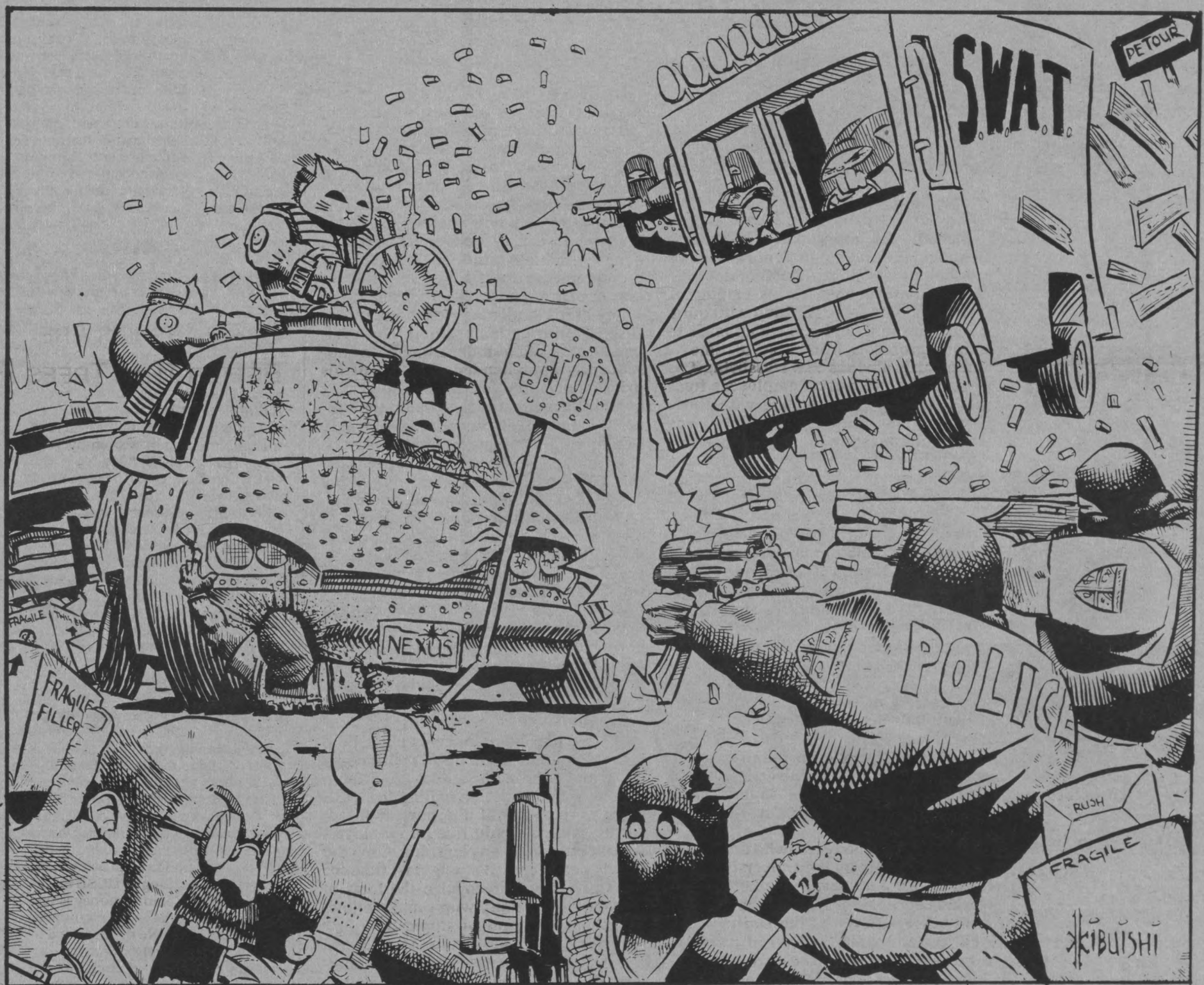


SEVEN DEADLY SINS, A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT OF THE *DAILY NEXUS*, PROUDLY PRESENTS:

