



# Little News Weekly

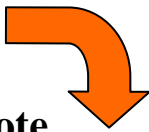
"All the News That's of Little Interest" November 25, 2004  
worth it-buy two)

\$5.00 (well



## Special Thanksgiving Issue

**INSIDE:**



**Editor's Note**

**Letters to the Editor**

**Shrewsbury Scuttlebutt**

**Rocking the Baby Boat**

**New!! Op-ed Page**

**-Expectant father  
sounds off**

**-Where are the  
Thanksgiving Guests!!**

**Jayne Family Vacation:  
A Reality Show?**

**New Cannan Garden  
Club News**

**Speak! The Patrick  
Report:**

**Kennon gets Launched**

**Con-Man Movie Critic**



***Minnie and Donald Duck***

*Disney Pumpkin Art by little known artist Le Bruce  
D'Stambaugh and student HDJ*

**Editor's Note:**

Once again we did it! This issue of the newsletter may not be the blockbuster of yesteryear, but we are very proud of the content. There are plenty of meaningless articles and opinions herein, which will occasionally delight but mostly bore the average reader. Ah. I always breathe a sigh of relief after successful launching of the new issue---kind of like giving birth. No, actually, it's not anything like giving birth but fellow authors tend to use that expression. What could they mean? Hmmm. Maybe a topic for a new article. Anyway, I digress, but that's allowed because I am the editor. Ha Ha, and you are my somewhat captive audience. Ha Ha again. So settle in and enjoy this Newsletter as you digest your Turkey dinner. Happy Thanksgiving!

**Letters to the editor**

To the editor:

As commander-in-chief, and PRESIDENT,(Oh, stop crying!!—what a bunch of big babies!) I want to personally extend my thanks to you and your widespread readership in helping to get my message out to the voters. You are the Heart of America. The best part about your paper is that you only publish 1 issue per year (unlike those other communist rags), so I don't have to read about how I am screwing up. Also, I like that I don't have to ask Laura what those big words mean. Just kidding. Isn't this a kick! I can't wait to get back to work—first thing I'm going to do is to fire some of those peaceniks in my cabinet. I wonder if Condee can sling a machine gun over her shoulder just for looks. Heh heh. Just kidding- Can't you

guys take a joke!! How about we get together soon at the ranch for a Texas Barbecue?

Sincerely,

W.\_

-----

To the editor:

My fellow Americans.... I want to thank you so much for your support through this campaign. We did not win, but the discussions that we started as a result of this campaign will continue and I am proud of my family (yawn) and our participation in this process (double yawn). Actually, I am glad that Teresa is not going to be first Lady. She is "interesting" enough, as she will readily tell you, and already fairly dependent on narcotics. Wait, did I say that? Anyway, I can't wait to get back to my old job, where I will be assuming a "leadership" role. (Groan-- I can hardly stand it- I am reminded of Ted Kennedy following Chappaquiddick—at least I didn't leave anyone to drown-so that's good—No, in fact, I am a HERO. Yeah, lets play that card again until I change my mind). I guess I can get used to being a millionaire senator ( sniffle) again. At least I can go windsurfing anytime want!. Life is good!!

Best Regards,

Senator John Kerry

**Shrewsbury Scuttlebutt**

*A Look back at the happenings in 2004*  
By Mr. Donohue

January

The Donohue Super Bowl party was a big hit. Uncle Joe passed out at half-time, resulting in the First Aid Squad, Shrewsbury Police and assorted curiosity seekers moving into the basement. Uncle Joe woke up singing an Irish song and then went out and had a smoke. With all the excitement, none of the participants noticed Janet Jackson's faux pas during the half-time show. Anyway, Uncle Joe checked out OK at the emergency room and the consensus was that maybe he did see Janet Jackson, causing the blackout.

January also saw the Donohues travel to Florida for a few weeks in Fort Lauderdale. A free condo (yes, free!) made available by the Lynch side of the family resulted in a recharge of batteries for the long winter.

