

An Existential Teenage Dilemma

The screen went black. Cursing the laptop's short battery life, Jackson spun around to look for the power cord. Scanning his cluttered room, he debated whether it would be worth going downstairs to continue searching. He had known the battery was going to die; he was just too lazy to look for the cord. It was dark, it was late, and he didn't want to leave his room. Besides, it was cold outside on the landing.

He weighed his options: he could succumb to the weight of a Saturday night with nothing to do, or brave the darkness to find his power cord and resume his Internet surfing experience. Jackson made his decision. He wouldn't enjoy it, the trek would be long and arduous, but heroes were made to suffer. He rose. Spying a plate of stale toast lying haphazardly on the corner of his keyboard, he reached for it, then stopped.

"I'll get it later," he reasoned. "No need to strain myself."

Jackson slid to his bedroom door. Defying his chronic case of teenager-glued-to-the-computer-screen-even-if-it's-off-it is, he flopped downstairs. Dangling on the edge of the kitchen table lay his prize. Grabbing the power cord and a Coke for an upcoming victory sip, he returned to the foot of the stairs.

Now the hard part. The first flight wasn't too bad, but the second ... was a torturous 26-step marathon. Staggering towards his room, the cord trailing behind him, Jackson could see the light. Literally. His desk lamp was a heavenly halo, and under its glow laid the laptop. Its dark screen made it look forlorn, defeated, powerless. But not for long. Plugging the computer into the outlet under his desk, Jackson completed his mission. He hit the power button, the computer jumped to life.

Victory. The screen glowed praise. Clicking the Internet icon, Jackson resumed

his mindless strike on movement. He had heroically saved YouTube from being left homeless in cyberspace. Sipping his Coke triumphantly, Jackson would go down in history as one of the many teenagers who stayed up too late on a Saturday night for no apparent reason. He was a hero.

And now he was hungry. Hungry for Facebook, hungry for... toast. His eyes locked on that plate covering the corner of his keyboard. The aging piece of burnt bread taunted him in return. Jackson's stomach grumbled, and with the murmur, a new agonizing debate crept into his head. He was hungry, but hungry enough for fresh toast?