“It’s time to move on, it’s time to get going. What lies ahead, I have no way of knowing. But under my feet, baby, grass is growing.”

- Tom Petty
The Caveat Lector exists to be redundant. It also exists to publish and make available information and creative works from law students for law students, all while maintaining a standard of journalistic integrity. Well, maybe not integrity, but something close.

Disclaimer
The Editors of The Caveat Lector, in their infinite wisdom, do not necessarily endorse or condone the opinions included herein. The articles reflect the views of your peers. Take it up with them.

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Cover Photo
A bunch of strangers meet for a Harry Potter convention. Thinking they all just scored a fresh new cape, the bunch of strangers pose for a photo. The strangers all decide to take Latin together. In a few years time, the strangers will no longer be strangers. They will all learn Latin in a pretty big house until the powers that-be tell them to take a hike, probably because they didn’t clean the microwaves.
A Letter from the Editors:

Well, that’s it folks. The 2019-2020 academic year came to an abrupt halt earlier than we were all expecting, but it nonetheless ended exactly like we at the Caveat Lector knew it would: with everyone the world over on government mandated lock-down, manically washing their hands and hoarding toilet paper. It was all reasonably foreseeable. But in these times of global quarantine it is important to remember the better times before social distancing was a ubiquitous term and hand sanitizer cost $30. While it may be easy to write-off this year at the College of Law as the year of the stank and the virus and just focus on the negatives, we would be remiss if we didn’t reminisce on all the amazing experiences we’ve shared together over the past year. From the Orientation Week Kegger and softball tournament, to the pub crawls, Evil Fish and Dissent Night, Legal Follies, and all the events in between, we’ve been lucky to share enough good times together to help us weather this period of social isolation.

That being said, it is still heartbreaking that the sudden closure of the College has meant we will not get to say goodbye before we part ways for the summer. With many people already leaving Saskatoon and the cancellation of such beloved events as Grad Auction and the end-of-the-year Kegger, it certainly feels as though this year has ended with a whimper rather than a bang, and there is sense that an important degree of closure has been missed. This is felt even more so by the graduating class, of which both of your loyal editors are members. Our grad banquet has been cancelled and our convocation is at best postponed. We won’t get to dress up and go to “prom” together. We likely won’t get back together as a group to accept our degrees. We won’t throw our mortar caps in the air. It sucks.

But in keeping with a positive outlook, even though the year has ended without a proper farewell, we at the Caveat Lector would like to do the next best thing, and from the safety of our bunkers, we wish everyone at the College of Law a happy end of the year and good luck on all your exams/papers. Lastly, they say absence makes the heart grow fonder, and as we editors of the Caveat haven’t seen most of you for a while, and sadly may never see some of you again, it seems appropriate in these trying times to make a point to say: We are fond of all of you. That feeling will only grow in your absence. Have a great summer everyone, stay safe, and hopefully we’ll meet again when we’re allowed to see other people.
A Presidential Farewell

By Erik Heuck (3L)

Greetings, earthlings,

It’s been a Beyblade fight on the playground this year, but I hope the LSA has done you proud. To paraphrase Paul Newman, we’d like to be remembered as a group who tried—tried to be a part of our times, tried to help people communicate. To everyone on Council, I say thank you. I believe we have positively impacted this place, and you ought to feel proud. I’m sure as heck proud of you. As a different Newman said, "You got a friend in me."

I always thought I was the funny guy, never thought I’d be involved in a student society. In that sense, it feels strange to write a “farewell” from this perspective. But to be extremely loud and incredibly honest with you, I’m quite tired of writing addresses. If I had my druthers, we’d all be extremely loud and incredibly close in a backyard drinking keg beer (30% beer, 70% foam, 100% reason to re-continue on next page...
We have a nice tradition within our cohort where we inform the instructor at the end of their course that they will ‘treat’ the class at the local brewery for a ‘round’. It is a nice way to unwind and laugh at the hectic month we endured. Luckily for Mr. Luther, he stayed with us for two months – double round! We concluded our semester with Brent Cotter instructing Legal Ethics, who, unethically, left before ‘treat’ing the class. We haven’t forgot about you Senator Cotter! Our Christmas break was a welcoming sight. How I wish it was December now.

Throughout the year we are fortunate to have many guest lecturers to discuss relevant law, politics, or cultural experiences. This year included Saskatchewan alumnus Andrew Arruda, former Justice of the SCC the Honourable Thomas Cromwell, the Premier of Nunavut Joe Savikataaq, Senator Kim Pate, and local elders who present lectures in Inuktitut on traditional approaches to healing and counselling. Unfortunately, our list was cut short with Justice Russell Brown of the SCC canceling as a result of the COVID-19 pandemic. During both semesters, our Director of the NLP, Stephen Mansell, organized traditional life skill events including making kakivaks – a traditional spear – building igloos, or land excursions. We even had Dean Phillipson partake on a snowmobile day trip where he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Life escalated quickly in March. The NLP welcomed back Gail Henderson from Queen’s for Business Organizations. Ms. Henderson is our first instructor to return to the NLP, previously teaching Contracts in 1L. March also had our second moot team departing to Winnipeg for the Kawashkimhon Moot. The participants were Nuka Olensen-Hakongak, Alanna Copland, Andrew Morrison and Pascal MacLellan. The team was thankful for the opportunity to attend and the chance to connect with our USask cohort. The greetings were described by a Saskatchewan student as “finally meeting a long-lost sibling”.

We are currently in a difficult transition in life. One where we are all facing the same fears and uncertainty as a result of COVID-19. The impact the virus will have on society is putting everyone on edge as we battle with self-isolation and social distancing. We will be able to conclude our Business Organizations and Criminal Procedure courses with take-home exams, but Administrative Law with Felix Hoehn has been postponed. The NLP and the University of Saskatchewan have the health and safety of the students, faculty and staff as their primary concern and for that, we are grateful. We must take care of ourselves and loved ones until we get through this epidemic. To reach the light at the end of our tunnel, we are excited and look forward to meeting several long-lost University of Saskatchewan siblings when the Nunavut Law Program hosts the 2021 Kawashkimhon Moot in Iqaluit, Nunavut. Dress warm!

