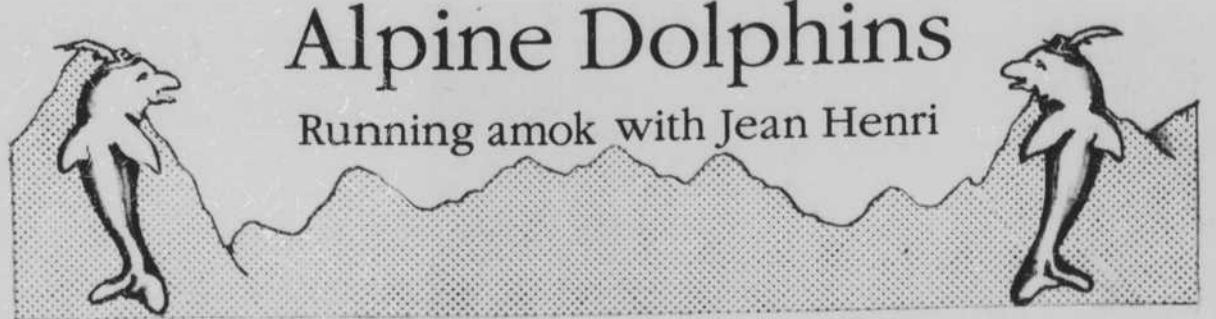


	
<p><b>475-6363</b></p> <p><b>50¢ off</b></p> <p><b>Any Pizza</b></p>	<p><b>475-6363</b></p> <p><b>\$1.00 off</b></p> <p><b>Any Pizza</b></p> <p>11 a.m.-4 p.m.</p>
<p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Limited delivery area. Expires June 15, 1990</p>	<p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Limited delivery area. Expires June 15, 1990</p>



**Y**ou hear loads of stories. If you're a reader and not a listener, you may read loads of the same. Stories -- fairy tales, fables, fiction and newsprint (though who can tell the difference anymore?), tall-tales, black-and-white lies, yarns spun of drunken buddies and barstool babble from smelly old tavern trolls -- creating, detailing life here on the planet.

Millions of minor monologues. Marble magnetic pathways of human communication.

The monologue, the soliloquy, is the oldest form of story-telling. Some overly grown-up humans these days seem to have the notion that a story is not a story unless it contains a conflict, a crisis and a resolution. It needs motion. The narrator needs either to be involved as an active character or as some sort of omniscient, a really smart and all-seeing guy or gal, delineating comedy or tragedy like the form of comedy or tragedy were nothing more than a multiple-choice exam.

What's wrong, anymore, with simply telling a story?

So if this were a radio talk show and I were the disc jockey, I could now spit a gratifying "HAH!" into my microphone.

"Hah!"

I have a guest writer this week, or actually an account of his story via his own jagged and idiomatic use of the language. This buddish-ubermensch vignette belongs to Jean Henri, one of the greatest traveling-toddlers to dawdle the Earth.

**THERE'S WORK EVERYWHERE!** was me mighty yawp from the bank.

You always need to yawp, lads and lassies, vital for spirit resonance, the yawp. But now, night drooped a grainy grin and a bracer of a gale freeze-dried me tawny locks and sopping Red-Wings. I knew the time for yawping shriveled with the sun and that the time for this freed slave to dig a hole for the evening bared survivalist teeth like a raging Rambo moron.

Headed into the woods, I did, to find a camp. Brambles and devils club tore me clothes and skin to strands of flesh and canvas ribbons. Me body writhed and me wounds seethed, and I pawed up the side of that hill all brazen and brutish like a wounded wolf with a bear on his hindside.

By the time night held full reign, I'd drug me wailing sack o' gnarled flesh to the top of the first peak. The wind raged full-tilt, and it dried the blood on me arms and back, chilling me bones to the marrow. I looked across the river, seeing me group of wood-sprite-workers dancing gypsy-journeys around the fire in the Great Hall of the Evening.

'AUWOOOOOO,' howled I, and several yips, a yap and three long howls met me ears from the other

the roots of a lightning-struck hemlock. But the woods don't grieve sore muscles. Pulling pulp-flesh from pulp-wood I stood, mustered a stretch and made for a stream so I might tend to my wounds and swipe me a coho or two before I headed too far inland.

I headed east, aye, kept me back towards the west, eating salmon berries, mussels, salmon -- scattered a small pack of wolves who'd just killed a deer. A man'll kill for venison, lads and lassies, and a wolf's nothing more than a gargantuan hound. I scaled a four-foot-round spruce and threw rocks at the hungry mongrels 'til one was dead and the others were sashaying off whimpering and whining. I climbed down and ate me fill of the deer.

