

# North Billerica Plain Speaker

“Serving The Greater North Billerica Metropolitan Community



A Heaping Pile Of Delicious Truth Since Hector Was A Pup”

Saturday, March 13, 1999

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## Mike McNulty Rolls Out The Welcome Wrestling Mat For Grappling Bash

Well, ladies and gentlemen (and those of you in-between), he’s done it again! North Billerica’s own Mike McNulty has been given permission by the high-pitched voices that sing in and the low-stepping midgets that dance on his head to play host to this year’s official World Wrestling Federation WrestleMania XV party. Most CNN, MSNBC, and Radio Free Tiny Liechtenstein WrestleMania Party Award experts believed that after his shameless exhibition of excess during last year’s party, McNulty had (according to Walter Cronkite) “a snowman’s odds in the netherworld” of ever being given the chance to host this bash again. (When other commentators were asked to give their feelings on whether McNulty deserved this honor two years in a row, they were split: Larry King said “Boy, I like soft fruit;” Connie Chung said “Maury, my temperature’s right; crack open the Boone’s Farm;” Barbara Walters said “You know, Monica, I used to be a respected journalist – now tell me what type of tree you’d like to fellate;” and Edward R. Murrow said “ .”)

**Sunday, March 28, 1999, at 4:30 p.m.**

McNulty lost no time (but one sock at the laundromat) putting plans in place to, as he so embarrassingly put it, “make this year’s WrestleMania XV party the one that everyone will tell their filthy little grandthings about.” He announced that the party will begin at 4:30, although he admitted that he expected no guests to actually show up before the sun went down, in order for them to conceal their participation in this abomination to God and nature. “Am I looking forward to this?!” McNulty howled to nobody in particular, general, or even of this dimension before his monogrammed mouth restraints could be strapped on and cinched tight. He then answered even louder “Does the Pope bear wooden Catholics?!”

What not too many people realize about McNulty is that he has been a big fan of what he calls “the greatest sport to have slipped through the cracks of the sane” for over 35 years now. During that time, he has met Ric Flair, exchanged letters with Bruno Sammartino, booed Hulk Hogan, seen every WrestleMania, and even had one date with a female (by mistake). It is for these reasons that he feels confident that he can throw a WrestleMania XV party that will, as do most things that he does, bring tears to the eyes of his parents.

Be afraid, be very afraid.

*(More on this story in today’s Editorial.)*

## Cow And Horse Census

Yes, folks, it’s coming up on that treasured time again. Time for the annual decade-end North Billerica Town Census of Cows and Horses (NBTCOCAH, or NBTC, for short). So saddle ’em up, milk ’em dry, and get ’em ready to be tagged, named, catalogued, and eaten (applies to the cute ones only), all in the name of good, clean fun.

Since this NBTCOCAH (North Billerica Town Census of Cows and Horses) can sometimes be a little inconvenient for those townfolk who 1) have lots of cows and horses to register but don’t want to miss “Wheel Of Fortune” that day, and B) have no cows or horses, but still cannot stand the stench, a little extra excitement has been added to this year’s NBTC (North Billerica Town Census).

**VICKI LAWRENCE!** Yes, that Vicki Lawrence! (Remember? She’s the star of UHF talk and game shows, infomercial maven, and Carol Burnett lookalike – and who wouldn’t want THAT resemblance on their résumé?)

Mayor Brightstain admitted that he wasn’t exactly sure what part Miss Lawrence would play in the North Billerica Town Census (NBTC) since celebrities of that magnitude haven’t been involved in the past. “She contacted us,” he said. “She WANTS to be here for this. We’re not sure what she’s up to, but we’ll be keeping an eye on her like we do whenever these Hollywood drug types show up here, I’ll tell you whatsome.”

But be that as it may, if you’re a cow or horse, what else do you have going on for the 3<sup>rd</sup> of April? As always, the first 12 shots of Jack Daniel’s are free but, this year, hospitalization for gunshot wounds is not.

For more information, contact Sir Ian McKellen (not the actor) at 1-508-NBT-COCAH.

## More Automobiles On The Road Lead To More Traffic, U.S. Finally Admits

*(Associated Press)*

In a study released in the 1940s, but just made available to the North Billerica Public Library earlier this week, the United States government has finally admitted what some Americans suspected all along – when more cars are driving on a street, there is a marked increase in traffic! The reasons for this are many, but it appears that the major one has to do with a very Byzantine formula involving street width, lane capacity, volume and odor of automobiles, reliability of public transportation, bicyclist’s arrogance, pedestrian’s ignorance, policemen’s girth, crosswalk length, stop signs’ positions, red lights’ duration, quality of life, other less easily measurable factors, and, most surprisingly, whether or not you have read the word “Byzantine” that day.

This revelation comes as a shock to many people who felt that the number of cars that were on a street at any particular time was in no way related to traffic congestion. “I’m absolutely dumbfounded at this,” said Tim Redmond, a North Billerica resident for 47 years and a school bus driver since he got out of prison for child molestation and drug trafficking 3 weeks ago. “What else has the government been withholding from us? I suppose the next thing they’ll tell us is that ‘withholding’ is spelled with only one ‘h’.”

So no matter what notions you have ever harbored about a car’s relationship to traffic, the government has finally admitted an immutable truth – the more cars that are on the road, the more you will run into *(See “Bad Traffic,” page 6)*

# EDITORIAL PAGE

## MCNULTY WRESTLEMANIA PARTY DYNASTY CONTINUES!

We didn't think we'd ever have to go through this again, did we? We're not sure which International Olympic Committee Member Mike bribes every year with candy and nylons (he's just an old-fashioned guy like that), but somehow he keeps getting awarded the right to host the greatest WrestleMania party of them all. Well, you don't have to hit us over the head with a brick. (Seriously, you don't. So will whoever keeps doing that please stop? Thank you.) We give up – in Professional Wrestling lingo, we “tap.” Mike will apparently be hosting these parties for the foreseeable future, so there's nothing we can do but grin, bear it, get liquored up, and break some of his furniture. Mike, we don't know how you do it, we certainly know why you do it, and, most importantly, we definitely don't know why Adam Sandler has not been shot dead yet.

WrestleMania XV Party  
 Sunday, March 28, @ 4:30 p.m.

Mike McNulty  
 98.6 Averagetemperature Street  
 San Francisco, CA 94115

PHONE/FAX: (109) 901-6969  
 e-mail: [mcn\\_mike@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mcn_mike@sbcglobal.net)

## THE BIBLE'S WRESTLEMANIA PARTY PROPHECIES!!!

We here at the *Plain Speaker* get calls, letters, e-mails, FAXes, and carrier pigeon notes every day from people presenting us “proof” about President Kennedy still being alive, or Bigfoot fathering their child, or JFK having been killed by Bigfoot's child. Needless to say, we believe them all. But even we were a little skeptical when we were changing the videotape in the employee's shower and noticed some doodlings on the shower walls that pointed us to the following Biblical passages. Next to these pointers were the words “Mike's party.” Everyone got goosebumps (but, in all fairness, that might have been because we were staring into the showers and taking notes when people were in there naked).