#### Feb/ March

Bob Donohue gave up drinking for Lent. God bless Bob! Two local liquor stores closed during this period.

#### May

*A man said to the Irishman " When are you getting married? The Irishman said, " May... May it never happen!"*

John Lynch, son of Uncle Ritchie and Aunt Paula, was not quick enough to say this and ended up married in May. He married a lovely girl of Portuguese descent. The wedding party had to be the largest ever assembled in the Western Hemisphere. Every man, woman and child, even remotely related to either family and physically able to don a tux or wear a fancy dress was walking down the aisle. The wedding party in the church outnumbered the guests. The reception for 300 or so guests featured Portuguese music and dancing. Tiptoe

Tony Rosa had the best time, but you knew that, didn't you.

#### June

Kathleen Donohue married Tom Gross and a wonderful reception was held at the Spring Lake Country Club. Aunt Alice was in fine form. Uncle Joe gave away the bride. Good Show!!

#### July

The Donohue Track Party was held in good weather and without anyone being arrested. Two essentials.

#### August

Mary Ann Mc Coy left the ranks of the unmarried by taking her vows in Annapolis Md. The reception was held outside at a restaurant perched right on the Chesapeake. Great time had by all.

#### Sept/Oct

The Donohue, Rosa and John Jayne families spent a spectacular ten or eleven days in Small Point. Of particular note: "Tiptoe" Tony Rosa's frequent trips to Bowdoin to visit Caty, a freshman this year. We all thought Tony might enroll, but alas, he came back to the Jersey Shore. A special thanks to the Jayne family for making the houses available. Great time.

I almost forgot one more wedding, that being Darlene Gualanella. (Who?) Darlene, aka Noopy, cleans the Donohue mansion every other week and has become part of the family. She tied the knot at The Shadowbrook, the ceremony outside in the Garden and the reception inside complete with a string quartet. Quite elegant. I've decided to send Mary Ann out to clean houses as obviously we have missed something.

Happy Thanksgiving to All—See you at the next wedding..

### Rocking the Baby Boat

Have you heard? The best news on the street and the best news of the year, is that Joe and Sibyl Jayne of Cambridge are expecting! The good news was given in Small Point with much of the family present. Joe Jayne started a sort of game, “make the connection” when Christina turned to Sibyl and whispered: “Are you pregnant?” Then an affirmative was given and the rest of the family realized Christina’s guess and collapsed in tears of joy. What great, wonderful news! And Sibyl is glowing. Joe, ever the pragmatist, was heard to say, “I’m just so glad that my swimmers made it!” Well so are we!



Congratulations to the expectant parents. AND, as some of you may not know, this paper now also knows the sex of the child--- A girl!! Hannah is so happy!! I hope she likes Minnie Mouse!

This fall saw a lot of name rise and fall on THE LIST: here are some samplings:

- Christian: boy name, liked by Sibyl, unpronounceable by Joe so a No-Go
- Emma, Ava: many girl names seem good....

- Rebecca: a suggestion made by both Jayne and Dabrowski parents
- Laurel: Sibyl’s top choice for sometime, but Joe described it as “drab”
- Adrian: boy name liked by Karen, and Joe, thrown out by everyone else
- Kendra: name cooked up by Joe as a combination name of Kennon and Sabra: liked by Kennon and Sabra.
- Luke William: liked by everyone it seems...

But, it turns out to be a girl so we await the final name....maybe an announcement during the Thanksgiving festivities?

