

A Day in Life of a Wannabe Nihilist

FATIUL HUQ SUJOY

7.30 a.m.

Our protagonist, Belal, who likes to be called 'Be' (a name he adores because of the sheer irony – the pointlessness of 'Be'ing), wakes up sweating profusely. He is quite certain it's because of some dream that portrayed the futility of his existence.

He is trying to be oblivious to the ceiling fan that the house help didn't turn back on after sweeping the room.

7.50 a.m.

He spent the last 20 minutes pondering over what his revelation of a dream could have been. He hides his failure to remember by reminding himself that such neuron generated projections of the unconscious mind are meaningless, just like his life. He gets up for breakfast.

"Oh my gosh, mom, where's breakfast?" Be screams at the sight of an empty table. "I'll be late for college and there are grade points on attendance!"

"But today's a holiday, Belal dear," replies his mother.

"Doesn't matter, I want food," Belal tries to think of a distracting excuse to hide the general interest in meaningless CGPA he accidentally showed. "I am hungry."

"But Hungry, you are Belal," quips his proud father.

"But does it matter if I am Belal or Hungry, father? The mere concept of self doesn't matter."

Be's father turns his attention to the news.

10.30 a.m.

Be is out shopping with his mother, a process of acquiring worldly objects to fulfil materialistic ambitions via exchanging glorified pieces of paper. "Pointless, everything!" Be thinks out loud. His mother remains silent. Be is frustrated at the incalculable chance that led him to have parents who have no regard for his philo-

sophical orientation.

"Let's buy this shirt, Belal." Be turns at the orange and blue striped abomination his mom was holding and retches internally at the sight of it. He groans in disapproval before realising that he shouldn't have showed petty feelings towards some combination of light waves no matter how tasteless to common human eyes it is.

His mother grins smugly. "I'll look for your favourite black and black combination then."

"Meh," says Be and lets out a sigh of relief in the process.

2.30 p.m.

Be has had a filling lunch and is now on his bed preparing for a nap. As a habit he picked up from his previous normie life, he whips out his phone and enters his virtual (and equally pointless) life.

After going through and judging random peoples' life updates and laughing at the occasional existential crisis memes, Be sees a photo of his friends hanging out. Double checking the attendees, Be confirms that he's the only one left out.

Thirty minutes later, after finishing his passive aggressive essay, Be notices that his internet data has expired. He calms himself down by repeating to himself, "They're not your friends. They don't mean anything to you. They're just a few of many tiny fragments that make up a life that, in the end, is meaningless."

The extra moisture in his eyes helps him fall asleep.

6.15 p.m.

Be is leaving for his daily evening stroll. Instead of the usual "I'm going to meet up with friends. Why are you laughing? I have friends." excuse, today he tells his parents that he's going out to jog. As if keeping his decaying flesh cage fit has any place in his priorities. He also takes all of his month's allowance to feed himself out of depression.

The streets are filled tonight, much to Be's delight. Looking at all these random simpletons talking, laughing and worrying about their petty simpleton problems gives Be strength. The fact that these people are so ignorant of the meaninglessness and inevitable demise of everything they find relatable confirms that Be is superior to them all.

8.00 p.m.

