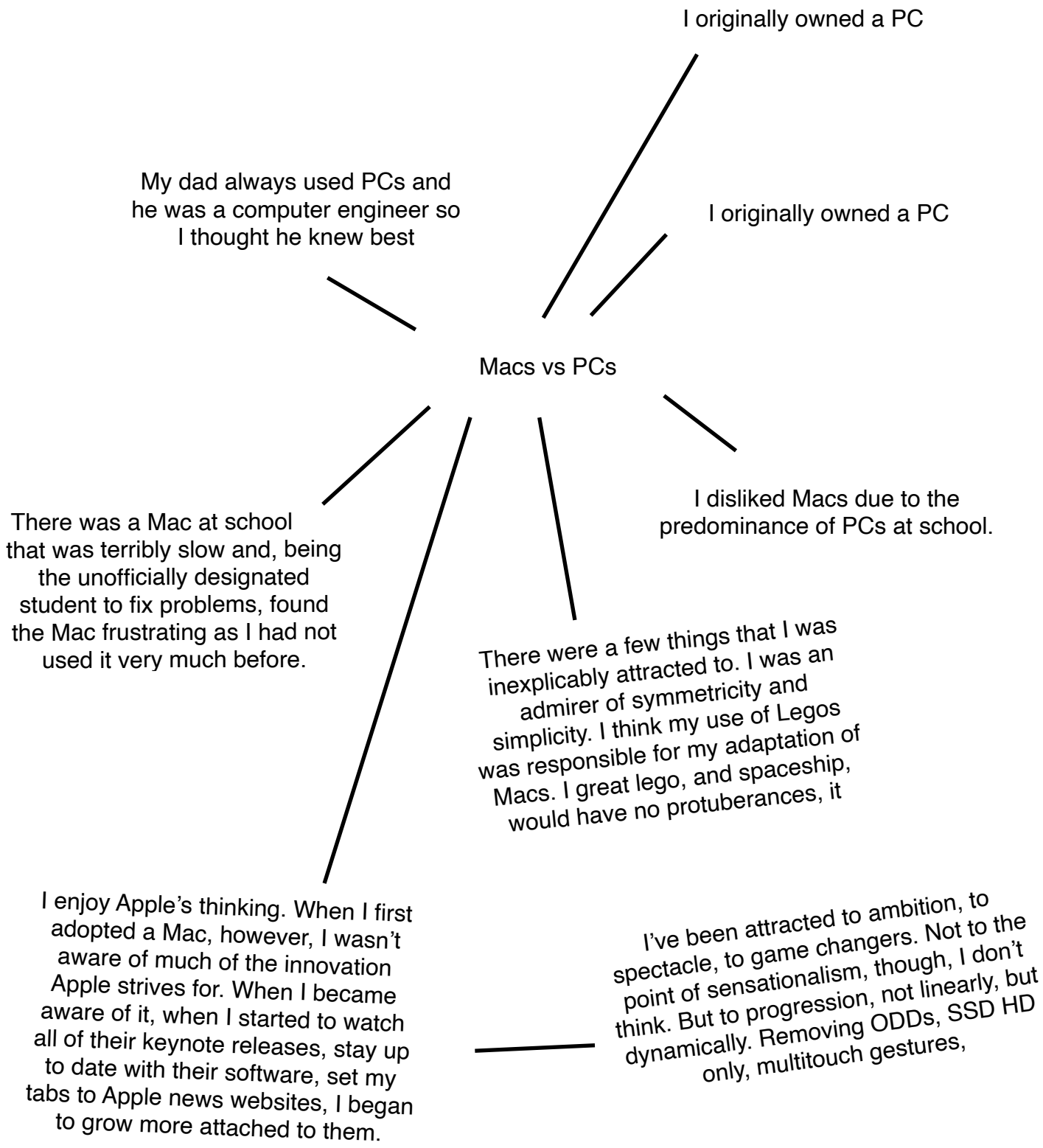
Macs vs PCs.

Rewarded for ignoring everything but Math when the time is right.



The churning colors dazzled my frustrated eyes. I leaned back into the chair, a physical admittance (or admission) of defeat. I had been beaten. I had failed. There was nothing I could do beyond this point. I assessed my losses, and irrevocably gave into the computers request. I powered down the iMac G3. I had lost my document and my dignity, all with same click. While waiting for the boot up, I patrolled my surrounding peers. Inconspicuously assessing their computer troubles, and offering to help if they exceeded a threshold. It was a pathetic attempt to regain what I had lost, I knew it, the iMac knew it. Out of this grew a compulsion that still exists today. My left command and "s" key sticky with security. I was paranoid. Every character, every comma, every reformat: "Command+s" "Command+s" "Command+s".

As a result, the well constructed societal paradigm of Macs being inferior to PCs was reinforced. My view of the matter was dimmed like the screen of a user trying to conserve power. I began to view Macs as an anathema, the struggling antithesis of PCs. They had to be, why else would the world be so populated with PCs? After three unyielding years of being an exclusive P.C. user, I relented. Our class was split up into groups for a timeline project, each group was to have one computer. My partner and I were assigned the 12.1 inch Powerbook G4 Mac, the old generation of Apple's prosumer line. I was instantly converted. The smooth and simple design were so blatantly superior to the P.Cs. That evening I talked to my dad about purchasing Peter's exact same model. Two months later, once I had collected enough money, I purchased the first purchase of the rest of my life.