

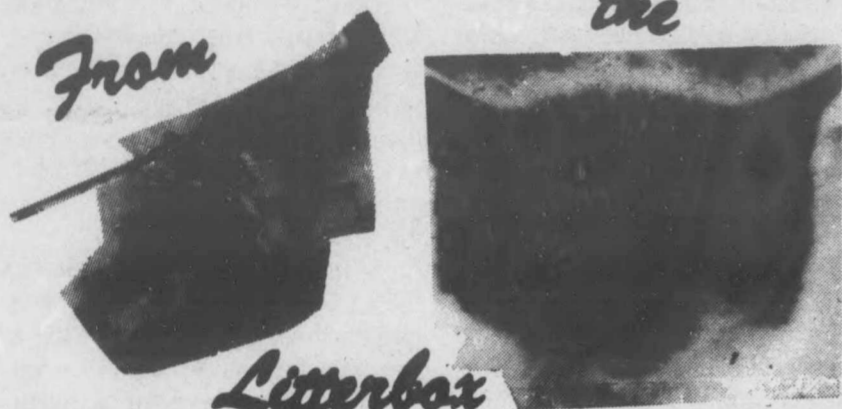
DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Darlene Hannah
 Deadline: Tuesday Noon
 Send your original comics
 and poetry to Room 35 SUB.



From

the



Litterbox



From the Litterbox II

From the Daily Constellation:

Palace Insiders were stunned and surprised yesterday when bipedal Dirtman Stephen Marks refused the tentacle of Princess Yolyppx Gadwerna... in marriage.

The offer had been made by boss Plerdleburmpity Windlehooper after Marks had earlier saved the entire universe from a certain fiery death. (Whew!)

Sources indicate that Gadwerna's brother - Prince Biffly my wing ding has ordered the Transdimensional Secret Nasty Police to find Marks and either force him to marry the Princess, or to kill him.

Reportedly both the princesses' hearts are broken, and they are compensating for their grief by hurling pieces of liposuction treatment as commoners.

"EARTH, PLEASE, and make it snappy." I yelled at the taxiship drive console, and settled back for the 8 hour journey home.

It had been a rough week, and I looked forward to heading back and kicking my feet up, having a barbarian, and maybe finding out what courses I was taking this term.

Thinking back on the past week, I couldn't help but laugh at the Transdimensional secret police. Idiots. Oh well.

Lucky I found the planet of airline stewardesses. Speaking of which, I'll tell you about this later. Much later. Click.

The scene: A black lambourghini and a red lambourghini pass on a highway in Idaho. The phantom of the opera plays quietly in the background. (Evil, haunting music). The strains of hell.

Zoom in on black car. (Evil snicker.) I wish someone would turn off that damn organ music. It's a dead giveaway and it might foil my evil evil nasty plans. Naah! What am I saying. Nothing can foil my evil plans. Not even Stephen Marks. Because he'll be dead. (Evil Laughter)

We interrupt this feature to bring you this important explanation.

- Readers ask, "What in hell is going on"

- Distraction Editor replies: "I don't know. Ask Marks. Stephen Marks."

- Marks says - Ask Marx, Steven Marx. My evil double. Don't ask me why. I just work here. I wanna go to Rwanda. This is getting really silly. I'll be glad when the writers get off this trip they're on. Or at least share with me. Oh! For the days of covering field hockey games.

At the United Nations.

(more Evil haunting strains of hell played in the background.) Speaker of the General Assembly: Today, we are pleased to present Stephen Marks - special representative from Rwanda and Tuamoto Islands. You have the floor Mr. Marks. (Polite applause).

Steven Marx: Heh, heh, heh (that's evil laughter).
 I'm pleased to thank you for this incredible opportunity you've given me. It is truly a pleasure to speak to you and to describe the intricate takeovers that are happening right now in your country. Yes, gentlemen, at this very minute, your governments are crumbling, and I hold complete power - (evil laughter).

