

DISTRACTIIONS

Editor: Darlene Hannah
 Deadline: Tuesday Noon
 Send your original comics
 and poetry to Room 35 SUB.

From the Litterbox

As the several suns progressed towards their respective zeniths, I suddenly became very bored. I walked towards a rather interesting looking machine, wondering what use it could possibly have. I couldn't understand the words written on the machine, but it would seem that a skull and cross-bones is widely used, at least by those organisms that have a head. There were many other symbols that seemed to depict some sort of impending doom, the gist of which, I gathered, was don't touch this machine.

I hit the red button.

Suddenly, nothing happened. I turned around quickly, and nothing happened again. Then, acting on impulse, I turned around once more. I began to get dizzy, so I kicked the machine.

A big screen on the machine flashed the message:

-PLEASE DON'T KICK ME.

What startled me most was that the message was in English. I offered my apologies, and it didn't respond. I kicked it again.

-PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE SAID

"DON'T KICK ME AGAIN!"

Just then, I noticed an interesting looking space-time distortion not more than three meters in front of me. I walked towards it, wondering what it was. Gosh, will the mysteries on this planet never cease? What a curious looking object, I thought. What ever could it be?

Then, some type of creature that I had never seen before came along and appeared to threaten me with what I can only describe as a rather intimidating looking object. It put me in a smelly sack, and carried me aboard, what was, I later learned, a very fast, and expensive, spaceship.

When it took me out of the sack, it identified itself as a member of the Royal Canadian Mutani Police, and claimed that many people back on Earth needed my help. After I escaped back to the planet from whence I was abducted, I began to have second thoughts. Perhaps I was needed, perhaps there were people depending on me.

Just then, an alien appeared with a chitty-chitty barbarian. In a minute, I thought, I'll leave for Earth in a minute.

MEMO

TO: Bob
 FROM: Bob (no relation)
 RE: next issue of Nat'l Enq.
 Run this baby!!!!!! Its a story by that new guy. He swears it true, but that doesn't matter. Use the header:
I WAS ABDUCTED BY ALIENS: EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF SOMEONE WHO SURVIVED.

From the Deneb 6 Solar News

Minaw (BPI) No Vghiertains were injured when an unidentified biped ran amok during the WEReedzxc festivities held in the town polygon this afternoon.

Witnesses report that the biped first held a portable toilet hostage then ran among the crowd shouting something in a language that most creatures have never heard. The biped then disappeared.

An expert from someplace suggested that the creature was speaking in a language called

"English" which is spoken only on an insignificant planet called "Dirt" in the Pussendokic system. Officials at Intergalactic SpaceLines and Hedge Clippers, Ltd. refused to speculate on whether the theft of one of their craft was in any way related to the anonymous biped.

Local police spokescreatures released a statement denying everything, including their own existence, and their denial of this statement.

B.O.S.C.O. The AMAZING Adventures of Stephen Marks

JOHN STILLWELL
PETER BAILEY

BELIZE - A DIABOLICAL PLOT UNFOLDS!
 HERE EET EES - A VIAL OF STEPHEN MARKS' BLOOD! YOU WERE RIGHT, A FEW LITRES OF CHITTY CHITTY BAR-BARIANS AND ZE MAN WON'T FEEL A THING!

GIMME! GIMME!

YES, IN A SUPER-SECRET LAB DISGUISED AS A TANNING SALON, THE RACE IS ON TO... CLONE STEPHEN MARKS!

BLUP GLOP
 UH... CAN I GET OUT NOW?
 SLOPP!

NEXT MORNING...
 EET SHOULD NOT BE LONG NOW! I SET HIM FOR TEN HOURS AT 325 DEGREES!

PERFECT! THEN VE SHALL HAVE ZE ULTIMATE AGENT!

WHAT?!? EET'S EMPTY! THIS EES HORRIBLE!!

I'LL SAY EET EES! HE'S ONLY HALF BAKED!! VET VILL VE TELL ZE BOSS?

ELSEWHERE...
 I WANT TO TAKE OUT AN ASSAULT CHOPPER FOR... UM... TRAINING PURPOSES, YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET.

YOU MUST SIGN EET OUT FIRST, SENOR.

THANK YOU, SENOR!

BSP BELIZAN SECRET POLICE (SMBP)

EQUIPMENT REQUEST FORM

Item	Qty	Code
M-24 Hind Assault Chopper	1	AMA-4023
Anti-Armor Missiles	6	AMM-4934
Rockeye Cluster Bombs	2	OSB-863
NAPALM	1	PALE-833
Coors Beer	12	LRE-448
Wild Turkey	1	LRE-103E

Purpose: Definitely NOT to launch an attack on foreign soil!
 Duration: A while
 Signature of Requestor: Stephen Marks

Idiot-Syncracies

UGH! WHAT IS THIS?!

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL GLADLY TRADE YOU FOR THIS!

NO THANKS! YECHEH, THE DECOR STINKS TOO YONO!

MY CEILING IN RESIDENCE LOOKS BETTER!

I NEVER KNEW THE SUB WAS SUCH A DUMPT!

THAT'S BECAUSE THERE WAS A SMOKE CLOUD HIDING IT BEFORE

I'M INSULTED!

Post! Huh?

WHAT SAY WE ESCAPE WHILE THEY'RE TALKING?

I'M GONE!

by ERIC HILL

ERNIE: INVISIBLE GUY IN: THE INVISIBLE WORLD

THIS IS MY BUDDY BART HI!

HOW TALL ARE YOU BART? COMPARED TO WHO?

COMPARED TO ME HOW TALL ARE YOU?

SIGH!

SHARKY

Alright! I give up, I'm tired of fighting everyone

look, I got alot of work and cant waste my time if everyone picks on my cartoon,

So I'm just going to quit drawing shark...urk...

Sorry bub... I don't think so...

Hey you! yea you! what ya lookin at?

Hey! Don't get me wrong I'm not predujuice... I Hate Everybody!

Hey Sub staff come put out my smoke!

Later... what the @#\$% am I doin! I cant draw!!