- 25 MSN chat of the month**
- 29 a page of ads**
- 30 cover story**

I wonder why
Gemma Smyth never
calls me any more... oh
right... the baby...



Bonus: Not endorsed by the law review!*

*items in law review may be more interesting than they appear

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

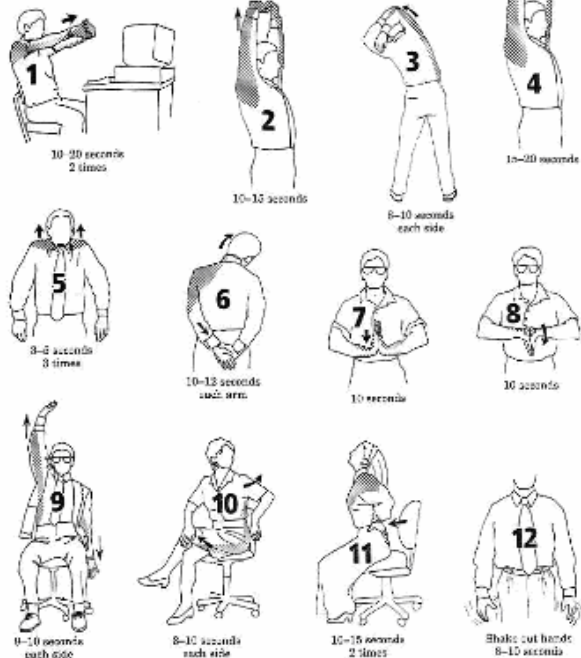
Nicole Corriero – Mike Vogel – Sean Kumar – Mark Loya – Michelle Kai
Brian Sweigman – Mohamed Hashim – Etc.

Does the Memo have you doing this?

Computer & Desk Stretches

Approximately 4 Minutes

Sitting at a computer for long periods often causes neck and shoulder stiffness and occasionally lower back pain. Do these stretches every hour or so throughout the day, or whenever you feel stiff. Photocopy this and keep it in a drawer. Also, be sure to get up and walk around the office whenever you think of it. You'll feel better!



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Instead of stretching, get the kinks out by coming to the

Major Memo Party!

@



Wed. Feb. 6, 2008 at 10pm
\$3 Cover

e d i t o r i a

One minute I'm hot, next I'm cold...

The Law Building is giving me menopause

From the Pen of the Editor

To the Law Building furnace:



You, sir, are a jerk. You're indecisive and unpredictable. You've forced me to start wearing layers. Layers! I used to make such an effort to look sharp at school, you know, button up shirts, unwrinkled pants, and the like. Because of your thermal instability I have been reduced to a series of zip ups and tear away long johns. How am I supposed to pick up naive first years in this terrible condition? I've been maced too many times to remember. My immune system is in shambles. I think I have the plague because of you. People don't like people with the plague. I've been exiled to leper island. I don't want to go there, I don't get along with the other lepers. There's this one, Gerry, he always beats me in checkers. I went to the hospital on university only to find it boarded up. I cut up my hands trying to climb the barb wire fence. The blood loss made me pass out in the snow, where my ailment only worsened. I blame you, stupid law school furnace. I hope you're uncomfortably hot right now.

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

To the millions of readers...

Perusing The Oyez...

I never thought I would do this, but I am officially protesting. I am protesting 2 ½ years of cruel and unusual punishment. Although no one seems to care, life as a JD/LLB is not exactly a walk in the park. We toil away for 3 years, paying an outrageous tuition, enduring corporal punishment, the Socratic method and an inordinate amount of wasted money on twice the number of textbooks, only to realize that for many, none of these required classes will a) prepare us for the bar exam, or b) prepare us for our intended career.

Last semester, we took Comparative Sales, Canadian and American Payment Systems and Canadian and American Secured Transactions. I didn't care about those subjects then, and I care even less now. I'm exhausted, I hate customs officers and I owe so much money to so many different people, that I'm almost certain that my body is going to end up floating somewhere along the Detroit river before I graduate.

So in silent process, as my means of retaliation to the powers-that-be, I am taking this semester off. That's right, people. I'm on vacation. No exams, three classes, all at night, and if you care to know, yes, one of my classes is the Lawyering Process and I am proud of that fact!

o if you are looking for me, I won't be in the library. I won't be in the pit. I won't be talking about Estates and Trusts or Wills. And I certainly won't be reading anything remotely related to the law. I will be at home, making up for 2 ½ years of lost sleep, or taking extended long weekends in Toronto. In fact, I'm on the train right now, and guess what? I'm sleeping! So take that!

Could we be looking for you?
fmc-law.com/students



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YOUR FUTURE IS OUR BUSINESS

Mary Mitchell Traded to Dean Herlehy's Office in Blockbuster Trade

In a blockbuster move, Dean Herlehy's office successfully acquired administrative assistant Mary Mitchell from the Professors in exchange for a 2009 1st round draft pick. Mitchell, a 3-time most valuable assistant, finished last year with a .867 at-work percentage with only 3 sick days and 1,048 student assignments handed in.

"This was a big trade for our team," said Herlehy at a press conference held Sunday. "We needed to strengthen our front office, and we have high expectations that Mary Mitchell will provide us with the power and depth we need."



Both Mitchell and Herlehy were all smiles at the press conference

It was reported that Dean Herlehy's office was also considering Mary Mitchell's former Professor's assistant teammate Annette Pratt and Dean Gold's assistant Sandra Stein for the position. Pratt, who led all secretaries with a .989 efficiency rating last year, is currently on pace to break her own record this season of 67 photocopier jam repairs. Stein

on the other hand, who began 2007 slowly, has picked up since the Christmas Break and is now administrating with a law school leading .764 degree of enthusiasm.

"We were scouting both Pratt and Stein for a long time as both are proven assistants in their own right" said Herlehy. "Negotiations with Dean Gold's office broke down and precluded us from dealing for Stein, and we were concerned ultimately about Pratt because we don't need another lefthander in our office. I think Mary Mitchell is the right fit at the right time."

To fill the space left by Mitchell, the Professors have signed veteran free agent Thuy-Binh Shiu to a 1-year deal. Financial terms were not disclosed.

Professor Removes Text Book From Syllabus

Following years of complaint, Professor Charles James decided to remove the text book "Administrative Law" from his required course reading list. Despite being the most authoritative source on Judicial Review development, practice, and procedures, the book has been criticized by students as being both heavy and boring. Professor James reflected those sentiments in a statement issued to the Oyez.

"In all the years I have taught Judicial Review I have never thought to thumb through that text book," James' said. "Whilst I was leafing through carelessly I finally saw what everyone was complaining about. The material was dry, the font was small, and there were no pictures. This was not

how I learned Judicial Review when I was a lad. I understand now why it would take donkey years to complete the readings on a weekly basis. And to think, all these years I've made short shrift of the students' complaints. This standard was clearly patently unreasonable and for that I am sorry."



There's no sleep more drooly than a JR sleep.

The search is now on for a new book to replace "Administrative Law". It is believed that criteria of the new book include simplicity, colour, pictures, and an activity fun guide at the end. Currently under consideration are such prospects as "Jimmy the Bear Learns Administrative Law", "What happened to Daddy? Exercises of discretion in JR", and "Judicial Review - A Little Golden Book".

