

# **Fruit Bowl Archive**

## **Three Years of Weird Emails**

MEGHANA BHAT

**2/25/14**

And the heralds sang of the time foretold through the ages by a prophecy long hidden from mortal eyes, the arrival of the fruit and annihilation of scurvy on the sacred grounds of pi.

**3/4/14**

Every moment seemed like a lifetime. The ground approached, and with it, the inevitable crash. Fruit-crunching splatter.

"Why," came the thought. "Why would you just let me go like that? Let me fall?!"

And then came the reminiscence, the life flashing before the eyes. The memory of the first spots of sunlight piercing into the dark, damp hole. The times spent praying in the burning sun for the arrival of the Drought-slayer. The buzzing of the bees with the scent of new spring.

All the way up until this final moment.

Splat.

And then the fruit cursed scurvy with its final breath.

**3/12/14**

THE FRUITY PRELUDE

The feast was nearly prepared. All manners of deliciousness were liberally heaped upon the plates, nearly hiding the surface of the table. All around,

meats and vegetables and breads and cheeses and pasta and wine galore. Anything you could think of...except one thing.

Where were the fruits?

The attendees glanced around, faces blank with confusion. No one touched a single utensil. One person ventured his hand forth to grip a knife but was promptly stared down. They could not eat. No. They could not enjoy. Not without the fruit.

And at the head of the table, in a glorious chair inlaid with gold and silver scrolls and outfitted with a purple velvet cushion, sat the Scurvy God.

#### **4/1/14**

In the Garden of Eden resides a lesser known tree. Many do not realize that this tree may be, in fact, the more important one, more powerful and significant than the tree containing the forbidden fruit. This tree contains the forbidden vegetable.

The Scurvy God sat in his throne, anticipating the attack. He knew it was coming, but he was prepared. He had his apple-tasers, pear-evaporators, banana-terminators, etcetera. He was ready. He heard the knock. The door slammed open. He calmly raised and aimed his anti-fruit laser and fired. A huge explosion rocked the room, and he smiled smugly, knowing the deed was done. He lowered the laser.

But the smoke cleared, and there, unharmed, stood a broccoli.

#### **4/8/14**

(Seeking peer reviews—first iteration:)

The Beneficial Effects of the Post-Flowering Products of Vegetation on Consumer Health

Abstract: It has long been held that the consumption of fruit is an integral part of human lifestyle. To gain a better understanding the intricacy of the relationship between fruit and homo sapiens, one must only take a closer look at the scientific and social communities formed around the examination and idolization of fruit. Such societies, however, imply the existence of a greater cause and effect role present in the exchange and

consumption of fruit. In fact, many studies have been performed on the consequences of fruit-deprivation on the mental and physical state of the human body. Accordingly, in some studies, increases in this mode of nutrition have been correlated with declines in antagonism, lethargy, anxiety, and isolation.

In this paper, we explore the ameliorative effects of fruit on subjects vulnerable to scurvy. As a majority of these subjects in the present day fall between the ages of 18 and 22, our study focused on a particular group of college students, specifically, those residing in building 62 in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on the third floor. These students claim a close tie with a set of baked cylindrically enveloped foods with a large circular base, and thus prove themselves an objective base for the purpose of our study. Although investigators debate whether the elevation of this class of nutriment may have been cause for a significant source of emotional enlightenment seen on the floor on Tuesdays, all agree that the benefits of their traditional weekly event of "Fruit Bowl" extend far past the obvious consequences of increasing productivity and energy (although an adverse relationship with sanity may be apparent in some subjects during these nights). As a result of our study, we establish the sacred existence of fruit as a sole obstacle to the plight of the Scurvy God.

**4/16/14**

[GUEST POST BY EVIE]

His mouth smirked upwards as he strode across the grounds. The plebs whose existences he found irksome scampered in feeble attempts to find shelter from the sudden chill that had befallen his domain. The dirty mortals had gotten complacent- their complacency fueled by the hope that was Spring.

"But now they are weak once again," he thought to himself with a dark smile. "They cannot escape my grasp...for Winter is still here and my enemies cannot hope to rise once again."

But then he stopped. The snow swirled around a shadow on the ground. It was a basket.

He kicked at the basket with a boot, and an apple rolled away.

"We send our regards" - The moose.

Anger filled the Scurvy God....He clenched his fists and pivoted away into the swirling mist.

## **4/29/14**

It was the annual fruit ball, and Apple had no date.

Alright, so that was Apple's own fault. The seed of doubt in its core, that which grew from low self-esteem and awkwardness and anxiety and what have you, had continuously discouraged it from asking Pear out.

Oh, but that was only one bit of fruit drama. Banana, the DJ of the night, had asked out Grapefruit, to the reply that Grapefruit didn't lean that way. As a result, the music underwent the occasional hiccup when Banana banged its head on the table to take its mind off the fact that Grapefruit and Cantaloup were spinning circles around each other. And then there was Orange, jealous of Grapefruit, but who'd accepted Strawberry's invite as a second choice, and Strawberry was too infatuated to notice Orange's mood, and the club of single berries was shunning Strawberry for ditching them, and Grape was third-wheeling with Mango and Plum, and...well, you get the point.

Meanwhile, Pineapple did its usual patrolling, watching for troublemakers with its tens of eyes. One more round free of scurvy.

The night was just beginning.

## **5/6/14**

"...and it suddenly stumbled on something—something damp. It quickly scrambled for its flashlight and shined the light to reveal..." The apple paused for effect. "An apple core."

