

GUIDANCE PROVIDED BY SATAN

You Are Seven Minutes Away From The Final Destination (Maybe)



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*Charge to 200, clear! Push one of the epis, charge to 300, clear! *static noise**

You must be wondering how I, Google Maps, of the House Navigation, first of his name, the navislayer - you get it, I'm cool - ended up here, in muddy clothes on a hospital bed, possibly living my last seven minutes. I could be posting an aesthetic story right now, but here I am watching my life flash before my eyes. Turns out it's just a series of wrong turns.

It all began one summer when the stress from increasing competition in the market led me to visit India for a break (and Instagram. Damn @travelrealIndia).

If I survive this, hit me if I think about coming here again. Are we good? Continuing. I should've researched, should've gone on TripAdvisor (they really should give tutorials on how to survive Indian streets) or something because, Oh my God, the lanes. It was fine until the airport, but the moment I got out, a choking blast of smog slapped me in the face and made me cough out my aesthetic dreams. For miles, I was greeted with chaos that would make the cacophony of a fish market seem pale in comparison - discordant honking of cars (which

I've realised is a legit form of communication here), bustling crowds, ambulances jammed amidst every mode of transport ever. Cows are the only VIPs here, navigating the jam better than the traffic officer. Anyway, I had to go to Hauz Khas. Aesthetic spots,

good pictures, you know the deal. I flipped through my memory, searching for restaurants, cafes, and...Rakesh from Ghaziabad? Do I know him? Is he Sundar Pichai's relative? Cool shades in the selfie, though.

"Turn left in 50 meters", my gut

feeling said. "Of course because that worked out so well the last three times." Siri cracked. "How supportive". (Screech) I stamped on the break, before I smashed into a wall. "Phew, narrow escape", I sighed, "Siri, am I, perchance in Subway Suffers, or

some new version of Dora the Explorer? Kya road yahan hai? Nahi. Kya road vahan hai? Nahi." Calm and collected, I recalibrated. "Reroute and take a U-turn at 100 meters." Wrong once, then wrong twice. I found myself at the epicenter of an open mall. Grocery shops on wooden structures, clothes hung from makeshift tents, and people jumping in front of cars thrusting the palm of their hands on your face, to go bargain the price of tomatoes, never witnessed anything crazier in my life. "Alright, third try." "Perhaps you'd like to switch to pedestrian mode?" Siri chimed. I ignored her and prayed to God, "I swear I'll never confuse the highway and a normal road again. Please get me out of here." I started once again. Buildings, buildings, and... Rakesh? Or God? At that point, there was no difference. I approached him like an old friend. "Rakesh, what brings you to Hauz Khas?" Bemused, he said, "I'm Ramesh, and this is Ghaziabad." I'm pretty sure I fainted in his arms after that. He was sweet, though. I think he was the one who carried me to the hospital. "Well, at least you made it somewhere! Next time, I'll book you an 'anywhere door'." Of course, Siri couldn't resist one last dig.



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