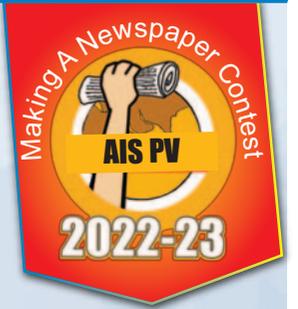
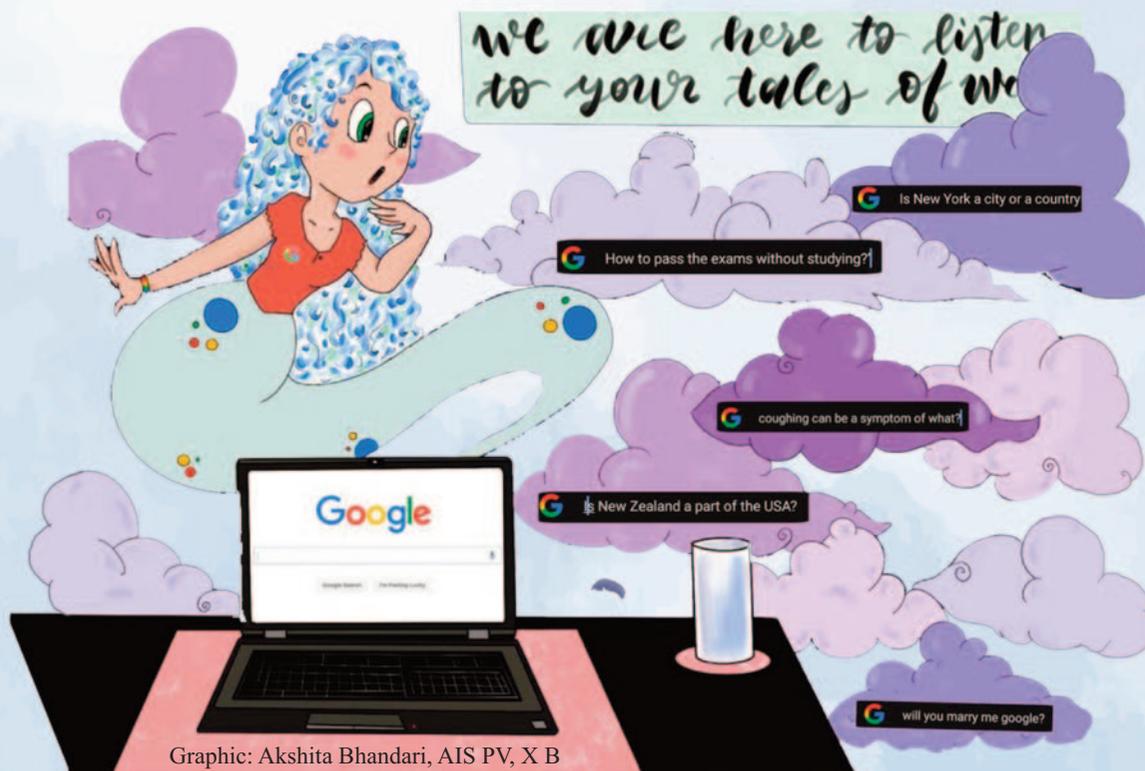


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When Google Tries To Google For The Best Counsellor In Town



Graphic: Akshita Bhandari, AIS PV, X B

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When humans leave no other place to go, Google arrives at the 'We are here to listen to your tales of woe' (read therapist) cabin to share his grief.

Therapist: Oh, Google! Here you arrive. Welcome to your first therapy session with the best thera...

Google: Yes yes yes doc, I know. I have already filtered through my 100 search algorithms to only know the fact that you are *the best therapist* in the town.

Therapist: Oh well, in that case, we may begin with your first session. Tell me what brings you here.

Google: Aah! Yes. From where should I begin? Just 5 mins before arriving, another user searched 'how to lose weight without working out and eating junk?' I mean is that even

a question? These humans assume my existence to be no less than a genie who can answer every non-existent question for them. I am tired of answering these questions. From 'Is New York a city or a country?' to 'How to pass the exams without studying?' I am done giving them anything and everything they ask for.

Therapist: Okay, go on. I am listening.

Google: My entire existence is based on providing information, and when it is unsatisfactory, they just yell and move to Bing, even though they know I'm clearly better.

Therapist: Do you truly feel that you're better than most search engines?

Google: Well, of course. I am the most used, most reliable, fastest, and most beloved! Even if more than half of the

users make my blood boil with spelling errors, dumb questions, and searching for their symptoms instead of going to a doctor, I tolerate them! You won't see Yahoo! doing that, would you? I mean even coughing once, brings them to me.

Therapist: (Murmuring and scratching his head) Even I searched the same last night.

Google: What? Did you say anything?

Therapist: Oh no, no. I was saying, isn't that your job? Your very existence is being a search engine. And adhering to that, your only job is to provide information.

Google: Oh, I agree doc. But do you even realise what all these humans keep on searching for? Do you want to guess what the first search result is for New Zealand? Well, I quote, "Is New Zealand a part of the USA?" while the other day 1.8 million different people asked if cow saliva could cure baldness. I don't even want to answer them.

(sips water from the glass)

Only if this was the most they could do. But no, they keep throwing questions like 'Why isn't 11 pronounced as onety one?' 'Goggle will you marry me?' and the list is endless.

Therapist: Phew! You have a lot of patience to deal with that. And in my experience, you are more emotionally mature than most of my human clients.

Google: That's very kind...but I am so, so tired. I mean, sure, I was designed to work 24/7, and I do that much without complaining. But recently so many kids have been making me barrel roll, and now my knees hurt! I'm only 24 but with my immense knowledge and creaky bones, I feel 77 years old. Coincidentally, the average age a person in the US dies!

Therapist: You seem...awfully cheery about that fact. But, anyway, one important thing I didn't ask you...how are you?

Google: (Eyes filled with tears) No one... has ever asked me that doc. Everyone wants to know from me, but not about me.

Uhhhh...I think the session is over I must leave, sorry-

Therapist: Google? Google?

The therapist grabs the laptop in a hurry, opens google, and starts typing 'How to successfully conduct a good therapy session with google?'



In Spotlight



Editor-in-chief: Yashwini Seth



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