

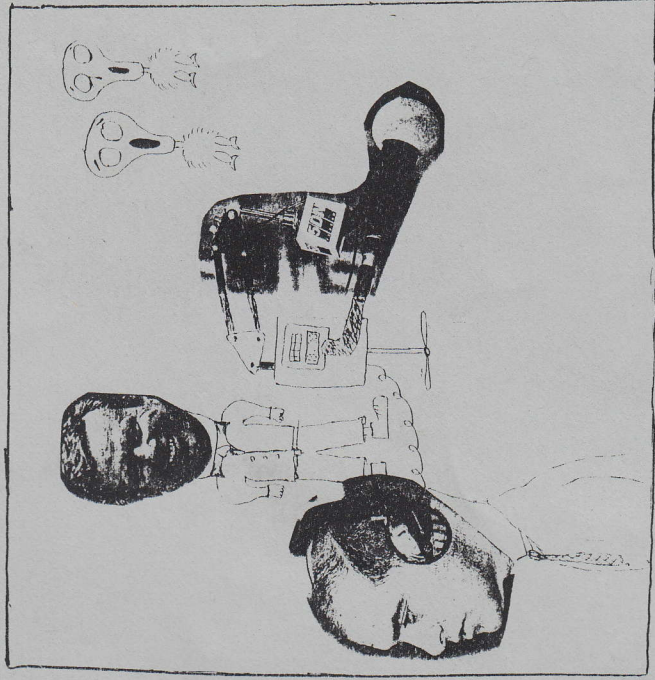
THE AUScA BULLETIN

*The personal scrapbook of Doctor Julius
Kegworthy (aka Dr. Keg)
(Volume 3)*

Olsen And Rann In Alien Space Orgy

In a strange turn of events in the leadup to the recent state election, extra-terrestrials from a galaxy far, far away, told this reporter of the weird experiences they underwent when they were abducted by two of our foremost politicians. "We were just sitting at home, enjoying a quiet Shaz&g*!ok, when these two humans came at us wielding bizarre probes. They put things in our bodies!" , sobbed Xyzqjgboy (not his real name). Neither Olsen or Rann could be reached for comment.

Full story page 4.



For those who missed our last two fun-filled (yes, absolutely, we promise you the second one existed) editions, we present the Readers Digest Abridged version of "Much Ado About AUSca" (Acts I and II (and by the way, if you missed act II, you're a bloody loon, and it's not like it's out fault or anything - I mean, we DID write it, didn't we? Didn't we? Hrm. Moving rather hastily along..)):

Much Ado About AUSca

Acts I and II
(Abridged Version)

Much drinking and silliness. Our heroes wake up attached to a stomach pumping machine. (Gee, what a shock - the only other time I had an experience like that was when I tripped while vacuuming.) Much hilarity ensues, and after escaping from the police station our heroes find themselves in...

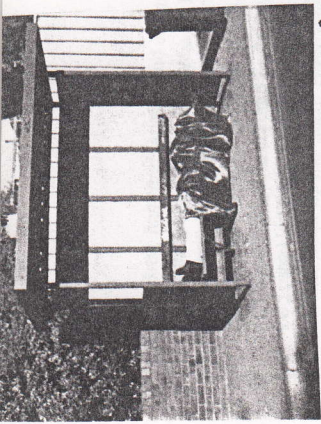
Act IV: The Search for Act III

(Rough Draft)

Scene I

Cast of Players

The Human Sponge.....Nick "The Iron Duke" Jones
 Dr Keg.....Kris "Star of Stage, Screen and Television" Kennaway
 Miss Freeze.....Yvonne "Come to the Beach" Dillon
 Captain Quickskull.....The "Engineered for Excitement" Wildebeest
 5th Protagonist Boy.....Sean "The Git" Arnett



