

The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

WEATHER: *Varies based on the mood, location, and disposition of the reader; generally sunny*

Satirical [adjective] - /sə'tɪrɪkəl/
"Exposing human folly to ridicule"

Example:

The Gadfly is a satirical newspaper

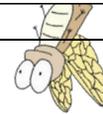
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Issue #6

February, 2026

Five Cents



Of Signs and Schools

By Hassan Ahmed
& Mateo Grgic

Outside Laurelwood Public School sits a sign that states, “READNIG IS POWER.” How did this happen? Why hasn’t it been fixed or even noticed? Who’s to blame for the misspelling? We, as journalists, have a right to find out.

As has been made clear in the last four years, literacy rates are spiralling downward, with no end in sight. Teachers across the nation have made TikToks online showing how students still cannot read well into middle school. The Washington Post wrote a hit piece on the growing illiteracy of first-year university students, many of whom “can’t read,” and “are incapable of doing any single task for more than 30 seconds.” We even hear that The Dab has made a resurgence amongst the youth. As we trend towards a post-literate society, many wonder what we should do to adapt to the crisis when even simple measures of literacy, such as spelling, are outsourced to computers. Some educators, however, think that we shouldn’t give up on reading just yet.

All this to say, most scholars and educators believe that nothing short of a radical shift can save the younger generations. The admins at Laurelwood Public have decided

on a book fair to re-energise the youth. Planning of the fair took five minutes, as it’s a book fair; they aren’t overly complicated. The administration did, however, face a roadblock when it came to the sign that was to be put in front of the school—what to put on the sign itself? How does a school entice a student population that simply does not care for *THE ACT OF READING*?

Well, when in doubt, throw money at the problem. And with a nine-billion-dollar budget, that’s exactly what Laurelwood Public did. Dozens of researchers were called in. Official, state-sanctioned Board Specialists arrived at the school on 18 October 2025 to begin a field survey. The researchers toiled away tirelessly, their culminating work resulting in a 200-page report outlining the optimal size of the message. The specialists recommended no more than 15 characters, assuming normal conditions. With the field survey completed, the researchers suggested a subtle data-collection survey to follow. It was time to find out what would resonate with the students.

Kindergarteners were eliminated from the survey, since they weren’t expected to know how to read yet. So were the elderly students, who weren’t expected to care about

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"It's over, I have depicted you as the woke socialist and I as the tall asian woman"

such trivialities as books. The remaining students were asked a very basic question: what would get you to read a sign? The results were as diverse as they were shallow. Results that included public figures (e.g., "Big Yahu," "Diddy Blud," "Yakub") were all eliminated. Brain-rot terms were also set aside (e.g., "City Boy," "40 v 1," "buy an expensive matcha cake"). Finally, anything else inappropriate to display in front of a school was also removed (e.g., [REDACTED]). After all was sorted and completed, the winning answer, with exactly one (1) vote, was "world domination".

Private advertising firm *Muscle & Iron* was finally hired to conduct under-the-table research and see what would connect best, given all the information that had been compiled. They presented Laurelwood's admins with many different proposals, for example:

1. READING IS LIKE LIONS; THEY'RE REALLY STRONG, AND READING IS TOO!
2. THE GREATEST WARRIORS GO TO BOOK FAIRS. GO TO A BOOK FAIR. WE ARE HOSTING A BOOK FAIR
3. KNOCK, KNOCK. WHO'S THERE? STRENGTH. STRENGTH WHO? STRENGTH IN READING
4. BOOKS, [REDACTED]. READ THEM, OR I'LL EAT YOUR [REDACTED] DOG
5. READING IS POWER

But only the last one would fit within the original character limit. So, with 17 billion spent—nearly double the budget—and almost 20 weeks of planning, all that remained to do was to put the message out there. As per usual, a student helper was sent out at break to fill in the sign. They arranged the letters to the best of their ability, but alas, 'twas not enough. When the principal checked to make sure our hero didn't write anything naughty, even she missed the typo, for she, too, had failed to attend the book fair in her youth. Forevermore (or at least until they notice): "READNIG IS POWER." But maybe that's the point: to educate a generation, you need an educated generation before them. Perhaps it is time for educators to

put down their pencils and admit defeat.

