

Falling into the depths of YouTube

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We've all been there. You went on YouTube to maybe watch a quick tutorial or an interesting TEDxTalk video that your friend gave you a link to. While you're watching, you briefly glance over at the suggestion videos on the right. Most of them seem fairly uninteresting or outright silly. But then, that one video, with a title or a thumbnail that puts all those clickbait news portals to shame, catches your eye. The cursor rushes across the screen and your index finger hammers down on the mouse. Five minutes later, the process repeats.

It starts off with something you're genuinely interested in. Maybe it's a video about a cute dog doing cute things. Or maybe it's a mediocre cover of your favourite song by a three year old, except the title says "*MUST WATCH! Young Talent BEST singer in the world*". (No offense to any three year olds reading this article). But as you continue to go from video to video, the contents just get more and more bizarre.

Eventually, you'll learn about 5 reasons why you should date someone who owns a pickup truck. Then you'll be fascinated by how sheep can learn to recognise the

faces of celebrities from 2 different angles.

At some point, you may get some sense back and realise you've been watching nonsense. You also remember that you have an assignment due and you have to prepare a presentation. You make a firm decision to stop procrastinating and get your real life things that matter handled. But first, a quick listen to your second favourite song to get yourself energized before you close the tab, right? So you decide to go to "*Despacito – Lyric Video*" that you have bookmarked already.

Unfortunately, YouTube is a sneaky little fella and thanks to your previous YouTube marathon, you're quickly sucked into bizarre-land again by the mighty gravitational pull of YouTube's suggested videos. A good 2 hours later, you've seen so much that you feel you need to binge watch Rick and Morty while eating lots of green pizza.

Given sufficient time, you'll end up watching videos that are almost impossible to justify watching, yet are oddly magnetic. I remember once finding myself going through a playlist called "*Japanese Bug Fights*". It indeed was what it seemed. Two insects were pitted against each other in a glass box as they fought to the death (Pokemon?), while a man enthusiastically



Big Bang Theory where only one person finds it funny

639,159 views

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Turbo Sloth

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commentated in Japanese.

I'll admit, it had a certain thrill about it that slightly eases my personal regret of ever watching that. Fortunately, the comments section was full of comments along the lines of "Why am I even watching

this", so I know I wasn't alone.

By the way, if sometime in the future, underground bug fighting leagues become a popular site for gambling, make sure to put all your money on the giant centipede. That thing is a beast.

Six hours of Lana Del Rey

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

Am I going to discover myself in Lana Del Rey's fandom for a lifetime after six hours? Or will these six hours be the death of me?

HOUR 1

I type Lana Del Rey on YouTube, and Young and Beautiful tops the list. Her songs seem slow paced, and I decide to wait a few more minutes to not be this judgmental so quick.

Alright, the background instrumental hum is rising and exploding with hints of violins from an almost inaudible state. Her youthful timbre accompanying her dark style is breathtaking. The unpredictable and striking shifts in her tone seem like a therapy material. Now I'm pretty sure I'm going to love her songs, and I don't want the upcoming ones to ruin this impression.

Also, I want to pronounce Beautiful like she does.

HOUR 2

Having gone through many of her songs, I believe this woman is obsessed with July. In Lust For Life when she sings 'take off, take off', I feel like the beauty unfurling from her music is going to toss me into the unending abyss of her fandom. And I think she was advising a plane to take off. Pfft.

HOUR 3

I'm loving YouTube's playlist — the way it's making me swim through Lana's



music without getting disappointed at a single one. There's this one song which is as beautiful as the sorrowful film effects.

It reminds me of a Sepia kind of day on The Walking Dead. Hint: The song's called 'Grishmer Bishonnot' when

translated into Bangla.

HOUR 4

It's afternoon and her music is so soulful that it drives me to the rooftop. Plugging in my headphones, I watch the mob of crows fly in a blue sky co-existing with cotton trails and splotches of flame. The leaves are rustling in the unending fresh winds. The echo of her music is drifting me away from unfinished assignments, convoluted thoughts, noise pollution, and of course, reality. I can tell for sure this is the moment I want to freeze for a lifetime.

Fresh air, Lana Del Rey, sky and bird watching (can I call crow a bird?) are all a person needs.

HOUR 5

The past hour experience was eye opening to me in two ways. 1. I realised Lana Del Rey's music ropes itself to the nature as if they are one. 2. You are likely to be met with disturbing stares from the neighbours when your gaze is fixed at the sky with headphones on.

Anyway, I've put 'Serial Killer' on repeat.

HOUR 6

I'm happy with my decision as it helped me unveil the curtain of another world. Now I'm aimlessly winding in a dark void poked with stars. In a few minutes, I'll probably fall on a planet where white dogwood trees in green fields, cotton candy sky with streaks of orange, peony gardens, endless wind and everything Lana Del Rey will greet me.

Isn't her existence a gift to music?