

Confessions of a television addict

By Mandy Reyna



They say acceptance is the first step in the road to recovery. I accept it.

Picture me in a hazy room filled with people in folding chairs. There are gallons of coffee in the back and an abundance of cigarettes available. I am standing in the front of the room, microphone in hand.

"Hello, my name is Mandy and I have a problem."

It finally dawned on me the other day when the remote control for the cable box wasn't working. The first thought that entered my mind was that Greater Media had decided that I had reached maximum viewing capacity. I turned the rectangular black control over in my hand, removed the little cap and attempted to perform CPR on the little Energizers by alternating their positions and then tapping them on the table. No dice. In a hurried frenzy, I hobbled into my room searching for any extra AAA batteries that I may have.

Digging through my tool box, I realized that I was foiled again. Fortunately, I had a pocket alarm clock with one battery in it (the other was currently sustaining the remote for my stereo and there was no way in Hell I'd sacrifice that). The life-sustaining capsule slid easily into one of the empty spaces in the back of my remote. Hopefully, it would be enough to change the channel.

Success! And just in time for "Dawson's Creek."

"You have some serious issues," said my roommate.

"Shut the hell up. You watch it, too," I replied.

Settling into the corner of the couch with a large bowl of popcorn, my heart froze and my eyes widened as I realized to my horror that the television tube wasn't working and all I could see was a thin, colored line across the screen. "AAAHHHHH!" I screamed. "This can't be happening!"

As I began to beat the television with my shoe, my roommate began to laugh hysterically. "Oh, the irony," she said. "A communications major who is dependent on the television for her capstone can't function without the tool of her

trade." If looks could kill, she would have had an anvil drop on her, splattering her English major remains all over the living room and the bookcase full of her damned Shakespeare books. How's that for poetic justice?

It turns out that the television just has a loose wire that caused the tube to go haywire when overheated. Looks like things are okay. I can still watch up to six hours of "The X-Files" in a row without a problem. I also realize that I'm not alone. There are others out there like me.

You might be addicted to your television if:

- You have an early date because a two-hour Voyager is on that night.
- There is more than one television in the same room of your house.
- Rather than buy a universal remote, you've taped all three of the remotes together (can't lose that VCR remote).
- You have a callous on your channel-flipping thumb.
- You require absolute silence when "The X-Files" is on because it may be the night that the conspiracy is finally uncovered.
- You have a subscription to *Entertainment Weekly*, and it's catalogued

There are other signs to look for. You must embrace and accept your problem first before you can treat it.

And remember, always make friends with people who have a bigger television than you.

We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming...