

UNB English Department Discriminatory



An All-Too Familiar Sight - Another studious dead mole is out of the department. The moles have threatened to form a union to fight against the unprecedented discrimination.

By ROAD ENT
Staff Writer

In an incredibly partial move, the UNB English Department is booting out dead moles left and right.

This year has seen an infinite percentage increase in the number of dead moles enrolled in the department, and an equally infinite percentage increase in the number of dead moles thrown from the department.

The head of the English Department, Stoger Plouge, has not given any explanation for the move, but does acknowledge that it is economically unwise. "It is unfortunate that we have to dismiss them, thereby precluding the possibility of obtaining further funds in the following years, but it was an imperative move."

Dead mole tuition stood at \$2,001 for the year 1995-96, based on the rationale that they took up less space in the classroom than regular students. This was down from \$3,450 in 1994-95, because the improved computer facilities facilitated assignments. Professors

would have spent far longer reading a little tiny dead mole essay than a regular essay, because dead moles have smaller pencils. However, everyone, dead mole or human, can use a keyboard. The extra high fee for dead moles was irrelevant, however, since no dead mole, with

it's because we're dead, or because we're moles, but either way, it's unfair, and I intend to put a stop to it."

Wiggles has, with his impressive dead mole cognitive abilities, come up with a theory as to why this occurrence is occurring. "Maybe it's

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- Wiggles the dead mole

or without computer access, enrolled at UNB.

So far this year, 18 of 29 dead moles have been booted from the department.

One of the remaining 11 dead moles, Wiggles, is attempting to form a union to prevent the UNB English Department from this discriminatory practice.

"I don't understand it," Wiggles squeaked. "We do far better than UNB students. We study, we attend every class, and yet we get kicked out and they don't. I don't know if

because the average dead mole GPA is 4.18. We're dead, and we're still doing better than the average UNB student."

Besides forming a union, Wiggles has other decisive action in mind. "We're going to start really fighting back soon if we don't get some action. We're going to infiltrate the humans and make them do even worse than they're doing now. We'll hide in their backpacks and give them the wrong answers. Oh, we'll find a way."

The result of this could be disastrous for UNB students and administration. "Then their averages would fall even lower, and they would all not be allowed to come back, and then where will you get your money? And think of how that'll look, if arts students can't even pass. Then the other faculties will get scared and go elsewhere, and all of a sudden, the only people who'll apply will be dead moles. And if you don't accept them, you'll run out of all money, and then... corporate takeover for STU."

As well, this type of discrimination could have adverse affects without any interference by the dead moles. "What they don't seem to realize is that if bright, capable dead moles are turned away for no good reason - at least none that they've given us - then other dead animals aren't going to be too eager to apply."

"Besides being very frustrating," Wiggles concluded, "it's very sad. UNB just doesn't seem to realize what it's doing to itself by all this. I hope we can find a solution that's beneficial for all of us."

Prime Minister Addresses Local Alcoholics Anonymous

by PIZZA GAGWIRE
Staff Writer

Excessive drinking doesn't make a bad national leader, according to Prime Minister Jean Crotchen.

"Just because a Prime Minister spends thousands of dollars on booze doesn't automatically make that Prime Minister incapable of building a united country out of Canada," he said Crotchen this afternoon at an unexpected stop at the city's local Alcoholics Anonymous in the Toronto Dominion Building on Westmoreland Street.

"In terms of da issues Canada is a complex countree. You know da separatists in Alberta and British Columbia and the Loyal Opposition in Quebec. We 'ave to deal wit' da issue before der is no issue," he said as he took a golden flask from his jacket and placed it on the group's podium.

"MacDonald's not da only Prime Minister who had a little drinkie-drinkie to get him through da hard times. He 'ad Riel, I got Presson Mannikin. I want to give the good peeples of Freddy Beach a contribution dey will never forget. But I forget what I was goin' to give. Damn. I need a drink."



Close to tears - Prime Minister Jean Crotchen was visibly distressed after his flask of liquor broke and spilled.

Crotchen proceeded to place the flask to his lips but reformed alcoholic Jack Pair-or-so interrupted Crotchen by screaming obscenities and calling for his resignation.

Crotchen casually responded by grabbing the large man by his flabby turkey-like neck and throwing him to the ground.

As Pair-or-so fell to the ground,

Crotchen's grasp loosened, causing his flask to fall and shatter on the alcohol-stained carpet. Although visibly upset, the Prime Minister was able to continue his speech.

"My name is Jean and I 'ave a problem," he paused as he wiped his brow and stared at the wet spot on the floor that had formerly been his lifeblood.

After several minutes of uneasy quiet, a solemn Crotchen was escorted off stage by local LeBlatt rep Cave Herb.

"What's the problem Jeanny, you want a couple of vouchers for some Red? How about getting me a job in Ottawa? I know people there," said Herb to the shaken prime minister.

Crotchen responded negatively to Herb's solicitation and returned to the podium. "I want to know why?"

