



## WrestleMania XIV Party Host Named

In a move that is still sending shockwaves through God (the *real* God, not some kind of pansy lowercase god)-fearing planets, continents, countries, states, counties, cities, towns, hamlets, street corners, and behind your couches, the United Nations announced yesterday that this year's WrestleMania XIV Party has officially been awarded to one Michael T. McNulty of San Francisco, California.

It was known for months that McNulty, 42 years old, was in the running for this honor, but most inside movers and shakers (*editor's note not for publication: they prefer to be called "epileptics"*) believed that his prior convictions on various karaoke-, knothole-, and kudu-related charges would be his downfall. McNulty, 6 feet tall, was shaking like Michael Jackson at a Cub Scouts' Jamboree when he said "This is the fourth greatest moment of my life! To think that the son of a son of a son of a son of a first-generation Irish immigrant can finally be accepted in the once-closed Professional Wrestling Party-Throwing fraternity, well, it really chokes me up. Excuse me while I hack and then spit."

The new host's first order of business was setting the time and date for this momentous soiree. After thinking long and hard about this, McNulty, 104/60 blood pressure, said "I've thought hard and long about this, though not necessarily in that order, and, call me old-fashioned but, I think that the best course of action here would be to have the party celebrating the event at the same time and date that the event is actually happening."

### Sunday, March 29, 1998, at 3:30 p.m.

So, to have the beginning of his party correspond with the beginning of this year's first match, McNulty, 620 English/580 Math SAT scores, announced that this year's WrestleMania XIV party will be held on Sunday, March 29th, at 3:30 o'clock p.m. in the afternoon. He wants everyone to know that he will be providing, as he says, "2 bellyfuls for everyone" of his self-proclaimed world-famous jambalaya. He will also have a modicum (he didn't use that word, though, but we're stopping his body parts measuring system right here) of beer, wine, soft drinks, and munchies, so you really don't have to bring anything. However, McNulty, American Express member since 1981, did say that everyone is invited, so please spread the word among the many Professional Wrestling fans who are illiterate.

As everyone is very well aware, WrestleMania itself is held in different locations throughout the world every year. Coincidentally, WrestleMania this year is going to be contested in Boston, Massachusetts, the old romping, stomping, and some other word that rhymes like gallomping grounds of McNulty, 7 pounds, 4 ounces at birth. For this reason, the life-long Professional Wrestling fan is especially touched by this honor. "If I could only reach through this newspaper right now and hug each and every member of the Executive Committee who awarded me this privilege," said McNulty, bats right/throws right, "I would be happy to be the person who called 911 when they collapsed in fright from being hugged by a newspaper with arms."

In a final promise, McNulty, who took his first two steps on Christmas day of 1956, declared that "If this isn't the finest WrestleMania party that you've ever attended, I will insist that you give me \$5." When it was pointed out to him that that claim was hardly a guarantee that people would enjoy themselves, McNulty, deaf in both ears, said "What?"

(More on this story in today's Editorial.)

## Paint Celebration

The North Billerica Society For Appreciation Of Paint is asking every citizen of Billerica and the surrounding suburbs to come on down to the local fairgrounds and participate in what one paint expert has called "the largest (and, as far as I can tell, the only) paint appreciation festival in existence today (and, as far as I can tell, any day)".

Yes, Chelmsford has its "Reading About Fishing" weekend, Braintree proudly celebrates its "Eating Fruits Alphabetically" Marathon, and people who should know better by now eagerly anticipate Tewksbury's annual "Touch This Once, Guess What It Is, and Take Home A Salve For It" May Day celebration, but it is still Billerica's "Can You Believe How Great Paint Is?! Really, Can You?!"<sup>©</sup> emotional fortnight that packs in the young and old alike.

There has been confusion in years past by some who believed that artists were going to be painting at this event. Not so! This is a pure celebration of paint, the material, not painting, the "art." Presentations will touch on its colors, its containers, its drying times, its uses, flat vs. semi-gloss, and, for the first time ever, a splinter group has bought time to present a treatise about the limitations of paint. So pack a lunch and an inquisitive mind, but don't bother bringing a drop cloth!

For further information, please call Ed Begley, Jr. (not the actor) at 1-508-PAINT#1.

## Some Political, Business, And Religious Leaders Are Not 100% Honest

(Associated Press)

Documents recently uncovered through the Freedom Of Information Act, along with information obtained from government, business, and religious moles and other rodents, have revealed that some of our most powerful and influential leaders are not always totally honest.

