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## Columbia Chronicle (05/18/1998 - Supplement)

Columbia College Chicago

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# WORDS

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## of Plenty

A Special Literary Supplement from *The Columbia Chronicle*

May 18, 1998

### About Nuclei

"You started this whole mess."

The truth always sits  
between your positive  
and negative ideas

"I'm not sure. Electrons  
are always moving or  
protons are always moving."

Only a small  
tool can successfully  
divide these situations.

Hours of discussion blame  
and reason, things can be  
ignored and found again at  
another time or reconciled  
on the spot under that very  
microscope in your shrinking  
world.

—Matthew Heinz

### Flames

Here's a token of me. "So tell me, what do  
you see." "No, you wrong, look closer,"  
I'm not rich, I'm golder.

I bet you didn't even smell me, and if I  
ask, it would be no.

Please don't held me manly, remember, I'm  
just a flower. Study me twice, before I say  
bye, I promise, I'll never bother.

In the fire, I was burned with flames.

I have six birth marks, yet they all look  
the same.

I wanna be free again, remove my dead  
skin, and let them float in the wind.

I bet you didn't see, six stars of me, sur-  
rounding you as one.  
Love me, kiss me, hold me, be my water,  
be my sun.

—Leoanny De L Cruz

### Enter the lies

Enter the lies that corrode my soul.  
I breathe for her yet I yearn for you.  
A yearning as strong as my craving for  
freedom. Love vs. hate. Today vs.  
tomorrow. I've become my own oppo-  
nent in a battle that I can not fight  
alone and my only teammate is the  
half of me I left to give. My future?  
Honest, yet a lie.

Here yet there—stowed away, stagnant in  
a safe, secluded place far way from the  
evils, (necessary though they may be) that I  
must submerge myself in and where will  
the closure come from? The vacant left?  
The barren right? Or within the heart that  
betrays me?

—Greg Somel

### Classic Style

I think it's your Stee-Lo that I dig so  
tough. Your baritone voice and high pow-  
ered strut a tripey kind of element devel-  
oped your rise.

To me, you're a superhero wearing a civil-  
ian's disguise. You glide through with the  
ease of an autumn breeze. You rescue my  
spirit without breaking a sweat, then you jet.

So cool, how you stroll away, giving me a  
chance to take you all in your energies so  
chill, that your presence lingers far beyond  
your stay. Through an through I am com-  
pletely diggin you.

Your smile is so precise, it gives exact  
meaning with no idea. Your hands go  
beyond my surface and into the foundations  
of my being. Your eyes please, sending plea-  
sure to that soft place behind my knees.

The deepness of you answers all that  
could be questioned your style, you rise,  
and your stance, you're quite the man  
dare I sat it again . . . I think its your  
Stee-Lo that I dig so tough.

—Maya Rice

## Words of Plenty

This is our third in a continuing series of supplements featuring works from students and other individuals from the Columbia College community.

This supplement showcases works of fiction poetry, personal essays and artwork.

We are proud that everyone featured in this supplement took time out to submit their work.

While we weren't able to include all of the submissions, additional opportunities for students and other individuals will be made available in the near future.

James Boozer  
Special Sections Editor

Jim Sulski  
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Supplement title by  
Maya Rice

### Special thanks to.....

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Thank you for  
submitting your work  
for this supplement

Check out our  
next special  
supplement in  
the May 26  
issue entitled:

Photos Of  
The Year:  
1997-1998

## What do you say?

by danaja

You're in love so deep in the abyss called love that swimming is not an option, that drowning is euphoric, and that ascension is addictive.

What do you say?

What do you say?

How do you live with one woman, one heart? one soul and feel so complete? so whole? so damn good..... that forever is no longer long enough?

What do you say?

What do you say?

What do you say to her? As you admire her? Feel her eyes, watch her walk, observe her sit, and wish... that for just one lolly irresponsible, none consequential moment, your bodies could ravage each other!

What do you say?

What do you say?

How can you tell her that she is in your dreams, your future, and that all you want is her love, her joy in you, her sex over you, her touch on your anticipating flesh, her thoughts deeply about you, her spirit dedicated to you, that she, yes she, is all you want to exist in, out, and all around with?

