GIRLBOSSMOPOLITAN

SEX POSITIONS
to try in your dorm

GIRLBOSS 101
how to be more toxic than your RA

POST-MANISM:
the new ideology for you

Rebranding the frats as polycules
COULD SAVE STUDENT DEMOCRACY

HOW TO BE HOT
from a hottie

6.9
ways to fake your orgasm like a pro

QUIZ: ARE YOU STRAIGHT?

get yours here:

red flags

everybody wants them

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MISSION STATEMENT

2022

GIRLBOSSMOPOLITAN

Lying. Sometimes sexy.

Unfunny. Super stupid.

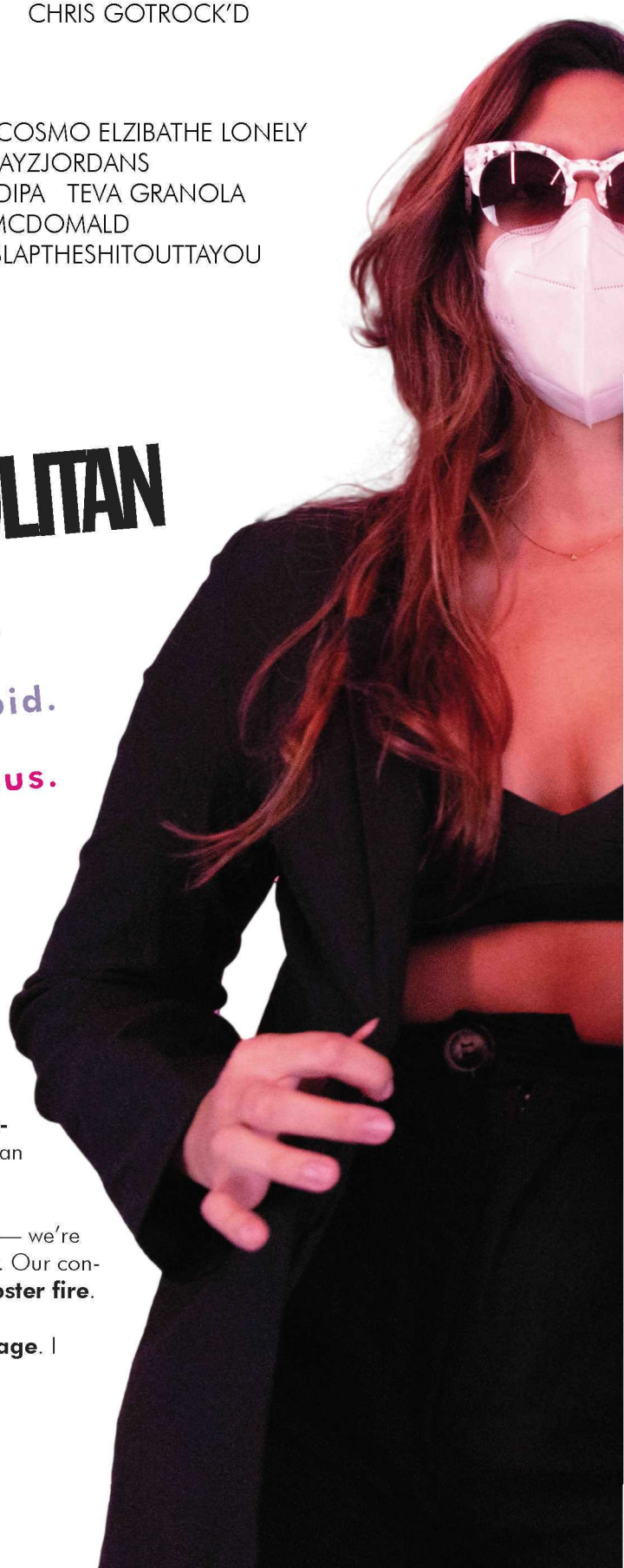
So annoying. Pretentious.

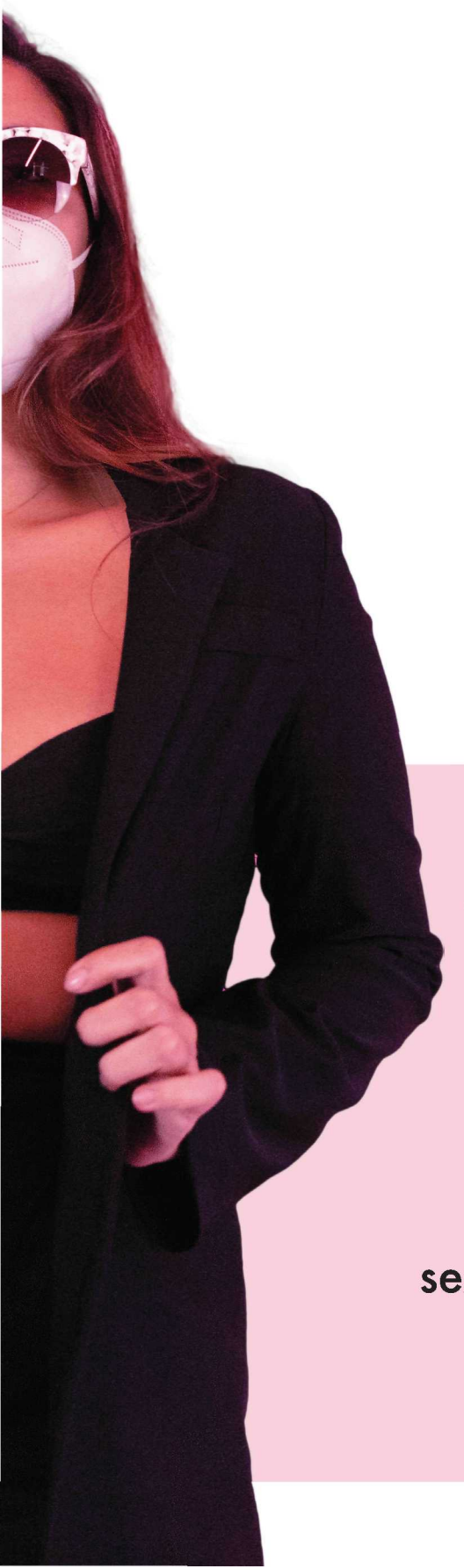
Always encouraging people to **be shitty** towards others. To embrace being a **goddamn hater**. To celebrate **being the devil incarnate**. To unapologetically **miss every deadline**.

It's this **weird, fucked-up, parasocial relationship** *Girlbossmopolitan* has with its audience that strives to empower an entire generation to **gaslight, gatekeep and girlboss** their way to being an **absolute fucking pain in the ass**.

Always annoying, sometimes sexy and super stupid — we're **just like you**. We care about what you care about. Our content is a **dumpster fire** because **you are a dumpster fire**.

And god, do we love a **good pile of literal garbage**. I mean, it's all we write. ❀





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6.9 ways to fake your orgasm like a pro

Words JACQUES TRAPP

Are you, like the rest of us, tired of being rubbed like a turntable at The ArmPit? Are you, like the rest of us, also tired of showing 22-year-old finance students where the clitoris is? Like seriously, WTF?!

Let's face the facts; you lose a little bit of light each time someone asks you, 'Are you close?' after just 35 seconds of foreplay. TBH, it would be hard not to.

Now here's the secret EVERYBODY wants to know: how do you fake the purrrrfect orgasm? Is there such a thing as the perfect orgasm? Can ordinary people like us achieve it, or is it something only goddesses like Aphrodite experienced?

To find out, read on for our hottest tips that'll blow your mind.

1. I wanna scream, and shout and let it all out!

Nothing screams 'I'm coming!' like those pitch perfect moans that one only hears on the male-gazey paradise that is HornPub. So scream, shout and, well, let it all out.

2. All I wanna do is arch my body

You know the one language everybody speaks? Body language, baby! It's time to show 'em who's boss by bending it like [redacted soccer player] and making him feel like he's scoring the goal (when really, he's barely even grazed the post). Maybe he should take a lesson or two about scoring from the men's soccer team.

3. It's just me, myself and high

There's like, literally no better way to feel like you're on Cloud 9 than by investing in some ethically-sourced hemp-based products to get you in the groove. BTW, totally on the DL, but you need to try cannabis-based lube. It's like magic.

Anyhoot, once you and your partner-in-slime are floating high, there's no way he's gonna know that orgasm ain't real, bestie!

4. Will the real Slim Shady please stand up?

Enter the main character: your vibrator! Now, we know that as much as you may try to instruct your partner in bed, they're just totally incompetent. If you're smart about placement, your S.O. will never know that they weren't the one to make you climax.

5. I got my pee-ches out in Georgia

As girlbosses, we come with an evolutionary advantage: we have smaller bladders! Which means it shouldn't be hard to fake it if you really were in a tight spot, ya know what I mean?

Of course, not all heroes wear capes but all baddies always have towels! Snatch some to-die-for ones from *Girlbossmopolitan*'s online store or maybe even from the bookstore! Go T-Birds!

6. I'm in your waterfall

Rumour has it, the fountain on campus has some of the best quality water in beautiful BC. Apparently the seagulls do wonders for mineralizing the water. So maybe it's time to add the fountain to your floodgate?