Now a word from the mother-to-be: The adjustment of pregnancy has been going quite well. Joe often says to me, “Sibyl, we better do [blank] now because once the baby comes we will *NEVER* be able to do it again...” Now “blank” can be anything from going to a bar for a drink, out to a nice restaurant, staying out late at a friend’s house, going shopping, sitting at Starbucks...the list goes on. Joe is now busy planning our retirement rather than thinking about all the wonderful things that come with having a baby. Everyone’s fears manifest themselves in different ways. Just when I think Joe wants to procrastinate about planning for the baby, something will happen and he will get very excited, like going to the ultrasound at 20 weeks:

As for me, I keep waiting for my belly to pop so that I look obviously pregnant. I feel pregnant, but still don’t fit in maternity clothes and have a hard time getting dressed. I felt the baby for the

first time at 22 weeks, but it had to happen a couple times before I realized that it was in fact the baby that I was feeling. SO exciting! In the meantime I am planning the nursery, taking pre-natal yoga, working on a baby quilt and weeding through all the hand-me-downs everyone seems to be offering. From my sister, Veronika, Karen & John and even Aunt Pam, everyone seems to have something for us! Its wonderful to be given things from excited family and friends, but not always easy saying “no thank you” when its not exactly what I had in mind. Nonetheless, the support, love and excitement are overwhelming for everyone. What a great family this baby has!

Quick Stats on Sib’s Pregnancy:

Due date: March 11, 2005

How far along: 24 weeks on

Thanksgiving

Sex: Girl

Name: TBA

Must have foods: Peanut butter and chocolate milk

Foods that baby doesn’t like: Garlic

Hardest food for Sib to give up: Brie and blue cheese

\*\*\*\*\**Op-Ed*\*\*\*\*\*

**I really need to step up to the plate!**

By Joseph K. Jayne

Oh my God!!!!

Here it comes.... Part 2!

My name is Joe Jayne and I’m having a baby!!! My wife Sibyl is physically doing the deed, but I am the father! It will be a girl, and I am thankful for that!

First off: What the hell am I supposed to do with all the toys that this child receives? We have limited space in our condo, I hope I don’t trip and break something! Maybe I will fall on the Cat! Bonus!

I’m not good at things when I don’t get enough sleep. This could become a problem for me. I have been trying to stay up late and be active in hopes it will prepare me for the challenges ahead! My wife Sibyl is bothered by this activity because she wants me to go to bed with her, I just can’t!

I am hoping that my child is smart and pretty.. like my wife. They can shop together. My thinking is that it will be nice to have a little girl. Instead of 5a.m hockey practice, I can buy her an expensive handbag! I saw what my parents had to go through. Those poor people. My father had to shove Oatmeal and fresh squeezed grapefruit juice down my throat and drive me to practice long before the sun came up! That poor man! And what of my mother, she would pick me up in her Bathrobe In the freezing cold!!! That poor Woman!

And what about all this hospital stuff? I’m not too comfortable with the sight of pain and blood. I need to be strong for this part! My wife Sibyl is counting on me. She will be very angry if I pass out or faint or fall down in any way.

And finally, there is the granddaddy of them all: What about the poops! I am very nervous about this Diaper business. My Brothers John and Trux seem not to have a problem with this. My brother John always encouraged me to



practice on his children, I never did...  
My wife Sibyl will not allow me to walk away from this duty. I'm thinking if I can change cat litter (sorry Mom, I didn't see that coming) I can do this! I gotta go!! Ill let you know how it all comes out in next year's column!!!  
Love to all my Family and especially to My lovely wife Sibyl!!!!

### **Where are the people?**

*By a disgruntled guest*

Yes, I mean you! You, there ! Sitting in a cushy armchair or perhaps enjoying a spa treatment while you chuckle and probably try to find fault with this newspaper!! So!! Not Coming?? Isn't it bad enough that the rest of us are stuck here freezing to death in this godforsaken place? Where is the loyalty? This is exactly what is going wrong with the rest of the country. Everyone seems to think they can just come and go as they please. What about us, I ask you? The forgotten few... knocking ourselves out trying to have a good time in worsening conditions. This year everyone was forced to bring his or her own transistor radio- not knowing what to expect for musical entertainment. AND don't even think about a CD player, which is apparently like asking for the moon. Fortunately, we had the foresight to make some social engagements well in advance—dinner at Bamboo Wednesday night---so we don't have to go through that ridiculous explanation on how the TV works for at least one night! The good news is that we are professionals and will overcome any obstacle these hicks put in front of us, including an over-engineered cooked Turkey-- do we

really need a running data acquisition system on this? I guess we do—who knew? Anyway, hope you enjoy your Turkey Day, wherever you are and take a moment to remember the less fortunate- Us!!

