Replacements from the Provincial Government announced today that Doctors in British Columbia are to be replaced by Tradesmen, in an effort to cut costs, and to increase efficiency.

Minister of Health Penny Priddy said at Monday's press conference that almost two thirds of the province's general practitioners would be replaced over the next few weeks, by carpenters, plumbers, drywallers, and other skilled workers.

"We feel that the transition will be very smooth," commented Priddy. "Very few alterations will need to be made to the existing billing practice, and I feel that the quality of health care will not diminish as a result."

Ralph Williams, a veteran plumber of 25 years, was ecstatic. "This is great! I've always wanted to practice medicine, and ever since that stupid court case barred me in 1978, I've been itching to be able to prescribe drugs again!"

B.C. doctors were no less pleased with the change. B.C. College of Physicians President Dr. Ethan Milton commented "I can hardly wait! I've already picked out a water-front condo in Florida and the wife's been packing since February. Not only will my wage double and be paid in sweet, stable American dollars, but you have absolutely no idea how much medical marijuana goes for on the street down there! Up here, I'm constantly being undersold by the locals."

When asked about his concerns for the quality of health care in B.C., Dr. Milton stated "It's not much of an issue, really. In a few years, prescription drugs will only be available to the extremely rich, anyway. Besides, I don't think our replacements will make any poorer diagnoses, based on the quality of equipment available to most B.C. doctors currently."

Dr. Alphonse Curio, president of the newly formed B.C. Trade Union for Plumbers, Carpenters, Drywallers, and Medical Professionals stated that, in his opinion, his union members will provide even better service than B.C. residents are used to.

"The difference will be noticeable. Patients will no longer be forced to sit in waiting rooms with cracked drywall, leaky fountains, or non-flushing toilets. You'll be impressed, and what we can't fix, we'll make you forget with prescription LSD."

"As for dress code. I've heard a lot of slack about the so-called 'plumbers crack.' I'll have you know that the practice of suspending your pants halfway down your buttocks is a symbol of senility and superior craftsmanship in our business. You'll be happy when you see your doctor's crack."

Not all members of Parliament were pleased with the Minister's announcement. Liberal leader Gordon Campbell was skeptical about how smoothly medical operations would work with the new workers.

"I'm sure these people are very skilled at what they do," said Campbell, "but they obviously don't know a thing about medicine. Last week I was in for a... er... sensitive operation. When I got back, I started having some complications. At first, I thought it was kidney stones, but it turned out it was little chunks of drywall! That's unacceptable."

In the meantime, there have been several problems at Hospitals, where the new Doctors have launched several complaints about the non-unionized work.

"Yesterday, they asked me to close some stitches," said Dr. Milt Smith. "That's a welder's job. I'm a plumber. If someone needs a catheter, give me a call.

"We're unionized workers for a reason. I'm not going to give up my lunchbreak just because someone is leaky."

A bidding war is well underway between the B.C. Autoworkers' Union, and the Trades Union, to gain the membership of the new health professionals. A decision will be made next week, when the Doctors meet for their first monthly meeting.

Premier Glen Clarke was confident that any flaws in the system will be only temporary.

"This is our best initiative yet," said Clarke. "Next week, we're going to solve the prison overcrowding problem, and get rid of all those complaints from teachers, all at once! Two birds...

**Dr. Piper to Take Legal Action Against the 432**

**Tuesday, March 23rd**

**Vancouver, B.C.**

A mid a flurry of wild accusations and finger-pointing at last Thursday's 432 press conference, Dr. Martha Piper's legal offices announced that there would be action taken against the 432 and it's editor Jeremy Thorp. According to Saul Jensen, Dr. Piper's chief legal advisor, the 432 has caused Dr. Piper "undue stress" and "an aggravated ulcer condition." Apparently we here at the 432 made an error in the last issue. We misprinted the RCMP hotline for tips about the anthrax coverup, it's phone number is 822-8222, not 822-4235 as we had printed. The latter phone number turns out to be the direct line to Dr. Piper's residence.

