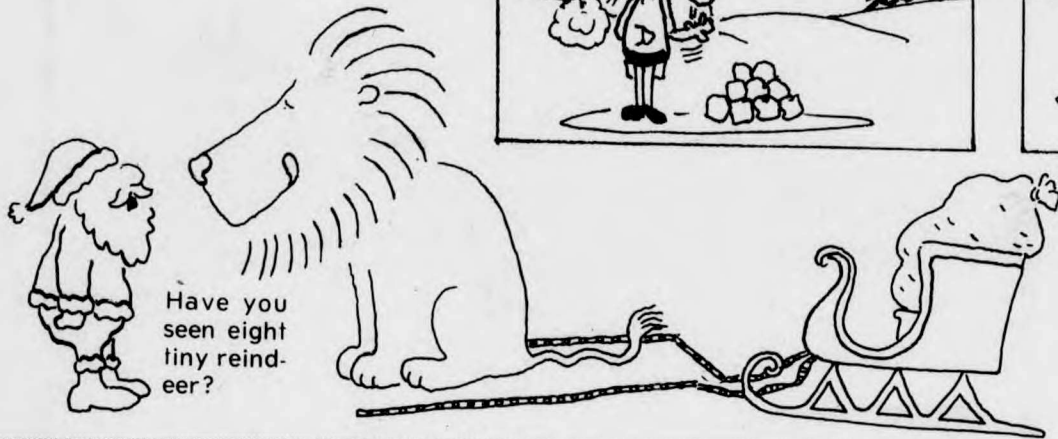
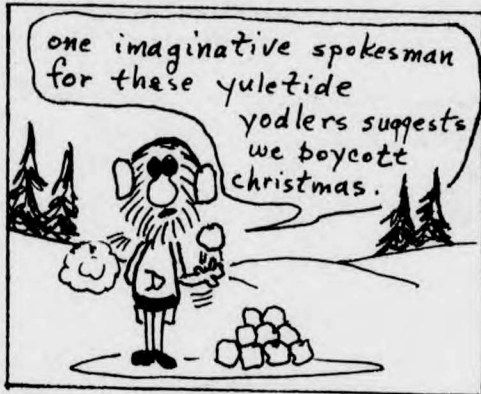
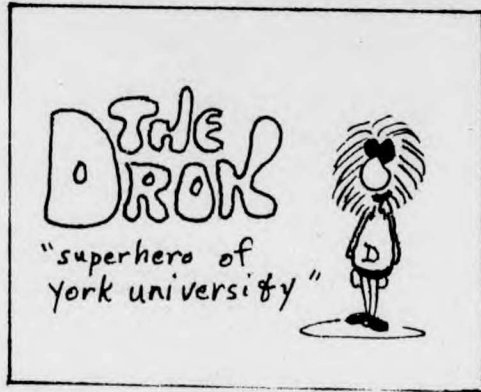


# COMIX!



## NAKED CAME POLONSKY: This sporting couple

By JOE POLONSKY

They were very dirty and very grimy, nearly all of the time. And they would both get very hungry and very tired. But they were young. And they were in love.

There was just no getting away from it. They really were in love. And Morgan would laugh how Rachel would always complain about her poor hurting stomach and Rachel would mock Morgan on how he was always the first one with the sore feet and aching limbs. And then they would both grin over the old adage of how a woman could spend eight hours rummaging about a department store, while a man would collapse after 30 minutes, pleading for mercy and coffee.

But they both pushed on. But the pull was gone. They would willingly sleep in the barn with the others, and share the wealth. But that's all everyone seemed to be doing, sleeping in the barns, just laying there on the hay. No one ever wanted to go out and see the big annual parade, the old shanty town, or the elegant Cannonball Expresse, which you

could take a ride on for only a dime. "Morgan," Rachel said, "My eyes, they're always so sore lately. I think it's the hay which makes them red like this."

So Morgan replied, "Then no more barns, Rachel, absolutely no more barns."

They started at those lofty mountain peaks which had been their compass's end for those past weeks, and then turned away from the mountains. They would instead find the road up... way, way up to the North country. "Morgan, it's almost as though I feel we're being beckoned up there. It's as though we're being repelled by those stuffy old mountains, and forced into taking an alternative road." And then they both grinned as they remembered simultaneously the old cigarette commercial which talked about some people taking alternative directions in life with taking their brand of cigarette.

So they headed up. It was a long way all right. And the terrain was notable for only one striking characteristic, its desolate lack of beauty. It was funny to all of a sudden be so

alone so much of the time. And about half way, they seriously thought about quitting. "Hay or no hay, Morgan, I just don't know about this."

And Morgan would shrug in consent. But they would stop and rest, and Morgan would look at Rachel and say, "You're eyes, they really are so beautiful." And somehow, they would keep on.

Well, they made it. And of course there was that good feeling of having stuck it. Now that they were there they talked to a few people who asked them about their trek and said that the travellers must be exhausted so they would understand if the two of them would want to go to sleep. And they even helped them put up their tent, and ensured them of their help any time it was required. Upon leaving, they reminded the couple of the big feast which would happen in two days. And Morgan and Rachel were told that they must come. And then the couple knew for sure that their trek was a good one. Those lofty mountain peaks were no more.

And so they rested in their tent, they really did not feel so tired anymore. It simply would not get dark out. They sat there smiling at each other, laughing with the light. Imagine, it was always light out. "Rachel, you can't tell the night from the day."

Rachel giggled. "Morgan, what night?" And they lay there laughing with the light.

