

From: Nomads at Large: Narissa Willever and Brian Mitchell

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NO HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

This time last year: 1) We blundered from Florida to Maine to Rhode Island, leaving a wake of destruction and Brian's Frito Nebula in our respective paths. 2) Rather than resorting to the Poorhouse, we crashed at the Bayside Avenue Reptile Spa, where the iguanas are big, the parents crazy, and the hairballs omnipotent. 3) After being turned down by McDonalds, we explored the scintillating universes of meaning found within our own navels. 4) Finally, we wrought havoc with the first annual Nomads Holiday Newsletter. Guess what? **WEEEEEEEE'RE BAACK!**

Dear Unfortunates:

Well, the transcription of our pitiful existence is back by popular demand. So many of you remarked that last season's letter was the highlight of your year. In the festive spirit of the holidays, we give you express permission to give yourself a holiday gift. GET A LIFE.

Although we are still the same jolly old souls as ever, several significant things have changed. Marvin the Paranoid Iguana has left the Flying Zucchini Brothers for the corporate life, taking a temporary position as an Administrative Assistant for the Fleet Bank legal department. (Oh, sorry. That's *Brian* who's working for Fleet now. I always get them mixed up. You know how they say Zucchini's are better than men — Ehem. Yes. Back to the news. — NKW) Brian has also been applying to graduate schools, which you will hear about later. Narissa has transferred from her position as Thayer Street Bum to Little Compton Beach Bum.

Some of you already know of our move to Little Compton. Interestingly enough, this house, too, is infested with Elvis impersonators. Where do they all come from?

Brian attended his first family Thanksgiving at Bill Scott's house. He was laboring under a 102° fever, but Narissa suspects his delirium enabled him to fit in a little better. For those of you who participated in the landmark Jersey Devil research, you'll probably want to know what we did with the data. Like all good federally funded research organizations, we sat on it. Come visit us sometime. We have a lovely padded toilet seat. You may not believe it, but the data seems to indicate that one (or more) of the Thanksgiving participants were impostors! In fact, our preliminary analyses suggest that none of you exist. You are just too weird to be true. (Where *was* Tegan the whole time, anyway?)

Hanukkah came in a flurry of presents. Thanks to Brian's folks! We are having lots of fun playing with all the stuff. One of the things we love about Hanukkah is there's none of that guilt stuff you get with Christmas. You know, is that stocking so heavy because it's filled with all sorts of goodies, or because it's stuffed with ultra-polluting fossil fuels? Or, worse yet, does Santa know what we've *really* been up to and chosen to make a pointed commentary by filling it with reindeer you-know-what? Not only do you get to burn things on Hanukkah, but no one's out there tapping your phone to see if you've been naughty or nice. You could speak in the third person as often as Bob Dole *and still get all your presents!* Hanukkah gives you license to be naughty. And we are about to be very, very naughty.

Without further ado, let us get to the heart of this season's newsletter. We have decided to express the depths of our squirrely weirdness this year through a genuine holiday poem. Our tale begins January 1996:

'Twas the week after New Year's, when all through the house
was the tap of a keyboard, the click of a mouse.
Brian was ironing black socks with care,
In hopes that temp work soon would be there;
Narissa stared at her computer with dread,
Visions of novels exploding her head,
When out of the blue there arose such a clatter,
Brian sprang from ironing mad as a hatter.
Away to Fleet Bank he flew like a flash,
Working like a slave to earn a little cash.
In his spare time the breast of the driveway snow
Gave way to shoveling with many a "Heave Ho!"
Alone in the house Narissa chased her fame,
And raved, and shouted that her plot was too lame.
"Now, DEMONS! Now BATTLES! Now PIMPS and VIXENS!
Some CUPIDS, some STUD MUFFS, and gorgeous SEX KITTENS!
That's what the readers want; not morals at all!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane rode,
When met with an obstacle, they took to the road.
So up to Acadia's Dermott house they flew,
With baggage, and newts, and some rubber slugs too.
Unpacking, staff training, and new park programs;
Kate, in a kitchen overflowing with jams.
And then, in a twinkling, the season's end came;
So many Park babies, was the water to blame?
Down Route 95 the Nomads drove in one bound,
To Little Compton, a town on Rhode Island Sound.
Ness resumed her writing, Book II now achieved;
The old trite characters and plot had been heaved.
Poems and resumes she flung on the stack
To hand to the mailman just opening his pack.
Studying Children's Lit she was ever so smug;
Bri did his Orgo with a sad little shrug.
"Vinegar plus propane makes essence of pear,"
He read with a squint, leaning back in his chair.
His droll little mouth was turned out in a frown,
Trying to see if that alkane was drawn upside-down.
Putting Chemistry aside he gritted his teeth,
Grad school papers encircling him like a wreath.
And of course Fleet Bank was still filling his time,
Because idle hands soon resort to foul crime.
Narissa, with much too much time on *her* hands

Obsessed over TV heroes, small and grand;
“Think of Xena, Hercules, or even the Tick:
They wander around, cool and sure — what’s their trick?
Whatever might need doing, they just get it done;
At the end of the show, they always have won.”
“Time to write that letter?” he asked with a sigh.
“They’re counting on us! A mission!” was her cry.
Hanukkah became Christmas, then New Year’s and more,
Writing this letter was too much of a chore.
Long did they labor, all through the cold dark nights;
At the end, they exclaimed as they turned out the lights,
HAPPY GROUNDHOG DAY TO ALL, AND SEE Y’ALL SOON;
BEST WISHES TO ALL, AND TO ALL WE CHEER *SPOON!!!*

Love,
Brian & Narissa