

Rehab

by David James

Well, I finally checked myself into this what you call a “ Facebook Rehab Clinic” up here just about 40 miles outside of Kalispell, Montana in a little town called Gulag and, as I'm sure you can guess, there's no posting or commenting or liking anything anymore when I get back home after I pass the "bye-bye social networking" exam and undergo the full psychological re-programming after I finish the 12th step that we train for every morning at breakfast by getting up before the whole group of 44 of us addictees (as they call us) and say 12 times: “I am a facebookaholic” then, uh oh, whoops, bye, I gotta go now because I hear Mr. Roy, my minder, coming back out of the staff meeting and I sneaked this illegal Facebook post on his iPad and I sure don't want to get caught and be put back to Step 1 which they call a relapse.

