

## **My beloved computer or a lost passion**

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, a small pocket computer called Sharp booted itself into the hearts of enthusiastic users. At first it was the ever-present Basic programmes. But it soon became more and more intimate machine routines. Nothing stood in the way of a lasting love affair. It seemed as if the passion would never end. They were proud to share the bytes with a Sharp. And they knew each other's weaknesses and, above all, strengths. So more and more programmes were forged for the common future. The home-made literature spread to the furthest corners of the Sharp computer world. In short, they understood each other more and more. It almost couldn't get any better, as people started to upgrade each other. On the one hand, there were resourceful enthusiasts who came up with one memory expansion after another and on the other hand, there were the (Schm) users who were always keen to make more and more of it. Then it seemed to be the height of passion, but then there were the computer makers from Sharp. They did not miss the opportunity to keep producing new computers. The temptation was great and some users only had eyes for the new one. They quickly took it to their hearts again, because it usually had more and could do more.

This went on for many years and they fell in love again and again.

Ideals even emerged. For example, they fought against the machinations of certain 'soft' goods companies. It was also not easy at times with the scarce and overpriced hardware and software on offer. However, this did not discourage most of them. On the contrary: people got together to form self-help groups, or user clubs.

It could have gone on like this forever if - yes, if it hadn't been for the sudden misery of the computer makers at Sharp. They started building weird things like organisers, palmtops or whatever. What were you supposed to do with them? You either couldn't programme them, everything was already finished or you couldn't do anything else with them. Kind of daft! But that wasn't enough. There were hardly any old ones left. No spare parts either, and soon there were hardly any users left.

Perhaps these abusive users were right. After all, the PCs that everyone has are available for every budget. They are called two-86s, three-86s, four-86s or even Pentium. And everyone has them. Well, you can't - sorry - don't need to programme them, but everyone - well, almost everyone - does!

It is even said that these things have been played with at computer meetings.

were played with. The Sharp computers were almost forgotten or neglected.

The extinction of an entire computer breed seems inevitable.

And the moral of the story is that it is true, that this is not a fairy tale. It is far too true that in this seemingly dead computer world, the machinations of the computer manufacturers meant that people were not allowed to love each other to the end of their tether. The result was an abrupt farewell after a short time. Or is this all just a development to which we have to submit unconditionally? Either way, computers are not for the heart and not for the long term. I'm happy when my computer works. In future, my affection will be limited to my jigsaw, for example. That's not to say that I'm not enthusiastic about one thing or another - but in moderation.

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