THE BATTALION THE BATTALION

THE DEED WIELD

The playful nature of these

These days it is not fashionable to be a conspiracy theorist, but the simple fact is, conspiracies are behind everything people hate. No one would like to admit that there is a guiding force behind their daily trials and the pain they suffer throughout their lives. Painful divorces, the AIDS epidemic, the Bay of Pigs disaster and countless Pennsylvania road accidents are all due to one diabolical group — the deer.

Is it any coincidence that people shoot deer and not pison? For that matter, why do people shoot deer and not people? For the simple reason that deer kill.

For proof of this, one need look no further than any Fox Television Thursday night special. Every time you turn around, it is goring here and goring there. Deer kicking people, poking them with their pointy antler thingies, and yes, shiving children in the lunch line with sharpened spoons.

Deer are the greatest public relations artists of modern times. They pass themselves off as cute and cuddly creatures, but some people will not be fooled. Some can see past the charade of grass chewing, butterfly sniffing and joyful forrest romping to see these carnivorous head hunters for what they are.

The Michigan Militia, that bastion of American virtue, shoots deer by the bushel. But even it is not fool enough to take on a deer without a trusty rocket launcher. Only a moron would dare oppose a deer unarmed.

Speaking of which, if one were to doubt the evil of the deer, one need look no further than the exploits of the Crocodile Hunter — that resident of the upper cable channels who fights the most vicious animals on earth. Lines like, "This is the most venomous snake in the world, now I am going to punch him in the face ... Oh he's really miffed now," have made the crocodile-hunting Aussie the most famous animal fighter in the world.

Yet, when has he ever fought a deer? If he is so tough, he would have shellacked those fuzzy little critters long ago. Still, he shies away from a duel with the deer. This is not because he is a "bofty," as the Australians might say — it is because deer kill.

In order to prove this assertion, one has to look back in history. There have been numerous hits ordered by deer, but we will investigate only the most famous.

First, the assassination of JFK: Oswald, CIA ... or deer? The data has always been sketchy on this killing, but if one examines the film of the assassination closely, a pair of antlers can clearly be seen just over the grassy knoll. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis did eventually marry an extremely hairy man who could well have been a deer in disguise.

The second most obvious case of deer murderfor-hire was Sonny Bono. He ran into a tree, did he? Poppycock!

emony.V



JASON BENNYHOFF



furry critters is a ruse to

disguise their lust for blood

He was pushed, I tell you, or perhaps he had to swerve to avoid an innocent-looking fawn.

It surely looked like Bambi in the scene after the hunters got his mother before he swerved, but it was a Bambi who talked with a Brooklyn accent and sent people to sleep with the fishes.

Luca Brazzi the deer.

Perhaps I ramble because I hit a deer with my Ford Bronco while taking my friend, let's call him Orenthal, through the "woods" in order to escape the "deer," or Los Angeles Police Department.

In fact, none of this is happening, and deer do not hurt people. Love them and pet them. But kill the little buckaroos if they look at you wrong.

That is what the Second Amendment is all about. Killing wildlife.

Nothing is cooler than going to a wildlife reserve and shooting endangered deer and eating them with spotted owl dumplings.

I may disappear for writing this column — the deer do not like to

I may disappear for writing this column — the deer do not like to have their real activities publicized.

This man has tried to warn you. He has given everything to warn the

The assassination of JFK. Oswald, CIA ... or deer? The data has always been sketchy on this killing, but if one examines the film of the assassination closely, a pair of antlers can clearly be seen just over

citizens of the world about the deer.

the grassy knoll.

Praise those who venture out to rid us of these psychotic assassins of the animal kingdom. They save us from the hordes of malevolent deer that would surely accumulate and euthanize mankind as a whole. The fourth reich, the deer reich.

As for me, I will likely be sitting in my study, thinking of my summers in Rangoon, pouring mustard on my chest and waiting. Waiting for the day when the deer will come for their revenge. That day will come, and when it does, I will sit in my overstuffed leather chair with my shotgun in my hand and my chaw in my mouth.

But I will take hostages beforehand, and when the great 10-point buck comes to throttle me, I will slaughter the fawns like so many chickens at an Ozzy Osbourne concert. Amen.

men. – Jason Bennyhoff is a senior journalism major

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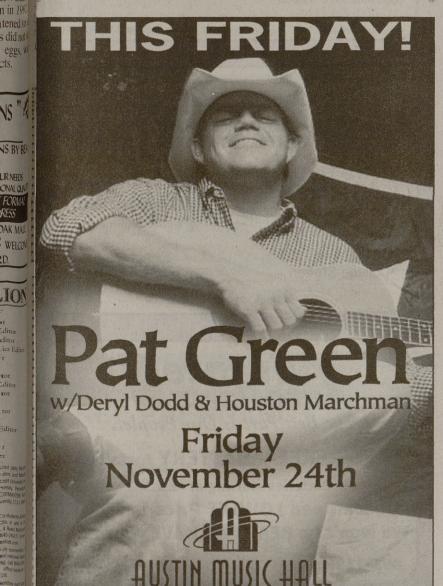
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and Class Picture approx. 1:30

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