“I don’t really see what you mean,” she replied, continuing to fuss over the papers on her desk. Talia had been given a large stack of paperwork to file following the art club’s decision to elect her as the president for the year. “We still have a professor moderating, so isn’t this all… a bit more symbolic than practical?”

Jess, the club secretary, laughed. “Yes, well, we were hoping you would be able to take some of the reins away from Ms. Beauvy this year. She’s been too constricting, and we lose half of our attendance by the third week of people realizing she only really wants us drawing still life pieces. Bananas only come in *so* *many* colors.”

“Boring,” Talia chimed. She signed her name on the bottom of one document and then brought it closer to her face. “The new club leader shall hereby…. Yadda yadda…. Solicit funding from the board… the discretion of the benefactors? This is a little much, don’t you think?”

Her only real qualification for this position was being a senior art student in a pool of freshman and some sophomores who hadn’t been totally jaded by the whole college process yet. But, still, given the case, Talia would rather ensure that they could have good returns on attendance and participation for the club, even if that meant having to practically babysit the underclassmen.

“If Ms. Beauvy wants us so badly to do sketches of still objects, do you think I could get us some nude models?”

Jess laughed again. “I like you already, madam Prez. We could probably put out a call for models, but we might get some weird ones.”

Talia shuffled the papers again, looking for the exact sheet on how to request funds for activities. “Yeah, here. See, we could even offer compensation within the bounds of the club’s budget… How about Superhero Life Drawing?” A grin crept across her face. “We could make it a night. I’ll pull some examples of sequential art, like, Jack Kirby stuff. Get a live model to pretend he’s Captain America, have him do some patriotic poses in the buff, pay him for his time. It’ll be educational and entertaining.”

“Didn’t your ex have an Iron Man costume?”

Talia rolled her eyes. “A Cardboard Man costume, more like. No, trust me, this will be great. I’ll pull up the proposal for it tonight,” she decided, jotting down a few notes on the backside of one of the forms. “There has to be some strapping young man on this campus who will do his civic duty and pose naked with a shield.”

“Poor Ms. Beauvy, how will she feel about you suspending her favorite bowl of plastic fruit?”

“If I never see another bunch of grapes hanging from the side of the ceramic bowl, it’d be too soon,” she moaned. “Besides, I’d be doing her a favor. She needs it, in all honesty.” Talia clapped her hands. “It’s decided. Nude Superheroes Art Night. The rest will come later, but at least the attendance will be there. So says I, madam President of the Art Club.”