

### Exercise C:

My dating life has been ruined by my new roommate, Joey. Joey is not a rude guy, or anything. Far from it, he's actually friendly and good-natured. Women are driven from my life by his lack of house cleaning. Our apartment is the social equivalent of a cancerous tumor. When the building is entered by one of my dates, the first object that is noticed by her is that a trashcan is moldered in by an apple half-eaten by someone. The edge of the television is drooped over by a slice of week-old pizza, on which a fashionable fuzzy haircut is worn. She is buzzed at angrily by a swarm of midges, before a pile of unwashed socks is settled back down on. Perhaps the socks gleamed white in some distant age, fresh from K-Mart, but no longer. Visitors are nauseated by the smell; the *coup de grace* is administered by that part. When the apartment is entered by a woman, the girl is fought back against by the apartment. Invaders are driven off by Joey's slovenliness far more effectively than any security system. Sure, small talk will be made by the girl for a while, whose nose is wrinkled up by her. Sure, a drink or two of Coke will be had, and the bottle and glass eyed suspiciously for unidentifiable stains. The problem is that the apartment is never stayed in long by her, and my phone calls are never returned by her afterward. A new roommate is needed by me. Otherwise, my love life will be destroyed by Joey.