

CHICKEN A LA KING!

Colonel Sanders is alive and well as C.W.J. Eliot!



BY JIM CORRIGAN / Correspondent
Just who's running this chicken outfit anyway? That's the question on U.P.E.I.'s lips as evidence mounts that the university's beloved president and classics scholar is actually the supposedly deceased chicken magnate, Colonel Sanders.

An unnamed source in the Kelly Building has acquired photos and records that link Eliot to the reportedly late chicken king, including a list of eleven herbs and spices and a picture of Eliot in a white suit and black string tie.

Eliot's secretary, in reference to these two items, said they were "an old shopping list and a simple fashion mistake." She declined further comment.

The unnamed Kelly source, with the collected evidence, postulates that Sanders, dismayed at the corruption of his image through his increasingly tacky restaurants, decided to go underground and fake his own death—assuming the guise of a world-renowned intellectual so as to distance himself from his former life while continuing to exist in the manner to which he had become accustomed. Undergoing cosmetic surgery and adopting a

pronounced British accent to mask his southern drawl, "Eliot" soon established a reputation for himself as a classical scholar and left the world of chickens behind him while his little-known half-brother Mel Sanders took over the role of Kentucky Fried Chicken figurehead before the guilt (or the grease) killed him. To the world, Colonel Sanders was dead. Long live Doctor Eliot.

The source went on to speculate that Eliot planned to secretly continue his experiments in perfecting a new fried chicken recipe through the facilities of the vet college, and that UPEI is merely a stepping-stone in Eliot's quest to recapture his past poultry prominence. Officials at the Vet College denied any such connection as preposterous.

Eliot himself, when sought for questioning by reporters, crossed the road and got to the other side before reporters could even ask why he had done so. He remains in seclusion at present.

Arts Dean Campbell, when asked whether Eliot was a chicken magnate, said that whatever kind of animals were attracted to Eliot was the president's own business. Another professor, who declined to be named, said "Chicken? I thought he was a lame duck."



BOTTOMS UP!

It's a baby licking a plate! How cute! A baby! Cute! Cute! A Baby!

OBITUARY

Restaurant reviewers killed

BY CHARLES McNIDER / Correspondent
Three X-Press writers died tragically this weekend. Jennifer Caseley, Aldera Chisholm and Shannon Younker, the writers of "Restaurant Retrospective", a weekly review of local restaurants, were last seen Friday by editor Sean McQuaid.

"It was horrible," said McQuaid, "they muttered something about needing to finish going to all the restaurants in town. After all, this is the last issue. Anyway, after that they ran off, eating everything in sight, stampeding restaurant after restaurant. They kept screaming, 'cookies, cookies!'"

The trio ransacked various local restaurants,

where they decimated kitchens and terrified staff and patrons. Ms. Caseley reportedly commented "too dry, needs salt," after gnawing on a waiter's leg when her order was late.

Several restaurants are planning to sue the X-Press for property damages, the unpaid meals, and mental anguish. When asked to comment on the lawsuits, McQuaid would only reply, "not again."

X-Press staffers were terribly saddened by the loss of the columnists. One source, who wishes to remain anonymous, said "I'll really, really, miss them. Does this mean I can write the column now? Can I have Aldera's desk?"

The trio's feeding frenzy finally ended when they were run over by a bakery truck. Witnesses say the women were mesmerized by the smell of pastry emanating from the truck until it was too late to run.

The driver of the truck, Mr. Bruce Davison, was the boyfriend of the late Shannon Younker. He was charged with manslaughter after he turned himself in to the police Saturday afternoon. "I just couldn't take it anymore," wept Davison. "Here I was writing good solid articles, and they came along and stole the limelight with that fluff. I didn't mean to kill them, I just wanted to teach them a lesson."

The loss of these three writers will surely be felt across campus, as we are all left wondering: now how will we know where to eat in Charlottetown?