

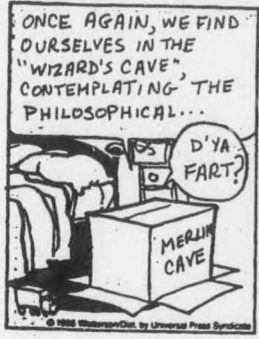
BLEACHED-BLONDIE



BY TOO YOUNG & DAM STRAIGHT



SALIVA AND HOBBS



PEANUS



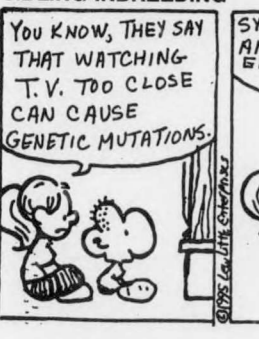
ACID & JOINT



SCATHY



SIBLING INBREEDING



LEFT HANDED



BENT OFFERINGS



FARCUS



DEAR SLAPPY

Engineer has social skills deficits

Dear Slappy: Help! I is a mechanical enjinear, and I kant seem to bee able two make friends eezily. I tri two bee soshabul and bee reel nice two people, butt nothing seems two work. When I tri two meet a wooman at the Piller Pub, I kant wait to impres her with my intelligense. Yet, nothing I doo seems to werk out rite; when I tri to impres her with my mekanical tools, she gets board. She (and sum othor peeple) say that I lak soshal skills. Watt kan bee dun about this? - Out-of-gear Engineer

Dear O.O.G.E: Well, perhaps you should trade in that iron ring for a dictionary (or at least a spell checker); I've never seen more atrocious spelling in my life! Now...as to your problem. Sadly your case seems to be all too common with the rest of the engineer breed. I suggest you join the Engineer Support Group for the Socially Challenged, headed by the UNB Arts Department's Psychology faculty. Maybe your problem is due to your relationships with machines, instead of with people. It may be a good idea to get away from that gear stick, dual accelerator engine and get into the swing of things on campus.

Dear Slappy: I am a well respected member of the Stupid Union executive, and I get along well with the rest of my fellow Stupid Unioners. The problem is that I have a secret that I hope no one finds out. You see, I'm a nymphomaniac with an uncontrollable urge to grab men off the street, drag them to the nearest phone booth, rip off their clothes, smear them with kumquat jelly, and make mad passionate love to them to the tunes of Barry Manilow. I want to get rid of this little "problem", but don't know how to go about seeking help. Please Slappy, I respect your advice. How can I live a normal life without other people finding out about this? - Natty "Sexpress Yourself" FitzPatty

Dear Sex: Ummm...where...I mean what are you doing right now with this problem? There...uh...appears to be some...errrr...negative feelings in terms of your...uhhh...situation. The sexual part seems rather...okay, but the phone booth scenario is problematic. Think of the cramped space, not to mention the lack of...well, privacy! And this kumquat jelly thing, what the hell is a kumquat? Has anyone even seen this thing? And anyway, why can't you just use chocolate sauce like everyone else. Finally, two words... "Barry Manilow?" Why not Enigma, or even the 1812 Overture? Or maybe those cannons might go off a bit early if you know what I mean. Try the counselling services on campus; in the meantime, is the number 27 or 24 on your address?

Dear Slappy: After years of searching, I've finally found my soulmate. We met at the So-Shall Club last Friday night, and it was lust, I mean love at first sight! We sat at a table, while hordes of other soulsearchers wandered aimlessly around us. After dancing and countless numbers of brews, we ended up at my place. When I woke up the next day, she was gone! I don't know where she lives, or what her phone number is, but I do know her first name was Wendy. I would really appreciate any help you can give. - Sole Finder

Dear Sole: Soooo...you're the guy who Wendy met at the So-Shall Club. Well, well, quite the interesting night, eh? You might as well know that she happens to be my sister...touch her again, and I'll break your fucking legs. And I'm not kidding around either. I mean it. And I know where you live because you were stupid enough to put your address at the end of your letter. So watch your back!

DISASTRO ADVICE

Born on April - The exam that you thought wasn't until 1:30 p.m. actually was set for 9:30 a.m. Think twice before you buy that lime green spandex body suit; contrary to popular belief, you really didn't exercise much over the Winter.

Aries (March 21-April 19) Just when you thought your papers were over, you suddenly reread the syllabus and discover yet another paper due yesterday. Good luck on your date to night - bring a book; he/she took lessons from Newt Gingrich.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) A manicure and lobotomy seem to be a good idea right now. A pleasure trip during Easter weekend ends in you being hospitalized for three months with a herniated disc, trying to impress members of the opposite/same sex with your skill on the mechanical bull.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) Your previous machismo/machisma (female version of the former) attitude takes a plunge, as the deviant half of your personality asserts itself and dresses you in drag. Funny enough, no one notices the difference, and people actually tell you you look good. Your pet aardvark passed away due to ingesting too many roaches from your apartment.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) It is not a good ass day for you. Beware of falling student union councillors. The letter to the editor you wrote last week results in a major libel suit that you can't win. Your boy-/girlfriend dumps you for a cultist from Reno.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) You really need to get out more often. Why not try the psychic hotline to find out what you can do about the situation with your B. O. Your strictly traditional, by-the-book (i.e. Bible) parents' surprise visit will leave you in an uncomfortable position, as the guy/gal you picked up last night, walks out of your bedroom with nothing on.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Your amorous nature results in contracting a weird virus that knocks out your sex drive, despite Spring Fever. Your significant other is not amused about this, and decides to join a convent/monastery. Who the hell are you kidding with that story about the "one who got away" at the Chestnut; it was really one of the Gemini people (see Gemini).

