

Corkscrewing.

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

I told him sure, it was okay, I'd be willing to save your Dad a third of the year's tuition, and more so, I wouldn't hurt your feelings by making out it *seemed* like he'd pressed you into this position, you needed to keep your ego healthy and strong, after all, what are friends for, don't forget to get an answer while you're on the phone with me, don't leave it for me to decide later and maybe call you back, after all, it's completely transparent, and ridiculous from *my* point of view, me with what I thought was common-enough student loans situations, why would you give enough of a shit about a trimester's load of one *year* of four year's burden to call me and say you needed to "graduate early," since you *could*, how the fuck am I supposed to know what you're talking about, fucker must've gotten *no financial aid*, either, poor little white boy with your Daddy's issues, \$25,000 less a third is at least *worth thinking about* . . . that makes sense.

But: The room's not a single, like you promised, but a double, so I gave up my single in the Broadview for nothing, just so you could re-enter the dorm system, after living in an apartment for two years, this wasn't *part of the deal*, you fucker, this was *precisely the point* of why I said as long as it was a suite I didn't care, you weasel, but your Dad's got his foot on you, now *your* problem's *my* problem, too bad it's too late and not out of line to *say* this . . . what am I supposed to do? Fume? Scream and rage? I guess taking your word for it — if *that's* what it is — is "caveat emptor," you sly dog, you saved your Dad about \$8,300 and change and since you can't make, keep, or hold many friends, this event being characteristic and a case in point . . . I guess *I* have to presume you'll feel there's an all-clear if I don't rage at you during the first week or two, doubtless like your older brother does? Fuck, I've gotta go to class . . . too late to switch back now!

Yeah, I won't say anything if you actually manage to *find* burnouts at the U of C, of *all* places, let alone the stringent requirements for getting in, it's "Where Fun Comes to Die" and a noted problem with student socialization, it's *here*, of all places, in *this* dorm, Max Mason, you manage to find a group of them comprised of a couple-three and a couple, there *always* seem to be a couple functioning as a lynchpin in these groups, who have nothing in common *except a desire to smoke pot and stare at each other . . .* What the fuck? Bajas, classic rock, the whole deal, it's 1994 but let's ignore it . . . Hey! Super Bowl. Let's have a party. Break out the nachos, load up tables with munchies and dip, somehow it seems totally-incongruous and altogether-fitting, what the hell, it's an occasion to have a party, not like we're really paying attention, anyway.

Yeah, this is why no woman would want to be near you, when you were drunk: "I can't remember what happened . . ." Well, her *ex*-boyfriend wanting to kick your ass, and your *ex*-roommate — a mutual friend of *ours* — is never speaking to you again, something unprecedented in the time I've known *him* . . . most people are just exaggerations of their normal selves, while drunk. You're the exception. *You* . . . something dark comes out, okay? I recommend wall-art therapy. Use the William S. Burroughs shotgun method.

THE END