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Behind the Scenes Exclusive**

By a confidential source

Many of you may have seen the television program “Jayne Family Vacation”, now in it's second season on PBS. In an obvious backlash to the current trend of showing the seedier, more decadent side of American life, PBS has come up with a show which is *so* clean, it makes “Father Knows Best” look like “Growing up Gotti”. The “Jayne Family Vacation” is supposed to be a reality show. Yes, yes, we've all seen it—the nice family, cute blond children, adoring wife, smiling husband, etc. and so forth. Blah, Blah, Blah. Who can take all this sweetness and light?! Not us!! In an effort to expose this obvious sham, we secretly sent a reporter to follow along as the REAL Jaynes went on their summer vacation.

The following is the unedited version of our reporter's transcript, in print for the first time, and soon to be either a MAJOR motion picture, starring Tom Cruise and Julianne Moore, or a minor late-night cable offering, starring Chuck Barris, and Tina Louise.

Anyway, here is the real scoop:

Like gypsies, locusts, or something else of biblical proportion, the

Jayne Family descended on NJ in the beginning of the summer with no apparent exit strategy. The bright blue Saturn Vue could be seen from a distance careening down Sycamore Avenue, sending the locals running. The family arrived at 39 Court Drive in an unbelievable state of disarray. As the car doors opened, toys, dripping baby bottles, smelly blankys, and left-over McDonald's french fries fell out and littered the otherwise pristine driveway. Very quickly, Mr. and Mrs. Donohue came running out to "greet" their guests with offers to take them over to see the Stambaughs. Nice try but no can do! The Jaynes were determined to get inside!! Karen, carrying Joe Joe with Hannah hanging on her leg, limped into the living room and demanded a glass of wine, while Johnny immediately went off to have the first of several naps. Thus began a two-week sojourn in the Monmouth County area.

The first weekend was spent at Meema's and Poppy's. All the Donohues, and miscellaneous spouses, attended one of the best weddings ever!! Kathleen Donohue was married in great style to Tom Gross on a warm summer's day. The ceremony was beautifully performed by an overzealous priest, who not only added a personal touch in his homily but took it to the next level with a guitar solo—Eric Clapton watch out!! All of the cousins were thinking the same thing: "Geraldyn, get the guitar!!" The reception was held at Spring Lake Country Club where everyone enjoyed many tasty drinks at the cocktail hour—OH MY! The dinner was delicious and the band played on. Hard to decide who had the best time! Thank you Kathleen and Tom for a wonderful time.

The following week, the Jaynes, minus Johnny, moved over to the Stambaughs. Meema breathed a sigh of relief as she replaced the cushion on the little rocking chair for the last time! (Why does Joe Joe keep taking that off??). At the Stambaugh Resort, the freeloaders enjoyed themselves immensely with many activities including: going to the beach, hanging by the pool, and going to the dollar store. High on Joe Joe's list of favorite things to do included sitting on Dillon's head. Fortunately, Dillon didn't see to mind: "I kind of like it as long as he has a clean diaper". The daily expedition/adventure to the beach club was also noteworthy. After the morning planning session with Coleen "Let's sit outside" Stambaugh, which typically would include a few cups of coffee, tea and cigarettes, and a phone conversation with Jean-Marie "I have a lot to do today" Rosa, the group would start the mass exodus to Monmouth Beach, making a short pit-stop to pick up Isabel "I want to go in Aunt Kicky's car" Rosa. The military operation continued once the group arrived at Monmouth Beach Bathing Pavilion. This involved a logistical nightmare of getting beach chairs, towels, toys and other necessary items including children from the parking lot to the beautiful sandy beach—where, once set up—none would enjoy, for it was off to the Baby Pool. Here, the adults demonstrated unusually adept skills at petty theft. "I NEED A WATERING CAN!" Finally, someone would mention "French fries" and a stampede would ensue usually taking out some of the nicer, better dressed, quieter, Monmouth Beach children. Peace would be restored as *three* orders of french fries with *three* cups of ketchup materialized!! By the end of the day, the group

