

Law Library Sexposé: *Getaway* tells all

by **Catty Bitchmore**

In keeping with *The Getaway's* reputation for truly fine investigative journalism (watch out Les Nessman), we have uncovered, right here on campus, a clandestine den of ill-repute where seemingly sophisticated students gather to perform blatant acts of social foreplay.

This is a place where Sperry Topsiders, Gucci watches, and pastel polo shirts abound. (No Artsies please.)

Yes, it is none other than the Law Library.

Several students have come forward to reveal the titillating facts in an exclusive interview with *The Getaway*.

Bubbly, blonde Buffy (not her real name) is a first year Psychology

who added, "like, I had my eye on 'Wads' (Wendell Colin Wadsworth III, Dean's List Law puppy) for, like, weeks!"

Buffy claimed that upon her first visit to the Law Library, 'Wads' discovered her painting her nails behind a book stack. She said she couldn't help but notice the cut of his suit and the large, but tasteful, pinky ring he brandished on his right hand. Wadsworth supposedly lured her into the stairwell where both acted out their wildest fantasies.

"Like, I could feel his hot breath

"Everything that this Muffy...uh, Mindy, no I mean Buffy, has told you is absolutely true," admitted Wadsworth. "As I'm sure you're aware, Ms. Bitchmore, persons of high social status often donate their time, energy, and even their names to charity events because it is gratifying to give something to the

which can be found in the Law Library.

