

# Zookeeper fired for spanking his monkey

BY GARTH TURNER, TORONTO

Strough Kitt, a zookeeper at the Toronto Metropolitan zoo, was fired Wednesday after being caught spanking his monkey in front of a group of schoolchildren.

The monkey, a privately owned Golden Spider Monkey named Guido, was startled when a young boy threw a rock at his cage, and jumped at the boy, shrieking and hissing.

Guido's owner and keeper, Strough Kitt, who had been keeping his monkey at the zoo for personal reasons, was in a nearby supply closet and rushed over when he heard all of the commotion. Upon arriving at the scene, Strough rushed inside the cage and proceeded to spank his monkey for several minutes.

The children's third grade teacher, who was present at the time of the incident, was disgusted by

Mr. Kitt's behaviour and reported it to the director of the zoo, who took immediate action.

Mr. Kitt, who was charged with assault and misconduct, responded to the allegations by saying, "This is unjust. It is my monkey and I have every right to spank it."

B.A. Whacker, the zoo's director, believes otherwise.

"It is zoo policy that all keepers respect the animals' rights, refraining from any abusive contact whatsoever. This includes animals under private ownership, like Guido. If we let people like Mr. Kitt spank his monkey whenever he pleases, what kind of example is that going to set, especially for children like the ones who witnessed Wednesday's incident? It is sinful and utterly disturbing."

Guido, who refused to comment, is expected to make a full recovery and will not testify at the hearing to take place on Tuesday morning.



# No real advantage to opposable thumb

BY HARRY SCOTT, MINTO

Scientists turned the world of evolution on its head today by announcing that opposable thumbs are not the blessing that some people once thought. Some scientists, including Bobby Beaker, went further and stated that the thumb is actually a huge obstacle when it comes to survival.

"Thumbs are nature's big joke - you don't really need them. Just think how many animals and plants don't have thumbs and they manage just fine," explained Beaker. "And I can show the whole world how everything that came before me is wrong and I am right. It stands to reason."

Beaker's experiments are some of the most controversial in recent memory. He tries to show just how trivial thumbs are by removing that digit from his bank of volunteers.

"We simply slice off their thumbs and we've found that they are just fine once the bleeding stops," explained Beaker. The volunteers come from local universities and are paid \$200 for their trouble. "Plus we give them as many bandages as they need," interjected Beaker helpfully.

Once their thumbs are removed, the students do adapt to their new eight-fingered lifestyle very quickly. "I really don't miss my thumbs at all," said one student, adding that "I really like the new TV I bought with the money too."

When pressed on just how his experiments have anything at all to do with evolution, Beaker completely avoided the question and began to talk about something else.

"Take the humble slug. Even it doesn't have thumbs, yet it can pick things up. It all comes down to mucus - the importance of mucus simply cannot be overstated."

When asked why mucus was so important and how slugs can pick things up, Beaker became a lot more vague and cryptic. "Well, obviously the mucus is sticky and if the slug touches something then it sticks to the slug. Duh," added Beaker smugly.

Some scientists are being harsh in their criticisms of Beaker's work. "The guy is a crackpot - all he does is mutilate people in return for money," said Peter Flask, a scientist at a rival university. "We've even heard that he is stockpiling all the thumbs he cuts off and he intends to use them for something dark and evil. We're not sure what, but we're sure it will be unpleasant."

Beaker denies all knowledge of a dark and evil agenda, stating that he simply "wants to make the world a better place for everyone whether they have thumbs or not." He added that "eventually the no-thumbs will take over the world though, mark my words," laughing maniacally.

# SQUIRRELS and Dexter plan their future

DEXTER from page 1

yours."

At the prompting of, and in response to, later threats by Doyle, Magic-Johnson has also agreed to lift the ban on sliding at UNB's Buchanan Hill, implemented by Director of Security and Traffic Reg Jerkface last month.

