

I came to and found myself seated in the middle of a cramped, dimly lit chamber. *I'm waking up*, I said to myself. *It must be the next installment*. Then I decided to stop being self-reflexive and determine my whereabouts. A throbbing pain towards the back of my head was making it difficult for me to think straight, so I squinted into the gloom, looking left and right for something, anything, that would tell me something about where I was and why. There was nothing. Blank, featureless, brick walls surrounded me on all four sides, with no visible doors or windows. *How did I even get in here? There's gotta be—*

Whack!

There's only one man in the world who can deliver a whack like that, I realized. And then:

“Alright, Brubaker, make it snappy,” came Aaron’s voice from behind me. “People are dead, and we want answers.”

“Of course people are dead! There’s a war going on outside!” I protested. “Listen, fellas, there’s been a mistake here. You’ve got the wrong guy!”

“Steven LaRue. John Bolton. Jordan Phillips,” said Malika, stepping out of the darkness in front of me. “These names don’t mean anything to you, hmm?”

“Now wait a minute, this is crazy! I’ve—”

“Hit him again, Whacky guy,” said Malika.

Whack!

Stars were dancing in front of my eyes, and I wasn’t interested in seeing *Dreamgirls*.

“I..I need to go to a meeting,” I managed. “Please! If I don’t write my weekly report on the state of the realm, the citizens of Hitchcock will be uninformed!”

“The Jorgonaut’s propaganda campaign, eh?” Malika laughed. “Well I’m not playing that game anymore. Aaron and I work for Tom Wood now. When the smoke from the war clears, he’s the one who’s gonna be running this country. What’s left of it, anyway.”

“I should note that he was looking particularly sharp about a week and a half ago,” Aaron added. “And you know what else? If you don’t deliver your “minutes,” or whatever you call them, nobody’s going to notice. Nobody even reads them, not even him,” he said, staring out of the page and directly into the astonished eyes of Tony Hoffman, who had been minding his own business in a stall on the third floor of Section IV.

I heard the sound of crumbling masonry behind me, and knew this was my chance.

“Aaron, you fool, you broke the fourth wall!” screamed Malika as I leapt out of my seat, ducked through the hole in the brickwork, and found myself outside on the quads once more.

I had no idea what that was all about, and I hadn't come any closer to solving the mystery of the murdered HARC representatives. It was with a great deal of exasperation that I realized that I would have to wait for the next installment yet again for the plot to make any progress whatsoever.

I NO LONGER HAVE ANY IDEAS FOR WHAT TO PUT IN THE HEADING OF THIS SECTION. IF YOU DO, EMAIL ME AT BBRUBAKER@UCHICAGO.EDU AND I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER! A QUARTER! YOU CAN USE IT TO DO A QUARTER OF A LOAD OF LAUNDRY!

- Ben Brubaker invents two literary devices: metatextuality and stalling.
- Anna Sarfaty wants to get rid of the last few "Armadillo goyle perched on top of a pile of books" house shirts. Sign up for them at the beginning of next House Meeting.
- Submit your designs for new house shirts to Jory.
- Uncle Sam wants you to come up with ways to spend our house funds!
- Guess what's still happening:
 - A) The Spanish Inquisition
 - B) Healthcare Reform
 - C) House Homecoming
 - D) All of the Above
- Guess what just happened: the Banana Split Study Break. If you missed it, there's probably excess Ice Cream to be found in the Hitchcock Kitchen.

Answer: C)