

TECHNOLOGY IS LEFT BEHIND - LITERALLY.

Jeremy had always believed that technology 'is man's best friend', unlike fallible human beings. Some of Jeremy's friends told him that they thought he was a 'techno-nerd'. Disputing this, Jeremy reminded these friends that it was technology and 'swiping right' that had introduced him to Annette. This introduction resulted in a planned meeting, when it was agreed that Jeremy would drive Annette to his favourite pub, 'The Harp and Oyster'.

The passenger door swung open. 'Hi! You must be Annette'.

'I sure am.'

'Hop in!' After several seconds they exchanged smiles, which distracted Jeremy.

'In one hundred yards, turn left.' instructed Sat Nav, the technological goddess of the roads. Obeying immediately, Jeremy swerved left at great speed, almost hitting the rear of another vehicle.

'Hey, now we've got driverless cars. Don't you think that'll be much safer?' joked Annette. Jeremy felt embarrassed.

The evening at 'The Harp and Oyster' had gone well, and Jeremy and Annette agreed to meet again. Jeremy was delighted, using speech-to-text dictation to send Annette a message of confirmation. Unfortunately, it had copied Jeremy's public-school accent.

'I loved it when I held your hind,' was the message that was sent. Fortunately, Annette smiled to herself, understanding Jeremy's true intention.

‘You know, I couldn’t have imagined falling for someone with your posh background,’ said Annette. ‘But you’re so sweet.’ Jeremy took Annette’s hand. Things were going well. Unfortunately, and there was something that Jeremy felt he couldn’t tell Annette; he was having problems in one of the more personal areas of his anatomy, but not the one that he might wish to introduce to Annette, at some time in the future. Jeremy was suffering from a stomach upset.

‘I just need to pop to the loo,’ he announced.

‘But we’ve hardly drunk anything yet.’

‘Too much coffee this afternoon.’ Jeremy scurried off to the gentleman’s room, before meeting with technology again. This time it involved the lighting in his cubicle. It would only turn on when he moved.

‘That’s progress,’ he said to himself, before pulling down his trousers and taking his seat. He had been in position for about ten seconds, when the lights switched themselves off again, leaving Jeremy in the pitch-black. Not being sure what to do, Jeremy half stood up and started to wave his rear about, in the manner of a dancer. Just at that moment, the worst possible outcome happened, and Jeremy’s trousers were covered. How would he cope when he returned to Annette? What do they say? ‘Every story should have a cr _ _ _ _ ending’. This was no time for jokes.

Fortunately, this story had a happy ending as well, as Jeremy came to understand that he had been betrayed by technology on three separate occasions, but had been reassured by another wonderful human being, Annette. From that moment Jeremy’s

affections left the world of technology, focussing on the new love of his life. It was the best decision he had ever made.