



The Fraternal Guard

by James Seidler

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The Dean told me he wanted to restore a little order to the fraternities. Too much energy was being wasted on “keggers” and “beer blasts,” that sort of thing, and we’re all aware of how young men can do down the wrong path if they aren’t provided with a little guidance. I’d had experience with instilling order, so I accepted right away. That was how I came into the lives of Sigma Alpha Neu.

Our first meeting was distasteful, as the assembled human wreckage resembled more a gross aggregation of sporting insignias and denim than the future titans of industry I knew them to be. The first change enacted was the installation of a dress code, strictly suitcoats and khakis. I initially supplemented this wardrobe with a call for kit-leather boots and camel hair coats, but my assistant, Chet, convinced me that such a move was financially unsustainable, as a phenomenon known as “need-blind admission” had apparently neglected five hundred years of good sense to elevate pauperism to a virtue.

One of my wards, Pinky, expressed reserve at the mandated change in wardrobe. He was beaten with a rubber hose for his insolence.

Next came the reorganization of their psyches. I first moved to expose the insidious influence of socialist thought in literature but was stymied by the absence of any printed material save several periodicals of (half)-wit and mammaries, which actually proved to be surprisingly effective disseminators of free market orthodoxy. This lack obligated me to check out several volumes from the Universities’ filth repository for instructional purposes. I proceeded to lay out in depth the Catholico-Marxist tilt of “The Grapes of Wrath,” only to find them movingly unafflicted.

“Bravo gentlemen,” I thought, “Bravo.”

As I was hesitant to invoke library fees, we refrained from seriously damaging the works. We did, however, bend down several of the corners, and a replication of the Dow Jones Daily Average was inscribed over the scene of Jim Casy’s death. Afterwards we ordered pizza and spoke admiringly of the discipline displayed by the Emperor’s Royal Guard in The Return of the Jedi.

The next morning further progress came in their selection of music to accompany the morning calisthenics, which occurred to the blended strains of race dogma and well-evoked consumerism. Enthusing about the talents of the performer, I queried Chet about the possibility of inviting him to the Neu barracks to speak to my charges, at which point Chet commented upon the performer’s melanism. For obvious reasons, the invitation was rescinded.

That weekend my Neuftaffe had a mixer with the Delta Tau girls across the street. Refreshments were provided for nourishment, and the young men put on a drag review for the ladies’ amusement. All went well until Mouse fell out of step during “Sing, Sing, Sing,”

after which I obliged Chet to take him to the back and step on his genitals.

Anesthetizing beverages were provided for all to facilitate sanctioned release of youthful ardor. Breeding rights were reserved for those individuals most fit, however, as demonstrated by a cumulative Grade Point Average of 3.8 or higher.

The Dean came afterwards to remark upon my progress. The Neu’s new diligence had been noticed by their professors, and grades were up fifteen percent. While the speech was largely congratulatory, it became slightly awkward when the Dean asked whether I knew anything about the torching of the College Democrats office.

“Omelet, eggs,” I told him.

The Noog was published in the University newspaper with a letter decrying the character-denying patronization underlying the current socialistic primary/secondary education network. Predictably, letters poured in from vagino-Bolsheviks offering feeble objections to his viewpoint.

“Don’t they understand the market works in all of our best interests?” the Noog asked.

“They understand,” I replied. “They simply know they can’t compete on a level playing field, so they seek to restrict real men of consequence.”

“Well, what can we do about it?”

“What we always do,” I told him. “Buy real estate.”

It wasn’t clear how the Deltas made it past our sentries, but somehow they managed to abscond with our mascot, Vomit Moose. Chet organized a responsive expeditionary force—Pinky and Mouse laid down suppression fire while the Noog stormed into the Delta’s house. After rescuing our valiant Moose he garroted the Delta’s mascot, Puddles the Duck, and set off a small incendiary device that gutted the first floor of their building.

A Delta representative came later to propose a truce; I had him arrested for trespassing as soon as he stepped foot on our lawn.

The Dean came to see me again, complaining this time of a castration my Neus had effected on a nonevangelical on campus. “Boys will be boys,” I told him, but apparently a scapegoat was needed. I volunteered myself, so as not to derail the career paths my men had embarked upon.

Pinky burst into tears when I informed him of my leaving. I had him beaten with a rubber hose for his weakness, then bid a hasty adieu, lest Chet have to reprimand me for a similar shortcoming.

Epilogue

Chet went on to be an image consultant for Senator Sam Brownback in his failed 2012 Presidential run. He later hung himself in his basement in shame.

Pinky went on to a lengthy career as a district attorney, where he was often mocked for his tendency to burst into tears while arguing a case.

Mouse later became head of a major religion, where he furthered a proud tradition of condemning all things related to genitals.

The Noog became a wealthy developer, specializing in acquiring publicly owned lands for rock-bottom prices and turning them into exclusive ski resorts.