

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Darlene Hannah
Deadline: Tuesday Noon
Send your original comics
and poetry to Room 35 SUB.

From the Litterbox



FROM THE LITTERBOX

Irrevocably drawn towards a mid-sized potato field in western Idaho, ...
But why?

Diary entry - Brunsdate 11/11/437925 OLT

Have landed a job with what is perhaps the only remaining bastion of journalistic integrity in the entire western world. My first assignment: to thoroughly investigate claims that an entire crop of potatoes has coordinated themselves adequately to present the picture, from the air, of the profile of one Mr. Elvis Presley. Why? Because enquiring minds want to know.

From - The Globe -
REPORTER ABDUCTED BY SPACE ALIENS

Amid a crowd of onlookers in Arco, Idaho, apparently worshipping a potato picture of Elvis, a news reporter was mysteriously "sucked up into the sky" and abducted by what one witness described as "great bloody giant flesh-eating scum sucking alien beings of suspicious nature and with very bad breath."

"It was amazing," said Mrs. Ernest Dumpee of nearby Boise, "Me and Ern were praying to Elvis when this big thing with flashing lights and bells came roaring out of the sky, and hovered over our heads and took that poor man right out of Elvis' nostril. It was horrible!"
Sources say.....

Press Release
Prepared by the BRUNSWICKAN EDITORIAL BOARD: "NO F*%!! COMMENT!"

QQQQQQQ Zprlg Ixto

From the desk of the imperial Zoltar on the planet (untranslatable).
"We have got him. Now what the pludge do we do with him?"

Diary entry - Brunsdate later on

After consuming several of perhaps the finest chitty chitty barbarians in the entire world - nay - the entire galaxy, I certainly feel in the proper and most coherent state to record this days' entry. So here goes:

My hosts are unimaginably excellent. I have been wined, dined, and fined (no spitting on the aluminum napkins).

Every whim I have is satisfied almost immediately. I have no idea why I am here, but at this point, I don't particularly care.

Zoltar hinted that I might be called on later to save the entire known universe from a horrible fiery death, but I'm sure it can wait until after lunch.

"Another Barbarian, sure!"



B.O.S.C.O. The Adventures of Stephen Marks

JOHN STILLWELL
PETER BAILEY

AS SOON AS I HEARD THE TELLTALE CLICK OF THE EDUARDO-KJ-483 MACHINE GUN, I KNEW THAT THE MAN COULD ONLY BELONG TO THE FEROCIOUS BELIZIAN SECRET POLICE.

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ESCAPE ZE BSP. STEFFEN MARKS? NOW, VE VILL MAKE YOU TALK!



ALL OF YOU LEAVE! MARKS IS COMING WITH THE RWANDAN SECRET SERVICE!

MARKS EES RETURNING TO BELIZE!



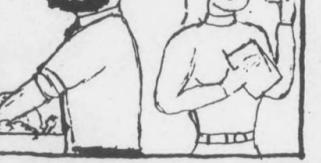
MR. JONES



Idiot-Synracies

OH, ALLAN, YOU'VE GOT A LETTER FROM ONE OF YOUR PROFS!

OH? WHICH ONE?

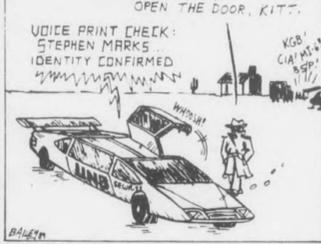


NYET! MARKS EEZ PRISONER OF SOVIET UNION. KGB!

NO! ZE BSP WANTS HEEM!



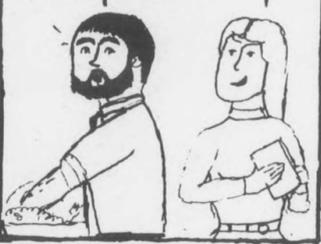
VOICE PRINT CHECK: STEPHEN MARKS. IDENTITY CONFIRMED.



Sumo Butu



MARG GILBERT
my GOD, THE PYRO!!



FORGET IT, COMMIE! THIS IS THE CIA! MARKS IS COMING WITH US! MOVE ASIDE!!

NO WAY! THIS IS CSIS! (DRAMATIC PAUSE)... GO AHEAD MARKS! MAKE MY DAY!



MEMO: YOU ARE SCHEDULED TO ADDRESS THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS LATER THIS AFTERNOON.



L.M. Hughes



WHAT POSSESSED YOU TO DO THAT? YOU MEAN IT WASN'T A LETTER COME?!



THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



As a young colt, Mr. Ed was often sent to the hall for speaking out of turn.

will be back next week...