



We **ARE** getting back together.

MASHIAT LAMISA

It was everything I had ever wanted. With lights brighter than LEDs, it would play my favourite jingle “Oompah” whenever mother called, and my palms loved to handle it. I could spend hours playing the games created by black and white pixels on it. Starting from waking me up in the morning with the sweetest melody to giving me company in times of solitude and darkness, it was the perfect companion anyone could ask for. I would hug it when I needed love. And I would hit it against the wall when I needed to express my anger. I thought we would stick together until the end of the world.

But some things just aren't meant to be. Soon smartphones started conquering the world and my Nokia 1100 lost to the extraordinary multi-media features of Samsung Galaxy models and many more. I was satisfied with what I had and I promised I'd never let go. But like thousands of people, I got dragged into the addictive world of Fruit Ninja. And like those people, I, too, gave up on my 1100 and put it in the drawers.

It's strange how easily we move on from phone to phone, no matter how long we have been together. We miss our old phones but we love our new ones too much to even think about the former. Often, we forgetfully open the drawers just to see an old phone staring at us with its blank, dead screen. The guilt tears us inside but only momentarily, before the new one vibrates from the front pockets of our trousers with a ringtone as cool as Hotline Bling. The joy we get from all those apps we can download for free is truly unparalleled.

But soon, life happens and our smartphone loses its smarts. It starts lagging just when we're about to pop the angry bird in a basket, or in the middle of Snapchatting a friend about the new dress we bought. And things only go downhill from there.

That's when we open the drawer again, to wake up the phone that was.

And that is exactly how and when I got back with my Nokia 1100. Call it a rebound, or a replacement fling – but I was again in love with this gorgeous device. The 100-decibel polyphonic ringtone was back; so was the palm-sized symmetrical body. On one hand, I was trying to convince myself that there's no better phone for me than this and on the other, I was craving selfies and instant messaging. But 1100's sincerity in waking me up in the morning with its loud vibrations and blinking lights made up for almost all of its shortcomings.

It took us a while to get accustomed to each other, though. Nokia 1100 wasn't really responding to my commands when I first took it out; perhaps it had started preferring solitude more than human company. I wouldn't know; I had left it when it needed me most. I took time before I inserted my SIM card into it, just to notice it wouldn't fit because I had already chipped it for my smartphone.

It happens to the best of us – we let go of phones more easily than we let go of humans. But if you really want to get back with your old phone like I did, either because you're bound to or because you miss them, here are a few tips for you:

1. Go to your nearest service centre to exchange your micro SIM card because of course your old phone deserves (and needs) a bigger one.
2. Do buy another smartphone because social networking and apps.
3. Take it slow; don't try to push your old pal to do too much in a day.
4. Do not talk about how much your palms miss your smartphone. It's an absolute no no.

Even though a very exemplary person named Taylor Swift said, “We are never ever getting back together,” I like to think feature phones deserve a second chance. And so do we. If your thoughts match mine, don't just wait – open that drawer and get that phone out. We ARE getting back together.

Mashiat Lamisa is often seen frowning at the sight of people who dislike poetry and tomatoes. She can be reached at mashiatlamisa@outlook.com

