

The

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AMDG

Transportation Crisis

Education Shouldn't Be So Hard to Reach



Crowds waiting for a bus on campus

In 2023, Universities Canada reported that 89 percent of post-secondary students felt overwhelmed by their responsibilities. Between academic deadlines, exams, and part-time jobs needed to cover tuition and the rising cost of living, university life is already full of stress. Worrying about whether you can make it to campus should not be a concern. Yet for many students, transportation has become a serious and ongoing issue.

The introduction of Winnipeg's new bus system was designed to improve efficiency by prioritizing the Blue Line, a rapid bus-only route intended to reduce delays caused by traffic. In theory, this is a smart idea. However, many students feel the system has failed to account for the volume of riders trying to access campus at the same time.

During peak hours, hundreds of students are attempting to board buses that can only carry a limited number of passengers. Even double buses fill up quickly, and as many as six buses may pass by

until one can accommodate any passengers. This means you could be waiting at the stop for over 40 minutes. Students regularly watch full buses pass them by without stopping. These buses are not marked as cancelled or full and have no indication that they will not be stopping, making it impossible for students to gauge how long it will take for them to make it to campus.

This results in students arriving late to class, missing lectures entirely, or eventually giving up after waiting through several full buses. For a group already under significant academic and financial pressure, unreliable transportation only adds another barrier to success.

This raises the question; why is this still a problem? Winnipeg Transit has been made aware of concerns like these through student complaints and feedback. While it would be unfair to claim the city is deliberately ignoring students, it is fair to say that many riders feel their experiences are not being meaningfully addressed. From a student perspective, it can feel as though consistent overcrowding has simply become normalized.

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Pet of the Edition

By Ryan Waller

Hello esteemed reader,

For this Pet of the Edition instalment, we would first like to thank everyone who submitted their pets for consideration. Please see the back cover for our honourable mentions. This edition's winner is Colby! Here is a short write up from his human companion:



"Colby, 13, is a hilarious guy who is always telling jokes and meowing at the top of his lungs when he has something to say. He is extremely cuddly and affectionate, and he'll headbutt anything within reach."

Thank you Cassidy for submitting this lovable entry for this Pet of the Edition.

More photos on the back cover!

The Best Study Spots (with drinks!)

Want to know the best places on campus to study with some caffeine? Meghan writes on page 3.

Operation Survival:

Upcoming Episcopal Consecrations in the SSPX

Thomas Bernardin

“Operation Survival” are the now famous words uttered by Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre to describe his act in forming the Society of Saint Pius X (SSPX) and the consecrating of four bishops on June 30th, 1988. This act was most notable as it was done without papal approval and thus incurred a “*latae sententiae*” excommunication which means that the penalty was automatic. Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre was excommunicated along with his four bishops: Bishop Bernard Fellay, Bishop Alfonso de Galarreta, Bishop Richard Williamson, and Bishop Bernard Tissier de Mallerais. Some, especially those who were unaffiliated with the SSPX, were confused as to why Lefebvre willfully separated himself from the Catholic Church. His answer was quite clear, stating in his homily at the consecrations: “today, by consecrating these bishops, I am convinced that I am continuing to keep Tradition alive, that is to say the Catholic Church!” Lefebvre did this because he wanted priests to be formed according to the methods prior to the Second Vatican Council, a council which he perceived to be erroneous due to religious liberty, ecumenism, and collegiality. Lefebvre also wanted to continue the use of the Tridentine Mass, more commonly known today as the Traditional Latin Mass (TLM).

Since the days of the Archbishop, Catholics have for the most part been hesitant in both discussing the status of the SSPX as well as attending their masses. The multitudes have been dismissive in their views of the SSPX, believing that it is simply outside of the Catholic church. On January 29th, 2009, Pope Benedict XVI lifted the excommunications of the four bishops consecrated by Lefebvre.

Benedict did this to promote unity between the SSPX and the Catholic church. In the eyes of many traditionalists, Benedict XVI was a force of good especially for the celebration of TLM since he promulgated *Summorum Pontificum* which allowed any priest attached to the old form of the mass to celebrate it. His uplifting of the excommunications further proved his good will. In 2015, which was an extraordinary Jubilee year devoted to mercy, Pope Francis allowed the Catholic faithful to confess their sins to the priests of the SSPX and be absolved. He made this permission indefinite in 2016. Furthermore, in 2017, Pope Francis granted the priests of the SSPX the ability to witness marriages if they got permission from the local bishop. Because of these concessions, the public reception of the SSPX has become far more positive. With the death of Bishop Bernard de Tissier Malerais and Bishop Richard Williamson, there have only been two aging bishops to administer the sacrament of confirmation and holy orders to several hundred chapels. Many wondered if the SSPX would consecrate more bishops.

