

So you want to know a little about me . . . well, you may come to regret that, but here we go.

I was born Scott Allen Kurruk in Los Angeles, CA (Canoga Park, for the geography-obsessed), on June 24th, 1969. California, clearly a state with a flair for the dramatic gesture, decided to celebrate the event with an enthusiastic earthquake. (I have selectively decided that California was celebrating; others have at times reasoned that California was, in fact, *shuddering*. You will doubtless formulate your own opinion as you follow along.) My parents, perhaps simply responding to what they perceived as a fortuitous omen, fled promptly to Oregon, considerately taking me along.

We spent a good chunk of time in Oregon . . . we wouldn't leave until I had completed the third grade. In that time, we lived in some interesting places: one of these was a town actually called "Trail," and another was living for a year in a 160-acre hilltop ranch that had no electricity save for a gas generator that we'd fire up for the occasional TV fix. Some people would refer to this as "rustic." Some people are not rational. When it came time to move in, however, I recall my vote being quite unjustly ignored.

One summer, my parents, perhaps sensing another earthquake, decided once again to flee the state. I began to see them reading books with ominous, mysterious titles: "The Gem State," and "Scenic Idaho," things like that. And sure enough, as soon as I was out of school, we got in the pickup (a mattress and myself held the coveted "hunkered under the canopy" position) and lit out for, well, scenic Idaho. We spent the whole summer examining the state, starting at Boise and progressing north, ostensibly looking for our future home.

We found it in north central Idaho, a tiny farming and timber community of 3,300 people: Grangeville. Yeah, it didn't really *sing* for me either the first time I heard it, but that's where we stayed until I left for college. (Incidentally, once again I found myself voiceless in the actual selection of location. I really have no idea how my parents chose Grangeville out of all the other contending wide-spots-in-the-road, but I believe rock-scissors-paper may have been involved.) It was a perfectly pleasant place to grow up, but as I grew older, I began to chafe at various aspects of small town life, and I vowed that I would, at earliest possibility, *leave*.

This irritation with my surroundings came to full flower in my junior year of high school, where, irretrievably bored in typing class one day, I thought it would be a lark to pull a boyish prank. I clearly lacked a sense of proportion at the time, since the bomb threat I typed and submitted to the office did not provoke the chuckles of consternation I was expecting. The school was, I recall, quite humorless about my note, and let everyone out at lunch. Being the good, dedicated students we were, we all made the most of our time by getting drunk at the river. There I let slip to a girl I had a crush on that I was the author in question. She was trying to be kind when she toasted me in front of all my classmates, but she had sealed my doom. The next day, five of my good friends cheerfully ratted me out to the principal and sherriff, and I was suspended for five days. Home for five days, I whiled away the time with my father (Mom was conveniently out of town), who topped the school for humorlessness about my deed.

Well, I eventually went back to school, and shortly after, graduated in '87. (As an only child, my parents experienced predictable emotions when I was getting ready to leave the nest: unholy glee shot through with free-floating anxiety that I might not *really* be leaving.) I worked that summer at a terribly rewarding job, whose various charms included fifty pound bags of french fries and grease fires. Then, after saving up a laughable pittance, I went off to Willamette University in Salem, Oregon. I

was enough of a rube to think of Salem as a "big city." Salem soon proved that it wasn't.

At Willamette, I had a fine four years. I decided early on to major in Theatre, and tossed in an English Lit minor later for spice. I was fortunate enough to act in a good many shows while there, including Caryl Churchill's "Cloud Nine", Steven Berkoff's adaptation of "Agamemnon", and Steven Deitz's "God's Country" and many, many others. My final project was a one-man "recital," in which I performed about ten monologues, strung together in one 50-minute stretch. I wrote one of the pieces, designed the set, designed the lighting, designed the sound, and directed myself, and it was the most challenging, exhilarating, tiring experience of my life. I received a standing ovation, however, so you are now encouraged to be really impressed.

My senior year at Willamette ('91) was also the year I met my future (and now ex-) wife. After I graduated, the two of us spent a perfectly dreadful year in Salem, with me unemployed and she struggling through school. We decided for no good reason at all to move to Seattle, where things improved immediately: we both got jobs, found a nice place to live, and after a year or so, got married. The marriage was slightly less successful than, say, the career of "Mr. T." After a scant year, the relationship, as devotees of trite phrases say, "fell apart," and we divorced.

I recovered from that in due time, and coasted fairly smoothly back to bachelorhood, where I remain. I trust that I will once again marry someday, but in the meantime I happily munch Ramen noodles and canned food items with my other single, destitute friends. I work in a retail bedding and bath store, which, apart from being somewhat hellish, pays the bills and keeps me swaddled in style at night, so I suppose it's not too bad. When I'm not working (which my boss has argued often applies to my time in the store), I try to write, play pool in seedy bars, and feebly play AOL trivia games. I'm twenty-six now, and really enjoy living in Seattle, so I'll probably be here for a very long time. At least until the next earthquake.