

BROOKS STREET TIMES

"Lemon curd is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."

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Creature Corner

Jessie Coulter, Staff Reporter

This week, a stink bug cleverly infiltrated the perimeter of our oh-so-secure abode. Unbeknownst to us, he traversed the living room, presumably looking for smaller stink bugs to pester for lunch money and marbles.

We discovered the intruder when a low drone punctuated by tiny running-into-the-ceiling-cause-I'm-a-dumbass-stink-bug sounds intruded on our respective readings (*Criminal Procedure* and *How to Bake your Bike*). Scarcely had we begun contemplating courses of action for dealing with the intruder, when he attempted a kamikaze-esque run at a window and fell out of sight.

The Cline attempted a search and destroy via flashlight, to no avail. Several raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders later, lo and behold, Buzzy McAnnoythropod revealed himself, cowering in a budding [insert singular of narcissus flower here...or is narcissus singular...]. And Will thought Jessie was saving all those used salsa and peanut butter jars for no reason. Wham, bam, thank you m'am, Operation Catch and Release was completed sans casualties. Tune in next time for "Adventures in Composting."

Crime Report

Mail Fraud –
investigation pending

Noise Violations –
investigation pending

Illicit Gambling –
investigation pending

Horrendous Pictionary
Sketching – violators on
probation



Adventures in Baking

Investigative Report

William Cline, Staff Reporter

A 110 Brooks Street resident recently commented, "This is the most jury-rigged place I've ever lived." "Jury-rigged" is a novel way to describe one's living space, so the Times had me investigate whether this was an accurate statement.

It turns out that this phrase is quite apt. What follows is a list of all the ways in which this statement is true:

- The bedrooms have no closets. Residents make do with closets in other rooms, an unused shower, an old armoire, and Will's wobbly free-standing hanger thingy.
- Spare furniture gets stored in the bathroom
- The front door doesn't lock with a key. To lock the apartment behind you when leaving, you have to go out the back
- The power outlet at the bathroom sink doesn't work unless the overhead fluorescent light is on, making it useless for charging electric shavers and the like.
- Water pools in basement, which has to be swept manually into the sump.
- Both refrigerators, the toaster oven, and the microwave all run off a single power strip perched precariously on one

corner of the mini-fridge. The circuit breaker in said power strip trips when the toaster and microwave are used simultaneously. One of the residents is incapable of remembering this before 8:00am.

- The countertop lighting and the coffee grinder run off an extension cord perched precariously on top of the stove.
- 50% of countertops are covered in loose butcher blocks. They're warped and wobble when you cut things.
- 25% of countertops are made out of ceramic floor tile from Lowe's.
- The television set, DVD player, and related accoutrement are stacked on top of each other on top of a tall cabinet, with jewelry boxes and books serving as spacers. Only Will can reach the DVD player without standing on the coffee table. (sometimes he does anyway, for effect)
- Three-way splitter on the cable line
- Mystery doors
- Mystery light switches
- Can't open one of the living room windows without first moving a speaker
- Mailbox not fully inserted into ground, making it unstable. Brick stabilizers fail to compensate.
- Cardboard spacers compensate for uneven floor
- Duct tape carpet
- A system of cracks runs throughout the walls of the house. Residents suspect that pressing on a secret spot will either bring the house crashing down, or trigger a conversion into Megatron.

Point/Counterpoint

In this issue, we discuss the merits of Earth Hour. On March 28th at 8:30pm, dozens of people around the world turned off their lights in order to raise awareness of energy usage and climate change. Brooks Street Times takes you "live" to the scene of the action...

Jessie: We have to turn our lights off at 8:30 tonight. It's Earth Hour.

Will: (raises eyebrow)

J: I mean it.

W: Remind me the goal of Earth Hour again?

J: It's to raise awareness of energy use and climate change.

We're supposed to use no electricity for an hour...although I think I'm going to keep using my laptop. It's running on batteries, so that's okay, right?

W: Uhhhhh...

J: Hey, look, they have a thing where you can upload a video of what you do during the hour.

W: What, an hour-long clip of darkness?

J: Well, there will still be *some* light. All our neighbors' lights will still be on. Not everyone cares that burning an incandescent bulb for four hours uses a lump of coal.



W: So you're admitting that no one around here cares, and the only awareness you'll be raising will be...ours?

J: No, I'm admitting that your face doesn't care, and that it's about solidarity. Can we go egg houses that leave their lights on?

W: You can if you want. I'll stay here and continue to express my solidarity with this chair.

J: Fine...Oh no! We only have three minutes. Where are the candles?

W: You get to use candles? Don't candles emit carbon dioxide?

J: Whatever. The point is not to use electricity. I'm turning off your light now.

W: How am I supposed to read anything? This candle light is crap.

J: That's not the planet's problem. Sir.



W: So what am I supposed to do for the next hour? In the dark?

J: Learn to play the guitar. Or the harmonica. I wish we had a banjo.

W: Um, again...it's dark. I can't see anything. You seem to be mostly raising my awareness of how inconvenient it is not to have power...

J: You're missing the point.

W: ...In other words, the take-away message seems to be: "Electricity is great! Everything's better with electricity! Use more of it!"

J: No see, it's only by going *without* electricity that you become aware of how dependent you are on it. The temporary inconvenience gives you the opportunity to think about how your electricity usage affects you and the environment.

Por ejemplo, is your life really better because you spent two hours looking at lolcats yesterday?

W: Hey, not fair, I had just come home from work. I needed a break!

J: Or how about the forty-five minutes you spent today trying to program the universal remote?

W: No, hang on—

J: I mean, all you got out of that was the ability to watch Police Academy 7. Great. Just great.

W: Hey, Netflix recommended that. That wasn't my fault.

J: Oh man, don't get me started on Netflix. Do you know how much energy it takes to ship those discs all over the place? Where are you going?

W: To start my car. I'm gonna celebrate the earth by having it sit idling for an hour.

J: Don't be stupid. Come back and sit down and just enjoy the piece and quiet for a while.

...W: I'm going to go open the refrigerator door so I can read by that light.

J: I may kill you before the hour is out.



We are skeptical. Of you.