The Test

October 11, 2007 By Shawn Decker

Well, first of all, it was a finger prick and blood drawn for the arm. The first is for the new test, the latter is for the standard test, just to make sure everything jibes.

So I got poked and pricked today. I did try to up it to $30 bucks, since I was also signing away the privacy of my medical records, so that the company could- if need be- verify that I am indeed HIV positive. In all the interviews I've ever done, no one has ever asked for proof.

The consent form said they wouldn't give me the results. I almost asked for an Ora-Quickie-Mart test, the mouth swab, since AIDS Services Group offers those for free. But I'd already been there an hour and needed to get to the game store to buy some more dice for Star Wars Monopoly SHAWN RULES Edition and, more importantly, to get some writing done for the next book.

And the gift card for $20 that I'd gotten, I sold it to Gwenn for $20. Then won $7 at poker. So, I almost got to my $30. Man, this AIDS is just about paying for itself... OK, maybe not. Seriously, kids, don't get HIV for a shot at a $20 gift card, it ain't worth it, and you ain't got the gambling skills to build that up $7 more either.

Well, that's all. No big news that I'm not HIV positive, which is kind of good because that would have meant that I built my entire life, or the last ten years of it, around a set of lies. In a moment of both feigned weakness and ignorance (when I thought I'd be getting actual results) the day before I did the trial, I asked Gwenn if she'd still love me if I were HIV negative. "Don't be an idiot!" She said, or something to that affect.

Ah, I love her. It's cheesey, and I don't write it very much. But I just know, had we met under other circumstances, we would have fallen in love just the same. It just so happens that my pet virus hooked us up.

And I'm cool with that.
Positively Yours,

Shawn

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