

Original Work

Creation vs. Evolution

Like a bastard,
He searches frantically for
a source.
His sharp intellect and
ability to think are a
curse.
The razor sharpness has
neatly sliced
The hydra head into two,
With tentacles groping in
opposite directions
For water to quench the
burning thirst
Of curiosity.
On both sides, all the
tentacles could feel
Is a jet of fine mist,
So fine it tickles.
An assuring lead they both
claim with giggles
And further forge apart.
A half fastened zip,
Itself tending to rip.
The right tentacles have
taken to measures.
As its course and compile
A huge amount of numbers
as treasures.
As a clue,
The puzzle of numbers he
must glue.
But alas, the puzzle fits
In more than one different
ways;
Like the possible arrange-
ments of tea-cups on
trays.
With the razor he devices
the tools,
All his sharpness he pools.
And invents the brain
machine that fools
Along with the chance sub-
ject for rules,
And finally concluded,
"there was
An EXPLOSION!"
An expanding universe,
With a "Big Bang"
to match?
Sounds like the looks
Of a stout 460-pounder
in Hanes shorts.
The left tentacles,
Of high fragility,
Abstain from mental
acrobats
And resolve with all his
agility
To climb the family tree
downwards,
Finding solace in the age-
long stories;
A mighty potter; omnipot-
ent, omniscient,
"omnigood,"
On his porch of gold
Excogitated and decided
to mold.
Having conjured the heavens
And all therein. On the
sixth day
He mixed HIMSELF a very
fine clay.
His breath he heaves on it
And on the seventh day
He did rest.
On Nature He makes us
the pest.

He Had a Dream

Sheldon Easley was born on a farm in the Midwest. He was not an especially bright child, but did have a lot of ambition and a great yearning for riches. So he studied hard, especially in biological science, hoping someday to make it big in genetic engineering.
One day, while working on hog embryos in his home lab, he made a revolutionary discovery about the conception of these mammals. With this breakthrough he was able to synthesize and eventually market PRO-TO-HOG, the "super swine inseminant of the '80s." He sat back and watched as his fortune grew.
Sheldon wasted no time spending his new wealth. He purchased Alvo Manor, the castle-like mansion of a former rock star. Also on his list of expenditures were a membership fee to an elite club near Los Angeles and a

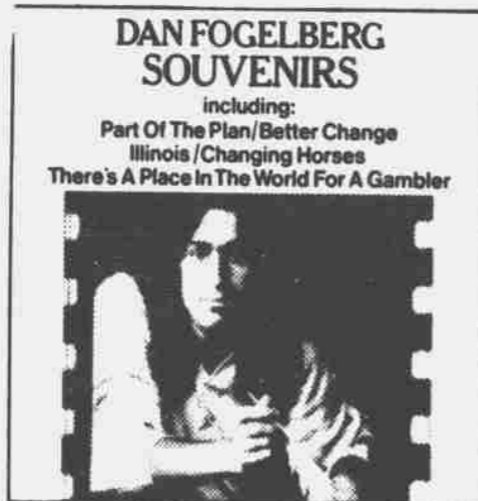
sow-shaped swimming pool. But most importantly of all, he fell in love. She was a young starlet he had never met but had seen in the papers before he became famous. He wanted so badly to approach her but was awkward, at best, at such matters.
Then at a party at the country club one evening, he found himself being formally introduced to the girl of his dreams. They talked for a while, and eventually the conversation led to how he had established his recent fortune. It was then that he proudly related to her the whole tale of his PRO-TO-HOG empire. She was not impressed, slightly disgusted, and quickly departed with the golf pro.
"Sow," muttered Sheldon as he stormed out and hailed a taxi in the pouring rain. He was never seen outside Alvo Manor again.

Alan Ross

Pickles
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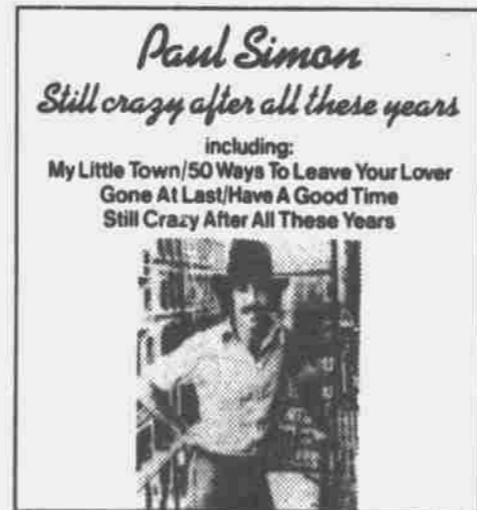
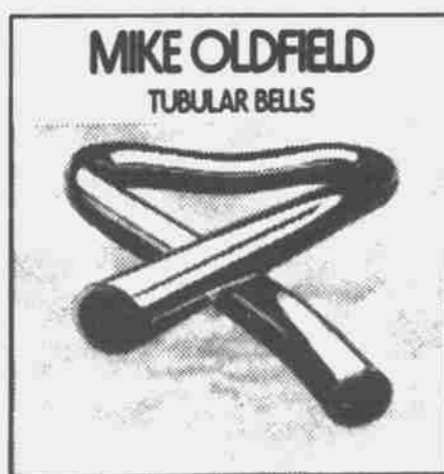
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