The feast was a grand one. And so was the feast after that, and the one after that. But both Rachel and Morgan began to realize that it was time to leave. There was one last feast, and then they started down. And it took very little time to get down again but everything was alright.

And it was morning and Rachel was the first to rise. "Morgan guess what I see, it's those stuffy old mountains." And they went on to spend several nights in the barns before they could get back. "Rachel, the hay doesn't seem to be bothering your eyes any more." And they both rolled on the hay with laughter, thinking of the old moral that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

## ★ GOOD EATS ★ Christmas fare

By HARRY STINSON

Seeing as Christmas is bearing inexorably down upon us like a leering, ravenous relative with every intention of visiting for several weeks, let us make the best of it and trot out ye olde festive board.

Mint salad — whip up a package of lime jello, add a few drops of mint extract, cool and just before it sets, mix in some finely diced apple, samsoe cheese and celery. Chill in a mold, and serve surrounded by cottage cheese, and garnish with tomato wedges.

Fancy spicy meat-a-balls — In a bowl, mix one pound of hamburger, two or three finely diced or grated small onions, grated mushrooms, one tablespoon of caraway seeds, one tablespoon of oregano, one egg, one teaspoon each of garlic and ginger, any spices that appeal to you, plus some oatmeal (handful), some soya sauce, parsley, and milk. Squish into small meatballs (one inch in diameter) and bake at about 350 degrees 'til well browned (15-25 minutes). Transfer to electric frying pan, or chafing dish, and simmer in a spicy tomato sauce.

Sprinkle with parnesan and parsley and set on the table.

Cider — Add some cinnamonsticks, lemon wedges and nutmeg to normal cider (or try the old apple juice trick) and bring to a boil. Then simmer and serve hot (Careful, not delicate).

Quick fruit cake — Shift a three quarter cup of sugar, one teaspoon of baking powder, and one teaspoon of salt, mix, and sift over three cups brazil nuts, one pound of pitted dates, and one cup of maraschino cherries. Beat together three eggs and a jolt of vanilla, and add to mixture. Bake two hours at 300. Pack in a cardboard box, label imported, Carefully-Aged (and the country of origin of your choice) and chill. You may start serving it the next day, using a very sharp knife and much respectful dignity. If you manage to ruin this, then it's back to bread sandwiches.

Marzipan — Grate or grind two cups blanched

almonds very fine and work in a wooden bowl with a wooden spoon. Add one cup of confectioner's sugar, alternately with one quarter cup egg white, using more sugar if necessary to form a stiff paste. Let it sit (ripen) a few hours before coloring and forming it into shapes, or use as centers for chocolate dipping or just roll in cocoa. However, it doesn't keep well at all, which is a marvellous, conscience-satisfying reason for eating it too quickly.

Delicacy of the Week (Millenium): Thousand year eggs — Wash eggs (must be white-shelled) in cool water and bury in a maximum of 9 inch compost for 1,000 years. Uncover, break open and savour. Very popular among patient Chinese.

Despite comments upon extravagance in the (un-subsidized, I might point out) Good Eats department (a phenomemon that the 14 assistant editors and their secretaries join me in vigorously denying), the following spectacular is endorsed as good, family, Christmas entertainment. Split several bananas (firm ones please-bananas of conviction!) lengthwise. Place them in a greased oven container, and drizzle with melted margarine, liquid honey, and cinnamon, and set them in a medium oven for about 15 minutes or until they're soft, basting them occasionally. Remove to table, and sprinkle with grated orange rind (and sugar if desired). Then flame them with Cointreau or similar liqueur (sorry, the apple juice will not work here). If you want, top with whipped cream.

Note: Perhaps you're wondering what a Tonka Steak is (Good Eats, Nov. 9): so am I. It should read, of course, Tanaka Steak. It seems that our printers are gastronomically bankrupt.

If someone should ask you what you'd like for Christmas, ask for a nice-cream machine, and watch this space for relevant concoctions. In the new year, Italian restaurants, and special articles on soups, salads, etc. and an attempt to revive breakfast in the grand old style.

## GROUNDHOG NEWS

### Police break walnut ring

York (GhN) — Metro police have been digging up groundhog burrows in an attempt to smash the notorious Beruit-Calais-York walnut ring. So far 450 pounds of the hallucinogenic nut (worth about \$4.50 on the street) have been uncovered. However Spiny Norman, acknowledged by polic to be the groundhog behind walnut trafficking at York has eluded justice. Walnut addiction (which produces impotency and turns brain cells to cream cheese) has shown an alarming increase on the York campus among students and groundhogs alike.

### Groundhogs granted \$1,000 each

York (GhN) — At least one college at York has managed to retain its sense of humor. The ready wit of the Vanier College councillors was aptly demonstrated when they, in a rare moment of mirth decided to give \$1,000 to each of the nine resident groundhogs of Vanier College. The hilarity of the situation was increased when Vanier Council received a card from the hogs postmarked Buenos Aires reading, "so long suckers." Ha Ha Keep them laughing Vanier.

PS: Nine groundhogs last seen heading south pushing a wheelbarrow full oa money. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these little crooks contact Chicky Briand, Dentipres Vanier College.

### York charged with genocide

York GhN — A spokesman for the militant Groundhog Union (GhU) today charged York University with "provocative acts of destruction" and a "deliberate policy of racial genocide" in campus construction. Citing examples of "reckless bulldozing of charming old neighborhoods" and the "proliferation of parking lots on groundhog habitat", the spokesman claimed that the number of displaced groundhogs is alarming. When questioned about rumors the GhU plans to topple the Ross building by undermining its foundations the spokesman had no comment to make.