

August 2, 2022

I turned on my computer. The monitor presented a blue screen that gave instructions for various approaches that might allow me to repair my computer and proceed into the Windows operating system so I could continue with my work for the day, including tending my website, writing, getting my email, listening to music as I worked if I wanted, particularly if there were background noises to cover.

I hadn't suspected problems with using my computer would present themselves. At first, I thought it was a mistake the computer had made, so I shut it off and started again, only to see the same screen again. I followed the instructions on the screen for possible repairs, none of which did any good and all of which took some time, particularly because I sometimes thought, *Well, that should work*, and tried again only to find that, should or not, that didn't work, and try as I might, I could not type anything into the space provided for something having to do with Bit Locker, about which I knew nothing, never having explored or activated it. I pushed keys, but they didn't transmit anything that changed the screen where the cursor indicated it was ready and waiting for transmission.

There were vague instructions on the blue screen for getting on my Microsoft account and changing my security information, which change seemed to be necessary to repair my computer, and though I have had difficulty with my Microsoft account before, because the relevant support people, or, as seems more possible when I think about it, computers, seem to believe that I couldn't possibly be who I say I am because I have no cell phone and my land line does not take texts.

I haven't tried to correct this incorrect perception, because I was doing fine with my computer and with a quick glance in the mirror some days to confirm I am still who I think I am. Previous experience tells me trying to correct by phone or online any misconceptions computer people or machines or programs might have about me takes hours and leaves me dehydrated and upset, often depressed and inculcates the need to look in the mirror for some time to be sure I am who I think I am.

Oh my. Writing about it now apparently upsets me, because I am making even more typographical errors than I usually make, which might be contributed to because I am using a different keyboard and screen than I usually use, and more about that when the time is right.

In any case, I did try to change the security information for my Microsoft account as "they" suggested. I then received information from machines or from algorithms, which I don't quite understand what are, that my account would not be available to me for 30 days, at the end of which time we could again see if I could prove who I am, complicated because I gave security information and don't remember exactly what that information was and don't remember but probably am expected to, the long series of numbers and hyphens they flashed briefly at me nor

do I remember where I am expected to enter those numbers and hyphens. I think the 30 day pause before I can again try to access my account is some kind of punishment, but I don't quite understand what the punishment might be for, maybe for not agreeing with them about who I am or for being unable to prove who I am to their satisfaction. The people or machines or algorithms asked for much information from me but gave me little or none about themselves or about why we are doing the security work in the first place, since I only want access to my computer, for which I paid in full and own, and I want to be able to get it repaired so I can maintain my website, write, listen to music sometimes, mostly to obscure the sound of the air conditioner running and sometimes traffic on nearby roads or crop dusters poisoning insects and weeds in nearby fields, and to get and send email.

I am completely innocent of any intention to overthrow governments, political groups, right or left, and of any intention to do anything destructive to tech businesses, though I do confess that sometimes, I feel an urge to do something to the last group mentioned, even though I am without power to do anything at all, obviously, or I think I would not be struggling now to get and maintain the relatively simple pieces of machinery that will allow me to achieve the simple chores I have mentioned, mainly of maintaining my website and continuing with putting regular entries on the website.

I work now on a laptop I've kept in the closet for years, and I'm once again amazed at how long it takes me to set up a computer to do the work I need it to do. I've been at this for several days, and I intend now to take some time off from setting up this computer and struggling to repair the other one to practice my music and to say hello to the world.

I will try soon to enter this writing on my website and to go back to putting on regular entries, and I will keep readers informed about my progress on this project.