

## "The Unfortunate Encounter"

When I arrived in Seville, Spain after a grueling train ride from Zurich, Switzerland, my friend Chris and I were ready to paint the town red. Our mission was clear - to meet women our age on the bar scene. I even donned my best outfit, a faux red leather jacket with fitted jeans, to ensure that I made a good impression. As we rode through the picturesque city center in a taxi, I couldn't help but notice the horse carriages and the orange tree-lined streets. The horses even had pouches to catch their waste - how thoughtful! Little did I know that this charming detail would soon become my worst nightmare.

When we finally reached the bar, I eagerly stepped out of the taxi, only to land my foot in a huge pile of warm horse poo. It was a disaster. Chris found it hilarious and couldn't stop laughing, but I was determined to get my shoe cleaned. Fortune was on my side as the cobblestone streets, devoid of grass or water, allowed me to salvage my muddy shoes as best I could before mustering the courage to enter the overflowing bar. The place was abuzz with familiar American lingo, a testament to Seville's popularity among students studying abroad. Amidst the crowds, a woman shouted Chris's name, a former acquaintance from University of Miami who had coincidentally followed him to Seville.

As they caught up, I went to the bar where I met Linsey, a beautiful senior from Cornell. Our conversation flowed effortlessly, and I was able to make her laugh. However, as the night progressed and I ordered my third beer, I detected a peculiar tickle in my nose - the unmistakable stench of horse manure emanating from my shoes. Mortified, I wasn't sure if Linsey had noticed or if she thought it was my breath. The smell grew stronger, and my anxiety mounted until I couldn't bear it anymore and decided to leave. Although I obtained her number, I knew it was time

to go as I stepped outside into the dense fog, barely able to see the Gothic tower of the cathedral. With no cabs in sight, I crossed the street only to step in yet another pile of horse excrement - a fitting end to an unfortunate night.

After the disastrous encounter with the first pile of horse poop, I thought I had hit rock bottom. But no, fate had another stinky surprise in store for me. As I trudged through the fog, trying to avoid any more equine landmines, I suddenly felt a squishy sensation under my feet. I looked down to find myself ankle-deep in a mushy puddle of unknown origin. Was it rainwater? Street runoff? Or perhaps something more sinister?

I couldn't tell; honestly, I didn't want to know. All I knew was that I needed to get out of there ASAP. As I stumbled along, cursing my luck and my nose, I couldn't help but wonder: what other unknown horrors awaited me in this strange and unpredictable city? Would I ever be able to wash away the shame (and smell) of my misadventures? Only time would tell, but for now, all I wanted was a hot shower and a change of clothes. And maybe a hazmat suit, just in case.