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A Fly and Its Storm

By Hassan Ahmed

The rain came down from the sky, abusing the surfaces of the once-dry earth. On a sunny summer day, humanity achieves great things. It flies in the air with its aeroplanes. It swims in the water with its submarines. It burrows in the ground with its drills. It claims the mountain's summit with its wit. But look at them now; they cannot even walk the earth like humans. Despite all their might, and despite their hubris, they flee to their shelters. The rain must think it is so powerful to make even humanity run at its thunderous entrance! Who is there to humble the despotic drizzle? None other than the gadfly. It flaps on, unafraid of the rain. The great tempest, in a fit of rage, asks the fly: "Who are you? You who glides while others hide?"

The bug can only buzz at first. In time, it responds with a question of its own, "Is the fear you instill instinctual or learned?" For something so small to berate the weather was something seldom done before. And the storm doesn't want to hear any more; with a thunderous emission, it washes the question away. The question of an annoying fly.

The unverbose vermin flies into a house; a sort of habitat for a human. There is a middle-of-the-road, middle-aged-man moping as he reads *The National Tattler*. He reads the stories of barbarity that the old colonies were

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"The Gadfly represents a complete breakdown of journalistic and ethical standards"

engaging in. With a puff of his cigar, he remarks to his daughter that she should be lucky to live in such a civilised nation. That she may rise in station and claim a steady vocation. And all this free from the murder and misery that plague the old colonial world! The bug then lets out a buzz, drawing the pair's attention to itself. Floorboards creak underneath the weight of the man as he stands. Anger registers in his voice as he roars, "And here is their ambassador! The people of those lands are as parasitic as this botfly! They come here to corrupt our culture and blemish our civilised order!"

The bug can only buzz at first. In time, it responds with a question of its own, "Is the barbarity you fear discovered or invented?" For something so small to berate the species of man was something seldom done before. And the petty bourgeois doesn't want to hear any more. With the rolling of a newspaper he shoos the question away. The question of an annoying fly.

Has the world left anything for Césaire's insect but death? It had spited many, and revealed contradictions to many follied men. Yet in its two months of life, the world still spun the same. The fly wondered aloud, "Why is the world addicted to its own destruction?"

The bug can only buzz at first. In time, it responds with a question of its own, "Is the world's fate fixed or forged?" For something so small to berate the entire world was something seldom done before. And the gadfly did not want to think any more. So as legs gave out and vision failed, it escaped from the answer. It would take more than an annoying fly to change the world.



A Eulogy for Loyalty

By Lianne Elkadri



February 14th is a day regarded as St. Valentine's Day, or more commonly known as simply "Valentine's Day". In concept, a great idea, however the execution is all but favourable. The concept of commercialized love is quite ridiculous, and have thus decided to start a movement known as "Evil Valentine's Day". I will be outlining some flaws with this terrible, terrible "holiday", and how fellow nice guys like myself can retaliate against these societally accepted acts of causing emotional distress to people who would treat other people better, but don't get the chance to since people go for attractive people with no personality, because humanity is shallow and incompetent.

Now perhaps I've lost you at this point, as you may be thinking to yourselves, "what's wrong with showing you care about someone? My partner is so sweet and always gives me gifts and chocolate and does whatever the hell else people do on Valentine's Day." This idea sickens me quite frankly, and your partner is probably not loyal and a terrible person, since they likely are doing all this stuff to distract you from the fact that they're cheating on you. While you are busy eating chocolate, they're out eating flowers with your best friend. Now, to protest this manipulative and corporate act, I suggest throwing flaming bags of faeces at the home of anyone in a relationship,



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"I hold nothing BUT contempt for this court!"

and getting angry at any animal or child dressed up in attire promoting the spirit of the holiday. This includes but is not limited to cupid costumes, hearts, or the colour red or white.

