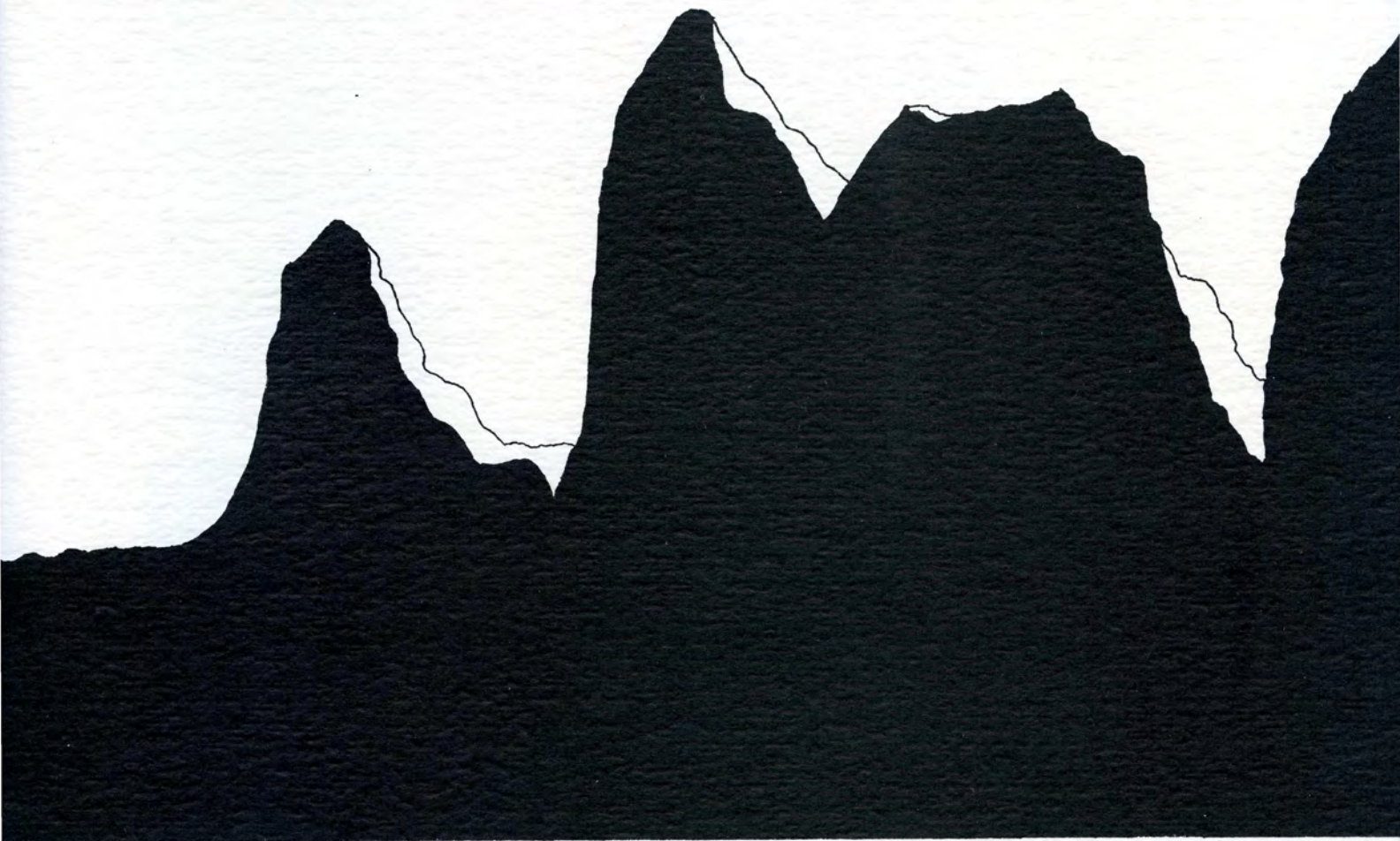


Marist College Literary Arts Society Presents

Landscapes of the Mind



The Mosaic

Volume 1

1994-95 Winter Edition

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Special Thanks

To:

RAW Interactions
Student Government Association
Entire English Department

"Landscapes of the Mind"

Welcome to the 1994-95 Winter edition of the Literary Arts Society's publication, **The Mosaic**. In this magazine are works that your fellow students would like to share with us. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed compiling it for you. We, at the Literary Arts Society, would like to thank everyone who sent us their submissions, and hope that you will continue to send your work to us in the future. This magazine is for you. We need you to continue it. Thank you again for your support.

Brian J. Elias, President

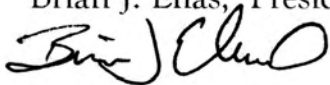


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Angel

The boy sits,
with eyes open,
slowly they open.

To reveal her.
She stands there.
like an Angel
sent by God.
Promising Peace and Healing.

He stands up
to touch her!

The man awakens.
He then realizes
the Angel a memory
of years ago.

Now there is nothing
but loneliness and hurt.

The man closes
his weary eyes,
to find the Angel.

