

ASA MEETING
27 OCTOBER 2004
Official Minutes

7:32 PM: There, my hand-painted sandwich board advertising "MURJ" in blood red letters should drum up some publicity (and maybe even some extra funding!)

7:36: Enter 10-250 several minutes late. Don't think it causes a disruption, though, since to avoid detection I make sure to crawl up the center aisle.

7:37: Man this is getting boring. They're jabbering on about selecting a Large Graduate Member or something, which frankly sounds vaguely obscene.

7:39: Enough is enough. Time for a drinking game: one shot for every time the speaker says "student activity". Fortunately I keep a margarita-filled Nalgene bottle in my backpack for just such emergencies.

7:43: Bottle half-empty. Or is it half-full? I'm such a pessimist. Must maintain concentration...

7:57: Must've drifted off there - the speaker's shouting "Merge? Merge?" Are they asking for a vote? Better safe than sorry, I leap atop my seat and shout "Nay!" The crowd falls silent, plainly impressed by this show of decisiveness. Pressing the advantage, I continue, "And you spelled my group's name wrong - it's 'MURJ', and you clearly said 'MERGE'. I could tell." Suddenly overcome by a piercing headache, I slump back in my seat unconscious.

8:01: Awake mid-snore - surely it's been hours? days, even? no, only a few minutes - to find that my neighbors, unable to withstand the brilliance of my rhetoric, have moved several seats away. Well, we can't all be superstars.

7:48: The speaker's assistant comes by to collect the Official Constitution. He's a whiner - "That's not a constitution, that's a scrap of used toilet paper." "Oh, and I suppose yours isn't?" "I'm on the ASA Executive Board, I don't have a constitution." "But you have a scrap of toilet paper." "Well... yes." "See what I mean?"

8:10: These cataleptic fits have got to stop. Where's my Ritalin? There, that feels better. Wait... aren't there side effects to mixing it with alcohol? I check the back of the bottle but it's just a blurry haze. Nothing to worry about.

8:11: The "speaker" is now giving an "update" on "_____". What "is" this nonsense? It only "applies" to recreational "student activities". They are mere bugs compared to the academic powerhouse that is MURJ. Like ants. ANTS! People are staring - did I say that last part out loud? No matter; as established earlier, their opinions are unimportant.

8:13: Mr. Speaker Man seems nervous. Yeah, you'd *better* be nervous, punk.

8:15: Feel very alert now, like I'm able to feel every hair on my body. 33 of them on my left arm twitch suddenly. Is it...? no! it must be...! An ANT! I spin around and swat that diabolical arthropod for all it's worth. Turns out to be a paper passed by the next student over. Well the b*tch had it coming. I mean the ant.

8:19: The meeting's ending early for some reason. To emphasize my earlier point that MURJ is #1, I sprint down the center aisle before the speaker's finished blathering to be first to escape to sweet, sweet freedom. But the bottom step moves suddenly and I go sprawling across the stage. I never fall - that b*stard in the front row must have tripped me! The sniveling little brat would have been [roadkill] within seconds except, with grim horror, I gradually realize where it is I've landed...

8:20: AN ANTHILL! The insidious insects swarm over me, biting and snarling like crazed hyenas, or maybe ants. I rip off the "MURJ" sandwich board and try to brush the fiends off me but it's no use. The speaker approaches - "Hey man, are you all right?" "No," I say with a smirk. "I've got some *left* for you *right* here." He takes the uppercut surprisingly well. I switch to my "nice" voice: "By the way, would extra funding not be completely out of the question..." The ants then chew through my stomach wall and all is blackness. Should have finished the margaritas.

3:13 AM: Suddenly awake. It was all a dream! Funny, I don't remember visiting the police station...