

Darin's cotton tale

by Darin Hite

On the night of March 30 I had a lifelong dream shatter into millions of tiny pieces right before my eyes. I will never get over the shocking reality that befell me on this landmark evening.

It all started around 5 in the evening. I was busy decorating Easter eggs and getting ready for the finest Easter I've ever had, when suddenly out of the speaker of my life-call-receiver unit I heard the most frantic death-shook voice I've ever heard.

"Help! My name is Sarah E. Bunny. My husband has a gun! He's crazy, he's . . . he's chasing me, I need your help, quick!" Then there was a loud crash and the voice said, "Hurry, help me! I've fallen and I can't get up, I think he's going to hurt me!"

At first I thought it was just another teenage life-call prank, but then I thought -- what fool would be so deranged as to lie about E. Bunny? I also figured any one who has delivered eggs for as long as he has is bound to have his shell crack sometime.

Well this was it. This Easter was not to be spent in fun. It would be spent hunting down and, if need be, destroying a great bringer of joy such as ol' Rabbit Easter!

The first thing I did was load my gun -- hoping, praying -- I'd only have to maim him before he realized the "Jackrabbit" he'd been to his wife.

I then hopped into my new 1991 BMW sports convertible I'd won in the Glen's "Fast Car, Fast Cash" Giveaway and sped to the Easter Bunny's hole.

On the way I saw standing on the side of the road a boy looking to be the age of 5 or 6. I pulled over and said "Get in" (he was hitchhiking).

He said "tanks"

I asked him where he was going.

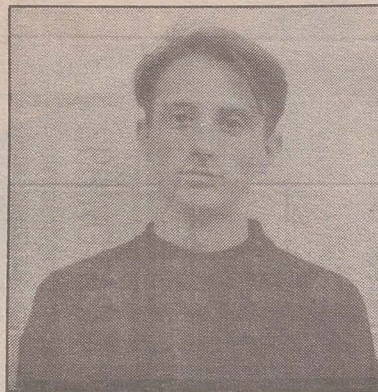
"Ta live life on da open woad," hereplied.

You gotta give him credit, I thought, he's got guts.

We then got to the Easter Bunny's and quickly but quietly entered. Sarah Bunny was right.

He was crazy! The hole was just that -- a dirty hole, eggs everywhere, and the smell was awful. It smelled of rotten eggs and every kind of alcohol imaginable. The Easter Bunny was definitely 100% living proof that drinking binges are a bad thing!

As the kid and I moved about the hole we witnessed things far too disgusting to print (by the



time you would've read this, much of it will have been censored because of its delicate matter.)

We proceeded to move to the back of the lair where we could hear glass breaking and eggs being thrown at walls only to pop and run down into the 4-inch thick sea of yolk and whites we'd waded in since we entered.

We then went in the room and the Easter Bunny with a crazed look in his eyes fired off about 3 shots at me. I dodged them, of course.

But before I could shoot off Peter's cotton tail, the kid kicked the gun out of my hand and with a tear in his eye big enough to fill the ocean he cried out, "Plead Eater Bunny, I love you!"

At this the Easter Bunny put down his gun forever, and began to weep. That night in the farthest room in the Easter Bunny's home the warmest group hug ever in the history of the world took place and damnit I was a part of it!

This year the kid and I came to your homes and hid your eggs while the Easter Bunny rested with Chevy Chase and David Crosby at the Betty Ford Clinic. And I want each of you to know we did it for the children so that their Easters could be happy. The kid and I hope to God they were, and we would also like to know if you could reimburse us for the gas we used driving to your houses, especially you people who live way out of town!

The Lizard King's adventure continues

by Matt Southwell

As you may recall in our last episode, I had Jim Morrison accompany me to Mr. Miesen's English Class in a vain attempt at social re-entry. This was sadly, a dismal failure as The Doors lead singer became so traumatized upon meeting the notorious instructor that he fell into a light coma impeding any student-Morrison interaction. So, feeling I learned something from my last mistake, I once again undertook the task of de-briefing Jimbo.

