

Spencer's creative imagination is displayed throughout all of his writings. His following piece is an excerpt from a larger writing, which brings the reader onboard to share the adolescence adventures of Kyle Wood.

*~Brent Stelzer, Tutor*

## **Dungeons, Dragons, and Adolescence**

By: Spencer David Hupf

After a long day of school in the student parking lot, I met up with the less than happy Ted, who had earlier been rejected by yet another girl. It was a Friday afternoon and our friend Molly had band practice, so I had to drive Ted home. We both had our licenses, but Ted firmly believed that if he mooched rides off us until college, the money Ted and his parents were saving up would be enough to get a decent car. Little did he know that the money that his parents were saving went to my pocket for gas money.

We both got into my car and drove across town to Ted's house. It's been said that you could get tetanus from just looking at the twenty-year-old hunk of rust I call a car. That death trap has also mysteriously smelled of bum piss since I bought it. I had a feeling that it was the neighbors, but I as of yet I haven't been able to prove anything. Much to our continued surprise, it managed to get us there yet again.

When we got to Ted's house, he looked at me and asked if I was going to go to the Dungeons and Dragons session at Pat's house tonight. Now, the look he gave me told me that he thought I owed it to him to go, but I hate going to Pat's house.

Pat Archerson is a snowman brought to life. He is very fat and round, with short red hair and stumpy fingers that would look more at home on someone half his height. He is 35-years-old and lives in his parent's old house that he rents from them. His parents had refused to live in that dive any longer and Pat wanted to stay.

Also it's just my luck that Pat is the only good Dungeon Master in town. I like Dungeons and Dragons, but damn he's just too weird and creepy for me. That and the other gamers aren't any better.

"Sure Ted, I'll be there," I'm such a push over.

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After dinner, I went to pick up Ted. He came waddling out of his house with a duffel bag and backpack filled to the breaking point with Dungeons and Dragons books. His face was red and his arms shook with the effort of carrying his burden. I just watched him make his way slowly to the car and fumble with the door handle. The entire time I just did a little dance to the music on the radio smiling ear to ear. I did this until he had trouble with the door, I then did the only thing a true friend would do, I pointed and laughed obnoxiously.

"You're a dick!" Ted said, panting between every breath, as he got situated in the car and shut the door.

"I'm the one with the car that is your ride to and from Pat's and I don't want to be there anyway."

"Did I say you're a dick? What I meant to say it that your Dick Cheney, you know the vice president. You to have a lot in common, it was a complement."

I laughed at him, "Now that's an insult."

I brought the car to a stop and parked outside the dilapidated house that Pat lived in. The roof was missing quite a few shingles and even more were hanging in disarray and might soon be lost entirely with the next storm. The original color of the house may have been some sort of blue, it was hard to tell though the years of dirt and grime covering it. The grass was long; looking like it hasn't been mowed yet this year. The whole look was as if someone was trying to make their house look scary and only succeeded in making it look like it needs to be demolished.

We walked up the cracked cement stairs to the front door and I was nice enough to let Ted knock while I was very carefully managing Ted's carrying of the bags. I did this by telling him every now and then that he was about to lose it and then laugh as he gets panicky and starts to fumble about.

Pat, in all his greasy haired glory, answered the door and informed us that we were the last to arrive for the night's gaming. He led us though the house and into the basement. Out of what I saw, the only places that seemed clean were the kitchen and the basement, the rest was filthy and a mess, this place needed professional help badly. Unfortunately for Pat not even his own mother would take one step into this most tainted of places, so I doubt that he could pay someone to clean it. The other rooms that I couldn't see where probably worse, I didn't really want to think about it. The places that I could see passing through the house that were clean were probably the places that Pat spent most his time, other than the basement.

I find it interesting that even with the entire two story house to himself, that Pat chooses to spend most his time in his artificially lit basement, almost as if he senses the scorn of society on him and his pasty white kin. Pat seems a lot like a cockroach; the only major difference is that if I cut Pat's head off, he won't continue to do his job from home over the Internet and do what ever it is that he does when he's alone for six out of the seven days of the week.

The basement was fairly clean. The walls had been painted white sometime in the last ten years and didn't show too much abuse from Pat yet. In the center of the basement was a round table that Pat used to play Dungeons and Dragons on. At one end of the basement was a large TV and the other, a kitchen. I could tell Pat had constructed the kitchen himself because the counters consisted of tables placed end to end and the cabinets were tall bookshelves that Pat put doors on.

Sitting at the round table when I entered the basement was Hansel Heckle and Lester Fincklstein. They were arguing over whether or not a dwarf could be a monk. Hansel was wearing his signature Matrix style leather outfit and was, in my opinion, what killed the look. Hansel has a good grasp of English, but has a very heavy German accent, and sometimes can't be understood.

Lester is just like a mini Pat, but not as heavy. He wore glasses and has curly carrot red hair and has so many craters on his face that NASA is thinking of sending a probe to map the surface and take samples. Lester is the type of guy that lies to himself constantly. He's always saying he's cool, but in fact, that couldn't be farther from the truth. He is also the only guy in school worse off with the ladies than Ted. I have actually witnessed a group of girls see Lester walk towards them and run the other way, trampling one girl. The girl had to be hospitalized with two broken ribs, a broken arm, concussion, and a sprained ankle. She was still running from Lester when the ambulance arrived.

We all settled around the table and got down to the gaming. Pat started off by recounting what happened last week, and then going into his well rehearsed narrative about what's happening in the game. As usual, I was the odd man out in the game. I didn't own any miniatures, books, maps, or anything Dungeons and Dragons related. Thus I didn't know the rules and was constantly treated like a small child that they felt secure enough to openly mock.

