

# A Zen Tour of Clark

With Special Guests Bud and Banana

By Naama Haviv and Regina Robo

*Clark: The final frontier. These are the adventures of Bud and Banana, philosophy majors. Their mission: to explore Clark University, to seek out those special-little-places-that-make-your-heart-go-PING!, to boldly go where no frog nor gorilla has gone before...*

**Bud:** a would be frat frog (if Clark would recognize them) originally hailing from Worcester.

**Banana:** an AbFab jet setter who hails from the haute couture streets of New York City.

In those final weeks approaching the end of the academic year, when professors are attempting to cram the workload of a semester into a matter of days, two unlikely candidates for friendship are thrown together for a final project. Ordered to go and find hidden treasures on the Clark campus, Bud and Banana discover their common bonds despite



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their contrasting lifestyles. Along the way, they adopt a lost and dumfounded prospective student, Andrew the Tennis Ball, and proceed to explore their special little corner of the world. We call it Worcester, they call it home.

Their journey began before they even started to look. Lounging on the bench in front of the Woodland Street entrance to Wright Hall, arguing about the first stop on their "tour," they came to a sudden realization. "Buddy, dahling!" exclaimed Banana. "This is just the place to find our spiritual center. Come, 'ohm' with me." Looking confused, Bud replied, "Could I get a beer first?" Shocked, Banana cried, "Oh no, sweetie... Wright is a dry hall. We won't find any alkie in there!" Quite frightened, Andrew nervously interjected, "My mom said I can't drink. She'll know, I know she will. She follows me I tell you!"



Bud: "Damn."

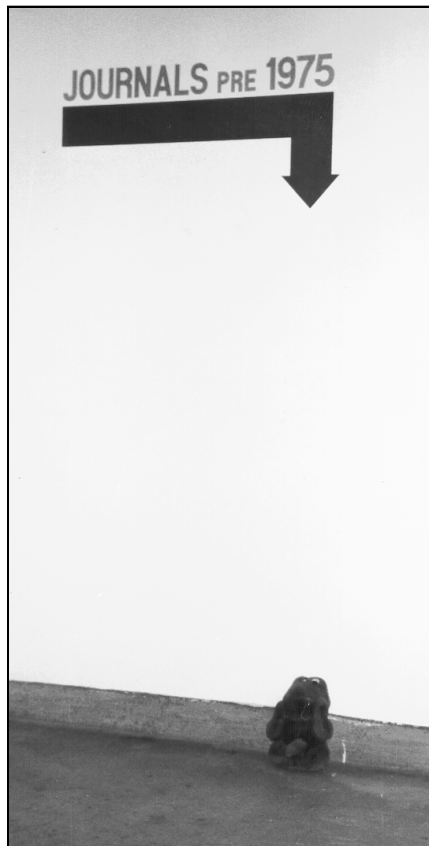
Shortly after Banana satisfied his spiritual center (whatever that means), they made their way over to Goddard Library. Descending into the Goddard Underground, after a quick pitstop into one of the famed yellow restrooms and a gender mix-up, Bud and Banana decided to look through the old philosophy journals for tips on research style.

Disgusted by Bud's continuous whining for a brewskie, Banana contemplated trapping his comrade in the stacks. Fortunately, his conscience and Andrew's insistent cry of "Hey, is that my mom?!" stopped him from smushing his froggie friend. Moving deeper into the abyss of Clark's misplaced remodeling, they found a lone door with, for some reason, a doorbell.

"Maybe the resident of this humble abode, which needs serious redecorating, will know the meaning of life?" said Banana, introspectively. Getting excited, Bud cried out "Hey! Maybe the dude that lives here will have some beer. I could go for a Nattie Light right about now." Red-faced, Andrew screams, "NO! She'll know!" Paternally, Banana calmed the perspective, "Don't worry, there's no eating nor drinking in the library." Unfortunately, due to logistics, they couldn't reach the doorbell, anyway.

Bud: "Goddamn."

Next Bud, Banana and Andrew climbed the many stairs to the second floor, past the computer graveyard and up to the secret passageways (that somehow, everyone and their mother knows about). Reading the fine political commentary on the brick walls, ranging from "Hiroshima 1945/ Worcester 19??" to "Viva Nicaragua," Banana made a disturbing find. As he read, "All you emotional people, please go home," Banana looked at Bud sadly and said, "Maybe I should leave." Bud replied solemnly, "Don't take it personal, man. You need a beer." "No, no beer. I don't see any beer, do you see any beer? No



beer, Mom!" Andrew cried from the background. Putting his arm around Bud, "No, no beer for me, you silly goose. I just need a moment of quiet contemplation."

Bud: "Goddamn, mofo."

After a few moments of relative Zen, Banana suggested they move downstairs into a quiet cubicle. "The corner cubicles are my favorite!" gushed Banana. "They're the perfect place to find our spiritual centers." Bud, agreeing, grabbed Andrew by the scruff of the neck (whatever that means) and hauled ass downstairs. Retreating to opposite corners the trio paused for a moment. "All right, 'nuff of this. I don't know about you, but I need a beer." Bud said. "Noooo!! Come on, guys. You're gonna get me in trouble." whined Andrew.

