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MORE CRAZY COLLEGE ROOMMATE STORIES

By dan the roommate man

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Let's call her Cathy Brown. I met her while teaching an acting class. She was assigned to me as my assistant. We seemed to get along well, and one day she said she had a new house and needed tenants ASAP in order to pay for it. Well, lookie here, me living on my brother's couch. I was about to say yes when my gut suddenly lurched and intuition screeched "Nooooooo DO NOT DO IT."

Naturally I overrode it.

I moved in. At first Cathy was really cool, but over the course of days she starts to tell me her story. Turns out she's a Paxil addict who just got off her meds; she's bipolar; she may have schizophrenia; and her poor brother committed suicide by shoving a shotgun in his own mouth and pulling the trigger. I'm too nice, and I figure we all have problems, so I figure this is no big deal. Well, time passes...

Cathy knew when our acting workshop coordinator told her that I was a filmmaker and had a small film company. Well, before too much longer, she decides my company is HER company, we are going to shoot only her projects now – which means instead of shooting the pictures I want to shoot, I am now only making Japanese anime about boys bonking boys; I am going to star her super number one idol pop star Jonathan Davis from Korn in a television series I'm working on, and let him even score the soundtrack because she wants to marry him, despite the fact that he is already married – to a porn star; she decides to name my company and tells me it will be named Androphonos Media or Eriboea Media because my company must be consecrated to her favorite Greek goddess, Aphrodite... I ask why... she says, "because we're both Libras and Libra is ruled by Aphrodite! Tee hee!"; she comes upstairs bringing me this really amateur short story of hers I am to re-write into a screenplay so WE can sell it and then WE can both start OUR company in Britain (she learned I am moving my studio to the UK this winter); and when I told her I was doing none of the above things...

She turned psycho.

Suddenly she skulks around the house like a scared, wounded person, staring at me with peering, weird eyes, avoiding me (which was good until it stopped), and acting like I have a mental problem

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she's afraid of. She starts calling me "bitch" as my first name, as in "so and so and so and so, bitch" and "so and so and so, bitch, YO"; she talks abstractly about people doing what she tells them to or they will get kicked out of "my house", as she put it; she then reveals to me she sleeps in her bed at night with a Japanese katana sword, she has katana swords all over the house, even on the kitchen counter in the way of where cooking could be done; she moves in a weird, always-agitated Filipino hacker dude who's known to steal stuff, and he moves in his cat, which he locks in a closet, which causes it to wail all hours of the day and night (meanwhile I was not permitted to have a cat; nutball is "allergic" to them, I was told – hmmm); and the coup de grace, one day I come home from work, to find her SPOOKED. I ask her what's up, and she says, "I see little dolls that are alive. There's one on the stairs right now. She's evil, she looks like a miniature girl, and she sits there staring at me, while swinging her legs. Lookit her! She's there right now!"

Naturally there's nothing there. It doesn't EXIST~

Cathy proceeds to tell me she sees evil dolls around her like this all the time; that the dolls in her bedroom on her shelf occasionally turn and look at her; that her radio comes on all by itself and won't I look at it please? And that Japanese anime characters are real people.

Hmm.

The final straw came Saturday a week ago when I saw she had a package on the doorstep, and brought it in. The night before, she had telephoned hysterical because her car had a flat in the middle of nowhere and wanted me to come help her, which I did. Keep this in mind because of what happens next. I took her package to her closed bedroom door and knocked lightly to tell her she had a package. This cave bitch abruptly shoots back, "I'm busy. What do you WANT."

After waking me up near midnight to go fix her freaking car!

I wrote her a note telling her I was done with her rude behind and I was moving out at the end of September. Then I went to work. While at work I get hysterical calls from her on my cell phone. I switch them off and put her on ignore. She is waiting for me when I come home! The moment I came in and she heard the door, out she came banging from her room acting like I had stabbed her in the chest. Mewling little eyes and face; cute little voice; harmless little act. Why am I upset with her because she is just B-L-I-N-D-S-I-D-E-D by that letter to her.

I told her to bring it up later, I didn't want to see her right then. In my room I wrote a detailed letter telling her everything you just read above this. I also said I was sick of anime, and even though I liked the muppets, I didn't shove muppets down her throat all the time like she did to me with anime. She came upstairs and said, "I would like to disprove everything you said in this letter point by point." She sits down, starts the waterworks (which I saw as extremely manipulative – btw, it didn't work) and denies everything in the letter, makes it sound like I'm the jerk for leaving, tells me I have to let her call me "bitch" because "my suicidal brother called people bitch" (???), and that basically I need to put up or shut up, and that I'm being unreasonable. She lies about EVERYTHING she's ever done, then suddenly goes off on this ten-minute rant about the muppets! "I did watch the muppets as a kid!" She wails. "I do know something about the muppets! You lie!"

