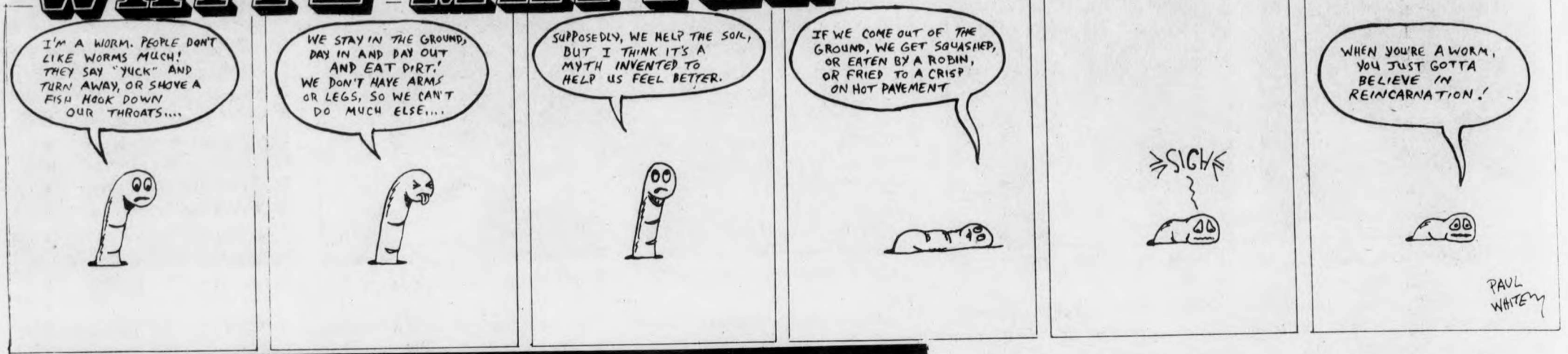


Distractions

WHITE MATTER

by PAUL WHITE



VOL. 1 # 4

Liver Jello
The continuing adventures of a pig, a chicken, a fish, a salami sandwich and a recycleable aluminum can.

The heroes arrive at the fortress of funk in custody of the killer marshmallows of the planet "Jackson Five".....



SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

A very strange evening

(or how Hatfield got the Bruns)

by BARRY PARKINSON
(edited by Ken Quigley)
Bruns Martyrs

(Note: for legal purposes, the following should be considered as a fictional piece).

Thursday, 5 p.m.: I walked into the Bruns office with no real concerns. I'd been working all day and just dropped by to hear about a lawsuit that might be brought against me. Also, I had been informed that the typesetting machine had been jamming with frightening frequency that day, so I thought I'd offer some moral support.

Well, it happened that our sports editor, Ken Quigley, was going to drive the paper to the printers in Hartland; the paper was late, so the normal deal (using the bus) was out of the question. I offered to go along, figuring: a) that we'd be leaving about 6:30, and b) that the trip would do me good.

...10:30 and we're done with layout. It's time to get on the road. A little later than expected, but what the hell...?

Cruising down the Trans-Canada at 90 mph (Ken's car is a '76 Chevy; i.e. the speedometer is in 'mph'), I shoulda known something was wrong when the cassette deck ate the Springsteen tape.

An unmarked New Brunswick Highway Patrol car makes its presence known. This is, potentially, a bad situation. Myself, I have an untouchable driver's license. Unfortunately, Ken was driving.

Ken was also not wearing his seatbelt. Being a thinking man's sports editor, Ken gets out of the car quickly, so that the cops don't catch on to this infraction: 155 clicks in a 100 zone is bad enough.

Our Man At The Sports Desk did the Right Thing. He cooperated wonderfully with the police officers, he explained that we were running the paper to the printers and admitted that this was no excuse for speeding. And the cops let us off without even a written warning.

Clearly we were on a Mission from God. (editor's note: obviously the Peter Gunn/Blues Brothers theme should kick in at this point).

We continued on our merry way, still doing damage to the posted speed limit, but not so blatantly.

Within an hour of departure, Hartland came into sight. It did, though, take another half-hour to find the printers.

Covered Bridge Printers employs some saints. Not only had 3 guys waited for our arrival until midnight, they also greeted us at the door with beer. Letters to the Vatican are being seriously considered.

In the middle of the brew, we discovered that the fellow who normally delivers the Bruns to the SUB has had a hard day. Seems he is also an ambulance driver and was in the woods for 7 hours responding to a hunting accident. Would we be willing to take over delivery duties? Well, sure...

Three hours later, we load 8,000 copies of the paper into Ken's car. It is loaded down. It is riding low. It is three in the morning. We make our departure.

The second cop of the evening comes on the scene even before we hit the highway. Apparently he is curious about the cargo. He has noticed the Ontario plates (Ken is from...Toronto!) He is wondering why the car is somewhat over the center line.

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Eagle-Beaver Chronicles

