

The Book of Hitchcock

At first there was nothing. Then there were Waffles. Specifically, Brownie Waffles.

These immaculate forms were forged from the depths of the Second and Third Layers and thus began all existence of House Meeting.

At this time two great leaders roamed the primitive land, a Gooberian Titan known as **Bobka** and the Timeless and Wise **Bryce**. These forces let loose powerful declarations of prowess and when the dust of their battle had settled there remained only one.

The **Bobka**.

And it was good.

Roaring, the **Bobka** spake: Let there be Order in this Land.

And it was so.

Henceforth, I the Bobka shall be known as President. My second, my Vice President shall be the Tyler Zhu.

And it was so.

Miraculously, a cacophony of cries arose from the nothings, *“Who shall record these tidings?”*

In response to this plea from the earth herself sprang a pair of antediluvian monstrosities, Jay the Ornery and Liz the Sour as a Lemon. They gargled forth their musings in attempts to swoon the void. And the void lashed out against Liz for her sins prior and embraced Jay, granting him the exalted title of Secretary.

And it was alright.

Avarice hit and thoughts of wealth filled the emerging nothings. *“Who shall protect our riches?”*

And none knew better than the Graceful and Divine Lisa Pawlowicz. “I shall! I will be thy Treasurer,” she cried. “WE HAVE MONEY!!” And the nothings repeated her mantra, “WE HAVE MONEY!!”

And it was good.

Desiring no contact at first, the near nothings began to turn and look between themselves.

“Who shall guide us in our social affairs?”

Thrice, beings came forth. Ben Heller, the Spectacled, Leah Hirschfield, the Maternal, and Will Wilcox, the Ginger. “We shall lead!” they shouted in unison. **But only two may** :decreed

Bobka. Then CHAOS erupted.

“How is it that we shall vote?!” “Once?!”

“Twice?!” “VOTE FOR WHO YOU DON’T WANT!!!”

“Alter the Laws!!!” “GWAahahHAHhahahahoo!”

Bobka had lost his Order and cataclysm was at hand.

But then: from the heavens descended two beings of pseudo-omnipotence. William Heralded in peace and the **Wood** spake:

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And all quarrel subsided. Sadly, during the affair Leah had perished, leaving the Chairs of Socialness to Ben Heller and Will Wilcox.

And it was good.

Images of letters then filled the minds of the now not-nothings.

“*Who shall reign over our acronyms?*”

The Soul(e) and the King surged forth from the vastness and in turn pledged themselves.

“I the Soule shall ward evil from PSAC,” proclaimed Katie.

“I the King shall make HARC my throne,” proclaimed Brian.

And it was not Adam Chaikof.

Lazy the now-somethings had become. “*Who shall guide our sports?*”

The benevolent forces brought forth the Capped Nik and the Kind Kirsten to lead the IMSports. But other foul forces were afoot. This land was not without darkness, for with all light, there are shadows. Creeping forward to assume this prestigious role moved the sweater toting imp known as VOLLWRATH! But as expected, good won over and VOLLWRATH faded...for now.

And it was good.

Largely ignored problems now plagued the humanoid forms.

“*Who shall guarantee our safety in both Food and Sex!?*”

“**I will be the master of your Food,**” was the resounding response of Kevin Baker.

“**My commandant shall be thus: Thou shall not steal Bananas! Thou shall have mighty Waffles like in the beginning! Thou shall put up with the Peanut Butter Woes!**”

But a contentious battled played out over czar of the condoms, the regent of the rubbers, the sultan of the snakes, the prince of prophylactics, the...you get the idea. Nathan Bartley the Great Head, Liz DenUp the Skirt, Jack “off“ Phillip, and VOLLWRATH duked it out, but noggin dimension prevailed and Nathan came out atop.

Once nothings, they had now transformed completely. They were now true humans. They had become...**Hitchcocks.**

“*We must give life to our kind. A leader for each division!*”

They instated Fia for the First Kind, Emily for the TWOOOOO, VOLLWRATH for the Third, Isabelle for the Fourth, and Adam Chekov for the Fifth.

Translator’s Note:

Go see Isabelle in Fifth Week Work Shops, Friday at 8pm, Saturday at 3pm or 8pm.

Next Saturday is Service Day. Email Tyler.

A fortnight til Prospies. Katie will deliver the news forthcoming.