

# CON

by Ambrose Fierce

## Cathy Coypu's Birthday Party: A Fable

Cathy Coypu was just twelve — drinking age in her part of the world — and just about everyone in the jungle would be at her party. Cathy's glossy coat was brushed until it shone, and just behind her ears she wore a beautiful big bow of scarlet satin. Cathy, as she sipped her Molson's, was nearly dancing with excitement. Cathy and Carl Coypu, her boyfried, held hands hard and shivered with anticipation.

And here they came! Up staggered Blanche and Randy Bandicoot — which was drunker, no one could tell — whooping and cheering. Right after them came solemn Sam Solenodon, who never had any fun but liked to watch others enjoying themselves. Then came the timid little Cassowary twins whom everyone liked because they were such good listeners, and—swoop! Down soared Freda the flying phalanger and her boyfried Fred. Everybody laughed as Jerry Jerboa bounded right into the middle of things and demanded a beer. Candy Condylarth had split up with her boyfried the week before, and she was still sad, but she showed up anyway, and before long was deep in conversation with old Lydia Coot, who hated men. Fawning and cringing, servile Sally Serval showed up, but even drab little Samantha Suricate would have nothing to do with *her*.

But then came the cocky little Bassarisks and Cacomistles! At once everyone began buzzing about *them*: they were so closely related that their relationship was just about incest. But they just bragged and swaggered and guzzled Donini and Labatt's and swore they didn't give a God-damn. They said they loved each other, and their musk hung heavy in the air.

By this time the party was gathering steam. Cathy and Carl were having the time of their lives. Molson's and Donini were flowing like water; many of the guests had a big tumbler of each in either hand, taking alternate long swallows. Already, little Paulie Puku was being sick in the bushes.

And still they came! *Pouring* in! The cute little Argali twins passing a joint between them and giggling uncontrollably, shuffled into the melee. Straight-arrow Hiram Hyrax and his brother-in-law Keith Kudu, both of whom got by very well selling carnivore insurance to meek and prudent vegetarians, shouldered right up to the wine and beer; soon, these two were outside far more than their fair share, and if big, magnificent Priscilla Pangolin had not arrived just then, and batted pushy Hiram and Keith away with her huge tail, none of the other animals would have gotten another drop to drink — wine or beer.

*Full Blast!* Wise-cracking Sally Sassaby, ramrod old Richard Dik-Dik, stupid but beautiful Bibi Oribi, and rough old Mr. Kob came galloping in toward the refreshment table and were in a twinkling half hammered on Ruffino and Sick's Lethbridge.

Then the *whole jungle* seemed to be

jostling for space at that big table. Nobody, of course was likely to elbow Big Tim Situtunga to one side; he was *in place*, and so, naturally, were Donna Dugong, Aubrey ("The Ox") Aurochs, and big, flame-faced Paddy ("Grog-Blossom") Pademelon. Nobody even *came near* the titanic bulk, the vast brooding hulk, of grim old Grendel Grison. She downed tumbler after huge tumbler of her special Bolla/Blue combination, regarding the assemblage over her tumbler's rim with a baleful and terrible eye.

The smaller animals, however, got theirs too. Jawohl Aye-Aye, Paul ("Wildman") Pantother's normally craven yes-man, began boldly slinging down cases of 50 and Donini as fast as he could to those lesser animals below the salt lick. And just as fast they drank it. Little Camille Cus-Cus got loaded. So did Axel Axolotl, enigmatic "Kid" Echidna, shy Ronny Rorqual, Connie Capybara, and even tiny Rudy Ratel. Feisty little Boris Brozoi was half-way through a forty-ouncer of vodka, swaggering around with his chest out and forcing all his little friends to take a big belt from his bottle. Wanda Wombat did, and promptly passed out. Teeny Tony Tenrec did, and so did Nelly Nilgai, Gloria Coatimundi, Basil Bontebok, Biff Bongo Judy Agouti, Sarah Teyra, Sid Serow, retiring Augustus Eohippus, Flor Goral, and even negligible Dink Skink. Loaded out of skull, Gnorman Gnu sang his favorite song, which was nobody else's:

*The Song of Gnorman Gnu*  
"my name is Gnorman Gnu;  
I'll be a friend of you,  
If you'll get me some brew,  
And wine and whiskey too."

