

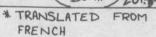


Distractionary

(the Bruns version of Pictionary)

Pictionary is the new craze in games, now appearing all over campus. It is becoming responsible for many low grades and lower attendance at Varsity Mania events, Campus Entertainment events and local bars. Send us your funniest, most absurd pictures with an





EMERGENCY SELF-

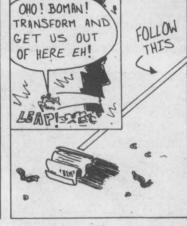


ROBO · LAWRENCE



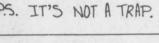
JOHN MCLEAN-FOREMAN





... IN 30 SECONDS

ROBO-SHMUCK, THE STINKIN' CAMEL IS OURS NOW. WHY DON'T YOU COME AND GET HIM? HUGS + KISSES, · HIM , P.S. IT'S NOT A TRAP.



... IN 10 SECONDS



SELF-DESTRICT

... DETONATE ...

hunters, crawling along thick paths, raising restive

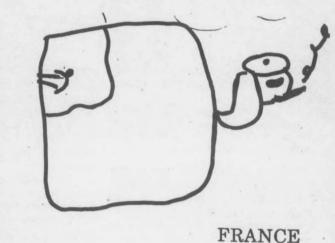
Sees no hunger, mischief, enterprise in the eyes,

Gazes curious at the squat figures

of two sling-shot, barefooted, short-pants

no elation in the black eyed boys hunting;

searching eyes, scanning the sky-line.



explanation of what the

picture is supposed to be!

For example...

GROUND-DOVE AND HUNTER

The ground-dove lodged at dusk in the hills, tucked into a darkening blue of sky swallowing the mountain purple and netted with gauze;

Slept softly among the twig leaf bed and waited for sun to melt the membrane of mist leaving residual dew bulbs where fingers had pressed weighing down the grass.

Brownbreasted, fleshy, good for the pot, wings and swoops, flits really, through the gaping blue slaughtering some yellow-green half butterfly cocooned on a leaf's under-belly.

white curling fingers strangling in.

does not see the pebble nearing, only hears the catapult slap, wings flutter, futile. Bleeds through a broken beak, dazed, wings flop, falling, the earth comes to meet it suddenly, ants arrive and feast on blood with flies long before

Plucked white, thin, delicate creature fills some cheese tin of peppers, yams, onions stolen from the earth still dew mantled and drowsy. The pot boils, the entrails are buried.

The ground dove is sweet meat, seasoned bones crushed, sucked

tasty gizzard, and in the tree, tucked into the squawking hillside

the nest is naked with brown feathers shivering. Day by day, the wind blows the twigs away.

FINGERS CROSSED...

It's dark outside once again and the street lights are on for some unknown reason, I keep looking outside afraid of every car coming up my street, I'm getting paranoid. My eyes are fixed solely on the telephone. wondering who might call. Every motion is only to keep myself on guard. Calm down, they say... but I just can't. Another night of this, and I will probably go mad. I'll keep on watching anyway.

TARA HALLVER



By KWAME DAWES

## **WANTED - TAXI DRIVERS**

- DIFF. SHIFTS AVAIL - NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED (WE TRAIN YOU) - MUST BE 19 YRS. OLD. GOOD DRIVING RECORD.

the hunters find it out.

- WE GUARANTEE MIN. WAGE. (USUALLY EARN MORE ON COMMISSION) - HEALTH AND DENTAL PLAN.

- ENJOY MEETING PEOPLE. - CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT. - ESTABLISHED COMPANY.

NOTE: ONCE YOU HAVE STARTED YOUR EMPLOYMENT WITH US AND HAVE ACCUMULATED 40 HOURS, WE WILL REIMBURSE YOU FOR YOUR TAXI LICENSE .... \$20.00. PLEASE CALL NOW ...... FLOYD OR JIM

STUDENT TAXI - 459-TAXI

