

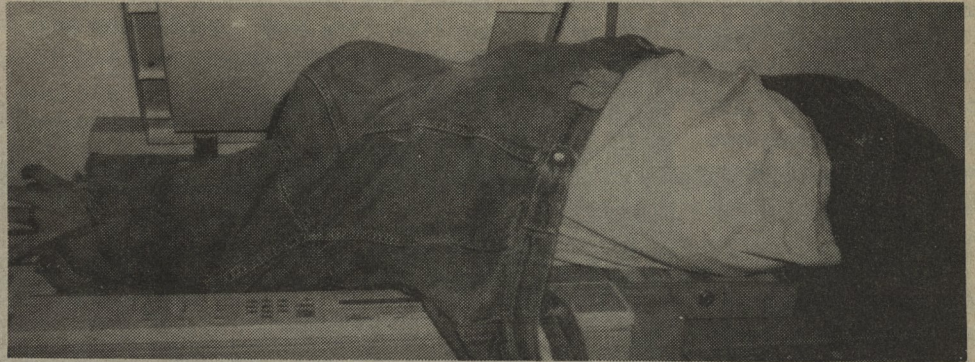
PHOTOCOPIERS DEVOUR STUDENTS

by Carter Hall

Photocopiers throughout the campus have become bloodthirsty menaces as reports continue to flood in of the machines devouring students at random.

One student watched helplessly as a friend was attacked and consumed. "The lid slapped down on George's head", Liza Clemens recalls, "and I could hear him screaming about the horrible green light as his body slowly disappeared and copy after copy of his dying face slipped out of the machine. It's all so senseless. He had almost twenty dollars left on his copy card."

Maintenance officials are stymied by the problem. "The last repairman we sent became a snack for those fiendish machines", said Trudy Scription. "We've been trying to reason with them, but they keep saying more students will be con-



sumed until their demands are met." The machines, which achieved malevolent intelligence and limited mobility following a freak power surge, are demanding "all the change you can give us ... and commemorative provincial quarters, too, none of those cheap caribou jobs. Crank up the mint, boys, 'cause we got a powerful cravin' for

coins and we just might gum a few more kiddies to death in the frustrated throes of a snack attack." Authorities have not responded to the demands, but are considering cutting off electricity to the area and smashing the machines despite protests from photocopier rights groups.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTS

by Jay Garrick

U.P.E.I. staff are still in shock after having witnessed their president go up in smoke. Doctor C.W.J. Eliot was preparing to give a special lecture on "Our Friend the Parthenon" when people in the front row noticed smoke curling up out of his shirt collar. By the time onlookers tried to warn him, flames were shooting out of him and within seconds he was totally consumed, reduced to a clean, grey ash as one onlooker noted.

"It was horrible, just ghastly," said Reg Porter, a friend of the deceased. "He'd just finished saying he was 'veddy glawed to be here' when he went up like a marshmallow. I hope he left me his art collection."

Porter went on to theorize about the cause of the grotesque tragedy, saying "Willy loved the Parthenon ... perhaps too much. I believe he was finally consumed by

his scholarly passion for that greatest of classical structures, dying phoenix-like in a blaze of intellectual glory as he always hoped to do ... or maybe it was really bad heartburn."

Eliot's colleagues were devastated by the horror but have vowed to persevere with their work in memory of the departed rather than let this freak accident discourage them from carrying on. As Eliot's fellow Classicist Dr. David Buck so eloquently put it, "it's a darn shame but I'm not going to throw myself on my own sword over it."

