The Plot

Approximate word count: 1,136
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Having read the works of last year's winners for this competition... I have found that I have absolutely no chance of winning. The depression this revelation has caused is crippling. None-the-less I refuse to surrender. I have a plan, a plot to secure my victory! First off, I know what all the PBS-lead-by-example Nazis want me to say. They want me to say that my plan is to do my absolute best. They want me to write some Life-time inspirational bull crap about trying my damndest, and struggling, and getting support from my friends and family (maybe a Glee-High School Musical hybrid song, time permitting) only to realize that in the end the competition never mattered. That my growth as a writer and a person are the true rewards.

Screw that, I want three hundred dollars.

That is why I have resolved to kill off my competitors. Now you may think that three hundred dollars really isn’t worth the moral and legal implications of mass murder, but to me, it is. I am a college student damn it! Broke, sleep deprived, and highly dangerous when under caffeinated. Three hundred bucks buys a lot of Ramen Noodle.

I need that money! I deserve that money! But under current circumstances my skills would not even earn me honorable mention. You might say: “that’s too bad; you are not the best so you do not deserve the prize—get over it.” And perhaps in earlier
years your argument may have dissuaded me from the use of violence. But this is the 2,000's. Political correctness runs rampant and the feelings of the people are more important than their freedom of competition. In this day in age it is much more important to protect the average then to acknowledge the excellent. My town already murdered the valedictorian. It's only a matter of time before they start killing of the smart-types, so no one feels dumb. So really if you think about it, I am a humanitarian and a proud participant of progressivism.

I should be president! With my will-do attitude Kurt Vonnegut's Harrison Bergeron could become a reality in a decade (maybe sooner considering Facebook and Twitter already act as mental handicaps). Yes that'll be my next project president, then dictator, and eventually God (a.k.a flying spaghetti monster to appeal to the Atheist).

But for now I must secure my victory in this competition. Pay attention Manson, this is how you successfully commit mass genocide:

Step 1: Know your targets. According to the rules anyone that has completed or is enrolled in at least 3 NAU courses can compete. That means Freshies are fair game.

Step 2: Know their weaknesses. Believe it or not but college students really aren't that hard to kill. With all the homesickness, altitude sickness, binge drink (alcohol or Redbull—pick your poison), and sleep deprivation, we are already dead on the inside. All I really have to do is create an embargo on coffee, sugar, and caffeinated drinks then wait for mass suicide. Or I could throw a $50 Starbucks gift card (which should get you on small iced coffee if you hold the whipped cream) into the middle of a study lounge and watch them fight to the death.

Step 3: Calculate for outliers. Not all college students need eight Rockstars to get up in the morning. As disgusting and unbelievable as is sounds some people just wake up
refreshed and happy and ready to start the day. Ugh, aren’t you glad I’m taking
them out? These victims are much harder to take care of. Nothing seems to bug these
perfectly functional members of society. I’d kick them all into a Spartan hole if I had one;
unfortunately eBay is all sold out at the moment. Instead I’ll just convince these festering
balls of sunshine that they have ADHA or some other equally ridiculous disease our
hypochondriac society believes in (maybe toothfairyitus). Ritalin kills creativity better
then Mr. Gradgrind ever could. A few doses of that and they will be dead in the inside.

Step 4: Make sure all your basics are covered. A great man I can’t remember
because I wasn’t paying attention at the time said something along the lines of “A fool is
a man who thinks his plan is foolproof”. Taking into account his idea but not accrediting
him (it’s not plagiarism it research) I have devised a stake out in front of the
administrative office of the School of Communication, building 16, room 301. Dressed as
the 12th president of the United State and armed with a cross bow; no one will recognize
me as I take out any one and everyone entering the vicinity carrying a manila envelope
and a look of accomplishment on their face. Thus I will ensure that not one of my
competitors survive to submit their work.

Finally step 5: Cover your assets. Now if you have done the above steps correctly
then this step really isn’t necessary, but more often then not somewhere, somehow
you’ve screwed it up. So pay attention and take note this step may just keep you from a
life sentence in Ted Bundy’s Correctional Facility for the Criminally Insane. Now there
are quite a few way to keep your butt safe (no pun intended). One way it to threaten and
intimidate the judge, jury, and eyewitnesses (Note: if you look like Barney Fife, chances
are this method is not for you). Another is to have a patsy, some one or something you
can blame the entire mess on. I know a human scapegoat is much more amusing but that
is the trick of yesteryears, now-a-days it's all about electronics: the media, celebrities, violent shows, violent video games, The Jersey Shore—take your pick. This is the best method because not only do you get off scot-free but now you are a victim of circumstances. MTV will probably give you your own reality show. Contacting O.J.'s lawyer is another option though it is pretty pricey (you only have one soul after all).

Of course if you can't pull any of these I suggest getting plastic surgery to look like Billy Mayes and moving to Singapore, I hear three hundred dollars is a lot down there or maybe not I wasn’t paying attention.