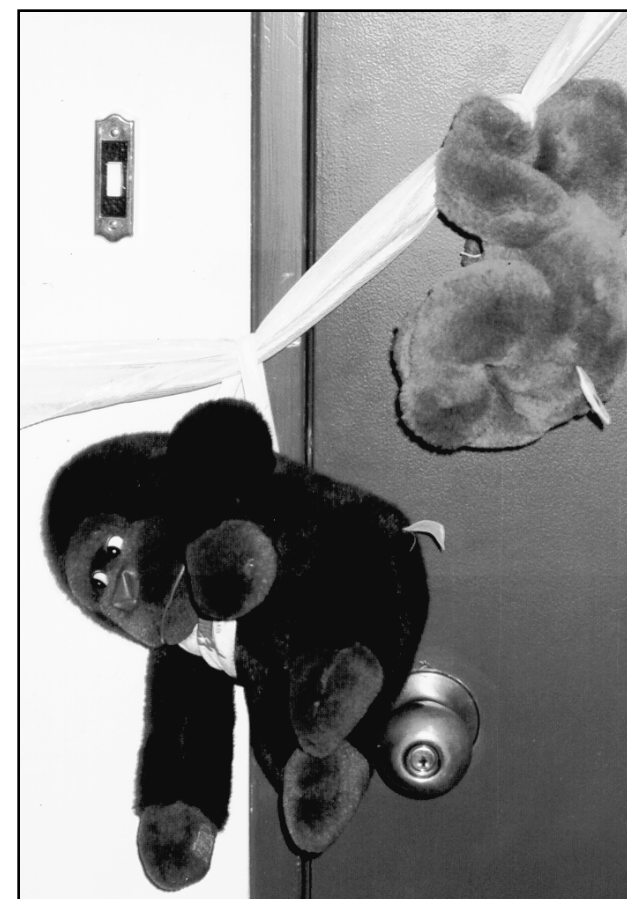


Andrew. Flinging his Dior scarf over his shoulder ("It's the latest fashion!") Banana sighed, "No beer, Buddy sweetie, until we're done!"

Bud: "Goddamn mofo spiritual guru moron!"

In an effort to placate Andrew, the fu-

ture physics major (At Clark? Schyeah, right!), Bud and Banana took him over to the Sackler Science Center. While exploring the mazelike depths of the merged buildings, Bud and Banana realized that they had misplaced Andrew. Hearing a distant scream of "MOM!!!" Bud and Banana rushed downstairs to find Andrew cowering in the corner next to a preserved alligator (maybe a crocodile, who knows?). Horrified of the sight, and worried about endangering their VARC membership (those vegans







don't take kindly to that sort of thing), Banana and Bud declined to comment and forced Andrew into the photo, hoping to use it as propaganda at a later time.

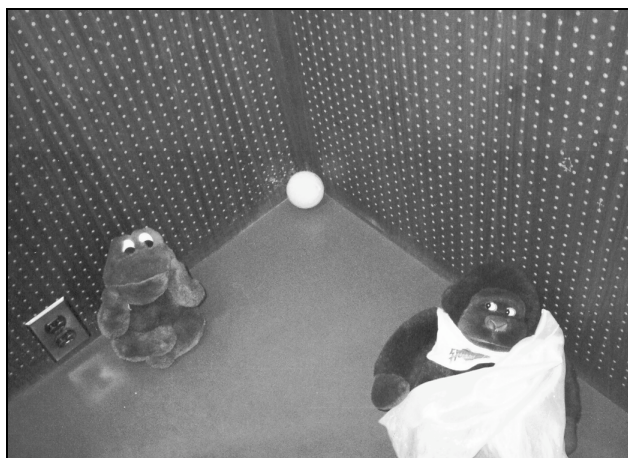
"Ha ha, he's never running for president," smirked Banana. "I need a beer— oh, wait



what's that!" Bud exclaimed. "It looks like a soda machine. Maybe it has beer! Y'know those scientist types." Hopping furiously, Bud rushed down the hall to the machine. Lumbering after him, as only gorillas can do, Banana shouted, "No, not finished yet. No cheating!"

Bud: "Goddamn, mofu spiritual guru moron that always skunks my dreams of beer."

The machine, unfortunately, only carried Pepsi products. However; they were only 50 cents each, so they stocked up. "Feels like the Bistro!" Banana cried. "Nah, these prices are too low for them." corrected Bud. "You know, the perfect place to enjoy our carbonated 50-



*"Bud, a little disappointed, frowned at his Pepsi, 'You know, I'd rather have a beer.'"*



cent wonders would be the picnic table outside those sexy-first-floor-Wright-Hall-female-residents' rooms." suggested Banana. "Whoa..." an amazed Bud said, "You like girls. Who'd a thunk it. I definitely need a beer."

Andrew: "Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!"

Meeting a few of their friends; Apple, Digger and Cookie Monster. The tired trio happily sipped at their Pepsi products. Bud, a little disappointed, frowned at his Pepsi, "You know, I'd rather have a beer." A

small voice piped up, "Me, too." Surprised, Bud and Banana whirl around to see Andrew looking a bit sheepish. As they contemplated whether or not to stick to the Clark tradition



and get their prospective trashed, a large, frizzy-haired woman jumped out from behind the tree and grabbed Andrew by the scruff of the neck (ibid.) and screamed, "I knew it! The minute I left you alone! You're just like your father! You're going to community college and living at home young



*"Bud and Banana rushed down - stairs to find Andrew cowering in the corner next to a preserved alligator (maybe a crocodile, who knows?)"*



man! See if you leave your room for the next four years!"

Andrew: "Damn."

As they watched Andrew's mother drag him off campus, Bud and Banana looked at each other and sighed. They knew that the bond formed between them on this special day could never be broken. Banana, a little hesitantly, said, "Come on, friend. Let's have a brewskie." Bud, grinning from ear to ear (whereva those are on frogs) replied, "Why, of course, sweetie dahling!"

**THE END?**