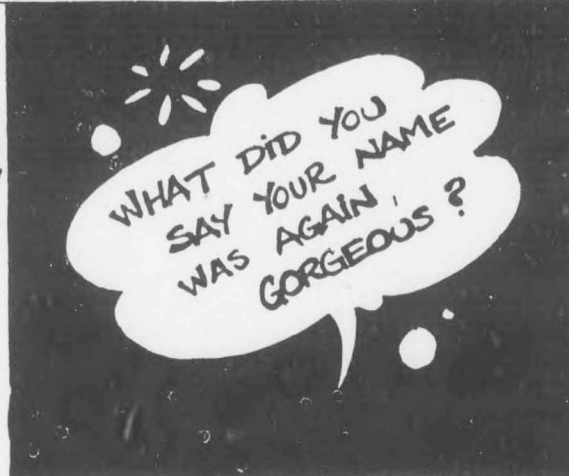


Hogstar and Hassles



APARTMENT FROM HELL

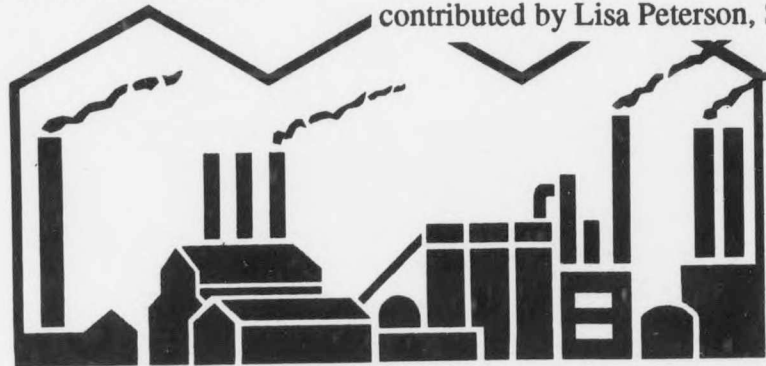
CRE-E-E-A-A-K!!! This was the sound heard upon entering...THE BLACK HOLE!!! Once the weather-beaten door was forced across the carpeting the visitor was enveloped in eerie darkness. A smell of must and dampness permeated the nostrils. The Christmas wreath dangling below the greasy window was observed with dismay; it was Easter. The eyes have now become accustomed to the dimness. Cautiously the visitor began descending the stairs, keeping one hand on the wall. Actually, one finger is used for fear of disturbing a spider hiding in the darkness. With each step one fears for their life. Which one will collapse? Will daylight ever be seen again? Finally, the bottom was reached. A sigh of relief was heard; then a gasping cough. The deep inhalation only subjected the visitor to a more pronounced musty odour.

The forty Watt kitchen light casted a soft glow on the area at the bottom of the stairs. The light revealed the tacky carpet beneath timid feet. A sharp intake of breath was heard... "Oh, my God!!!" Never before have such awful combinations of color been seen. The green mixed with the mustard yellow, black, red, and white. It reminded one of vomit after a meal of greens, ketchup, and potatoes. The stomach wretched at the connection.

Once the queasiness passed, the brave visitor began a more thorough inspection of this infamous pit of horror. It was noted that the kitchen light and the sunlight which made its way through the small, dirty windows was the only light visible in this habitat from hell. Using this dim light, the inspector turns to the right and trips over some sort of step. Getting up from the grimy floor an intrusive odour allowed one to guess that the bathroom was near. Carefully, a search for a light switch was undertaken. Regretfully, it was soon discovered. What the visitor beheld was even more sickening than the vomit-like carpet. The sudden exposure to light scared the small, furry tenets into scurrying beneath the bathtub and several gaps at the floor's base. This sight caused one's skin to crawl.

The very poorly ventilated room contained no window. This served to keep out the larger beasts of dirt. This was a smart move by the landlords. They really knew their business. Who cares if these bugs intruded the tenants each morning, causing them to be afraid of stepping out upon the twenty-year-old floor tile which held years of body hair and perished furry intruders. The tap was dripping intermittently into the yellow-stained sink. The toilet had a permanent ring on the inside which gave the bathroom its 'pleasant' odour. "I have to use the washroom quite badly," said the inspector aloud, "but I would sooner go in my pants. At least a chaffing rash wouldn't be as bad as what you could catch in here." The visitor made a hasty departure from this disgusting apartment from hell.

contributed by Lisa Peterson, STU



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