



HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES in *Db*

– as told by the piano that sits in the Green Room, who is actually an aspiring author, but, as you will soon see, should really take a creative writing class, or just stick with the music thing

It was a sunny day on that dirt road, deep in Bear Country, and the 34 residents of Hitchcock (eventually 38, as the meeting wore on, and eventually 39 when Juan walked in) were having a house meeting. After Pearl regaled the group with tales of root beer, there was discussion of money, some stingy comments, some tree-hugging comments, but that soon passed. Deena did a creepy laugh, Tiwalade chided people who don't bring him receipts, and Jim's mustache gleamed in the yellow light of the green room. Bridget, one of the historians, alluded to secrets and cameras. The Social Love Seat had a successful trip to Portish and Irving Park(s). IM sports are still confused about the possessive pronoun that it carries like a stone of shame upon its mural. Yes indeed, it was business as usual – if one can really call business in Hitchcock “usual”. It was the best of times, it was the midterms of our lives.

Suddenly, when the state of the section addresses began, the residents noticed something unusual. There has been a kind of section Tetris being played by the inner sections. People are moving everywhere! By the time, dear reader, that I might explain who moved where, it would most surely have changed again.

A voice rang out from the back, “Eric Floyd, the soccer superman, has games all the time, and people should really go!” Another voice drowned out the first, yelling, “The Maroon was wrong!” The residents nodded saying, “Of course the Maroon is and was wrong. We're too busy to check facts! We have Plato to read and peaches to sell.” The residents instead applauded Eric Floyd and the glory of manly sports.

Finally, Giant Pumpkin arrived, apologizing for being so late. The residents forgave their orange friend, after all, aren't we all midnight children (?), and Giant Pumpkin unfolded his parchment and began.

“There are many Halloween activities this weekend! See the signs hanging throughout your domicile. *But do not forget about the less fortunate! Rachel Berg has bags in her room on the second floor of section one.* These bags should be filled with canned food, and only you, dear residents, can prevent world hunger. And forest fires, but that's for another day.”

The residents applauded politely and offered Giant Pumpkin a brownie. Giant Pumpkin declined, explaining the necessity cutting back before one is carved. Simile metaphor analogy period space space.

The At-Large Reps were off learning about trade in Venice Beach, CA, but left a letter demanding, & threatening women with fish & the old man fought the sea & oh the humanity & we all thought of how to counteract the curse but gave up & moved on & tried to forget & then remember all those things past oh how we tried but were denied.

Fairy Godmother Robin bestowed a tuned piano on Alyssa, circumventing red tape and proving herself a speedy legislator. I was most pleased with this, as my strings feel slimy, and my voice sounds like I'm going through puberty. And going through puberty once is more than enough. I wanted to be a catcher in the rye, but my hunting cap didn't fit quite right. Robin then went on to coin the phrase “Snell-Hitchclock” – which was well received by all. The ticking of the clocks. The tolling of the bells. They tick and toll for thee.

“The *Fast-a-thon on the 28th* will be a great way to fight hunger by feeling hunger, as well as showing solidarity with the Muslim community; I have pledge forms if anyone needs, and please join us: it will be great – and all are welcome,” said Jon – further proving that he needs to review his punctuation skills. I am a haughty piano, indeed.

Brian leapt up and proclaimed, “Dust to dust, are we all. But Scav Hunt can and will remedy that.” Out of nowhere came a giant, hooked, bamboo cane that yanked him away. If you see a floppy haired Brian, please return to owner. How much is that puppy in the window. Ruff ruff. Then Snowball gave a speech.

The secretary put her pen in her pocket, that pocket that was indeed in her pants, did a little dance, placed the minutes in her bag, and telepathically recited a poem for the residents:

WHEN NOT IN USE – TURN OFF THE JUICE

She was referring, of course, to their bedroom lights, the rec room television, and their Bartlett bucks. Never was there a story of more woe, than fourth week, or what you will. El fin.