The fruity audience broke into screams and giggles.

Confusion spread through Apple's expression. "Hey, wait, why are you guys laughing?"

Banana, mostly calmed down from his spout of laughter, replied with a silly grin, "You're so bad at coming up with scary stories that it's amusing."

Big ol' pineapple, one of those who actually screamed, mumbled, "I thought it was scary..."

"You get scared at everything," Grape piped up.

Apple grumbled, "Scurvy get you..."

"HEY! No cursing!" chided Pineapple. "Fruit-know-who may be listening."

Meanwhile, at the National Scurvy Administration:

"...may be listening," squeaked from the speakers.

The Scurvy God paused the recording and swiveled around in his chair. "Fruit it, they're onto me."

**5/13/14**

#### THE GRAND FINALE

The Scurvy God idly tossed Its knife spinning into the air and caught it by the handle. "Well well well...look who we've got here." Its cup noodle minion had caught two little grapes who'd somehow infiltrated all the way to the camera control room of the scurvy headquarters.

Apparently the Scurvy God hadn't watched enough cartoons, because he continued his evil taunting. He began a rant on the insidious population of fruits in the world, and somehow got sidetracked into a heated discussion on the pros and cons of GMO (you see, with scurvy on the decline in the modern world, there wasn't much to do except research the enemy, the result of which was that he was ironically quite a scholar on the subject), and then a tangent on the creation of Soylent and how terrible it would be for the world (cup noodle had its own complaints to add to that) and finally it reached the point where—

"Well, I'm honestly not sure how I feel on the subject," apple said. "I mean, enemy of my enemy and all, but still, if it means less fruit..."

Orange nodded along, but banana still seemed deep in thought on the matter, and pear remained silent.

"Uh, guys?" grape piped up. "It's getting kinda late. Shouldn't we head back now?"

"Huh, you're right," said orange. "Okay, bye!"

"WAIT WAITWAIT! You're not allowed to leave!" exclaimed the Scurvy God in outrage.

"Oh, right, duh! We didn't do our thing!" said apple. "FRUIT RANGERS, ASSEMBLE!" Apple, orange, pear, banana, and plum scrambled to stand next to one another.

"Oh fruit, this is such a ripoff, " grumbled the Scurvy God.

"Your days of scurvy are over!" proclaimed apple from the center, ignoring the Scurvy God completely. It whipped out a giant bowl and whacked the Scurvy God to the floor.

"Okay, now we can leave."

## **9/9/14**

"It's come! It's come!" echoed through the apartment in an array of different voices. It had started off as a joke, when it was 4am and apple had been up playing too much Hearthstone and the grapes were playing cards in that past-exhausted state where everything seems funnier than usual and you kind of spout out whatever crazy thing comes to mind. And that's when they had placed the order. The fruits had been tracking the shipment every hour for the past week.

And sure enough, when the fruits tumbled out the door, there it was, with a giant fruit-moose head and all sorts of glorious absurdly bright colors on a large bouncy-house. And the balls inside were all fruit themed as well, of course. It was fully customized.

Nectarine pointed out one of the balls, yelling, "It has my face on it!"

And they spent the whole day in it, and it was awesome. Though, there was just one thing—a part of the bouncy house floor seemed a bit oddly lumped up, almost as if there were some random object stuck underneath the house.

Two weeks later, they would investigate and discover the mailbox crushed underneath the bouncy house. The dutiful mailman had still continued to put newly arrived letters in it; it had mail from as recently as two days back.

—

The Scurvy God sat at Its desk, idly scribbling moustaches and thick uni-brows on pictures of fruit. The room's gray walls were plastered with newspapers highlighted for articles on drought and crop-destroying disease dating back up to a hundred years ago. Somewhere in there was some fan mail which all seemed to be written with the same style of handwriting (come to think of it, wasn't that letter on the desk also in that handwriting?).

The god suddenly clenched Its fist in frustration. The marker cracked in Its hand, staining Its fingers with black ink.

"Where are those scurvy-gotten fruit?! I sent my letter of challenge for the new semester a week ago! Next time I'm using email."

**9/16/14**

Dear Diary,

Sometimes one moment can change a life. I think this might be my moment. Here's how it began:

"Sometimes I don't know what to do," said Starfruit to me.

To ME. Starfruit, the legend, the hero, was confiding in me of all fruit. And I, only an Apple, and an awkward one at that. The fruit in front of me was a star, but all I could do was roll around and maybe tackle someone. But heroic feats? Beyond me. I didn't even have the trademark leaf on the top of my head.

"I don't even feel like a hero," the fruit hero continued. "I mean, sure, I can put on a cape and run around. Maybe I can even roll around. But the truth is...the star power I'm hailed for? It's a lie."

"What?!" I exclaimed in shock. "But it's in all the legends! You journeyed to the ends of the farm, survived the plague, led the fruit to safety, brought hope to fruitity, and most significant of all, fought with the Scurvy God and returned unscathed. You're a star, literally. The anti-scurvy-cake? Now that was a lie. But you? How?"

"To receive the respect of one such as you...it's too much. Yes, those adventures are real. But my time is past."

"Me? I don't understand. Why would you admire me?"

"Ah, so much you have left to know...but you don't realize. You are already the main character to this story. I have a task for you now. Venture

forth. Gather companions. The one you must seek...the one who knows..." And here the star leaned in close, and continued in a whisper. "Dragon fruit."

