

# The Bodine sisters escape, but happy campers don't

By **JOE BOB BRIGGS**  
Syndicated Writer

Wanda Bodine finally got back in town from going to Law School at the University of Arkansas where she majored in "People That Lose One or Several Limbs," and after about a half hour of bawling like a baby buffalo that got its foot caught in a bear trap, I agreed to take her and her little sister Doreen to the mall to get some Mexican buffet. But what happened is, after we ate dinner, Doreen wandered into Mrs. Field's Cookie store and ordered the Macadamia Mount McKinley, and by the time I figured out where she'd gone, it was too late. The Bodine Sisters, in case you haven't run into 'em lately, now weigh about 17,000 pounds each, and I knew once they got into that store we'd have to call the fire department. Doreen started sucking down bakery products like she had a midget with a Hoover vacuum cleaner in her stomach, and when Wanda saw her doing it, she just naturally sailed in, knocking over three or four small children as she did.

The rest of it you've probly heard about on CNN by now. Doreen and Wanda stayed in there way past the time I could of got 'em out with color photographs of giant burritos. And so by the time we took action, they'd run up a \$984 cookie bill, not to mention Doreen being so pumped on sugar she was crushing an assistant manager between her thighs.

When the mall management got there, Wanda and Doreen were both slamming against the double glass doors, trying to break free, but it was that last 89 pounds of macadamia that put 'em just over the limit. No way they were gonna wedge through doors constructed for the needs of mere 400-pounders. And, actually, I talked to the mall manager, Clyde Spragins, about it, and for a while we decided the only thing to do was harpoon both of 'em, hook 'em up to an electric winch and just start cranking. That's when the media showed up.

Within 24 hours a team of crack Korean plastic surgeons showed up with plans to do quickie body tucks on both porkers, then hose 'em down, oil 'em up, harness 'em and yank 'em through the front entry with a Nissan truck. But time was running out, and we all thought, "What if Nissan won't let

a Korean drive their trucks?" Every 15 minutes either Wanda or Doreen would resurface at the front of the store, chocolate chips hanging off her chin, screaming she needed some milk. The president sent a telegram: "Our prayers are with both Wanda and Doreen, and with the rescue effort — I'm watching on television and feel as the whole nation does that our hearts have gone out to those giant stuffed pigs."

Money and equipment poured in from all over the world. The Red Cross sent a block and tackle. Ringling Brothers sent an elephant trainer. It seemed like everything else in the world had stopped. Only Wanda and Doreen mattered. Some Pottawatomie Indians from a reservation in Oklahoma showed up with chainsaws, saying they could cut a path through Toys R Us if necessary. Donald Trump offered a wrecking ball.

On the second day we got the sad news that the assistant manager couldn't hold out any longer. He passed away from the smell.

But the story ended happily. On the third morning the Transamerica Company came through with a guarantee that, whatever happened to the double-strength industrial glass Mrs. Fields swinging doors, they would guarantee the mall against lawsuits. Clyde gave the signal: "Thar she blows!" But nobody knew what that meant so he gave another signal: "Get them fat girls out of my mall!" And the SWAT team exploded the double glass at the exact moment when the Bodine Sisters were circling back into the kitchen to suck up some more batter. There was glass everywhere, then silence. We all waited, and after the smoke cleared, Doreen's left thigh bobbed up through the debris and knocked down a volunteer fireman. She surfaced once, sounded, wagged her rear end at her sister, and the two of them started to waddle their nubby little legs down the mall towards J.C. Penney's, slowly beginning to get their strength back.

There wasn't a dry eye in the mall. I'm getting all choked up just telling the story. And now I sup-



A happy camper at "Sleepaway Camp 2."

pose my life will never be the same.

And speaking of meat markets, "Sleepaway Camp 2" just came out, the continuing story of Angela, who killed 30 happy campers in part one because she was either a) a boy raised by his mother as a girl, b) a boy who was horribly mutilated in a boating accident so he thought he was a girl or c) a girl. I never was quite clear on it and, in fact, we've showed this flick on my cable TV show four different times just to get viewers to send in their opinions as to what happens at the beginning and the end. Of course we all KNOW what happens in the middle: Porkchop City.

Camp Arawak is closed down, but Angela's done her two years in the psycho ward, had a lobotomy and a sex-change operation and is now back in action working with impressionable young children at Camp Rolling Hills. Her goal in life is to make sure they don't say any filthy words or rip off their blouses except when it's necessary to the plot. When they

don't comply, she's forced to crush their skulls with an oak branch and drag their bodies into an abandoned cabin so they can have "Happy Camper" sing-alongs. Will she get away with it? Will she change sexes again? Is she a boy or a girl or just AC/DC? We're talking some serious Beanie Weenie Fu.

And oh yeah, one more thing: Angela is played by Bruce Springsteen's sister.

Twelve breasts. Fifteen dead bodies. Heads roll. Power drill through the head. Dead teenager brains. Guitar-string strangulation. Acid in the face. Lips cut off. Double camper barbecue. Pathetic panty-raid scene. Gratuitous group singing. Gratuitous Jason. Gratuitous Freddy Krueger. Gratuitous Leatherface. Gratuitous "Koom Bah Yah." Leech Fu. Outhouse Fu. Drive-In

Academy Award nominations for Valerie Hartman, as the looziest girl in camp, for her two enormous talents and for saying "Great, thanks a lot — listen, you don't have AIDS or anything, do you?"; Susan Marie Snyder, as dead camper, for saying "I'll never apologize! I'd rather die first, Angela!"; Renee Estevez (sister of Emilio), as the shy whiny boring good girl, for saying "She's so popular! She's even a cheerleader!"; Pamela Springsteen, as Angela the psycho for saying "No matter what they say, boys like nice girls — I'm still a virgin and proud to be one" and "What if I said that I was sorry and that I wouldn't do it again?" and "If I wasn't cured, they wouldn't have let me out" and "Goodnight, campers!"

Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

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