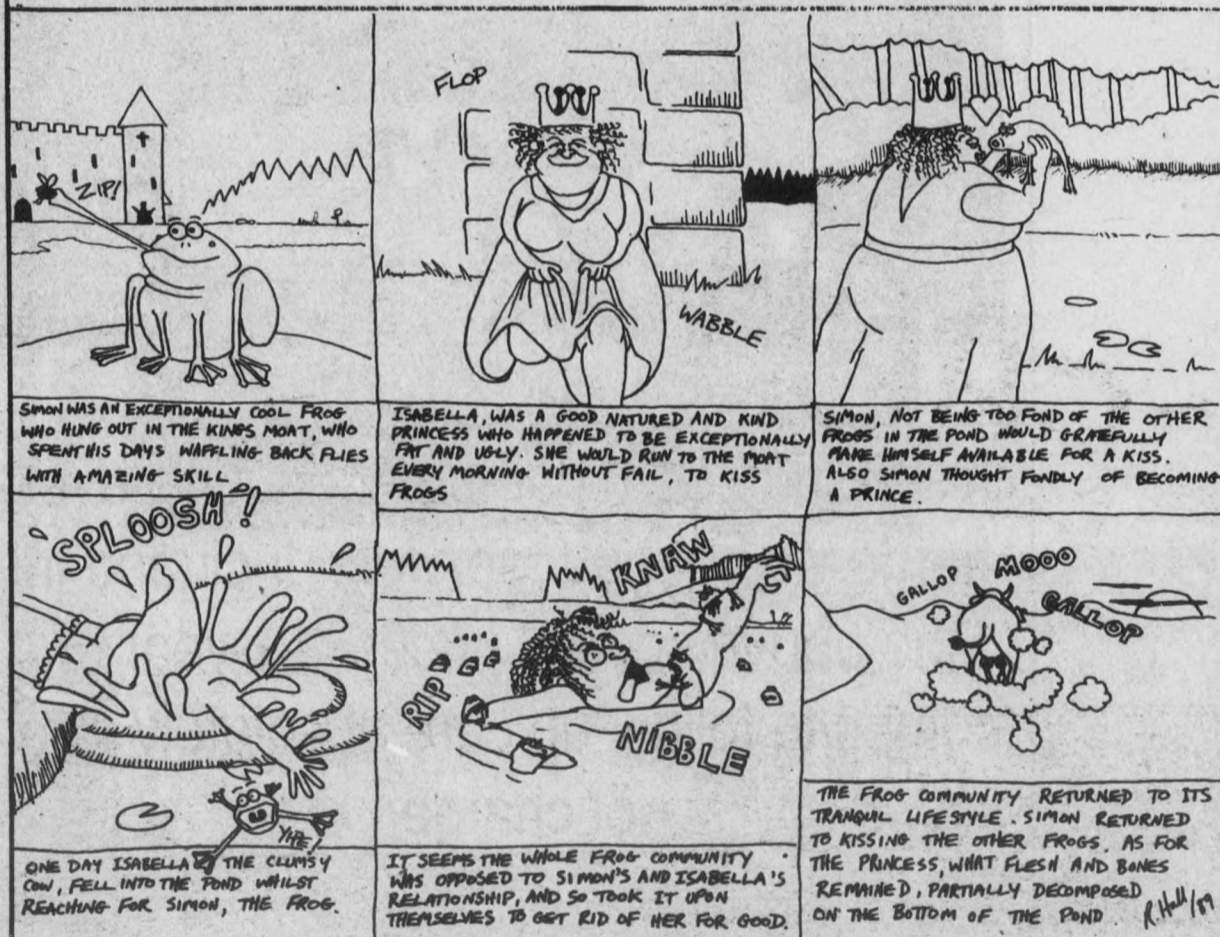
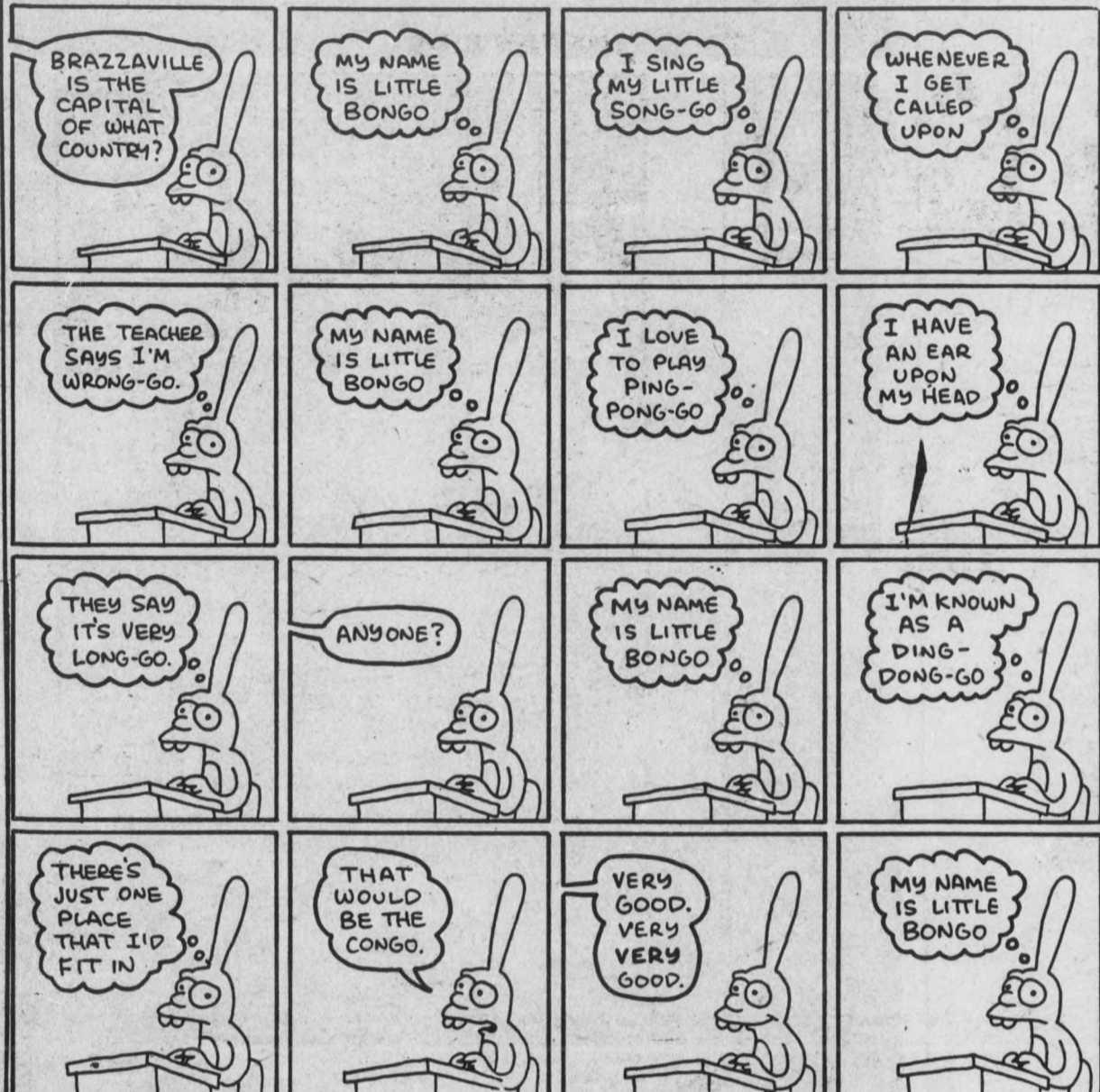