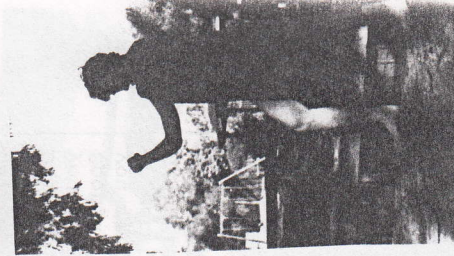
5th Protagonist Boy →



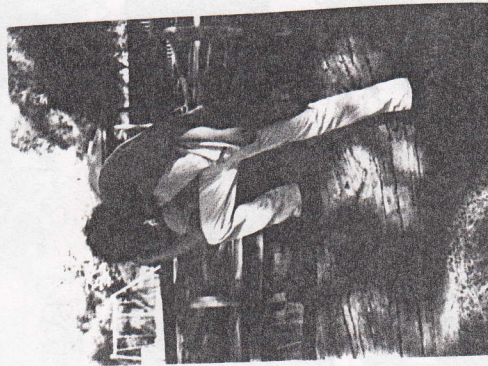
Dr. Keg
(me)



← Miss Freeze



→ Captain Quickskull



→ The Human Sponge

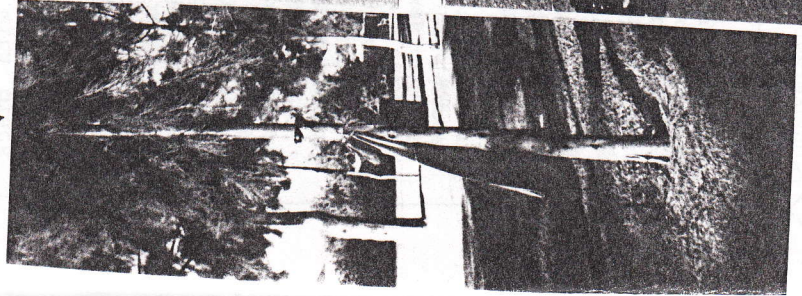
IQ test

Brett has three apples and Jennifer has five apples. Brett gives one apple to Jennifer, and Jennifer gives two apples to Brett. Brett throws one of the apples back to Jennifer. Jennifer falls twelve feet off a ladder and drops two more of her apples. Brett picks up one of Jennifer's apples, but drops three apples when Jennifer hits him with the ladder. Brett pulls a knife and hurls one apple, while Jennifer throws two apples at Brett's head, swivels on the ball of her left foot, drops one apple, and stuns Brett with a karate chop to the back of the head. Brett falls like a stone, and drops all his apples. Jennifer slips on Brett's apples and falls under a combine harvester.

What was Brett's excuse?
(Hint: Seven Minutes)

The human sponge, a little too eager to begin the search for Act III

Me, cunningly disguised as a tree



The Captain, shortly after breakfast

(In Dr. Keg's secret pub, carefully hidden behind the secret hidden door in the secret hidden secret laboratory down the corridor from the secret hidden secret hidden secret (or for the less gifted among you, room 513b) out the back of the UniBar.)

Our heroes are discussing just where in twelve types of blue buggery they put Act III.

Dr. Keg: Okay, sponge-boy, you were the last one who's had it.

Sponge: Blue-green and planetoidy

Dr. Keg: Eh?

Sponge: Sorry, just thinking aloud.

Dr. Keg: Hrm..totally mystifying. Well, where were you when you lost it?

Sponge: That's a bit of a personal question, I must say. If you must know..at the end of a bungy cord. Damn, it was hard to get those springs coordinated..

Miss Freeze: What were you doing with Act III at the end of a bungy cord??

Sponge: Act III? No, her name was..OHH! Oh.

5th Protagonist Boy: (Telepathically, to Dr. Keg). Trapped at bus station..send taxi.

Dr. Keg: <evil, maniacal laugh>

Captain: What's so funny, keggy?

Dr. Keg: Hrm? Oh, nothing..nothing important, anyway.

Sponge: ANYway..

PLANS TO CRUSH 5th PROTAGONIST BOY LIKE

AN ANT!

1. Giant foot
2. Condom made of contact explosive
3. Something happens. 5th protagonist boy is crushed like an ant
4. 5th protagonist boy is turned into an ant. Thus I crush him
5. Get the queen ant to sting him along and then drop him. Like a worker ant, he will be crushed.
6. ~~Get~~ three words: Giant Magnifying Glass
7. Get miss freeze to freeze him, then stick him in the microwave
8. ~~Try to be friends~~
9. Hire strike team to destroy 5th Protagonist Boy's bus timetable, thus rendering him immobile and helpless when Arna-geddon arrives

Scene II

(In which our heroes venture forth in search of the missing Act III)

Heroes emerge into the UniBar. 6 Security men charge past carrying between them a flag.

