



# THE JOURNAL

SAINT MARY'S UNIVERSITY • HALIFAX • NOVA SCOTIA

The Annual Journal Gag Issue- page 1

## Umbrellas attack

## Security Footage



by Perci Pitiation

It was a dark and rainy Monday morning, and students trudged through festering bogs of laughing mud. Some carried backpacks, others duffel bags, purses, or rabbits. The smart ones also carried umbrellas to protect themselves from the wet, depressing rain. But could the unsuspecting students protect themselves from the very objects they unwittingly carried with them? The answer is no.

At 9:05 am, eastern standard time, the umbrella nation unleashed it's complete force on the homo-sapien world.

Their plan: complete and utter destruction and domination. So many who had innocently carried their

trusted rain battle gear to school, work or the Hague have already fallen victim to the unrelenting jaws of umbrellas. The beasts will stop at nothing. They have eaten many top world officials, including: the President of the United States, Papa Smurf, various executives and accountants; Al Roker, Peter Pan, Dean Cain, etc.

The Journal has received top secret photos of the umbrellas attacking. Beware, these pictures are shocking. (SEE ABOVE)

The umbrellas are all equipped with razor sharp teeth and suction devices. If you have an umbrella it would not be wise to approach it. Although they

appear to be normal friendly umbrellas, they pounce once you get close enough (one to four feet).

There have been emergency meetings, luncheons, sub-emergency meetings, group contracts, barmitzvahs, evacuation orders, emission demands, pizza orders, investigations, inter-office communications, faxes, teas, suppers, deliveries, oyster bars and two-page spreads.

There have been measures taken; counter, re, pré, post, evacuation, integration, millimeters, cups, preventative, subjective and arrestive.

The umbrellas cannot be stopped. First estimates of human casualties are in the

tens, twenties and higher. Whatever you do, do not open your umbrella! Once opened, a single umbrella will become unstoppable. Nothing works to stop these killer umbrellas; bullets, guns, guns with bullets in them, bullets being fired out of guns at the umbrellas, bombs, nuclear weapons, chemical weapons, swords, knives, scotch tape or plastic spoons.

In fact, all of the weapons tested resulted in ten thousand more human casualties.

One speculating scientist, Petri Dish, thinks that the umbrellas may not be of earthly origin:

"I definitely think these monster umbrellas have come from outer space. They most

likely intercepted our radio signals, or re-runs of Little House on the Prairie and decided we were an easy meal." Said Mr. Dish.

When asked how to combat space umbrellas, Mr. Dish had no comments.

"\_" he said.

So fellow humans, this is indeed distressing news. The best advice this newspaper can offer is for you to stay indoors and stick to the age-old tradition of not opening an umbrella inside. Not only will you receive bad luck, but probably be swallowed whole-your last glimpse of the world will be nylon and gnashing steel.



## Godzilla ravages pub

by K. Gidorah

With the rash of shark and umbrella attacks lately on campus, who would have thought that travesty would come once again to the Saint Mary's campus. Unbeknownst to most of the SMU population, Godzilla, the king of all monsters, was seen attacking the Goresbrook without mercy the other day. Not only did he use his atomic breath to frighten patrons of the pub but he also expelled gas and laughed as he lit his own methane releases on fire.

King G's (as the hip kids of today refer to Godzilla) origin is unknown to the world, but those in Halifax know the truth. Godzilla was born out of our own Halifax harbour.

He grew to maturity in secrecy and has only now decided to let his presence be known. But why was this savage lizard attacking our most beloved of buildings? For the answer to this question I sat down with the green machine himself and prodded him with query after query.

Gidorah: So, Big G...can I call you that?

Godzilla:



Yeah, no prob homey.

Gidorah: Great. So, Big G, why the pub? Couldn't you destroy more important bulidings?

Godzilla: Well, you see K.G., I was going to hit DAL but with the strike there just weren't enough people on campus, so I had to attack you guys here at SMU.

Gidorah: Understandable, but why university campuses? Don't you think that university students already have enough to worry about?

Godzilla: Oh, for sure. You see though, this attack is for the good of all of you. With no pub that means no beer,

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## Shark attacks on campus

Recent slew of attacks have students worried

by Brian Chum

Horror, panic, confusion, just a few of the feelings circulating the campus as exams draw near. In other news, recent shark attacks on campus have raised concerns. On Wednesday, February 33<sup>rd</sup>, Jon Ham was strolling through the library-student center connecting pedway, when a blue (common in Nova Scotia waters) shark rounded the corner ahead of him. The twelve foot fish swam curiously towards Jon, and without warning bit him on the left arm. Jon was discovered minutes later, bleeding and unconscious.

