

The Getaway



Fly on the Run

There are two guys lying down in HUB Mall.

Right now I'm in HUB Mall, but earlier I was in Rutherford Library. I had to leave however, as the girl in the carrel ahead of me caught me writing an anecdote about her and told her boyfriend (a really tough-looking Fine Arts student). He and his six buddies dragged me into the bathroom and beat me up. Then they made me eat my notebook, called me "a waste of good sperm" and forcibly threw me down the stairwell.

As I was getting up, favoring my injured leg by standing on the one that was only broken in three places, they warned that they might get angry if they heard about me writing anecdotes again. Not wanting to cause a scene I left.

Before that I was in the weight room. I had to leave there, however, because two guys thought I was writing an anecdote about them. I told them I was merely recording the number of hyper-extension reps I had done with a thirty five pound weight clutched to my chest, but they paid no attention. They said that the pulsing vein on my forehead was disgraceful, and if I didn't leave immediately, they would shove a couple of Olympic plates down my throat. I was just about to "triple dog" dare them to try it, when I was thrown out by a staff member for not having a shoe tag.

Anyway, I'm in HUB Mall now and there

are two guys lying down together. They are lying down on their sides, facing each other, in the coffee lounge next to the Fine Arts breezeway. Oh, there are lots of chairs available, they are just lying down on the floor. They are both smoking, which makes me wonder what they're up to. A lot of people are stopping and looking at them but they don't seem to notice.

There is also a girl. She doesn't see the two guys yet because she is looking at the newspapers on display in the magazine shop and laughing. Some of the headlines are: "Angry wife puts Pihrana in hubby's tub", "Siamese twin kills own brother because of bad breath," and "Ghost of Elvis arrested for impaired driving." The two guys just keep lying there as she laughs.

Soon, however, she stops laughing. She's spotted a guy walking towards her from the north end of the mall. She obviously doesn't

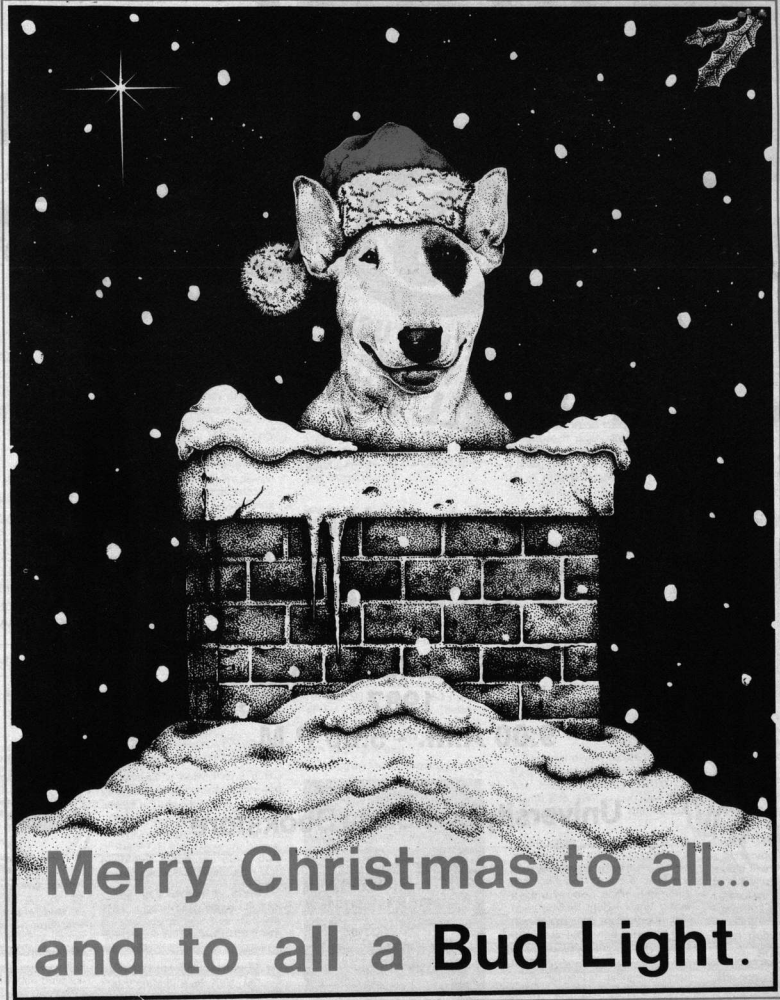
want this guy to see her because she starts walking south as fast as she can. Now she's desperately looking for a place to hide. The guy keeps walking closer. He's a pretty big guy and he looks like he could be an axe murderer, or something. He's also wearing a vest.

The girl can't find anywhere to hide. It's so late the breezeway is locked and most of the stores are closed. I suppose she could run down one of the stairwells, but then she'd have to move to the side of the mall where there are less people.

She had better do something because the guy in the vest is getting closer. He's carrying a big, big book bag. He could have an axe in there, or a kettle, or something.

Maybe those guys have some room for her down on the floor.

J. Denver



Merry Christmas to all...  
and to all a Bud Light.