



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A KEYBOARD

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I identify myself as a keyboard. I am the one without whom the prospect of writing this article would've seemed impossible. It has been days since my master Tarzan utilized my existence. Hence, I am blanketed by dust. I watched it descend on my surface, almost like a ghost out of thin air. The lanes in between my function keys have become a deserted archaic memorial. My neighbour, a mouse, identifies himself as "B4tek". He faced the same fate as well.

Anyway, since master is home today, I am gleaming with the hope that I am going to get my glow back and be functional again.

6:00 AM

Tarzan hasn't slept since last night. Though I'm being hammered constantly, I am not getting tired. It's mostly because of the fact that I've had quite a comfortable rest until now. I feel more energetic than ever. I think I can function continuously for the next week or so.

In this ungodly hour, Tarzan is exercising his unpractised poetic skill. He

scribbles some words, deletes them, scribbles some again — the repetition never ends. I have realized that he loves to make complete use of my enter button just like the other millennial poets. From whatever I've gathered in all these months, he finds inspiration in Rupi Kaur. Hence, the fear of my enter button's death always lingers around like a shadow.

Lesson of the hour: Tarzan is a budding poet, a horrible one too.

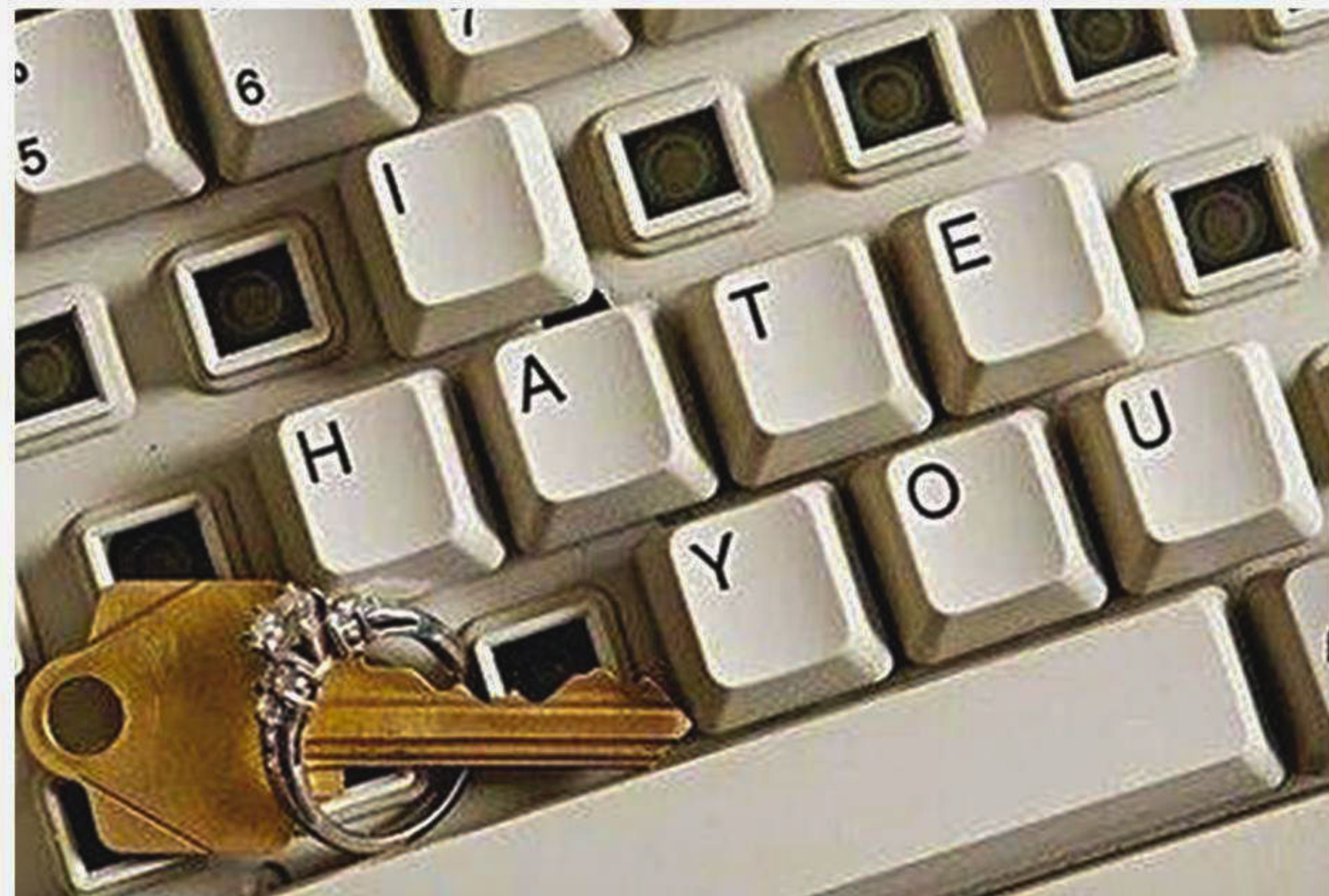
7:00 AM

The sun has showed up. So have the crows.

Tarzan is polishing his last minute presentation. I'm sending electric signals to the computer and my letters of the alphabet, symbols, and numbers are boarding the signals, reaching the monitor screen. They are travelling safely. It feels good to see the alphabets, numbers, and symbols that I wear proudly cruise through the signals and end up on the presentation slides, search boxes, or whatever you can think of.

10:00 AM

I'm left with my neighbour "B4tek" now.



He's a lazy mouse. He finds solace in the fact that he is excused from having to work. As for me, I'm bored. The silence hanging in the air is disturbed by the creaking door. I wonder who just came in.

Oh that's his younger brother. The evil one.

His face is gleaming with joy because Tarzan finally gave him the password to the computer. He launches Sleeping Dogs and keeps playing until his mum whisks him out. I'm forced to obey his commands and beat people, rob them of their cars, while my neighbour "B4tek" is used to shoot. He completely drains the energy out of my W-A-S-D buttons.

I feel like I'm the nervous system of his avatar in this game. Without me, the avatar would be paralyzed.

6:00 PM

Tarzan is home early. His eyes are heavy with tiredness, but he won't sleep. He logs into Facebook, writes a 500 word long rant. I believe it's about the internet being temporarily shut down throughout the country. Later on, he starts a heated debate on someone's post. The comment section is a smouldering mess. I'm his

weapon. I love the fact that he knows me like the back of his hand. Even with his gaze fixed on the screen, he can type a whole paragraph without stealing a glance at me.

10:00 PM

He's teetering between Facebook and MS Word. The aspiring writer in him is slowly rising. I am the brushstroke that paints whatever goes on in his mind. I colonise the blank document, leave when necessary, colonise yet again — the process continues until the empire is built.

Tarzan drinks like an animal. He always keeps his water bottle on the computer desk. The cap is slightly closed. He isn't aware of it. In an attempt to hit a mosquito, he hits the bottle, and it falls over me. The water floods the alleyways. It's like a tsunami swallowing up my key matrix and blocking the electric flow. I always knew that water would be the death of me.

Is Shah Tarzan Ashrafi a better alternative to his current name? Let him know at tazrian1234@gmail.com

