I still remember the first day when I set my eyes on you. 25th July 2007, a Friday hot summer afternoon. I was transfixed by the sight, you were there, right there in front of me, sitting idly in an inanimate form so innocent, so… flattering! The way you lay in repose, I was sure it had to be you. The curves and yet, the symmetry. Love at first sight, this is what they say, I felt connected.

I bought you home and my family liked you, no, loved you. The way you just so seamlessly connected to mother, and merrily danced around on the stage set specially for you, you were just a *magnifica opera d'arte*. I remember how mother was a little apprehesive while handling you, lest you may run around and hide away in some corner and not be seen. I wonder was she so careful with me too when I was just born, same apprehension, same protectedness, same concern that I might get hurt? But then, it was her first time meeting you.

We had a great time together, you virtually became my right hand. An extension to my right hand rather, like a sword. Thinking of sword reminds me of how many frags that we made, countless heads, how many civilizations planned, built and demolished, not to forget the medivial times that we were together conniving and dispensing history. I proposed and plotted, while you assisted in its execution. Some said you’re too heavy, some said you’re not enough, for me you were just perfect.

I believed that our relation was meant to last long, really long. I never saw it coming, the futility of wishful thinking. Nothing’s built to last, nor you, neither me. And yet, its really remarkable what resilience you showed until there was someone who could fill in some part of the void while you would be away. Alas, the shoes were too big to fit in for just a replacement, but you were lost, to me, forever. I am at loss that I cannot repair. Did I greive for you? No, just that I missed you every single time the other one missed something that you never failed to achieve. Post mortem reveals that you succumbed to some malfunction in your sensory parts, how I now wish I had just cremated you in the dead of the night rather than to open you up and look for signs of resurrection. Hope! I was blinded, so naive.

You made me realize that a master once chosen in seldom defied until death. The way you upheld your loyalty to me, and played tricks with others who tried to treat you like just anything, I feel all the more proud, and this makes me more nostalgic. I specially liked your tail, how it curved into any little room it got for itself. The only solace that I can get is that you breathed your last in my very palms.

We had a beautiful time together my friend, my aide. I wish you all the peace. Dearest Logitech, R.I.P.!