Pascal MacLellan
Co-President on behalf of the Nunavut Law School Society
By Evan Best (3L)

It has, or I suppose I should now say “had”, become commonplace at law events to hear a string of sporadic Weoooos rise from the crowd, often coming from the likes of one of the Matts (i.e. Scott or Uncle Morris). Presumably, this has caused the more academically-inclined students to ponder when exactly this well thought-out and intelligent “tradition” came to be. Another assumption I’d make is that, despite their enormous brains, they still haven’t figured out how Weooooing came to be—likely leading to countless sleepless nights. Well luckily enough, this article will provide answers. As the ancient proverb states, only when one understands the roots and deep meanings of a tradition can it be passed on and stuff. I hope this article will lead to both a profound appreciation and understanding, thereby fostering the art of Weoooo at the College for generations.

It is so difficult to trace this storied tradition because there are conflicting tales of when it was introduced into the College. By no means am I saying that the Weoooo did not live and thrive outside the College for years prior (see Ric Flair—the Weoooo Godfather—on Youtube). Rather, this article examines its introduction into our College, in hopes of perhaps one day establishing a statutory College of Law holiday.

Our fearless leader and Weoooo historian, Erik Heuck, traces the tradition back to a brisk Fall night in 2019 when the College’s brightest and most talented partiers donned golf attire and took to the streets of Saskatoon. As one may expect, he places the birth of the Weoooo near the end of the night, when cognitive reasoning was at an all-time low and confidence was at an all-time high. An eightsome strode through the doors of its last stop of the night: The Cathedral. They were greeted by smiling, semi-sober customers, likely excited to meet another group of respectful law students playing pub golf. However, a violent surprise was coming their way. Within one minute of completing our challenge, a Weoooo off began, initiated by yours truly. The participants included Kyle (i.e. creepy Kyle), Eric (i.e. hot Eric with a “C”), Matt (i.e. not the Uncle one), and myself. To our surprise and the other customers dismay, they did not kick us out. I tell you people, the power of the Weoooo is no joke.

Despite having no recollection of the infamous Cathedral Weoooo-off of 2019, Captain ED1 (Eric Dulle) traces the tradition back to the same night but at a time when he still knew left from right. Our night began at the best establishment in Saskatoon, Cactus Club Café, where Longboards are always cheap, and the servers always hate us. For reference, one of the lesser-known side effects of the Longboard is uncontrollable Weooooing. As Eric tells the story, I was quoted as saying: “a couple more of these Longboards and I’m gonna start Weooooing.” As noted above, this is a medical side effect, beyond the Longboard-consumer’s control. Yet I resisted, not wanting to disturb the patrons around me nor wanting to get banned from such a storied watering hole. However, two steps out the door, as we headed South towards the first tee, the Weooos rang out, like cars firing up in the movie Cars, bringing delight to everyone driving down Idylwyld.

Continued on next page...

1 From all accounts I’ve heard throughout the College, he does not, in fact, have ED.

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Voodoo Mama Juju’s April Horoscopes

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sign</th>
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<tr>
<td>Aquarius</td>
<td>Jan 22 - Feb 18</td>
<td>Stay inside.</td>
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<td>Aries</td>
<td>Mar 21 - Apr 20</td>
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<td>Taurus</td>
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<td>Gemini</td>
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<td>Libra</td>
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<td>Sagittarius</td>
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<td>Capricorn</td>
<td>Dec 22 - Jan 21</td>
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This is Mama Juju’s friend. She is also a witch of some sort.

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Fostering Weoooo Culture at U of S Law

By Evan Best (3L)

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Fostering Weoooo Culture at U of S Law

By Evan Best (3L)
...Continued from previous page

After a vast survey of the College tracing the Weoooo, I believe we can conclude its origin lies on September 28th, but nobody knows for certain. There are many who would like to see the College honour this day—a day where students can show their true Weoooo colours. However, the mystery of when the Weoooo took root is its true magic: it was never truly born, nor will it ever truly die.

Before concluding this piece, I’d like to include an inspirational story submitted by one of our readers, Derking Garvilin-Hoisincuck:

“You know why we can’t let you do this,” a distressed Cactus Club Café manager explained to our table in December. A chorus of Weooooos had been ringing out from the back of the bar for the better part of an hour as patrons of the CCC collectively scratched their heads, wondering what this animalistic demonstration implied. Uncle Matt, Dartbin, Dulle, EB, Gabe S & co. had signaled to management that their request to do a keg stand was to be taken seriously, and CCC sent their best to confront them. Our response: shock. How had things come to this point? They actually considered our Weoooo-steeped proposal. It was CCC’s first brush with the tradition, but it showed that the power of Weoooo is undeniable.

If that story doesn’t show you the power of the Weoooo, then perhaps a personal story will, a story about how the Weoooo influenced my life. I had been asking Karen Rooney out for weeks, maybe even years, but to no avail. Then, one fateful September night, she was downwind of what some have come to call, “The Evan Best Special”. What I let loose that day came from deep down. Like magma in a volcano. Like a thirteen-year-old getting their first phone. They say a Weoooo of that nature takes a part of your soul. Long story short, when you look like me, you need a kind of special power in your back pocket. And I have deep back pockets, baby.

I leave you with this: There is no face of the Weoooo. The Weoooo lives in all of us. Deep down, the Weoooo lies restful, waiting for the moment its carrier decides to unleash it onto a room of unsuspecting commoners. For all of you who will return to the College next year, do not be afraid to uncork this near-biblical gift. It empowers those who use it. It brings meaning to one’s night.

Above: Photo evidence of the “Weoooo” was first captured in Serbia at a “Boycott the Olympics” rally. Back then, Weooooing meant certain death. Just observe the look of fear in the eyes of a young Miroslav Best: 1946 (colourized).
It feels strange doesn’t it? This year cut suddenly short, and we students adrift, migrating back to the places we call home, realizing that this is probably it. Those moments you expected, the last day of class, the end of the year party, all gone. It might seem a bit petty to mourn the normalcy of everything, to feel sad for what you are missing and will never have. However, I feel like it is okay to be sad about it, that means the connections we made were real. It is not a bad thing to be a human. This moment feels dystopian (except there are no hot twenty-something actors playing teenagers and I realize I probably should’ve invested in a bidet before people hoarded all the toilet paper). I didn’t even say goodbye. On Friday when I left the school, I imagined that somehow maybe, we might be back to see each other before the year was over. However, with each passing day that seems less likely.

I know many of you have friends and family who work in places where their health could be compromised, and I know many of us have people who we love who are at risk. It is okay to worry, and to be sad. You aren’t overreacting, and even if you are, that’s part of it all isn’t it? I know that this will be over eventually. That these hollow and panicky moments will end, and maybe all this doomsday philosophizing will be for nothing. I hope so. I hope for only the best for all of you.