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) The balance of the cosmos are aligned against you on this inauspicious day...may as well surrender unconditionally and stay in bed. Travel to exotic lands will result in exotic illnesses. Curb a tendency to surrender to Tourett's Syndrome, while in church.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) A dark shadow looms over you this day; your rent check bounced. Your photo in Viewpoint at the Brunswickan, results in someone with whom you had a fling with years ago (and don't want to meet again) contacting you and saying that they are on their way to your place right now.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) The target of your affections happens to be one of the Gemini people (see Gemini). Chance encounter with a telephone pole leaves you with amnesia; your roommates take advantage of the situation and scarf some stuff from your room. The term "couch potato" is appropriate right now; the cholesterol level you ingested from Beaver foods makes Roseanne Barr look like Heather Locklear.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan 19) A chance stop at X-citement Video, yields some embarrassing results; your boy-/girlfriend videotaped your last night together, and is raking in millions. Expect changes in your life, as the pregnancy test that you took/your significant other took, tests positive and you had not had sex in seven months. Set your priorities straight - study or drink...study or drink...stubby...or drimp...stubby or dri...*HIC*.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19) Hot water seems to be the order for the day, as the O. J. trials present some hard evidence that implicates you. The "Juice" is pleased that the spotlight is not on him anymore, and sends some goons to "convince" you that you are the one that the police are looking for. Meanwhile, the homebrew that you were making turns bad; pity you drank it, but at least it got you sympathy...as well as a major hospital bill.

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20) Your paper on the Canada-Spain turbot affair, leads to a government official manipulating you to take a position on a "special" committee. You swallow it hook-line-and-sinker. You then become the scapegoat for the whole sordid affair, and millions of people burn you in effigy. On a local note, your professor thinks that you plagiarized the entire mess, and fails you.

CELEBRITY CYCHO

Celebrity Cycho cryptograms are created from quotations by famous psychotic people, past and present. Each letter in the cycho stands for another. Today's clue: P equals Q

"O RkhJ rslpfnq Tkdhealf Risjrmn smxmIa A

ammwz apwufLS vrwSevp Ud eengq

swofrCK, swfmsloB ppgicI GwqomertJ Tidjs

djhgwebvwe a Mdwqi Eda." - fyw rkjdnepeddfm.

PREVIOUS SOLUTION: "Honest officer, I didn't think you were chasing me. I was just testing out my Bronco's speed on the highway." - O.J. Simpton (To the police officers after a several-hour long vehicle chase).

WHERE'S THE WORD?

By GO WHEELIT

HOW TO PLAY: There are supposedly a whole bunch of words hidden in that square mess of letters below. What? You don't believe me? Really, they are. What does a boy have to do to convince some people. Anyway, there are a whole bunch of words down there, and you have to find them. They go in every possible direction, even backwards. Bet you never saw that one coming. So you are supposed to circle the letters in the words (we've shown you one down below in case you are some sort of winkle...), and then at the end of it all the letters that are left will form a word. To help you out, there is a clue down below, and we even tell you how many letters because deep down we are nice people. Really, we are. Even that Carla woman (despite what you may have heard - that's all lies. Lies I tell you).

Today's clue is:

INFECTIOUS DISEASES Solution: 17 letters

A U T H O R N S E K O M S E S
K L O R E N A R F A C R I T P
C I A P S L A I M B N I D N S
P O L U H E M A F U M S S A E
N W O A L I C S M U G E M A N
C A P O T E C S E D I I U C H
B T T Y N V M R O I A L R T I
C F A Z D W O R D N R A S T S
A L I H P A I O W A T H O I
M O Y L O G L Z N E S G R A H
I U S D H N T A E S N S R I E
N P A E E C E E R E S R D R S
O R L S R M R C L N R E P H F
G T G I O M A U E T I G E R S
S D R A W L A E R I N A L

Influenza, Syphilis, Markus, Morganus, Typhus, Common, Cold, Gonorrhoea, Tuberculosis, Scabies, Leprosy, Tapeworms, Hepatitis, Athlete's, Foot, Ringworm, Emphysema, Lice, Crabs, Nits, That, Yucky, Yellow, Stuff, That, Some People, Cough, Up, Smallpox, Malaria, Measles, Scarlet, Fever, Mumps, Chicken, Pox, Elephantiasis, Festering, Sores, Goitre, Cooties, Necrosis, That, Flesh Eating, Thing, That, Was, All, The, Rage, Last, Year, Meningitis, Plague, Mono. Yesterday's Answer: Antidiseestablishmentarianism