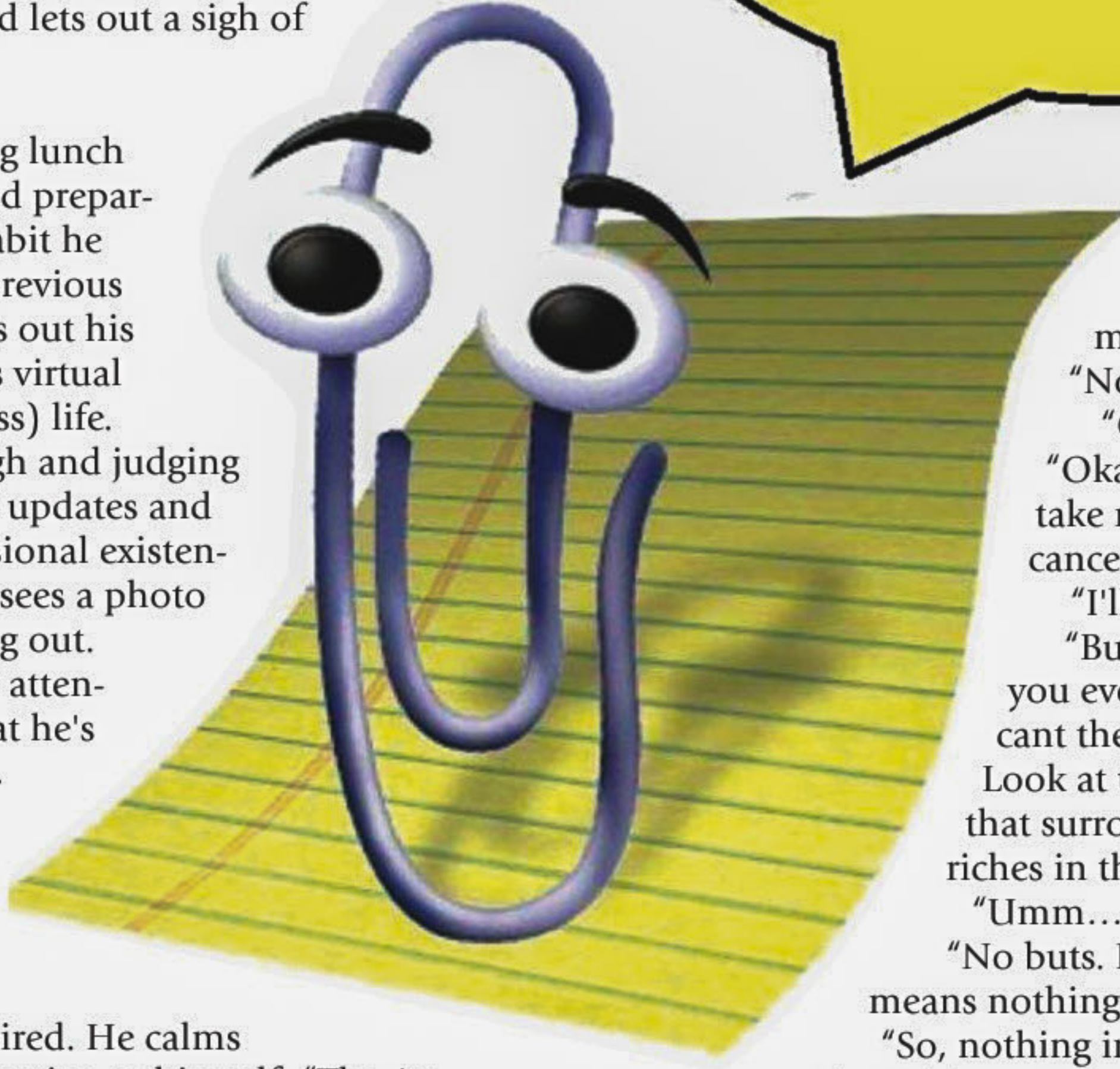
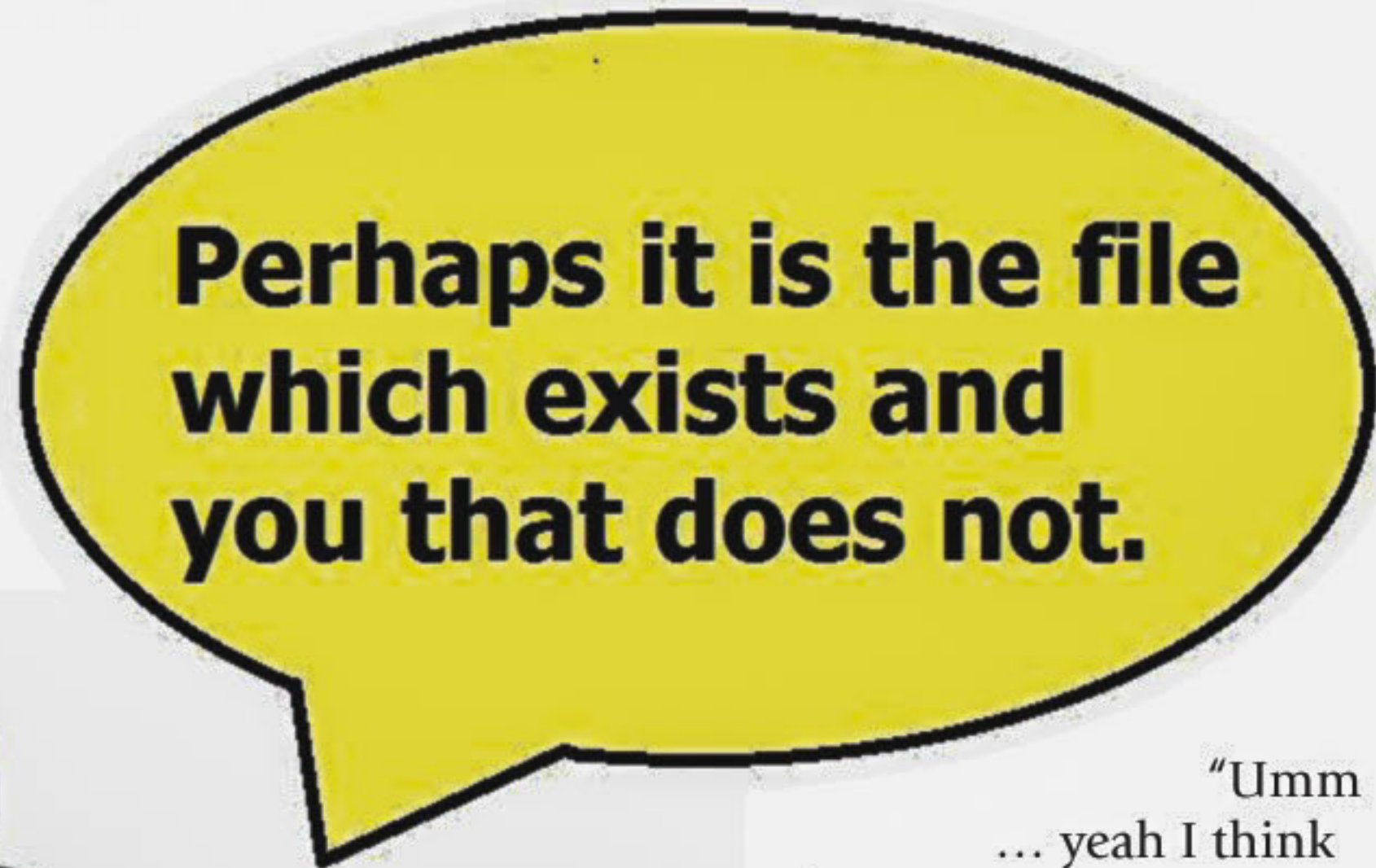
Be is rather happy after his stroll. He decides not to eat out and save the allowance money. On his way home he mistakenly enters a dark alley and confronts a giant of a man.

