

speak for themselves. No one is going to read these. Maybe he's going for strength in numbers with sheer over-saturation of information. Some of these posters he doesn't even look comfortable in. In one, he's like, "Man, it's cold outside. I have to put my hands in my back pocket, or they'll frickin' freeze."

Mike: You have to admire that. Bobby Samuel will stand in the cold and endure your hardship.

Scott: I think the slogan, "Take a chance on Bobby Samuel" is saying more than he wants it to.

Conal: I think he's trying to get the gambling demographic. He's the longshot horse, or he wants us to think he is. He's got 10-1 odds. If we vote for him, we get, like, 10 votes back.

Scott: I have to respect a guy who can capitalize on saying, "Hey, I fucked up. Take a chance on the fact that I might not do it again." And he'll ensure quality if he's voted in. Right now, he's carefree.

Conal: You vote him in, and all this will change. That top button on his shirt? Never coming undone.

Scott: What really bothers me is that you've got "Consultation," "Community," "Affordability," "Accountability," and then you've got "Quality." You've got a motif of Cs and As. Powerful letters. And then Quality. Nobody likes Q.

Mike: They're like the France of the alphabet.

Conal: It's the letter that you pull out of the bag in Scrabble, and say, "Fuck! How am I ever going to get that U?" And then some asshole uses U in "aunt" or something.

Mike: But maybe he'll get the 50-point triple-word-score if he actually manages to pull off quality in his campaign.

Mike: God bless **Sheldon Tibbo**, the fourth candidate in the race for president.

Conal: I don't even think that if God came down and endorsed the guy himself that he would have a chance of winning with that Coors Light lanyard around his neck.

Mike: What's even on the end of it? Is that a memory stick or a rape whistle?

Conal: I think it's an atheist whistle.

Scott: Ahh! Evolution! Tweet!

Conal: Do you really need a lanyard like that for a single key?

Mike: Hey man, it's probably an important key. And he sent away a dozen Coors Light UPCs to get that lanyard, so cut him some slack.

Conal: I like this sweater, too. That is a lazy-morning housecoat. I bet there are egg stains and bacon on the collar. And what about his slogan? "Looking in, looking back, looking forward."

Scott: That doesn't even make sense! He's inside already!

Mike: I think those are his instructions for getting dressed in the morning.

Scott: He also found a really unattractive place to take this picture. There's a dirty window and some half-melted snow out there.

Mike: Maybe part of his campaign is to crack down on lazy janitorial staff. I mean, there's monotheistic graffiti painted all over the windows. Somebody's gotta scrape that off.

Conal: I think that this was probably the best of the 24 shots he got on that Kodak disposable.

Scott: No, look at this. I don't think he took 24 photos.

Conal: I guess you're right. He probably took this one, developed it, and just got back a bunch of black pictures. One maybe had a thumb over it.

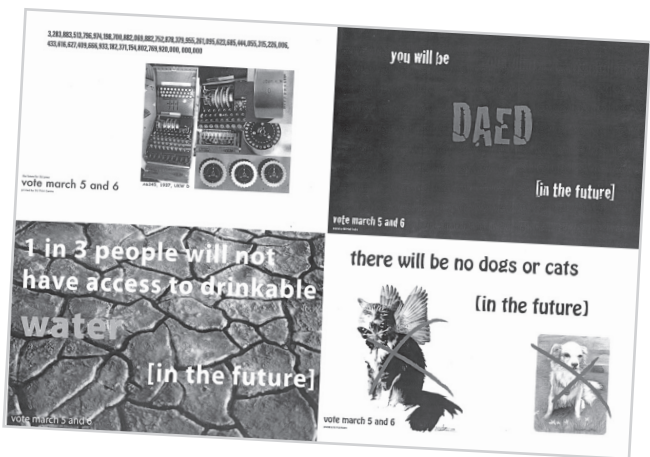
Scott: "God tells me that this is the photo that will make me president." And I have to wonder. God Bless what?

Mike: I think it's supposed to be one of those *Highlights* magazine picture stories. It's saying, "God Bless Sheldon Tibbo," and then you turn the page, and learn an important life lesson from Goofus and Gallant.

Scott: This poster is definitely on Goofus' side.

Mike: On to **the/future**, the one and only joke candidate in this race. At least, the only real joke candidate.

Conal: I don't get it. They spelled "dead" wrong.



Scott: That's how they spell in the future. What I don't understand is the message. "Fuck will not be a swear. There will be no dogs and cats." Is this if we vote for the future? Is this something we're supposed to prevent? Because I'm not a big fan of dogs and cats. Or drinkable water.

Conal: It's talking about 2015, when dogs and cats will be considered purses.

Scott: Like, fashion purses?

Conal: Yeah, you know, you just hollow out a Pomeranian, you put a leather strap on it, and you just fill that with your lipstick and gum. Men, women, everyone will have a purse. You'll see Doberman backpacks.

Scott: The really expensive ones will be the cats with wings. Look at that thing. If there are none of those in the future, I will vote for whoever these guys tell me to vote for.

Mike: I think we're looking at this all wrong. I'm pretty sure this is just an elaborate alternate reality game. Looking at the misspellings and the random numbers, when you divide it by the Fibbonaci sequence or something, suddenly, you have the secrets of the SU and a new Nine Inch Nails album.

