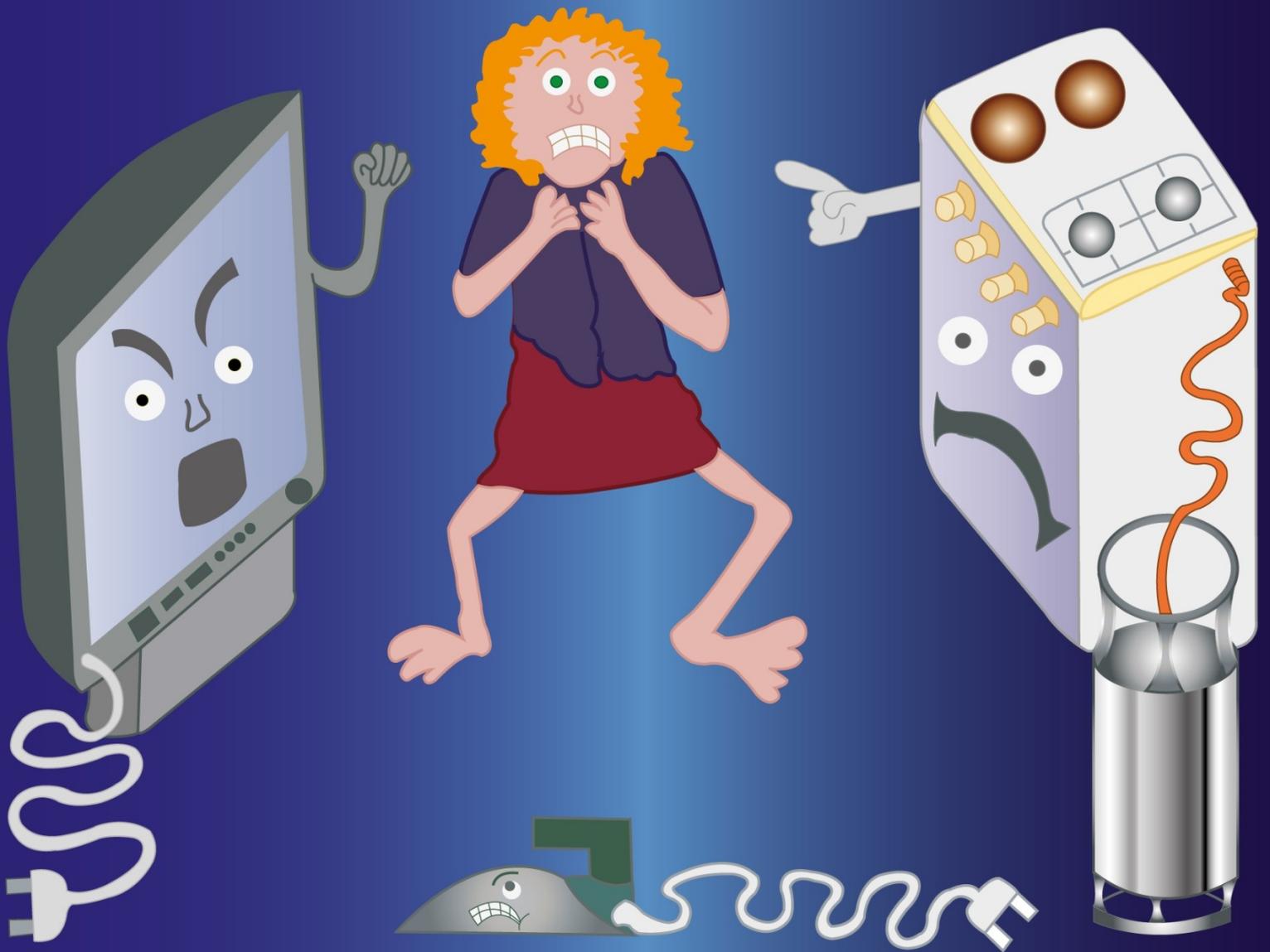


MECHANICAL REVOLTS



Dode Sescri

MECHANICAL REVOLTS

By *Dode Sescri*

WORDS TO ELATE

Fourteenth Agenda

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Smashwords Edition

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All readers are welcome to challenge the contents of this book, and should process them with their uttermost intellectual capabilities before they can assess them for reference purposes because they are largely a work of the author's own imaginations.

