

Boredom - A Monologue
James Gregory Maynard
Revised February 17, 2020

“Hey, man, who are you?”

“Dr. Smelling, eh. Interesting name, Smelling. I bet with that name you got picked on all the time when you were in school, just like I do. You look kinda nerdy anyway. Do you have a pocket protector and all?”

“No, you didn’t get picked on, not too much. Too much, how much is not too much? I get picked on all the time with a last name like mine you know, Gay. The preppies and jocks get their jollies calling me Marvin the Gay, or Gay Marvin in front of their girlfriends. Bunch a pricks, they are. What a name to inherit from your parents.”

“Is that why I did it? I didn’t think about that at the time. No, that had nothing to do with it, but now that you mention it, maybe it should have.”

“You want to know why I did it. That’s simple, I was bored.”

“Why was I bored? Well, my folks were really pissed at me because I was failing most of my classes at school. Freshman years is the pits anyway, you know, new school, all those upperclassmen pricks who think you are their punching bag.”

“Is that why I wasn’t doing so hot in school? No, not really, that schoolwork shit is boring. I’m a gamer see, I love gaming.”

“You want to know what gaming is, man what planet do you live on? You know, game boy, x-box, internet games, that sort of gaming, and I’m damned good at it too. Bet I can beat any of those jocks and preppy assholes, any day. I should write those programs, I got lots of ideas about new games.”

“What does gaming do for me? Man, you are ancient, aren’t you? When I’m on a game, I am in control of my destiny. I’m in charge. I like the more violent games like Grand Theft Auto, Doom or Mortal Combat where your life is in your hands. Whether you live or die depends on your decisions and quick thinking. I play some others once in a while, but get bored pretty quick. You don’t get the rush from Chess and Solitaire like you do from Mortal Combat. I love the rush of life and death situations.”

“Have some balance between doing schoolwork and gaming? Yeah, right? That’s what my parents kept saying, ‘Do your homework then you can play your games.’ They finally got fed up with fighting me about doing my schoolwork and not playing the video games all the time. So, they grounded me and took away my Gameboy. They also cut off my access to the computer and would only let me watch TV for one hour a day until I got my grades up.”

“How did that go? For the first hour when I watched my TV program it wasn’t too bad, then I got bored. I tried drawing, but that got boring. I tried reading, but couldn’t handle the crap books they got for me like Jack London’s ‘Call of the Wild.’ Man, I didn’t get fifteen pages into that book because it was so boring.”

“Read? Do I like to read? Not really, I read very slow, maybe that’s why I get so bored reading. What do you think, Doc, would that make me get bored with reading, reading so slowly?”

“Not sure. Yeah, neither am I. It would have to be a damned good book for me to read all the way through. What else did I find to do to keep from getting bored? Eat, man, now that wasn’t boring. I was getting skinny gaming all the time. When I’d get to gaming, I’d forget to eat. I love the sugar, man. Give me the sweet stuff all day. But, mom wouldn’t buy the good stuff. She bought all sorts of fruit and stuff that’s supposed to be healthy for me. She said too much sugar was hyping me all up and everything. The worst thing though was they took away my Mountain Dew. After three days I got these terrible headaches and felt like crap.”

“How much was I drinking? I don’t know, maybe a liter a day, sometimes more. The caffeine juices me up, helps me play my games better, but I didn’t sleep so good. I’d stay up after midnight gaming. My parents tried to stop me from playing so late, but I’d hide all these little handheld games around my bedroom and sneak them out after they left the room.”

“So what happened that night? Well, after about six days of dying of boredom, it came to me to create my own excitement. Hey, my parents kept telling me when I complained to them about being bored, to ‘Use your imagination.’ So that night I started thinking about what I could do to create some excitement. I snuck out of the house about midnight, went to the garage and got the gas can for the lawn mower. It was full. Dad must have just bought some. I poured the whole can all over the main floor of the house and touched er off. It didn’t go off with a big bang like I thought it would, but in just a few minutes, wow, you should have seen it, Doc. Very hot, very hot. And, boy, was there a lot of excitement. The fire fighters were dragging out their hoses and squirting water every which way. The cops raced in, sirens blaring. Neighbors were crying and carrying on. Now man that wasn’t boring, I’m telling you Doc, that wasn’t boring.”

“Don’t I feel bad about my parents? Kinda, but not really. Why? Hell, they gave me a name like Gay, they took away all my gaming, took away my Mountain Dew, wouldn’t buy me any good food, they made my life boring, at least until that night. But I showed em I could be creative and keep myself from getting bored. I think I could write some cool programs for Gameboy. Don’t you, Doc?”