

# The real 21st century existential crisis

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It took me some time to wrap my head around what was happening. That night, I was casually scrolling through my Facebook newsfeed when suddenly, I was logged out of my account and was asked to log in again. Upon attempting the login, I was redirected to a page where a message read, "Your account has been disabled."

WHAT THE FACEBOOK! WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY ACCOUNT GOT DISABLED?

I was shocked by what had just unfolded before my very eyes. It's been a decade since I started using that Facebook account and they decided to take it away just like that? As hard as it was to come to terms with this loss, I got myself together and began to think of why it had happened and how I could recover my account.

I then received a phone call from a close friend who asked why I had deactivated my account. As I explained the situation to him, he burst out laughing and then expressed his grief as I could no longer send him memes anytime soon.

You see, my meme game is unlike anything you've ever seen, which is why me being out of Facebook is somewhat similar to the case of the Avatar, who vanished when the world needed him the most.

But what if my account was disabled because of the memes I shared? It could be a possibility. Of course, I highly doubt that anyone from my friends list was so offended by my meme-posting that they decided to report me. I also don't have that many enemies (I hope) who would gang up on my account to get it removed.

It was also possible that someone reported my profile as a fake one. This was even more thought provoking than the meme posting reason as it made me question my own existence. Am I really me, or did the real me figure out that I was a fake me and got the account reported? You might think that I'm crazy, but past three in the morning, isn't this all of us?

Soon enough though, I stopped thinking about what had happened and began to calm down. Pondering over this issue was only making me feel more insecure.

However, something was not feeling right. Never in my life, have I felt so much disconnected from the world as I did that night. It was as if someone had thrown me into a void of some sort where you can have all the necessities you need to lead a comfortable life but, you had to live there all alone.

Getting zucced was something I never expected, yet, here I am. I did try to contact the Facebook support team via mail, but as of writing this article, they haven't contacted me back. As for now and until (if) I get my old account back, I'll just have to make do with a substitute of some sort.

*Faisal wants to be the very best, like no one ever was. To survive university is his real test, to graduate is his cause. Send him memes and motivation at abir.afc@gmail.com*



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