

MacQueen's Sweat Shop

Spinning Classes Starting November 1st

Indoor-Cycling Workout
You're invited to a Demo Night

@ MacQueen's Bike Shop
430 Queen Street

Thursday, October 30, 2003
@ 7:00 pm

For more info call 368-BIKE (2453)



DIAGEO



Win! Win! Win!

• Cut drink recipe from the Cadre every week

SMIRNOFF

• Purchase Drink at the Wave



• Win \$1000!

Other great prizes to be won during year
 • DVD Player
 • Play Station 2

SMIRNOFF



Ask the Wave staff for details



THE WAVE
 Purchase a **Raspberry Sunset** @ The Wave for a chance to win!

Smirnoff Raspberry twist
 Orange juice
 Cranberry juice

SMIRNOFF Raspberry Twist

DRINK of the WEEK

STAMP

Name: _____ Email: _____

Redeem @ The Wave for a chance to win \$1,000

I'm Sure I'm Not Exactly Sure Non-job Job?

by Brad Deighan

Was it all those late nights? Those morning parties watching the sun come up to burn tired red eyes carrying sleepy luggage into the ground? Was it all those times where time was nothing? Or was it all just sleazy product of that time after coming, when the conductor of the automobus released all those snuggly little kittens over my delighted body in a heaving box-car bench? Mortally wounded kittens are much nicer, but who's complaining? Besides, that's a whole 'nother story.

And what about those leaping Cabots? It could've been the KY jelly, remember the time? - you can eat too much you know. But what ever it was, human-person can't now remember if it had a job this summer, and if it had a job at all! Well we'll have to try and figure this out - did it have a jobber... and in any case - did it need one?! Who needs a job and what?

And what? Listen, a certain-certain summer - this summer past you see - began. Oh my! And a certain human-person was found quite without a job, and quite very well without a job indeed. But that's fine and fun-dandy, because human-person spends not a lot 'cept a little - but there were things that wanted to be done, and money became - thought not completely necessary - an aid and a just in case.

So in aid - and just in case - human-person set up shop and got paid to pick and plant plants, and fondle silly flowers in the sun. That was good - living, enjoying magic; plant, magic-magic plant; summer magic in the sun. What better than a plant in the sun everyday, inhaling, exhaling sweet digging garden air and strengthen soil to the top, sweating, tanning, steaming, screaming silly in the smoking sun? Question? And for a month - no more! - Something new had become necessary, something new had been inquired about through the use of the imagination that is: what would it be like to...? Imagine! Wow. Quit job and go.

And human-person goed!
 "No more working for others, no more sweating for money, a little work for myself would do, and what's more, something about a bunyip!" cried human-person in the air, with lungs and other. Human-person now had a something else, and wondered if what it was

could be defined as a job or no.

"What is it I ask - and I do! I ask! What is it, I ask, that a jobsy really consists of?" Hmm. "And yes, something more about a bunyip." Hmm, a bunyip.

The rest of the summer was spent inciting and participating in what confused mongoloids would, well, confuse with riot! In other words... reading, writing, traveling, biking, boating, squiggling, singing, dancing, shaking shakers and what-the-what. Beach. Breaking and making. Sadness and sorrow with a hint of joy in the back-pain or was it the other way around? Who knows what? What?! Nothing knowing and knowing nothing. Good way to be. But the key word here... yes the key word here is bunyip. Bunyip, bunyip, bunyip! See? Do you get it yet? And that was the wildy part! Where the wildy-wild began to start! Where they grow, actually - but that's also another story. Human-person began to understand - without actually understanding? Do you understand? Do you understand? Hmm. Human-person spent the rest of the summer in a silly summer confusion in the sun.

"Is a job something you get paid for? Is it something someone else tells you to do, something forced upon you in a society where the homeless are put in steel cardboard-box kennels and forced to give blow-jobs for dead-animal burgers foaming with cuntish greasy cuntish grease? If one lives to have fun, and has fun for a living, is one working, or doing ones job - or is it something altogether different? Let's leave it there, I'm feeling lazy, and this could turn into a job, quick. Or maybe it's a job already hmm? But I know it's fun. So listen you lazier lazy bum! Expand the argument in your own god-damn head says !! Now don't be lazy fucking lazy - and mental conversation in the head! The heart? Same thing. Same thing? And yes, I almost forgot, I have nothing left to say about a bunyip, so listen up - Bunyip's have horrible hair - terrible hair! Poor bunyips - Bunyips bunyip, at midnight, and it might - actually - even be their job."

And human-person left it at that - and so will !! Vulgar sexual lingo and writing job non-job job? I quit! What did I quit? Did I quit? Did you or are you still here... reading confused? Fucking quit - I did.