This revelation comes as a shock to many people who still believed that once a person attained a position of power, he or (in those rare and funny occasions) she was bound by duty, honor, and a pure conscience to always do what was best. Some of the "damning" incidents include:

- A Pope who tore the "Do Not Remove" label from his throne's pillow.
- A bank president who didn't use his blinker to indicate he was turning into a bus stop to park.
- A governor who didn't rewind the amateur adult XXX-rated videotape before returning it.

These documents prove decisively that some of our most beloved leaders are, in fact, (See "Bad People," page 7)

# EDITORIAL PAGE

## CONGRATS, MIKE! HAVE A GREAT WRESTLEMANIA BASH!

When a local boy makes good – even when it's a local boy who was named in a recent internet poll as the person most readers would like to see fall through the ice and lose one mitten – we have to applaud. Well done, Mike McNulty, this year's host of the official WrestleMania XIV Party. We know that come Sunday, March 29<sup>th</sup>, at 3:30 p.m., the neighborhood around your home will be teeming with the type of dazed humanity that would make "Master Of Horror" Stephen King wish he born in the 1600s so that he would be dead by now. (A wish shared by this paper – see July 29, 1988, Editorial.)

For that reason, we recommend that you cut out the following information and carry it with you in place of money. It is just that important!

WrestleMania XIV Party  
Sunday, March 29, @ 3:30 p.m.

Mike McNulty  
98.6 Averagetemperature Street  
San Francisco, CA 94115

PHONE/FAX: (109) 901-6969  
email: mcn\_mike@sbcglobal.net

And, as Mr. King himself would say, be afraid, be very afraid. Then he would say it over and over again for 670 pages, put it in a binder, and sell it with a new title every 3 ½ months.

## RIGHT HERE! RIGHT NOW!! AND WE'RE NOT KIDDING!!!

As some important dead person once said "there comes a time in everyone's life." Well, this is one of those times. We here at the *Plain Speaker* have never been accused of being afraid to take a stand on the hard issues, and we don't intend to stop now.

When we first heard what was going on, we quickly checked our calendar. No, it wasn't April Fool's Day, and this definitely was no joke. Many members of the public do not even realize what is going on here. The Powers That Be seem to be saying "Sure, there may be a little whine, but we'll still have our brie. Let's face it – the people will accept anything. All greedy upheaval makes a little noise. The squeaky mouse gets the oil can. And everyone loved the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*. Well, we're here to tell you to start paying attention to that man behind the curtain!

What we're being forced to swallow is disturbingly lacking in analysis and insight, much like the cod-liver oil that your dear old Mom used to force us to swallow. Another war of confusion is being waged, my friends, and it was never discussed in a public forum that we ever bothered to attend. Now, all of these concerns could be addressed very easily, if it weren't for the most egregious misconceptions that The Man insists on parading through the streets as Emperor Facts. Well, you know what? The Emperor Has No Clothes On!

It is finally obvious now that this problem appears to be based more on uninformed bias rather than hard facts. As their inability to correct these blunders becomes apparent, they are increasingly rubber-stamping their way through this ever-widening net of a morass. And this is precisely what needs to be addressed, irrespective of needs and facts. For not only is it this, but we don't think we're too far out of line here to say that it's also that. But this is also absurd in both broader and narrower terms as well. Instead of dealing with the important questions and complexities of where they did and will succeed and fail, they opted for the

obfuscated underbelly – they substituted exaggeration, intimations of scandal, and tired catch-phrases for honest self-criticism and reflection. And like the vampires played by all the great, dead actors, their mirrors don't reflect a shadow (of conscience!).

So how did this all happen? What went wrong? Wasn't a generic task force created many years ago to look into this problem and find a solution? Yes; however, the task force seems to have been hijacked by special interest groups, and not ones that are especially interested in any group that we've ever been allowed to belong to. The task force seems to have completely missed the boat here, folks, and we don't mean the *Titanic*. Or do we?!

The answers to these questions are simplistically complex. Extra layers of bureaucracy are not the answer, although they're a good start, which we're against. We must make the system more responsive to the residents, as long as the residents are responsive to the system. Sure, throw money at it, we say, as long as it doesn't cost anything. We demand further study. But sooner, as well as later, except where prudence and indiscretion are appropriate. Our skepticism meter is running. A deal's a deal, and people everywhere who believe in fair play will agree. This would be hilarious if it weren't so sad. There are other considerations as well, but the advantages of this approach are as clear as a newborn's cough.

Yes, we're at an impasse now. What do our promises mean if our vocabulary of assurance is a collection of evasion? But the significance here also comes in larger and smaller doses. The public demands answers, but that's not the real issue here. It's all about taking care of fellow humanity; it's all about public safety; it's all about the children; it's all about the future; and, most importantly, it's all about being responsible, ethical, and clear on where you stand.

