

Jeffrey Scott Michael Pearson

Mr. Pagnani

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The God Given Glory of Glue

I had tried everything. Nothing seemed to work. I had even ventured into the dangerous realm of watching paint dry. Fortunately my family began to notice my problem and referred me to a specialist. After hours and hours of intense questioning and psychoanalysis over a period of 47 weeks Dr. Inangap diagnosed me with a life changing condition. I was immediately determined, however, to not let it affect how I lived my life. So I refused to let it phase me when I went to fill my prescription at the pharmacy and the smiling woman behind the counter just handed me a lawn chair and a post-it note with some scribbled instructions on it. Then, while walking out of the store on that fateful afternoon a shiny red poster caught the corner of my eye. It read “*Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you'll land among the stars.*” At the moment, I knew I could win my fight against Toxic Boredom Syndrome.

The instant that the four plastic legs spread apart and settled down onto the soft green expanse, I knew something was wrong. Sure it was only the first day of my treatment and I had just gotten my prescription lawn chair set up in my back yard, but it wasn't the bolt of lightning that I had expected. The good doctor had warned me that TBS was not something curable over night and that I shouldn't expect quick results. But still, I thought that maybe the warm touch of the sun upon my skin or the swaying of the blue-green ocean before my eyes might be the key to

quelling that irrepressible feeling that always spread from my toes and stole its way up into my heart. It was that sense of impending doom and disembodiment from laughter or merriment that made me a marked man with a malady with which nobody seemed capable of identifying. So, that afternoon lounging on my new insurance subsidized lawn chair sipping my bottle of Perrier and closely examining the many intricacies of how the grass grows, it hit me. That emotion of despair that always swept over me when I saw everyone else going, doing, moving, enjoying, participating, experiencing, and all I could do was sit -- arrested by boredom.

I quickly started panting; overwhelmed with the tediousness of my desperate situation. The plastic bottle containing my dull, failing-to-refresh, carbonated water crashed to the soft supple grass in my haste to get up and walk carefully to my car. The dreary tan 1981 Chevy sedan was staring sadly up at me when I fumbled through my fanny pack with shaking hands to find the keys. Realizing my keys were still in the ignition and the doors already open, I cautiously tucked my head down and entered into the driver's side door. The seat belt was fastened before I could even think about it and I checked each mirror twice before slowly backing out into the dangerous one way street. The calming GPS voice guided me to the doctor's office just a few treacherous blocks away. The stairs to Dr. Inangap's suite never seemed so high as I prudently rushed up them. Before I could even tell the old lady that my insurance hadn't in fact changed and that I still lived at 127 E. Country Boulevard the good doctor saw me. Recognizing the telltale blank stare and colorless face of boredom he immediately ushered me into the nearest sitting room. Although the blank monochromatic walls were inching in towards me, the cool reassuring voice of Sirhc Inangap kept me from fainting: "so, watching the grass grow just didn't do it for you?"

That was how it started. With that simple, glorious interrogative statement my whole world became brimming with hope. For it was that correct assumption on the part of the good doctor that led to my salvation. He said that never before in his 48 weeks of being a doctor had he encountered such an extreme case of TBS. The cheap latex gloves came on and he reached into one of the many lazily white cabinets and returned with a small sample size bottle. Before I could inquire, he was pouring a spoonful and leisurely approaching me with his arm outstretched coming closer and closer to my wide open gaping mouth.

Oh the magnificence, oh the inexplicable outpouring of splendor. The fireworks reverberating around my mouth and exploding on my taste buds threatened to billow out through my flaring nostrils. It was like Adam and Eve except they were allowed to eat the apples. It was like English class with no homework. The sensation felt like baseball, apple pie, and Chevrolet all rolled into one deliciously delectable liquid with a molasses like viscosity. That white milky nectar of heaven instantaneously accelerated my life from a lackluster existence to an inspiring attainment of exuberance and a careless expression of unending joy.

Glue changed my life. The eternally uninterrupted years of enjoyment and detachment from TBS was truly a life altering experience. Instead of moping around my gray carpeted living room flipping between soap operas I was now enjoying the full extent of my insurance subsidized glue. Each morning I busted out the transparent plastic bottle with the happy orange top and just lay it on thick; everything from toast to filet mignon to cat food. Eventually I just couldn't get enough of that rush when you realized you couldn't open your mouth anymore and your throat was constricted too much for respiration so I turned to just drinking right from the bottle.

I began to have no worries. Mounting piles of insurance bills and harassing phone calls from credit card companies couldn't rain on my parade. I was having the time of my life just downing bottle after bottle of that chewy sticky slice of bliss. I used to have difficulty smiling for pictures, but now, after my thousandth bottle of Elmer's paste; I'm always smiling. Moreover, you couldn't even see the coffee stains on my teeth because of the astonishing whitening powers of those polymers made from petroleum, natural gas, and other raw materials found in nature.

Well, that brings me up to now. I'm back in that white office with the good doctor. But this time, since my life is interesting, I drove 3 times the speed limit on my Harley Davidson and parked illegally in the handicap spot and took the stairs 4 at a time on my way up to suite 601. Admiring my leather jacket, spiky hair, and fearsome gaze the good doctor told me how happy he was that the glue had worked out. He said, "Well it's a good thing you were successful at curing the boredom with glue because our last option was to assign you a 3 page English paper on anything you could think of."