

Did you hear the one about the Arab, the Jew, the gay guy and Jesus?

A BEAUTIFUL RAY OF SUNSHINE SLINKED THROUGH my bedroom window this morning, warming my cheek and gracing my room with light. I awoke, clutched my down-filled quilt about my chin, and sighed the heavy sigh of contentment. Verily, all was right in the world.

Donning my bathrobe and adorable Snoopy slippers, I ventured out into the warm December dawn to retrieve the morning paper. The bounce in my step was exceeded only by the glint in my eye. I looked to the sky, and watched the sun, like a red rubber ball, peek out from behind cotton-candy clouds. I drew a long, steady breath of fresh country air as I retrieved my daily compendium of current events.

That's where I first found out: splashed across the front page in 200-point font, the *Journal* announced that for the rest of eternity chocolate in all its forms would rain freely from the heavens. While economists are expecting a slight hiccup in the chocolate trade, they're confident that the ensuing cumulative happiness of all of humanity will be more than enough to offset the financial downturn. Moreover, the Velvetine Rabbit didn't die.

Later, during my walk to school, I ran into my best bosom buddy à la *Anne of Green Gables*, and we strolled down the Candycane-esque lanes together. Upon arriving in Quad, I saw \$100 bills growing on all of the trees, and the Students' Union Executive proclaiming the end of high tuition and large class sizes. Entirely satisfied, I walked into my office and was served a cup of hot chocolate with marshmallows by our new robot butler. I went to check my voicemail for messages left by angry readers, but lo, there were none.

As I turned on the six o'clock news, I saw Peter Mansbridge (looking 20 years younger) declare that on the strength of recent democratic elections, all the right leaders were now in place across the globe, and that freedom has prevailed in Iraq, China and the Middle East. Truly, he spake, "Canadians, friends, world peace is on the horizon. I love you all." It was then that I donned my silk bathrobe, lit my finest Cuban cigar, leaned back in my easy chair and smiled quietly to myself. For I knew then that all was—and always will be—right in the world.

RAT TRAINER
Chief Offender

Steady Eddie wins the leadership race!

NOW THIS IS THE STORY ALL ABOUT HOW Alberta got flipped, turned upside down I'd like to take a minute and then you'll see How Ed became the leader of a party called PC

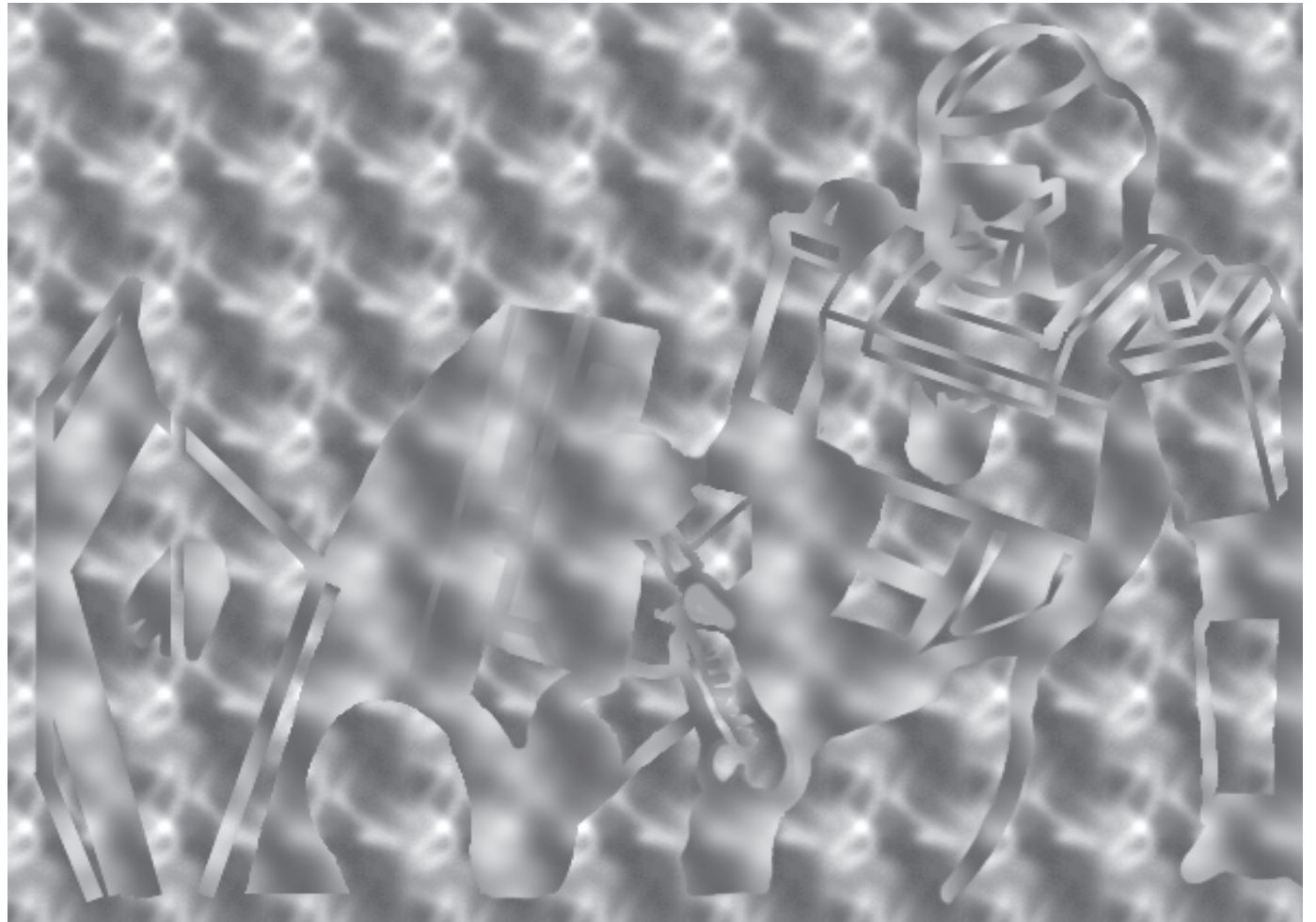
East of E-town Ed was born and raised On the homestead where he spent most of his days Milking cows, farming and workin' real hard And a-shootin' some gophers out in his backyard

