

the

NORTHERN ALBERTA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

FUGGIT

ALIENS ABDUCT DEVIL BABY OF LIZ TAYLOR AND MICHAEL JACKSON
 WHILE GHOST OF ELVIS ACTS AS MIDWIFE WHO EATS OWN FOOT AND
 TELLS TOP SCIENTISTS CANCER AND NEW FRUCTOSE DIET CURES AIDS
 WHILE HELPING TO FIND BIGFOOT COUSIN OF ROYAL FAMILY AND GAY
 PSYCHIC NAZIS PAYING ALIMONY TO JOANNA CARSON AND HUSH MONEY
 TO MAFIA INFILTRATORS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN WHOSE NUDE CENTER
 FOLDS REVERSE AGING AND SAVE YOUR MARRIAGE. - Page 4



**I Was
 Forced To
 Sell My
 Body For
 NAIT
 Tuition
 Fees!**

- hydrocarbon student

Teach Your Dog to Speak!

Page 9

**Are You a Latent
 Comm-Symp?**

Page 10

It Hurts to be Dead

By J.C. (I've been there)

Page 12

Blow Me Down! (Fiction)

PAGE 7

Where the Hell is Miss

FAIT (Rerun)

Page 19

I Spoke to Ben Hur!

Page 99

Opinion

KEEP DEGENERATE SEX WHERE IT BELONGS

I was sitting in my office the other day, digging wax out of my ear with the end of my pen and wondering who I could slander in this week's editorial. Being as this is the Fuggit edition, it is traditional for the editor to get back at anybody who pisses him off over the year. Unfortunately, as I watched the pile of wax on my desk grow, I realized that we've been taking cheap shots at anybody we felt like throughout the year, so there was no one left to extract a pound of flesh from. Suddenly, I had a thought! I thought to myself, "Self, if you push that pen any closer to your brain, not only will you look like a mindless vegetable, but you will be a mindless vegetable." Upon that realization, I took the pen out of my ear, and substituted my finger. That thought did not help me with my editorial, however, the words "mindless vegetable" kept racing around my brain like a gerbil in a frying pan. It was then that I realized I must write about the old NAITSA.

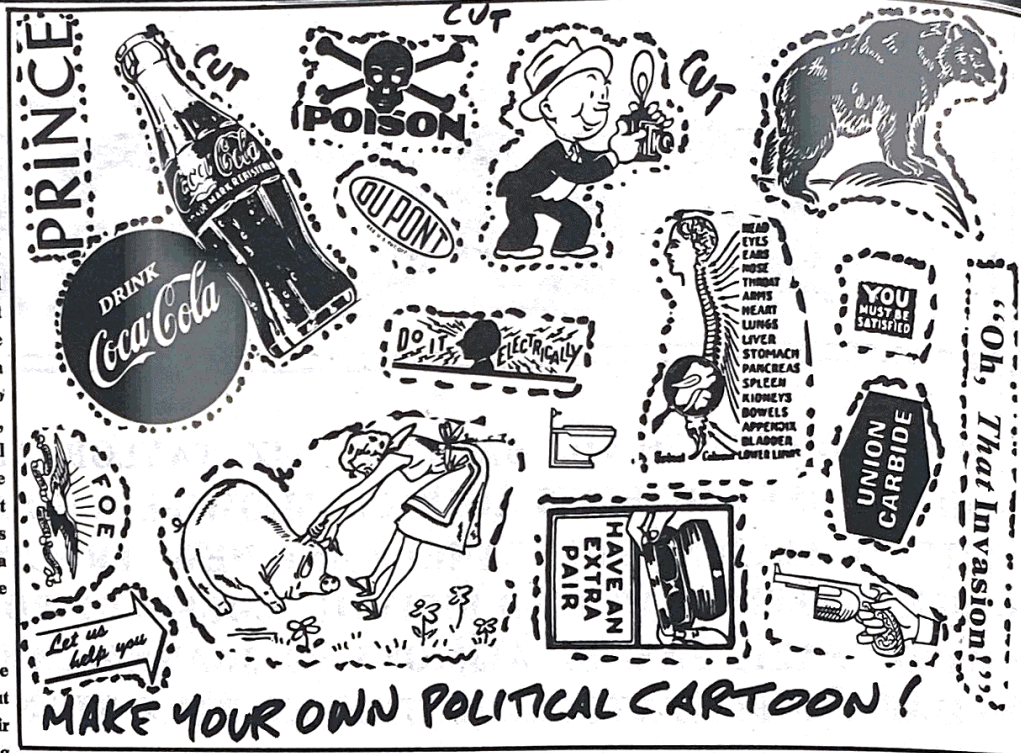
"But" I thought to myself, "Why not be constructive instead of destructive?" "Why not say something nice about the old executive, build them up, point out their achievements, don't point out petty facts like their taking credit for building a student lounge that was approved by a past executive!"

