



We Got

Game

January 26

**Hockey
UDM
7:00 PM**

January 27

**Hockey
STU
7:00 PM**

**Basketball
SMU
4:00 & 6:00 PM**

January 28

**Basketball
ACA
1:00 & 3:00 PM**

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Jeff recently broke, (Jeff has been messing up a lot lately, in fact he butchered last week's issue so bad I have made him sit in stocks for the balance of the week, allowing him to leave only to do this week's layout, and to tidy up my apartment) when Stephan walked in with his first attempt at the proposed column: "Fact and Opinion."

I was laughing hard after the first three.

"I'm not that funny," I heard him say from my glass-enclosed office that keeps me, The Editor, separate from the riff-raff and other assorted goons who have taken to hanging out in here.

Yes you are, Stephanson, I thought, yes, indeed, you are.

FACT: As Bea Arthur once said: "Dying is easy; comedy is hard." Thus proving it is much more difficult to be funny.

OPINION: Stephan MacLeod has a giant lemon in his bedroom. When asked why it was there, he responded, "Well, isn't it obvious?"

We have come along way, young MacLeod and I. Here is a short list of the things I have done, to him, with him, and for him.

1. Wrapped his head completely in scotch tape requiring the delicate removal of said tape and some of the skin said tape was attached too. Principally the skin over his eyelids.

2. Hit him directly in the face with a frisbee (however, I was aiming for the Styrofoam coffee cup he had placed on top of his head for me to knock off. Jeff did the same thing and didn't get hit, by the way, so really, who's fault is it?). See figure A.

3. Shoved him into multiple snow banks, kicked him, punched him, poked him, pinched him, and ripped the hair off his forearms.

4. Made innuendo-type remarks about the female members

of his family

I have also made him into a star of epic proportions, as a result he begrudgingly refers to me as Colonel Tom Parker, to his Elvis (Jeff we call Satin which is what Elvis called his mother and which, for some reason no one can pinpoint, fits Jeff very nicely).

Now the only regret I have is that I have lost my place in this newspaper. There is no personal space for me to tell stories, fill you in on what I am thinking, and give my spin on the local whatnots. No place to, as The Editor, have my say. "Some day, I will," I whisper. "Someday I will," and then I whisper "Lowenstein", because I really liked *The Prince of Tides*. Then I laugh the laugh of small well-fed children, and look for something to throw at poor Stephan MacLeod: the joker in my deck.



Figure A

FACT: Stefan MacLeod has a winnable case against me, The Editor, for a litany of offenses, including: Human Rights Abuse, Assault, Abuse of Authority, Psychological Abuse, Workplace Torture, Harassment, and Flagrant Misspellings of His Name.

OPINION: Stephan's mother, Mary MacNeil, is the PEI representative for the Public Service Alliance of Canada. In this capacity she represents the employee in any workplace grievances. And she thinks her boy brought it all on himself. She does not know me. Yet.

Kent J. Bruyneel
Editor-In-Chief