

Dear Yappy:

PIMP/HUSBAND MIGHT BE BRINGING WORK HOME

By Yappy Gail Van Murrur

DEAR YAPPY: Recently I've noticed my husband of 15 years has been staying out late. When he finally arrives home, he smells of liquor and perfume. Everytime I confront him he tries to convince me it's "just part of the job." (He's a pimp.) But I've begun to get a little skeptical. Please help me, Yappy. I know we all go through this, but I just don't know what to do!

PERTURBED BY PIMP IN LOUSETOWN

DEAR CLEVER: Stop confronting him; get even with him! Spend the hours before he comes home creating a romantic setting, and make it look used. And if that's too subtle, I'm sure one of his employees could be persuaded to get caught in the act with you. Good luck.

DEAR YAPPY: I just bought a new dog. What should I name him?
CONFUSED OVER CANINE IN CONNETICUT

DEAR PERPLEXED: Ralph. Dub.

DEAR YAPPY: I met a wonderful man lately who swept me right off my feet. We began dating casually, and now are pretty involved. The problem is his siamese twin. At first we didn't get along at all, but last week we were all

drunk and I slept with the second head while the first one was passed out! What should I do? Have I cheated on my boyfriend, even though it WAS his body?

STUCK AT A CROSSROAD IN TWIN CITY

DEAR STUCK: Your only choice is to feign ignorance. Pretend you were too drunk to know it wasn't him. But I wonder - can this really be the first time this has happened to them? Sounds like they're using you, so you may as well use them. Hey, when one gets tired, the other might just be waking up. Lucky you!

DEAR YAPPY: I've been dating a transvestite lately, which is fine. You know, we can trade clothes and stuff. I had him over the other day, while my sister was in town. We were all sitting on the couch watching a movie when I noticed my sister seemed very interested in his skirt. I thought at first she was uncomfortable with his style of dressing, but soon I realized that she was looking up his skirt! How can I confront her?

PEEVED ABOUT PEEP IN PETERBOROUGH

DEAR PEEVED: Sounds to me like your sister has penis envy. You might just end up with a brother. Encourage your boyfriend to help her in dealing with trans-discrimination.

Old Woman Grows Garden

By T. RIVAL
Roving Creamer Staff

It's spring again and the flowers are springing. And that has Frederictonian Ima Geezer smiling.
"I love spring," Ms. Geezer said. "I love flowers."
Ms. Geezer is one of many local residents who enjoys gardening. "I love gardening," she explained. "It is warm in my garden."
Her garden consists of petunias, pansies, cosmos, snapdragons, impatiens, geraniums, and her favourite, begonias. "They are pretty," she said, pointing them out. "There they are. Aren't they pretty?" She then

beat this reporter over the head with a hoe until he agreed.
"Gardening is hard," Ms. Geezer continued. "First you have to plant seeds. Then you must water them. Then you must water them again." She added that it can be very frustrating because sometimes it rains and throws off the schedule. "I go out to water with the sprinkler, but the sky has already done it!"
A veteran gardener of 17 years, Ms. Geezer has some helpful hints for first-timers. "It's very important to make sure you put the seeds in the dirt. Otherwise, they just won't grow. And be sure to eat plenty of spinach. It will make your thumb green."

He Finds Spring Cleaning Educational

Ah, spring cleaning. In the true spirit of the season, I've been straightening out my life. And it's amazing the things I've learned.

I started with my bedroom. Seeing as my dirty laundry had already been aired, there wasn't much left to do. So I started to vacuum when, much to my surprise, I noticed that the rug wasn't getting any cleaner. I turned the speed up on it, but to no avail. The longer I vacuumed, the more disorganized-looking it got.

Apparently the lesson to be learned here is that vacuum cleaners do not have blades.

I emptied all the garbage cans I could find, to make room for my now-shredded ex-floor covering. (I suppose I could have recycled it in a faux-fur jacket, but this particular shade of orange is passe.) So I upended them into my sink and turned on the garbage disposal. The air filled with the sound of jack-hammers, and the related smell of asphalt.

My second lesson: plastic gives garbage disposals indigestion.

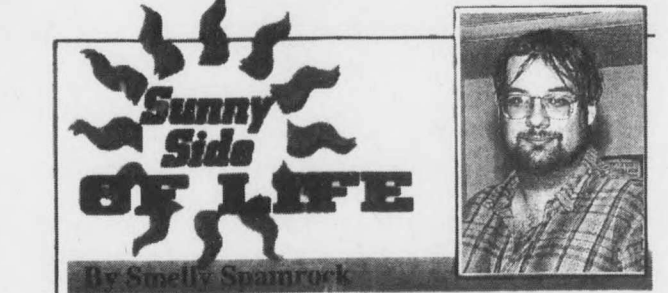
So I dug it out of the sink (and scraped it off the walls), and lugged

it outside. Looking around the neighbourhood, I clued in (before-hand! See how quickly I learn?) that the garbage truck wasn't likely to pick up my garbage from all over my lawn, so I took some preventative measures.

