



Stages of using Internet Explorer

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One sunny afternoon, I notice the icons on my computer and started reminiscing about the days I used to use Internet Explorer. Starting from playing SpongeBob games to discovering YouTube, it all started with a browser I haven't used in years. Being a sucker for nostalgia, I wondered, "What would happen if I used Internet Explorer in 2019?" In my head, it's no different from the 5 stages of grief.

DENIAL

As I click on the browser, I feel my heart skip a beat. The words "Internet Explorer cannot display the webpage" come up. Maybe I'm not connected to the internet. BUT I AM. I start panicking, but I don't lose hope. I check the router. I turn it off and then on, waiting those 10 seconds like my life depended on it. I run back to my room and reload the page. But those same words reappear on my screen.

ANGER

I've been at this for more than 5 minutes now. When will this work?! I barge into my brother's room. "There's something wrong with the internet. I need you to fix it right away," I pretty much scream at him. He barely looks at me and says he's been gaming for 5 hours. "Internet's fine," he says. I go back to my room in big steps to try again. But the words on the screen seem to be mocking me. I feel like breaking the laptop into pieces. After I reload for the 20th time, I am so mad I'm about to throw the laptop out the balcony. But I don't. It's my brother's laptop after all.

BARGAINING

I try to calm myself down. "It's just a browser, it'll come around in a few." And

so, I go back to using my regular browser. I use Firefox for a while and wait for Internet Explorer to come around. But deep down, I knew it never would. After a while, I tried using it again but it hadn't come around. My attitude changed. I was ready to do anything to browse 5 minutes on Internet Explorer for the day. And so, I went to my regular browser to google the answer. Maybe if I need to update or reinstall for it to work? I find nothing. It's all gone.

DEPRESSION

I don't feel so good. I feel as if my childhood will be forgotten, much like this dysfunctional browser. I call my friend. Despite having a presentation and 2 exams, he listens. But after I tell him everything, he gets confused. "So you're sad Internet Explorer doesn't work? I don't get it, why would you have it on your PC at all?" No one understands. I realise this is *my* battle. And so, I hang up and try to sleep. I think of the days I played some SpongeBob tennis game until my dad scolded me. Ah, the good old days! I wonder if they'd have existed had there been no Internet Explorer to begin with.

ACCEPTANCE

As I wake up after 15 hours, I don't feel bad anymore. I think of last night's incident as I lay in bed. Will I lose everything that made my childhood amazing one by one? I guess so. Maybe that's life. I finally start to accept the end of Internet Explorer and let go. But I vow to never let go of the memories it gave me.

Antara wishes to conquer the world someday and bring back an alien from Pluto. To know more about her evil schemes, send an e-mail at: antara56.ar@gmail.com

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TRAFFIC LIGHT



MOMOTAZ RAHMAN MEGHA

8:00 am

Today I saw a little girl holding her mother's hand and trying to cross the road. I think she was going to school. It's a place where humans apparently go to get educated. I don't understand why humans are this ignorant about their safety if they go to school. I keep screaming at them in my red, green and yellow hues but they never listen. As I kept looking at the little one cross the road, I saw the yellow ribbon hanging from her braids. All of a sudden, I realised that I have seen this image before. My electric heart skipped a beat. I had a flashback from last week when three little girls in school uniform were trying to cross the street. They had yellow ribbons too. I was screaming at them in green. They didn't listen. They never listen. Now, every time that I look at the little ones in front of me, I am scared because I know what happens to the little ones when they are on the streets. I scream at them but they don't listen. They get hurt. I look at the bloodstains on their tiny hands and I feel like the most helpless object on earth.

3:30 pm

The sky is cloudy today. Things get messy when it rains. Humans get anxious because traffic is intolerable. They get

impatient and they forget to look at me screaming at them in red. I stand here and try to help even when there is a storm. I try to help them when the sun shines so brightly that they can't look up at the sky. They ignore me all the time. I don't get it. Why won't they let me help? They look at things around themselves all the time. They read the posters on the streets. I envy the posters. They look at the billboards down the streets. I envy the billboards. I don't get why they would look at static images of actors but not pay attention to my changing colours that try to save their lives every day.

12:30 am

I am still awake. Even when the streets are dark and the little man silently sleeps next to the dog and wonders if sleeping in a bed would feel the same as sleeping on top of the grass, I stay awake. Sometimes I wonder that if I crawled up beside that dog and let these humans be by themselves, would they care? Would they finally notice? I am worried about the little girl with the yellow ribbon. I wonder if she is still breathing. I wonder if I will see her tomorrow crossing this road.

Megha thinks it is important to give some attention to the traffic lights. Share your thoughts with her at megharahman26@gmail.com