What do you say?

What do you say?

How do you feel all that deep down southernized, pen-up passion, all that effervescent emotion, all that wreckifying righteousness, all that funkified freakiness, all that sustainable substantial lust, all that amazon zulu-like love that swings and leaps mountains, that sways the hips into a rhythmic dip, that carries the traditions of African lore and the present tense of being cool on the Black lip, into just one simple smile?

What do you say?

What do you say?

Or do you hide as a secret lover, secreting nocturnal emissions from your mind into the airwaves of love hoping that her receiver is tuned into your station?

What do you say?

What do you say?

How do you convince her that a moment without her love, her care, her laugh, just the sum total of her "her-ness" is the essence of your togetherness, is the ignition to your life force, and the absence of her is the pain of you?

What do you say?

What do you say?

I do not know, but I gotta start somewhere, so here it goes..... "Hello. How are you, u gorgeous u!"

What do you say?

What do you say?

Say!

## The Creatures

Terry and I stared at the hideous creature's wrinkled layers of elephant like skin that covered a skeletal human-like structure. Its glowing white eyes with pen dot irises bulged from the eye sockets. The creature lying on the grounds of the two-story L-shaped abandoned military hospital with a six car wooden garage and guard post by the opening of a wired six foot prison spiraled top fence in the middle of a corn field at some weird hour after midnight was by no means classified as a human, but an alien hybrid of several earth animals.

Three tall slender white males in black suits and dark sunglasses stood beside Terry and me, discussing the creature's origins. The conversation was inaudible to me as the sounds of the crickets in the field intensified from a background noise to an overbearing foreground siren in my ears. A bright light flashed and I saw the creature talking to another one of its kind.

Terry grabbed my arm. I blinked and stared at him. He nodded his head toward the abandoned hospital. I followed my brother across the two hundred foot brown dirt covered lot to the double doors that were hanging off the hinges and went inside the building. Terry and I walked through the empty white halls of the hospital corridor in silence. However, I communicated with Terry through telepathy.

"This hospital was used to store the alien bodies that were found years ago." Terry nodded as each of our steps were cushioned by silence. "The creature we saw outside must have manifested from the bodies. They have special powers."

I opened a door to a room on the second floor. The room had two beds covered in white sheets with the headboards pushed against the wall facing two windows draped in light blue curtains with a view of the hospital yard and garage. Suddenly a loud noise broke through the silence. I turned toward the door and saw the hideous creature in the hallway.

"Cover your face with the sheet! Don't let it look at you," screamed. The creature kicked the door down and entered the room. I turned away from the creature reaching for the sheet on the bed furthest away from the door. Terry snatched the sheet from me and pulled it over his head as he hovered on the bed nearest to the door. I turned to snatch the sheet from Terry and looked directly into the creature's beady eyes.

A white vapor rose from the creature's feet toward its head as I watched the hybrid slowly transform into an exact replica of me. I stared at the creature and could immediately see when, where, and how it was going to kill humans in my form. The thing was about to go on a killing spree and I would be held responsible for its crimes.

Without thinking I ran toward the window nearest to me and crashed through it landing on my feet two stories below in the yard with glass particles falling around me. I knew I was not cut or hurt from the fall and continued to run toward the wooden garage. I noticed one of the three men in black had an old rusted steel four prong pitchfork severed through his spine with the prongs sticking in the dirt surface leaving a three inch space between the body and the ground

See **Creatures** on page 41

# Black Queen

Black Queen for who I feen. Towards you on State is how I truly leen; to catch a glimpse of your vanilla, caramel or chocolate face.

Aimin for those delicious lips, I'm feelin kinda hungry, can I have a taste? As I often contemplate you swingin an ep over at my place.

Don't wanna be past by, so I add more reps to the chase, as I prepare to leave marks in ya mental that you wouldn't wanna be erased.

No time for hesitation or procrastination so forward I stride. Feelin more than confident so like warm butta flow my cries. Amazed at the reaction, I see we share a siamese attraction.

Only thing left now is the numeric transaction.

