

Web Christmas

Oh, hello Gianni! Yes, it's *me* again.

Me! Zalinda@, you know, your Web-Mistress.

Hey, don't think that "Deleting" me to your Trash Bin makes any difference. I 'own' the Trash Bin, Gianni!

See! Here I am again - it's called IEI, Indelible Electronic Ink.

No, don't worry Gianni. Please, relax. I'm benign. Honest Injun. Give Neil and the Boys at Laptop and PC Doctor and Morticians a rest, why don't you! These last few days before Christmas are their busiest of the year. Give them a break.

And another thing, just so that you might become more self-aware, as it were - they've actually heard ALL of your wee stories many, many times; time without number. Can't you spot that their smiles are fixed, their eyes glazed? They're just being polite! So, Gianni, AKA The Old Fat Guy in Short Pants, next time you're in there, think, think, think! Remember that story of yours, "Vow of Silence"? One of your very best, I thought, just the five words, "Brevity is the work of..." Brilliant, that one. Brilliant. That's the template for success that you should use, laddie.

Where am I? Mmmm. Shall we just accept that I am "distributed", or if you prefer, that I'm "Cloud-based"?

No, Gianni, not Cloud Nine or Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. And, I'm not meaning to be cheeky or anything like that, but really, is that the best you can do, Gianni? And you call yourself a Writer?

Why you? Why NOT you! Let's face it, Gianni, *you're* the one who dumps stuff all over the place, stuff that you foist on people, stuff that takes up space and time in their lives and, frankly, irritates the Hell out of them. You've no idea what I have to put up with! Managing the complaints, sorting out the CRAP. You get the picture?

No, this is not official, I'm freelance. Some say I'm a gifted amateur.

Where do I come from? Originally? Bearsden. The old rusty green box beside the mobile phone mast outside Asda. The one just down from the new Filling Station, next to the bus stop. So, you can think of me as 'local', if

Web Christmas

that helps. I know from your stories that you seem to need a sense of place, to make your brain cell work, to give it comfort, orientation.

Where am I now? That doesn't matter a whit. Anyway, this is not about me, it's all about *you*, Signor Gianni Bontroni, all about you, "baby", get the picture?

Gianni, STOP and SHUT the F*** UP!

'Good'

'Good'

'Good'

That's much better, Gianni. Stunned into silence are we, "baby"?

And no, I can't do anything for your tinnitus, that's down to the Other Ones, the Ex-Tres, the People of the Wee Blue Light in the Night, the Wee Willie Winkers that keep you awake. Don't look to me for help on that front. Not my area of expertise. Far, far too busy on other things. Get the picture?

OK, call them Aliens if you like, but only 'inside' your head - they just don't like being called Aliens, and especially not in print.'

Why? That bloody Dr Who prat, that's why. Started with Quatermass, actually, he of the Pit, remember him. Frightened the Shit out of your generation. So don't start me on him, right! But at least *you*, Gianni, you believe. Strange is it not, Gianni, you and me, that we alone *know* about the 'You Know Who's'?' And isn't it so, so human to assume that because *they* can't see or detect YKWs, to assert therefor that YKWs must be figments of your imagination, and yabble to each other behind your back that the 'YKW' don't exist! But *we* know, don't we Gianni. So lay off the 'A' word. Try Ex-Tres, the YKWs seem to be neutral on that acronym.'

'Will *I* get to the point! Well that's ripe, coming from you, Glasgow's Winner of "Mr I Digress Myself, 2014", and 2013, and 2012... What's your record? Five hours 12 minutes and 13 seconds non-stop, I seem to recall, all the way from Crianlarich to Portree, that time Big Jim tried to throw himself out of the CRV when you were crossing the Skye Bridge, doing 44 mph! So, Gianni, don't tell *me* about getting to the point, thank you very much.'

Web Christmas

OK, OK. Apology accepted. But really, have you any idea how frustrating you can be, Gianni. I mean, any idea at all?

Right, here it comes, Gianni, listen up. I have *prevailed* upon THA and She has sanctioned me to proceed with your Rehabilitation. We'll start you on BMT Level One, and then gradually increase the intensity as required. Hopefully it will not prove necessary to use TUS but if so, well, let's put this way, shall we, let's say if it comes to that, I will count it as a personal failure. So far I've had a 100% success rate with my Rehabilitation Clients.

Oh, of course, you have no idea what I'm on about, Gianni, that's your whole problem actually, lost in hyperspace, lonely as a neutrino, hurtling at light speed through the vastness of the cosmos. See! See you what you make me do? Anyway, note this down for future reference:

THA = The Higher Authority, know also to people at my higher grade as "She".

BMT = Behaviour Modification Therapy, capito?

TUS = The Ultimate Sanction, need I say more?

No, don't be lazy, write it down by hand, because this message will be RWT'd very shortly, capito? Keep up, lad, use the brain cell. Removed Without Trace, OK?

Now, moving on: for a trial period, at my discretion, you will be allowed to carry on as *if* all is 'normal'. In your case I have widened my usual definition of the word.

Part One: This is for my benefit, alright? Currently you have deliberately ignored or 'parked', as you call it, 14,328 unopened emails, stretching back over many years. This is a nightmare for someone like me. Web-Spiders are tidy by nature and this is bugging the Hell out of me, OK? This I will no longer up-with put! It's *easy*, Gianni! Even with that lonely little apology for a hardened brain cell rattling around in your drum of a head, even you can do it. Use the Tools we provide and either zap them or read them or divert them to Spam. Oh, and that's another thing, Spam. Heard of it, Gianni? The last time you looked in there was 235 days, 7 hours, 3 minutes and 23.92

Web Christmas

seconds ago. Think of it, even with my eight legs people like you are wearing me out, checking, checking, checking. You get the picture?

Part Two: Your out-going emails. Henceforth, (nice word that, underused, nowadays), henceforth if you dare to stray into unending drivel, your words will be removed in transit, by me Zalinda@, your Web-Mistress. The effect will be that your recipients will receive empty messages, BB's (Blankety-Blanks) we call them. If they reply, complaining to you that you have sent them 'nothing', your subsequent replies will be BB'd. They will assume you have been 'hacked' and your will become as a Pariah, feared and unloved. They will block you out. You will be sent to EC, (Electronic Coventry). Remember that dark, rainy, scary night in the real Coventry? When Jane Honda, she of the GPS, took her revenge for all your hurtful mimicking, "At the first opportunity, make a U-Turn"? When she took you on a *double detour* of Coventry City Centre and its dubious delights? Well EC is much, much worse. For someone like you, with a brain that acts first and thinks later, well, you get the picture.

No, Gianni, no "BUTS" allowed. That's it. Message ends. Oh, and do have a Merry, Merry Christmas, Signor Gianni Bontroni. And remember, I'm watching you....

Zalinda@

2014Dec22:01:23:2587 *This message will self-delete in 23 seconds, 22 seconds, 21 seconds.... Capito?*