



by Sam Morgan  
not really Brunswickan Sports

Stepping In, Spam My Ass is going to be a whenever tirade about being inside because you hate the outdoors and you're too damn lazy to get the hell out. This is a long spell about the virtues of being lazy, exceptionally lazy, angry and apathetic. The bones of these upcoming articles is to end the nose bleeds of these health nuts. "Oh, I wanna go outside, I'll get healthy." No you won't you'll probably drop dead from all the second hand smoke and some of those natural herbs you've been usin'.

Yeah, yeah since all you outdoor enthusiasts get your health kick in the ass most every week, we figured that the lazy bastards of UNB are being missed in the process. People who ride their bikes to school in 30 below in a million feet of snow, grab my attention too. Usually because they're the first ones to end up dead of hypothermia or frozen brains. I'd rather wait and relax for death. Maybe I'd rather face death bravely with a ding-dong in one hand and a cold frosty glass of Tang in the other. Healthy bodies can die their way, us pigs can die our way.

Since it's sort of recreational for unambitious, I've been dumped in Sports. Besides it's great space filler and because I figure it's high time we have Campus UnRecreation, no not gamers. I admire gamers, they never go outside. They're always flipping down their Dingus Eggs or tapping their mana. You gotta admire that.

We all know what it's like to be home sitting on our fat asses watching Rikki Lake lament about men who suck or ER, which sucks. Anyway I figure this week, I'll tell you all the great living room equipment and chow you need in order to make any extended period of laziness worth your while.

The first thing you need is a good couch. I find the best couch that works best for my distended body usually is about 6 and some feet long and 2 feet wide. This way, I can stretch and undo my belt buckle at the same time without missing the Jeffersons or Jetsons... the ones that live in the high rise. I also don't have my legs hanging over the edge of the damn thing and cutting the circulation off my legs. There's nothing worse than nature calling and you keep falling.

Next you have to make sure your couch complements your wardrobe. After all, like a chameleon you'll be able to blend in with the couch's pattern and strategically hide from people who might want you to work. The popular choices of couches seem to be plaid blue and green ones from your Grandpa's Huntin' Shed or crap. They have the uncanny ability to accent the plaid wearing lazy-assed people.

Let me tell you about my couch. My couch, well my girlfriend's, is almost seven feet long, itchy green and straight from a Welcome Back, Kotter Yard Sale. It's narrow but it serves a purpose. I don't know where the thing actually came from but it's great for lying around on with no ambition or any inclination to do anything.

You can't live on the couch if you

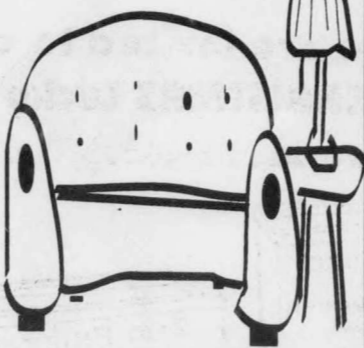
don't have a remote control. The Remote control is surely your best friend. Touch it, caress it's tender digits and an orgy of viewing pleasure is yours. If you take care of your buttons, your buttons will take care of you. I prefer one of those universal remotes that way I can keep the VCR and TV in line and at my command. I once used one of those old bulky clickers with the wire hooked up to the back of the TV and the big clunky buttons. Every time I'd turn the channel, you'd hear Clunchk! It sounded like me when I was a kid and I kept falling down all the time smashing my head into the linoleum floors at home.

Let's not forget the most important thing in your living room, your TV. That's right, friend to millions and foe to outsiders. The TV is the only interaction I need with the real world. If that crap I hear and see Dan Rather spew is the real world give me Gilligan any day. I like a fairsized TV. A 24" usually does me just right. I'd twist the head off a Barbie doll if anybody tried to make me watch a black and white TV. The whole idea of watching the Smurfs in hues of grey makes the show so damn confusing.

Now get the hell out of my kitchen. No just jokin'. I like a little culture to my meals while laying motionless in front of my magic box, I love those Humpty Dumpty Santa Fe Mexitos. The putrid smell drives people away in droves. Here's a an inside tip. Chew some of those buggers and ask someone to come over and talk. Well, talk about anything that has a lot of H's. Here's a hot and hurried example of a hectic hurricane of heat. Make sure to stress the H's for added effect.

Another good bit of chow is those Halloween peanut buttery candies. You'll be like a train after you're done with all that chew-chew chewing. Bad Pun but lying around all day affords you the opportunity to think of all sorts of bad stuff.

Anyway, maybe the next time, I'll talk about the great sporting event of Pogs. It's sort of like legalized gambling for kids and it keeps them inside.



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## The Grad ZONE

To all Graduate Students.

The October 31st general meeting was a historic event for the GSA. In the history of the GSA, there has never been such a large percentage of full-time graduate students participating in any general meeting. Although the meeting did not go as smoothly as planned, the GSA executives are excited about the huge turnout and believed that this is the first step in improving communication with the graduate students that the GSA represents.

In that meeting, we learned that some of our policies were not well understood by most graduate students. This eventually led to confusion when we tried to make changes. In order to clear confusion, we have scheduled another general meeting (on November 14 from 1.30pm to 2.30pm in room GC127, Head Hall) where we will summarize the changes made in the last meeting, as well as the rationale behind the changes.

We would also like to use this meeting to discuss the current status of the grad house and the new Social Club policy. Most importantly, we would like to hear more suggestions and comments from our members. The proposed agenda of this meeting can be found in the November 10th issue of *The Brunswickan*.

Sincerely,  
GSA Executives

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