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A conversation with Facebook

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Facebook reveals its charm and allure in a frank conversation with our addicted writer

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Image Credit:

Amna: "Look who's in the house, it's Facebook!"

Facebook: "My! I never thought I was that popular"

Amna: "You sure are, but why are you so frequently visited?"

Facebook: "Well, I've got my charm, what about you, why do you visit me?"

Amna: "I won't tell. It's a secret."

Facebook: "Nah-uh, spill it out, common, don't be shy"

Amna: "I'm not shy! *blushes* I have my ulterior motives, your turn"

Facebook: "What was the Question again?"

Amna: "What's your secret for attracting people?"

Facebook: "The answer is obvious, Amna"

Amna: "Please, enlighten me."

Facebook: "To stalk and keep in touch"

It calls your name. It attracts. It captures. You look for a gateway, but you're stuck, and feel helpless. You try to find something to free you from this dark force, but you don't find a way to escape the inevitable.

You start receiving a massive amount of e-mails, and you start feeling peer pressure. You want to get away, and stop the damning frequently sent

invitations, but you find yourself with one way to such freedom. You succumb to those invitations, and join facebook.

In my case, I first joined facebook from the massive amount of e-mails I received, and for fun. Yet in a way, I joined facebook because most of my friends were in it, and kept telling me how 'great' facebook is. Oh man, I just realized its nothing but conformity. Or so says Psychology. Everyone around you does it, you do it too, and I don't mean monkey see monkey do. And no, I'm not talking about the Darwinian Theory; us being monkeys, that is.

Facebook is like a drug. Once you get a small hand of it, the more you want to taste it. The addiction starts with joining it, then using it. You first type the name of someone you know, and then you simply realize how almost everyone you know is on facebook. Whether people you know closely, talked briefly to, or seen, but never even talked to.

It can be so addicting to the point that the Web Editor said "Facebook ate my life"!

Facebook: "Hold up there!"

Amna: "what's wrong?"

Facebook: "I don't even have teeth, how could I have eaten his life!"

Amna: "For a slick, you're a little brainless"

Let's talk about stalking, and it starts when you are allowed to view people's profile. You read their mini-feed; who's wall they wrote on, their comments on theirs and others photos (which if the person's profile is not accessible you can still view it by clicking on it), their relationship status...and yada yada.

And of course, if you get the chance to access their friends profile, you know what they talk about, what they've done and whom they've done it with, and now please tell me, isn't keeping tabs on people lives is considered stalking?

It could get worse, since anyone can join...anyone can pretend to be somebody they're clearly not and play jokes on people. Hmm, I rather not make a confession right now. Heck, I might incriminate myself.

Damn, too much bad-mouthing Facebook. Since it can be for stalking, it can also be for keeping in touch with a long lost friend or family, or just simply keeping in touch with people you don't often talk/spend time with. They keep up with the latest news in your lives, and so do you. Now wait a minute, is that another form of stalking, but less obsessive? Perhaps.

I guess facebook is all about publicizing one's lives, whether to close friend or people you barely know. Some of you may be more extraverted than others, and some more introverted than others, it all depends on the way you set your Facebook profile, who can view it and who can not.

So it's whether you're paranoid about people keeping tabs on you, or you're whether too care-free to give a damn!

Sadly, Looks like we all might need a use of therapy because of facebook, or maybe I'm the only obsessive maniac who needs an intensive therapy.