

# stouffville comment

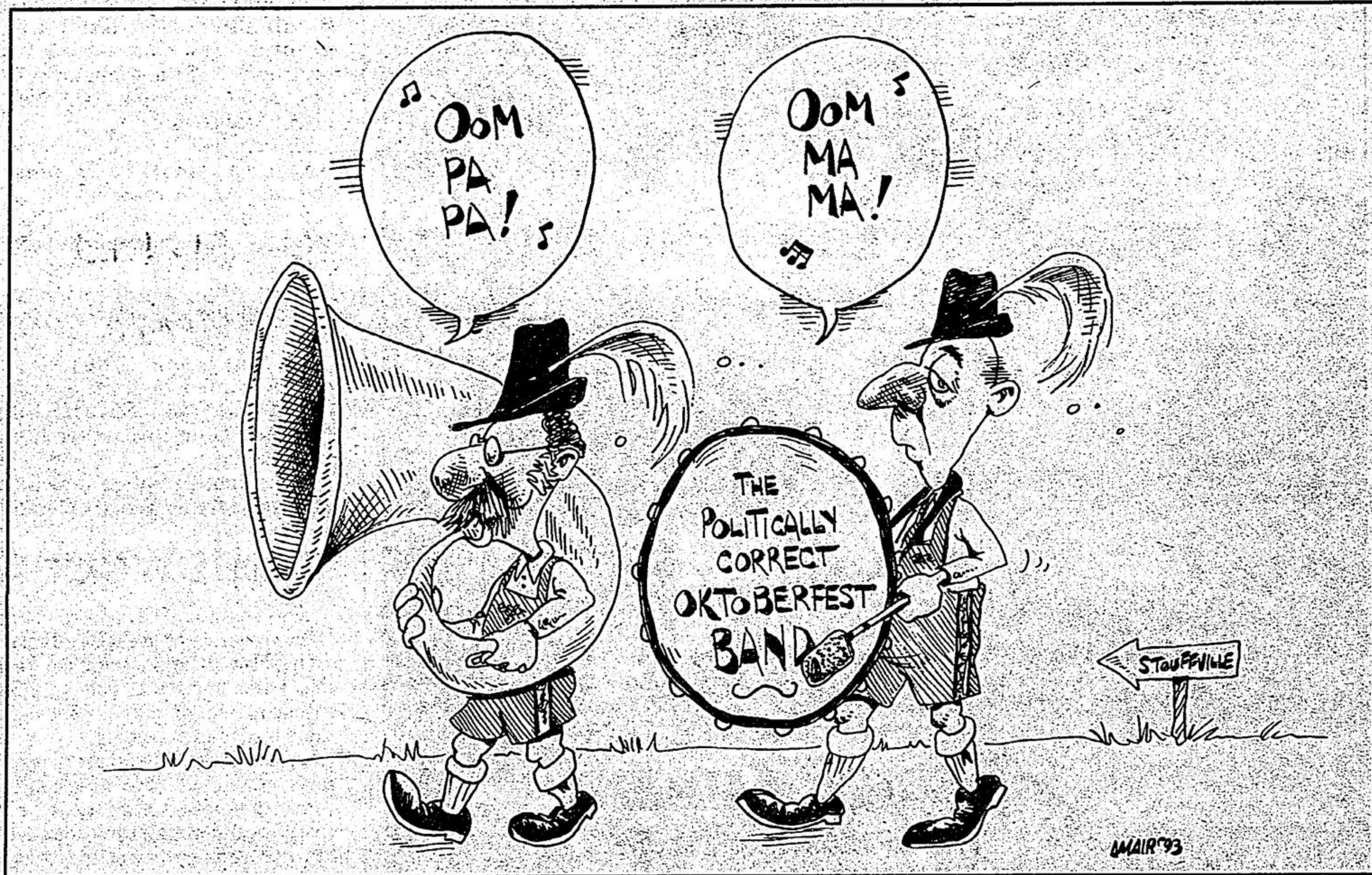
## Rabies poses real threat to our pets

If you let your cat or dog wander, stop.

There is a real threat to your pets out there; much more so than speeding cars, petnappers or short-sighted hunters.

Rabies has emerged as a scourge in this part of Ontario, and matters will likely only get worse. Several cases of rabid animals have been affected, but this week, reports came in of a family dog who had contracted this deadly and needless disease.

Cats and dogs come into contact with all manner of creatures, both wild and domesticated. Both pose a threat now. If you have not had your animals inoculated, do so now. There are several rabies clinics being set up and baited wildlife food drops are being performed in the area. But don't rely on the thinking that rabies can't happen to your pet. It can.



# Sweet revenge is finally mine

I saw my arch-nemesis last week.

