

represented that old rags-to-riches ideal that's so intoxicating to our society. At the same time, there was a torment I could see that those thrones held.

With Gates, it was that no one really liked his software. Sorry, but at least among his peers—the other bright minds and innovators—Windows was a kind of curse that he'd blighted us with. People who liked Windows didn't really like Windows—they were just demonstrating how pragmatic and down-to-earth they were.

And in Jobs' case, here's a guy who just couldn't get along with anyone. When you look at it, who really wanted to be either of these guys? The ego on these two capitalists was breathtaking! Old Steve Jobs had himself a doozie of a God complex, coming down from the mount to give us our new set of tablets before riding back into the sky on a brushed steel chariot of fire.

Nah, I liked Huck Finn. He flew by the seat of his pants. Even after he and Tom Sawyer struck it rich, his drunk dad was still stealing through the window to breathe on him. Even with the niceties of the Widow Douglas, Huck gets an itch and he gets *outta there*!

It took many hours to reach the next island to the west. Doors just don't move very fast. *And* my stick sucked. It was late evening when I arrived. I hammered my frustrations on the door, but nobody answered. I hauled it ashore and made a lean-to just inside the forest.

It was actually very nice under the door. It made a nice roof, but not a nice floor.

I set out again the next morning, collecting blackberries. I ate as many as I could. I hardly put a dent in the whole crop. And then my eye caught something through the space in leaves. A stagnant lake sat behind this corridor of berries, and a hill went up from it, and a number of men were gathering around a hole halfway up the hill. There were about seven of them, Frenchmen by the look of it. I only say that because they wore black turtlenecks and blue jeans and because they looked quite emaciated and