It's only part of the way into the game, which is to say fifteen minutes into the game, and I can't take it any longer. I get up and tell them I'm using the bathroom. I go up the stairs and travel through the biohazard rooms to the bathroom, which is so filthy that I can see where the bacterium is eating away at the toilet.

I shut the door and quickly pulled out my cell phone; I'm getting the hell out of here! I called up Molly and explained to her my dire situation, and when she didn't think it could be that bad, I described the bathroom. She told me she would free me if it's the last thing she does.

On my way down to the basement, I can't help but wonder what Molly plans to do to get me out...

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I reach the bottom of the stairs and take my seat. The game had gone on without me; they didn't think I would care. Now that I had gotten back, Pat decided to use his private bathroom in the basement. He won't let anyone else use it, he says he doesn't trust us enough. As we wait I can hear Pat doing his business, I hope that Molly gets here soon!

No sooner had I thought the words than my salvation arrived. I could hear the back door near the top of the stairs break inward as someone kicked it in. At the same time, two of the windows in the basement shattered as the forms of the Nelson brothers came sliding in feet first through the pane of glass like a couple of greased pigs in a county fair through outstretched arms.

The Nelson brothers, Bruce and Dustin, were two hulking barbaric specimens of the human race. They both stood there in a pile of glass wearing black special ops gear from head to toe. To me, they resembled a couple of black bears.

Ted, Hansel, Lester, and I quickly got to our feet as the Nelson brothers charged us from across the room. Ted ran and jumped over the counter into the kitchen, hitting his head pretty hard on the cabinet door. Lester dropped to the floor and rolled under the gaming table shouting, "For the love of Gygax!"

Hansel on the other hand stood his ground. As the Nelson brothers came running at him from either side of the table, Hansel jumped onto the table, ran across it, and jumped off the other side. He landed in a roll, sprang up and twisted in midair, and landed on his feet facing the Nelson brothers on the other side of the table. The brothers looked at each other, I knew that Hansel was about to die, I have only seen that look in their eyes once before, and that was when a kid at school made fun of professional wrestling in the Nelson brothers presence. To this day the kid is still paralyzed and eats everything through a straw.

The brothers started another run around the table at the agile German, who started running for the table. Just as the Nelson brothers were on either side of the table, Hansel, in a full sprint, jumped in midair and kicked his legs out so he was flying feet first between the brothers, arms extended to clothesline them. When Hansel's arms struck the necks of the Nelson brothers, he stopped and fell right onto the table, the brothers unharmed.

Hansel looked up helplessly, as the Nelson brothers took out a cloth and held it over his face, knocking him out. They then flipped the table with Hansel still on it and found that Lester had already fainted and didn't need to be taken care of.

During all of this, Molly had slid down the railing into the basement, looked me in the eye and said, "My name is Molly Caswell, and I am here to rescue you!" She then saw that Ted was starting to get up in the kitchen and ran over to him and placed a similar cloth over his face.

"That was great!" I shouted, taking in the carnage. Dungeons and Dragons books and pummeled geeks were everywhere.

We started up the stairs, when I heard a roar of rage from behind us and saw that Pat had emerged from his private bathroom with a broad sword and was charging at us. I had to think fast, what could I do? I decided to meet Pat head on in battle. I sprinted to the bottom of the stairs and broke the "Incase of an Emergency" glass case, and took out the stun gun that Pat kept there.

By then I had just enough time to turn around and drop to my knees and stabbed upwards, plunging the stun gun into Pat's chest.

Pat slumped to the ground and laid there on his back, eyes dead to the world. As I got up, Molly walked over and handed me one of their cloths. Standing over Pat's body holding the cloth I said, "I rolled a twenty," I threw the cloth onto Pat's face and then turned to leave, the game over.

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I reached the bottom of the stairs; the guys had decided that it wouldn't matter if they continued without me and had continued to play. I joined back in the gaming; I hope Molly gets here soon!

A short time later, the window in the kitchen shattered as a brick came soaring into the room and knocked over the counter. We all ran over to it and saw that there was a message attached to the brick. The Message went as follows:

*"All Dungeons and Dragons players must die! If I see any more of you freaks playing ANYWHERE I will hunt you down and kill you!"*

After reading the note, we all stared at each other; I was the first to speak. "So I'm all for listening to the brick throwing maniac. I'm out of here."

"You can't leave! What about my ride?"

"You can come with me Ted if you like."

"Now wait a second," Pat said, trying to take control of the situation. "I'm not going to be scared. I'm going to do what I want to do. I pay taxes!"

"No you don't."

"I pay most my taxes! And the point is I'm going to continue gaming, who's with me?"

All the guys looked at each other, and everyone but me raised their hands.

"I'm still leaving."

"What about my ride? How am I supposed to get home?"

I handed Ted my car keys, "Drive it over to my place in the morning, and if it comes back in any worse condition then it is now, I don't think I could tell the difference so don't worry about it." With that I turned around and walked up the stairs and left that hell out the front door.

Outside Molly was waiting for me behind a car and called me over when she saw me. "Did you get out okay?"

"Molly my dear, I don't think I could have come up with a better plan for getting me out. Now the night is young and so are you, I feel kind of old tonight. I think I might go to bed."

"Nonsense! You're coming with me to a party," Molly said with a laugh as she grabbed me by my arm and dragged me to her car.

"Fine, I'll go, but I can't promise that I won't be a stick in the mud," I told Molly as she started up the car and drove off into the night, a world of mischief ahead of us.

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