Fiction - Fraternity/Sorority Days

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**All is not well at DB U**

All is not well at DB U. Despite the idyllic pine forests surrounding the campus, cut through with walking trails, and a series of hills and valleys providing a beautiful setting, the students were in an uproar. Or at least some of the students. As we zoom into to the university, passing small sandwich shops, and overpriced coffee joints, we can see mostly happy students and teachers walking back and forth, enjoying the brisk autumn air.

You may note, perhaps, certain individuals shooting harsh glares at other certain individuals. Although they seemed to be garbed in colors which were remarkably similar, were we to suggest that this was the case, our heads might no longer be attached to our bodies! A feisty bunch, these black and crimson festooned students!

Before us, we see the orange-bricked administration building, which had attempted to cultivate a crop of ivy, but had only managed to spread moss across the lower eighth. The gardeners were enthusiastic, if not especially gifted, something which could be said for many of the students unfortunately. Were you to perk your ears, and perhaps look towards the windows of the top floor of the building, we might be able to hear… screaming?

“They have to change! We were here first!” shouted the mildly pedantic sounding youth, his brow furrowed with consternation. Equal parts frustrated and short, the boy’s fists were clenched in impotent rage, his glare shifting from one target to another. His initial target, Dean Evan, was unfazed, and even less amused.

“Enough, Reid, sit down before you burst a blood vessel,” the Dean said, jabbing his finger at the chair before Reid, which he had overturned in his haste to be first to speak. Reid stepped back meekly, suddenly deflated, and clumsily righted the chair and sat with a defeated air. The occupant other chair in the room smirked at how out of his depth the boy was. Dean Evan, a long-suffering administrator who had dealt with this kind of nonsense on a daily basis for years, couldn’t help but notice her mirth.

“And you, Miss Hunter, I suggest you wipe that smirk off your face this instant.”

The smile vanished. The young woman clasped her hands on her lap demurely, but her back was ridged straight, and she had fire in her eyes. This type of individual was not uncommon on college campuses. The deletant, the one who always gets her way, the southern Belle who would cut you as soon as look at you.

“Dean,” Miss Hunter said, her tone clipped and gently twanged, “It does not matter who was first, what matters is success and benefit to the campus. The ladies of Eta Alpha Delta do not appreciate our name being besmirched by other houses who…”

“Who what?!” Reid exclaimed, apoplectic with outrage, “Eta Chi Alpha is a far superior name, and we deserve to remain. Make them change their name!”

Shay Hunter bristled, her pleasant charm cracking under the assault of the uncouth swine. Her head flipped around, her teeth bared, spitting like a cat.

“How dare you!?” she snapped and started to rise from her chair. Reid grunted, his fists balled, but at least he stopped short from drumming them against his chest. Dean Evan cleared his throat loudly. The two adversaries stopped but continued their fiery exchange of glares. The distinct click of the Dean’s pen echoed throughout the office.

“You’re right,” he said, making a few notes on a piece of paper, before signing the bottom, “Your two houses are too similarly named. Who thought it was a good idea to have HAD and HCA as the names of houses, I will never know.”

The two students were stunned at the stark, direct nature of the Dean’s words. Evan, however, enjoyed the quiet, and reveled in it. He tapped the piece of paper he had been writing on.

“I hereby join your houses together under one room. Henceforth, you will be known as Chi Sigma Pi. Enjoy your new arrangement. You two will be in-charge.”

As we start to drift away from the campus, past the Hackensack circle, and the shirtless guitar player with fawning fans, we can still hear the uproar from the dean’s office. Perhaps his decision will bring some peace to the campus, tying two former enemies together in the hopes that it would form a stronger alloy than they were separate.

Now we wind our way through the forest, surrounded by trees and foliage. We could almost believe everything was ok, and all would be well. And it would be. Until our rival school, EH College, came to town…