

# The Storm Front

## Randy, Susan, and ?

### Somebody got Pregnant

**R**umor has it that Susan G. Mandel is busy working on The Next Generation. We can expect delivery sometime around January 1, 1994. Yes, that's just a couple days short of Randy and Susan's first anniversary. Too bad. The best time to have a baby is in late December. That way, you can take the tax deduction for the whole year without actually having to change a billion diapers.

Roger suggested we have a pool on the baby. I think that's interstate gambling and we could all go to jail for that. So instead, how about if I just run a really cheap contest?

Send your guesses to the following :

- When will the baby be born (date and time)?
- Will it be a boy, a girl, twins, triplets?
- How much will it weigh?

And let's have a "Name the Mandel Baby" contest while we're at it. Give me your best suggestion and I'll see if I can get some kind of court judgement to force Susan to use it.

I would hope that Susan will keep us all informed of her progression through the three joys of pregnancy: weight gain, mood swings, and cravings.



Is this what we have to look forward to?

## Will and Father Time

### Somebody got Old

**O**n July 4th, 1963, America celebrated it's independence and the birth of William Lewis. Now it's 1993. Will is 30 years old and America is having to take a long hard look at itself. Are the "fun days" over? Is it time to settle down, stop doing things just for enjoyment, and get the tough jobs done?

What does Will care? He's got enough problems, he's 30. I'm not saying he should be deciding who's going to do his eulogy yet. But, I don't think he's going to be going to the Midnight Movies any more.

But otherwise, he's doing pretty well. Happy Birthday Will!

## From the Publisher:

Greetings everyone,

This is a landmark issue for The Storm Front. For the first time, we are presenting information (in the form of a picture) that is obviously "not totally" honest. I know this will come as a shock to you, but, in the past, we have occasionally played "fast and loose" with the facts. This isn't The Times. Heck, it ain't even The Star. But what do you expect for nothing? While we're mentioning it, if you'd like to send money, I promise to avoid the temptation to mess with your face.

Well, I hope you enjoy this issue anyway.

Randy, Susan, Mike, Lisa, Jim, and Kim

## Someone goes to Weddings

**M**y oh my, getting married seems to be the thing to do this year. Susan and Randy started the whole thing in January. Mike Carroll and Lisa Lloyd became "Mike-n-Lisa" in May. And soon, very soon, Jim Bassett and Kim Montgomery are going to feed little pieces of cake to lots of people.

I've already told you all about the Mandel Affair, so I don't think we need to go over that again.

Mike and Lisa's wedding was really great. They got married in a cute little church by a minister who told a whole bunch of strange little stories to make his points. Tina and I didn't really follow all of them, but we're sure they were deep and meaningful. Lisa, the bride (duh), looked wonderful. But I think that's required by law anyway. In fact, there is probably a "Department of Brides" that sends someone out to make sure. That would explain the long pause that always seems to happen just before the bride enters. It's because the Bride Checker is doing a 20 Point Quality Check on her. Isn't it nice to see our tax dollars actually doing something nice? I'd much rather have Congress spending money on Brides instead of Bombs. Hey, I'd vote for someone running on a "Nuptial, not Nukes" campaign.

Mike looked good also, you could barely see the panic. Actually, he was the least nervous groom in the history of the sport. You want to know what he was worried about two days before the wedding? None of the big questions like "is this the right thing to do?" or "do we really

love each other enough to make a life together?" or even "if anything were to happen to her, should I have her cats put to sleep?" No, the burning question in Mike's mind was "when am I *ever* going to get those last couple of boxes unpacked?"

Anyway, they got married and we all went to a very nice reception. The food was good and the cake was pretty. But the high point was the dancing. Mike and Lisa are wonderful dancers. In fact, I took some ballroom dancing classes taught by Lisa. Impressed? You should be, not a lot of guys would be secure enough to take a class like that without being forced by their girlfriend.

But, let's get back to the wedding. They danced so wonderfully that I kept expecting for the scene to fade out and the credits to roll. The next day, it was off to Hawaii for the honeymoon. I'm sure they're happy together, but I can't help but wonder what ever happened with those last couple of boxes.

The next "big event" is Jim and Kim's wedding in August. I'm actually in that one. What an awesome responsibility. I hope I don't seat anyone on the wrong side or accidentally trip my assigned Bridesmaid.

Do you have any idea how much it costs to rent a tuxedo? Well, I'll tell you that it's about as much as I spent to buy one when I was in Madrigals. Ok, that was 11 years ago, but it shouldn't have gone up that much. If cars were like tuxes, you'd have to pay Hertz \$7,000 a day to rent a Chevy Sprint. Let's see some price controls please. Someone should call the G7 about this.