In elementary school, it is not uncommon for kids to exchange valentines with misspelled messages originally addressed to someone else, and this is simply another way valentine's day propaganda is being forced onto the public. Children are taught from an early age that you can win the approval of someone by writing some emotionless message on a piece of coloured paper with a lollipop taped onto it, and when they grow up, are using this power to trick people into going out with them, even though they have terrible personalities and won't treat you as well as someone with a more respectful and kind soul. To retaliate, try writing a valentine with a horrible message and signing it as someone's significant other. Upon receiving this valentine, the recipient will realise how terrible of a person their partner is, and snap out of the metaphorical curse of manipulation cast upon them.

While only outlining a few, there are countless other reasons that valentines day is awful. If you are interested in joining the revolution, visit www.thegadfly.news and sign up for the newsletter. You can also show support by donating to The Gadfly, with the comment #niceguys-againstvalentinesday. If you take anything away from this public service announcement, it's that you aren't the problem, they are, because they're shallow and not loyal and only care about looks, not personality, which you have infinitely more of.

I'd Cry, but I'm a Worm

By Mateo Grgic — Pictured: My internal thoughts and feelings

Visualisation, it was postulated, is what makes us human. It was Aristotle who first hypothesised this: the mind's eye separates us—the intelligent humans—from the decidedly unintelligent beasts that make up the rest of the animal



kingdom. Over two thousand years later, I can confirm that, as an aphantasiac (one who lacks a mind's eye), am functionally useless. Simple tasks, such as reading and



writing, are ineffable to me. Which makes the fact that I co-founded a newspaper before I ever read a book in the intended method—via a ticket I will never

possess to the circus I will never visit—all the more surprising.

Since this condition, so to say, relegates me to less than human in some circles, I am understandably cautious about revealing this hideous deformity—so careful that I hid the condition from even myself for an excess of 16 years. The concept itself is usually only discussed in talks of philosophical zombies; it is fascinating how individuals like myself can collectively lower the fundamental standards of humanity. At this rate, the earthworm might be rechristened a higher-order species by the time the century is through.

But if I am to be compared to the earthworm, I must also claim some of its benefits. He does not lie prostrate in early-houred morning, reviewing every embarrassing memory and depressing thought that ever was and will be. He does not think in terms of visual analogies that miss the point, he does not waste his time dreaming up worlds that don't affect him, nor is he moved by novels that fundamentally change his view. He hasn't wept after finishing a book that changed him so profoundly he knows he won't ever be the same; he hasn't wept for himself and himself—the person he won't know again, and the person he will never be. For he is a worm, and he is unchanging.

Neither have I, because I am too.

It is half-past nine; you are ten. It's your birthday tomorrow, and you're unable to sleep. Eyes wide open, staring into the dark. You didn't like sleeping; your dreams too abstract and difficult to understand. They always seemed

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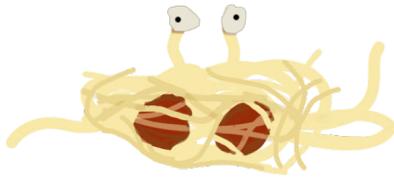
“I’d write but you guys can’t read.”

like such a waste of time. You remember the adage to count sheep. You’ve heard many “metaphors” in your life, but the one about counting sheep always seemed the silliest. You wonder if perhaps they are thinking differently from you...

It’s morning, and all thoughts from last night are gone from your head; it’s your birthday!

Double your age and split the difference. How many chairs were at the table? You couldn’t say. Where did your birthday happen, what cake did you eat, what presents did you get? You don’t know. But you know what you felt. Maybe that’s all that matters.

Spaghetti or Death



By Mateo Grgic

February 22, 2026: The Flying Spaghetti Monster (FSM) is pleased. Today marks a first step into a frontier totally free of religious inequalities. For so long, there have been naught but three religious “clubs” at Laurel Heights Secondary School (LHSS)—a veritable triopoly. This changes today, as I have the pleasure of informing you now. A fourth has been formed: Pastafarian Faithfuls Club (PFC).

As per our Lord’s doctrine, meetings will take place every Friday for the duration of the entire day, during which no work of any sort will take place. The first meeting will take place on February 27, the traditional Friday. Those who join in worship will be served fresh pasta, and educated on the finer matters of religious separationism, and pirates.

