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GRAPHIC PUMPKIN DESIGN IS MY PASSION

Glowing Designs!



Erika "Soupcerer" Languer
ELEC III

Over the years, I have carved my fair share of pumpkins. Today, I'm going to be going over all of the pumpkins I've carved that I can find digital pictures of (I will not be sifting through physical photo albums for older photos).



The first pumpkin we have is from 2007, when I was 2 years old. I totally helped carve this pumpkin, and I think I did a great job, as pictured by my very excited expression. It was a classic angry-eyes-pointy-ears-nose-tongue combo. Overall pretty good for a 2 year old with absolutely no assistance at all.



Next up we've got pumpkin pi from 2019, with Mike Wazowski on the back. This was one of the last things I did at my church before covid at

the beginning of the next year, so it has some good memories along with it. Great pun, decent execution, I could've taken some better photos. The next year, in 2020, I was





apparently not very creative and copied what I had done the year before. It's also somehow a much worse photo, I don't know what I was doing there. I think I at least slightly improved on the design, so it's at least got that going for it. Now, 2021 is where things got good, and probably my favourite one overall. I was clearly feeling ambitious that year, and ended up carving a masterpiece. Some





of you may not be familiar with One Piece, but I swear their pirate flag looks just like my pumpkin carving of it. Also taking pictures of pumpkins in the dark has proven to consistently be a skill I'm lacking in. Please do not judge me for this next pumpkin. It is the face of a League of Legends champion. I asked a group of people what I should carve in my pumpkin that year and their answer was Bard from the video game League of Legends. I will not comment on any allegations of whether or not I play or have played



this video game. If you want to know how good of a carving this is you must soil your search history with League. The last entry is from DESoc's annual pumpkin carving (make sure to check it out if VP Pubs isn't slacking and this article comes out on time!

\[\]\). Our frosh team (shoutout Microships!! \[\frac{\psi}{\psi} \]) carved a beautiful lobster on a ship. When I say "we" carved that amazing pumpkin I believe it was mostly Paris, but details details. On the back was a



design more up to my speed, which I believe should have helped lead our pumpkin to victory, but alas. Now, for some reason I don't have any photos from last year although I'm positive I carved one (my parents didn't think I wanted to so I had to go on an expedition to find a pumpkin). As such, this concludes my list of pumpkins. Thank you for reading my article and the Iron Times in general, and I really hope you don't think any less of me for any of these designs.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE RAIN

A Past Relationship



Kieron von Buchstab AERO V

I met her in first year. As much as you could meet someone in an online classroom. It was during covid and we were both taking film studies as an elective. I didn't really know what she looked like because she never turned on her camera. But I was placed in a group with her to write an analysis of Roman Holiday and I very much liked talking to her. Fast forward a year, turns out we're in the same program and have a bunch of classes together. Never went up and talked to her because I was pretty nervous talking to girls. We had mutual friends though and one day she turned up to study with a few of us in the library. We hit it off and became friends. She was really smart. A few weeks later she invited me to study and when I showed up it was only her there. I don't remember what we were studying and honestly it didn't matter. I couldn't think straight. I wasn't sure whether it was the tension in the air or just the fact that I'd never really hung out with a girl alone but looking at her my mouth got dry and I fell on my words. She would later tell me she had felt the same way. It didn't take long for us to start dating. It was beautiful. The first few months of most relationships are. I urge you to try. I learned everything about her: where she was from, what her parents did for work, how she got here, who she was, who she aspired to be. And she

