

## A Glitch in his time

*“Time is an inch of gold, but you can’t buy that inch of time with the inch of gold.”*



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**T**ime, it is the most underrated phrase. Sometimes, the most valuable, it's just something that we need to live through and make it. Sometimes we just flow with it, like a pebble in a river and sometimes we feel it fading away in almost perfect synchrony with the change in relative scale of our palms.

Whatever be our dynamic relationship with time be, the more we stay with it, the more complicated it grows, the more lonesome we feel, ending this vicious friendlessness by sacrificing the soul.

Not to go deep on sentiments, our time influences how surrounded we feel, we are, and we want to be. And to curb the constant vacancy, we find ways to fake blithesome neighbourhoods.

Not to sound like a necromancer diffusing bitterness like bad mojo anymore, let me be a charmer and take you down an upbeat fantasy.

So, what do you do when you are not in a mood to leave the couch and have

an actual interaction? Have a virtual interaction instead!

So here's a guy named Sarthak, an Indian brat, trying to explore the vastness of this world lying on his back using the surreal appliance responsible for ruining the youth and hyper-tensing caretakers. He met a damsel distressing herself due to the current lockdown situation. She lived overseas and was of the same age as this spoiled boy. The pun here or the point to note is that they met on a dating app! And she kept whining about not being able to dance on the streets because of the virus doing it for her. I mean, who does that?

Anyways, good for both of them, he soon fell for her. According to him, the girl was 'not like the rest'. Still cannot understand this phrase, I can. He probably started simping about her because low key somewhere in his heart he was elated realising that he caught a white fish.

Alas, he wasn't introduced to the snags of communicating via thumbs instead of tongue, poor guy (no pun intended).

They talked for days and nights, shared every small detail of what's up in their life, Sarthak got so involved he almost forgot that the rest of the world matters too. Even though he never saw her in person, he could still

fantasise about her in his sleep. She seemed passionate, vision ate, a girl full of life and dreams. Or maybe it was his love blindfolding all his senses.

Honestly, she was just an annoying freak who loved to boast about her boneheaded achievements. Her mood was changing faster than the wind and the weather. Initially listening, or reading, her triumphs left him in awe. He was feeling more attracted to her with each out-of-the-world success.

"Why are you crying babe?" Sarthak touched the bright, shiny screen of his cell phone, lying in complete darkness under his blanket.

"My application to NASA that was previously got approved, got rejected. I don't know what else to do."

After 2.65 hours of online pampering, he made her gain back her confidence and made her believe that despite her failures, she's worth loving. I really don't want to go into the intimate specifics, as chat romance is dull and futile, especially when you have no chance of taking it to the next level. But it was not completely worthless. You must be wondering what a bubblehead this guy is.

He's wasting his time chatting with a girl he's not even sure exists. It could even be a guy on the other side,

shaped with feminine thumbs and style of texting. But listening to her constant achievements and motivating failures pushed him every day to ditch his monotonous, inert lifestyle and do something productive. Maybe it was just an urge to impress the girl, otherwise she will think dumb of him. But the fact that you cannot go on listening to others stories without gaining anything in return. He brushed his brains off trying to look for gaps in facts or darkened pieces of chinks in the vast universe which demands a further look. He started observing things in a different way tried to put theories and conclusions into colours. During tenure of 5 months, he successfully published 2 researches in the Indian Astronomical journal and even got a certificate of appreciation from ISRO, something to actually brag about in front of his online date. "Babe you know I sent my research on the moon to NASA is all over the news! Turn your television on now!" This be the text that changed it all.

Sarthak kept switching channels for hours, waiting to look for the authenticity of his heart-stealer's accomplishments. Found not a thing. And it was nothing new. Even before he asked her to show him the awards she claimed to have acquired for victories one cannot even imagine at

an early age, all she did was send a photo of chocolates and called them relics.

"You may have missed it. Don't blame me now." said the last text before she went offline for days. Sarthak was heartbroken. The only girl able to cross the invisible walls around his heart with such an ease suddenly ghosted him. First, she took enough of him, his sanity, his time, only to ghost him just because he reverted with a refusal of faith in things she said. He cried for days. Typed apologies in languages humans of this realm cannot understand. Nothing worked.

After a year, he gained enough strength to head to a therapist. He was so obsessed with this girl and wanted to know what he did wrong that made him lose her. "This is how things went bad" he tried to explain it to the therapist.

"Do you mind if I read your messages?" Sarthak nodded. He handed him his cell. The therapist was the first person other than himself to touch his mobile in years. After reading some of the chat the therapist looked up. "She was schizophrenic, clearly. None of this actually happened to her. Just dreams, delusions, Hallucinations. Honestly, all I can say to comfort you is that you did nothing wrong. In Fact, you took

advantage of this girl in the right way. She made you do better, lucky boy. Made you struggle every day. You have accomplished so much just by talking to a maniac. Now you got to let her go." He sighed. Sarthak felt a bunch of emotions, only to feel better and enthusiastic in the end.

Well she came as a glitch in his time that took him down a rollercoaster of opportunities and a lesson of choosing the right company for his sloth o'clock. Ufff, this is the kind of love I want! Don't you?