On February 2, 2026, the Superior General of the SSPX, Fr. Davide

Pagliarani announced that after careful consideration, the SSPX would consecrate new bishops on July 1, 2026. This act will be done without papal mandate after petitioning Rome, and an unsatisfactory response was given. This has sparked much controversy, with diehards, sympathizers, and disapprovers ruthlessly butting heads. Since the announcement, the SSPX has been labelled both heroic and schismatic essentially an equal number of times.

In response, the dean of the Dicastery for the Doctrine of Faith (DDF), Cardinal Victor Manuel Fernandez met with Fr. Pagliarani on February 12, 2026. This meeting concluded with Cardinal Fernandez offering potential future dialogues regarding the Church’s teaching on doctrinal submission, religious liberty, etc. so long as the SSPX cancelled the planned consecrations. The DDF also claimed that if the SSPX proceeded in episcopal consecrations, it would result in a total rupture in communion.

Fr. Pagliarani responded to Cardinal Fernandez on February 19, 2026, in an open letter. The letter stated that while the SSPX appreciated the offer to open future dialogues, they would not

postpone the episcopal consecrations nor accept the objectives of the dialogues. Fr. Pagliarani gave five reasons for this, with the main being that a doctrinal agreement between the SSPX and the DDF regarding Vatican II will not be reached, and that the church cannot redefine what it means to submit to doctrine. Lastly, Fr. Pagliarani reminded Cardinal Fernandez that the mission of the church is ultimately the salvation of souls, and that the period leading up to July 1st should be marked by charity and prayer.

While many online have hurled accusations of schism towards the SSPX, it is important to remember that the society does not desire to establish a parallel church or to be disobedient for disobedience’s sake; their focus is the offering of traditional sacraments and true doctrine to all faithful Catholics. On the other hand, the Church does require fidelity and respect to the clerics who work directly for the Holy See. Before passing flippant judgements, many need to understand that the situation is complex, historical, and ever developing. Prayers are needed for both the SSPX and the Catholic Church in general, so that God’s will be done.



Fr. Pagliarani (centre)

Campus' Caffeinated Study Spots

Meghan Lagadi

Hello Paulinian readers! Welcome to my lovely guide to some of my favourite study spots around the U of M Fort Garry campus and the general Winnipeg area (and their accompanying caffeination stations!). As a self-proclaimed caffeine addict (iced or hot coffee, matcha, tea, I love them all) and stressed-out student whose main source of motivation is having a fun drink on my desk while I study, I hope this guide proves helpful.

A productive study session requires the right amount of noise, peer pressure, and of course, caffeine.

For subjects like math and chemistry (where there are combined calculations and theory) I found it helpful to study in areas that had a soft amount of noise, where there were some people, but not enough so that you could get distracted by friends telling you that you don't need to study. For example, one of my favourite math study spots was the Agriculture Atrium (if you're willing to trek across campus to the Agriculture Building- I promise it's worth it). With tables on the second level with charging cords, plants, and just a little human activity, I found the background noise of the building helpful in making me feel slightly observed, but not to the point of panic. "But Meghan," you may ask, "what about caffeine?" For this specific study setup, I would bring my trusty Yeti tumbler and fuel up with Empty Cup's "Running on Empty" coffee at GPA's Campus convenience. If you bring your own tumbler you only get charged refill pricing! There is also a Tim Horton's in the Engineering Atrium where you can snag your preferred Tim's beverage (or snack), but it is often busy so plan accordingly if time is a constraint.

Now, what about sit-down places for more writing-based productive spaces? For memorizing, writing, and planning, my go-to place is Degrees! If you are the type of

person who wants to take an aesthetic photo of their coffeehouse drink and cute colour coded notes, this is the place to do so. I have become obsessed with their iced blueberry matcha, and while it isn't cheap, it certainly motivates me to memorize all the fun words I need to remember. Degrees, in my opinion, is the best for chill study sessions with friends. Memorizing or simply writing concepts with other people to chat with can be a good introduction to study material and make it seem less overwhelming. While it isn't exactly somewhere I can personally "lock in" and work on practice problems, I find that it makes me more productive creativity-wise. Writing essays, cover letters, and other assignments that require more of a narrative flow of words comes very easily to me in Degrees. Is it because of their amazing playlists? Perhaps. Is it because they have delicious food? Yep! Is it because there's plenty of natural lighting? Probably! But then again, this is just my own personal experience, so take this with a grain of salt.