The crowd of five seemed to show bewilderment after Crotchen's rhetorical question.

Without warning, the Prime Minister stripped off his clothes and screamed that he was "Zoltar, King of the Universe."

Several members of the RCMP came to Crotchen's side and carried him from the building to his private jet which was waiting to carry him to Ottawa.

Spokesperson for the Prime Minister, Mr. Mudd Slinger attributes Crotchen's odd behavior to a recent diet of mad cows-diseased beef. The spokesman went on to say that the "Prime Minister does not have a drinking problem. I expect him to recover from his apparent illness very soon."

Typewriter May Be Source of Unabomber's Manifesto

by SNOW "JOB" FITZGERALD
Dairy Creamer News

In a surprising twist in the Unabomber case, the focus of a police investigation into the twenty incidents spanning a period of eighteen years, has taken a strange turn.

"I was reading through the Dairy Creamer when it hit me - the police would never convict a university mathematics professor for having his unpopular views of society published in a newspaper, because it was the sinister typewriter who committed the crimes," police psychic advisor, Astro Ouija, told the Dairy Creamer.

When pressed as to how the typewriter was able to address and mail the explosive packages, Ouija drew a blank. "It's very cloudy to me," she said in a distant voice.

While readers of the Dairy Creamer may find the situation far-fetched, a very similar situation was prophesized

by well-known horror author Stephen Hacking in his book *The Typewriter from Hell*.

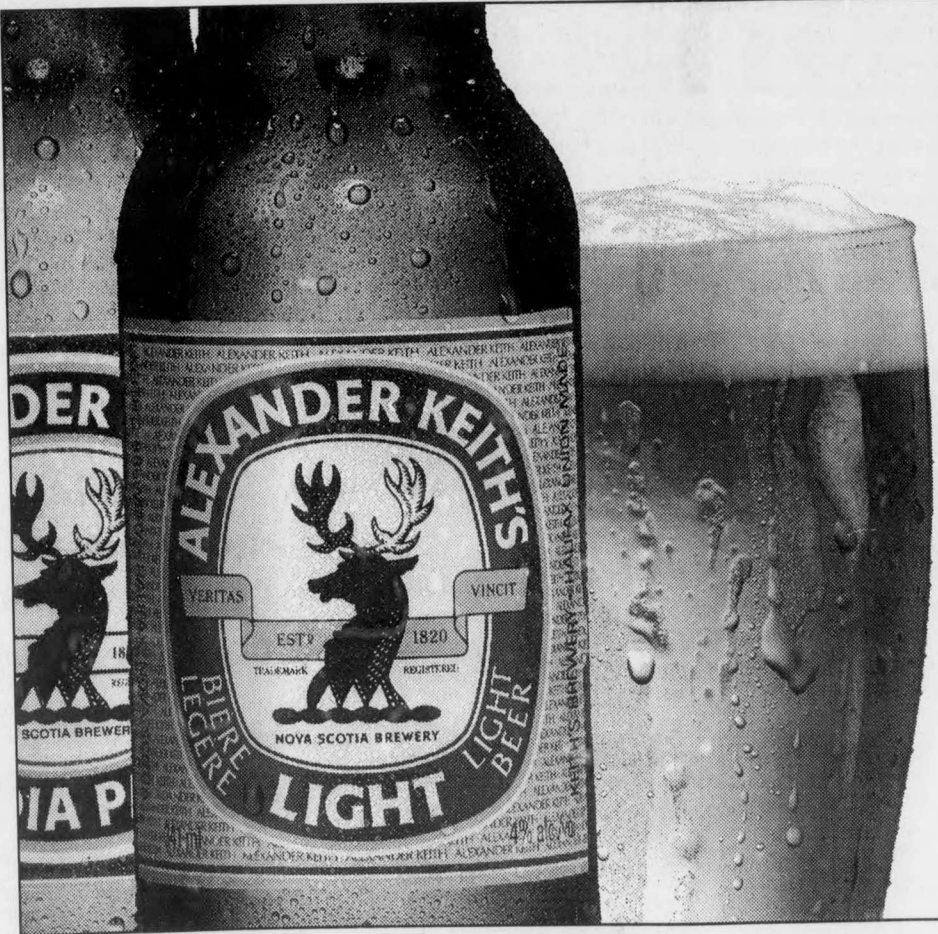
Interestingly, in Hacking's book, the same make and model typewriter now under suspicion for the Unabomber attacks caused its user to go insane and massacre twenty people with divergent ideas of societal social structure.

Hacking dismissed allegations of a so-called 'copycat-crime.' "I just write a bunch of crap, put an outrageous price on it and people buy it," Hacking said "I don't even take it seriously myself."

Suspicious regarding the sinister-looking typewriter were initially brought up by Police Sergeant and Forensic Pathologist, Fred Postmortem.

"I couldn't find any fingerprints on the machine," he said.

In response to reports of the typewriter appearing to be freshly cleaned he said, "There was a smell like rubbing alcohol, but I figured that was somebody's aftershave."



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