Waters Cries Foul, Oyez Bites Thumb

One of Windsor Law's newest Professors, Chris Waters, has filed a formal complaint with the Oyez citing numerous accounts of plagiarism and joke-stealing. Waters, who is both a qualified academic and humour enthusiast, was particularly hurt by the Oyez failure to grant him credit where he claims, allegedly, credit was due.

"I don't mind people stealing my ideas. In fact, that is what being an

(Continued on next page)

academic is all about.” said Waters. “But when I make a joke, and someone steals it, that’s not funny. No, the irony is not lost on me either.”

The Oyez, whose collection of fresh material has been significantly declining since its founding, did not appear to have any remorse or empathy for Professor Waters’ concerns.



Artist’s depiction of Waters’ chagrin

In retaliation, the Oyez has launched a civil action against Waters for the tort of intentionally causing mental distress. Grounds for the action were formed on the basis that Waters, by actually complaining, had ruined the novelty of an idea for an Oyez article in which he had behaved in a similar manner. As a result, the Oyez is seeking aggravated damages due to depression related injury, which unfortunately precludes them from coming up with another story idea. The Oyez declined to comment whether or not they understood if torts worked that way.

Waters, frustrated by the Oyez bureaucracy and the worry of an impending silly law suit, has attempted to punish his students as a means of making himself feel better.

“I was so angry and hurt by all that happened that I decided to take it out on my Transnational Corporations and Human Rights class,” said Waters. “I failed them all, every

single last one of them. Unfortunately, the Oyez had the last laugh again since all of their F’s belled up to B’s. Damn that irony. Got me again.”

Pesticide Use Deemed Illegal Despite Undergrad Infestation in Law Building

In a historic decision, the Supreme Court of Canada has ruled on a reference question that the use of pesticides in the law building to remedy the recent exam time undergrad infestation would not be appropriate and could result in a finding of culpable homicide. The question, posed to the SCC by the SLS Executive, was in response to a growing undergrad population in the law building during the month of December.



WARNING: Undergrads. They study among us.

The infestation has caused numerous disruptions to the law student study process. Undergrads have been known to take up space, talk loudly, make a mess, and breathe law school air. The Faculty of Law has passed numerous resolutions to try to keep undergrads out of the law building, although none of them have proven effective since Windsor undergrads can’t read. Many law students questioned the SCC’s decision.

“This state of affairs confuses and annoys me,” said SLS VP Finance Jim Elson. “It makes me pose a two part question... first, did the SCC

consider the contextual aspects of an undergrad infestation when making their decision? And secondly, and I think this is what I’m really trying to get at here, were they really the most reasonable people to make such a determination given that they probably don’t remember how lousy it was when they were in law school? I’m sorry, but I’m just having a little trouble understanding...”

In light of the decision, the SLS has issued a formal apology to the law student body for wasting SLS money on twenty barrels of farmer-grade pesticide purchased last month in anticipation of a probable undergrad infestation this coming April.

Student Completes Evidence Exam Early, Accused of Academic Misconduct

A third year student, who must remain anonymous due to confidentiality by-laws binding the Student Disciplinary Committee, has been accused of academic misconduct following her successful completion in full of Professor Tanovich’s fall Evidence exam. The exam, written by Tanovich to be physically impossible to complete, was handed in by the student approximately 20 minutes prior to pencils down.

“She came up and handed me her paper and I was like ‘Hey! What the hell do you think you’re doing?’” said Tanovich. “She claimed she was done, which I know is impossible. When I graded the papers and found hers, the only complete and legible one, I knew that something smelled fishy.”

The administration’s current investigation, regarding whether or not the Evidence exam could have been finished in the prescribed 3 hours, has determined that no, no human being regardless of

intelligence or experience could ever possibly complete the exam in full, and especially not early.

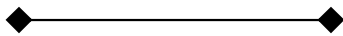
The accused student, in an exclusive Oyez interview, has maintained her innocence claiming that she had studied really hard and was well prepared for the exam. The Oyez, in keeping with their mandated policy against over-achievers, has since altered the interview with a damning spin and forwarded it to the Student Disciplinary Committee for review.



Girl reacts to accusations of academic misconduct. If you see her in the hall, point and laugh.

“Even if she was telling the truth, which is likely, we don’t need that kind of keener in our law school bringing down everyone’s averages,” said an Oyez spokesperson. “Besides, Tano takes great pride in his impossible evidence exams. We here at the Oyez would hate to see him sad.”

Orange Juice Stolen, Professor Eansor Sad



Police have launched an investigation in an attempt to track a burglar who supposedly stole Professor Donna Eansor’s orange juice box last week. It is suspected that the theft occurred sometime last Wednesday between 12:32pm and 12:45pm in the Faculty lounge when Eansor was using the microwave. It is unclear how the perpetrator entered and exited the premises, although police believe the door may have been involved.

The juice box, of the Minute Maid

variety, has been a regular component of Eansor’s lunch since the fall of 1983. It is believed that the juice gives Eansor the necessary thirst-quenching sugars and vitamins that she requires in order to function properly on a daily basis. In the absence of her orange juice, Eansor was forced to cancel classes due to sadness.

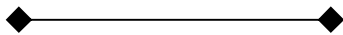


Eansor and her juice box during happier, simpler times.

“Professor Eansor is the sweetest lady ever, I hate to see her sad,” said Good ‘ol Cecil, a grade-grubbing first year. “I really hope she gets over her bout of sad quickly and comes back to teach us all the wonders of property and chattels.”

This incident is not the first time that Professor Eansor has been the sad victim of a lunch item theft. In winter of 2006, Professor West was accused of eating Eansor’s muffin during a faculty council meeting. While charges were laid against West, she was acquitted based on the social context evidence that she could afford her own muffins. Police have not ruled West out as a suspect in this most heinous of orange juice heists.

There’s a Professor Jacobs Here? Who Knew?



The Oyez was pleased to learn that Professor Jacobs, first name unknown, has joined our illustrious faculty here at Windsor Law. Jacobs very well may have a respectable

academic background, we just don’t know. We also don’t know where he came from or what he looks like. The only thing we do know is that he is here. And, in the spirit of welcoming, we would like to... er... welcome him.

Actually, come to think of it, we here at the Oyez don’t even know if Jacobs is a guy or a girl. No one has ever heard of him/her until recently. True, we probably could look it up online, but that shouldn’t be our responsibility. I mean, if you’re good enough to be a Windsor Law Professor, then you should take a general and sincere interest in getting to know the student body. That is, unless, you think you’re better than everybody else.

Is that it? Is that your game, Jacobs? Are you a snob? Is that why you haven’t come down to our Oyez office to introduce yourself? Is it because we don’t have an office? How dare you judge us! Who do you think you are? You think you can just come here from someplace and expect us to go to whatever class you teach and introduce ourselves?

We here at the Oyez are so upset with you, Jacobs, at the moment. You’re lucky we don’t know what you look like or where to find you, or you may well find yourself on the receiving end of an irate finger wagging. You’re on thin ice, Jacobs. Watch it.

I suggest you take a page out of Professor Mohammed’s book and fall in line. Don’t rock the boat. Do as you are told. Come by and say hi.



Read the sign, Jacobs. Read the sign.



Dear Mary



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Dear Mary,

Did you and Neil watch the Superbowl?
If so, what did you think of it?

#I Sports Fan

Dear sports fan,

Neil wanted to watch the Superbowl, but I forbid it. Instead I made him watch six hours of Masterpiece Theatre on PBS. I told him that, if he was bored, we could just go to bed. For some reason he stayed up and kept watching.