First off -- pulling Jim out of that coma. I accomplished this via the oldest method in the book; I force-fed him a 7-11 frenchbread pizza mashed up in a bowl with SweetTarts, beef jerky, twinkees and two sprays of WD-40. Upon injecting this unique and not-quite famous concoction, Morrison



by Paula Taylor

This started out to be a review of the Cher TV special. Being of the generation that could regularly watch the Sonny and Cher Show, I felt I would be able to offer some insightful comparison of the old and the new. However, except for the absence of the wisecracks from Sonny and the trademark duet, little else had changed. Cher has always flouted tradition with titillating costumes and granted, she has a great body, but this bordered on burlesque. Sadly, I watched a glamorous,

gagged (as people tend to do) and softly spoke, "Please, Matt, don't take me to school. No more Mr. Miesen . . . No more Mr. Miesen . . . Miesen, Miesen."

I stopped him from babbling and informed him of my latest plan. "Jim," said I, "I've decided you need a night out on the town." "Y'know, sort of rub elbows with the students while they're out blowing off steam."

So on Thursday night the Lizard King and I set off for adventure in my GMC Jimmy. As we drew close to the Royal Knight Theatre, Jim suddenly clutched my arm and shouted, "You're not going to make me see The Doors movie are you? I hate Val Kilmer . . . he doesn't even look like me!" I assured Jim that The Doors movie was not on the agenda but rather told him of my



plan to attend a college night at the local watering-hole and soothe his soul with rock-n-roll. Jim, still a little jumpy, once again clutched my arm, "Mr. Miesen doesn't ever come here, does he?"

"No," I answered, "they don't have any Carly Simon on the jukebox. He has, however, been seen lurking outside snapping his fingers and proclaiming to the students that he was quite hip and nowhere near the nerdy man as Southwell's article so maliciously portrayed him." Jim shot me an alarmed look and then sort of grinned without confidence as he realized I was kidding.

Cher-ing the experience 'Babe'

talented woman being exploited in an hour long advertisement for a hotel in the Nevada desert.

A few nights later I happened to catch the 20th Anniversary of the Mary Tyler Moore Show. I was not a regular viewer of this program as sitcoms are not my forte. This program was laden with relevance to the Equal Rights Movement, especially for women moving into traditional male professions.

At that point in time, the only professions accessible to women were nursing, teaching, (with a few college level openings) and clerical-secretarial and of course the world's oldest profession, Motherhood.

Tyler Moore, like her modern day counterpart Murphy Brown, didn't have it all. She placed her career before her private life, therefore, she had a series of blind dates. She never married, didn't start a family, and deprived herself of the joys of parenting. But as viewers, we knew it would happen someday. After all, her biological clock didn't run out -- her show was just cancelled.

This is a classic example of art imitating life. For those of us coming of age during the Feminist Movement, life held the promise of personal fulfillment in both career and private arenas. But along the way, everyday living bogged us down. We didn't realize we were going to have to become superwomen to accomplish our goals. The problem was we forgot to ask the men to cooperate. We didn't know women in the workplace were a threat to the male ego. We couldn't comprehend that running a clothes

washer and dryer or emptying the dishwasher was beneath the male dignity.

When the Sexual Revolution rolled over us with its "free love" motto we really got into a balancing act, both in the workplace and on the playing field. Talk about the proverbial Catch-22. In order to wear the white dress you must be pure, but in order to get a date you must have the come hither look. And to get a promotion, well -- ah humph -- we've all heard about the woman that slept her way to the top. Never mind that she was smarter than her male counterparts or that she had three degrees. The only way a woman could get an executive position was by sleeping with the boss.

The other consideration the Feminist Movement overlooked was not every woman wanted to be liberated. Some of us were quite content to raise children and provide a clean house and homecooked meals for our husbands.

Runaway inflation did this group in, which forced the mother of three into the workforce in order to maintain her lifestyle. Equal pay for equal work began to have relevance to the homemaker. The reality of economics became the great equalizer.

The Equal Rights Amendment may not have been ratified, but the general populace now understands the concept. "We've come a long way, Baby" and we learned to "grab all the gusto" we could. Unfortunately, we still have champagne tastes on beer budgets. Maybe Cher has the right idea; she "did it her way."



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