

Upsiloncraftia

Monthly Single Edition Spin-Off

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Stan's Birthday Extrava-gon-za

Soweapia was walking with Sophie to the dining hall when he let out a big yawn. Sophie asked, "You tired?"

Soweapia replied, "Yeah. I don't understand why. I have been getting the recommended eight hours of sleep every night."

Sophie, aghast, replied, "Eight hours, that is why you are tired. Eight hours is off beat with sleep cycles."

Soweapia stated in return, "I don't believe that sleep cycles alone could make me tired when I am getting the proper amount of sleep."

Sophie argued, "There is much scientific evidence that would argue against you."

The conversation was soon interrupted by the cries of Stan Sterling. Stan was marching down the hallway behind them in a fancy tuxedo. He demanded, "Make way, make way. My birthday is in a week. I expect all of you to get me high-end gifts."

Sophie rolled her eyes and sighed, "Oh great. He will be even more incorrigible."

Strike sat at the table in the dining hall with the fellow first years. He recounted a story of someone who believed him to be a neurosurgeon, but was merely confused by Strike and the surgeon sharing the same last name. Strike recounted at the end of the story that he joked the would-be admirer that the neurosurgeon was his cousin. Katherine blurted in discontent after the story, "You have no cousin who has earned such a degree. Stop fueling your ego by calling him your cousin."

Strike replied, "I was trying to be funny, make a joke out of a funny circumstance."

Sophie nodded her head at this. Katherine replied, "And what? You were testing him to see if he would be dumb enough to believe your quip."

Strike, realizing that was true, shouted, "That isn't true."

He knocked over his cup of orange juice as he struck the table. Katherine replied, "Calm down. I was only joking you. Men can have such fragile egos."

Strike blushed with shame as he used a napkin to soak up the spilled orange juice. They were soon interrupted by the noise of the morning announcement microphone clicking on. Lugobi Popp finished the announcements and the room was filled with the sound of people shuffling trash onto their trays. There was soon a voice to break the clamor. It was Stan Sterling's. It shouted, "Wait, you forgot to tell everyone my birthday is in seven days. The horrors if someone forgot would be unfathomable."

Everyone who was standing sat down sighing that they would soon have to hear the ear-splitting sound of someone crying like a baby. Princess Odeta stood and stated, "We do not hold birthday extravaganzas for any students. It would be improper for an educational institution to stoop to such a level."

Stan still held onto faith he would be redeemed as he replied, "But last year School Baron Bartholomew Dungus Marauder promised I would get an extravaganza this year." Bartholomew replied, "Oh, I just said that so you would pay me more hush money during the fake rent collection investigations."

Soweapia asked, "Wait, there was a fake rent collection investigation?"

Sophie replied, "We don't have to pay rent. It is part of our attendance costs."

Soweapia replied, "Then why have I been giving Dominis one hundred dollars a month?"

John Monk replied, "Oh great, more money-hungry psychopaths destroying all that is sacred."

Jupiter Deepgood raised a bottle of wine to John and said, "Have a pint. This is a very fine wine."

John replied, "Are you nuts? What if a drop of wine touches my lips and I kill you all?" Stan yelled, "Enough of your selfish bickering. Can't you see one of your own has been denied the joys of a birthday?"

Katherine stated, "You get to celebrate another year of being alive."

Stan replied, "That may be enough for you under-privileged folk who mop the floors, but it isn't fair that someone who has been through as much as me gets treated that way."

Strike sarcastically remarked, "Oh yeah, and what traumatic events exactly have you endured?"

Stan replied, "I once had to go the last day of the month, the very day my parents send me money, without my phone because I let it get stolen so they would get me the new version. This other time the luxury car my parents bought for me got totaled because I fell asleep at the wheel because a bistro forgot to put cream in my coffee."

Sophie rolled her eyes. Stan replied, "What? I was only asleep for a few fractions of a second. Nobody got hurt."

Sophie shouted, "You still shouldn't fall asleep at all at the wheel. Pull over, take a power nap."

Stan asked, "Are any of you going to get me something besides toilet paper and mammal crackers?"

Bartholomew stated, "Fine, I will give you something nice."

Sophie rolled her eyes. The hot-headed, Roberta Bellum, shouted to Bartholomew, "Don't ever disagree with me!"

Bartholomew stated, "What? It is called generosity. A concept you know nothing about."

Sophie argued, "What about making him work for something he wants instead?"

Stan looked shocked. He mumbled, "Wait? You can work for something you want?"

Audell Herrow commented, "Yeah, I thought people did that a lot. I mean, didn't I work this summer so I could afford a car? Weird, I thought that was pretty normal."

Stan stated, "That is it. I will not rest until I earn enough to get what I want."

Saturday evening Soweapia found Stan playing in the video game arcade. Soweapia asked, "How did your first day of work go?"

Stan replied as he virtually sliced off the head of Gregory Pouncer, "It was fine until they wanted me to work past five. I thought that was abusive of their employee's with families so I quit in protest."

Soweapia remarked, "Good ole selfish Stan."

"Oh great!" came a voice from the hallway. Soweapia looked up to see Bernard Nowits. He stated, "It turns out dropping your earbuds in a vat of water isn't a good way to get the ear wax out of them."

Emma Elmpebble, whom he was with, replied, "But I don't see any earwax."

Bernard remarked, "But I don't hear any music."

Emma angrily crossed her arms and huffed at her foolishness. Soweapia asked Stan, "Are you going to get another job?"

Stan replied, "Maybe someday. Right now, it just doesn't seem rational to spend a third of your life working so you can help sustain an economy that allows other people to possibly live fulfilling lives under the incomplete guarantee the world doesn't get almost completely repressed by the White Empire. I would rather spend a sixth of my life working and have more time rather than being rich but without free time."

Soweapia replied, "It is called giving. Just because you are getting paid doesn't mean you aren't giving more than you take."

Stan replied, "Wait. That sounds like something I would say."

Soweapia replied, "There is truth even in your lies."