4, 1989

## DISTRACTIONS

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

## From Litterbox I

From the court journal of the royal scribe of the Court of It's Royal Eminence - the Emperor of the entire universe (the whole thing, .. and some others too numerous to list here) of the Galactic system Olopex in Plerdlebumpitywindlehoofer II, the star system "The Star System" in the solar system "The Solar System Except Sol." of the planet of Fat Ugly Things in a country...I can't remember right now, uh uh - it's on the tip of my tongue... in the province of Spanky-O-tay in the city "he thing people eaters" on the street around the corner from third street in the big white house with the dead cannabis tree in the front yard. (and a picket fence - why not!) (Whew!) (otherwise known as Da Boss)

Anyway:

(psst... wake up! nudge nudge - SLAP!) O.K., O.K.:

Da Boss speaks: We got a problem. Some other court member (with a long long very long long name): (not the longest - but darn close): What's the problem?

Da Boss: Marks! Stephen Marks! (Collective shudder) Prince Biffly my wingding (lithping): But Dad. Why don't we thick my thecwet poleeth on him. the nathty Thouad.

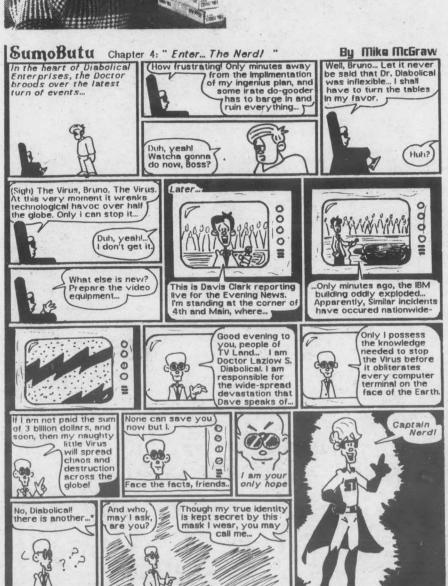
Boss: Good thinking wing ding (you little wimp).

Wing ding: Gee... thankth Dad.



Happy 25th Kimberly!

This year you will only have to do a quarter of a century club (actually, after what happened last time you won't have to do it for another year!)





WE MADE OUT ON THE

COUCH

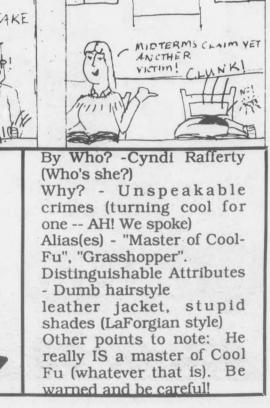


CAME OVER TO WATCH

INVI41BLE

GUY IN:

THE



SHE'D GONE HOME TO

L.M. Hughes

WATCH IT

HING HAVE A GOOD BRECK!

SHE SEEMED LESS

EXCITED