

may I introduce myself: My name is Anton and I am a Macbook, Natascha's Macbook to be precise. Well, you know, when I first left the shop with her I was not really sure how our relationship would turn out, 'cause she did not really seem to be a typical mac-user. To tell you from the start: she isn't. Neither had she worked with a mac for a longer time before we met, nor does she care a lot about the newest features she could get for, uhm, me... Anyways, back to the day we met: she came up to the assistant in the shop and did not even know which one of me or my brothers and sisters she wanted... Back at her place she had to call a friend to help her set me up- I was devastated. Later that day she transferred a looooot of strange and unfamiliar music onto me. But then things changed for the better: she FINALLY started working with me- which in her case means a lot of different things to write for different addressees. I was quite surprised what she all wrote about. Sometimes we had lovely, romantic and inspiring evenings with red wine and candle light (ok, well she would not have needed the candles as (from my point of view) my desktop light is light enough....but anyways). Her partner must have loved our work, I'm sure. Then, when the term in her university finally started again, we had a lot of work to do- first all the lists of things and books and articles she had to buy and read (she really does produce the list with my help and prints them out- a little autistic, if you ask me, but well- it's my job, isn't it?).

My favourite day was in the middle of the term, when she started to write her first term paper with my assistance. How proud I was- me as part of academia! We wrote about Oscar Wilde and the gender roles in one of his plays. Yes, Natascha is interested in this strange part of cultural studies- gender- hm, I don't need such a category. But I could tell from the way she wrote and all the trips we made in this time (to the university library, to London, to her parents house) that she was really into it. Me and her, we finally were a team. Towards the end of the paper we had some hassle, because she, eager to finish her work before the deadline and I, tired and sometimes with little energy, had spent so much time together that we both got to know each others flaws and habits too well. Natascha called up her partner and complained about me- can you imagine- being not compatible enough with the windows systems at the university (just as a footnote: SHE was the one who just had not read enough about HOW she could use my work in a windows context). The big show down came when the day before the deadline arrived: I was sleeping in my pink bag- peacefully dreaming about Natascha's and my future adventures in academia and the world of novels (in a weak hour she had revealed her dreams about being a writer of novels to me), when she suddenly rushed off with me in my bag, to a copy shop to print out her term paper. "Wait!" I wanted to scream out "I haven't finished the spelling corrections yet and there are still some passages I want to compare online to prevent plagiarism" But it was too late- the paper was printed. I was nervous, very nervous- for days I did not see Natascha very much, only for quick email-checks late in the evening. After four weeks there was an email that brought us back together: She had passed the paper- with 1.7!!!! I was so relieved.