

Customer Support

by Lee Holden

Once there was an earnest man named Ernest P. Savvy who bought a new computer and set out to try to send an email. This didn't seem like an extraordinary task because Ernest was highly computer literate. What's more, this computer was a brand new Wholit Picker with a mega -Turbo-Speed processor and Macho -Gigaram equipped with the newest version of Macro Hard's Ipee -Upee operating system.

Now, Ernest was more than earnest; he was also savvy and knew that he didn't have to wander around the Ethernet and log into every site to check email. Instead he used Macro Hard Lookout 2002 to manage his many email accounts. Well prepared, Ernest set up the new computer, software and email accounts precisely as the instructions dictated.

The momentous occasion arrived. With a knowing attitude and a certain amount of pride, he opened Lookout, preparing to send the first email on his shiny new system. He opened a fresh email template, selected his Whoopee.com account, entered his Coldmail address in the *To* field and the cryptic word "Test" in the *Subject* field, and clicked the *Send* button.

"Send." He imitated the robotic tone of a voice response unit as he clicked the *Send* button on the second account while his body already settled back in anticipation of the perfunctory affirmative response.

"Error 530.5.7.3. MHN has changed its security settings, cannot access server." The message sent a dagger into his heart.

Ernest's shoulders slumped, mirroring the corners of his mouth, as he realized he was about to enter the nether world of They did it.

A trembling finger jabbed in the number of the MacroHard Network's customer support unit.

"Welcome to MHN's customer support." The robotic voice intoned. "Your call is important to us. You will help us serve you by entering your account number..."

"...mother's birth date and the number of times you had sex in the last year or pushing keys at random until the new guy who has never seen a computer figures out how to work his phone." Ernest's brain drowned out the call director as he dutifully punched keys on the phone. Then —at last —are all live voice:

"Thee sees Ghandi. Mouyah plezah habnamb, MHNahcco noomba, mutha's birddat, and sexualty mes last yer plez?"

Ernest sank further into the chair as he went through the details —letter by letter.

"Not our problem, not our fault." Ernest's brain loosely translated Ghandi's response. "This exceeds our support limits. It is a Wholit Picker or MacroHard Lookout problem."

"No, I already contacted them and they said the computer worked right and Lookout did it tasks properly, so it is clearly an MHN problem." Ernest's body was now melting into a heap, loosely supported by the chair frame.

"Okay. You're right. I was just jerking your chain. "Ghandi's tone and accent miraculously changed. "Of course it is our fault. I just pushed one key and fixed everything. In addition, your membership is free for life."

Ernest completed the email template and pushed *Send*. Almost immediately, he heard the "booyng" tone indicating that the message had been sent and received correctly.

"Thank God." He breathed a heavy sigh. "Thank God, this is a fairy tale."