

Epiphany after the Flood
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It's 9 in the morning. I see thousands of bees whoosh by my head, I can barely open my eyes. They are so loud it's almost making my head vibrate. I am so confused by this insect infestation that I open my eyes. I see that the vibrating in my head was caused by the iPhone alarm under my pillow. My roommate Clara is already out of bed and back from her first class, "God I wish that could be me" I think to myself, I think this to myself every time I see her relaxing while I'm scraping myself together for the day. It's time to start another day isn't it, the butterflies fill my stomach as I think about my classes and picking out my outfits.

Today is a gray and brown November day. It's that time of year where us New Englanders get our first taste of Seasonal Depression. Or as our therapists call it, "Seasonal Affective Disorder." SAD for short, a very fitting name. Now, as a sufferer of SAD (or maybe just a regular granite stater), I am given some special privileges to combat this mental illness. One of which is my lovely little Emotional Support Cat, Bowser. Today he greets me by jumping on my legs right before I need to get out of bed. "Dear so and so, I have to miss class today because my cat will not allow me to leave bed," I think to myself. If only Dr. so and so could understand the plight of having a cat sit on top of you. Bowser is walking along my bed, I rub my eyes, he moves closer and I realize he's leaving damp paw prints on my white blanket.

"Oh god, please don't be pee, please don't be pee," I beg to whichever higher power cats believe in. To my luck, it was not feline excrement. I decided to figure this out through a high risk method, smelling the paws. I look over to see the mysterious puddle casting a shadow on my gray rug, with my fridge being the focal point of this flood. This is just what I needed today! Clara has exited the room en route to the dining hall, thankfully she won't have to see my mess.

I get out of bed, carefully walking along the outside of the soaked carpet, and yank open my fridge door. This was my first mistake, as the fridge door had been operating as a sort of, three foot dam. I knocked this mini dam down and flooded the village of dust mites on the floor. This

flood was likely recorded in the dust mite Bible, as no insect has seen this Godly force of ice cream, water, and almond milk decimate their civilization so swiftly. Now I am covered in the inside of my fridge, I curse to humankind's higher power for being given this disgusting task.

I see the light is off even though it's plugged in, the fridge had broken who knows how many hours ago, but it was enough to completely melt everything in the freezer, and some more. I grab all of the towels I can find, one bath towel and two face cloths, they soaked up a sufficient amount of liquid. An even higher amount after I walked across the towels to give some more pressure. Now I have to waste money on laundry to wash these towels, and roll up this bashful rug. I soak up all of the liquid, roll up the rug like a croissant, and refreshen the odor with that cold autumn air from my window.

There is no saving this rug. It's soaked with a liquid only found at the bottom of dumpsters and the floors of movie theaters. With my giant fluffy croissant under my arm, I head out the door for my dorm's dumpsters. This thing cant fit in the elevator, so throwing it down the stairs followed by a raspy "look out down there!" will have to do. I make it down 4 stories, drag this 10 foot long, most crunchy fruit roll up in the world to my dumpsters. Since they are still overflowing with the weekend's disposables, I set it down next to the giant metal container, and make it someone else's problem. This will be followed by almost all of the items in the fridge, which would suite a racoon's stomach better than mine, I make sure to double bag this sack of sin. Finally, it's time to smack that fridge on the side of it's head and make it rocks. If only material things could have emotions, I would make this fridge run home crying after it's berating. With my flawless heavy lifting techniques, which once helped me unload crates from the back of trucks, I hoist that black metal box out of my room and into it's final resting place. I make sure to not look back, and not ever buy cheap fridges again.