Main character? Story? When the time comes? I don't think I fully understood the import of Starfruit's words. But I have been entrusted with this duty. And I will follow it to the end.

Goodnight.

## 9/23/14

"I'm serious!" Apple cried out. "We're going to save the world! We're the chosen ones! This quest is our destiny! We just have to head out on a crazy long adventure! How else can I phrase this?"

"Uhhh...some way that's more believable," Pear said with an amused look. The other fruits sat around unsure how to respond to the ridiculous claims.

Perhaps Apple had embraced his role as the main character too strongly. Did the fruit have to start off as a reluctant hero instead? Apple wasn't quite sure. "Okay, let me start again," sighed the fruit.

"Yeah, let's resummarize," said Orange. "The legendary Starfruit supposedly came to you and told you to go on a journey for absolutely no reason with random other fruit (apparently it's dangerous to go alone, so take this cryptic statement!) to reach the Dragon fruit waiting who knows where, who supposedly knows something we don't but Starfruit knows the fruit knows but wouldn't even give you a hint. Did I get that right?"

"Um," said Apple. "Since you phrase it like that. Um. Yes. Maybe I should go with the reluctant hero route after all."

"The what?"

"Nevermind, anyway--"

The door opened with a sudden bang. A single grape rolled in woozily.

"G-grape? Where is your bunch?" Pear asked, scared.

"It's coming!" the grape gasped. "T-the Scurvy God! We have to run!"

"Run?" scoffed Lemon. "We can take that Disease on anytime!"

"Not this time. This time...Star...Starfruit was defeated!"



The fruits froze in shock. Starfruit? It couldn't be. And Apple felt the despair most of all. Apple, who had delighted in the idea of being a hero. Apple, to whom Starfruit had confessed its greatest insecurities. But for a hero to arise...the fruit should have known a fruitastrophe was coming.

Apple hesitated, but finally decided, "Somefruit has to take the stand. We can regroup. We can defeat this force.

"This is the time for the start of our epic journey."

**10/7/14**

After the fruit had scrambled out and waddled in some arbitrary direction for a good hour ("I think we lost him!" said Orange, to which Pineapple replied, "Was he even following us?"), Pear kindly reminded everyfruit that they were in no way packed for the long journey Apple had envisioned.

"Alright, so let's see what we need...let me make a list," said Pear, and began writing...and writing...and writing...

"WAIT," interrupted Apple, "I'm down for the capes, but I'm pretty sure we don't need fruitsnuggies, and I am starkly against waxed apples."

"What? But it'll make you so much shinier! Think about the photo shoots—this heroic journey is one to be documented. You don't want to be some dull apple."

"...w-well..."

"Besides, I already included a whole camera set in the list. Can't let it go to waste."

"Uh...guys..." said Grape. "Don't you think we should be, uh, ya know, fighting you-know-fruit and all?"

Pear thought about it for a moment, then agreed, "You're right," and promptly ripped five sixths of the list to shreds, at which Apple let out a squeak of despair and muttered something about capes.

They still had some supply shopping to do, though, so the fruit entered the closest corner store....

...to be continued.

**10/14/14**

Somewhere far, far away from the civilized paths of the fruit market, the monotone chanting of several fruity voices echoed throughout a cave. The small cloaked figures sat huddled in a circle around a campfire, reciting their ode to the fruit hero. If they had breath, it would have emerged in little, frosty puffs; as it was, they were stiff from the cold.

The cloaked kiwi motioned them to silence, and began in a squeaky voice, "Hear we gather today to discuss the new successor to the title of Fruit Hero. The Apple who has inherited the title has great potential, but he lacks guidance. But, of course, that is why we have assembled here. Long have we followed the journey of the Starfruit, and now, it is time to emerge from hiding and—"

THUD! A large object had suddenly flown right past Kiwi, narrowly avoiding the fruit. The cloaked fruit hesitantly glanced backwards to see a giant axe embedded into the cave wall. "Oh scurvy," the fruit muttered, instantly recognizing the weapon.

And of course, just as expected, there stood Dragonfruit. "How many times have I told you, if you're gonna do your little cult thing, just keep it out of my mystical magical cave!"

"But", plead the kiwi, "your mystical magical cave is the best place to hold cult meetings! It's mystical and magical!" Kiwi looked around for support, but his cloaked fruity followers had already fled. Figured.

"And the whole silly Apple Fruit hero business?"

"You did help Starfruit along when that journey had just started, didn't you?"

Dragonfruit sighed. "Look, just because that fruit was so pitiful I had to help, doesn't mean I'm going to help every pitiful fruit that comes by..."

Suddenly a murmuring of more fruity voices and fruitsteps echoed down the cave, increasing in volume.

Dragonfruit sighed again. "Not another invasion of my mystical magical cave. What now?"

And by the light of the fire appeared none other than our Apple fruit hero, accompanied by the other fruit. The Apple was, in the end, decked with a full fruit hero costume (complete with the cape and a shininess that could only have come from wax). And, unbeknownst to the silly fruit (but caught

immediately by the observant dragonfruit), each of those clothes items had a small logo at their edges...the logo of the accursed Scurvy God. (Scurvy God: "Hey, I had to make an appearance somewhere! I've been feeling kinda lonely out of the spotlight...")

"Dragonfruit!" the fruit hero proclaimed. "I have sought far and wide to—"

"Okay, too pitiful. We're gonna need to work on this."

—

"Did you have to do the axe thing?"

"I like doing the axe thing."

"Fair enough."

