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THE HISTORY OF BURPEE'S SEEDY THEATRICAL COMPANY

Chomp,
Burpee

The cool and lush mist covered landscape proved to be a multidimensional home to the Gasosaurus populations of the Mesozoic Era. Rolling hills full of forest that they had yet to navigate appeared daunting to the few who wanted to simply appreciate their beauty. Most of the Gasosaurus population sought to use their big strong legs and long bodies to conquer as much of the land as they could. Not that small group who lived in the cave on the mountain top, overlooking the waves of green and soft clouds that filled the Sichuan Province. They found love in that cave. They laid their eggs and hatched their children, or as they referred to them, their "farts." That's one thing to know about the Gasosaurus population—they always had a sense of humor about themselves.

One day, they were all glued to the cave's ledge as they took in their beloved glorious view and reflected in anticipation of the birth of their next fart.

"I really appreciate being here with you all. We just have such a great rapport. But I can't help but feel we should be taking risks like the rest of our species. Am I alone in feeling this way?" said one of the Gasosauruses.

"If I'm being perfectly honest, I've been thinking the same thing recently. I don't want us to be remembered as the dinosaurs who never tried anything new or put themselves out there," replied the friend.

As their conversation continued, a faint cracking could be heard from the inside of the cave. Except this wasn't the same cracking they had come to learn from each prior fart.

"Sorry, do you guys hear that? It sounds like a pinging noise", asked another Gasosaurus. They all rushed to investigate the mysterious sound. By the time they made it to the egg, the hatching process had finished. What remained at the center of the cracked speckled shell was something entirely new to them. It glistened in the light of the fire at the center of the cave, reflecting and illuminating the dark corners that surrounded them. Speechless, the Gasosaurus reached down and picked it up. She held it by the bulbous black end, and feeling its hollow emptiness, decided to squeeze.

HONK! At that moment, Burpee's Seedy Theatrical Company was born.

The sound reverberated around the cave out towards the hills, exciting all of the wildlife that surrounded them. Immediately they all thought of some pterodactyls who had flown by once and joked around with each other, asking for "inputs" and performing funny scenes for them before carrying on their journey to stops at other caves. They called it "improv" and it always ended with them flying away awkwardly, kind of half expecting applause. The horn sounded and the group felt the goofy finality it carried. They knew they wanted to better engage with all who comprised the view they loved so much, and saw an opportunity to take risks while making each other laugh.

As a symbol of this new beginning and legacy, they all traveled down the mountain to find plants that spoke to them and reaped 1 seed each. They buried their seeds and ran back up for their first practice. They wanted to establish themselves right from the start. Together, they stared at the horn and simultaneously thought about their favorite thing.

"Bowling!", one exclaimed. The cave's depth made for a perfect bowling alley and they loved playing everyday. It meant so much to them that they even had customized shirts with each of their names on them.

"Wow, that could be a pretty powerful metaphor, ya know? We take the time and energy to go out on a limb and either strike or strike out. Just like those funny pterodactyls," mentioned another.

"We also bring new life to each attempt, just like what we just did with the seeds," said the other.

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"Guys, this is just trying to be funny and challenge ourselves. I really don't think any of it is that serious. But those are some cool things to think about," said the third.

They combined these parts into their identities and came up with their group name. But, they didn't want to name themselves "Gasee's" in fear of being too self-referential. They went for the opposite end and landed on Burpee's Seedy Theatrical Company, to sound very proper and official.

The reunion information in the year 2024 has a bunch of typos, which is totally understandable if you don't know our group's comprehensive history. It's actually our 450 millionth reunion, not our 45th. But I guess it has been 45 years since their descendants came to Denison to push themselves even further and tackle the comedy wasteland: Ohio.

Here they have remained, and for that I am very grateful.

BURPEES: IMPROV GROUP, OR DEMONIC CULT?

William Eddleman,
Knows too much

I was at the Burpee's midnight Halloween show at Smith graveyard last night, expecting some good laughs. What I saw shocked me. They started off with a game where four of them stood in a square formation, walking in circles. The things they talked about - and the horrible acts they engaged in... Well, I'll spare you the details. But they were not kidding when they called the show "R rated". In another game, known as "chain murder mystery" they started KILLING each other, while speaking in some kind of incomprehensible, otherworldly language. Ritualistic chanting the commune with devils, no doubt. When asking for volunteers for another game, the ring-leader of this cult asked for a "sacrificial Burpee". For yet another game, a group of witches surrounded a central figure, and started dying off, one by one, giving their lives up to dark forces. During the final game of the night, they declared one of their own to be GOD. The antichrist walks among us now, apparently.

As you can see, essentially every "improv game" that night was really some kind of demonic ritual. What does this mysterious group want? Were they trying to raise the dead buried in the Smith graveyard? Steal the souls of those who attended the show? Use diabolical forces to influence their grades? All I know is that the "Burpees" are not the innocent improv group they make themselves out to be. Stay safe out there, because The Gaming Guild is no longer the only group of devil worshippers on campus.

HOW TO PLAY: THE BURPSHEET

Chomp,
Burpee who has never played
this game before

PERFORMERS: a chain (3-4)

OBJECT: to create a "Bullsheet" type situation where you have one character writing on an issue, and then a second character responding to that issue, then a third responding to the first and second and so on...

INPUT: a controversial topic (fictional, real, or combination).

ACTION: One performer starts by sitting and writing a letter out loud while he/she

mimes the actual writing. About half way through the letter a second performer enters and acts like he/she is reading the same letter. Once they get the general just of the letter, the second performer finishes the letter and reads the signature as we see the first sign his name. The first seals his letter in mime and sends it off. Then the second mimes taking out a pen and paper and begins reading out loud his response. Then a third performer comes in a sits where the first was, and the cycle begins all over again. The chain continues until the original writer returns and sums up everything in a letter. It can also end on a high point with a honk.



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