Black Queen unrefined, more than half but a true black dime. With the dialect to shatter any man's intellect, while wrapped be the shell in Donna Carol, Hilfiger or Mec... Behind close doors teach B-Boys what it means to flex, from the basic down to the perplex, not rated G, but triple X, with the looks of a flower but with the power of a Lex.

With knowledge of street education from the home, you gets down without packin the chrome. In a crowd of thousands you make your presence be known. In locked chambers I still hear your tones.

As long as I intake you'll never be alone, as you make the strongest negro weak and commence to moan your name and like a match you lit the flame that tamed the beast that was released through acts of passion and like a musu you were relaxin to the train of thought.

In your waves, I fought but got caught as you taught me new ways of dealing with things, and like GE, good things to life is what you bring to this earth through birth for all its worth. Protect your family when worst comes to worst.

Black Queen of whom I dream. In my realms you'll always be supreme. Props were stolen, now it's time to redeem, as you repose your thrown and rein as the rightful queen.

Never to be neglected or disrespected, always first and never second or third, just say the word and you'll have the world; the only gift for a true black girl of your statcha. With looks and intellect you know no one can matcha.

—Marvin I. Glasper

## DIG MY RAGS

I am rich. So very, with my empty pockets, closet, and drawers. You see, I'm only at peace because I have lived with happiness like it was my skin, my twin my spouse, child wild with praise for being able, just to be.

I am so very rich, with my many words and my many dreams, and my dreams about words, that keep me rich with language, simply because it's not simple, but complex in its complexity of being simple.

Yes I'm rich, because I live to know why at how and what if, and not just WHAT IS.

Can You Dig? Can you dive to the depth of my deepness, beyond my empty,

pockets, closet, and drawers and the choice that I give my words? I am rich with riches to share. My mind runs long and wide, up, down, and inside you, breaking you down and taking you apart, simply because my riches can buy your soul and leave you lonely for conversation that could carry you to the world's end. so sad how your wealth in beyond my riches, and the depth of the deepness that my words dwell in.

So sad your pockets are full, but your heart is empty, your closet's complete, but your tongue is dull. your drawers are over flowing, but your mind is stagnant. poor is the love, who doesn't know how sad a wealthy life is without rich words.

—Maya Rice

# Release

By James Mullane  
(C) 1997 J. Mullane

The landscape of youth has a concreteness that is never again realize in later years. The rain is wetter, the snow more abundant, the sunlight brighter and the fragrance of life looms all round. On autumn nights, when there was enough of us, we would often play the game called Release.

I have been with the same company since graduating from Duke University. I have often refused transfers to other states, and more than once this has cost me a promotion. My world must be kept simple. Dr. Inwood, my psychiatrist, tells me that I fear the unknown. I pay him sixty dollars an hour to tell me the most obvious things.

He believes that it all stems from that one game of Release twenty-two years ago. He nods and scratches his nose and dishes back my diagnosis, and then he pockets my cash. Moreover the quack has never played Release.

The game is called release. Only a dunce would say that it is hide and seek played by two teams. In release, each member of a team is hunted, tagged, and put into the "box", where he stays until his entire crew is captured or until he "breaks out". There are only two ways to break out: (1) by an uncaptured teammate invading the box, or (2) by pulling an opponent into the box. The box is merely a clearly designated patch of ground, not much larger than a pitcher's mound. It must be noted however, that prisoners are permitted to form a human chain extending beyond the box provided that one of the members of this chain has both feet inside the box. The human chain is used to drag unalert guards into the box, thus freeing all prisoners. In short, a violent tug of war is part and parcel of this game. I will not let my son play Release.

Tom "Terrific" Bolger was the best release player in South Deering. My childhood was spent in this south side Chicago neighborhood. We played release on the corner near the firehouse. A corner patch of grass surrounded by asphalt and sidewalk and speared with a "ONE WAY" sign, formed for us, the pathway stood old St. Kevin's School, and all of our gang, except for Tom and his cousin, Mark went to school there. Tom and Mark, like most of the kids from the Trumbull Park Housing Development, went to Orville Bright Public School.

I really shouldn't be talking about Tom. Dr. Inwood has sought to dissuade me from doing so. He says to me, "Do you know the meaning of the word, 'traumatize'?" He is always testing my word power. Christ., does he think I am paying him sixty dollars an hour to expand my vocabulary?