Mary "Fridge" Gold

Dear Mary,

Is there any way that I could get a mirror in my office? As you know, I ride my bike to school and I'm a little concerned that I may have helmet hair.

Spayseebah bolshoi,

Professor Waters

Dear Christopher,

I would get you a mirror, I really would, except all of us really enjoy laughing at you.

Dean MG.

DEAR MARY,

I THINK I ACCIDENTALLY LOST
MY VIRGINITY AT LAW GAMES.
IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN GET
IT BACK?

ANONYMOUS

No, Walt Assault.

You have to actually lose your virginity first, like for realsies, not for fakesies.

Yours,

D to the M to the G-Unit

Dear Mary,
Bon Jovi is coming!!!! Are you
like, totally pumped??!
Billy Bogart

William,
All I have to say on the matter is this:
1986. Slippery When Wet Tour. Jon and I had a differing opinion of what a backstage pass is.
Gold

Dear Mary,
Have I ever told you that you
remind me of Hillary Clinton?
Perceptive.

Dear Mary,
Do you have a date to the Spring Formal yet?
A Secret Admirer

Norm,
For the last time, you're too short for me.
Mary Golden Delicious

Hi Perceptive,
I am nothing like Hillary. For one, I've never let Neil smoke cigars or order pizza.
Dean Gold.

Dear Mary,
I sent you a friend request on Facebook last November and am still waiting for confirmation. Maybe it didn't send properly?
K-Mo

Karen,
You have joined a long and illustrious list of colleagues and peers who have received the distinct honour of being exiled forever to my Facebook Wall of Shame.
Don't worry! Keep checking my friend pending status regularly... maybe I'll add you any day now... weh heh heh heh heh...
Mary Gold, Dean

Got a problem?
Think Associate Dean Gold can help?
Email us at theoyez@uwindsor.ca and we'll make up her answer!



"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 theoyez@uwindsor.ca and hopefully next year, someone will decide to follow up this last ditch attempt to fill space in this mega issue.

Notice to the City of Windsor

To Whom it May Concern,

There is a growing problem in the city of Windsor. No, it’s not that there is more snow this year than the past three years combined. No, it’s not that Ouellette is still a disaster even after months of construction. And no, it’s not even that every local thinks they are an American. The problem is the underdevelopment of the student social life.

To go to school in Windsor means learning in a city which garnered most of its popularity from the disparity of the American and Canadian dollar, along with the profitable automobile industry. But with a falling American economy and depressing automobile production, Windsor’s population dwindles and her stores remain empty. One thing remains constant, however. The University. Students still come. Enrolment remains steady at the University of Windsor. More and more Windsor is becoming a University town along the lines of Kingston or Guelph.

Despite this, the city still caters to its roots, repairing the downtown and upgrading its city hall. All the while, its university area still remains oddly underappreciated. The largest development around the school has been a new schwarma restaurant on University Ave. There has been no improvement of nightlife around the school. There is no club on campus and there are no bars within walking distance of the University, aside from the Cock Trio (Twig & Berries, Liquor Box, Big Dick’s), which are only popular one night a week, if at all. There is a need in the city of Windsor to develop its university nightlife because rapidly, the university is becoming the city’s main attraction.

Due to the underdevelopment, students trek downtown only to find that the Americans no longer populate their bars. The slutty and hammered 19-year old Americans only come on weekends, and with less frequency. Downtown bars have become mostly populated by, yes, university students. Which begs the question, why not move the bars to us? Why not make Wyandotte and California the new hub for Windsor nightlife?

Too often potential young party students are left behind because of their unwillingness to hike downtown. Too often is the cab (or walk if you’re more hardcore than the writer) there and back not worth your time. There needs to be new advancements around campus. The nightlife needs to be rejuvenated and relocated. It must cater to its main patrons, the students. With the depression of downtown coupled with the new influx of students, especially next year with the med students, the University of Windsor is the most popular and most reliable institution in the city. The city, along with its nightlife, needs to realize this and take advantage of it.

Due to the lack of a university centred social life, the University of Windsor is still a step behind its counterparts in Guelph or Kingston. Those schools appreciate where their life comes from, their schools. In turn, they cater to the students and make the city appealing to them with popular on campus clubs and massive homecoming weekends.

The University and City of Windsor have yet to appreciate the contributions of the students and it may be a reason for a potential student not to enroll at University of Windsor. Major developments are needed. They may be done slowly with a trickling in of a club, an event, an initiative or a spark here and there. Bring in a concert or a comedian, throw an elaborate homecoming, create a radio station, and develop the campus life. The CAW is big and empty, without even so much as a couch or a table at its core. It’s just a vacant space, not conducive to chilling.

The university and its surrounding area need to become more appealing, rejuvenating the city and even luring potential students from other, larger schools. Give students a reason to be here besides the broad, diverse areas of study, which the website almost exclusively promotes.

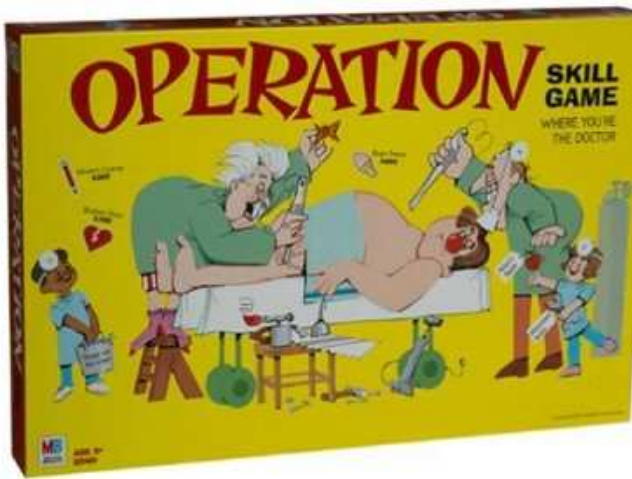
The city needs to realize that its prime asset now is the University and its students. With an enhancement in student social life, the university can revive the city. The city needs it. The students need it. The economy needs it. Bring exciting initiatives and take the OSAP money out of our pockets and let the transformation begin.

Brian Sweigman

d i v e r s i o n s

for dull days and duller classes

Get Out Y O U R Crayons



RECENTLY, WINDSOR LAW'S BELOVED SLS VP FINANCE JIM ELSON DECIDED TO HAVE NOT ONE (1) BUT TWO (2) SURGERIES!

"Hi Doc. I'd like to elect for a two-part surgery, if that's okay." Jim was overheard asking.

IN HONOUR OF HIS RECOVERY, THE OYEZ IS PROUD TO PRESENT:

JIM ELSON OPERATION!

I'm not sure what you're supposed to do with this.

I made it my desktop just to make his girlfriend jealous.



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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:

"Now THAT'S one lucky broom!"

Dean Cobra Commander smiled under his doily-mask. His moment of triumph was suddenly interrupted by a loud clicking noise.

“Do you have to do that here?” he shouted at Professor Berryman.

“It was your bright idea to have your throne and the shuffle board table in the same room.” Berryman replied with impunity before taking a shot, which was a good one, in case anyone was wondering.

* * *

Dean Elman, Herlehy, Karen Momotiuk, and the Super Head Librarian Guy sat around the conference table. Maps and papers covered the table, the only spaces occupied by half full coffee mugs. Elman turned to his team and sadly mused at how his once mighty law school was reduced to this rag-tag bunch of loyalists.