Someone gave him a pail of some powerful mixture, just to shut him up.

Everyone got loaded, even the tiniest and timidest — even Marcia Mola; even ZenoZebu, little Charlie Chacma, Nil Bilby, skittish Audrey ("Lightning") Fugu, Noel Vole, Zorba Zoril, and *even quasi-legendary, near microscopic Pete Keet!* Tiny Pete Keet, staggering around with a half-pint of Corby's and pouring tots into everyone's wine, creating wine spodioidi — a lethal but luscious mixture.

Everyone got so loaded that inhibitions all but disappeared, particularly the iron law that keeps prey and predator, although often mixed together, on good terms in all respectable fables. Ben ("Beast") Babirusa, moonlight gleaming off his tusks and kill-lust gleaming from his eyes, glanced over at Bernard ("The Mortician") Thylacine; "The Mortician" glance back, matching gleam for gleam; together the two drunker carnivores turned to regard their suddenly irresistible herbivore friends, with whom they had been mixing a moment ago on the chummiest terms, who were still guzzling wine and beer and whiskey and gin and advocaat and tequila, all mixed together, as though there were no tomorrow. Fangs flashing, Bernard and Ben, flown with Pilsener and wine, pounced.

It was a nauseating sight.

Moral: *Never mix, never worry.*

## Mad seal bites Bridgette

MONTREAL (Special) — Bridget Bardot is listed in critical condition at Queen Elizabeth hospital here and doctors give her slim chances of pulling through a babies infection resulting from a vicious attack of baby harp seals as she tried to pet them during a news conference over the weekend.

Bardot, wearing a two-piece bikini, was unprotected and unprepared for the attack of about twenty cuddly little seals. Thirteen newsmen from major television and newspaper networks in the world were also injured.

The conference, which ended in tragedy, was staged to promote her up-coming movie, filmed on location on the frozen St. Lawrence River in Quebec,

titled *Killing Me Softly*.

The last words of the now-mutilated, French sex symbol were left for immortality on a tape recorder and recovered by a combined rescue team of RCMP officers and Greenpeace activists.

The tape recorded Bardot's words as, "Oh come here you little fuzzy wuzzy ... hey ... ouch Colise tabernaque bastard, ow hey aaaaggh non non aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh (expletif deletee)."

Meanwhile, the St. Lawrence community of Cul de Sac reported seeing a large herd of the baby harp seals moving ominously toward Quebec City.

The herd was reported as being about a mile in width and fifteen miles long, moving at a rate of

four kilometres an hour toward the Quebec capital.

Canadian armed forces personnel were called to the scene the following day to stop the crawling morass of seals but turned back after their three snowmobiles and arsenal of clubs were eaten by the herd, completely depleting the forces' land contingent weaponry.

An air contingent was called to a scramble but could not get their forty-three Sopwith Camels off the ground from a lack of fuel. The fuel had been held up at the Alberta border by a group of Dene natives armed with pipe wrenches.

The naval contingent is trying to slow the herd but warn that by midnight tonight they will be completely out of peas.



Yes, the *Getaway* has the competition more than a little worried, as this recent issue of *Edmonton Report* proves. With our new daily tabloid filled with bright, informative news, we'll soon be on top of everything here in Edmonton. Move over, O'Callaghan, because here comes the *Getaway* — you really can't afford to be without it!

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## To: ALL U OF A NON-ACADEMIC EMPLOYEES

# General Meeting

To discuss what the Alberta Union of Provincial Employees can do for you.

**When: Tuesday, April 19, 1977**  
**Where: Room 10-30 Dentistry Pharmacy Building**  
**Time: For your convenience, meetings will be held at 4:30 PM**

Representatives from A.U.P.E. will be present to provide information and answer questions.

All Interested U of A Staff are Invited.

A.U.P.E. ORGANIZING COMMITTEE:  
WENDY DANSON  
MURIAL GODWIN  
DOLORES HERMAN