The Daily News

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"As I am walking through the elaborate entrance of the Grand Central Station Terminal, thoughts of a glorious day fill my head. Nevertheless, my fatigued legs are painful reminders that I have been journeying through the Big Apple."

Cover Page Footnote
O'Lunney: The Daily News

THE DAILY NEWS
By Emmet O'Lunney

As I am walking through the elaborate entrance of the Grand Central Station Terminal, thoughts of a glorious day fill my head. Nevertheless, my fatigue-laden legs are painful reminders that I have been journeying through the Big Apple.

We are now entering the underground. The revolting stench of urine permeates the air. Vagabonds and runaways populate the long, dark hallways leading to the subways. Messianic prophets, wearing long, white robes, are handing out literature and screaming messages of doom. Up ahead on the right is a newspaper stand. The newspaper stands in the underground provide and sell less desirable material. I buy the evening edition of the Daily News.

I would like to call home, but I just can't seem to find a telephone with a receiver. It would be comforting to use the toilet facilities, but I think it is best to wait.

I enter the line to buy a token. It is very difficult to communicate with the illiterate clerk through two inches of bullet-proof glass. I pass my crumpled dollar bill through a slot and return to receive a beaten, worn token. I don't know why I bother to pay when everybody else jumps the turnstiles.

Finding a spot to stand in anticipation for the arrival of the train is a very strategic decision. I am looking around for a suitable location. I just found it. My back is against the wall. One hand grips the handle of my shopping bag and the other lies by my side. I now feel comfortable, well, as comfortable as I am going to get.

The downtown train is just entering the station. As the train comes to a halt, the anxious commuters enter and exit the subway cars. Within fifteen seconds the train is already on its way to the infinite darkness of the approaching tunnel.

My attention turns to the remaining commuters who will be traveling with me uptown. There are many businessmen wearing paisley ties, tan raincoats, and black loafers. There is a pregnant woman in distress as she tries to hold onto her four innocent children. Of course, there are panhandlers walking around searching for guildable targets. There is a bum lying on the one bench in this station. I might add that he is lying in a most awkward position, draped in discolored newspaper.

I am interrupted from that thought and drawn to two sleazy looking women who have begun to argue. I find out from an old woman nearby that they are fighting over a missing dollar bill. It seems that both of the women involved share the name "Bitch." Isn't that interesting? The fighting is becoming intense. They are grabbing each other by the throat, pulling hair and scratching. I move towards them for a better view. I am by the edge of the tracks. The entire crowd begins to cheer them on. I have never seen two people express so much hatred towards each other. They brush by me and roll onto the tracks. The commuters are quiet now. It is no longer entertaining. The two continue to fight. There is blood on their faces. The smaller woman is beginning to show her exhaustion. In a last effort to break free from the engulfing arms of her enemy she jerks backward, and trips onto the third rail. The station lights dim. Her pannick-stricken face remains frozen as her body shakes violently and begins to glow. After what seems like minutes, her lifeless body falls onto the tracks. The scent of burning flesh fills the station. I am standing here motionless, feeling somewhat responsible for her death. I can't move. The other woman turns around, trembling. Her eyes meet mine. She begins to scream and heads off towards the infinite darkness of the approaching tunnel.

The Function Of A Cat
By Jon Monga

In the beginning, God created the heaven and earth, the plants and animals, and man. The man was intrigued by his world, but alas was lonely. And so God created woman, and the man was pleased. But after a while, the woman got bored for the man because she would not play in the dirt with him, or roll over, or play dead. And so God made man a companion and called it "dog." The woman was now mad at the man and dog because they ignored her and went off to play by themselves, so she called to God and asked if she could have an animal playmate. And so God created an animal that would be as moody and changeable as the woman would be. He created the cat.

In present times, the cat (genus Felinus) is seen as a useless animal. I too thought this way until I finally got one, and then my mind changed drastically. My cat's name is Melissa. The name is derived from Greek, Mel meaning "To eat large quantities of food very quickly", Lis meaning "To choke upon one's meal", and Si, meaning "To vomit profusely." Melissa not only lives up to her name, but also serves my family faithfully in a number of different ways.

Cat's enjoy decorating, and will do so whenever possible. For example, when you let them outside, they will always return with a dead or wounded animal ready for stuffing and mounting on the mantelpiece. They also enjoy ripping furniture, which gives the house that "lived-in" look. Their favorite pasttime, though, is shedding, and they do this constantly. A cat's house must be covered in cat hair. It's some sort of biological urge all cats have. My cat not only likes to cover the house, but also the people in the house. Her shedding has gotten to the point where we have gathered up excess hair and actually knitted two sweaters and a pair of socks out of it. The only drawback is that they have to be licked clean.

The best use for a cat, though, is pest control. Say, for example, you have a few pesky visitors over for dinner and they're boring you with dull conversation about their trip to Mexico. All you need to rid yourself of these pests is a cat like mine. Melissa, usually after grooming, will walk into the center of the room where everyone is sitting. Next, she will assume a crouched position (head near the floor, buttocks in the air) and begin to rock back and forth. By now, your guests will be asking "What's wrong with your kitty?" After a little rocking, she will close her eyes and start to make wretched noises while making her tongue go in and out of her mouth. The wretching will become louder until finally she coughs up a hairball the size of a golf ball, garnished with a few pieces of undigested "9 Lives." By this time your guests will be running either for the front door or the bathroom. Either way, they'll be out of the house in no time. And if that isn't pest control, I don't know what is.

So, as you can see, cat's have a variety of uses. Some may see them as ridiculous, but you have to be a cat owner to know the true potential of the feline. They are not useless, lazy, and boring like cartoons and t.v. suggests. Instead, they are useful, intelligent animals with a significant position in today's society. Now if you will excuse me, I have to go find Melissa, feed her, change her litter box, and then put her back to bed.