Pirate regalia is highly encouraged, but at minimum a colander—our traditional headwear—is generally required for communion.

I hope I’ll be seeing you there! R’Amen.

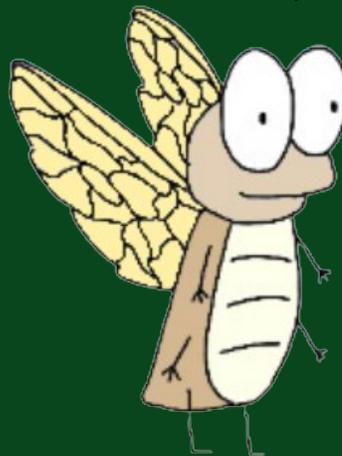
To attend, meet our Noodly-ness in holy prayer, for He reveals all. [Robbie – 3:16]

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Need I say it?



"I've got more than enough to eat at home"

Section of Fun

Two Travellers & The Bear *By Hassan A.*

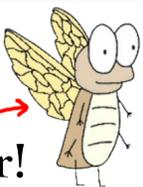


Linus Torvalds—known mainly for his Subsurface diving log software—laid off 2,000 Linux kernel developers yesterday evening to buy more CPUs for compiling the Linux kernel (a famously non-reproducible process brought on after the 2024 closed-source licence change), citing the year of the Linux desktop. Torvalds encourages laid-off developers to “Just do something else.” We here at The Gadfly are hopeful that this new move to make the team more agile will finally lead to the coveted “year of the Linux desktop,” which has been imminent for nearly 40 years. - Mateo Grgic



See if you can find the 10 hidden Gadflies throughout the newspaper!

There's one! →



Ask Harper *with Hassan Ahmed*

Dear Harper, How do I impress my Valentine? – Yours in love, Infatuated reader

Dear Infatuated reader, There are many ways to impress a Valentine. Store bought cards, chocolates farmed by slave labour, and a fresh pig's heart all are excellent ways to show your love that you care. Yours in blood, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I'm pretty sure my English teacher hates me, just last week she stole my table! How do I make amends? – Yours Tablelessly, Annoyed reader

Dear Annoyed reader, I've been there. Consider bringing your own table from home. She will steal that one too, but you can always just bring another. Repeat this until the mountain of tables that she has confiscated grows so large it tips over and crushes her. Yours in even more blood, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, My MPs keep crossing the floor to the Liberals. They say that it's because I'm annoying and talk like a nerd. How do I fix this? – Yours in Opposition, Professional Politicking reader

Dear Professional Politicking reader, Did you try taking your glasses off? Yours in originality, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, Course selections are almost here. I don't like art, science, the skilled trades, tech, engineering, or really anything beneficial for society. I also feel a romantic attraction to my parent who happens to be of the opposite sex. What university major should I pick? – Yours Sigmundly, Oedipian reader

Dear Oedipian reader, Flip a coin: heads for psychology, tails for sociology. If you aren't satisfied with the coin flip, then you have your answer. Yours Freudianly, Harper Artichoke

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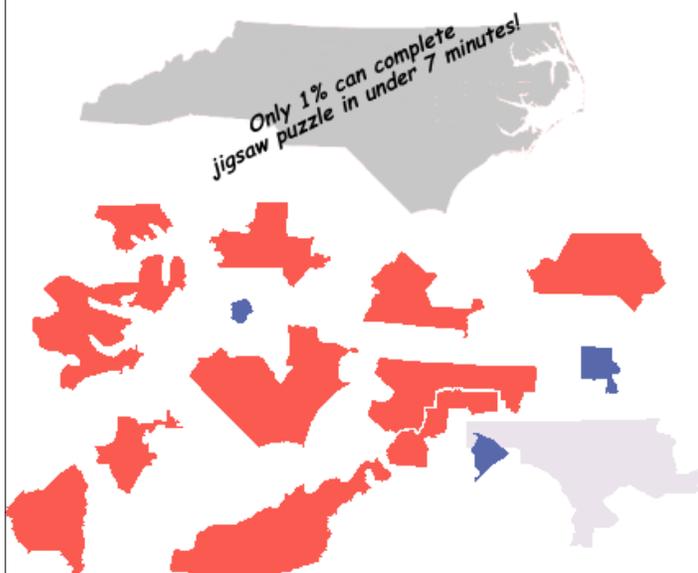
“Some guy just called me of if I what to get so chicken”

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See the truth for yourself.