## **10/21/14**

The Scurvy God trampled the flowers on Its way to the fruits' former hide-out. Blight followed in Its path. The God stood and looked at Its wonderfully terrible work.

"At last, things are going my way!" It gloated. "The fruit snacks at stores have been replaced with artificial flavors, those pesky fruits have been chased out of town, fellow diseases have been inspiring remarkable fear in the people of late, and..."

It turned to Its companion, who had been silently following.

"I hear," the God continued, "that you have had considerable success in hindering the humans' efforts to prepare fruit by infesting the kitchens and clogging their drains and cluttering their sinks with dirty dishes. Chaos in the kitchen—what a brilliant strategy!"

The Kitchen Demon chuckled. "Oh, I find that those humans have considerable success in making a mess of their kitchens on their own. I simply...accelerate." The Demon glanced at the sky. "Ah, but I must take my leave. There are yet many kitchens to tend to." And with that, the Kitchen Demon dissolved into a flow of cockroaches that scattered away.

Perhaps it was the wind, but the Scurvy God suddenly had the sense of something, or someone, approaching. The God glanced around and saw nothing, but something above caught his eye. And the speck up there grew larger and larger and—was that moose horns?!

Wild Fruitmoose appeared! Fruitmoose used Headbutt! It was super effective!

And the Scurvy God went blasting off (again)!

Meanwhile, the Apple sat in front of Dragonfruit in the mystical magical cave. "So, I can't have a finisher move? Is that a strict no or just a suggestion?"

## **10/28/14**

Previously: the Scurvy God had been knocked out of orbit by the Fruitmoose's attack.

The Scurvy God eventually returned to the earth, tethered by the unknowing support of those humans who do not eat fruit.

"That fruit-gotten Fruitmoose...Fruit-get-it," the God cursed. "Looks like I'll have to call on help that won't scuttle away at the first sign of a fight. This must mean it's time to...ah, in fact, I've arrived at just the right place. Hello, AltJon."

Apparently, in a parallel universe, AltJon (alternate Jon) was famed for hating vegetables. However, somewhere in the space-time-twist that happened when some version of him was shunted into this world, Jon Schneider had suddenly began hating fruit instead!

"Can you believe it? The fruit are gathering against me, and the fruitmoose...the fruitmoose...well," said the Scurvy God, unwilling to admit its embarrassing defeat, "the Fruitmoose opposed me!"

"Fruit are evil. They have gone too far, and I'm going to destroy fruit once and for all!" proclaimed AltJon.

"Oh yes! Finally someone's thinking my way. Now, my Godly partial omniscience has just informed me where the fruit are to make their stand. Their...last stand. We are to intercept them at The Land of Fruits And Bowls."

AltJon and the Scurvy God shared an evil laugh and began on their way to what they were sure would be the final epic battle against fruit.

**11/4/14**

Sometimes one fruit isn't enough. You need the whole bowl. - a wise fruit

Previously: AltJon and Scurvy God are planning a final epic battle at the Land of Fruits and Bowls!

The Land of Fruits and Bowls would have been desolate and empty, but for two groups of figures. The fruit hero Apple stood with fruity companions at the edge of one Bowl. Their faces looked grim. At the other rim stood the Scurvy God, accompanied by the fruit-hater AltJon.

"This is where it ends!" proclaimed Apple. The hero's shout echoed over the countless bowls.

"Oh," said the Scurvy God, with a sly grin, "I was going to say the same thing."

"But you see, there is something you don't know," said Apple. "Dragonfruit told me something interesting. Every Tuesday, there is a certain cult in a parallel dimension who worships fruit. And as the night approaches, their day's gathered fruit comes here—to the bowls!"

Apple had timed it perfectly—the clock hit 10pm. Suddenly, the skies were—and the bowls were—uh...honestly, nothing interesting was happening.

"Ha! It looks like your imaginary cult failed you!" The Scurvy God laughed. "And now, this is the end. For you."

As if on cue, a giant knife slashed a hole in the sky. The bowls began to rattle and almost glow. The overwhelming smell of fruit pervaded through the air. And then a moment of silence. And suddenly, fruit was falling from the sky! The Scurvy God screamed in rage and pain, staggering and almost falling off the rim of the bowl.

"I-I feel an interdimensional pulling!" cried AltJon. "The dimensions...this must be the border between them. The space is twisting...I don't belong on this side! I don't..."

"What? No, don't leave me alone now!" said the Scurvy God, desperate. "Not when it's the critical moment!"

"I don't...I DON'T HATE FRUIT!" finished AltJon, and with a cry of, "but cuuuurse aaaaall vegetables!" threw himself into a fruit bowl. Jon was promptly sucked back into his world by a convenient interdimensional twist.

"Noooooo!" yelled the immortal god, and It was banished by the power of fruit to the edge of the lands, back to Its office room.

"Oh, they think they won...but winter is coming."

## **11/10/14**

When all was said and done, Apple was just as awkward a little fruit as he always was. A Gala apple, yet he was never one for parties. Banana and the Grape Bros always stole the dance floor. Having been the fruit hero was a popular topic for a while, but then the topic faded and it was almost like the whole series of events had never happened.

Now that it was the long weekend, it was time to REGAIN GLORY. It was time to do something BIG.

But what was it going to be...?

The next day, when the fruits went outside, they realized they were inside a giant bowl.

## **11/18/14**

A week had passed since the giant bowl incident. Since the fruit working all together (except Apple, who refused to take it down) could not take down the walls of the giant bowl that now encompassed their town, the bowl had become something of an interfruitational spectacle. Fruit from all over were coming to see it.