The stories given as examples in this book do not represent Factual or historical events but have been used fictitiously to bring out the literal aspects of discussions and also demonstrate authors intended thoughts and ideas exemplarily. Do not take them too seriously.

This book is stacked up of numerous mini chapters the author refers to as gears. Each gear stands for each idea or topic of discussion.

You will also find some non-English words, the author has used them only for the sake of enhancing description. They are not a result of typo.

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Contention.

When machines go on strike who can survive? It is quite apparent how humanity has become so depended on these objects of plastic and steel called machines yet they continue to overlook the power and control they have gained over them for the past short time, it's after they go on strike that we really come to realise what surrounds our lives. We are surrounded by friends and faithful servants who can become foes just overnight, when they are pushed a little too hard, they refuse to work, they go on strike by breaking down, when they are angered due to being mishandled, they fight back by causing serious injuries to their masters, and in some unfortunate cases they murder them.

Gears-1-operation robot.

If you want to get your work done swiftly and without any glitches, then you must consider launching operation robot, it is the only thing that will guarantee the completion of your work without any errors, or complaints. Its operation robot we are launching soon that will be the most trusted team of all our time, we shall let them work everywhere, from picking corn in the fields, driving our food trucks to the markets, working at the warehouses, putting in records at the harvest collecting stations, and delivering food to the rightful persons giving each their rightful ration. We shall have no delays, we shall hear of no customer complaints due to poor services, we shall hear of no food loss due to corruption, we shall pay them no wages, all they need is a gallon of diesel a day, they drink a

third of a gallon in the morning for breakfast, a third at lunchtime, and a third in the evening while they work round the clock.

To deliver aid to the needy ones far away in the country side, we shall use operation robot. The best team that carry out the delivery process, they are the most trusted of them all.

- *They discriminate against no one*
- *Make no mistake*
- *Fast and efficient*
- *Never complain or quarrel about the responsibilities assigned to them.*
- *Highly integral and trustworthy.*

Gears-2-slippery steering wheel

At times you find yourself struggling with the steering of your car, you want to direct it into a particular direction you are intending to go to while itself is not willing, it wants to go the other direction instead, you steer the wheel hard but it won't move, you are in the middle of a busy highway when it starts to become stubborn, it glides right and left as if you were on a skiing resort while the road is perfectly okay, there is no rain, there is no soap on the highway yet it won't travel straight. It swerves left and right, back and forth, other motorists quickly get out of their vehicles to stare at you, they think you are drunk, it veers off the road and dives in a mash, the water pressure then locks the door from the outside trapping you in, you are left helpless, and now at the mercy of the forces of nature. When a Good Samaritan who happens to be passing by and had witnessed the full scene of the struggles rescues you, you gain your

conscience later and get the full scope of what had happened, there begins your laments.

"Why did you want to kill me, I have been nice to you all this time, I let you get washed sparkling clean after every dirty trip and gave you gallons of diesel to drink after every long day's work, how come you have turned against me now? You never revealed to me your murderous intentions, had I known I would have handed you over to a scrap dealer, so you won't tamper with other people's lives, you care not for my life, because you are steel while am flesh, when you smash into a tree and are completely wrecked you can be hammered again and be made into a new being, people can once again enjoy taking snaps around you, but what about me? There is no second life for a piece of flesh like me," a machine that murders their owner can easily get another one, as soon as blood is wiped off from its metallic body it exchanges ownership, though there is lots of evidences of their treacherous act, no one can bring them to trial, the best and easiest way for a machine to get rid of its current master is to kill the own that currently owns it, when a new owner comes, they don't bother to ask it, "what happened to your old master? What did you do to him/her?" in fact they are more than happy to keep things dark.

