

## My End Is Re-run

By PAUL BECKER  
(From the Spectrum)

There I stood on the campus in my yellow elbow-length polo shirt, leopard skin pants, open-toed sneakers, and my freshman beanie. I turned quickly, "Baby, I feel real bad about this but it's got to be done." As she approached me with her lips poised and moist, I whipped out my water-proof 50 calibre from my watch pocket and ripped open her naked navel. As she dropped to the ground she gasped, "Hike . . . my library book . . . it's reserved (gasp) . . . 25c an hour or any part thereof . . ." I casually lifted the unabridged dictionary and walked toward Lockwood. Hike Mammer had come to U.B.

I trudged up the endless steps, the 50 calibre clips jingling menacingly in my ammunition sack. I turned my collar, raised my left arm to give greater support to a 14-inch stiletto which hung unobtrusively to an 8" solid gold waist belt, and strode into the main reading room. "It's dark as hell in here," I noted. A tall thin man, armed with a double barrel sawed-off typewriter, whispered a command for silence. "Look, either you keep quiet or neck like the other couples are doing." I grabbed the nearest dame and started to neck. She took a shiv from her garter holster and neatly carved her sorority emblem into my forehead. I reached for her sorority pin — she smiled. When she discovered that she hadn't put on her pin that morning, she left muttering, "Always Lerczak's . . . always Lerczak's."

The next girl I found in the darkness seemed to be prepared for the occasion. She was attached to a large seeing-eye dog. The dog was blind and she was leading it around. I patted the dog with both hands and then blew my nose with my elbows. She mounted the animal, rode off into the darkness yelling, "My favorite is Bond Bread." The thin man came back with a pail and a shovel as the animal turned to whistle two fast choruses of "Something to Remember Me By."

Someone lit a match and the entire room became drenched in light. I cased the joint quickly and it was then that I saw her. I dropped my knife, the camel slipped from my lips (you can imagine what I could have written here), I stood there clutching my cross-bow. She was voluptuous. Only 3 foot 7. She stared at me while she sharpened her teeth on my belt buckle. I knew this girl was different when she tore of her coat to reveal a low cut "W" neckline. I turned and ripped off the front of her dress. She drew back. "Bashful?" I chided.

"What are you staring at?" she questioned.  
"At your navel."  
"Haven't you ever seen any before?"  
"Yes, but never a whole line of them."  
"I was hungry."  
She pressed her warm body

against mine. I pressed my warm body against hers. Over an ironing board we continued pressing warm bodies. The heat became oppressive; I unloosened the sling on my semi-automatic rifle. She clutched my Adam's apple and pulled me toward her. Our lips met and so did our braces. She caught her rubber band in my metal and snapped out my right eyeball. Immediately she caught it on the short bounce and returned it. We stood motionless momentarily, clutching my eyeball.

"You're tough!" she bellowed.  
"Naw!" I said as I chewed the corner off one of the library tables.

"Hike, you're the man I need. My kid brother has gotten in with the wrong crowd in Norton, and you've got to help me free him." She broke down in tears and rusted the barrel of the 38 I had buried against her throat. Replacing my eyeball, I promised to do my best. In her joy, she fired her 45 at my hand. Amid all the blood I raised my hand in a very mutual boy scout salute. In return, I lopped off her right arm with my bolo knife. We embraced again, not trusting ourselves to speak.

I shot my way into Norton Lobby and backed toward the candy counter. I asked if my mother had called. When the voice said I had to look at the bulletin board, I jumped the counter, opened his abdominal cavity, inflated his transverse colon and watched his appendix burst. The noise attracted the attention of the gang of which Charlotte had spoken. They turned from their ballot stuffing and aimed their eight-ball pencils at me. I tried to outstare them but they had be outeyed. I dropped to the floor and surprised them with a burst from my air-cooled 30 calibre automatic fountain pen. As they died agonizingly they chorused, "Long live the block." Now I would go back to claim the spoils — Charlotte.

I turned to leave when she appeared between the swinging screen doors. The smoke from her cigar obliterated her fine feminine features. It was then that I realized that she was the brains behind the gang and this was all a trap. I drew my Luger and we fired simultaneously. I knew I was hit—the blood was gushing from my naked navel. She walked toward me, and passionately asked me if I had any last request. I gasped, "Charlotte . . . my library book (gasp) . . . it's reserved . . ."