And as the Scurvy Games were coming up, it was decided that it was only appropriate they should take place in the giant bowl, in the hometown of the acclaimed fruit hero Apple. The buffest fruit of the fruitsphere were now arriving, through the one built-in escape tunnel of the bowl. Mature but tough, they were ready to take on any Trials by Scurvy. Their identity as fruit was on the line.

The fruit in charge of coordinating everyfruit was a Persimmon who was currently taking the opportunity before the games began to talk with Apple.

"I must say, love the Bowl!" Persimmon said. "Any chance of knowing....?"

"Sorry," said Apple with a smug grin. "How I put it up is still a secret, even from you."

"Ah, worth a try, haha. But surely somefruit who could accomplish that could accomplish much more, no?"

"Well, I definitely plan to add more to my legacy before my end."

"Oh, wonderful! Then you wouldn't say no to joining in the Scurvy Games!"

"Wait, what? Uhhh, aren't they evacuating all the other fruit out of town before the games start..."

"Oh, that's just a precaution—after all, it's not every fruit who's strong enough to stand up to the Scurvy God and win. That Disease has been coordinating stronger attacks lately, and the season of its greatest power is getting close. We need to put up a stronger front this year. I believe in you. There's no way a fruit like you with that strong a fruitiness could lose."

And there was no way Apple could say no to Persimmon at that point. Somehow, at that point, the words "I volunteer" were all that were running through his head.

## **11/25/14**

We now interrupt your scheduled programming for a holiday intermission:

"That is a lot of fruit," you remark.

I glance up and nod before I stuff another piece of pineapple into my mouth. So delicious. My hands are dripping with the juices and guts of the fruits I have consumed, but I am not bothered in the least by this fact.

"So, uh, you are going to eat something other than fruit, right?" You eye my dinner, a giant plate of fruit, skeptically. "It is Thanksgiving. We're starting dinner. We have turkey, we have pies, we have stuffing and butternut squash and everything." You tug me in the direction of all the food prepared earlier by hall.

I look at you strangely. "No, it is Fruitsgiving." It is clear that you have no idea what you are talking about. I decide, in the spirit of Fruitsgiving, to enlighten you. "Take another look at the cornucopia."

"We have a cornuco—whoah, and it's filled with fruit?" you exclaim. (Obviously, I think, but I don't say aloud,) "But wait, no, this is just stuff you

bought. This is you we're talking about—you, who probably have an altar to the Fruitmoose in your room. That doesn't mean you don't have to celebrate Thanksgiving. I don't know how you can resist such great food."

"Haha, I'm not resisting. It sounds more like you are, with all your denials of the food."

"Huh? I'm just saying you can eat more than fruit."

You are confused. My statement makes no sense to you. But it will shortly. I prompt you to turn around.

The food prepared for the holiday dinner is a giant bowl of fruit.

## **2/13/15**

The Scurvy God let out a most evil laugh. "Yes! Yes, it's succeeding! What a brilliant plan...summon a snowstorm every weekend, and their stupidly fruity Tuesdays are DESTROYED! Revenge is oh so sweet. Snow, what's the update?"

The God of Storms rumbled indignantly. "Snow, you call me? When I am stooping this low to help you with your plans? Shall I bring some snow to this silly headquarters of yours?"

"Storm, snow, yes, whatever. Anyway—"

The door suddenly banged open. The Scurvy God got only a moment to mumble, "Oh, not again," before a rolling shopping cart suddenly slammed the god flying to the farthest wall.

"Ha!" proclaimed Apple, emerging from the doorway with fruity sidekicks carrying a giant bowl just behind. "You thought you stopped us? You thought wrong!"

The Scurvy God stumbled back up from the floor. "H-how?! It's not Tuesday! What is that wretched bowl doing here?"

Apple smiled. "Well, now it's a Fruitbowl Friday. Because I said so."

"Snow, storm, back me up here!"

The God of Storms sighed and said, "This wasn't in our deal. I've no time to waste here." The god grinned and knocked open the window. "I've got a storm to build."



Apple made a move toward the storm leaving through the window, but Pear stopped the fruit with a word. "No. It's not worth it. We can't catch up. We'll fight that god another day."

to be continued...

## **2/17/15**

Apple rolled onto stage like an awkward comedian. The fruit had one job: to entertain the prim fancy pear society. Yes, Apple had been roped into it by Pear. No, the fruit hero was not completely unprepared! In fact, he always had a pear of jokes handy.

The apple assumed a confident pose, beginning with a general intro, "Hi! Some of you may know me—apple, fruit, hero, whatever. But today I am here for you.

"Now, uhh, let's see..." Apple had no clue how to transition from that, so the fruit just went straight into, "Why did the fruit not move faster than a walk?

"Because his mom told him not to SCURVY!"

## **5/16/15**

The Scurvy God stared intently at the map on the table. It was old and tattered, and stained with recently-shed specks of fruit juice right at the tear in the corner. It looked like...a map of MIT campus! The accursed god traced a thick red dotted path with his finger up to a certain point.

"There," he proclaimed, and drew an x-mark on the spot. "I've finally tracked down those fruity deliveries to that accursed floor. I will have revenge for how they have treated me! Tossing me aside, burying me under a pile of fruit...it has been too long since I have reached my full glory of the past! The past, when people were not aware of the bane of my existence..."