seemed fairly beached-out as the return journey to Shrewsbury was planned with rising agitation. Here are some out takes:

Where did you park the car?  
Where are your sandals?  
Can you watch Joe Joe?  
You have to rinse off your feet first.  
Why did you park the car there?  
I think tomorrow should be pool day.  
Is this our bucket?—it is now!  
A BABA Mama.  
I have to go Peepees  
Just give me the keys!

At last, everyone would be strapped-in to car seats and armed with lollipops, and we were heading back to Shrewsbury, as Monmouth Beach residents were left to mutter something about white trash...

Later in the week, Karen Jayne demonstrated a sharp intuition upon noticing that most of their “luggage”( plastic garbage bags) and had been left at the curb at 99 Obre Place: “ Maybe, it’s time to move to the Rosa’s !!”

The Jayne family made the move on the day of Isabel Rosa’s birthday party. This had previously been OK’d. Jean Marie: “That’s fine—I’m just not going to tell Tony.” Preparations for the party had allegedly been underway for several days. We found out later this consists mostly of executive planning sessions until the day before the party. The execution of those plans got off to a great start on Friday, as Jean-Marie and Tony make a trip to Toys R Us for a plastic baby pool for some of the smaller, or more enebriated, guests to enjoy. What could go wrong, you

wonder. Apparently unfamiliar with the concept of aerodynamics, the couple strap the pool to the roof of the Volvo station wagon. An expert witness, John T. Jayne, later gave this testimony at the trial: “Like a lot of people they underestimated the need for bungee cords!!” Another expert witness, Sonny Hotaling, shook his head sadly and said : “They should have used my trailer...” Well, New Jersey State Troopers were called in, as the flying saucer repeatedly launched off the roof of the car and wacked pedestrians and cyclists. Other witnesses heard someone screaming from the car, “ It’s not that funny Jean-Marie!!” The trip ended with low-flying helicopters (ala Goodfellas) following the beleaguered couple all the way back to Monmouth Beach.

Following this illustrious beginning, Isabel’s birthday party could only be a success. And it was! Great food, Great Monmouth Beach guests, and sort of well-behaved children! The party lasted far into the fine evening as additional wine bottles were opened, candles were lit, and a small group of diehard intellectuals discussed topics ranging from favorite authors, Nancy McManus’s love life in High School and College, Nancy McManus’s boyfriend’s subsequent love life, John Jayne’s proximity to Nobel Prize winners, What JTJ does for a living (can you tell me that again), and whether of not JTJ gives his wife an orgasm. The usual cocktail party small talk.

The Jaynes continued to freeload at the Rosa’s into the second week and enjoyed the amenities of Monmouth Beach. What a friendly town, and so close to the beach and liquor stores. Hannah and Isabel played so nicely and Joe Joe spied on everyone from Isabel’s



play house. Very relaxing. In fact so relaxing that the group decided they needed a little more excitement and went on a road trip to Pennsylvania to visit with old friends Jill and Dave Lewis. The ride out was uneventful as the happy travelers either napped (Joe-Joe) talked very loudly ( Hannah and Isabel) or listened to a very loud version of the kitty cat song over and over. Karen and JM fought over who would throw that CD out the window first. Once there, the group had a great time – watch out Jill and Dave- it might be an annual thing!

