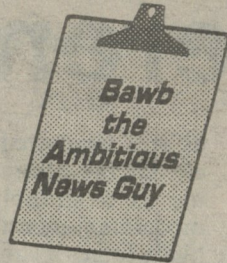




...Todd MacLean



The extensive interrogation endured by the accused Somalian war veterans persists infinitely so, concerning the apparent acts of inappropriate violence performed quite a time ago by such individuals in question. But speaking of extensive, man, what's with all these new rules for getting shotgun that people keep thinking up these days? No, no, no, people. It's getting all crazy now. Soon, everything's gonna get so screwed up that no one will have any clue whatsoever as to who is the rightful deserving candidate for the prized passenger seat of prestige. Whoa, cool. That's kind of a cool phrase. Prized passenger seat of Prestige. Hmm. Well, anyway, due to this seating arrangement chaos, I have to take it upon myself to draw up a written, ordered document, describing some definite rules for shotgun that will hopefully be communally agreed upon as guidelines for this particular contest. Any proposals for amendments to the document can be taken up with me, Bawb:

-The contest begins once the participants have either a) exited the building, on their way to the vehicle, or b) unanimously decided upon heading to the vehicle for departure. (If the party was not originally

in a building in the first place.)

-Once outside, it is then that the word "shotgun!" is yelled by the participants, and of course, the first one to yell the word, receives it in turn.

-However, if the party then by chance enter another building on their way to the car (such as taking a shortcut through the Chemistry Building on a cold winter day), the contest must then begin all over again, in the same manner as before.

-This is all fine and dandy. BUT, if the participants both yell "shotgun!" at the same time, a full out, sprinting race to the vehicle must ensue.

-Then, if an attractive person of the opposite sex is met up with while racing, the leader in the race must then purposely fall down to the ground, excruciatingly shouting out, "Oh my God. I broke my f@#%\$\* leg!", while the other competitor, along with the attractive person, look down and laugh at the fool on the ground. Well, actually, this rule is optional, and usually doesn't work out well for anyone involved. But after the perplexed attractive person passes by, the race begins once again.

-The race finally ends, and the winner is crowned,

when the first person to the car touches the passenger door handle, and says, "Oh my God. I am the winner."

-Once shotgun is obtained, and the ride in the car is taken and finished, the shotgunner does not get to keep their position for the next time. It is rather put up for grabs once again, in another vicious and demanding contest.

There. That feels quite a lot better. Succulent, in fact. Isn't that a cool word? Succulent. It's a pretty odd adjective, to tell you the truth. Really, I think it's only supposed to be used to describe cooked meat or something. Like you wouldn't usually hear someone say, "That Spice Girls song is succulent." Yes. Weird.

Kinda like those FYP guys. Man, what's up with them, anyway? They're like always wanting me to hang out at some "cultural centre" or something. Word on the street has it that they play basketball or something, and I guess they all think they kick a fair amount of ass or something. I'll have to definitely question them on this subject in the future. Ah, yes, just like that Somalia interrogation issue. Man, someone should write an article on that sometime. That would be cool.

This Week  
At The  
Panther  
Lounge

Tuesday  
Jam Night

Wednesday  
Trivia

Friday  
Movie Pub

Sunday  
WWF  
Wrestling



Great  
Movies

-Downtown-

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