The Scurvy God gathered his diseased power in his hand and reached again towards the spot on the map—but his hand stopped. What? Was there resistance? How could this be?! Had he really grown so weak? Or perhaps, they had grown too strong. He grit his teeth and forced his hand forward, through this invisible force field, and finally got to the point where the

essence emanating from his hand was just barely brushing the map...and he was flung back against the wall!

"What is going on?!" screamed the god as he struggled back up. "I made sure to strike when their power was weakest, and it was even just a test run! I didn't even think the route was active...and yet, all I could do was brush them with the bare edges of my power!"

And all he could hear ringing through his head was the sickening laughter of the fruit moose, taunting him in his weakness.

**9/15/15**

(Revised 6.UAT speech)

Many have not realized how much our daily lives lack fruit. The dark forces of the Scurvy God are slowly taking over the world. But we must fight! We must take up our arms, pick up that fruit and bite into its juicy core.

There are a number of people who are still holding us back from fighting in full force.

First, the cowards who turn their eyes away. They see that bowl of fruit and they won't even touch it. They embrace the arms of scurvy and quickly fall victim to its grasp before our very eyes...

And don't forget the lazy. They could eat fruit, and they would...if you brought it to them on a platter, all cut up and prepared just for them. Going out to buy fruit? Too much work. They may even shamelessly go about their lives for weeks or months without realizing they have not eaten fruit.

Then, the most unfortunate of the lot. The fallen warriors. They once fought beside us fruit and knife for the cause. Yet, for one reason or another, whether it be sickness or allergy, they can no longer eat the fruit for this fight. They must be commended for their bravery so far.

Now, the solution to our war is in sight. The Stata Center has a farmer's market every Tuesday from 10am-4pm—that's right, it's happening right this moment! So grab your wallet, bring out your bills, and buy some fruit for the cause today! Buy for yourself, buy for your friend (yes, that's right, even the lazy ones).

And don't forget, come to fruit bowl. SCURVY SHALL NOT TRIUMPH!

**9/29/15**

Apple was feeling pretty good. Sure, work was just getting started, the term just beginning, but so far, nothing had gone terribly wrong. This was the season for apples. The fruit could feel it. So Apple decided, hey, perfect time to throw a party, right?

Hm, but maybe not too big a party. Just some select friends. Banana, pear, mango, pineapple, the grape twins, strawberry, and hey, let's throw peach and watermelon an invite too.

Pineapple arrived first at the door. Apple...was not impressed.

"What, this isn't a pset party?" Pineapple exclaimed in surprise, lugging a backpack.

The grapes peaked out from behind with mini top-hats on their heads. "I thought it was a costume party."

"Wow, you guys are joining us for the D&D campaign?" Mango asked excitedly, just arriving with peach.

"Oh, where's strawberry? We share a class together." Pineapple again.

Just then, Pear walked by, took a look at the absurd assortment of fruit, and rolled past with little pause. Apple ducked down in shame.

Watermelon, meanwhile, was knocking on...somefruit's door. Not sure who. You know how it is with lack of sense of direction. Probably scared the hell out of fruit ever it was.

Banana was the last to arrive.

"Seems the party's gone to shambles. It's a good thing I have a back-up plan. Since we're all gathered here, I'm glad to have so many people to help out with my research on fruit bowls." And the fruit tugged on a rope looping around a giant bowl.

"That's...it wasn't even your back-up plan, was it."

**10/6/15**

You tear open another packet of fruit snacks and stuff some in your mouth. Chewing, you think to yourself, hey, it's fruit, right? It says fruit. Right there in the title. Then you notice it also says "artificial flavors"... Well, you tried. Maybe it's time to go to fruit bowl.

You're lugging a bunch of plastic bags back from Shaws. Just as you're crossing the road, you jump back in surprise—a bike zoomed by, right in front of you. Unfortunately, that jump was accompanied by a THUNK. A plastic bag had ripped, and the apple you just bought rolls away to be crushed by a passing car. (Why did you even buy apples from Shaws then, anyway? You wish you would've just gotten your fruit at Stata.) You finish crossing the road then sigh in despair. Guess it's time to go to fruit bowl.

You're wandering the streets of Cambridge when you notice an Edible Arrangements store as you pass by. You plaster your face against the window and stare at the arrangements in envy. You wish you could cut fruit to look so delicious like that. Wait—maybe you can! And suddenly, you can feel it. It's time to go to fruit bowl.

You lie in a giant bowl of fruit. You roll around, take a bite from an apple then a pear then toss a mango into the air. It hits you on the way down. You wake up. It must be time to go to fruit bowl.

## 10/13/15

Once upon a time, we prospered.

Golden yellow flooded the kingdom from the castles to the temples to the marketplaces to the villages. We lived in peace, unchallenged by neighboring regions, because who would dare test our strength? If I may say so myself, our might rivaled that of King Apple the First, the Hero of an age long past! Bananas were supreme, our skin unblemished, our sweetness the envy of all.

But everything changed when the Scurvy God attacked. The deity's minions destroyed our kingdom through such underhanded tactics as famine and disease, deliberately spread amongst our fruit, our innocent civilians! Bereft of hope, we could not muster the forces to fight back.

Yet we survived. We were persistent, desperate even. And we slowly tried to recover from the losses, working closely with an ally banana kingdom to rebuild. We are not what we once were. We may never be.

Our prince journeyed out yonder into the world to find hope for our bananas. Alas, that fool of a son became entranced with his silly research into—into—into bowls! What are those supposed to do for us?