Miss Freeze slides over to some guy propping up the bar and asks: Hey, what's with that flag?

Mr White: Well, it's funny that you should ask...

The story you're about to read is true, only the names have been changed to protect the innocent; err guilty! Thursday night of Prosh Week and a party was in full swing at Mr. White's pad. Hair dying and alcohol consumption were on the agenda, however everybody had more subversive plans for later on that night. Mr. Blue arrived with black clothes, leather gloves, balaklava and Groucho Marx disguises, whilst Warlord, Joker and Bargle opted for bright purple hair - great way to blend in guys.

The mission ahead was simple; become Legends or die in the attempt. We left base camp around 0300 hours armed with ladder, screw driver and vegetable knife. Blah had already scoped the place out and three escape cars were decided upon. While Mr. White and Unappreciated enlisted the spectating taxi drivers, the other conspirators kept a look out from the shadows.

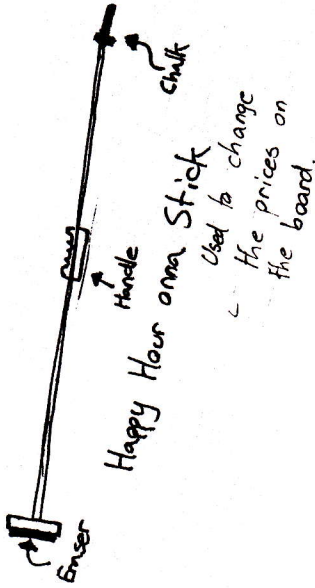
With Bargle supervising, Warlord was the obvious choice for going up the ladder, being afraid of heights and all. With a simple twist of the screw driver Mr. White had popped the lock and in less than an hour and much muscle the flag came crashing down. Unappreciated, Blah, Mr. White and The Fairy Princess did the bolt with the loot.

Alternative routes were taken back to base camp to shake any pursuit. Well earned cigars and beers were handed around. Shortly the AUSCA round-a-bout breakfast began and the rest is Folklore.

-- Mr. White

P.S. Thankyou everyone who helped with the resulting community service.

Eventually becoming bored with that conversation, our heroes wander out of the bar...and find themselves confronted by the daunting figure of Tetlet. Meanwhile, back at his bus stop, fifth protagonist boy is having one of those annoying conversations with an old person.



Tetlet: Hi guys, did I tell you about Re-O? I did? Too bad, I'm telling you again.

On Friday, August 1st, around 30 people packed themselves up for a weekend of fun known as the AUSCA re-orientation camp. Staying at the illustrious "Seecnee Hills" at Woodside, everyone quickly settled in and began drinking. Dinner was a BBQ (even though the actual AUSCA BBQ was at someone else's house for a 21st) - no-one really cared though, because the alcohol was flowing, cones were being smoked and canisters being emptied!

Saturday morning, pancakes were on the menu. Some chose to attempt the commando course in the afternoon after hotdogs for lunch - others just slept.

