

ATOMIC ANT



Apartment From Hell

by C. Gideon

Imagine coming home from having a pretty good time with friends and imagine it was only a Tuesday. Tuesday, great, nothing ever happens on a Tuesday, right? Well, as I am approaching home, I am coming across what appears to be a riot situation taking place. Forward of me is this gauntlet of Fredericton's finest, all of which have their cruisers showing a very impressive display of red and blur, and a bit of white to show contrast. My luck, they were parked in front of my house of residence.

I make my approach, and one of Fredericton's female finest quickly bee-lines me down and asks my intention. I said "look, my name is ... I just want to look into my room". Surprisingly, she backs off and follows me in.

Walking in I saw nothing but a total chaotic mess. Roommates!! There was no longer a front door. The window on the inside door was gone. The stairwell was gone. On the floor I saw blood. On the walls I saw blood. On the ceiling I saw blood scraped. There was no longer any windows left in the kitchen. Same thing in the living room. Furniture? Tables? Out on the lawn. You could walk in where the kitchen windows once were.

I fear the worst as I approach my room. By this time, we are followed by a couple more of Fredericton's finest. Looking in, my room was a total mess!! Everything was spread all over the room. Unbelievable! I said, "Great, nothing has been touched!" (Exam period and I did not have time to keep my room tidy). Fredericton's female finest said, "Are you serious!?" This place is a mess" I was insulted but I did not make that noticeable. I just asked,

"What the f... happened?" Their response was, "Well son, in my life I have never seen a house in F'ton become this trashed. Congratulations and by the way, the best of luck on your exams!!"

It was kind of them to mention but the stress and strain of the exams alone made me sick. I bombed out of two courses.



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