But perhaps...perhaps his efforts are not entirely fruitless. Perhaps these "fruit bowls," as the prince calls them, may be the key to defeating the Scurvy God...

**10/20/15**

[GUEST POST BY ALICIA WENG]

PIZENS!!!!!!!!!!!!111!!!!11!!!!Q11

"Before there was man, there was fruit." - Michael Jackson

Peeling sick and tired of all your damn midterms? Well come on down to fruit bowl, the fruitiest bowl around in town! We've got apples, we've got pineapple, we've got mangosteens! We don't actually have mangosteen, but we've got mango's teen. Ammunition against the forces of the scurvy god. Load those stomachs up because we've got a real treat for you. A fruity treat. It's actually just fruit. So quit your wine-ing and come on down, don't be a sour grape!

**10/27/15**

Most of the haunted houses were silly, Apple thought. Constant screaming noises, some ghostfruit, some zombiefruit, and maybe even a witchfruit. Oh, don't forget the mummyfruit. Actually, that last one was pretty good. Came right out of a compost bin, wow. They weren't expecting that.

Apple and Banana had even come up with a brilliant pair of costumes—Apple dressed as a banana, and Banana as an apple. The costumes...were a bit awkwardly shaped for their figures. They'd tried, but Apple turned out as an extremely plump mini-banana and Banana as a sort of a dehydrated apple. Maybe an Apple-Orange pair would have worked out better. But they'd committed, so as Apple-Banana and Banana-Apple they went.

Banana had pretty much given up, but Apple was determined to find a good haunted house. At last they came to one that seemed maybe promising. Seemed decrepit enough. They knocked on the door, and it swung wide open by the sheer force of their knocks.

Inside were piles and piles upon broken bowls, splattered with fruit juice and covering the floor so there wasn't even a path left to walk in. "DEATH

TO FRUIT BOWL" was written in scribbled letters across the walls. Colorful mold crept from the corners of the room, and Apple thought he could make out some actual live cockroaches crawling over the ceiling.

"Wait wait, I'm not done yet!" rasped a voice from inside. It sounded familiar. Indeed, sitting on a pile of fruit skulls and filling an intact bowl with artificial fruit candy was the one and only Scurvy God.

## 11/10/15

### FRUITY CONFESSIONS

#152 Why does someone keep putting a giant bowl on my lawn every week? Scurvy get you!

#151 I think the Scurvy God is hot. > Apple: seriously??!

#150 I know somefruit might be annoyed by Banana's obsession with bowls...but I think the research on fruit bowls is pretty cool. > Apple: !!! @Banana dude look, you got a fan!

#149 I started this page at #145 because I wanted it to seem popular.

#148 All this constantly fighting scurvy is pretty stressful...I mean, I don't even have a significant amount of Vitamin C! How am I supposed to do anything?

#147 Thank you Peach, you really cheered me up last week when I was feeling down! You are awesome! > Apple: uhhh I think you meant to put this on fruity compliments....?

#146 Fruit bowls are amaaazing!!! Why does no one else seem to realize the awesomeness of bowls in combination with fruit? Sometimes it feels like people just don't care... > Apple: banana is that you > Banana: Dude, this is supposed to be ANONYMOUS!

#145 Fruit should get more credit when they fight the Scurvy God!

## 11/17/15

Dear Pizen,

On behalf of the Fruit Committee, it is my pleasure to offer you an invitation to the Fruit Bowl of 11/17. You stood out as one of the most talented

and promising fruit consumers in the most competitive applicant pool in the history of Fruit Bowl. Your commitment to fighting scurvy and eating fruit has convinced us that you will both contribute to our fruit-eating community and thrive within our anti-scurvy environment. We think that you and Fruit Bowl are a great match.

You'll likely have offers of invitation from many fine hall feeds and problem sets, but we hope that you'll choose to come to Fruit Bowl. You have until tonight at 9:30pm to let us know if you'll request fruit in a mini bowl instead—please email your preferences to your nearest fruit bowl representative. Until then, we look forward to purchasing your love with fruit—I mean, your fruit with love—and to catering to your fruity tastes. In the coming hours, we'll be in touch via phone, email, and in-person.

Many congratulations, and once again, welcome to Fruit Bowl! Now stop reading this and go pset. :-)

Sincerely, MEGHANA BHAT AND ALICIA WENG Fruit Bowl Committee of Floor Pi

## 12/1/15

Apple: I'm thankful for my exalted position as the symbol of fruits everywhere!

Peach: I am thankful for my peachy nature. :)

Strawberry: I am thankful for being so accepted by the berry community despite not actually being a berry.\*

Grape: I am grapeful!

Watermelon: I am thankful for being so well-rounded.

Banana: I'm thankful for fruits and bowls!

-scene fades out-

Scurvy God: ...and I, I am thankful for those silly little fools who do not consume fruit! Muahahaha!