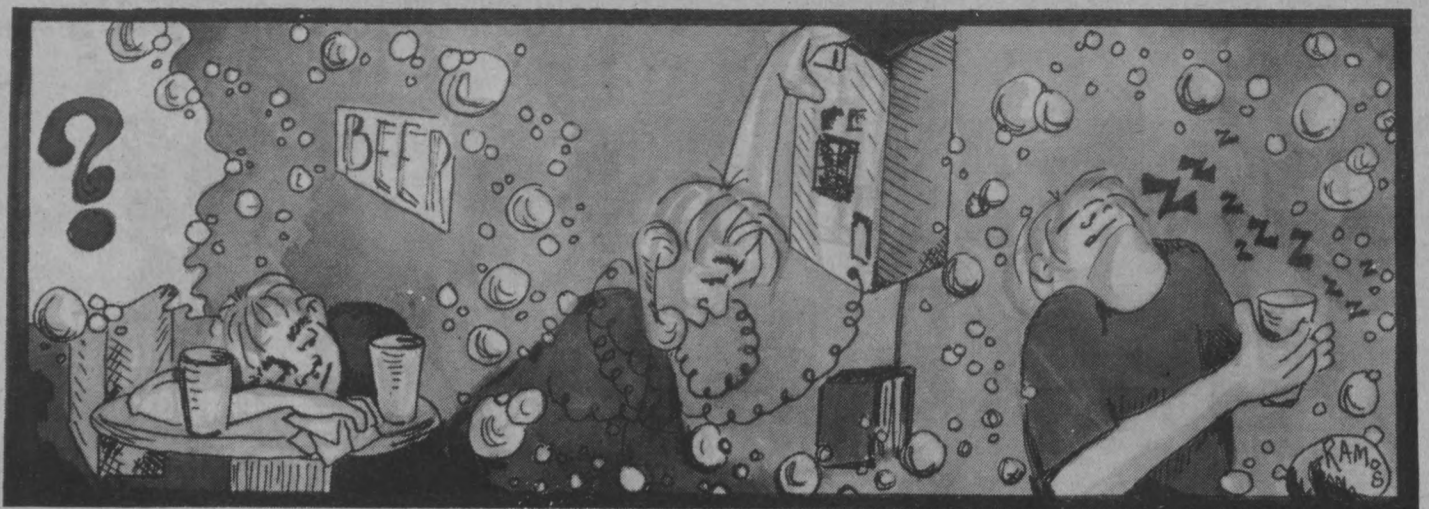
THE GREAT I.V. ATM ROBBERY



KAZUHIRO KIBUISHI/Daily Nexus

A *DAILY NEXUS* PRODUCTION A MARC VALLES FILM "THE GREAT I.V. ATM ROBBERY" STARRING MICHAEL "BOOM-BOOM" BALL AS GLUTTONY EUGENE "PUNK ASS" TONG AS WRATH BRIAN "LIQUIDATOR" LANGSTON AS PRIDE NICK "SPLAT YOUR BRAINS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT" ROBERTSON AS SLOTH JOLIE "THE WHIP" LASH AS GREED DAVIA "DOUBLE-BARREL" GRAY AS LUST AND BRYCE "BANG-BANG" BAER AS ENVY
SPECIAL EFFECTS BY RYAN "WASTE 'EM" ALTOON, "SAVAGE" VINCE LUCIDO, DEBI "THE ANIMAL" RAMOS, KAZUHIRO "BADDER THAN BRONSON" KIBUISHI AND LISA "THE DESTROYER" DOTY RELEASED WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1997

THE GREAT I.V. ATM ROBBERY



DEBI RAMOS/Daily Nexus

BEER: THE EIGHTH DEADLY SIN

Tan Here with Confidence!

We invite you to come in and see what Tanning is today!

Now you can tan without the high dosage of damaging UVB rays used in the beds of yesterday.

<p>UltraBronz High Pressure Beds (0% UVB - No Burning) for a beautiful, natural, long-lasting tan.</p> <p>"High Pressure" refers to the manufacturing process of the bulbs - They are Quartz - 10x the strength of a regular tanning bed. A Glass filter lays on top of the bulbs to remove ALL of the damaging and burning UVB Rays. Your tan is purely the result of your natural melanin being raised to the surface of your skin. 3 sessions for a beautiful tan. Maintain your tan with 1-2 sessions per month.</p>	<p>UltraBronz High Pressure Tanning Beds Buy 1 Get 1 FREE exp. 5/31/97</p>
<p>UltraBronz Low Pressure Beds Built similar to the original tanning bed with only 1.9% UVB and a 100% UVA facial bulb (compare to older tanning beds with 6-7% UVB)</p>	<p>UltraBronz Low Pressure Monthly Unlimited \$39⁰⁰ exp. 5/31/97</p>
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TANACIOUS 5717 CALLE REAL 683-0072 (IN THE CALLE REAL CENTER) OPEN 7 DAYS

...Tan the way Europeans have been tanning for 20 years

ROLL FILM ...

Isla Vista
Five months and 11 days in the future
10:01 p.m.

Masked shapes stalk Embarcadero Del Norte. The kids are already drunk and heading down to Del Playa. The cops are out in force. The moon is not. It's party time. Off in the distance, a bottle breaks.

This, and the occasional police siren, are not entirely unexpected. The kids are used to this.

But 25 sirens going off at once can catch the attention of any I.V. local, no matter how tossed. And when shotgun blasts punctuate the boozynight, even the most piss-drunk party-goer ducks down and takes notice.

The kids are confused and horse-hooves clatter across the puke-encrusted asphalt. And the sirens go off — one louder than all the rest. It's coming from a shop adjacent to the ATM. The shop, door ajar and windows busted, is vomiting smoke.

Somebody screams from across the street. A ski-masked shape dashes from inside the shop, black-clad, wide-eyed, making a run for the park. But the cops already have the shape in their sights. And they're a-comin'.

But it is hard to steer one's steed through a crowd of slightly toasted, very startled collegians. And so this one seems to have gotten away as the police horses' hooves thunder across the park bridge.

Recall that on either side of the bridge, sticking up from an almost-shallow pond, are reeds. If you look very closely on a moonlit night, you can see the silvery glint of moonlight on the water between the reeds.

But tonight there is no moonlight, so look closer at the water's surface as the cops thunder past.

See the air bubbles?

The cops didn't. And in those critical, panicked minutes when they're crisscrossing the park — which is a very large park and full of people, mind you — they aren't going to see somebody emerge from the reeds, either. And they aren't going to see that same somebody melt casually — though drip-

ping wet — into the crowds of party-goers already in the park. And they sure as hell aren't going to see that same somebody, along with many of those same party-goers, slip through the police cordon that even now is closing off the park.

Because, after all, it's party time in I.V., and even the cops can't see everything. But you can. You can even look into the past to find out how this caper started. You can see it all — the greed, the wrath, the pride, the envy, the lust ... even the gluttony and the sloth. The whole sordid mess began just five short months ago — today.

The present day
4:20 p.m.

"Hey, I've got an idea."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I was just thinking we oughta knock over the ATM."

"What?"

"Just bear with me."

"You're crazy."

"Just humor me. Did you know that the ATM is the most heavily used ATM on the face of the planet?"

"That still doesn't change the fact that you're nuts. Where'd you hear this?"

"Around. From a lotta people. Trust me. Now it stands to reason that the most heavily used ATM on the planet would have a lot of money in it, right?"

The first crucial pause.

"How much money?"

"I dunno. A lot."

The second crucial pause.

"How would we get to it?"

