

# Now that the fun is over: **GORY DETAILS**

(Reprinted from the Toronto Scum, July 29, 1973.)

Missahogwash was the scene of a brutal slaying last night. 31-year-old model Pristeen Demurdered, wife of the wealthy Peter Demurder, was found dead in her gazebo by Appeal Regional police.

Earlier reports said that police had believed Mrs. Demurdered to have been shot, but an immediate autopsy revealed no bullets or bullet holes. A suspicious hole in her stomach was later determined by the coroner to be her navel.

Police now suspect she died from internal head injuries caused by several vicious blows with an undetermined object.

An immediate A.P.B. on Peter Demurder found him conveniently shopping at an Alibi Food store in North Bay. He was taken to Appeal Regional Police headquarters and questioned. Police found no apparent motive for the murder but were determined to blame someone.

Demurder, a contractor for the Sherlock Homes Corp., was charged with non-capital murder in connection with the bludgeoning of his wife. He was later released on \$1 million bail. Mrs. Demurdered's life insurance policy was held as collateral.

## Delays, delays

(Reprinted from July 5, 1974)

It was decided today that an im-

partial jury could not be selected out of the Toronto area for the trial of Peter Demurder. The trial will be held in London, in September, after a jury has been secured.

It was originally thought that the trial might be held in Sudbury, but this notion was quickly rejected when the Crown could not find 12 literate people to sit as jurors.

It has been over a year now since

the bludgeoned body of Pristeen Demurdered was found lying in a pool of bludge. An unknown assailant had left her to die after allegedly following the alleged orders of the alleged Peter Demurder to have her killed.

Everyday the prosecution is finding new evidence for the conviction of Demurder. A plastic model of Pristeen Demurdered's head is being smashed in and covered in catsup for exhibit and will be presented in court by the prosecution in hopes that the jury will become violently ill and disgusted, ultimately convicting Peter Demurder.

Asked if he didn't think that such an exhibit was unnecessary and irrelevant, prosecution attorney John Greenwald replied, "That's nothin'. Watch me pull a rabbit outta my hat." Mr. Greenwald was apparently referring to the three mystery guests he will introduce during the trial.

It was also announced today that Mr. Justice Camphorball Grunt will preside over the trial. This announcement is somewhat premature, however, because Grunt's family has not yet signed the release forms needed to let him out of the Sunnysod Home for the Aged.

## It's about time!

(Reprinted from Dec. 5, 1974)

(London) The trial of Peter Demurder continued yesterday after going into its 50th week. Peter Demurder is accused of the slaying of his beautiful wife Pristeen on July 28, 1973.

Since the trial began, almost a year ago, three new jurors have been selected due to unfortunate circumstances. One juror had to relinquish responsibility due to pregnancy, another had his visa expire and a third died of old age.

Demurder's defence attorney has presented 13 formal motions to have Mr. Justice Camphorball Grunt

removed from the bench because it is feared he is becoming senile. Mr. Justice Grunt, enraged at the defence's motions, hastily stormed out of his chambers. Police later found him in London's Storybook Park entering the Humpty Dumpty pavillion for the fourth time.

The prosecution is building a very strong case against Demurder as every day new witnesses are being called to testify. The latest witness for the prosecution, Lubeyore Dink, alias 'the radical', has told the court that Peter Demurder was a near and dear friend and that there was no way on this earth that Demurder could have had anything to do with his wife's death.

Dink told the court, "Peter is merely a victim of the socio-economic manifestations so prevalent in our quasi-socialist democracy. Marxism is a large part of our..." At this point Mr. Dink was ushered out of the courtroom by one of the bailiffs.

Subpina Hound, Peter Demurder's lover, was also in the courtroom yesterday. Dressed in a chic gown from DuBois of Paris and wearing a smashing pair of rose-coloured bifocals from Polaroid of Austria, Miss Hound, 29, told reporters that if Peter Demurder was convicted she would return to the Alps to model the latest in shepherd staffs.

She was noticeably disturbed by the whole affair and told reporters, "I am noticeably disturbed by the whole affair".

## Wire-tapping?

(London) - Excerpts from the Peter Demurder murder trial.

Prosecution attorney John Greenwald first questioned Constable James Mickey of the Appeal Regional police as to the nature of the police's alleged wire tapping of the Demurder phone. "Is

it true that you were one of the officers involved with the tapping of Peter Demurder's telephone, Constable Mickey?"

"Yes, sir, we tapped his phone. We let it tap eight times but there was no answer so we hung up."

Greenwald then began questioning Ferenc Stork, a Hungarian cook from the French Foreign Legion. "Isn't true that you have been trained to kill with your bare hands, Stork?"

