

The mouse from hell

by Ann Moore, member of the Topeka PC Users Club

Several months ago, I sent the following e-mail to “Answerperson” concerning a tragedy in my life:

“Dear Answerperson,

When I started my computer this morning, my mouse showed no sign of life. Its heart (red light) did not flicker nor did it feel warm to my touch. It was stone cold dead. I tried to revive it by performing an uninstall-reinstall, to no avail. A check of outlets and wiring found them intact. How do I determine the cause of death? There were no early signs of malfunction. If it were an animal, I could have a necropsy performed. Must I disassemble it to determine the cause of death? I cringe at the thought of disemboweling my friend. My mouse was not extraordinary in any way – it was not wireless nor was it ergonomic, just a simple mouse that I loved and cherished. Every day for four years, I held this inanimate object in my hand, caressed it, and knew every curve and indentation intimately. We were as one.

I have accepted the fact that I must now lay it to rest, but where? Is there a cemetery for computer mice? Should I have it cremated or do I put it in a box and bury it in my backyard under the lilac bush? What will become of my dear friend? Is there a computer mouse heaven? This has never happened to me before and I am devastated. Please no cards or flowers. There will be a memorial fund set up in the name of “Ann’s Mouse” and donations may be sent to **“commuter@cox.net”**

Answerperson offered his deepest sympathy and suggested that I put my sorrow behind me, go on with my computing and find a new mouse. I visited Best **BLB F-M ‘06 p. 7**uy in search of a replacement and found no sympathy there. Their only concern was to sell me a very expensive replacement. In my vulnerable state, if the clerk had shown a little compassion, I might have purchased a more expensive model but because his attitude was cold and unfeeling, I left the store with one of their cheapest models. There is an old adage: “You get what you pay for,” and that is exactly what I got – in spades.

I doted on my new mouse, showering it with an abundance of TLC. I never mistreated it by applying any unnecessary pressure, jerking or pulling. In spite of all my efforts to maintain a close personal relationship, it soon became apparent that we were not compatible. The erratic behavior of the mouse became noticeable following surgery on my right shoulder. I was forced to change the mouse settings to accommodate my left hand and the mouse began to balk at every command. Although I moved it around very slowly, it would take off and race around the screen leaving me breathless in my attempt to keep up with it.

In October, I purchased a new LDS 19-inch monitor and the mouse went ballistic. It refused to leave the confines of its colorful, soft pad. Trying to reach the far corners of my monitor with my cursor became almost impossible. The mouse resisted my every effort to control its actions. Every day was a tug-of-war and I was losing my patience. I had serious work to do and no time to play games. I needed a good reliable mouse. I decided that this obnoxious, malevolent, detestable little rodent had to be eradicated. It was time to go cordless.

Completing a jubilant trip to Best Buy, I came home with a Logitech cordless mouse. I could hardly wait to start using it. What a difference a cord makes! This Logitech moves like a dream and is a pleasure to work with. It takes me everywhere I went to go. Truly, a match made in heaven. I am certain that I have found a new reliable friend.

What do I do with this evil, malicious, wicked little devil that made my life a living hell? No sad songs or mourning for this monster. I had visions of snipping off its tail to make it impotent, then dropping it on the floor and stomping it to death. I even considered calling “The Terminator.” What I will do is wrap it up in colorful paper and donate it to the club for a prize at the next Christmas party. I am hoping it will fall into a strong masculine hand that will teach this contemptible, spiteful, despicable creature how to behave in the presence of a lady.

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