

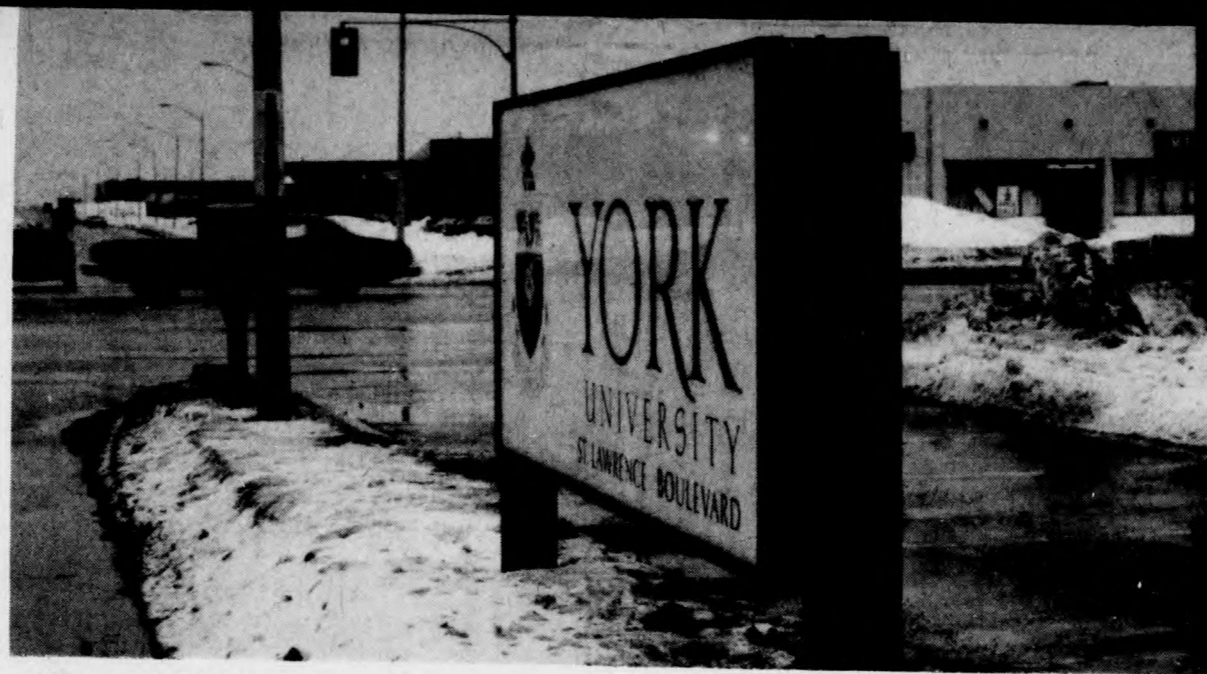
# Study!



A team of skilled and highly-paid technicians race against the clock to construct yet another EXAMINATION HALL (patent pending). No need to fear that drawn out labour negotiations or construction strikes will hamper this job. These men are dedicated. In appreciation of their efforts, the University each year grants them a quota of FAILED STUDENTS\* whom the technicians subject to all manner of psychological humiliation and physical torture. "We can hardly wait!" cry the technicians, spurring themselves on to a fever pitch of activity.



"I love to watch the pathetic little wretches collapsing at their desks," laughs York dean of arts Sid Eisen. "All those sunken eyes, flushed cheeks and trembling hands make my job a joy. I have a special place in my heart for the failures because I know — just as sure as an F is an F — that they'll be back later this summer to struggle through a supplementary exam and I'll be there to watch. I just wish I had some popcorn!"



Welcome to York University where, each spring, 12,000 undergraduate students flock into a wide selection of gymnasiums, lecture halls and classrooms. Each of them has one thought uppermost in his or her mind: FINAL EXAMS\*. Do you thrive on sweaty palms? Do you hanker for the bracing sensation of a thousand butterflies in your tummy? Do you ever yearn for the sheer exhilaration of clutching a stiff pen in one hand

while facing a mountain of blank exam booklets — especially after not having slept for days? If so, the wonders of FINAL EXAMS\* may be the answer. You too can plumb the depths of depression and chart the outer reaches of panic. All for a mere \$110 per exam. The trials are great; the challenges, many; the benefits, virtually non-existent.



For years, this man has been working in an office sculpting a masterpiece of design and craftsmanship. A degree you can be proud of. Assuming you are the one to receive it. But you won't receive it, because you're not in the right programme. Ha ha ha ha. You'll get a piece of tracing paper with your name and citation printed with a leaky pen. And that's only if you pass your exam, which will take six hours to write and will involve knowing answers to questions you never thought of about subjects you never studied. But don't let that discourage you.

# Sweat!



Are you irritable, depressed, unsettled? Could it be because you're studying for your Chemistry 434 exam and these bozos are playing the Wall Street Shuffle in the room right above you? Just one more of the hundreds of fun things you'll encounter when you try FINAL EXAMS Millions have written them, and many have lived to tell the tale. "My pen ran out of ink," laughs Sally Inque, graduate of a nervous breakdown while writing English Test 310. "Thought I'd never get through it," chuckles Barry Eraser, who never got through it. These students, and millions like them, know what it's like to sit in a small room with many sweating bodies huddled over wet pieces of lined parchment giving professors answers to questions the professors have written treatises on for years.

# Slave!



These smiling students have just written their final exam for the 'Man in Search of a Passing Grade' course in Social Science. Did they enjoy it? Just ask them. "No." "No." "No." Try another one. "No." How about you? "No." "No." "No."



These unhappy creatures are among the many FAILED STUDENTS\* that York produces each and every year. Observe closely their gnarled faces, their gimpy limbs, their shattered prospects. Woe betide the FAILED STUDENT\*. Don't you be among them. Study, rack your brains, cheat, swindle and, most of all, kiss ass.