

Coffee Talk: Two Sugars One Life

The Mysterious Power of the Press

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The remote died during the season finale.

Not the beginning. Not a random Tuesday rerun. The finale. The one I'd been waiting three weeks for. And there I was, mashing the power button like I was performing CPR on a small plastic patient.

You know the drill. The first press doesn't work, so you press harder. As if determination alone can override depleted batteries. As if your thumb contains some emergency reserve of electricity the remote can tap into if you just believe hard enough.

If you've ever pressed a dead remote with the intensity of someone trying to start a fire with two sticks, congratulations. You're human.

By the third attempt, I was holding the remote like a weapon. By the fifth, I'd moved on to the ancient ritual of pointing it at different angles, as though the TV was simply confused about where the signal was coming from. Maybe it needed a clearer line of sight. Maybe I needed to stand on one foot.

Here's what we all know but refuse to accept: pressing harder doesn't charge batteries. The remote doesn't care about your urgency. The laws of physics are entirely unmoved by your need to find out who dies in the finale.

And yet.

There's something beautifully irrational about it. In that moment of desperate button-mashing, we become optimists of the highest order. Somewhere in our brains, a tiny voice whispers: "What if this time is different? What if you've finally found the magic pressure?"

The batteries, of course, remain dead. The TV remains dark. And eventually, you

have to get up, find new batteries (which are never where you left them), and miss the first five minutes of whatever you were watching.

The remote control is the universe's way of reminding us that not everything responds to willpower.

But I'll tell you what: there's something almost meditative about that futile pressing. A small act of rebellion against entropy. A refusal to accept defeat. We press on—literally—because giving up feels worse than looking ridiculous.

So next time your remote dies at the worst possible moment, go ahead. Press harder. Point it at weird angles. Shake it a little. You won't fix the batteries, but you'll briefly become the most optimistic person in the room.

And that's worth something.

Cheers, Clayton

Coffee Talk 2.0: For everyone who's ever treated a remote like a defibrillator.

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