

Little Jimbo Rash releases childhood pain

April Fool's Day: for most, it's a day of good, wholesome mischief, but for some (or maybe just me), it's a day full of horrid memories of a tormented and twisted past. I was only five when the nightmare began. Practically a small pea pod barely out of its shell, a flower bud not even showing the first signs of bloom, a canker sore that hadn't even begun to pus. My mind was so pure. I didn't even know evil existed in the world; only good.

Little Jimbo Rash, that was me. I would confer with the flowers, consult with the trees, and frolic with the small forest creatures. And as I would run down the street, dragging that old, shaggy kite that never seemed to leave the ground, the neighborhood parents would yell, "There goes Jimbo Rash, that little tyke!". (Or was that "tick"?)

But anyway, that's not important because soon my days of being the innocent child would come to a screeching halt. It was the day Timmy Rogers, the devil in Osh Kosh clothing, moved into town. He was only five, but I swear he thought he was



Jim Rash:
Some Call Me ... Jim

five and three-quarters. On the outside, he was a clean cut, clean shaven boy. (There was rumor that he had developed a five o'clock shadow by the age of three.)

But on the inside, he was a raging bull from whom there would be no mercy. In fact, it was Timmy who first said, "Mess with the bull, and you'll get it by the horns."

Some of the neighborhood parents were a little concerned about his obsession with butting people in their

behinds with his head, but that soon passed. It was when he started strapping forks to his head with duct tape that the concern returned. And let me tell you, those forks smart. They smart bad.

Of course, our parents attempt to console us in our bully problems by saying, "Don't worry, he's probably just jealous of you." So now I'm supposed to assume that when Timmy's shoving my face in the kitty litter box, he's actually thinking, "Boy, I wish I were him."

When it comes right down to it, I'll always wonder what it would have been like if the shoe was on the other foot, or the glove was on the other hand, or the hat was on the other head.

That is, what would it have been like if I were the bully. Granted, my intimidation factor didn't really register on the current scale. (They're debating right now whether to add negative numbers.) And as for my physique, contrary to popular belief, it was quite non-existent. But then again, you don't really find too many brawny five-year-olds with washboard stomachs.

I guess it's the whole concept of milk money that I had a problem with. The fact that someone, in a fit of unbridled weakness, would bow down to Jimbo the Scrawny, after the mere utterance of five words—"Give me your milk money"—would have to result in the immediate re-evaluation of that person's life.

But low and behold, and high and beheld, that wasn't the case. Instead, I would live my youth as a victim. A victim to the cruel treatment of one Timmy "The Hellian" Rogers. Yesterday, being April Fool's, I reached down into my soul and pulled out poem ... literally. Those 15 years of torment would now be laid to rest. The poem went something like this:

Ode to a Bully:
"T" is for scum-sucking pig
"I" is for milk money moocher
"M" is for fricking weiner head
"M" is for fricking weiner head (Like the meaning of "M" would change)
"Y" is for decomposed liver spot head
Put them all together and you get a really long word.

I'm pulling your leg. This is how it really went:
Ode to a Bully:

Timmy Rogers is a prick,
His fleece is white as snow,
If he hollers let him go, enie, meenie,
minny, moe.

Now, I'm pulling your other leg. This is how it really went:

Ode to a Bully:
Timmy Rogers went up a hill,
I kicked his butt back down it.
With a knick, knack, patty whack,
give that prick a bone,
Cross his heart, hope to die, stick a
needle in his eye.
Saw him and his sister in a tree, K-I-
S-S-I-N-G,
and doing things you would not B-E-
L-I-E-V-E.

Now, I'm just pulling you. This is how it really went:

Ode to a Bully:
Timmy, you suck.
Short, precise, and to the point. You couldn't ask for anything more. But I will add this, I'm glad I don't fit the criteria involved in being a bully. That's not to say that I wouldn't mind ruling some people now and then. But I've learned, and here comes the moral, that Timmy spelled backwards is "ymmit." I just thought you should know.