Jake Gray, 432 investigative reporter, approached the Norman Mackenzie House on Friday night hoping for an interview with Piper. Unfortunately, Jake reported that he was told to leave the premises immediately after he explained that he was there on behalf of the 432. After he had begun to question Dr. Piper, she had called to her contingent of security guards, and Jake was left peacefully. Saul threatened another lawsuit after this incident:

"Dr. Piper answered the door, and was greeted with the sight of a drunken Scot wearing nothing but a kilt and a weasel-like sporran," Jensen claims. "He began shouting incoherently, and then proceeded to urinate on Dr. Piper's Think about it!" doormat. The man was very startled when the RCMP arrived, and dashed off into the bushes shouting something about some kind of astronaut moose. We are looking into further legal action."

432 lawyers are currently working on an out-of-court settlement, however, as of yet, no agreement has been reached.
I occurred to me that, as this is my last editorial, I should probably be writing a long, emotion-filled thank-you to everyone who has graced these pages over the last year. Screw that.

Instead I'm going to talk about something which has worried me for a great deal of years: the difference between men and women. Now, I know what some of you are thinking; you've surfed the internet... you know what the dangly bits are for. That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking, of course, about Mind Filters.

Ted: "I'd have to agree with you, Rowena. I've always been a big fan of Goethe." Rowena: "Really? My boyfriend and I had a few more of Goethe all of the time, and particularly enjoy his views on dispassionate randomization of emotional discourse." At this point, Ted's Mind Filter kicks in. This is what he just heard:

Ted: "I'd have to agree with you, Rowena. I've always been a big fan of Goethe." Rowena: "Really? My boyfriend blah blah blah blah, blah blah, blah blah, blah, blah. I don't have any luck, for at least a couple of issues undercover Column's reign. I'd love to hear from you, to see what you think, or even to hear that I suck. Oh yeah, I forget to use one word in my article. Penis."
It has been brought to our attention that Page Three has been rather...well...uninteresting in the last few issues. In fact, one reader even compared last week's Page Three to *The Underground* <shiver>.

Originally, we considered hunting him down and killing him, but the last thing we need on our hands is another criminal charge. Instead, we've provided you with this activity page, chock full of fun and educational exercises to keep your brain in shape, and to boost your pathetic knowledge of Federal politics. As an added bonus, we've even soaked the entire page in LSD.

Now, don't say we never give you anything...

- The 432 Editorial Staff

**Help Jean Find Quebec!**

Jean Charest has lost his way! Help guide Jean through the maze to the Province of Quebec, where he is badly needed! Be careful on your way; there are many dangers on the way East.

Good Luck!

**Construct-a-leader!**

Want to save the country? It's easy, and fun! Use the body parts below to assemble your own leader of a political party of your choice. Only you can defend Canada from the evil Bloc Quebecois!

So get busy... assemble your Super Leader, and see what he/she/it can do!
Get a 60% rebate on your science sports team. Forms can be picked up in Chem B160. Forms must be returned to the Big Sports Rebate Box in Chem B160 by 4:32 p.m. on April 9th.

A t last, dear reader, we have reached the end of the terrible, terrible tale of Miss Jenn vs. Outside, in which the infamous three hour tour comes to a close. Last we heard, I was back with intestinal cramps thanks to eating raw “food,” and I use that term loosely, as a result of dining at the nearby “famous” restaurant. Death gracefully arcing through the sky into The Ocean, and my fellow campers and I were stranded on an island where sole meat was jersey. The excellent fertilization provided by the leaky outside stove at hapatillo at its peak like a sort of regal sanitation crown.

It was decided that, on account of the fact that the bottom of our tent looked like the cheap competitor’s brand of maxi pad on those commercials where they pour that blue stuff on to show you just how much crap can be absorbed, that pitching a new, albeit smaller, tent, on the REAL island might be a wise move.

Now, who should be sent to set up this tent? Should we send the girl scout leader who camps every weekend and could make a log cabin out of some pencil sharpener shavings and squirrel dung? I doubt so easy. Should we send the boy who comes to this island every weekend on clip-jumping expeditions? Not so easy. Why don’t we send the epitome of cosmodial style and grace, poster girl for condo living, and epitome of cosmopolitan style, Miss Jenn, that sounds like fun. And that’s how I came to leave alone on an island, dressed shabbily (yet stylishly) in this rain, pitching a tent so racked with mildew that it actually had a “Only to be Used in Biohazard Level 5-Certified Areas” warning displayed prominently on its flap.