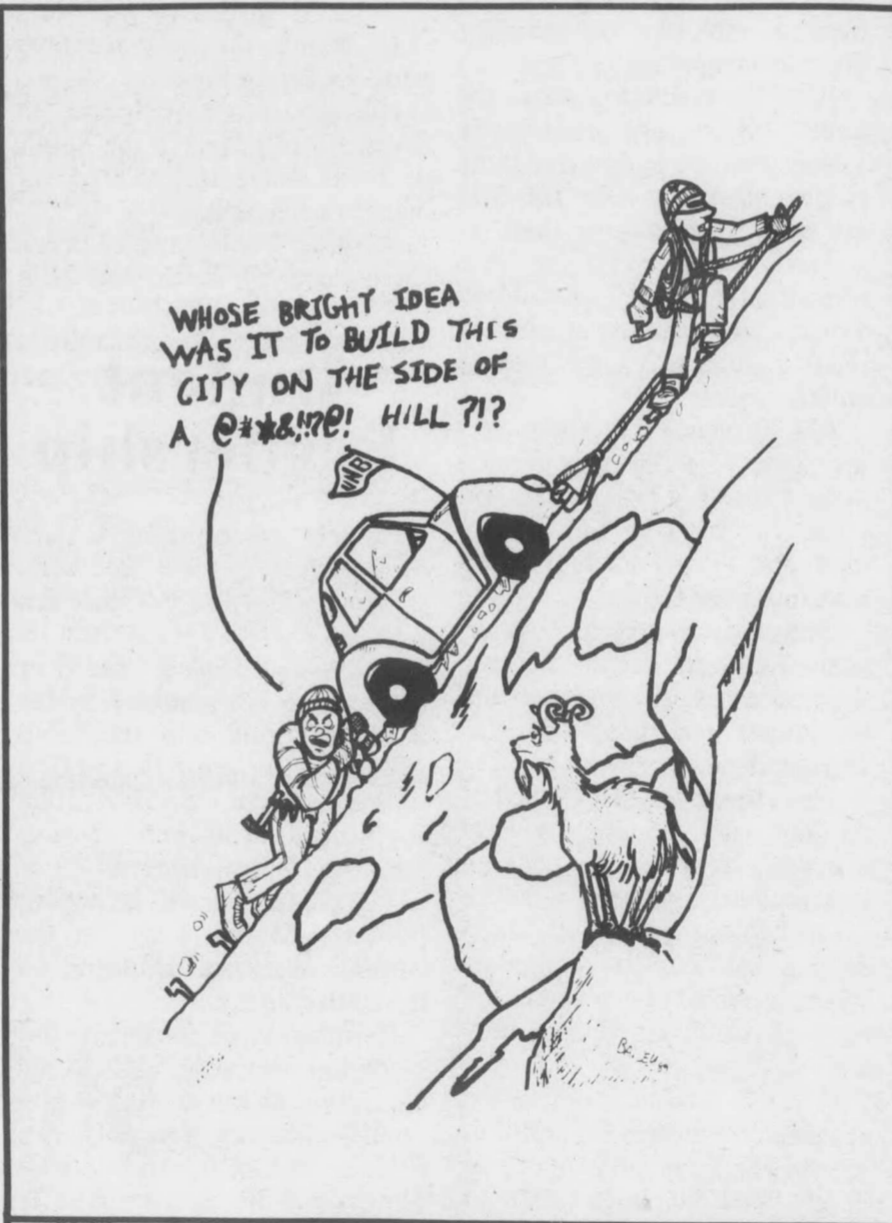
Delegate from Burundi: hold the phone. This isn't what this meeting is about. I'm here to listen to an address on socio economic morality in the world, and you tell me that you've taken over the world. Gimme a break.

Marx: Heh heh heh... (I wish the writers would can the crap. I'm unionized too, you know).

Zoom in on the white galactic taxicab, otherwise known as K.I.T.T. UNB security lambourghini) moan, slurp, lick, kick, bite, nibble, scream, "Oh! I'm on."

"Hi"
 "Let's see, Journal entry, Bruntsdate I,2,3,...
 Oh Rats. I forget I was supposed to address the UN today... What time is it? 2:00 Oh! Oh!, I'm late, I can't make it. Hey honey. Let me show you how I saved the universe... go to moan, slurp, lick, etc.

click.



MR. JONES by Brian Linkletter



Idiot - Synchronicities

THE BIG PROBLEM WITH MIDTERM BREAKS IS THAT IT THROWS YOUR SCHEDULE INTO A COMATOSIS STATE!



L. M. HUGHES



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