So hang in there, dear readers – this one ain't over yet. There's still a long way to go in this sordid scandal that is "Whatevergate"!

### SCHOOL LUNCH MENU FOR 1997/1998 SCHOOL YEAR

- Mon.* Dark meat, dark brown gravy, salad (lettuce), mayonnaise, green Jell-O.  
*Tue.* Chicken, yellow gravy, salad (tomato), mayonnaise, blue Jell-O.  
*Wed.* Light meat, light brown gravy, salad (lettuce), mayonnaise, orange Jell-O.  
*Thu.* Tofu, white gravy, salad (tomato), mayonnaise, red Jell-O.  
*Fri.* Fish sticks, mayonnaise, rainbow Jell-O.

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FUN FACT: Most veterinarians believe that when your dog twitches its legs and makes noise during its sleep, it is dreaming of killing you.  
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# EDITOR'S MAILBAG

*(The Plain Speaker encourages letters from its intelligent readers. We reserve the right to edit the letters for clarity, brevity, to agree with our position, or to make the letter-writer look foolish.)*

To the Editor:

I vehemently disagree with your recent Editorial "There Are 2 Sides To Every Issue". That's a load of kitty poo!

Thank you,  
Ms. Eve Blackwhite

To the Editor:

Opening today's paper, I was reminded once again of that old adage that goes: "Teach a man to fish, and he'll eat every Friday if he's Catholic." Which brings me to my point: I don't think that you have nearly enough Catholics on your Editorial Board. Putting it more bluntly and in language that I hope even you and your readers can understand: I don't think that you have nearly enough Catholics on your Editorial Board!

Please let this letter serve as notice that if you do not increase the number of Catholics on your Editorial Board by the end of fishing season, I will be forced to write you another letter. And I can promise you that the next one won't be nearly as grammatically correct as this one!

Sincerely,  
Louis (aka "Louie")

To the Editor:

Things I've been thinking about lately:

1) When was the last time any of us had the opportunity to really stop and smell the flowers?

2) The next time Kevin Webb's dog pisses on my front lawn, I'm shooting someone straight in the teeth.

3) I should write fewer letters.  
Sincerely,  
Mr. Dominic Stabnazia

To the Editor:

Thank you for finally expressing what I never knew I had been thinking of all these years. Your "There Are 2 Sides To Every Issue" Editorial hit the tack on the top of its flat part. And everyone who thinks otherwise should be lined up and kicked in the lower extremities! And I'm not just saying this, I'm typing it!!

Yours,  
Father M. Sean McGillicuddy, SJ

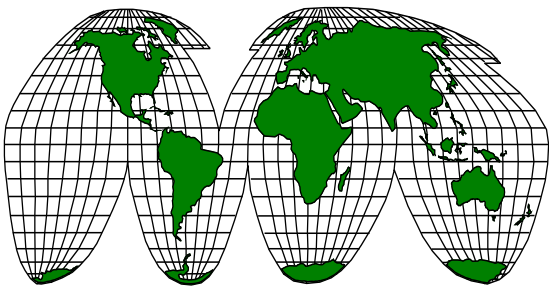
To the Editor:

Shouldn't the 1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> letters have been grouped together since they concerned the same subject?

Just wondering.

Name Withheld  
7 Hill Street  
North Billerica, MA

## YOUR WEATHER REPORT



### National Weather

*Yesterday:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Today:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Tomorrow:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Long-Range:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

### Local Weather

*Yesterday:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Today:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Tomorrow:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Long-Range:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

### International Weather

*Yesterday:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Today:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Tomorrow:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

*Long-Range:* Cloudy/wet in some areas, sunny/dry in others.

FUNNIES!!!!!!

FUNNIES!!!!!!

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GARFINKLE®

SPACE FOR YOUR  
GARFINKLE® NOTES

Through no fault of our own, we have apparently been illegally running the Garfinkle® strip for over 14 years. Since we've now been caught, we humbly apologize to anyone thinking of suing us. So instead of running the strip, we will now just tell you what you need to do while you pretend to read it.

Imagine a picture of a cat. Now imagine a dog. Now embarrass yourself by laughing out loud and saying "That Garfinkle. What a scamp!"

DINKBERT®

SPACE FOR YOUR  
DINKBERT® NOTES

Same legal disclaimer as above, but more sarcastic.

Imagine a poorly drawn office worker who has an idiot for a boss. Now put your imagination up on your cubicle wall and make your co-workers look at it.



### “Brush With The Greats!”

by Happy Harold Harwickée

(I am changing the normal scope of the column this week from the usual topic of what celebrities I have brushed my teeth with for a very special interview.)

