

Through the Lenses Of

It was the last day of finals and what had been an interminable semester finally seemed like it was drawing to a close. Summer was finally here and with it, for the residents of Clark Hall, the University's dormitory for Engineering students came what they had slogged all year for: summer internships. Finally they could be paid for the hours of work they put in. Finally compensation would come not in the form of meaningless grades but in meaningful paychecks. One got a clear sense of this from the suite mates of suite 4-C's banter over breakfast that morning.

"I love these new choco pops you've been buying K," said J. "Oh yeah I had them at my Google interview, I hear they have them there for free every morning, can't wait to get started!" "Yeah well Microsoft gives us free lunch every Tuesday and Thursday" R was quick to have his two bits. "Anyway guys hurry up and finish eating" interjected A, "we didn't get those free graphics cards from the career fair for nothing, I want to play at least three hours of *League* this morning before I start packing."

Yet one suite member was missing. Ishaan was all the way at Newbury Fields, where the other suite mates had only been that one time for the SpaceX expo that had had to be outdoors. He was kicking a soccer ball around with whom A referred to only as the "other students". He was currently coursing through the midfield, on a sure path to scoring a goal. He weaved between two defenders, determined to keep the ball. His game was infused with a sort of angry determination. He knew it was coming from his frustration with his suite mates off late. He couldn't stand how they worked so hard during the semester and complained so much about it yet all they were working towards

Ishaan Jhaveri
ENGL 2050: Contemporary World Literature
Professor: Elizabeth Anker
September 15, 2015

was employment that would have them work even harder. Were they so single dimensional in their thinking that they couldn't even appreciate one day of respite, of fresh air, of competition for competition's and not money's sake? They had cocooned themselves into a den of screens, and he wanted nothing to do with them anymore. As he primed himself to shoot the ball into the goal he reflected with a twinge of pity how much more of life he was living than his suite mates. He shot the ball firmly into the top right corner of the goal, and a deafening *TAN TAN TAN* erupted in his ears.

Ishaan removed the Oculus Rift goggles and blinked a few times. The light level in the basement of Oculus Inc. where the summer interns sat didn't give anything away but he felt sure it was past four in the morning. He thought to himself, *well at least the physical sensations of the virtual reality goggles are accurate, but if only I could program it to turn off that damn voice in my head.* He yawned, *oh well at least I'm on clock*, and strapped the lenses back onto his face, getting ready to tear down the midfield once again.