

## The Decision

It is 12:44 AM. A young man sits in a desultory fashion, staring into oblivion as the frail light looms over his desk. He has a fair physique, a fair face, the essence of adolescence barely starting to show through his pitiful amount of facial hair. Like many a young man, he is stuck with the same decision he's been thinking about since he started school. Well, maybe not a decision. More like, an indecision. There aren't only two paths at any given moment, in fact, there are infinitely many, he thinks, smirking at the clever phrase he "invented," and immediately reverts back to a jaded gaze onto his environment. It seems as though the more wisdom he recalls the more difficult this decision becomes. As he zones in on his life, his life zones out for him.