Toward the end of the week came a pivotal, fateful, and some may say idiotic, decision. “ How about we all go to Sally T’s for dinner—my treat!” In retrospect, the warning signs were there for anyone to see. And, in fact many *did* see them and found other things to do like match socks. It turned out to be the Rosas, the Jayne’s( still minus Johnny), and Bobby Donohue going to dinner. After dressing up Hannah and Isabel in tattered costumes with anti- sensible shoes and putting them in a wagon, which broke down halfway down the street, the diners make it to Sally T’s.

Fortunately, the hostess sat the group near a large fishbowl.

Unfortunately, the hostess sat the group near a large fishbowl.

Eventually, someone had the presence of mind to call the U.N. to negotiate seating. They came, not having much else to do and actually stayed through dinner to negotiate a discussion between the Rosa’s as well. The only thing that everyone agreed on was that the restaurant was really loud, negating any attempt at civilized conversation so we pretty much fit in. The evening might

have been salvaged, in fact, had it not been for Joe Joe’s insane desire to be a speed-bump to passing waitpersons. Everyone seemed happy to have this evening come to a close.

The big vacation was starting to come to a close as Poppy picked up Johnny at Newark Airport on Friday. Others in the family wondered which of two Standard Poppy Airport Treatments (SPATs) Johnny would receive:

SPAT 1. Passenger is dropped somewhere on the NJ turnpike. Car may or may not slow down within sight of the Newark Airport Tower. In a pickup situation, passenger must jump into moving car, and then will be forced to drive. (Usually reserved for seemingly ungrateful college students, but could be extended to include those having the nerve to marry ungrateful college student).

SPAT 2. Passenger enjoys nice leisurely drive listening to the music of Poppy’s life all the way to the actual airport terminal. Beverages are served as well as specialty sandwiches. Car actually parks in a parking lot and passenger is escorted to gate. Sometimes a goody bag with cream donuts is offered for the plane ride. In the pickup situation, passenger is met at the gate, his/her bag is carried and a cooler is in the back seat with favorite beverage and a little snack.

In a move designed to keep us all guessing, Poppy decides to go with SPAT 2 for this passenger. Lucky Johnny!! Go figure. Bruce Stambaugh made this comment: “What about SPAT 3?, like I get—which is no treatment at all! I have to rent a car and drive myself

to the airport, since Poppy usually borrows my car to haul dirt....”

The final vacation event was Track Day. As Saturday dawned, the newly re-united Jayne family immediately went their separate ways, with Johnny taking Hannah and Joe to the softball field while Momma took a break. After a dip in the Stambaugh pool, with the requisite cell phone call reminder to “make sure Joe Joe doesn’t drown”, the family regrouped to go to Monmouth Park Racetrack. The rest of the afternoon was largely spent looking for shade in between placing bets! Tired and sunburned, the Jayne family plus Isabel, left the track early to pick up lots and lots of egg rolls at the Gongoras and to help Mrs. Donohue back at the house, where she was already being helped by Isabel’s friend Aidan.

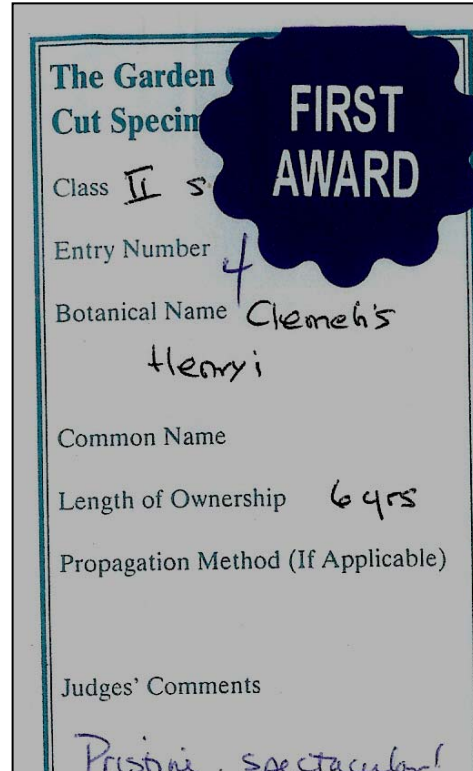


Thus ended the REAL Jayne Vacation. Stay tuned for the Movie.

