

Today we examine the future memorials and monuments of (Sn)itchcock...

As we enter the overgrown ruins of this presently^(and always) irrelevant curiosity, tiptoeing around the lagoon upon which the anatomy building once stood, we behold a curious station upon the way: **The Moneyed Gates**. This gate takes the form of a folded *bi-fold wallet* placed perpendicular to the slanted ground, with a gateway hewn through the neo-classical (and at the time gilded) façade of the of the ID holder, passed through motifs representing the signs of now unremembered *credit card companies*.

This architecturally beautiful monument did not originate as a standalone masterpiece: it began as one of two gates in the *Wall of Collection* built in the spring of 2008. This curious wall completed a circuit around the dwellings and fields, upon leaving or entering which individuals were compelled to pay for Scav Auction items at the points of swords. The wall had barely been completed before enemies tore it down, pursuing fleeing Go-Cross-Campus [elaborate war games] captains in the wake of defeat.

.....
As we continue Our Journey [while hopefully avoiding neo-Barbarians skulking in the Bushes] we should arrive at a most cunningly designed (yet altogether inane) monument: the **Spike of Scavengers**; being a single tall spike, fifty feet high and ever narrower until the top, at which point it opens into a broad square, upon which are heaped crude figures of implements and trash cans made from ultramafic rocks. The purpose of this monument is not altogether understood: it is believed that the lower spire was built in order to celebrate the miraculous achievement of an eight minute house meeting, but was latter converted into a memorial for Dave Franklin's "Scavengers" film shown Tuesday at Doc at 915 pm.

.....
Next to a half-abandoned village upon the shores of a small lake, we may behold – and you must believe me that I speak not lies- or rather could have beheld, a most wonderful creation testifying to the fickleness of fate: the **Magic Statue of North and South**. After the house trip to Northerly Island on Sunday of 5th Week, a great statue was commissioned to commemorate Mark Conkle's prowess upon the international magic circuit. A two hundred foot statue was to be built of an Armadillo standing upon its hind legs and clothed in a Hawaiian Shirt, with one free paw resting upon a sword of justice stuck into the ground and the other grasping a Magic Deck in its hands. The statue was to be cast from steel taken from the enemy in Malaysia, but resources became scarce after the Battle of Wagram, so a plaster replica was built in lieu of the original, save for a steel left arm. Today the left arm is all that remains.

.....

Deep within the granite caverns where once the house lay, the wary traveler may yet find [provided he is accompanied by many porters and askaris] the underground **Recreational Court** where one of the most traumatic events in this land's history occurred. When the Sections-General of the House was expelled after the *Eight Minute Meeting*, the members of all Sections met here on Bad Movie Night on Sunday so that they might swear never to disperse until they had added more amendments to the house constitution.

.....
Emerging blinking (and lucky at our escape from the arrows of the inhabitants) into the light of the second-growth climax stage forest, we once again behold a ruin: the **Palace of Consulations**. Following Jourdan's forcing of a constitution upon IHC, the headquarters of the council were relocated within the long bronze-columned dorm-quad palace, in order to remove the corrupting influence the purportedly-Germanic court exercised upon the Bartlett.

.....
Last we arrive at the **Tomb of the RH's**. While the Dorm's famous leader, Benjamin II Sax, had rode to war at the head of Bollywood night many times; he was at last defeated in Flanders and could not show a Bollywood movie this weekend and exiled to Virginia, where he died. Long after in the decay of the house, his body was returned by the July Consulate of Bruce Arthur, and entombed amidst glass and marble. Farewell.

"la Patrie en Danger!"

David

"Originally Wrote the Hitchcock Eight Minute House Meeting Haggadah, but decided that it was (A) in stunningly poor taste even by his standards and that (B) three quarters of the house could understand only one quarter of it so would be pissed and (C) he couldn't get appropriate people to check it for appropriateness before Shabbat started, and then it would be Yom Tov, and mailing it after Pesach ended would be Silly."

Stein