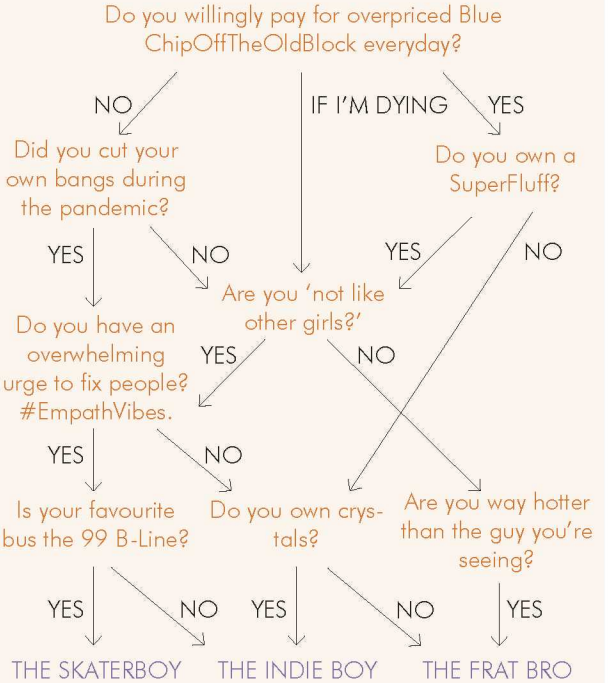
Our super tip for this one is to sneak a little pouch full of the fountain's divine drops and accidentally-on-purpose 'spill' it right when you're 'orgasming.' Haven't you heard? When it rains, baby, it pours!

6.9 I (don't) want it that way

Okay real talk, hot stuff. Maybe it's time to reconsider your partner in all this. If you're finding yourself reading this super relevant and important sociological investigation into the orgasm gap, is he even worth it?

Our thoughts? True girlbosses don't need to fake orgasms. They can give themselves one! ❀

QUIZ: Which University of Bitchin' Clock fuckboy will break your heart?



Please god, everybody on campus, stop looking like my ex

Words EXPI ALADOCIOUS

Breakups are hard. And I have made every effort to move on. I diligently unfollowed her on social media. I proactively purged triggering household items, even the ones I really liked. I have seen my ability to navigate Vancouver reach new heights as I avoid seven high-risk-I-may-potentially-see-her-on-this-bus bus routes.

But, please god, everybody on campus, stop looking like my ex.

Constantly trying to look strong, busy, attractive and unphased on campus is really tiring. Give me a break, and please stop looking like my ex!

Why are you in Buchanan Eh — a building she, a woman in STEM, would never, ever, not in a million years, go into — but still you choose to stand how I think she used to stand? Who are you? And how come you all wear Blandstones, just like her? How come literally everyone wears Blandstones here? I can't even reliably scan the bottoms of the bathroom stalls to know if it's safe to pee anymore! So it would be really helpful if you didn't wear Blandstones and also, everybody please consider reevaluating how you stand, because you're standing like my ex.

I'd also really like to ask: how come you all got mullets? You really did that. She was the only one on campus with a mullet before we broke up and now you all went and got mullets. Was it being trapped inside by a global pandemic, boredom and scissors that spurred this decision, or do you all just hate me? I am thinking it can only be the latter. Please reevaluate your mullet situation as soon as possible. This would be for your sake too, not just mine.

Furthermore, I've been thinking a lot, and there used to be diversity in height on this campus. Tall people, short people and people. But, how come everyone is now as tall as how tall I'm pretty sure my ex was? I think my ex was 5'6. So, how come my ex now comes in all shapes and sizes? I saw a very tall 6'3 version of her last week. The height made me doubt at first, but then the stranger's scarf made me doubt my doubt. Then my doubt about my doubt had me doubting my doubt. So please god, everybody on campus, throw out all your scarves please right now and please stop looking like my ex!

I would also really appreciate it if you could please not frequent the spots that I go to cry on campus. If you look like my ex, please don't frequent these places. I cry in the Nitobe Garden, the forestry building and also the community garden outside the geography building. A lot of the time, I don't even cry about my ex, but if you look like my ex — which you probably do — please don't go there. Thank you! ❀

I fell in love with the alpha in my ECON 101 lecture

Words
DYLAN DOE

It was 2016 and I was a doe-eyed freshman nervous to go into my first economics lecture. My university is huge and numbers are hard, you know? I sat down in the corner of the big auditorium — little did I know my world was about to change.

His name was Dick. He wasn't tall, but also wasn't a short king either. He had a weird hairstyle that made him look like he had never had a haircut in his life and a face so immemorable that you couldn't visualize it for the life of you. I was smitten by this total alpha.

Dick was loud and never afraid to say what was on his mind. He was focused and liked to analyze the class material. He wasn't at university to figure out who he was, he had a five-year plan. He was thoughtful and always ensured that he was 'just playing the devil's advocate,' before he spoke in class so he wasn't misunderstood. He made jokes all the time and explained his jokes right afterwards.

And the best part? He was in his third year. An older guy. Mature, even.

One day when we were learning about opportunity and sunk cost, I had my shot. We were doing a group assignment and I ended up in the same group as Dick and his friend, Chad.

"Let's do this bro, I don't want to waste my time on this anymore," said Dick before downing his smoothie. He looked so good in his fraternity's hoodie. I was blushing. Hard.

It was wonderful being in his group. I didn't even have to do much, Dick talked the whole time and had all the answers. He was a mansplainer, but in the best, sexiest way possible. After class just as I was about to leave, he looked at me and asked me what I was doing that night.

My stomach somersaulted. "Nothing," I said sheepishly.

Act cool, act cool, ACT COOL.

"Wanna go out?"

OMG.

"Sure," I said back.

We ended up go-

ing to our university's bar. On our second drink, his hand touched my thigh and I died a little.

His hand! My thigh! A match made in heaven!

He told me all about his big business ideas and explained the stock market to me. He wasn't taking ECON 101 to fill up space, he had a vision.

I was glad he was again doing all the talking because I was so nervous. But sometime during the night, he said "Thank you for listening to me. You're not like other girls. You actually listen."

I was so into him that after drinks, I went back to his frat house with him. We started kissing, we laid down on his bed and well, you know…

He wasn't taking ECON 101 to fill up space, he had a vision.

It was the most interesting, brief experience. Dick was an alpha in bed too. His tongue was aggressive and his kiss, well it was wet. His finger was speedy and he absolutely loved touching, sort of pressing on my inner thigh. He kept asking me if I'd come, but I didn't understand what he was talking about. "Ah, it must be because I'm wearing a condom," he complained, which didn't make sense to me but I was getting used to his mysterious demeanor.

Afterward, we were laying in his bed and I was looking at his posters. They were mostly photos of half-naked, very buff men.

"You need to envision who you want to become, you know," Dick said.

God, he's so smart.

Before I could ask him how he was going to become a calendar model, he broke my heart.

"You need to leave," he said. "Girls get attached after sex and I don't do attached."

I never forgot Dick, regardless of how short our time together was. Until I got a vibrator. But, that's a story for another time. ❀

ASK-A-MAN: How do I change a light bulb?

Words IMAXIPAD

Dear A Man,

As someone who is super hot and sexy, I find myself lacking real-world skills. Like yeah, I turn heads, have legs for days and make strangers fall in love with me with a bat of my eyelashes, but fuck! I have no clue how to change a light bulb.

– In the Dark

If there is one thing I know as a super fucking hot, ripped, alpha male, it's the struggle of being super fucking hot and fuckable and ripped. It's one struggle being so hot, but being a dumb loser who can't change a light bulb? I could never. I sympathize with you as much as a man can: not at all. I'm working on it. My new year's resolution is to get more in touch with my emotions. It's not going well.

Well, enough of this emotional beta talk. Being a man comes with its advantages, like making bank compared to women (dolla, dolla bills, y'all), exceptional real-world skills (not having to prove that I'm competent in the workplace) and the ability to crack open a cold one with the boys. Oh, and hunting. And alpha pheromones.

I recommend calling a hot and sexy man (my number is 604-HOT-MANS). I'll come over, change your light bulb and turn it on to check if it works. Maybe I'll turn something else on, too.

But since I'm a feminist (I wear chipped black nail polish), I believe that all people can change a light bulb, even if females — I mean, some people — are just evolutionarily disadvantaged. So, if you don't know a super sexy dude to come help you or if I'm busy fucking bitches and getting money, you don't need to be a damsel in distress (#feminismIRL). Instead, you can change a light bulb in just three easy steps:

1. Turn off the light and screw the bulb out of its socket.
2. Put that bulb in the trash.
3. Screw me — I mean, a new light bulb in.

It's as easy as one-two-three! And hey, you should come over for a brewski later on Saturday. By changing that bulb, you just proved that you're one of the boys. ❀

Need advice on how to appeal to the male gaze? I'm a man. I can help you. Text questions to (604) HOT-MANS or match with me on Swinder (7s and above).