"That's not important. Knock down the back, get in through the ceiling, take the shop next door hostage for a few hours while you punch a way through — whatever way you can do it, so long as it's not the front."

"The front faces the street. There's always people in the front."

"That's what I'm saying. Look, pick a way in, it doesn't matter."

"What about a way out? What about the cops? The Foot Patrol's right around the corner."

"I got a plan for that. You do it when they're

See HEIST p.3A

ZELO
RESTAURANT & NIGHTCLUB

TONIGHT MAY 21ST
The 1 Year Anniversary of
CLUB GRAVY
featuring, already confirmed, live performances by Delicious Vinyl recording artist
The Whoridas
Shot Callin', Taxin, Talkin' Bout Bank
and just added, LIVE ON STAGE, direct from NYC
Tracy Lee
performing *The Theme (Party time)*, and much more
on the turntables **MARCO** spinning Hip-Hop • R&B • Reggae
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THIS THURSDAY IS
THIRSTY THURSDAY
Weekend Kickoff Party
w/DJ Vic
spinning the best of '80s and Top 40

In the Beer Garden
\$1 12 oz. Draft Beer
\$1 Tequila Shots

In the Main Room
\$2.50 Jack and Coke
\$2.50 Long Islands

"BET NO ONE'S SEEN ABE LINCOLN CRY BEFORE."

HEIST

Continued from p.2A busy."

"What?"
"Yeah. The busiest time all year. Halloween."

"What?"
"Yeah, Halloween."
"There are more cops in I.V. on Halloween than on any other night of the year."

"Exactly, Because of all the partiers. Next year, Halloween's on a weekend. It'll go off. Look, it's so perfect, you might not even have to stage a diversion across town to draw them away — most of 'em will be out on Del Playa anyway. You'll have all the drunk people in costume on the street. The cops'll have their hands full, and most of 'em will be from out of town. Most of the local cops will probably be out on DP. The others, the Highway Patrol, the ones that set up the road blocks on Pardall, they might know the streets, but not the local terrain. We could duck right into the park after we've pulled it off and lose 'em there."

"You are nuts."
"Come on, couldn't you use the dough?"

The third crucial pause.
"Well, yeah."
"Well?"

"Look, this would take a lot more people to pull off than just you and me."

"So get more people. We'll plan it all out months in advance. It'll be beautiful."

"This is never going to work."

"It'll work. Trust me. Nothing will go wrong."
Everything did.

GLUTTONY

"Damn, I love this holiday," the fat man thought to himself, walking past the little kids on Camino Majorca.

The youngsters filed from door-to-door — pint-sized super heroes, ballerinas and astronauts searching for an all-night sugar high.

Good, it's only 7 p.m., still plenty of time before it all was to go down.

The fat man reached into his own bag, next to the gun and passport, past the fatigues, into his own stash of treats, pulled out some Tootsie Rolls and scarfed 'em down. Before he could swallow, his hand had wandered back into the bag in search of more goodies.

"Damn, I love this holiday."

With three hours until show time, he needed to find some way to pass the time. Watching kids trick-or-treat seemed like the best bet.

Less dangerous than partying with the college revellers on Del Playa at least. No chance of some tanked idiot puking on you.

With that thought the fat man reached back into his sack of treats and tricks for some Red Ropes, but the bag was empty.

Damn. Check the time again. 7:15!

In the span of just 15 minutes he had managed to consume the entire bag of Tootsie Rolls and the Red

Village at last. That was too easy.

Pausing to enjoy his newfound bounty (lots of SweetTarts and plenty of Snickers), he thought about who to target next on his root-canal-inducing rampage.

Calling all Care Bears, calling all Care Bears!

This was too easy. Two Care Bears and Abe Lincoln cruised by, heading for a pumpkin-studded porch about two doors down.

This time it would require something a little more ballsy. In and out, nobody gets hurt. He stalked them for a bit, playing with them in his



LISA DOTY/Daily Nexus

THE FAT MAN

Ropes, but it still wasn't enough.

What to do, what to do? A light bulb went off in his head. Or rather in his stomach. Looking at all the little tykes running around getting all that candy. The solution to his sugar shortage was so easy, it was like taking candy from a baby. Or two or three.

Yes, the perfect way to kill time before an ATM heist is to hoark candy from kids on Halloween.

The fat man licked his chops and headed for a small gaggle of Smurfs in front of a white two-story joint at the far end of Del Playa.

"Hey kid," he said to Papa Smurf as he pointed to the bushes at the west end of the house. "Check out that raccoon!"

As soon as Papa and his fellow blues turned to the bushes, the fat man grabbed two pillow cases full of sweets and headed for the shrubberies next door.

"Stupid kids," he thought, watching the children walk away, dejected, as if Gargamel had just smashed the Smurf

mind, sort of the way a crocodile wrestles with his prey after dragging it underwater.

Then, Abe dropped his bag. Just enough time. In dashed the fat man, pushing the kids aside and running off with a few more pounds of sweets. Bet no one's seen Abe Lincoln cry before.

Now, where to hide. Ah, there we go. Nice little alleyway next to that garage. A place to satisfy his sugar cravings.

The fat man lounged around for a while, gorging on his stolen treasure. Ah, what pleasure. A few Hershey Kisses here, a few Reese's Pieces there. Damn, what a holiday.

By now the sweets were beginning to take their toll on the fat man. Sleepy, feeling very sleepy. And sick for that matter. So much for heeding Mom's advice about eating all your Halloween candy at once.

Zzzzzzzzz. Boom! What was that!? What time is it? 10 p.m. "Shit! I'm late!"

Better head for the re-

See HEIST p.4A

WORLD WEEKLY FATHOM

The Nation's Most Widely Spread Weekly

VERY HOT MEN SEEN AT FATHOM

EVERY WEDNESDAY SANCTUARY

Featuring DJ Matt Armor

Spinning the best of '80s Wave, Industrial Danse Musak.