His name is Bucky Buchanan, and from the time I was in summer camp, to this day, just seeing his freckly visage, with its single black eyebrow, impossibly thick auburn hair, and leering grin with the discolored tooth in front, fills me with a dread to my very soul.

I saw him in a mall in Pickering, where I was aghast to see that he now had two youngsters in tow. Both had the characteristic eyebrow, and the little boy, a sort of Bucky Jr., also had a discolored tooth. The little girl was being pushed in a pram.

I knew that Bucky had moved into the area, but I had gone to great pains to avoid him.

Before he got a glimpse of me, I ducked into a lingerie shop, and pretended to browse

through some of the latest Parisian finery.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see his little entourage approaching, so I ducked behind a table of bustiers.

What I hadn't counted on was that there would be a Mrs. Bucky. I heard with terror, as a voice behind me rang out, "In here, Buck. I'm in here."

It was no use. The gig was up. I stood up, and with droplets of sweat running down my neck, greeted the dreaded Bucky as he entered the store at the sound of his wife.

"Mair!" he cried out. "What are you doing here? Doin' a little shopping for yourself, eh? Nyuck, nyuck, nyuck."

"Hello, Bucky," I returned with a forced smile.

"Hey, Brenda, this is a guy I grew up with," he leered.



We then commenced that idle, uncomfortable banter one exchanges with people he doesn't really want to be talking to, and soon the topic swung around to the time Bucky nearly had me arrested for shoplifting.

Friends of mine and I were in a corner store called the Shop and Save (dubbed by the local thieves, 'the Scoff and Save'), and Bucky strolled in with his gang of future drains on the tax system.

They began harassing us, and in the end, the drunken store keeper told us all to leave.

Unbeknownst to me, Bucky, on his way out, stuffed a licorice whip into my back pocket.

As I left, I was grabbed gruffly by the shirt collar, and dragged back into the store by the owner. In his condition, he was no match for a panicked 12-year-old, and I broke free, and ran out the door, leaving the licorice whip behind, of course.

"Haw, haw, haw, that was a gas," Bucky said in relating the tale to his wife and offspring.

"Haw, haw, haw," they laughed in reply.

I burned with a life-long anger. I wanted to punch his lights out, his wife's lights and the dim bulbs of his stupid chil-

dren. I wanted to get him back for years of torment; for years of hiding in alcoves waiting for him to pass; for years of taking the long way around to avoid him.

Then I saw my chance for sweet revenge, and I took it.

While father and mother were rescuing a rack of fish-net stockings from the grubbing hands of their little boy, I excused myself abruptly, and left the store.

Bucky and his troupe soon followed. Just as they were leaving, the electronic door alarm went off, and store personnel came running from all over.

And as I left the mall, I turned to see Bucky trying, with great bewilderment to explain to the manager how a double-D bra came to be in his child's stroller.

## Of bell bottoms and platforms

Few things are more depressing to the formerly fashionable than the return of trends which should never have seen the light of day to start with.

The most glaring recent examples are bell bottoms and platform soles, both of which, I shudder to admit, once held pride of place in my own closet. In the halcyon days of my youth, I used to teeter about in sludge brown over-the-knee boots with two inch platforms.

As instruments of torture, they had few equals. Tight enough to cut off the blood supply of anyone with legs less spindly than Mahatma Ghandi's, they were both excruciatingly painful to walk in and ludicrous to behold.

My favorite ensemble in those days of dubious taste consisted of a tight-fitting sweater, crushed purple velvet hot pants with a tacky gold-tone zipper down the



front and the aforementioned boots.

When I unveiled the new look at work, my boss was so startled he attempted to walk through his office door without taking the sensible precaution of opening it first. As a fashion statement, The Look undoubtedly had impact. As an example of high couture, it lacked a certain finesse. And then there were those bell bottoms.

Bell bottoms had the potential to do for the cyclist what the scarf did for Isadora Duncan. Since this was at the dawn of time, before roller blades were invented, those of us without a motor

vehicle licence were obliged to walk everywhere or risk a sticky end.

During roughly the same period, I am pained to confess, a pair of bright red clogs found their way into my motley collection of footwear. Another fashion faux pas, they combined the flexibility of Harold Ballard with the elegance of Oscar Madison.

Mated with the bell bottoms, they would have given Mr. Blackwell his final, fatal heart attack. I thought they looked immensely chic, but in those days I considered Ringo Starr handsome and Richard Nixon honest.

I like to think I've come a long way, baby, as I admire myself in black leggings and a woven ethnic top with a hood. And as long as no one takes a photograph, I hope to be able to harbor such comforting illusions well into my dotage.

## Stouffville Tribune

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