

# The Messenger

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Volume 1996  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 1996

Article 24

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1996

## Computer Literature

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### Recommended Citation

Define, Robert (1996) "Computer Literature," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1996: Iss. 1, Article 24.

Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1996/iss1/24>

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## Computer Literature

I hopped on yesterday, the superhighway. Mr. Gates popped up and began talking to me in a digitally remastered voice. Something about a vision but it sounded more like the apocalypse. The horsemen just passed me in the fast lane, as I putt along on my 386, 1 RAM, 20 megahertz donkey. So the vision came to life in his head right before Harvard lost its worth, I believe. Scholar, disregard the volumes and love your Pentium, then the center shall begin to hold. I merged yesterday with the superhighway. The Library of Congress shut down again, so I found the book on-line.

What book did I search for, and need as sustenance? No, not a collection of poetry; we all can write a verse. A job. The book on jobs: how to find one; where to find one; why to find one. Three words for those in my position: COMPUTER KNOWLEDGE REQUIRED. So I went out last night, turned off the heat in my house to save some of the dispersing cash, and burned my books from college. Don't worry, I wasn't a computer major, nor an engineering major, not even a math major; I read Literature. All kinds of Literature: French, English, Irish, Swedish, Austrian, African, Feminine, even American. I never felt so warm as I did last night, roasting marshmallows over Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Then, I cleared my shelves and made room for Gates's vision.

Found this piece of equipment in a second hand store. It was new four years ago, and now it's refuse. I am a statistic in his mind. "We captured another today, and tomorrow, his children are ours." I don't know, I suppose I surrender. A virus on my diskette infected everything I once knew. Now I start anew, studying the Microsoft language, because Literature, that could never find me a job. A job. Back to the original argument of why I'm on-line.

I read Literature: past or present tense? Should I put this on my job résumé? The résumé is on-line, along with video



interviews on-line, and even physical exams. (Bill Gates has this new medical software; it's quite fascinating really. And the doctor's fees are taken right out of my digital wallet, which is actually worth more than the money it contains.) I never have to leave the house if I don't want to. With a couple more monitors, wall monitors, I can have the sky and sun and birds all around me twenty-four hours a day. Incredible.

Tomorrow, the first brain transplant will be attempted. Not a brain from one human to another, but a brain from one human to his 200 gigabyte harddrive. 200 gigabytes? You didn't see the Computer Towne advertisement:

200 GIGABYTES  
More Space  
Than The Universe!

So the jar encapsulated brain has these wires worming through it, and they all stream out into the new IBM, loaded with Microsoft's Windows (fill in the date, depending on the year). The brain comes from a twelve year old boy. He's afraid of dying; he wants to live forever. Computer genius Eighth grader fighting puberty. The boy does not want to die, and he knows God can't make him die. He says that he could be God, but we all laugh. You don't believe me? It's true; I read it on-line, searching for a job.

Over three thousand Microsoft-made millionaires, or so it says. They're driven individuals, Gates would probably answer. Over 5 gigabytes of American poverty. No incentive, the same responds. A plea to the Almighty: I pledge that I will neither use nor look at any software other than Microsoft software; Help me learn the ways so that I too might leave this cardboard shed and become your elite, and pass on to that better life in Cyberspace. I gave homage and now find me a job. I, Satan, ate from the Tree of Life, and now feel remorse for my

accusations of weakness. Take me back into your arms, and feed me the nectar on which you survive.

Finally, I move closer to Platonic Cyberspace with the jobs Master Gates makes for me. I've seen a couple of jobs that look interesting and that I might be qualified for. But with my knowledgeable background in Literature, only one can be the virtual future of my existence.

### Poet

Qualifications: Must be able to use Microsoft Scramble in conjunction with Microsoft Word.

Description: Type in vocabulary that might interest you or someone else. Press left mouse button and wait while the program scrambles the words, creating Poetry.

The pay is good and a monthly check would help buy the groceries. There is a lack of trees in the world, and I'd be saving paper. Just download on-line so everyone could have a copy of my poetry. And if they didn't like a line or word, they could hack into the program and change it at will; everyone is happy. A service job. A Government occupation. Poet of Computer Literature.

--- *Robert Define*