



SPOILED:

A YOUTH GONE BAD

My name is Tony, and I'm a recovering addict. This is my story:

It all started during my freshman year of college. I was away from my parents for the first time, and determined to live life to the fullest: late nights, crazy outfits, maybe even a tattoo. I made friends right away with the sophomore girls who lived downstairs—they threw wild parties, and I felt lucky to be invited. Hanging out with them and their friends made me feel so grown-up. Before long I was spending my whole weekend in their suite, borrowing from their stash when they would let me, and later, stealing from it when they weren't looking. They had turned me on, and now I was hooked. I was hooked on Tupperware.

At first Stacy and Dianne's Tupperware parties seemed like harmless fun—we'd pass around some attractive items, ooh and ahh politely, and nibble on finger sandwiches. Sometimes we drank fancy teas from our no-spill tumblers. Then one night, Dianne suggested that we play a game: we would have 60 seconds to make as many words as possible from the letters in "Tupperware." At the end of a minute, my list was the longest, so I won the prize: a beautiful pair of salad tongs. That was the first Tupperware I owned, and from then on I was fascinated by this amazing world of storage containers and kitchen utensils. Tupperware enhanced my experiences—expanded my mind—until life without it seemed boring and stale. Anybody could steal cereal from the dining hall, but with Tupperware, I could keep corn flakes fresh for weeks! I started bringing my own "spoon rest" to the dining hall. People laughed, but I didn't care; Stacy said it was more sanitary. People on the street called Tupperware "the plastic casket," but I was sure I could get out any time I wanted. Boy, was I wrong.

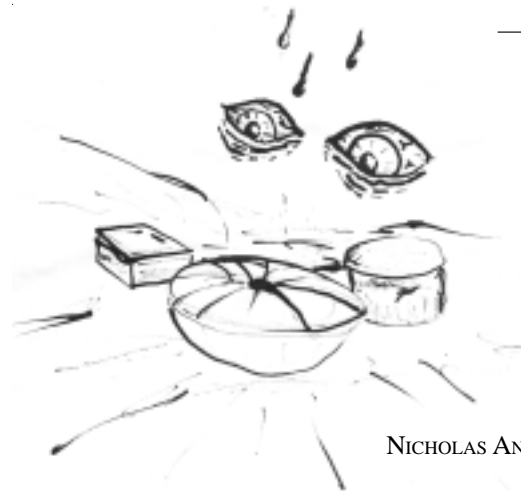
Soon I was buying Tupperware on credit. I asked my parents to send more money, telling them outrageous lies: I was sick, I'd sprained a muscle, I'd run out of pencils. They believed my stories, or were in denial, because the checks kept coming. Every penny went to Stacy and Di, my "representatives," who kept me supplied with the newest products and styles. The black spaghetti dispenser wasn't enough for me; I needed

hunter green, royal purple, and bold 'n' blue, too. Whatever I didn't owe the girls, I blew buying things to put in my containers: once I spent \$65 on spices for my new "spice shakers." I kept my dirty laundry in squares, ovals, and super-ovals all over the room. (Tupperware sealed the smell in, just like they said it would.) I even bought products I couldn't possibly use, until my closet was filled with baby bottles and garlic presses. I started skipping classes. When I did go, I'd carry my books in a Tupperware casserole dish, "To keep them fresh." I bought the entire back-to-school line—even the Winnie-the-Pooh pencil case—and instead of handing in papers, I gave my professors baked goods in microwavable containers.

By the end of my sophomore year, I was asked to leave school—the Jell-O mold I sent the Dean couldn't save me. I knew then I had to quit. I left the state and changed my name so Stacy and Dianne wouldn't find me, and took a job in a factory that manufactures cardboard boxes. I ate all my meals in restaurants, because I couldn't risk storing food in my house.

I've been clean for about four years now, and every day is still a struggle. I can finally shop for groceries, but I store all my cereals in their original boxes, set my spoons down right on the table, and don't even buy lettuce, just to be safe. I haven't heard from Stacy or Dianne in years, and as far as I know, they're still out there, throwing wild Tupperware parties and hooking unsuspecting kids. Every now and then, I get an invitation to a Tupperware party in my neighborhood, and it takes all my will power to RSVP "with regrets." Still, I refuse to go back to "the life." Take it from me—once you start, you don't look back, and no amount of convenience and freshness is worth the trouble.

—WILSON



ART BY
NICHOLAS ANTOSCA '05

POP CULTURE PARABLES

From *The Totally Radical Jerusalem Bible for Teens*

Jesus said to the crowd, “If someone strikes you on your left cheek, turn to him your right cheek and say, “Hit me baby one more time.”

And they asked Jesus, “Is it right to pay taxes to the Man?”

“Bring me some of that cheddar and let me look at it,” he said. They brought it to him and he asked them, “Who’s the dead guy on this bill?”

“That’s the Man,” they replied.

Then Jesus said to them, “Give to the Man what is the Man’s and to God what is God’s.”

Someone once asked Jesus, “Who is my neighbor?”

In reply Jesus said, “A man was chillin’ in Compton when he fell into the hands of some busted-ass crack heads. They stripped him of his kicks, gave him a whuppin’ and went away. A priest happened to be going down the same road, escorted by a troop of Boy Scouts, and when he saw the man, he passed on the other side. So, too, a Rabbi, when he came to the place and saw him, totally schvitzed and passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan, as he traveled, came where the man was; and when he saw him, he took pity on him. He went to him and bandaged his wounds, pouring on Neutrogena Deep Clean Cream Cleanser™. Then he put the man in the back of his own car and took him to the Holiday Inn and took care of him.

“Which of these three do you think was a neighbor to the man who fell into the hands of robbers?”

The man replied, “The one who hooked a brother up.”

Jesus told him, “Fo’ sheezy.”

—GOLSON

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