"What a concept" I said to myself, "Here's my chance to set the record straight between us and the people across the hall." My eyes were aglow and my feet were a-quivering as I readied myself to write the new editorial. "I would bury the hatchet and perhaps make peace with the old executive." My mind was racing and the sweat beaded on my forehead as I thought of what I'd say. "After all, what have they ever done to me?" I thought as I clutched the pen and removed the cap with trembling hands. "Like, why should I make a big deal out of it if trying to get a raise was about as much fun as getting a complete physical from a doctor with hairy hands?" The pen moved slowly toward the perspiration splattered paper. "And why should I have cared if they censored the paper without telling me? They probably had a good reason, and if not, I can take a joke, can't I?" My knuckles were white as I braced myself in my armchair and tried to force the pen to the pad. "And why should I care if they could not even reward the staff with some beerfest tickets like they said they would at the beginning of the year even though we've worked for slave wages but it doesn't matter because 'it's-an-honorarium-and-you-do-it-because-you-like-it-not-to-get-paid'"

even though everyone on the old and new executive got two tickets each and what's a lousy \$90 to a \$450,000 budget..." The pen touched the paper:

**NAITSA is my friend
They are good ~~Guaranteed~~**

Fugg it. Does anyone want to buy a life size bust of Holly Root sculpted entirely out of ear wax?



THE BUMMER OF NAIT

The echoing screams emanated from washrooms all over the old section of the Nait campus. At the beginning of the two years the screaming was of a less serious kind but now the agony displayed by the screams only served as a testimony to the cruel punishment everyone's underside has been unmercifully subjected; the raw, cutting and cruel shredder of bums- single sheeted toilet paper.

Gern Finkmulker, a fifth year Basic Banking student used to laugh at the suggestion that the toilet paper at Nait was the roughest part of attending the institute. Gern laughs no more. He used to boast about how tough he and his rectal orifice was and he would use Nait's toilet paper on a regular basis but unbeknownst to his buddies, Gern would always slip down to the library, do his body a favor, then savor the relatively gentle strokes on his exposed poopy bum. One day in April, Gern was hit with the type dysentery only unemployed shoeshiners and their relatives get. (Gern's third uncle on his mother's side is an unemployed shoeshiner).

Hour upon hour was spent upon his once euphoric throne. Gern's pampered buttocks ejaculated everything that Gern had eaten in the last 72 hours and more. Then the fear gripped him. His hand extended to the unperforated razor sharp paper edge jutting from the chrome torture box hanging on the cubicle wall.

Gern's left hand balanced his shaking body while his right hand toyed and fingered the paper that would soon disembowel him.

It was do or die he thought. Should I ruin my \$75.00 Ralph Lauren silk undies given to me by Sidney my boyfriend or

should I ruin my life? The answer was obvious-he'd ruin his life.

Gern gritted his teeth and stroked his exposed tush with a sharp edged tissue. He immediately understood why Nait's bathrooms weren't a laughing matter.

An excruciating throbbing pain gripped his soul as a folded corner grazed his right cheek. The paper slipped thus forcing his hand to the forefront of the action, needless to say the result has a very stinky hand. A quick glance at the tissue revealed a virtually clean paper.

Gern then realized this was only the first of the many strokes he would have to accomplish before he could feel right, and pull up his Ralph Lauren's.

Gern is now suing Nait and in specific the head janitor for negligent behavior and unsafe living conditions. Gern's loss of blood caused by the disgusting toilet paper this institute offered him forced Gern to receive a blood transfusion which unfortunately contained the Aids Virus. (I still think he got it from Sidney)

The bottom line is though that not only the RTA students and the library staff have gentle asses around here. For christ sake SAVE OUR BUMS. Protest for rolls of toilet paper. Anything less and it's all the proof the south side of this school needs to take Juan to the Supreme Court for discrimination because of hardened bums. Anything less and it's criminal.

P.S. Contact Doda Dipsum at 555-7615 for further information regarding the "Let's Not Be Assenine With Our Asses" fan club.

The Fuggit is not an official anything, it is the product of depraved and overworked minds. It is published once a year, usually towards the end so no one can give us shit. Some of the articles in here may reflect the views of the staff, but if they do, we're not telling. Anyone offended or turned off by The Fuggit should take their complaints to the Better Business Bureau. Anyone who enjoyed The Fuggit should slip a twenty under our door and then have their head examined. Submission deadline is Monday at 4:30 for Thursday's issue.

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Opinion

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor,

Did you notice the large spots in the ceiling in the main cafeteria. What are they from? Did someone not like their lunch or do they stuff the dietary students that fail up there? Could this be a remake of Amityville Horror?

John "Nothing Better to Do" Smith

Dear Mr. Editor,

I think they put more artificial stuff in food than they told me. Yesterday there was a plastic prize in my excrement.

Bill "Pumphouse" Schroeder

Dear Mr. Editor,

I accidentally pushed my library photo copy card into the slot at my apartment to open the parking area. Do you know anyone who wants to buy 10 garage doors?

"Back Seat Bob"

Dear Mr. Editor,

Hey! You guys are gonna love this! We got styrofoam cups, right? Well, what about styrofoam coffee? I'm doing marketing studies now. It's big. Really.

Marv Wheeler

"The Concept King"

Dear Mr. Editor:

Where are the chicks? Get it? Chicks? Aw, screw it.

The NAIT Ookpik

Dear Mr. Editor:

I've been thinking lately. Maybe I should jump on the band wagon. How about a T-shirt with "Ronnie Say Reds Make Me Ralph?"

President Reagan

Way Out on the Right

Dear Mr. Editor,

I get sexually excited by female nose hair and empty Ralph Laurens shampoo bottles. Can you help me?