Whoreification 101

The best places for a campus quickie

Words SERENA VAN DER-FLOOZY

Controversy has been surrounding the new University of Bitchin' Clock course, WHOR 101: Critical Studies in Whoreification. But we at *Girlbossmopolitan* think this class is the shit! Why wouldn't you want an insider's guide to the best places on campus to get it on?

EWRECKED BEACH

Sex on the beach may be as romantic as it gets, but getting a little more than just sand in your pants at these beaches is not for the weak-willed. Between the high-traffic areas and descent into hell-esque stairs, the yeast infection you risk by getting down and dirty in the sand is the least of your worries. My advice? Settle for the stairs instead.

THIRD FLOOR LOUNGE, HOERNER LIBRARY

Large square couches? Secluded by fireplaces? Basically a maze? Let's just say the books aren't the only thing being checked out on this level.

LOWER LEVEL STACKS, HOERNER LIBRARY

An oldy and a goody, the stacks are full of lots of tight corners and places to hide, perfect for a little getaway — and we aren't talking about reading travel guides. We're sure some of you are set for a trip below the border of someone else's pants.

HOE-NERABLE MENTIONS

CAMPUS TUNNELS

Although it's a little vanilla, this method is tried and true. The campus tunnels are perfectly secluded and just dark enough not to get caught — just make sure you don't end up with a bat in your attic. Clear out those cobwebs and stuff that mineshaft, my friends!

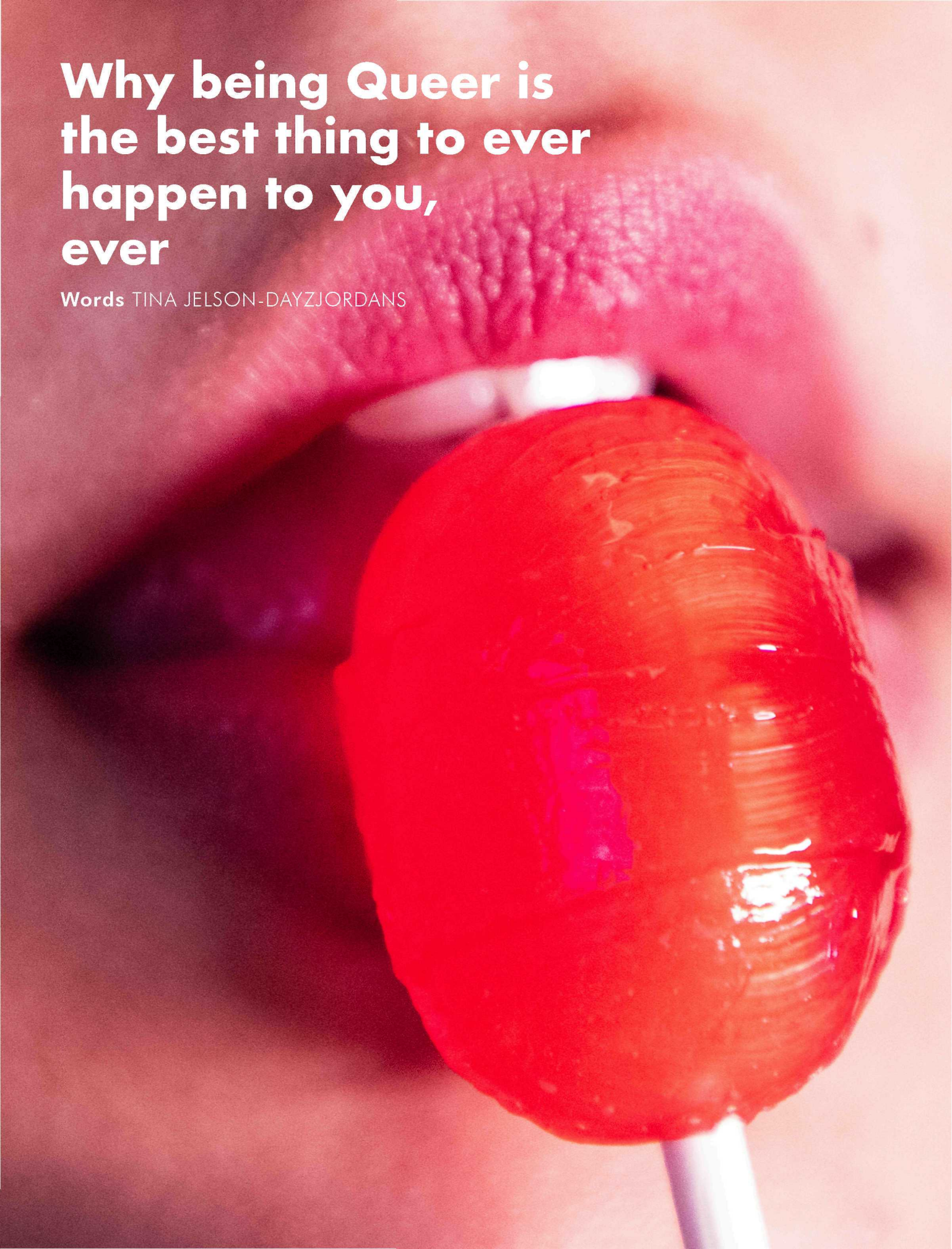
SANTA'S OFFICE

You shouldn't leave school without doing it on a desk at least once, and if you've got balls, give Santa's office a try. Cut loose a little — the view must be fantastic!

So dust off your books and enrol in WHOR 101! This class gives a whole new meaning to Tuum Est — hell, it's yours! Have your cake and eat someone else's, too. ❀

Why being Queer is the best thing to ever happen to you, ever

Words TINA JELSON-DAYZJORDANS



As you speed walk your way down Main Mall to get your third iced coffee of the day, do you ever wonder how different your life would have been if you were straight? Me neither. But, you came out of the closet just to fill that vacated space to the brim with cuffed jeans and thrifted flannels. I bet you even tuck your t-shirts into your high waisted pants, don't you? Don't you?

Being Queer not only grants you entry into the alphabet mafia, it also has medical benefits. Well, not in the legal sense, but it does keep your joints flexible — letting others know that you're Queer is just a flick of the wrist these days.

Your friends at *Girlbossmopolitan* got your back — here are a few reasons why being Queer is the best thing to ever happen to you… like ever.

MUSIC

Listening to Queer artists is a great time for anyone, but it's an even better experience when you lean into your Queer identity. When you begin to feel comfortable in who you are, Queer music just hits different. All those years of replacing the pronoun in your favorite songs suddenly fades away. But that's not even the best part — after figuring out that you're Queer, you start to see Queer references in all kinds of songs. Is "Bohemian Rhapsody" just a certified banger, or is it also the world's most-sung coming out ballad? "Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me" — "Bohemian Rhapsody" walked so that Hairy Smiles' "Medicine" could run. Yes, that song is Queer. Have you even listened to it?

FASHION

Long gone are the days of jeans and a hoodie — being Queer automatically adds +1 to your style. You want to pair an orange blouse with teeny tiny plastic dinosaurs on it with fishnets and volleyball shorts? You do you, fam. I mean, have you ever seen a straight person wearing something like that? I didn't think so. Being Queer gives you the freedom to mix-and-match clothes that were never meant to be mixed and matched. And don't get me started on matching your outfits to your hair colour… Icons, the lot of you.

COMMUNITY

All jokes aside, existing as a Queer person isn't all rainbows and Pride parades. Sometimes just existing is hard and you'll need a good support system by your side. This is where Queer community comes in. Having people who get you — the authentic you — is why being Queer is the best thing to ever happen to you. ❀

QUIZ

ARE YOU STRAIGHT?

Have you ever found yourself wondering, am I *really* straight? Do you feel the need to debate the validity of Queer marriage? Do you ever feel like Pride parades should be more inclusive for The Straights™? Do you hate Hailey Ki-Yoko-Ono and all she stands for? If you answered 'yes' to any of these questions, you may, in fact, be straight. Take the quiz below to find out now!

Question 1: Are you attracted to a gender that you do not identify as?

a. Yasss.
b. I think so?
c. Ew, David! No!
d. What's gender?

Question 2: Do you avert your eyes when you see Queer couples holding hands in public?

a. Not consciously.
b. Only if I think they're not attractive.
c. Why would I?
d. Holding hands? What am I, five?

Question 3: Do you know who Lady Jaja is?

a. Lady who?
b. Pa-pa-pa-poker face, pa-pa-poker face.
c. I was practically born a Little Monster.
d. She's the one who wore a meat dress, right?

Question 4: Do you feel the need to play the devil's advocate at any given time?

a. Of course! I've heard that spicing up an argument is a turn on for some people.
b. At any time? No. In my POLI classes? Yes.
c. No. Some things don't need to turn into a debate.
d. The devil? In this Christian household? I think not!

Question 5: Have you ever GOOgOOled 'Am I Queer?'

a. Uh, no… Just don't check my search history, okay?
b. Once or twice.
c. Yep. I've taken tons of those quizzes.
d. I don't use GOOgOO. I only use Ding.

