

# OF WHAT CAME TO PASS AT HOUSE MEETING

## Chapter 1

Bohn Jobka fixed his gaze upon the room. Focus. Unfocus. Focus. Unfocus. This wasn't his life. He didn't explicitly ask for this. No one does. Who'd you ask? Tom? Focus. Waves of cacophony crash upon the sleek wooden shelter that divide him from the ramble. Unfocus. Midterm. Reading period. Finals. Break. Winter. Focus. Foci. Jobka and the others. The ellipse ebbs each week. Each weak. Until this moment. When he and them are one. A circle. House Meeting. Order must be called.

## Chapter 2

Kon Hobka called and the masses answered. Not abrupt, but like the cascade of gruel as it is deposited unto your eager Bartlettian plate. Then from Meghan, the call came again, "Lay out a tale. A grand epic that sways me to think that extemporaneous dealings of existence can align. Not as a line, but as contained succession of events where strangers deliberate and with them I relate. Articulate circumstances that whisk and batter me off, to return in a score and a half. In this total you must ad. Speak to me an image. Tell a vision. A new tell a vision. In the Rec room. Please don't steal it. Secondly, there will be a lot of study breaks this week! Ice Craem Studay Break, Sadwicht Study Brak, Bfesekt Ssdyut Bkkkkeacrck! Iumurieal vfferhtkimneig!"

## Chapter 3

Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja. Of this sweet lad did you ever hear? A simple sweet lad, a real genuine cad, a gentleman devoid of all fear. Maggie replied to this trembleless beau, this man you should know. This Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja. Her most elegant answer, akin to a dancer, let all of those who dare mock her, learn the glories of midnight soccer. Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja. As a most final memo, and here I do quote: "Study Break this Sunday. It'll be...something." Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja, Bock Hokja.

## Chapter For

those who are not with us.

*Kirsten Olson  
Resident Master's Aide  
Inter Mural Sports Rep  
Hot Chemistry Girl*

*Lukshmee Sv.  
Hark!  
Some Shoes in Life Break You*

*Micah Sperling  
Historian  
We're Not Sure What Your  
Responsibilities Are Either*

*Lealana Hirschart  
One Social Chair  
Two Seats  
Not Funny*

*Kevin Vollrath  
VOLLRATH!!!  
!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!*

*Section Three  
I know of no trope  
No meme  
No joke*

## Chapter 5

A Chapter of silence for the above mentioned.

## Chapter 6

Free the enslaved Twitter! Censorship is a crime.  
For it the Belle tolls. It is a toll far too steep to pay.  
#CountthecharactersSpacesCount

## Chapter 7

“Scalding. That’s the word,” mused Bob Cobjahn as he peeled the broiled skin from his hand. Never had Bart Mart possessed such hot food. His recovery was lamentably sluggish, not unlike, but uncertainly disunlike, that of the reader after having prose thrown at them *in media res* after a trilogy of inaction. Turning to leave the branded market branded himself, his feet led him peanutlong into a wall. “Renovation. That’s the word.”

## Chapter 8

Gorbin Kafka trekked dormward alone, his charred fingers molting in the silent air. He raised his gaze from the slabs of stone as the cuckoldling cutie from his Civ class flounced towards. She had been in his room. Twice. Thubs of the heart and skittish exchanges. Summer had stolen them from each other. Today, no recognition. She cut by. Gorbin’s lapse in depression only gave him the strength to plummet further into the abyss. The dark tendrils of misfortune curled around him. The only embrace in his life. Hope? No. Some cellars have no doors. We have money.

## Chapter 9

Jon Bubblkull fell. Unclear to himself whether in mind or body. The air shattered and the shards pierced his essence. Scattered he stood amidst the dealings: Sarah Goldman Whispered Secrets of the Cancer, relayed signals of men dragging Kowarskian costumes, hidden, hiding, seeking, finding, a snack released, dubbed. All in the Reg. Saturday at 6534:319:04.

## Chapter g

While these are all my words, the ones you read now fill that role in an ostensibly different manner. It has come to this Secretary’s understanding that I am progressing inevitably to my creative doom, that is to say, I am running the idea-well dry. Do not for a jiffy think that this is the well from which I quench my life-thirst, rather the particular well that I derive minute themes from. Let’s call it  $W_0$ . Assuming for a moment that  $W_0$  is unique, it is easy to see that it is also dense. For those of you less math-versed folk, given any two weeks, one should be able to find an idea in  $W_0$  such that this idea is not the theme of the weeks that bookend it. I thus ask that you, yes, you, no, not you with the comb over, the person behind you, yes, you, first off, stopping hanging out with that comb over man, and second that you, NO COMB OVER MAN. I’M NOT TALKING TO YOU. GET OUT. \*Ahem\* That, secondly, you assist me in procuring buckets of ideas from this  $W_0$ . Unless you’ll prefer this incohesive prose.

## Chapter 10

Sex. Sex was the word that woke Jan Bobka from the malaise. Damn. Damn was the word that prevented him from returning. Dental. Dental was the word he thought he heard before Dam, but upon reflection realized that Dental and Dam are two words that are best left isolated. Rising from where he lay, he looks about. A pentagonal chamber, a door on each of the walls. The first door was short and mixed. It had a moustache. The second was loud and obnoxious, a regular Palevsky. The third was a secret door, which could be found with a Search Check of 15 or by having a 3<sup>rd</sup> Edition elf walk by it. The fourth was just awesome. Hands down, grand. But it had no knob. Jan opened the fifth door and skipped in.

## Chapter 11

It’s filed. And so is this.  
END.