-Steven Giampaolo

Poetry

Poetry is anything
with a meaning,
with a reason,
with a little rhythm or
a little rhyme.

It could be a single word
with a meaning in itself,
or just a thought
that comes to mind.

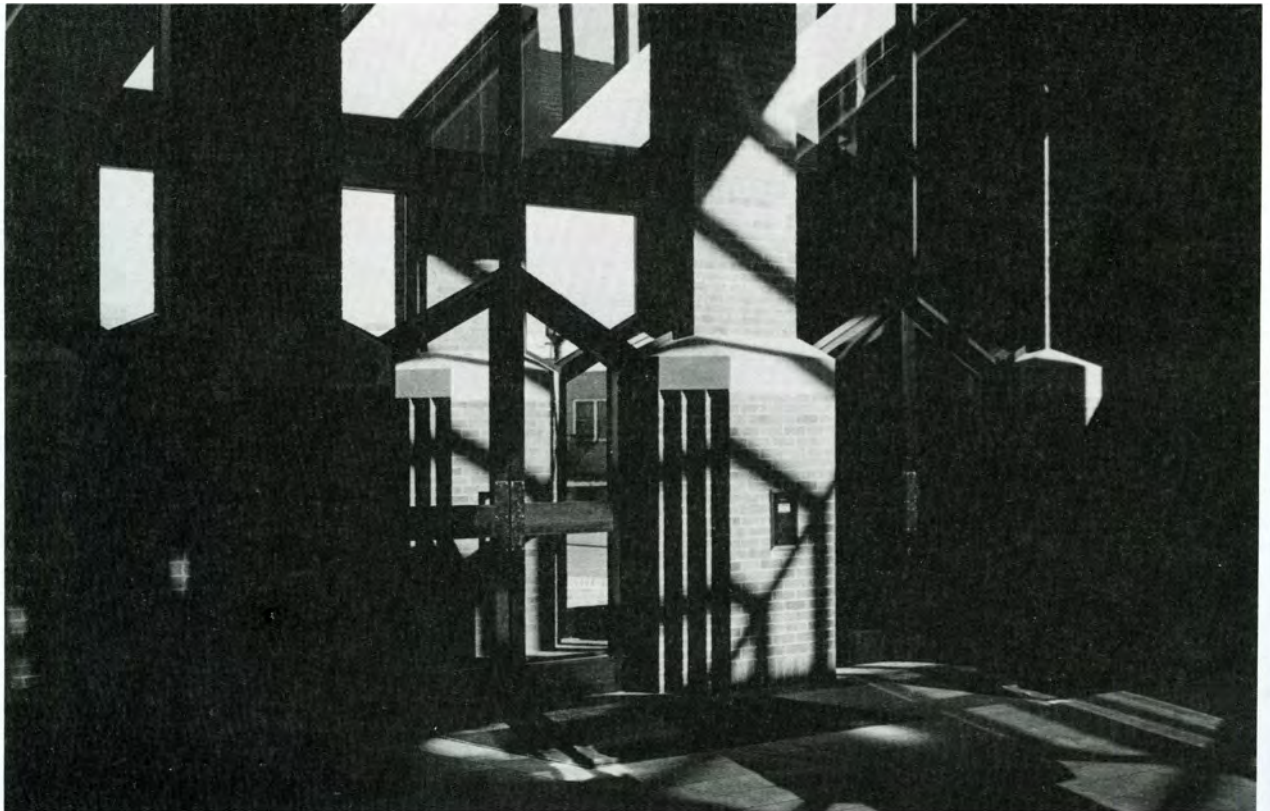
A thought, a mind, a word, a rhyme
that's all you really need...
that and something to write it
down with.

-a poet at heart-

Lost

Lost in the shadows.
Lost in the dreams.
Lost in the thoughts,
of what it is and what it seems.
Lost in the trenches.
Lost in the streets.
Lost in the alleyways.
Lost in the heat.
The Bless-ed soul hungers.
The Bless-ed soul eats.
But the Blessed Soul too, child,
is lost in the streets.

-Mike Pappagallo



The Idiot

You are an idiot.
You know that you are.
You are such an idiot,
The biggest one by far.

Wherever you may be,
East, west, north, or south,
You always find a way
To put your foot inside your mouth.

Tactfulness is something
At which you tend to scoff;
I highly recommend you try it;
You might be better off.

Don't take this as a threat now,
Be that as it may.
I'm just so frustrated
And I don't know what else to say.

I just had to inform you.
You know, sort of one to one.
I wish I had good news.
This certainly isn't fun.

Gee, are you alright?
Your cheeks are awfully red.
I hope that you've listened well
And remember what I've said.

I really should be going now,
On my merry way.
I hope I haven't offended you,
Have a very nice day.

-Laura Feret

The One

I have never seen such a man before
With eyes that pierce my heart
And a voice that melts my soul.
Every time I see him I am lost,
Forever, drowning in my tears
For I know that he can never be mine.

