

Amusing Lovecraftian speech by Patton Oswalt

Posted by L - 2008/08/04 16:25

Patton Oswalt, the standup comic who did the voice of Remy in Pixar's Ratatouille a few years ago, was recently invited to speak at his alma mater's graduation (high school, not college)

On his blog, he posted his first "draft" of what he was going to say (the actual speech is there, too -- also pretty funny, but on the whole a serious speech with good advice). Aside from thinking it really funny, I thought it was a great bit of Lovecraftian D&D horror stylizing (Oswalt is a big D&D fan):

"Students and faculty of Broad Run High School, I greet you. I have been on television and in movies and been driven around in a limo, so what I say is smart and helpful. You will listen now.

When you go out into the world as an adult, you will be free to carve out your own destiny, a violent new map whose borders will be your blood and whose continents will be the ivory dust of your foes' powdered skulls. You might think you're working quietly at some cubicle in a Fairfax office park but I assure you, that cubicle is a raging necropolis where bony phantom hands reach through the tear-soaked carpeting to peel your soul into ribbons. Fashion a spiked club from a broom handle and a golf cleat and wade into the tomb-legions like a rebuking finger of righteousness.

You must also take a mate. Men, find a woman who is broad of hip, thick of calf and who possesses unctuous, swaying paps with which to feed your warrior-spawn, to strengthen them for the coming bone-storm. Women, should your man be of spavined chest and womanly fetlock, smother him on his fainting-couch, and use his rib cage to build a lantern, his fat as candle tallow, and his ligaments as a wick. Leave that lantern burning outside your door, to attract a lone wanderer, whose murder-mask and pelvic-cracking back muscles will assure you a brood of myrmidons.

Parents and faculty! Prostrate yourselves under the war-wheel that is this new generation, and let what few drops of life are left in your wasted, fly-blown hopes and dreams grease the engines of the future!

Seven faces in the jungle! The statue that walks! Who peers from out the shunned house?! An archway of bone! The skin on the old man's kettle drum has a face! The sleeper awakes! Amok! Amok!

(Patton tears off his robe, revealing himself to be naked, and wearing only a waist-belt studded with inward-facing nails. He tries to flee from the stage but a wound-like rift shudders open in the air beside him, and a monstrous, child-hand with eyes for fingernails reaches out and pulls him into the howling portal. Atonal piping music can be heard, then an ancient laugh, and the portal is gone.)"

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Posted by Kradlo - 2008/08/05 00:31

Now that's an inspirational speech!

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Posted by Shadox - 2008/08/05 01:01

WOW and all I did was bring in a box of twinkies, a few hot dogs, some candy bars a few cokes and opened by telling them that is what I ate the last 12 years in sales typically on my way out of my house late to catch a plane and that I wasn't afraid of dying becuse I have eaten enough presevatives that I have to be "preserved" I pale in teh comparison. Man he was good.

-Shadox