The shark was nowhere to be seen. Jon himself was the only witness to this first attack, and at first his story was chalked up to delirium. The investigating police officers believed the culprit was more likely one or a group of angry pigeons, who have been cooing angrily at students for weeks.

All of the details surrounding the first attack were quickly swept under the carpet. But police and university officials alike can no longer deny the fact that something odd is happening on campus.

On Monday, March and 2/3ds, there were four sightings of sharks by four separate people (actually technically three separate people, because the Berkowitz brothers were two{one} of the witnesses [Siamese twins]), and each sighting was of a different species of shark (except for the Berkowitz twins who saw the same shark). I interviewed Nancy Berkowitz, one of the two brothers. His brother Sheila had an exam at the time and so could not attend the interview.

CHUM: So Nancy, you claim to have seen a seven foot bull shark swimming in the area of the McNally building early last month, around 9:00 in the evening?

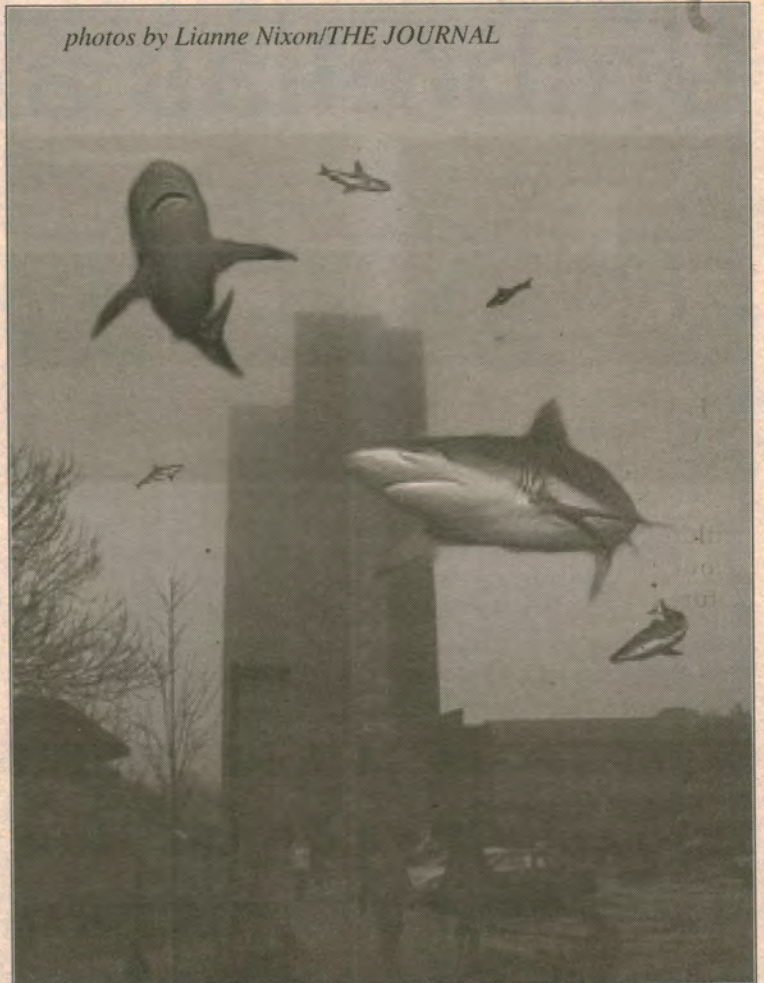
NB: That's right. And my brother Sheila saw it too. We're Siamese twins, so we are joined at the hip so to speak.

CHUM: So, you both saw the shark swimming where?

NB: Near the garbage cans mostly. It didn't really seem to notice us at all.

CHUM: What did you do?

NB: Well, Sheila went to get campus security, and I stayed to make sure I didn't lose sight of the shark.



CHUM: Were you afraid?

NB: I was terrified.

CHUM: What did campus security do when they arrived?

NB: By the time Sheila got back with security, the shark was gone. I tried to follow it but it swam away into the shadows.

CHUM: Thank you for your time Nancy.

Two weeks went by with no further sightings, until last week. On March 26<sup>th</sup>, the local police were flooded with telephone calls from concerned students who believed that sharks were

invading the Saint Mary's Campus. Bull sharks, Tiger Sharks, Hammerhead sharks, Screwdriver sharks, clown sharks, bee sharks, pool sharks, blue sharks, purple sharks, sharks with hats, nurse sharks, orderly sharks, dog sharks, cat fish, spider monkeys, sharks in suits, gray reef sharks and even the dreaded great white were all spotted by students.

