

Featured story:

## **GOOD MORNING PRANK**

Written by Max Neil Maximchuk

*I can't say I have ever been very active in the prank scene, but occasionally one comes along that is hard not to appreciate. This particular prank took place to another fellow who stayed in the same residence as I did.*

This was a prank that actually happened the year before I started staying at the residence on campus, but it had reached such glorious fame that its story would be repeated for years. It involved a young fellow who liked to drink. I suppose that could very well serve as a start for many a story. In this account it's important to know that he was one of those who fell into a deep sleep after a long night of partying with his friends. And some of those friends wanted to take advantage of this fact.

Part of why this prank turned out so well was because of the meticulous dedication to detail. Shortly after he had passed out on his comfortable bed, the people went to work. Out came the measuring tapes and sketch books. His glasses were placed at such-and-such angle on his bedside table which was so many centimetres from his bed. Everything not attached to the wall was taken out. Chairs, desk, lamp. Pretty well everything. Item by item his possessions, his furniture, and finally his body on the bed was transferred to the centre of the U-shaped courtyard where everyone would get a good view the following morning.

The final touches were made before everyone retired for the night. His jacket, for example, was carefully readjusted to the position in which he had originally tossed it onto the chair. And very importantly, his alarm clock was set to the time best suited to get the maximum number of spectators at breakfast time.

That time came soon enough with a record attendance of coffee drinkers and cereal eaters, eagerly anticipating the event as the final minutes ticked away. Before everyone was the immense strip of floor-to-ceiling glass wall which provided an excellent view of what was outside the building.

The sun was shining a bit more brightly, the birds were singing (the glass doors were open to better allow the appropriate sound traffic to travel in to the spectators) and the alarm sounded off. After several unwanted rings an arm suddenly struck out, flatly pounding the table in its attempts to find the 'off' button.

Some more minutes passed before any other movement could be detected. The spectators continued to quietly sip their coffee and slowly direct the refilled cereal spoon towards their mouth. No sounds were made on their end, not wanting to disturb the dynamics of what was already in play. Reluctantly our hero in his comfortable bed thrust himself into an upright position, feet fumbling their way into his slippers and a hand reached for his glasses. You realize, of course, that the whole time his eyes were firmly closed, while everyone else had theirs wide open, taking in each delicious moment of the events unfolding before them.

He stretched, probably burped, ran his fingers through his hair. At the same time he propelled himself into a standing position, he opened his eyes. Even at the best of times, some people are incredibly groggy when they wake up, requiring a length of time to pass before they are reasonably functionable. This youth's drinking the night before even further clouded his mind and it took some time until he could better assess his current situation.

His slippers and table were where they were supposed to be. His glasses had been in their original place and his desk with the attached lamp looked very familiar. Yet something, somehow seemed wrong.

He looked around, saw the bird in the tree and wondered about that for a while. Hmmm.

All the people killing themselves laughing didn't help clear up his confusion either, at least not at first. So just why is there a bird in a tree in his room?

Eventually, of course, his disorientation dissipated and he was able to put things together.

And now you know why that story had become such a classic.

*The ability to laugh at ourselves is a good one, although usually less honorable if directed towards other people. Still, it does make us have a look at our tendencies and actions, and perhaps add a bit of a bigger perspective. And a good laugh does brighten up our day.*