

# CHRISTOPHER'S DOMAIN

by

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Christopher inhabits the darker regions of our house, downstairs, underneath, where the only illumination seeps through the mud-spattered glass of his window. Rain continually changes the pattern of these spatters, and at twilight they cast eerie shadows on the walls and ceiling. Street lights play tricks with the silhouettes of the ferns outside, and Cheryl Tiegs, from her throne on the wall, enters a gray-black jungle.

Music pervades every corner of this room as Foreigner explodes "Double Vision," and Ted Nugent screams out "Cat Scratch Fever," punctuated by sounds of the house: a rhythmic click-ticking of the furnace, the swooshing of water rushing downward through a maze of pipeline, the steady hum of the refrigerator, broken periodically by the ice-maker releasing cubes to land atop a mounting heap.

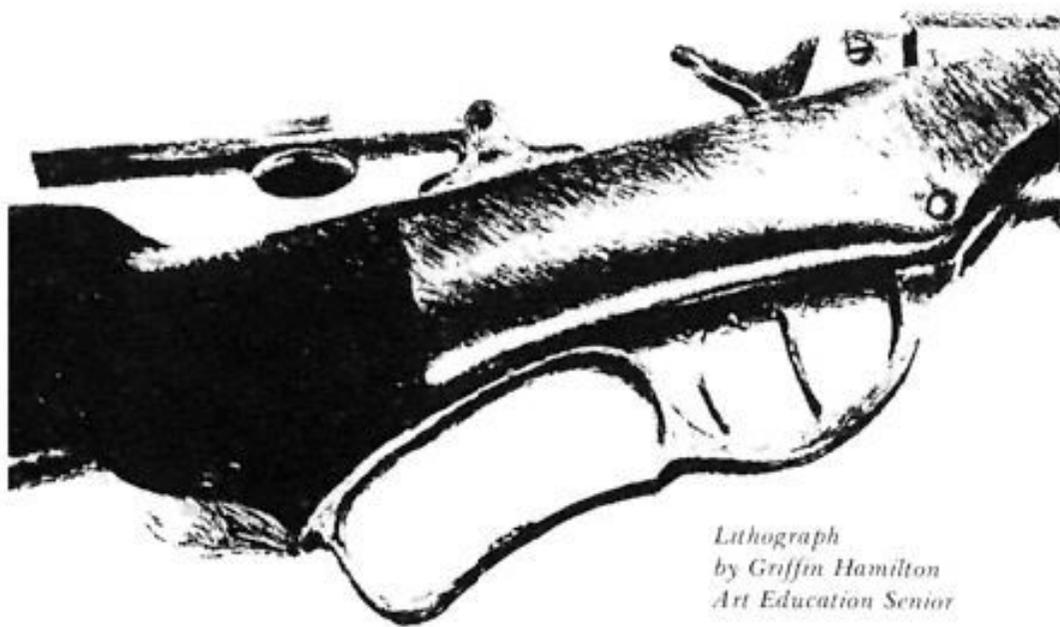
The rug is covered with the remnants of the evening activities. Glasses with pools of chocolate milk dried in the bottom and plates with crumbs of bread and curls of shriveled ham lie waiting to be picked up. Album covers lie where they were casually thrown, the black-white geometry of the faces of Kiss facing upwards. Pro Staff golf balls keep company with a tattered sneaker, left on its side in a tangle of laces. Twisted and knotted, an abandoned sock radiates a pungence that combines with a Right Guard mist to form a hovering cloud. The *Book of Lists* lies open, with scraps of paper of orderly columns of names and numbers.

Dresser drawers are open at varying angles. The bottom drawer is filled with golf balls; every time the drawer is pulled, a sound reverberates through the house like bowling pins being knocked down for a strike. Army Surplus bargains spill out from the middle drawer. A squashed brown hat with the words "Baskin Robbins" written in script across the front rests on top of a pile of jock straps, jockey briefs, and socks.

In the corner, a Rossignol racket leans against a golf bag, whose woods are protected by faded green covers. Directly above, Cheryl Tiegs and Farrah Fawcett stare across the room at the Buffalo Sabres. Albums are stacked against a row of books. *Plato's Thought* lines up with *The Story of Football*. Cartons of Acushnet golf balls are neatly shelved beneath the books. The red-white of a huge Canadian flag forms the headboard for a mattress which rests on the floor.

A wooden bowl, reminiscent of eighth grade shop, holds golf tees, thumb tacks, bottle caps, pennies, nuts and bolts, and fingernails of varying lengths and shapes. Head phones, tangled in cords, rest at the foot of a large black speaker on the floor.

Here, a great teenage mind is being moulded.



Lithograph  
by Griffin Hamilton  
Art Education Senior