

Close Encounters of a Nerd kind

By ALAN DOERKSEN

Note. The characters in this story are fictitious, but may resemble various real-life weirdos. Speaking of weirdos, this story features the extraterrestrial exploits of one Kneel Headstrong, captain of the Apolling 1 spacecraft; Lorelei Mars, attractive communications officer of the Apolling 1; Flush Bordum, navigator of the spacecraft; and finally, Henry O. Kickinger, Minister of Affairs for the DOA, that is, the Dominion of Asteroids. The former three also operate as agents of the DOA government, serving as ambassadors (in the loosest sense, as you will find out) to numerous offbeat cultures located on habitable asteroids within the spheres of the asteroid belt. Anyhow, these are the voyages of the spaceship Apolling 1, its five day mission to exploit strange new worlds, to freak out crude life and lewd civilizations, to baldly go where no man will go again (hit the music, Satchmo)

"There we were all in one place, a generation lost in space..." sang the muzak on the bridge, when it was suddenly interrupted by a signal from Ceres headquarters.

"Damn it, they were just about to start the Martian top forty, with Spacey Spacem," Lorelei complained. Begrudgingly, she tuned out, and switched to an unlisted frequency. Then she turned on the viewing screen, and all three crew members groaned as they saw the visage of Henry O. light up the screen.

"Hello, my friends, its good to see you!" he droned in a

casual tone.

"Wish we could say the same!" mumbled Lorelei.

"Turn the channel!" grumbled Flush.

"I called to tell you where to go," the trio's boss continued.

"The feeling's mutual!" Kneel retorted.

"Did you fellows say something?" Kickinger questioned. Nobody answered. "Anyhow, I've decided to send you to Caliphonia to make out a report on the local wildlife."

"You mean the animals?" Lorelei asked.

"I'll let you think that one over," answered Henry O., smiling to himself. "Just drop by a week from now and I'll pay you the commission. Over and out..." The picture faded, and in its place appeared an ad for Radio Shark.

"Full speed ahead, Flush," Kneel ordered the navigator.

"But...Caliphonia's way back there," objected Flush.

"Well, who asked you?" Kneel snarled back. Flush switched on the Warped Drive motors and flung the trio out of...their seats! It must be noted that Apolling 1's engines run on the principle of converting mass into energy. The mass in this case was a fresh load of trash collected from the previous asteroid where the trio had made a stop.

After a harrowing journey through space, Kneel, Flush and Lorelei got to their destination. Touching down at the local spaceport, the tric was met and greeted by the loco governor, Jerry Clown. When they shook hands with him, the trio was in for a shock; mainly because of his high-powered joy buzzer! A special limosine had been

rented for them, so off the three went to the local Coward Johnson's Hotel. After they were settled in, the trio went to a nearby Burglar King to talk over plans while they sampled some of the native cuisine. Kneel outlined what was to be done:

"The way I see it, we've got to check out the local casinos, nightclubs, parties, beaches, massage parlours, move-houses, Dizzyland..."

"We get the picture," Lorelei stopped him. "What say we divvy up on this?"

"That's my line!" Kneel complained. "Anyway, I'll try out the nightclubs and casinos."

"How about you guys?"

"I'll take the move-houses and Dizzyland," Flush announced. "What I need is some intellectual stimulation."

"I guess I'm stuck with beaches and parties," Lorelei said resignedly. "Looks like we've got a real work-out, this time!"

After a disappointing meal of junk-food, the trio went their separate ways along the streets of Sun Funicisco. First, let's follow Lorelei as she makes her way to the waterfront. Stopping at handy Buliworth's, she picked up some sun-glasses and a bikini (with a pair of tweezers, that is) and almost got out without paying for them! Fortunately, she had brought her Bunkamerrycard along, since she had none of the Caliphonian currency, known as dullards and scents. Once out on the street again, Lorelei caught a streetcar (labelled "DeZyre Transit") to Melobru Beach. There, she got out at a stop and gazed at the vista spread out beyond her. She stood on the outskirts of greater Sun Funicisco, on the edge of a highway leading to Nowhere (30 miles further on). Ahead of her lay a trail leading through half a mile of rolling sand dunes, interspersed with tumbleweeds and Jehoshaphat trees, all ancient and gnarled. Hiking her way through the wilderness, she began to build up a tremendous thirst. "Oh, for a pitcher of Hator-Adel!" she thought to herself. (Author's note - I read minds!) At last she reached the top of a dune overlooking the beach itself. Down below her were