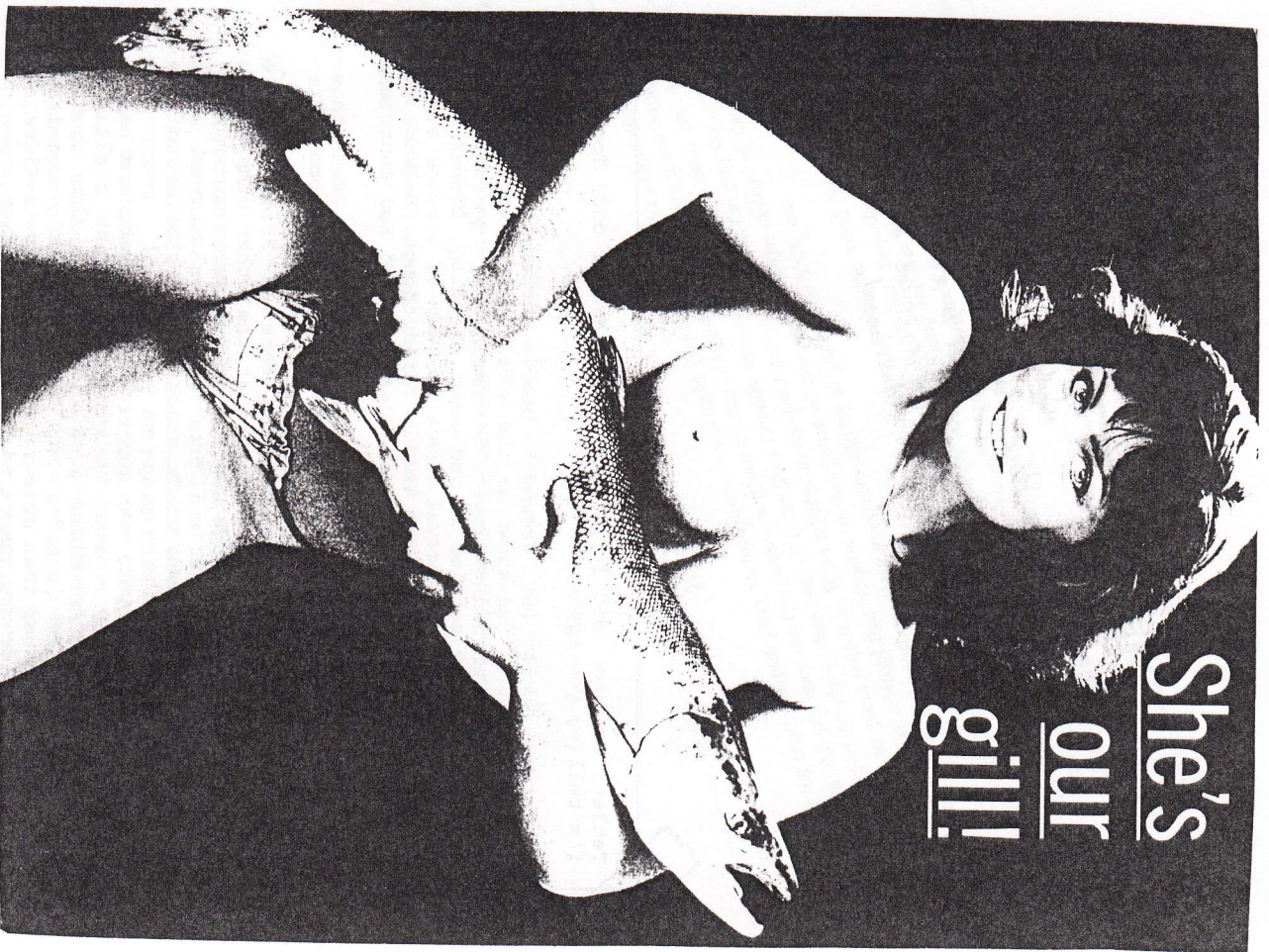
Saturday night was much the same as Friday - more drugs, etc. A bonfire was started at the other campsite up the hill, the nearby lodge was promptly broken into as well. According to Raj, Bec and Kate (with her twisted ankle resulting from a pissed minda stack - very similar to mine on O-Camp) it made a nice place to sleep!

Thanks to everyone who supported this event and helped clean up on Sunday - even though we still got a clean-up bill, we thought you did a great job! Thanks also to Raj, Nick, Kirsten and Jennifer for being the only committee members there other than myself, and especially to Fiona and Nick for all your assistance with the organisation.

- Tetlet

Dr. Keg: (aside to sponge) Mar, we've got to get out of this conversation. Maybe this clever diversion will help:

RTO.



She's
our
gill!

Hiro's fish, as modelled by the proud fisherman himself. We would have also showed you Greg's, but -- we're afraid trees don't fit into a photo this small. As you can see, those of you who missed the fishing trip missed out on some interesting experiences.

...so as we all know (and should guess, even if you didn't) the fishing trip was nothing to do with fishing. Anyway, this year, 13 happy-go-lucky campers made the trip. We all started off on the wrong foot (just like Kate and her ankle): Pete had to change a flat tire, John and Alan went home for extra supplies and I lost both Nick and Pete - and soon after, Hiro - until near the beginning of the freeway.

After all that, we all met up again in Murray Bridge, in the - err - Coles supermarket carpark (or was it Woolworth's?) which added a little confusion for Alan and John because there is no Coles in Murray Bridge. After personally being told off for swearing in front of a young kid in - Coles - I mean Woolworths, we drove for another 40 minutes until we reached the campsite at Ponde.