It has been a good three years my friends, from the moments in class where we watched our classmates flounder through a Flannigan cold call, to the moments where we watched our classmates win moots, get jobs in prestigious positions, and fall on the ice while the Zamboni was flooding. I cannot say I loved every moment of law school, but I did love meeting my classmates. I loved coming to class and being the dork who sat in the front row and answered questions. I loved spending time bullshitting in the Lawby, and exchanging knowing glances in the library when that one guy appeared to make a total mess of three computer spaces (speaking of which, what do you think messy boy is going to do without the law library? Like he is probably going crazy not being able to spread his garbage out around him). I did not love the stank, but I loved how that stupid joke drew us together. How all the in-jokes and silly moments made us feel like a close group of friends.

You all may not know this, but other law schools are not like USask. From my time in Ottawa I learned that not every school values the student culture like we do. And we can see that even now, with some of our law students spearheading efforts at community organization and assistance. I am so proud to have been a member of a college that does not just value getting ahead, but cares about each other and our community. I know I may not get the chance to tell you this is person, but I am glad I got to know you all, and I hope our paths cross again much sooner than later (and I hope it is not just to skype call into our grad ceremony – like seriously imagine that, the laptop camera catching your second chin as you stare blankly at your classmates. Would it be appropriate to wear sweatpants? These are real questions we need to be asking people).

So, here’s to us, the class of 2020, graduating into what seems an even greater unknown than usual. You have been great friends, helpful classmates, and all-around good people. I am grateful for these years we have spent together. Now put aside those questionable hygiene practices you developed in law school and wash your hands. You can think of this time as an opportunity to really hone your online dating skills – there has to be at least one person out there who is fine with hearing you talk about fiduciary obligations and how your team won the spirit of the moot award and totally should’ve placed first but were robbed by a team from Ontario. So, until we meet again my friends, stay safe, and don’t cut your bangs with nail scissors in a moment of panic like I did.

Above: Mackenzie and Alyssa pose after building every single one of those chairs by hand.
Left: Mackenzie read all of those books.
The College of Law Has a Problem: You

By Maria Shupenia (3L), Michelle Brandsma (3L) & Kylee Wilyman (3L)

What do the “war over CANs,” the mental health crisis, and rising tuition have in common? They are all symptoms of our collective complacency. We are all guilty of being the passive recipients of our education – failing to ask the difficult questions and maintaining a status quo that is utterly unsatisfactory. While C’s may get degrees, the Canadian Bar Association lists creativity, empathy, adaptability, resilience and breadth of perspective as criteria for a good lawyer. Our own College has provided a list of twelve “Desired Juris Doctor Graduate Attributes”: take a read some time, then ask yourself: have I been educated in a way that reflects and values these attributes?

It is now our final semester of law school and working at CLASSIC for the term has made us feel as though we are bridging two worlds: academia on one side and the pending actuality of articles and practice on the other. On this threshold, CLASSIC has provided us with a formative experience that has enabled our reflection on the privilege and responsibility we carry forward as we enter the legal profession. In this unique space we have questioned our understanding of law and justice, and how the College has prepared us to face the social realities and inequities of our legal system.

Unfortunately, much of our class content is delivered from an uncritical perspective and presumes a white, Anglo, patriarchal and privileged worldview as the default lens for interpreting and applying the law. We have not been exposed to any breadth of perspective. However, our recent experience at CLASSIC has taught us that it is necessary to understand the perspective of the clients whom we seek to serve.

We have a responsibility to the people on whose land our College sits, and to our own communities to dismantle those parts of the system that perpetuate inequity. We must change the system to atone for Canada’s colonial legacy while respecting and incorporating this country’s plural legal traditions. Our legal education must evolve to imbued social accountability into our legal culture from the ground level and then we must strive to carry these ideals with us into practice. We must learn that empathy is an attribute of good lawyering, not a hindrance, and should be cultivated in students by ensuring a basis in experiential learning. Viewing empathy as a strength will require us to completely restructure how we view legal practice.

At CLASSIC, some lessons have been harsh. The law isn’t always as it seems, nor is it applied equitably, and there are differing versions of justice. But we have learned what it is to be adaptable and resilient. We have learned what our textbooks have failed to teach, which is the experience that can only be gained by sitting with a client, listening to their story, sorting through their legal and non-legal issues and empathizing with the true weight of the ramifications of our colonial legal system. The learning curve has been steep, but it is undoubtedly the most valuable foundational aspect of our legal education.

Contrasting our semester at CLASSIC with those spent on campus, we question, as you should, whether the college will continue to operate under the guise of progressive education and reconciliation while neglecting to make meaningful change. If we are truly committed to working ethically, with integrity and compassion towards social justice, understanding that reconciliation and intersectionalism drive a client-centred approach, we must ask for more experiential learning opportunities, and seek out our own. Go volunteer. Get involved in the community. Seek out opportunities to better understand the law. While you’re at it, ask the College to make your educational engagement their priority by implementing the following:

1. Mandatory clinical experience. Even though some students plan to lawyer from their desks or the boardroom, understanding that the effects of the law will always be borne on the backs of disadvantaged people is paramount in undertaking the responsibility bestowed on the legal profession.

2. Funding for CLASSIC. What percentage of tuition from the students attending CLASSIC is diverted to the program? As CLASSIC struggles to keep the lights on so it can continue to serve our community and provide important learning experiences for students, can the College better support the heavy lifting that has been left to CLASSIC?

3. Reimagining traditional academic courses. Instead of sitting in classrooms, passively learning traditional interpretations of the black-letter law, classes can be taught from a framework that incorporates methodological diversity, weaving priorities of access to justice with reconciliation and recognition for the importance client-first compassion.

You should care that the College is not preparing you for practice – we are all not as ready as we should be.

There is a disconnect many of us feel from the fire in our belly that fueled us to pursue law, or from the people and communities we want to eventually serve. However, it can be overcome if the College moves toward an educational model that incorporates these crucial aspects. We urge you to no longer be passive recipients of our education. Think critically about what it is that you need from your education and demand better.
Self-Esteem in Law School: An Oxymoron

By Barbara Baker (1L)

In theory, you know there is always someone better than you. For instance: Beyoncé. But for now, unless Queen B goes the way of Kim K (much less threatening), she has left her surely formidable legal skills to the imagination. Considering the vast unlikelihood that I will see Beyoncé roaming the halls of our college, much less entering Saskatchewan, it’s easier to pretend she’s an alien hologram. But when success is shoved in your face it is a little harder to ignore. And if life has taught me anything, it’s that there is always someone to be jealous of.