learned the same about me: How I got here, who I was, who I wanted to be. I told her about how I got my two front teeth knocked out. She told me about the time she tore her ACL. We talked about skiing and horror movies and her younger brother and how she's scared of flying and how I love rollercoasters and how I can't stand oatmeal. It got to the point that in times away from each other we would try and think of things to talk to the other person about that we hadn't already told them. Just so that we could talk to them. Just so that we could hear their voice or read their texts. It was beautiful. She was beautiful. We slept together a month after the study date. The sex wasn't great but neither of us complained. It was my first time but I didn't tell her. I think she knew but she never brought it up. Afterwards she lay in my arms and I stared out her window at the dark night sky. It was raining and the patter of rain against her window was a soothing anchor to the present. I loved the smell of her hair. And the softness of her skin. And the blissful calm of her closed eyes. She was so warm. Warm to the point that I couldn't sleep. But I didn't want her out of my arms. So I lay there in her warmth, peering out her window. Watching the rain drops race down in the blue autumn air. It was perfect. And when she lay her head on my shoulder and drifted off to sleep I felt like the greatest guy in the world. Those first few months, particularly the second after we started sleeping together, were the greatest I've ever had. We were inseparable. If we weren't together we were calling each other. If we weren't calling we were frantically waiting for the other to respond to our texts. We stopped studying with our group so that we could spend more time with one another. But in fact we were spending less time studying and more time staring at each other across library tables. It was a miracle we passed any courses that year. But even the best of times must come to an end. Nobody escapes

the taxman. After dating for a bit

over a year and a half we had our first big fight. We'd had a few smaller fights in the past but nothing we couldn't handle. I had known this would come eventually. It does in every relationship. So I'd tried to prepare when I saw it on the horizon. I told myself I would remain level headed and controlled and I would try and see things from her perspective and I wouldn't resort to personal attacks and I would try to cooperate. I told myself I would love her regardless and I would listen to her points and I would act rationally. It didn't matter. It never matters. We didn't speak for a couple weeks after. We agreed to meet in the library to talk in a neutral location. And when we did we didn't come to an agreement. But we both saw how much we needed each other so we put our differences aside and swore we would make it work And we really tried. I tell you we really tried. We dated for another year. About 20 months in was where things started to get real rocky. It happened gradually as that argument grew and festered in the back of our minds. We stopped talking to each other as much, stopped caring about the other person's life. The sex became bland and tasteless, the dates were forced and habitual. Neither one of us addressed it. We just carried on going through the motions of what we thought a relationship was supposed to be. I missed her. I missed how I felt about her. I missed talking to her about her day. I missed getting excited to see her. I missed the longing I felt sleeping without her. Hell, I missed the fights. I missed the tears. I missed the hate. At least when we fought I knew we felt something for each other. At least when we fought I knew we actually cared. That we actually wanted this to work. I just wanted to feel something for her even if it was hate. I just wanted Anything. Anything something. from her. Anything for her. As graduation approached we both knew this was the end. It didn't

just over two and a half years but it would have been a surprise if you'd told us. We were done. We met at her place in the evening and had bland food with cheap wine. When I finally told her how I was feeling she told me she felt the same way. Then she cried And I cried. And they were the happiest tears I'd ever cried because I knew at least I was crying them for her. In that moment I knew I felt something for her and that she felt something for me. We knew for a final time that we truly cared about each other. And we cried. And we cried. And we cried. We said our goodbyes and I drove home in the rain. I lay down in my bed and watched the raindrops race down my window. I think she did the same. I saw her again at graduation. looked good but her eyes were barely holding her together. We shared an awkward hug. moved back in with her parents after she graduated and I got a job down south. I still have her contact in my phone and I've thought about texting her but I don't know that I can. The other day my phone made a photo album of us together and it made me feel very bittersweet. I really loved her. I did And when I think back on my times with her I don't think about the fights and the arguing. I don't think about the despondent communication or the dejection we felt. I think about that first night we slept together. I think about her head on my shoulder and the smell of her hair and the warmth of her body. But the only picture that holds in my mind is the patter of rain on her window in the cool autumn air. **Note from the author: This story is literary fiction with elements of my own life strung throughout it. While the feelings and emotions may be true, this story as a whole did not happen. I am, however, thinking about past relationships and have been listening to a decent amount of CCR recently. This piece is just my means to cope. Go listen to You Ever Seen The Rain" by Creedence Clearwater

We'd been dating for

FREUD OF WOMEN'S OF GENDER STUDIES

There Is No Escape!