Dear Mr. Editor:

Ahghghghnuhghghghaannghghghghgh.

A Brain Hemorrhage.

Dear Mr. Editor:

See, us Ookpiks have chicks, and I just thought it would be funny - oh hell, what's the point?

The NAIT Ookpik

Dear Mr. Editor:

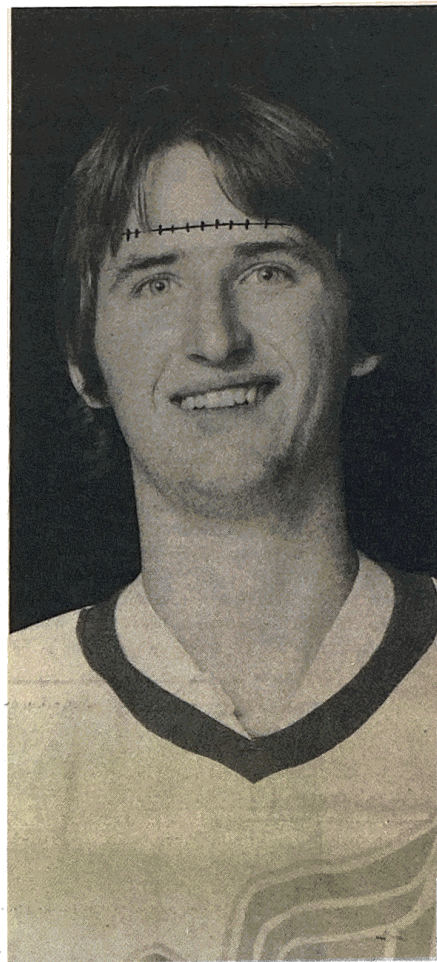
We of Dental Assisting Technology think that the NAIT mascot, The Ookpik, should be replaced with a more relevant symbol. We suggest the NAIT Waterpik. Create school spirit and fight plaque at the same time! Let us know if you like the idea - we have many more.

Gidget and Ruthie

Dear Editor,

I have but one, no two, no several complaints about the rag you call a newspaper. First of all who is the asshole named Richard Russell and where does he get off putting down everybody and everyone. I mean I know I'm a jerk with no purpose for living except to screw up other people's lives but why does he have to tell me every week?! What about you? I mean with a name like O'Neill you should not look like you do. I'll never forgive you for lying to me over the past two years about your name. What about your spelling mistakes. You jerks should be drown an quartered. Just because I'm a dumb ass you should look for the good things I've done like ugh, well, um, forget it! I really only came back this year because I failed my executive game last year so you know what?! The jokes on you ha,hal you ninny, you jerky bum, you tit eye. Finally I got all of this off of my chest. If you assholes so desire a rebuttle, Holly and I are living in Clareview. Now piss off and stop jerking me around!

Gag Smurf-ex Naita President (kind of)



**THANKS TO YOUR
DOLLARS, THIS MAN
HAS A BRAIN....**

....But there are many more who are not quite as fortunate. Please, give generously when the Ronald Reagan Brain Fund campaigner comes to your door.

FUGGIT NOISE

Sex, drugs and rock'n roll is all my body needs - Ian Dury 1977.

1977 - A turning point in Rock'n Roll history. The flared trouser sailed off into the sunset and returned to strangle the ankles. Hair was cut and dyed. Sid Vicious said "I hope I die before I get old." He did, but only after stabbing his girlfriend to death in a New York Hotel.

I just happened to be walking past that hotel the day before, but I couldn't sense anything strange going on. Eight years later, I enrolled in a Group Sex Course on the lower east side, about 200 miles from the hotel, I realized that that something strange was going on.

"What's going on" - Marvin Gaye 1972. Possession is a funny thing and so too is jealousy. "You belong to me." Elvis Costello. 1978.

On the subject of drugs:

"It's a nice day for a white wedding, nice day to start again" - Billy Idol 1982. (I wonder if his mother SMACKED him when he was a lad.)

People who aren't rich either buy clothes or art - Gertrude Stein.

Sex is drugs is Rock'n Roll.

The Silver Surferxxx



Two students walking in a Chem Lab were exposed to lethal chemical that escaped the 'in vitro' boundaries, while working on a male contraceptive it seemed that chromosomes

mixed with PCB's caused the explosion which left brother John Paul & John Paul II with permanent damage. Since the explosion the two brothers have left for Rome to practice celebrity.

Hork

NAIT TO NEGOTIATE TRANSFER WITH U OF A

"We'll Force The Bastards To Comply..." Says Grim Faced President

In a press meeting which "The Fuggit" was not invited to but was able to gain access to by disguising a reporter as a swag lamp, Dr. Stan Souch, President of NAIT, announced that a negotiation team would be sent to the U of A this summer to discuss the recurring problem of student transferability from NAIT to across the river. Historically, NAIT students have had a difficult time receiving credits from the U of A. Dr. Souch recapped past attempts that had been tried, and outlined future strategies of the team.