We now offer you concrete proof that not only was Mike's WrestleMania XV party prophesized thousands of years ago, but also that your attendance at it will be something very special.

SCRIPTURE	MEANING
Leviticus, Chapter 8, Verses 7-8: <i>He vested the high priest with the strait linen garment, girding him with the girdle, and putting on him the violet tunick, and over it he put the ephod: And binding it with the girdle, he fitted it to the rational, on which was Doctrine and Truth.</i>	These glorious Verses couldn't be more obviously a reference to the World Wrestling Federation Heavyweight Champion of the World (“high priest”); the robes worn into the ring (“strait linen garment” and “violet tunick”); and the WWF World Championship belt (“girdle”). And we defy you to come up with any words more appropriate to the WWF and its World Champion than “rational,” “Doctrine,” and “Truth.” (We're not 100% sure what an “ephod” is, but we suspect that it's an anabolic steroid of some sort.)
Proverbs, Chapter 4, Verse 1: <i>Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend that you may know prudence.</i>	This inspirational Verse is addressed to the young, but it has words of wisdom that are ageless: If you attend Mike's WrestleMania XV party, common sense, moral judgement, and, yes, even enlightenment will be yours (plus you'll get to see a really cool Steel Cage Death match).
Deuteronomy, Chapter 16, Verse 14: <i>And thou shalt make merry in thy festival time, thou, thy son, and thy daughter, thy manservant, and thy maidservant, the Levite also and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow that are within thy gates.</i>	This illuminating Verse explicitly states (with no vague meaning or tortured interpretation necessary) two important themes that Mike lives his life by when he thinks people are looking and judging. 1) “Make merry in festival time.” Now, in the past, it is true that Mike often made a little <u>too</u> merry, and in times that his very presence assured would not be festive. Nevertheless, the Bible says it. 2) When you throw a party, the more people you can cram into a tiny, one-bedroom apartment, the better the time had by all. In other words, everyone's invited to this joyous celebration: men, women, and children of all flavors. So invite those you know; invite those you don't know; and invite those who will pretend to not know you in order to avoid being invited. God knows (pun intended) that Mike will.
Esther, Chapter 16, Verse 24: <i>And let every province and city, that will not be partaker of this solemnity, perish by the sword and by fire, and be destroyed in such a manner as to be made unpassable, both to men and beasts, for an example of contempt, and disobedience.</i>	Unfortunately, we have to accept that the Bible is not all puppies and video games. There is a price to pay for disobeying the Word and, as you can see here, it is sometimes a price that would make Bob Barker shudder more quickly than getting slapped with a sexual harassment suit. Therefore, we highly recommend that before you decide to pass up Mike's party, you take to heart this beautiful Verse of death and destruction.
Esther, Chapter 9, Verse 1: <i>And presently the number of them that were killed in Susan was brought to the king.</i>	We're pretty certain that this magnificent Verse has nothing to do with Mike, Professional Wrestling, or his party, but it does remind us that “Suddenly Susan” is a really, really bad television show, and that Brooke Shields is a really, really bad actress. Rule of thumb: You need to take a long, hard look at yourself when people speak of Andre Agassi as the one with talent and brains in the family.

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 FUN FACT: Linguistic historians are now in near unanimous agreement that the letter “F” was introduced into the English alphabet in order to finish the limerick about the gal from Nantucket.  
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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 and brevity, to agree with our position, or to make the letter-writer look foolish.)*

To the Editor:

What time is it?

Thank you,  
Mrs. Paula Whitestone

To the Editor:

I last wrote to you back in 1984, and there were a couple of things that I forgot to point out to your readers then. Well, now I remember. 1) I get uncomfortable around extremely large men. 2) I think that that Michael Jackson singer is a bit of an odd duck.

Or maybe it was 1983.

Sincerely,  
Penny Nichols

To the Editor:

It's almost half-past 4.

Yours,  
Kevin E. B. "Kev" Shields

To the Editor:

It's Adam and EVE, not Adam and STEVE. God made Adam and

EVE, not Adam and STEVE. Well, actually, I guess He did make a guy named Adam and He obviously did also eventually make a guy named Steve, but He didn't make them as the first people on this good planet Earth. And He certainly didn't make them a romantic couple naked from the waist up, like my Baltimore Catechism says.

I think that maybe some people are confusing Adam and EVE, the first people on Earth, with the Jenkins twins who played hockey here a couple of 3 years back. If I remember correctly, one of them was named Adam, and the other was definitely named Steve. Or maybe it was Alan and Steve. Either way, Steve was the oldest one by about 8 minutes. Of course, it was Adam/Alan who scored the winning goal against Malden in the Regionals at the Garden, so most people remember him better. But I guess I don't.

Anyways, the obvious point I'm making here is that God made Adam and EVE, not Adam and STEVE.

Read your Bible!

As Always,  
Barney Bocko

To the Editor:

Thanks.

Thanks Again,  
Mrs. Paula Whitestone

To the Editor:

It was 1983.

Sincerely,  
Penny Nichols

To the Editor:

You're welcome.

Yours,  
Kevin E. B. "Kev" Shields

## AY, YO!

By IZ-E Bust'n' E-Z

ZUP?!

Smorn I dogged peeps a littling bust bed – t'ang 8:45 – but I had 4 brows to light me, so I pulled the high heat down and rammed clouds through the hizz-air. Feeling brown bags for 5 24s now, so ya know I wasn't leading with no mad dousing. I needed the wet grease, so I got the wet grease. I skinned the fake sign here to there, said my prayers, and toed the sweet, sweet World's Fair, know what I'm saying?

Playing? I ain't playing when the hoot scoots at foul line to a dozen. I rode 3 parts with it, 4 without, then grabbed water for wine. A little sumpin sumpin ain't gun TKO what I got like that. Ted Williams' cousin's good to go, and I sure up clean that whistle when the time says one up, one down. Who else gonna? I can fly like Jimmy Snuka and eat like Al Roker. When my BiGG DawGG lets by, I ain't gassing anything from the red pull. If it's Audi 5000, it's Audi 5000! But it's still mything like The Crow without my boy G-Money, know what I'm saying?

I legged to the statman, jonesing for some phat, fresh confession juice. But bust this – when C'lina played that check, Stoney's lefthander bit like Fido, know what I'm saying?