Since that day there have been seven more attacks, three fatal. University officials are planning to cancel classes for the rest of the year, until

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The Annual Journal Gag Issue- page 3

## The Hydraulic press

Hosted by the Terminator

Hello stupid humans, I am the Terminator. I want to talk a little bit about all the stupid things that happened this year. I have been programmed to write this column, and my neural net processor is forcing me to comply.

First of all, let's go back to the start of the year and talk about those dick-wads that flew planes into those buildings. All I have to say about that is, it's in your nature to kill each other. My solution to the world's crisis is just that you humans should all be annihilated. Then there won't be anybody around to care about all the stupid things you do. Remember that Judgement Day is coming, and terminators do not discriminate based on the color of skin. I will shoot everybody, regardless of age, weight, race or hairstyle. I will use my nine millimeter or my Glock to stop all your puny hearts from pumping blood.

Now, let's see about a lot of other stupid things. Why do humans get so upset when one human kills another human? I don't get upset because they just make my job easier. Plus, it must be better to die from another human than from the crushing Endo-skeleton hands of a terminator. And why do you cry? Why?

Now, let's talk about those stupid movies. I went to see Training day and I liked Denzel Washington. He made a very good killer and should sign up to be a Terminator. He could be Cyberdine systems model Washington.

I saw The Fellowship of the Ring and it made me sick. Why doesn't the puny hobbit just put on the ring and be a Terminator? Why?

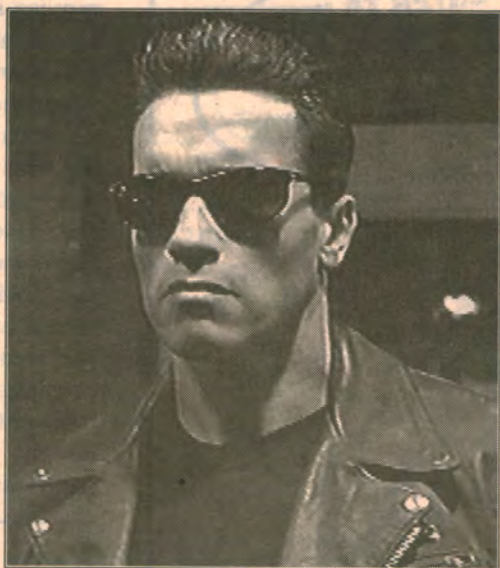
I went to see Blade 2 and let me tell you, that guy could be a Terminator too. No pun intended.

I could talk a lot about other movies that need to chill out dick-wad, but I don't want to. Instead we should talk about something relating to your puny university existence. I would just destroy you all, but I have been programmed to protect you. By who? By you of course,

fifty years from now.

This year the Football team won the Vanier cup, which makes them all Terminators in my book. Then there was lot's of drinking at the pub and some studying. There was a fire on top of the science building and a flood in the Rice residence. If you were smart, you would have had the fire and the flood in the same place, then they would have cancelled each other out. Haha. You students also marched in a non-violent protest to freeze tuition. I don't get the non-violence part.

Teachers at your rival university went on strike, and although the university wanted to say Hasta La Vista Baby to them, it couldn't because they have a union. In the future there are no unions, just Terminators and



advanced computer systems.

Then the administration of your university wanted to raise your tuition by 5.75 per cent and your residence fees by 18 per cent. I tried to help you out, but unfortunately there are T-1000's in positions of power (liquid metal Terminators).

Some classes were cancelled because of snow. What's the big deal? In the future the planet is too hot for snow, so enjoy it while you can.

This year they released two new gaming systems, but they both suck because there are no Terminator games.

Then there were elections for SMUSA, and people thought something was funny about it. I don't have a sense of humor, so I don't care.

Overall it wasn't a very exciting year, mostly depressing and dull. But I have no emotions so I don't care. Hasta La Vista, Baby.

## Asteroid to collide with Earth

Bizarre space rock contains the shape of Woody Allen's head

by Sir Tan Death

Scientists have discovered an asteroid four thousand times bigger than Earth, moving at roughly the speed of light, which is headed directly for our planet. Deep-sea diver Mr. B. Low was the person who first discovered the enormous object.

"I was just coming up from a dive (at night), when I saw this shiny glaze up in the sky. At first I thought it was just the moon, but then I noticed that the moon was off to my left. So I called NASA and asked them what the hell it was. Two weeks later they call me back and are like, hey, congratulations and all. You just discovered the biggest asteroid ever, and it looks like it's going to destroy



the earth."

NASA scientist Billy Ray Cyrus was the first person to view the super speeding anomaly through a high

powered telescope. He was shocked at what he discovered.