However, maybe you genuinely need zero distractions. As little people as possible, a hermit hideaway if you will. Just you, a coffee (from personal experience), and a pile of topics you have to learn by next week. Maybe you're even like me and have completely procrastinated, needing to memorize everything by tomorrow. In that case my suggestion is the Father Harold Drake library in St. Paul's College. If you're needing caffeine, Peter at the Belltower Cafe sells several options of Monster energy drinks, Empty cup cold brew cans, and hot coffees/beverages! The library has plenty of light, and lots of desk space. It is also usually very quiet so if you need near silence to focus on campus, I recommend this. My other option is nearby, but off campus: The Pembina Trails Public Library (location: 2724 Pembina Hwy). I've been an avid library goer and bookworm since I

was 5 (I still use the same account), and I can honestly say that Winnipeg's public library system doesn't get the recognition it deserves. Studying at this library (along with my emotional support caffeine drinks) got me through most of this past semester. Please know that you do not need to have a library card to study in the library, but if you want to check out books (for free!), you do need one. Also, do keep in mind that libraries often close at 5, and have special holiday hours since they are part of the City of Winnipeg, so they may close early or be closed completely on certain days. I personally found the library closing at 5 to be helpful since I had to plan out my day instead of cramming at night, which gave me some time to rest between the library closing, and my inevitable late night study session. Now what about caffeine?? It is important to note that most libraries likely prefer when people have drinks with secure lids to limit spilling/general messes. So, whenever I would bring something with me, I would transfer it into my Yeti (which has a better seal than most plastic cups), or better yet, ask the barista to put the drink in my reusable tumbler! Usually on my way to the Pembina Trails Library, I would stop at Empty Cup in Bridgewater, which is more of a stop in and go location due to limited study space and high number of people. If you can't tell, I'm an Empty cup fan. For these quiet frantic study sessions, I've found that the form of caffeine or where you get it from really doesn't matter—for me it's more of an emotional support motivation trick.

Whether you're motivated by a sweet energy giving treat like me, or if you're just looking for study spots, I hope you found my words useful! I've also included a TLDR with some other locations and caffeine options!

TLDR:

Plus bonus options! Because I don't have enough space to yap about them all:

Theory+Calculations:

Agriculture Atrium!

Similar locations:

Buller to Armes hallway tables/study pods (closest caffeine: Up & Atom in Armes),

Seats/tables in the Active Living center (closest smoothies: the Starting Block),

University College divider desks (closest caffeine: University College Dayside Cafe)

Notes/Writing/With Friends:

Degree's Diner!

Similar locations:

IQ's Cafe & Billiards (caffeine here!),

St. Paul's College Belltower Cafe (caffeine here!),

Elizabeth Dafoe Library (Starbucks (caffeine) here!)

Frantic Quiet Lock-In Session:

St. Paul's College Library

Pembina Trails Public Library!

Similar locations:

Fort Garry Public Library, 1360 Pembina Hwy (closest caffeine: Cottage Bakery- it's right beside it!),

Benches/small desks in Wallace (note: small desks, some people but generally it's very quiet) (closest caffeine: Up & Atom, Collosimo Coffee),

Study desks tunnel connection from Armes to Wallace (note: some traffic, generally quiet) (closest caffeine: Up & Atom, Collosimo Coffee).

Happy Studying!

Transportation Crisis

CJ Adams

(Continued from page 1)

Some students interpret this as a consequence of how the U-Pass system works. Because all students pay into the system regardless of individual usage, there is no direct financial incentive for Transit to prioritize student riders specifically. This is not a claim of intent or misconduct, but rather a theoretical critique of how policy design can shape outcomes. When ridership is struggling city-wide, students may feel like just one group among many competing priorities.

Transportation challenges do not end with the bus. For students who try to drive to campus, parking is another major obstacle. Securing a parking pass often feels like a competition, with students opening multiple devices and refreshing pages in the hope of landing a spot. This issue is likely to become more pronounced as the university plans to remove one of its largest parking lots to make room for additional on-campus housing.

The university has stated that expanding residence options supports student life and community.

This may be true, but some students worry that reducing parking while transit remains unreliable puts commuters in an increasingly difficult position. From their point of view, fewer parking spaces and overcrowded buses make getting to campus harder each year.

Some students also theorize that these pressures may be deliberate from the university to encourage more people to live on campus to ultimately get more money from the pockets of students. Again, this is not a factual claim, but rather a critical interpretation of how decisions are being made. When commuting becomes stressful, expensive, and uncertain, students may feel pushed

towards on-campus living as the only realistic option.

Access to education should not depend on how difficult it is to get to class. Whether by bus or by car, students should be able to reach campus without sacrificing their time, mental health, or academic success.

