

## *The dot-com dream*

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My wife and me had a cordial and harmonious relation during last fifteen years of our marriage. Yet there is a factor which had caused many ugly incidents leading to quarrels and threats of separation. First it was the newspapers, then it was the television and now it is the computer and Internet. Often my wife looks to the computer with angry eyes when I sat before it, as if the computer is her big rival. But as the computer could not speak or argue, it ends there without any noise or quarrel with the computer.

That day I was dialing the telephone to get connected to KBC so that I can earn one crore rupee to become a crorepati. After all most of the questions asked by Big B were so simple that everybody can answer. After trying for several hours when I did not get the line I thought let me try some where else, where crowd may be less. I started browsing the Internet and looked for some interesting site so that I can make a quick buck without any labour and hard work. I know it well that I am also a typical Assamese, who want to become rich and famous without doing any hard work. As I am not member of any extremist organization, I am also not in a position to make quick buck by surrendering. So my only option is the KBC, Sawal Dus Crore Ka, Khul Ja Sim Sim or hitting the jackpot in the Internet. It was already half past eleven and my wife came to me and looked as usual to her rival, the computer and then went to bed without uttering any word. I feel relaxed and thought that I can browse the Internet freely and if I got nothing *freakamal*, atleast I shall be able to see some beautiful girls in [www.erotica.com](http://www.erotica.com). I was clicking site after site but all in vain. No site could offer me even a million US\$. I was feeling sleepy and thought it is now time to visit [www.erotica.com](http://www.erotica.com) or [www.sexygirls.com](http://www.sexygirls.com). I was about to click in the site [www.sexygirls.com](http://www.sexygirls.com), suddenly a message appeared on the screen of my monitor. "Do you want to become a billionaire? If yes please click Y, otherwise click N". At last I got the web site for which I was looking for all these days losing my sleep and quarreling with my wife. I clicked Y without any delay fearing that the message may disappear as mysteriously as it came. "Welcome to [www.billionaire.com](http://www.billionaire.com). Please enter your bank account number to deposit US\$ one billion in your account and admit you in the elite billionaire club". I immediately entered my account number. "One billion is deposited to your account. Do you want to raise your wealth further? If yes, please press the up arrow". I started pressing the up arrow. One billion, two billion, three billion,.....thirty billion...forty billion... fifty billion....hundred billion. I became mad. Now I am the richest

man in the world. Bill Gates, Premji nobody can touch me. I feel the warmth of being the richest man in the world. I called my wife to share my joy, but alas! She was sleeping without knowing that she became the world's richest lady. But what to do now? I wondered myself. Let me spend some money and enjoy before the news flashed in the morning newspapers and people queued for donation, extortion. I entered the site [www.cars.com](http://www.cars.com). Thousands of beautiful cars. Let me order, one-two-three.....Hundred. I thought hundred would be enough for the time being. Let me enter some site with beautiful girls. [WWW.missworlds.com](http://WWW.missworlds.com) . Suddenly hundreds of beautiful girls, Miss India, Miss USA, Miss Brazil..... Queued after me. After all I am the richest man in the world. I danced with many beauty queens. I must be hurry; I have to finish all illegal activities before my wife woke up. As I was fixing dates with beauties for a Diddy-Lady Diana type cruise, suddenly I feel something heavy on my shoulder. I woke up with a jerk and found that my wife was calling me with loud voice. "Why you slept on the computer table whole night. There is no power since 5am and so there is no water in first floor as water pressure is low. Did you forget about the total power shutdown? Why you did not store water before sleeping on the computer table? Please go to basement and bring one bucket of water". I was so disappointed that I could not believe whether I was living or dead. I touched my hands with fingers and found that I was living. I realised what had happened to me in the night. It was only a dream, *a dot com dream* after which we all were running these days burning our candle and energy. I looked to my dead computer and mouse to click [www.bringwater.com](http://www.bringwater.com) so that water automatically comes to the taps or the bucket flies automatically to bring water. But alas there was no power due to total power shutdown and ASEB failure.