

Mike gets column space: Squirrels unite!

I'm not going to lie to you, folks. I'm not Jim Rash. I'm not the MC Dudes. I'm Bob. (Editor's Note: You said you weren't going to lie.) OK, I'm not Bob. I'm under a lot of pressure, that's what I am. Due to bad planning, our regularly scheduled column ceased to exist, so the ever-fearless Vicki Hyman recruited me about five minutes ago to write this column. Hmmm...what can I write about?

I've got it! Instead of writing about drinking constantly, how stupid I am or how much I love my generation, I'm going to follow in the footsteps of one of the DTH's greatest columnists, John Bland ("Her name is Rio and she dances on John Bland!"), by writing a fictionalized account of an event which never actually occurred in the first place. Here goes nothing...

Rogue the Cat awoke at his usual time, around twoish, and stretched. Due to a bit of overmoussing from the day before, his hair was a bit matted. A quick shower with that little-tiny sample bar of Spirit soap that he got in the mail ... well it didn't actually come in the mail, it was hanging on his doorknob, not that I meant to say knob in this family paper ... anyway, it got him clean. (Is this getting too weird for you people? Why do I care? I know that people read Joe Bob, flush and then throw Omni down.)

After shaking himself dry, Rogue slipped into his favorite velour V-neck disco shirt, laughed, and then put on a normal shirt. He hopped in



the Roguemobile and headed for the newspaper office. Rogue was an ace reporter at *The Daily Tar Paw*, where he ruled over the State and Cational desk. He immediately checked the AP wire to see if there were any stories on the presidential candidates, Tabby Brown and George Fur and Whiskers Clinton. There was no new news, so Rogue decided to do what he did best; Curl up on the desk and taking an incredibly Roguish catnap.

Suddenly, the newspaper is invaded by militant squirrels (Editor's Note: You gotta be shittin' me! Long, you're fired!), led by Zippy, the Wonder Squirrel, fresh from his incredible cameo in *Sleepwalkers*. (It's a damn good thing this paper is free. Only someone in Hollywood would pay for bullshit like this.) Anyway, Zippy and his belligerent band of tree dwelling rodents began blasting away with their little-tiny AK-47s at everyone in sight.

Fortunately, about that same time, Rogue was having a bizarre dream in



Rogue the Cat: The picture Playcat wouldn't print

which he and Ben Tuchi were rolling a doughnut through the snow. This disturbed him so that he rolled off the desk and onto the incredibly tile-like floor. Thus, he was able to survive the slaughter.

Meanwhile, dozens of hapless DTP writers were annihilated in the full frontal assault put forth by the surly squirrels. Strangely, the mean IQ score of the office didn't fall much. Zippy yelled his battle cry, "Go for the nuts!", and the squirrel brigade made their way into the depths of the office. The tumult finally awoke Rogue. He sat up and looked around, just as the desk that he was under became a haven for splinters.

"Holy Hannah!" Rogue yelled, as he darted across the room.

Zippy spotted Rogue and screamed,

"One's getting away! Give 'em all you got!" Now, you must remember that a squirrel's brain is approximately the size of a pea. Not to put down on them or anything, but when God created squirrels, I seriously doubt he was thinking, "Now here's one smart critter." But, I digress, especially after I eat pizza at midnight. Anyway, upon hearing Zippy yell "Give 'em all you got!" the squirrels reached into their squirrel-like pockets and began to bring out change.

Zippy rolled his eyes, which are set symmetrically on either side of his head so that he can see predators coming from either direction and said, "No, you morons! Shoot him!" The bushy-tailed creatures ceased fumbling with their pennies and pocket lint and opened fire on Rogue. Rogue

barely dodged the hail of hollow-point Cat Killer 300s (patent pending). Rogue thought he had it made, but he found himself in a corner. The squirrels advance on Rogue, their rifles poised.

Rogue reached into his pocket and pulled out a salad from Lenoir. He threw it at the squirrels. They immediately ate it and died. All except for Zippy. He was still full from lunch. Zippy threw down his gun and looked Rogue in the eye (Of course, he had to turn his head) and said "Let's go."

Rogue extended his claws and ... What do you mean I'm out of room? Great! Well, let me just say, it's a happy ending. I hope you enjoyed my turn as designated columnist. Don't be a schmuck. Get out of my truck.

Ladies of the Night fu: Don't call them hookers

We're in that time of year that's extremely dangerous for lonely guys, the time right after it turns spring when all your hormones start doing the Watusi but every time you approach a woman they act like they suddenly have to wash their hair, do their laundry, and clean their furnace.

You consider a blind date. Don't do it! Never forget why they're "blind" in the first place — because only a blind man would date em after he saw em.

You drink eight Old Milwaukee Tall Boys and start considering a 900 number.

