

The Curse of Computers

This old broad named Judy, who will do in a pinch but is no raving beauty, is really ticked off. The power went off awhile back so I called a few of my neighbors to see if theirs was off too. It was. I called the 800 number for Allegheny Power or Mon Power. Mon Power acquired Allegheny Power, but the phone number is still under Allegheny Power.

Well needless to say, you don't get a person you get a computer. So, the computer tells you to state your problem. So I say, "Power outage." Every time I have to call the power company the computer tells me that the name on the account is Wilfrim. Well, after 5 or 6 times of trying to tell this damn computer that the name is Wolfram and spelling it while the computer tells me it doesn't understand, I just say, "Yes, Wilfrim is the name." Now every time I have to call that's my name.

After I said "power outage" and we decided my new name, the computer told me that I was not in a power outage area. What? I had just talked to my powerless neighbors. By this time this computer is at the top of my 'you know what' list. But, wait, here comes the best part. This computer tells me that I should go check my meter as there probably is a yellow tag on it where it has been turned off, and they can't turn it back on without payment.

I was curious. I had just paid a \$92.00 and change bill. I wanted to reach through the phone, grab that computer, and yank its plug out. You cannot talk to a computer like a real person so telling this blankety blank computer that I had paid my bill and that my neighbors were without power also did not do a bit of good. I hung up mumbling to myself about how I hate computers and will never own one. I want a person on the other end of my phone calls.

So, with the power off and my temper on, Frank went to the garage and started the generator. We had just got it running good when Mon Power called the Wilfrims to tell us that our power would be back on at 5:30. Huh? I thought that I hadn't paid my bill.

I called my next door neighbor to tell her that the power would be back on at 5:30. She told me that it was already on. Frank came up from the garage and I told him that it was back on already. Back to the garage to flip the switches and "zap" – off went the cordless phone that I was talking to my neighbor on.

When my son got home from his job at 911, he told us that the whole area, including Grantsville, was out. Uh Huh-- See, I told that blankety blank computer that I had paid my bill!!!

We never did find out what caused the power outage. I think that it was that computer.

Happy Thanksgiving to ALL.

~Judy~

The poplar tree still has leaves on it.