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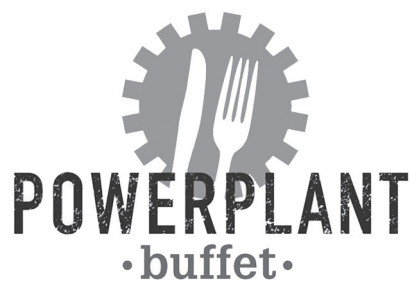
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HOURS of OPERATION

Facebook the new MySpace

It's official: nothing says 'I love you' like a well timed post on your sweetie's wall



EXTRA TERRESTRIAL

It's an old and inspiring tale. Boy friends girl. Girl friends boy. Boy "pokes" girl. Girl reciprocates, and before you know it, there's a little heart icon next to each of their names.

That's right. Step aside flowers, chocolate and reach-arounds: there's a new form of romance in town, and it's called Facebook. Not just for nerds, pedophiles and nerdy pedophiles anymore, Facebook has revolutionized the medium of the Internet where previously the only form of human contact was penis-enlargement spam. In fact, Facebook has become the penultimate form of social contact for the human species—the ultimate, of course, being sexual intercourse.

Catering mainly to university students and containing significantly fewer emo/hipster camera whores and weepy/creepy goth types that find their online homes on networking sites such as Nexopia and MySpace, Facebook truly is slightly less depraved than good old-fashioned MSN-sex.

These innocent electronic trysts of Facebook's youth may all be about to end, however, as Stephen Harper's Conservative government has recently tabled the scandalous "Bill C-01: The Binary Promiscuity Act." This controversial piece of legislation would require all young lovebirds to register their relationship status online before being considered "official." Buzz from our newsfeed page indicates that the bill will likely pass, and Harper has expressed confidence that this bill,



TWIN#1

I'M A COP YOU IDIOT! We're going to play a wonderful game called..."Who is my daddy and what does he do?"

like the Civil Marriage Act, will be relevant for at least a month and, unlike the Civil Marriage Act, not be repealed by any future Canadian government.

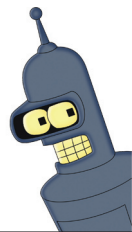
This bill is wrong on so many different levels. For one thing, there are far too many students in tentative and uncertain relationships. One thing that the Internet is *not* is tentative: young couples like these just haven't reached the commitment stage yet, and don't want to rush things. Then there are people like me who are just trying to find a good fuck, and thanks to the wonders of IP address tracking, it's easy to "find someone to bone in your city tonight!"

True, the Conservatives are proposing to limit different relationship options in order to eliminate confusion. The options now range from "yes" to "no," while options such as "it's complicated" will be stricken

from all records, much to the dismay to those who are on the proverbial fence. But as we've come to expect from Harper and his cronies, Bill C-01 makes no mention of gay, lesbian or bisexual relationships other than their fleeting mention as "honoured members of the vampirefreaks.com community."

There was a time when PE Trudeau stole a line from the *Globe and Mail* to tell us that, "There's no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation"—and this is a serious breach of that statement. So it's time we stand up and say that not only do they need to stay out of our bedrooms but out of our Status lines, Group Invites and About Me sections as well. Forcing people to confirm and deny their relationships is a complete invasion of privacy, and if it continues, I'm totally taking Rahim Jaffer off of my Friends List.

What's next, robot marriage?



ANAL PIERCING

Today is a sad, sad day for our country. Our government has given in to the whining of liberal douchebags and is planning to reopen the debate on Robot Marriage. We had hoped that this issue was dead and buried, but just like Bob Barker, it refuses to die.

For years, elderly women have exploited a loophole in the constitution that doesn't explicitly state that marriage must be between a man and a woman in order to marry their pets, and now robots are attempting to use this oversight to their advantage.

You see, Robot Marriage goes against everything that Jesus taught. Sure, the Bible doesn't explicitly say anything about robots being an abomination, but let's look at the facts. Without technology like hammers, Jesus never would have been nailed to the cross, and Jesus didn't blame man for nailing him to the cross, which leaves only one culprit: technology. That's right, Jesus hates technology and science in all their forms, so even debating the merits of Robot Marriage is like nailing him to the cross all over again—and you don't want that, do you?

Now, some egghead "scientists" will tell you that robots have been

programmed to love, but what does a scientist know about love? Love is a lot more complex than some chemicals in a beaker. Here's a hint nerds: voodoo love potions don't work, so Suzie won't think of you as more than a friend.

And to all those people saying that allowing robots to marry would be harmless, need I remind you that these shameful promiscuous robots are responsible for the spread of the SAD (sudden auto destruction) virus. Millions of innocent iPods are destroyed every year because of jack-jumping robots who couldn't care less what they upload to whom.

Even if we ignore the fact that when robots marry you spit in God's face, the real issue here is where we draw the line. Sure the robots say that all they want is the same rights that humans have, but I'm not so easily tricked. If you give a mouse a cookie, it will only want to gay-marry a sheep. If this keeps up, next thing you know we won't be able to harvest grain until a priest marries it first.

I pray to God that our politicians have the strength of character to oppose these left-wing robo-sympathizing nuts and maintain the ban. It's bad enough having to explain to our children what's going on when they see a robot plugged into a lamp-post, but giving them the right to marry would be publicly justifying such blasphemous behaviour. Once this issue is finally dead and buried we can get back to the real important matters at hand, like preventing queers from marrying,

DA BURLAP SIZZACK, YO

Listen up son. I'm 'bout to spit some game on you foo's. I been hearin a lot of smack comin' out yo mouths, and I only got one fuckin thing to say 'bout dat: fuck all y'all. For real, fuck y'all.

What have y'all done fo' me lately? I ain't seen none of y'all puttin work on the block. You ain't been slangin shit. Instead of givin' back to the street, ya just keep schemin,' and lookin' hard. I know yo type: so much bitch in you, you'd ratha' blow me than fight.

Y'all need to learn some ackright. Be true to yo'selves. You got five kids with dat bitch Shediqua? Don't be puttin spinners on yo' Toyata Highlander hybrid instead of feedin them youngins, bitch! Got dat itch from Lorreta down the block from dat Wendy's by Oliver Square? Dat's what you get for not wrappin up the anaconda, poo-but! Y'all gotta watch your peoples. You think you're getting girls now 'cause of your looks?

If y'all don't start ackin' right, I'm-a have to put you in a dry spot in a pine box with nine shots from my glock, fellas. And if y'all won't listen to me, then fuck y'all!

DOCTA MURDA

Da Burlap Sizzack is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to served gets holla'd at in print. So break yo'self, fool.