FORUMITES, COUNT OFF!

 Good, now that I have your attention, I shall bequeath unto you all a tale of one of the first Forum traditions: the midnight walk. And brace yourselves; it’s a bit of a long one. Back in the day, Forumites would take long walks together at night, with nowhere to go in particular. Just to walk. This may seem strange now, but think of it this way: there’s not much to do in Stony Brook now, so imagine how bad it was back in the 80s. So usually at night when there was very little going on, groups of Forumites would secret themselves out of the basement and venture into the world. Now I mentioned these walks were long, to clarify, they were so long that they typically ended up in places like Smithtown following the train tracks.

 Speaking of the tracks, here’s an aside. On one of these nighttime walks on by the tracks, a forumite who shall remain nameless swore that he (because let’s be honest, none of the female Forumites of the time would be stupid enough to do this) could identify the distance a train was from their position by putting his ear to the track, and to prove this, he did so. On the first try, he got excited because he heard a train, which he swore was about a mile off. Well, he got about half way through swearing this before his friends pulled his head away from the rail just before the train damn near hit him. Now back to your regularly scheduled program.

 On one fateful night during one of these long walks, a group of Forumites decided to cut through a junkyard. They have cut through junkyards before without much hassle, but this night was different. This night, they stumbled upon a trailer in the middle of the yard which was very clearly lit, and had noises coming from it. Now everybody in the group, having seen enough horror movies to know where this was going, decided it would be best to high-tail it out of there. Well everybody except for one. Everybody except for George Chin.

 Now, you should all have some background on George, who is also our forumite of the week, before I continue this story. George was a smart, nice (well, smarter and nicer than the average forumite) undergrad at SBU, who generally got along well with most. He was, however, a bit odd. During his presidency, Gary 8 would find him in the forum every morning before anybody else arrived, and he would often, very often, be the one to close up. During his first year as president, Gary 8 acquired a couch for the forum, but being a forum couch, it had to be propped up by cinder blocks at each corner. Blocks which, Gary noticed, seemed to be multiplying as the semester went on, until the whole perimeter of the couch was sealed off. Well, as he was closing one night, he decided to investigate what was under the couch only to find George laying there like a vampire in a coffin. Gary then spent much of the remaining semester trying to get George to leave the forum at closing time, and finding ways to keep him out at night. Interlude complete.

 So George, against the advice of his friends, approached the trailer and knocked on the door. As every horror movie scenario began racing through the minds of our interepid heroes, the door begins to open, to reveal a young woman, and what appeared to be about forty cats. Her name was Millie, and she invited them in to meet her cats, which they did. It turned out that she and George hit it off, and they dated for a while. They even lived together for a while, in the room across the hall from the Forum.

 So you may be wondering what happened to George, and because he is indeed our Forumite of the Week, I shall tell you. It turns out after the first semester, George was not actually a student. A lot of forumites at that time were actually droupouts looking for a place to fit in. After four years, he moved to the city, got his act together, and passed the NYPD police officer examination. He currently lives in the city with his wife.