He walks with a certain sense of confidence
Moving toward grater destinies.
In daylight, he appears to me as though I were
In a dream.
At night, though I do not see him, I can feel
His presence wherever he goes.

Not a day passes by when I don't think
Of him.
He is mysterious and beautiful to me.
Though I hold another's heart in my hand,
I want to hold his as well.

Never before have I felt such a longing as this.
It wraps itself around my heart and tugs tightly.
I am swept away with emotions I was
unaware that I had.
What is to become of me if this continues?

All I want is to talk to him,
Find out what makes him tick.
What inspires him?
What makes him laugh?
What makes him cry?
What are his hopes?
What are his dreams?
Has he ever been in love before?

I want to know what he fears the most.
I want to become a part of his life,
A part of his soul.
He makes me wonder.
I am inspired by his courage,
Yet I know nothing about him.

Am I crazy?
Probably so.
But if I am, and most people will agree,
It is the best feeling I have ever known.

-Michelle L. Griffis

A Man's a Man

white or black it matters not
your flesh is just a frame
there's hate and love and fear my
friends
so no ones left to blame
people judge by shades of skin
that's such a God Damn shame
cause when you reverse the way we
think
inside we're all the same

b/w

GAZING

GAZING THROUGH THE DARKNESS,
THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND MIST,
TRYING TO SEE, BUT ONLY TO MISS.

GAZING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS,
THROUGH THE BLACKNESS AND DISTRESS,
AIMLESSLY BLUNDERING THROUGH THE WHOLE BITTER MESS.

GAZING THROUGH THE MADNESS,
THROUGH DEATH AND DISTRUST,
WE TRY TO FIND LOVE, FOR FIND LOVE WE MUST.

GAZING THROUGH THE DARKNESS,
THROUGH THE UGLY AND SPOILED,
SHUNNING TO TOUCH, LEST WE BE SOILED.

GAZING THROUGH THE SADNESS,
THROUGH THE HOMELY AND THE PLAIN,
NOT STOPPING TO THINK OF ANOTHER ONE'S PAIN.

-OWEN FOLEY

AN ODE FROM AFAR

YOUNG AND INNOCENT, I WISH NOT KNOW YOU.
FOR IF WE MET, THOU WOULDN'T SEEM THE SAME.
ELEGANT, YOU SEEM TO ME, THROUGH AND THROUGH.
AND RADIANT IS HOW I WISHED YOU'D REMAIN.

IF CHANCE SHOULD MIX OUR PATHS, AND YOU TO ME.
I MUST DECLINE, FOR LOVE HATH BLESSED THESE WORDS.
YET, STILL, COMPELLED TO SPEAK ON THINE BEAUTY,
AEOLUS CARRIES YOUR VOICE BY WINGS OF BIRD.

YOUR SOFT SPOKEN WAY SEEMS AS LIGHT AS AIR.
MANY RINGS PIERCE, CHASTE AMBER-GOLD SKIN.
ADMIRATION HAS NO BURDEN TO BEAR.
A WITNESS GETS LOST WHILE DRIFTING WITHIN.

I HOPE OUR ENCOUNTERS ARE MANY, BUT FAR.
HER BEAUTY COMES FROM THE HEAVENS, LIKE STARS.

-JOSEPH IAN ZARZYCKI

Justice

They smirk.
They grin
They make fun of him.
Try as he might,
 he must pay them their heed.
I'll watch them bleed.

They laugh.
They tease.
They joke.
I'll watch their lives go up in smoke.

They poke and prod.
They beat.
They yell.
They try to make him cry.
I'll watch them die.

They cause him pain.
They play games with his brain.
He's going insane.
They do these things until he cowers.
Upon their graves, I will put fresh flowers.

-Owen Foley

from heaven do i now fall

she moves with a grace undefined
her body i want, yet am always denied
the heat she gives is quite intense
in her eyes, her lips, her legs, her breasts
i am hers, body and soul
it is for her, from heaven do i know fall

-boomer



The Jackal Speaks in Riddles

I laugh at the sun, and wind, and fire,
and at the jarring carcass that I eat.
I live amidst a forest kissed with briar;
the stench of rotting mushrooms stains my feet.
I'm often lost, but find myself at home
if anywhere this Earth will let me roam;
and though I lack refinement, none here care,
for I am simple, mere, and unaware.
The natives who traverse here worship me--
they see me as an oracle. They seem
to come, and go, and go, and come to pray--
Ironically, their words are false and foul.
"The Jackal speaks in riddles", they all say;
I laugh, for all I really do is howl.

-Joe Marranta

Breast Fed Delinquency

Breasts
dry of milk
still swell with angry pain
one crusted nipple splitting,
dribbling with blood
staining the lips
of the aborted young.
 --My son
too young for teeth so sharp
you bite me
and I slap you
even though you only hunger
and starve
because of me.

