Well, Shit, the Internet is Down

Sam Huffer   12 March 2019

I try to reload the webpage again – I was turning to the next short story in a series I had been reading – but again, it comes up with an error message saying my device cannot connect to the internet. I connect my tablet to my phone, using the latter's mobile data to create a mobile hotspot, but the result is the same: the page just will not load.

Frustrated, I toss both devices back onto my desk and go into the rumpus room to restart the router. Maybe that will restore the internet.

Nope.

After fifteen minutes, I give up and pick up the book on my bedside table that I had been neglecting: *Lord of the Rings – The Fellowship of the Ring*. I open it up to where I had left the bookmark to which I had affixed a paperclip so that I would know which line to continue from. Removing the bookmark, my eyes continue down the page, taking in the story as I read.

I sit like this for half an hour before my sisters – Nicola and Olivia, twins three and a half years younger than me, come in and complain that the internet is still not back up and that they are bored.

"Have you tried reading?" I ask.

"I don't feel like it," replies Nicola.

"Didn't want to either," adds Olivia.

I frown. "Well, it's not like I can do anything about the internet being down."

They stand there silent for a moment, before Olivia suggests: "Cards Against Humanity?"

I rearrange the paperclip on the bookmark and close the book. "It's up in the closet." I get up and pull out the chair I keep in the closet, climbing up to retrieve it from a container on the top shelf. I pass it down to Nicola, then retrieve a large board from the closet, setting it upon my bed. Nicola opens the box of cards, splits them into the separate decks, then passes me a chunk of them, which I riffle shuffle and deal out.

"So, who took a shit last?" I ask.