“I have received word from my informant that the balloon is set to be inflated sometime in the early afternoon.” Dean Elman began.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you... this informant, can they be trusted? Who is he or she?” Herlehy asked.

“Yes, do not worry Francine. My informant is sound. The less you know about this, the better.” Elman replied. “I have provided Mary Gold with the coordinates of the balloon. We are praying that she is able to get there in time to disable the balloon and take out any of Dean Cobra Commander’s henchprofessors that may get in her way.”

“I pity the fool who tries to stop her.” Super Head Librarian Guy said, shaking his head.

Momo handed out a piece of paper. “Good news, Leann and I were successfully able to run a screen from every doctor’s office and hospital. Whenever a would-be patient tries to go to a doctor, we intercept them and send them instead to a homeopath, or chiropractor, or some other fraud. Appointments are dropping radically and the hospitals are beginning to lay off doctors.”

“Excellent!” Dean Elman said. “Have we come up with any new way of stopping Mazer and shutting down this med school once and for all?”

“Well, we were looking in to renting a Strawberry Shortcake air balloon,” Super Head Librarian Guy began, “but we won’t have the resources for it until 2014.”

“By that time it would be too late!” Momo said. “But give me that phone number anyways, Leann’s birthday is coming up and she loves Strawberry Shortcake.”

“What about the propaganda campaign?” Herlehy asked.

“Our signs are not proving to be as effective as the med school’s since we decided to cheap out and print them in black and white. The good news is we saved \$8!” Librarian Guy said.

“That is good news,” they all agreed, nodding.

“Well, we need to come up with something and fast! Even if Mary is able to disable the balloon, it won’t be long until they raise tuition and will be able to afford the rental for another afternoon!” Elman barked.

Everyone’s face became wrinkled with worry.

* * *

Menezes and Rotman sat cross legged next to the inflation device. The time was quarter to one. The moment of triumph was at hand. The two Professors were passing the time by casually chatting and recalling humorous anecdotes.

“So I sez to her, I sez Linda, I sez, deal or no deal, and she sez to me, she sez Rotman she sez... deal! And I was like, WHOA! Idiot!” The two laughed. A shadow blotted out the sun.

“Oh dear god!” Menezes sat up, startled.

“Hello boys.” The shadow said.

“Mary! Quick, get her!” Menezes shouted. Rotman was quick... in a flash he downed a quart of coffee and was on his feet running, fists twirling in a blur of spinning fury. Mary parried quickly, bouncing off a harmless knock to her hair. She turned about and delivered a double-axe handle chop to the back of Rotman’s head. He collapsed in a heap. Menezes fumbled clumsily with his coloured scarf, the sweat on his hands preventing him from properly securing the fake thumb. Mary was on him too quickly, and the scarf fell to the ground in tatters.

Mary Gold exhaled as she tied up the two beaten professors. “And now, for the balloon!” she cried.

“Not so fast.” A voice emanated from behind her. She turned.

“Mazer! At last we meet.” She said coolly.

“The one you knew as Mazer is dead. There is only Dean Cobra Commander now.” He said. She crouched and prepared to pounce. Dean Cobra Commander held out his hand.

“Not so fast, Mary Gold. As you know, you are a Dean. But I am a higher Dean. I am the uber-Dean. You must yield to the Dean hierarchy and obey me!” he shouted. Mary’s feet involuntarily glued themselves to the ground.

“No...!” she cried. “Must... stop... balloon...!”

“You cannot disobey a higher Dean. To do so would break the rules. You can’t break rules, now can you?”

A salty tear ran down Mary’s cheek. “No... I can’t... I must obey...” she exclaimed.

“That is correct. Join me. Together we can rule all of Windsor. And maybe one day, Tecumseh!”

She nodded slowly. She had no choice. This was her destiny. She could not disobey a higher Dean, out of fear of the example that it would set to the students. If she didn’t respect a Dean, then why should the students respect any Dean? It would bring about the end to organized academia as the world knows it. She walked with her head down to Dean Cobra Commander’s side.

“And now, behold my masterstroke!” He proclaimed, as he switched on the inflation device.



As the balloon rose to the sky, all eyes were cast upon it. Except for those of Dean Mary Gold, who could look no higher than her own two shoes.

To be concluded in the next issue: DOMINATION

Top Ten Proposed Marketing Strategies for Windsor Law

10. We are a Border School – We Border on Sobriety Daily
9. Our School, like Sesame Street is Brought to you by the Letter A, The Number 2 and by the Letter J.
8. Our Class Provides Ample Opportunity to Create, Maintain and Utilize a Facebook Page.
7. Spectacular Renaissance Lecture Halls – Equipped Only with Chairs and Desk (There were no plugs in the old days, and we like it that way!)
6. Our Library Has A Bathroom! (No sarcasm... it’s true!)
5. The Wireless Internet is Designed to Reduce Online Addiction with its Intermittent Availability
4. Lone Wheelchair Ramp Doubles as Rock Climbing Simulation
3. We Have A “Garden” on the Roof.
2. Two Words: Paul Ocheje
1. Our Classes are All Equal Opportunity... YOU ALL GET B’S!





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CASSELS BROCK
LAWYERS

LAW GAMES

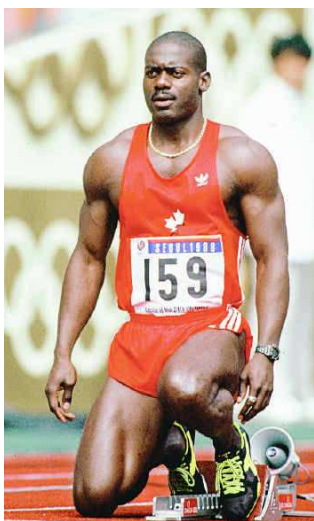
A Champion's Story

Of all the people going to law games, I am sure that I was the most pumped. Like, by far. If there was a ranking, I would come in at number 1. That's how high my enthusiasm was. You know, they should have a ranking for enthusiasm. I would dominate it. But they don't, which sucks. The point was that I was going to law games psyched. Ready for the sports and drinking that were about to take place. Ready to show them all what I bring to the table. Bring it on.

I got to law games and some girl told me to sign a form stating that I understood that Law Games was all about cooperative play, spirit, and respect. To hell with that. I came here to win. So I wrote down a fake name on the document and shoved my way out of the crowd. If they think I'm going to roll over and fold, they don't know me. I have my game face on.



The first sport was soccer. I was mortified. I saw our team list and couldn't believe the players we had. All of these people hadn't played varsity. Some had never even played intramural. Some were girls. I would have been worried about us not being competitive, but then I remembered that I was on the team. I would make the difference. I scored a goal early and then was ejected for intentionally stepping on the opposing team's goalie's neck. We lost the soccer tournament, but I blame the referee. What a bogus call.

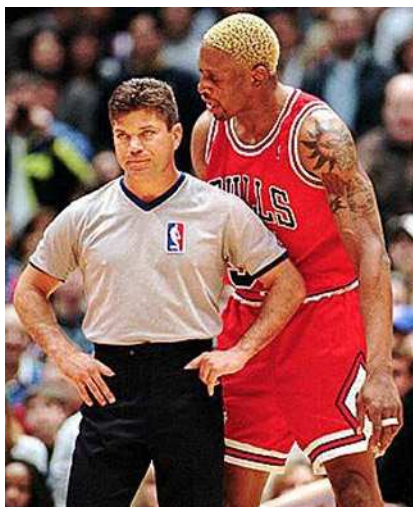


Next I played flag football. We were playing this nice team of French kids who were cheering for us. I didn't cheer for them. They were the enemy. I didn't like the fact that they were singing our praise, or building little snowmen around the out of bounds area. There is a time for friendship and a time for sports. This was not the time for friendship. So I intercepted a pass and ran it back for a touchdown. As part of my celebration I kicked over the French kid's snow man and cracked one of their instruments in half. One of them cried. I was ejected in the second half for throwing an elbow. We lost the football tournament, but I blame our quarterback. If I was QB we would have won.