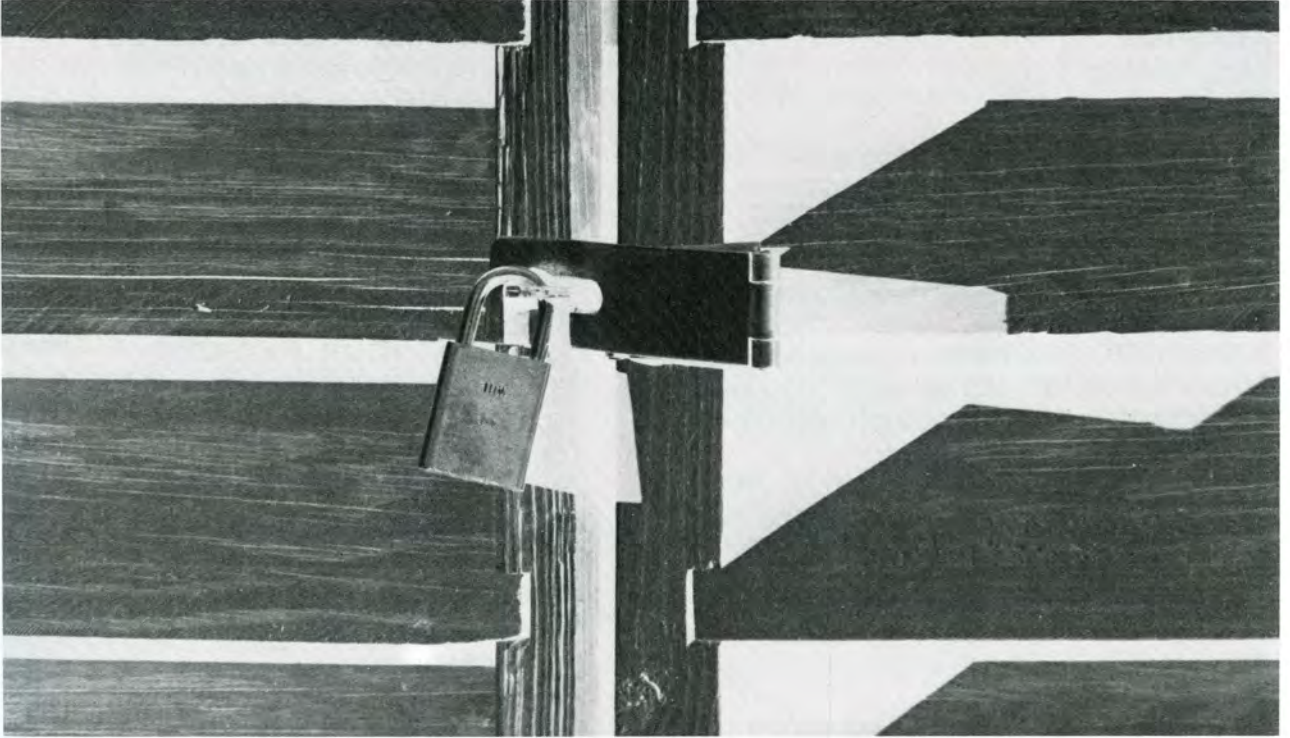
-M.M. Catherine Hunt

Torn

I'm being torn
Like a page from a book
Being torn
I try to hold on but I can't
I grip and grasp
But I just slip, and my hands fail to tighten on the bedpost
I am sucked in
And as I look out
I see the mute organ player
Swaying by his instrument
Feeling his movements
And laughing at me
And his eyes are burying me with lies
Lies heaped upon misfortunes
And so I weep
And still I get torn
I fall further still
Past the levels of freedom
Past the lives of others
And most hardly notice as I slip by
They refuse to look at me
But some stare me down, and mock me along my way
Others wave me by, uncaring and unhelping
And I get torn from view
Moving on, I can see the locker doors being slammed in my face
I see the wash clothes being rinsed of my impurities
I see the society being flossed of my existence
And I am torn
From their world
From the silhouetted bodies that move forth from the empty
Uncurtained windows
And I slide by
The walls are oiled
And I can't catch hold
I flail out
But I can only rupture the sheetrocked walls
And I slip further
And I hear the ringing in my head
And the pounding of my heart, and I know
I will slide forever
I know I will
Because I no longer care

Because I no longer see reason to fight it
It has hardened and numbed me
And now... I have become emotionless
Torn from the past and heading for the unreachable future

-Mike Pappagallo



The Mushroom

I sprout amidst the cool and moistened leaves.
Stagnation in the forest coaxes me
to grow, and every rain the ground receives
feeds me; I bloom--a wart, and, choking, free.
Not lost, I swell in silence, unless found.
I puff in fermentation on the ground.
Inept to call this Earth my home, I lie,
unpicked for salad, recipe, or high.
Lately every spore I spread is latent,
awaiting rain to act as a stimulant;
"Fly", and "go", and "go", and "fly away!"
I will remain, and shrivel as I grey
(where) even the Logger likes to watch me rot.

