

# RATT rats return rubbish

by Muffy Lenz

The irresponsibility of U of A students may force RATT out of the bar business and into becoming the city's highest garage sale.

"Tables, chairs, and all those fucking glasses, I've had it," said RATT Manager Don Moore.

"It wasn't too bad at first, we'd find a few extra glasses, maybe an ashtray or two after a Friday night, but lately it's getting really bad," sobbed Moore.

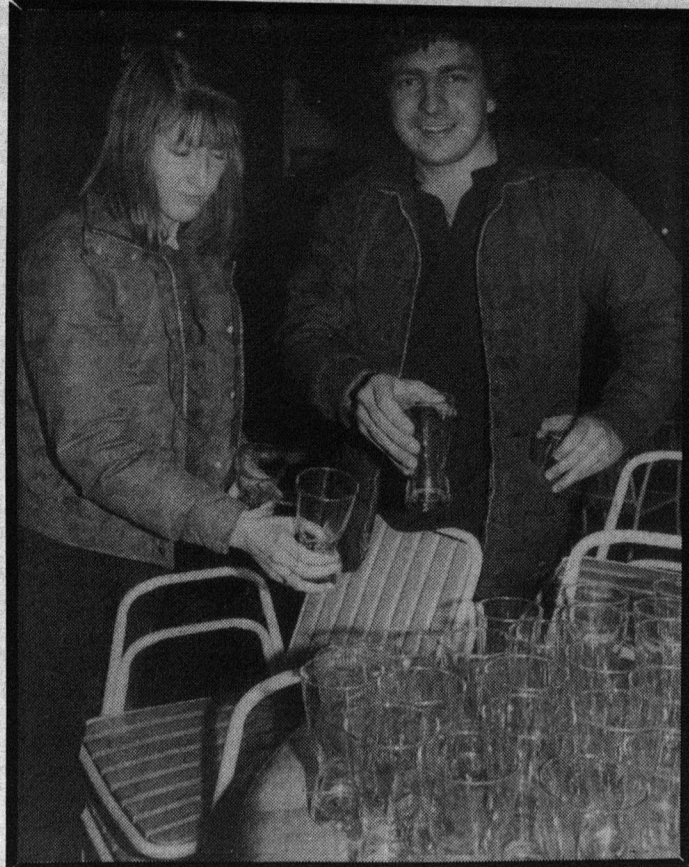
"I mean people just come in and leave six or seven glasses, a table, and a couple of chairs and take off. Hell, yesterday we found a Ms. Pac Man game we'd never seen before over by the ladies washroom," sighed Moore.

The storage problem led to a massive rummage sale which in turn has knocked beer prices down to a ridiculous all-time low of 25 cents.

"I mean what kind of self respecting bar serves booze for two bits," said Moore. "We're the laughing stock of the Edmonton bar scene."

Robert Greenhill, self-glorified accountant, also expressed concern over RATT's glasswear dilemma.

"I know that RATT is having some problems storing all the excess glasses, but putting ten cases in Peter Block's office is not an effective long term solution," babbled Greenhill.



Two U of A students add to RATT's beer glass and lawn chair surplus. Crackdown to begin on offenders soon.

Greenhill promises to bear down on offenders and prosecute them to the full extent of the law.

Serious offenders will have to

accompany Robert for drinks in RATT on a Friday night. Repeat offenders will actually have to listen to him and even attempt to talk back on occasion.



## THE KIDNEY STONE

fiction serial  
by Big Al

### Part CXXIV

It was the most intense pain he had ever felt. The sharp edges of the small calcified stone ground tiny ruts into his urethra. Rivulets of blood mixed with the uric acid that set his internal wounds aflame with searing agony. Usually the pain was small and sharp, a bearable but entirely distracting element that dominated his conscious thought. Eventually, however, the stone would move, scarring more soft internal flesh, leaving the scars to fill with poisons and acids. Then the pain would explode into a hell-fire holocaust of wrenching anguish that began at the ground zero of his groin and surged through his body until its full force came out in an earth shaking ear-shattering shriek of racking, torturing torment.

Stacey did not really understand what Bart was going through but obviously it was not the ordinary throes of passion. And it certainly was not helping her enjoy the moment. Despite her disappointment she did feel sorry for Bart. Whatever he was going through was definitely not fun she decided as he rolled from her to the bed then to the floor and crawled to the bathroom. She knew she should really do something about the situation. She decided to kill him.

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Lise sighed. Her face felt warm and flushed. She told herself she had to get out of this funk. She had things to do, important things. If only she could think of what they were.

