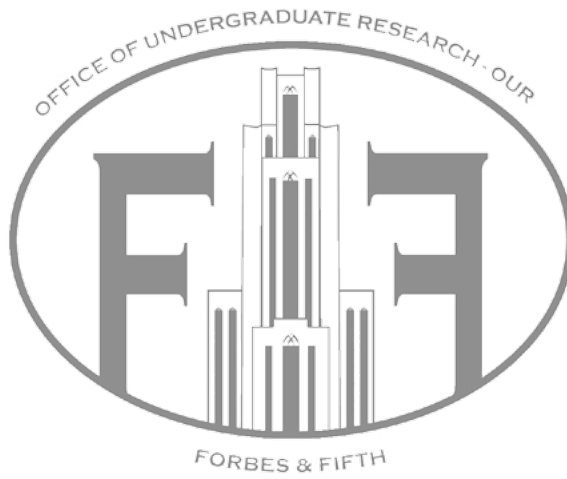




••• **Mallory Fuccella**

••• **M**allory Fuccella is a junior double
••• majoring in Theatre Arts and Com-
••• munication and Rhetoric. She is the
••• producer of her improv team, RUCKUS.
••• Mallory likes people, coffee, and cookies
••• and is unbeatable in most board games
••• including but not limited to Battleship,
••• Slamwich, and Hungry Hungry Hippos. If
••• acting/improvising does not work as a ca-
••• reer, Mallory plans to go into foot model-
••• ing.



The Members

They have names like “CHANDLERSWAN.” They leave half a leaf of lettuce and a quarter of a crouton on their plate and say they aren’t done. They ensure you make three trips to their table when you could easily carry extra napkins and straws in your hands at the same time. I should not say that all of the members are like this, because they aren’t. On the hot summer days when we slave to get members water and gazpacho, the nice ones will say,

“Stay cool, please... don’t work too hard.
Oh wait! Can you get me a lemon?”

The Chandlerswans.

I would expect the Chandlerswan heir to be one of a wealthy stature. I would expect that the family would be members of a country club. And I guess I should expect that the mini Chandlerswan apple does not fall far from the big Chandlerswan weed. The eleven-year-old speaks down to me, her superior server. Every time I serve her, I have to give myself a pep talk and reassure myself of all my good traits, but when I leave the table, I end up feeling so small, so insignificant.

Chandlerswan apple:

“Ummm a couple things. a) This hot dog is sub par and has wrinkles. b) My lemonade is too light in color up top, and my friend wanted a lemonade so could you get on that? And c) Are you STILL out of chipwiches? Also, your shirt is ugly.”

Insignificant Being (Me):

“Do you want a grilled cheese instead of a hot dog? I’m sorry about the discoloration of your lemonade, Ms. Chandlerswan (MS. CHANDLER-SWAN? WHAT AM I DOING? YOU’RE ELEVEN!) And I’ll check on the chipwiches. And if my shirt could only look as good as your pastel, faded terrycloth cover up... well then... I wouldn’t have any problems now, would I?”

The O's.

The member number O11 will haunt me forever. Mr. O will look thirty-two until he's fifty, when he jokes that he's still thirty-two. Then it will be a question of whether he just *looks* really old for thirty-two or disgustingly young for fifty – and he will always be a rude, deviant slimeball. He is the type of man who wears popsicles and lobsters on his shorts. He suggested to one of our servers that instead of our “heinous” green cabana shirts that we wear bikinis. Khaki shorts with sneakers in the summer is not my ideal fashion statement either, but how inappropriate that a man with kids – no, a MARRIED man with kids – would make such a request! The last time I served him, he made me crawl to the edge of the pool to hand him a Miller Lite. I hated this.

Mrs. Thompson.

Deb Thompson. Mascara running down her cheeks, bottle-blonde hair slicked back with chlorine, a double chin, and a smoker's lisp (that is, a smoker's voice with a lisp). Deb Thompson is THAT member. The member who struts in at 8:50 when she knows the pool closes at 9:00. The member who can't order without changing the entree. The member who asks daily for the pool temperature. She stews in the deep end. Let me define “stew.” Stewing – Deb Thompson style – is a cross between the Dead Man's Float and treading water (her daily “exercise”).

Deb Thompson is always on a new diet kick. The latest? All mayo, no brown food. Riddle me this: “I'm on a new diet. I haven't had bread in two weeks. No bread... I cheated with corn last night... but for tonight, I'll have a Caesar salad, NO CROUTONS, extra ‘parm’ and a side of mozzarella sticks. I know the mozzarella sticks have that bread around them, but I'll treat myself.” I have a few qualms with this order:

- 1) Extra “parm” in addition to the Caesar dressing is knocking that salad up to about 850 calories. Minus the Caesar dressing, throw in the croutons, and you are looking at a 300-calorie salad. Take it from a teenage girl always trying a new diet.
- 2) Bread around the mozzarella sticks? I'm sorry, are you referring to the fried fat around the fat? Just because they're both brown doesn't mean they are in the same food group.

3) Didn't you treat yourself with your corn last night?

Two hours later and I spot her munching on a Chocolate Éclair ice cream pop. Don't worry though, that Dead Man's Float should burn that off.