My Phone, My Laptop- My Life

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How did it come to this? This total dependence on a mere man-made device - a gadget, a thing that has no feelings, no emotions, no life? But there it is that self loathing realisation - that you just cannot live without it.

Say you wake up on Pahela Boishakh feeling all tingly and excited. It maybe because of the fun ahead - despite the sweltering heat and traffic. It maybe that brand new sari you are dying to wear. It maybe the delicious fare your mother will put out at the lunch table. It maybe the mere prospect of sleeping all day, guilt-free.

In this upbeat mood the first thing you do is pick up your phone innocently lying by your pillow. There are 58 Messages on assorted aps - whatsapp, viber, tango, facebook etc. You need to send those wishes back to those gracious souls. But wait, what is that rectangular box on the right side of the screen saying? You only have 30 percent of charge left! And guess what? You left your charger in the office and no one at home has a match. No, no this cannot be - not on this special day when you thought you would be happily chatting, texting and making grand plans through this plastic little bundle of joy.

There is little to do except make stilted perfunctory wishes to immediate family and close friends. Incoming calls that have the potential to be prolonged have to be strictly avoided and you will have to put a hold on that one long phone call to your best friend to discuss every second of your life. It is frustrating, suffocating, heart wrenching but no you cannot even send a quick wish on your facebook account- it will take up too much energy.

Your beloved device is on life support and may flat line any second. But the whole day lies ahead - how will you possibly get through it?

This is the level of helplessness that makes you wonder how on earth people survived those mobile phone-less days. From finding the driver to tracking down modern teenager - cell phones are the control freaks of your life. I mean imagine the confusion of trying to meet your significant other on Pahela Boishakh at some congested corner of Dhaka minus a cell phone. Without the constant texting and calling every two minutes to find out how close he/she is how would couples ever find each other?

The relationship with one's laptop is even more complicated. If it is a new fancy addition to your life - everything is pretty blissful. After carefully taking it out of its cocoon, making sure the cellophane covering is intact, as you reverentially open the hood and press on the 'on' key, a shiver will go down your spine. Like an unsure lover you will falter a bit but eventually press all the right buttons to get that sleek, beautiful creature to do exactly what you want. Titillating as this honeymoon period is, it is inevitable that in a year or so there will be signs of trouble. Over time your beloved will slow down so much so that you may have to wait what seems like forever for it to turn on. And then even after endless pampering and patience this vital part of your life will make all sorts of frightening threats: your word file may have been corrupted; the programme you have chosen is not responding - to continue you may lose data, to not continue may shut down the computer, restart at your own risk. At other times it will be recalcitrant, showing you that circle that drives you crazy– going round and round taking its sweet time to do one simple chore like opening the blessed document. There is also the sudden silent treatment when it will refuse to say anything, just give you a blank stare and then shut you out completely, leaving you shattered and broken. And then when the medics (computer engineers) tell you that there is nothing they can do, that it's all over, all you can think of are those words, pictures, videos - all those memories gone forever.

You feel defeated and mortified at the level of heartache over an inanimate thing. But there it is, the moment of truth, your phone, your laptop, your life.