

The Geezer - Why I may quit social media

For reasons familiar with every geezer worth the name, I am contemplating, heavily, quitting any new form of communication and getting off these seemingly omnipresent media of getting in touch.

By these I mean the Twitters, Facebooks, WhatsApps, Vibers and Beepings of this world! My plan was to stay silent about this decision and just melt away from cyberspace without a flinch. So, at day break, I logged onto Facebook to undo myself from this problematic space. You won't believe the first post that greeted my eyes; I had to double check, in case I was dreaming.

One geezer posted, "Just wondering. Is it okay for spouses to deny their partners privacy by checking their phone messages, hacking into their email and Facebook accounts, stealthily getting their printouts, planting boda boda men to secretly follow them up, setting up their friends to call them and seduce them, etc, would that be a relationship/marriage or a matter of military intelligence?"

I chose to stay my Facebook account, albeit as a passive observer - never to comment. This not only offered the temporary relief that I am not alone, but it spelt out clearly that I am not in the worst situation. Boda boda men to follow you and her friends to call and seduce you? Now that is beyond spooky!

At the kibaala later that evening, I shared this post with the boys, thinking I had a new one. Well, some of the boys had seen worse!

So, what we have in our lives; what we call mates, babes, lovers, wives, girlfriends etc. are none of that but merely espionage agents out to get us. And with the information highway getting wider by the passing minute, wider gets the snaring net. Don't you miss the days when the only way to get in touch with a lovely one was through airmail or a visit to their neighbourhood only under the cover of darkness?

And even then, communication would be by sign language - like throwing a stone at her bedroom window. The time when you left home for work, the only way to reach you was for someone to pay your place of work a visit - because not many workplaces had telephones. The days when a creditor had to patiently wait until they physically saw you, not like now when they demand for mobile money like your phone is some vault!

Back to relationships, this information highway widening is going to lead to the extermination of geezers! I have been decrying this here and you folks thought I was being alarmist, but where can a geezer hide?

Should have read the thread on the above post - proponents taunted this geezer for giving his better half reason to suspect, blah blah blah and the radical opponents called on him to call it quits when it hits such lows. I mean, you have hardly

switched on your phone and some Whatsapp bleep comes on complete with a chick's face.

As you struggle to shrug that off, a Viber call with a smiling face pops up and as you look for the 'reject' icon, another Whatsapp and another share on Facebook messenger, then Google+ honks and all the while, your live-in KGB agent is 'giving' you that piercing look!

As you excuse yourself for the compound to play with the kids, your other line lights up with a Captain Dolla ringtone; you are not sure the number will come showing, complete with a face. Meanwhile, news pilfers in via those annoying breaking news SMS providers, of a legless geezer but armed enough to riddle his live-in girlfriend with bullets through a bathroom door, mbu mistaking her for an intruder and killing her instantly.

Remembering the wench who the other day knocked down and ran over her husband, I guess mistaking him for a new hump in their driveway, I was like, that's now 1-1.

Let's wait what transpires in extra time; geezers and wenches could be set for penalty shootouts [no pun].

Source: [allAfrica](#)

For more, visit: <https://www.bizcommunity.com>