I’ve been borrowing sessions on laptops from friends lately. And all the while, while I am not on the laptop, I am meticulously chalking out the requirements that the Laptop that I buy is supposed to conform to. And all the while I am doing this, I am weighing my options of calling my old pal, my desktop, to come and stay with me. I’d pieced it together like a bouquet with flowers handpicked from diverse gardens with the best fragrance I could have afforded in my meager budget. It never let me down.

Somehow, I find customized things more appealing than any branded thing. An assembled computer, a custom built Lamborghini or well, we’ll talk about that in a few moments from now on.

I see faces everyday while I stand in a queue over the dining area, and I see them in plenty. Some repeat over day, some don’t. Then I have friends around who keep me updated on the directions where I should be facing. Meanwhile, there is a lot going on in my little head. I see a face, and I like its nose, a thin ridge line culminating on a pin point with just the right slopes on either sides. I remember reading somewhere that there are 14 types of noses in this world and I try to validate that claim. The other side of my brain sends SOS signals and forces me to abort the database scan. I see another one with kohled eyes so mesmerizingly beautiful that I am sure that they must have taken someone’s life in the past. Suddenly I am drawn to the upward curve of pink lips (neither too dry, nor too wet) too close not to notice. She’s smiling at some message in her inbox and merrily typing away the reply standing in the nearby queue. There’s another with the best cheek bone I’ve seen and there are a few more unnoticed faces I might not see today, the ones with figures many of their gender would envy and crave for.  Then there are a few who are the best company anyone would want to be in, for life. And all the while they happen to pass along, I am trying to calculate a composite picture, borrowing the best feature from each one of them and putting it in its place in my mental picture. What am I doing there? I have an empty plate, and an empty stomach to fill and a little brain in a much bigger compartment where it is bouncing around.

[](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-yOjrQlfD2Es/Tmote9ECsQI/AAAAAAAAAjM/MnRfgx0-HMc/s1600/esetnod32.png)

So the bottom line is that I like assembled things customized as per the taste. Only that I don’t have any tangible approach to God. But there is another catch even if I had some. It’s probably too late to be ordering something from way up there. Why? It’s simple. I send in a request, and even if I am a high priority and my order would supersede every other pending order, designing takes time. The whole framework has to be built just perfect. The process development cycle is a long and risky process. He needs to do it first time right, and He just cannot compromise. Even after the architecture has been released to manufacturing for the single piece to be made, the gestation time between the first stage and the delivery phase is still nine months, which by today's standard would mean obsoleteness even before it is released. Plus, the company of two to whom the rights to ownership are being granted until the product is mature enough to be sent off to the one who ordered it, has to be trustworthy, because mishandling of such delicate things can lead to defects and finally refusal. Plus security is also a concern, because virus is a common term inflicting many things today and who knows, something that I had ordered is stolen from their place?

Even though all of that was possible, no Horlicks or Bournvita or any fountain of youth would miraculously turn her into a compatible age group. Which means, by the time the product is ready for delivery, the one who ordered the make would be obsolete. What options am I left with except to make myself happy in branded things, built as per the market strategy and not the true needs? Is this why there is an idiom that

we'll always regret buying a computer, mobile and having a girl after a few days of having them just because something better would come along due to evolution? Now I think that the one who started this whole concept of marketing and economics long ago must have been working in close collaboration with the Almighty. He must have been God’s recruit, his Angel, sent on deputation to this purgatory to make necessary arrangements for avoiding future complications. In addition, God ensured that we get a little idea (only a little and not exact) of what we want only after crossing a certain age threshold so that no custom orders are delivered just after we entered this world.

And what do I expect after exposing such an intelligent trick that has been played upon us all by no one other than God? You never know, He’s after all a mischievous kid who always has tricks up his sleeves. He just might offer me something I can’t deny? He’s full of surprises, hides peace at the core of every storm.

P.S. : Don't be offended if the girl is being compared to a product and man to it's eventual owner or customer. And if you are still miffed, let 'I' be you (ladies) and 'She' be 'He'.