

# The terrible travails of Yella Belli and Clyde

By Nils Connor

The two rather inept adventurers continued on their way, exiting the room of hewn stone, running a north-south direction forty feet by twenty feet without even examining the contents of the treasure chest they had noticed.

"Hey," said Clyde, "we forgot to examine the contents of the treasure chest."

"Yes," agreed Yella Belli. "We really should take a look."

"Yes," agreed Yella Belli. "Do you think we ought to find out about that treasure chest?" asked Clyde.

"Yes," agreed Yella Belli, in a rather unoriginal manner.

"Okay. I'm glad you agree," said Clyde. "Go ahead."

"What? How dare you! Oh sure, I know that I'm the warrior around here but that doesn't mean that I have to face all the danger," began Yella indignantly. "Just you tell me who it was that was the object of lewd propositions from the orc patrol. Suppose you tell me who it was who faced the peril while you tried that ridiculous Hot Dog spell back there in the room of hewn stone running in a north-south direction, twenty feet by forty feet,

huh? You tell me!"

"Not twenty by forty feet, forty feet by twenty feet," corrected Clyde.

"Oh, sorry."

"Anyway, we'll both go back".

The adventures turned back and entered a room of hewn stone, running in a north-south direction, forty feet by twenty feet, and made their way to the treasure chest. The chest was locked. The closing mechanism had been activated. To open the chest a key would be necessary.

"The chest is locked," stated Yella with absolute correctness.

"The closing mechanism has been activated," said Clyde with poor pronunciation.

"To open the chest, a key will be necessary," said Yella.

"Wrong! Hahahahaha!" exclaimed Clyde with delight as he jumped up and down like a small child on Christmas morning, making a total fool of himself.

Yella quickly glanced about to ascertain that no one had noticed this display.

"I can magic it open!" said Clyde. "Stand back".

Yella was only glad to oblige. Clyde began to rock back and forth as he chanted in a low voice. The incantation ran:

Please, please, please,

Let this spell work.

I have to save face

somehow

After that puppy trick.

To the immense surprise of both Yella and this author, the chest opened. Inside there was a large collection of almost worthless copper pieces and a small gold amulet. Instantly, like the good friends they were, Clyde and Yella began to argue over the amulet.

After two hours, a bloody nose for Clyde and a singed beard for Yella, they came to an agreement that they both failed to be satisfied with.

They looked closely at the amulet. They gave the amulet an intense scrutiny. The amulet was studied by them.

The result of this was not evident to anyone sane. They continued in this manner. They went on as they had. They carried on with what they were doing. Still the result was not evident to anyone sane nor the many of the insane.

Something exasperating, frustrating, exciting, or mildly interesting, failed to occur. This accomplished nothing. The two adventurers stopped what they were doing. They ceased in that activity. They did not continue their action.

Just as Yella was preparing to put the amulet in his leather backpack along with several hundred almost worthless copper pieces, there sounded forth, in tones not unlike someone yelling at you from the other end of the Sistine Chapel early one Friday morning, a voice.

"Ha ha ha ha! You fools!" said the voice, in a rather unnerving fashion.

"What did you do?" hissed Clyde.

"Nothing, I hope," said Yella.

Just then, with a horrible thunderclap and a lot of billowing smoke there appeared before the adventurers, a ghastly demon. It stood nine feet tall, had horrible short stumpy legs, with claws on the feet. Instead of arms it had large batlike wings terminating in a sort of hand with long tapering fingers. The face of the beast was terrible to

behold. It looked like the face of Michael Jackson, after everything that should be done to it, had been.

"One your knees, vermin!" bellowed the demon.

"Do you think he means us?" asked Clyde.

"Yeah, I think so," said Yella Belli.

"Oh, no."

The two made a break for the door. With a horrible laugh and a flap of the bat like wings the demon leapt to interpose himself between the two adventurers and their only hope of escape.

"HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!" laughed the demon in, not surprisingly, a demonic voice.

"Odin! Crom! Osiris Zeus!" cried Yella.

"Mars! Cthluthu! Vasahnka! Brahma!" joined in Clyde.

"STOP STOP STOP STOP!" yelled the demon. "Don't you realize how dangerous it is to go about calling out the names of gods? Suppose I went and yelled out the name of my God, Morningbreth and he..."

There was a large clap of thunder and the entire room of hewn stone running in a north south direction forty feet by twenty feet was engulfed in flames. When the flames subsided the adventurers somehow managed to notice the looming, eighteen foot tall, green figure of, Morningbreth, God of Demons.