Not quite "The Show"

## Someone goes to Games

**I**'ve been going to a lot of sporting events lately. But they haven't, exactly, been professional sports. They've been, sort of, second tier sports. I'm talking about minor league baseball and indoor arena soccer.

Yes, Sacramento has another sports team (actually we got two new ones, but I haven't been to our Canadian Football League team's games yet). The Sacramento Knights are our contribution to the wonderful world of the Continental Indoor Soccer League. I didn't say they were a good contribution. We saw their home-opener and they won. I cannot say for sure that they have had a victory since. What do you expect, they're from Sacramento. Maybe if they changed their name to the North Natomas Knights?

Indoor soccer is strange. They play in a field surrounded by hockey boards. The only way to get the ball to go out of bounds is to kick it over the glass (and that's some kind of penalty, I think). It's fast and reasonably fun. I just wish we could win once and a while.

I've also been going to see the Stockton Ports play minor league (single A) baseball. This is the team that used to be called Mudville (as in "Casey at the bat"). It's a whole lot of fun. Unlike pro-ball, it's inexpensive (only \$4.00) and it moves quickly. There aren't any long warm-up times between innings and the only time there are commercial breaks are the few times Stockton MetroCable brings their three cameras. And since the stadium only seats 3,000 people, it doesn't take an hour to get out of the parking lot. And they've been known to win despite their proximity to Sacramento.

by Roger Hanna

## Someone tells a Story

I had long suspected something was up with Will Lewis. Ever since he insisted on dressing up as Bananaman in early 80s, I had suspected. Yet while I have proof of his escapades as Bananaman on movie film, secure in a Wells Fargo safe-deposit box, I have no documentation of the horror which I learned to be fact on his most recent visit to New York City. Indeed, it has taken me several months to build up the courage to tell anyone of the despicable horror I now know William D. Lewis to be.

For you see, I have no proof. This letter is likely to be disputed, if not mocked--this I realize; yet, it is my faint hope that the revelation Will made to me was not the only time that he exposed himself in such a way. Perhaps by my coming forward, one of his other "friends" will also step forward, disproving somewhat your certain conclusion that I have gone mad. Perhaps, of course, I *have* gone mad.

But if so, William D. Lewis is to blame.

Anyone who knows Will at all can confirm that he goes to bed absurdly early and rises in the same manner. Or so he claims. Last March I learned the despicable truth.

We were at a bar near my house, drawing on the table with crayons, and fairly snonkered. As Will ordered up yet another round of Bloody Marys, which he of course charged to UPS as usual, my drunkenness gave me courage to ask the question which sober fear kept from my lips. "Why is it that you always seem to go to bed so early, and are always already out of bed when any sane person is awake?" It was peculiar to me, once I had asked, that that question had been for years so difficult to ask. After

all, I rationalized in my stupor, I've known Will for over twelve years. The question seemed innocent enough to ask a stranger, yet whenever I had in the past begun to ask Will, I was always cut short. Either by coincidence of design, Will always cut me off. Several times he began typing on his laptop computer at an alarming rate--I'd say near three hundred words a minute--the sound of which frazzled my thoughts. Or he'd begin to giggle seemingly uncontrollably at something that had occurred earlier in the day. It was then I realized I had known Will for longer than twelve years. It was, at the time, *THIRTEEN YEARS TO THE DAY THAT I FIRST MET HIM*. Will's mood abruptly changed. His eyes seemed to contract as they locked onto me. "*What are you getting at?*" he demanded.

His skin was suddenly stark white, as if all the blood from his body had suddenly drained. I couldn't keep his gaze; I looked down to the table. And to my horror I saw him crush the thick glass tumbler, spewing his red drink across our drawings. Surely, I told myself, the glass-like quality of his fingernails was a trick of the lighting in this place, this suddenly chilly tavern of despair. I looked back up at his shockingly white face, and consciously noticed for the first time the prominence of his eyeteeth. *ALMOST LIKE FANGS . . . .*

"Nothing," I stammered. "Never mind. Sorry to rile you. Time for a quick puke downstairs, eh?" I rushed off to the bathroom, knocking over a cigarette girl in the process. I had to get away to collect my thoughts. *Boy, I sure am snonkered*, I thought, as I retched over the charmingly grubby toilet bowl. Embarrassed, I wiped the puke from my Berkenstocks and headed back upstairs.

Will, voraciously chomping the last of the celery stalks from our baker's dozen of Bloody Marys, had regained the color in his cheeks. He quickly signed "E. Storm" to the waiting Visa bill and we wordlessly left. "Time to hit the hay," he said, as we returned home. I agreed. But I couldn't sleep.

