

It's been hard living in Vancouver, BC lately. What was once a bustling and crazy city, is now one that's filled with what I can only describe to be chaos. Constant riots, so many buildings cluttering the floor of the city that now all the highways are now only two lanes (which is insane considering we have flying cars now). Some days I wonder where it all began. Was it the last time we hosted the Olympics in 2030? So many people enjoyed it enough to end up staying here permanently. Or perhaps it was when the entire city was protesting against replacing the Canucks with robots, but failed, leading *J.T. Malware* to become the least sportsmanlike player in the history of hockey, ending with the entire team being banned from the NHL altogether. It could've been the falling of our suspension bridge, or when all of those poor captive polar bears were found in Rogers Arena. But I have a theory even crazier than all of those. I think it all somehow started the day I arrived there.

You see, I've never been the luckiest person, and I've been known to bring bad luck along with me wherever I travel. I was touring all of British Columbia looking for a place to settle down and live peacefully. I started on Vancouver Island, and my time there was less than decent. Within my first week there I got banned from Victoria due to a nefarious doppelgänger framing me for his own crime (his nose was somewhat smaller than mine, and my eyebrows are misaligned compared to his perfectly straight ones, but the judges didn't care to listen to reason). Once you've been banned from Victoria, the entire island knows your face, so I figured I'd pack my suitcase, and swim all the way to Vancouver (I wasn't going to risk being recognized on the ferry). After my 10-hour-long swim, which only really felt like 7 and a half, I had finally made it to the beautiful city of more reasonably priced transportation, and oversized shopping malls: Vancouver.

My first impressions of the place were great! Right away I had people concerned for me, which was really sweet of them. Hearing things like "Jeez, you're soaking wet!" and "It's the middle of January! How are you even alive?!" made me realize that I had found my home. But then that darn luck of mine decided to come and ruin my day. The sky train I took had an olive oil spill on the floor, I couldn't find a towel store at the mall, leading to me being *kicked out* of the mall for being sopping wet, and to top it all off the hotel I stayed at didn't give me the TV remote! Meaning I was forced to watch "Crazy Tourist Makes a Splash at Metrotown Mall!" on the news. I must have made an impact though, because from then onward, it all seemed to go downhill for Vancouver...