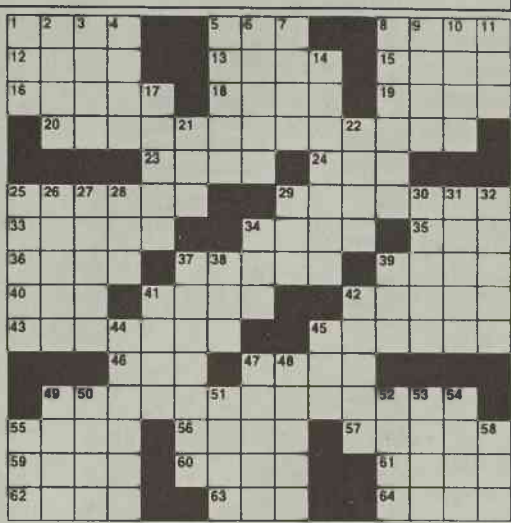


# Perspectives

## Comics and crossword

### THE Crossword

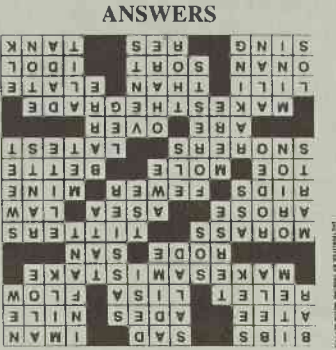
- ACROSS
- 1 Neck napkins
  - 5 Unhappy
  - 8 "old cowhand..."
  - 12 Suit to
  - 13 Fruit drinks
  - 15 Egypt's river
  - 16 Rent again
  - 18 Mona
  - 19 Move smoothly
  - 20 Errs
  - 23 Motored
  - 24 — Diego
  - 25 Bog
  - 29 Giggly sounds
  - 33 Carna up
  - 34 On the briny
  - 35 Statute
  - 36 Disencumbers
  - 37 Less in numbers
  - 39 Excavation
  - 40 Foot appendage
  - 41 Burrowing mammal
  - 42 Davis or Midler
  - 43 Noisy sleepers
  - 45 Most recent
  - 46 Exist
  - 47 Above
  - 49 Succeeds
  - 55 Caron film
  - 56 Comparison word
  - 57 Make very happy
  - 59 — even keel
  - 60 Kind
  - 61 Man on a pedestal
  - 62 Trill
  - 63 Legal matter
  - 64 Armored vehicle



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- DOWN
- 1 Legally stop
  - 2 Small piece of news
  - 3 Lugosi of films
  - 4 Search
  - 5 Side dish
  - 6 — a dozen
  - 7 Arnaz of television
  - 8 Babe
  - 9 Cow's product
  - 10 Medicinal plant

- 11 Fresh
- 14 More impudent
- 17 Effectively concise
- 21 Distress signal at sea
- 22 British farewell
- 25 Trading centers
- 26 Sky hunter
- 27 Western show
- 28 Fool
- 29 Mao — tung
- 30 Upper crust
- 31 Carries on
- 32 Sugary
- 34 Wonder
- 37 Wooded areas
- 38 City railways
- 39 Encountered
- 41 Only
- 42 Wilkes—, PA
- 44 Gardener's chore
- 45 Part of a journey
- 47 Chicago's airport



- 48 Airs
- 49 Kind of skirt
- 50 Ladd or Alda
- 51 Thunder god
- 52 Landed
- 53 Artistic movement
- 54 British school
- 55 — Angeles, CA
- 58 Antlered animal



## Ask Margarita!

Dear Margarita,  
My boyfriend likes to wear my underwear. I noticed that whenever he visits me, my panty drawer is always disheveled. Once, I caught him admiring himself in the mirror wearing one of my lace thongs. What should I do? I don't want to embarrass him, but he's stretching the elastic in all of my panties.

person in our school's drama department, but I am always blackballed, or if I am cast, I get bit roles. It angers me to see girls, who are pitiful actresses, get roles that I should have. I am thinking of transferring to Julliard or School of the Arts if things do not change. Or, I may even leave school altogether, and become a professional actress. Am I being petty? Or have they not realized my true genius?

