

COURTESY FLUSH What's the difference between an epidemic and a Sunday morning in Lister? National news coverage.

Lister illness cancels dodgeball

Millions die a limbless death, but loss of grade-school game real tragedy here

CROTCH CHÄFFER The Third-Floor Slut

For the second time this year, a debilitating disease has struck Lister Centre. University of Old Bertha officials declared that leprosy has hit the wretched, sex-stained rooms of the renowned residence, putting the lives of students in danger and, more importantly, forcing the building to cancel its hourly dodgeball games.

"This has got to be the single worst event since Ivan the Terrible wiped out all the potatoes in Ireland," said Bicycle Pants, Big Cheese of the Lister Stud Association. "We've had to cancel our 30th dodgeball game of the day. This is a disaster."

When asked about the death, Pants responded, "Oh, shit. Yeah, no. Um,

that sucks. I mean, those are people, people that are, you know, dead. That's really" before getting a glassy look in his eyes and muttering "dodgeball."

When contacted by the Getaway, Dr Malcolm Practicé, Senior Talking Head with Rapmetal Health, gave an earshattering screech and let loose with a series of face-melting guitar riffs.

He went on to explain that, with modern medicine and most basic acts of hygiene, leprosy generally isn't a death sentence; however, Lister represents a "special" case.

"We've found that, after months of a diet completely consisting of Aramark food-like animal byproduct and vodka, the immune systems of Listerites are non-existent—like someone with a sense of humour in the Women's Studies department," Practicé said.

So far, there are 434 confirmed deaths this month, forcing the residence to cancel more beloved dodgeball games to prevent the further spread of the illness. This, says Pants, is dragging the morale of Listerites down to levels comparable with their GPAs.

"If we don't get dodgeball back soon, these people are going to realize that they're paying a lot of money to live in a crappy room, eat crappy food and pass out on crappy floors. They need this crappy game back. As is, we're barely staving off cannibalism down here."

As for the fallen students, Pants was hurt by the loss.

"In a way, I think that they're still with us, watching us play," Pants said. "I mean, literally, they're watching us. The gymnasium has been converted into a makeshift morgue."

CAMPUS 5-0 BEAT

Compiled by Dyke Autoerotica

THE CASE OF THE DEAD DRIFTER

At about 2:30am on 1 December, a constable found a superball in his pocket and decided it would be "pretty awesome" to drop it down a stairwell in HUB Mall. After the experiment was found to be moderately entertaining, he decided more mass was needed, and retrieved a confiscated bowling ball. Unfortunately, the ball struck and killed a man sleeping in the bottom of the stairwell. The 5-0 decided he probably wasn't affiliated with the University anyways, and so trespassed his corpse from campus.

THE CASE OF THE BATTLING BIKERS

At 11:39am on 1 December, two bike constables on patrol started arguing about which of them would win the affections of the new female member of 5-0. The argument degenerated into one challenging the other to a three-lap race in the bus loop. Witnesses reported seeing the two neck-and-neck for the first two laps, with both deftly weaving through the crowds by the LRT station. However, the wouldbe winner was robbed of victory when he collided head-on with the number four bus to Capilano. The second officer called an ambulance, and his competitor was taken to hospital with bike-rack-related injuries.

THE CASE OF THE STUDENT SHOCK

At 2:10pm on 2 December, Campus Security received a shipment of tasers after hearing rave reviews from members

of UCLA Campus Security. They decided that some practice was required in order to understand fully the characteristics of the shiny new weapons. Within minutes a full-fledged game of "taser tag" broke out in Quad. Numerous bystanders were stunned by what transpired. Fortunately, no one was injured, except for Omer Yusuf, VP (Student Afterlife), who was totally tazered. Like, wow. Really bad.

THE CASE OF THE WRECKED RETAIL

At 12:15pm on 4 December, a constable sent on a lunch run to the Tim Horton's near 85 Avenue inadvertently left his cruiser in gear as he ran into the restaurant. The car crashed through the storefront before finally coming to rest on a travel mug display case. When Edmonton Police arrived to investigate, the man claimed it was like that when he got there.

Alberta, like, so 2005: Semasomething

SOLONG • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"Now that we're no longer part of Alberta, who am I supposed to yell at about tuition?" asked Rave Cornslayer, Stupid Union DP (Rectal). "There will be nothing to do. I'll be regulated to sitting at my desk, flipping quarters alongside Piss Runningflam, who has a habit of screaming 'devil penis' every time the minute hand moves.

"Not to mention, this is just a blatant attempt to distract people from the real problem, the fact that the provinces' new affordability framework is a flop," Cornslayer said with a defeated pout.

However, President Semras ... Semsrama ... President Smith said that the U of ____, now free from provincial regulations on fundraising, is now able to reach into new money-making endeavours, such as selling Cornell Fox's new anti-cancer solution, or renting out Listerites for medical testing.



KEEPING OUT THE UNWASHED A glowing purple dome will protect freedom.

"Of course, the money isn't going to tuition," Smith said, between gasps of laughter. "It will be invested in capital projects, like a giant stone wall around the University to keep out Campus St Jean students and the Huns. Perhaps we'll make the world's largest McGillseeking missile."

A list of new names has been drawn

up, among them the University of al-Qaeda, Old Bertha, Rod Frasier University, the Thunderdome and University of (Symbol). The U of ____'s top pick was Harvard, but Semrasaa9aaka explained that a Freedom of Information request revealed that the name was already taken "by a bunch of jerks."

SANDWICH

432-5224. DOORS AT 5PM