"Well", he said, moving his hands as if he were juggling invisible tennis balls, "in the past we've taken a softer approach, trying to be more like the University. For instance, the change to the semester system had been implemented. This tactic may have been succesful if Fred Williamson (VP of Instruction) had saved a couple of years by just initiating it instead of trying to explain it to everyone. We've seen in the computers pilot program, that a change to semesters has not affected the students. Of course, that could be because Computer students are so out of touch with reality anyways," Souch quickly added. "Whatever the case, the U of A isn't buying the semester deal."

"Another tactic that was nearly succesful was when the Oaks almost beat the Golden Bears in 'Face Off'85'. We had a new transfer contract all drawn up and ready to be

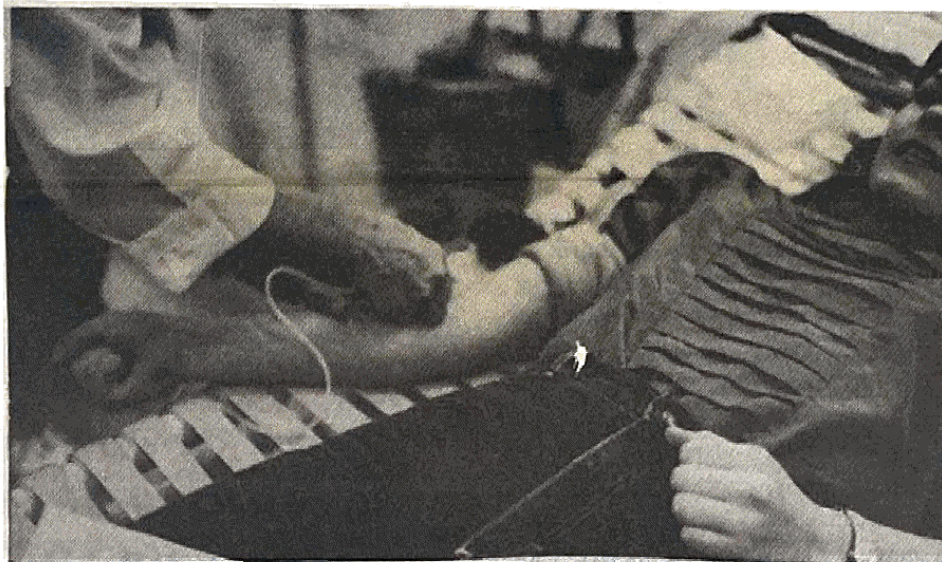
delivered-had we won. Of course the agreement only guaranteed transfer to NAIT jocks, but we thought this was fair because we felt they had to spend their \$1000 Jimmie Condon Scholarships on something." With further regards to the Oaks-Bears game, Dr. Souch smiles and muttered something under his breath about winning a ten dollar bet that evening.

Souch then elaborated on NAIT's future strategy. "Well, basically we'll be using much harder tactics in the upcoming negotiations. For instance, Joe Batty (VP of Finance) will be wearing his tacky green, red and plaid jacket to the meetings. We're sure that this will rattle the opposition. Also, we plan to use Art Hook's (Assistant Dean of Student Services) face in much the same way. We had originally intended to bring Garry Meadus (Dean of Student Services) with us to choke the opposing team with his pipe fumes. But, we realized if we wore gas masks into the sessions, the nature of this tactic would be fairly obvious. For added clout, we're contemplating going jogging during recesses, and not showering before going in, but this would only be a last-ditch attempt."

Dr. Souch was asked if any student representatives, for example Naitisa, would be on the negotiations team. His first answer was a little evasive. "Because of the complexities involved vis a vis the delicate nature of the issue,

and because of the general lack of any foundation related with such endeavors and said negotiations ..." When asked to "Please speak in English, I'm from THE FUGGIT", Souch came straight to the point. "No, we don't need any foul ups so we're not inviting NAITSA or any other students. We may, however, dress Wally Romanko (Informations Officer) in a pair of knickers and bobby socks, and try to pass him off as an adolescent student just for appearances sake. He's eager to do it. He's been fussing and fretting all week with whether or not to shave his moustache off to really play the part. Also, he's been running his poor secretary ragged, forcing her to find quotes for new or slightly-used toupees."

When informed of admininstrations plans, NAITSA President elect, Glenn Mason, was quite calm. "I don't think it's a reflection on my executive" he replied while taking one hand out of his pocket to adjust his tie. Mason even had some new ideas for the administration. "We think that a licensed lounge on campus would make NAIT look comparable to the U of A. We also think that we could lure trendies away from the University by changing the course name 'Radio and Television Arts' to just 'Arts'. This would enhance NAIT's image, and perhaps teach the trendies something useful for a change." Glenn was looking very dapper in a pressed pink shirt with button down collar, grey wool pants, immaculately polished shoes and matching belt.



HEROIN COMES TO NAIT

Students suffering from mid-week blues can now get some relief from the Health Services office. For a nominal fee they will inject you with heroin or any other mood-altering

drug you desire. The prices range from \$2-\$25, depending on what you are into. Student I.D. card is required.

Fuggit

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RÉSUMES

by

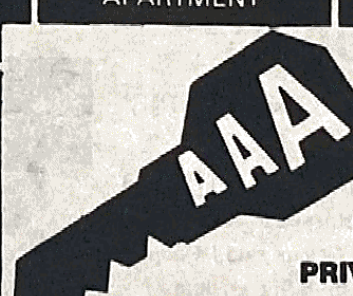
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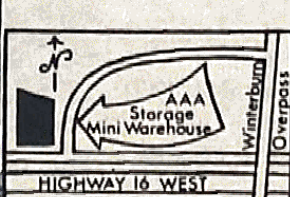
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OOK... THE INTERVIEW

He has been called the "patriarch of school pride." He is in our hearts, minds, and souls.

