

Local man gets laid Spaceship comes in wake of Comet

By JEAN-FRANÇOIS PIERRE
Telecrap Urinal

LOCAL - Last week, Mr. Justin Thyme, a 35 year resident of Fredericton, got laid. "I never thought it could happen to me," said Mr. Thyme, discussing his immense pleasure at finally getting laid. "It's been a 35 year drought, but I finally have something to show for it."

Seated in his kitchen, dressed in a smoking jacket and chewing on a ratty-looking pipe, Mr. Thyme explained how his lucky number rolled around last Saturday night. "I always try my hand at Chests 'n Nuts. I figured if I tried the same spot long enough, I was bound to get lucky. ... I'm a creature of habit. I never change 'cause I figured that I'd eventually find the night when my magic combo would work."

Mr. Thyme's 'combo' consists of, "Hi, my name is Mr. T." ("They almost always walk away after that," he admits), followed by a knock-knock joke ("I personally prefer saying 'Willie,' and then I finish with 'Willie let me go home with thee?' I think it worked for a friend of mine once. On his wife. But still, ya never know").

According to Mr. Thyme, his *coup de grace* is his original pick-up lines, such as, "You're sexy when I'm drunk" and "If I was a cat and you were a piece of catnip, I'd eat you all up ... 'cause cats like catnip."

"Sometimes they throw beer in my face, other times they threaten to have me arrested," explained Mr. Thyme, on the success of his ice breakers. "Once in a while I even get kicked in the crotch. But hey, whatever doesn't kill you only makes you stronger."

Scientists in the area have declared that Mr. Thyme's luck was nothing short of 'miraculous.' "Although the average person has a 1 in 15 chance of picking up on any given night, Mr. Thyme's chances were beyond the scope of possibility," stated Dr.



Believe it or not, this local man has absolutely no relation to Paul McCartney, despite the fact that they look identical.

Kent B. Leevit. "Granted, 35 years of consistent disappointment and futility indicated that it *might* happen - there is a law of averages, you know - and going to Chests 'n Nuts probably doubled his chances alone. But it is still astounding nonetheless. These statistics should keep us puzzled for decades to come."

Whereas some people may let the success go to their head, Mr. Thyme is taking it pretty easy. "I'm not going to quit my job or anything," he admitted. "I'm gonna be the same guy I always was, except for that I got laid. Wow, I can't wait to tell my mom!"

Mr. Thyme was asked if his future plans included heading back to Chest 'n Nuts in the hopes of adding another notch to his bedpost. "Well, I dunno," he drawled. "Maybe it's time to forego that wild, youthful life. I've had my fair share; I've seen my glory days. Now it's time to settle down, find a good wife and raise a family," he smiled contentedly.

"There is a greater chance of having all the planets fall into alignment," said Dr. Leevit, in response to Mr. Thyme's statement. "The day Mr. Thyme finds someone willing to marry him is the day Satan opens up a fast food franchise here in Fredericton. And you can quote me on that."

*Dear kidnapers:
In case you haven't figured it out, yet, I want my fish back, you bastards!
This is the last issue of the paper, and therefore I won't be around to collect my fish later. This week would be fine. I wouldn't want to have to send the Codknockers around to get you.*

C.J.P

New Brunswick Premier crushed by landing

By HAL APENO
Telecrap Urinal

DOWNTOWN - In a tragic accident last weekend, the Premier of New Brunswick, Frank McSpankme, was crushed by an alien spaceship as it tried to land in Operator's Square in downtown Fredericton. McSpankme was holding a press conference in the square to announce that all New Brunswickers will now have to give up their first born if they cannot pay the new 50% BS (Bull Shit) tax.

The alien ship, coming in the wake of the Hale-Bop comet on April 1, was allegedly trying to land so that they could talk sense into McSpankme. A spokesperson for the aliens claims that a malfunction occurred in their landing radar due to the high level of pollution in the Saint Scum River close to Operator's Square. This caused the ship

Crime Starters

This week on CrimeStarters, we will delve into furniture and how to obtain that perfect chair for your living room.