I waited until the garbage man had passed by my neighbour two down, ran over, and substituted his new garbage can for my old dented fender. (He never suspected a thing. Seems we both know how garbage cans get treated.) I ran back, filled it up with my garbage, and got it down to the curb just as the garbage truck pulled up. Mission accomplished.

Back into the house, then, to get started with the washing. With my limited wardrobe, I've learned by necessity how to use the washing machine, but that day, I set out to conquer the dishwasher! Not that I planned to ever use it again - dishes are so extravagant - but I was feeling ambitious.

So I picked the dishes up off the floor - where they'd been instrumental in a game of checkers on a life size linoleum board - and threw them in the dishwasher. Being plastic, all



survived. Until the hot cycle. Oh well. With the new contortions I can play chess.

And off I went to dust. First stop, the garage. Row upon row of shelves, with spray can after spray can glaring intimidatingly down at me. I reached out and snatched one at random. Seeing as they were all rusted beyond recognition, I figured nothing would have any potency left to harm anything, so what difference could it make? Well, not too much. The first piece of wood my dust cloth touched has still not let go. (If anyone asks, I tell them it's abstract.)

In one day, I learned all these lessons, and, after reflecting upon

them, came to an equally important conclusion. Spring cleaning for me from now on will consist of cleaning all thoughts of spring cleaning from my mind. I'm wiping my hands clean of the whole affair.

Anniversary

Greg and Nancy Willington of Noonan would like to invite their friends and relatives to participate in the celebration of their 50th anniversary at their house tomorrow at 3:00. Best wishes only.

Local death

Successful local businessman Greg Willington was found dead at his house in Noonan this morning. This means that the anniversary celebration is off, but we're still printing the notice for it, so Nancy, you still have to pay us. You can use the insurance money. Greg would have wanted it that way.

Birthday

Everyone will be celebrating a birthday this year. Everyone, that is, except Greg Willington. That's okay, though. He was too old anyway.

Engagement

T. Rival, Roving Creamer Staff, of no fixed address, would like to announce his engagement to Nancy Willington of Noonan. That is, if she'll have me. Please, Nancy? I've loved you ever since you collected that insurance money. Besides, you're old. Who else will have you? You might as well just marry me. I'll take good care of you. I'll put you right into the best Retirement Home that your money can buy. And then I'll spend your money frivolously, but hey, you're too old to enjoy it. So, what do you say?

SPCA Pets Of The Week



Lucky

Hi! My name is Lucky. I am a very quiet, well-behaved female cat. I was brought to the SPCA in early March, because my owners were very sensitive about my smell. They just didn't have the time and energy anymore to take care of me. But with proper care, I'm not a bother. In fact, I'm an excellent pet. I never whine to go out in the middle of the night, or make messes on the floor. I do not bite, or hiss, and I won't run away if you try to pet me. You can even change my name. I won't mind, or even notice.
I'm not at all territorial, so I'd do well in a two (or more) pet family. But don't worry, if you adopt me you'll only get one pet - I'll not get pregnant. Please adopt me. I'll make a wonderful companion.



Jeff

Hi! My name is Jeff. I am a 6' tall human male, with brown hair and eyes. I had a vote until just recently, when I was voted out of it. I would really like a new one, though, so please come adopt me.
I am housebroken, and I know many tricks. I can fetch, play catch, and even speak on command, although I usually leave that to a red haired female human who also needs adopting. I know lots

of stuff, and I can equivocate with the best of them. I can co-ordinate my clothes, and tie my shoes. I'm also very good with utensils, although I sometimes spill some food in my lap. I'm also great with kids!

I've had all my shots, and am in great condition, except for having Tourette's Syndrome, and heartache. I am very lonely here at the SPCA. Won't you please come adopt me? Or even just come to visit? PLEASE!!!!

This week only, the SPCA will be open 24 hours a day, at least until someone comes to adopt our Pets Of The Week. LUCKY can be adopted for only \$20, but JEFF is free. Just please take him away.

The SPCA would like to announce that last week's Pet Of The Week, ANOUSHKA, was adopted to a loving new home. However, she has a tendency to wander at large, so if you spot her, please return to her to the Student Union Building.




Sunday
All you can eat spaghetti **\$4.99**

Tuesday
All you can eat wings **\$7.99**

Wednesday
\$2.50 Nachos

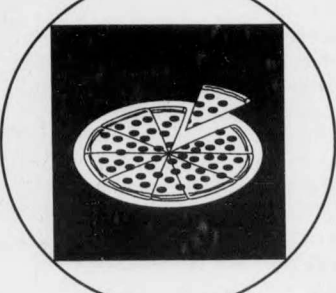
All food specials require a purchase of a Beverage
Molson Canadian Friday's
Check it out
KINGS PLACE



LUNA PIZZA'S

Student Appreciation Special

15" Pizza,
2 toppings
for only



\$7.45 PLUS TAXES

455-4020

ADD A LOONIE FOR DELIVERY
[SOME RESTRICTIONS APPLY]

Take out and Delivery Only
(OFF CAMPUS WITH VALID STUDENT I.D.)