Eventually the tent was raised, and to this day I honestly cannot recall how. I’m fairly sure I had nothing to do with it though. As a matter of fact, if you ever take me camping and you give me nothing to do, and it gets done correctly, I can tell you now it wasn’t me, it was the frisky helpful Woodland creature, Mr. Squirrel and Deerosaurus Rex, that did it. At this point, my fellow campers there was a forest of trees, the island and the only task that remained to be done before we settled in for bed was fortifying a tarp over the island. We agreed on this island, and the end result being that my Dad wasn’t there. Her daughter was home and agreed to let me come over there and wait for his return. And that is how our story ends, with myself walking down the side of the Barnet Highway, looking disheveled to say the least, dragging two garbage bags full of wet food and clothing, both of which were excreted in every class room! A flag on every city block, the whole issue, stating that excessivism nationalism like this started the Nazi party. Maybe I missed that connection, but in my mind, there is a BIG leap. We proclaim this fact. We are tards who aren’t American. Even within Canada, we proclaim this fact. We are not Americans. Right? Right.

But now, a few wonderful members of parliament have threatened to “out” our own closet patriotism. It all started due to a certain Bloc MP. Madame Trembley went to Nagano, Japan, to watch the certain Bloc MP. Madame Trembley went...er, her "statement". And continue she did. Afterwards, of course, Madame Trembley was outraged. Some members of the press started to say that her rights to speak were trampled on by the “inappropriate singing” of the national anthem in the national place of government.

To further exasperate the “problem” the members hung draped Canadian flags all over Parliament Hill. That is right, the Canadian flag on Canadian soil. Ooh, a big scary idea! The final straw was when Reform MP’s put tiny, 4 by 4, paper flags on their desks in the House. The Liberals demanded a vote on the flags. Get those chaps their flags out of here! My eyes! My eyes! The result was as follows: Against the flag, 147. For the flags, 51. The entire Reform party voted for the flags, as did two Ontario Liberals, a Nova Scotian Tory and the lone independent bastard, John Diefenbaker. The entire Bloc, all but one, voted against the Liberals, all of the NDP, and the rest of the Tories. To this, I, and everyone else says, big hairy deal. If it was up to me, I would have allowed the flag in Parliament, but it’s at that ridiculous point where I am simply stunned. If we were in the House I’d paint the floor red and white. Hell, if you wanted to walk into the House back naked with a red Maple Leaf tattooed to your ass, I’d applaud you.

Unfortunately, I am not the Speaker. I am not an MP. I’m not even employed. Damn. Enter Jean Charest. He decried what he saw as the “inappropriate nationalism” like this started the Nazi party. And he mentioned the “leap” from the Canadian flag and that whole Nazi era thing. They must be feeding the frenzy. Mr. Squirrel and Deerosaurus Rex that it though. As a matter of fact, if you ever think of a stupid or nature doing something stupid or nature doing something stupid to us against the odds of everything going right, you get a number so phenomenally large that mathematics as we know it has no way of expressing it. At last it came to head back, and the skies actually cleared for our long trip home.

We arrived back at the dock where I was to meet my Dad. However, I arrived somewhat earlier than anticipated, with the end result being that my Dad wasn’t there. We were speaker in the House, I’d paint the floor red and white. Hell, if you wanted to walk into the House back naked with a red Maple Leaf tattooed to your ass, I’d applaud you.

Everyone, repeat after me! But fear not! I have the solution! One day, we will wake up and be living in LA. Or worse, living in Toronto. But fear not! I have the solution! Everyone, repeat after me! O Canada.

Get a Home and native land, True patriot love, For all our son’s command. With glowing hearts, we see thee rise, The true North strong and free. From far and wide, O Canada.

We stand on guard for thee.

From far and wide, O Canada.

We stand on guard for thee.

Now, let’s hear you sing that at the next Canucks game. You’ll prolly do a lot better than Bryan Adams...
Will Work for Crack Cocaine

G. E. Garcia

If you're still looking for a summer job by the time you read this article, it may already be too late. Oh sure, not too late for some, but I'm talking to the relatively student-oriented summer employment opportunities that might be found in, say, flipping burgers or hawking trendy eyewear of suspiciously obvious origins, but definitely too late for that 9K for four months, two attractive interns, full six weeks 'net connected high-end Pentium II word processor", and corner-office-with-a-view job.