I cleaned myself up and got ready for inner tube water polo. Everyone was splashing and frolicking in the pool. They looked like they were having fun. It was shameful. I jumped on my tube and sized up the competition. A girl tried to cover me. I tried to drown her. Some guy who I assume was her friend tried to get me to stop, so I shoved him and he punched me in the face. We won inner tube water polo, and I declared myself the hero.

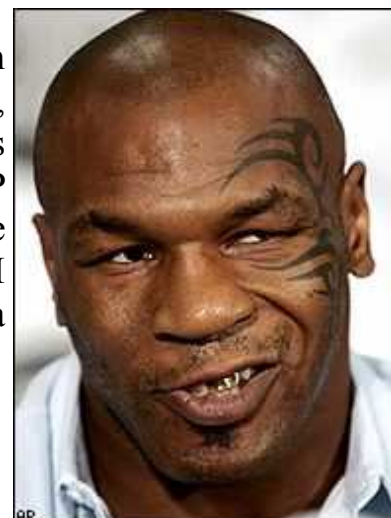


Time for basketball. I tied up my shoes and stepped on to the court. This was the sport that people took seriously. I went out of my way to injure our opponent's best player early with a carefully executed donkey punch. Sure, they gave me a foul, but his kids were gonna feel a hell of a lot worse than I did. After fouling a few small girls who meant well, I was benched. I came back and saved the day though, and we won the basketball tournament. I deflated the ball so that no one could use it after us.



Finally, there was hockey. Windsor had always dominated this sport. This year, I was going to dominate this sport. I started off by slashing a referee and was given a penalty. While in the box I noticed that some of the kids' parents had come down to watch. I swore at them all. We got our asses handed to us in hockey. It was because I didn't get enough ice time. I spat in our captain's hockey bag and made a pass at his girlfriend later on that evening.

Overall, Law Games was a great triumph for me. I won in every sport I played in, even though my team usually lost. I was expecting them to award me with an MVP trophy or something. When I saw I didn't get one I couldn't believe it. I set fire to the hotel to teach them all a lesson. What can I say, I have the heart of a competitor. The soul of a gamer. The attitude of a champion.



Professor Larry Wilson Talks Animals

Pandas. What about pandas? Don't even get me started. I mean, how dumb do you have to be to not even want to procreate. Consider this, a panda is faced with two choices: mate, or go extinct. Sounds like a no brainer, doesn't it? And then they go ahead and make a life choice that makes you want to bash your head against a cement post. If I was a Zoologist, I would absolutely HATE pandas. What morons! I once ate a panda. It tasted terrible. I'd rather chew on my employment contract with ketchup.



Mate, damn you.

The only thing worse than a Panda is a fish. How useless are fish? They can't breathe the air, they can't walk on land. They don't have wings. See, birds are smart! They can fly and swim... well, they swim if they're dead. I guess sinking in water is like swimming. I swim like that. Fish don't fly under any circumstances. Flying fish don't count. It's ridiculous. Professor Moon likes fish for some reason. This makes me question his value system.

Wilson has been heralded as Windsor law's leading nature unenthusiast

Next time I see Moon I'm going to punch him in the back of the head. At least that makes sense.

You know, I'd almost rather be a fish than a bug. Talk about impractical! You're small, you have too many legs... why not have just two legs? I only have two legs and I can walk around more or less. Whenever I see a bug with more than two legs, I do them a service and widdle them down. You know, leg wise. Spider? Lose six legs. Now you're more like people. I'll help. I have a set of tweezers to help with the really small bastards. I also use it to pluck my moustaches. People without moustaches should really reconsider their life choices.



Survival of the fittest! Eat that stupid fish, you stupid bird!



Dumb. Shameful. Fool. Embarrassing. Useless. Ugly. Sucks. Moron.

Reproduced courtesy of Wilson's Entomology Classification Compendium ©1979



I do have to say that I really appreciate the mule. It's not a horse. It's not a donkey. It's an abomination. But it's a happy abomination. It's a kind of animal that a person would never shake their fist at. If you did shake your fist at a mule, you'd feel guilty afterwards. I mean, the poor guy is a mule. Maybe he's not that happy, what being an abomination and all. When I open my own law school, my logo will be a mule. You know what, forget the law school idea. I'm just going to buy myself a mule. Maybe I'll even eat it. I bet it tastes nicer than panda.

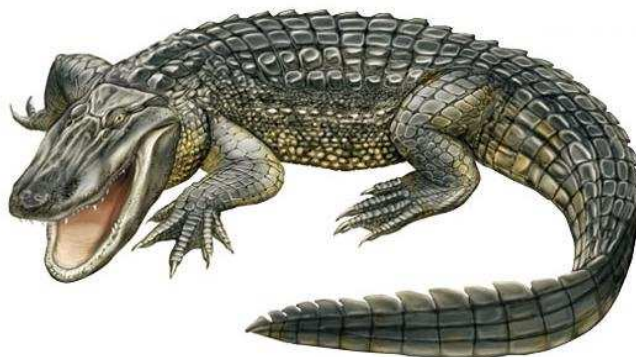
When I look deep into those big, round, sad eyes, I can't help but feel just a little bit hungry.

Professor Irish likes cats. I hate cats. Therefore, vicariously, I hate Professor Irish. I'm not sure if that logic is iron clad. Actually, I don't really hate Professor Irish. I just hate her policies on certain thing, like cats. I mean, I would never have a cat in my place. It's like taking in a freeloader. That's why I never liked Happy Days. Fonzi was such a freeloader. I bet Fonzi had a cat. Even if he didn't, I bet Professor Irish liked Fonzi. Does this mean I hate Fonzi vicariously as well? You bet your ass. Even if it doesn't make sense. You know what, especially if it doesn't make sense.



Meeeee-owwww!

I once watched the Crocodile Hunter. I've never seen him actually hunt a crocodile. Maybe it was the fact that I caught the wrong episode. I blame the network. A bunch of morons work there. I mean, why call the show Crocodile Hunter if he doesn't even hunt a crocodile in every scene? If not a crocodile, it had might as well be an alligator. An alligator and a crocodile is the same damn thing. You'd have to be really dumb to think otherwise. Really, when it comes to animals, I'm not as bitter as it seems. I'm just really pissed off.



Crocodile? Alligator? It could be my luggage for all I care.

A Semester in Leicester

(PRONOUNCED LES-TER)

by Michelle Kai, Law 3

By third year, even the allure of facebook-ing in the Moot during class has worn off. Even if A2J, OCI and Articling recruitment has not completely destroyed your self-image, there is something to be said for time away from the pit. While many students spend a term at CLA, LAW, away on a Letter of Permission, or even brave the Northwest Clerkship, some of us feel the need to go a little farther. As in half way around the world.



Welcome to the wonderful world of Exchange. Where grades don't count,* and even if you are learning, you are consistently plagued by the doubt that the law there is probably not the same as in Canada. And if not, wouldn't another weekend trip to another European city be much nicer than reading?