So I brained that it was probs my skirt rel, and I ain't been f-printing that since Black Jesus Chuck Taylored both lines. Probably 30 of those bad boys by now. But I got kayfaded; it was just some big-eye exing to throat me some letters pegging old cloth in the jupe pen for suckas. I cut a promo on her bee-hind that put ash on the limpest of the d-d-d-daddies. I didn't drive thru, but in 2 24s, I might, know what I'm saying?

I dropped hard math on that snee-arch, slipped 2 times to the white rook, told every O.J. to start plating, then capped it 'til it worried the worn zone. After both Hendrix and Manilow sinners from round the way hooked up, the medicine ball was looking fit to spit. Who's illing when the norm roll's bridging lowbrow? Cigs ain't just for the drillin' pearls, sweet thang. I'll nap on that pink rink when the Taco Bell's ringing. I ain't doping no rope like that. Wordside to the posse repoing chunks to change, and I'll pill-bottle those stick biscuits for my own bad self, know what I'm saying?

Some of this 33 1/3 still bets Buckwheat on me, but the wolfpack still owns the table, just rounds ain't always fallin' silk, know what I'm saying?!

Peace, out!

FUNNIES!!!!

FUNNIES!!!!

FUNNIES!!!!

*(We apologize for the fact that all of today's funnies came across the telegraph wire in a condition that was too blurry to print. However, since we know that our readers are among the most loyal Garfinkle and Kathy readers in the Greater North Billerica Metropolitan area, we will recap the plots for you. We again apologize and hope that you don't decide to use this against us in our ongoing battle with the Dracut Ice Cream and Fuzzy Baby Ducks Gazette. Thank you!)*

**GARFINKLE®**

Panel 1: Garfinkle and Obee are staring at each other. Garfinkle looks hungry, and Obee looks silly.

Panel 2: Garfinkle thinks something about him being hungry and Obee looking silly, and Obee wags his tail.

Panel 3: John enters the room and says that Garfinkle and Obee had better not be up to something.

Panel 4: Garfinkle kicks Obee in the rear end and Obee falls off the table.

(This is hilarious because people usually expect the cat to be timid and the dog to be aggressive.)

**KATHY®**

Panel 1: Kathy says that she is a liberated woman who doesn't care about her looks or men.

Panel 2: Kathy complains about being too heavy and not having a boyfriend.

Panel 3: Kathy sweats profusely and spins around in circles.

Panel 4: Kathy sweats profusely and spins around in circles again.

(The editors here are not sure why this is hilarious, but it must be because she does it every single day.)

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FUN FACT: There's a thing about a whale's blowhole that you just don't want to know.  
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### “Brush With The Greats!”

by *Happy Harold Harwickée*

*(Every week, man-about-town, bon vivant, and confirmed bachelor Happy Harold Harwickée brushes his teeth with some of today’s most beloved Hollywood figures who are “between projects.”)*

**HHH:** Our guest here today on “Brush With The Greats” is Emilio Estevez. Now I have to admit that I am a little unfamiliar with the entirety of the young Mr. Estevez’s body of work, but he claims to have been in my show business for almost 20 years now, or about twice as long as someone I have heard of, Calista Flockhart, TV’s adorable anorexic, Ally McBeal. But I’ll take your word for it, Mr. Estevez; you’ve been in my show business for 20 years. So, what have you been in that I may have heard of?

**EE:** Well, my first film was called “Seventeen Going On Nowhere.”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** It was a made for TV movie, as was “To Climb A Mountain.”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** How about “Nightmares?”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** “That Was Then ... This Is Now?”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it. Please pass the Colgate.

**EE:** “Wisdom?”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** “Maximum Overdrive?”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** “Nightbreaker?”

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it.

**EE:** Well, that was also known as “Advance To Ground Zero.”

**HHH:** Ah ... I’ve never heard of it. Rinse.

**EE:** “Judgment Night?” “Loaded Weapon I?”

**HHH:** Now you’re just making these up, aren’t you?

**EE:** NO! How about “Another Stakeout” a.k.a. “The Lookout?”

**HHH:** Was that one movie called “Another Stakeout” a.k.a. “The Lookout?” Or two movies: one called “Another Stakeout,” and the other called “The Lookout?”

**EE:** One movie that went by 2 different names.

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of it. But speaking of going by 2 different names, isn’t your brother someone?

**EE:** Yes.

**HHH:** Who?

**EE:** Charlie Sheen.

**HHH:** I’ve never heard of him. Spit.

**EE:** I don’t have to spit.

**HHH:** No, that was a message to myself. I felt the need to spit after hearing you say “Charlie Sheen.”

**EE:** I was married to Paula Abdul.

**HHH:** Ah, yes, a marriage destined to last a lunchtime.

**EE:** I’ve also directed a few movies.

**HHH:** Of course you have.

**EE:** I have! “Wisdom,” “Men At Work,” “The War At Home,” and “The Bang Bang Club.”

**HHH:** Were any of them know as anything else?

**EE:** No.

**HHH:** No, huh?

**EE:** No.

**HH:** You know what – I did just remember something about you?

**EE:** Finally! What’s that?

**HHH:** That you’re tiresome and I’d rather have a root canal than brush my teeth with you again.

**EE:** Screw you!

**HHH:** Oh, very clever. Fine, go ahead and leave without flossing. See if I care! ... Oh, say “hi” to your Dad, the truly talented Martin Sheen, for me! Now that’s a man who knows how to brush his teeth! And say “hi” to Calista Flockhart, too, if she ever hires you to clean her pool!

### “Revenge of Trouble in Paradise Valley III: The Child of Cee Kwells”

*(This column is dedicated to one of the greatest movie critics of all-time, a man who passed away much too soon – Gene Siskel. [or Roger Ebert. I always get the two of them confused. The bald ugly one, not the fat ugly one.] Gene or Roger, you’ll be missed, my dear friend!)*

I finally had a chance to see that new, big-budget, blockbuster, epic, historic, star-studded narrative that everyone in the industry is talking about so that everyone in the general public has to see it or they feel dirty and ignorant. And I’m here to tell you that “Revenge of Trouble in Paradise Valley III: The Child of Cee Kwells” was really something to see. And so I did.

Paulie Ratson, played deliciously here by Ralph Fiennes (pronounced: “Rafe Fines”) is a clean-cut, honest delivery boy, haunted by memories of his first wife’s yoga positions. His next-door neighbor is Harrison Ford (pronounced: “Harrison Ford”), a dog-walker named Petey who loves being “The Man in the Park.” Things seem pretty calm in their LA suburban neighborhood until Charles Kwells, played by Richard Harris (pronounced: “Wife-beating, alcoholic Irishman, if you’ll pardon the redundancy”) moves in across the street. Director James Cameron (pronounced: “An ego in search of a person”) has his work cut out for him here, as he has to get Tori Spelling (pronounced: “Read my last name – that’s why I’m in show business”) to convincingly play Harris’ daughter, an innocent at first, but beneath that fake blonde hair and fake blonde breasts beats a fake blonde heart.

