

In order to avoid having an odor entirely, a person would probably have to shower quite frequently. So most people, even if they don't smell, at the very least have a smell.

And with 8 billion people in the world, and 12,000 people at the University of Vermont, where we both attend, it's hard to distinguish yourself by smell alone.

My freshman year roommate managed to just that, and it was pungent. For his own sake I'll refer to him as Stink.

One particular night when Stink was out, I invited some friends into my dorm.

Because Stink tends to linger in rooms long after he's left, I burned a Vanilla scented candle and opened the windows.

Well my guests arrived. They didn't get to see my dorm often, due to feuds with Stink. One of them had an early lecture with him, where he would attempt to sit next to her, despite her attempts to avoid him. Stink's source of stink, she thought, was his shoes. So with him gone, she was more than happy to see my dorm.

In the pleasant March air, with hints of vanilla they perused about my decorations, my cabinets, my food. Anyone else it would've been an issue, but these are my closest friends and this is a rare occasion.

Then they opened his closet. I don't know why. It's clearly his, and not mine, but what followed was ungodly.

It was as though Stink himself emerged from the closet. Goopy, green, gassy. As soon as they realized what was happening, they slammed his closet shut. I ran to the windows, threw them open, and everyone ran out the door, leaving it open. The more air the better.

One of my guests ran to the bathroom, to puke, and another went to assist.

I went to the sinks, and washed with soap up to my hands, wrists, elbows, and shoulders. The smell left me eventually.

To this day I don't know what it was that Stink had in his closet.

Maybe his shoes, maybe a body.

I also don't know how I managed to survive that year.

All I know is that I'm grateful to have the best roommate this year.