So if a world of four years of drudgery in some of the best weather this rain-soaked corner of the Pacific Northwest doesn't appeal to you, then it becomes a moral imperative to get off your fat ass, stop scarifying those cheney pools and consider your alternatives.

One option, and, of course, the easiest, is to become a panhandler. A candidates qualifications include the capacity to absorb endless abuse and to withstand horrid of strangers ignoring you all day long. It barely takes any talent to freelance and other obscure science fields would probably most suited to this position. The plus is that some can earn a range from around five dollars an hour to a couple of grams of crack. Further, little or no motivation on the part of the candidate is actually needed, as the job largely consists of finding a place to sit down and beg change from pass-by (preferably someone with high traffic and well-shaded). Plus, the dress code tends to be fairly lenient. After all, all one needs is a relatively coordinated outfit consisting of some baggy clothes, preferably something warm and relatively comfortable, scuffed repeatedly against the sidewalk's other abrasive surfaces for a bit, and with a few teams and holes and, well, just about any uniform. Cuteness in this job is a plus; nothing attracts sympathy money more than a cute panhandler, though unwanted secondary interests are a high possibility ("hey baby, I've got some change in my face with a golf shoe, that it's not say-"

Anyway, I was talking about how cool the meet next week.

S

pring has sprung, the grass has ris, I wonder where the bodies is. Yes, Spring, the most wonderful season of them all, has once again come upon us. But what do we expect to be a part of spring? Warner weather, longer days, buds beginning to bloom, blooming. Ferrying some of BC's high-quality home-grown pot across the border and back in exchange for harder drugs or rewards, with all of the adrenaline rush that comes with drug running, then one career to be looked into is car theft. This job appeals to the independent entrepreneur possessing good hand-eye coordination, copious knowledge about the makes and models of car and defense systems, and the street value for both the entire car and for the car stripped down to its components. Connections with a good chop-shop are a high priority in this field. With the perfect example of the less intelligent group of men, who don't know what treacherous ground they walk on from day to day.

Dr. Temple,

Hey, how's it going? I'm a big fan of your column, in fact I think that you are the best writer for the 432. As a reader, I would like to tell you just how great you are, I really wrote to ask you if you know if being accident prone is a thing, I think that I am very prone to bad things happening, but my friends think that it's just a coincidence that I live so many bad things happen to me. I wonder if some people truly are more likely to encounter accidents than others, or is what my friends say true, am I only a victim to coincidence?

I can give you an example; about two weeks ago I was in the locker room with a bunch of my wrestling team, I had just had a fight with my girlfriend about something, but I'm not sure about that, so I was puzzled about getting myself off with some wrestling. Well, we were talking about that big Metallica concert in Australia that's coming up as we went out to practice for the meet next week.

Anyway, I was talking about how cool Metallica is and I was jamming my head up and down and giving the Satan salute while I was at the concert, when all of a sudden, I had tripped. Now, usually when I trip in the workout room, it's because I'm wearing some shoes that make me look soft. This time, though, I had managed to land on the only hard surface in the whole gym, the floor, and the guy had left my golf shoes just laying on the floor upside down, and you guessed it, I landed face down in the floor. I never know how that happens, but when somebody says that something hurts less than getting kicked in the face, then they're not saying much. I don't think anyone hurts more than getting kicked in the face with a golf shoe.

This is just one of the many cases when I hurt myself, and I'm beginning to think that I am cursed. So, if you have any thought on that subject, or if you know how to dull the pain of golf shoe injuries, please respond.

Roman Kaminski

Well Roman, although there is no scientific evidence showing that some people are more likely to have accidents than others, you are indeed correct. There is a new drug on the market called Etceterol, supposedly it is supposed to raise your awareness of your surroundings, and make everything "really clear." Etceterol, or El as it is referred to, is just the thing for you. I suggest that the next time you are in the wrestling locker room with the guys, you should take some El, and I think that will be just what you need. As for the golf shoe injury, I have the perfect cure for it as well. Take some cheese cloth and dip it into Vaseline, and drape it over your face for a few days, if the swelling and infection associated with a golf shoe injury does not subside within a few days, you should take some more El, and all your troubles will disappear.