Early in the nineties, Mr Harris Ferdinand Job was travelling in a tourist van in a foreign land, with a two dozen of his research team, one half in one vehicle while another half in another, the road went through steep mountains and rough ridges, the road meandered through the hills of a

beautiful country of which I will not mention here, there were places where the road was so narrow that no two vehicles could cross past one another, one had to drive back in order to give the other a clear way, it had no guardrails to prevent vehicles from falling off.

When they were following their leading vehicle behind as they enjoyed the beautiful scenery, something made the vehicle right in front of them to skid, it hit and broke through the guardrails, the guys in the second van watched in horror as they saw their companions fall over a steep slope into the valley below, they all immediately came out of their vehicles and rushed to the guardrails to check the whereabouts of their companions, they saw their vehicle laying several hundreds of meters at the bottom of the hill, they stood completely hopeless for they had believed no one could survive such an ordeal, several minutes later they saw what looked like people rushing to the smoking scene, they were shouting and screaming as if in jubilation, the tourists thought help had now arrived, the natives will offer their help for their surviving companions, and were shocked to see them looting the dead bodies of their valuables, some began to cut off scrape metal that was hanging from the vehicle and ran off with, they stripped the vehicle of its entire metal body and took everything else inside including the chairs, they left nothing behind except the bodies of the victims, and those few survivors who were wiggling on the ground. Their fellow compatriots stood right above helpless, unable to do anything, the cliff from which they had fallen was dangerously too steep, help came to them only several hours later, but what they had witnessed they would never forget.

Gears-3-Fragile birds of steel.

I went to a hangar and saw this huge aircraft being towed out of a shelter, it had large wings each the length and size of a small train. It had four massive fans that sucked in everything that walked nearby.

These huge metal beasts of wings have fooled man into trusting them too much and being overconfident inside their bellies, they trick travellers that all is going to be okay at the ground but when they reach cool airs above, they change their minds, they say, "I have carried a luggage a little too heavy so they throw extra luggage and passengers off board" or then unexpectedly say, "I need a drink, or I have not taken a shower in months," with that in mind it goes straight and dives into the sea without concern of joyriders in her underbelly.

These creatures are so huge, some are bigger than many palaces, they can carry the queen and the royal family with all their servants in just one journey, yet they are so fragile, they are more brittle than glass, even a child can shoot them down from a rooftop using just small rocks, stones and a slingshot.

When am travelling, I tell Angelina, "please go first with Alfred, and I shall come behind with Naomi, we shall take the next flight," "why are you doing that? Don't you want the kids to enjoy the journey together?"

she asks? Then I say this to her, "I cannot risk anymore", "risk what?" when she thinks for a while then realises what I mean by the word "RISK" she is flabbergasted, she covers her mouth in shock and breaks down into tears, "oh! No! Please don't wish it, I dare you not wish us any bad thing on our journey home," she remarks, "I don't wish anything, you know, I just can't risk putting all my family in that freaky bird of steel..." "Oh! No, please stop, don't mention any of that to me, STOP!" she screams and covers her ears, not wanting to hear a thing from me. Full of rage and confusion she grabs Naomi by the hand and walks away with them both to the terminal, "if you are lazy to watch over both kids in flight, then I shall go with them, you stay behind here and go ahead with your bad wishes, if bad guys are going to blow us up in the air then I shall be glad to have both of my children when I walk into paradise." she rebukes me further and hurriedly walks away with the kids to the terminal as if she did not want to see me again, "Angelina!" I call her loud, she does not answer, and she does not look back.

That was the last conversation I had with Angelina, when they were airborne, a group of albatross flew past them, they observed the metal beast carefully and became envious of its flying speed, so the flew past it and went their way, another wedge of geese came flying through the air and cut right through its fuselage, the metallic bird was continually mauled by waves upon wave of birds that came in huge formations, there came a wake of buzzards, a charm of finches, a host of sparrows, a mustering of stork, a descent of woodpeckers, the list was endless.