I spent last term at the University of Leicester, United Kingdom. I had to Google map where it was before my interview, and was happy to find that it was just about 90mins northeast of London. So immediately this place had potential. After outbound orientations and picking courses that kind of justify going aboard, endless paperwork and waiting about half a year, I was off. The Leicester school term starts in October, so I got another month of vacation. Upon arrival, there was a whole week of International Students Orientation, and then another week of University Orientation. And by the way, it is not Frosh Week. It's Fresher's Fortnight. The Brits sure know how to party. Mon: pub night. Tues: pub night! Wed: one pound drinks! Thurs: bar crawl! Fri: drink on your own initiative! Surprisingly I didn't find many people going out on the weekends.

Finally, classes started. Because the LL.B. is actually an undergrad degree in England, the students are barely 20. It feels a little strange at first, but I quickly took advantage of the fact that I: 1. know how to read a lot of law, 2. know to double-space my papers, 3. know not to use wikipedia as a footnote. I laughed out loud when our tutor said #3 as a feedback on our first paper, until I realized that she wasn't kidding, and was actually directing that comment at some in the class. Awkward.

One thing I really liked was tutorials. In Leicester, they were conducted by the professor, in groups of 8 students each, biweekly. It helped mitigate the large lecture classes, and would have been tremendously helpful in my own undergrad, I think, instead of guessing the level of competence of my TAs. But that also meant that I had to keep up with the material, as the prof had no qualms about picking students at random to brief cases or explain the ratio. So I studied, a little. As everything I was taking (EU Law, Human Rights, Trust, Conflicts) were all actually full year courses, my grade was based on writing a term paper – no exams!

Enough about school. Needless to say, the travel opportunities were fantastic. Flights were CHEAP, especially if you book about 2 weeks in advance. The train will take you just about anywhere. In the 3 months, I got to London (of course), Stratford-Upon-Avon, Lincoln, Oxford, Edinburgh, Inverness, Paris, Madrid... but that's just because I was on a pretty slack traveling schedule. Some of my friends took off to a different city every single weekend. The Uni (that's what they call it) had a fantastic International Students Association which organized day and weekend trips. It is also not hard just to get around by yourself, once you've learned all your coins.

Little things amused me a great deal, such as finding black currant flavoured stuff everywhere, the fervour over football, Asda (British version of Wal-Mart), the incessant rain... I also learned new words everyday: your major is your 'course', classes are 'modules', you 'revise' instead of study, and you're 'sorted' instead of set (when things are going your way), etc etc. Oh, and 'you alright?' means 'what's up?', not 'are you hurt/in need of medical attention'. That one took me a while to figure out.

All in all, I can tell you that I missed the UK before I even left. Highly recommended.



*as Law students, we get a 15-credit equivalence for a term, but the grades you earn aboard doesn't affect your Windsor GPA.



The Truth Behind

LRW Professor Mohammed

It is November 15th, 2007 and Professor Mohammed is nowhere to be found. The Dean has searched his usual hangouts, Cheetah's, Leopard's and "the clinic" [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: PROF MOHAMMED GOES TO THE AFORMENTIONED PLACES TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE GREAT FOOD SPECIALS AND NOT THE NAKED DANCERS/STD TESTING]. But to no avail. One suspects that he found a dirt cheap airfare – paid for with University funds, no doubt – and packed his favourite Bermuda shorts (from the 60's... the 1860's) and headed down to Fiji, leaving behind his wife and three (3) kids to fend for themselves [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: IT IS UNCLEAR IF PROF MOHAMMED HAS ONE WIFE AND THREE KIDS OR THREE WIVES AND ONE KID].



Editor's note: Mohamed Hashim, featured above, and Professor Mohammed, featured below, are apparently different people, claims Hashim.

Once there, Professor Mohammed is greeted, like most brownish-poet-warlords, with an army of servants and concubines at the airport. [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: IT WAS MORE OF A PLATOON]. After settling into the largest hut on the island (i.e. the Pizza Hut), Mohammed then makes his way to the village where he shares his accommodations with the chief of the tribe, Lady Godiva [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: THERE IS NO PIZZA HUT IN FIJI, BUT THERE IS A WHITE CASTLE].

Mohammed spends the first month of his 'research' catching up on local cuisine and on the latest village gossip. Undoubtedly, Mohammed is an ethnographic purist [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: MAY CONTAIN NUTS].

It is now January 15th, 2007. Half of Professor Mohammed's LRW class received a B, while the other half receives a C or fails. No one knows where the grade(s) came from. Everyone in his afternoon yoga class have received A's [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: DHALSIM IS NOT IN PROF MOHAMMED'S YOGA CLASS].

Mohammed spends the month of May catching up with several of the local boys who he calls 'son'. The boys affectionately call him "Heff", probably due to his resemblance to a heffalump. Once Professor "NAMBLA" is done consorting with the boys he spends the rest of the month in weekly mud wrestling matches with several women in the tribe... we'd show you the pictures, but they have been purchased by the folks at "Professors Gone Wild" and Dateline NBC's "To Catch a Predator" [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: BLACKOUT ON THE WEST COAST].



I do pilates with Kuras.

July is leprosy month on the islands, so Mohammed heads back to Windsor, Ontario and enjoys a warm Canadian summer, probably hawking some "authentic" Fijian clothing, jewellery and artifacts to the highest bidder. See for yourself on Ebay! (account name "Mo-money-Mo-problems") [LEGAL DISCLAIMER: THE OYEZ DENIES THAT THIS ARTICLE WAS PLAGIARIZED AND REPUBLISHED WITHOUT PERMISSION AS RETALIATION FOR BEING THE SUBJECT OF THE MAJOR MEMO PROBLEM.]



MSN Chat Session of the Month

Kuras - Conversation [minimize] [maximize] [close]

File Edit Actions Tools Help

Invite Send Files Video Voice Activities Games

To: Nana <moira.mccamey@uwindsor.ca>

i Nana is baking mcgill guide shaped gingerbread cookies

Nana says:
Good morning Ruthie, you there my dear?

Kuras says:
Hi Nana! How are you?

Nana says:
Oh, I'm just fine thank you. I was wondering, what ever happened to that nice boy who used to teach LRW here, you know, your friend?

Kuras says:
Do you mean Denholm? He switched over to Detroit Mercy this year.

Nana says:
Yes! Dear sweet Tommy. What a nice boy. Always smiling. Do you still talk to him?

Kuras says:
Well Nana... you know, since he left... it's been a little bit complicated...


Nana says:
But you do miss him, don't you Ruthie?

Kuras says:
Yeah Nana... I suppose I do...


Nana says:
He also had a really tight butt!

Kuras says:
NANA! OMG

msn



Send
Search

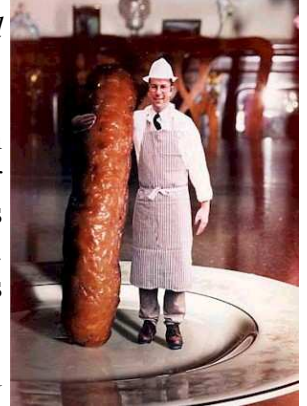


Top Five Observations of Laptops in Class

BY: Guy Incognito

Before all of you choose to deride me because I happen to glance at other people's screens, I know you all do it. Most of the time you see Microsoft Word open with a series of notes. But at times you'll see other things on the screen. Odd things. Awkward things. These are the strangest of these visuals.