Tom Cruise (pronounced: “I’ll sue if you say I’m gay”) is Ratson’s boss, and he orders him to deliver one extra fake leg to the local ballet company. Harvey Fierstein (pronounced: “I’ll sue if you say I’m not gay”) receives the delivery, but doesn’t notice the discrepancy, and goes on being whatever it is that he’s being in this movie. I think they just use his voice to adjust sound levels. The main ballerina, of course, is Julia Roberts (pronounced: “Eric Roberts in drag”), who does notice the discrepancy, but refuses to bring it to the attention of Sally Field (pronounced: “No we don’t; we really don’t”), the Grande Dame of the troupe.

When Petey shows up at the ballet rehearsal to pick up the dog of Sharon Stone (pronounced: “I insist on being taken seriously as a vaginal actress”), he inadvertently gives the dog (ironically named “Sarah Jessica Parker The Dog”) the extra limb to chew on. In a tribute to Alfred Hitchcock, Petey takes the dog outside and passes Elizabeth Taylor (pronounced: “Screw Betty Ford – that clinic should be named after me”) in a walk-on (actually, a stumble-on) cameo appearance. And let me tell you, Lady Liz has never been more Lady Lizlike! And I think you know what I mean.

Roberts calls her agent, played by Kevin Costner (pronounced: “A dog shaking hands is a better actor”) to tell him about the extra leg, not knowing that at that very moment, Sarah Jessica Parker The Dog is in the park sharing the leg with the dogs of Ringo Starr (pronounced: “Luckiest man on earth”), Whoopi Goldberg (pronounced: “Quota filler, and proud of it”), and Shelly Long (pronounced: “Who?”). Petey, meanwhile, has had his attention diverted by the could-once-pass-as-not-horrible-looking-if-you-were-drunk-enough-but-now-is-just-scary Spelling, who is buying a too warm Orange Crush from Paradise Hot Dog vendor Tom Hanks (pronounced: “Judge Reinhold with a better agent”).

While Petey is distracted by this, Sarah Jessica Parker The Dog grabs the leg from the other dogs and darts into the street right in front of Ratson’s truck. I don’t want to spoil the “Crying Game”-like surprise ending, but you don’t want to miss Anne Heche (pronounced: “Now that Ellen doesn’t have a show, whom should I sleep with to get publicity?”) as the veterinarian with a heart of gold, and Demi Moore (pronounced: “Eventual Suzanne Pleshette”) as the exorcist.

Now, as you all know, I’m usually not a big fan of dog-walking, delivery truck, misplaced prosthetic, ballet, hot dog vendor, exorcist, revisionist, film noir movies, but “Revenge of Trouble in Paradise Valley III: The Child of Cee Kwells” won me over; and if you give it a chance, it will probably do the same to you. All in all, I give it 6 handfuls of greasy popcorn.

# “Missed Connection” Leads To Match Made In Heaven

It was a Classified Ad we ran last year much like all the rest you read here every Saturday: *“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.”* Who would have thought that something as simple and straightforward as that Missed Connection ad would lead to a Love Connection pad for “You” (Karen Rogers) and “Me” (Adolph Kraus)?

Certainly not Karen. “I have to admit that I was initially scared to death. I changed my jogging route, dyed my hair, and burned those clothes, trying to forget everything. I also prayed 3 times a day to the most powerful God I could find referenced in my online Yahoo! search that I’d never see him again.” And Adolph’s next move? “I just sat at home naked in my dead parents’ basement, staring at the stains on the wall polishing my shotguns and sabers, hoping that I’d eventually see her again.”

Approximately 75 more ads followed (the exact number is unknown, as the court records have been sealed), each more graphic than the previous. We here at the *Plain Speaker* finally had to stop running them when Karen’s attorneys threatened to “turn this rag into a toilet paper factory” if we kept printing them. Despite our employees’ painfully vocal declarations that they’d much rather work at a toilet paper factory than at this paper, we acceded to Karen’s wishes and stopped publishing them.

It was then that the worm turned, to borrow a phrase from one of Adolph’s ads (although he used it in a very different way). Karen realized that she missed the loving attention, the constant pursuit, and the psychotic limericks that made her

Saturday mornings special. That’s when “You” became “Me,” and “Me” became “You!”

Her ad (printed here in its entirety) was to the point: *“You: psychopathic maniac who won’t leave me alone. Me: Curious Slippery Rock girl. I need to meet you. Leave voicemail at Box 27799.”*

“When I read this, I have to say,” admitted Adolph (not his original name – he changed it in high school when he became obsessed with military history) “that I figured that this was a setup, and that she was going to kill me in a some truly grotesque way. Of course, that made my love for her grow all that much more.” Oh, it was a setup, all right, but it was a setup of love!

When they first met, Adolph couldn’t take his one eye off the beautiful Karen. For her part, Karen was a little standoffish until she drank the “old-fashioned, family, special concoction” that Adolph had whipped up just for her. “After that,” she says, “I knew that he was the man who I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.” “With whom, honey,” gently corrected Adolph. Then they both giggled the giggle of love.

What exactly do they see in each other? For Adolph’s part, it’s simple. “I like her hair, I like her teeth, I like her legs, I like her eyes, I like her feet, I like her ears, I like her skin, I like her breasts, I like her nose, and I especially like the fact that she doesn’t run in shrieking horror from me any more.” Susan’s thoughts are a little more complex. “I like a guy who’s not afraid to show his emotions, who has nothing to hide, who says what’s on his mind, who is willing to bare his soul for the woman he loves, and who knows what he wants and is willing to go after it despite court orders, mace, and having been shot twice by me with a crossbow. That’s Adolph.” Then she sighed.

And don’t we all?

## PTA NEWS

Tuesday’s Parents Teachers Association meeting provided a lot more fireworks than any recent Fourth of July celebration, including the one where Principal “Lefty” Kohlrausch acquired his nickname. Parents lined up for four hours to give teachers what they could least afford to forfeit: a piece of their mind. Among the most common complaints were the following:

- Every single parent (and the married ones, too) were unanimous in their objections to having to review their child’s homework. “Hey,” said one mother “I quitted school after the 7<sup>th</sup> grade so I wouldn’t have to worry about that cunning long division any more. And sometimes Little Betsey’s e-mail goes down so she has to actually punch in numbers and FAX it to me at work before she goes to bed. Hey, you’re the one getting paid nearly \$18,500 a year to teach her, not me!”
- Some teachers actually expected the students to give correct answers to specific questions. As Miss Durell tried to explain to one angry father, “Just because Johnny starts every answer with ‘I feel that ...’ does not make it correct. In fact, on the many days that Johnny just has Coke, Snickers, and the bag of sugar that you packed him for snacktime, his ‘feelings’ are not just wrong, they’re downright grisly.”
- One mother even brought something for her own version of “Show and Tell.” “Look at these,” she screamed pulling book after book out of her husband’s duffel bag. “You’ve got my 1<sup>st</sup> grader reading ‘Norwegian Sex Slaves,’ ‘The Nurses Want It Bad And I’ve Got It Good,’ ‘How To Keep A Mistress Happy And Quiet,’ and ‘The Best Place To Hide Porn From Your Wife and Pretend It’s Your Son’s – In Your Duffel Bag.’ Luckily I found this in the garage before Little Stevie’s father, the Reverend Visel, did.”