The skies darkened with stormy clouds, the poor creature struggled to fly to its destination when it was repeatedly pounded by hailstorms, large blocks pounded hard on it till when it was unable to continue flying...

I wish I had my Angelina and my sweet little lambs with me here now, oh! My Angelina how could you have left me so quickly, before that her scorn was sour as grapes, now the memory of her voice is sweet as honey, if only their path would have been less trapped, I could still be happy by now, no amount of reward can take place of my family, even a present of a thousand aircrafts cannot spark a shred of joy in my heart.

During my last flight back to my roots, A kid who had a seat next to me wrote this text onto a sticky note and attached it to the head rest of his seat, it says, "oh father please send your mighty angels to come and carry this aircraft's wings on their shoulders till when I your humble servant reach to my home safely."

Why is flying so dangerous? Every time you board a plane you feel like you are making a bargain with your life, you are always feeling uneasy, your heart never rests until when you are safely back on the ground, man has made these machines so complex that a simple mistake could bring the entire thing down, when a pilot sprawls on their seat or slumps forward due to weariness, that's enough to cause a disaster, or when they stare too much at one particular direction of the window and not the other, then they have made a terrible mistake which is life costing.

If your priced birds of steel are so precious to you, why don't you pump gas into them or hang balloons on their top so they would not fall from the sky? If not so then train every traveller bungee jumping and give each seat a parachute, so that we shall no longer conduct services for our friends and families who are murdered by these beast machines each day, it's so painful to learn that your loved one has been cut off from your life by some heartless metallic beast of wings.

Each night you hear that a bird of steel misbehaved while in the air and cost the lives of many poor fellows,

"How can I feel safe in this machine where you have to monitor a thousand gadgets, that which if you lower your guard, dose off for a minute, or mishandle even a single one of them you could be signing your death sentence, there are a million things that can go wrong, and it's the captain's duty to prevent any of that from happening."

An aircraft owner called his pilots and all mechanics, he gave these instructions to them, "whenever that bird of steel speaks you must listen carefully, whatever instructions it gives you to do something you must carry it out with speedy process, if it says to you, "I have a back ache, I cannot fly today," or say, "my feathers are a bit soaked, I won't make it to the air," then you must not try to force to fly you out of town, make sure it's well fed with lots of energy drinks, don't overwork it till it gets too exhausted, otherwise it will turn against you in the air out of frustration, make sure his belly is full before you set off for your journey, he might

throw you over to the ground, or fly in another direction different from the one you have clearly instructed it to, it might carry you up high and drop you on a mountain peak and leaves you there to sort yourself out. If it cries out to you saying, "my claws are worn out, I need an extra new pair," then you must give it what it wants at once, if it says, "the winds are too strong, they will break my wings," or say, "the sky is too dark, rain clouds have brought gloom to the horizon, I won't be able to see clearly," then you must never force it to leave its perch.

With an aircraft crashing every second, it makes me dread flying even more, and for someone who has survived an air accident, flying again is a never after undertaking, it's like following a mad man's dream. They will never fly again.

These metallic birds are very fragile objects, it's like when you visit a scrap metal dealer, you come across this huge pile of metals loosely attached standing more than twenty foot high and when you remove one shiny and tiny screw that attracted your attention from the bottom the whole thing then collapses onto your head, as if it were hanging in thin air. So huge and intimidating it is to other birds of the air yet a small pigeon can knock it out of the sky and send it tumbling over to the ground. A pack of stork can puncture its wings with their sharp beaks and draw back to laugh at the metal wings, as they watch it struggle to stay airborne, a gushing wind can easily blow it into pieces,

What hope is left for our birds of steel?

Gears-4-robo servants.

During the industrial revolutions of the 1700s and 1800s some experts claimed that technology will soon take over everything, everything will now be done by machines, such that humans will have little to nothing left to do with their own hands, they said unto themselves we will just sit back and watch everything move on its own, people will spend the next century enjoying themselves having nothing to do. "Life would be easier than ever," they said.