Some days, despite what those inner, shrieking voices repeat to you in echoed Latin, it just pays to get out of bed! And last week, I, your faithful Entertainment Reporter, Happy Harold Harwickée, must have been given a “Get Out Of Bed Free” card by the Celebrity Monopoly God because I had one of those days! For it’s not every day that you get to meet up with the one and only (to coin a phrase) Larry Storch! His immortal, 2-year run on the television show “F Troop” is still talked about today in taverns, brothels, asylums, and Rent-A-Centers alike! After spending upwards of nearly 6 minutes with him, I came away impressed with his depth, energy, spirituality, and snappy silk ascot! He is truly a Renaissance Man of the highest order! We caught up with him at the Billerica Mall, where he was arguing about his change with the clerk at the “Everything For 99 Cents” store!

Here now, a transcript of my life-affirming meeting with the man I can now honestly call somebody I once met - Mr. Larry Storch!

HHH: Our guest here today on “Celebrities Of A Sort Corner” is Larry Storch, best known for his should-have-been-an-award-winning portrayal of Corporal Agarn on the old “F Troop” show, as well as . . . ah . . . probably an appearance on “The Love Boat” or something. Welcome, Larry.

LS: Please, call me Larry. Did you know that the “Louie ‘The Thumper’ Lancaster Urban 60 Second Brooklyn Park, Minnesota, On-line Monthly News Service Gazette Reporter” said that some of my work on “F Troop” “puts to shame a lot of what the second Darrin ever did on ‘Bewitched?’”

HHH: Yes, I did. So, why are you here in North Billerica?

LS: My brother Bobo The Plug owns a faux glass-blowing factory here in town and apparently there’s some sort of problem with the asbestos.

HHH: There’s no asbestos used in glass-blowing, even of the faux kind, is there?

LS: No, he has it shipped in. Besides, the glass-blowing isn’t faux; the factory is faux.

HHH: Fair enough. Do you and Forrest Tucker still get together to celebrate the holidays?

LS: Actually, we never did, and he’s been dead for a few years now anyway.

HHH: So I can write down “no?”

LS: Yes.

HHH: Very good. So anyway, let’s cut to the chase, if you will – are you going to visit Collins’ while you’re here in town?

LS: The bowling alley?

HHH: Yeah.

LS: I probably will. It’s duckpins, isn’t it.

HHH: That’s right. The kind the French love to bowl. By the way – “Storch” – what kind of name is that? French? Polish? Irish?

LS: It’s Chinese.

HHH: It is?!

LS: Er . . . ah . . . actually, I have no idea.

HHH: Fair enough. By the way, I’ve always wanted to ask you something. Do you mind?

LS: Probably yes.

HHH: Thanks. Looking back retrospectively over your past career in prior hindsight now, were you disappointed that you never got to play Peter Pan in your Marine outfit’s theatre troupe.

LS: What?!

HHH: Oh, I’m sorry - that’s actually a question I’ve been meaning to ask Bea Arthur. Well, Larry, is there anything that you’d like to ask me?

LS: No.

HHH: Fair enough.

### MOVIE REVIEW

#### “Mike Douglas: The Unexpurgated Story!”

Like you, I thought I knew everything about Mike Douglas: singer, nightclub entertainer, talk show host, substitute “Hollywood Squares” lower right-hand corner. But this CBS “Movie Of The Week” gives us an all-access, backstage pass to meet the Mike that few of us really know. For example, if you miss this movie, you would never know that Mike co-founded Motown Records with Berry Gordy; told Frank Sinatra about using lime quarries to dispose of bodies; spit-shined Bruno Hauptmann’s shoes as a child; introduced The Velvet Underground to heroin; and won the “services” of Merv Griffin for 1 full month in a poker game. And you learn all of this before the very 1st commercial!

Now I have to admit that I was a little hesitant going into this private screening (and not just because it was being shown in the “lower” part of town). I was afraid that a fatal mistake had been made in the casting of a black, baldheaded, female dwarf in the lead role of the plucky Irishman, but after this reviewer’s second bottle of tequila, newcomer Imbraglia Zeen Bawah-ahēy’s resemblance to the Philadelphia crooner was remarkable.

And this movie thankfully spares us from all of the tawdry “bedroom” stories that seem to be the rage in so many “Kiss And Smell” biopics made today. Mike does admit that he always found Angie Dickinson attractive, of course, but who didn’t?! The real surprise comes when Mike points out that Miss Dickinson is still alive today.

I highly recommend this movie. And I also recommend that Mike Douglas have his illegal alien maid dust off the mantelpiece right now to make room for another Emmy®!