Transportation has become a barrier for students, and it needs to be taken seriously. Students are not asking for luxury. They are asking for reliability, fairness, and recognition that getting to class is not optional. Education should not be out of reach simply because the campus is “only a bus ride away”.

Arts, Culture, and Sports

Is Skinny the New Beauty Standard?

Ocean Stockings

“The people want beauty, skinny always wins and I don’t have enough of it. I’ll never have enough of it” are the closing words of the chorus in Laufey’s “Snow White.” The beauty industry is guilty of placing unachievable standards onto everyone to turn a profit, especially young women and girls.

The world’s “ideal body” is ever changing, and seemingly just out of reach, like the finish line keeps getting moved further. Back when all humans worried about was hunting and producing offspring, beauty was not a huge factor, so long as someone was able to “tap that.” In the Evolution of Feminine Beauty, Jeanne Bovet writes about the obsession and idealization of feminine beauty by society going back centuries. Ancient beauty standards were, and some

modern standards still are, linked with good physical health, immune function, and genetic qualities, such as a fuller body with large “childbearing” hips, skin condition as an indication of current and past health, a symmetrical face for “prominent” genes, etc. With the evolution of technology, the primitive signals of one’s health go out the door when a small pill or the occasional flu shot can boost survival chances and change one’s appearance—the very backbone of why humans mate in the first place. During the peak of the “McBling” era of the late 90s and early 2000s, being skinny was the beauty standard. Accompanying low-rise jeans, boots with the fur, and side parts with bangs, it was as if everyone was giving themselves an eating

disorder trying to adhere to that standard.

Social media’s current beauty standards are much different than the matronly neo-lithic and the stick thin Paris Hilton-wannabes. However, there is still an underlying trend in which body types get highlighted and famous overnight. Despite the outwards push for body and size equality across platforms, influencers, celebrities, and TikTok moms alike are choosing to go on Ozempic or under the knife to achieve that “hot bod.” While there is nothing inherently wrong with choosing to take care of your body, eating cleaner, and becoming more active, the digital age has shown that those who want immediate results are able to achieve it through unhealthy shortcuts. Check out Pinterest, Instagram,

and TikTok, and note the proportions of individuals who show up on your feed most often. If it’s a “What I Eat in A Day” video, note the body check they do before they show you the supposedly large number of calories they are consuming.

The illusions regarding looks versus health should never be taken at face value online, especially with the rise of AI. The shallow goals of beauty and health industries should not be the cause of eating disorders, anxiety, and harm among young children and adults. Consumerization of happiness and relying on outward appearances for self-esteem and validation only pads the pockets of predator companies and wears down the resolve of the vulnerable thin.

Bovine Intervention

Mitchell Thomas Raymond

The disgraced ex-priest sat idly frowning in the back of the Greyhound Bus as it journeyed down the desolate highway, twiddling with the silver cross that was hung upon his neck whilst drowning his soul in spirits. Thoughts of the old house, the cathedral, Alan, et cetera, swirled through his mind like a twister. He paid no attention to his fellow passen-

gers; his mind was back home. His mind boarded the bus when the vehicle suddenly and violently ceased to move, throwing him from his seat.

The confused passengers looked to the bus driver for answers. None he could answer as he sat gobsmailed by the sight of a crack the shape of the Philippines on the windshield. He popped his head over the crack to

look below, bearing witness to the sight of a hideous, bleeding mass lying on its side against the front of the bus. He then looked back to the passengers to make a shifty decree.

‘Just a minor inconvenience folks, nothin to worry about.’

The bus driver backed his vessel up, turned it to the right, and continued driving around his mistake. The bus then came to yet another screeching halt as if it were hit with the force of a tungsten tapir upon meeting the space to the right of the mass.

The bus driver reversed and drove forward once more. Another stop. He tried the left this time. Another stop. Back and forth.

The irritated ex-priest then stormed out the back door of the bus to investigate the matter of the stop. At the front of the bus, he bore witness to a large cow, bearing flaccid angel’s wings, lying on its side, breathing heavily as it lay wounded on the pavement. The driver exited the bus. ‘Shit, man.’ The driver said, putting his hands on his hips and frowning his eyebrows.

'What're you, an idiot?'

'What?' The driver sounded offended.

'Why do you keep hitting it with the bus? Why not drive around it?'

'I've been trying that, it keeps stopping'

'What do you mean it keeps stopping?'

'I can't drive past it, even if I go around the bus just stops.'

'You kidding?'

'No, look, we're not even near it.'

The ex-priest glanced at the space between the cow and the bus. He boarded the bus, walked to the driver's seat, and pressed his right foot down on the gas. The bus remained still as the wheels were put in motion. He walked back to the driver with a look of confusion. He stood dumbfounded.

'Where'd it come from?'

