

MUSIC EDITOR PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH AFTER CONFRONTATION WITH ENRAGED FAN!

X-Press music and production editor Kirby Ferguson met an untimely end last Tuesday evening. As Ferguson left the weekly meeting of the X-Press staff, he was cornered by an outraged reader. This reader (who now is thought to have been female) proceeded to force Ferguson into the elevator. Ear-witnesses tell us that although there was silence in the elevator, once the couple hit fourth floor "all hell broke loose". "The woman began to yell and scream at the poor man," says a witness who asks not to be identified, "I just figured it was a lovers' quarrel so I left them to it." Apparently, Ferguson looked absolutely terrified and cowered against the hand rail at the top of the stairs. Stan Livingstone, a columnist for the X-Press, also saw the couple and says "I saw Kirby with this person, he looked terrible and was taking quite a beating. But when I tried to help him, he begged me to save myself and run, so I did." "Then," Livingstone continues, "I heard a voice say 'This is for Closing Time!' and all of a sudden Kirby sailed past me on the stairs. He wasn't even touching the steps and just kept going and going!" Mr. Ferguson was found at the very bottom of the stairs, not far from where this whole confrontation started. Ferguson's final words were "I'm sorry, Mr. Cohen," whispered quietly as his last breath left him. The

remainder of the X-Press staff were remarkably calm, although noticeably upset at the death of their colleague. "I always knew it would come to something like this," said editor-in-chief Sean McQuaid,

"I always told him he should lighten up those reviews, but he wouldn't listen!" Other staff members refused to comment on their grief.

SHARKS INVADE PLUMBING AT U.P.E.I.

by Al Pratt

Students have complained of miniature man-eating sharks lurking in toilets on campus. As one student put it, "you're risking your butt every time you sit down in this joint."

Professors in the biology department theorize that the pesky critters are flushed fish from failed experiments mutated by carelessly discarded chemistry experiments.

Where the reign of terror will end is unclear, but maintenance is working on the problem, as described by worker Bernard Bailey: "We've got guys with fishing rods in every john, baiting their hooks with slabs of beef. We'll have these hell-spawned sardines filleted faster than you can say Captain Highliner."