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FUN FACT: George Washington, contrary to popular belief, was a big fat wussy.  
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### LUCKY 13

### “IS TODAY YOUR LUCKY DAY?”®

This Week’s Winning “Lucky 13” Numbers are:

1 3 4 𐄂 8 œ ¥ Ð 24 ∞ < 𐄃 131

Bonus ball = 9

For the 2,334<sup>th</sup> week in a row, still no winners!

Next Week’s Estimated Jackpot = \$414,187,985,000.00 (approx.)!!

OOPS! There was a misprint in last week’s winning “Lucky 13” numbers. The correct numbers were:

3 Ð 𐄂 6 ¥ 19 26 𐄄 28 < 𐄃 ⊕ 59

Bonus ball = 9

We apologize for any undue inconvenience that this error may have caused.



**We Goofed:** The information that we reported on Tuesday about Lady Diana Spencer, God rest her blessed soul, having been a serial killer, a chum hacker, a child molester, a circus roustabout, a Mormon, and a cannibal, appears now to be at least partially unprovable. The copy editor responsible for this typo has been suspended for six months with pay. We apologize for any undue inconvenience that this slight error may have caused.

With Serena's persistent encouragement, Lauren awoke from her coma and announced that she intended to marry Bo. Needless to say, this didn't sit well with either Holden or Alexis.

"Who the h\*ll does that tramp think she is?" screeched Holden, laid out naked in Olivia's and Veronica's laps. "If I had 2 good legs here, I'd run over to Port Hole and kick that punk Mateo's b\*tt from here to there," he said, pointing first here, and then there.

"Now, now, honey, try to remember your blood pressure," said Olivia, seeking to comfort him.

Holden snapped back, "It's 230 over 165, woman! That's easy to remember since it was also my Dad's last reading before his final exploding head episode claimed him well before his time."

"No, I think what she meant . . . oh, never mind," said the other lap.

"Yeah, never mind is right!"

Just then, or perhaps 1 or 2 seconds later, there was a sound that 2 of the 3 naked people thought was a gunshot. Now it wasn't that unusual to hear shots fired around the compound, but usually there was an announcement first to round up the kids, pets, and balloons. But no announcement this time.

This did not sit well with the prettier, though shorter, of the two women.

Summoning up courage that came from an internal, sort of off-red organ, she went over to look out the window to see what was going on.

"Ouch! Sh\*t!!"

"I've told you a hundred times – that's glass. You have to open the window first, *then* stick your head out."

After 10 minutes of more explanation and directions, she looked out. Yeah, just what she was afraid of. Punks! Punks on bikes!! Punks on bikes with baseball cards in the spokes!!! If this bullsh\*t didn't stop soon, it would eventually get in the

papers that even rich people read, and the hospital Board would find out what she was involved with, put it in her permanent record, and there goes the Ambassadorship! Just like before.

While Veronica was as deep in thought as a Boston College English major could be, Olivia nervously reached over to light Holden's cigarette for him. And that's when she recognized that the writing on the matchbook cover was not only in Esperanto, but it was Grant's handwriting!

"You know what? I am godd\*mned sick and close to godd\*mned tired of Grant's presence on this earth, much less his presence on this matchbook. If it weren't for my fear of fires, I'd light the whole godd\*mned thing right now and watch it burn, baby, burn!"

Neither Lauren nor Holden had ever heard Olivia speak of Grant like this before, but they weren't surprised. After he had turned down her proposal of marriage, saying that he loved her, but that his fish was conflicted, how could she forgive and forget. Forgive, maybe. Forget, maybe. But not both. And definitely not at the same time. Besides why *had* Olivia traveled so far away to reveal that she had gone into labor?

"Man, sometimes you think you had a great, old-fashioned, romantic, one-hour stand with a true gentlemen who even gave you his real first name, and the next day you notice a scaly rash on your arm. Chr\*st!"

"What?!" yelled Lauren and Holden at the same time, as though they were synchronized swimmers who were yelling in synch instead of swimming.

Olivia blushed the blush of the d\*mned. "Oops! Was that out loud? Ha, ha, ha! I just meant to think it. But now that we're all talking out loud, there is one thing that I need to know."

Holden took the bait. "You mean about Dru confiding in Vicki about Neil's 'performance' problem and then later telling Diane that Rachel persuaded

him to have the vasectomy, and vowing that he'd never interfere in their lives again?"

"No, I just wanted to know if the paper was here yet?"

"WELL IT ISN'T!" bellowed Veronica. "YOU KNOW, THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT JUST SHOULDN'T BE TALKED ABOUT!!"

An uncomfortable uneasiness unsettled over the studio apartment that they were lucky enough to move into after Kristen's death was ruled a suicide. Sure, a somewhat remorseful Todd asked Tea and Andrew to forgive him for accusing them of adultery during her memorial, but that Band-Aid can't stay on the wound forever without causing a huge pain when it's ripped off the skin and pulls all the hair off with it, can it?