I call my son everyday. He is not permitted to go out in a fog. He is not allowed out past dusk. I have insisted upon this.

Martha, my ex-wife, reluctantly indulges me on this point, but of course, I in turn have made concessions too, mostly monetary. Recently however, she insisted that I explain to Jimmy the reason for my unusual prohibition. Thus, last September I drove over to my old home (weeds everywhere) and sat my son down in the den (newspapers everywhere) and tried to explain to him why he couldn't play Release.

But first I made him clean the damn place up.

More or less, this is what I told Jimmy: One night twenty years ago my pals and I were playing release in the old neighborhood. Our entire team had been captured except for Tom Terrific. Tom was always the last of our contingent to be caught, and sometimes he was never caught, for it wasn't unusual for Tom to still be in hiding when our curfew came.

He was stealth itself. He'd hide anywhere, up trees, in garbage cans, under cars, below sewer covers, atop garages, and once atop the firehouse.

Furthermore, Tom was fast, very fast. "There she blows!", this was his battle cry. I learned years later that he stole the line from Herman Melville. He

would charge the box yelling "There she blows!" and often he avoided all their tags and liberated us all.

Release is played in the fall. The early September sunsets usher it in, and the late November snow chases it out. It is played during the same season as kick the can, hide and seek, and of course, football. It is best played amidst the smell of burning leaves.

Ahh autumn leaves, there is nothing like a particular scent to nourish and protect an ancient memory. In any case, it all remains quite vivid to me.

That autumn night twenty-two years ago as we waited for Tom to set us free, a thick fog rolled in from the lake. It was, we all figured, just what we needed to aid our escape. While Mark taunted and distracted the guards, Beerbelly, Hoghead and I linked belts on the sly to form our chain. Amando, who never wore a belt, was sitting in the grass playing with his pocket knife (there is always a dissident).

Like a bolt of lightning, our human chain snapped twenty feet beyond the box and grabbed my brother Phil. We nearly pulled him into the box, when one of his teammates broke our chain. This maneuver failed us twice more that night. Gradually, a consensus grew among all concern that Tom was taking his damn sweet time in securing our escape.

Beerbelly expressed the general suspicion. "I bet he's home right now watching Gunsmoke and laughing at us all." Amando took out his pocket knife and stroked his neck with it; this was his way of telling Mark that his cousin would be severely punished if he had indeed deserted.

Tom Terrific lived with his cousin Mark and his Aunt Nora because his mother was dead, and his dad was a drunkard and a thief. At least Aunt a thief and God knows what else." Tom hated his Aunt Nora, claimed she smelled awful and was always insisting on leg massages.

"A wicked wench if ever there was one," claimed Tom. Tom always said odd things. And did odd things: At age ten he hopped a freight car to Phoenix to visit his dad in jail. At age eleven he secretly photographed Sister Mary Robbins sitting in her convent tub. At age twelve he—(Sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself here, but you shall soon hear it all).

That night twenty-two years ago the fog grew more and more dense as we waited for our savior. I could not see more than a few feet beyond the Release box. Suddenly, we heard Tom's battle cry, "There she blows!". Then came the sound of footsteps, and then two bright lights and the hum of an automobile.

Two glowing balls of light in the fog is all that I could make out, but Beerbelly claimed later that he thought he caught a glimpse of a station wagon or at least the outline of one. All at once the hum-turned into a roar charging towards us. We all hit the ground, and a blast of fog rolled over us, and it was gone. I thought it was merely a drunken driver lost in the fog, but Hoghead insisted it was a UFO.

"There she blows!" That was his battle cry, and we all swore to the police that we heard it just before the two bright lights came out of the fog. They dredged the lake of course, and the canal. They even sent dogs into the swamp across the tracks. A burnt and mutilated body was found the following spring in Hobart Indiana, but it lacked Tom's red hair and buck teeth.

Nearly a year went by before we had a memorial service for Tom "Terrific" Bolger. His cousin Mark cried something fierce at that mass. Even Aunt Nora dabbed her eyes a couple of times. Father Jerome gave a long sermon about keeping a close eye on your children. He also said something about pedophiles being reserved the center circle of Hell. At that time I figured a pedophile must be some kind of communist's talking about the communist threat back then in the fifties.