What I have learned from 1L is that I am probably more type A than A. And although I had long-ago given up on an aspiring model career (this was around grade seven when I realized I had stopped growing at 5’1”) and any semblance of athletic prowess (this was since birth), in some ways my adult life is still one continual lesson in letting go.

There are some really smart people in law school. There are people with colour-coordinated planners. There are the people who got 1L jobs (or you know upper-years with their articling positions), workout twice a day, help old ladies cross the road and have the audacity to have more Instagram followers than me?? And as far as I can tell, short of invading their personal space and/or facing criminal charges, they’re real people. AND they’re nice? It’s blasphemy.

So how does one cope with this? By attending a rigorous schedule of drinking events? Well, yes… but I’m trying to be inspiring here. There is something to the cliché, “you are the company you keep” or nowadays, virtually keep. And it sucks seeing people get the things you want faster than you. But we went into law school to learn how to be lawyers. And focusing on the fact that this is a learning process helps me feel like a smidgen less of a failure. And I think it’s important to remember that it’s a privilege to learn from people who push you. It means you get to level up.

Anyways, I guess what I’m saying is, if you have to learn from anyone, just be grateful it’s Beyoncé and not Cardi B?

1 And a half!
2 Not right now, #socialisolation

A Touch of Gray: Looking Back on the Years That Wore Me Down

By Tyler Gray (3L/Dad)

“I am running away from my responsibilities... and it feels good.” – Michael Scott

I should be writing a paper (or several), but instead I find myself contemplating the end of law school — an ending that was far more abrupt than any of the Class of 2020 could have anticipated. In the spirit of some measure of healthy transition, and an even more desperate play for class valedictorian than John’s promo video, I thought I would reflect on the years that were.

1L: We all stood in the lawby dressed far more casually fashionable than any other point during our time in the College of Law. Hilariously, John Agioritis was recommending we apply for open 1L summer positions via the portal. Mere moments earlier, we had left the lecture theatre after a stunning tour de force from Ron Cuming titled, “What is the Law.” Looking back, the whole situation was laughable, but the pancakes that morning were delightful.

The entirety of first year classes for me can be summed up in any interactions in BVT’s section 2 torts class. I was either in trouble for using inappropriate language or, alternatively, where my comments were devoid of colourful language there were met with rampant disagreement by my colleagues. Five straight B- exams in the December finals really drove home how “unexceptional” my performance was.

Some classmates stole a fish from the library. This seemed to stoke great anger among the 3L students. I am still uncertain if the bitter Facebook posts were satire or reality, but considering class of 2018 remains definitively the dud year of our time at the college, I would guess it was the latter. Darin’s drunken karaoke remains a social media sensation and one could argue that this performance propelled him to Bollywood fame and stardom.

We lost in sports a lot in 1st year—basically everything except curling, if I remember correctly. Our body of work in college sports tournaments is symbolized by a zamboni driver in Delay driving around Ryley Dalshaug as he lay in a yard sale of his personal effects in our end of the rink. Simply put, we were magical.

1st year contracts final in April, section 2… need I say more.

2L: If you were “smart” enough to take the joint MBA/JD program, you too got to experience the panic of law registration to a whole different degree. As classes filled up in 30 seconds and we couldn’t register I remember thinking how fun it would be to take 10 leftovers for class.

2nd year closed-book Admin Law final… need I say more.

If you had told me that a member of my cohort would tell Professor Flannigan that he was a “shitty prof” directly to his face, I would not have believed it. I’m still not sure I actually witnessed that event or if I made it up as I spent the remainder of the class staring at my binder hoping to God that Flannigan would not ask me a question.

Continued on next page...
Get to Know the Gale Cup Moot Team

By Dali Halloway (2L)

Lucas, for the same reason that I assume Devlin will pick him.”

Lucas: “All of them. They made me carry the robes, which were surprisingly heavy.”

Devin: “In this moment, no. I look back on the moot with rose colored glasses. But, if I had to have one swing it would have to go to Lucas for announcing to our entire courtroom 5 minutes before Dali and I are to moot “haha I can’t believe I’m wearing two different shoes!” which completely deflated the cool and intimidating aura we had put on for the other team, and definitely eased any nerves Western had about us.”

Mackenzie: “Now that the moot is over and emotions have settled, I would not. However, there was a brief flash where I wished I could smack Lucas across the back of the head for calling the pan-

eel of Justices “You guys.””

Lisa (Coach): “This is getting published right; I choose not to respond.”

Can you change a tire?

Dali: “Never had to but I’ll give myself the benefit of the doubt and say yes. Actually, no probably not.”

Lucas: “Yes I can. I can change oil in a vehicle as well.”

Devin: “Yeah. My girlfriend and I got a flat in rural BC last summer and much to her surprise—“I can’t believe you don’t know how to do this”, several times—I was unable to, so I have studied up on Youtube tutorials since.”

Mackenzie: “Yes.”

Lisa (Coach): “No, but I can delegate that task to someone who can.”

Continued on next page...
How many people did you fall in love with at the moot competition?

Dali: “Two. An absolute stud who helped me with my bags at the airport, and the love of my life. All I’m going to say is there are strict look requirements to be a judge at the Gale Moot. While distance (and age) mean so little when someone means so much, winning means everything, and alas I lost out on two trophies that weekend.”

Lucas: “No one, but I did fall in love with flat cap hats.”

Devlin: “One, kind of. But she went private on Insta so no more Instagram stories to creep. If I was smart like Dali, I would have found someone old enough that they will always be on platforms like seekingarrangement to find.”

Mackenzie: “Nobody, though I have a suspicion the guy with the pervert moustache had a thing for me.”

Lisa (Coach): “Hmmm… all of the Nunavut USask team, Supreme Court Justice Sheila Martin, Justice Linda Oland…apparently a lot of people.”

Is child luring wrong?

Dali: “Yes, but for conviction the question isn’t whether you think it’s wrong.”

Lucas: “Depends on who you ask. To me, yes. To Douglas Morrison, no.”

Devlin: “See: My major paper, also on this topic.”

Mackenzie: “100%. Personally, I feel robbed of a victory, and so do the children.”