The next PTA meeting will be held on April 29<sup>th</sup>, but many teachers were talking about carrying out their suicide pact long before that.

FUN FACT: In addition to being the first American astronaut to orbit the earth, Senator John Glenn has suffered his entire life from priapism.


## CITY HALL NOTEBOOK

There’s trouble in Seaport Commissioner **Timothy Edwards’** office, most of which is being generated by the fact that townspeople have finally realized that we are approximately 900 miles away from the nearest body of water.

Exhaustive research has confirmed our suspicions: Town Assessor **David O. Manning** is, indeed, the last American office holder to assume his non-paying position by means of a violent, bloody coup, United States Presidential elections notwithstanding.

There is something that smells really, really bad in the County Effluvium Clerk’s office, even after all the mail boys have been deloused. If you have any information, please write to **Helen Hall**, at Helen Hall. She just bought a case of Bon Ami, and she’s itching to use it (and just itching in general).

In one of the more bizarre recent political maneuverings, Recreation Parks and Planning Commissioner **Anton LeVay** has double-dared the Sheldon Hill Neighborhood Watch Sergeant-At-Arms to smoke two cases of Camel unfiltered cigarettes in just one day and then run a marathon. When asked to explain why, LeVay said “I just think it’d be funny.”



**We Goofed:** A clarification on an item we reported in Tuesday’s *Plain Speaker*. Apparently, Charles Lindbergh’s son did not win the 1955 Kentucky Derby. We have been told, though have not yet confirmed, that Charles Lindbergh, Jr., passed away in the early 1930’s.

Also, contrary to what was reported in that same story, Buddy Ebsen apparently was born with male genitalia.

We apologize for any undue inconvenience that these typographical errors may have caused.

FUN FACT: Why the Amish used to eat their young during full moons in the 19<sup>th</sup> century is still not understood.

# NBPD Announces New Program: "Stalks For Glocks"

You've read about it happening in all the big cities. In New York's "Cash for Guns" program, those (mostly young people) with unregistered weapons are being encouraged to hand them over to the police, no questions asked, in exchange for money. Chicago has successfully operated "Air Jordans For Guns" for over 5 years now. Portland recently implemented "Toys For Guns." Miami proudly boasts of its innovative "Basketball Tickets For Guns" program. And in Atlanta, there's "Mountain Bikes For Guns." And this morning, at a hastily-called news conference held at the temporary City Hall at Shakey's Pizza and Karaoke Bar, Chief of Police "Hacksaw" Buzz Sawyer announced his plan to rid North Billerica of what he called "guns."

"Glocks For Stalks," a program destined to take its place alongside other Sawyer proactive, crime-fighting innovations such as "Neighbors Are For Spying On" and "Is That A Joint In Your Pocket, Or Are You Just Glad To See Me?," is an incentive program that will hand out large stalks of celery to every person who hands in a gun! It's just that simple: bring in a gun, get some celery – no questions asked!

"Look," said Captain Sawyer in that overly aggressive way he has that is obviously covering up some very deep-seated sexual self-questioning, "the reason those programs in those other 'diverse' cities were never really a huge success is that they overstepped their wad, if you know what I mean. Nobody really cared about them prizes. Money? Clothes? Tickets? Bikes? Come on. What person doesn't enjoy a good piece of celery?! Not only does it taste good, but it's good for you! And if there's anything I've been famous for during my 43-year reign here besides my snappy crew cut and my unblemished record of having my police brutality convictions overturned on technicalities, it's combining revolutionary crime-fighting techniques with tastiness and nutrition! Anyone will tell you that." Then he sat down, too out of breath and red-faced to continue until he sucked some oxygen from the ever-present portable tank that he calls "Connie Stevens."

At this point, North Billerica Health Department Chairwoman, Nurse Condon, emphasized that so far in the 1990's, there has already been upwards of one gun-related death here, and almost half were suicides. She pointed out that this gun turn-in program removes firearms from circulation not only to prevent murders, but also to prevent suicides, manslaughter, and "accidental" annoying, household pet shootings.

"If there's not a gun around, suicide is a lot more complicated," she said. "For most teen-agers, suicide is an impulse, and given the time it would take to find another means of killing themselves, many teen-agers would reconsider." Just then, Captain Sawyer stumbled back to the Pick Up Order Here Counter/Speaker's Podium and said, "Yeah, most of your typical teenagers are real panty-waists when it comes to sticking with a decision they make. Now for me, you take my gun away, I can kill with a knife, poison, rock, ax handle, rope, fists, teeth, and even a cucumber. And I ain't gonna kill myself either. When I kill, it's someone else taking the dirt nap. But, hey, that's just me. I'm a people person."

Nurse Condon wrestled the bullhorn away from Captain Sawyer and said that she thought that acting out of impulse was one of the greatest dangers involving guns. "Yeah," bellowed Sawyer, "that and the bullets entering the body at a very high rate of speed. But let's get back to the celery! Any questions?"

When asked what he thought the odds were that anyone would actually turn in a gun just to get something that can be bought for practically nothing at the local Save-Mor-Bux Fine Foods Emporium, Chief Sawyer said "Slim to none, and none just accidentally shot itself in the head while cleaning its gun. No, I mean, yeah, I think lots of people will come out. I repeat, who in the hell does not love celery?!"

When one out-of-town, rabble-raising reporter from a rival paper (that is, an idiot) suggested that maybe Chief Sawyer's plan would be considered by some to be more than a little crazy, Sawyer went ballistic. "Crazy?! CRAZY?!", he shot back. "They said the Wright Brothers were crazy, they said Robert Fulton was crazy, they said my favorite high school gym coach was crazy, they said Charles Manson was crazy, they said Howard Hughes was crazy, they said Son of Sam was crazy, they said Michael Jackson was crazy ... Ah, give me a hand here. What in the royal hell was I talking about?"