Poofy blonde fu: cartoons feature giggly warriors

I'm not sure what's going on here, but have you watched any of these Japanese guns-and-hooters cartoon movies?

"Annie Maes," they call em, and they used to be in the children's section of all the video stores, until children started taking em home and Mom would come into the room and see nekkid women flying through space with rockets strapped to their back, lasering enemy aliens so they can travel through time to save their lesbian lovers, and she goes "What the heck are you watching? Turn that thing off!"

And the kids would whine, "Oh, Mom, it's just cartoons from Japan."

And pretty soon after that all the Annie Maes got taken off the children's shelves, and now they have big ole stickers that say "Contains Nudity" and "Adult Subject Matter."

But I just finished watching about eight hours of these babies, and I have to say, I can understand why every 15-year-old boy has bought 30 of these in the last year and piled em up in this closet.

All of these flicks — not just most of em, but every single one of em — are about beautiful teenage girls who wear a lot of French-cut bikinis and leather while they're blowing stuff up to save the world.

In fact, there's basically one plot for every Annie Mae flick:

The story takes place in the future, where some new city has been built on the ashes of a city that was blown to smithereens by evil men.

Two girls with superhuman powers like to giggle a lot, go to school, and soak in the hot tub together.

A third girl, who wears too much

JOE BOB BRIGGS At The Drive-In

leather, is jealous of their love and tries to steal one of them away.

The Earth is about to be blown up by aliens with enormous robot machines.

The only people who can defeat the robot machines are our two superhuman young girls, helped by the third girl, who decides it's more important to save the world than to get revenge on her rival.

So they all travel into space, or they travel through time, or they do some other Star Trek-type deal, or they get inside a giant robot — this part has a lot of variations — and they kill all the evil men that want to destroy the world.

Oh yeah, in the middle of the last crisis one of them decides to die for the other one, because they can't stand to be apart.

So basically the story here is that the world is destroyed by greed, and then it's saved by love.

It's a nineties thing.
It's a Japanese thing.

Mostly, though, it's a whole lot of women with poofy blonde hair flexing their thighs a lot. Sure, it's cartoons, but male hormones will respond to anything, right?

The latest hooters-and-twisted-metal cartoon from Yokohama is *Project A-ko*, the story of a bubblehead 17-year-old at an all-girl high school who is so cute and giggly that two girls start fighting over her.

One of the girls is named is A-ko,

another B-ko, and another C-ko. A-ko is friends with C-ko. B-ko is jealous and wants C-ko for herself. So B-ko does what any other red-blooded Japanese high school girl would do. She builds giant robots with heat-seeking missiles in their arms to destroy A-ko.

Meanwhile, an alien space ship is on its way to earth to kidnap C-ko and take her back to her proper place as a princess of another planet. I think you can figure out what's developing here. Anybody could figure out the rest.

Giant mechanical spiders invade earth so that C-ko can be tied up and taken to a distant space station, bawling all the way. But A-ko sneaks into the space station through a stinky laundry room, fights a she-male samurai, and makes her way to the bridge where an alcoholic enemy commander is screaming "Booze! I need

booze!"
Nine thousand explosions later, the girls go giggling down the street again, hand in hand, on their way to a high school English class.

And we wonder why the Japanese are winning the economic battle.

Twenty-one dead bodies. Two breasts. Space explosion. Giant robots turned into scrap metal with a pubescent girl's bare hands. Giant robot dragster driven by a fat girl. Five monsters the size of office buildings turned into fireballs. Leather bikini martial arts. Wrist missiles. Sky spiders. Kung Fu. Robot Fu. Dirty laundry Fu. She-male samurai Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Katuhiko Nishijima, the director, for making absolutely no sense whatsoever.

My kind of cartoon.
Four stars.
Joe Bob says check it out.



A-ko, A-ko!

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