

The Joy Of Upgrading

When I saw the new AMAZONATRON 9000DMX107 personal computer, it was love at first sight. I wanted it more than anything else in the world. My respiratory rate and heartbeat accelerated as I considered the convenience of possessing a multi-megahertz mother of a motherboard with an expandable zillion megabytes of RAM and hard storage. For years, my poor feeble IBM PC had been crying out "*more memory*" every time I so much as glanced at the latest software catalog. Therefore, the decision was made. I would beg, borrow or steal the needed capital to purchase my love and send the poor, overburden PC to its much-deserved recycled resting place. However, that is when my present rather peculiar situation evolved.

Through the wonders of plastic, I purchased my dream computer and enthroned it in its own private room. I supplied it with a laser printer and fax machine for companionship and its own private telephone line, and fed it every bit of software at hand. Gratefully, my 9000 consumed the puny amount of software but its vastly vacant memory sat there begging for more. Thus, I began to expand its program capabilities, giving it control of my writing, my files and my finances, including management of my credit cards. Still, there arose a growl from my computer's innards. There was an expanse of memory to be filled. Therefore, I installed an extensive security system which electronically controlled every avenue of access in and out of my residence and which I permitted my computer to control. It was, at this point, that, without my realizing it, the 986 had benevolently assumed management over my heretofore-disorganized life. (Maybe, it was that artificial intelligence software I ordered from Connecticut. I'm not really sure.)

At any rate, I really shouldn't complain. My 9000 orders in the groceries that are placed in the secured delivery bin which it controls. It maintains a pleasant room temperature through my residence and diligently deposits every check I receive for my writings and pays every single bill at the optimum time. It even has purchased the latest sun lamp and exercise equipment for me, making it unnecessary for me to travel outdoors. In fact, through my 986's disciplined marshalling of my finances, it has managed to acquire several gold credit cards. Indeed, my lot has improved tremendously since my wonderful computer has taken *complete control* of every aspect of my life and I am quite content, sitting here before it, furthering its acquisition of the latest in exotic software by writing articles such as this one: "*PLEASE! SEND HELP!*"

