

**WHEN YOU PLAY THE GAME OF HOUSE MEETING, YOU
WIN OR YOU COMPLAIN ENDLESSLY.**



HITCHCOCK HOUSE PRESENTS

A SONG OF SCAV AND FIRE

TOM

Tom knew this meeting was going to be a doozy. The annual Scav Hunt and the in-house lottery are only 2 weeks away. The Housing office would be putting pink contract cards in all of the residents' mailboxes. He knew that it was vital to everyone's ability to stay in the house to not lose these cards.

"Don't lose the pink housing contract card," Tom said quietly at the meeting, "You will find it very difficult to stay in the house without it. Ask me questions."

SHANNON

Shannon was worried. How many people are going on the Six Flags trip? Was it 13? or perhaps 14? We may never know. Either way, there will be a study break on Sunday.

SARAH

“We have \$364. At least for now.”

The House heeded her words. Sarah knew that the money would dwindle by the end of the meeting. It always does this time of year. It is reflected in the Hitchcock House words: *Scav is coming*.

JONATHAN(S)

Jonathan wanted nothing more than to play sports. Why couldn't anyone understand that? He always reminded people they were happening. No one in the House could deny knowing that Co-ed frisbee was on Friday at 6:30, Soccer is on Sunday at 5pm, Men's frisbee and softball will be sometime. There may even be a softball game on Wednesday.

But sometimes, especially after the Fall, Jonathan didn't want to be “Jonathan the Sports guy”. He wanted to be “Jonathan the Well-czar” and proudly announce to the meeting: “Guys. We're out of condoms.”

JAY

“We should ask for money,” said Alex, the red priest, “That way we can burn things.”

“I agree.” said Jay, calmly calculating the numbers, “We should ask for \$100 to buy burning supplies.”

“Yes let's...Alright they gave it to us.”

“How do you know”

“I was paying attention at the meeting. They just did.”

“Now for the hard part.”

Jay strode forth to the front of the meeting. He was confident in what he had to do but part of him was worried he would fail.

“I would like all of your life savings to spend on Scav—a total of \$250.”

“Really?” Tom replied quietly, “How much does Snell give?”

“About \$200 less than \$250,” Jay replied.

“I challenge you to single combat,” Tom shouted.

“That's irrational!”

“Why?”

“Because everyone loves Scav!”

“Are you sure about that? Put it to a vote!”

“Fine!”

And so the House voted. 18 supported Scav. 17 did not. Jay won narrowly. Despite the fact he won, he felt uneasy. The support he thought would be there wasn't there quite so strongly. Perhaps that would change at Mock Hunt on Saturday at 1:33pm in the Green Room.

DAVID

David just wanted to protect the birds. He imagined a world in which people helped out with a study that involved people counting dead birds by certain buildings. He wished people would seek him out to learn more about this. That way they could also tattoo his body with dining hall complaints.

TOM

The meeting was almost over but something wasn't right. There was an eerie silence. Tom gazed at the faces of the Hitchcockizens in the room; they sensed it too.

Then they heard it. Three blasts on the horn.

“GIVE BLOOOOOOD!!!! Fill out the google doc and come on the trips the the DCAM that you said you would! Don't give the Red Cross.”

Suddenly Hernando was everywhere at once, demanding blood from people so that Scav points could be accrued. An dear god! Walker has allied himself with the blood collectors, he is even handing out forms that can filled out ahead of time to expedite the donation process! What is the house going to do?

Tom never found out. There was a motion to close. Only the track and field meet on Saturday at Stagg field would have been able to save us. Because that is where Brandon is.