Axel "Assembly" Hacker WGST III

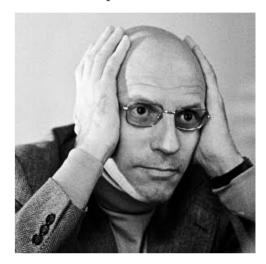
If you've ever even breathed near Psychology, you've probably heard, read and quite possibly distained Freud He is everywhere, you simply can't avoid him. While he does have his fair share of weird ass theories on the human brain, he did basically lay out all the basics that Psychology still

uses today. So what if I told you that Women's and Gender Studies ALSO had some guy that infiltrates every part of his field of study? A man that laid down the foundations for feminist studies. This man is called Foucault. He is the bane of my existence. Foucault's papers read like a crossover between Freud and Shakespeare, making it quite possibly the worst author to read to prep for discussion groups Not only are the papers dense with difficult to read language, but it's long. I am used to reading several chapters from various books for class, but Foucault always takes the cake for longest and most long winded chapters. It's a never ending onslaught of pages. Typically, my readings are available through MacOdrum's Ares reserves, which can make readings go slightly quicker, that is unless the book is very old and has no digital copies. Foucault's research is all scanned in manually, meaning that to actually

read it you have to zoom in 200% and read one side of the book first, before going back up to read the other half instead of just scrolling. It makes a painfully slow read even slower!! This is what the scan looks like digitally, It is the worst form of



ebooks, and I wish a very bad day to whomever decided to keep this as an option instead of scanning each page individually. Perhaps I would have less hate in my heart if I was only subjected to him a couple of times, however, he has managed to worm his way into seemingly every inch of niche research topic. Queer History? Check. Disability Studies? Check. Sex Worker Studies? Check. My niche book on the history of homophobia and racism in blood donation? Check for some reason?? Basically I will live my days with this random man two steps behind me at all



times. There's simply no avoiding it.

SUPER

CHICKEN!

What Are You Cooking 😯?



Jason Law IMD IV

Earlier last month, in September, making privilege of Chilli Fried Chicken for dinner! It was a recipe that one of my brothers found and finally gave it a try - we got the ingredients on Saturday, marinated the chicken on Sunday, and fried it on Monday.

is what found Here we experience: this from - "MSG smells like smelly socks" -> one of my brothers makes this claim because he knows what they smell like (he just had some experience with dirty socks and when he smelled MSG, he was like "Yeah, that smells like smelly socks 🧦", no further details will be provided on the subject) - It's easy to get distracted from the stove when you're talking to someone, but easy to pay attention to it if you keep checking on it frequently (we got a bit distracted and some of our chicken got burned) - Don't put a lid over the pot when heating up oil to prevent condensation from getting into the me and my brothers had the oil. Thankfully we didn't turn out to be primary research - Mom's advice - When there's a weird translucent white film forms on top of the oil that was stored in the fridge and was previously used for deep-frying and you never seen it before, just mix it and it disappears - no one will notice

😀 (I not sure if that's a good idea, but we all survived, so I guess it's ok) - "We know that cheese burns at 200°C" (we had some extra breading left over from the chicken so we decided to deep fry some cheese sticks that we had. The oil got a bit hot and we burnt our cheese) - On a scale of 0 cheese to too much cheese, for making deep fried cheese sticks, we were only able to create cheese sticks with 0 cheese and too much cheese - nothing in between (at first there was a hole in the breading, so when the cheese melted it escaped through the hole and left us with just the breading, the other time we added too much cheese by wrapping multiple cheese sticks together under the same breading) - Don't use a hand blender to grind chilli into power in a bowl and cover the bowl with saran wrap, the chilli molecules will still fly out, enter you lungs and cause uncontrollable coughing - not sanitary for a kitchen (mom decided to wear a mask for

this process 😁 - we turned to a food processor that we've never use before that we had found in our kitchen that we didn't know we had before until that point) Despite all of these crazy events happening while learning deep fry chicken, in the end the food was great and we got quite a fun experience through it 😂 😂 I have a new appreciation for deep fried food and I hope this story gives you some laughs as it did for me 😉

