

# Dreariness

## Women, women everywhere

You know what I do in the evenings? I turn into a guy!! I call myself Lou and drive a semi. Okay, you ask, how can a nice, cute, intelligent, perky, yet liberated, 100 per cent woman like Lois Aspartame turn into a man and drive a semi?

Well it's very simple, everybody in the world is really a woman.

It has to do with X's and Y's, those chromosomes all scrunched up in our cells. Every single one of us has these two big X's, but some of you (namely you guy-type people) had a really bad accident at birth and one of you X's got bent in half and turned into a Y. So next thing you know you get flat boobies, beards, and funny little doo-hickies you know where.

Needless to say throughout history men have felt inferior because of this mutilated chromosome and have retaliated by trying pitifully to dominate those of us with intact genes.

But thanks to exercise, vitamins, and meditation, the age of permanent sexual identity is over, you *too* can fold or unfold your second X chromosome to match *your* lifestyle.

The ability to fold the old double X has been around for decades (I mean, look how old Truman Capote is), but only in the last two or three years has the practice been catching on.

Would you believe that Wayne Gretzky is really Wanda Smith-Hoover, a talented ringette

## Lois Aspartame



player who decided to go where the bucks are, married an ET driver and has two kids in Sherwood Park. Or that Olivia Butti gets her jollies by bending her double X and raising shit at the local university under the name of Martin Schug.

Right now all over the nation guys are unbending their X's, putting on the rouge and hitting the singles bars, while the woman folk tuck in the old extra X and lay concrete on the night shift.

Personally I like doing it myself. I've got it down to a fine art, I can bend the old genes in five minutes flat!! Then rev up the old semi and go get shit-faced with the boys.

The freedom is fabulous, roaring up and down Jasper playing the radio loud and yelling at the good lookers, beating up faggots outside Flashbacks, drinking in country and western taverns till all hours, then passing out in the alley after throwing up all over myself. What a rush!

Last week Steve Exhume had the *nerve* to put my column on lipping lesbian hookers on the comics page so I got my buddy Harry to dig up Exhume's lawn with a back hoe

You should try it too! It's easy; deep breath, now stretch those genes, deep breath, then stretch, ohhhh, deep breath, stretch, ahhhhhhhhh.

## Nympho

## norm Ann Slanders



**Dear Ann Slanders:** I have a problem. I am a 78 year old female nymphomaniac. Up until last night my husband and I led reasonably normal sex lives, 4-5 times a day, usually a few times a week on the trampoline, mazola parties, food fetishes with a liberal sprinkling of bondage and degradation thrown in to spice up our lives. Everything was going just fine...until it happened.

Last night, I was slipping into my conservative pair of pink leather edible underwear smearing myself down with this absolutely marvelous peppermint ice-cream gel while my husband was jumping on the trampoline in our smoke-mirrored basement retreat. My husband is an 80 year old black man with whom I have had an enormously fulfilling life for the last 62 years. Well, anyway we were just getting ready to do it doggy-style when all of a sudden he couldn't get it up. Believe you me I tried everything, but no cigar. I have always been faithful to my husband but the last eight hours have been sheer agony. I know that you, Ann, have had a lot of experience in this area with simply thousands of men, can you suggest a new angle with which I can approach my problem?—**Horrnny in Honolulu**

**Dear Horrnnny:** Thanks for expressing yourself in a totally honest way. I have had the same problem with at least 30 odd men and I know what you are going through is sheer hell on earth. Well all I can say is don't listen to those creepy bleeding hearts that say a

meaningful relationship is what is important in life. If your husband isn't putting out, dump the ungrateful simp. Get your priorities straight, you and I both know what is important, sex is, and as much and as big as you can get it.

**Dear Ann Slanders:** This topic isn't important to some people and I am only 12 years old. So you probably won't print my letter, but I have to tell somebody. I am a normal people-loving siamese cat who would just love to keep my mouth shut like most other cats but something has been happening in the house that just has to stop. The issue concerns, you guessed it, my litter box. Just yesterday I was just stuffed from eating a particularly large canary and I needed to take a mega-shit. Well I went downstairs into the laundry room and looked in the box and it was not a pretty picture. It was just full of feces, top to bottom. You can imagine how I must have felt. This isn't the first time this has happened either. Every month at the same time they change the box, sometimes the chintzy bastards don't put enough deodorant in the box so it stinks all month long. When I shit on the rug in protest they threaten to run me over with the lawn mower or put my tail in the toaster. It got so bad I was ready to leave home and move in with Tom, but he doesn't let me sleep at all. All he wants to do is fuck, fuck, fuck, and the worst part about it is that he screams when he does it. Can you help me Ann?—**Constipated in Calgary**

**Dear Constipated:** No.

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