NAITSA President Gag Smurf once called him: "A god. He is my inspiration, my advisor, and my best friend. NAITSA would be in a state of anarchy without him, and my life would be... meaningless." Who is he? None other than the NAIT Ookpik, of course!

We had a chance to catch up to Ook recently. We asked him a few questions about his life, his opinions, and his ambitions. The following is an excerpt from this interview.

Ook, you seem to have a seemingly endless supply of energy in your public appearances. Tell us, what is your secret?

Ook: Qualudes, cocaine... both. Plus, I always keep a flask of J.D. tucked under my wing. Those spectators are hell, let me tellya. They're murder. It's like walking on hot coals or spending an evening with Ed McMahon

Fuggit: Oh! Do you know Mr. McMahon?

Ook: Intimately. I have a picture of Ed on the back of my toilet seat. He's the last face I see before I throw-up.

Fuggit: There have been reports that you've engaged in fisticuffs with the Golden Bear at the NAIT vs. U. of A. match-up last Tuesday. Is there any truth to this?

Ook: Fisticuffs! (spits) I kicked his fuzzy ass all over the coliseum! The Golden Bear is a wimp, a bum, ... is he

here? Did you bring him in here? (standing up). Where is he? He's got no ba...

Fuggit: Take it easy Ook! Calm down! He's not here.

Ook: Sorry... I I I just get a little upset when that name is mentioned. Say... do you have a bottle with you or something? I'm burning up here. It's hell, you know what I mean?

Fuggit: Ook, lets talk about your leisure time. Where does a six foot, four inch ookpik go to unwind after a hockey game, for example?

Ook: Are you sure that bear isn't in here?

Fuggit: He's not here, Ook, believe me. Tell us how you spend your leisure time?

Ook: If I don't go home and listen to my Schmenges Brothers records, I usually pop to Yellowknife with Gag Smurf

Fuggit: Isn't that rather costly?

Ook: Hell no. Gag pays. The man has a bottomless wallet. It's like he digs into the student funds or something. Ol' Gag now there's a smoothie.

Fuggit: Ook, where do you see yourself in the next few years?

Ook: Hey, I'm goin' to be running this show. Souch's job is on the line let me tell ya.



DENTAL ASSISTANTS

BEING TAUGHT NEW

TECHNIQUE

In a relentless effort to "give the people what they want," Dental Assisting Technology students will be taught a new technique called Smile Expansion. Dr. Merrill Strump (see picture) demonstrates the new technique, designed to give humorless people a new lease on life. "It's given hope to the morose and the melancholy" says Strump, who performed the procedure on himself and claims he's now being invited to more parties and getting dates with huge-breasted women.

Dr. Joyce Lampard

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CAPSULE MOVIE REVIEWS

ETHIOPIANS JUMP ON "BAND" WAGON

Conan the Rotarian - Arnold Shortsbigger stars as the leader of an obscure men's club which pillages small towns to build playgrounds for ghetto children. Realistic philanthropy scenes may be disturbing to some.

Big Melons - Bo and John Derek describe this, their latest film effort, as "a funny yet heart-rending tribute to the mammary gland." Not recommended for the intelligent. Accompaniment by a dope is required.

Guts - Burnt-out Reynolds stars in this self-directed epic of the car chase genre. The movie tells the story of a lonely pig disemboweler who decides to add excitement to his life by joining an illegal car rally, falling in love with lots of women and trying to commit suicide. With Dom Deluise as the Disemboweled Pig.

Purple Brain - Prince plays a mad scientist who heads up a sixties psychedelic rock group and promotes mass orgies as a cure for cancer. Movie theatres are offering a fifty percent discount on tickets to the film, due to the lack of a plot.

A new name has been added to the growing list of "all-star" musical groups which have been soliciting funds for Ethiopian famine relief. Joining such notables as "Band-Aid," "U.S.A. for Africa," and "Northern Lights," the new group "Starving Harmony" will be debuting their new single next week. The only difference between this band and other previous ones, is that this band is from Ethiopia. Their single "Nbu Ku Gwing" (roughly translated as "Keep the Dollars Coming") was produced by Ethiopian musical mogul, Rastas Kinte.