'I dunno, it just came outta nowhere.'

'Jeez.'

The scholars pondered for a brief moment.

'We can try and move it.'

'Alright, go ahead.'

'Give me a hand, you hit it.'

The driver sighed. The ex-priest and the driver moseyed over to the wounded, heavily breathing cow. They both got their grips good and firm: The driver on its head, and the ex-priest on its rather crimson udder. They lifted. The only thing to budge was the driver's back. The poor old commander of the vessel yelped painfully.

The two men lifted again, yet the bovine held its ground. The driver pondered on his next move. He then proceeded to trudge back into the bus, where he addressed the worried passengers. 'Alright, everybody get out and give us a hand.'

The passengers disembarked the vessel. All grabbed onto that horrid cow with both hands possessed with a firm grip summoned by their communal determination. But mostly annoyance. They tried everything. Lifting, pulling, pushing. One idiot tried blowing on it. The ex-priest took a breath and addressed the driver.

'Why don't we use the bus?'

'What?'

'Let's ram into it with the bus and push it off the road.'

'You think that'll work?'

'Might as well try.'

The ex-priest and the passengers stood at the side of the road, wind blowing in their hair as they looked upon the driver in the bus, eyes squinted by the white sun breaking through the thinning gray clouds that

blotched up the sky. The ex-priest counted down on three with his fingers towards the driver. Once the ex-priest's hand became a fist, the driver slammed his foot down on the gas. The bus flew into the dying cow, but rather than moving it, the bus came to a complete stop. Throwing the driver out of the window and onto the open road sprawled out among the shimmering shards of glass. The driver and the cow both groaned.

The ex-priest ran up to the driver, who wallowed in pain.

'Why didn't you wear a seatbelt?'

'Just call the fire department, I'm done.'

A passenger dragged the driver off the road as the ex-priest extracted his cellphone from his right pocket and made the call. He explained the ordeal in thorough detail.

'Is this a prank call?'

'You'll see what I'm talking about when you get here, just come, please.'

A fire truck soon arrived, finding the ex-priest, the driver, and the other passengers on the side of the road, looking upon the wounded cow and bus with tired eyes like starving French peasants embracing the warmth of a baguette bonfire. One of the firefighters disembarked the truck and approached the luckless passengers. She spoke in a bewildered and mildly astonished tone.

'So, what happened exactly?'

As the firefighter spoke, her Dalmatian jumped off the fire truck and scampered to the cow, which it attempted to eat, gnawing at its tail.

'Moo...' The cow softly exclaimed, its tired voice ridden with great despair. The ex-priest sighed, giving the cow a sympathetic look. He proceeded to address the firefighter. 'So, what can you do to help us out?'

'What exactly do you want us to do?'

'Move the cow.'

'Did you try lifting it?'

'Yeah.'

'Alright, well, if I was gonna move it, I'd probably use an excavator of some kind.'

'Can you get one?'

'No, not all the way out here...'

The firefighter took a moment to think.

'We could blow it up.'

'What?'

'It's a method used on beached whales, could apply to this scenario.'

One of the passengers, a hairy man clad in tie dye, approached the firefighter and addressed her sternly, his words billowing out of his mouth ridden with a natural surfer drawl. 'Sorry man, that's not happening.'

'What?'

'These animals are our brothers and sisters man, we can't just go around slaughtering them like animals.'

'Yes, we can.'

'I'm sorry man, but that can't happen.'

'Just drop it,' said the ex-priest.

'You know what man? You know what? Huh? You know what man? Huh, man? I'm calling my people.'

'Your people?' said the firefighter.

The hairy man widened his eyes.

'Yeah man, my people.'

The firefighter turned around to address her coworkers, who stood by the truck, entertained. 'We're gonna blow it up!'

The ex-priest sat on a briefcase on the side of the road. He didn't care who it belonged to as he was drained of all feelings other than a mild dread, which was reflected by his surroundings: A desolate highway, the wounded cow, the increasingly graying skies that obscured the sun, and the gusts of wind that felt more like God throwing sucker punches every hour. He could've sworn he saw the cow move just an inch the last time the wind struck. Immediately following the next blow, four police cruisers escorting an armored van rolled up to the scene of the bovine tragedy. The driver walked up and inquired to the ex-priest.

'They need a police escort for a cow?'

