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## RANDOM AX:

### **Intruders force man to take drugs, then set house on fire**

■ **VIRDEN, N.M.** — Two intruders forced a 60-year-old man to snort and swallow drugs at gunpoint, looted his home and set a fire that killed his wife.

Two deputies investigating the case were shot. Later, two suspects were arrested.

"They was trying to get the baby."

Finally, Pruitt said, a truck came down the dirt road. He scooped up the boy and put him in the bed of the truck, then turned to see his fiancée lying on the ground with a dog on top of her. The other dog was dragging the little girl up an embankment.

"All I can see is my little baby getting drug into the woods," he said, his voice breaking, "by a Rottweiler. I can't even say it."

For the next two years, he remembers, some 15 to 20 prisoners were trucked every Wednesday to the Buenos Aires airport, put on a military plane, and then dropped, drugged but alive, from a height of about 13,000 ft. into the Atlantic Ocean.

## CAROLINA TRAVELLER:

### TO THE NINES

I knew I shouldn't have gotten that goofy ring. If I had bought that Bolex 16mm camera in that podunk Wyoming thrift store when I had the chance, I could have made a thousand just off of the rent. With another five hundred saved from working at the Stop and Dont, coupled with the frequent flyer mileage secretly salvaged from my father's account, I could have flown to Portugal and lived easy for a year. I mean, the list goes on and on. I couldve met actresses in Lisbon who knew tycoons in Barcelona who had cousins in Paris who had an empty flat with a writing table. Even if the camera didnt work and the actresses were drunker than I was. Luckily, Aunt Caroline broke her leg and offered me, her favorite nephew, her ticket to Holland. I quickly bought a prop at a pawnshop and caught the nearest jet to Atlanta. I didnt meet any actresses in Amsterdam with my camera and seersucker suit, but when my wallet got stolen, I ran across a weeping Portuguese heiress in the American Express office. To cheer her up, I showed her the imitation King John the Navigator signet ring Id bought in Wyoming, and her face lit up like a triple-X marquee. That night after drinks I pressed my seal in a pool of hot wax on the small of her back. Next thing I knew, Dutch cops were swarming the room, the both of us cuffed to chairs. Another hour, she would have had my kidneys in a cooler. The ring was evidence.

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

Dear Way Way,

Why are all the Hall of Fames in Ohio? The football, the baseball, and the rock-n-roll form a Bermuda Triangle of sorts that sucks at the hearts of all true blue Americans venturing into the Rust Belt. Perhaps there is a college in the area that peaks your interest? Hurry quick before the place fades back to weeds and woods. Oh, and if mom and dad get O.J.'s bust in the mail, make sure they put it in the basement. I just got back.