"You know how Brendan can be," explained Sullivan. "He started off calmly asking her to lift the ban, then threatened to send Dexter away again, and eventually resorted to violence."

"One ear, motherfucker,"

interrupted Doyle, nodding. Striking a more intimidating pose, he added, "Would you like to wake up in the morning with one ear? I didn't think so."

Not all have been as cooperative or welcoming as Magic-Johnson, however. Noted SQUIRRELS critic Patrick Reinartz continued his condemnation of the club when contacted by *The Disrobe and Flail*.

"The morons haven't even gone sliding yet," asserted Reinartz, throwing his arms into the air, exasperated. "I don't even know how they managed to form the damn club. And the fact that they

call it 'sliding'; it's supposed to be 'sledding.'"

As is his custom, he continued with a joke. "What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches?" Pausing for dramatic effect, he added "A nervous wreck!"

VP Doyle fired back at Reinartz, reiterating his now-famous quote from early this year.

"What the hell kind of statement is that?" he said. "Sleds suck and are for losers. Stupid Pat..." The club uses only Pelican-brand flying saucers.

With spring fast approaching, SQUIRRELS' reign over sliding

seems like it will be coming to an end. The club, however, disagrees.

"I plan on doing some laundry once the snow disappears," said an obviously confused Sullivan. "My room's a complete mess, and it'd be nice if I washed my car too. Oh, and Dexter and I plan on hanging out a lot; I haven't seen the guy much lately."

President Sullivan added the duo are also planning on going on walks to "pick up chicks."

VP Doyle is planning on vacationing somewhere in the south - as of press time he was reportedly in Mexico, possibly looking into

sliding opportunities. Before leaving, he pledged to be involved in the fight against nature in the coming fall, and warned the university community that SQUIRRELS will be back "with a vengeance."

Dexter had perhaps the most meaningful and consequential comment on the future of the club, assuring supporters and fans alike.

"Woof woof," he shouted. Clearing his throat, he added, "I'm Dexter. I like you!"

Fan mail and questions can be directed to the club's email, unbsquirrels@hotmail.com.

# Scientists make mice thinner



# Biologists overjoyed to give world slimmer disease-spewing vermin

BY TOM SERVO, MONCTON

In Texas it seems scientists have been performing a variety of tests on two mice and - surprisingly - one turned out thinner than the other.

"This is a great day for science. And mice," according to the Dr. Generic-Scientist. "I mean imagine the thousands of uses for thin mice. The possibilities are endless." He refused to elaborate.

It began as an experiment in trying to bend space in order to travel anywhere in space within seconds. "We forget how we got from the wormhole thing to thin mice but, well, here we are," said Dr. Generic Scientist.

It began with two mice, both of

whom were rather chubby. Scientists studied their eating habits to see whether their rat-thinness drug would actually work. Dr. Generic-Scientist soon found success.

"Well, I had to be careful to make sure the mouse took the drug, which wasn't easy. Plus, we fed the drug-mouse less"

The scientific community is now wondering: would it work be ethical to use the pill on humans?

Dr. Generic-Scientist responded, "Well it would be a boon to couch potatoes who are obviously too lazy to work out, but I feel that happiness and fulfillment cannot be found in a pill. Except Prozac. And various illegal drugs."

The scientists working on the rat-thinning project are often questioned about the practicality of their work. Dr. G-S told us more: "Well, if you consider making mice thinner impractical, we have a \$140,000 grant from the U.N. that says otherwise."

So with the only side effects being narcolepsy, loss of breath and blindness, it does appear that society has finally found a mouse-thinning drug for the next millennium.

# So it wasn't cardboard after all

WATER from page 1

period of four years, was to find the leading cause of wetness. When interviewed, head researcher Randy Schmandee raised his hands in victory and declared the study a "triumph for the universe."

"For the longest time we believed that either cardboard, leaves, or improperly cleaned floors were the leading cause of wetness; water hadn't even occurred to us. We wouldn't even have tried it if it weren't for my cat."

