

Infected

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Cast of Characters:

John – A man, mid twenties, an engineer working in the industry

John:

Thank you and welcome, Your RA's have asked me to give you all a talk about what it's like here. Now I'll say I was surprised, because when I got this talk it was from the dean of admissions, and he went on and on about our test scores, and the fact that we thank our holy stars that we got in. He went on about what we have left behind to get where we have, he called it our trail of trials. I was insulted. I remembered sitting in my guidance counselor's office, he said that it was good that I had made varsity cross country, and that the band made me a drum major, that they love to see that. I had glowing recommendations from teachers and to top it all off I had a job to pay for my own car, while doing volunteer work. He said it was exactly what they were looking for, that I was giving them all they wanted. He shook my hand and told me Ivy League was in the bag. I couldn't go back to class I was so mad. I couldn't listen to what anybody had to say for the rest of the day, I just kept thinking, what they wanted? what about what I wanted? I tried in school because I wanted too, and I made varsity because I love to run, and drum major because I inspire the low brass. I come here and after orientation this fossil of a professor goes on about the evil that infects this campus, drug users, fornicators, liberals and atheists. *beat* Two years later He died from complications due to AIDS. *pause* *cough* I was surprised when your RA's called me, but then I found out I wouldn't be the official speaker this year, instead of speaking at your initiation, I was going to speak to you here, away from some of the administration that infects this campus. I got a speech about torture and evil. I wanna talk to you about what I got out of this place. I got 5 years of learning and hardship, along with a bachelors of engineering, with a special concentration in Electrical Engineering and Physics. I got the flu twice, and I got laid more than twice. I got up late for class, missed my thermo final and ate way too much chicken. I fell asleep surrounded by notes, and I got woken up by a professor who covered for me. I

went to lots of parties, met a bunch of awesome people, and woke up a few times on a few couches that weren't mine. I had a regular fridge and a party fridge. I never saw the evil. When I was 22 my girlfriend got pregnant. *beat* She moved to Indiana and married the father, I got drunk and stoned with my friends for a week and failed my thermo class. The funny part is I still remember everything we said to each other in our last conversation. and even though I failed Thermo I still remember the law of enthalpy and the Carnot cycle. How many of you went to 5th grade *raises hand* I did, and I can't remember anything I learned then. I learned my math and history, enough to pass the test, but damned if I remember it now. I do remember when I punched that kid, or when I accidentally called the teacher 'Mommy.' That won't change when you go to class now. What will change is if you don't go to class and you won't call the professor daddy... unless that's what they like. (pause chuckle) I'm not saying go to every class, my roommate freshman year, he's that guy you read about. doesn't party, doesn't go out, but still has a great time. He loved DDR and went to sleep on time. He missed a few classes, not many at all, but he missed some. what you'll remember 50 years from now are the times you are running to Wendy's or Friendlies 20 minutes before they close the door with your friends. You'll also remember every mistake, from hurting a friend to missing a final. keep your head on your shoulders and you'll get more of the former and less of the latter. But no mater what, stay true. Live with dignity and die with memories. That's the way of a champion.