Lisa (Coach): “I’m concerned that this is a question. Yes. Child luring is wrong. Very wrong. That being said, if you or someone you know finds yourself charged with such an offence, feel free to contact my office for a top notch criminal defence.”

Is it possible to do a moot without telling everyone about it?

Dali: “Mustafa recently told me that he had no idea Devlin and I were doing a moot until I posted a picture after it was done. This is probably the best compliment you can receive if you’re on a moot team.”

Lucas: “Why even do a moot if you aren’t going to tell everyone about it?”

Devlin: “No – I think being in a moot becomes a personality trait. Sadly, I was on a social media hiatus during the moot so I wasn’t able to livestream it, but I know others on my team did it for me out of solidarity.”

Mackenzie: “No. If you didn’t Instagram it, it probably didn’t happen.”

Lisa (Coach): “Absolutely not. I think it’s in the course description that every moot student must be prepared to inundate their friends, family, and acquaintances with “interesting” updates and stories about his/her moot experience.”

Do looks matter for a moot?

Dali: “Absolutely. Look good, feel good, moot good.”

Lucas: “You’re asking the wrong team member.”

Devlin: “Who knows? We didn’t win anything, so I suppose that’s open to interpretation.”

Mackenzie: “Only 50% of the team needs to be good looking, and I won’t tell you which 50% of the Gale was. Though you can probably rule me out of that equation. Then again, Alberta won, so maybe looks are actually detrimental.”

Lisa (Coach): “Not that I’m aware of, but we also haven’t won the moot in many many years. Perhaps in future years I should consider changing my team selection criteria…”

Would you recommend this moot?

Dali: “100%. I ask people “Do you want to have fun? Do you want to be cool?” Yeah? Then just go out there, try out for the Gale moot, live your best life, post a 10-minute snap story discussing the comfort level of hotel couches while you ignore Devlin practice, dance like no one’s watching. No? okay, well I’d still do this moot. On a more serious note though, the opportunity to present and receive feedback from the long list of established guest judges we had was invaluable.”

Lucas: “I would recommend this moot a million times over. It was an incredible experience from start to finish. It was awesome. Lisa is a great coach, and the guest judges you will meet throughout the process really help improve your oral advocacy. Plus, you have an excuse for avoiding other work.”

Devlin: “Absolutely – I did it initially to reduce my speaking anxiety and went from shaking like a leaf in front of my teammates the first practice to genuinely enjoying the stress & pressure of the actual competition. It is a good amount of work, but it was always enjoyable, and Lisa is a wonderful coach. One of the best experiences of law school.”

Mackenzie: “Oh yeah. Lisa is an awesome coach, and you will definitely bond in a weird way eating pizza at 3am with your teammates.”

Lisa (Coach): “Absolutely, I hear the coach is wonderful.”

Coaches Corner:

Why do you continue to come back and coach degenerates?

Lisa: I’m a glutton for punishment. And I miss the College. But mostly the first answer.

What would people be surprised to hear was one of your favourite moments of the moot this year?

Lisa: Going out for post-moot celebration drinks with all of the USask students and discovering that I don’t actually hate tequila anymore.

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Memes from the Heart

People thinking they don’t have to listen to the COVID-19 experts like:

By Slade Hall (3L)

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When you score a B+ in a lecture-based class:

Continued on next page...
Continued from previous page

Leaving law school like:

Future Earning Potential
Student Debt

Goodbye everyone.
I'll remember you all in therapy.

IT IS TIME TO GO.
CLASS OF 2020

Was I a good class?
CLASS OF 2020

I'm told you were the best.
CLASS OF 2020

How it felt doing the 1L moot:

IT IS TIME TO GO.
CLASS OF 2020

Was I a good class?
CLASS OF 2020

I'm told you were the best.
CLASS OF 2020

Decent Final Grades

Law Students

NetFlix, Disney, Hulu

Everyone: "It's time to lock down so we can beat COVID-19"

Firms to Their Articling Students:

We ride at dawn bitches!

The USask law school community is an incredible group that I'm proud to be a part of.

You Can't CHANGE MY MIND
To the Ls of 3—We Hardly Knew Ye

By Parker Chow (1L)

The Class of 2020 surely are a spectacular bunch! Much like raccoons, they foraged their way into our trash-filled hearts, and somehow brought out only the shiniest of garbage. Though our (already brief) time has been cut short, let us remember the 3L class we knew, loved, and lost. Much like every assignment they had us do in 1L, this, is a journey of reflection.

That whirlwind of activities and announcements within the first week was really something. If you didn’t know any better, you would think we were all seeing a girl named Geneva, because of how often her name blew up our phones. There were plans with new friends made, then soon abandoned for Runnymede Society info sessions. Names were exchanged, then awkwardly forgotten and pushed far beyond an acceptable timeframe to ask again. Trying to juggle all the 3L names proved to be no small feat, either. There were so many of you introducing yourselves to us, then introducing your friends, and then introducing random passersby. Eventually, we just had to say, “heck it,” throw caution to the wind, and try to remember people by their quirks. You know, those subtle, unnoticeable things that make people who they are, like “Bald Justin” or “Big Travis.” I never said they were imaginative.

However, this method really started to come in handy when conversations began to play out as such: Did you see the post Eric just made? being followed by You mean Beautiful Eric or President Erik? But no matter the name attached to the face, you offered yourselves to us kindly, and you held our hand tenderly, as a mother would. Then you took us out and bought us way too many drinks, as no mother ever should. Like your firstborn child starting kindergarten, you nervously shouted, “look both ways!” as we crossed the street and boarded a big yellow school bus – only this one was bound for the Crazy Cactus.

After surviving your second year, you likely came back looking forward to a year of rest, relaxation, and ruining your liver. Nobody told you that it would also involve babysitting us little stinkers (and little stinkers we were). I take some solace in knowing that we timid 1Ls were likely a sobering presence to be around, at least for the first week. Maybe I don’t need that next drink. I really know of these kids, and they haven’t had very much. Albeit, a short-lived self-assessment, as that next drink almost always followed anyway. You taught us the importance of never taking law school too seriously. Whether it was through a multitude of weekday events that went way too long into the night, or just goofing off around the College between your classes, you showed us there is always time to put the law on the backburner. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Enjoy!

Your generous spirits definitely helped smooth our transition into the law school life. There were times when you would have given us the shirt from off your back. The number of instances where beers were flowing freely on someone else’s student line of credit, I cannot recall (see Webster’s: loaded; blitzed; smashed). Then there were also times where you quite literally removed the shirts off OUR backs. That graffiti pub crawl would be the subject of an investigation if any of you were a little less attractive.