### **LET THE WORD GO FORTH**

Fairfield County, CT, November 10, 2004 – At the annual Garden Club Awards ceremony in this upscale sector of America special recognition was recently made for a rare specimen and a renowned exhibitor.

First Class award went to the past president of this distinguished community organization. At her request her name is to be anonymous but our reporter learned through indiscreet



channels the recipient’s name. This reporter removed the First Award citation displayed herewith,

A rare botanical species, this Clematis is propagated at only the finest condominiums under the loving care of two senior citizens. It was judged to be a spectacular, pristine, cutting.

***Elliot Spitzer has approved this announcement***

### **NEWS FROM PATRICK**

So, no dogs allowed in Maine. Has anyone educated you on Rhodesian Ridgebacks? We are the “New Canaan’s” of the dog breeds. Just when I thought I was about to like you Jayne’s, after your Jo-Jo gave me a

cookie and let me lick the crumbs and sludge off of his face. Ta Ha! Now you show your true colors. Last time I guard your children from meddling teasing parents!

At this time, I do not know if my beloved Jean-Marie will be there for Thanksgiving. I am doing my best to keep her hear with me, where she is meant to be. No more gallivanting off to play tennis or go to Small Point. I should write a book, bow-wow.

Any attractive females on your street? I bet they would like me. Do I sound like Sally Field? No awards for me. All that “stand stay” baloney, I would rather “lay sleep” or “chase squirrel”.

I hear through the grapevine that the Jaynes’ are expecting another baby in the family. Please be aware that one day some lucky babe will soon be having my babies, emphasis on “ies”.

Just so you know, I travel well, but I expect the comforts of home (i.e. pirate booty snacks!). Again, the thought of a fenceless yard is titillating....

Regards from Monmouth Beach,

Patrick of Ives

---

## **ON HIS WAY TO THE GALAXY**

*By Kennon Jayne*



Redmond, WA, November 10, 2004 – Not for any milk toast of a man, Captain Falcon (see photo insert) did launch the experimental Hovercraft at turbo speeds into an unknown galaxy.

Recently declassified from top secret, under provisions of the Patriot Act, this photo was released as evidence of the courage and determination displayed by our special forces exploring the deep space of the video game universe. The stress of time warp shows visibly on this warrior’s face. Clinical test have proven that many brave video game test pilots return to earth younger than their age at launch time. In this case the reverse appears to have occurred.

We are pleased to report, however, that Captain Falcon (alias Captain K’non) did return and is now serving in Nintendo’s research lab for advanced video game animation and adult survival.

## **Con Man Movie Critic**

Hey, Hey, Hey family and friends! Do you know what time it is? Time for me

to deliver you some of the hottest movies of 2004, that's what. That's right, Con Man Critic is back to bring you 5 standout films of this year. And...Action!

### **Shrek 2**

Rating: PG

Starring: Mike Meyers, Cameron Diaz

Genre: Comedy/family

Conman's Review: ★★☆☆

Picking up exactly where the first movie left off, this movie takes us to the kingdom of Far, Far Away as Shrek and Fiona (Myers, Diaz) return to her homeland to tell her parents the good news. Not everyone is happy to find her married to an ogre, with the most irate in this group being Prince Charming, who was supposed to be the one who lifted Fiona's curse. We're also introduced to the mysterious Fairy Godmother, and the great ogre-slayer, Puss-in-Boots. For those of you who have not pleased yourself with this fantastic film, I suggest you do so right away. This heartwarming comedy will leave you on the edge of your seat laughing, and living happily ever after.

