

Click

It's 1:30 in the morning, and I've come to a conclusion. I've not jumped to this conclusion, but drifted drunkenly, and as candid as a Spike Lee signature shot. You see, I've just spent every second since midnight chain reacting from website to website, submerging my psyche in the worst the information super highway has to offer. Of this, there are certainly more varieties than thirty-two. Baskin Robbins would be so proud! Whatever your choice of transgression, it's all there! Believe me...Big Brother is alive and well, and she's illuminating our futility.

The last few years of American discord have pummeled me with intrigue about the source of our retrogressive fervor. I stand in the mirror and pose questions to myself like an attorney in disbelief.

"Be honest with me Doc, where's this coming from?"

I shake my head and smack my lips like a fifty year-old, NYPD Blue suspect.

"Das no me Papi!"

But I do know. The answer's there, as clear as day. Just let yourself wonder wonderfully around the web for one hour. This all knowing oracle will flatter you with honesty, giving it to you straight; no chaser.

Burst out of your box, your daily repetitive list of favorite links, and type in the craziest thing that comes to mind. Type in something you wish you'd never see, and guess what...it's there, with bells on. Go ahead, remind yourself of how immense the world is...your town is. Perspective is truly only a click away! Want to see young girls fighting in the street like men? Click. Want to see what your children are really doing at college? Click. Want to learn how to make a bomb? Click. Want to watch someone dying? Click.

It's 1:30 in the morning, and I've come to a conclusion...I should be asleep.

© Doc Waller September 2009