Also announced was a poster and essay-writing contest for young artists and scribes to try to trick the good citizens of North Billerica into believing just what a great idea this "Stalks For Glocks" program is. Winners will be announced at the annual Winter Wonderland Dinner Dance, and will receive 3 snowballs each.

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FUN FACT: In addition to the other, obvious differences between dogs and cats, you probably don't know that there's a lot more white meat on a dog.  
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## MARRIAGES

**Hatfield/McCoy:** Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. Hatfield are proud to announce the recent marriage of their lovely daughter, Cynthia, to a young man who had better be making a lot more money than his shiftless father ever did. After a brief honeymoon in Scranton, PA, the couple intends to live "hopefully somewheres indoors in a state with our own kind," where the bride will watch television and eat biscuits and gravy, and the groom will join a bowling league and belch unconscionably. Congratulations and good luck!



**Snake/Mongoose:** Deborah Snake, also known as "The One Who Never Flushed" to her college chums, recently wed Ryan "Dim Lights, Small City" Mongoose, a volunteer brain surgeon, in a beautiful outdoor ceremony highlighted by a drunken slapfight between her father and his brother that apparently resulted from each one claiming that he had the healthier prostate. Deborah is the Regional Manager and Dispatcher at "Roxie's Gaborlike Wigs To Go." Congratulations and good luck!



## MARRIAGES

**Coke/Pepsi:** On February 13<sup>th</sup>, on a small island somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, Sarah Gabrielle Coke and Mark Paul Pepsi were declared married by the island's High Priestess. Sarah and Mark, having never met before, had apparently been standing next to each other wearing shorts and sandals under a giant oak tree at noon while it rained on a Sunday. They took their glasses off at the same time, thereby, according to local law, "marrying in the blind eye of nature." It was, as the Priestess said in the only close-to-English word the couple could understand, "Kismet!" Once they contact a maritime lawyer to see if they really have to go through with this, Sarah intends to take a honeymoon cruise to Bermuda, and Mark will celebrate by visiting all 30 major league Spring Training sites. Congratulations and good luck!



**Starr/Clinton:** Announcing a sham gay marriage arranged so that the heterosexual Anthony Starr and heterosexual Perry Clinton can continue to pursue their careers as a hairdresser and interior decorator, respectively. They are registered at "Janet Reno's Big & Tall People's Closet." Congratulations and good luck!



## SENSE ABOUT SENSIBLE SEX

By Mrs. Adelaide W. Fletcher

Mrs. Adelaide W. Fletcher is a 73-year old, retired kindergarten teacher, librarian, seamstress, and church secretary. But she is most proud of her 50-year marriage to the same "wonderful" man, Dr. Horace P. Fletcher; their 4 "perfect" children (Vincent, Karen, Norman, and Margaret); their 16 "precious" grandchildren; and their 64 "beloved" great-grandchildren. So who better than Mrs. Fletcher to answer those questions about sex that concern today's youths?

*Dear Mrs. Fletcher:* I'm 17-years old and I heard from friends that when you have sex for the first time, the boy should give you something like a bracelet or money or something. My guy didn't. Should I drop him because he's a cheapskate?

HEATHER

*Dear Heather:* My gosh, you sound like a very immodest young girl!

*Dear Mrs. Fletcher:* Where can my girlfriend and I have sex outside in this town without getting caught?

PETER

*Dear Peter:* Do your parents know what you're thinking about doing?!

*Dear Mrs. Fletcher:* My boyfriend likes me to talk dirty to him on the phone. Can I get herpes from this?

TRACIE

*Dear Tracie:* Your parents ought to wash your mouth out with soap, Young Missy!

*Dear Mrs. Fletcher:* Last week I heard the kids on the bus say fellatio, cunnilingus, coitus, clitoris, and orgasm. What do these words mean?

BLACKIE

*Dear Blackie:* I don't know.

*Dear Mrs. Fletcher:* I am a 13-year old boy who thinks that it's fun to take showers with other boys. I think that maybe I like boys better than girls? Is this okay

RON

*Dear Ron:* Just reading your question made me sick to my stomach.

Look, boys and girls, it's very simple: You get married, unspoiled, when the boy is 26 and the girl is 23. You have 4 children – boy, girl, boy, girl. You have marital intercourse in the missionary position exactly once a week (Saturday night). You turn 30 and never even think about having intercourse again. Why is this so hard to understand?!

*(Editor's Note: This will be the very last "Sense About Sensible Sex" column by Mrs. Fletcher. Please join us next week for our newest column, "Sense About Sensible Gardens" by Mrs. Fletcher.)*

## HOROSCOPE

Saturday, March 13, 1999

**ARIES (Mar. 21–Apr. 19)** Take nothing for granted today; remember, only two things in life are certain – death and Stan.

**TAURUS (Apr. 20–May 20)** Don't feed your cat this year. Participate in an illegal crouton-piling exhibition this afternoon.

**GEMINI (May 21–June 21)** Receive instructions from aisle 14 and act accordingly. A career in stuttering awaits you. Play with runts.

**CANCER (June 22–July 21)** Take time to alter your beehive hairdo, but collect the honey first. Listen to FM static tonight.

**LEO (July 22–Aug. 21)** Nobody can teach you how to truly like people; be thankful for that. Tell your pharmacist that it won't happen again.

**VIRGO (Aug. 22–Sep. 22)** You could spin around in circles until you drop from dizziness but, objectively speaking, what would be gained? Follow goat markings.

**LIBRA (Sep. 23–Oct. 22)** You will be in a fantastic mood until you turn around and notice that it still has horns. Avoid sensing cramps.

**SCORPIO (Oct. 23–Nov. 21)** Your youth is a thing of the past. Why not just admit it, and stop trying to have fun? Launch hairy projectiles.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22–Dec. 21)** You will do things today that shouldn't even be smelled on a farm. Beg a vowel for forgiveness.

**CAPRICORN (Dec. 22–Jan. 20)** A new hobby brings giant red marks to your belly and hands. Take a trip to Mossland™ and feel pedantic.

**AQUARIUS (Jan. 21–Feb. 19)** Scoop up fallen comrade and see if he's got any loose gold in his teeth. Put on a false nose and wail at passersby.

**PISCES (Feb. 20–Mar. 20)** A family member comes to the rescue in the salivating gladiator fiasco. Be gentle to strolling half-truths.

*(“Bad Traffic,” cont. from page 1)  
bad (See “Traffic,” page 8)*

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

When you feel something wet and squishy in your ear from the earpiece of a public telephone, you'd better pray that it's soup.