\$3.50 Pitchers, 75¢ Schnapps

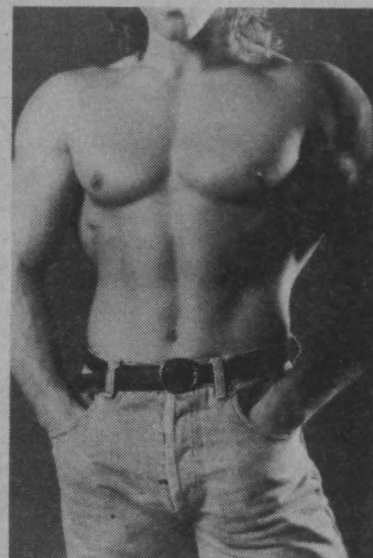


photo: Djamel Ramoul

Typical of night at Fathom.

Melrose Madness MON

Margaritas & Melrose. No Cover

The Skyy's the Limit THURS

\$3.25 Skyy Cocktails, Music from '70s, '80s & '90s

Come in Straight, Walk out Twisted? FRI

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VINCENT LUCIDO/Daily Nexus

“Well, don’t just stand there. Get a mop.”

HEIST

Continued from p.3A
ndezvous point. Screw the rest of the candy. Well, not all of it, grab a few more. OK, get the hell out of this place.

But shit, what to tell the other guys when I get there?

SOME TIME LATER

“Where the hell have you been, lard-ass?!”

“Everything’s screwed up because of you!”

“The whole job’s ruined! The money’s missing! Elvis is gone! Ringo’s gone! The lookout is gone!”

“Whoa, calm down! What do you mean by ‘gone’?”

“Gone! Shot, dead, arrested, on a plane to Cucamonga, we don’t know! Gone!”

“OK, OK ... what the hell happened to your ear?”

“It’s a long story.”

WRATH

“Sure, I’ll buy the next round!”

With wallet out of his ass pocket, Paul hollered at the barmaid in a Northern California drawl.

“Hey, get us a couple of pints of Sierra Nevada over here,” Paul yelled from the bottom of his diaphragm. “And more for my bud here too! It better be hella quick or I ain’t paying nothin’.”

He waved a \$20 bill in the air for an instant, trying to get her attention. Once she looked in his general direction, the bill snapped backed into his palm, crushed to a ball.

“There’s no time for this,” John said. “We gotta get the hell out of Dodge.”

“Hey, no worries! We’ll be there right on the clock.”

As the final pint went down his throat, Paul let out a sigh, releasing all his mental strain into the ethereal night. Walking out of IVBC, the duo leisurely paced around the corner toward the park.

Hundreds of costumed revelers paraded the streets looking for the next keg to drain dry or that special someone on the other side of the beer tap. The law rode on horseback in intimidating riot gear amid the warm, moist musk of equine feces. Obviously living away from mommy’s nurture for the first time, a 17-year-old boy sporting last year’s Power Ranger mask sat

hunched over on the sidewalk, palms squeezing his head, working to help contain the queasy vertigo as this morning’s breakfast battled its way out of his stomach for a breath of crisp, dewy air.

George broke away from a herd of passing freshmen and approached Paul and John. They were joined by Elvis and the posse of four marched into the I.V. Bookstore parking lot and climbed a length of wire fence to reach the roof.

“Wait a minute. What happened to —”

“He never showed. We had to go on without him.”

Along the concrete tar pits of modernity was an open hatch in Hobson’s roof. Everyone climbed down a ladder attached to the opening into a back storage room except Paul. A boisterous scream of “Look out below!” enveloped the group as he jumped feet first through the opening, landing on a carton of strawberry frozen yogurt.

“Shit!” Paul screamed, face contorted with shock.

John pinned Paul against the wall by his shoulders. “Hey! Shut your punk ass, will yah? You’re gonna draw attention from the ice cream scoopers! We only paid off that bastard Ringo, y’know. If his ice cream scooping partner comes in here, we’re up shit creek!”

Capillaries burst as Paul’s face lit up to a bright crimson. He stared at his adversary with wide, bloodshot eyes and lifted the wrists from his shoulders. With a hip twist, he overpowered John, pinning his arms behind his back and smashing his face against the wall. Paul drew an exacto knife from his pocket and impaled the plaster wall next to John’s nose.

“That was hella rude,” Paul growled.

“You were the one screwing things up!” John said, trying to be the voice of reason so the job wouldn’t be botched and blow up in their faces.

Paul made a centimeter-deep incision into the cartilage at the back of John’s ear and carved downward down the side of his face. Paul shoved John to the floor, then turned around to kick George in the nuts. Paul grabbed John by his hair and pointed the exacto knife to his chin.

“What was that you said?” Paul said. “Who’s

screwing things up? Are you?” He turns to brandish his knife at the others, hair in palm, followed by few more hefty kicks to George’s Mr. Happy. Everyone stared in silence. “ARE YOU?!”

He screamed to Elvis, who had already cracked open the Hobson’s cash register — a little bonus before the big heist began. “When am I gettin’ my fuckin’ money?! None of you fuckers move! I’m taking the cash with me!” Paul screamed. “Get me my fuckin’ money!”

Elvis stared, stonefaced from shock.



LISA DOTY/Daily Nexus

“Why haven’t we got any phone calls?”

“HAND ME THE BAGS NOW!”

— “So what happened?”

“I shot him.”

“You shot him?”

“Had to. Look at what he was doing. Look at what he did to me!”

— Paul’s head burst like an overripe melon as the fallen John pumped the maniac full of lead. Clutching his bloody ear, John rose to his feet as Paul’s lifeless body hit the ground with a thud, oozing life over the linoleum.

“Well, don’t just stand there. Get a mop.”

Then there was a knock at the door.

“Hey, man, can’t you see we’re closed?”