The first night was great. A huge fire and plenty of piss. After a couple of rounds of "FUCK YOU" (a pleasant and sophisticated drinking game) we were all entertained by the antics of Nick and Miriam's puppet show: "Look, no hands" said Nick, and was then immediately pulled down by Miriam, and the lights went out. John and Alan went completely off their nut and did many "dodgy" things. Kate, being the only single female, made up for it by scoring two guys.

Hiro started a new tradition of actually catching fish by conventional means - i.e. a fishing rod as opposed to last year's "Beat the shit out of the fish with the biggest stick you can find." Hiro's fish turned out to be a shitty carp, but he ate it anyway.

The second day saw a few people leave, but the drinking and fishing continued. I managed to follow Hiro's tradition and catch a fish (almost getting hypothermia in the process). but knew better and did not eat it. The second night another huge fire was lit and a "Mr Nick Jones" chopping all the wood with Greg's trusty (and now miserably blunt) hatchet. Nick's chopping frenzy (all 2 hours worth) finally ended when there was nothing left but wood chips. "Too many cooks will spoil the broth" and "too many uni students will fuck up the damper" as it turned out that the top of the damper had cooked, but not the bottom. On the last day, before packing, the "damper" was used as a frisbee providing seconds of fun-filled entertainment before it disintegrated.

After a thorough clean up we all returned to Adelaide to recover from the consequential hangovers, lack of sleep, mozzie bites, pregnancies and other such and such as would be expected from a great 2 night camp

Cheerio!

Until the next camp,
Simon Dabrowski

Alternatives to camping:

1. Spending the night in an ice-cold bath.
2. Swallowing tree frogs.
3. Running four miles with two prahna fish in your shorts.

Scene III

Hey boys and girls! It's time for our inaugural competition. For a chance to win a date with the superhero of your choice, or some random crappy stuff which (and I'll be honest with you) you don't want anyway, so pick the first option. All you have to do is complete Scene III for us - cos we sure as hell can't be buggered. Entries will be judged on choice of font, spelling, punctuation,, inappropriate sentence. Structure. and the output of a random number generator (plus any payola you care to leave in the ceiling space of the lift in the Union Building).

Send your entries to:

Anybody but us
C/O Unit 3/21 No Fixed Abode
Anywhere

Winners will be announced in Act V of "Much Ado About AUSca"
- Or, failing that, the prize will no doubt be honoured by next years editors.

PARTY GAMES

- For the more serious party animal, there is a simple game that I believe originated in America. All you need are two people and two bottles of bourbon. Each participant drinks his bottle of bourbon, then one of them goes outside the door and knocks on it and the other has to guess who it is. If it's a particularly quiet party and you're the only one there, you can play a simplified version of this game where you sit in the middle of the floor, drink a bottle of bourbon, close your eyes and try to guess who YOU are.
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- (2) Arrive at the party with a bag of hard boiled eggs with the word "HELP" written on them in black felt pen. While you are chatting to people, pop the eggs into people's pockets and handbags. This tends to get people talking and has been known to rescue at least two boring parties from oblivion. If you are desperate for attention, you can always admit that the egg idea was yours.

Dr. Keg: (aside to sponge) Man, we've got to get out of this conversation. Maybe this clever diversion will help:

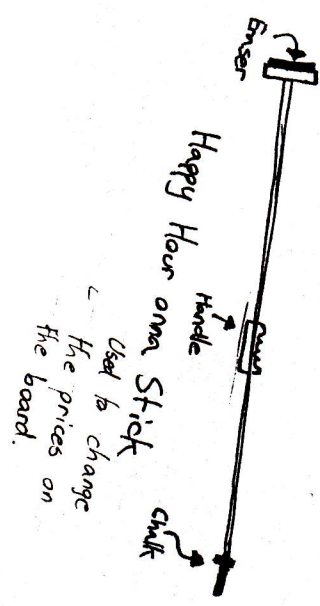
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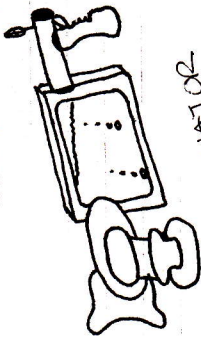


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PTO

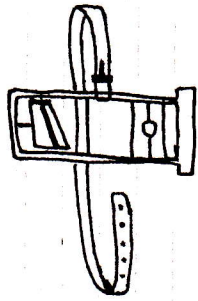
Meanwhile, unbeknownst to our protagonists, Act III and Act I Scene V are off having a discreet tete-a-tete..enjoying themselves at the alien space orgy.