Faithful reader, I would like to announce that Dr. Temple has been a lubricating toothpaste in American Medical School in Jamaica. And as such, I might not be able to consider printing an entire column every time you like. Please try something else...
Hey, the LD50 is only 47 cups!

about mythical sexual encounters with Mr./Ms. Right, and never actually got up and did anything.

For many, including myself, coffee is the survival for those sucky physics filled mornings. Ah, caffeine - the drug of choice for the post-baby boomer generation. A good shot of espresso gives just enough energy to remove our lazy asses out of bed on weekdays. While sleeping is an essential function of the body at birth, society has programmed us to become caffeine addicts. This is not by choice - it's the Man, making us get up before noon and do all the shit disturbing with our internal time clocks. How else can you explain the phenomenon of lack of sleep in the 20th century, while, in the 19th century and prior, it was acceptable to most to get up at an insane hour in the morning to feed the farm animals and wrangle up the cattle. The real question is this: Why move back the clocks and not our internal time clocks? Truth is, the farmers in Saskatchewan, who want the extra hours of sunlight are trying to mess with the minds of city dwellers who just want to wake up refreshed and motivated on weekday mornings. Weekends, well hell, we all sleep in ’til three pm every Saturday morning no matter what, in an effort to sleep off the aftermath of Friday’s all night drinking binge.

zzzzzzz... <snort>! Huh? -ed

REX MORGAN
Pre-Med Hopeful BONUS ISSUE
T.A. Kapowski’s Oceanic Adventure
**President**

Bella Carvalho

A...my last report of the year. Actually, my last SUS report ever. Kind of a weird feeling, that. 5 years here, and I'm finally getting out. Now, there's not really much going on in Science this week. Constitutional changes Thursday, and after that, new exec in. And I am out. One thing I'd like to say is thanks to my exec for a great year. You guys have done a terrific job, and done a great job of putting up with me (most especially two: Jer, 'cause in this whole year, I think I got 3 or my reports in on time, and Henry who started off his term with my nearly beaming him in the head with a gavel, and things sort of went from there.) Anyways, in short, thanks for making my job as president a lot easier. The same goes for Jason and Joho - it's been an amazing, or in the words of a former president, fabulous year.

And now I am off. Possibly to join the real world. Possibly not. Best of luck to ya, John. You'll have a great time as President - I guarantee it.

**Sports**

Wall is coming up on Sunday the 29th, I'm hoping Science has a large turnout. The reason for this is that I'm really looking forward to giving away rebates for all those keen enough to join a team. If you want to get back 60% of your team's registration all you have to do is get a photocopy of the registration and receipt, then come by SUS (Chem B160) and fill out an application. Then drop all three(3)forms into the SPORTS REBATES box. It's not too hard, just go to the SRC and get them to photocopy the forms for you. It only takes 5-10mins of your time. I will NOT give out any money if the only thing you hand in is the Application form. The SUS Hockey pool should be done by the end of April and it should be a very close finish, thanks to all those who entered.

Sooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!

**Social Coordinator**

Mikey Boetzkes

W-all since this will be my last exec report I figure that I will give a detailed report of all the money that I got to spend in the last two years.

It all started two years ago with bringing in speedbump. That one cost 1000 bucks. After that The had rock minors cost in around $5000. mm..mm. mm. From there I promptly went to 54-44, on the money that that cost. The conservative estimates put it about $20000. Add another one of those but with Junkhouse and you've suddenly got another $20000 bonus. Ahhh the great waste.

So what does it all sum up to? Over the last two years you have all very generously given me about $50000. For that and all that fun I say thank you.

oh but wait there may be more. keep your ears open for one last big bash that will be all you can drink for really cheap. If you're going out go out with a bang. See you all later.

---

**The Drawers of SUS™**

Aarne Ramalainen

**What's happening in science?**

**Your source for science events and science news!!**

**The Drawers of SUS....**

**Keep your eyes on this page...**

**Probably Shoulda Been Censored**

All of the other Exec were drunk. SORRY.

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Just as You Get Rid of Oates...

I happen suddenly. You wake up one morning and realize exactly where you are in life: the far end of life's East Hastings, and fame and fortune look both harder to get to and further away than the nearest smack dealer.

"How did I get here?" you scream frantically. I don't know. "What am I going to do?" Well, you could try chewing on the business end of a shotgun, but not everyone can pull a trigger with their big toe (Curt Cobain being a notable exception). You could also try a desperate change in life, maybe in your hair colour, accent feigned, or even in your career.