SPIKE'S CORNER

Inventing Spike's Wheels



Jack Tremblay-Lessard AERO C III

Do you ever look at our rover Spike and scratch your head, in confusion of how it works? Don't worry, so do we. Welcome to Spike's corner, where we explain the systems that make him up so that we may one day understand him. This month, we will be exploring our iconic wheels!



Designed by Nivriti (pictured here), the innovative idea for the wheels

started off as a hexagon, turned into dodecagon because Niv said so and she seemed really really REALLY sure. Spike's wheels entirely 3D printed with TPU, which stands for

thermoplastic polyurethane (a word I definitely knew off the top of my head, and so should you). TPU is known

for being cheap, flexible, and easy to print, which really appealed to our moneyless pockets. Each one takes about a day to print on our Prusa XL, but since we often mess up a print, making Spike a new set is generally a full week-long task. In addition to making the wheels easily recognizable to fans and haters alike, their bright red colour also works to ward off predators such as

other rovers, light rain, and snakes. Spike's biggest natural predator however, the mighty rock, is no match for Niv's creative genius: each component of the wheel is printed using a different percentage infill, strategically making the wheel super squishy for shock and vibration absorption. The inside of the wheel, of lower infill, can easily compress and return to its original shape at will, all the while keeping the spokes

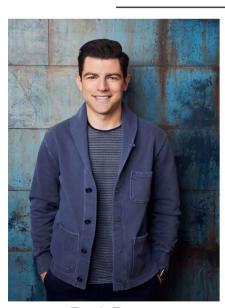
and treads solid with a higher infill to protect the motors hidden inside and allow Spike to brave the sandy hills. Oftentimes though, it is the sandy hills that brave Spike: the bearings'



ASMR-worthy crunch is the result of a lot of sand getting in places it shouldn't. I suppose reinventing the wheel has to have some drawbacks. If you think Spike's wheels are as cool as we think they are, then you should get yourself a special Spike wheel patch, a patch so cool I couldn't wait to sew it on my jacket to get a clear photo of it!

BECK'S INTEREST

You thought I was gone and god do i wish I was



Beck Braun IMD VI

Hello everyone, we need something to put here so now you are being subjected to my newest interest: mormons.

I don't actually know too much about mormons, other than I have been asked if I was mormon a few times (I am Mennonite, not mormon). I recently found out that Crumbl cookies suck, which lead me down the rabbit hole of learning how mormons eat sugar instead of any other vices. So Crumbl was made by mormon brothers or something. That does not explain why they are undercooked but who knows.

I first started to wonder about Crumbl cookies being mormon-owned when my little cousin told me that Crumbl is closed on Sundays to "make the cookies". I was confused on why they were making all of their cookies on Sunday but considering how bad they were, I was not surprised. She also said that they were undercooked on purpose so they can be "gooey". My family famously is bad at baking and has what I like to call "Braun baking", where we always either burn what we means I have eaten a lot of undercooked cookies, and, friends, those cookies at Crumbl, are undercooked and BAD. And overpriced. I will admit, that I cannot smell very well, and therefore am unable to taste very well either,

so maybe I am wrong here. But the cookies.theyarestillgooey,inabadway.

