My Internet Addiction

All through middle school and the beginning of high school, I wasted my life away. After coming home and finishing my homework, I would play Facebook games for, quite literally, hours on end. Harvesting hundreds of crops on Farmville; building increasingly large towers in Building Blocks; breaking my friends’ records on Speed Racer. This had become the purpose for which I lived. My addiction was unhealthy, frequently causing uproarious fights between my parents, who feared for my social and physiological welfare, and me. Then, one day, my now-robotics coach approached me for a position on a newly founded robotics team, in a league called VEX.

VEX was my escape, my freedom from the metaphorical prison that was Facebook. Instead of spending days inside a dark room staring at a computer monitor, I discussed innovative ways to play both Roundup and Gateway with my teammates. Instead of developing tendonitis and carpel tunnel syndrome from the incessant clicking on my track pad, I learned how to use different tools, like Allen screwdrivers, Dremels, and clamps. Instead of interacting virtually with my friends, I made new ones. VEX not only became a new extracurricular activity; it taught me that there is more to life than online games. I left the house now, cooperating with my team to try to build the best robot possible. My parents and I no longer fought over my obsession with the computer. It may sound cheesy, but VEX saved me.