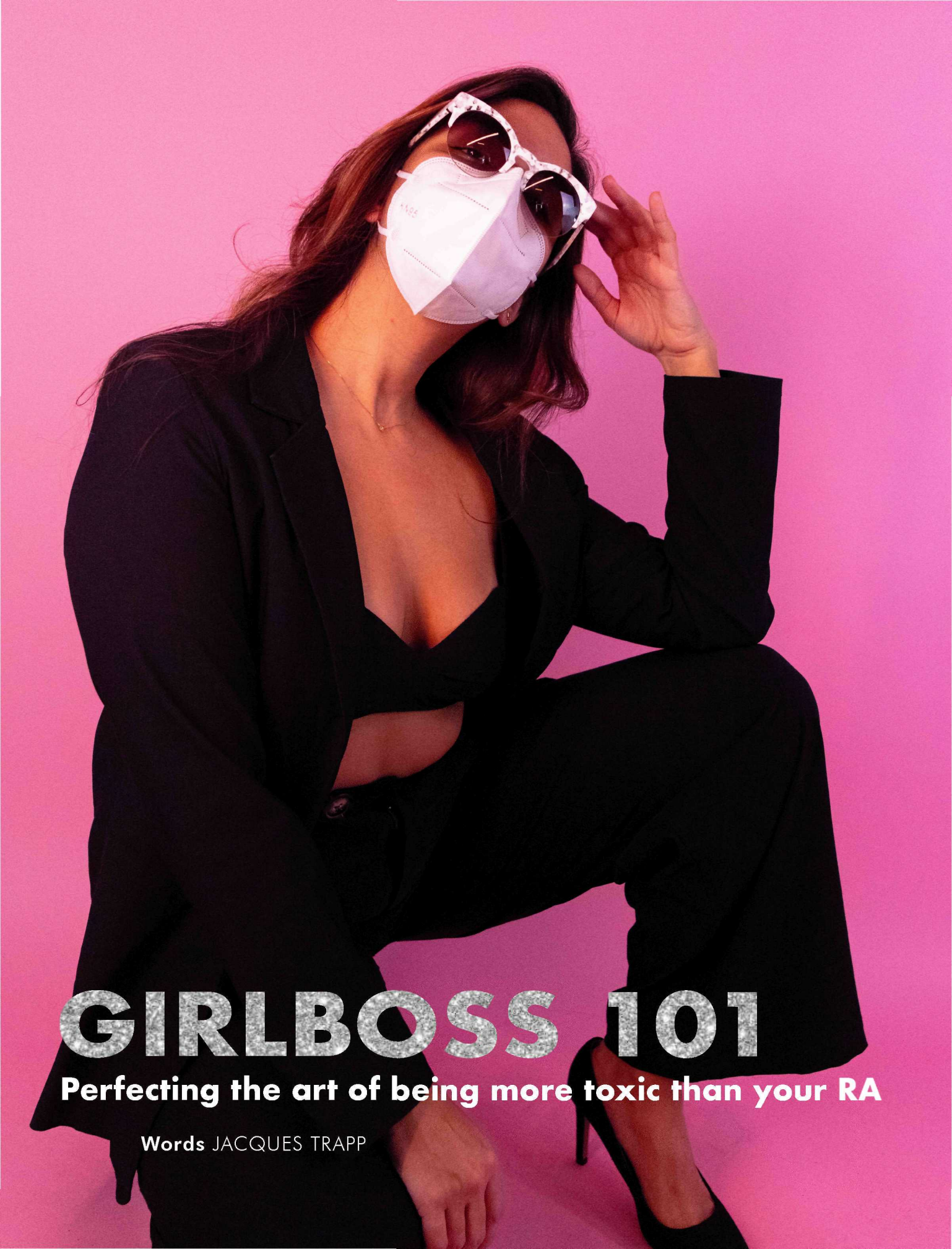
RESULTS

Mostly A's
You're straight, like straight straight. You probably tell your friends that you're fine if other people are Queer, but wouldn't be okay if one of your friends or family came out to you.

Mostly B's
Try to find time to explore your sexuality, you might just be Queer!

Mostly C's
You're Queer. I don't know why you took this quiz.

Mostly D's
You're probably only here so you can send the editors a homophobic letter about this quiz. Please — and I mean this in the rudest way possible — fuck off.



GIRLBOSS 101

Perfecting the art of being more toxic than your RA

Words JACQUES TRAPP

YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS

cover story

YOUR WHOLE LIFE AND YOU HARDLY EVEN KNEW IT.

Unlocking your girlboss potential should be at the forefront of your mind at all times, and honestly, we're here for it. If "G" stands for gorgeous then you're already 1/8 of your way to being a badass, baby!

We've got you covered on all things girlboss here at *Girlbossmopolitan* and so does our cover girl, Andrea Queefburglar. She's here to dish all the goss that goes into being a #girlboss.

You've been waiting for this cover story your whole life and you hardly even knew it. It found you out of nowhere, like a random surge of motivation that comes in the few minutes we get away from the rain on a shitty day in March.

From being the topic of over 100 esteemed UBC Crushes posts, to being the girlfriend of the T-Bird, Queefburglar is no stranger to being the center of attention. And when *Girlbossmopolitan* reached out to her for an exclusive interview, we knew we had to be READY for the tea.

But are YOU? Read on to find out if you can indeed unlock the true potential of girlbossery by applying Queefburglar's secrets to being more toxic than the most toxic person in your life — your fucking RA.

"I UNLOCKED MY GIRLBOSS POTENTIAL MOSTLY BY AIMING TO BE more toxic THAN EVERYONE IN MY LIFE."

Hi Andrea! Thanks so much for joining us.

OMG, no worries bestie! I've been waiting to get interviewed by *Girlbossmopolitan* forever! Honestly, so many young women at UBC need idols to look up to and I can't tell you how important it is that I am one of them.

We're even more excited than you are! Now, for our first question — how did you unlock your girlboss potential? Was it always there? Have you always been able to slay?

I think 100 per cent of girls are already girlbosses. It's a matter of applying the potential of this so-called 'G-Spot' to everything you do in your life. What works for me might work for you, which is why I'm here to give you the DL.

I unlocked my girlboss potential mostly by aiming to be more toxic than everyone in my life. Odd, right? But my New Year's resolution for 2022 was to be worse than I've ever been and honestly I'm kind of thriving.

We love to see it, queen! Our readers are definitely curious to know how RAs fit into all this, though.

Let's be real. If you've lived in residence, you know the pain of having the RA knock after 11 p.m. to document you, or tell you your house smells dank or whatever excuse they come up with. That is some toxic bullshit that no girlboss should ever deal with.

So I decided to come up with a few ways to be more toxic than my RA and it's become a mantra. You need to put away your crystals and affirmations — this is where it's really at.

We're ready for it. Spill the tea, sis!

The first thing you want to do is stick a poster of yourself on top of the little introductory posters the RAs always plaster on the walls around the building. Toxic? More like establishing dominance and territoriality, honey.

Next thing you want to do is show up to every floor event with your noisiest, most girlboss friends. That way you can not only gaslight the crowd like a girlboss, but also gatekeep your floor.

And the third thing — which is my personal favourite and an absolute essential — you have to be very, very sweet with your RA. Always. Because you never know when they're going to document you, so it's better to be one step ahead and become their fake bestie. Bring those saccharine smiles, and even throw in some extra strong Betabucil into the 'coffee' you just bought them.

Oh my! Besides being a total girlboss, your skin is amazing! How do you get it to look this good?

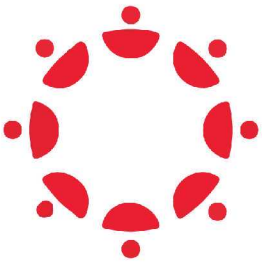
Toxicity dehydrates! So I picked up a strict skincare regimen once I unlocked my full girlboss potential! It's so important to always drink water. The soap from Buchanan Eh works wonders as a face wash, too!

Remember to spread negativity, dolls. ❀

The sexiest platforms
to send steamy DMs

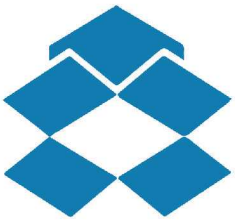
Words IRENE NORTTOEN COSMO ELZIBATHE LONELY
Illustrations CHRIS GOTROCK'D

Do you want to send that flirty text or steamy picture to your special someone but aren't sure which platform will steal the least data? Fear no more, *Girlbossmopolitan* has got your back! We've tried all the platforms to determine the six sexiest platforms for sliding that requested package into the DMs.



CRANVAS PRIVATE MESSAGE

The library got you down? That one class stressing you out? Make Cranvas a fun place and private message your class crush a special little gift. As an added bonus they'll probably get an email notification from their cursed UBC email. I see no downsides!



DROPDOXX

Perfect for those big packages — or those so small they need high resolution to be seen.

GOOgOO WORKSPACE

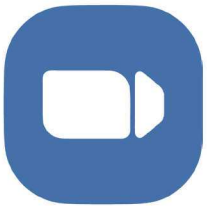
This one is fun because of its multitudes of options! You can send a special chat message, a GOOgOO Doc or (for those that want to give accurate dimensions), a spreadsheet. Go off, king! Explore some kinky GOOgOO Suite!

