

Humour

White Monday not for wimps...

by Karsten A. Loepelmann

White Monday was a day that began like any other day. Any other day in Antarctica, that is. It was so cold, the frostbite left teethmarks. When I caught my bus (#32: University via River Valley of Death), I should have suspected something.

As we cruised along, I peered out the window at the unfortunate wimps stuck in the snow. Ha! Ha! I chuckled silently to myself, knowing full well that this is a cliched bit of ironic foreshadowing. We were running on time until we hit Bellamy (or as the survivors call it, "Hellamy") Hill.

Traffic was moving slower than the "cheques only" line at the bookstore. The bus had come to a stop near the bottom of the hill, blocking an alley leading up the hill.

Suddenly, a station wagon appeared, careening out of control down the alley. A desperate murmur ran through the bus: "All right! He's gonna hit us!!"

Bang! Score: traffic-1, bus-0 (Getting into an accident sure justifies taking public transportation).

I was about to start reading a comic book when another car came hurtling down the alley. The back of a station wagon is such a tempting target.

Bang! I'm not leaving the bus; this is too much fun!

It didn't take long for another car to add to the pileup (What is this — social control by example?). This was too good to be true!

By this time, we all expected the fourth car (I know, this is a leftover Engineering Week stunt, right?). Bang! Score: 4 to zip! A shoutout!

But wait! Could there possibly be more? Yes! At the top of the alley! It's a car! It's a van! No, it's... A GREAT BIG, HUGE GARBAGE TRUCK HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!!!!

You've never seen a bus evacuated so fast in your life.

Next time stay home!

by Deanne Langlois

All I can say is, "You think you had it bad!" My White Monday began when I went to start my car — that was my first surprise. The freezing rain, having frozen the driver's door shut, forced me to pry the passenger door open, crawl over the seat and slide into the driver's seat. After shouldering the door open and allowing the oversized icebox to warm up, I began my long journey through zero visibility to catch the bus.

Running late, I made a mad dash to the bus. As it turns out, when I attempted to stop on the icy sidewalk at the door, I kept sliding. In desperation, I grabbed at the door and pulled myself back — slightly twisting my knee.

Surviving that, I sat down in the back and the bus began its journey to campus arriving 45 minutes late. After the bus stopped on 89 Ave. and I was about to

disembark, an ETS bus slammed into the back of our bus — whiplash. So much for the transit system being the safe solution; three days later I'm still in a neck brace.

The story doesn't end there — upon leaving the bus I swooped to the ground after stepping on some ice.

Later, after waiting an hour in inadequate clothing for the bus, I eventually arrived at my car. Surrounded by three foot drifts, it fared no better than I. My car — the engine froze — showed no signs of wanting to turn over (other than rolling over and dying). To finish off my day, I walked away with three quarters of the door handle in my hand. Luckily, my father was there to give me a ride home. Oh, by the way, it cost a mere \$115 to get my car towed, boosted, unfrozen, and "handled."

The next time the weather looks less than perfect, I'll just stay home!

Declining Birth Rates...

AN EXPLANATION!



Fast Fingers fictional

by Kisa Mortenson

It had disappeared. Or had it been stolen? Last seen somewhere between the Jubilee parking lot and Tory Building, it was gone. Where was my wallet?

I was sure some infamous it, probably named Fast Fingered Freddie, who had to pay off his student loans, had my wallet. I cringed at the thought.

What would I do without my wallet?

At this moment, Fred was undoubtedly sitting on some beach in Hawaii enjoying his successful heist.

Fred had all my money. Yes, the 35 dollars in change I had saved for photocopying were in dirty hands. My 5¢ photocopy binges at SUB were over.

In plus 30 weather conditions, my charge card was having a better time than I was. At least now, I could forget about charging those textbooks I should have bought at the beginning of semester from the bookstore.

I wondered if Fred had taken advantage of my bus pass... I never knew Edmonton Transit went to Hawaii.

Was my Edmonton Public Library card also recognized internationally?

My U of A Dance Club and Ski Club

membership cards would definitely come in handy for Fred. He could go into any night club on the island, wearing a pair of skis, and say he really did know how to tango (sporting a red rose in his teeth of course).

Then, I had to face the worse of my losses. He had every piece of picture i.d. I owned and two photographs of my ex-boyfriend and me. My mug shots were nothing in comparison to Fred's (I was sure he had mug shots along with a record that ran from petty wallet theft to streaking) — his mugs would be better looking. Would my embarrassment never end? Worse than ripped off, I had been robbed of all my dignity...

After borrowing money from a fellow student to take the bus, I went home to console myself and anger my mom (the charge card was cosigned under her name). My mom cancelled the card. I phoned the police and reported the theft.

Having done all I could, I decided to finish an article for *The Gateway*. I opened up my desk drawer and, lo-and-behold, there sat my wallet. So much for investigative journalism... Creative writing on the other hand...

★ ENTERTAINMENT ★

"For the Best in Blues"

THIS WEEK AT THE PLANT

FEBRUARY 9, 10, 11

The Yard Dogs

FEBRUARY 16, 17, 18

Rusty Reed and the Southside Shuffle

NORTH POWER PLANT RESTAURANT AND BAR

COVER CHARGE IN EFFECT

EVERYBODY WELCOME NO MEMBERSHIP REQUIRED

Canadian Rock History Challenge by Labatt's

They met in Calgary, Alberta in the early part of 1980. Guitarist Paul Dean met vocalist Mike Reno and together they proceeded to assemble the rest of the band. They recorded some demo tapes and it was C.B.S. who signed them for a recording contract in Toronto. The band decided to move to Vancouver and in November 1980 they released their first hit single "The Kid is Hot Tonight". Their self-titled debut album followed in January, 1981 and from that same album came a second smash single called "Turn Me Loose".

In October 1981 they released their second album entitled "Get Lucky", which included the hits, "Working for the Weekend" and "When It's Over". In June 1983 they released a third album, and yet a fourth in 1985. In September 1986 they released a hit single entitled "Heaven In Your Eyes" on the soundtrack of the hit movie "Top Gun". They followed this in September 1987 with their most recent album entitled "Wildside" which featured the hit single "Notorious".

Researched by D.W. Laurie

NOW... if you can correctly name this Canadian Rock Band you could win: 1 Labatt's Blue Mystery Prize!

GROUP NAME:

YOUR NAME:

ADDRESS:

PHONE:

TO ENTER DRAW clip out ad, complete information, and place in DRAW BOX located at the Gateway, Room 282, SUB. Entries must be made before noon, February 16, 1989. Winner will be drawn randomly from all correct entries.

ENTER THE BLUE ZONE

Labatt's