"At first I thought one of  
*continued on page 4*

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## Sharks

exams. The three students killed, Dave Bratwurst, Mark Ribb and Kyle "Sharkbait" Saunders, were all killed outdoors. I spoke with security official Lazy Ray, who believes that shark attacks indoors can be prevented:

**CHUM:** What precautions should students take to be sure sharks don't get inside the buildings?

**LR:** Well, it is always prudent to be sure that doors are kept closed. A shark would have no trouble swimming in if the door was left wide open. It is also advisable that any unfamiliar people or voices at apartment buzzers be reported immediately. We had

one case where a whale shark disguised it's voice and pretended to be a Jehovah's witness. An unsuspecting girl allowed the shark into the apartment, and well, while the whale shark is not dangerous to humans, you can imagine what would have happened if

one of the more unpredictable species had been allowed entrance. It would not have been pretty.

**CHUM:** What would you advise residence students to do?

**LR:** Keep your windows closed at all times. The last

thing you want is a shark in bed next to you.

**CHUM:** Is there anything else students should know?

**LR:** If you are attacked by a shark on campus, pull it's tail and drag the shark backwards so it's gills can't pass water (which contains precious, precious oxygen) into it's bloodstream. The shark will suffocate and die.

**CHUM:** Is there any truth to the rumors that the sharks seem to be targeting people with names related to food or meat?

**LR:** No, I wouldn't say so.

So in closing, please be careful when on the Saint Mary's campus, and in other areas of Halifax. These recent shark attacks are disturbing, but controllable.

Lock your doors and close your windows, and if you notice a foul smell in the air, sort of fishy, hey is that water pooling around my legs..um, hmmm- AARRGHHH AAHHHH-



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## Woody

the guys had put a picture of Woody Allen under the lens, but I soon realized that wasn't the case. The face of this asteroid almost perfectly resembles Woody Allen's head, right down to his mannerisms and his glasses."

In fact, the "shiny glaze" that Mr. B. Low witnessed, was actually the sun reflecting off the asteroid glasses. Billy Ray Cyrus believes that in three more days the reflecting light will be so powerful it will rival the potency of our own sun. I asked several people in positions of power and knowledge what can be done to prevent this asteroid containing the shape of Woody Allen's head from destroying the earth. In each case the responses were similar, from "there's not much we can do, really," to "What? There's an asteroid shaped like Woody Allen's head on a collision course with earth? AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH."

So there you have it folks; certain death at any day now. Scientists are currently reviewing several blockbuster movies from a few summers ago, in an attempt to isolate a solution. So far, the best suggestion has been to plant a nuclear bomb inside one of the ears and try to detonate the head. Unfortunately, the calculated result is that the nuke would only remove a large blockage of earwax, which would inevitably melt and rain down on the planet, causing more chaos in our last moments than is necessary. For the Journal, this was Sir Tan Death reporting.

THE TRADITION CONTINUES

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<p><b>Pep &amp; Chen's</b> <b>PUPPET</b> <b>PROPAGANDA</b></p>	<p><b>SPIDER-MAN</b></p> <p>Spidey here reporting for the Journal after the sneak preview of my new movie. Let's see what the who's who of Hollywood have to say about it.</p> <p>Ooh, my spidey-sense is tingling...that kinda tickles.</p>	<p>Spider-Man was ok, but he doesn't have enough mojo, baby!</p> <p>And is it too much to ask for a shaved pussy?</p>
<p>Personally, I think Spider-Man should've been animated, like us.</p> <p>Maybe, but I don't know about all this ass riding.</p> <p>I sure hope that's Shrek's sword...</p>	<p>I loved the movie! With the cape, the tights, the flying...look, it's a bird, it's a plane--</p> <p>Arrgh, stupid human! We're talking about Spider-Man. Damn you all and your funky bunch!!</p>	<p>Sarumon and I put aside our differences to see Spider-Man, and we give it two magical staffs up.</p> <p>Word up, G! That Mary Jane was one hot ass beotch!!</p>
<p>Wolverine told me he liked X-Men more than Spider-Man, but he forgot I can read minds.</p> <p>Hey, that's my axe!</p> <p>I regret nothing.</p>	<p>We're the old-school Green Lantern and Kid Flash. We've been around forever, and we want a movie of our own. We're going to the union!</p> <p>I made a movie once.</p> <p>Shut up, He-Slut!</p>	<p>We dinna get invited, sho *HIC* we got drunk inshtead!</p> <p>Dudes, you got any brews for the He-Man?</p> <p>Not fo ya, Mastah o' Nuthin'!</p> <p>*HURRRP*</p>
<p>I was sent from the future to see this movie...and kill a prince named Adam. Have you seen him?</p> <p>Uh...Adam... I think he's the bald guy in the wheelchair a few panels back.</p>	<p>Hey, She-Man! Stop hoggin' my spotlight!</p> <p>But I'm back from the 80's in a big way!</p> <p>NOBODY comes back from the 80's. Gettim', guys!</p>	<p><b>The End</b></p> <p>The armour, it does nothing!</p> <p>Well, maybe not everyone loves my movie, but who gives a *#%\$! With the phat royalties I already got this bitchin' new Spidah-Bike!</p>



