

PROUD HOMEOWNER!

**MR. V. ON HIS OWN**

by Jeffrey Villaseñor

Salt, an icon of the Holy Family, and rice. I carried these three things over the threshold of my new house in September after a day of signatures, papers, and check amounts that made me uncomfortable. I was so wet behind the ears that I wasn't even signing my full name until the title agent shot me a rather displeased look and hissed at me to do so. I apologized. I felt much more at home with a hammer and chisel in my hands chipping out a few broken tiles in the bathroom that I had to fix. I remembered my dad and I replacing broken slats of the deck behind our house and my mom telling us to call a professional to do it. As I washed off the extra glue from the new tiles, I felt a little more at home. Even if the grout is a completely different color than the original.

Now I take my shoes off at the door, turn lights on only when I'm getting dressed and warm myself by the fireplace with wood that I found on the side of the road instead of turning on the heat. It's amazing how many things you realize you can do without when you have to pay for your own cable service. At least I have HBO.

Cooking is too expensive and troublesome for just one person, but I figure that I've been meaning to lose weight anyway. It's not that I don't know how to cook, but it is pretty funny to stand in a kitchen with a box of pasta, and not have a pot to cook it in. Which is all right, considering I have no fork to eat it with. Nor any napkins. Not that I had sauce to spill on myself, either. I guess it's not just parents that a child can take for granted. Stocking a kitchen isn't something I had anticipated. Perhaps I'll start with a giant wooden fork and spoon.

It's a little quiet here because most of my friends from college are living further away and my roommate is often in New York visiting his girlfriend. My only friend is George Foreman who grills my food perfectly nearly every time.

My giant TV always has a warm greeting, even if she doesn't always have anything interesting to say. It's also pretty spacious since I don't have much furniture. I think *Home* magazine calls it "forced minimalism". The previous owners did leave a couch though, which makes it easier to spend quality time with my TV and wait for the next day of work to start. I haven't even eaten that rice yet. If only I had a rice cooker.

LL

Our House, Our Home

by Jovim Laico

We're finally home, and we mean home,
to a permanent address that we call home.
This little old house, to us, is new;
to us, indeed--a dream come true!
The hunt is over and we're finally here
At this new home we find so great, so dear.
We thank You, Lord, You end our Quest.
We thank You, Lord--You are the Best!
Louie's in the yard running round and round--
our crazy mutt loves jumping up and down.
This short legged shaggy dog resembles Benjie,
who tears up the yard in a fur ball frenzy.
Tyler, our pet "tiger", colored gray and white,
when Louie's around she puts up a fight!
These two will be buddies in the coming time,
but for now the little cat seems to draw the line.
Our House, our Home, our Home Sweet Home,
Our thanks to the Lord we have shown.
You have led us to this wonderful place.
Thank You, Lord for Your wonderful Grace.

LL

You know you're a Laico when...

-you think you're early for mass if you arrive in church and the priest is still giving a homily.

-you take the words "photo finish" to a whole new level.

-your bargain hunting skills put the Grinch to shame.

Arthur

-you agree to the saying "Better late than never".

Gina

-your friends and even relatives don't know your real name.

Marnie