When a couple of voters said, "Be our MLA!" Ed started making headlines in the cabinet Ralph got in one too many fights And the Tories got scared They said, "You're retired and you're out of your lair!"

Ed jumped in the race and when voting came near The odds looked bad and he was in the rear If anything, Jim thought Ed wouldn't make the pledge But Ed thought, "Nah, forget it. Yo, homes: to the Leg!"

He pulled through the 2nd ballot, came up with a win And yelled to old Ralph, "Crack out the gin!" He looked at his kingdom, he was finally there To sit in his throne as Alberta's next premier.

NATTILY FELATED
Cockfighteuse



HOLD THIS CARTOON RIGHT UP TO YOUR NOSE. IT SHOULD BE BLURRY. STARE AT IT LONG AND HARD FOR 30 SECONDS, THEN PULL OUT FOR A SEXY SURPRISE! TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR THE SOLUTION

SPAM

This watch is terrific!

I had a meeting to attend to, and I needed something classy yet professional to wear. One of my friends told me about your website and I've seen him wearing one of your watches, but I was still sceptical to buy a replica watch. I took my chance though, and ordered a Rolex from your website. When I received it, I was definitely impressed, but wasn't sure if my associates would be able to tell it's a replica. But when I showed up to the meeting, they couldn't take their eyes off of my new watch. This watch gave me what I was looking for, classy style, with a touch of professionalism.

"NORA"
Via e-mail

Yet another modest proposal

So, Commanda Ass proposes that we abort all the freaky babies in the world in order to maintain the purity of the Portuguese race (re: "Fuck babies," 11 November). However, I've been insisting all along that it's far more ethical if we grant them a free pass through the birth canal, FAS or not, then eat them afterwards (note: it would also solve current famine issues in Ireland).

Alas, I never did come right out and say it, and perhaps that proved my ultimate downfall. I guess subtlety doesn't always come across these days. I blame the e-mail generation.

JONATHAN SWIFT
Not dead yet, muthafuckaz!

Yet another Transformers blowjob?

Seriously, didn't you guys run this ed cartoon last year? What is it with you sick fucks? Porn is no joke, and neither are robots. Put them together, and it's just plain terrible. The next time I pick a random free newspaper

off of the bus floor, you can be damn sure it won't be the *Getaway*.