North Carolinan Electoral Districts Difficulty: Hard



Kicked Out by Hassan A.



Dear Harper, I have lost my dear Marilla's amethyst brooch! It really is dreadful. I tried it on but then lost it, and now she is wickedly cross with me. How will I ever make it up to her?
– Yours in grounding, Gabled reader

Dear Gabled reader, Consider going on amazon and buying a replica (same day delivery would do you well). Plant it somewhere you know she will find it, and wait for the apologies. Yours in deception, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I joined the US military thinking it'd be loads of fun doing quick interventions in other countries. But now with news that we're going to fight in Iran, I don't want to do it anymore! How do I get out of this sticky situation? – Yours in murder, Rookie reader

Dear Rookie reader, Are homosexuals still exempted from service?
Yours in flamboyance, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I have just been born. What's there to know? – Yours in babbling, Baby reader

Dear Baby reader, Not much. Don't learn to read and stick to farming & fishing. You will lead a happy life. Yours in ironic tragedy, Harper Artichoke



Querido Harper, Mi familia se estableció en este país hace unos 400 años, ¡pero ahora nos están deportando! ¿Qué hago?
– Tuyo en traducción, lector Español

Dear lector Español, Just deport the President, he's only one man.
Yours in terrorism, Harper Artichoke

Philanthropist Makes the Homeless “Easy on the Eyes”

By Oskar Deneau

Just when we have lost all hope in the human race, small actions can change lives. Nothing shows this more than the actions of one Darrell Lebensmittelgeschäft and his team of makeup artists. Darrell is a YouTuber, famous for his "Homeless Makeover" series. For years he has made their days just a little brighter, one makeover at a time. Darrell has always loved helping the community, makeup and poor people. He says this work helps connect his passions.

“When I take someone less fortunate and apply blush and bronzer, it makes them a little easier to look at, and that makes me feel good.”

- Darrell Lebensmittelgeschäft

Darrell and his team of six highly trained makeup artists scour the streets for people who are in need of a hand. Often these individuals do not have access to food or water, and many live in extremely uncomfortable conditions. After they're done with Darrell, they will be more than comfortable in their own skin.

Each session takes roughly 3 hours, with the subjects sitting still the entire time. Prosthetics, wigs, and piercings are all given to totally transform the subject. During the process, subjects often scream and writhe in gratitude to Darrell and his philanthropy.

Once finished, the homeless are placed right where they

were found, rejoining the community with a totally new look. We spoke to a recent recipient of the makeover: here's what he had to say about the experience.

“At first I thought it was a wellness check, then they brought out the piercing gun, then they tattooed my face. I am very much worse off because of Darrell.”

- Grateful Recipient

Darrell is considered by many to be not just a philanthropist and influencer, but an artist. His videos bring the raw, gritty experience of poverty to all. But this level of skill and finesse with the camera is not easy; Darrell says it's an art none can master:

“Every day I try to capture the raw emotions of a poor person. Whether they are crying or screaming, I'm there to film and react to everything!”

- Darrell Lebensmittelgeschäft, again.

Darrell's brave attempts to capture the unique disgust and pity only associated with the lower class are exactly what make him so famous. This following has become so large that people

have started to simply give him money directly instead of to established charities. Darrell insists that all donations will go to the cause some way or another. Bank statements show that Darrell has since purchased several sports cars, a boat, and one large ham. When he was asked about these statements, he replied,

“People don't understand that visibility costs money. The cars, the boat, the ham, that's all part of the brand. If I don't look successful, people won't trust me to help the poor.”

- Darrell Lebensmittelgeschäft, again again.



