

Worth the Trip?

The battle of on-campus and off-campus eats
BY ALAN PIFFER AND ED SUM



Campus Café
Lansdowne campus
Gummi Worms
\$2.29

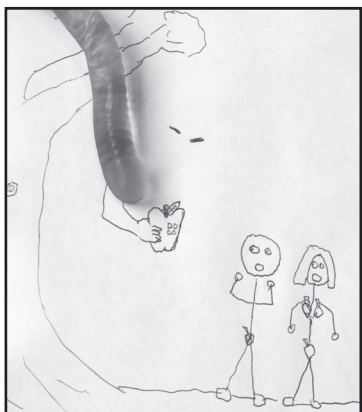
Ed wishes these were real worms

Ed: I wonder how long these worms sat here, sweating under the café's florescent lights and slowly drying up like actual worms after a rainstorm? I often wonder which is more appealing—real worms or these candy ones? Agh-ughhhhh... Forget about Gummi Worms; I want a real worm instead!

Alan: Muuu-ugh...

E: The Jelly Belly Candy Company, the makers of the original Gummi Bear, is monitoring my thoughts. I can feel them rubbing my belly in my mind. We have chocolate-coated grasshoppers, so why not worms? Why not scorpions and spiders? It's been done in third-world countries; I want it here, dammit! I want to eat a giant worm! I'd love to sink my teeth into one of those babies. It would have to be an actual baby if I'm going to make it my only meal. A 15-foot long worm will fill me well into the evening. Mmmmm... Roll me a dzo! I'll attack a giant fucking purple worm with a goddamn spork any day just to sink my fucking fangs into its meats.

Alan: (pukes)



Thrifty Foods
Hillside Mall
Gummi Worms
\$1.66

This is just wrong

E: Worms... why does it have to be worms? Bob Balaban didn't quite say that, but that's the vision I get whilst huffing mule piss. The candied worms were begging to be freed. I couldn't ignore their cries. I released them into the wild. I wanted to give them more power... it's over 9,000! Mind-meld with Wilford Brimley, they must. These poor, precious creatures deserve more than to be trapped in a bin waiting to be consumed by the ever funkay homo-sapien. I should stop bathing in bouillabase. The neighbours are complaining too loudly. It upsets their hovercrafting lessons, resulting in lesions. To the Snoopy-copter! It's blotnariffic.

A: Nononononononono!

The lunatic is on the grass...

Ed liked the Aramark ones better. I could go either way. Fuckshitpissasshell. STOP IT!

Verdict

It's the final countdown...



Inter-Course

BY KELTIE LARTER

Gettin' down and dirty with a nun

I don't know about the rest of you, but I've been too busy with schoolwork lately to have much sex. This got me thinking about celibacy, and why anyone would ever want to do that to themselves.

Personally, I don't know any people who willingly never have sex. To find out more about not having sex, I decided to call a local nunnery and ask a nun how she manages to control her baser instincts. Because I feel like never having sex would be like forcing yourself to stop feeling hunger, or the urge to pee. Eventually, it would be your downfall. Just ask the Catholic Church.

I soon found myself on the phone with Sister M, who told me she had become a nun in her mid-'30s. Sister

M told me she had never, ever had sex with a man.

So I asked her if she had had sex with a woman.

I argued that if she had had sex with another woman, as long as they hadn't used a strap-on, she could probably still pass as a virgin, and therefore remain celibate... ish.

She replied that she certainly was not going to ever have sex with a woman. She also told me that, obviously, two women can't actually have sex with one another. I said I knew some women who would love to prove her wrong.

Concerned that I had ventured into shaky territory and that she might hang up, I ventured into a safer nun-conversation area—I

inquired as to whether she masturbated on a regular basis to help keep herself satisfied so she wouldn't be tempted to cheat on the big man upstairs.

Sister M was starting to get rather pissed off with me by that point, and told me in no uncertain terms that she had never indulged in "self-flattery." Me thought the lady doth protest too much.

I said that maybe she sometimes did it in her sleep and didn't even realize. She said that was disgusting and that I must have a really dirty mind. I told her she didn't know the half of it.

And then she hung up.

Apparently not having sex for 30 years kills your sense of humour.

Quick bytes

Intel

1 Silicon Way, 838-8608
4/5 bytes

ED SUM

CONTRIBUTING WRITER

A bowl of computer chips never tastes better than it does when I'm getting ready to do battle in *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2*. Usually, it's a mix of AMD, Motorola, and Intel, with a sprinkling of Freon to keep them chilled so they're

crunchy on the first bite. It has to be Freon—putting salt on them is not enough, and barbecuing them will only make them taste like fresh rubber from an oil factory. And with 64 teeth remaining in my mouth, every piece of silicon can be savoured. But, even then, what's left is a bitter taste. I need to grow 64 more teeth so 128 bites of data can be spat out at ludicrous speed. But these days, the duo core design is not enough for the most demanding of tastes.

Even Cheerios seem bland on all the 0s and 1s that I had to sample. The newest flavours—the Quad and the i7—make what I eat taste like monkey meat. Intel must be doing something right because AMD is pastry dust. That's sugar best left to start rotting a shiny Fuji CD and poured into your morning coffee.

Taster's tip: Don't forget to open the CD-drive tray up and put your favourite coffee mug on it to complete the experience.

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