Anyways, mormons. And you would think I would like Crumbl cookies, cause I love sugar. I dump sugar in my coffee every morning. I concern the people around me with the amount of sugar I put in my coffee. I don't use a spoon to put the sugar, I pour it straight from the jar or bag My mom hates it. And yet still. I hate Crumbl cookies. I love sugar. I would just eat sugar if I could. I do just eat sugar. I forgot that I can't have icing in the household because I will just stand at the fridge and eat a spoonful of icing. Which is basically just sugar. My brother thinks it is disgusting, but, I need the sugar to are baking or undercooked it. This continue living my life. And yet, despite it all, I hate Crumbl cookies.

> Why are they that texture? Why are they gooey in a bad way? HOW are they gooey in a bad way. I didn't know it was possible before Crumbl.

did Who

this?

Mormons did this, cause of their love of sugar. They will be putting more Crumbls in Ottawa at some point, and tbh, I don't really care. I thought it would just stay an American thing.

I am going to the US soon. And my little cousin, who I love more than anything, is going to ask for Crumbl.

And you know what I am going to do?

I am get Crumbl. going to

4 Yippee Spike!



We asked and you answered!

the fact that in a years time the second years will be calling me unc too

Anonymous

MAAE 3300 (Fluids II)

Logan "House, MD" Rabb

The omnipresent and crushing fear of failure leading to my eventual abandonment. Oh and spiders.

Anonymous

losing instagram reels

Anonymous

boo

Chloe Oulette

Electricity Erika "Soupcerer" Langner

Plant roots

Kaitlyn Lapointe

reminding them of the slow and unavoidable crawl of time < 3

Anonymous

Anonymous

Chloe Oulette

Saying boo

Logan "House, MD" Rabb

my instagram screentime

boo

My class notes

Erika "Soupcerer" Languer

Sneaking up behind them and saying funny words in a whisper

Kaitlyn Lapointe

Had the frosh plague, survived the frosh plague, slept like 16 hours at one time. I didn't know what year it was when I woke up

Anonymous

There was no syllabus week, it was work immediately

Logan "House, MD" Rabb

mrowww:(((

Anonymous

had less time for instagram reels

Anonymous

boo

Chloe Oulette

The best 2% of the year

Kaitlyn Lapointe

ABOUT

The part that it's not winter (I hate winter)

Anonymous

It means winter is coming soon

Logan "House, MD" Rabb

When that one Christian Girl Autumn influencer crawls out of the woodworks to post more pictures in her big ass hat and long ass boots

Anonymous

gets cold so i have more excuses to stay inside at look at instagram reels:)

Anonymous

boo

Chloe Oulette

Pretty tree colours!

Erika "Soupcerer" Languer

The crunchy leaves

Kaitlyn Lapointe

burning down the White House just like our ancestors intended

Anonymous

Breaking one of those hot steam pipes in Mackenzie and shoving the outlet into my jacket

Logan "House, MD" Rabb

bug. in rug. snug.

Anonymous

fill my heart with the goodness of instagram reels :)

Anonymous

Lots of blankets

Chloe Oulette

Free Leo's hot choccy Erika "Soupcerer" Langner

Sweaters, plenty of sweaters

Kaitlyn Lapointe

5



Now brought to you by:

Jason?

Getting over a Plateau rock climbing - Logan "House, MD" Rabb

A.

Q.

Based on a Google search:

Lattice Training: How to Overcome A Plateau in Climbing

- 1. Focus more on technique that can help with difficult movements rather than relying soley on strength
- 2. Practice drills that have lots of variation and chances to solve the problem yourself so that it can be applied to future situations, rather than repeating the same drill over and over again to perfection
- 3. Try climbs that are in your less perferd climbing style to help be well rounded and take these new skills to other parts on the wall
- 4. Have a growth mindset, it's not the number of ends in a session, but the aount of learning opportunites you encounter
- 5. Go into a session with a goal in mind, but listen to you body. Somedays you might not be feeling the best that day, so changing the intensity or goal of the session is enough

6. Learn from mistakes, sometimes falling isn't the mistake, but a move inefficiency. Repeating climbs can help find alternative methods than what you did before. Watch how other climbers try the climb and see if you can try that too



boo: yes or no? - Chloe Oulette

I think boo, it will be the spookiest thing in all of Carleton

Got a Problem?