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*“Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronnto
nnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoo
hoordenenthurnuk!”*

A Frugal Appeal to Make Cuba Australia

By Hassan Ahmed

I planned on penning this piece of prose in March, but who knows how long the Cuban Communists will last! As the American Empire tightens its grip over the little island nation, people are pondering what should be done once we actually have controlled the situation. Incorporate Cuba as the 51st state? Sponsor a government that will do our bidding? Maybe leave the country alone and stop trying to starve them out? All brilliant ideas—except that last one—but we can do better. Another state? Delaware is a state, and it is dreadfully satisfactory. Another puppet government? We already did a coup in Venezuela; coupling another would be rehashing old tricks. We need a bold plan that would not only end socialism in Cuba but solve some of our snags along the way. Marxists like to start their analyses by peering into the past, so I’ll do them one better and foretell the future! Just imagine what our scholars of the future may say 100 years from now:

The great minds of the British and American Empires would find much in common if they ever sat down for a whisk of brandy: both were world hegemon. Both were explorers who charted the seas and stars. And following in the footsteps of Rome, both were nearly brought down by barbarians. In spite of spreading civility across the globe, the persons of these places were particularly prone to barbarity. Riots, thievery and murder occurred relentlessly. That is, until they both respectively founded their very own penal colony. For Britain, it was Australia. For America, it was Cuba. The Americans, remembering the strength that they had, conquered the island in no time at all. And soon after, the land of the free proclaimed the newest addition to their kingdom: Guantanamo Island!

Why not listen to these speculative scholars? It is a well-known fact that America has the largest incarcerated population the world has ever witnessed. Having hundreds of prisons sitting at maximum capacity outside towns and cities does nothing but invite insurrection. Why do we stall here like sleeping horses? It’s not just these prisoners either: as American foreign policy shifts from passively harassing just poor countries to aggressively harassing everybody, the number of political prisoners will geyser up exponentially! The percentage of tortured POWs is expected to quintuple by 2050, and there is no Abu Ghraib for us to rely on now. There is a large island far enough from the American people to lose any feelings of familiarity, but close enough for us to keep tabs on: why do we not rejoice at the prospect of imprisoning Cuba?



Do You Want Gadfly Merch??

*We do too! Contact us on our website, via email, or via Instagram! If we get at least 20 people to sign up, we'll get custom shirts made!**

*They'll probably cost ~\$30 each, with us making zero profit

On familiarity and fraternity, there comes another issue. Ten score and five years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great struggle, testing whether that nation can long endure. The answer is that it can, of course. But the American model of liberty has a cost. If everyone was liberated, then our billionaires wouldn’t be able to have parties on their private islands. Someone always has to be enslaved in order to maintain our standard of living; that’s simply human nature. Making Cuba a part of the US proper would mean that the Cubans would be given rights, and we, the people, would miss out on cheap labour (which America needs to stay competitive on the global market). Our leaders have found a workaround, however: if you incorporate places as a US territory, no one cares what you do to them! Citizens don’t care because you tell them not to, and foreigners don’t care since it’s not their business. Incorporation of Cuba is a logical thing to do. As Cuba’s fuel crisis

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“You learn the rules and regulations of the English language so that one day you may break them effectively”

continues to escalate, we must think about what comes next. The liberals & the conservatives clamour for democracy, and the imperialists clamour for colonisation. It would be smart to ignore both extremes and sit at a healthy median. In order to free Cuba, it is necessary to first destroy and then enslave it, so as to protect them from totalitarian Communism and to protect us from the worst criminals of our society. Maybe we should keep Havana as a big resort, though. It’s a beautiful city, I’m told.

Top Ten Places to Have a Funeral



10.) Cave

At the lowest spot on our list, we have “The Cave”. Most people who choose the cave experience—didn’t. Caves aren’t typically very inviting for guests, and usually don’t come equipped with either tables or refreshments. Very cold and uncomfortable.

9.) Active War Zone

The “Active War Zone” funeral package in recent years has been getting a major following. Very dangerous, so you might need to book a couple more of these funerals after yours is over, but since they’re so cheap, you might as well.

