Wake up, Wake up.

*Get down to get your phones.* This sound echoes the wall of my hostel at 5 am in the morning, every Saturday. I spent my precious two years of high school in Trinity International School staying in its hostel. We didn’t have access to our phones and internet in 6 days of week. Only such things we had was a Nokia 1500 to call our parents. So, For my friend this is the best alarm they can have in their life. This **wake *up and get your phone*** every Saturday morning was a full stop to their 6 day long wait. But for me It was a call to get prepared for my visit to the best place. The place, just beside my hostel, is where my best friend lived. He is none other than the **EPSON Ecotank L3210** printer on Shyam Uncle’s computer and printer shop.

I met him on the 4th day of my hostel life. At that time, I needed to get documents that were in blocked inside the messages I received from my brother. He helped me to give physical form to those files. Since, then He is the one with whom I share my pdfs, images, codes and documents. He never disappoints me. He was ready to print the information I shared with him. He selflessly expend his beautifully kept ink inside cartridge. I also love the sound that mouse makes when I drag it on desk of Shyam Uncle. He is the one who owns my best friend. I love the sound click when I tick on the print icon appearing on the screen of Dell Inspiron 6000. Shyam Uncle always complains me about the grinding sound he makes. But for me, It is the most melodious tone. It was indication of another companion who filled the desk and all the file holder I had: the printed pages.

On every Saturday morning, everyone gets his phone. They start calling their parents, scrolling Facebook, and playing video games. But for me, It was an opportunity to explore the corners of internet, searching pdfs and pages. I could not hold my excitation. Going through tons of websites and exploring the realms of codes, equations and theorams hidden inside was more captivating and fascinating. Selecting pdf, images and github codes and keeping them on download list was a routine of my Saturday. I could not wait myself from sending the files I found to Shyam uncle’s Inspiron 6000 and get them printed from my friend.

Every blank sheet that went inside him and every punch of ink it got was a reward for me. It was the best gift for me.