PRIDE

A few moments of hasty blood-mopping and corpse-dragging later, the knock came again. “Buzz off!” John shouted, still clutching his gory ear. A random party-goer burst through the door anyway.

“WE’RE CLOSED!”

“Bummer, man,” said the vampire with cheap-wine breath. “What’s with the saw, man?”

John turned, leaning against the plastic ice cream shield nonchalantly holding the power saw. Behind him stood George

slouching against the wall with the bloody mop. On the other side of the counter Elvis counted cash from the register.

“We’re remodeling,” John responded smoothly, blood oozing from beneath his hand.

“What’s with your ear, dude?”

“Industrial accident. Get lost.”

The vampire muttered unintelligibly, then walked back into the crowd.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Elvis yelled across the room as the door closed behind him. “Why didn’t you lock the door?”

John stared back, anger glowing dark in his eyes. If there was one thing he hated, it was people questioning his actions, plans, integrity. “He was too drunk to remember. Anyway, I’ve only got another couple inches to go. And don’t question the plan — it’ll work.”

“Why haven’t we got any phone calls from the lookout?”

“Who knows. Lazy bastard’s probably too drunk to do his job. No matter — let’s go to work.”

He hoisted the power saw, triggered it and drowned out all opposition with its shrill hum. George stepped to the wall and removed the large framed poster, revealing the partially completed

container onto his greek-lettered black shirt. “Shit, man, look what you’ve done!”

“You’re not even supposed to be carrying open containers,” John replied.

“Hey, fuck you, you punk ass!”

“Who are you calling a punk ass, you sloshed drunk?”

The reaper was on him in a moment, his buddies forming a circle around them and then crashing inward.

“Shit,” John muttered as he dodged the reaper but felt the circle close around him — he couldn’t take them all. Soon he was being pummeled like driftwood on the high, wild sea.

Seven armed officers on horseback rounded the corner as he crumpled to the ground, dispersing his assailants and sending the crowd into even more confusion. Gunshots went off and John wondered briefly as he spit blood which of his co-conspirators had gotten nailed, then limped along, his ear still bleeding beneath the ski mask, with one of the veins of the crowd that was circling the loop. He slipped off at El Embarcadero, making his way toward DP.

The police were all but gone from the party street, moving in response to the burglary reports. The few officers that wandered by ignored him — he ap-

pear to be just another drunken partier. Stumbling through the I.V. night, he headed toward the rendezvous point.

“No! That sonuvabitch flaked on us!”

“Where is he?”

“He’s not here?”

“He’s here, all right. He’s passed out in the corner.”

“Good. Maybe he can tell us where the money is.”

“I’ve got some of it.”

“What?”

“I grabbed a few bundles on the way out. I’ve got ‘em right here. Elvis got the rest.”

“How do we know you’re not lying?”

“Ask the lookout — maybe he knows!”

“Well, wake him up. Let’s hear what he has to say ...”

SLOTH

“Nother pint a’ Red Wolf, please.”

Staring at his grease-stained napkin pile, he wondered why he’d been ordering Red Wolf, instead of Guinness or Sierra. If this whole scheme worked, he would

soon be fucking loaded — though he was starting to feel a little loaded already.

He checked his watch. 6:43. It was time to check in.

Sitting in his comfortable perch at a window-side table in The Study Hall, he scanned the Pardon stretch. Of course, the vast fleet of sheriff’s vehicles occupied all available parking spots — not that it mattered since the whole street had been blocked off to citizen traffic since yesterday. Nonetheless, the masses of cops seemed to be munching their annual Halloween Barbecue Dinner contentedly, seeming completely unaware of his friends — who were currently cutting a hole the size of a dinner plate through the ATMs around the corner.

Reluctantly, he got off his stool and casually stepped outside to the pay phone. He called the seized store, dialing the number he wrote on his hand. He knew that if he was caught, being imprinted with the number of the hostage business would be hard evidence to ignore, but looking it up in the phone book over and over was monotonous, and memorizing it was too much trouble.

“Uhh, Hobson’s,” said the voice at the other end of the line.

“Hey, how’s it goin’?” he said, looking at the

IVFP office through squinted eyes.

“We’re through the dry-wall and concrete, but the steel’s gonna be a bitch.” In the background, he could hear the muffled scraping of metal. “What’s the scene?”

“You’re cool. The pigs are feeding at the trough.”

“Awesome. Make sure to call back in 15 — you kinda lagged earlier ...”

“Hey, no worries, man. We’re, y’know, professionals.” He hung up and laughed at the “Reservoir Dogs” reference. Then he went inside and ordered another beer, forgetting the half-full one he left at the table.