-Hot Pants

-Prima Donna

Dear Hot Pants,  
Well, how did he look in them? I would only be upset or concerned if he looked ridiculous and disgusting. But, if he looks like a Greek god, then buy him some more thongs. You are getting freaked over nothing. He is basically complementing your taste, he is wearing YOUR underwear. He is so impressed with your eye for fashion, that he wants to dress just like you. I think that it is a very sweet gesture. Hot Pants, you need to support him. Be a good sport, and buy him some thongs, in his own size, for X-Mas.

Dear Prima Donna,  
You have got to be kidding, right? No one on this earth is that cocky, except me, but I have a reason to be. You obviously suck as an actress. Face it, darling. When others are cast instead of you, there is always a reason. Are you angry because you slept with the director, and nothing came of it, except the director? Aww, poor baby. Furthermore, if you can't get roles at UNCA, what makes you think you can get roles in the real world? Maybe you should go to some acting classes, or something. Reevaluate your talents, because maybe you don't have any.

Dear Margarita,  
I have a severe dilemma. I know that I am the most talented

## Talking condoms?

(CPS)-A condom manufacturer is warning customers its stocking stuffer might give recipients...er... the wrong message. A batch of talking condoms bound for a Las Vegas convention were mistakenly sent to various mail-order catalogs and drug stores. Instead of a cheerful "Merry Christmas," the talking condoms say "Thanks for your business."

The Marc Snyder Company, which makes the talking prophylactics, announced that 1,000 condoms with the wrong message were mistakenly sent to retailers. "We wanted people to know about our bonehead mistake," company founder Marc Snyder told reporters. "Somebody once told me that some things are funny and sad. That's what this is."

### STAMPEDE



## Finally, a Christmas poem that truly fits the magic of the season

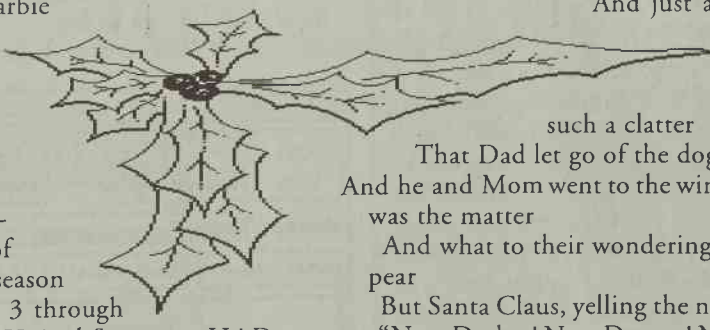
Dave Barry

### Columnist

'Twas the night before Christmas  
Or Hanukkah or Kwanzaa or whatever religious holiday your particular family unit celebrates at this time of the year via mass retail purchases  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Except Dad, who was stirring his third martini  
In a losing effort to remain in the holiday mood  
As he attempted to assemble a toy for his 9-year-old son, Bobby  
It was a highly complex toy  
A toy that Dad did not even begin to grasp the purpose of  
A toy that cost more than Dad's first car  
A toy that was advertised relentlessly on TV with a little statement in the corner of the TV screen that said "SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED"  
Which was like saying that the Titanic sustained "some water damage"  
Because this toy had more parts than the Space Shuttle  
And speaking of space  
Dad was now convinced that extraterrestrial life did indeed exist  
Because the assembly instructions were clearly written by beings from another galaxy  
And these beings insisted on Phillips screwdrivers  
And Dad could not find his Phillips screwdriver  
In fact, he was wondering who "Phillips" was  
And why he needed a different kind of screwdriver than everybody else  
That was the festive holiday thought that Dad was thinking as he took a slug from his martini and attempted to attach Part 3047-b to Part 3047-c  
Using a steak knife

