

Student's Name

Instructor's Name

Course Number

Date of Submission

I Use My Wits as a Slingshot

College days can be a lot of fun, but also quite hectic to deal with, because of all the crazy situations that happen all the time. It is a time when friendships are made, trust is broken, and people find out more about themselves and others. It was the opening of the second semester of my third year in college that I found out just how truly unforgiving my best friend was. Considering the fact that he had described himself as a staunch Christian and an unshakeable believer, he left me completely dumbfounded when he decided to go all shark on me. Before we had gone home for the Christmas holidays, I had nowhere to put all my college belongings. We would be home for only a couple of weeks and I, therefore, did not feel the need to carry a lot of luggage home. My best friend, Alex, was staying all by himself in another campus house, where he had an entire room to himself, enjoying all the perks of living without drunk, nosy, noisy or weird roommates. Alex, being the kind soul that he was, encouraged me to move all my stuff to his place for security reasons, since he would be retaining the same room. He even hinted that if I would be okay with the arrangement, we could become roommates during our second semester.

Upon my arrival on reporting day, however, I found that Alex had not returned back to school, which complicated things, as I only had a single change of clothes, without blankets or any other bedding. No other friends had come to school with whom I could stay,

since not many people had shown up yet. By the time I was checking in and signing in another campus room, I had with me only a mattress and the bag that had one pair of clothes. I made several phone calls to Alex, and when he eventually picked up my calls, he confirmed that he would not be coming to school for the next two weeks, despite assuring me that he would be at school on reporting day while we were still on holiday. I could not imagine surviving until morning, let alone two weeks, especially with all the mosquitoes and the biting cold, without a shower to refresh myself. That evening, I had bananas for supper from a fruit stand since I was too exhausted to get a proper meal, and lulled myself to sleep without any covers. I would wake up every five minutes to slap mosquitoes from my face and arms and hug myself so as to keep warm. By morning, I had made up my mind to break Alex's door to get my belongings and leave it like that as punishment for lying to me to make myself feel better, and partly because I did not have the patience to wait in that condition for two weeks until Alex arrived.

Exactly at six o'clock in the morning, I woke up, made my way to Alex's house, and tried to barge my way in without making a ruckus. I did not want to alert the neighbors about what was going on in case there were any around. After a while, the door gave way, thankfully with the lock mechanism still intact, just bent a little, such that the door did not shut anymore. I retrieved my belongings from his place and texted Alex that I had broken his door to get my stuff. He called me back immediately; it seemed that finally I had his attention. He was so furious I could feel his face reddening all the way. "How dare you...!?" preceded a click and then a flat tone; I could not let him shout at me for putting me in that situation in the first place. He tried to call me a few times and I returned the same favor, giving him the cold shoulder. What got me worried was the next text he sent me, 'I will report you to the campus security and senate for damaging school property. I will come and ensure that you are arrested tomorrow.'

Things were not working out the way I had imagined them to be. If found guilty, I would be given at the very least a suspension of a thousand academic days, which means four years without learning, being that weekends and holidays are never inclusive in that suspension. The worst thing was that I would lose all my education credibility. I could not imagine explaining this to my parents, or what would I do. I started making plans, all the way from plan A to Z. Plan A was to apologize profusely.

I never knew Alex to be so hard-hearted. He completely refused to forgive me, pick my calls or even reply to my text messages. Later on that night, he sent a text saying that he will not even consider forgiving me. Plan A had failed, thus time for plan B; get rid of incriminating evidence. I took a spoon and a knife and went back to my "scene of the crime" to "contaminate evidence." With a pinch of genius and a touch of critical thinking, I figured that if I were able to force the door open from outside, I would be able to force it close from inside. Armed to the teeth with my tools of choice, I snuck back, curved the door a little but not too much so that it would be recognizable, and forced the lock shut back into its place. I gathered all the small splinters of wood and dropped off from the window. I was somewhat at peace, but I positioned myself somewhere, in a nearby house under the pretense of waiting for someone to wait for Alex's arrival. At about 3:00 pm, he came and seemed perplexed to find the place locked. He got the key out and opened his door and went inside. Five minutes later, campus security showed up too and went inside. I could only imagine what the two were discussing. Alex tried to call me, but I had blacklisted his name and consciously made myself privy to all incoming new number calls.

The only things that saved me were that Alex did not know where I was staying, an ace in my deal of cards, since he had no way of tracking me without my school details, as he did not know them, and the fact that he had no way of proving my things were inside his place. The only incriminating thing was the sent text which I would totally deny if I were

ever caught. There was no evidence that I did "break his door. " Needless to say Alex and I have never been friends again. This has to be the greatest challenge I have ever faced, which I overcame with my wits.