She shook her head sharply to help clear the cobwebs. Her long chestnut hair flipped back, the ends singeing in the flames as the house burned down around her. I really should get going, she thought, my life shouldn't be in a rut like this.

With a loud pop, a light bulb exploded, burst from the heat like a kitten in a microwave oven. The sharp sound in her ears and the sharper fragments of glass in her cheeks momentarily stirred Lise from her reverie.

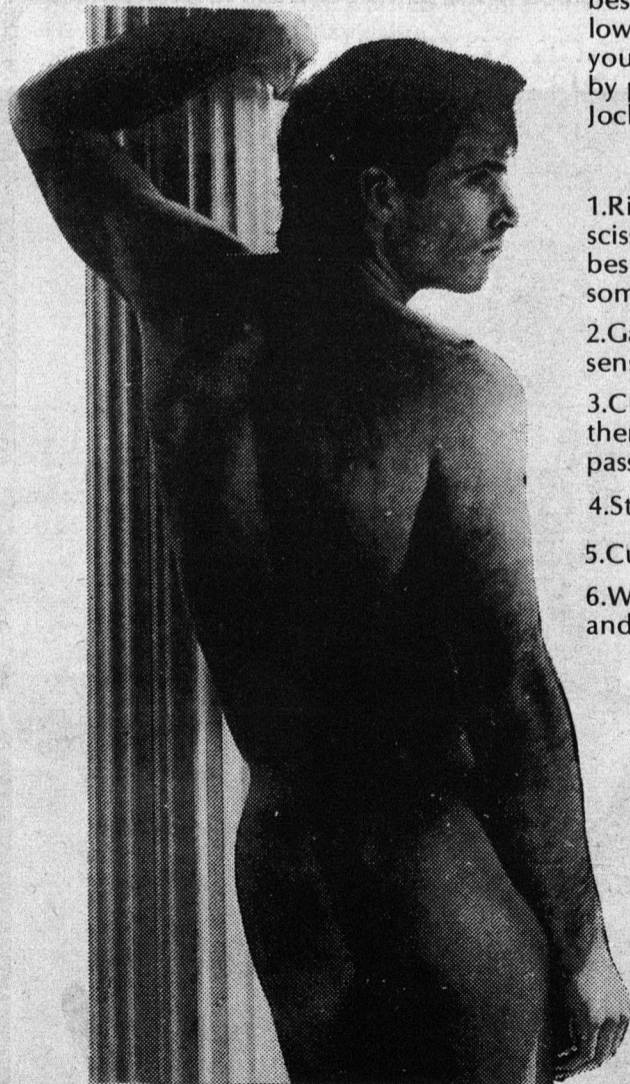
She had been given to melancholy at an early age. Actually, she had been given to the parish priest, abandoned on the church steps one dark Autumn night by her parents who had won \$5000 on the Western Express and run away to Las Vegas. Why had they never returned, wondered Lise, as the wall separating the living room from the kitchen collapsed, showering sparks like fake snow in a glass-bubble winter scene.

Mystery and murder seemed to engulf Lise's family the way the fire had swallowed the north wall. The only heirloom she had was from her grandfather who had died when a hunting knife he was cleaning accidentally went off. Or so Grandma Stacey had said.

Lise's past, present, and perhaps her future were all hidden away in the ancient kidneystone she wore on a chain around her neck. As the chain heated and branded its form onto her skin she arose, and walking through the hole where the north wall once stood, she set out to make something of her life.

to be continued

## TRY TOPPING THIS!



Everyone knows that Maxwell is the best when it comes to high position, low rumble performance. Now here's your chance to experience it yourself - by playing "Pin the Sports Bag on the Jock". Here's how!

1. Rip out the photo of Max. Don't use scissors - it doesn't look rugged; besides, you might accidentally clip something.
2. Gargle with hydrochloric acid to sensitize your tongue.
3. Crouch onto your hands and knees, then lick the other side of Max passionately. Don't be shy.
4. Stick the photo on the shower wall.
5. Cut out the picture of the bag.
6. Whip yourself into a rubber skinsuit and a dog collar.
7. Grip a 7 or 8 inch dart in one hand and the bag in the other.
8. Step into the tub and turn on the cold shower and you are all set. Now shoot!
9. Once you've calmed down, slip into your favourite negligee and light a cigarette. And then insist on Maxwell. He's your only guarantee of satisfaction.

Rip out photo above with bare hands. Cut along dotted line.



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