

# Psycho III

Hello ... hee hee ... Hi! Ha ha!

Welcome once again to this, the latest issue of Psycho.

I'm Dr. Skitz (Schiz) here to entertain you in this fun-filled, action-packed column. A lot of psycho babble, huh?

Let's get straight into the rubber room, haha.

As I recall, we were having an intelligent conversation about the ... tho ... (sign) ... those little Arabian skunks and their serving-tray tails.

Now I will tell you how they got on the 5¢ piece.

Did you know they started out with no sense, got into a fight, and when the dust cleared, had more cents than they had when they started or was it when they ended?

Does this make sense? Anyways, ha ha this is how it went.

Chip and Dip (catchy, huh?) were sitting on the bank of a river arguing about how to build a house. They worked themselves up so much that they both went skitzoid.

The other lit ... lit ... little monsters knew that this would be a knock-down, drag-out fight because the other two were wearing the latest in running shoes, rubber, of course.

So they gathered with intense interest as the two somersaulted

around. Out of nowhere came Chinese music! The next thing the gathered beavers knew, the two opponents were in erect, weird positions.

One of the spectators knew what was going on and whispered into a neighbour's ear, who in turn whispered into another ear until the whole group knew there was going to be a Chinese kung-fu fight.

As a hush came over the group, bug-eyed in anticipation of an excellent skirmish, the two competitors met in the centre of the dirt ring.

Both of them bowed low, and Plunk — their heads collided.

Dazed, the fighters stumbled back onto the ground. The roaring laughter was so loud that it would have raised any ceiling ... it went through the gathering like spasmic shock waves.

It was at this time that Dip noticed a shiny metal object in the dirt (I was the one who lost the coin).

He picked it up and started flipping it up in the air, catching it, then slapping it on his wrist (it being a two-headed coin).

Chip, shaking the last of his dizziness out of his head, got up and came over to see what Dip was doing.

Apparently Dip was trying to figure out who was going to

throw the first drop kick.

Chip: "You're barking up the wrong tree, whittle head."

Dip: "Got any better ideas, knock on wood?"

Chip: "Why don't you use your head?"

Dip: "Why don't you use your tail?"

Chip was going to wack Dip across the side of the head when he stopped in mid-motion and smiled. "Hey, why don't we put my portrait on the coin to settle the confusion?"

"Ya, that would be a great idea ... pause ... why you portrait and not mine?" wondered Dip.

"Because I'm the most handsome furry creature among the lot of youse ..."

"not anymore ...!"

After the brawl, Chip ended up with two white eyes (they're the worst), a split tail, messed-up fur, and no running shoes. To this day, it has been a Canadian tradition to have a nickel on a beaver.

I mean, a beaver on a nickel. Hey! I didn't have a fit when I mentioned the ... the ... oh no, ... ± ÷ × = † ‡ \$ @ - those little monsters. Dam (beaver dam.)

Next week (chill) I'll talk about why they have webbed hands and what those hands do when you're not looking.

# The terrible travails of Yella Belli and Clyde

by Nils Connor

Once long ago, in the deep dark forests just outside of the Stinking Swamp, there were two adventurers. One, a warrior of immense physical prowess, if little fortitude of character; the other a sage of dubious calibre. Their names were, respectively, Yella Belli, and Clyde.

One day, the objects of our ridicule set forth on a fruitless and frustrating enterprise, the details of which bear little concern for any right-thinking person.

That, however excludes this chronicler.

I commence my tale with Yella and Clyde deep beneath the earth in a subterranean setting, just the type of setting one might expect to find deep beneath the earth. They find themselves in a room of hewn stone, running in a north-south direction, forty feet by twenty feet.

'Look for secret passages,' directed Clyde, valiantly, but unsuccessfully trying to control the quaver in his whiny, adenoid inflected voice.

'Alone?' asked Yella.

'W-w-w-well I h-h-have to make certain that n-n-no orcs surprise us while we plunder this delightful subterranean setting deep beneath the earth,' said Clyde,

no longer trying to hide his fear.

Just then, what should stroll into the room of hewn stone, running in a north-south direction forty feet by twenty feet, but a patrol of fierce looking orcs, uniformly clad in tight, pink satin body suits with profusions of rhinestones and sequins.

'Eek Ooo Help! Help! Help!' both Clyde and Yella tried to scream, yet due to intense fear only produced small hissing noises.

'Krashassak gargle arrg!' bellowed the leader of the orcs, a big mean looking fellow with a large blonde afro and flowing silk cape.

'Y-y-yes, m-m-my good f-f-fellow?' said Clyde.

'Balalalaaaarg!' stated the orc with the large blond afro succinctly as he motioned for the two hapless adventures to hand over their valuables.

'Never In A Million Years!' exclaimed Yella Belli in disgust, mistaking the gestures and forming a stereotype due to the clothing of the orcs.

With that, he (Yella Belli) leaped forth, drawing his great two-handed broadsword, and executed a mighty swing as well as a fairly large orc.

Meanwhile, Clyde was attempting to recall the necessary components for a Spell of Immense Conflagration.

'Oh my god! Help! Help for pity's sake! Help!' screamed Yella as he faced the remaining orcs, uniformly clad in tight, pink satin body suits with profusions of rhinestones and sequins (assuredly a sight to strike fear in the hearts of even the bravest).

'Aha,' said Clyde 'just hold on a moment.'

'Oh my God. Help. Help for pity's sake. Help.' replied Yella routinely.

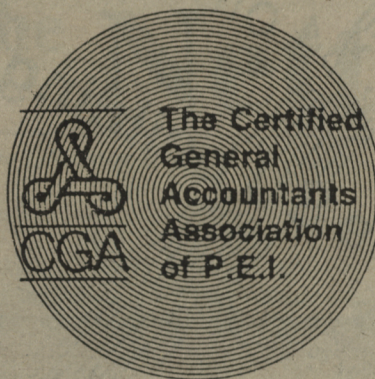
'Tahdah!' exclaimed Clyde, casting what he thought to be a Spell of Immense Conflagration.

Suddenly, due to the efforts of a certain wizard, by the name of Clyde, amidst the group of orcs there came into being a ferocious puppy of at least six weeks age. The orcs, who weren't bright, were none the less awed and ran headlong out of the room of hewn stone running in a north-south direction forty feet by twenty feet. One orc of the braver sort, mustered the courage to pause momentarily to tweek Yella's buttocks.

(To be continued)

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