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## EXCUSE ME, I'M SITTING HERE.

My very very loose philosophy is that I am the star of my own show. Or more accurately my life. I think I am a fairly reliable narrator and I do a good job of routinely getting to the resolution by the end of each episode. Recently though, I experienced a freeze frame moment that shifted the dynamic of my narrative arc.

I sat down at a table in Slayter and began to do some work. While switching between tabs of Canvas and Google Docs, I looked up to see someone that I have class and am friendly with. We made eye contact and I waved and smiled. They reciprocated the wave and met me with intense eye contact. I glanced back at my screen and then back at them again. The distance between us had shrunk and {our eye} contact exponentially increased.

When they approached my table, they leaned over and rested their palms on the table. They began to ask me a question about a recent assignment and when I didn't give the answer they were looking for, almost serendipitously a friend of theirs called out for them. Since I was mid sentence at this moment, I continued riding the track of my train of thought. Since they were engaging in conversation with someone across Slayter, despite remaining a foot away from me, I told their shoulder that I needed to stop by office hours for that class.

By the time their friend made it to my table, their conversation was in fully swing. I became nothing more than the left over rice from someone's Spice Bowl when you find an empty table. I sat for a few beats expecting a response to my comment about departing or a follow up to their question, yet nothing intended for me came. I proceeded to pack up my bag and get up.

I quietly slipped out of Slayter. When I reached the door, I looked back to hold it open for someone behind me. When I looked back I noticed that both people were standing in their same position. One leaned over my table still wishing for the correct response to their question. The other, occupying the space opposite to my chair. Both seemingly created a tableau that seemed to exist since the beginning of time and will continue past whoever time runs out.

I took one last look at the set behind me. As the distance between me and my table expanded, I seemingly heard bells ringing indicating that the scene was over. I played my role. Some directors hopefully got the shots they needed. Or at the very least, they have some nice background shots. For me, it just becomes another unpaid non union work that probably expands my reel that I am saving for the next perfect extra gig.

*Griffin Conley,  
Non-SAG Actor*

# I THINK I'M DYING AND HERE IS WHY: (A POEM ((FREESTYLE RAP)) THAT RHYMES)

I think I'm dying and here is why  
There's a tickle on my nose and an itch in my eye  
A caught lash could be possible, or perhaps a sty?

I'm feeling measly and mumpy,  
Just all around grumpy  
Jumpy and frumpy and bumpy and pumpy

All of these things that I'm feeling is filling a portfolio  
Are you sure it's eradicated because it might be polio  
Don't call me a hypochondriac, I'm not Pinocchio

You would not believed the colors i just yakked  
Or the smells or the taste or the texture, at that  
Too tired to clean it up, imagine the flies it'll attract

It could just be the weather, but I've been growing weathered  
Could you feel my forehead? My temperature should be measured

Fuck a thermometer, I'd rather my head just be severed

I keep seeing my life pass by me in flashes  
The stress of my dying is manifesting in rashes  
Now my eyesight is going, soon I'll need glasses!

I've missed a weeks worth of classes, I'm so upset  
I'm in bed with a fever, sheets soaked in sweat  
Who cares if its respiratory, pass me a cigarette!

I suffer from attacks of series of sneezes  
God seems to be ignoring my endless array of "pleases"  
Why oh why am I subject to all these horrid diseases

My head and my shoulder, oh my bones how they ache  
What I would give in this instance to shed my skin like a snake

All my money, or my mother, whatever it takes

Believe me when I tell you, this shit ain't no fun  
My ribs are bruised from partially hacking up a lung  
And I have this awful feeling that my time here is done

*Selah Griffin,  
In Memorium*



## Staff "Interjections" Box

Betsy "Uh-oh..." Wagner, Managing Editor  
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Mick "Meh" Smith, Junior Editor  
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Lauren "Uh..." Ehlers, Junior Writer  
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