I tossed and turned till the wee hours of the morning, when the click of my front door instantly sobered me. Will was leaving the house! I cautiously lifted my bedroom curtain, to see Will racing down my street, his hair wild and his skin blending in with the white of the newly-fallen snow. I leapt into sweats and galoshes to follow him through the icy streets.

Will was hellbent on one purpose, and he didn't heard me, despite my slipping on the ice on the steps and sliding into the garbage cans. Out of breath, I nearly caught up to him as he entered the all-night deli. The deli was curiously dark. Usually overlit with fluorescence, it strangely was now illuminated solely by candles. As I entered, I saw Will in the back, with the owner.

The owner was frantically shoving vegetables of all sorts into a blender. "Carrots, more carrots you idiot!" howled Will. As the concoction whirred, it dawned on me the hell that Will is: *William Duncan Lewis is a Vegimire!* He gulped down the putrid brew. As color returned to his cheeks, he glanced up. And saw me.

In a single bound Will crossed the deli, landing at my feet. He reached up for my leg, and began pulling. Pulling and pulling. Pulling my leg, just as I do to you now. Happy Birthday, Will.

## Trust Me

## Someone sees the Future

**PISCES** \* Feb 19 - Mar 20 \* You know, and I know, that Julia Roberts made a horrible mistake. I think you should tell her, that's what she's been waiting for. She only married Lyle to make you jealous. Send her flowers and a touching letter and she's yours. If not, give Jackie O. a call.

**TAURUS** \* Apr 20 - May 20 \* The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse are coming. But first, they're stopping at your house for dinner. I suggest you serve them something simple since we all know how much of a mess than can make when they get upset. Otherwise, you're going to get blamed for the end of civilization because your souffle fell.

**SAGITTARIUS** \* Nov 22 - Dec 21 \* Whatever you do, don't spend any small amounts of money for the next month or so. Something that costs less than five dollars is going to mess-up your life in a truly astounding way. But if you limit yourself to "big-ticket" items, you'll do just fine.

**ARIES** \* Mar 21 - Apr 19 \* God is taking some time off next month to read all the Grisham novels. While He's away, He's having "regular" people take over. You're in charge of maintaining the "Toads, Pigs, and Small Yellow Flowers" part of

Creation. I think you'll find it an "interesting" challenge. Try not to mess it up too much.

**LEO** \* Jul 23 - Aug 22 \* You're going to have a funny experience with superglue, a terrier, and a Greyhound bus. Don't fight it. Just go with the flow and enjoy it. This could be the start of a whole new career for you.

**AQUARIUS** \* Jan 20 - Feb 18 \* It's time to throw out that key you found in the bottom of your sock drawer four years ago.

You're never going to figure out what it goes to. Besides, if the FBI sees it they're going to think you've got a bag full of money stashed in an airport locker somewhere.

**SCORPIO** \* Oct 23 - Nov 21 \* Sorry, you don't get a horoscope this time. I was working on it and got distracted watching the new Spenser movie on Lifetime. It was a great movie, you should try to catch it. This is probably all for the better, I had started writing "Since you don't have much time left..."

**VIRGO** \* Aug 23 - Sep 22 \* Strawberry shakes are the answer to all your prayers. Enjoy a tasty shake at each and every meal (and a sensible dinner) until you receive your heart's desire. But never have one after that or else an escaped circus elephant will sleep on your car.

**GEMINI** \* May 21 - Jun 20 \* Al Gore knows you haven't been recycling everything you can and he's going to expose you on national t.v. next week. I want you to get out there and separate

your trash before he has Janet Reno "take care of you."

**CAPRICORN** \* Dec 22 - Jan 19 \* The time is near. Pack up everything in your house that begins with the letter "R" and move to Lodi. You'll be visited by three ghosts who will reveal winning Lotto numbers to you. But don't use them, money will just make you crazy. Instead, send them to me. I'll play them and send you a small living allowance each month.

**LIBRA** \* Sep 23 - Oct 22 \* No, MTV's Beavis is not modeled after you. Stop being so paranoid. Not everyone is so wrapped up in your life as you think they are. Besides, everyone knows that "Beavis and Butt-head" are nothing more than one of the Seven Seals (right after "the rise of Rush Limbaugh" and before "the rain of frogs").

**CANCER** \* Jun 21 - Jul 22 \* So, how's life at the far end of the Bell Curve? Must be strange to keep having statistically possible, but improbable, things happen to you. Well, you ain't seen nothing yet. Next month, you're moving another standard deviation away from the mean. I hope you enjoy getting struck by lightning four times while inside a building.