

The Omen

Description

Well, itâ€™s done â€¦ sorta.

Last week was the last week of classes for the program, and all of us survived. Twenty-one walked through the doors at the beginning of the year, and 21 walked out on Friday.

It was a hard, hard year. And a rough last day, when I had to be the second in command in charge of a newscast. Thatâ€™s right, I was our version of Commander Ryker.

It wasnâ€™t easy telling people what to do, how to do it, what to change, and the like. Iâ€™m pretty sure I pissed more than a few people off with my popping into their editing booths. But, if it wasnâ€™t me, it wouldnâ€™t have been done and the newscast wouldnâ€™t have turned out so well.

But, I have learned a lot and enjoyed things I never would have done if I would have stayed in Biology. I got to edit sound, create a radio documentary about snow shoeing, TV newscasts, video editing, and many more.

And I got to find out stuff that I enjoyed doing that I never would have found out, like copy editing or doing camera work.

So, once classes were done, we all got together for a farewell party and had a good time. Drinks were had, hip flasks were exchanged, fruit was hanged low and songs were sung.

Then, the reality set in. While others were done, I still had a 600 word assignment and a 15 page essay to write. FUN times.

Fast forward to today, when I was finishing up my 15 page paper and other assorted stuff (other assignment will wait until tomorrow), and I was sitting at my computer reading over my essay.

When, the case of pop on my desk spontaneously fell to the floor with a CRASH! My head bolted up, and upon noticing it, I relaxed and decided to pick it up.

As I got out of my chair and bent down to pick it up, when out of the blue, there was a loud BANG! Followed by another â€¦ BANG!

My heart probably missed about 2.5 â€œlub-dubsâ€• until I realized what had happened.

The pop cans â€¦ in their box â€¦ had exploded.

The very same box I was a mere six inches away from.

As if by some sort of divine intervention, only two had exploded out of six, and the damage was contained within the pop can box.

In conversation with a friend, she said it was an omen.

Me “ An omen for what? That my brain will soon explode like a can of Mountain Dew?

Her “ Orâ€¦your summer will be an explosion of fun

Me “ How? I donâ€™t even have an internship yet â€¦

Her “ Or, how about an explosion of surprises!

Me “ Iâ€™ve had enough surprises for today, Iâ€™d settle for some bland-ness

Her “ Not with a sudden explosion of flavour!

Me “ Hahaha, â€œDo the Dewâ€• Indeed

Maybe it was an omen, as I am leaving for home tomorrow. And, like the Queen christened ships, so must my floor be blessed with the spilling of the pukish green liquid that is the Dew.

The following is a mock-up of what occurred, with the faces and clothes changed to protect the innocent victims.



Category

1. Do the Dew
2. finished
3. Surprise

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