

Barbarians Blast Bunnies in Bibulous Blistering Brawl

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Special Entertainment Sports Edition!!

Saturday was the kind of day that only New Brunswick in the fall can produce - one of those beautiful, warm days in October when the environment feels like taunting you into believing that somewhere, decent weather prevails just before it stomps, chortling heartily to itself, on your rising anticipation by snowing the following day and becoming wretched and dismal for a week afterwards. A perfect day for the Twenty-Second annual Media Bowl, the impending doom of the weather reflecting the atmosphere surrounding the stark, muddy field, once again pitting the unblemished and proud, statuesque form of the Brunswickan Barbarian Machine against the sadly organized and disheveled mustering of the campus radio station, the CHSR Bunnies of death. Pasty-faced, gnarled and shuffling, blinking their tiny pink blood-shot eyes against the unaccustomed onslaught of the afternoon sun, the Bunnies took the glistening field, cowering in small, shivering huddles against the icy stare of the Barbarian Millifla.

The coin toss found the Bunnies staring blankly at the football. "Kick it you morons!" Someone yells. There is confusion. Finally, a glimmering of recalled SuperBowl play-by-play lights the dull stare of Dave Keighley, the program director. A dull thud and a sickly, seven-yard spiral later, the Barbarians' Jeremy Earl was amongst, and then past the dumbfounded collection of white-faced rodents, breezing through with effortless grace, slamming the ball down deep in the Bunnies' end zone. Again, there is confusion. The referees calmly, like teachers comforting a weeping child, explain softly the consequences of this. "Seven Nothing!!" Screams Bill Traer.

The game could easily have become boring if not for the showmanship of the Barbarian team. The offensive line spun and twirled like steel ballerinas, impervious to the pitiful scrambling and scurryings of their sadly disreputable opponents. Brilliantly executed passing as well as a rugged yet intricate running game displayed a seemingly inexhaustible spectrum of dazzling plays. As Babyface Williams jogged almost casually around the line of scrimmage, the Bunnies slipping and stumbling at his feet, the offensive line of Seabrook, Rowan and Smith strode confidently fore-

word, wading through the hip-deep snarl of disoriented rabbits like farmers in a field of sugar beets. By the end of the first half, the score stood at 35-0, and the CHSR Bunnies were asked if they really thought it necessary to continue. Something happened then. From way, way down inside their little nocturnal and introverted withered bodies came a surprising strength. The second half began with a crazed rush, the Bunnies seeking to swamp the Barbarian defense and squirrel through to the end zone. Caught off guard, Killer Rowan went down with three Bunnies clinging to his legs and one with her teeth firmly and viciously sunk into his ear. Babyface Williams was knocked senseless as two rabbits threw a third in his face. "Touchdown Bunnies!" Screams Jeff Whipple.

The Barbarians seemed remarkably calm. A quick and beautiful return for the touchdown by Jeremy Earl quickly and decisively shook all the wind out of the little Bunnies, who now began to realize the possible consequences of their actions.

Killer Rowan, having recovered from the previous Bunny play, and having endured the subsequent Rabies shot on the sidelines, was sent in for the fourth quarter. Immediate confusion ensued at the Bunny end of the field, the team literally crawling over each other and scampering around in disoriented circles trying to get off the field. The play continued, with the ball being handed off to Rowan. Walking purposefully and quickly foreword, leaving a rooster-tail of rag-doll Bunnies, he strode in for the seven points to make it 42-7.

A brief attempt was again made by the Bunnies to gain some ground, this time with a cruel form of psychological warfare. While the Barbarians were on the defensive, Steve Staples set up a ghetto blaster pointed directly at the Barbarian defensive line, turned the volume to ten, and the dial to 97.9FM. Screams of agony immediately came from the courageous Barbarian players, who stood their ground for the most part, although both Wanyeki and Seabrook had to be carried off bleeding from the ears. Rubbing

his hands in sadistic glee, Staples cackled evilly and muttered "No one can stand the Industrial Hour! HEhehe!!" Eyes watering, cold sweat streaming down his face, the Kwameister managed to edge forward enough to lodge a foot into the speaker and cut the torture short.

The afternoon sun was beginning to fall down the Western slope of the sky, winding its way smoothly down the edge of the silver-lined clouds to its bed beneath the purple-robed hills as the final whistle blew. "Game!" shouted the referees.

The players, slapping the bulk of the dust and mud from their soiled pants walked to the sidelines, collected their things, climbed into their cars and drove off to showers, food, and warm beds. Few words were said. Few words were necessary. A lone Bunny of Death, still standing in a small puddle in the center of the field, stared blankly at the ground. "C'mon you useless geek! It's over!" Someone yells. Dave looks up "Oh. Okay."

For some, this was nothing more than an annual event; a yearly drama of tragedy and heroism, a sad dichotomy of well-oiled professionalism and disjointed, chronic apathy. The game passed into history to become nothing more than number twenty-two on the list; the short-lived glory and heroism of the sunny fall afternoon, the diving catch, the mud, the water, the grass and the blood remembered only in the hearts and minds of the victors and the vanquished. To the Barbarians, a job well done. To CHSR's courage and vigor in the face of insurmountable odds - PTHHTBBBBTH-HHHHHH

photos by Killer Rowan, Alastair Johnstone and Lori Durlley
3. Tara Froning hydroplanes a touchdown



1. Unbiased referee Bill Traer sternly officiates
2. Killer Rowan says "shhh!! I'm huntin' wabbitis"



4. Confused, mucky, bunny-ball.
5. "C'mere bunny, I wanna talk to you"

The Barbarians: A Dynasty Spanning Twenty-Two Years