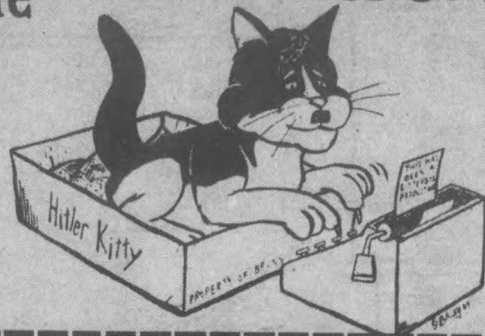


DISTRACTIIONS

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

From the Litterbox



POINT ESCUMINAC (BPI) Several local residents reported the sighting of a large dark object along the coast last week. The local police force investigated the matter, and offered no comment other than to say that the case has been turned over to the Canadian Coast Guard. Witnesses described the object as being "big, really big, eh?" Fishperson Yvon De-Bunc described the incident by saying, "Da ting came to bout

tirty feet frum da shore. Dis ting cum out, went on da beach, den went back again." A freelance scientist working with the Coast Guard, and specializing in things that get wet, said "It could have been a whale, a fish, a guppy with a gland condition, or something. We can't say until we get more information. But for right now, we're labelling it as an UFO...an unidentified floating object...HA!"

As the cold January sun fought a brilliant battle with the almost frozen mist forming on the Atlantic Ocean somewhere along the coast of New Brunswick, I turned and waved to the crew on the HMCS le Thunderpoodle.

It was a fine ship, the epitome of modern technology, the most advance submarine in the world and just part of Canada's new secret naval fleet. A pity its still being kept hidden from the Canadian public, but, I suppose our government has no choice, what with that clause in the Free Trade Deal.

I had developed some strong friendships among the crew during the remarkably short trip from when they picked me up off the coast of west Africa. I had wanted to go to Miami, but they said the couldn't quite do that since they had rather urgent matters to attend to at the North Pole. Something about a tavern that good ole Saint Nick runs in the off season. I made a note of its location, and promised to check it out sometime soon.

Using the pay mobile phone on the sub, I had called ahead to arrange to have one of my new toys waiting for me. I still wanted to get to Miami... and fast.

Once in the air, I suddenly realized that tomorrow was inauguration day in the states. I figured that I might as well stop in Washington and pay my respects to George Bush. I still had some fond memories of him when he worked for me as Director of the CIA. This would give me a chance to say hello to him and see how things were going.

When I landed on the lawn of the White House, the Secret Service became quite annoyed. Not because I landed on the lawn, but because I had almost landed on Quayle, but I swear I never saw him standing there. I appeased them by giving them back the F-111 I had been flying. I had a pleasant chat with Bush and despite what had happened on the lawn, Quayle and I became fast friends.

Suddenly, I realized that I had forgotten to bring my present for Ron. Almost in shock, I asked George if Ron had left yet. Not yet he told me, the pilot for the plane had gotten sick and they were still looking for a replacement. In an instant, I knew what I was going to give to Ron.

MR. JONES



by Brian Linkletter

Idiot-Syncracies



TIME POLICE

by Chris Boone