"I am 'Kala Helal'. Give me everything you have," says the man pointing a knife at Be.

"Umm... hey, what, wait," Be struggles to make sense. He tries a cunning way out of this. "Hey man, my name's Belal. Our names rhyme. We're... umm... practically related?"

"Names mean nothing. Now, give me your money."

"Hey, no, wait, you're right. I also believe names mean nothing. They're social constructs that provide individuality where it's vain."



"Umm... yeah I think that too. But... umm... give me your money or else!" Kala Helal takes Be's money, ignoring his whimpers. "Now, your phone."

"Oh please no!" – Be begs.

"Okay tell me this Mr. Helal, why take my belongings? What significance does it hold for you?"

"I'll sell them for money."

"But why chase after money? Have you ever thought about how insignificant these little pieces of paper are? Look at the sky and feel the grandeur that surrounds us. What is money or riches in the grand scheme of things?"

"Umm... yeah, but..."

"No buts. Let these foolish ventures go. It means nothing."

"So, nothing in our lives mean anything?" – Kala Helal stares at the night sky in epiphany.

"Yes! Exactly!" – Be exclaims proudly.

"So that means none of my activities matter. I have no obligations to manmade norms and laws. I can do whatever I please." – his eyes glaring.

"No, wait..." Be was too late. Helal forces Be's phone out and runs to the streets.

Be stands still in the alley and is in tears not because he lost the belongings he cared about the most or that he just created a monster, but with the realisation that he was no different from a simpleton. He falls to his knees and thinks about his life choices as the street fills with screams of terror.

Fatiul Huq Sujoy is a tired soul (mostly because of his frail body) who's patiently waiting for Hagrid to appear and tell him, "Ye're a saiyan, lord commander." Suggest him places to travel and food-ventures to take at fb.com/SyedSujoy.

