



Different Article



A Short Blurb on Love by Seth Brodeur

You ever sit in bed at night trying to sleep, but you just can't because you have the image of somebody stuck in your head, and a feeling in your stomach like Flubber on speed? Well, that, in case you don't know, is love (or too much ginger in the won ton soup). Love is a strange thing. It is an emotional meatgrinder that chews you up and spits you out, only to chew you up again. After so many rides through the meatgrinder, you just can't get any mushier or run through. Yet, no matter how much abuse we take, we keep coming back for more. It's like one of those inflatable Mr. T punching bags... it keeps taking punches, hitting the floor, and bouncing right back up for another hit. Do you really want to be compared to that big piece of plastic, full of air, with a retail value of less than \$10.99? Of course not, nobody does... but we keep coming back for more. Why is that?

It certainly isn't because it's fun. I can't think of anyone who likes the processes involved with love. Sure, it's fun while it lasts, but it rarely lasts. You have a better chance of winning the lottery, getting hit by a meteor, and then getting something accomplished at a Student Council meeting. Come on, it's pretty damn unlikely. What I'm trying to say is that there is something very mysterious about human nature that drives us to take such punishment. It's entirely counter-intuitive but it's also very real. It seems that regardless of how powerful our engines of rationality are, we cannot escape the tractor beam of love.

So what do we do about it? Hmm... well, suck it up! Fight back; when loves hits you with a flying elbow off the top rope and tries to execute the figure four, kick it in the proverbial ass, stand up and drop kick the bastard! Get the crowd into it. Of course you're gonna lose to the Crusher, but enjoy your fifteen minutes. Make it last as long as you can because when it ends with you getting busted in the head with a metal chair, you won't be too happy.

Sometimes I think I should have gotten into the Chevette with Buck and transported to LA. He had this way of making me feel special. I felt the kind of special you feel when you're talking to a man wearing magenta pleather pants and he says "you have a lot of space energy, those from the Land of Arcov tell me your name is Aroonca." His band wanted me to go on tour with them and be their space bitch. I asked them why me and they said that I was the best person they had met here.

Here was a small town in western New York. It was populated by old men without teeth and young girls named Dawn who are the 15th generation of inbreeding. (Not that there's anything wrong with poor dental hygiene and having sex with your cousins.) Cheap beer, generic cigarettes, and hayseeds are the name of the game in Samunka. One particular hayseed sold us bunk acid and invited us to a space rock concert/pagan festival. OOOOHH PAAGANS!

When we first arrived at the camp ground we noticed that we looked different than the other people. Irk was just recovering from the trauma he experienced as he passed the various veal farms. He removed his hands several times from the steering wheel and shrieked like an over grown lobster. After the twitching ended everything was okay, I just hope that those cows enjoy their freedom because it sure did take a long time to fit 'em all in the car. Annie is a girl we picked up from her catholic college on the way. She was looking pretty good, and we had beer. Annie had an inheritance and shopped a lot. Mike said that he and Annie could "discuss their relationship" when we ran out of money for gas. He said that he could love her this weekend, even though fucking her was like fucking a cup of hot water. I thought that it was Irk that the locals were making eyes at, but perhaps not just everyone looks sexy behind the wheel of a Plymouth Reliant.

-Beth Eshelman

The author left after writing this, promising to come back. She didn't.

Miss Eshelman never returned, citing returning to the space people and "chilling with a 40" as higher priorities.]

The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 8:11 pm — Just Taybis, Zack, Emily, Mollie are here. All is well. We are engaged in discussion of Taybis's childhood nickname, and childhood in general.
- 8:20 pm — Zack cuts his finger, he leaves to get a band aid.
- 8:30 pm — Fire trucks go by.
- 8:34 pm — Zack returns to insist that his finger has to be photographed.
- 8:48 pm — Remembering that Zack has been planning to write a story about Bruce Springsteen, [cont'd]