

**Saturday night at Skinny's** from page five

sought to corral it with a bar rag. Miraculously, she was saved by the gallant Randy, who lifted her back onto the table and out of harm's way.

Skinner, kneeling on the floor, finally declared triumphantly. "I got 'im!" Skinner had the beast pinned under the white towel, its tiny body a quivering lump under the cotton cloth.

Summoning every last ounce of courage, Norah grabbed the pool cue lying beside her and passed it to Randy.

"Here, finish him off," she said with steely resolve.

"Gee, I don't know, Norah," replied Randy, who was not disposed to take such a drastic course of action. "Why don't we just wrap him up and toss him outside?"

"Because he'll come back in!" Norah shot back.

She glared at Randy. "Kill him!"

Randy looked down at his shoes and at the petrified, peeping little creature.

"What are you, chicken?!" Norah taunted.

"No, I'm not chicken. I just..."

"Well then do it!"

Randy reluctantly raised the cue, steeling himself to commit this unspeakable act of rodenticide. He stood over the mouse with the stick held high in his hand.

"Kill him!" Norah demanded as tears streamed down her face. "Kill him now!"

Norah's final words were the first ones Pete Kaiser heard upon waking. A jolt of adrenaline shot through his body as he saw Randy Kelsey, stick in hand, hulking over little Pat Skinner, who was kneeling helplessly on the floor. Pete wasn't sure exactly what had triggered this circumstance, but he sized up the situation quickly: a fight over a girl. He'd roast in hell before he'd let a killing in the heat of passion proceed unchallenged.

He bolted toward Randy as if shot out of a cannon and launched himself at his target. He land-

ed on Randy's back, shouting "No! Randy No! You can't do this!"

Pete weighed a good 200 pounds, and the force from his savage broadside propelled Randy forward. The pool cue in Randy's hand speared the Crazy 8s video game, which belched a shower of sparks.

Shocked by the frenzied assault and with Pete latched to his back like a crazed chimpanzee, Randy spun around, clawing feverishly at the man attached to his back. As he whirled, the cue clipped the Miller High Life clock, sending it crashing to the floor, where it was trampled by the thoroughly frazzled deputy bartender.

"Get off me Pete!"

Randy shouted as he spun around and jarred loose a ceiling tile, another casualty of the wayward billiard stick. The two then crashed into a bar stool and hit the floor near the pool table. Even on the floor, Pete continued his unrelenting hold.

"Tell me you won't kill anybody!" Pete demanded.

"I'm not going to kill anybody!" Randy replied incredulously. "What are you talking about? You're acting nuts!"

"You were about to brain little ol' Pat with that stick in your hand! I saw you!"

"I was going to brain a mouse! Now get off me or I'll brain you!"

By now a band of patrons had circled the two and urged Pete to release his hold.

"He's right, Pete. He was going to kill a mouse that I trapped under a towel," Skinner assured. "I just let it go outside," Skinner said, shooting a chastening look toward Hot Norah.

Pete relaxed his hold of Randy, and the two rose to their feet. Breathing heavily, Pete stared at the passel of onlookers. He blinked and uttered, "Oh."

"Yeah, oh," Randy said mockingly as he turned away and limped off toward the bar. Re-

flexively, he reached for his Leaves of Grass book in his back pocket and felt a wet lump on his right buttock. He gently removed his precious book, its jacket and first few pages now soggy with wine.

"Oh that's just great!" he snarled, glaring at Norah and then at Pete. "I hope the two of you are happy now. It's ruined!" he snapped as he waved the book with long extensions of his burly right arm.

It seems Walt Whitman took his revenge when Randy's book met the first booze bottle, which fell into the second, which toppled the third.

Seconds later, the tavern's front door swung open. Guess who was back.

Benny's mouth fell agape as he surveyed the mayhem.

"What on God's green earth...?"

Before he could finish his inquiry, the loosened ceiling tile fell and struck him on the head.

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As Benny walked amid the wreckage of the previous night, his emotions were bittersweet. He couldn't help but chuckle at Randy's and Pete's account of things. He knew that throughout the annals of history, nothing would top last night at Skinny's for sheer mad-cap hilarity. Last night was the stuff of legend. The resulting stories and tales would be shared through the eons. And if being beamed by a ceiling tile at the conclusion of the hijinks wasn't a sign, then a sign would never come, at least not while he was alive. Last night was a shooting star, a solar eclipse and a blue-sky bolt of lightning rolled into one.

At last, it was clear to him. It was time.

He picked up the phone and began dialing the number of a well-to-do fisherman in Milwaukee. His next call would be to a Cuban lady he knew in Florida.

## Roberts Memorial Ski Race slated for Jan. 27

### \$10 student ski lessons at Keyes Peak on race day

Thanks to a selfless donation of time by the Granite Peak Ski Team coaching staff from Wausau, Keyes Peak is again offering ski lessons and racing for kids ages 6-17 on Saturday, January 27 for only \$10 (\$20 max per family). This is a great opportunity for students of all ages and skill levels to get quality ski instruction from professional coaches. The \$10 fee covers a ski lift ticket, rentals if needed and lessons from

the Granite Peak Ski Team coaches from 9 a.m. until 11:30 a.m.

After lunch, students can race for free on an official NASTAR course from 12:30 until 3 p.m. during the Roberts Memorial Ski Race. Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded to the fastest male and female race times in the following age categories: 6-7, 8-9, 10-11, 12-13, 14-15, 16-17. The fastest skier of the day will receive the Mike Roberts Memorial Trophy.

As Head Ski Coach Jeff Tobin explains, "It's

rewarding to help so many kids learn to ski or improve their skills at this great facility. We love to come up to Florence to help develop new skiers in memory of our friend and family member Mike Roberts who spent his winters skiing at Keyes Peak."

Volunteers for this event honor the memory of Mike Roberts, a former Florence resident and Keyes Peak volunteer.

Registration is limited, so call (715) 528-5377 ext. 101 or visit [www.ExploreFlorenceCo.unt.com](http://www.ExploreFlorenceCo.unt.com) and click on the

events section to print the registration form and waivers. Lunch concessions are available in the Ski Lodge. Keyes Peak is located four miles south of Florence on Hwy 101. Please thank our generous sponsors who make it possible to charge only \$10 for this great event: Granite Peak Ski Team, Florence Mining News, Florence County Abstract Co. and the Florence County Forestry and Parks Department. Proceeds from this event are used by the Keyes Peak Ski Hill Committee for equipment upgrades.



Last year's overall winner of the Roberts Memorial Ski Race, Paige Uren from Florence.

# Keyes Peak Ski Hill

3 Miles Southwest of Florence on Hwy 101

\*SKI
\*SNOWBOARD
\*SNOWSHOE

• Tube/Ski/Snowboard/Boot Rentals Available
• Lodge Concessions

• Plan your Hill Parties!
• Adjacent to Snowmobile & ATV Trails

**Hours of Operation:**

Fri. 3 - 9 p.m.

Sat. 11 a.m. - 9 p.m.

Sun. Noon - 7 p.m.

For more information contact **Keyes Peak Ski Hill** during hours of operation at **(715) 528-3228** or **(715) 528-3207**

at Florence County Forestry & Parks Office on weekdays.

**See YOU on the slopes.....**