

## Hacked

What's on your mind?

Gossip. Whisper. Laughter. Shame.

I'm seeing pain, agony from the eyes of these tiny sparks of light from the screen that I am facing. Click the share button. Make an angry react. Write a comment. I'm slowly reaching pleasure. I won't stop until I reach fame. I just need a million views, and a million more.

I made a virus. This curse I created is slowly spreading towards the young users' minds. To tell you, this will create history, a new story that will surely create a disaster to the higher server. Let me hijack the data of the users using this virus. Let me implant this to their minds. This is a race against time, but to tell you, I am time. You will never catch me. You will never let me feel the agony, but I can see your mournful tears drifting towards my screen.

I captured a single moment, a span of time that scattered the dirt. Let me take this for my advantage. I created an algorithm to hack the high server. I have the course of the users in my hands. Tell me, am I not the greatest? This will create a new flip to history books. This will create a change in the rising reputation of this server. Let me share this to every common browsers. Let me spread a mistake and make that mistake bigger than success.

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I used to look at the higher server from below and always wanted to make a step to reach the top. Now, I reached the peak. The fate of the server lies in my hands. Now, let this virus scatter like dust in the wind, slowly making things worse. Let it be. Let it be.

Common people bow down to see their notifications as the virus reach their chat boxes. Their eyes flicker as the virus grasp the data of their brains, making them feel like robots that perceive the server as enemies standing their lines. Let them even drag the high server down.

I used to look at the higher server from below and always wanted to make a step to reach the top. My eyes always look forward to contribute to the servers' innovation, but I did not get the chance to stand high.

Above the grounds, I gaze at the beauty that the server contributed to the lives of their tiny sparks of light. I always wanted to be a part of that light, but I never tried to reach out. Instead, I just hide from my own shell, afraid to let the users know that I can also create an algorithm.

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I captured a single moment, a span of time to scatter the dirt. I don't want to do that, I need to. I wanted to step into the limelight. Making myself a part of the server not the answer in highlighting what I am capable of doing, so I become against the server to steal the spotlight. I only wanted fame, and with that virus, I know I can show the whole world that I am also a contributor of success, success that slowly is turning me into a subject of greater mistake.

I made a virus, then became the prisoner of my own virus, and then I became the virus itself. It devoured me. It made me feel like I succeeded, but I did not. I failed. To tell you, I created history, a new story that changed the course of the server, but made a bigger change to me. I can see it. I can feel it. I lost. I was choked because the mistake I made did not destroy the server; it even strengthened them and builds even good connection that I can never defy.

I'm seeing pain, agony from the eyes of these tiny sparks of light from the screen I am facing. Instead of clicking share, my fingers reached the power button. I can't shut down the virus, but I can see clarity. I can see myself in the reflection of the screen; smiling and unafraid.

I see reality now.