

# Bowl

## To Injury

thing had gone out window on the first play. It was now to the death.

The first Bunny offensive series was no more successful than their runback. The Bruns Defense swept through the Bunny Offensive Line as if they weren't there. Lapin de Lamentation QB Roy Nicholl was sacked three times consecutively: first by Killer Rowan, next by Steve "El Blondo" Seabrook (vicous hit) and thirdly by a tag team tackle from Kirsten and Karen Burgess. Their offense in tatters, the Bunnies were forced to kick on fourth, a kick that was blocked by a leaping Barbarian Features Editor, who proceeded to scoop up the ball and run it in for a touchdown. The score was now 7-0 and the Barbarian Offense had yet to take the field.

The Bunnies were held on their next series and were again forced to punt. This punt was returned to the Bunny 10 yard line by an incredibly agile and fast return by Barbarian Special Team Leader Rocket Earl. Barbarian QB Chris Hunt took the field with the Bunnies backed against a wall. Facing a second Barbarian TD in the first ten minutes of play, and with a net yardage to date of -34 YD, the Bunnies of Death brought up their big guns. Off went Tristis, and on came her replacement. Immediately, the Bruns knew that the rumors were true. The Bunny bench parted like the Red Sea and a mammoth creature stepped onto the field. The Bunnies had played their trump card, the man they called TINY. Even the normally stoical and quiet Barbarians had to be impressed. "Holy shit! We may be in trouble." said an unidentified Brunsie.

Indeed, Tiny had a profound impact (pun intended) on the Barbarians. With him as a cornerstone to build a defensive line around, the Bunnies cut off

two attempted runs by Earl and then Williams. The Barbarians on third set up in a pass formation, but with a big change. Chris Hunt went off while muttering something about collarbones, and Eric Drummie took his place as QB. Rocket Earl went off as well, and the Bunnies were at a loss to explain it all. However, it soon became clear. Immediately following the snap, Drummie pump faked to Williams and then rolled out left as if to run. Just before the line of scrimmage and certain pain, he off loaded in a rocket of a pass to Earl, standing on the sidelines. It was only when he began streaking towards the end zone that a Bunny cried "He's still wearing his flags! For godsake, TACKLE THAT MAN!" But it was too late. The Bunnies of Breath had fallen for the most gimmicky ploy in the play books, the Lonely Receiver. Earl had never left the field, and was perfectly eligible as a receiver. "Touchdown!" yelled the ref. The score was 14-0. The rest of the first half was scoreless, as the Bruns attempted to deal with the Tiny factor and the Bunnies attempted to deal with the Talent factor. At half-time, it was still 14-0, but time was beginning to run out for the Bunnies.

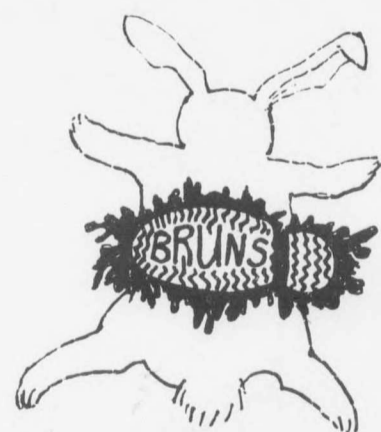
As the running game had proved fruitless for the Bunnies, they switched to a high octane passing game, unloading rocket after rocket down field. The problem was, the Barbarian Zone Defense was more than up to the challenge. The lack of skill on the part of the CHSR receivers meant that perfect spiral after perfect spiral was falling right into the hands of the Bruns defenders. The result of this was a score after 3 quarters of 35-0. The Bunnies were in disarray. The Bruns offense was now scoring at will. Tiny was big and powerful, but he wasn't fast enough to catch Earl or

Babyface Williams. Keighly still hadn't recovered from the opening play, and Nicholl couldn't do everything on his own.

When the Bunnies finally did everything right, late in the fourth, it still didn't turn out right. Nicholl unloaded a perfect pass—the pass was truly a thing of beauty, a long arc of a pass, turning in a tight, wonderful spiral. This time there was a bunny down field to catch it. With outstretched fingers, the Bunny lunged forward to catch the ball and a moment of glory. The Bunny bench was on its feet, time slowed down like in those really cheesy sports films, where everything is in slow motion when the good guys are about to win. The difference was, these weren't the good guys, and they weren't going to win. Just as the ball touched the very tip of the Bunny's fingers, reality reared its ugly head and this interlude came to a jarring halt. WHAMMMM! The Bunny's forward motion ended suddenly, and he became a projectile headed back towards his own goal line. The ball dropped to the ground, uncaught. A moment of grace and beauty had run into uncompromising reality. That reality had a name—it was called Aime Phillips. "Did I do that?" said Phillips in a surprised tone. On the Bruns bench, the mood was one of elation and overwhelming joy—this one was going to be a shutout. Only minutes later, the referee called "Game!", but it didn't matter. To the Bunnies of Death, the game was over the moment that Aime dashed their hopes... and maimed their best receiver.

The final score was 49-0. The record stood at 18-5 for the Barbarians. Bragging rights had been secured, the world was safe for democracy, truth, justice, and other stuff like that. The Bruns would celebrate this day for a long time. For CHSR, their memories would come as nightmares, and for a long time to come, when a shrill pathetic whining voice cried in the night, Barbarians everywhere would have the same thought: "Give it a rest, you bunch of losers!"

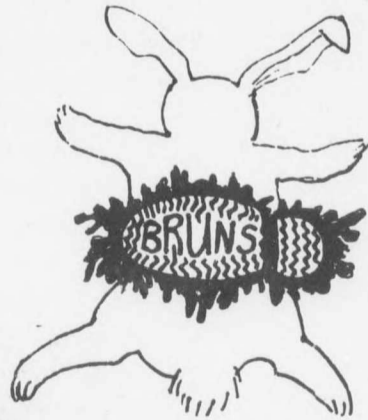
**Better luck next year, Bunnies.**



Le Lapin est Mort.



Le Lapin est Mort.



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