hundreds of natives, basking in the bright red sun. Lorelei was perplexed until she remembered the asteroid had a strange atmosphere (consisting mainly of nitrous oxide). Many were also swimming or surfing in the deep purple sea. Descending the hillock, Lorelei entered a changing-house to drop off her clothes and put on her miniscule bathing suit. Then she opened the door and stepped onto the sand. She screamed in pain. Her bare feet were scorched on the white hot sand. Everyone stared at Lorelei as she blushed and looked for a place to hide. She found a spot beneath a nearby palm, and stretched out in the glaring sun. Falling asleep, she lost track of time, but when she awoke Lorelei felt a burning sensation from her neck to her ankles. Stifling a scream, she ran to the shoreline and dived into the drink head-first. Emerging a dozen yards from the shore, she barely missed being wiped out by a surfboard. Accidently, she gulped some water and was surprised to find it sweet. In fact, it tasted just like grape juice! "Makes you want to drown!" she thought.

Meanwhile back in town, Kneel was ambling down a boulevard, taking in the sights and lights of sunny Sun Funicisco. "Yecch, this smog is killing me," he muttered to himself. Then he came upon a massive club called "Seizure's Place", with a brilliant sign advertizing "Gambling, Guzzling, and Go-Go Girls, Galore!" "Gadzooks!" thought Kneel, "I've got to give this gig a go!" So in he went, through the double-Dutch doors. In front of him stood a 90's bar with several rough customers sitting in front of it. One of them, dressed in Old-Western gear, turned and glared at the newcomer. Kneel quickly turned and walked past the bar to a room full of tables, decked out in style. Half or so were occupied by a motley assortment of folks, some wearing tuxedos, others in Dalmation Army clothes. Headstrong found a table in a corner near a stage, where (apparently) regular shows were put on. He asked for a menu from a beautiful girl with long, flow-

ing black hair in a deep purple velvet dress with a plunging neckline, but she told him she was only a customer.

"I know. How about a drink?" Kneel returned, grinning.

"Maybe later, I've got a job to do," she said.

Kneel paled. "Don't tell me you're a stripper here!"

The girl grimaced and rolled her eyes. "No, of course not! Don't you recognize me?"

Kneel paused to think it over. "I know!" he cried a moment later. "You're Kissy Hyde, lead singer for the Bartenders, right?"

The girl nodded, smiling. "This is fantastic!" Kneel exclaimed. "When do you start?"

"Any minute," Kissy replied. Behind her, some roadies were setting the equipment up for the band.

"Say, are you busy after the show?" Kneel pried.

"Are you asking me for a date?" Kissy giggled. "I'm busy tonight, but I'll be free tomorrow. It's our day off."

Just then, the other Bartenders arrived, and signalled to Kissy to join them on stage.

"I'll talk to you later!" she whispered to Kneel. Turning, she left to start the show.

Several blocks away, Flush had entered a giant mall known as Place Ville Monie. It wassa hundred and twenty stories high and consisted of 85 restaurants, 22 cinemas, as well as much more, including a lost-and-found on every floor. Flush caught a transparent elevator to the highest floor of the mall. The view of the city was superb, but only extended as far as the suburbs. However, Flush was too busy to notice, what with crouching on the floor, covering his eyes and wailing. At last, the doors opened and Flush hurried out into the top floor, which turned out to be a revolving restaurant known as the "High Anxiety Society Eatery". Flush was directed, against his better judgement, to a table by a window. Trying not to look outside, he asked the waiter for a menu, and subsequently ordered a high-rise burger, a tall glass of whisky and layer cake for dessert. As he waited (for the waiter), Flush hesitantly glanced out the window and was reassured to find that the restaurant was spinning only very slowly. Just then a girl walked up to a juke-box not far from Flush and made a request. All of a sudden, the restaurant speeded up tremendously. Flush was astonished, and got up to make a complaint, but was thrown (by centrifugal force) against a wall.

"You fool, you forgot to fasten your seatbelt!" a waiter

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POSITIONS VACANT ON THE STUDENT ACTIVITY AWARDS COMMITTEE

One position to be filled by a member of the Student Representative Council.
 One position to be filled by a member of the Administrative Board.
 one of the foregoing must be prepared to Chair the committee.
 Three positions to be filled by University of New Brunswick students who have paid Student Union Fees.

none of the people appointed to this committee shall be in their graduating year.
Applications will be received until 3 p.m. on Friday, October 1st, 1982. Please apply to the Applications Committee, room 126, Student Union Building.

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