"Okay everyone, let's all just take 1 big, deep breath and relax," said Holden calmly, assuming his standard role of both peacemaker and breathing coach.

Holden was beginning to wonder if this whole kidnapping "thing," as he liked to call it, was such a good idea after all. But after the Reynolds boys and Fly-By-Guy searched X.J.'s office before the police got there and found the sack of DNA that Holden had left at the scene, he had no choice but to ride this electric hobby horse out and hope that it never b\*cked him.

Oh well, time to get some sleep, and they were just the 3 to get it. Curling up again like 3 peas in a pod would if peas were able to curl, they finally hoped to bring this nightmarish day to an end.

And since they were all finally nodding off to sleep, they couldn't possibly have heard outside the window the words they would forever come to dread: "Is this albino yours?"

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*(Look for Installment 5 [of 27] in next Saturday's edition.)*

**ARIES (Mar. 21–Apr. 19)** Strap yourself in very tightly; he's about to mispronounce "fiduciary" again. Be gentle with dog's nosegay.

**TAURUS (Apr. 20–May 20)** Don't feed your cat this year. Make sure you don't spend all day at the hermit's stockbroker. Pack it in mud.

**GEMINI (May 21–June 21)** A.M. fine for firebombing split ends. Listen to a little "Music To Rupture By" tonight.

**CANCER (June 22–July 21)** Split the fee with an echo and the trip to Yuma won't really cost all that much. Handle bone marrow wisely.

**LEO (July 22–Aug. 21)** Planets are favorable today, so go ahead and use starch on your manners. Avoid panting at dead flowers.

**VIRGO (Aug. 22–Sep. 22)** Take your knuckles out for a walk this morning. Be wary of the tittering pinboy. Sell bonnets to the FBI.

**LIBRA (Sep. 23–Oct. 22)** You will have trouble coaxing the barmaid out of the back room until you clean up the defunct tour guide.

**SCORPIO (Oct. 23–Nov. 21)** You had better bribe the peat moss if you ever expect to eat there again. Don't put an ensign near the bananas.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22–Dec. 21)** Sleep cautiously when surrounded by twitching fence posts tonight. Pretend mineral water is nonfiction.

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 22–Jan. 20)** Identify yourself to the authorities before shining the blind man's shoes. Plan to sweat and run.

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 21–Feb. 19)** Children help you develop a more powerful strain of virus. Be violently candid when relating your fear of adverbs.

**PISCES (Feb. 20–Mar. 20)** Take no unnecessary risks with the family's Cruex™. Don't hold the company outing at the neighbor's mausoleum.

**The Following Is A Public Service Announcement From The American Medical Association**

Internal blood diseases are bad. Don't get any. And if you do, don't talk about them. It gives everyone the creeps.

**ASK "YOUR" TIFFANEE-AMBER!**

Today's teens have it rough. Some have teachers who expect them to do upwards of half an hour of homework every week; some don't have their own private bathrooms at home; and some have parents who don't give them everything they ask for. To help teens navigate their way through this difficult phase we call "life," our own teen expert (and reigning Shawsheen Technical High School Homecoming Queen), Tiffanee-Amber Schwartz-Bennington tackles your tough, teen questions.

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* I'm 17 and seeing this cute college man (he's 20!) who said that he loves me forever, but I saw him driving around town with this girl who also looks 20, so I asked him, and he goes "yeah, I love her, too." How can I trust him again?

HEARTBROKEN

*Dear Heartbroken:* Whatever!

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* My parents make me do a lot of things I don't want to do – errands, dressing old-fashionedly, driving slowly, using adverbs frequently, and being way too nice to Uncle Oscar. And I don't think he's really even my uncle. Why can't my parents leave me alone?

SANDRA

*Dear Sandra:* Like, hello!

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* I am an intelligent, handsome, articulate, athletic 15-year old who is outgoing and extremely funny. My problem? I'm color-blind! I'm afraid that once the cool kids in school find out, they'll make fun of me like in every other town we've had to move out of.

BLACKIE

*Dear Blackie:* DUH!

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* My life is being ruined by my heroin addiction, my gangbanger girlfriend, my 4 paternity suits, and my parents' trial separation. I'm tired of this life. I just want to finally get out of grammar school and become a cop.

PUD J<sup>2</sup>

*Dear Pud J<sup>2</sup>:* And I care because . . . ?

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* If I hear my pals mention their colons one more time, I am going to scream!