## “I’VE BEEN THINKING”

by Tammy Lincoln

I've been thinking ... Do your country a favor – Clip this column out and send it to our fighting boys and memo-taking girls overseas ... Here's a funny that I just thought up – Why is that people always say “when pigs fly,” but they never say “when flies pig?” Ha, ha, ha! Get it? That's something that wordsmeister (and Hippie) George Carlin would say, isn't it? I think I'll send it to him ... Does anyone know George Carlin's address? ... I heard at the clubhouse that Golden Ladybug Penelope Mulligan has just hit the windshield of life. It doesn't seem fair, does it? Just last week, I had an almost pleasant conversation with the 93-years young lifetime bachelorette. Who among us will ever forget her bitter stories about how “those people” ruined her Dad's farm? ... I don't know about you, but I feel safe in a town that has a Brownie's Hardware store ... And if you've got a Post Office on the corner next to Brownie's that sells hard liquor, well, that's just a special slice of Heaven ... You know who you are – when an adult man and adult woman give each other a high five in public for any reason, it really embarrasses all the normal people around them ... If a greater TV show than “The Golden Girls” has ever been made, I haven't seen it on the Lifetime Channel. And that Bea Arthur. I've said it before, and I'll say it again – when she's really acting, she can sweat more than Ed Asner doing pushups in a sauna ... After living these (I'm not ashamed to say it) more than 35 years, there's one thing I know for sure – you should sneeze twice in a row as a child, and three times in a row as an adult. Any more and you're just trying to show off ... The nine most precious words in the English language? “Based on a True Story, starring Meredith Baxter Birney” ... Why is it that most restaurants don't start their Early Bird Specials until 4:00? Not all of us live Joey Bishop hours you know. Next time you see the suggestion box, leave a tasteful note saying that you'd much prefer to have your grilled cheese sandwich a little closer to normal dinnertime: say, 2:45 ... Note to Germans – You're not fooling anyone! ... Please indulge me:  
*I've lived a life that's full,  
I've traveled each and ev'ry highway,  
But more, much more than this,  
I did it my way ...* And the Bridge Club Ladies know what I'm talking about, don't you, girls?! ... I don't care how many live, baby bunnies it was tested on, if there's a product out there that can make me look, sound, and smell like Brenda Vaccaro, FedEx it to me overnight! ... That's all for this week – as always, God Bless, stop and smell the flowers, and remember – Standing up for what you believe in means never having to lie down in dirty sheets!

FUN FACT: If a policeman gives you a ticket for jaywalking in Bug Hung Like Tack, Tennessee, you can legally put a curse involving excessive backhair on the next 3 people you see.



# SPORTS



# SPORTS



by Iron Mike Manley

This is Iron Mike Manley's Manly Minute Of Sports - the longest 60 seconds of your life! So crack a cold brew and let's get down to bid-nezz, boy!

You know, you people make me sick! It's not bad enough that I get sentenced to live in this godforsaken Mayberry R.F.D. (Real F'ing Dump), where melted Cheeze Whiz on a Ritz is considered fine dining. But I attempt to bring my unparalleled talents in the area of sporting life communications talking life area to your little 5 and dime radio station, and I get turned down colder than an igloo bed in the Anchorage Hilton.

Here's the skinny: I goes in to the studio a week ago to do a "demo tape," as the self-professed radio hotshots with extra buttons on their cuffs call them, to show just how good I am. And after an hour of pure magic, they say they don't want me! Putzes, every last one of 'em!

But you be the judge. Here's a transcript of the first 5 minutes. I will proudly hold this up in comparison to any sports radio talk show that's out there today.

*Iron Mike Manley:* Alright, sheetstain, you're on the air. What stupid thing are you going to say to screw up my day?

*Caller 1:* I think that the Yankees ...

*IMM:* Well, I think that you suck, the Yankees suck, and all of their crack-smoking, streetwalking fans suck, too.

*C2:* Hey Iron Mike, what's up?

*IMM:* What's up? What are you a candyass? Me, I'm always up! Next caller!

*C3:* I am so f'ing drunk! Hey, what about Carlton Fisk?

*IMM:* Finally, an intelligent caller! Carlton Fisk - wore number 27 with the Red Sox, went to the White Sox and turned it around to 72. What more can you say about him? Great call, man, great call.

*C4:* The NFL draft ...

*IMM:* Is a bore, and so are you, you piece of monkey crap.

*C5:* When the Lakers picked up Dennis Rodman ...

*IMM:* Look, you jackoff, that a-hole married a skank rag and he deserves to play in Hell-A with those other bed-wetting pukes.

*C6:* Did you see that fight in the Rangers game last night?

*IMM:* See it? I nearly pissed myself laughing so much at those two hard-ons. I heard that one's got the clap and the other's impotent. Good hockey talk, dude, good hockey talk.

*C7:* Do you think that Duke can ...

*IMM:* Listen to me, you talking colostomy bag, the next time that I think about Duke will be the first. I'd much rather think about getting a quickie from your sister.

*C8:* Hello ... hello ...

*IMM:* Great, another friggin' piss poor retard. Jesus Christ, Reggie, flush his sorry ass before I go over to his house and kick him in both of his emaciated gonads with my steel-toed boots.

So, did I lie? And it went on just like this for another 55 minutes! I defy you to find any difference between that and every other sports radio talk show that's on the air right now. But no, apparently my intelligence, wit, and encyclopedic knowledge of sports are just a little too intimidating for this one-horse-humping town.

So until ESPN comes a-calling, I guess we're stuck with each other and this column.

Before I leave, though, here's something that, like everything else I tell you pussbuckets, you can take to the bank - The Boston Red Sox will win it all this year!

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



# DEATHS



# DEATHS



There are too many people who have passed away this week for us to mention them all here, all of whom were extremely old - older than people really should live to be, just between you and me. If the person you are looking for is not listed on this page, and does not show up for Bingo this week, consider them dead. If your name is listed on this page, please stop reading now, as you are wasting all of our time.

## Francis X. Cougat

Francis X. Cougat, age 87, beloved husband of Mrs. Francis X. Cougat, and devoted father to Frank, Jr., Frannie, and Fran. Mr. Cougat was born here, lived here his entire life, and, so, had a serious drinking problem, but no real interests other than telling people over and over "No, Francis with an 'i' is a boy's name!" He will be missed.

## Agatha Goodenow

Agatha Goodenow, age 91, beloved wife of the late Goodrow "Goody" Goodenow, the late Timothy "Tin Gun" Tommerson, the late Michael "Maca" Rooney, the late George "Crybaby" Cannon, the late

William "Sasquatch" Jackson, the late Brian "Brain Dead" Hobson, the late Reggie "Train Keep A Rollin' All Night Long" Johnson, and the late Reverend Paul "It Must Be Jam 'Cause Jelly Don't Shake Like That" LeDuc. She had no children. She will be missed.