"The chicks in Law all wear high

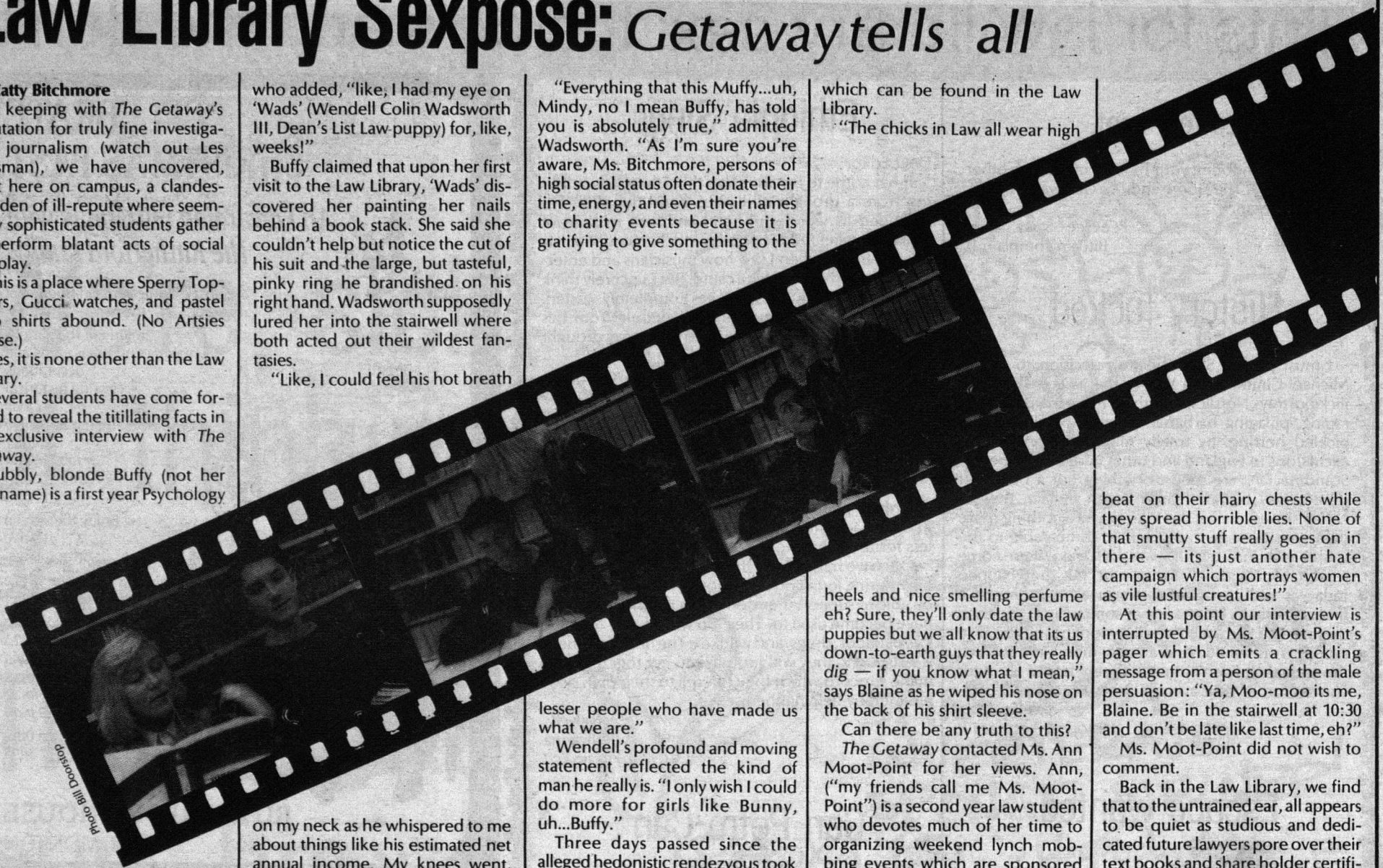


Photo: Jill Donohue

student who is pursuing an MR. degree in Law ("or maybe, uh, Engineering.")

"Like, all the really classy guys on campus hang out here and, like, I want to get my hooks into, like, a real man. Like, you know, someone I can really count on to, like, pay off my credit cards before I turn, like, nineteen," gushed Buffy

on my neck as he whispered to me about things like his estimated net annual income. My knees went, like, weak and the figures he quoted sent, like, shivers down my spine. I can't describe, like, how hot I got when he said he meant *after taxes*."

The Getaway contacted Wendell Colin Wadsworth III at his private, carrel to get his comments on the purported events.

lesser people who have made us what we are."

Wendell's profound and moving statement reflected the kind of man he really is. "I only wish I could do more for girls like Bunny, uh...Buffy."

Three days passed since the alleged hedonistic rendezvous took place in the stairwell and all seemed calm in the Law Library. The idyllic aura of justice has, however, been recently disturbed by the infiltrations of certain sordid types posing as privileged sophisticates.

Blaine (his real name) is an Engineering student on a mission. His main ambition is to meet a 'today' kind of woman like those

heels and nice smelling perfume eh? Sure, they'll only date the law puppies but we all know that its us down-to-earth guys that they really dig — if you know what I mean," says Blaine as he wiped his nose on the back of his shirt sleeve.

Can there be any truth to this?

The Getaway contacted Ms. Ann Moot-Point for her views. Ann, ("my friends call me Ms. Moot-Point") is a second year law student who devotes much of her time to organizing weekend lynch mobbing events which are sponsored by the Women's Centre.

"The Law Library has become overrun by macho pigs who are spreading vicious rumors about what we women really want from men. Those Engineer types spend their summers up on dirty oil rigs eating beans and farting. Then they return to march in to a civilized sanctuary like the Law Library to

beat on their hairy chests while they spread horrible lies. None of that smutty stuff really goes on in there — its just another hate campaign which portrays women as vile lustful creatures!"

At this point our interview is interrupted by Ms. Moot-Point's pager which emits a crackling message from a person of the male persuasion: "Ya, Moo-moo its me, Blaine. Be in the stairwell at 10:30 and don't be late like last time, eh?"

Ms. Moot-Point did not wish to comment.

Back in the Law Library, we find that to the untrained ear, all appears to be quiet as studious and dedicated future lawyers pore over their text books and share holder certificates. As one draws near the stairwell, what sounds at first like a malfunctioning air conditioner system, turns out to be the reverberating echoes of heavy breathing. No one seems bothered by this; in fact, no one even notices it. The sounds of panting and pawing have very much become a part of the Law Library ambience.



The Getaway

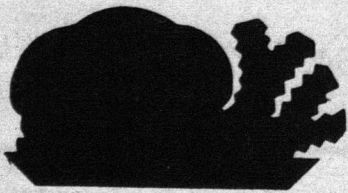
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HOUSING AND FOOD present

the Great

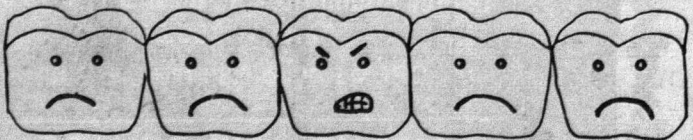
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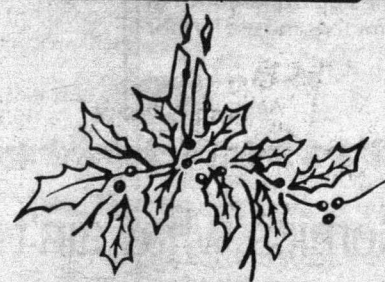
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