There are dozens of excellent careers in the world waiting for you to try them on for size. Granted, not all have mass groupies like Rock Star or Dentist, but most have at least more satisfaction than Janitor at Big Gay Noah's Big Gay Boat who cares to name for ridding them of hygiene.

And then there's the issue of removing exotic or strange animals. Who gets called when the sixteen foot python pops his head out the toilet? Not the fire department, that's for sure.

Just picture it: "Al's Exterminating. Al Speaking."

"Um, yeah, hi. I've got a bit of a pest problem. I think I'm infested." 

"Alright. Whatcha got? Ants, rats, sheep?"

"Actually I think I've got a folk singer of some sort."

"Uh-oh. I'll be right over."

"Ding-dong."

"Alright. Let's get to work here. Have you seen any droppings or hair clipping?"

"Yeah, I found this strand over by my old LPs."

"Hmmmm... gray and curly. Any records missing?"

"Yeah. Sounds of Silence!"

"Uh-huh. Has he been singing the Simon part of Simon and Garfunkel songs off-key?"

"Yeah, he has!"

"Much as I'm afraid. I think what you've got here is a Garfunkel! Not just any Garfunkel, either. I think you've got Art. Have you found anything lying around?"

"Yes! I found this LP just the other day!"

"Just as I feared, it's a solo album. The problem's worse than I first imagined. We had a Garfunkel infestation out in Surrey last winter. I thought we'd got rid of him, but apparently he migrated up here. He's probably been hiding in your basement since November just waiting for a chance to launch a solo tour. I just hope he hasn't lain any eggs yet."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, we'll try the Garfunkel call first. Stand back and don't move. Art's pretty timid and easily frightened off. Ahem. Art! Come on out Art! Paul's here and he wants to cut a reunion album?"

"There he is!"

"Get him! Ah shit. Quick little bugger. Oh well, it was worth a shot but he won't fall for that again. I'm going to have to lay a trap."

"What are you going to bait it with?"

"A juicy record deal. Art'll come to it faster than a whore to crack."

"Do you get many problems with crack whores out here?"

"No, most of that problem's down on East Hastings. Even once you get the little buggers out, the smell'll linger for a few weeks. Ugly stuff, that. Just be glad Garfunkels are much cleaner."

"That's an awfully big trap, will it hurt him?"

"Well, that all depends on how you define 'hurt.' If 'crushed to a bloody pulp' meets your bill, then, yeah, this'll pretty much hurt 'em. It's sad, but it's the only way. Poor bugger wouldn't adjust to the wild anyways, if we let 'em go I'd just be fishing 'em out of yer neighbours in a month."

"I don't want to hurt him. I mean, he's kinda nice and all. The other nice he was singing 'Sounds of Silence' so nicely."

"Ya, but you shouldn't feel sorry for him just because of that. I bet you were pretty mad when you found out that he'd knawed through the side of your pantry cupboards."

"That kinda cheesed me off, but..."

"And everytime you stepped on his droppings in the shower."

"That was really disgusting, but..."

"And when he crawled into bed with you for warmth?"

"That's it! Kill the fucker. Do you have anything stronger?"

"Yup, Garfunkel Poison, made just for a case like this. Put a few dots on that record contract and you'll have a dead washed-up folk-singer by morning. Don't touch him, though, least you get the plague."

"Oh thank you!"

And this is when the cute customer throws herself into your arms and you make mad, passionate love well into the morning while a timid and not-long-for-this-world Art Garfunkel watches from the hallway. Tis the way of things.

So, review your life choice. Will you be happy as a doctor? Or would you be better off in the service sector? Maybe as a happy, carefree garbage man, who spends his days roaming the city sanitizing back alleys and fights garbage-related crime during the darker hours. Or how about a mild-mannered drywaller who gives out free medical advice during his lunch hours?

Never give up on adventure and always look for the unexpected thrill in those monotonous day jobs.

Science Grad Dinner Dance
Saturday, March 28th
Hotel Vancouver
Join your fellow Science grads for an evening of fine dining, cocktails, and dancing at one of Vancouver's finest hotels.

Tickets in Advance. $35
Tickets available in Chem B160, or from representatives visiting your 4th year classes. Discount for earlybirds; regular price $40

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