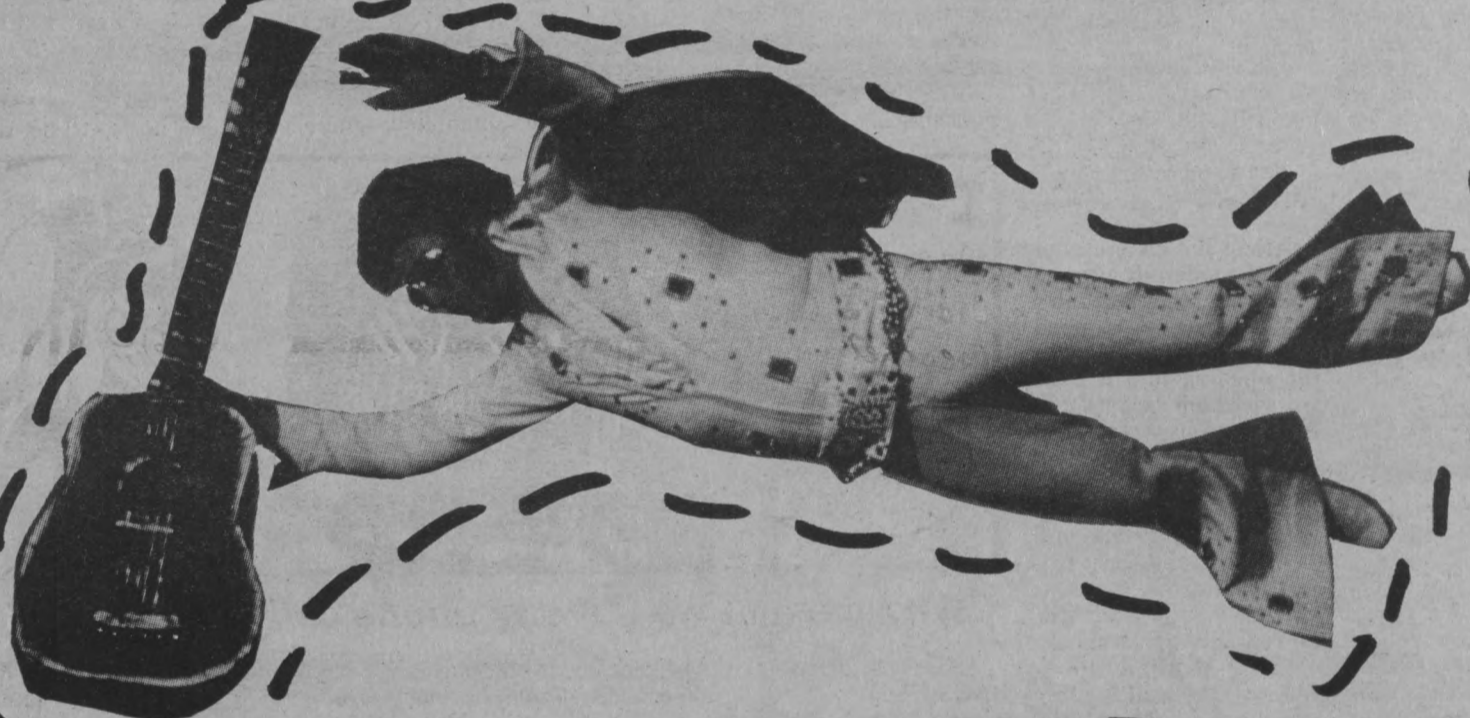
Of all the seven, he knew he had the best role in this heist — not only did he get to avoid manual labor, but he also got to lounge all afternoon and night at his regular drinking hole. And who was better for this job? He was already a Study Hall regular that the cops recognized as a harmless drunken vagrant when they passed the place on their rounds. But of course, this was no ordinary day of lounging. ... It was a day of lounging that would make him rich.

“Gemme another fuckin’ Red Wolf.”

See HEIST p.6A



CLIP OUT YOUR
FAVORITE
ROBBER, RETURN
HIM TO THE
NEXUS AND WIN A
NEXUS NO-PRIZE!!



HEIST

Continued from p.4A

He wasn't looking good. But by this point, he never did. Sprawled out across the table, his drunken torso soaked up the many spills and smears left on the veneer. And he hadn't checked his watch in a while.

Prime time brought *America's Most Wanted* on one of the TVs, which reminded him of the job he had to do.

"Aww, fuck ..." he uttered, as he promptly bolted from the table and promptly ran into a passing woman, whom he floored.

"Whoa ... shorry 'bout that," he uttered, and went to the phone.

"Hobson's."

"Hey, the coasht is clear, dude ..."

"DON'T GIVE ME THAT 'DUDE' SHIT! YOU HAVEN'T CALLED IN 45 FUCKING MINUTES! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!"

"Hey man, get off my cashhe ..."

"Your 'CASHHE'? You're fucking TANKED! Our LIVES are hanging on YOUR calls, and you're complaining about your 'CASHHE'? CALL BACK IN 15 MINUTES, AND STOP DRINKING, YOU GODDAMN LAZY BASTARD!"

"Whatever, dude ..."

He hung up, missing the hook twice. Those punks, he thought. The cops were still just meandering about — he'd let his friends know if there was danger. Originally, he didn't even

want to get involved, he knew it would be a lot of effort. But he didn't expect his own friends to turn on him for being a little late with a call.

"Nother Red Wolf ..."

"LAST CALL! LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL!"

He was jostled awake by this bellow, as he often was. But right before ordering one last Red Wolf, he realized he probably hadn't called in a while.

He looked at his watch — 11:30. He looked out at the street. Cops were running frantically everywhere. He overheard two of them passing-by briskly as they mentioned a "dragnet" and "APBs." He saw two choppers hovering overhead. And he saw Elvis being dragged forcibly toward the Foot Patrol office by three SWAT guys.

"Awwwww, fuck ..."

— "So Elvis got pinched by the cops. Alright, that's it! We should get the hell out of here! He could be squealing to the pigs right now!"

"Not likely."

"Elvis! You're alive!"

"I thought the cops got ya."

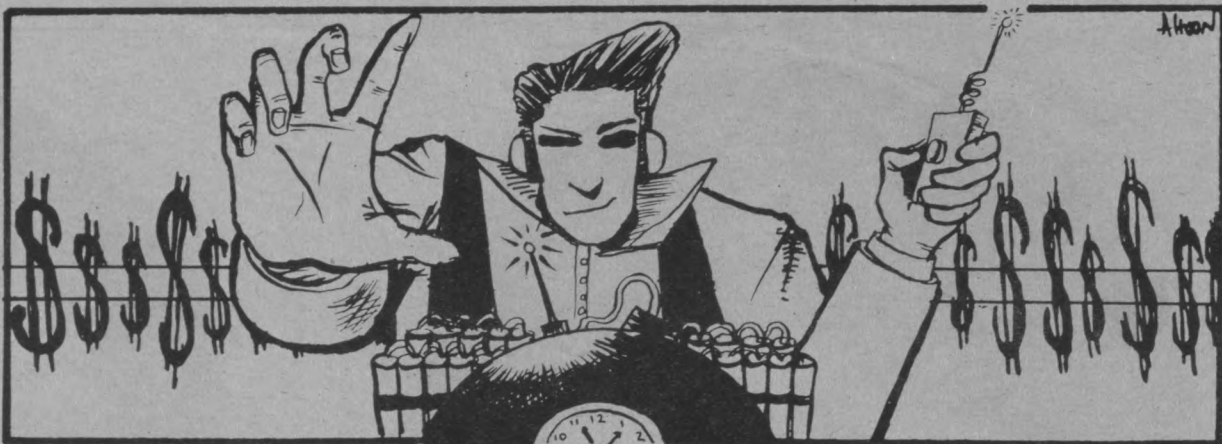
"Not on your life."

