

Deathstyles

By Guess Who

Hello, my scary friends. Abuse a buddy today, go for it.

This is just too sick for the beach. We tossed around some ideas for Deathstyles, and we tossed out this winner: I was going to review for you lucky, fervent and faithful readers of my byline the top ten funeral parlors in Charlottetown.

But, alas, we decided that would be too totally tacky, even for me. Stop pouting and scuffing your shoe on the ground, alright already.

Nobody around here seems to have a calendar with an indication of the next full moon, but rest assured there is one coming.

You can pick up your Dracula, glow-in-the-dark teeth at Expressions in the Charlottetown Mall.

All vampires and batty people meet at the corner of Queen and Grafton next Wednesday night, and give staid ole Charlottetown a night to remember. Boo, hiss, aarooooooooooooo.

Guess what? There's a movie due to arrive in town any time now. It's called "Terror in Dark Places", I think. I couldn't here the preview on TV too well from under the couch.

It's supposedly the scariest clips from the scariest movies ever made. I kno I'm going to enjoy it, sitting in the front row with my 3-D glasses

and my economy size can of Smellerama. Scary stuff.

This is really deteriorating into the smut here. Smut, who said smut? Ha, I knew that'd perk a few of you up.

I'm going to do my Michael Jackson impression now. (think high-pitched voice.

"I really don't know what to say." Please, hold your

applause, just throw money.

"Oh, come on," exclaims Ron. "The last time I heard that line, I fell off my dinosaur."

Gee whiz, this is all in my imagination, and I can't

think of a suitable comeback. Wait, I've got it: "Oh yeah???"

Next year's column will include an in-depth report on Charlottetown's hottest night life — the cemeteries.

Haven't you heard? People are just dying to get in. I'm sorry, I couldn't resist the greatest groaner of all recorded history.

Until we meet again, keep on sucking, brothers.



UPEI students ponder life. (Photo: MacLeod, 84)

Our Friend Ron

A POETIC POLITICAL SATIRE

By Robert Bodrog-Goodland

HE VOWS TO BE THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY,
MESS WITH US AND YOU WILL SEE,
WE'RE NOT GONNA BE ANYONE'S PAWN
AS LONG AS WE RETAIN OUR GOOD FRIEND
RON.

WE'LL KICK ASS BAD IN CENTRAL AMERICA,
WE'LL PLANT OUR MISSLES IN BAVARIA;
THE U.S.A. WILL ALWAYS BE STRONG
IF WE RE-ELECT OUR GOOD FRIEND RON.

OUR GOOD FRIEND RON, HE'S STILL FIT,
HE WON'T TAKE NO SOVIET SHIT;
HE'S A GOOD GUY, HE'LL SAVE FACE,
AND SOON WE'LL HAVE LOTSA WEAPONS IN
SPACE;
SO WHY NOT KEEP THE OLD MAN ON?
THE FREE WORLD NEEDS OUR GOOD FRIEND
RON.

IF HE WEARS MAKE-UP, I DON'T CARE,
EVEN EINSTEIN GELLED HIS HAIR;
AND IF IN PUBLIC HE SHOULD YAWN,
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT — THAT'S JUST RON.

HE'S GOT GUTS, HE'S THE MAN,
IF HE CAN'T DO THE JOB, NO ONE CAN;
HE WON'T BE ANYONE'S PAWN,
HE' AMERICA'S GOOD FRIEND RON.



Hallowe'en

T'was the night of Halloween and all through the old house
Every ghost was stirring, trying to scare a mouse
The grinning Jack-o-Lanterns were placed on the mantle with care
I had that a ghost would give me a scare.

Little goblins were nestled all snug in their graves
While visions of spooks awaited them in caves
And there I stood shivering in my night cap
Anticipating catching a long needed nap

At that moment something said BOO!!!
And under the sheets, in I flew
Then all of a sudden came roars of laughter
So loud and sharp it shook the rafters

Okay guys, you got me there
My humiliation filled the air
The spectre pranksters had a good laugh
Unfortunately, it was all on my behalf

— But NOW I can call the GHOST BUSTERS!! —