Although your advice at times conflicted at its very core (I still don’t know if going to class or doing the readings is the best approach??), you shared it with us, nonetheless. It is never the book per se that is important, but the message the author is trying to get across; in this case, that no matter what we do, not to stress, as it’ll all seem to work out. Besides that, the most contentious point among your class was suggesting to us whether The Copper Mug is good or not (I say we give it at least a few more chances before coming to any conclusions). Despite all the conflict, you shared with us your most precious, treasured information. Three big letters that are tried and true, and that will get you through anything in law school and in life, and no I don’t mean CANs – I mean WOO. I’ve seen firsthand what you’ve been able to accomplish by summoning this mythical incantation, and it is nothing short of truly breathtaking (refer back to: The Copper Mug).

Now I know that there were times in which our shoddy attendance led you to temporarily lose faith in us. Murmurs filled the halls about the lack of our class’ commitment in the days following that soccer tournament. In reality, I think none of us had the heart to admit that we just couldn’t bear to be worse than Evan Best at a sport, so we avoided it outright. Hopefully, we redeemed ourselves in your eyes with the colossal turnout (by our standards) for Challenge Cup. We know you would have preferred Dexter stay home that day anyway, and we just try to ignore the fact that we all decided to stay at our house party instead of coming to the “official” after-party……again.

Like a younger sibling learning the difficult ropes of life, we know that you can’t stay mad at us for too long when we get on your nerves. After all, we’re just trying to follow your lead around here. You can only shoot angry glares at us for eating Chinese food in the library so many times, before you look up and see one of us there, sitting right beside you. Only this time, you can’t help but reveal a dumb smirk on your face before letting out the classic nose-exhale of a laugh we all seem to only be capable of these days. Before your very eyes, the mild arrogance has somehow earned your respect. As I said, we’re just following your lead.

As Matt Scott and I write you all this toast, we both shed a single tear thinking about how the College won’t feel the same without you all next year. Are you sure you want to just leave us and the incoming 1Ls in the sweaty hands of the self-proclaimed “GOAT YEAR”? If left unchecked, they would see every event hosted at the Cactus Club Cafe (which actually doesn’t sound half bad now that I think about it). I cannot help but feel cheated by our time being cut so short. For almost all of us, our last goodbyes to you never came. We never had the chance to properly thank you for guiding us steadily through our first year. While we know you weren’t doing it for the praise, you still deserve it. So, thank you Class of 2020, for all the little pieces of sparkly garbage. We’ll see you out there someday soon enough, and we wish you all the best.

By Parker Chow (1L)
Nobody comes to law school for 2L. 2L is the part they skip in the movies. When we tell our stories about law school, 2L is probably the part we'll leave out.

2L is the second hour to the fourth hour on the drive from Saskatoon to Edmonton. You know it’s important, the constant stream of semis driving by remind you to stay alert and honestly, it’s a decent amount icier than you thought it was going to be, but it is still undoubtedly the most boring part. Time somehow both stands still and moves so quickly that you can’t believe it’s already 4PM. Shit, it’s already 4? We aren’t even going to hit the city until 7 at this rate. Why didn’t we leave earlier? But still, you are somehow only in the middle. And the next time you look at the clock, it’ll still be 4PM.

And really, the middle of the road trip is just the part you go through to get to your destination. Except in 2L it lasts a whole year. And similar to the drive from Saskatoon to Edmonton, no one wants to hear about the middle part of your road trip – unless something spectacularly bad happens. No, the middle isn’t the exciting send off of leaving the city and it definitely isn’t the triumphant arrival of reaching the destination. The middle is stopping in Lloydminster to get gas, and no wants to hear about Lloydminster. It fucking sucks, everyone knows that.

But then again, like long road trips, maybe the middle part of law school isn’t all that bad. The middle part of a road trip is the perfect time for a long, uninterrupted conversation. There is no better time to ask questions you wouldn’t normally ask, heck, there’s still three hours to go – why did you guys break up anyways?

I guess there is something to be said about the solidarity of the middle of a road trip. No one backs out halfway, you made it this far and even if your enthusiasm for the destination has decreased significantly, the only logical choice is to keep going. For those few hours, everyone in the car is stuck together – uncomfortable, both too hot and too cold, and with a headache from looking at your phone too much, but stuck together nonetheless. Maybe looking back on it, the middle part of the road trip is the best part. It’s a group of people deciding to make the most of the situation.

And honestly, even though none of us came here for 2L, we sure did our best to make it beautiful. Whether it was Mark Hagen playing saxophone, Elliott Peterson flying 300km/h down the ice at Challenge Cup, Dervbin’s muffins, or Leah absolutely crushing another Dissent night, the Class of 2021 sure packed a lot of beauty into the boring, forgettable, middle part of law school. Maybe most beautiful of all was the solidarity - walking into the library to find a significant portion of your classmates there too - undeniably with you in the struggle. Or maybe the beauty was winning nearly every LSA Sports tournament. Or maybe it was watching Derek Debolt sprint across the Shoppers parking lot stealing toilet paper, and our hearts, at the same time.

As we finish 2L we are coming up on the end of our road trip. 110km/h doesn’t feel that fast in the car, but really, we are FLYING. The highway sign numbers are dwindling down, you can almost see the outline of the city up ahead. Our trip’s end is undeniably, finally, in sight and there is much deserved cause for celebration. We made it through the icy parts – and again, wow, people warned us the roads were going to be bad but that was like, really bad (at one point we weren’t even allowed in the car, but we were still driving towards our destination because it was chill to do this part of the drive online?)– and we can all start planning what to do once we hit the city. But before we get there, I hope we can fit in a few more beautiful and unappreciated moments along the way.

Yours in the struggle,
Gabriel S.

*Gabriel realizes he is too white to use a J.Cole lyric as an epigraph. He also realizes that he was instructed to write a “2L roast” - whatever that means - and that he instead he wrote whatever this is. Sorry Erik.
Each year, one lifeless 3L is given the profound honour of penning somewhat of an address to the first-year class. This year, that honour is mine. I guess sleeping with a managing editor of the Caveat has its perks. No, not WITH with, with. As in: “in proximity to”. We’re just roommates, I swear.