-Joe Marranta

VAMPIRE

YOU KNOW EXACTLY
WHO I AM
YOU TRY TO FORGET
LIKE YOU CAN
YOU SEE ME AT NIGHT
IN YOUR DREAMS
THERE I HEAR THE SWEET MUSIC
THAT IS YOUR SCREAMS
I'M OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN
LOOK INTO MY EYES
WON'T YOU LET ME IN
COME WITH ME
IT WILL ONLY HURT A BIT
LEAVE BEHIND THIS LIFE
AND ALL OF IT'S SHIT
I'LL TAKE YOU PLACES
NO MAN HAS BEEN
AND SHOW YOU THINGS
NO MAN HAS SEEN
THE LAW OF LIFE
YOU WON'T NEED TO HEED IT
JUST GIVE ME YOUR SOUL
YOU SURE DON'T NEED IT
NO YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
YOU CAN'T DENY ME
I'M MORE POWERFUL
THAN MAN WILL EVER BE
AHH...COUNTLESS LIVES
I'VE BEEN THROUGH
I'M ETERNAL
I'LL OVERCOME YOU
A BLACK HOLE IS NOT
AS DARK AS MY SOUL
NOR THE LEGENDS YOU'VE HEARD
NEARLY AS OLD

THE LIFE THAT FLOWS WITHIN YOU
IS WHAT SUPPORTS ME
FEAR ITSELF CAN'T DESCRIBE
HOW SCARED YOU SHOULD BE
IF YOU DO NOT GIVE IN
I WILL HUNT AND OVERCOME YOU
YOU WON'T ESCAPE
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO
I WILL CATCH YOU
LIKE THE FARMER AND THE HEN
AND I'LL SINK MY TEETH INTO YOU
THROUGH YOUR SWEET SKIN
I LAUGH AT YOUR PATHETIC
STRUGGLE AGAINST ME
AS IF YOU EVER HAD A CHANCE
TO BE FREE
I WILL DRINK YOUR ESSENCE
AND THEN YOU'LL FEEL WELL
RECHARGED WITH POWERS AND
AN ESSENCE FROM HELL
I'M EVERYWHERE
IN EVERYONE
THE PAIN WILL LAST A MINUTE
AND THEN WILL BE DONE
... JUST A TASTE
... JUST A BITE
AND YOU, TOO, WILL BECOME
PART OF THE NIGHT
TRUE, I'M DAMNED AND
YOU WILL BE TOO
NATURE WILL ALWAYS BE
MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU
AHH... THE SWEET LIQUID
THE BEAUTIFUL RED
COME JOIN THE STRUGGLE
OF THE UNDEAD
HA, HA, HA, HA...

-JEF FREYDL

Symphony

"CANTO I"

ACROSS THE BLIGHTED PAVEMENT,

BLOOD IS DRIPPING ON THE FLOOR,
REPLACING TEARS I CRY NO MORE,

HE WALKED THE STREETS FOREVER,
ALONG THE STONY PATHS AND ROCKY
HILLS,

I KNOW NOT WHERE.

I SEEK SANCTION,
BUT THE TRUTH FAILS ME,
IT HAUNTS ME FOREVER MORE.
I AM A FAILURE.
MY CRIME IS PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE.

DID YOU CLOSE THE GARAGE DOOR?
DON'T TOUCH IT YOU WORTHLESS
WHORE.

"Book II"

Accusing eyes,
stare at me from all around,
the square.
In the park, visages of statues look
down upon me in judgement.
I look for Hope, I look for requiem.

Ears closed to noises making,
souls laid out for the taking,
sacred in sleep,
and the waking,

The man glowing beautiful wears his fury as a cape.

While we looked past yesterday,
tomorrow was past...

Don't touch the garage door,
Don't touch it, you worthless whore.

"Verse III"

Man looked at the watch,
and he
sat still.

Smiles fade as sadness hits,
lost in deep dark dragging bliss,
death approaches with windows kiss.

Shadows Fall, deranged stalking.

O useless one!
Feel it!
Deal it.

The man fled across the tainted lands.

He knows you touched the garage door.
Don't touch it, you worthless whore.

"psalm IV"

*staring into the autumn morning
mist,
I see the despair of future
intertwining with...
the fading forlorn decay of the past.*

*lambs crying in fiery heat,
crying eyes of future meat,
words uttered, too sad to repeat.*

*morphine, codeine, caffeine
he poured it forth as if,
he wanted it all.*

*he was of the land of old,
thrice-born and twice old,
did i touch the garage door?
don't touch it, you worthless whore.*

"Chapter V"

My madness knows no bounds,

Among his world, where no one's reached,
touched by evil
ever still.

Feel it burning on the blue seat...
Stem rising horrid tempest...
Ravens on night wings flapping,
Hungry eyes searching for humanity...
Endlessly swinging in dead heat.

He thinks, Did you touch the Garage door?
Don't touch it, you worthless whore.

"Telos"

He glances up, clenching his fist...

He is endlessly patient,
or perchance gone...

It is open...It is open...

Old and Wise, Young and Venerable...

Smile...

It is open...It is open...

The bitter season has begun...