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Meanwhile I am thinking... displaced reality... is she not aware what this discussion is about...? Is this bitch a wackjob...?

She tops it off by sniveling, at the end, "... I think I might be schizophrenic."

(She "thinks"????)

I patronized and comforted her to get her the hell out of my room, and since then, she's colluded real tight with Filipino hacker. The two of them sit up laughing together all night (really FAKE laughter) like they've been best friends for eleven years, and this I think is supposed to make me feel "left out" (note to readers: I am 35 and the two of them are 20). They both are rude to me and ignore me as I pass thru, but I ignore them right back, stay polite, and stay away from them. I am moving out in a few days, but she had to get her last little jab in...

She came bringing me back some books I'd lent her, and gave me a terse little note saying that "since"

I felt things were not working out, and I do not pay rent on time (a lie), I am "ordered to vacate the premises" of her house on October 2nd, and at the bottom of the letter she warned me not to steal her broadband antenna which comes with the rent. As if I want it?

I've seen some real crazy roommates described on this board, but I think my former roommate Cathy Leicester takes the complete cake. She needs to be in a rubber room with people talking very softly to her. That way her friend the little doll will not be disturbed. I hope whoever considers her place and plans to move in as her tenant READS THIS FIRST.

Do not move in with this basket case. I repeat, do not!

dan the roommate man www.roommateexpress.com

COLLEGE ROOMMATES 101

By dan the roommate man

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"Don't expect to be best friends with your roommate, just settle for not killing each other..."

"You would not believe how weird my roommate is..."

"My roommate from hell did it again..."

Yes, I heard all the roommate stories before I started college. The majority of them were about how awful roommates were and how it was impossible to get along. I had a major case of roommate phobia before I started college and I was convinced that I would get a psychopath for a roommate and

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everything would go downhill from there. To my surprise, my roommate and I became best friends and we decided to live together again this year.

I know it is definitely rare that my roommate and I ended up best friends, but the truth is, everyone can learn to get along with their roommates. It doesn't require that the two of you become best friends, or even friends at all. You just need to practice common courtesy. Here are a few helpful tips and guidelines:

Dan's Roommate Survival Guide

1. The first thing you and your roommate should do is to sit down and write a living contract together. List rules for the room that the both of you agree to follow. For example, quiet hours, telephone calls, borrowing each other's things, having friends sleep over, etc. Writing the contract together ensures that both of you understand what is agreed upon. Also, when one of you breaks one of the rules, there is written proof that the contract was violated, as opposed to the two of you arguing day in and day out about what the rules were in the first place.

2. After the contract is written, try your best to follow it. When you break one of the rules, apologize and acknowledge that you broke a rule. Don't pretend it didn't happen or hope that your roommate didn't notice. They probably did, and they will get upset with you if you pretend it didn't happen. Also, when your roommate breaks one of the rules, be forgiving, especially if you've broken a few rules yourself. Don't hold grudges and keep tabs of when your roommate broke the rules and bring it up every time the two of you have a fight. This is extremely annoying and your roommate will end up doing the same. Then the two of you will have hour-long fights as both of you bring up everything that the other person did wrong since the beginning.

3. Be considerate. If you spilled something, clean it up. Wash the dishes after you use them, especially if the dishes aren't yours. Don't take things without permission. If you see your roommate studying, even if it isn't quiet hours, turn down the volume. Being considerate is contagious and your roommate will do the same for you.

4. And the most important tip of all, communicate with your roommate. If something is bothering you,

don't expect your roommate to figure it out. Just tell him or her what it is and try to work out something so that it isn't bothering you anymore. It is so easy to just stop speaking to each other when something goes wrong, but it won't get resolved that way. Communication is the key!

I know that there are some really bad roommates out there and these guidelines won't help everyone. For those people, I recommend that you talk to your Resident Advisor as soon as possible and tell him/her your situation. Your RA's are paid to help you, so don't hesitate to go to them for support. They will let you know if it is possible to change rooms and/or roommates and what the proper procedure is.

Roommates are really nothing to be afraid of. They are people just like you. Chances are, even if you and your roommate are extremely different, you can still end up being friends. They are going to be a big part of your school experience, so make an effort to get along. And who knows? Maybe you will get

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lucky and you and your roommate will have a best friend for life—bridesmaid/ best man at your wedding—name your children after each other kind of relationship. Good luck!

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