to its predecessor

By Tim O’Coin
CRUSAIDER FEATURES EDITOR

Sometimes a film has such an impact on popular culture that elements from it become forever engrafted within the cultural matrix. Such a thing occurred ten years ago when Anthony Hopkins’ chilling portrayal of psychotic killer Dr. Hannibal “The Cannibal” Lector in Jonathan Demme’s brilliant thriller “Silence of the Lambs” created a new example of evil personified — as if the film has no point, and in the context of reviewing its follow-up, I dare him to drink five glasses of milk, and he did. Shortly into our annual game of football, however, the milk made a surprise reappearance when Terrence got tackled.

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.

I was only about nine at the time, and babysitting was a big deal to me. It meant that my parents trusted me to take care of my brothers, it meant that I was old enough to have some responsibility, it meant I was getting a little older and wiser. My brother didn’t see that way, though, apparently, locking me in my parent’s bedroom. When I escaped out the window (pretty slick, huh?) and rushed back into the house full of anger and fury and rage, my brother said, “Hang ten, Paul.”

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.

I was only about nine at the time, and babysitting was a big deal to me. It meant that my parents trusted me to take care of my brothers, it meant that I was old enough to have some responsibility, it meant I was getting a little older and wiser. My brother didn’t see that way, though, apparently, locking me in my parent’s bedroom. When I escaped out the window (pretty slick, huh?) and rushed back into the house full of anger and fury and rage, my brother said, “Hang ten, Paul.”

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.

I was only about nine at the time, and babysitting was a big deal to me. It meant that my parents trusted me to take care of my brothers, it meant that I was old enough to have some responsibility, it meant I was getting a little older and wiser. My brother didn’t see that way, though, apparently, locking me in my parent’s bedroom. When I escaped out the window (pretty slick, huh?) and rushed back into the house full of anger and fury and rage, my brother said, “Hang ten, Paul.”

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.

I was only about nine at the time, and babysitting was a big deal to me. It meant that my parents trusted me to take care of my brothers, it meant that I was old enough to have some responsibility, it meant I was getting a little older and wiser. My brother didn’t see that way, though, apparently, locking me in my parent’s bedroom. When I escaped out the window (pretty slick, huh?) and rushed back into the house full of anger and fury and rage, my brother said, “Hang ten, Paul.”

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.

I was only about nine at the time, and babysitting was a big deal to me. It meant that my parents trusted me to take care of my brothers, it meant that I was old enough to have some responsibility, it meant I was getting a little older and wiser. My brother didn’t see that way, though, apparently, locking me in my parent’s bedroom. When I escaped out the window (pretty slick, huh?) and rushed back into the house full of anger and fury and rage, my brother said, “Hang ten, Paul.”

I thought about the first time I babysat him and my other brother, Trevor. Trevor’s a little kid, and when I babysat him, he always wanted to play "big ball." But whenever he tried to play "big ball," I would tell him, "Trevor, isn’t that cute." Well, it’s not. You should hear my grandmother try to call one of us. "Tyle-eh, Terre- oh Mother of God-Donna-oh Geez-TREVOR!!" By the end she’s beat red and hoarse and doesn’t even know what to say to someone else’s. Cute! I think not.