I forgot to touch the garage door,
I left it unlocked
and my stash was stolen.
I am a worthless whore.
I forgot to lock the fucking garage door.

-John Moyer, Micheal Stanet,
J.D. Lewis, Delara Adams, Shannon McNamara,
and Tom P. Gallagher

Halls of Stone

I once thought love did truly exist,
but in search, I now desist.
My faith has faltered, I have no hope,
only now do I realize how I must cope.
This life, for me, is to be spent alone,
to stay forever in these halls of stone.

-boomer

I ENJOY LIFE FOR ONLY ONE REASON ONLY

WE LIVE IN A MISERABLE AND FOUL PLACE.
CORRUPTED BY MONEY AND FILLED WITH HATE.
YET ONE LIGHT SHINES, THANKS TO DIVINE GRACE.
A GIFT TO ME, FROM GOD, UNQUESTIONED FATE.

ONE SINGLE LIGHT, SURROUNDED BY MISERY.
I ENJOY LIFE FOR ONE REASON ONLY,
A BEAUTIFUL LADY, WHOSE CALLED COURTNEY.
EVEN THROUGH THICKEST THINGS, SHE SUPPORTS ME.

I FIND MYSELF STARRING, ALTHOUGH SHE IS MINE.
SHE MAKES LIFE PERFECT, AND LEAVES NO DOUBTS.
I'VE FELT HER IN MY ARMS, THOUSANDS OF TIMES.
LADY BRILLIANCE, I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT.

I LONG FOR THE ETERNAL REST WITH THEE.
SO YOU CAN BE LINKED FOREVER WITH ME.

-JOSEPH IAN ZARZYCKI

Star Trek: The Next Generation

"Hampster Dreams and Stranger Things..." Part III

A parody by Bryan M. Walko

Original Star Trek concept by Gene Roddenberry

[On the bridge, Picard is watching the Spam ship chasing and gaining on the Enterprise. Riker is sitting in his chair and Worf is standing at his station. Two ensigns are manning the helm controls. The first ensign is an elderly, black, overweight, blind, deaf, lesbian woman, with Down's Syndrome, in a wheelchair. She is clearly here, sent by the Starfleet Department of Public Relations, to appease every minority viewer simultaneously. The other ensign, a male alien, is very noticeably inhuman. This is because he has a lump of modeling clay, embedded in his forehead, in the shape of their local god, Franklin, The Almighty Cockroach. His name is Kyl Urselv from the planet Sewas'Ide. He is here to piss of the United States Senate Ethics Committee, of which the mere title of the committee is an oxymoron, since very few Senators have ethics and, this far in the future, most come from Japan or the infamous Texas Perot clan. Go figure.]

Riker: Captain, if the Spam ship gets close enough, it might start firing again.

Picard: Ensign, bring us to Warp 9.1.

[Nothing happens. Picard realizes that the blind, deaf (etc.) woman is manning, or womanning, that control.]

Riker: [Yelling at the blind, deaf (etc.) woman womanning the controls] WARP NINE POINT ONE! W-A-R-P N-I-N-E P-I... P-O-N... POINT W-O-N!

Picard: [Moving to the helm control, saying to himself] Warp 9.1.

[Meanwhile, in the engine room, Tippy has been running for 65 minutes and is only at Mach 2.5. Suddenly, a small woman, sporting an uncanny likeness to Shirley MacLaine, wanders in. By another coincidence, her name is Shirley MacLaine. She is wearing a uniform at least 7 sizes too large. The uniform arms run about 7 inches passed her closed fists. Her shoes are not visible. Geordie and Data are working on the wall consoles and she moves silently to the cage.]

Shirley: [Quickly opens the top of the hamster cage and grabs Tippy.] ANIMAL RIGHTS!
LIBERATE THE ANIMAL SLAVES!FREE TIPPY! FRICASSEE THE EVIL HUMAN
SLAVEMASTERS!

Geordie: [Not able to ignore the racket] Stop! [Calmly] Ok, put down the hamster.

[Unfortunately, neither Geordie nor Data knew that the Animal Liberation Front was just a cover for a weird group of people who liked eating hamsters.]

[Shirley turns around, face out of view, and lifts her hand to her face. After a second, there is an explosion of blood.]

Geordie: Tippy!

Shirley: [Turning to face Geordie, she is holding the decapitated, and slightly dead, body of Admiral Tippy and her mouth covered in hamster blood] TIPPY IS FREE!

Geordie: No he's not, you ate his head off you stupid bitch! Last time I pondered the concept of freedom, it involved retaining most parts of my body.

Data: [Tapping his insignia] Security to engine room.

Worf: [Over intercom] Acknowledged.

Geordie: [Tapping insignia] Worf, there is a hostile confrontation, you might get to kill someone.

[Mere seconds later, Worf beams directly to the engine room.]

Worf: [Waving phaser at Shirley] Breathe and you DIE!

Shirley: Ack! [Falls on the ground, wiggles convulsively, and dies.]

Worf: [Slapping his insignia] Medical team to engine room.

