



THE PROFESSOR VS THE INHABITANTS OF FLUTE ISLAND

Waking in a foreign country is never as disorienting as one would presume it to be, in large part due to that familiar texture that is common to reality, wherever it may be happening. I felt like Huck Finn setting out, going out on the sly like this, on my new door, thinking less about arriving somewhere and more about getting away from somewhere. I set my suitcase on the door and pushed off. I had dug up a long branch near the shore and, while it wasn't very straight, it was mighty long.

Good old Huck Finn. I must idolize him. He's stuck somewhere deep. I could never get my engines going to be a rich guy. I stayed right at freelance professor.

You see, it was common practice among all of the nerds of the 80s to see in themselves either a Bill Gates or a Steve Jobs. And even all the adults would go on about this, too, "Hey, are you going to be the next Bill Gates?" They saw it as the two extremes: Gates, intrepid, brilliant, conniving—a programmer and a businessman; and, well, on the other side, was Jobs: handsome, classy, passionate, counterculture even—being friends with that old hacker-whistler Cap'n Crunch.

These two weren't but two sides of the same coin. The Rich Computer Guys Of The Late Twentieth-Century Commemorative Coin. They