

Sean Russell

Airica Parker

Comp 150

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Inspired by a True Story

Sean Russell looked down at the syllabus, a nagging terror growing deep within his subconscious. The piece of paper was urging him towards madness with words like “research”, “education”, and “success”.

Subtle hints indicated that this class was not what it had seemed on the outside. The use of the hellish font “Times New Roman”, the socratic style of seating, the friendly and engaging atmosphere. Unfortunately for him, Sean sat oblivious to all of these signs that this class would spell his untimely doom.

Several weeks had already passed. Sean sat in his room, contemplating the issue of unemployment. Suddenly, he became aware of his unfortunate line of critical thinking about a complex issue. He shuddered.

But what could his horrible, gruesome newfound perspective be attributed to? But just as he was forming an answer, his roommate entered and distracted him from this critical question.

Weeks turned into months. Sean’s friends had begun to shun him. He had taken to spending most of his time locked in his room, gibbering about unemployment. The deeper he delved, using effective and pragmatic research processes, the greater his madness became. As he

lost more and more of his humanity, he spent more and more time researching. For many nights, all that could be heard from his room were the mad screeches,

“There is more research to do! It is a cyclical process, not
a one time endeavor! There is still much I must know!”

The madness was overwhelming Sean. An influx of knowledge left his mind a mess, and obsessive researching took its toll on his body. A withered shell of a man was all that was left, only the barest extent necessary to carry out his work.

As time dragged on, Sean continued his writing. Although his mind was vanishing, his writing only became more coherent, as reinforced by his viewpoint that writing is a process that can be refined by revisiting past works.

Out of the madness, some sense was appearing. Some parts of his mind had gone, but the parts that remained were sharper than ever. He was a well oiled machine; writing beautifully crafted papers in the blink of an eye, absorbing new information like a computer.

After many years (give or take), his final work was completed. A paper, so beautifully crafted as to enrapture, was handed to the teacher. But at what cost? His mind was forever changed, bent and twisted beyond recognition.

But for Sean, his work was done. He could sleep for now. Perhaps, many years hence, he would awake once more.