

Media Bowl XXV

by Nick Oliver
Special to the *Brunswickan*

"Hi My name is Nick and this is my story."

"I am the sole survivor from the 1994 media bowl where the CHSR Bunnies of Death dropped one after another in front of the mighty onslaught of the Brunswickan Barbarians, like a bunch of lemmings going off of a cliff. I tell you it was suicide.

If my mind isn't playing tricks on me the final score was CHSR 28 and *The Brunswickan* 21. But that doesn't make sense. How could our score be higher and still lose?

Every year we get suckered into playing the Brunswickan in a friendly game of flag football. Every year we end this 'friendly' game crippled up and bleeding, but at least usually they let us live. This year, with the traitorous M. K. cheering them on from the sidelines with the inspired chant of "Go Brunies Go," they elected to punish us a little bit more severely. Anyway, when the firing stopped,

"AIEEEE! MY PANCREAS!" - CHSR QB Andrew Bird, clinging to his last moments of life.

I was the only Bunnie left, having covered behind my Coke. I struggled to fight back the stinging tears pouring from my eyes as I witnessed teammate after teammate breathing their last breaths on the Physical Plant field that balmy autumn afternoon.

I wondered when I would find time in my busy schedule to attend all their funerals, what, with my involvement in the local retro-alternative to disco music scene.

God I wish I wasn't born male because my testicles would not be so raw from the continuous tackling I sustained. I considered fleeing to Lady Dunn, but they would kick my ass as well.

Brun Nose Tackle Rocco Savoie and Tight End Scottie Edwards scare the livin' bejezus out of a terrified spectator who just got too damn close.



The key play of the game was the coin toss. When Al S. Tare brought out that bright shiny Loonie, we all gasped at the huge budget *The Brunswickan* must have. After all, a Loonie is more money than CHSR gets from the Student Union in a year. Once we were demoralized this much, the blood was certain to flow freely.

The Brunswickan also brought in two Highland Dancers from Scotland who dazzled us with their moves. Neil 'the Spiel' Duxbury and Michael 'Velcro Palms' Edwards were the offensive and defensive stars of the game. No Bunnie quarterback could long stand the rush of Velcro Palms. By the end of the game, our quarterbacks were begging not to be made to go back on the field. Many a cry of "let go of my white hanging thingy" were heard that bloody afternoon.

Neil 'the Spiel' Duxburg dominated the offensive side of the ball. We always knew what he was going to do, run like the fucking wind, we just couldn't do anything about it. Even on those rare times when we managed to get in front of him, he would just plow his 125 lb. frame over our puny Bunnie bodies. That wouldn't have been so bad, but his touchdown dances on the crushed skulls of dieing Bunnies put the Chalmers' trauma centre on overtime.

Thank God I didn't opt-out of the Health Care Plan, because once you've had your spleen spill out of your gut into your hand and have the chance to fully appreciate the colour, you'll realise it more than just *hurts*.

I don't even know why I came out to play, it's not as if I can, but daddykicked me out of the house for the afternoon. What daddy says Nicky does.

So back to my tale of horror and slaughter. Janus McConnell was supposed to play for us, but instead helped *The Brunswickan* crush us to little Bunniebits. The worst thing she did, though, was offer us some food from her Hall at halftime. Do you have any ideahow hard it is to run away from Bruns Barbarians when you've got



CHSR defensive coach Nick Oliver explains the play to his team before the game: "When they come at ya, just say, 'Hi, how ya doin'?" Have another Coke and a smile, Nick.

Unfortunately, this strategy was just as successful as begging for mercy. Silly Nick, as an aging veteran of Media Bowls you should know that *The Brunswickan* doesn't believe in mercy. And we don't drink Coke.

I have been told that I should thank all of our fans who came out in a vain effort to cheer us on. Both of our listeners stayed until the very last bloodletting, except for the guy that Mark 'the Vulture' Savoie disemboweled on the sidelines [see photo below]. Even this loyal listener stayed at the game, lying on the sidelines as his lifeblood oozed out of his soulless husk.

MEDIA BOWL HISTORY

GAMES WON:

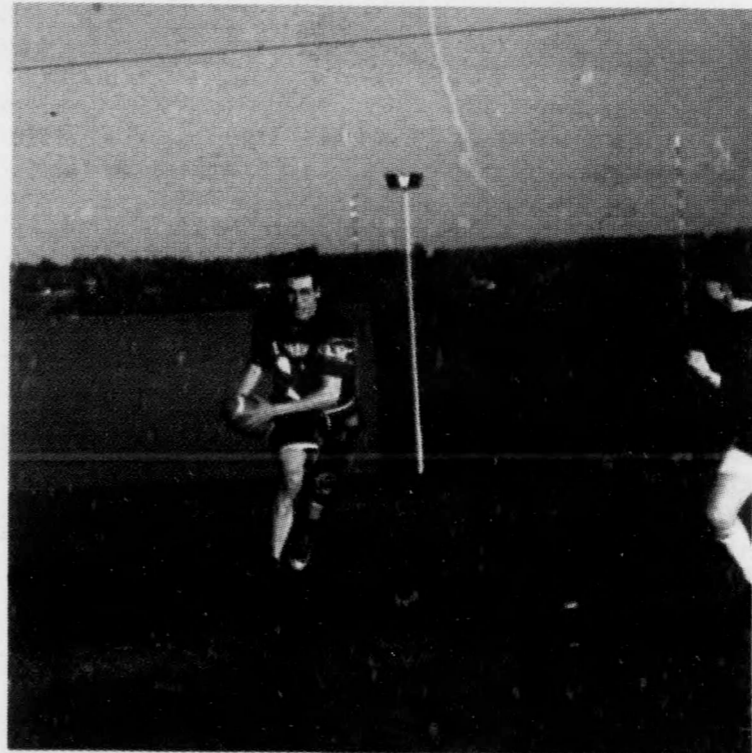
**CHSR 8
BRUNS 17**

Tristis Bhaird was named Bunnie of the Day because she had the good sense to not play. This didn't save her from a slab in the basement of the Chalmers, but at least her death was a clean one. It is truly amazing the way Barbie of the Bruns Barbarians is able to control the blast radius of his plastic explosives.

The game got so out of hand that even Bill 'Aeon' Traer decided to go out and kill hisself a Bunnie. This was the first Media Bowl that Sir Bill has played in since the Massacre of 1873, a game from which charges are still pending. It seems that there is still some question as to whether de-spleening is all just part of the game.

Even our secret weapon didn't come through. Paul 'Lurch' Estabrooks had been recruited as a 'Bunnie for a Day,' but the Barbarians were able to prove that the extra grease on the ball would constitute an environmental hazard.

All in all, a wonderful time was had by all... of the Barbarians. The Chalmers trauma centre was overworked, as was the priest who was permanently on call to administer last rights. His prayers for our departed souls were appreciated.



"Shhh! Be vewwy vewwy quiet! We are hunting Bunnies." European import wide receiver Neil Duxbury laterals to cohort Lynn Stapleton. Stapleton managed two touchdowns in the game and a personal rushing record of 234 yards. Overall, the Bruns committed three turnovers to CHSR's 23.



Mikey (Velcro-palms) Edwards drools just a little as he anticipates biting into the flesh of this unlucky Bunnie. Edwards was single-handedly responsible for devouring 10 Bunnies.