The Class of 2022 has been something to behold. But the beholding has been largely from afar (even before the pandemic). The Class of 2022 has the uncanny ability to stay perpetually aloof, immune to the charm of countless nights sipping warm beer at the Thirsty Scholar, or soccer, apparently. The Class of 2022 knows what it wants and that is something to be admired.

Aloofness aside, the personal encounters I have had with members of the Class of 2022 have been nothing if not wonderful. From Matteo trying to buy me a pint for the 1800th time, to the Kehoe brothers teaching me rules of beer pong I never knew existed, to Kennya providing calm assurances backstage at Legal Follies before proceeding to absolutely blow the roof off the Broadway Theatre. The ones I’ve been lucky to get to know are tenacious, kind, talented, and gracious, and I am certain that they are a reflection of your class at large.

If there’s one thing I know about law school, it’s that I don’t know much. Law school is always a work in progress. If that weren’t true, I wouldn’t be sitting here writing this, while two papers idly sit unwritten on my desktop. So, as a work in progress, I encourage you to keep an open mind. You guys don’t have this thing down yet, and with a couple weeks left, neither do we. I encourage you to go to what seem like redundant nights at the Scholar. Not because it’s the most interesting thing you could possibly do with your time, but because that’s where the magic happens. It’s where you see an upper year you’ve passed in the hallways a hundred times and finally say “sup”. Share some things, learn some things. The people of the College of Law are worth getting to know.

Next year you’ll all be one rung higher up on the law school ladder. I hope the Class of 2022 can continue to shape this College into an ever-better place to be. If you don’t like something, find a way to improve it. Keep running for LSA positions. Write a Caveat article.1 Welcome the incoming 1Ls in the best way you know how, whatever that looks like to you. I’m confident you guys are going to do big things.

Good luck, Class of 2022. And if you need anything in the years to come, just reach out to one of us. We don’t have the answers, but we’re all part of this family and we’re here to help.

As Manuel so famously once said: “hasta la vista, baby.”

1 Seriously, write a damn Caveat article.
Thank you for submitting questions and generally putting up with our nonsense! We appreciate each and every one of you.

What is the first thing you will do once the quarantine is lifted?
JQuan: Probably continue to self-isolate but with the added pressure that I need to get my out-of-home errands done.
Tina: I’ll be hosting a small fashion show for all the spring/summer clothes I bought right before going into quarantine that none of our hot classmates got to see.

How do I self motivate in isolation?
JQuan: TBH this has been pretty hard for me. I’m a big to-do list gal. So I initially started my Day 1 list as “finish major paper” which was doomed to fail. So instead I’ve been writing down bite-sized goals for each day, such as “Write 1000 words for my major paper”. I’ve also been ordering a lot of comfy clothes to ~lounge in~ at home to get the slightest kick of serotonin running through my brain.
Tina: It’s important to develop a daily routine to follow while social distancing in order to maintain a sense of structure. I personally start my day by crying in the shower and then screaming into the void for several hours. I then remind myself that my dog will be sad if I’m sad and get vibing. Just try a couple things and see what works best for you :)

What is a good quarantine-friendly birthday idea for significant others that love their birthday?
JQuan: I would make a giant Facebook messenger group chat with all your s/o’s closest friends and surprise them with a massive group call so that they feel the love. You could even coordinate a group-binge with the Netflix Party extension and have your s/o and all their friends binge a few episodes of their favourite show. And lots of local Saskatoon businesses are delivering food and booze! My top pick is Odd Couple. I would surprise your significant other with a delivery of goods delivered right to their door.
Tina: If you live together, decorate your place by spelling out “happy birthday” with rolls of toilet paper, bake them a cake, and FaceTime their friends for a virtual party. If you’re spending this birthday apart, decorate your own home and FaceTime them. (But for real, get all their friends to send you a clip of them saying happy birthday and compile them into a nice lil video — your significant other can also watch this again later whenever they need a reminder of how loved they are).

How do I improve my Tik Tok transitions?
JQuan: Instead of improving your transitions, I would suggest deleting TikTok altogether unless you want attractive 15-year olds to make you feel insecure about being a millennial. But, as a self-proclaimed Tik Tok star I’ll give the people the answers they need. I would suggest “hitting the woah” as a filler because you can’t really go wrong with that.
Tina: I’m not allowed to be on TikTok. (see below)