PICTOSHAT

Are you a hipster? Do you still use your PeeSi SeXL? Are you only interested in other PeeSi users? Throw it back to 2010 by sending some spicy PictoShat messages.

CANADA LOST

You can always take a polaroid, print out a photo, develop some film or send a smexy letter. If Canada Lost is good enough for weed, it's good enough for me.



DooOOooOOoom! BACKGROUND

Do you still have a virtual class? Are you feeling bold? Make a statement no one will ever forget by setting your background to a scanned photo of your little package. For those feeling less brave, DooOOooOOoom! chat always works, too (we'll all know that you're a pussy, though). ❀

Ranking University of Bitchin' Clock sports based on how fuckable the athletes are

Words SCARRIE BADSHAW

1 SKI AND BOARD

Hear me out. I know nothing about the ski team except for the fact that they throw great parties.

That's worth the in. I'm pretty sure that 90 per cent of the club doesn't ski, nor board — they're just in it for the booze. I admire their ambition. I, too, am just in this for the booze.

2 EQUESTRIAN TEAM

I don't even know if the UBC has an equestrian team but horse kids are usually pretty wealthy — I mean healthy.

3 CYCLING

4 FORESTRY STUDENTS WHO TAKE ARTS ELECTIVES

Moving their arts-curious asses from the forestry building to Buchanan is more running than I do in a year. To call them 'athletic' is an understatement.

5 ROWING

Rowers are hot and I'm not just saying that because my friends on the team are watching me write this. But after seeing their hand blisters and short tempers from lack of sleep, I'm hesitant about their dateability. And unitards are hot. So, you win some, you lose some.

6 PEOPLE WHO STORMED THE WALL

They're a little showy. Right in the middle of campus, really? But, it's dark and stormy and seems like a lot of work — just like me — so it gets a mention.

7 HOCKEY

It would be higher up if not for the stench that comes with the equipment. I also don't understand hockey lingo.

I fucking hate hockey.

8 CROSS COUNTRY

Stamina. That fast-paced mentality doesn't leave a lot of time for all the attention I need in a relationship, though.

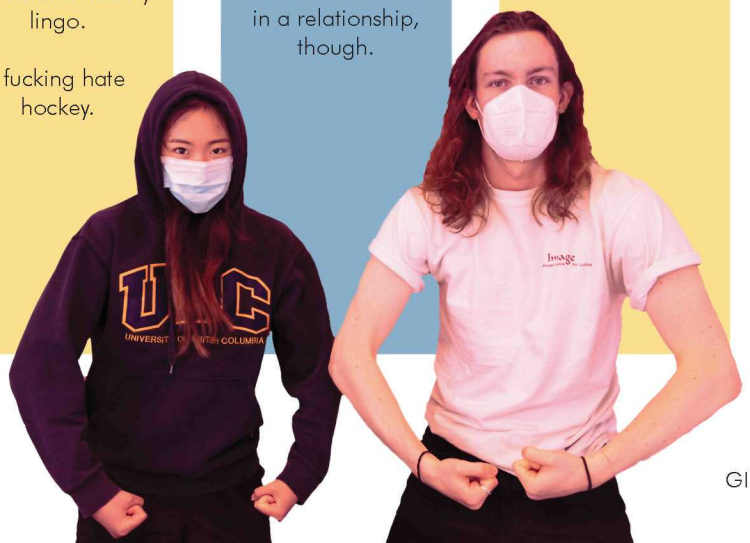
9 GYMNASTICS

Flexibility.

10 FOOTBALL

I can't date a football player because they only date cheer captains and I'm on the bleachers. I'm prone to failure. It's not my fault.

I'm sorry I can't be her even though you belong with me. ❀



Rebranding fraternities as polycules could save student democracy, and we're so here for it

Words TEVA GRANOLA & IMAXIPAD

The manly fistbumps and lingering eye contact between gorgeous hunks in Greek Village are something that can only be described as erotic. But is there more than meets the eye? Well, the woke baes at Epsilon Kappa Sigma Peppa Pig (EKSPP) just said the quiet part out loud: University of Bitchin' Clock's favourite frat has officially come out as a polycule.

If you're still struggling to wrap your head around nonmonogamy (me too, bestie), 'polycule' is a fun and flirty term for a polyamorous relationship. These frat dudes are all dating each other and anybody else they feel like bringing into the mix. Speak for yourself, but we here at *Girlbossmopolitan* think that's pretty poly-cool.

"That's right, my frat brothers are now my frat lovers. But not in an incest way," said EKSPP member Jeremy "Juicy Jay" Feliciano. That's right folks, get with the times: there's nothing wrong with 12 non-biologically-related dudes, living in a house together, in a loving, sexual, open, sexual, romantic and sexual relationship!

EKSPP used to depend on sororities and lost first years to get their ratios right so nobody left toga night without getting matched up — fiddler-on-the-roof-style. Now that the brothers are all together, their ratio is always 100 per cent.

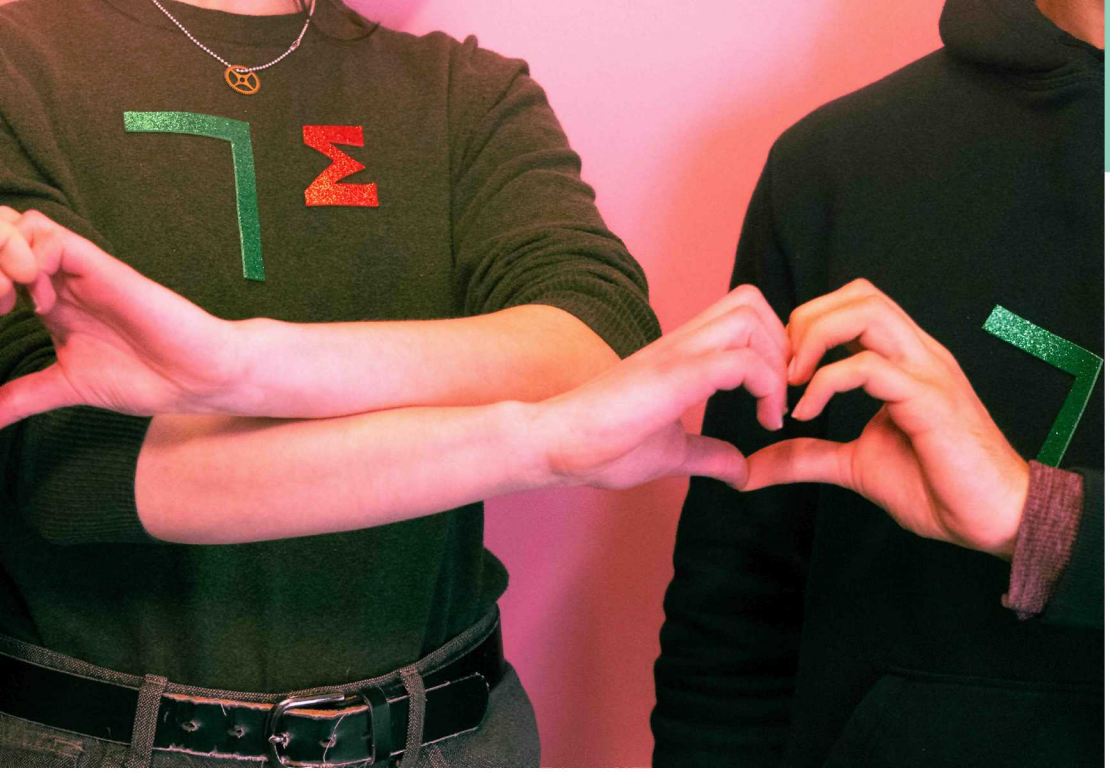
But Feliciano and his fellow brothers want to take their relationship from the bedroom to the boardroom. EKSPP is proudly running for Almonds Matter Society (AMS) executives as a polyamorous slate! That's a ballot to bust one about.

Some student groups are complaining that EKSPP's politi-cule is "slate-like behaviour." Many losers still hold the old-fashioned attitude that relationships should be between a man and a woman. Meanwhile, EKSPP has a more progressive belief — that student government should be between 12 guys (and whoever else) that are in love.

An anonymous hater's petition is going around to reduce Greek life's influence on student politics because they "don't represent the average student."

An anonymous EKSPP member responded, "Yeah, that's because we're hotter. And more polyamorous. If anything, that makes us more qualified."

All the brothers want to make it clear as vodka that EKSPP is no longer a frat. They're a polycule, which is much more relat-



able and accessible (if you're hot, emotionally available and able to pay a small membership fee).

"When I heard that we'd been getting some hate for running as a slate, I felt a weird sad feeling in my chest," said fifth-year pong sciences student and frat — sorry, polycule — brother, Brad Kessler. "Then, a tickle behind my eyes. They hate us, just because we're poly? For no other reasons? It dawned on me: this is what discrimination feels like."

Girlbossmopolitan interviewed a couple of the poly-cuties to learn about their lifestyle and AMS campaign.