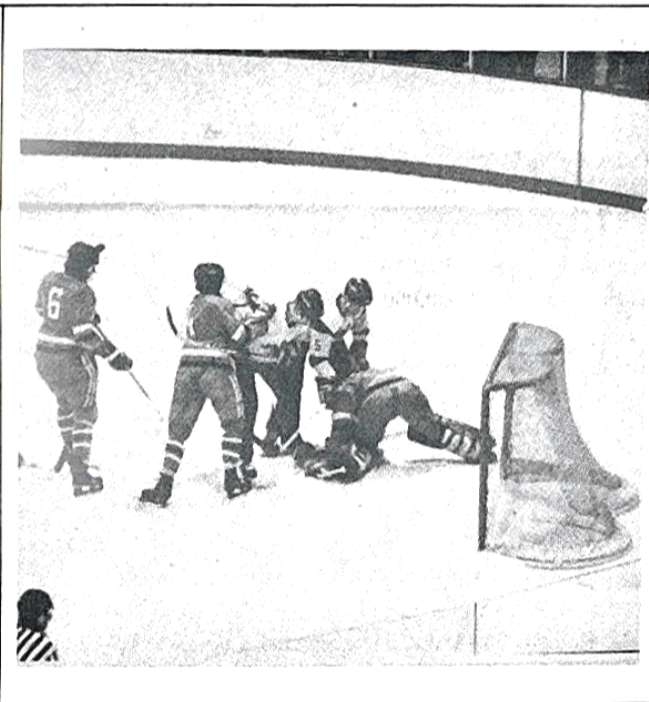
According to Mr. Kinte, the single was cut in Montreux, Switzerland, where fifty African musicians sang in the recording. Such notables appearing on the single will be Umbodo Fallum-Bwa-Bwa, Ururu Timbadwe, and Ororro Bintabo, who released an album in Nairobi last year.

When asked where the capital for this undertaking was found, Mr. Kinte was quite frank. "Our benevolent leaders used some of the financial aid from the U.S.S.R. to get us to

Switzerland. While we were there, they used some of the aid from the U.S. and Canada to build our own recording studio in Ethiopia." Apparently, the Ethiopian government, upon seeing the receipts from such as "We Are The World," has decided that the recording industry is quite lucrative, and should be exploited in Africa.

When asked if he would be taking on any future endeavors, Mr. Kinte replied quite enthusiastically. "Oh yes, we have an album in the works right now to back up the single. There will be a number of Ethiopian folk songs, drum messages, and one new release on the L.P. The new release, entitled "When the Soviets Come Marching In, is a project I've been considering for quite a while, but have never gotten off the drawing board. Now, thanks to the miracles of capitalism and gullible North Americans, the sky's the limit!"

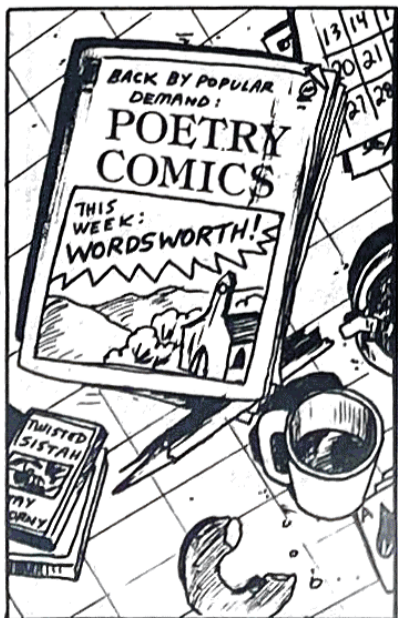
We asked Mr. Kinte who his favorite Canadian celebrity was, he answered quickly "Margaret Trudeau."



In a bizarre Physics experiment, a Nait student tries unsuccessfully to push his head thru a table. Police are still investigating.

Czechoslovakian goaltender Jurri Babbleon was overcome with a desire to pray during a recent college hockey game. Asked about the play after the game, Jurri replied "When you've got to pray, nothing else matters. I just wish the ref hadn't called me for untying the oppositions skates, it could set religion back hundreds of years."

This team of trained Nazi tree hunters was spotted in Hawrelak Park recently, trying to subdue this bucking poplar tree. Asked why rounding up suspected Nazi trees is such an important task, head of the group, Joshua Burnstein replied "We've found that if they're allowed to grow unchecked in virgin forests, they always try to cause uprootings which could be harmful to our forest industry."



The rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the rose...
The moon doth with delight
look round her when the
heavens are bare...



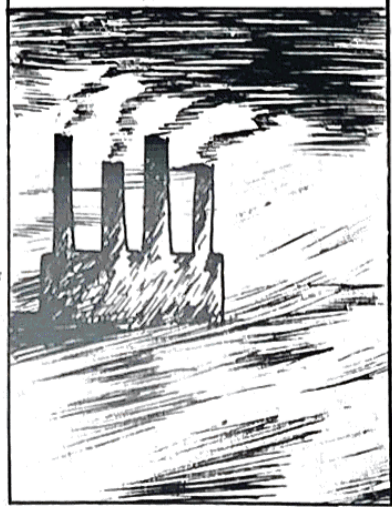
Waters on a starry night
are beautiful and fair...
The sunshine is a
glorious birth...



But yet I know,
where'er I go...



That there hath passed
away a glory
from the earth.



SEX TEST

Finally, all my work is done and we can get down to some cereal writing. It's that time of year again, and here comes another edition of the NAIT Fuggit. Throughout the pages of this special edition of the Fuggit you can expect to be entertained as you've never been before. Whether or not you will be is dependent on how warped or unwarped your sense of humor is.

The following is a psychological test to determine one's ability to cope with stress during a normal school week. All the questions below are set up such that the points awarded for your answers will give a clear indication of how well you cope with life as a student. (We fooled you, it's not really a sex test, depending how you look at it.)