Data: She appears to have died from an overdose of narcotics.

Worf: She's dead?

Data: Yes.

Worf: [Very irritated] Damn! I still haven't been able to kill ANYONE today!

[Close-up of the Warp engines as they do nothing. External shot of the Enterprise as it sits dead in space. Luckily, the Spam ship does not anticipate the sudden stop, and it speeds past the Enterprise at Warp 9.49]

Geordie: [Using his chest insignia] Captain, Tippy's dead.

Worf: I WANTED TO KILL THE HAMSTER!

Picard: [Over intercom] Worf! Forget about the hamster! We have more pressing problems. After this, you can kill Commodore Blurstfunq, the Mystical Lunar Badger.

Worf: BADGERS? I don't need no stinking badgers!

Picard: [Over intercom, quite happily] Conference!

[SCENE 8]

[The door opens to the conference room, Geordie, Data and Worf are the last members to enter. Worf is fanatically grasping his phaser.]

Picard: As you know, we are once again in need of a new power source. The Spam ship will be in range in 15 minutes. What we need is a miracle!

[Suddenly, and very well on-cue, a figure materializes behind Captain Picard.]

Wesley: Hello! I discovered 20 ways to circumvent the natural laws of physics while I was brushing my teeth this morning! I have a solution to your problem that, unfortunately, requires my last Hostess "Ding-Dong."

Worf: SIR!! WATCH OUT!!

[The Captain leaps out of the way, just in time. Worf fires his phaser, set at "Maximum Carnage," and vaporizes Wesley.]

Riker: Cool! Can we see that again?

Picard: [On the ground] Worf! You killed Wesley!

Crusher: You Klingon bastard! You killed my son!

Worf: [Trying to calm himself and everybody else] It was a slight accident. Sorry.

Crusher: [Wailing] I'll never see my son again!

Picard: [Getting up] And Wesley was our key out of here. He probably could have fixed the replicator to make more beernuts.

Data: [To Crusher] Dr. Crusher, before Wesley was disintegrated, two hairs fell from his head. We might be able to reconstruct him using modern cloning techniques.

Picard: That's silly. We could get in trouble for that.

Crusher: [Sniffing] Well, we could try...

Geordie: [Trying to command some attention] We have to find another way to generate power!

Riker: We could create 70,000 tea kettles, boil water and run the Enterprise on steam.

Picard: [To Riker, directly to his left] Don't be absurd. [Turning to Data, one seat past Riker] Data?

Data: Since all the other hamsters in Starfleet are assigned to Military Strategy positions, no others are on board the Enterprise. My cat could be useful.

Picard: Your cat? I can't wait to hear this one.

Riker: We can plug the engines into a wall socket!

Data: [Ignoring Riker] You may be familiar with static electricity. If you take a cylindrical rubber rod and stroke a cat's fur, an electric charge can be produced.

Picard: Yes, but will this be sufficient to power the Enterprise and do we have the resources?

Data: I believe you have a large collection of rubber rods in your quarters...

Picard: [Frustrated] Data, Data... How can a cat supply enough energy?

Data: If the cat...[pauses to calculate]... was roughly 12 times the size of a human, we would have adequate power for Warp 9.

Picard: I suppose it wouldn't help to politely suggest that... CATS DON'T GROW TO 60 FEET LONG!!!

Crusher: Captain, with an extra-large dose of steroids, Spot could increase in size to 35 meters in the next ten minutes.

Picard: [Confused] Damn. There is no Shakespearian reference giant cats. No matter, hopefully, I'll find one by the end of the episode. [To the group] Make it so.

[SCENE 9]

[Inside the engine room, Spot is sitting down. They have removed the Warp console table to give the cat room. The cat's head is normal size. However, the body is over 80 feet long. It's biceps are 24 feet around. It looks like a big, furry lump, mostly because it is a big, furry lump. It has an alligator clip rather painfully attached to its tail.]

Spot: [Sounding like James Earl Jones] MEOW!

[Geordie and Data are both holding 5 foot rubber rods, apparently not from Captain Picard's private collection. They look at each other, Geordie nods. They take the rods and start rubbing them on the cat's fur. Straightaway, the Warp engine begins to become animated.]

Picard: [Over intercom] Mr. La Forge, it's a bit jerky, but we have Warp 2. Well done.

Geordie: [Not paying attention, being quite focused on rubbing the cat] What was that about beef jerky?

[Suddenly, the cat, in typical cat thinking, decides it doesn't want to be there. It gets up, ripping the cord, attached to its tail, from the wall. Spot looks around, grunts, and walks out of the engine room. The door isn't quite big enough to let it through, but it's amazing what a determined cat on steroids can do.]

Geordie: [Tapping his insignia] Captain...

[SCENE 10]

[Bridge. Data is back at his post, replacing the blind, deaf lesbian ensign. Picard is standing up, Riker is sitting in his comfy chair. Worf is behind Riker, on the ledge. The viewscreen shows the Spam ship approaching at quite an impressive speed.]