But other than that, not a creature was stirring in the house  
Although Mom was definitely stirring OUT of the house  
Mom was at the Toys "R" Us store  
In fact, this was the fifth Toys "R" Us store that Mom had been to that night  
In her desperate quest to find the one thing that their 5-year-old daughter, Suzy, wanted this holiday season  
It was, of course, a Barbie doll  
But, not just ANY Barbie doll  
It had to be the new model  
Abdominals Barbie  
The one who came with her own little pink stomach-muscle-exercise device  
It was the hottest Barbie doll of all this holiday season  
Every girl age 3 through 12 in the entire United States HAD to have it  
Or her holiday season would be RUINED  
And so of course the Mattel Corporation  
Which was run by evil trolls from hell  
Had manufactured exactly eight units of this doll  
And the very last one in the world was in this particular Toys "R" Us  
Because on this same festive night  
Thousands of other frantic parents had converged on this same store  
Kind of like the flesh-eating zombies in the movie "Night of the Living Dead"  
Only less ethical  
The store was a war zone  
Mom had to fight her way into the doll aisle  
Where, wielding a Tonka Truck like a club she claimed her prize  
And then, trailed by a screaming mob of rival parents,

she raced from the store, leaped into her car and roared out of the parking lot  
Barely missing the Salvation Army person  
She raced back to the house, burst through the front door and staggered into the family room  
Where she found Dad  
Actually she found Dad's feet  
The rest of Dad was under the sofa  
A strange gurgling sound was coming from down there  
Dad, now on his fifth martini  
Was trying to strangle the dog  
Which, Dad was convinced, had eaten Part 8675-y



And just at that very moment  
Out on the lawn there arose  
such a clatter  
That Dad let go of the dog  
And he and Mom went to the window to see what was the matter  
And what to their wondering eyes should appear  
But Santa Claus, yelling the names of reindeer  
"Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Vixen! Now... Umm... Dancer!"  
"He already said Dancer," observed Dad  
"He can't remember them all," said Mom  
"I think one of them is Pluto," said Dad  
"Wasn't Pluto the guy who was always fighting Popeye?" said Mom  
"You're thinking of Bluto," said Dad  
"Now... Umm... Now Flicka!" said Santa  
"Flicka was a horse, that I DO know," said Mom  
"Do you think the reindeer are wrecking the lawn?" said dad  
"They're going up on the roof," said Mom  
"Like hell they are," said dad, who had recently spent \$875 on shingle repair  
But before he could yell at St. Nicholas to stop  
Down the chimney the jolly elf came with a ploop  
He had a broad face and a round little belly  
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of

jelly  
Which was pretty gross  
"What's so funny?" asked Dad  
"You two," said St. Nick. "Why are you getting all upset about toys? The holiday season isn't about material possessions!"  
"Do you have any kids?" asked Mom  
"Well, no," said Santa  
"Hah," said Mom  
"But I am beloved by children the world over," said Santa  
"Well," said Dad, "you won't be beloved by our son if I can't assemble this toy"  
"What seems to be the problem?" said Santa, coming over to have a look  
"I'm stuck on Step 824," said Dad  
"Who wrote these instructions?" asked Santa.  
"Martians?"  
"Apparently," said Dad  
"I used to be pretty good with tools," said Santa. "Hand me that steak knife"  
"Sure," said Dad. "Care for a martini?"  
"Heck yes," said Santa  
And so he went to work  
And after a while Mom and Dad, exhausted, went to bed  
Leaving old St. Nick in the family room  
He said some pretty unsaintly words  
But he eventually got Bobby's toy assembled  
And although he spent so much time that he was unable to visit the rest of the little boys and girls in North America  
Not to mention South America, Europe, Asia and Africa  
This particular household had a very happy Christmas morning indeed  
When Suzy came downstairs and saw Abdominals Barbie  
And Bobby came downstairs and saw his incredibly complex toy  
Which he broke in under four minutes  
A new holiday record  
But it was still a festive day  
Especially when Mom and Dad told the fantastic story of their late-night visitor