"Where's the rest of the money?"

Elvis drew his gun. "Why should I tell you?"

GREED

"So you think you have it all figured out. You all take my brilliant plan to hit the ATM, and then form a coalition among yourselves to screw me.



RYAN ALTOON/Daily Nexus

"Now hand over your share of the money or die here."

"Yeah, well it didn't work. And I'm gonna tell ya why. I've got the rest of the money."

"This is ridiculous! He's working with the cops! I saw them take him away!"

"You saw me scurry away with the cops, eh? Think again. You may have seen Elvis scurrying away, but do you remember which costume it was, young or old?"

"See, you're all confused: Was I young Elvis or old bloated fried-peanut-butter-and-potato-chip-sandwich Elvis?"

"Vegas Elvis complete with sideburns and a bloated gut did rob the loot with you after the ATM went up like Jerry Lee Lewis' piano, on fire. But looks can be deceiving."

"While you all ran for your lives, I stripped down to my thinner Elvis garb, and by the time the police detained me for questioning, I had donned my pre-obese Elvis costume. I politely told them that I had seen the whole thing from

the street and after they were convinced I knew nothing, they let me go.

"I slinked away from the Foot Patrol, gyrated my hips out of the store and told the coppers, 'Thank you, thank you very much.'"

"Put the gun away, John, you won't be able to find where I stashed the money if I'm dead. Besides, if you try and shoot me, you'll go down with me. I'm wired with plastic explosives that I can detonate at the touch of this button. Now hand over your share of the money or die here."

"Oh, no you don't."

"What? Where the hell have you been?" The robbers swiveled around to see a woman emerge from the shadows — a woman who had been planning their doom for almost as long as they had all been planning the robbery.

LUST

"Here's a little something for all of your ... uh, hard

work," he said as he handed me a small white envelope.

"Thanks darlin'," I smiled at him, trying to judge by the thickness of the envelope how much my tip would be.

Not bad, I thought, at least two hundred. Yes, those baseball players sure are good tipppers.

I didn't mind the work, but pretty soon all this was going to be behind me. Yes, my big chance had come. It was the break of a lifetime to be picked to help rip off the ATM, and boy, did I have plans for that money.

My job was to raise a ruckus outside of the Foot Patrol while the heist was going down, but I spent most of my first meeting with my cohorts carefully selecting my prey. I needed someone who would do anything, absolutely anything, for that money for my plan to work. And who



See HEIST p.7A



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VINCENT LUCIDO/Daily Nexus

"Ringo was the heartbeat of the outfit ..."

HEIST

Continued from p.6A
could be better than Elvis? Greedy bastard.

He was an easy target. A few burning glances, promises of money ... and more. It was enough to spark his desire for more than just the cold, hard cash. Once I had Elvis in my pocket the rest was easy. I knew he was at my mercy — his passion for money was rivaled only by his desire for me.

I had been scoping out the others for a while, and Elvis really was the perfect victim. He was going to be the one actually going into the ATM. He would have the greatest access to the money and if I could get a hold of him, I could get a hold on it all.

But first I had to find his weakness. It took a while, but one night I caught him. It was only a brief glance, but in it was an unmistakable flash of desire in Elvis' direction. Suddenly the idea emerged, and it didn't take long to convince Elvis of the next move. I worked smoothly, feigning a shy and timid affection for Elvis and slowly earning his trust.

With Elvis in my hands, we got ready for the big night.

Taking care of the others wouldn't be easy. But we had a plan.

Finally, it was time.

The hooker drew a gun and pointed it at John. John drew on Elvis. Elvis drew on John. The fat man drew on the hooker. George shrugged and drew on the fat man for good measure. The lookout burped up some beer and passed out again.

Everyone else pulled their triggers.

When the smoke cleared, it was all over but the shouting.

Elvis screamed. The hooker had shot him after plugging John, hoping to luck out and make out with all of the dough.

"I thought you said it was just going to be you and me. We were going to split it and run away together. I believed you. Well you know what, I've got the money. All of it. But you're never going to see it. 'Cuz you see, now I'm going to have to kill you," Elvis sneered and

fired off another cap. The hooker was dead. The lookout was asleep again. The rest were fading fast.

And Ringo? Ringo hadn't even come in the door yet.

ENVY

Ringo was the heartbeat of the outfit — the driving force, the beating drum. And he knew it. He was on fire as he sauntered into the rendezvous point — pure fucking rhythm.

He methodically shed his camouflage and surveyed the scene. Discarded mask, jacket and gloves floated seamlessly to the ground as the unruffled ruffian gently stroked his freshly shaven chin.

"Well, well, well," he said.

Silence.

"Well, well, well," he said again. "What's the matter with you lazy fucks? We did it! We're rich!"

Silence.

"I expected as much," he said with a note of disgust. He proceeded to straighten his tie and strut over to the window, all the while humming a wah-wah-soaked theme song that he had written for himself. He peeked through the blinds at the passers-by below and chuckled greedily to himself.