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## The Quizzer

By GLEEFUL GUS

Do you dream in technicolor? Why?

Yes, because then my dreams match the polka dots on my pyjamas. Dreams are like a Glee Club show, and you know how colorful they are!!

—Pat Fownes

Yes, because I have very vivid impressions of the things I think of, and I have always had a secret urge to have my hair in pink and green stripes.

—Mary Chisholm

I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incriminate me.

—Bill Ingarfield

No, not usually, although I did once. When you dream in color, it means that you have some kind of a problem, I can't remember just what, but it tells about it in the Psych 1 book. If you print this, I'll sue.

—Betty Morse

No, not very often. What are you asking that question for, anyhow?

—John Doig

No, I dream in black and white; don't ask me why, but oh, the dreams I had last night!

—Peg Fraser

Only on Saturdays, when I dream in red. On Saturdays I am a Communist.

—Malcolm MacAulay

Yes. Pink elephants are technicolor, aren't they?

—George "Buzz" Kerr

No, because I can't afford the price of technicolor movies.

—Stanley Stolar

I never dream. I go to bed with a completely blank mind. This is unusual?

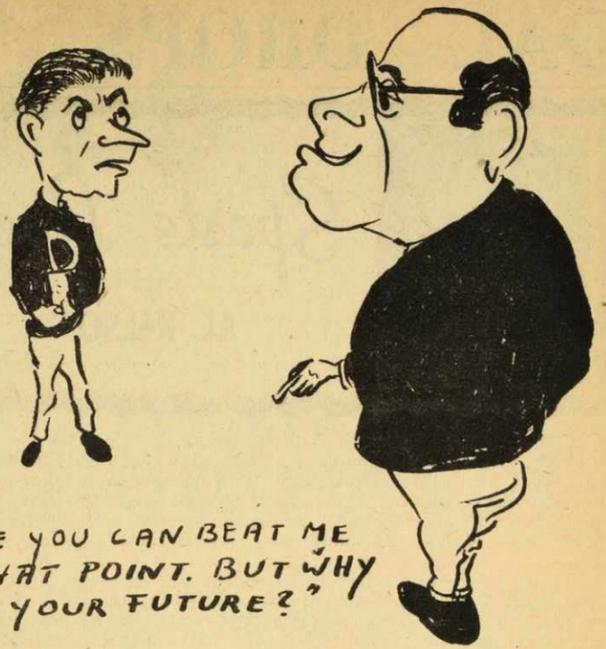
—Mamie Edwards

Sometimes, because some of my dreams are so spectacular that they couldn't be anything else. They even smell nice.

—Joyce Kerr

If the majority dreams in technicolor, I don't. I want to be in the minority. I'm a radical, see?

—Graham Day, ex-Sports Editor



## Advice To Dal Women

by J. McC.

I recently attended a dinner party at a private home. One of the guests was a young girl who had recently inherited a large sum of money. She was dressed to the teeth, and, knowing that she would cause a few hungry eyes to stare in her direction, was eager to make a good first impression. She also knew that it would be a perfect time to catch the eye of some gullible male who could show her "around the town." But there was one glaring mistake she made — she never did anything with her face. She did not realize that every man knows "that the expression a woman wears on her face is far more important than that she wears on her back." She never cracked a smile, but sat on a sofa with a self-satisfied expression on her mug.

and a smile says, "I like you. You make me feel at ease. When can I see you again?" That is why dogs make such a hit with their masters. They are so glad to see them that they nearly wag their tails off. So, naturally we are glad to see them.

Actions speak louder than words.

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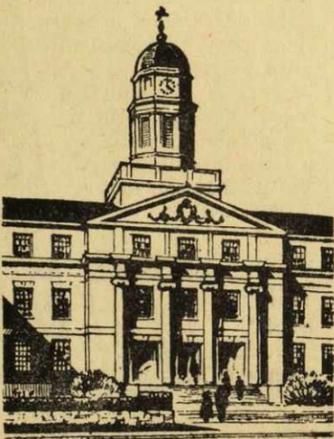
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