See Release on 41

## "It's All your Fault"

by dan'naje

I was all good before I talked to you. I was comfortable in my space before you rudely broke in and stole a piece of heart. And I had just become free in my oneness, relaxed in my getting to know me. It's all your fault.

And now. Now. Now, I wallow in confusion, in empty and lacking. True enough, I was a cool cat, "the man" a day ago. All of that has changed, and . . . . it's all your fault.

I am not the same man now. I listen to songs that I once ignored, that never meant a thing to me, and now they open me up like a key. I lay in my bed, finding it harder and harder to sleep, staring at the space next to me, and in your absence, I weep.

It's all your fault.

I question the how, how am I going to make it? The when, when will I see you again? The where, where will we first touch? The why, why are you so far from there?

And by the way, it's all your fault.

I have never wanted to discover something as much as you. Discover what you say? Darling, I want to take the word to the full extent of its definition.

How you think, how you look, how you feel, how my touch pleases you, if peace will be present in your eyes when they are hypnotized by mine. . . discover what we have, is my mission now.

It's all your fault.

If you weren't so kind, so true, so real so sweet, your heart would not be the distant lover I seek. If you were mean, rude, insanely crazy, lacking the cool, I could resist.

But you were not, so now only of your lips do I dream to kiss. And by the way, it's all your fault. So now what?

Do I charge you with the crime of being all that and then some. Or get is your crime intense love with no intent? How do you see why I went?

And you know this all your fault. . . .

It can't be mine, for I am a victim of the awesome power of you. And I anxiously await the day called next so I can chat with you, and be with you the only way I can.

I feel weak because I can not change this scenario, these circumstances. . . and it's all your fault. What I am left to do? I am loving victim of you.

And it's all your fault.

## Release

Continued from page 31

Well, more or less, that was the story I told my son after he picked the weeds and cleaned the den. He said that he now understood why I didn't want him to play Release. He suggested, however, that I change psychiatrist.

It was only a few weeks after this talk with my son that I received a letter from Fr. Jerome. As a former parishioner, I was being invited to a dinner dance to help celebrate St. Kevin's diamond jubilee. I hadn't been in the old neighborhood in fifteen years. Fr. Jerome's letter got me to thinking about my old pals: Mark, Hoghead, Beerbelly, and Amondo.

I had, unfortunately, lost touch with all of them. No, I shouldn't say "unfortunately", the honest adverb here is deliberately. Well, as I said before, my world must be kept simple. So tell me, why did I mail Fr. Jerome the forty bucks that very day?

I saw a number of old familiar faces at the banquet, but Mark was the only one from our gang that was there. I learned from Father Jerome that Hoghead had died in Vietnam. No one knew where Beerbelly was. Amondo, and his pocket knife, was in a Texas prison for something, but no one knew for precisely what. Mark and I talked about the old days and our absent pals.

Naturally, we both refrained from mentioning his cousin Tom.

Mark, who had never left the old neighborhood, was now working as a welder at the local Ford plant. He informed me that his mother, Tom's Aunt Nora, had died the previous winter. "You wouldn't believe who showed up for the wake," said Mark.

"Who?" I replied, feeling certain that he was about to mention the name of some judge or alderman, for Aunt Nora was heavily involved in local politics. After Tom's kidnapping she served on all kinds of neighborhood committees especially those dealing with crime prevention. She herself eventually became a Democratic precinct captain.

"Tom's dad," answered Mark.

"Are you kidding?" I said. "He didn't even show up for Tom's marriage. Mark frowned as his wife came toward us. He leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "I better go mingle with my wife's rancid relatives. But listen pal. I got an idea."

"What's that?"

He then told me to meet him this Saturday night at our old Release box at 10:00 PM. He said that he wanted to mull over old times.

"I don't think so..." I started to say.

"Be there" said Mark. He had to add as his wife led him away from me, "For old Tom's sake, be there."

With a nod, I acquiesced. He knew what buttons to push with me. I guess everybody knew how much I admired and missed Tom.