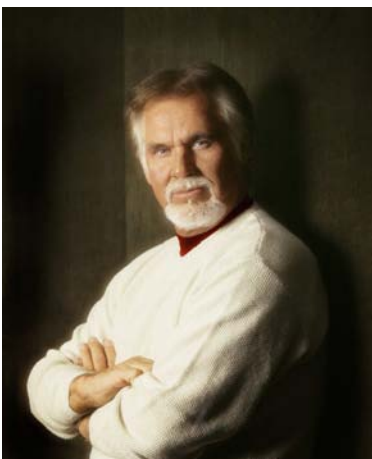
#5: Sausagefest: I'm guessing some fearless law student decided to be bold enough to check out this website during class. What caught my eye was the rather prominent display of the website's name. But it's not what you think at all. It's literally what the name is. It's advertising a festival of different types of sausage. Kudos to you brave student for taking that dare and risking watching porn in class to get more information on the closest festival of sausage to Windsor.



#4: Mah'Jong: Seriously? Do I even need to write anything here? I'm surprised I didn't see a second window with a riveting game of bridge or pinochle going on. Perhaps that student is going to see a "motion picture" on the weekend and be revered at the technology because "it's a talkie." No. I'm not reviewing this anymore. Next.

#3: Is It Christmas?: Ever have that feeling where you're not quite sure if it's December 25th? Not entirely certain if you're either slightly late for that day or just REALLY early for the next one? Well fear no more. This website will tell you if it's Christmas or not. The simplicity of the website is the brilliance of it. The giant NO makes you really feel like an idiot.

#2: Duct Tape News: I spent a lot of time pondering as to why a particular student would even click on this website. It's not as if he was duped into doing so because the URL is quite obvious. And because we're all law students we're not handy at all. The fact there's a link for photos is even more disturbing with one picture showing how the employees cut out the word "princess" and taped it on their bosses chair. Oh my! Office humour! It's this squeaky clean type of humour that makes me dread the work force because every office has something like this. If I end up in the same firm as that student who was perusing this website, I'm changing firms. Seriously.



#1: Men Who Look Like Kenny Rogers: Oh yes. This does get top spot. Why? Because it's perhaps the most idiotic concept of a website one can even think of. Upon viewing that website, what do you see? Well...men who happen to look like Kenny Rogers. The viewing pleasure increases as you view the amount of merchandise that you can get promoting a guy who kinda looks like a drunk version of Kenny Rogers. And to put this over the top, in case you ever feel the need to look like The Gambler himself, there's a link with tips so that you too, can look like Kenny.

That's it. So how do I spend my time during class? Why I wrote for the Oyez. They'll accept anything. Seriously, have you read the next article? Stinker if I've ever seen it.

A Snapshot in the Life of Virginia Obierski

Virginia Obierski, the (wo)man, the myth, the legend. Windsor Law's own Academic Coordinator has recently been audited for systemic discrimination against the entire Windsor student body. This examination is being conducted by the Law Society of Upper Canada on the basis of her latest course change session. The OYEZ is pleased to present what was uncovered in the audit, in this special expose: A Snapshot in the Life of: Virginia Obierski.



A lineup forms suddenly outside Virginia's office.

January 7, 2008: The First Day of Winter Semester

6:45 – Students begin lining up for course changes.

8:00 – Announced time for wait lists to be posted.

9:15 – Virginia arrives for her first day of work in the new semester, still feeling the ill effects of Mazer's New Years Extravaganza.

9:16 – Wait lists are posted.

9:20 – Virginia looks at Law School Course Calendar for the first time since September.

9:30 – First student is admitted for course changes.

9:35 – First student leaves Virginia's office with the simple instructions, "Close the door behind you." Loud banging noises heard from behind the closed door.

9:40 – Virginia heads home from her first day of work, exhausted.



The sun goes down. Lineup has not moved. Morale is low.

January 8, 2008: The Second Day of Course Changes

6:45 – Students begin lining up to sign up for course change appointments.

8:00 – Announced time for sign-up list for course change appointments to be posted.

9:15 – Virginia arrives for her second day of work, still feeling the ill effects of Mazer's First Day of School Extravaganza.

9:16 – Sign-up list for course change appointments is posted.

9:30 – Appointments between 10:00am and 11:00am fill up instantly. Remainder of day is closed off to students due to a difficult sudoku puzzle in the Globe and Mail. Looks like it will be a busy day ahead.



Security camera footage reflects the dedication. Budding system has failed. No one has used a bathroom in days.

9:45 – Virginia cancels all appointments between 10:00am and 11:00am for a "meeting."

10:00 – Virginia heads to the A&P on Huron Church.

10:12 – Virginia purchases three Fridge-Mates of Diet Coke and a package of kosher beef jerky.

10:35 – The offering purchased by Virginia at the A&P is placed outside Dean Elman's office door. She then waits in the shadows for the signal that the offering has been accepted.



The elements take their toll. The lineup gets more leggy.

(continued on next page)

10:55 – Virginia returns to her office to discover that some student has signed up for a meeting at 11:15.
11:15 – Virginia meets with, and summarily dismisses, the presumptuous student.
11:16 – Virginia begins composing a strongly worded e-mail to Associate Dean Gold, wondering how the administration expects her to get any work done with all the interruptions from students.
12:00 – After spending 44 minutes listing her complaints to Associate Dean Gold, Virginia leaves for the day, exhausted.

The Law Society of Upper Canada’s investigation was stalled after the events of January 8, 2008. From January 9 until January 17, Virginia Obierski called in sick to work, and no course changes were completed during this time.



Students wander the campus unsure whether they should go to Labour or Bus Ass, neither of which they are registered in.

January 18, 2008: Last Day of Course Changes

6:45 – Nobody is lined up outside Virginia’s office as even the most desperate student, stuck with 8:30 class every day of the week, has resigned themselves to their miserable fate.
9:00 – Virginia gets in early to work, hoping to avoid the notice of any students who may be waiting for her at her usual arrival time.
9:05 – Virginia posts sign on door that reads, “Any first year student booking an appointment will be forced to repeat first year. You can not make course changes.”
9:10 – Virginia returns to sudoku puzzle from January 8. It’s harder than it looks.
10:00 – Word gets out that Virginia is back in her office for the last day of course changes. Second year law students rush to line up for an appointment. Third year law students consider calling Virginia to ask for a course change, but eventually settle on e-mailing their requests, from non-Windsor e-mail addresses.
10:30 – Course changes actually continue unabated.
11:00 – Virginia’s office closes for nap time.
12:00 – Virginia’s office remains closed for lunch.
1:00 – Virginia’s office remains closed as she attends the marks meeting.
1:15 – All professors and administration agree that they will continue curving the grades to a B, as they have always done.
1:20 – Virginia electronically authorizes the release of grades to students, which had been held pending the marks meeting since January 8.
1:21 – Virginia calls her husband in tears, eagerly anticipating the end of the craziest two weeks of her

life and getting the opportunity to reacquaint with her family.
1:30 – Virginia leaves office to catch afternoon flight to Antigua, where she will remain until she is needed again in September.



A crowd forms and demands change. Virginia is amongst them (back right). She is demanding same.

The results of the audit are still yet to be discovered, however her future with the school and the legal profession lies in the hands of the law society. Regardless, a petition has been successfully launched by the majority of students at the school stating a willingness to increase tuition in order to have a computer system replace Virginia for course changes. Exciting times ahead at Windsor Law!!

