

Dimwilt in Underland

DIMWILT IN UNDERLAND (#6)
by J. Lai

Sly stared at the remains of the Answering Machine and shouted, "That felt good!" His mind still reeled on the verge of madness.

"I'm sure it did!" a voice agreed.

"Who are you?" Sly demanded, agitated at seeing yet another human being. He wondered if he was hallucinating.

"Farfax the Wizard! I hate all people!"

"I'm Sly Dimwilt. I suppose you must hate me."

"Don't be ridiculous --you don't count!"

"Oh. Thanks."

"I am going to the Demon Pets of Trolios! Care to join me?"

"Never!" Sly cried in horror.

Sly trampled the remnants of the Answering Machine as he ran forward, leaving the hollow Center of Underland behind. He noticed a narrow access ladder in a wall. Escape!

He gazed through the hole in the ceiling and beheld the ladder's length: it seemed to stretch off into infinity. With a humorless and unnaturally loud laugh, Sly began climbing. He never looked back.

Hour after hour passed as he climbed. His arms and legs screamed with fatigue; his mind screamed in determination. He was going to find the Outside World if it was the last thing he did.

Finally, the ladder came

to an end. Sly was now at the top of a huge vault, the ladder suspended in midair. Below was a ridiculously long drop. If Sly had been more knowledgeable, he would have felt like a mosquito on top of a filament inside of a light bulb. He looked around again.

A thin rope hung far beyond arm's length. Without a second thought, Sly leapt into the air -- and barely reached the rope. He swung for a few seconds and let go, falling. By semidivine intervention by the narrator, he fell through a miniscule gap in the wall of the Light Bulb, slid down a twisting ramp, and landed on a pile of cushions.

"Is that you, what's-your-name?" cried a voice.

"Who?" Sly cringed at the presence of another human.

"Yes, it is! Dimwilt! Can't you remember me? Drudge!"

"The human torments me. Oh!"

"Dimwilt, what has happened to your rude, impenetrable shell?"

"It was too small. Do not torment me. Oh!"

"Stop wailing like a Caliban! Where are you going?"

The Outside World. Oh!"

"I've found it! We have nothing here! Let's go! Come on!"

So, Sly followed Drudge into yet another passage. Drudge bounced off the walls, literally, as he skip-

ped, leapt, and jumped recklessly.

Many days later, they stopped to rest. Superhuman endurance

Soon spring will be here.. The flowers will bloom, the lake will thaw and the birds will fly.

So will Cupid's arrows.

It's that time of year when the students' thoughts turn to a more distracting pastime; namely, the opposite sex.

Some students ward off this temptation by burying their hearts in books, papers and assignments, while others walk around in a heavenly daze.

An arrow can hit any time or place.

Without warning, an arrow strikes its target -- hitting a girl sitting in class when a guy walks in.

She gives a slight gasp, her heartbeat increases, her lips part a little, and a flow of warmth spreads through her body.

She sits up a little straighter, puts her hand to her head to make sure her hair is in place, all the while thinking, "Oh! What a hunk! I didn't know he was in my class. I wonder if he has a girlfriend. Maybe... He won't... He looked at me! What dreamboat eyes. I've got a chance! Besides, he has a cute wiggle... At the same time, the ar-

has its limits, of course. Drudge had developed a headache from banging his head against the ceiling since he had lost his battered crown, or cooking pot.

"I do think we've reached the limits of Imagination," cried Drudge.

"Don't be so happy. I'm there all the time," groaned Dimwilt.

"I'm serious! Anything you want so will be!"

"Then, let's get out of here. Whatever happened to Reality?"

"It overlaps this place every now and then! We'll find it! Come on!"

"I hate this. I hate this; I hate this; I hate this!"

(To be continued despite Sly's protests.)

Escaping poison in Cupid's arrows

row seems to have struck the guy who walked in. He suffers similar symptoms of the love arrow increased heartbeat, widening of the eyes, and a flow of warmth.

Thoughts! "What a fox! That sweater is a turn on! Should I ask her out? I bet she has a boyfriend, Lucky boyfriend. She wouldn't go out with me, my nose is too big...She said "Hi!" I've got it made."

Love at first sight! This may last a week, two months, if you're fortunate enough, a lifetime.

But sometimes one of those arrows falls out, and one person loses interest.

The other partner doesn't understand. And soon that love turns to frustration, anger, and hate.

He or she will sink into gloom, trying to figure out, "What did I do wrong? Was it something I said? How

can they put me through this misery?"

Tension builds up between the two every time they meet: in the hallway, in class, in residence.

This build-up of tension is the basis for hate, and avoidance of the other partner becomes a priority.

So much hate is built up that communication is almost impossible, because the individuals' ego or pride is hurt.

People are very sentimental and have strong feelings for the other person, even after the breakup of a romance. They just can't seem to let go of the person emotionally. That's why someone can hold on to emotions for a long time.

There are other fish in the sea, this is often difficult to get across to a person who has suffered a breakup. The person has set up an

emotional wall which is hard to penetrate because of so deep a self-absorption that nothing else matters. It can go to the extreme of refusing to eat.

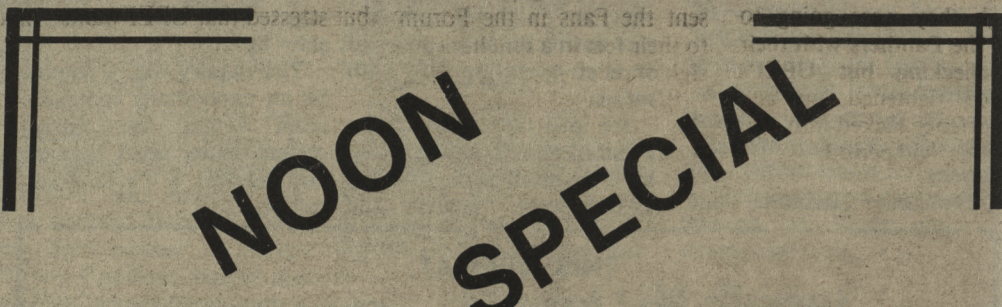
Before you get all wrapped up in your emotions, swallow your pride and try to talk to your ex-partner.

"But my ex won't talk to me!"

Then don't waste your breath. You know you tried to talk, and you were willing to communicate. You tried your best. Nobody will deny it.

If your ex is willing to talk, take advantage of it. Find out why there was a breakup. It may be painful now, but you won't make the same mistake the next time, and you will be easier to live with.

Ask yourself, by the way... "Will it really matter in a hundred years?"



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