Other brothers running for the AMS include third-year mixology student Chadwick Chung for VP Instagran infographics, second-year honours piece-of-shit sciences student Josh Jægermeister for VP joshing around and fourth-year cobbling student Harry "Pull My Finger" Linger for VP besties with Santa.

Kessler is running for VP hang-outs and shindigs. He speaks as eloquently and enthusiastically about polyamory as he does about student politics, flicking his blonde hair out of his eyes with a vote-winning smile.

"Before we 'culed up, I used to get into beef with my frat brothers about girls," said Kessler in an interview with *Girlbossmopolitan*. "Like, is it okay for me to hook up with a chick if my brother used to hook up with her best friend who's in a rival sorority where the sisters are only allowed to hook up with guys between 5'11" and 6'2" international relations majors and Hymen Hater University TAs but only on the third Friday of the month?"

"I realized that my brothers and I were using disagreements about the minutiae of the bro code as a proxy for deeper issues," Kessler confessed.

First-year lifeguard studies student and VP giving candy to students in hallways hopeful, Frank Noodle, believes that his polycule experience and fratpricorn sun sign makes him the best guy for the job.

Noodle believes that since the polycule was made official, the vibes have changed for the better.

"I mean, there's still conflict, like when I feel like Brad, my primary partner, is spending too much time with Chad and not enough with me," said Noodle. "But then we just sit in a circle with some BBQ chips and, ya know, process for 12 hours. Then, once we have that out of our systems, we like to let off some steam by watching a game of hockey together and making out. We're just regular guys. That's just the kind of deliberative democracy and plain good vibes I want to bring to student politics."

"Man, I just love my boys so much," said Noodle. ❀

Being normal is out!

clowning around
has never
looked SO GOOD

pennyguise
cosmetics

UBC drinks that will impress your TA crush

Words THOMALD MCDOMALD

Ethical concerns aside (see our ad on page 29) sometimes you've run out of ideas for how to get those sweet, sweet digits — the TA 10. Suddenly, your TA walks into your shift at The Gal'Her'y and is uncomfortably surprised to see one of their students bartending for them, but they overplay their non-plussedness and say "surprise me." And surprise them you will. Here are a few drinks to get them to kind of snicker and walk away awkwardly clutching their glass.

Girlbossmopolitan is not responsible for the three months of avoided eye contact between you and your TA that will follow in your seminars if you make these drinks.

4.0 LOKO

The University of Bitchin' Clock (UBC) classic that gets you through those long nights studying for an exam that will be 95 per cent vibes and intuition, like philosophy. Or computer science.

Ingredients:

- One 12oz can of Slerba Slate
- One mickey heel of whatever you've got lying on your dorm room floor from the night before (but we all know it's Fyrebawl, you sicko)

Combine in a Galgene water bottle — UBC branded, obviously — and snort every couple of sips with your steel reusable straw for maximum effectiveness.

WHITE RUSHIN'

This is a drink for the unfortunate souls who have fallen prey to UBC isolation and left their normal friends to get Greek letter tattoos and sit on a blown-out couch while fifteen sweaty guys play beer pong in broad daylight.

Ingredients:

- Two fingers pledge tears
- Half cup oat milk — your girlfriend made you switch
- One ounce sweet cheap rent
- One dash arrogance
- Rim with assorted frat floor dust, crust and other detritus

Serve chilled to a room of frat guys that failed to elect a single Almonds Matter Society (AMS) exec (likely at AMS elections results night — don't forget, it's a cash bar)!

BUCHANAN BOURBON

AyBeeCee D. E. Buchanan, famed architect and male girlboss, first sighted the field that he would irreperably fuck up with concrete monuments to a tired old architechural tradition in 1965. His drafting process to design the building that embodied UBC's 20th century landscape philosophy of "do the absolute worst things to the absolute best campus" began each day at 8 a.m. with a reading from his Nietzsche Quote-a-Day desk calendar and a stiff pull from his best friend, Ol' Flasky.

He liked his bourbon like his marriage — on the rocks. This drink honours both his aesthetic sensibilities and his pitiable loss in the fight against his inner demons.

Ingredients:

- Two ounces of bourbon
- One big ol' fuckin' hunk of granite from when we blow that fucker up for parts ❀

A man's perspective:
I tried to convince my friends my girlfriend is real

Words DYLAN DOE & IMAXIPAD

Here's the thing: I love my girlfriend so much. Mostly because she's a girl and she agreed to go out with me, but also because she wants to hold my hand and doesn't gag when I kiss her.

I guess I talk about her often. Maybe too often. At first I didn't even realize that all I talked about was her, her hair and how her hair smells, but then it happened. A friend of mine — let's call him 'Bill the Bitch' — joked that she wasn't real during lunch at Closed Kitchen. He did it in front of all of our friends and the rats who work there.

Can you imagine the shock? The heartbreak? The fear that now they'd all think she's not real?

So, I did what any logical person would do. I kept on talking about her. I told them stories about her favourite foods, pet peeves and even her busy schedule. Nothing I said — and I mean absolutely nothing — convinced them that she was real.

I decided I had to pull out the big guns. I started talking about our dates, our private conversations, our sex life (whatever the fuck that means). But still, my friends kept saying that Nora

I needed to take action, so I decided to hire a model.

(my very real girlfriend) was fake, imaginary and make-believe. Assholes.

I needed to take action, so I decided to hire a model (as pictured). You may be asking, "why would you need to hire a model to pretend to be your real, live girlfriend?" Well, Nora lives in a different school (University of Mont-Real), so our schedules don't line up.

This model, let me tell you, is the prettiest chick you'll ever find.

At first, it was strictly business — convince my friends that I am capable of having a girlfriend (which I am! She is real!) and make sure that no one gets hurt. But I fell hard for my partner-in-crime; the model.*

To be honest, my definitely-existant girlfriend was great, but after meeting the model, it was like I found true love. I found a girlfriend along the way, so it's basically like I had one all along. I asked her out and she agreed to hold my hand down Main Mall. It was pure bliss.

Apart from the fact that she asked me to pay her to be my girlfriend (in flex dollars, of course), we were a real couple. She met all my friends and family, complimented me when we were with them and got annoyed whenever I called her sweetheart. Women, right?

After some time, she left me for a man who could pay her real cash. That was just something I couldn't do. I tried asking my parents for the money but they didn't really like that idea. I don't know why I'm not invited back home for reading break. True love is priceless, but my dad disagrees.

So, I had to do the unbearable. Confess. I told my friends that while my original girlfriend Nora was totally real, the model I left that existent woman for had fallen in love with Bill.

They told everyone that my relationship with the model was fake too. I hate Bill. That bitch. ❀

Editor's Note: The model's name has been withheld to protect their privacy. They don't want people knowing that they 'dated' this dumbass.

Words DUA DIPA & TEVA GRANOLA

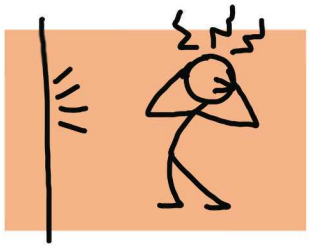
SEX POSITIONS TO

Your sex life sucks! It's boring and you hate it and so does everyone you sleep with! Yeah, they told us. That's why *Girlbossmopolitan* has a new set of wild positions to test out in the luxurious privacy of your UBC dorm. You're welcome.

1 THE BIRB

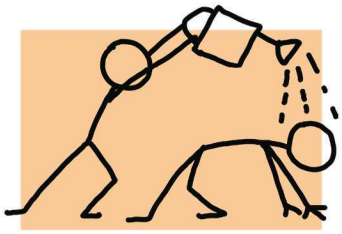
Kinda like doggy style, but modified. No one is on all fours. While one penis-wielding partner is on their knees, the other is in front of them — also on their knees — but with their hands tucked under their armpits in a lovely wing shape to honour the beloved birbs around campus.

2 THE NOISY NEIGHBOUR



One of the great benefits of living in dorms is always making sure everyone knows you're getting some. If your bed isn't already against a shared wall with another bedroom, move it over, but leave about 10 centimetres between the headboard and the wall, so that every time you thrust you get a magnificent bang-bang going. Pull out this move next time you and your lover have the dorm to yourself — or whenever, if you simply do not give a shit about your floormates' peace of mind (which is actually a sex-positive slay)!

3 THE FOUNTAIN



As you might have guessed, the goal here is to get things wet — even if winter chills and exam stress is draining your fountain. Steal a tarp from one of the million construction sites around campus and cover that nasty carpet in your room. You don't want *that* getting wet.

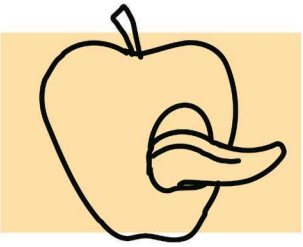
Add a lot of water-based lube, play with some ice and live your sex-scene-after-kissing-in-the-rain fantasy to its fullest extent.