ABRAHAM TOEWS
Mennonite

Egon is clearly the greatest Ghostbuster—though I don't care much for Harold Ramis as an actor

Can you believe that the original *Ghostbusters* came out 22 years ago? Most of you punks reading this probably weren't even born by that time. Not me, though, no sir. I was alive, sure as shit. One year old, to be exact. 1983 represent, yo. Anyway, I'm digressing from my main point, which is to say YOU SUCK.

FANBOY
Squeeeeeee!!!!!!

Calling retarded people retarded is retarded

First of all, I'm sorry to the followers of Christ. Lambasting the Vatican for promoting abstinence in Africa and thus contributing to the spread of AIDS was clearly unsound. Christ, indeed, saved all those *worth* saving, even if he was a bit of a douche for implanting his holy self into the womb of Mary. I mean, she was innocent, you know? And really, it only showed that Jesus was a bastard. I'm really sorry for finding trivial faults with the Christian religion, and I hope you'll forgive me, even though—let's be honest—Muhammad is way cooler, mainly because he has a sexier beard. (He also ascended to heaven on a horse, which is pretty fucking rad.)

Speaking of the Prophet—peace be unto him—I must also apologize to the Palestinians. I'm sorry that the Israelis have more money and bigger guns than you. Clearly it isn't a millennia-long blood feud that's fuelling Hezbollah's and Hamas' bombs—they're just misunderstood. At the rate Muslims are blowing themselves up, the 99 white virgins will

probably be thoroughly gone over by the time Allah takes you, for which I am sincerely sorry.

DJ MAXLOCK
Mustache rides 5¢

We put the 'rad' back in Radical Lesbian Feminism

We all know that *Getaway* is a paper that is filled to the rafters with classic examples of pure prejudice, but this time, I believe you went too far. There's one example of this so buried into people's self-conscience that although it's been present in your sorry excuse for a paper in every last issue it still remains unaddressed in any context at anytime—this being your obviously sexist use of the punctuation known as the "period". As an empowered female I am deeply offended by the way you throw this little dot around in your writings. It is horrible that the people of our society are corrupting what is the beautiful monthly ritual of menstruation by using its harsh and vulgar slang term for a symbol in our English language. So be aware that as long as women such as myself are dedicated to achieving complete equality, no sentence will end till this atrocity of punctuational patriarchy is stopped.

RIGHTEOUS BABE
Stet, obviously

Surprisingly, not a letter from the archive

What the fuck was going through those dope-smoking, draft dodging, coloured-baby-adopting minds of yours with that editorial cartoon in the 28 November issue? Edmonton's too cold? Too fuckin' cold? I'll have you whippersnappers know that when I was goin' to school, we had to trek through snowdrifts eleventy-seven meters high, with a windchill so cold our children were born with frostbite! And we liked it that way, goddamit! Only *real* men made it to the University in the winter alive.

Walking from University Hall to Rutherford, we had to make due with eating those of us who lagged behind, and having sex with those who remained to keep warm! And we didn't let no womens go to school either! FUCK! Goddamnit, nurse, where are my no-pee-pee meds?!

BOGART HUMPERDINK
Curmudgeonly fuddy-duddy

I have Frank, bitches

Now you thought your ad would work I'm too clever for that Catch me you won't Even if you've disobeyed my requests The hostage will not be returned Rewards are useless Yesterday is tomorrow

KEYSER SÖZE
Criminology X

Letters to the editard should not be taken seriously, as they are just a bunch of gratuitous poppycock put here solely for your amusement. If you feel absolutely compelled to comment on the inane banter on this page, you could send an e-mail to offensive@gateway.ualberta.ca—but we won't read it anyway. In fact, that's not even a real address (suckers).

That said, as Offensive editor here at the Getaway, I reserve the right to edit the shit out the unintelligible drivel that you do send me. I mean, let's face it: most of you spam-happy dipshits couldn't beat Mike Tyson in a spelling bee, let alone raise a coherent point in 350 words or less, so next time just spare me the trouble and keep the wise-ass comments to yourself.

You know, I don't know why I even bother with this fucking disclaimer. None of you ever follow the guidelines anyway. I say, "Include your academic information," you don't give it. I say, "Keep it to under 350 words," you send me an 800-word rant on the state of your grandmother's cat. Well this is where I draw the line, assholes. I'm fucking done with this shit. Edit your own goddamn letters page. I quit.