

Internet Deprived-Free, Day 1

I said my goodbyes to my Tweeples and my friends on Facebook around 1 today. Before I logged off, I was surprised to see so many responses from people saying there's no way they could do this, to give up the internet for a week, and that I'm very "brave". You'd have thought I told them all I was going to take off on a ride down the Oregon Trail. Am I getting myself into dire situation here? I mean, yeah... it's going to be a challenge, I'm sure, but it's not like I'm giving up plumbing and other niceties of this modern day era and moving into a covered wagon. Surely it won't be that terrible, right?

It was sort of a relief to turn the computer off, to step away. I spent what was left of Kendall's naptime watching TV. I told myself it was strictly for educational purposes as I watched a show called "Raising Sextuplets". This family has 6 toddlers, and in this episode they were all the exact age Kendall is now. They were all tantruming, whining, crying and pawing at their parents. I wanted to cry for them (the parents), but they handled it like champs. If these people can deal with 6 toddlers at once, certainly I can survive life with just one. It left me feeling a little rejuvenated, and by the time Kendall woke up, I was ready to tackle the day, come hell or meltdowns.

I left the laptop on the table and didn't give it a second thought the rest of the day. Well, okay... that's sort of a lie. After Kendall went to bed for the night, when I would usually prop it open on my lap in front of primetime television, I had that yearning to "just check", to just see what was going on, what I had missed, what comments I needed to moderate, to Tweet about how my internet free day was going so far. Instead, I grabbed a beer and settled in on the couch next to my husband and watched The Proposal, my legs propped on his lap, not occupied by a computer setting atop them.

Then I did something very rare, I went to bed "early" along with my husband. See, usually I stay up until 11:30 and sometimes 12. This tends to be my most productive time of night for blogging and writing. The house is quiet and I can focus my thoughts, but I often get caught up in other internet distractions, like Facebook and Twitter conversations, and catching up on countless other blogs that I check in on. Before I know it, it's nearly midnight and I feel wired, but I force myself to bed, knowing that my wakeup call is only 7 and a half hours away.

However, at the end of this day, I went to bed two hours early, slept like a rock, and best of all, I didn't end up with cholera or have to build a raft to get across the river when my covered wagon busted a wheel. I would call that a success.