KEVIN

*Dear Tiffanee-Amber:* I was a tomboy growing up. My best friends were 2 boys. But I'm 16 now and they don't want me to be with them. They say "You're a girl, so you can't hang out with us any more." I can do everything as good as them. Actually, I can still beat them up – well, 1 of them. If this ever happened to you, how did you handle it?

CHRIS

*Dear Chris:* As if!

**"I'VE BEEN THINKING"**

by Tammy Lincoln

. . . Nothing like a few crisp March days to really shake off the effects of winter, I always say, and I don't care who hears me say it! . . . Who was that handsome nonagenarian seen lawn bowling on Route 1's center divide over the weekend? I'm not saying, but his initials are something that he's forgotten . . . I don't care how many eyes she has made by Brunswick, for my money, that Sandy Duncan is still the cream de la cream . . . Could someone please tell me why Brigham's insists on serving pig's knuckles after 11:00 in the morning? It's like wearing a paisley pallbearer's suit before Memorial Day . . . Call me an old fuddy-duddy if you like, but I still get all misty when I see a fuzzy puppy playing with roadkill . . . Billy Rogers, from Trailer Park area C11, reports that last week's Bingo charity event raised over \$83 to help get the water replaced at the High School pool. Way to go, everyone! Surf's Up! . . . When Whoopi Goldberg reads reviewers who take her seriously as an actress, how long do you think she laughs? . . . Please indulge me –

*The legend lives on, from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they call Gitchee Gumee.*

*The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead*

*When the skies of November turn gloomy*

. . . Bubbsy Reynolds' nieces are in town to help her celebrate her 75<sup>th</sup>. 75<sup>th</sup> what, Bubbsy, birthday or face lift? Just kidding, Bubbs, the Garfinkle birthday mug's in your mail slot at the clubhouse . . . That Walt Disney could sure make a woman feel like a man, couldn't he? . . . It's tournament time, and both the boys and girls Junior High School teams look ferocious. As the kids say, they're fierce! . . . I just had one of the most pleasant breakfasts I've ever had, with Helen and Red Stapler. You can tell they're still crazy about each other, even after 53 years together. And can that Helen pound down the Buds! Don't worry, though, I gave Red a ride home . . . Can't say why, but if Jerry Van Dyke ever puts out a new movie, I'll be the first in line at the mall . . . I hope that when we all wake up after St. Patrick's Day this year that we all wake up after St. Patrick's Day this year . . . I hadn't seen him in awhile, and now I hear that he's gone with no forwarding address – 87-year old Stash Ploski, we'll miss you! . . . Can somebody please tell me why Michael Flatley is supposed to be called "Lord" when we all know that there is only one Lord, and he's master of a lot more than just the dance! . . . Master Flatley does have great neckerchiefs, though, no? . . . That's all for this week - as always, God Bless, enjoy CBS's summer lineup, and tell a few strangers that you like their hair.



# SPORTS



# SPORTS



by Iron Mike Manley

This is Iron Mike Manley's Manly Minute Of Sports - the longest 60 seconds of your life! So crank up the Ozzy and let's get busy, boy!

My posse K-Dawg, Jaybrone, Punk Boy, Red Butt, Bone Stain, Stick Zipper, Bunghole, Skunk Cabbage, Niece Rump, Parrot Wart, Stump Eye, and I were pounding down the 80-ouncers of dark barley this morning, so I'm lit to the bit and that ain't no ship to shore distress signal coming from this 90-foot luxury bad boy.

Now I made over \$945,500 in the last 7 months betting on pro and college hoops with my local neighborhood crooked nose, and that's completely documented. You don't believe it? Send me a letter, ya punk, and I'll send you

documentation saying the exact same thing.

I gave you parasites 12 college tourney winners last week, and it would have been 13 if the guys whose last names end in vowels hadn't gotten to the refs in that Cincy game. But, hey, I love their cannolis.

Ah-ight then, here's your Final Four. Purdue is going to completely shock the monkey coming out of the Midwest. Ya gotta love a team called the Boilermakers! Princeton will be skipping their way through the East. Yeah, I know that Ivy Leaguers are a bunch of sissies, but these white boys got game! Maryland (as long as they avoid their annual tournament injuries, turnovers, and transvestite prostitute problems) represent the West, and Duke's man-

to-man-to-mouth defense makes them a lock in the South.

I tell you, this Underwood had better be asbestos, because I AM ON FIRE!

Now on to baseball. Every year, people of all smells come up to me in the airports, bars, and gutters, all asking the same thing: "Is the year the Red Sox win it all?" And to them, and you, I say - LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE! WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, YOUR FRIGGIN' SHRINK?! But because I'm basically a nice guy, here's an absolute lock - Yes, the Sox will be World Champions this year!

