

Laziness Redefined

Teenagers are inherently lazy by design and if you are a parent of a young person, I am sure you now share my belief. Unless they personally gain from an activity, well, good luck getting them motivated.

Shane, as with so many other teens, wanted the freedom of being an adult without the associated responsibilities. They have a general feeling of entitlement; in other words, they feel by sheer reason, that they are entitled to all that is yours. My son was no exception; in fact, I think he produced an instructional video on “sidestepping” and its associated subjects.

With that said, I do not believe I was overly strict, but it was difficult at times, due to the residual guilt I felt, as an absent father during his early years. Not that it was by choice, nonetheless, life so often dictates realities beyond our control.

Every month, I would post a typewritten sheet on the fridge, depicting his chores, and every week I heard the same gaggle of stupid excuses! Would it not be less troublesome to perform said chores, than to continually deal with the consequences of their non-compliance?

Alas, there I would be, garbage bags in hand, running down the steps to the curb on my way to work, nearly missing the weekly pickup and wondering, “Why am I doing this again?”

Quite often, I would drag bags of garbage to a nearby friend’s

house, for his pick-up was one day later than ours was. This became so commonplace, that Chris would often meet me in his driveway, cold beer in hand, grinning and shaking his head. No words needed, for he knew Shane had once again forgotten his Wednesday morning chore.

However, my devious son (so busy and overwhelmed with life) would try to appeal to my softer side (suck-up). “But Dad”, he would chortle, kicking that proverbial dead horse, “why didn’t **you** remind me?”, and I would bite my tongue while instinctively pointing to the damned chore list, the same list that had been hanging on the fridge for TWO YEARS!

No matter how you cut it, I was the evil dictator and simply could not and would not, comprehend the difficulties and complexities of his life; someone call Social Services!

There was a point early in his teens when his laziness culminated in an all-time low, and I imagined the scene in his mother’s womb the moment of his conception.

Picture this: A million sperm are racing towards the ultimate prize, but wait, what do we see? While others are frantically pushing forward at the speed of light, we find “pre-Shane” humming along, lazily swimming in circles, completely oblivious of the world around him. “La-la-la-la-la-la”!

He accidentally comes upon the egg and while watching the other sperm frantically trying to enter; he turns and begins swimming the other way. A contender, just ahead of him, enters

the egg, dies from exhaustion, and floats off. Suddenly there is mass confusion as hordes of hopeful contestants vie for the object of their desire. Due to the pushing and shoving, the sperm - soon to be my son - unwillingly delves into the awaiting egg. Bingo, that is how it occurred; well... anyway, that is how I envision my son's conception.