Illustrations CHRIS GOTROCK'D & WILL SLAPTHESHITOUTTAYOU

TRY IN YOUR DORM

4

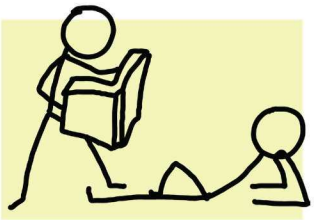
THE ORCHARD COMMONS



You've heard of cunnilingus. How about doubling it? Let's get a community going to explore your orchard.

5

THE STUDY SESH

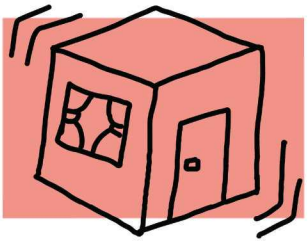


What you need: a dorm room, a kinky kinesiology baddie and (at least) 12 free hours. Let your physical-therapist-in-training flex their knowledge (and their forearms) by clinically naming and massaging every single bone, joint and muscle in your body.

Finish off by putting those thousand-dollar anatomy textbooks to good use — place them under your lower back for support as you get plowed into next week. Maybe you'll absorb some of the info by osmosis! It is a study sesh, after all.

6

LET'S EXCHANGE

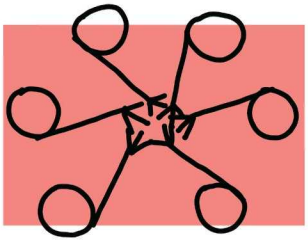


Breaking in your new Exchange nano-suite calls for something a little bigger than ol' missionary. Have you ever wondered what it would feel like to switch places? Did Scare-a Hellevigne's "peg the patriarchy" shirt (a groundbreaking act of radical feminism that literally ended misogyny BTW) awaken something in you?

Grab that strap and get pegging, girl! Make sure to lube up though, or his ass will be tighter than your 1.5 square metre nano-suite.

7

THE GAGE-BANG

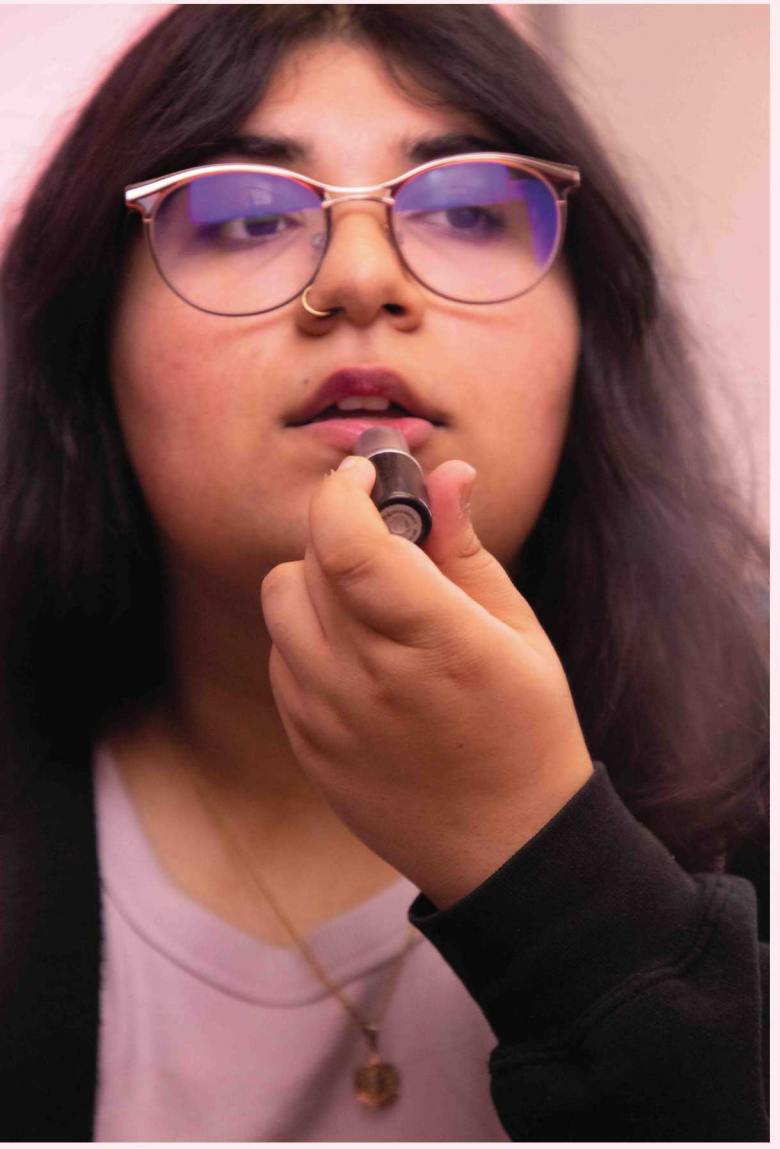


Six roommates. Infinite possibilities. That's… 36 combinations of people? 720 possible ways to do it? Wait, sorry, that doesn't add up — I just haven't taken a math course in three years because I've been too busy researching sex positions for *Girlbossmopolitan*.

Make sure your star charts are compatible though because with the wrong combo, this could blow up in your face. Unless you're into that. You do you. ❀

HOW TO TAKE backhanded compliments like the QUEEN BITCH you are

Words IMAXIPAD



You're a queen bitch. A girlboss. A motherfucking legend. And even though everyone seems to forget that you have feelings, you do have them — and sometimes what others (like your kind-of BFF, Becky) say can get to you. You're only human, after all.

But, hey, princess! Lift your head, don't let your crown fall! Here are some foolproof, scientifically proven ways to take backhanded compliments like the queen bitch you are while also making Becky feel like shit! Kisses!

Pull the ol' switcheroo

If that backstabbing bitch, Becky, said something rude to you, just pull a switcheroo. Yeah, she "admires your confidence to wear that outfit," but you "would never know what it's like to be insecure," like she would.

What I'm saying is to pull a fast one. No one is allowed to fuck you over, except for that situationship in first year that you stayed friends with and now there's a weird vibe between you guys because you're still in love with him but he isn't reciprocating because he just started to date Becky. Fuck Becky! He's also a film studies major. You lucked out.

If you fuck others over for fucking you over, it's basically like the fucking never happened to begin with. It cancels out. #WomenInSTEM.

Kill them with Kindness

If being a raging bitch and backstabbing Becky didn't work, the next thing you should do is Kill Her with Kindness. She's such an asshole. How dare she talk about your looks? Like in the Year of Our Lord 2022, she's going to say that my eyebrows are shitty? They literally are not, don't be fucking rude.

So, go to Becky's house late at night, and beat her over and over with your hot pink baseball bat (named Kindness). Literally. Fucking kill her. Then call that weird cousin of yours, they'll know what to do.

Go to jail

Little oopsie! Your cousin actually knows jack SHIT about getting rid of a body, so you ended up being sentenced to 25 years without possibility of parole. But, don't fret! You look hot as fuck in orange.

And since you're such a total girlboss queen bitch, you'll be able to become a kingpin (or should I say queenpin) at your prison. Goodbye corporate America, hello cell block D!

But hey, at least you'll never have to take a backhanded compliment ever again. You'll be too scary. And ding, dong, that fucking witch bitch Becky is dead. Manifest your dreams! XOXO! ❀

You're ugly? — I've got you, here's how to be HOT

Words ANITA DRINKANDIT'SONLYNOON

As Meghan Thee Scallion once said, "Sorry, hoes hate me 'cuz I'm the It-Girl / I ain't never ask to be the shit, girl."

And what a burden being "the shit" is.

If you're looking for a guide on how to be scrumdidly-umptious incarnate in skinny jeans, look no further, Anita's got you covered — or not, I won't police your clothing choices (unless, of course, they're mega-cheugy). As you're well aware, I am the divine authority on Hotness and in this article I'll be letting all you ruling-class baddies in on my sexy little secrets.

Let me clear something up: those hippy-dippy, girlboss-wannabe, 'we're all beautiful' type posts are bullshit. You become the It-Girl on campus by becoming Hotness. Hotness is not a state of mind. Hotness is a way of life: physically, mentally and spiritually. If you're only Hot internally, you aren't projecting your Hotness, and therefore not maximizing your Hotness — because part of being Hot is reminding others you're Hotter than them.

