

**Engagement**



**FitzGherkin-FitzGherkin**

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgherkin of Freddy Beach are pleased to announce the engagement of their son Lanky, to himself. Lanky FitzGherkin, child of his tremendous ego and staggering intellect, has been a long-time resident of FitzGherkin's psyche. The young couple are tremendously in love, say the family. "Lanky is so good for me," said Lanky of his new fiancé. "I knew from the minute I first laid eyes on him he was the only one for me."

The wedding will be held on the second weekend in June, and

observers predict that Lanky and Lanky will make the most dashing of blushing newlyweds, adorned in engineering mauve for the early-summer nuptials. Attendants Toy Morehose and Panda VanTorte will be outfitted in peach and lilac organza, with peach blossom and lavender nosebags. Celebrants will be serenaded by soloist Jamie VanFaalte, who will be belting out a selection of showtunes and Abba hits. Reception will follow at the Phillar Closet. Should RSVP

ASAP, as space restrictions dictate that while it may a cozy location, it may be difficult to come out of the closet. The only foreseeable problems are rain, which would spoil the delicate lavender and lilac blossoms Lanky has chosen to adorn the chapel, and finding a location with an aisle wide enough to accommodate the newlyweds egos as they march down through the church beginning their lives together in wedded bliss.

*Dear Crabby*



But you sound like a bright boy, and you've probably already done that.

DEAR CRABBY: I moved out west about a year ago to further my career, but when I came back east for Christmas I met this really amazing guy. We shared our meals together at the Ringolo Club and went out just about every night. Even moving back west after the holidays didn't cool off the budding flames of our desire. He flew all the way to the west coast to visit me during his vacation. After he left, I realised that I was in love just like a school girl.

The problem is that he used to like my baby sister, and now she's all jealous of me and him. She's started writing nasty notes about him, and leaving them where people will read them. How can I make this nasty little shrew, who already thinks she's the 'boss' or something just because she was in the national news, understand that she's had her chance and leave us alone?

KB the 1st

DEAR KB: All you have to do to get rid of the shrew is take the reigns off of your wonderful gentlemen friend, and let him tell her what's what. If he's not man enough to put the kibosh on your kid sister, then he's not man enough for a career woman likes you. It's high time for you (and him) to put a lid on this.

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DEAR CRABBY: For years I was known around the office as a bit of a grouchy bastard. What people never realized was that I was waiting for the perfect woman to come around

and cheer me up. Well, now she's here, and I'm not cranky anymore. The answer is still "No!", but at least I'm cheerful now when I say it. I mean, my girlfriend even calls me 'Snugglebunny'. Why can't other people realize that I've changed; that I've mended my ways? I've tried and tried to find some way to convince them. Just the other day I allowed them to buy a six pack of beer for our office party out of petty cash. Just because other office managers have bought several cases for the party doesn't mean I have to. These people don't understand a thing about office supplies. We use computers here; why the hell would we need more than one pen? And a down time on our printer of two weeks is nothing compared to the expense of storing extra toner. It used to be that when people would ask me about insignificant things like this I'd go to my office upstairs, but now that Lambchop has come into my life I just walk down the hall and suck face. Still, I wish people would realize that I'm a happy person now.

NOT MR. CRANKY

DEAR NOT MR. CRANKY: Now that you and Lambchop are together, you shouldn't worry about what the office thinks of you. As long as she knows that you're the Snugglebunny, you're ahead of the game. And don't let those office whiners get you down. If they can't understand that keeping the budget under control is more important than actually being productive, then to hell with them.

DEAR CRABBY: I was recently elected by a vote of my peers to a senior executive position. You would think that I'd be happy about this, (and I am), but now that I'm in charge the former team leader spends all of his time mooning over some girl out west instead of helping me. Other friends are abandoning me as well. One of them recently quit, saying that she wasn't willing to work beneath me any more. But the worst part is that people keep throwing matches at my head, saying that they're trying to heat the building. How do I earn these people's respect now that they've elected me?

BIG MOUSSE

DEAR BIG MOUSSE: First of all, stop whining and get on with your life. If you need help from the former team leader, then you're beyond help. Secondly, in going over the books of your organisation, I noticed that the budget for hair care products has increased by a gazillion percent. Maybe the matches are a hint for you to cut back on this expenditure.

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Confused about how to talk to your child about their career choices? Good advice to help avoid tragedy is in the Dear Crabby publication "Friends don't let friends take engineering." To get your copy send a business sized, self-addressed envelope, plus check or money order for \$3.95 (\$69.69 for EUS alumni) to Dear Crabby, Friends booklet, PO Box 666, Freddy Beach NB E3B 29M

**SPCB Pest-Of-The-Week**

This week's Society for the Preservation of Conventional Bestiality's Pest-of-the-Week is a lovable guy named Smitty.

Smitty is a neutered 19-year-old male with no noticeable digestive problems, despite a Fever foods diet. His new owners, however, will have to spend a little time in training, as he is not yet housebroken. He was found abandoned, without a collar or a nametag, on the UNB campus, wandering near Bob and Doug House (aka McFrenzie House).

Smitty likes to be tickled under the legs, and loves to fetch sticks and other oblong items. He is generally obedient and great with kids (especially frosh girls).

There are some things to keep in mind when you consider becoming an owner of a pet, like, will it be hard to keep clean? Can I afford to keep it? Will it harm strangers? Do I have enough space for it to live in? Will I have enough time to provide the recommended daily dose of TLC? Will it shit on my kitchen floor? If so, will



**Smitty**

its shit stink? Will it drink from the toilet? If so, will it flush first? Will it hump my leg? Will it hump visitors' legs? Will it hump furniture? Will it hump animals of other biological classifications? If I let it loose, will it come back? Will it be hard to clean up if it is hit by a Freightliner on the Trans-Canada?

The Fredericton SPCB helps to feed and house over 1000 lost and abandoned animals every year.

**HOW RESTRICTED ARE YOU BY SOCIAL CONSCIENCE?**



**Granny's**

Bike Shoppe 'n' Sugar Shack

787 Rodeo Drive, Fredericton  
Take a Ride on the Wild Side

**BOSS DRUGS** Fredericton's Independent Narcotics Distributor

*This Week's Specials!*

<b>CRACK</b> FOR PEOPLE WHO AREN'T SATISFIED WITH JUST REGULAR COCAINE free crack pipe with every purchase	<b>DUBES</b> FLOWN IN FROM MONTEGO BAY free PETER TOSH cd with each purchase	<b>PLUS</b> Asstd Goodies from the UNB Chem Lab
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FREE DELIVERY AFTER 11PM Discretion Assured

**3 Locations**

- Woo Centre Parking Lot (Near Security Door)
- 3rd Floor Men's Washroom Harriet Irbing Library
- Phone Booth by Rotten Ronnie's Prospect Street

**PLAIDVILLE**

The Annual Outfit the Administrators Sale Event

Fit the PATTERN of POWER FREE CLONING

Mrs. Admin Loud Polyester	Middle Manager Shiny Suiting Look like you're trying too hard	External Affairs Sweat Suiting Who Needs Finesse?
Presidencial Plaid Clans Burpill, VanFaalte and Esta-crooks Tartans available	Penis Envy Chiffon For Wimmin Only	

**PLAIDVILLE**  
Outfitting Power-mongers Since the Birchill Administration  
MASTERCARD, VISA AND HONORARIA CHEQUES WELCOMED