**12/8/15**

Ahaha, at last! I, the Scurvy God, get an evil monologue! Too long have I been neglected in the background. All I wanted was to be recognized. Now? No one even pays me any heed! Any fear! Six students have fallen under my power in recent times, yet the rest continue to go on about their lives thinking themselves invincible and immune from my influence? (Here the Scurvy God grumbles on and on about fruits ruining everything—HEY, stop that! This my monologue! I want every word here. Ver-ba-tim. Okay, wow, I just realized, that means I can get you to write anything I want! The Scurvy God is the best! Muahaha, I feel so evil. All hail me! Down with fruit! Just...just get scurvy and everything will be awesome! I promise! I mean, you'll get cookies? Just not the kinds made with apple-sauce as substitute for egg or some nonsense like that. Yeah. But I don't really feel like baking right now...maybe tomorrow? What if I give you the recipe? Um, where was I in my rant? ...uh. Well. This is awkward. I'll just close this with another evil laugh. MUAHAHAHAHA

**2/16/16**

[GUEST POST BY STEPHANIE CHIN]

We the FruitComm, in order to form a more scurvy-free nation, establish plant equality, ensure dietary harmony, provide for the mid-evening munchies, promote collective mingling and survivability, and secure the blessings of sustenance to our gastrological welfare and our nutritional regimes, do announce and commence this first Spring FruitBowl for the fructose-deprived Pizens of Floor Pi!

**2/21/16**

The Scurvy God cackled gleefully. "Ufufufufu, now that the evil 'Stata Market' has been DESTROYED, the power of scurvy will finally reign supreme over this land! No one can fight me now!" The disease god surveyed the map spread out on the center table of the Room of Devious Planning. The god's smile grew wide as its eyes lit on one location in particular. A location labeled Floor Pi. "Your last bastion shall fall."

Meanwhile, in a fruity laboratory, Banana was hard at work, moving between an oscilloscope and bowl and other equipment. The lab had been



built recently, dedicated to research in the science of resonance between fruits and bowls. Apple was also sitting there, not quite so hard at work. Mostly just poking random objects.

Banana turned towards Apple with a frantic look. "Oh bowl, I don't know what's going on! The resonance frequencies have been in rapid fluctuation. They've been stable all through the autumn, and as usual, things go into hibernation mode for a month or two in winter, but by now...by now they should be back up to normal stable values! And the overall power ratios are unusually low. By scurvy, what is going on?"

Apple paused before poking another random machine and put on a thoughtful, serious look. "Well...have you tried turning it off and on again?"

Banana sighed. "I've pretty much tried everything. Might as well." The yellow fruit pressed a switch on the wall, and the entire room fell into darkness and silence. With another 'click,' lights came on and machines whirred back to life. The fruit stared at the graph of frequency mappings.

"Anything good?" asked Apple.

The fruit turned a paler yellow. "This can't be right. Oh no. Ohhhh, this is bad. The resonance is gone! That can't be possible! It's like there was never anything in the first place!" Banana paced back and forth for a few moments before looking back at the screen. "The calibration. Yeah. Yeah! It has to be that! The calibration settings are off, that's all, right? Ehehe..." The fruit stopped talking and started frantically turning seemingly random knobs and dials on the different pieces of equipment.

Apple had no idea what was going on, but the fruit figured, Hey, this is something I could help with. I'm great at poking random switches on machines! And thus Apple started turning actually random knobs and dials. The fruit made quite a bit of chaotic progress before—

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" Banana yelled. The yellow fruit barreled into Apple just as the latter fruit was about to press a suspiciously shiny red button. The two fruits rolled across the floor and slammed into a wall. Banana shakily got up in a daze. "I asked you not to touch anything—no wait, I didn't. I thought it was kind of obvious with all the crazy lab equipment. Okay. Apparently not. Note for next time. Or rather, there won't be a next time. I—" The fruit's gaze landed on the screen.

Resonance! Green lines! No blaring red warnings! But how?! It wasn't at full power yet, but it was approaching stability. On one machine's settings, the time and source levers had been flipped to Sunday and Haymarket. They probably needed more tuning in the coming weeks. For now,

though, there was hope.

**4/22/16**

[A FINAL MESSAGE FROM STEPHANIE CHIN]

Leaning back in his rolley-chair, the Scurvy God chuckled with glee and satisfaction. For sure, this plan to thwart that never-ending Fruitbowl was his best yet.

For surely, no one – not even the noble denizens of Floorpi – could resist the call of PAX EAST! "I've tried never-ending p-sets, snowstorms, but all these horrible scary things couldn't stop them! I think I've figured it out - with this awesome distraction, people will be too distracted playing video games and spending their life earnings on a silly convention to attend this weekly Fruitbowl that they speak of!"

Still talking to himself (everyone else had already left to catch the flight to Boston for Pax East), the Scurvy God left the room, barely noticing the paxy fruitfly bug that had been sitting on his doorframe — the heroic Fellowship of the Fruit had recorded every word of the Scurvy God's evil masterplan!

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Floorpi, the weekly convening of the fruit was a chaotic mess.

The meeting had been hijacked on one side by blueberry who was proudly telling all within hearing range how good she would look as the new kitchen color, in spite of kiwi's attempts to demonstrate its case for neon green. (PS you still have a few hours until midnight tonight to vote for kitchen paint colors! See meghana's email for the poll link :))

On the other hand, a group of over-excited fruit were loudly discussing which tournaments and game releases and booths and stuff they were looking forward to seeing at Pax East. ("I'm going to cosplay as a banana!" exclaimed the durian, confused about why people always avoided him and hoping that this year he would meet at least one other fruit.)

And over in the corner, a motherly tomatoe was trying to help treat the sunburn of a sad, washed-out plum who was blatantly protesting, "You don't even go here!"

But Apple was determined not to let the Scurvy God win! "Banana, we have to do something! Guys - listen up! We're going to have an extra special Fruitbowl this week! Not only is it going to be on Sunday night after Pax East ends, but also we should do the thing ..."

The room got so quiet, you could even hear the pin from Banana's virtual-video-game-grenade drop...