Dr. Schmandee's cat, a short-haired Persian named Mr. Snuffles, was playing in the laboratory during one of the experiments. Mr. Snuffles accidentally knocked over a bottle of water, ruining numerous important

pages of research, three pornographic magazines, and a bag of "growing" foam dinosaurs. As Dr. Schmandee scolded Mr. Snuffles, he realized that the papers had become wet.

"That's what did it," he declared. Then, with a smile, a wink, and a nod he was gone before any further questions could be asked. University administration is uncertain where, but have determined that Dr. Schmandee is undoubtedly "somewhere."

Dr. Hank Scorpio, professor of Water/Wetness at the Western University, knows where Dr. Schmandee is.

"The bastard's gone to hell," he raved in a recent phone interview. Dr. Scorpio rebuked the finding's of Schmandee's team, saying that he stands by his original 1926 results

that prove cardboard, not water, causes wetness.

"When you think about it, the pornographic mags he was reading are very similar to cardboard. Perhaps it was the cardboard-like paper that made the water wet and caused the foam dinosaurs to grow to monstrous proportions," said Dr. Scorpio.

Scientists at Western University are jumping to recreate UNB's experiment, but are still in negotiations to borrow Mr. Snuffles. Until Western manages to prove otherwise, Fredericton residents will be rejoicing their good fortune.

In the words of one local woman, "I'm just glad I don't have to roll around in cardboard anymore to clean myself." The foam dinosaurs are still on the loose.

# Chretien, kitten announce "Super National Far-Out Wicked Happy Day"

# Duo now best of friends, hiding in woods together

BY SKIP THOMPSON, FREDERICTON

Prime Minister Jean Chretien, joined by a small, adorable kitten, declared "Super National Far-Out Wicked Happy Day" Monday, and pledged the day will now be recognized as "the bestest and funnest day ever."

The kitten belongs to eight year-old Andrea Batt, who lent it to the Prime Minister for the afternoon.

"My fellow Canadians," said Chretien in his speech. "This precious kitten has informed me that happiness is not at its peak in our great country, and that the only way to boost our glee is the pronouncement of this fine day." "Meow," interjected the kitten before playfully chasing its tail, eliciting a chorus of "oohs," "ahhs," and camera flashes from the members of the media.

The Prime Minister then ended the conference, reportedly to engage the kitten in play with a ball of twine and toy mouse.

The announcement has upset some, who call it a direct copy of Sir John A. MacDonald's

declaration of "National Delightful Day of Contentment," proclaimed almost 150 years ago with the aid of a buffalo named Nancy.

Not only did that proclamation aid in the development of our country, it also helped improve then-troubled relations between buffalo and humans. Due to overhunting, buffalo herds were becoming depleted and casual fights between the two species were known to erupt.

Speaking from his estate at 24 Sussex Drive, Chretien, still holding the kitten, said current relations between kittens and humans remain friendly, adding the two species are "on good terms."

"I once had a kitten of my own when I was young," continued the Prime Minister, absentmindedly staring into space. "She was a real peach. Orange and black, a puffy tail, big, green eyes."

Diverting his eyes to the small forest behind him, he muttered "I hope that kid doesn't want her kitten back," before disappearing into the foliage.



PATTERSON DAVIS/THE DISROBE AND FLAIL

Prime Minister Chretien: "I love kitties."

Security personnel attempted to find the PM, but called off the search after several unsuccessful hours. Officers were overheard calling the search "useless," and the Prime Minister "a real whiner."

"He's really hopeless," complained Chretien's wife,

Aline. "When he sets his mind to something he just doesn't give up. All I've heard for the past two days is 'Aline, I want a kitty.' He's probably out there in a tree somewhere."

Mrs. Chretien said the PM will probably get hungry soon, and return home for supper.

## THE DISROBE AND FLAIL

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