About twenty police officers exited the cruisers. One exited the van. He was a scrawny young man, an officer in training. He slung a large sack filled with something over his back as he fell out the back of the van and approached the cow, which stared him in the eye. The young man dumped out the sack, leaving a mound of dynamite on the pavement by the cow's udder. The young man was then handed a knife by one of the officers. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and winced as he cut open the cow's stomach. The cow groaned yet refused to perish. Its wings slightly flapped six times swiftly. The ex-priest began to feel sick, almost vomiting when another gust of wind struck. As the young man began stuffing the dynamite into the cow's stomach like a perversion of St. Nicholas, a thunderous rumbling was heard far off yonder. As the rumbling got closer, it was revealed to be the sound of footsteps emitting from the march of twenty or so protestors displaying signs and slogans advocating for animal rights. The protestors stopped at one end of the cow, facing down the officers on the other end. The hairy man then walked to stand in front of his dear protestors, and with a smug smile on his face, addressed the officers.

'Put the bombs away, man.'

The hairy man gave a hand signal to the protestors behind him. They all pulled out various blunt weapons from their persons, most of them just big sticks.

'Is this an attempt at some form of intimidation?' said an officer to the hairy man. 'We told you to go.' He said brazenly.

The officer pulled out his baton and struck the hairy man in the head with it, initiating a large brawl between the protestors and the officers. Fists flew; bones broke, all while the cow watched on with glazed eyes.

The wind began to blow stronger. The sun was now completely blacked out by the dark gray clouds. Gusts of wind began to throw the protestors, officers, passengers, and firefighters, including the Dalmatian, into one another. Blind rage rose like a grease fire among them all. The brawl soon lost meaning. Everyone fought for the sake of it.

The ex-priest was fist fighting the Dalmatian when another gust of wind threw the ex-priest into the open field by the highway. As he sat up to recuperate from his minor wounds, he gazed at the brawl, baffled. He did not have time to reflect on anything in his life. It felt as if though time had stopped. He found himself unable to comprehend the situation he found himself in, much less anything else in his life. Another gust of wind knocked him back down. Slowly sitting back up, he witnessed a tornado forming in the distance. Immediately, he got up and ran to the brawlers.

'HEY! THERE'S-'

The ex-priest was instantly met with a baton to the face, knocking him to the ground. He tried getting back on his feet but found himself crippled by circumstance. He then noticed he was lying right next to that ever-dying cow. The cow looked him in the eye. They nodded to each other. The ex-priest began to feel as if he was floating. He looked to the cow, but it had disappeared. It was in that moment when he was flung violently into the air, spinning rapidly. He looked around to see that he was surrounded by the thick gray fog of a great twister. Everyone who took part in the brawl spun fiercely around the twister's interior. The ex-priest bumped into every one of his fellow passengers, each unpleasant run-in resulting in the fracturing of a bone. He was in the middle of enduring this dreadful ordeal when he realized that the twister had moved the cow off the road. He began to laugh, udderly overjoyed. His smile then faded when he began to hear various moo's surround him throughout the tornado. His head darted around the twister, seeking out the beast that tormented him so greatly. He was then met with the cow when it flew into him at terminal velocity, swallowing the ex-priest through the gaping hole in its dynamite-filled stomach. Upon impact, the ex-priest and the cow both exploded into a great ball of fire, which was swiftly blown out by the winds of the twister. The twister then spun off into the distant fields, leaving the open road illuminated by the blinding rays of light that broke through the clouds, gleaming.

Some Gold Can Stay

Owen Kochanski

I always forget how magnificent it is

The first bird chirp in what feels like forever

I always pause when I hear its call

Like smelling something that reminds you of a place you can only remember in your dreams

I always feel the same excitement when I realize the snow has begun to melt

Like the feeling of a first kiss or a graduation

Sometimes you can just feel the excitement in the air

Only this time, it isn't a night or a weekend

It's a whole other lifetime you get brought back to

The world thrives on summer

Sure, spring is a nice change of pace from the cold

And fall is a beautiful time

Winter always steals the show with untouched snow and Christmas lights

But summer

Is the force of life declaring dominion over the land

Like a surprise day off from school that lasts for months

Yet even when it goes

And you're surprised by how quickly the leaves begin to change

As you look back, you'll realize that the summer really did last forever in your mind

Everyone has a summer of '69

A time where they wish they could go back to

Yet every time I remember it

I realize that some gold can stay in our lives long after we think we've lost it

Normalization of Betting Culture: Are we becoming addicted?

Nathaniel Casiano - Vice Stick of St. Paul's College

I remember the first wager I made. In sixth grade, I bet a Fruit Roll-Up against my friend that the Golden State Warriors would win the 2017 NBA finals and be crowned champions. Lucky for me, they won, and I was a whole Fruit Roll-Up richer. I remember feeling excited after the Warriors clinched the series in Game 5, not just because one of my favorite players, Kevin Durant, had won his first championship, but because I would have a reward waiting for me at school the next day.