Don't do it! Never forget why they're called 900 numbers — because you can't make a phone call without spending at least 900 bucks.

You consider a singles bar. Don't do it! Never forget the kind of guys who go to singles bars — guys like you! And never forget the kind of gals who go to singles bars — gals who don't mind being bird-dogged all night by 97 guys exactly like you.

You have experiences in those places that can depress you for months. You consider a hooker.

There you go. Now you're talking. It's safe. It's a lot less pathetic than 900 numbers. Sometimes the women have actual personalities. And, unlike every other kind of male-female

JOE BOB BRIGGS At The Drive-In

relationship, you always know the total price up-front.

That's why I wanna make sure you guys that are feeling like three-legged toad frogs this year, and are likely to get into some kind of hooker-client relationship that tomorrow morning you'll act like you didn't get into because in your mind you've convinced yourself that you didn't do it even though we all know you did, including you — I want all you guys to clip this article and carry it in your wallet everywhere. Because the following are the ten rules you can never forget when dealing with a lady of the Professionalis Aardvarkus persuasion.

1. When you say "How much?" the answer should never be "How much do you want to spend?"

2. When you say "How much?" and she gives you prices for more than 15 different varieties of recreation, and you don't recognize at least half of them, politely ask to be excused. You could die here.

3. No matter what happens, never apologize. Act like that's what you meant to do.

4. Never call her a hooker. She'll think you mean she looks or acts like a

hooker. And every woman who looks and acts like a hooker, even the ones who are hookers, do not consider themselves hookers. It's a female thing. Trust me.

5. When she says "Are you a cop?" imagine you're going through the metal detector at the airport. Jokes will only get you in trouble.

6. If you are a cop, tell the truth. She'll never believe you.

7. More than 74,000 times a year, lonely pathetic guys like us pay additional money after we're finished. It's that guilt thing. Hookers know this. You know it's coming when they say "Don't you have anything else?" If you fall for this, don't tell anybody.

8. Ask her is she's a cop.

9. If she comes to your house, when you open the door, say "Susan, it's so good to see you — is your mom all right?" This is because everybody is watching her. All the people you think are watching, are watching — and if you don't say this, you'll know how pitiful you are.

10. After it's over, when you realize how pitiful you are, console yourself with the knowledge that men have been doing this for millions of years. Hookers know this, too.

And speaking of lonely pathetic existences, the best drive-in movie of 1991 is *Even Hitler Had a Girlfriend*, the latest from Denver's one-man film industry, independent director

Ronnie Cramer. Watch a chubby Omaha security guard in a lumpy golf shirt spend his entire life savings on call girls in less than two weeks!

Andren Scott is the actor who plays Marcus Templeton, a guy so depressed that he sits in his bathtub for hours with the phone sitting on the commode, trying to think of somebody to call. He eats frozen dinners and Slim Jims, watches porno strip-pers on cable in his underwear, buys a jar of "Reduce-o-cream" ("as safe as any garden vegetable") to make himself more attractive to women, tries to talk to women who are repulsed by him, considers a "Wonder Corset," wonders if someday he'll become a serial killer or whether he's currently insane, goes to the library to research the subject and calls girls up for dates with opening lines like "We could go to lunch. There's a Sinclair station near your house that has sandwiches on sale for \$1.49."

I think you can tell where this is leading — straight to the Yellow Pages section marked "Escort Services." Marcus gets so deep into hookeritis that pretty soon he's tape-recording his sessions, and about eight hookers down the road, he makes his fatal mistake: he buys a video camera.

How many times have I told you guys? It sounds like a good idea, but talk to Rob Lowe first. Uh-uh. I don't think so.

Here's the real scary part. Ronnie claims that this movie is "99 per cent true."

This is one of the funniest goldurn movies I've ever watched, but it's probably not available in video stores or theaters, so if you want to order one from Ronnie, send me an SASE and I'll send you the order form: Joe Bob Briggs, P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, TX 75221.

We're talking 28 breasts. Six strip-pers. Eight hookers. Aardvarking. Brain in a jar. Butt tattoo. Frequent indigestion. Crab Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Ronnie Cramer, the genius who previously directed the violent drug drama *Back Street Jane*; and Andren Scott, as Marcus Templeton, for saying "My heart is bound to explode if I keep eating like this" and "I could go buy something at the store — those people have to talk to you" and "I wish I could safely pull out my heart and massage it" and "That chin is being swallowed up by the abyss once known as my neck" and "At least this is better than my last job, changing those aromatic urinal cake" and "Am I going insane? I hope I'm just drunk" and "This is kind of expensive, but it'll be worth it to go out on a date" and "I should eat at home and save my money for call girls" and "Can I feel those?"

Four stars.
Joe Bob says check it out.