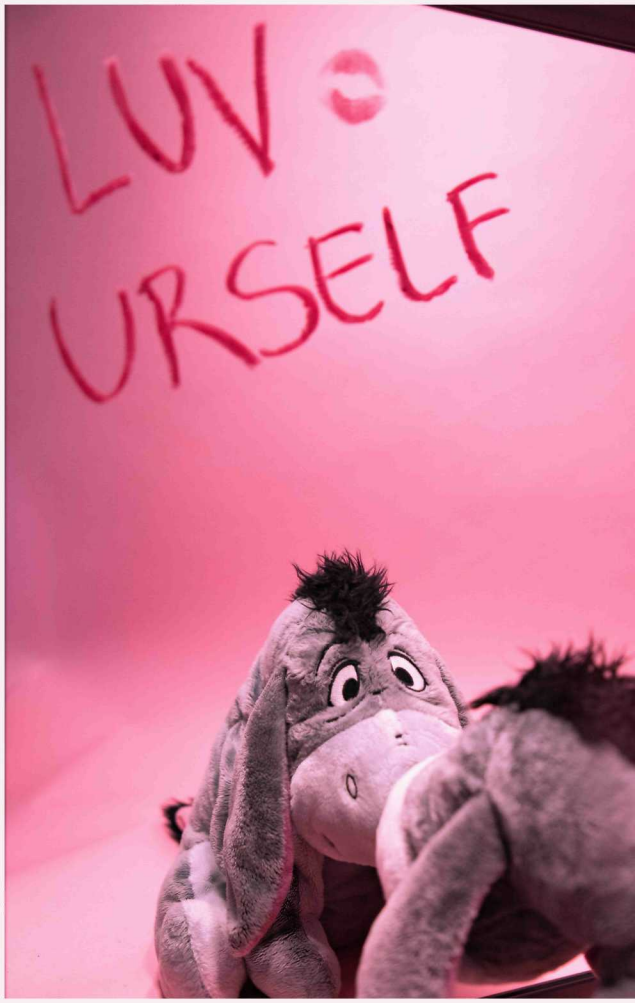
Like anything else a material girl owns, Hotness is valuable because it is gatekept. Hotness is a currency. Do you give out money for free? No, not unless it's charity. So all you uglies out there, consider this article charity. If you aren't kicking others down, you aren't pushing yourself up. Go kick down your RA or TA. Fuck 'em!

Just like we, as a society, should strive to widen the gap between the everyday civilian and the elite super-rich, you should, as an It-Girl, do your best to put as much social distance between you and the unsavory masses. The world is your *Bean Girls*-esque high school cafeteria, and nobody can sit with you.

Part of the mental game of Being Hot is having layers. Contrast is key! People like mystery. If you're Hot on the outside, maintain some level of ugliness on the inside. Yes, I did just state that being Hot is a mental, spiritual and physical game, but part of being Hot is rejecting any criticism that comes your way, contradicting yourself and saying whatever you want. I'm the professor (in a Hot way), and it is your duty as my strawberry-lip-gloss-wearing disciples to never question a thing I say.

If you want to be the Hottest in the game, you have to be cutthroat. Hotness has a four per cent acceptance rate and you really want in! Keep the uglies on their toes. Learn from history, and undermine that whole 'peasant class overthrows the ruler' trope… it's overused and boring anyways. Assert your Hotness. Maintain your Hotness. Uphold your power.

But lastly, my stupid little students, there is no singular definition of Hot and there is no single Hot look. I am the best definition of Hot. But you can't be me. So be you. Just a Hot version of you. If you're sitting here thinking "but… I'm not Hot" then honestly there's no help for you and you've missed the whole point of this article, because to be Hot you have to be the most *me* version of you possible, and what does that come with? Believing you're Hot. Manifesting your Hotness. Having a Hot attitude. The goal of being Hot is not to look like any one person, or dress any one way, because if everyone had the same conception of 'Hot' everyone would look the same and then nobody would be Hot.



So basically, dear reader, I'm thankful for you. Because of your inability to figure out what Hotness is, I remain the Hottest of them all.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, I'll never be ugly thanks to y'all. ❀

Why you need to try... post-manism

Words LARRY COCAINE

It's time to leave behind archaic ideas from that SOCI 101 class you took in first year. The patriarchal academic tradition — nay, 'the man's' patriarchal academic tradition — has spent too long delving into failing schools of thought like poststructuralism and postmodernism, which I can say freely and confidently (without explaining my critique at all), based on the strength my economics degree. Step back Queer theory, it is time for the new radical feminist framework of post-manism, or womanism (we're trying to get people to start decentring the man in all of this).

Defined in non-academic jargon, the future is, in fact, female.

Post-manism is not an ideology — it is a state of mind. It is what has made everyone on campus absolutely and utterly obsessed with me and unable to get over the force of nature that is me. One time, I started passionately defending Sherry Sandburger, who was never given enough attention in the public eye. Everyone took a step back and watched me in awe.

To all the women who believe wholeheartedly that feminism is about how women can do no wrong and have been violently attacked by men for making such assertions, I hear you, and post-manism hears you. All you need to know is that you are correct. Women can do no wrong. We left all our wrong behind in the manism period.

I asked prominent post-manism scholar, Agatha Jill Drollins, in the middle of our face mask self-care session, where her seminal ideas emerged from. "I was scrolling through PikPok, and saw all these women challenging their Swinder dates about why they were following other women on social media, and audaciously liking their pictures. I had an epiphany. These women are asking the most pertinent questions of our time.

'Post-manism is not an ideology — it is a state of mind'

What's more important," Jill Drollins continued, "is that these ideas emerge from the public — the subaltern white woman in her twenties living in an urban centre and thus outside the manist shackles of academia."

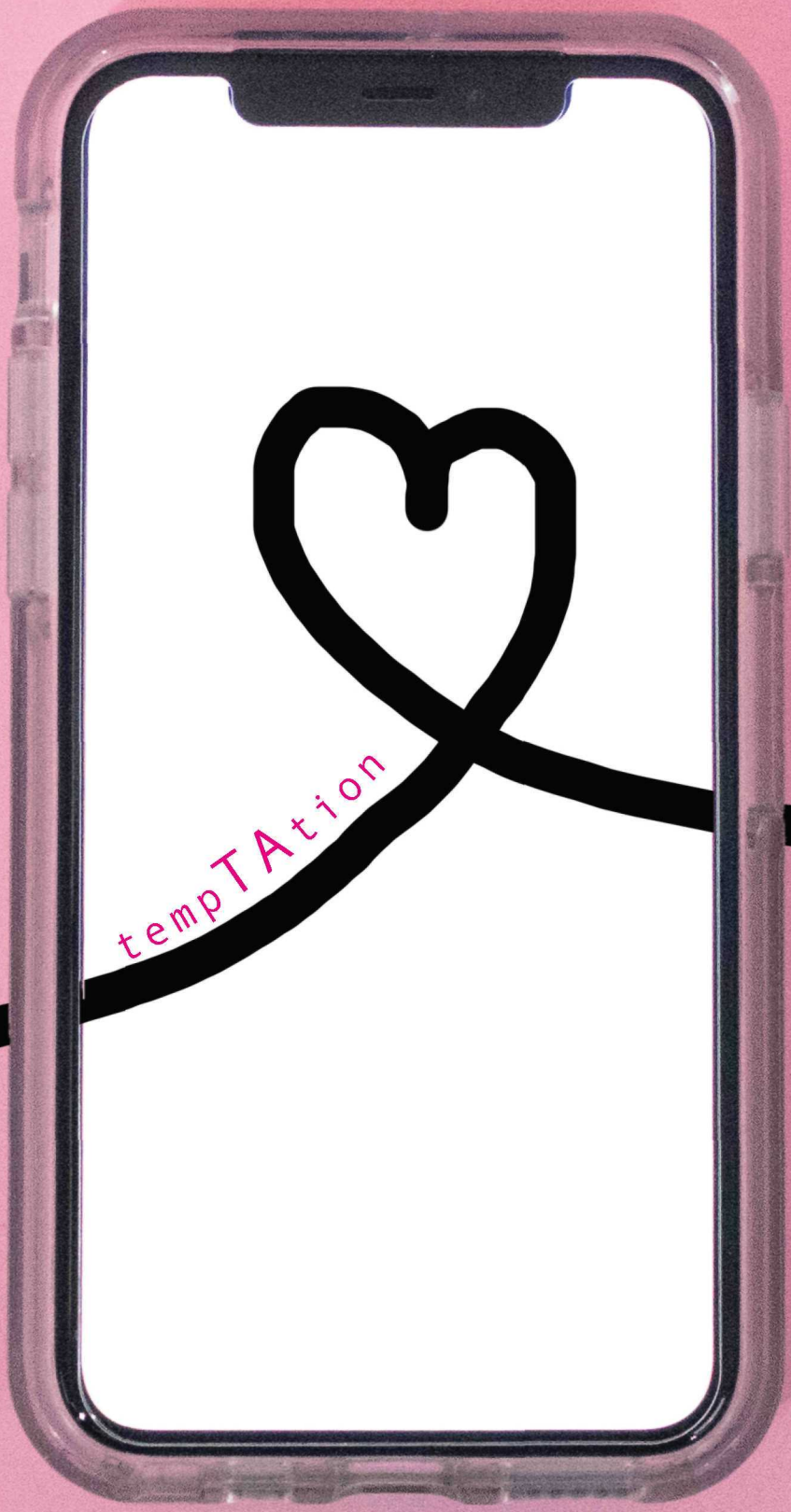
Fuck cisheteropatriarchal academia.

Post-manism allows us to speak out against the oppressive existence of men in all our spaces. It allows us to be critical about others without having to be cognizant of who they are by helping us prioritize our own needs above everyone else's. Where other post-whatever theories have failed, in being too complex on paper and failing in practice, post-manism takes up the (wo)mantle and shines.

"The future is post-man," stated Jill Drollins emphatically from behind the slices of cucumber on her eyes.

"And the future will deliver," I replied. ❀

the ethical way to date your TAs



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