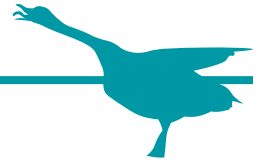


# All Roads Lead to Kitchener



## Faculty: Health

Dear Diary,

The incessant noise. This can't be healthy - I feel like I'm losing my faculties. As each day passes, I can sense myself becoming one with the geese. If I'm stuck here much longer, I fear I won't be able to communicate with the outside world through any means other than honking. Maybe there is simplicity in conversation through one sound. Perhaps those brave redditors who thanked Mr. Goose at the start of every exam period were onto something - the geese truly are the determiners of our fate. Even now, as I look back at some honkless notes scribbled at the start of this fiasco, I can't understand what I once meant...

Autumn Ridge X Sportsman Hill = (A) \_\_\_\_\_

Conestoga College X New Dundee = (B) \_\_\_\_\_

Elmbank X Southridge = (C) \_\_\_\_\_

Woodsmere X Cranbrook = (D) \_\_\_\_\_

(A) X (B) = (E) \_\_\_\_\_

(C) X (D), !(E) = (F) \_\_\_\_\_

(E) X (F), !(A) =