

Finality

He had given it a lot of thought over the last few weeks. He had not come to this decision in haste, even though everything about the decision reeked of haste. He had not discussed with anyone, for he knew that no had the capacity to understand. He knew that he sought freedom, complete freedom, and he knew how to achieve it.

He still did not remember what it was that drove him to this extreme; it was not as if something was wrong in his life. He had a good job; why even today, what he considered being his last day his boss came up to him and commended him for the wonderful job he was doing. What is surprising is that given that he knew that he would not be working a few days now, he did not decrease the intensity that went into this work. Generally, people tend to slack-off of work in the days leading to their termination. There was none of this.

He knew that there were going to be some things that he could not get rid of, such as his name on the roster of his school, on his college and the fact that he worked in his company for a certain period. These records would live on past him, long after he had gone. He had made his peace with that. Those were things in the past, and one cannot be mad at the past. It was the present and more importantly, future he was thinking about the future.

He had taken care of almost everything. He had cleared all outstanding bills, including his telephone bills. Again, why would one do such a thing? There have been cases when people, before leaving stack up a gargantuan bill on their telephone bills and then proceed to leave not having cleared them.

He entered his room, a small one room that he occupied in a paying guest option for a minimal sum. His needs were limited; all he needed was a roof over his head, a place to lay his head at the end of the night, a place where he could complete his daily ablutions in peace and a computer table, his one connection to the outside world.

For a person who did not have too many friends in real life, he had a huge set of acquaintances off the internet. When he logged on to his various chat interfaces, he was met with most of those on his friends list pinging him. They always something to say, and something to ask. Add to the chat interfaces the fad of social networking websites and you could construct his persona.

Social networking websites were the first to go. Thankfully, these days they came with an option wherein one could delete everything about their profile and remove any associate data that concerned the profile. Just the press of one button and voila, he did not exist on the website.

Having done with the social networking websites, he then moved onto his general presence on the internet. He removed his blog, one of his main medium for discussion on topics so varied; one could run into pages listing them. This was a bit trickier than the social website. He had the time and patience for it. It was not as if he had to be at some place. For once, time was his greatest ally.

He first deleted the blog and its contents, which thankfully did not take too long. The part that took most of the time was going to the various pages that he had posted comments on and removing them. It did take a long time and by the time he had ensured that he did not leave any trace of himself on the internet, it was well past midnight.

He took out a piece of paper and began to write. He wanted to see to whom he could hand over his possessions; he wanted to leave a small note. He just could not think of anyone that he could leave his things. He smiled thinking to himself that after so many years, he still did not have anyone to whom he could leave his things.

He put a few things in a bag, a toothbrush, paste, fresh underwear, a towel, and a few books and gingerly snuck out of his room. He realized that there would still be his college and school records and there was nothing that he could do about them.

However, they did not matter, for they were all in the past, long past. As of today, he did not exist and people would not be able to find him as much as they tried. He had erased his identity from the world. He wanted freedom and this was how he was going to get it. Erase whatever was it that defined him and start afresh, a clean slate. It was a complete loss, but for some reason, it did not seem so. As he stepped on to the night, he felt that it was a start of a gain, finally.