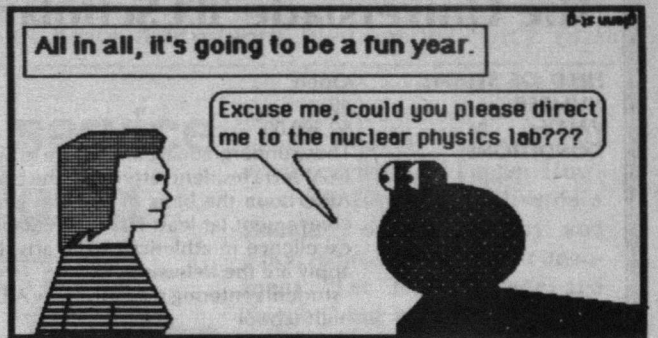
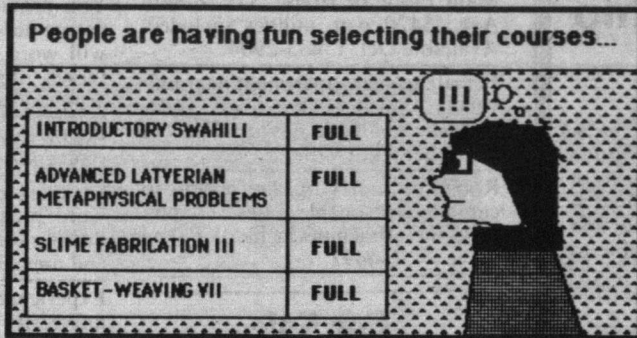
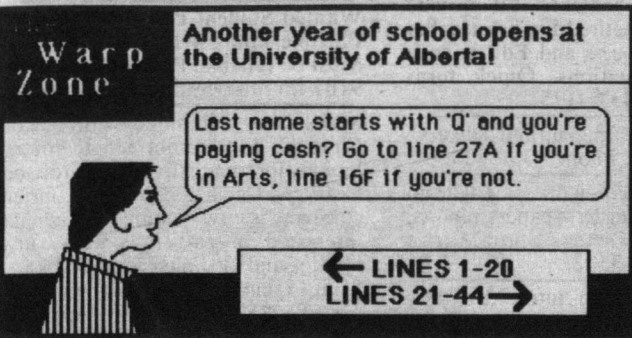


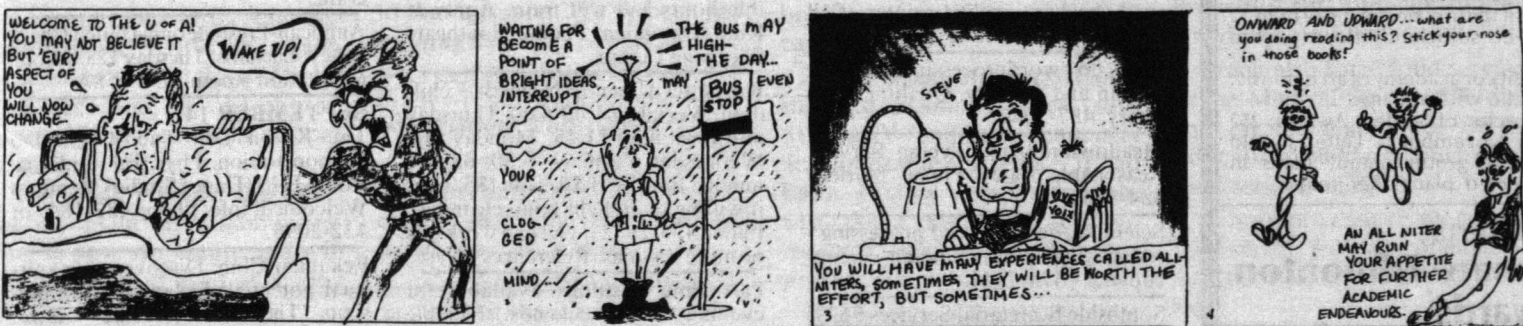
Jake Griffen



The Worse the Better



Sarcastic Martin



Strip from Hell!



The Xenophobic Cat



# Humour

by Kisa Mortenson

This was it. This was what Magnum P.I. lived in season after season. Steve McGarrett? Where was he? Don Ho and his friends might know. This was my Hawaii. This was the ultimate tourist holiday. Elvis' Blue Hawaii would take on real color — blood red perhaps . . .

Annette and Frankie, what had they done to me? All those beach movies had convinced me that bikinis and surfing were what beaches were for.

I bought the itty bitsy bikini and headed out to find me some real waves. Lead me to the surf, dude!

I found me a beach with real sand and real surfers and decided body boarding was equally beachy. My bikini and I began the sun tan lotion ritual.

The real test of beaching was about to begin. I walked to the water, my trusty body board by my side, attached to my wrist with a cord and piece of velcro.

I stepped into the crashing ocean and was pushed back. But, hey, I was on a beach. I had to go back to the water. I finally pushed my way into the water and was immediately lost in the swirl.

I did not know where I had been pulled until suddenly by my side appeared a blonde head. The surf dude informed me that I was in bad water. I was among the rocks and coral. Whoa dudes, this never happened to Frankie.

Edmond, the surf dude, had rescued me. He paddled me around and showed me how to body board like the best of them. Yes, I had caught the wave.