Living Life Through a Laptop

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All it took was an hour and a half of flying time. To go from familiar to unfamiliar. From known to unknown. From one nation to another. Just across the border from India to Bangladesh. It should have been familiar. It was not. It should have been recognizable. It was not. Yet it was a common heritage, a shared past. But none of it mattered when I landed up living in Dhaka. For a few months.

I knew no one and no one knew me. Cocooned in a self contained service apartment with no home to run and no meals to organise, I also had no socialising to do or any errands to complete. With clockwork precision, and no help from me whatsoever, the rooms were cleaned and the linen changed. Food was on call. And delivered faster than a Pizza Hut takeaway. Clothes washed and beautifully ironed turned up on schedule. I had no reason to stir out nor did I have any places to go. And most of all there were no demands on my time. I felt lost. I felt lonely. I even felt helpless. Nothing was for me, as it was.

Then things changed. Suddenly. Why you might wonder. The credit unarguably goes to a great little invention. A neat little contraption, that has become now an unalienable extension of myself. Something whose astonishing efficacy the rest of the world discovered long ago. But which I discovered only in Dhaka. The laptop. And today my whole life revolves around it. With a few taps and