Scoring:

- 1 point for each No answer
- 2 points for each unsure/maybe answer
- 3 points for each yes answer

- 1) Do you or have you ever taken mood altering drugs?
- 2) Have you ever witnessed a shit-fit?
- 3) Have you ever witnessed a jocular activity?
- 4) Have you ever participated in jocular activities?
- 5) Have you ever had sex (excluding self-masturbation) in a bathroom?
- 6) Do you have an itch that won't go away?

- 7) Have you ever picked your nose in a public place?
- 8) Since your 12th birthday, have you ever urinated in public?
- 9) Have you ever been oggled by a member of the opposite sex?
- 10) Have you ever oggled a member of the opposite sex?
- 11) Do you find yourself always thinking What if? ex. What if I had, money, looks, fame?
- 12) Have you ever vomited at a social function?
- 13) Has your escort ever vomited at a social function?
- 14) Have you ever missed 3 days in a row of work/school just cause you didn't feel like going?
- 15) Have you ever taken delight in squeezing blackheads, be they yours or a friends?
- 16) Have you ever woken up in jail or some other dirty place and not know how you got there?
- 17) Have you ever woken up with somebody you did not recognize, nor want to?
- 18) Men: Have you ever been slapped in the face by a woman in public?
Women: Have you ever slapped a man in the face in public?
- 19) Have you ever had a desire to sleep with someone, you just slapped, or who just slapped you?

20) Have you answered the preceding 19 questions correctly and honestly?

Scores:

Under 25 - You have no ability to deal with stress, because you've never had to. Life's been pretty good to you so far, but the first time you have to deal with a crisis, you're going to crumble.

25-35 - Most people in this category are 17 years old, and still living with their parents. Quite normal, but if you're over 21 and/or living on your own, and you are in this category, you're probably not very capable of dealing with stress.

36-45 - This is average. You have an ability to deal with stress that has been developed through actual experience. You also have the sense not to bring stress on yourself for no good reason.

46-54 - Stress bothers you no more than a cold beer on a hot summer day. You probably have a small set of friends that you party with exclusively; usually because no one else will party with you.

55-60 - Unless you're telling stories, you are a very select individual. People like you don't come along very often. Stress will never bother you, because you have no morals or scruples. If you're a girl, you're very likely to be the kind of a girl who attends an all male stag and sleeps with everyone or no one. If you're a man, you'll probably never even hear of a stagette, yet alone attend one.

F. Snob

WHO'S SUING WHOM?

Gag Smurf has filed suit against the very same Gag Smurf. The plaintiff claims the defendant has "lowered his credibility, integrity and public image as a man and a citizen of Canada each time he opened his mouth." "I couldn't believe it" said Smurf

"everytime I'd read my quotes in the paper they'd make me look so incoepent so I'm suing myself." The matter is now

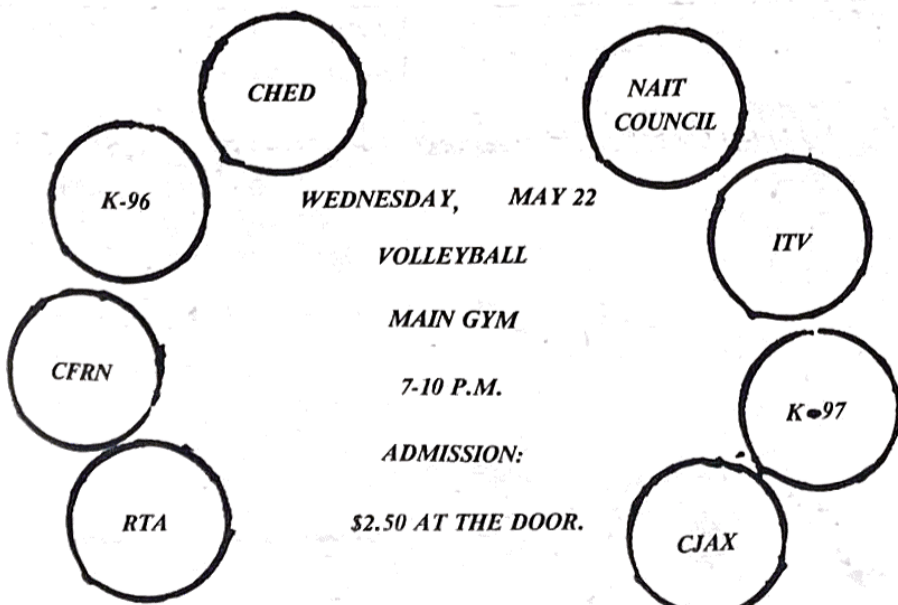
in the hands of higher courts.

Nick Taylor of the Alberta Liberal Party is suing the People of Alberta for discriminating against him because of a belief. "The only reason I didn't get hired for the premier's office was because I'm short, have a moustache, and I'm a Liberal" said Taylor.

"Besides" he continued, the constitution is there, I may as well use it."

Prince is suing Michael Jackson for \$100,000,000 plus damages. Prince claims that he taught Michael Jackson the moonwalk when they were just neighborhood ghetto kids "He stole my boyfriend now he stold my moonwalk" said a lisp Prince. Prince plans to use his winnings in the "suing game" to build a sanctuary for all really nice guys "wink wink" who love the colour purple.

BATTLE OF THE BROADCA STARS



WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

VOLLEYBALL

MAIN GYM

7-10 P.M.