Back then, this felt like a harmless game between friends. We liked basketball, and our bet was a small thrill that kept us both engaged in the series. However, this innocent competition has evolved into a culture of constant and normalized wagers without us even realizing it. Gambling is no longer just present in casinos, racetracks, or bets with buddies; it has permeated and absorbed itself into how we watch sports, follow politics, and consume content.

If you've watched any sports game recently, there is a high chance that you saw an ad for sports gambling. Whether it was DraftKings, FanDuel, or any other similar platform, wagering on sports has exploded as an industry in recent years. In the United States alone, legal sports betting has risen from \$4.9 billion in 2017 to over \$160 billion in annual wagers by the end of 2024 [1]. This is over a 3000% increase, with operator kickbacks totaling just under 14 billion [1]. This has

primarily been fueled by a new kind of bet, the parlay.

In 2023 alone, parlays accounted for 70% of all NFL and NBA bets placed on FanDuel [2], and this percentage is even higher in young adults. In as early as 2020, parlays accounted for 82% of wagers by bettors aged 21 to 24 in New Jersey, with similar data throughout North America [3]. But what exactly makes a parlay different from standard sports betting?

A parlay combines numerous smaller, individual wagers into one. Instead of betting on a single outcome like who wins a game, you may bet on different legs (outcomes) at a single time. Some examples include betting on a team to win, a player to score a certain number of blocks or points, and the total score or point differential. Should all of your predictions come true, your payout would be much larger than it would be if you had placed each of the bets separately. However, if even one outcome of the parlay loses, the whole parlay is lost.

This structure is what makes them so appealing. Parlays offer the potential to turn a small amount of money into a large reward, without a very high initial bet. The bet ends up feeling more exciting and the money more attainable. However, in reality, the more outcomes a parlay has, the less likely it is to succeed. Still, the possibility of a massive payout keeps people coming back, which reinforces the idea that

gambling isn't just about chance, but about chasing the perfect combination.

It would be bad enough if the endless bets stopped at sports, but the culture of wagering on anything has leaked outwards into everything and is perhaps most clearly displayed by the rise of prediction markets such as Kalshi and Polymarket.

Prediction markets are essentially platforms that allow users to buy and sell contracts based on the likelihood of real events happening. This can vary from politics, economics, pop culture, and global events. To see for myself, I visited Kalshi and saw bets on everything from how many inches of snow will land in New York City, to how many tracks Bruno Mars' new album will have. The most surprising thing about my visit was seeing how much betting volume was wagered on these outcomes. There were over \$3.1 million USD in betting volume on who would win Beast Games Season two, and nearly \$10.5 million USD in bets on which movie would win the Oscar for best picture. Even mundane bets like the wager on snow in New York attracted over \$1 mil-

lion dollars in betting volume. On Polymarket, there were even larger bets on events with even higher stakes. There was over \$350 million in bets placed on when the US would strike Iran, and millions more betting on who visited Epstein Island.

The fact that prediction markets with millions of users are betting on almost anything is very concerning because it turns real-world events into profit opportunities. The lines between information exchange and gambling have gotten increasingly blurry; gambling has not only become accepted but normalized. This normalization is the exact thing that makes this form of gambling so terrible. Since it is socially acceptable, many people will engage in this apparently harmless pastime, unaware of the dangers, such as financial peril.

Back then, the betting stakes were simply a Fruit Roll-up. Today, a bet could cost a paycheck or more. This hidden danger needs legislation and education in order to protect individuals and families. Allowing betting culture to remain an unregulated activity is a gamble we as a society cannot afford to take.

Sources:

[1] <https://today.ucsd.edu/story/study-reveals-surge-in-gambling-addiction-following-legalization-of-sports-betting>

[2] <https://www.pgatour.com/article/news/betting-dfs/2024/11/20/as-parlays-rise-in-popularity-moderation-remains-key-responsible-gaming>

[3] <https://www.washingtonpost.com/sports/interactive/2025/parlay-popularity-odds-sportsbooks/>

Pauly's NOT Healthy Overnight Oats

Serena Soc

Like the ultimate procrastinator he is, Pauly rang out this recipe 3 weeks after the deadline for articles. But, since Pauly controls Mr. O'Donnell like the little chef rat in that one Pixar film, and after his highly appraised first recipe, Pauly was able to sneak this one in. It is a short but sweet recipe, for those lazy days and desperate sweet-tooth cravings, easy to prepare in a big batch, and (Pauly will only say this once to people he really loves) it is healthy.

GASP. Healthy? In this economy? Never in my 100 years would I, Pauly, want to eat something good for you, but alas, enough peanut butter covered carbohydrates and toppings can make me change my mind.

