Lost in the Hustle

Amidst the crowd of employees who are constantly working as a robot on a daily basis, the same transfer of files from one desk to another, the same scrum meetings, code reviews and what not, entered the managing director of this giant software company.

The exhausted employees greeted their boss as if some alarm clock triggered inside them and made them say "Good Morning sir" though this morning was as usual, as tiring for them after a relaxing weekend.

If they saw him coming towards them, they used to get frightened as if they would be punished if he didn't like their work.

"What about the backend code?" asked Bipul.

"Oh good morning sir, the work is going on" answered the employee.

"Oh no Mr. Ramnath, we have a meeting with the client this evening" Bipul was quite frustrated as always if the work was a bit late.

"We are doing it sir!" the employee said looking at his colleague who was in the same development team.

"Do it immediately, without fail, no extension!" ordered Bipul.

Bipul went directly inside his cabin ignoring all the greetings of the employees which he used to face daily.

He sat on the big office chair, a huge computer kept on his desk with a ton of papers scattered on the table.

He rang the bell and in came his secretary "Yes sir!" she said.

"Mrs. Lily, you know that I always need my list of appointments first on my table" said Bipul while searching the list within the pile of papers.

"Oh sir, here it is," Lily took out a paper from her file book and gave it to him.

"Do your work on time! Be aware from tomorrow" ordered Bipul.

Bipul's phone rang while he was deeply rooted and concentrated on the list of appointments. He picked up the call, "Yes who is this?" he asked.

"You have not saved my number yet huh?" his wife on the other side of the phone call.

"Oh, sorry I was a little busy" he apologised.

"I was worried you just rushed out of home without saying a word" she said in a concerned voice.

"Today is an important day, Meera!" he exclaimed.

"So you remember it!" she said in excitement.

"Yup, a couple of meetings, the most important with the American client" he said.

"So this is it?" she asked.

"What else?" he asked swiftly.

"Nothing, all the best!" she said out of desperation.

"Thank you dear" he said.

"Ok, listen to one more thing.." as she was going to complete he hang up the phone call.

A notification came on his phone, from Meera, "I am booking a table in Lincho Decor, come at 8 in the evening".

He replied, "Done."

"May I come in sir?" Mr. Ramnath knocked on the glass door.

"Yes, come in," said Bipul.

Mr. Ramnath walked in slowly, keeping his hands clasped together, he said "Sir the American client is here."

"Oh, you should have informed me earlier," he said.

"Earlier?" Mr Ramnath asked for clarification.

"Once he informed you that he has left the hotel and is going to reach the office! Did you understand?" he said.

"Yes sir" Mr. Ramnath bowed down.

"Lets go now" he ordered, Mr Ramnath followed him.

The conference hall had a huge round table in the center of the room, fully ventilated, packed with air conditioner on all the four sides. The round table consisted of a ton of chairs all around.

Bipul entered alongside Mr. Ramnath and noticed that the American client was sitting on the sofa kept right in front of the entrance of the hall.

"Welcome Mr. Smith, honour to have you here" Bipul greeted.

"Same here Mr. Bipul," said Mr. Smith.

"Is all the setup done?" Bipul turned towards Mr. Ramnath.

"Yes sir," Ramnath said.

"Shall we start? " asked Bipul.

"Absolutely" Smith commanded.

Mr. Ramnath along with his team of developers explained all the changes they incorporated since their last meeting.

Mr. Smith along with other stakeholders seemed pleased with the requirements incorporated in the project.

"Wait, why have you added this chatbot?" Mr. Smith pointed out to Mr. Ramnath.

"Sir this was not mentioned in the requirements of the stakeholders but our team thought it would be helpful for our users to ask any queries." he clarified.

The meeting concluded on a good note, Mr. Smith along with the stakeholders seemed to be satisfied with the presentation.

After bidding goodbye to the client, Bipul asked Ramnath to come to his cabin.

"Why did your developer's team come up with these stupid, stale ideas?" asked Bipul.

"Sir but the stakeholders were pleased with the idea of chatbot " Mr. Ramnath defended himself.

"Do as they say, don't do what you think is right, got it?" ordered Bipul.

"Yes sir!" accepted Ramnath.

Bipul checked his phone, "I am waiting!!" a message from Meera.

He rushed through the traffic and reached the restaurant, he saw his watch, he was half an hour late, he reconfigured his watch to 8 o'clock.

Amidst the people he spotted Meera wearing a black dress taking a sip from the glass of water.

"Hey, here I am," exclaimed Bipul.

"You did a great job," Meera said in frustration.

"Why so?" he asked.

"You are half an hour late dear, do you know it?" she asked.

"Wait what?" he showed his watch to her "see, it is 8 o'clock" he exclaimed.

Meera took out her phone and flashed the time in front of him "see, can you see?" she said in anger.

Bipul drifted to another topic and asked, "Why did you arrange this date tonight for us, huh? Being romantic haa" he tried to be playful.

"It is our 5th anniversary Bipul!" Meera exclaimed.

Amidst the noise of the crowd there was a silence between them, both staring at each other, Bipul looking down in shyness, Meera staring at him in sorrow.