

DISTRACTIONS

The Life and Times of Renrut One

Chapter One "Genesis"

Renrut slowly came to life in another universe. This would have been entirely peachy keen if he had not left his toothbrush behind. But he did, therefore he was terminally annoyed.

The previous night had been a blur of strangely unprincipled manoeuvres, starting with the consumption of dog-quality, nerve-scramblin' drugs and finally ending in a "Donahue" style group argument over the possible existence of anti-neutros and mustard-flavoured twinkies, which left all participants in a questionable state of mind. Unfortunately the paranoid activities of the evening proved to be a huge Berlin Wall Floodlight of a waste, for the planet on which the group scrambled almost suddenly went "poof" and disappeared into a large portable potty, simply because someone left the seat up.

However, sports fans, this

was no run of the mill biased-belted crapper. It was a "Super Deluxe Suck-O-Matic Anti-Matter Poop Scrambler" which held the supremely strange ability to throw unsuspecting, relatively harmless planets into altered eddies in the fabric of the space time stuff. That is to say, the small harmless planet was superimposed, like so much Kodax Tri-X-Pan film, onto its counterpart in the 3-D universe while the consciousness of the dwellers of the small harmless planet was forced into the bodies of their opposites in said universe. The side effects which followed were usually confusion, vomiting, athlete's foot, and a small amount of mental insanity.

And so it was Renrut awoke in another body; he was sick, slightly psychotic and even more slightly skeptical as to the handling of the present situation. To cover up his confusion and lessen the effects of this savagely exciting fluke of nature Renrut immediately appointed himself "President

of All Squirrely Matters - The Untrustworthy" and in the same craft motion told Reggie to get out of his Presidential Suite.

After Reggie slinked out of the "Presidential Suite" or "Room 9, Neville Pit" as it was falsely known as, Renrut causally dived into the floor, calmly scrambled under his bed and realized that being President (and insane) entitled him the privilege to do one of three things to project his untrustworthiness.

- 1) He could get drunk as often as physically possible.
- 2) He could create havoc
- 3) He could perform strange, unscientific experiments on small animals.

However, as the President was unaware of his paranoid and fruit-cake-like state of mind, he came to the profound conclusion that he would have to test each solution before finally deciding on a proper and unrealistic course of action. This was obviously the doing of a deviated genius (and all

around nice guy.)

And so it was (again). After realizing his purpose in life, or so it would seem, Renrut "The President of All Squirrely Matters - The Untrustworthy" glided out from under his bed, coughed up some lint, and routinely lep out of his room, screaming mad non-plausible

equations of integration at random directions, while jogging down the corridor and throwing cedar chips at passers by.

End of Chapter One
Beware of Chapter Two

Don't Panic
Ern Dean Turner

Many won't seek leadership

By CALUM JOHNSTON
NEWS EDITOR

Lois Corbett, Aquinian Editor-in-Chief, announced yesterday that she will not seek the leadership of the New Brunswick Liberal Party.

Corbett stated that she has 'too much work to do as it is' and feels that it would be unfair of the Liberals to run a woman for Premier, 'everyone knows there is one person who can do the work of five men, and she's a woman.'

There has recently been a flood of announcements concerning not entering the leadership race. Such as John Turner's statement, 'Maybe if I start small....nahhi' and K.C. Irving, 'I can't afford the cut in pay.'

Kaye MacPhee, noted Brunswickan staffer and

keeper of the 'front page story', denied rumours that she was considering running for the Liberal leadership. MacPhee was quoted as saying 'It's something that no one with intelligence would even give serious consideration.'

Another student celebrity, John Bosnitch, was heard to say 'after giving it serious consideration, I decided against running...the real world scares me.'

The doctor of Gonzo journalism, Hunter S. Thompson, was in a Malibu hospital when asked if he had considered running. Thompson's reply consisted of three unintelligible screams, two shouts of 'Damn you, leave me alone', and 'What the hell is a New Brunswick?'

Ugly-Man and his pigeon-pal Spot

By
Fritz

A Just Man in an unjust world



Yet another vile creature learns the wrath of Ugly-Man is no fear-party! Yet Ugly-Man dislikes kicking kids. A true HERO!