ADMISSION:

\$2.50 AT THE DOOR.

PROCEEDS GOING TO THE WINNING TEAMS FAVORITE CHARITY.



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CLASSIFIEDS:

THE Nugget's classified section is a free service to all NAIT students and staff. Submission should be placed in the box outside room E128 before 4:30pm Monday if they are to appear in the Thursday edition. Ads can be as long as necessary, but will NOT be printed without a valid ID number and name.

DEAR SLOTH

Growl! Growl! Grant Fuhr has been about as sharp as a bowling ball. Ack Barf! But at least he can stop the shots from center ice.

This has been a paid political announcement from the Blue Team

DEAR HUGGY BEAR:

Are we still going to hibernate together? I can bearly wait. You and I can babysit Yogi and Booboo, It will be AAHSOME!!

From Care Bear

TEDDY BEAR:

When is Mr. Snufalufagus coming to play?

Poohterkins

To two certain people who never get enough!!

So how's life Cupcake I never see you except for at classes anymore.

So, Hubby when is our next rendezvous?? Same place, same time??

Luv Charles.

HALL FOR RENT

Ideal for BBQ's, parties, banquets, weddings, etc. Bathroom and kitchen facilities are provided. Very reasonable rates.

Call Sandra at 471-4067

1976 Yamaha RD 400

\$600 overhaul includes re-bore-new pis.-alternator

Asking \$650 OBO

PHone 436-2815

Goodbye to those gorgeous volleyball players in Animal Health. We're really going to miss Wednesdays at 10. Hope we see you at Night Fever Monday nights at 10:30

Signed C.S., G.P. & H

HOMOSEXUAL?

So am I, if not why not give it a try? K-y jelly? I'll supply just give me a call even if your just bi. Call 471-7617 ask for B. Hind.

Interested in Group Sex?

Me too!! I have all kinds of leather & rubber toys. Call me at 471-7617. Ask for D. Ildo

FOR SALE

TI-994A computer, data set, extended basic and lots of books and software. \$345. Call 475-0895

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Software (games etc.) Call Sanjee 475-0895

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TYPING:

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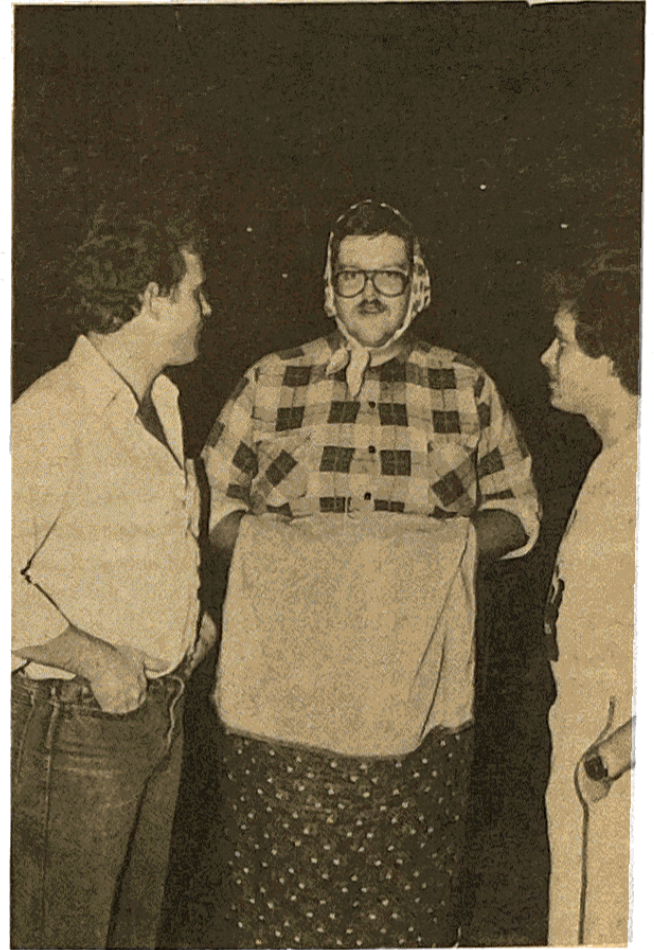
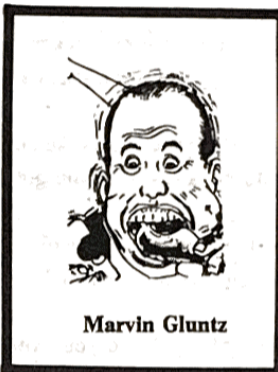
Rile wanted to North Battleford, Sask. on long weekend Phone Larry at 479-1629 after 6:00 pm.

T.O. BOUND?

Am looking for transportation to Toronto end of may. Will share expenses. Please call Bill 471-2580

FOR SALE:

Two 1985 Eskimo Football Tickets. Section A, Row 60. Very good view, and enjoyable section. Face value at \$110 each, or best offer. Contact Laurie Jackson in T200.



Hutterite woman wins Wayne Crouse look-alike contest.

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LISTENING TO BRONSKI BEAT TAPES WHILE READING THE BOOKS OF OSCAR WILDE!

...RUN AWAY!

DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF SUCH GOOD TIMES ANY LONGER!

THE BRONSKI BEAT FAN CLUB WANTS YOU!

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