

## Ask Mr. Advice

Mr. Advice

*I know all the answers.  
whether you like it or not!*

Hey Mr. Advice,

Hey. I have a problem. You see, I have a problem with excessive sweating. You see, everytime I open my armpits, it's like a waterfall of perspiration. You see, I know it's a natural biological function, but it disturbs me sometimes. My hands, armpits, legs, back, hair... they all sweat uncontrollably. You see, there is a medical term for it (like hyperperspiration or something), but I don't want to have to take drugs or have surgery or stuff. You see, I like a boy in my English 192 class, and he asked me out to dinner. I know it's going to lead to more. Maybe even HOLDING HANDS, which can be disastrous, because he'll feel my sweaty palms and not like me for it. Do you see my problem Mr. A? I can hardly even type; my hands are so freaking wet and stuff. Cripes.

Help me.

-Soaking wet in Bernie.

Dear Soaking,

Number one: You said "you see" a total of SIX times in two paragraphs. That's annoying. The only reason I decided to answer your question was to make fun of you for that. Now, I'm no doctor, but I can tell when someone is screwed up. You, my friend, are beyond that. Ummm... have you tried baby powder? It might work. Or encourage him to watch old Wacko-Jacko videos and tell him that wearing gloves is cool, just like MJ used to do. He might be dumb enough to fall for it. Your hair actually sweats? That's messed. Hope this helps!

I am,

Mr. Advice

Yo Advice,

Let me start by thanking you for helping tens of students with their problems. It takes a real man to do something like that. You remind me of Dr. Phil, only without the stash. Well, my problem is this: I am absolutely, without a doubt, the smartest person I know. You might look up to me for being able to admit this, but really, it's not that difficult. Sometimes I hang out with people who think they're smart, but I like to show off my huge brain by talking about stuff that they know nothing about. It's awesome. Most times they just keep on reading their book, and pretend to ignore me, but really, they are embarrassed. I go out of my way to talk about stuff that they don't even think of, and they pretend not to be interested, but really, they just want to be like me. Sometimes they try to make comments, but I shoot them down by changing the topic. I guess what I'm trying to say is we have a lot in common. We're both smart. Smarter than the average Joe that sits around in campus lounges minding his own business. I think you and I should go around to EVERY lounge someday, and talk about stuff that will make people wish they were us. Man that would rock. thanks.

Signed

Mr. Smarty Pants

Mr. Pants,

I am twenty times smarter than you will ever be. Ask me to join you in your little "tour" again and I will castrate you. I write a gosh-darn advice column. I am so smart; I go beyond my own

problems and solve other peoples' for them. You've insulted me, Pants. Everyone already wants to be me. And it's MR. Advice, anal sphincter.

I am,

Mr. Advice

Dear Mr. Advice,

I come to you today with a somewhat troubling problem. You see, I'm pregnant. I don't know how it happened... well I do know HOW it happened (I was there), but I don't know how I could let it happen. Anyway, like most of your readers, I'm a student and am afraid that I won't be able to support a child along with myself. Think about it. How can I get an education and support a kid at the same time? I talked to some people, and they said I should carry the child and maybe give it up for adoption if I still feel like I can't support it. Some of my friends however say I should get a trusty ol' abortion so I don't have to worry about this parasite in my belly no more. What ought I do, Mr. Advice? Thanks.

Knocked-up in down town.

Dear Knocked,

Do the world a favor, and stop listening to those crazy pro-lifers. They're all just wild animals with morals, a good conscience, and solid arguments. All I can say is that if there are approximately 126,000 abortions taking place across the world every day, what's one more dead innocent child? Now I know that I don't have a uterus,

but if I did, I sure as hell wouldn't want it crowded up with some baby. For starters, the thing isn't even paying rent. Second, you have to feed it while it's in the womb. Can you say "inconsiderate," because I can. So what if some "doctor" goes in there with a hook-shaped knife and a Shop-vac, I say that baby (that you knew could be conceived by having sex) had it coming.

Don't let some unborn child stand in your way of getting your education and six figure pay cheque... matter of fact, I think you should murder EVERYONE that gets in the way of it! Profs that give you bad marks, the bureaucrat that won't give you enough for your student loan, the SOB that took your parking spot and made you late for class... Kill 'em all (maybe not with a knife and a Shop-vac, that gets a little messy when it doesn't take place inside the comfort of your own womb).

To someone in your situation, I certainly wouldn't tell them to contact Birthright PEI at 628-6028 (or online at [www.birthright.org](http://www.birthright.org)) so they could seek options that don't involve murdering their baby. Sure, side effects of abortion (like cervical rupture or infection, infertility, seizures, nightmares, and feelings of taking a human life to name a few) may last you the rest of your life, but at the end of the day, it's obvious that it's worth it. Hope this helps.

I am,

Mr. Advice

Mr. Advice wishes everyone a happy and problem free summer!  
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