Conal: "In the future, one in three people will have drinkable water." Yeah, because the rest of it will be replaced by Coke under an exclusive contract.

Mike: This is what you voted for, my friends. See how reality unfolds?

Conal: These are really half-assed. Actually, that's generous. These aren't even one third of an ass.

Mike: There's less effort put into these than there will be drinkable water.

Scott: In the future.

Conal: If it comes down to it, I'll strangle you for my water.

Scott: I don't know if that'll work because we'll both be "daed."



Mike: Remember guys, you neither of you will be able to pay for that water without Operations & Finance. So, let's move on to our next category and take a look at **Steven Dollansky**.

Conal: I don't think he's actually running for vice-president (Operations & Finance). I think he got a little confused, and this is actually his application for the job as the host of *Family Feud*. He's just showing what he looks like next to the board. "Survey says: Reduce dependence on student fees."

Scott: That's actually how he assembled his campaign. He asked 200 students, and these were the most popular answers before he got three Xs.

Mike: Unlike Tibbo, however, he actually managed to find his way outside of SUB. Those push/pull labels can get confusing.

Conal: I recognize it because of that really ugly artwork they nailed to the side of the building.

Scott: I've been going to this university for four years, and I don't know what the fuck that's supposed to be.

Conal: I think it was a construction accident where they just started welding shit to the building, and the foreman was like, "Whoa, what are you guys doing? The building's finished!"

Mike: The bones of one of the original workers are still trapped beneath one of those steel plates.

Scott: I'm pretty sure you're thinking of the Titanic.

Conal: Or Bio Sci.

Scott: They're not the same thing?

Mike: It's easy to make that mistake.

Scott: Compared to Dollansky's posters last year, it's good to see he's sticking to his MO: awkwardly shaped boxes with an offensive primary colour.

Conal: He's almost got a mafia smile, like he's saying, "Hey, how you doin'? Maybe you want to vote Dollansky, or maybe you want I should break your leg? I dunno, it depends on whether you want to walk tomorrow."

Mike: Isn't that how he got us into the whole CASA debacle to begin with?

Conal: I don't understand the space between the words on his poster, either.

Mike: He wants to secure space for the Campus Food Bank, but you could fit at least three boxes of macaroni into the gap between those words.

Conal: I think he means that the Campus Food Bank is going to become harder to break into than a Swiss bank. Armed guards, thumb print access. The entire works for a can of beans.

Mike: As for being full of beans, here's his opponent, **Peter Rychlik**.

Scott: If you want to be my VPOF, at least take the time to shave.

Conal: That's not stubble. It's just camera grain.

Mike: I think this was actually taken from a surveillance camera, and this is a wanted poster. This man is approaching people at urinals and accosting them to vote. This is the only clear shot that they could get of the guy.

Conal: If you know anything about this man, please contact Crime Stoppers.

Mike: You can't even walk into a Liquor Depot in this city any more without seeing this poster plastered on their bulletin board.

Conal: He's catching wise to Dustin Miller's campaign, too, and trying to cram even more brick tiles into his background.

Mike: I bet they'd get along great at a Linkin Park concert.

Conal: I think this might have been taken in a swimming pool's change room.

Scott: He's probably wearing his swim trunks in this photo. Looking at his campaign—"passionate,"

"tenacious," and

"progressive"—these are qualities that I'd want in a lifeguard. As a voter, I like what Peter Rich—Ratchet...

Conal: Rych-a-way-too-many-consonants. I'm counting that Y as a consonant.

Scott: You're not getting my vote until you give me an A.

Conal: "Rychalik." That's a name that I can get behind.

Scott: That's the kind of name that unites a former Soviet Bloc country.

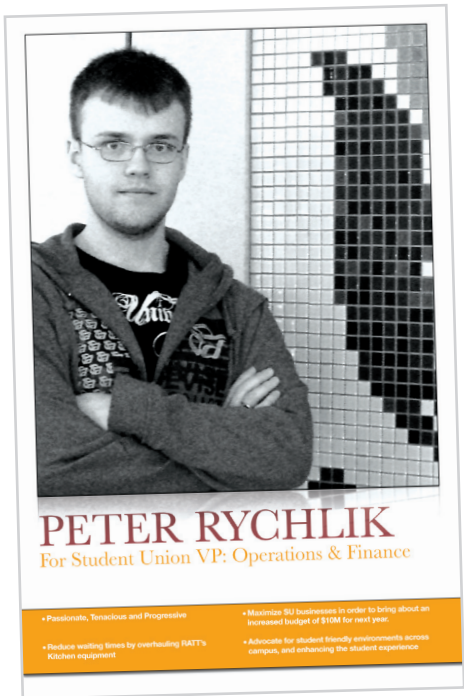
Conal: If his opponent Steven Doglansky can force his mouth up into what can be described as a smiling motion, then Peter Rychlik can afford to add an A to his name.

Scott: It's the very least he can do.

Conal: I also like how he thinks the problems with RATT are due to old equipment. It has nothing to do with the fact that they only ever have one server on.

Mike: Though I'm sure it doesn't help that she keeps going into the kitchen and kicking all the equipment.

Scott: I've never actually seen the back of RATT. They could have a wood-burning stove.



“Whereas Janelle’s poster is what it looks like when you’re hung over in the morning, Dustin’s is what it looks like when you’ve been punched in the eye and every blood vessel has burst.”