# Kleaner's Klosit

By Ed Orlowksi

The Broom Klositeers all raise their bristles, mop-heads, soapy shoulders, drippy buckets to ... two fine human beings who have helped make the Cass Chemistry Building more beautiful by their rich contributions of plant slips, flower pots, potting soil, encouragement, and willingness to help the Klositeers. The H.M.U.P.E.I.C.M.B. E.F.E.F.A.M. Award (from now on referred to as "Help make U.P.E.I. campus more beautiful in eighty-four, eighty-five and more) goes to alphabetically listed) our room klosit relatives:

Honorary Uncle ... Pat Doyle ... Of the beautiful Duffy Science Building for his plant slips, topsoil, and

flower pots.

Honorary Aunt ... Alice Edwards of the fabulous Main Building, who runs the campus-famous 'green room' whose contribution was an armful of exotic slips to the Kleaner for the enjoyment of the Klositeers.

In the survey taken last week, thanks to these kind people, the Cass Chemistry Building is now number three on U.P.E.I.'s campus for beautification effort in Eighty-Four.

The highest award that the U.P.E.I. Klositeers give out is the "THANK YOU AWARD".

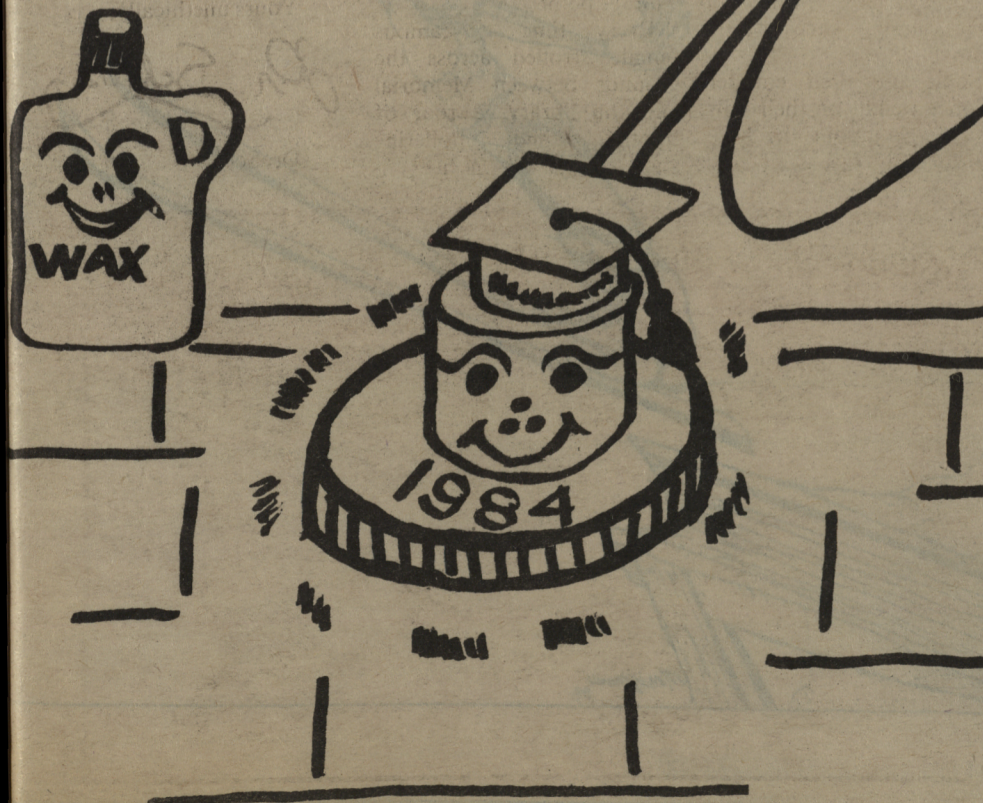
..... and for the 84 Season have been awarded to Uncle Pat Doyle and Aunt Alice Edwards .... Kindest thanks to both of you.

Too, they are now honorary members of the Kleaner's Campus Cubbyhole Club Guild ... numbers 84 and 85 respectively. Congratulations for helping to make the Cass Chemistry Building look more beautiful.

The broom Klosit only has one Broomette graduating in the 84 season, and that is Swivel hips sizzling Sal with a three-prong receptical spirical will graduate with a Bachelorette of Sink Sciences for dainty do do's.

Congratulations Ms. Swivel hips Sizzling Sal with a three-prong receptical spirical.

Have a nice summer, everyone.



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