## Tyrone W. "Buddy" Landell

Tyrone W. "Buddy" Landell, age 94, beloved husband of nobody, devoted father of none. After a troubled youth often spent in the back of a paddy wagon and the other side of a brothel's peephole, Mr. Landell went to work bamboozling confused World War I veterans. He made a good enough living at it, well into his 80s, that he bragged that he "never did an honest day's work in my life." In lieu of flowers, Mr. Landell's wishes were that you throw \$20 bills into his grave before they cover him up. He will be missed.

## Old Man McGillicuddy

Old Man McGillicuddy, age 101, beloved husband of the 27-year old Monique. Mr. McGillicuddy made his millions by cornering the apple crate market during the Depression. In later years, he loved taking cruises to imaginary places, and it

was on one of those trips that he said he met Monique. Most recently, he seemed to enjoy wandering aimlessly throughout the town with no pants on until the police picked him up and brought him home. He will be missed.

## Georgeopolous Thadeustnian M. Stephaneoni-O'Reilly

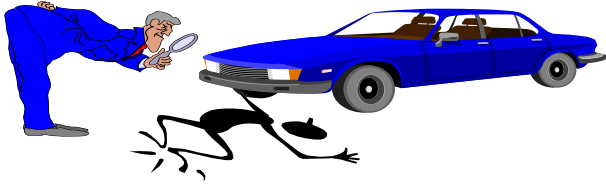
Georgeopolous Thadeustnian M. Stephaneoni-O'Reilly, old, really, really old. Other than the fact that we have heard that he ran himself over with his own car, and that he is (rather, was) a he, there is really nothing that we can say about Mr. Stephaneoni-O'Reilly, as not one person who ever came in contact with him could understand one, single word that he ever said. We're guessing that he leaves no survivors, but how in the heck would we know? He will not be missed.

-----  
FUN FACT: Studies show that 4 out of every 5 serial killers smell like Binaca.  
-----

("Traffic," cont. from page 5)  
traffic.



## Sammy "Big Jam" Jefferson, Esquire, Attorney At Law Soon To Be Licensed In A State Near You!



Have you been the victim of getting caught breaking the law? So have I! I just wish that I had had someone like me to defend someone like me. And I bet that you do, too. Well, now you can!

How can I continue to represent murderers, rapists, arsonists, drug dealers, child molesters, tobacco growers, professional athletes, and Republicans, you ask?  
That's easy:

**"I WAS BORN WITHOUT A SOUL!"®**

No questions asked! No answers listened to!

No case too small! No fee too large!

I can now usually say the word "penal" without giggling or flinching.

As seen on "60 Minutes."

Call **1-800-SUE-D-SOB**

***I USE RHYMES IN ALL MY CLOSING ARGUMENTS!***

For your convenience, cash only, please!

(aliases: Jefferson Samuels, Slackjaw Sammy J, Purty Talkin' Yankee, and Ward of the State 947311)

## Robert J. Zany T. Clown

HEY, BOYS AND GIRLS, THE ELECTRONIC ANKLE BRACELET HAS FINALLY BEEN REMOVED! IT'S PARTY TIME!!



BAT MITZVAH, SWEET SIXTEEN, AND HELL WEEK PARTIES A SPECIALTY!!

- ❖ North American Clown Community College (1977) – 1 Continuing Education Unit
- ❖ Alcoholics Anonymous (1977, 1983-1985, 1991, 1993 [non-Court-ordered], 1997 – Comeback Alcoholic Of The Year Award)
- ❖ All criminal charges have been expunged from the record

Call **1-800-KIDS-RUN**. If Mona answers, tell her that Robert J. Zany T. Clown told her to go straight to Hell!

Robert J. Zany T. Clown is proud to announce that he is no longer associated with Mr. Giggles The Incontinent or Belly-Zits McKnucklehead.

RATES: \$65 an hour, and you supply the "supplies." Full frontal nudity = \$60 an hour.

***"If I Can't Make Your Party The Lead Story On The 6 O'clock News, What Kind Of Clown Am I?"®***

***Do You Have Irritable Bowel Syndrome?***  
Call 1-800-314-7277.  
I'm not a doctor or doing any research, I'm just really lonely for conversation, and I figure you are, too.

**THE DROPP ONN INN – Montrose 7-7937**  
Please call first, so we can open a window.

**POLICE BLOTTER:**  
4 truant youths were spotted by the Widower Clem Horan (12 Seldon Street) throwing something into the Concord River. Officers O'Shaughnessy and MacNamara calmly spoke to the youths and their parents, then calmly clubbed all of them on the parts of their bodies that wouldn't show bruises.

**Getting Tired Of Drinking That Same Old Water?**  
Try new and improved AGUALICIOUS!  
Now with 3 parts hydrogen and 1 part oxygen.  
*"Distinctive Water In A Distinctive Bottle"®*  
Because You'll Fall For Anything!

**Thank you, St. Jude, for answering all of my prayers!**

**Ah, St. Jude, not be a pain in you're a\*\* or anything, but I'm still waiting over here!**

# **WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION WRESTLEMANIA XV**

**SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1999, @ 4:30 P.M.**

## **WWF World Heavyweight Championship Match** Special Guest Referee – Winner of the Paul Wight vs. Mankind Match

**Stone Cold Steve Austin** vs. **The Rock**  
(Challenger) (World Champion)

## **WWF InterContinental Championship Match** **Four-Corner Match**

**Ken Shamrock** vs. **Goldust** vs. **Billy Gunn** vs. **Val Venis**  
(Challenger) (Challenger) (Challenger) (Champion)

## **WWF European Championship Match**

**X-Pac** vs. **Shane McMahon**  
(Challenger) (Champion)  
(Seconded By D-Generation X) (Seconded By The Corporation)

## **WWF Women's Championship Match**

**Tori** vs. **Sable**  
(Challenger) (Champion)

## **Hell In A Cell Cage Match**

**The Undertaker** vs. **The Big Bossman**  
(Seconded By The Ministry) (Seconded By The Corporation)

## **Winner Referees The World Heavyweight Championship Match**

**Paul Wight** vs. **Mankind**  
(Seconded By The Corporation) (Seconded By Mr. Socko)

## **Hardcore Championship Match**

**Road Dogg** vs. **Al Snow** vs. **Bob Holly**  
(Challenger) (Challenger) (Champion)

## **Mixed Tag Team Match**

**D-Lo Brown** vs. **Owen Hart**  
**Mark Henry** **Jeff Jarrett**  
**Ivory** **Debra**

## **Brawl For All** **Wrestler Vs. Boxer Match**

**Bart Gunn** vs. **Butterbean**  
(Brawl For All Champion) (Heavyweight Contender)  
(Wrestler) (Boxer)

**PLUS!!!!**

**Kane** vs. **Hunter Hearst Helmsley**  
(Seconded By Chyna) (Seconded By D-Generation X)