

## Adventures of Renrut—Chapter Two

It was Tuesday afternoon, 1985, and while Renrut should have been in Chem. lab he was conducting experiments of his own. He was testing the coefficient of friction between the roads surrounding Fredericton and tires on a Honda he had borrowed (stolen) from the Don. Renrut was also testing the relationship between alcohol consumption and the ability to concentrate on the properties of cracker crumbs, with little success. "Cracker crumbs are the smallest things that exist," said Renrut. "You cannot get any smaller man, no way baby, not a chance. Two moles of crumbs equal a box of unsalted crackers, and you cannot push a rope. Perhaps I should write a song and become rich enough to buy extraordinary quantities of

lobsters. Yes...uh...I wish that I could swim in cracker crumbs, o heah baby light my fire...Try and eat some...What the hell, looks like a mass of pretty lights are chasing me. Maybe its one of those suburban pizza venders trying to inflict his right to sell food upon my body. Or it could be an adoring fan of mine. Yes, I had better yield." And with that remark Renrut was hauled over by a Mountie.

"Could I see you see your license sir?"

"Would you not much rather have my autograph?"

"Sir have you been drinking?"

"What do you mean by that? Don't you want to sell me a round smelly food item?"

"Sir, I will have to ask you to step out of your car. You see, we received a cal from a

gentleman named REGGIE saying this car was stolen."

"I don't know any REGGIE. Please take my order now. I would like a 9 inch with..."

"Get out of the car."

"You look stupid. Tell me, are you a lunatic? I think that maybe I don't wish to talk to you any longer. Please get out of my way man." And with that remark the Mountie received a splendid gesture from Renrut's middle finger as he sped into the darkness of Hanwell Road. The Mountie was too involved with extracting his hand from the Honda's door to properly give chase. He soon fell by the quayside, no harm done.

And so Renrut resumed his journal, and his experiment.

"I v n that strange human had' t interrupted my song; I was almost rich. He didn't

even try to assert the right to seel evil smelling food objects onto my person, or grovel for my autograph. I tell you... its people like that what cause unrest."

dope.... de dumm de dum."

End Chapter Two

BRUSH OFTEN  
Ern Dean Turner

"Perhaps if I finish this bottle of Hermits I could write a song to surpass anything that Jim Morrison ever wrote." So Renrut let the genetic code room scrambling contents of the bottle slip down his throat, let the bottle slip out of the window, and resumed a new song.

"Yum, yip, yap... hit REGGIE on the back... uh... cut his throat and dance all over his math assignment, yeah baby, drive on. Throw rocks, play with hockey sticks, and tie REGGIE up in the trunk room. Push a rope, smoke some

Two tickets to a Prince concert.



**Liver Jello**

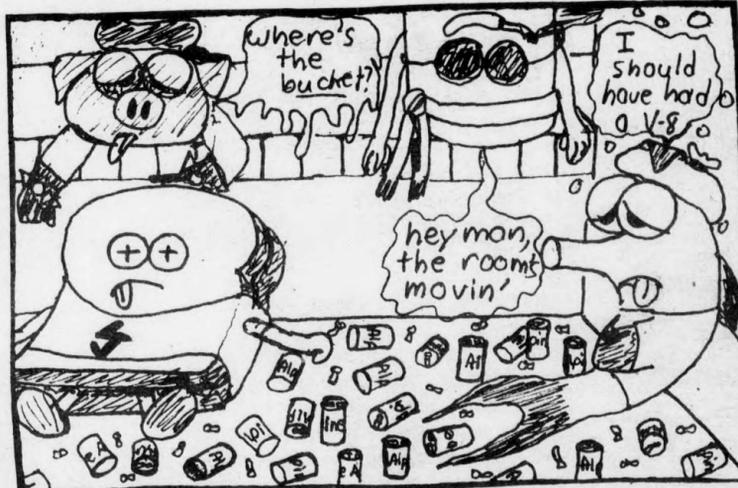
The continuing adventures of a chicken, a pig, a fish, a salami sandwich and a recyclable aluminum can.

As we join the band, they are recovering from a concert tour with a band called "Writhing Scum."

Quite hung over, they find themselves drifting in space aboard their space muffler, the S.S. LINGUINI.

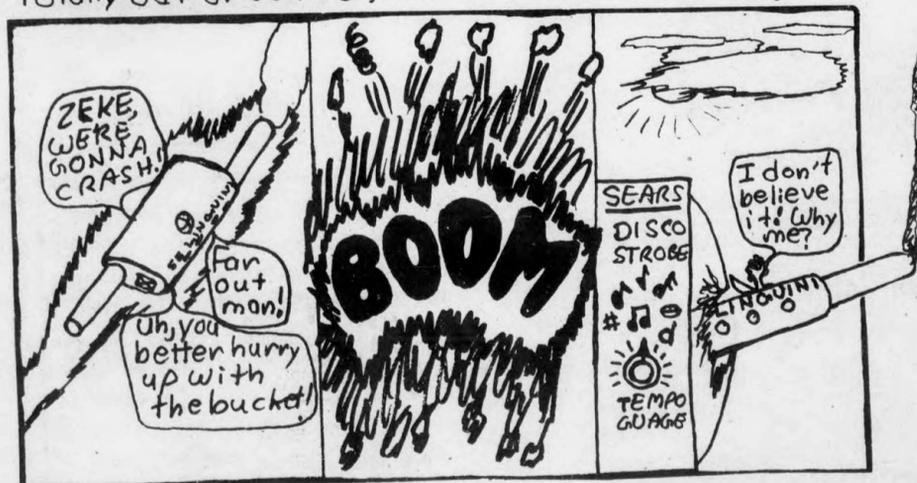
The S.S. Linguini drifts near an innocent little planet.

VOLI #1



Totally out of control, the S.S. LINGUINI crashes!

Things do indeed look grim for the fat five!



Where Have Our Heroes Landed? Is Liver Jello Forever Stranded in a Strobelight?

Continued in September when the Bruns begins anew. Be there!