Riker: [Glumly] I can't believe that giant cat thought my quarters was a litterbox.

Picard: [Half paying attention] Yes and good job by the cat, too.

[The Spam ship has finally crept up to the unmoving Enterprise.]

Picard: Well, this is it.

Worf: Sir, the Spam ship is hailing us.

Picard: On screen.

[The viewscreen flips to the interior of the Spam ship. Instead of seeing a monotone Spam crewmember, they see Dianna Troi.]

Picard: Counselor Troi! What are you doing there?

Troi: [From the Spam ship] You shot me here. By the way, your torpedo tubes are clean.

Picard: But how did you manage to survive the Spam warriors?

Troi: [From the Spam ship] Well when I was first on the ship, I defended myself by biting one on the leg. After that it was simple.

Picard: What did you do?

Troi: [From the Spam ship] The entire Spam ship is run by a single entity, in essence, one mind, right?

Picard: Yes...

Troi: [From the Spam ship] And I am a psychologist. So I used my psychological background to convince the Spam that it was actually not a giant spacefaring race, but a small sausage factory outside of Frankfurt.

Picard: Good job... Still, it will figure out that it isn't a sausage factory. We need a way to destroy it.

Riker: [Finally noticing the Matter/Antimatter device that was beamed over much earlier] What a nice bomb!

Picard: [Actually taking heed of something emanating from Riker] What?!

Riker: [Holding it up proudly] This is such a pretty bomb!

Picard: [Quickly turning] Data! What is it?

Data: I do not understand the word "it."

Picard: [Completely unfazed] All right, what type of bomb is that?

Data: [Pausing to analyze] It is a Romulan Matter/Antimatter bomb.

Picard: How much time left?

Data: Exactly six minutes, thirty-four seconds.

Picard: [Talking into the air] Chief O'Brien! Lock onto the bomb on the bridge and beam it over to the Spam ship!

O'Brien: [Over intercom] Yes sir!

[Riker disappears from the bridge and beams over to the Spam ship, appearing on the viewscreen next to Troi.]

Picard: I said the BOMB!

O'Brien: [Over intercom] Oh... I thought you said bum. [Pauses] Captain, there isn't a bomb on the bridge.

Riker: [From the Spam ship] I have the bomb sir!

Picard: Good... Data, get us out of here!

Troi: [Hrrumphing from the Spam ship] Hrrumph. Captain, aren't you forgetting something?

Picard: [Calming himself] Yes. Goodbye. Your service to Starfleet was commendable.

Troi: [Tapping insignia] Enterprise, two to beam back. [Stands by Riker, slaps his hands] Leave the bomb here Will.

[Troi and Riker beam out of the Spam ship.]

Picard: [Insistently] Get us out of here, NOW!

[The Enterprise veers away, under the power of the 70,000 teapots running the Enterprise on steam-power. The Enterprise zooms out of view. A few minutes later, the Spam ship explodes. There was no sound, however, because no one was there to hear it.]

[SCENE 11]

[Picard is talking to Beverly Crusher in his ready room.]

Picard: I am sorry about the loss of your son.

Crusher: Under the cloning technique, I cloned the cells from his hair. I managed to grow something, but it was just more hair.

Picard: There was nothing you could do?

Crusher: Actually, this process is a very cheap source of hair. I'm going to become a millionaire selling Wesleyhair coats and wigs.

Picard: It's a shame you couldn't bring him back.

[Suddenly, there is a flash of light]

Q: [Dressed in the Starfleet admiral uniform] Greetings Picard!

Picard: Q! What do you want?

Q: Since I enjoy using my powers to annoy you, I decided to do the unthinkable to you.

Picard: What is that?

Q: [Snaps his finger, there is a flash of light next to Picard.] Why bring back Wesley, of course!

Wesley: Hi sir!

Picard: [Subverting his anger] Oh, on the contrary... [Trying to keep up the act] this is a great favor...[Straining] OH DAMN! [Slumps over on the desk, crying.]

[External shot of the Enterprise speeding through space to a repair dock.]

[Caption: ALL NEW EPISODE]

[Shot of the Enterprise.]

Preview: Next time, on an all new episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation...

[Shot of malicious looking furry mammal, squeaking.]

Preview: Dangerous ferrets stalk the crewmembers of the Enterprise...

[Shot of a computer control panel]

Preview: A mysterious alien intelligence infiltrates the Enterprise's computer core and continuously plays Bob Dylan's "Rolling Stone" for three days straight...

[Shot of Worf on sickbay table]

Preview: Worf must deal with a lima bean he has accidentally stuffed up his nose...

[Shot of Wesley, strumming a musical instrument.]

Preview: Wesley is too busy learning the banjo to save the ship...

[Shot of Riker's face.]

Preview: And Commander Riker must decide between the lives of his crew...

[Panning shot of the bridge, with all the crewmembers present.]

Preview: And a bag of Tootsie Rolls!

[Shot of a bag of Tootsie Rolls.]

Preview: Next week, on Star Trek!

[Closing music]

