

Smokers are doing my dirty work

The fight against tobacco has left my own indulgences completely unguarded



PAUL
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on to find their next enemy, because chances are they'll come down on the unhealthy things that I do instead.

Now I don't know about you, but I don't like the idea of having to deal with not being allowed to drink beer in bars or eat fast food on campus, so we need to keep some smokers around to take the hit for the rest of us. Hell, if anything, Big Tobacco is going to have to step up their lobbying efforts down South if I really want to enjoy my lunch of french fries and beer in peace.

I don't even want to think about a world where anti-tobacco groups have won their battle and have moved on to find their next enemy, because chances are they'll come down on the unhealthy things that I do instead.

I'm not saying that we should reverse existing anti-tobacco legislation. While the pictures of rotting gums on cigarette packages go a little far, I love not having to deal with smoking in bars anymore. Now I no longer smell like reheated death or wheeze the day after a night at the bar, and I can frequent any new drinking establishment without fear there's going to be two smokers in there that

will produce such results in me.

I'm just saying that we need to keep anti-tobacco groups convinced that cigarette companies are going to throw lit packs of cigarettes into elementary schools like grenades so that they'll keep themselves totally occupied with that particular crusade. Hell, if a new big push in tobacco advertisements and smoker visibility is effective enough, even the general public might leave me alone.

Take last Saturday night, for example. Now, if you weren't with me, I'll admit to you this particular day of the week is notorious in its ability to get me drunk. Some say it's because of the influence of the moon, others say it's simply a mystery of nature from which no explanation could ever be found. Regardless of what people say about my love for "quarters" and boat-racing, the point is, it's not my fault, okay?

Despite this, I found myself to be the butt of many jokes and cruel jibs about my state of inebriation. In the super-cigarette-hating society I wish we were a part of though, all that would have happened is we would have swapped jokes about smokers and talked about how much better we were than them—until I passed out anyway.

So, cigarette lovers everywhere, keep fighting the good fight. Big Tobacco, I want a cigarette marketed towards fourth graders hitting shelves soon. Smokers, the next time someone talks to you about your "filthy habit," I want you to blow a nice big cloud of smoke in their face. And if you see me in RATT, first round (of twelve) is on me.

Have you herd? Scientists prove we're just like sheep



ADAM
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Still not convinced? Look at the size differences between us humans. You've got your tall people, you've got your short people—and the same principle applies to the sheep as well. You've got your big ones, you've got your little ones—one could even go so far as to say that they ungulate in length.

So don't let the scientists try to pull the wool over your eyes with fancy statistics about "genetic drift" and the "Founder Effect": after all, when it comes to closed genetic pools, you don't want to be diving head-first into the shallow end, if you catch my drift.

The fact that these woolly little quadrupeds all look like each other is misleading as well. I think it would behoove us all to look a little bit deeper—to judge the sheep by their individual merit. Then and only then will it become obvious that E25436 has eaten more grass than E43231.

This find has proven to be just another feather in God's perfectly conceived creationist cap. It's really no wonder he chose our ruminant friends to reveal to us this deeper truth: after all, sheep, along with their perennial sidekicks shepherds, appear in the Bible no less than 247 times! Now, I'm no King Solomon, but I figure that was a sign of some sort—a sign that we should always blindly follow our leaders' examples.

I've even been inspired to buy me my very own desert island in the South Pacific—the real estate agent even threw in my very own "Eve," if you know what I'm saying. The irony of it all: it only cost me 40 sheep. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a little pro-creationism of my own to do.

A recent study of a flock of sheep on a sub-antarctic island called Haute Île, home to a French military station, has found that a sufficiently genetically diverse population can in fact be bred from a single mating pair. Now, nevermind the fact that sub-antarctic means below-antarctic, which doesn't really make sense, or that this six-square-kilometre island represents the only thing the French army has been able to conquer in the last 200 years—this discovery is groundbreaking in a lot of ways.

First off, these findings clearly disprove the so-called "theory" of evolution that the so-called "scientists" have been on about. How do they think the human race started in the first place? Just a little lady named Eve and a guy to whom yours truly owes his name—that's all that was needed to produce the six billion-plus people that roam God's green earth today.

Admittedly, you've got to feel for the brother and sister that had to get it on—but just look at how genetically diverse we are now, 6000 years later! We've got black people, brown people, you name it. Forget all this jazz about melanin and vitamin D: all you need is a little bit of time and a lot of sun-tanning. And they say global warming is a bad thing.

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