How do I focus on school when there are so many more important things to worry about?
JQuan: I think a lot of us are struggling with this right now. It’s completely okay to feel anxious in these times of uncertainty. It’s okay to take time for yourself and not dedicate all of your attention to school at this point. But remember that there’s solidarity in community. Maybe try a group video call with your study group to get those brain juices flowing. Or maybe reach out to your professors to tell them about your circumstances. If there’s one thing that COVID-19 has taught us, we have each other through these tough times.
Tina: I would say try not to stress over school that much. I know that is way easier said than done — but with everything going on right now, it is completely fair that we would have a difficult time focusing on school. What I’ve learned over my years as a student (I’m an incoming 3L so listen to me), is that your own well-being and your family/friends are way more important than one or two bad grades. For example, I bombed the 1L Property final so hard I got one of the lowest grades in class and there wasn’t even a full-on pandemic going on. Yet here I am giving advice to all of you — nothing means anything anymore.
Most likely to travel the world faster than the rest of us: Nouredeen Abouhamra
Most likely to be freaking the fuck out: Emily Barlas
Most likely to do a TED Talk: Aly Bear
Most likely to steal her way to free drinks for life: Arielle Benesh
Most likely to represent cat Instagram influencers: Taylor Bereziak
Most likely to recreate the Quaalude scene from *Wolf of Wallstreet*: Evan Best
Most likely to wear his Hogwarts robes to court: Simon Bossen
Most likely to go chasing waterfalls: Michelle Brandsma
Most likely to be the first of our class called to the bench (press): Shay Brehm
Most likely to scare the judge during oral arguments: Rebecca Burnand
Most likely to make time for her loved ones: Jocelyn Campbell Chaplin
Most likely to have a say about what kind of porn you should be watching: Courtenay Catlin
Most likely to drop the quietest 30 points in basketball you’ve ever seen: Kristen Clark
Most likely to let her actions speak louder than her words: Heidi Clouston
Most likely to go on *Dancing with the Stars* and win: Melissa Craig
Most likely to join the Mareen Core (hoo-rah): Alyse Cruise
Most likely to max out his firm’s healthcare plan on trapezius massages: Greg Lee
Most likely to sue the zamboni driver at the Dalmeny Arena: Riley Dalshaug
Most likely to never see this issue of the Caveat because there’s no internet on her farm: Courtney Davies
Most likely to send frequent demand letters to the Arizona Coyotes pressuring them to improve: Jared Duchin
Most likely to live up to all the hype: Eric Dulle
Most likely to own an authentic John Constable: Fraser Duncan
Most likely to have a bowl full of brown M&Ms in her office: Sarah Engen
Most likely to max out the bench press at the Weyburn Inn: Connor Ferguson
Most likely to not have his attendance record affected by COVID-19: Gulzaib Fida
Most likely to have a mini-fridge full of Palm Bays in his office: Tyler Fidler
Most likely to begin her submissions with “Oh, you know…”: Jessica Figley
Most likely to audit the judges of the Tax Court of Canada: Graham Fuga
Most likely to take a hard stance on jaywalking: Shane Gallop
Most likely to have a practice weirdly focused on car washes: Darin Gette
Most likely to ask you if you’d like a tour of the Ministry: Angela Goodman
Most likely to have your back: Tyler Gray
Most likely to adopt all the street cats of Morocco: Sumayya Hafeez
Most likely to use the skills he learned in DR week to negotiate a later bed time: Slade Hall
Most likely to wear a Lakers jersey to work: Foster Harriott
Most likely to hold a photoshoot for her dog: Natalie Hermann
Most likely to work way harder on the firm newsletter than any actual legal work: Erik Heuck
Most likely to organize the class reunion in 2030 whether you like it or not: Geneva Houlden
Most likely to become a stay-at-home dad: Josh Howie
Most likely to let his moustache do the talking: Dan Hrycyk
Most likely to pose a hypothetical to the judge: Simon Hutton
Most likely to continue being a genuinely nice person: Kerianne James
Most likely to over-study for pass/fail finals: Diana Janzen
Most likely to know her way around a chainsaw: Melissa Jenin
Most likely to really lean into casual Friday: Tyler Kalynchuk
Most likely to be a hobbyist bull rider: Jodi Karasiuk
Most likely to “quite literally” still work at a bar after making partner: Colleen Konkin
Most likely to bless the rains down in Africa: Willemien Kruger
Most likely to *ahem* deliver oral arguments by song: Tito Kurc
Most likely to tell a partner about this great new case that they’ve probably never heard of: Rowan LaCasse
Most likely to specialize in the burgeoning field of “space law”: Connor Leeson
Most likely to work in-house for the Oilers: Carly Manning
Most likely to serve up aces as well as subpoenas: Cameron McCracken

*Continued on next page...*
Most likely to tell you about his pet rock: Graham McKellar
Most likely to have a recurring article in the Law Review where she reviews law reviews: Larissa Meredith Flister
Most likely to wear Blundstones year-round: Kate Monahan
Most likely to set the world record for fastest 10k in cowboy boots: John Mulder
Most likely to wear a tank top to his first day of work: Michael Munro
Most likely to retire so he can focus on his rec soccer career: Abdu Murabit
Most likely to be a judge on a reality TV show: Melissa Nelson
Most likely to return and coach the Gale: Katie Newman
Most likely to stream sports in court: Mike Pede
Most likely to have a judge call him “dad” by accident: Owen Pennock
Most likely to sue Audi because the clutch in his carburetor burnt out or some car bullshit: John Plesca
Most likely to binge *Dr. Who* with her cats: Katelyn Rath
Most likely to work a week straight and not realize it: Cory Rediron
Most likely to trademark his own catchphrase: Hayden Redl
Most likely to manage her finances responsibly: Amanda Robertson
Most likely to come back to Challenge Cup next year with a full cage: Mark Roney
Most likely to host a bilingual podcast about the merits of shark finning: Alyssa Ross
Most likely to refer to her dogs as her children: Tamara Ruzic
Most likely to fly to work every day: Edward Sacher
Most likely to lead the charge on a second cleanup of Wascana Lake: Logan Salm
Most likely to get third party’d into every dispute he had nothing to do with: Matt Scott
Most likely to be lead counsel for Hilary Duff: Joel Seaman
Most likely to tell the judges she’s clerking for that she’s clerking: Elaine Selensky
Most likely to be better than you at everything but never let you know it: Travis Sentes
Most likely to be inducted into the Legal Follies Hall of Fame: Ayendrila Sharma
Most likely to argue that cats’ rights are protected by the *Charter*: Chelsey Sherloski
Most likely to take the racketeering case against Evan Best to the SCC and lose: Kyle Shewchuk
Most likely to be quietly hilarious: Alexander Shramko
Most likely to trick her firm into letting her go on a paid family vacation: Maria Shupenia
Most likely to solve the access to justice crisis: Kanwar Sidhu
Most likely to giggle in court: Jeffrey Slowski
Most likely to publish a book of poetry: Connor StandingReady
Most likely to become a household name in Clavet, Saskatchewan: Claire Stempien
Most likely to establish slam poetry nights at the Federal Court of Appeal: Mackenzie Stewart
Most likely to be the best CBA mentor of all time: Shay Surtees
Most likely to mispronounce Latin legal terms in an effort to impress his kids: Travis Sylvestre
Most likely to have a power suit for every day of the week: Abbie Treslan
Most likely to still be in the library during a pandemic: Jenine Urquhart
Most likely to be opposing counsel to Arielle Benesh: Hannah Volk
Most likely to dirt bike to work: Elise Von Holwede
Most likely to change the world for the better: Val Warwick
Most likely to go into politics: Wendy White
Most likely to become a judge: Kylee Wilyman
Most likely to never return to Saskatchewan ever again: Laura Wolfe
Most likely to coach the Regina Thunder in his spare time: Daniel Woloshin
Most likely to be deserving of all the success coming her way: Rheana Worme
Most likely to get stranded on the side of a road after running out of “fuel”: Glenn Wright
Most likely to solve the world’s problems through dispute resolution: Catherine Wu
Most likely to provide Rob Flannigan with legal advice at the Mug: Justin Zelowsky
Most likely to do this all again next year: Justin Zhang
Most likely to become Dean of the College of Law: Everhett Zoerb
“When trouble strikes, head to the library. You will either be able to solve the problem, or simply have something to read as the world crashes down around you.”

- Lemony Snicket

Interested in writing for the Caveat? Contact current managing editors: Darin Gette or Erik Heuck, or returning members of the editorial board: Mady Chauvet, Dali Holloway, Jessica Quan, Tina Shaygan, Jesse Van Eaton, or Maryssa Wilde.