

creative



You thought about it all summer long. You predicted the worst, but hoped for the best. Then it happened. You came to school, moved in to the dorms, and faced God's most feared creature - The Roommate You Don't Know.

You even felt it coming. There you were unpacking your Fruit-of-the-Looms when you heard the key turn. But there was nowhere to run or hide. You wanted to scream, but instead you broke out into a cold sweat...

Then he entered the room, and put a box down in the middle of the floor, before straightening up and adjusted his glasses "You must be Murray," you say, feigning enthusiasm "Yup," he says, giggling like a maniac.

You study him carefully for a moment, and realize the zits on his face look like a map of the constellations. You start to get angry. You want to know what you've done to get stuck rooming with "Pointdexter from Hell."

And he wouldn't have to say another word, because you already know what he's all about. Murray probably thinks "party time" consists of cake, Kool-Aid, and a totally intense game of "Pin-the-tail-on-the-Donkey." But he does say more.

"I'll be right back - I'm going to bring up more stuff."

You nod, and as he exits, you notice that Murray couldn't possibly weigh more than thirteen pounds. Maybe he'll slip down the drain when he showers. Then you wonder if he does shower. Perhaps he's so skinny that dirt doesn't stick to him.

You then decide the moment couldn't pass without you peeking into his box. Inside there are some books, stationary, pens, and on top are some tapes. You pick one up. Slim Whitman's Greatest Hits. You pick up another. Boxcar Willie's Christmas Favorites.

Murray comes flying back in with a handfull of clothes on hangers.

"I see you found my tape collection," he says, startling you. "Did you know those two albums are not sold in any store?!"

"Really?" you reply, wondering what would happen if you just hoisted Murray over your head and flung him out your third floor window. You then wonder if he'd hit the ground, or if the wind would take him. It doesn't matter, you decide. At least he'd be out of the room.

"You don't smoke, do you?" he asks.

"No," you reply.

"Good, because I wouldn't be able to room with someone who smokes. Severe asthma," he explains, pointing to his chest.

There it was, your big chance, and you blew it. You look at his bed where his clothes are lying. There are four pairs of slacks - mustard, lime green, brown, and plaid - definitely not fashion colors. All his shirts are short-sleeve and button-down, and are just literally screaming for pocket protectors and slide rules.

You realize you can't take much more of this. And then comes the clincher. Out of the box Murray pulls something you hadn't

noticed, and puts it on his desk. Afraid to look, you decide you must, and discover a stuffed Armadillo.

"His name is Felix," he tells you.

That was it. The last straw. Something inside your head has snapped, and you are now out of control. You try to reason it out. You tell yourself the kid's last name has got to be Munster, or maybe the "Big Guy's" playing one heck of a cruel joke on you. Or maybe, just maybe, Murray's an illusion. An illusion! You've reached a revelation! And if he's an illusion, nothing will happen when you send him plummeting out the window...

You decide you must. Charging at Murray, you raise him above your head with the skill and technique of a professional wrestler. Then you head for the window. Murray is now screaming and flailing his limbs wildly. Then a buzzer goes off

It's your alarm clock. You wake up to find summer isn't over. It's 11:30 a.m., and your mom comes in to tell you someone's on the phone.

"He says he's scheduled to be your roommate at school next month. Why don't you talk to him? He sounds really nice, and his name's Murray."

You don't ever remember screaming that loud before. Or since.

INSECT BANQUET

by S. R. Hnasko

Look at the man
See how still he lies
See the angle of his
neck
And his eyes full of
flies

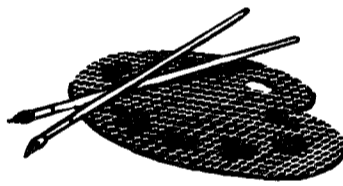
He seems quite familiar
But you can't see his
face
Through the ants that
dance
All over the place

He's been here a while
In the dirt and the stones
While the larvae all
party
Midst his wreckage of
bones

He's lain here for hours
This man of the dead
While the centipedes
interbreed
With millipedes in the
back of his head

The bugs divide him
Without any care or regret
The lice take a slice
of the scalp
At the insect banquet

The worms squirm in
The worms squirm out
They make use of the
dual holes
That they find in his
snout



THE MOST INNOCENT OF ALL

by Joseph Mahn

Happiness is never lost
Within the presence of
children;
The love of their hearts
That we defray at our
own cost

Their smiles are like
the sunshine
On a warm summer day
And every time we show
them hatred
Another piece of the
world will decay

Show not children colors
Rather show them brothers;
They are messengers of
love
As they ride on the wings
of a dove

PENN STATE

The beetles all scuttle
They hope they're not
late
They're quick on their
feet
And they're easy to
sate

The dragonflies quickly
fly
Looking for something
to eat
While the spiders inside
of his boots
Make a meal of his feet

I try to scream out
But all that escapes
is a cough
It seems that my throat
Is coated with millions
of moths

This is a day that
I know I will never
forget
The day that I died
And became the insect
banquet



A.G.B.

by Mark Piedmonte

you sit at the desk
giving demands to anyone
who may be in the area
you are in complete control,
and you take advantage
of the situation at any
given time,

communication breakdown

we make it, you break it
cut us off as we discuss
world peace
go to the trouble
of reaching out
to wake us up
in the middle of the night

happy birthday
i love you
you make me sick
leave us alone
we can do it ourselves
without help
from your distant voices

eye contact
body language
bad breath
how can you tell

its all too real
the modern world you
make it easy to do
the hardest things,
the same things
that can break a heart,
close a contract,
broaden a mind

ah, the shame of it all
no human involvement

c
o
m
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unication
suicide