DISTRACTIONS

LIFE IN HELL

©1988
By MATT
GRDENING



I.C.U.

by Chris Kane



From the Litterbox



Marks Personal Log BrunsDate 124.11: Yeah... Yeah.. that was definitely the ticket! Unbelievably gullible people... I suggest that they tear down the wall and guess what? They let them do it. I mean, gosh, they were even little old ladies beating at it with hammers. Couldn't they at least have broken down and let them have some heavy equipment. Europeans and their bloody symbolism... How inefficient.

Well, I will admit that it was a near run thing... I was almost run down by a hoarde of beatnik pacifists in a daisy covered VW Beetle screaming "Burger King!! Burger King!! Burger King!!" at the top of their lungs. Fortunately, I had my handy-dandy LAW anti-tank rocket on me. (That US Glrine will never notice that its gone... I mean he was just standing there with a stupid look on his face mumbling "I ook at all the blonde-haired, blue-eyed babes.")

With my story filed it's now vacation time... hmmm.... El Salvador, here I come. I mean I know this quaint liitle five star hotel that's really quiet and out of the way... Thank God, I still have some of my Purchase Orders left.

The only thing more gullible than an eastern European Secret Service is the UNB Student Union.

Scene: The Sheraton
San Salvador, El Salvador
Pool-Side

Time: A Couple of Days Ago

Yo!! Waiter!! How about a chitty-chitty barbarian with ice. How do you say THAT in Spanish?

(Gunfire, you know, like - braaap, ratatatata,etc. See your favourite comic book for alternate descriptive terms.)

As I roll for cover, I realize that I have diplomatic immunity. I stand up and all hell breaks loose... I smile with satisfaction as the disgusting poolside facade disintegrates in a hail of slugs. I pat my Heckler & Koch assault rifle and head towards the lobby. Damn good thing those terrorist scum missed my drink.

I slug the drink back, and smile as I realize the international incident that would have been caused had those idiots actually been able to shoot straight. I mean, let's get real, you just can't blow away the President (and one-time Dictator for Life) of Rwanda's drink.

Time to meet the US Glrines (God, they hate that- I love it!!)

Hey guys, nice barricade. What are you scared all of anyway?

Nice camo suits, guys.

Wait a second - aren't you supposed to be advisers? Nice guns!! Sure you got all the firepower you need. I mean, it is pretty dangerous advising the president on how many and what types of automatic weapons to buy.

What'd you mean you can't reload a LAW rocket... Now guys, you really don't need to know where I got it.