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Dear Abby,

As I told you before, I had an interview at Brown University last week. Although the interview went smoothly (and Brown is definitely my top choice), what I encountered afterwards still comes as a shock to me. I was driving home, with four hours of steering on the road ahead of me, when I saw a little café on the side of the road. I was hungry and tired, so I decided to stop there for a nice meal and some rest time. As soon as I step into Moe's Café (nice name, huh?), I notice the condition of the floor. You would expect for a place where food is sold to have the tables and floor swept and mopped, but not Moe's. At first glance, the floor appeared to be a dark brown, however, if you began to stare, there were noticeable light spots that showed off the original light tan color.

Quickly surveying the restaurant, I sat myself down at the cleanest table in the right corner. Suddenly, the waitress appears from behind the counter and walks towards me. Sewn into the left corner of her untidy and stained yellow blouse, is a name tag. "Blanche," I read to myself. "what can I get for ya?" yells Blanche next to me. I look her up and down, surveying her plump frame, bleached hair, and 70's make-up. If this woman was in charge of making my food, I was in trouble. She then hands me a small paper menu. On the cover there are stains left behind by previous customers. Some of the descriptions of the plates are worn-out, there are prices scratched off, and the only thing still remaining is the name of the café on the front. I place my order, and Blanche trudges away. As I sit there, I stretch my arms tilting my head back with my eyes closed. Usually

this is a relaxing stretch, but my senses encounter an awful stench near me. I look around for any evidence of the origin of the odor but see nothing except for scraps on tables and mud tracks on the floor.