BY UNCLE OFF DOGS

"'Udderly incredible!'' exclaimed *Excaliburnt* editor Nunzio Felipe. ''I've never seen anything like it,'' seconded her assistant, CID.

Eyewitnesses claim on the morning of December 4 aherd of 10 cattle, three pigs and two geese were seen impatiently waiting outside the newspaper's lll Central Square Office.

As moos, squeals and clatter got louder, news editor Suzanne Flintstone swung the door back to allow entrance. Delighted, the animals filed in, inspecting their surroundings and looking for food.

Flintstone described the proceedings. ''Their leader was an elderly cow named Boris, who wore spectacles and gave orders to the others. The group implored him for food, water and hay.''

Sensing the weight of the situation, Flintstone telephoned local farms and by mid-morning had procured the necessary provisions. The office's hard floor was softened with bales of hay and eating and drinking stations were set up in the typesetting room.

At Boris' command the cows took their fill, followed by their pink friends and feathered creatures. Satiated, the animals settled into the hay, tumbling about and



watching the geese circle the premises. Accompanied by a Jersey cow, Boris chose to enter the editor's office. Flintstone said the two animals examined a stack of past issues that had been left on editor Felipe's desk.

It was evident the cows could not read, however, they took great interest in examining the photos. Boris began mooing with delight upon seeing pictures of cows gracing the paper's early pages.

Flintstone said Boris' assistant handed him scissors and, for the next half hour, the two cut out every cow picture they could find. They were anxious to discover who the handsome cow was and conferred with the rest of their gathering in the main office.

The pictures were tacked to a billboard for closer examination. The party agreed the cow in question was male, wore a bell, had white patches and was middle-aged. None present knew who it belonged to or where it came from.

Seeing Flintstone, a goose plucked off one of the pictures and put it in her hand. ''I threw my hands up,'' said Flintstone. ''I had no clue either!''

At this Boris angered and uttered a sustained moo. The animals began to surround Flintstone, shuffling their feet and shrieking ever louder.

''I went white with fear,'' she explained. ''Birds were biting at my cheeks and howling into my ear.'' It is a tribute to Flintstone's bravery that she survived the incident. Thinking quickly she broke a pen and splattered ink all over her assailants. Looking over her shoulder, she ran for the exit, tripped over some hay and lunged headlong into the arms of someone opening the door.

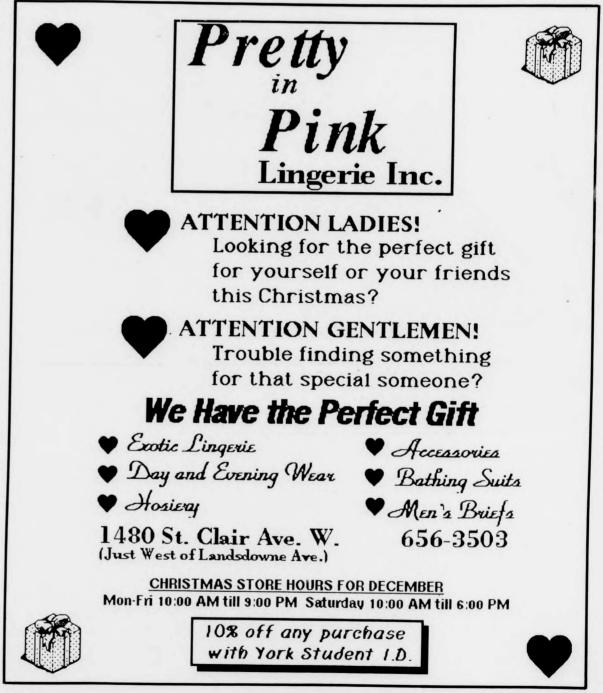
As Flintstone came to her senses a smile came to her face. ''Nunzio!'' she exclaimed, ''Felipe!'' Indeed, Flintstone's saviour, *Excaliburat's editor*, had arrived.

Felipe marched into the main office and examined her surroundings in awe. Soon, assistant editor CID would arrive, along with a host of other staff members.

Felipe shushed the crowd and stood on a bale of hay to address the throng. ''Boris, and the rest of you,'' she began, ''explain your presence here and please tell me why on earth you have affixed all these cows to the billboard.''

Flintstone spoke for Boris and explained that hunger and curiosity had driven the animals to Excal's office. One by one, Felipe took down the cow pictures and, holding them in her hand, she led the assembly towards the exit. The procession headed through the university corridors, used the crosswalk at Keele and Steeles and settled on a nearby farm.

Pointing into the distance Felipe proclaimed, ''Over there is Excowlibur, our official cow.'' And sure enough, there at a distance, was one lonely cow, quietly grazing, bell clinging softly.



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