That Saturday as Mark approached the box with a six pack under his arm, I said, "What happened to the ONE WAY sign?" Instead of answering my question, he tossed me a can of Budweiser. He seemed to be staggering a bit.

"You still can't catch a decent pass," he chuckled. I had dropped the Budweiser.

Mark then patted me on the shoulders and asked, "How's your heart, pal?"

"Okay, I suspect. Why do you ask?"

"So your heart is OK!" He spoke quite loud, as if talking not to me, but to a hidden audience.

"Mark, let's not wake up the firemen." I was beginning to get worried. He seemed to have a strange glimmer in his eyes. Two decades have gone by, who knows what he has become? That Mercedes could mean drugs, maybe worse.

"Listen!" said Mark suddenly. "Do you hear that?"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Didn't you hear that?" said Mark.

Naturally, I spun around and looked where Mark was looking, and then a man's voice sprung from behind us. Mark had us turned in the wrong direction. Was I being set up? Would he mug an old pal? An old Release teammate? And why did the voice in the darkness yell, "There she blows!"?

Suddenly, the Mercedes spun around and came at us.

## Creatures

Continued from page 21

that was covered in an expanding pool of blood slowly dripping down from the pitchfork. The three foot long splintered handle protruding from the dead man's back stood straight in the air.

I continued to run toward the body breathing heavily my eyes darting in every direction. I turned the corner of the garage and ran toward the fence which was closed and a second of the three men in black, body levitated an inch away from the fence in a vertical position four feet above the ground.

The man's legs and arms were positioned as if he was trying to climb the fence. A wire that was around the rusted roller wheel at the base of the fence extended upward into the cheek of the dead man's levitating body causing it to jerk repeatedly and give off a blue electrical current. The sight made me stagger for a moment. In the blink of an eye, I regained my composure and started to run faster as the stench of burnt flesh that smelled like a mixture of a cinder burnt steak and a sewer irritated my nostrils.

The fear of the destruction that was about to happen in the image of me ran through my mind. I started to pump my arms faster and faster. When I was three feet from the fence I leaped upward soaring through the air like a long jumper in the Olympics. As I cleared the six foot fence, I tucked my body inward putting my left arm under my knees holding on to my right elbow as my right hand pushed my head and neck toward my chest.

I hit the ground on my feet and took off like a sprinter out of the blocks toward the wide open dark corn field. My legs started to feel like rubber. I was breathing hard and erratically as I ran as fast as I could but in the same spot. Suddenly, the darkness swallowed me.

--Bianca Williams

It pulled right into the box. A huge man jumped out of the car. The teeth were now straight, and he was at least a foot taller, but the hair was still a blazing red. "No, it can't be," I told myself. "It's impossible!"

But when he hugged me, I moaned, "Oh Tom—Tom, you're alive!"

I do not believe in ghosts; nonetheless, I was very relieved to learn that I wasn't talking to one. They were quite right to inquire first about the quality of my heart, for I did indeed faint in Tom's arms. I did not fully regain my senses until they took me to Mark's house, where we drank Budweisers and reminisced all through the night.

Here I was told that Hoghead was right: it was a station wagon. The car was stolen by Tom's father. And it wasn't really a kidnapping, for Tom himself, had planned the whole affair. That's not to say that his dad was totally against the idea. Let's just say, it took some persuasion from Tom, and of course, a little mental abuse from Aunt Nora to set the crime in motion.

Tom's dad had been in half a dozen jails and never once even approached a successful break out. But that night their escape was flawless. So perfect in fact, that his entire clan, including his cousin Mark, knew nothing at Aunt Nora's wake, and while drunk, began bragging about his son's good fortune.

Tom writes me now. He tells me about his huge real estate investments, about his new Lear Jet, about his racing horses, and even his romances. He says that he is in the process of purchasing the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

The NFL is insisting that he sell his race horses first. He has invited me to go with him to Zimbabwe this spring for a lion hunt. Apparently, life has been one daring adventure after another for Tom.

I am not going to Africa. As I said earlier, my life must be kept simple. Tonight I did six crossword puzzles in a row. I then called the phone company and had my phone disconnected. I could not bare another call from Tom. But before doing this I called my ex-wife and told her that she could let the kid play Release.

The End