Need Some ... Shitty Advice?

CENG CAN "HELP"!

Write in to C-Eng Speaks! We want to exploit your problems hear from you! The most recent submissions form can be found at: linktr.ee/TheIronTimes

Boo

THE IR PEOPLE

IRON TAXI DRIVER

Jordan Trach - Computer Systems III



Where do you hail from?

Ottawa

If you too were, EngFrosh Legends of the Labrinth™, what would be your legend and what place or places will you journey to?

The legend of "I'm in my retirement arc" as I journey to the land of "submitting more directorship applications" on the well-trodden path of "I'm on campus anyways, what harm could it do"

Where is the best place on campus to find a best friend?

If you hang out in the Nideyinan parking lot in July you can kidnap a fox if you're pure of heart

What 3 items you would purchase for your new adventure and where would you get them at?

A tasty beverage from ME 3359, \$1.99/lb pork loin from the Merivale No Frills, and Mircea Preotesoiu (idk I could probably convince him to come along for 50 cents and a dart)

Anything you'd like to say to the readers?

I need all of you to get more sleep and eat 3 full meals a day. Good God how do any of you live like this. You're making your grandmother cry

Here's your chance to flex and include your lengthy list of c-eng involvement - feel free to keep it to just recent or relevant positions if you'd like.

CSES Chair 2025-26
IEEE Treasurer 2025-26
OEC 2026 VP Finance
KEFC Admin 2025-26
EngFrosh 2025 TECHNICAL Spirit
CSES Computer Systems Rep 2024-25
IEEE Finance Exec 2024-25
SCESoc Assistant Finance 2023-24

Occasional Leo's Volunteer, former EngFrosh Facil, participant of many a committee and habitual meeting-goer

Iron (EiC/Who ever does this you get to pick ig I just want to go to bed)

FOR CONTEXT, THEY SENT THIS AT 3:50AM

Mircea Preotesoiu - Computer Systems IV



Where do you hail from?

Mississauga Unfortunately

If you too were, EngFrosh Legends of the Labrinth™, what would be your legend and what place or places will you journey to?

Hell (Engsoc)

Where is the best place on campus to find a best friend?

Maintenance Building. They got lots of fun things like piles of dirt, garbage, the thumb people from spy kids, and small animal bones!

What 3 items you would purchase for your new adventure and where would you get them at?