"Just chickens," replied Stork. 'Kosher, the quack', who is still in Hungary, was Greenwald's next witness. "Please tell the court, Mr. Quack, that you are the killer."

"..." replied Kosher, who wasn't there.

Ennui developed among the jury and the proceedings were recessed until tomorrow.

## Frolickers fizzle as Mum rocks

Two 14-year old boys burned to death in an unattended stove Monday night while their mother was listening to Black Sabbath on earphones.

The children, Bobby and Percy Shrdlu, sons of Darby and Horace Shrdlu, were pronounced dead on arrival at Mercy Hospital after a neighbour, noticing thick smoke pouring from the Shrdlu kitchen, broke down the door to locate the trouble.

"I only put them in to simmer," Mrs. Shrdlu cried as she was put under sedation. "They had been looking awfully pale."

This was Metro's 13th death by being locked in a stove this year.



"Had enough?" The victor and the victim, in this re-enactment of the Demurder killing staged before a rapt jury.

## Somebody cry wolf?

ZUTZBURGH (BS) — The agonized screams of dozens of clear-skinned, curly-haired children mingled with the guttural, chomping growls of a flock of blood-crazed sheep yesterday in the meadows above this normally peaceful alpine village.

The sheep continued their mad rampage throughout last night, leaving behind them a trail of battered bodies, including the remains of a kindly old shepherd and his once glossy-coated dog, faithful to

the last.

Government officials are at a loss to explain the behaviour of the sheep, but have responded quickly by recruiting the military to help halt the woolly wave of terror.

Fritz Ghoul, a local farmer, already has three dead sheep to his credit and is eager for more. Ghoul stabs the sheep in the stomach with his pitch fork and then stomps on their heads.

"Is great fun!" said Ghoul, with an infectious grin.

## FRICION LINE

by Olivia Coleslaw



Last year I bought a new washing machine. After only six weeks it broke down, although I followed the instructions faithfully. I wrote the company several times but could get no response.

Finally, I wrote Friction Line. Only two days later, two men from the company arrived and systematically destroyed every appliance in my house. They said that would teach me to rat to a shit-kicker like you.

What can I do now?  
Mrs. Frisnik  
Phlebitis, Ont.  
Friction Line cannot, of course, guarantee success in every instance.

## LUBEYORE J. DINK



# The red license-plate menace

The real meaning behind Margaret Trudeau's recent trip to Hong Kong has been uncovered by seasoned observers of the international scene.

Rumours circulating around Ottawa had had it that her actual purpose had been to inquire as to the possibility of acupuncture treatments to restore her husband's failing virility. If so, this was only a secondary aim of the venture.

I have established, beyond an infinitesimal doubt, that she went to Hong Kong to gain permission from Peking to go ahead with the latest steps in the Trudeau program of establishment subversion.

To the 'rad-libs' and so called 'progressives', the introduction of red 1975 Ontario license plates may seem an innocuous development. In actual fact, it is the scarlet signal to un-

derground new-left hordes to implement their plans for the destruction of the authority of home, school, church and local elected officials.

Just when, how and by whom this program is to be executed is impossible to say. It is not that we have no knowledge of the scheme, but that hard evidence has been cunningly concealed.

To use an example of this concealment, I would quote this question that I personally put to the pinko playboy of Mount Royal himself: "Is it not true that your middle-of-the-road platform is nothing more than a finely-wrought façade designed to shield your Communist intentions from the glares of seasoned observers?"

"No," he replied.

As transparent a piece of finely-wrought malarkey as I have ever heard.

The Liberal denial of their naked aim runs like this: "We don't want Marxism; we are making quite enough money under capitalism, thank you."

But here is the unshakable, unchallengeable, indeed unthinkable Conservative reply:

"When you say that what we think you are is not based on what you do, but only on what we think you are saying, you are implying that you are doing exactly what you say, which is not true."

"Not until you have made us your slaves!" Now more than ever, the evil of the Communist threat is apparent to the covert intelligence of seasoned, responsible observers.

In Cuba, women are forced to grow fuzzy beards and smoke eight cigars a day. All inhabitants of mental institutions will be publicly tortured to death if they don't learn Russian by May Day of next year.

And behind the bamboo curtain, in Red China, homosexuality has recently been made compulsory for children under seven.

But the insidious seduction of the minds of Western youth by the New Left continues.

Witness the recent appearance of photographs of Margaret Trudeau in Chatelaine wearing nothing more than a pair of high leather boots and a strategically placed red 1975 Ontario license plate.

To think that Canada may be made the Cuba of the North by a few pictures of Margaret Trudeau's creamy smooth thighs.