Pauly's NOT Healthy Overnight Oats

I already hear you putting down the newspaper. Yes, gross oats, after that mouthwatering cheesy goodness from the last edition, really? (Sorry, Pauly did promise cookies for the next edition, but midterms have been destroying this poor bell tower, and what student has the time and energy to make a big batch of cookies after that? If you said, "Well, I do", you are no longer one of Pauly's favourites) Oats, is all I could come up with? But don't judge this bell tower by its ringing just yet, as similar to my macaroni and cheese, this recipe is delicious, cheap, and easy for sleepwalking zombies that call themselves students.

Materials:

Containers with lids. Pauly uses glass ones because I am not a peasant, but in my struggle years I have tried everything from cream cheese containers, yogurt containers, and an old Tim Horton's coffee cup.

Spoons. Yes, real scoop spoons, but also ensure you have enough energy "spoons" to even finish reading. Don't worry if you need to take a nap break or sit down while you prepare this, Pauly gets tired sometimes too.

Ingredients:

Oats. Some weirdos on the internet recommend a huge bag of steel cut oats that no one actually uses because they taste gross on their own. Fear not, Pauly says you can use the instant oatmeal from a package. The flavored ones help a lot if you are on a tight budget or you just don't care anymore.



Milk. Pauly uses soy milk for the extra macros and because he feels like he is better than everyone else, totally not because he is severely lactose intolerant. Feel free to use whatever milk you can get your grubby hands on. Regular 2% cow, skim, oat, almond, goat, human, chocolate, etc.

Chia seeds. Okay, okay, I know this isn't a chia pet DIY, but chia seeds provide lots of protein at very low calories. It probably has a lot of other good things in it, but Pauly doesn't care enough to ask ChatGPT. Note: if you don't like oats/allergic/always wanted to try chia seed pudding, sub out the oats for more chia seeds. It is the most amazing thing ever. Pauly actually makes it without oats more often, but chia seeds are not always on sale.

Fruit. Any fruit you can get your hands on. Frozen, fresh, berries, or only bananas. Pauly likes bananas.

Peanut butter. Or any spread of your choice. Pauly uses PB but thinks Nutella is an adequate substitute. You can try an almond butter or one of those other grossly overpriced nut butters, but peanut butter is a *legume* butter, so you would be incorrect in trying that.

Honey. Alternatively, any sweetener you have, but Pauly is friends with the bees that live on campus, so he gets it for free.

What? Only 5 ingredients? Is this a joke? And no stovetop cooking, toasting, boiling, or roasting needed? This is what Pauly signed up for.

Directions:

Place fruit (preferably cut up) at the bottom of the container. This helps especially with fruit that brown easily like bananas or apples, which are what Pauly usually uses.

Pour out half of the bag of instant oatmeal or about 2 Tbsp for those weirdos who buy big bags. Pauly guestimates all of this, on top of the fruit.

Put an equal or less amount of chia seeds than the oats that are already on top or however much you want. Again, Pauly is not your mom. Shake it up a bit to mix the oats and seeds without dirtying more dishes.

Add the peanut butter and honey on top of everything and then add milk until there is slightly more liquid than solids. You may mix if you want, but Pauly just mixes it before he eats it.

Additionally, add one can of creamy Greek yogurt (cappuccino is Pauly's favourite) on top for an extra "dessert feel" or mix the honey/sweetener, PB/Nutella, or anything else in your cupboard to flavour it according to your tastes.

Example flavour combinations include: PB and banana, chocolate covered strawberry, strawberry cheesecake, berry cheesecake, and funfetti.

Store in the fridge for at least 2 hours and stir before eating. They should be good in the fridge for at least a week or two.

Now, tuck in and enjoy your "dessert", Pauly is gonna smash down three of these while writing this.

Pet of The Edition Gallery

Winner: Colby



Honourable Mention:

Nikolai Reggie Tobias



A Note From The Editor

William O'Donnell - Editor

You've made it to the end of this school year's paper! I want to thank you for reading all the way through—unless you just skipped ahead to see the pet pictures—but who could blame you for that when they're so adorable?

This was *The Paulinian's* first year back after a brief, year-long hiatus, and it has been an honour to bring the paper back to life in these two issues as editor.

I want to offer my sincere gratitude to everyone who submitted their work for this year's papers. Your strapping efforts have made this paper—quite literally—into a fine collection of student perspectives that can be enjoyed by

all who pass through St. Paul's College. This quality is of great note as the College will be entering its centenary celebrations in September of 2026.

The Paulinian has been a staple of the College for just over 84 years, and it is my hope that it will continue to offer student perspectives for many more years to come.

I wish you all a successful finals season, and a warm, joyous summer.

William O'Donnell

Editor of *The Paulinian*

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