MY KEG-TASTIC INVENTIONS

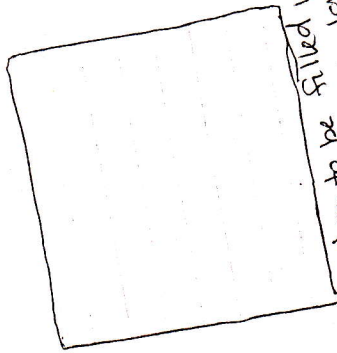


THE PINT INVIATOR
- turns an ordinary sardiner of beer into a full pint brimming with berry goodness!

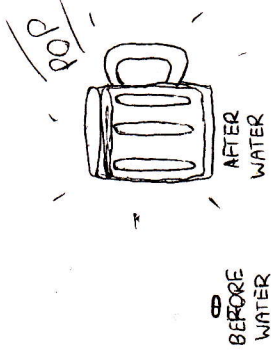
idea to be used on 5th protagonist boy during a moment of weakness.



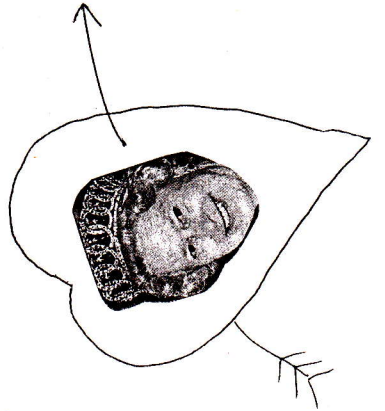
EUNUCH-MAKER 2000!



(Invention to be filled in later)



INSTANT HOMEBREW
- ready in just 2 minutes, simply add water



Scene IV

Our heroes blearily open their eyes, looking around in complete bewilderment at their surroundings. Small flames lick from underneath the carpet on which our heroes are bound together by a single rope. Flames also lick from the toaster, the dog and - curiously - from the fire place. The walls seem to shimmer with the heat haze.

Quickskull: Where the hell are we?

Pyro: I see you're awake! (diabolical laughter)

Miss Freeze: By golly! It's my arch enemy, the evil pyromaniac, Pyro.

Pyro: Welcome to my Brighton Lair. Now excuse me while I go over there. But don't think of trying to escape, as the knots of your bonds have been cut off and carefully hidden in my Pool of Eternal flame.

Human Sponge: That doesn't scare us, you fiendish type person!

Pyro: While I'm "over there", you'll be guarded by my electronic henchmen including Angel, Yoshimitsu, Nina, Law and Mario - oh shit! wrong system.

After Pyro exits... "over there", Dr. Keg activates his magic keg helmet, spraying sweet, delicious beer over the human sponge, who then expands to four times his normal size, crushing his fellow superheroes mercilessly against the walls and snapping the bonds like so much damp spaghetti. After the time it takes for a sponge to dry out, the human sponge..dried out, leaving his associates to peel themselves from the walls.

Miss Freeze: Quick, somebody put the dog out!

Dr. Keg: Why?

Miss Freeze: 'Cos it's on fire!

Spongy picks up the flaming dog and throws him through the door.

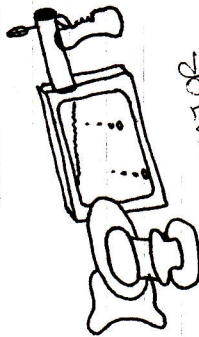
"I'm just a big softie at heart", he says with a big cheesy grin.

As they leave, the Tekken henchmen, pounding with futility on the inside of the glass prison of the television set, scream at them to stop. Captain Quickskull casually steps on the reset button and they disappear into snow. Pyro turns around from where he was standing "over there" in the corner, too late to stop them...

Back at the bus-stop, 5th protagonist boy emerges from a brief and well-needed spot of relief behind the bushes..just in time to see his bus pulling out of the stop.

