

Only the strong will survive this cold remedy

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**
Syndicated Columnist

This is the time of year when a lot of people always write in asking for my friend Bobo Rodriguez's cold remedy. Since Bobo is 1/16 Pawnee Indian, he doesn't believe in making actual money off of ancient ritualistic folk remedies, which is why I charge people five bucks to go up and talk to him. Anyhow, for those of you who missed it the last time I talked about it, this is the only absolutely one hunnert percent cold remedy I have ever personally tried, and it hadn't failed a single time if properly applied.

1) Buy you a large family-size bottle of Nyquil. Drink the whole deal, or as much as you can stand without throwing up.

2) Chase it down with two six-packs of Budweiser Tall Boys.

3) Go to sleep. (This step is normally not needed if you did the first two.)

4) In about three hours you'll start to sweat like a javelina hog. Don't fight it. Just kick off the covers and grunt like Mr. T.

5) Two hours after that you'll go into a coma. Don't be alarmed. During this part of the night, you will normally dream about jaguars and rattlesnakes eating different parts of your body.

6) Around about 5 a.m. you'll sit up straight in bed and your eyes will be the size of Houston and you won't be able to close 'em. Jog down the hall to the refrigerator. Drink everything you see in there, including the Half-and-Half and the buttermilk. Chase it down with the raspberry liqueur of your choice. Then — and this is the important part — gulp eight ounces of brandy in no less than three minutes.

7) If everything is on schedule, your nose will feel like it is falling off. Don't be alarmed. Various parts of your face are rearranging

themselves to accommodate the enlarged sinuses which are now a permanent part of your personality.

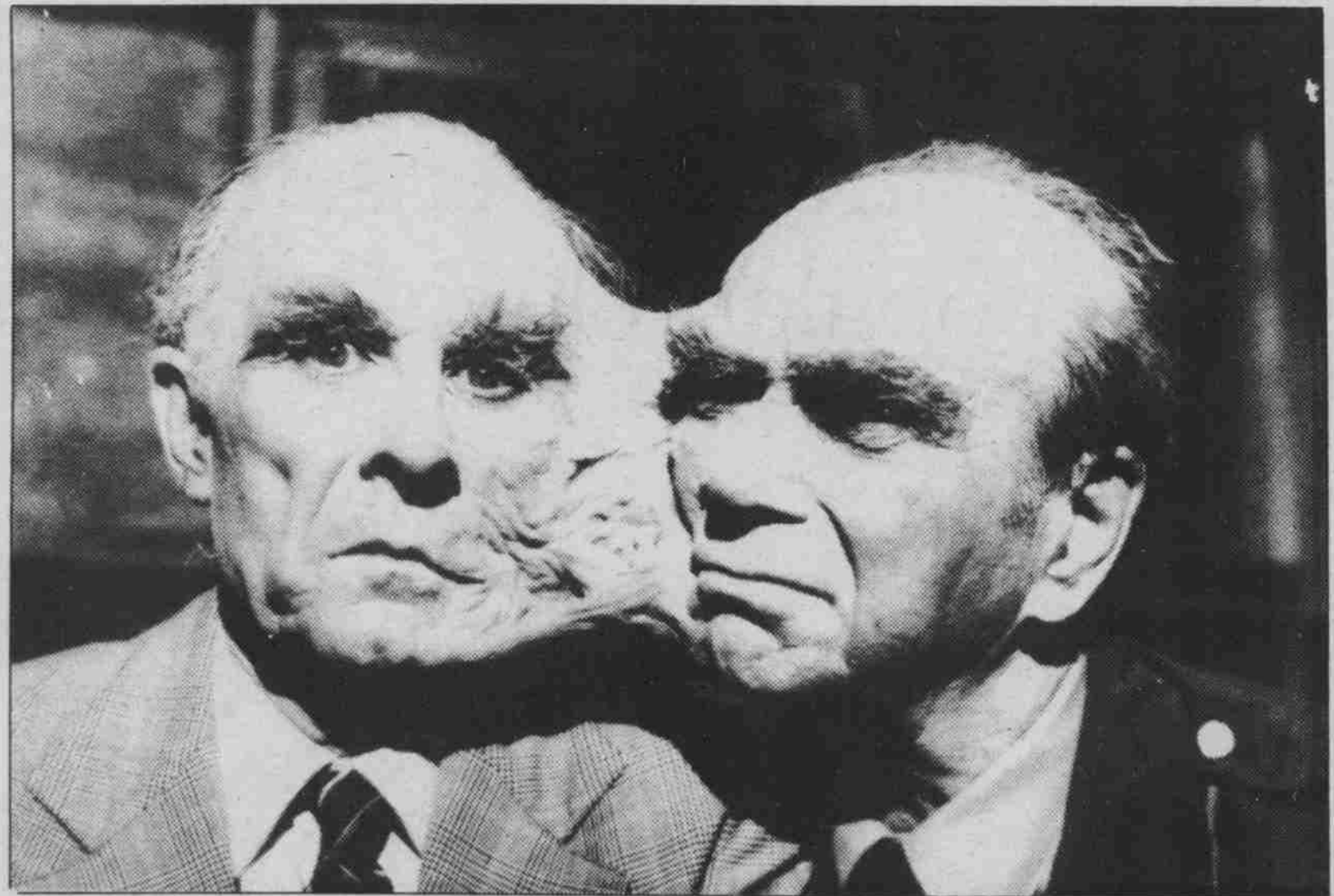
8) Return to bed and watch a game show. Since it is now 5:30 in the morning, the only game show you'll find is "Relatively Speaking" hosted by John Byner, where the brain-damaged cousins of famous soap-opera stars try to stump the celebrity panel full of superstars like Miss Hathaway from "The Beverly Hillbillies." This will generally clear out the phlegm that's been building up in your bronchial cavity.

