

SMALL SCREENS

Diya Yadav

Life is so boring. I am sitting in my room, it's another cozy afternoon, yet on this fine day I feel listless. I should open my book and study like my mother has scolded me to, before I came to my room, but I simply cannot. No, I do not have an injury and I am not ill. I am simply listless.

Some will say it's an excuse to be lazy and maybe I am finding excuses for this odd tiredness I feel, but I simply cannot help myself. I feel I have done enough, yet not enough to sit back and relax like I am now. I feel like I have a lot of work and not much time, but I feel I am a fast worker, I will complete it before the deadline. I never do, or never have been able to.

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Mind you, I do submit my work on time, or barely on time but I do, right on the deadline. This doesn't affect my progress, the instructor is satisfied with the work in their hands and I am satisfied after giving it.

But only does my weary body know the struggle I put it through a night before. How I skipped the much needed 8 hours of sleep to complete the assignment, I had been putting off for what must be days or weeks. It's no one's fault, I am aware, it's my own. But even after knowing these things I cannot bring myself to stand up and complete my work before I put my body and mind in stress, that will make me ill.

It's laziness. It's stupidity. It's excuses. Whatever they may call it, it's my fault. But I simply cannot help myself, for when I have a screen in front of my eyes, I drift off from researching for my assignment to social media. I laugh at the jokes and I share my joy with my friends.



It's a distraction. One can easily blame it on the small device in their hands, within their reach. But just because one has the power does it necessarily need to be exploited like so? No, of course not.

But then why do they not stop? Why do I not stop seeing this small screen and get my work done? So my body doesn't have to bear the pain of my excuses for me? Because we often ignore what doesn't immediately destroy us.

We will run from a gun knowing that it will kill us once shot, but we patiently wait in front of the screens until they take our sight. Until they numb our brain. Until we become addicted to the little joys it gives us with a simple click. Many people are not aware of this, of how they slowly become dependent on these small doses of fleeting joy, that's why it's easy to become hooked on them. They become a necessity, to the point the one who is free from this drug gets laughed at for not being rich enough to own a little screen of their own.

Now you may wonder why I, who knows the effects and dangers of this small screen, is still not letting go, and doing the assignment I have lined up on my desk. It's like I said, things that are not immediately a threat are ignorable and thus usable until they become a cause.

Perhaps I have knowledge one requires to know of the damage these screens cause but whoever said I possessed the wisdom to stop? For knowledge can be earned, learned and claimed, but wisdom? It exists on its own. It comes within the individual from experiences. It's in different forms, for everyone, justifying different things.

Maybe I would never be able to cure this addiction, but maybe someone can. With this wisdom that I bestow in words, I hope you can let it go or at least try to.

For as Charles Spurgeon once said, "Wisdom is the right use of Knowledge".



Diya Yadav is just a normal girl, who is just discovering the vast world of writing and literature. She sometimes likes to write down her ideas and yes, she does procrastinate like any other student as well. She hopes that someday, she can convey her ideas much better with words.

