

# Member Fiction: What Am I Doing Here?

**George Wright**

I love my computer. I know it's just a machine on my desk, but what can it really do?

What use is it when its presence dominates my life early in the morning from a focus on something that is not a family issue to things that can be peripheral to survival? (If you happen to live in a family where survival isn't critical, you deserve a medal)

The simple presence of a machine that can digitise your life is something special, a thing to transport you to an existence in utopia. What do you really need if you can escape the realities of life simply by logging-on to another dimension that has no parameters of responsibility? The machine can revolutionise society, politics and life as we know it. It has the power to dehumanise, to obfuscate, to divert whatever to whoever, whenever and however to others.

Ah, just let me begin. What was that password?