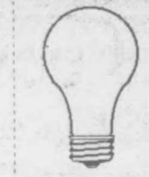


DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Darlene Hannah

Phone: 453-4983

Deadline: Tuesday Noon



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

JOSS



THE GANG



Overheard in the Bruns Office

- Hey! Hey you!! Marks! Stephen Marks!!
- Yes, Mr. Sports Editor sir. How may I be of service to you?
- I just got this letter, supposedly from you, saying you were in some jail in Yemen and that you needed bail and were (heh, heh) going to face a firing squad. Don't tease me like that.
- It's true. I swear. I escaped, though.
- Yeah, sure. And what's this about talking to the FBI? And the (Enquirer)?
- Oh. Umm... it was a joke. Honest. I swear. Really.
- You're really a pain, you know that Marks. I'm glad you're working for Distractions.
- I miss you too, chief. Oh, I just remembered, I lost my Bruns ID card.
- So? Talk to your new editor.
- Well, my card had your name on it.
- What!? Why did you have an ID card with my name on it?
- I needed it to get some credit cards.
- You ... got ... credit cards ... with my ... name ... on ... them?
- Only three of them. And, I didn't go over your limit ... much. And besides, I pulled a few strings and made sure you had the highest limits ever given out.
- How much over the Limit?
- Only a few dollars. Honest. I swear. Hey, they're justifiable expenses, too. Really. The Student Union will reimburse you.
- You're a Distractions reporter now, so ...
- An Intrepid Distractions reporter.
- Whatever. Your expenses come out of the Distractions budget.
- But, Distractions doesn't have a budget.
- Aw. That's too bad Marks.

Overheard in Bruns office:

- I can't authorize this, Stephen. The Student Union won't allow it. Why do you have to go to England anyways?
- Look, I got a new angle on a poem. I have to go to England to check out some facts. Also, I have to go to the British Museum.
- What? Why?
- Well, it's about some of the jokes Dannie used in the Red N'Black. I'm sure I heard some of them before, and I want to check their records on ancient Europe.
- Drop it, Marks. His jokes weren't that old. Besides, sending you to England is out of the question. This department doesn't have a budget.
- Okay, fine. Ummm... Could I, you know, just have a PMT of your signature... uhh... autograph, please?
- My autograph? Why?
- No reason. No, I mean, 'cos I'm just a fan of yours, that's all. Seriously.
- Oh, okay.
- Great, thanks. Now where did I file Dean's signature? Maybe I put it with Ernie's. Yeah, that's right, I did.
- Why do you have their signatures?
- Oh, no reason. Uh, look, I probably won't be back in time to help with layout.
- Where are you going?
- Uhh... class? Yeah, class. See you.

LOUNGE LIZARD,

your glue bag pals are ALPO!!

your next...

(by the way, anyone want to buy some Lounge-lizard-skin boots?)

UP yours HAH!!!



you may have been a marine, you may of seen blood + Guts. But you'll never seen Ca-Ca fly like this...