8.) Basement

Calling all basement dwellers: we’ll do readings from your browser search history while you roll around in your casket! The basement is a very unique and cool place to have a funeral but is ultimately rather monotone.

7.) Church

The church is the classic choice. Corporate, indiscriminate, etc. Really sombre atmosphere, which may or may not be your dig. Typically, cup holders are not installed on the rafters, so be forewarned

6.) Funeral Home

The basic choice: everyone has a funeral here at least once in their lives, and it’s really rather boring. If you or your loved ones plan on dying, do check out our more highly ranked locations for funerals. You don’t want to be a lame Jane; be a cool Timmy!

5.) Bar

Die like you live, I always say. Break up the typical sombre atmosphere of a funeral with a game of darts, or maybe a few games. This is a really competitive location, and we’re surprised that more people aren’t doing it. Certainly not a bad choice.

4.) Bench

Most people spend 50 straight years sitting, so might as well continue the tradition. The bench is a classic funeral spot, so make sure you get your bookings at least one year in advance. Typically quite sturdy amenities.

3.) Greenhouse

You’re going to start rotting eventually, so why wait? The greenhouse is the eco-friendly option. Instead of your loved ones leaving flowers for you, you can leave flowers for them! Or beets. Or carrots. We don’t discriminate. Very nice, very “green”.

2.) Public Park

Make your dying everyone’s problem instead of just yours! If you’ve always wanted to be the centre of attention, now you can be! We recommend the public park funeral for anyone who liked nature and being a selfish dinkus in life (and now in death).

1.) Space

Earth is for losers. Have a funeral on the moon.

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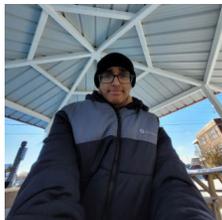
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“Never found a newspaper”



MATEO GRGIC – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Editor, Layout, Finances, Website

Mateo Grgic is a grade 11 student at Laurel Heights Secondary School. He was born & raised in Waterloo, Ontario. He co-founded 'The Backcast', a failed school newspaper with his friend Hassan Ahmed, which eventually got shut down for being too funny. Never ones to give up, they then started a new, legally distinct newspaper: The Gadfly. His favourite colour is neon green, and he enjoys cycling. He is also a corporate skill for Kagi, LibreWolf, and Fedora Linux!



HASSAN AHMED– Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Secretary, Graffitiist

Hassan Ahmed is a co-founder of The Gadfly, and an aspiring New York Times Bestselling Author. Born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, he was deported for being too funny. He moved to the land that provided the most promise and opportunity for a young journalist; suburban Waterloo. With only 3 incidents involving the police, Hassan discovered one day that anyone can start a news publication if they tried hard enough, and here we are.



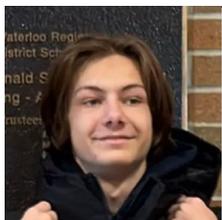
LIANNE ELKADRI – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Holder of the Secret Knowledge

Lianne Elkadri is a journalist for the Gadfly, while also dedicating a significant amount of her time to thinking about what to do with her free time. She also never knows what to put in "about the author" sections, despite this being the first time she has had to write one. She enjoys music, collecting vinyl records, the colour red, space, turtles, physics, and geometry.



OSKAR DENEAU – Writer

Oskar Deneau is an investigator of sorts; he spends his time pursuing things he likely can't achieve. Once hailed as leader and king by his subjects, he was recently overthrown, and has landed a job here at The Gadfly. He is said to be a nuisance at many social gatherings and is reportedly banned from most parking lots. In his free time he enjoys art, music, tea, and selling your data online.



DAVID JEDLOVSKY – ???

David Jedlovsky, born before gen alpha kids, is a self-renowned journalistic investigator known for his achievements in cyberstalking his opponents. At the early age of 3, he noticed he had a knack for breakdancing and started working his way through the ranks. David is a professional music producer, collaborating with artists like Mozart, Debussy, developing diss tracks on haters. He now spends his time monitoring his teachers and friends' online social life.