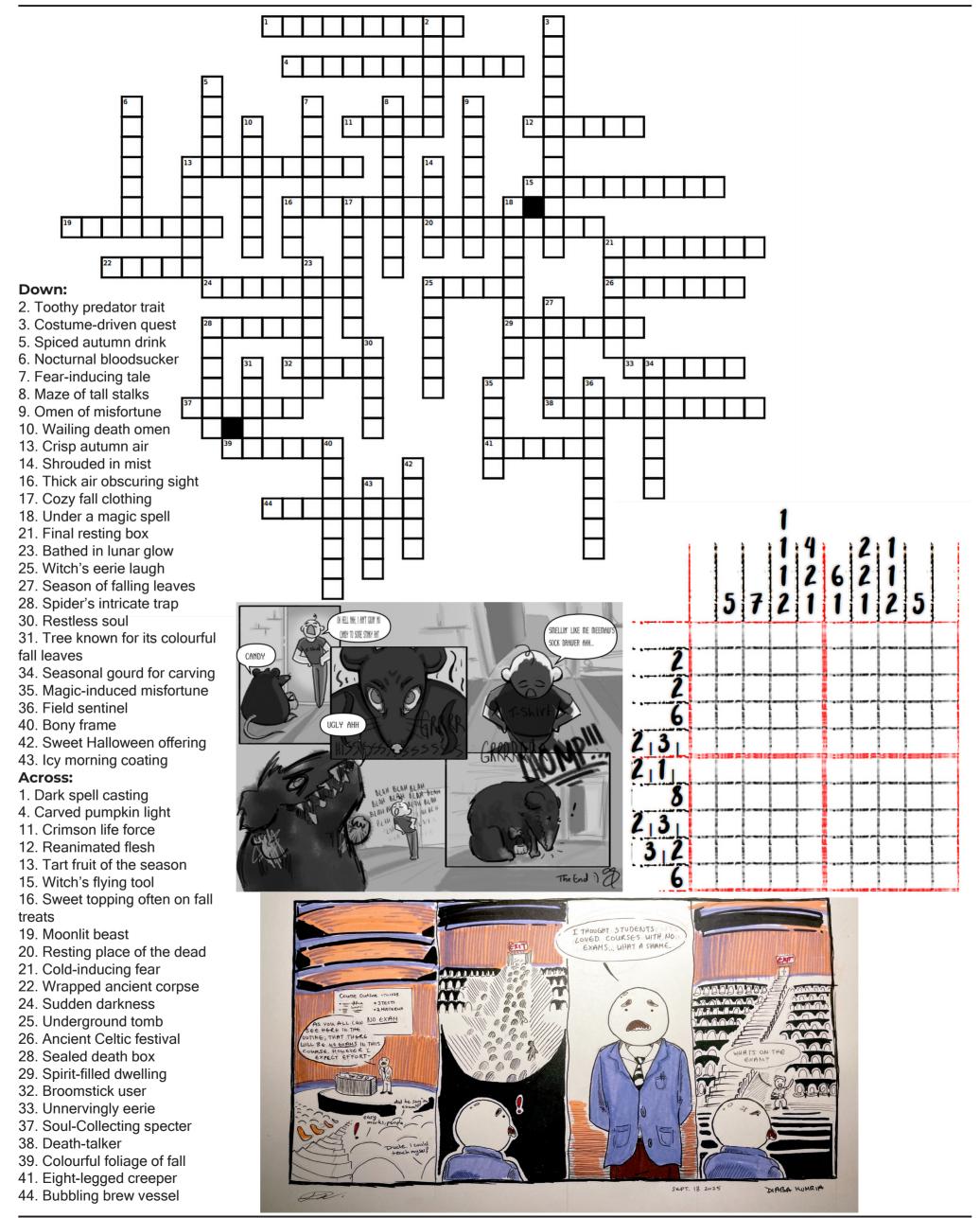
WD-40 Multi-Use Product, 55 - Gallon Drum - Amazon Original Beef Jack Links Jerky, 2.85 oz. Bag - McMaster-Carr Redbull - IEEE

Anything you'd like to say to the readers?

Not only did I submit this late I also spent like 2 hours writing this because I had no idea what to write.

here's your chance to flex and include your lengthy list of c-eng involvement - feel free to keep it to just recent or relevant positions if you'd like.

SCESoc VPFA (Winter 2023) SCESoc President (2023-2024) CSES Comp Sys Program Rep (2023-2024) CSES Chair (2024-2025) Engfrosh Logs (2025) CSES VP Internal (Now) And like some other things.



OCTOBER 2025

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	CMAS: Paper ² airplane	NASA SpaceApps ³ Hackathon	CU InSpace 4 Small Rocket (stamp event) Troitsky: Small Bridge
5	6	7 IEEE Day super smash tourna- ment	8	CUE: Canadian 9 Queer History guest speaker IEEE LinkedIn Workshop	10	11
12	13	14	15	CSCE FSGM ¹⁶	CUE: Garlic 17 bread for gays	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	CUE Witch & Stitch DESoc FSGM	29 The Rocky Hor- ror Show	DESoc 30 Pumpkin Carving SCESoc FSGM	31	





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responding on such short notice