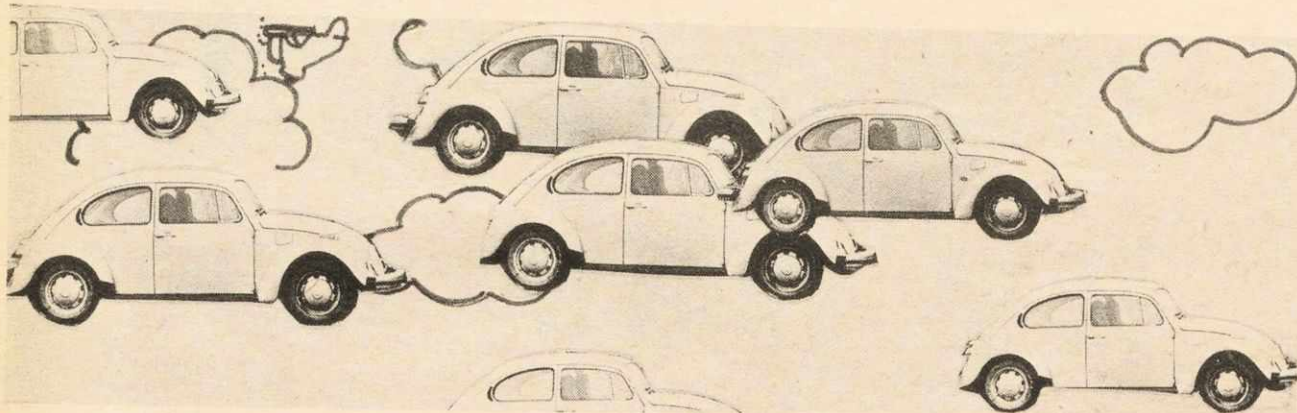


UFO's invade Halifax



by Tom Regan

'I saw them UFO's coming', says Halifax resident Butch Renek.

'There must have been two or three hundred volkswagons at least, all moving faster than an airplane. They were flashing red and white lights and switching

their headlights from high beam to low beam whenever they wanted to see the ground.'

Another eyewitness to the invasion recounts the fear instilled by this bizarre invasion from another world.

'I saw one go right by my window', said office worker

Flora Fluufbran.

'I nearly had a nervous breakdown. It was a huge glowing orange volkswagon Bug driven by a little red woman. There were two or three other little red women in the back seat. They were bouncing up and down and pointing at the ground below.'

Flora was unable to account for the fact that Volkswagon is no longer manufacturing the Bug.

Admiral Warren Pease, commanding officer at CFB Halifax, cannot explain how several hundred flying

UFO's could invade Halifax undetected.

'We didn't detect any UFO's or flying volkswagons on our radar systems,' said Admiral Pease.

'However, the capability of communist technology should not be underestimated.'

When asked if he thought Soviet Russia was behind the invasion, the Admiral replied: 'It's obvious, isn't it?'. Pease believes that a thermonuclear bomb should be dropped on Moscow in retaliation.

Pope condemns lust

(CP) Pope John II has reaffirmed his predecessor's condemnation of modern decadence, stating that 'the pastoral virtues as stated in the Scriptures, rather than worldly gain, should be the guidelines for every true Christian.'

Vegas, an acquisition of the Inquisition, brought back to Rome by Bishop Rocha da Fella after the scouring of the Infidels of Avila.

The Holy Father, recently awarded the title of World's Best Dressed Man, reminded his congregation of "the humility of Francis, who epitomized the mendicant spirit, the sacrifice and the example all should follow".

The pope, who gave his speech from the seldom used Vatican Papal throne, an acquisition from the 3rd Crusade of Pope Avaricious XXXII, was wearing a stunning silk broadcloth encrusted with the fabled Peacock Emeralds once owned by the Shah of Persia.

Particularly striking was the coordination of triple diadem with the broadcloth, offset by the silver slippers rumored to have been stolen from the Faharam caves of Syria. Surrounding the throne were the priceless frescoes of Renatobaldi della

The Pope's words were greeted with hearty applause by 350 cardinals assembled for the 27th Vatican Council on Overpopulation and Hunger, after which all retired to the Pope's Palace for the evening repast. As of yet, there is no reaction from the pastoral community, although Bishop Oholier Thanthou of war torn Bramapundi indicated he will speak on the Pontiff's message of hope by the week's end.

HUNKY HUBBIE OF THE MONTH



HUNKY HUBBIE OF THE MONTH—In a new bi-monthly feature devoted to the satisfaction of every Bedford-Sackville housewife's fleshiest dreams, we are now accepting suggestions for our next Hunky Hubbie. So if you've got a hubble so hunky he makes your mouth water, your friends gulp and your goldfish gurgle, send in his picture in a provocative pose dressed in his tightest jockey briefs and be eligible for a free box of Tide cleaning detergent. "Tide gets the toughest stains out of the dirtiest jockies."

By the way ladies, this issue's Hunky Hubbie is Gerald Reggie Brombaker, a Halifax hairdresser, currently living common law with Donny Gillis in a Mount Uniacke.

Ben Wilts

Fried Chicken sales rocket

[KFC wire service]

Since the taking of 52 Iranian hostages by the Kentucky Fried Chicken empire, people have been waiting all night just so they can get some Kentucky Fried Chicken.

It all took place about a week ago, when the king of Kentucky Fried, Colonel Saunders, and his croonies flew to Iran in the great red and white plane. The kidnapping was simply executed, and was over and done with in a few hours. The colonel knocked out most of the Iranians with his cane, and ran over the rest with his wheelchair. They were quickly put into the deep freeze on the great red and white plane and flown back to North America.

People quickly dubbed it Iranian Fried Chicken, and have been clamoring for it ever since. But the Colonel won't say when the new chicken will be released. Right now, all 52 are seasoned with eleven different herbs and spices and awaiting their turn to sizzle with the rest of the chicken.

Santa caught in the act!!

by Arnold Bumsteer

Jolly old Saint Nick wasn't so jolly last Friday.

Mrs. Pottie reported to us that she was out shopping last Friday with her little boy, Billy. He wanted to see Santa Claus and tell him what he wanted for Christmas so they both went to the room that Santa was supposed to be in. Failing to notice the sign saying Santa would be back at two, Mrs. Pottie and Billy walked right in.

What they found was Saint Nick having a "jolly ol' time" with one of his helpers, a shapely young elf. Mrs. Pottie ran out disgusted, but Billy said he wanted to stay to see Santa finish strangling the elf.

Transvestit'es wardrobe condemned

by Tom Regan

Ooze etiquette specialist Emily Tree is publicly condemning the wardrobe of Halifax's newest transvestite lifeguard.

"Lifeguards in drag are definitely out this year and really in poor taste," she said. "It's a disgrace to Halifax. She doesn't even dress tastefully, all those scarves and, really, sunglasses! It's winter. How gross!"

Meanwhile Prince Phillip, now in the Bahamas publicly exhibiting himself, was shocked when asked about Rosetta Plum's new job but upon recovering his royal composure told us, "I suppose my uncle would have approved." On the

subject of Miss Plum's apparel, no comment emerged from his drooling but morally indignant mouth, but we have been assured by reliable sources that marriage has definitely been ruled out (we can always speculate, though can't we...).

Cat lover Maggi Cranberry, who had earlier said she would call in her friend Anita to protest against Plum's job appointment, criticized Plum's galoshes as being "boots for rainy, slushy days, outre in upper Halifax dinner and dance circles. Harrumph!"

Plum refused comment on her wardrobe design, simply turning her saggy bodice and fluttering her eyelashes.