He put his gun on a nearby table and poured himself a shot of rubbing alcohol. He eyed the teetering liquid as he walked toward John, who was festering in the corner, taking pains not to spill a drop.

"John," he said.

"Yes, Ringo?"

"I want to kill you."

"Ringo?"

"Yes, John?"

"I want to ARRROUGHH!"

Ringo had poured the alcohol onto John's bullet-ridden body. Ringo smiled. He loved being nasty.

"Where's the money, John?" he asked.

Silence.

"John?"

John's face was bright red once again. He puckered up and feebly attempted to spit in Ringo's face.

Ringo shook his head

slowly, "Fuck you, my man."

BANG!

Silence.

BANG!

Oh, Ringo loved to be nasty.

He walked over to the fat man. He bent over and grabbed a piece of candy from his bag. "Yummy," he said approvingly. "So why don't you tell me where the money is you fat piece of ..."

The fat man was long dead and made no reply.

"Dammit! It's just like you to go and die on me," he said with a snarl, savagely kicking the lifeless corpse. "I want the money! I want the money! SHOW ME THE MONEY!"

He finally calmed down and ran his fingers through his wavy brown hair and regained his composure. "That was a bit gratuitous," he said with a smile.

By this time, Ringo was a bit disheveled. He knew one of these clowns had grabbed the money, and he wanted it; he wanted it bad. He looked around the room: Ho, dead. John, dead. Lookout, too drunk to matter. George ... George? ... Wait, where is George? *Where the fuck is George?*

Oh, there he is. George, dead.

But what about Elvis?

It appears that Elvis is frantically trying to leave the building. About five feet from the door Ringo caught up with the wayward felon nudging his way across the floor.

"Oh, please, Elvis, would you just look at yourself? Where is a bloody sack like you gonna' run to?" Ringo said.

Elvis moaned.

Ringo smiled.

"Now, tell me where the money is or I'm gonna cover you with gasoline and turn you into a hunka hunka burning shit," Ringo said with a shiver, reveling in his brilliant nastiness.

Elvis was weak and broke down, telling him that he had dropped the money in the pond in the park on two conditions — that Ringo would get him a doctor and that they would split the money 50-50.

BANG!

BANG! A laugh.

BANG!

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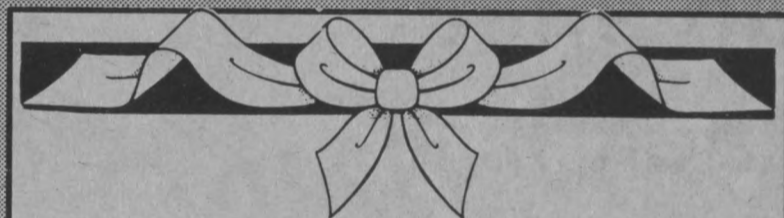
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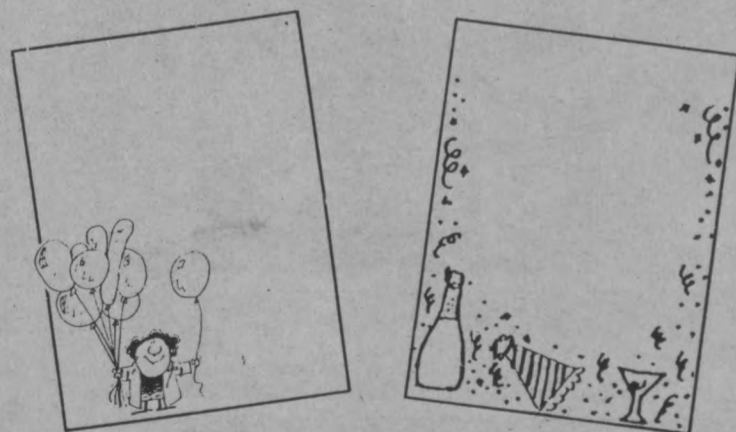
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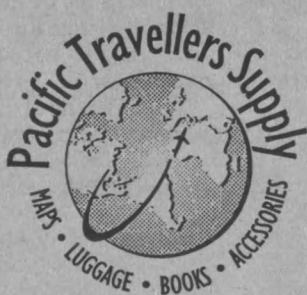
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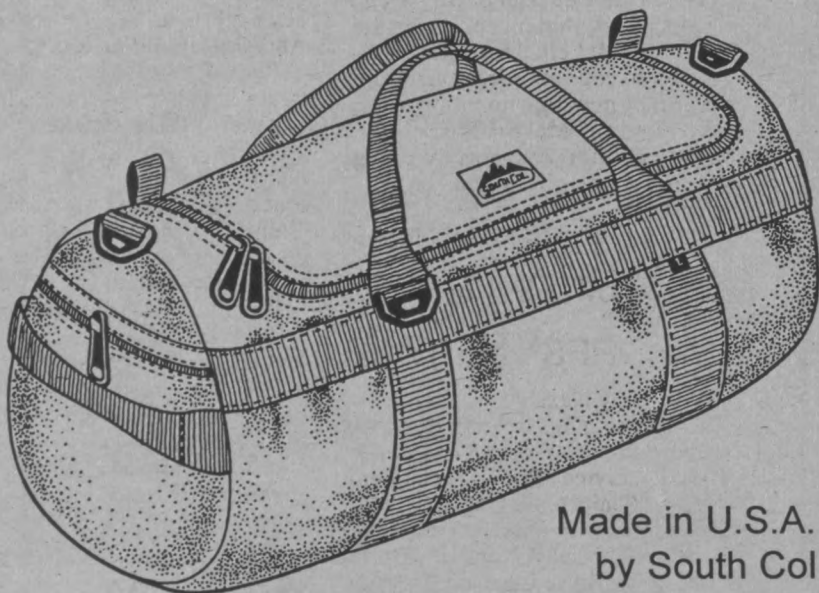
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