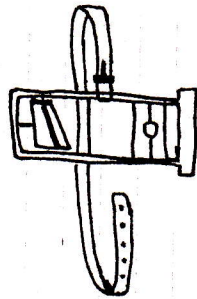
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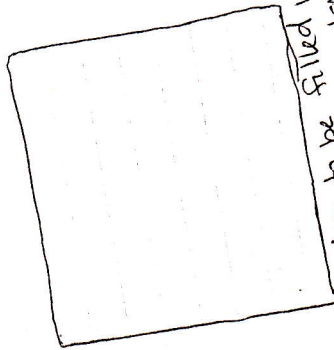


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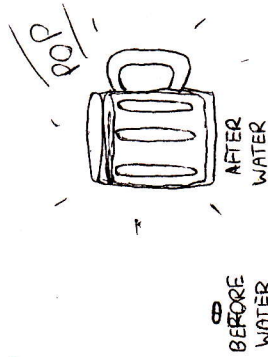
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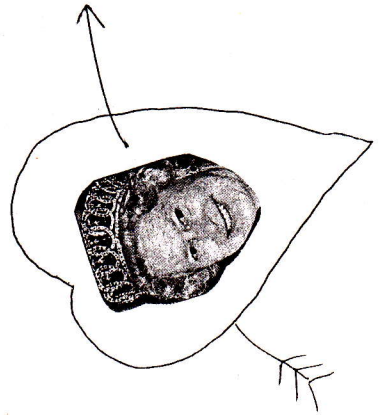
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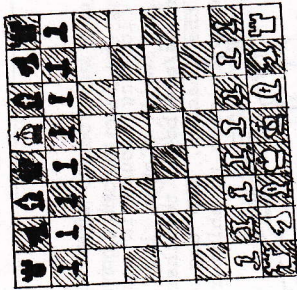
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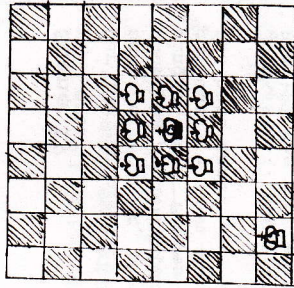
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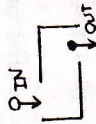
PUZZLE PAGE



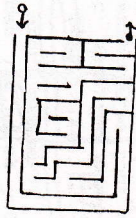
(Prob No. 2) White to play and mate in 72.



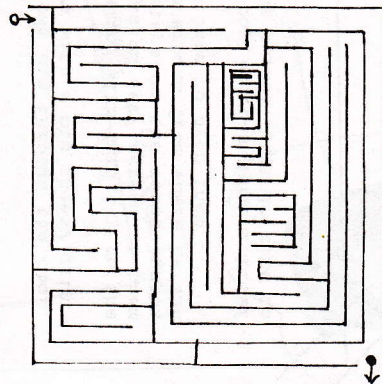
(Prob No. 1) Black to play and mate in one.



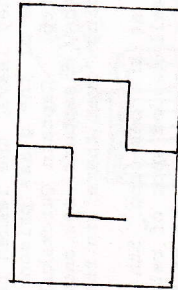
BEGINNERS



INTERMEDIATE



DIFFICULT



EXPERT

Stay tuned for our next exciting instalment when we conclude the epic saga that is "Much Ado About AUScA":

This December 3rd, where will you be?

- At home, grooming you nose-hairs?
- Out with your friends at one of those sad retro dance places?
- Or simply running out the clock stuck on the receiving end of a dialysis machine?

Come to the AUScA Hell Party instead!

- Meet your favourite superhero!
- Do the "bus stop" with 5th Protagonist Boy!
- Be entertained by the madcap antics of 50 pissed Uni students, revelling in a post-exam endorphin high!
- But most of all, getting absolutely shitfaced and waking up the next day to the sound of the streetcleaner bearing down on your gutter (hey, it's better than not waking up!)

Oh yeah, and if you must know, Royal Hotel, \$20 all you can drink for 3 hours, tickets available from KI, Yvonne, and probably others...



THIS VOUCHER ENTITLES THE BEARER
TO ONE FREE DRINK OF THEIR
CHOICE. [

BERGAMINI

* Just As Long As Your Choice
Is BEER

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