

DISTRACTIONS

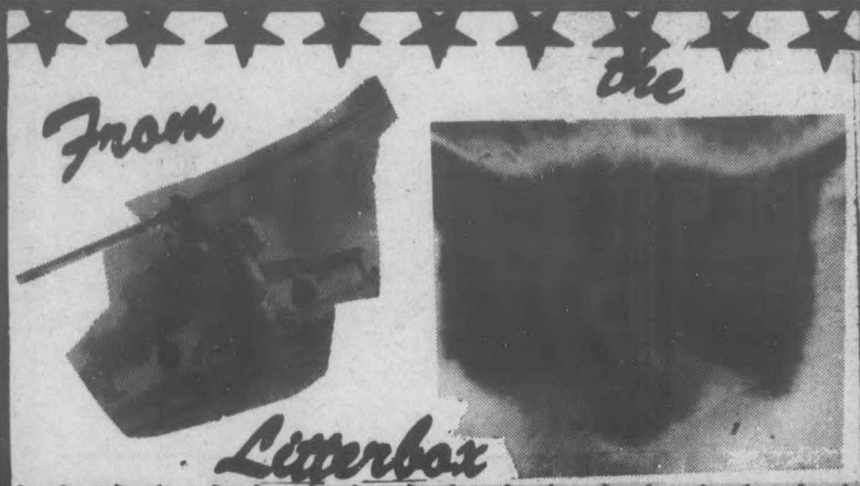
Editor: Darlene Hannah

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Deadline: Tuesday Noon



SEND IN YOUR POEMS, COMICS, JOKES, ECT. TO DISTRACTIONS-RM. 35 SUB



As the cold December sun slowly rose, warming for the countless time the finely crafted stones of the Old Arts Building, Stephen Marks hesitantly climbed the staircase and forced open the ponclevous green doors.

As if carrying the academic burden of countless generations of students, he entered the President's office.

"I'm here to see the President. I got a call last night saying he wanted to see me," he said.

"Name?" asked the secretary.

"Marks, Stephen Marks."

"Go right in."

The President rose from behind his desk, smiling warmly. As he extended his hand, he said, "Marks. I'm so glad you're here. Please have a seat. May I get you some coffee?"

"No. No thank you, sir. I'm just wondering why you called me in."

"Oh, no special reason. A game of tennis perhaps?"

"No, really sir, just..." Stephen paused as he slowly came to notice the R.C.M.P. Emergency Response Team surrounding him. "Uh...Sir...um... could you... you know, uh, tell me what's going on?"

The President's eyes narrowed, and his smile, while not moving, seemed to take on a positively evil aura. "I want to talk to you about your marks. You got all A pluses this term."

"I did?!" exclaimed Marks. "Well I certainly worked hard. I studied just about all the time. And I even studied in my spare time. I think that my accomplishments are in no small part due to the fine quality of instruction that you maintain here at the University of ... uh ..."

The President sat down, slowly, swivelled slightly in his chair, and put his feet on the desk. "Thing is, Marks: Exams haven't even started yet." The ERT all cocked their assault rifles in unison. Marks stood up abruptly.

"Uh... the instructors ... uh... just seem to instinctively know that I'll get, you know, ...uh ... all perfect marks," he explained, eyeing the windows.

"Your professors," said the President, "claim that you've never gone to classes."

"Classes?! What are classes?"

The President dropped his feet, and pulled himself up to his desk. He reached for a pen. "I'm sorry, Marks, but I've received orders from much authorities. I can do naught but obey."

The President reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a walkman. As he put it on, he shouted, "The command is that you must die!" The ERT opened up.

Continued after Christmas...

I'll be home for christmas
 (I've got reservations)
HAVE YOU!
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MR. JONES

IT HAPPENED SUDDENLY. SIMON WAS STILL REACHING FOR THE ZEN OF COOLNESS...



MR. JONES WAS OVER AT THE DUNN AND THE LOUNGE LIZARD WAS TAKING A SHOWER.



THEN... LOUNGE LIZARD!! SHARKY!! YOU DARE?!



THE BATTLE WAS SHORT, BUT BLOODY. GROSS! WHAT DO YOU DO IN THERE? HE'LL CLEAN IT UP. MEDIC!



by Brian Linkletter

SHARKY

For the Holidays, we've decided to call a...



truce...



MERRY... (cough) Christmas



by "Shurky"

GWINN : By Ken Langley

DEAR SHARKY: I'm too busy to be bothered by you wight now, but pweapare to meet...



THE LEFTS OF STUDIES BY YOUR BEST FRIEND

I can do this study hard NO Drinking I'll pass!

HAS ANYONE MISSED YOU?

PLEASE USE THE DASH TRAY

ANIGHT OUT

IT'S All in good Fun until someone loses a brain cell!

BRAIN CELL BANK

Sorry your account is overdrawn.

PLEASE

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