

JD vs. The World

By Cory Dean

After watching one of the best football games I've ever seen, I am longing for bed, but am intrigued by tonight's local news. Apparently I am being blamed for yet another fatal car crash just outside of town. I can only wonder if the world will ever understand who I really am and what I am truly capable of. Despite the fact that I contributed to the death of two irresponsible people today, I consider this a bonus. My mission in life is to infect, directly or indirectly, as many people as possible in ways far more devastating than that disease they call AIDS.

My favorite victim is the type of person who has to use me as a crutch to hobble through their daily lives. He becomes angry when I am not available and even whines like a two year old in a candy store when a sales clerk refuses to let him take me home with them because I am only meant for "adults." I don't understand why it matters, but I couldn't stop smiling as the person left the store. I knew that he would be back later. He tells his family and friends that I am only around for entertaining, but I know better. He invites me into his life, hoping that I can free him from the burdens of daily living. In the end, I will only make him lie to their boss to get the day off from work because we had too much fun last night.

As I watch this ignorant news reporter mislead the public about my mission in life, I start to fantasize about the ultimate victim. Destroying the lives of my user is only a day at the park for me, I really enjoy going after the friends and family of the user. It gives a great sense of accomplishment to see people try to drive a wedge between my friend and I. Who needs parties when I can break up marriages, cause people to lose their jobs and send people of all ages into years of therapy because their loved ones now look to me for when they are down and out. My enemy Bill W. once told me that peer pressure often causes people to make foolish decisions. Maybe it's time to introduce myself to that ignorant reporter's high school aged children. If I can destroy the life of this reporter's family, then maybe, just maybe the world will begin to understand what I want out of life.