Rain streaked down the windows of the near-empty 76 bus as it barrelled through the South Liverpool suburbs at the pace of a hurried elephant. Nearly nine tons of bus that is; a steel beast hiding in plain sight among the many wonders of our modern world. I sat, solitary, a lone dinghy among a sea of empty seats. The lights of the VDL SD200 single-deck vehicle that had dutifully ferried passengers throughout Merseyside for a decades-long career had begun to dim with age – a fervent reminder that nobody and nothing, in the end, shall be spared from the inescapable withering brought about by the passage of time itself. The coarse rumble of the Wright Eclipse 6.7 litre engine installed within the back of the bus was a mechanical lullaby as I began to feel myself drift off ever so slightly…

**BZZZ!**

I nearly jumped half way to the ceiling with excitement as my neurons detected the telltale signal of the vibrational notification of the application with-a-bell mark. Try saying that out loud. That may as well have been its entire purpose by this point if the multiple hundred day streak wasn’t enough evidence to suggest that she wasn’t the only reason I got on this stupid app. It gets to the point where which are the cause and the effect out of me using the app more and me talking to her is extremely unclear. I digress, for the main focus of the matter was that there was clearly a matter that needed checking. Steadily boiling with excitement, I failed four times in a row to unlock my phone using fingerprint ID, eventually ceding, forced into the PIN entering of shame.