

Being Portable Isn't Always Pleasurable: The Story of a Laptop

As I tumble through the air, my smudged silver cover plunging toward the ground, I brace myself for the impact of a brutal landing. I can hear my owner gasping, reaching in slow motion in an attempt to catch me before I hit the tile floor. Unfortunately, her efforts are futile. Within two seconds I have clattered onto the floor with nothing to catch me or soften my fall. Those around my owner cringe, while my owner herself mumbles words of frustration and quickly picks me up. Honestly, if this happens one more time, I may not survive. Such is the abuse I endure almost daily as a laptop computer, especially with an owner like Megan Kirkpatrick.

My mornings typically begin with as much violence as a boxing match. After an extensive night of sitting in the dark with nobody to keep me company, Megan throws me into her bag as she runs out the door for school. This always frustrates me- she could at least place me gently in my soft, cushioned case! Instead, she tosses me into her bag and I am forced to spend the next 30 minutes squished up against cranky notebooks and unfriendly binders. Megan clearly has never had to live a life where somebody else determined her comfort and safety. The remainder of my day doesn't get any better. Though I am removed from the tight confines of Megan's school bag, I'm then thrown on her desk with a reverberating thud. Today in particular was a tough day, as Megan was in an unusually panicked rush. I could tell the day would only get worse when her coffee splashed, slashed, and proceeded to seep into my keys and run under my motor. If I were a human, I would have yelled, "Noooooo! Scorching! Searing! Scalding!" but as computer I could do nothing but stand regally and endure the burning hot coffee until Megan cleaned up. After recovering from that catastrophe, and enduring seven exasperating hours of my lid being opened, closed, opened, closed, Megan lugged me home. Despite my exhaustion from a strenuous day, I had to keep working. Seven Word Documents, a PowerPoint, three websites, and an email later, my owner has finally completed her work! I'm placed on the kitchen table, met by enthusiastic greetings from the day's mail, the salt shaker, and the pepper grinder. "Ugh!" an envelope exclaims, "you'll never believe what happened to me today...."

I suppose my life could be worse. I could have been born a sock, or a broom, or even a sponge! Although Megan overworks me, abuses me, and ignores me once I've finished typing for the night, she does at least give me something to do every day. I've never understood how Salt and Pepper just sit around until dinner time, anyway. Next time hot coffee spills all over me, I'll try to be more understanding. But until then, I'm going to bed for the night. I think Megan is finally going to press "Shut Down".