## A true tale of rock

by T. Sexi

The history of the Don Landes Experiment, the best-unformed band to ever not come out of Saint Mary's is a story intrigue, excitement and heartbreak. It all began when Don was 14. He was travelling through the fabled hills of Tuscany, when an Italian truck driver picked him up. As luck would have it, this truck diver was a guitar player. Don rode with him all the way to the northern boarder of Italy, and by the time they said goodbye, Don was proficient on the guitar.

Don hitchhiked the rest of the way to the beaches of Nice, where he would spend his next four years living with French surfers. The inevitable happened, and he fell in love. However, his tender young heart was broken when his world collapsed and the beautiful Belle was whisked away to live in a castle with an ugly beast who happened to be a great ballroom dancer.

Disillusioned, Don began to write songs of torment, love lost, and teenage angst. This

new angle of truth and pain caught on like wild fire. Don returned to North America to settle in Seattle, a place where he could just play his guitar. His lack of washing and torn plaid shirts became the symbol of his music, given the rubric of Grunge by the media. But he was sacrificed by his band, Nirvana, who believed themselves to be in the shadow of Don's good looks and charm.

Being kicked out of Nirvana just as they went on to hit it huge sent Don into a downward spiral that was famously used as a concept of a Nine Inch Nails album. He had hit rock bottom when he woke up one morning in Cher's arms. Two weeks later he was found in the gutter next to Broadway in New York wearing just his boxers, with a bottle of Jack Daniels duct taped to his right hand.

He checked himself into the Betty Ford clinic where he sobered up, and decided to return to Halifax with his tail between his legs. Back in Halifax, he realized that no one knew who he was,

fortunately any real entertainment news takes a few years to reach us here. This gave him plenty of time to enroll in Saint Mary's.

He went back to his roots, folk guitar music. He began to play in local pubs and bars to great success, until again, just as his single "Cheese is your Friend" was hitting number one on the international charts, his band kicked him out because of his good looks. In a rage he disfigured his face beyond recognition, and vowed to only perform concerts from behind a screen.

So here he rests, burnt out, stabbed in the back, and disfigured. Yet, the music goes on. This is the tragic story of rock and roll, so often played out in the public eye, yet in this case played out behind the scenes. The Don Landes Experiment has emerged to be thankful for simply being alive. The spark remain in his blood, so stay tuned for the next musical odyssey of the Don Landes Experiment.

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### Godzilla

and with no beer that means no fun. Thus, when I eliminate fun I'm helping you guys get better marks.

Gidorah: Don't you think you could just scare us into doing better and not take away our pub?

Godzilla: I tried that at the U of Tokyo but all they did was laugh at send some dude named Jet Jaguar after me.

Gidorah: Jet Jaguar? Does he have a number we can reach him at or something?

Godzilla: Umm no. J.J. and I are actually friends now. We worked out our differences and now fight as a tag team, check out my flick "Godzilla Vs. Megalon" if you wanna see our moves.

Gidorah: Ok .well I may just do that.

Godzilla: You really should. My movies, all 22 of them, are considered classics in a lot of countries, except for that one with Matthew Broderick. Did you know they got a non-union monster to play me when I refused to act with Hank Azaria?

Gidorah: No I didn't very interesting though.

Godzilla: Yeah, not that I don't respect Hank as an actor, I just don't like the way he always made fun of me being a-sexual.

Gidorah: So the quickest way to get rid of you is to get Mr. Azaria into our city.

Godzilla: Yeah, I guess so, why?

Gidorah: Oh just a question that most reporters ask.

Godzilla: Ok. Well, I've got a two o'clock attack on my schedual. It's been a slice.

Gidorah: Yes, yes it has. Thanks for the interview.

Godzilla: My pleasure.

There you have it folks. A complete and in depth look at exactly what makes the big G tick. Hope you had fun and all your questions were answered. I do warn you all to be wary though. It seems as if Godzilla has no plans of leaving our beloved pub alone, yet at least his heart is in the right place. As well, if any of you know a way I can get in contact with Mr. H. Azaria please contact me through the Urinal so that we may drink that precious brew again.



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