

Freak ‘n Naked Storm!



Tuesday, October 29, 2012 – I was disconcerted when a swarm of teenagers stormed through the streets at around 11:45 p.m., amidst the dangerous Frankenstorm (Sandy) wearing nothing but bikinis and swim trunks.

If I were a young and dumb adventurous lad, I suppose I would egg this impishness on, or a squeamish girl with a fear of danger, I would yell at them to get inside. But, I am only a resident in the City of Freak ‘n Madness. A city where defying normalcy can be a mark of distinction, a city that is governed by hand-shakes and puppet masters, a city where a looming storm caused operations to cease and a bunch of idle teenagers to parade their pale skins in the middle of the streets—scantily clad in the name of fun or perhaps foolishness.

Forty-five degrees, in the middle of a storm, and I assumed I had seen it all, when here comes this giant, chunky lad, running as if he had scored a touchdown—minus his sportsman apparel. This *freakin’* kid was naked! Ironically, his colossal frame made up for what he lacked in his jockstrap. This wiener must clearly be oblivious to the science of coldness and shrinkage.

Well, I’ll be damned. I certainly did not expect Sandy to cause this type of Freak ‘n Naked Storm, yet I cannot say that I am entirely surprised.

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