9) Sometime near daybreak, you will begin a paroxysm that resembles an epileptic seizure. This is perfectly normal. Be sure to pull your tongue out of your throat, no matter how groady it is.

10) By nine o'clock you should be ready for work. Simply burn all your bed linens and scour your body with Brillo pads, and the worst of smells should be gone within a week.

No charge.

Speaking of phlegm, "War" is a movie that just came out about a plane that crashes on a desert island but, unfortunately, several of the passengers survive, and all of them are obnoxious New York character actors. There's a chance that one of the killer terrorist death squads on the island will machine-gun the cast to death, but not before we have to listen to them whining about losing various arms and legs and having to sew their faces back together. A few of them get their heads grenaded into bacon bits, two or three get captured by a Nazi Cuban pig-faced guerrilla, but the survivors are led around by a redneck in a Hawaiian shirt who teaches everyone how to pop off an Uzi. Then there's a face-eating snake, a Catholic priest who sits



Modern motion pictures provide employment opportunities for those who would otherwise be considered "handicapped" by the cruel, capitalistic business community. For example, these pasty-face geeks got work in "Troma's War."

around singing hymns that are so bad they have to rip his tongue out (he STILL won't stop), and then a Meskin with open sores on his face runs around sticking his tongue down women's throats. Then there's some really DIGUSTING parts.

Absolutely no plot to get in the way of the story, and, oh yeah, one more thing — the "desert island" footage was filmed entirely in New Jersey.

297 dead bodies, a new modern record. Ten breasts. Face-sewing. Gut-ripping. Ear-lopping. Aardvark-

ing on the beach. Slimy worm droppings. Vicious guerrilla bumper-boat attack. Face-eating rubber snake attack. Hari-kari. Cross-bow to the groin. Twelve unemployed actors set on fire. Exploding jeep. Exploding boat. Exploding Cuban. Heads roll. Ears roll. Tongues roll. Gratuitous hymn-singing. Gratuitous Mexican hat dance. Kung Fu. Poison-dart Fu. Uzi Fu. Baby Fu. Outhouse Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Sean Bowen, as the Hawaiian-shirt bigot with an Uzi, for saying, "You don't murder vermin — you

EXTERMINATE 'em!" and "We can't take the blind girl with us, she'll slow us down," and "That's why they're such shitty soldiers! They're terrorists!"; Jessica Dublin, as the big mama whose 1-year-old baby goes over to the enemy, for saying "I have just about had it with you terrorists!"; and Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz, the guys at Troma Films of New York City, for actually getting this flick into movie theaters.

I'm feeling generous today. One star.

Joe Bob says check it out.

WXYC TOP 20

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|----------------------|---|
| 1. The Fall | I am Kurios Oranj |
| 2. Gipsy Kings | Gipsy Kings |
| 3. Wolfgang Press | Bird Wood Cage |
| 4. Donnor Party | Donnor Party |
| 5. Bad Brains | Live |
| 6. Willie Dixon | Hidden Chorus |
| 7. Death of Samatha | Where the Women Wear the Glory and the Men Wear the Pants |
| 8. Eugene Chadbourne | The Eddie Chatter Box |
| | Double Love Trio Album |
| 9. Jonathon Segal | Storytelling |
| 10. King Blank | The Real Dirt |
| 11. Violent Femmes | 3 |
| 12. The Saints | Prodigal Son |
| 13. Syd Barrett | Opel |
| 14. Sound Garden | Ulframega OK |
| 15. Ropeman | Two Nuns and a Pack Mule |
| 16. Volcano Suns | Forced |
| 17. Roger Manning | Roger Manning |
| 18. Woody Guthrie | Woody Guthrie |
| 19. Midge Ure | Answers to Nothing |
| 20. Fugazi | Fugazi |

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