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Tom Wood walks into the room, barefoot.

“Who put my shoes over there?”

“I took them out of the oven an hour ago. Why did you leave them there so long?” asks Ben Brubaker.

“Mostly because the meeting for people who want to be Resident Assistants was rescheduled to 7:00 PM on Monday, and applications are due like the next day.”

Cullen Seaton’s jaw tightens a little. He brings his eyes away from the delicious cake on the table a few feet away. “That’s pretty serious, Tom. I don’t know what that will do to Hitchcock-Snell relations, but it can’t possibly be as bad as how deeply they have offended us by tearing down the snow penis by official edict yet again.”

Just then, Cullen’s phone rings. The flickering basement light makes the following significant action nearly indiscernible: Cullen pulls his phone out of his pocket and brings it to his ear. Soon after, following some indistinguishable speech on the other end of the line, Cullen closes the phone and returns it to his unremarkable leg wear.

“I’ve got some great news,” says Cullen, his voice still sounding like his pet had died. “It was actually torn down for some other as-yet unclear reason, and not due to official edict by Snell House. I consider this a great step forward in our inter-house relations. Realistically, however, it was still their covert operatives acting in the upper echelons of the housing bureaucracy. Nonetheless, this day will go down in history.”

Ben slams his fist down on the table, causing the array of eating utensils and dishware atop the finished mahogany to jump and clatter in the most subtly annoying way. You know, one of those things where it wasn’t exactly that disruptive, but you still noticed it and it distracts you, making you lose track of the next few seconds of conversation...

“... because Jon Lee is only 14 years old, I won’t be participating as it would likely break some sort of law. Anyway, the tasty and indeterminate food that will precede Twister will not be colored, in case you were wondering, like Ben Heller,” continues Will Herald. “Anyway, I know you’re all busy with the beauty pageant, but if you find the time on Sunday, come to the study break and, like I said, maybe I’ll bring Twister.”

Lakshmi Sundaesan raises her eyebrow and throws a skeptical look at Will. Then she retorts: “Contacts in Hutch Commons say there is an invading force of anti-cancer charity efforts arriving tomorrow at 6:00 PM in the form of the Relay for Life Kickoff. We are sending provisions, but outlook for the C-shop is bleak.”

At this moment, the door to the basement hideout is kicked completely over, I mean it really just fell right off the hinges like nothing. Lib Gray’s boot hangs in the air for a moment after the mighty kick that apparently caused the door’s destruction. Quickly, she brings it to the ground and aims her pistol at Ben Brubaker, whose hands shoot up. Tom Wood draws his revolver and point it at Lib.

Lib shouts, “Überreichen Sie die Cookies! Schnell, übergeben sie! Schnell!” I think it means, “Seriously send Lisa or I some t-shirt ideas and/or designs, or else,” but Luke Bretscher throws his arms around his TARDIS and brings it under his coat while sweat starts to form on his forehead. He shouts, “Never!”

Lisa Pawlowicz steps out from behind Lib and makes an attempt to calm her down, saying, “Es ist in Ordnung, er ist nur eine kleine Katze.” I’m pretty sure that translates to, “By the way, we are having sweet rice in the master’s apartment tomorrow.”

Taking another step into the room, Lisa continues to the group, “And as for you schmucks, if you haven’t paid me for that trip we are making... well, you had better.”

Kai Eldredge rises from her gold-encrusted throne (she got it last week for \$10, along with a fish—cool deal, right?) with her head lowered and fists clenched, “Lisa... you know that won’t happen. There wasn’t even an IHC meeting this week due to the storm. Besides, they are reconsidering the cohesiveness of our dining options and we may...”

She takes a breath and relaxes her fists.

“We may have an altered (still unlimited) meal plan next year. There’s a chance we may be able to use Flex Dollars at more places, such as Hallowed Grounds and the like.”

Cullen chuckles derisively and Kai shoots at icy glare at him, snapping, “What?!”

“That’s not going to do us any good—” he pauses to flick his cigarette onto the trash can, “—if we don’t have any prospies.”

“You fool!” Jon Lee shouts at Cullen. “We will almost definitely have prospies during April overnights! They are happening in April! Besides, Snell isn’t getting any more prospies this quarter. You can increase our chances of getting prospies by telling me you would be willing to host one.”

“Yeah, if we aren’t too busy enjoying ourselves at the King’s Speech at the River East theater on Saturday after meeting at 7:00 PM in the Green Room,” says Ben Heller. “We have other debilitating activities in the pipeline too—ethnic food from ethnic countries, fish aquarium thing...”

Just then, Michael Victor Zink dashes into the room, short on breath with his head shaking. He mutters, “I could— I could only find three of them, but here are the reports from the other section representatives. Also, this is policy: nothing is guaranteed to make it into the minutes, and if I can’t hear it it’s guaranteed to not make it into the minutes.”

Ben Brubaker extends his hand, anxiety obvious on his face. Michael scrambles to produce the crumpled paper and hands it to Ben.

Unfolding and smoothing it, Ben reads: “Section 4, David Ma: The bar is doing good. Profits from the cockfighting ring have risen. We are considering moving into prostitution. Section 3, Luke Bretscher: Life in Section 3 is okay. Section 2, Maryann: We have ants. Other than that, everyone is busy and productive except not really.”

Ben crumples the paper into a ball in anger and throws it across the room while simultaneously kicking his podium. How’s that for multitasking? The balled paper hits Nathan Bartley in the eye.

“Ow!” exclaims Nathan.

“What, Nathan?! What?! I bet you don’t even have condoms!” shouts Ben.

“I’ll have you know, I **do** have condoms. And if you don’t use them while you’re getting busy, Will Herald will run into your penis and destroy it like he did to the snow penis.”

“I really will,” says Will from across the room.

“That’s it,” says Ben Brubaker. “We are done here. Completely and utterly done. This is ridiculous.”