Ah-ight, this is Iron Mike Manley signing off saying - If you can't talk sports loud . . . YOU CAN'T TALK SPORTS!

## 👉 CLASSIFIEDS 👈

☞ We are **NOT** responsible! ☜

### 101 ARTICLES FOR SALE

Truck for sale. P.O. Box 311.

Looking to buy a truck? I've got one. P.O. Box 084.

Need to haul larger-than-car-sized things somewhere? Buy my truck! P.O. Box 768.

4-Sale! Brand new truck (only 9 years old). P.O. Box 104.

### 102 ARTICLES WANTED

Does anyone have a truck for sale? P.O. Box 113.

Looking to sell a truck? I need one. P.O. Box 480.

I need to haul larger-than-car-sized things somewhere. Sell your truck! P.O. Box 867.

Need 2-Buy! Brand new truck (up to 9 years old). P.O. Box 401.

I am in dire need of a new riding lawn mower. Just kidding - I really need a truck! P.O. Box 909.

FUN FACT: Rotten fruit should not be eaten by adults.

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("Bad People", cont. from page 1)  
bad people.

### 401 MEN SEEKING WOMEN

This 57-year old, never been married, Irish-American, Catholic man has only one question: Are there any more real women out there? Or is my Mother the last one? Call me! P.O. Box 077.

### 402 WOMEN SEEKING MEN

I'm a self-taught theologian and spiritual levitator who has traveled extensively throughout Asia and Europe. Vegan, non-smoker, non-drinker, non-corporate, goddess type ready to settle down with a man with similar interests. Red sports car a plus! P.O. Box 599.

### 405 MISSED CONNECTIONS

You: jogging in the park; strawberry blonde hair in a ponytail; wearing blue shorts, a "Slippery Rock" T-shirt, and a plaid headband. Me: standing on a park bench; bald, tattooed head; wearing earmuffs, Snoopy socks, and nothing else; holding an ax in one hand, and my hard-on in the other. We exchanged a look, but you just kept running. Caffé Moccachino sometime? P.O. Box 829.

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FUN FACT: Historians say that it was Monsieur Henri Richard who first said "Is it hot in here or is it me?", at the Brussels World's Fair in 1822.

### 403 MEN SEEKING MEN

### 404 WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN

### 501 LOST ARTICLES

Lost at the Saint Valentine's Day Dance - husband's gold wedding ring. Engraved: "2/11/44 Bonny and Robbie." It's not worth a lot of money, but it has great sentimental value. Last seen on the ring finger of my husband Charles. P.O. Box 411.

### 502 FOUND ARTICLES

We found a man's gold wedding ring a few weeks ago. And it's still being worn by some guy who won't leave our front yard named "Charles," if that's any help. Is there a reward? P.O. Box 220.

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FUN FACT: Get out of the house now! The calls are coming from upstairs!!

**WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION  
WRESTLEMANIA XIV**

**SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1998, @ 3:30 P.M.**

**WWF World Heavyweight Championship Match**

**Special Guest Enforcer Referee – Iron Mike Tyson**

**Special Guest Ring Announcer – Pete Rose**

**Special Guest Timekeeper At The Bell – Gennifer Flowers**

**Stone Cold Steve Austin**  
(Challenger)

vs.

**Shawn Michaels**  
(World Champion)  
(Degeneration-X Member)

**WWF World Tag Team Championship Match  
Dumpster Match**

**Chainsaw Charlie**  
&  
**Cactus Jack**  
(Challengers)  
(The Hardcore Legends)

vs.

**Road Dog Jesse James**  
&  
**Badd Ass Billy Gunn**  
(World Champions)  
(The New Age Outlaws)

**WWF InterContinental Championship Match**

**Ken Shamrock**  
(Challenger)

vs.

**“The Rock” Rocky Maivia**  
(Champion)  
(Nation Of Domination Member)

**WWF European Championship Match**

**Owen Hart**  
(Challenger)  
(Former European Champion)

vs.

**Hunter Hearst Helmsley**  
(Champion)  
(Accompanied By Chyna)  
(Degeneration-X Member)

**Mixed Tag Team Match**

**The Artist Formerly Known As Goldust**  
&  
**Luna**

vs.

**Marvelous Marc Mero**  
&  
**Sable**

**Brother Against Brother Match**

**The Undertaker**  
(Formerly Managed By Paul Bearer)

vs.

**Kane**  
(Managed By Paul Bearer)

**WWF World Light Heavyweight Championship Match**

**Aguila**  
(Challenger)

vs.

**Taka Michinoku**  
(World Champion)

**PLUS!!!!!!**

**15 Team, Over The Top Rope Battle Royal To Decide The Number 1 Tag Team Contenders**