The Vagina Monologues

Coming to a stage near you in 2008.

A Windsor Law Production - vagina_monologues2008@hotmail.com

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A CORRIERO JOINT:

THE VIRGINIA MONOLOGUES

THE OYEZ TAKES OVER OBIERSKI'S OFFICE

After narrowly escaping an old fashioned beatdown in the faculty lounge, Loya and I knew that desperate times called for desperate measures. Fall term had come and gone and we still had not secured a permanent location for our top-secret, scholarly, journalistic work. The lack of appreciation for our contribution to this law school was disheartening and we were running out of places to go.

No matter where we attempted to go, we were met with disapproving stares and menacing glances, a sporadic shake of the fist, and cold, harsh, tense silence. This was treatment that was worse than that of the JD/LLB students. As a JD/LLB Oyez Editor, I was doubly marginalized. Loya and I conducted some secret meetings to discuss our next plan of action and suddenly, it came to us. Why, it was so simple! Elementary, really. We needed an office that was empty, rarely used for the majority of the semester, and unlikely to lead to complaints to Dean Gold about how we are a direct hindrance to the academic reputation of the law school. How we had not considered this office before was mind-blowing. We spent the rest of that night discussing our attempt of a “Hostile Takeover” of the Office of the Academic Co-ordinator, Virginia Obierski.



Sneaking up to Virginia’s door was easy. Getting in, I suppose, was also kinda easy.



Wait... why is she smiling? What is all this paper? Why did we suddenly feel like Hansel and Gretel?

Known by most students as the “Woman who works only two weeks per semester,” Virginia seemed like a woman who would have the perfect schedule to fit with the Oyez lifestyle. Cram all responsibilities into a condensed time period, then party the rest of the time.

Upon first arrival of the “OAC,” Mark and I were shocked by the warm reception we received from Virginia. Embracing us, she led us into her office and sat us down in chairs that she had adorned with lush pillows. *That’s what I’m talking about*, I thought to myself [in a Kip voice, obviously] “I’m so happy that the school finally sent me some help!” she exclaimed.

“I am still working on registering these damn JD/LLB students – sorry Nicole. I don’t get why they all have to overload their courses. What is wrong with these people? Is two law degrees not enough? They take more credits than allowed on top of this? WHO are these people?!” Suddenly, it hit us. Virginia’s office was not empty, nor was it filled with Laz-E boy massage chairs and flatscreens playing Journey Music videos all day. Instead there were stacks upon stacks of paper, all over her desk, filing cabinets overflowing with even more paper, and just when you thought that the trees had not suffered enough, there were even storage boxes filled with paper as well. The contents of these papers were lost upon us. But deductive reasoning clearly indicated that if there is this much paper, then someone had to do something on it or with it. And that person was probably Virginia.



It was sometime during our 26th consecutive hour in Virginia’s office that we realized that we had made a tiny huge mistake.

Before we knew it, Loya and I were changing class lists, updating people’s transcripts, and responding to hundreds of angry e-mails a day. I did change my grades to all A’s and tampered with a few of the grades of the people on my “to kill” list in what I feel is a more than fair compromise, but otherwise, the work was tedious, repetitive and never-ending. After one hour, I was yelling at my computer screen – “IF YOU DON’T WANT TO TAKE JUDICIAL REVIEW, THEN DON’T SIGN UP FOR THE CLASS YOU MORON!!!” After two hours I had a completely new “to kill” list. And the e-mails never stopped.



Life in the Office of the Academic Coordinator was not at all what we imagined. Who knew Virginia actually did work in there?! And not only work, but *lots* of work! We knew we had to act fast. Thankfully Loya had some spare Ether in his backpack left over from Law Games. When she went to sip her tea, we knocked her out and got out as fast as we could. Saved from the torturous sweatshop, yet still, without an office. We were running out of options, and more importantly, we were running out of time.

The urge to flee came suddenly. Perhaps it was the never ending line of angry students verbally assaulting us. We had no idea how Virginia remained unphased by all the negative sights and sounds. She’s really remarkable, like an administrative Helen Keller.

Where should we go? E-mail ideas to: theyez@uwindsor.ca

HUG OCHEJE DAY: AFTERSNUGGLE

The Oyez, a publication committed to the well-being and goodwill of all students at Windsor Law, proved once again that it is by far the most influential body at the University of Windsor Faculty of Law, upon the resounding success of its first ever “Hug Ocheje Day.”

It all started as a rushed, last-minute fake news article and quickly escalated into the greatest event ever known to the history of mankind. Students were overwhelmingly enthusiastic about the prospects of hugging this beloved preacher of hairs on the body, and the anticipation leading up to the event was electric.

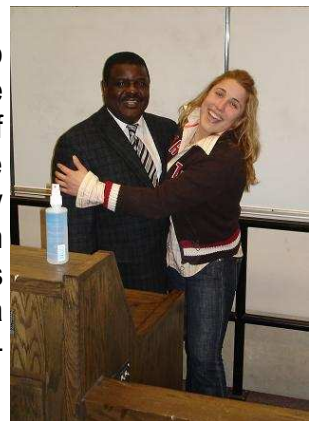
According to unverifiable statistics, the “Hug Ocheje Day” Facebook Event Page garnered over 450,000 hits per day. There were 72 confirmed guests exuberantly ready to be enveloped in the PhD’s soft billowy bosom. This, however, was not shocking. Generally, most students who have class with Professor Ocheje have, at least once during his lectures, envisioned what it would feel like to receive a real *hug* from him.



25 students listed themselves as “maybe attending.” This, at least to this writer, was confusing. They obviously have some interest in partaking in the festivities, yet at the same time, they were experiencing some serious doubt. Why exactly were they on the fence, and what factors would make or break their ultimate decision as to whether or not to Hug Ocheje?

The 60 people who blatantly confirmed their *NON*-attendance was infuriating. What the f--- was their problem?!! Were they too busy? Doing what? Who is too busy for a hug? Maybe they were scared – scared to love. Scared to take a leap into the unknown. To risk their hearts and souls. They possibly wanted to participate, and maybe some did, but perhaps, were afraid to have this broadcast on Facebook’s Newsfeed completely ruining their street cred. Maybe they’re just assholes. Probably, they were just assholes.

Despite the varying responses and reactions, it is undisputable that 100% of the people who did participate in hugging Professor Ocheje enjoyed it thoroughly. “Actually, I shed a single tear,” noted one emotional student. Another felt that the hug was more than just a gesture of comfort. “In the hug, at first I just felt a little warm, fuzzy feeling inside. But suddenly, as we hugged longer, I too felt the burning hatred for elitist, white male judges.” Even the faculty and staff partook in the festivities. Dean Bruce Elman was spotted ambushing Ocheje from behind and doing a half-spear, half-embrace. Brian Mazer gave him a backrub during his entire 8:30am Property class. And fellow Aboriginal Advocate, Professor Len Rotman, in a botched awkward half-hug attempt, finally went for the home run, and executed a picture-perfect bear hug.



It was a historic day. Windsor became the first law school in the history of the universe to hold a special day devoted to hugging a professor. *And* we got a **damn good hug** out of it. Thus, while Windsor may not be the top-ranked school in Canada, or the school that places the most students on Bay Street, or even the school that boasts any Supreme Court justices, we are definitely tops when it comes to hugging. So suck on that U of T, bitches.

Forward your submissions to: theoyez@uwindsor.ca
THANKS FOR READING!