### **The Grudge**

Rating: PG-13

Starring: Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ghost

Genre: Horror/Suspense

ConMan's Review: ★★☆☆

The Grudge is based on the curse of one who dies in the grip of a powerful rage. Those who encounter this murderous supernatural curse die and a new one is born, passed from victim to victim in an endless, growing chain of horror. Gellar plays the haunted young woman in this very frightening film. When I saw this movie, I was so scared that I wanted to leave. Warning: People who get

nightmares easily- not a good movie for you. This is definitely the scariest film of the year.

### **Shark Tale**

Rating: PG

Starring: Will Smith, Robert DeNiro

Genre: Comedy/Family

ConMan's Review: ★★1/2

Oscar (Smith) is a fast talking little fish who dreams big. But his big dreams land him in hot water when a great white lie turns him into an unlikely hero. At first, his fellow fish swallow Oscar's story hook, line and sinker and he is showered with fame and fortune. It's all going along swimmingly, until it starts to become clear that Oscar's tale about being the defender of the Reef is all wet. Oscar is finding out that being a hero comes at a Market Price when his lie threatens to make him the Catch of the Day. Now he has to tread water until he can get the scales to tip back in his favor again. Honestly, I think Dreamworks would have done better if they skipped 2004 completely. After stinking up the screens with this film, any animated film could beat it. Sure, it has its laughs and is sort of cute (and making tons of money at the box office), but this is one film that should anchor up, and sink to the bottom. But then again, I'm only a twelve-year-old critic - with a lot to say!

### **SpiderMan 2**

Rating: PG-13

Starring: Tobey Maguire, Kirsten Dunst

Genre: Action/Adventure

ConMan's Review: ★★☆☆

Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man returns in the sequel to the record-breaking blockbuster movie debut for

Marvel Comics' flagship character. Tobey Maguire returns as Peter Parker, the nerd-tuned-hero to face new threats to New York City and the people he loves. Kirsten Dunst plays Parker's love interest who is about to get married? What's happening? All the sequels this year are better than the original! Spiderman 2 proves that statement correct, and is exploding off screens as a big hit nationwide. This movie teaches us about love, destiny, and choice- and the first choice you should make is to see this top-of-the-line film.

### **The Incredibles**

Rating: PG

Starring: Craig T. Nelson, Holly Hunter

Genre: Comedy/Adventure/ Family

ConMan's Review: ★★★★★

'The Incredibles' follows the adventures of a family of former superheroes rediscovering the true source of their powers - in one another. Once one of the world's top masked crimefighters, Bob Parr (AKA Mr. Incredible) fought evil and saved lives on a daily basis. But fifteen years later, he and his wife Helen (a famous former superhero in her own right) have been forced to take on civilian identities and retreat to the suburbs. Today they live as mere mortals and lead all too ordinary lives with their children... Who, go out of their way to appear "normal." As a clock-punching insurance man, the only thing Bob fights these days is boredom and a bulging waistline. Itching for action, the sidelined superhero gets his chance when a mysterious communication summons him to a remote island for a topsecret assignment. Now, with the fate of the world hanging in the balance, the

family must come together and once again find the fantastic in their family life. Wow. This movie is a blast of fun for 'the entire family. I thought at first that this movie was going to be quite silly- boy, was I wrong. This classic leaves Nemo and Shrek in the dust has all the ingredients needed to make a perfect film- Adventure, comedy, love, fantasy, and joy. I give this movie two thumbs way up!

### **ConMan Review Key**

- ★ Boo, tomato throwing time
- ★★ Not bad could be worse
- ★★★ Impressive.
- ★★★★ Excellent, one for the books
- ★★★★★ Amazing, Oscar Contender.

written by ★ Connor Stambaugh ★



### **Roving photographer**

Do you recognize these boys? If you guessed Max and Sam Jayne—you are right on!! Obviously in disguise, these smart fellas were trying to avoid our roving photographer. Gotcha!! Happy thanksgiving to our nephews and their parents, Truxtun and Christina.