Our quest begins at the UNB Stupid Union Building, which has a fine assortment of grey chairs with white pine woodworking. The building has its own security force known as substaff, but they can easily be thwarted.

The best furniture is found in the Blue Lounge. You should enter the room around 9:40 p.m. so as to case the joint. Be careful not to disturb the gamers as they are in their natural habitat, and if spooked will defend their space. Paper cuts from those magic cards can be soooooo messy, and those little dice can be dangerous if you slip on them. Building security does rounds at 15 minutes after the hour so you're safe for a little while.

Once you've got your quarry picked out, just wait until 9:50 p.m. At this time the store will close and lock one of their doors to the Blue Lounge. This is a signal to the gamers, and like Lemmings they all stampede into the store to satiate their hunger on pop and chips. The room should be empty now so grab your new chair and hightail it down the stairs to your waiting vehicle.

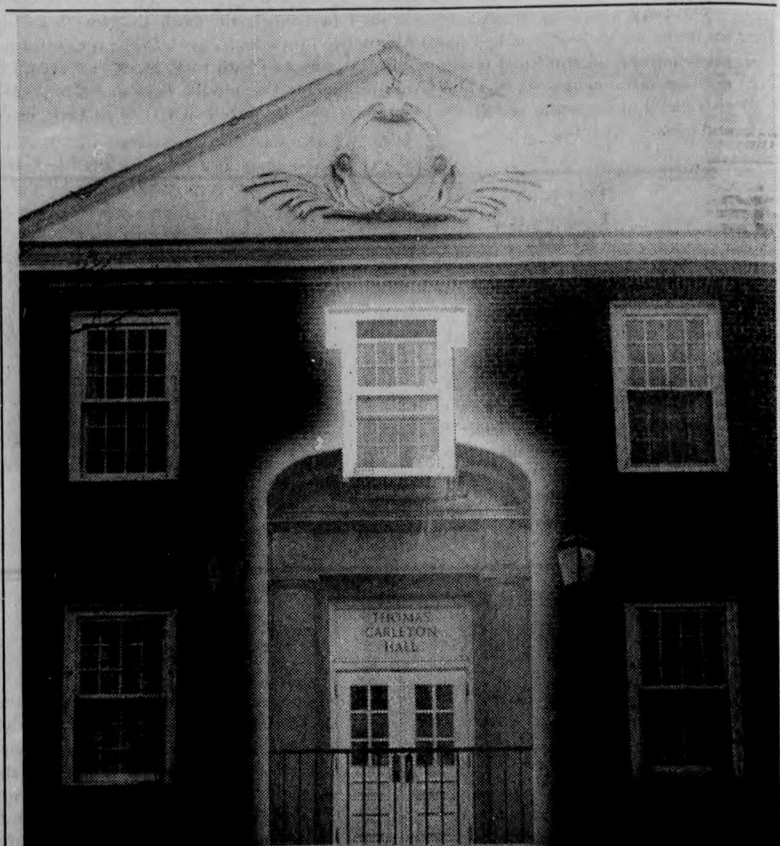
Just remember, if you need something like a couch, be well advised to bring a second person to help with the loading.

Tune in next week as we will show you how to obtain your very own Insta-Bank machine. Helping you to commit better crimes.

to land on top of McSpankme, instead of beside him.

McSpankme was not totally under the spaceship, however. His legs could clearly be seen sticking out from underneath the ship. Members of the crowd said that they knew McSpankme was still alive because they could see his red guichi-clad feet moving.

McSpankme is in stable condition and resting quite comfortably in his private room in the new Upper wing of the DECH. He issued a press release from his bed claiming that he was going to sue the pants off the aliens, galactic peace be damned. Alien lawyers maintain that it was an accident, and that they came in



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Annual General Meeting Sunday April 20 @ 2pm