I rode astride those woods and mountains for 12 days. Forest livin' nails ya right quick -- reminds a lad that we gave up our fur and padded feet cons afore, brings ya right back and humble to just how estranged we lads have made ourselves from nature. Ah, but wouldn't I enjoy crossing the path of the mutated ancestor of yours and mine who provoked this farce of evolution, want to meet him right here in the woods.

'Lad,' I'd say, giving him a hard stare. 'Just why do you want to go and give up this fine fur? Give it up and we freeze, laddie, just like me estranged sack o' bruises right now. Why, laddie?' I'd say, then pop him one quick palm to the forehead and yell, 'HEAL!' and I'm sure he'd be set straight.

Sniffing the wind and taking in what sun breaks the clouds, I wandered along, eastward, playing thoughts like mental bagpipes, time passes, and I see a raven hovering timeless and prehistoric, and I get this thought:

*Time was once burden-bound with bent-oak casks and burly beards and spears, swords and arrows to cleave friend-foe throats.*

*Time was then a mighty young man, and woman, too.*

*But the ravens beast need haunt us no more! Let the soulful bird cry not unto those who might listen. Nay, let his spirit chock wisdom o' time through dusty-jeweled ages.*

*Let time and the raven sit together in the far corner of any black-hole brothel and share the rich kiss of amber-dark mead, singing all the old songs with froth on filthy lips. Dirty beards, black feathers and timeless rags heard nudge close together, then apart.*

*And the raven, the man with the old dark mead snuggle like silt to a sinkhole, and raggedy-lass time binds the trinity.*

*But when the mead runs dry, and the raven clucks and boops to the smile of the rising sun, and the*

**COVIAN**  
**kevin**

side. Shadows were thick, like black-berry opium tar, and I jumped down from the peak and hit a patch of loose shale. WHOOSH! Me, the shale rolled into one and slid right down the side of the mountain. Aye, but that lassie Fortune waited at the bottom. A cave -- a shallow cottage at the base of a mountain -- lay right there before me eyes. I could see it when things stopped whirling gangbusters, and I got my balance. Festively, I crawled inside. Dragging me beat sack o' protein along, I noticed the cave is no such thing at all, but it was a rotted-out stump of a giant hemlock, and the wood mulch-chips were the warmest bed for miles, so I curled up for a spat of dire, resupine time.

I lay in the knotty mulch 'til the sun broke the mountain top, at which point it took to shinin' on me haggard countenance til I gave 'er a bloody eye -- then I felt the pain.

'AUGH!' them rips, bruises, knots, strains, cuts and abrasions all broke to song in one evangelical strike, and I then saw the blinding white light of sheer pain. A pitiful wreck of a beast, I was. No doubt I looked real horror show, laying there in

"Aye, lads and lassies, I am Jean Henri. Born on the wind-haggled blood-grape vineyards of southern France, I was. But when only a toe-headed lad of 4, did I find me tender frame without a bosom mother to cuddle. Abandoned by a maniac mother and rescued by a wry Irish rogue named Dergil Mooney, I was brought to be a man in the endless sunflower fields of middle-west Kansas. But that's not a story. Many a winsome buck lost their kin in the red-rubber-ball backlash of spudhood.

But the tale that fits here, aye, as asked of me, is the time I crossed the Stikine River and traveled 75 miles of British Columbia wilderness with nothing more than a new pair of Red-Wings and a faithful buck knife.

'ARRGHHHH!' THAT BLASTED SEARING COLD WATER RAGED about me gut and tightened me bowels like a snare might wrench at a bears ankle and twist it off at the joint. Pulling weary bones from silt and salt water, I hoisted me body up from the scum and strode the shores of British Columbia.

'BUGGER THEM ALL! BUGGER THE FISH AND THE LOGGING!



**Spring Break Tan Special**

10 sessions \$25.00

Don't get burned, pre-tan at the Pink Flamingo

Call for appointments


4003 O ST.  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA  
488-8628

THE ART OF FINE  
HAIR DESIGN



THE PINK FLAMINGO

**"Harris Provides A Way To Make My Contribution To Medicine!"**



*"Harris provides a great way for me to contribute to medical research while studying pre-med at the University".*

When meeting living expenses get tough, put your good health to work! If you are healthy and at least 19 years of age, join the thousands of people each year who help evaluate various medications. These medications may be new or currently on the market. Some you may have used in your own home.

**EARN \$200.00 to \$2,400.00 Per Study!**

- Each study includes a free physical.
- Each study is fully explained.
- Each study is medically supervised.

**HARRIS LABORATORIES**  
"Striving To Improve The Quality Of Life"  
**474-0627**  
621 Rose Street • Lincoln, NE 68502

Check Our Current Study Listing's Ad In The Sun. & Wed. Journal/Star.