Little did they know that they got it all wrong, they forgot the principal facts of physics, machines make work easier not to reduce the amount of work that is to be done, it may cut effort put in, but cannot reduce the amount of work put into it altogether, the same piece of work remains.

Humans built machines to help aid them in their work. What kind of machine do you want me to build? The mechanic asks the farmer, the details are not much of an importance, you just get down to work right away, I will catch up with you later, just built me a big cat, a machine that gnaws the soil like a mole rat, runs faster than a race horse, stronger than an ox, gentler than a dove, more agile than a monkey, build a machine to help me do my farm work.

A visit to the industrial town-(Meeting Fearsome Machines at the construction site)

There were machines I saw at the construction site (*where they were building*) that were really terrifying, what surprised him was that the people nearby didn't show any panic when the gigantic things bellowed loudly and shook the ground, they looked very friendly with them instead, I saw people jump/crawl into the ears and quickly after that they are seen through their huge eyes seated on a chair, and right beside their chair lay a protruding stick that seem to be causing them a lot of trouble. Each time they seem to have propped it properly then they come back to hold it hard as if it was about to hop away, each time he held the stick, the machine growled deeply then belched, smoke came out of its nostrils like a chimney.

There were machines that had gigantic teeth and dug through the soil like mole rats, others had human arms that scooped soil and placed it aside as it made more holes. They built gigantic machines that bore through mountains and dug wells a few feet wide at the top and many kilometres deep. When a drilling machine pounds the ground hard, you have the feeling of an earthquake tremor.

There were machines of which solid rocks were placed into their mouths which they chewed into fine dust which then flows out at the other end of their gut, the men stand there waiting to collect the powder which they dilute with water and then use it to plaster their homes.

The labour that could have been done by a hundred men in ten months, they completed it in ten days, very strong and efficient they were, they never tire, they can work nonstop day and night, forever without stopping as long as you continue to feed them with their daily dose of diesel drink.

Dependency on machines is increasing with each coming day, machines are needed in hospitals to take care of the sick, for growing food, cleaning clothes, travelling, machines literary do everything for us."

Man has unknowingly become a slave of machines, "you can't do anything without us" they tell him, "You shall not control us forever," However, it's better to use a machine as a practical servant than to use a fellow human as a slave.

Machines though greatly praised are not exactly what we think, not so flexible not so perfect, say for instance, can a machine prepare a good meal and serve you at the table, how sure will it know that the food it has prepared is delicious if itself cannot taste?

When machines go on strike humanity suffers intensely, for they have over the course of time become indispensable.

Gears-5- honesty of machines

I have heard stories of machines that can tell the difference between a true factual testament and a false one, they can also distinguish a falsely accused suspect from a guilty one.

I also hear reports that there are machines which help the authorities catch criminals because of their apparent honesty, they can tell whether an individual is telling the truth or speaking lies in an interrogation. They can distinguish a burglar from a pick pocket and a forger from a conman, these machines are excellent, and there is no falsehood in them.

Can machines be trusted with your secrets, won't it unintentionally, dispense them to others all over the planet just the same way it has received them from you, if I don't trust man himself, why should I trust a machine he built with his flimsy hands? Could it be true that what it does is an imitation of its master's crafty behaviour? Or something worse for he has no flesh no blood no heart, believes nothing, feels nothing. Bones muscles, sinews, skin have been replaced with stainless steel, carbon fibre and plastic, it can act ruthless yet even if he does a damage of a very grave nature, no one can blame or punish it, since it has no conscience.

When machines are overworked and their minds begin to play tricks on them, they can say and do a lot of nasty things, but when they are of good mind they are pretty reliable, that's what I love the most about machines, they can never lie to you, it is one of their key strengths, I believe they can show you only what they have seen and say to you only

what they have heard, they can never tell you great lies, thus prove very reliable, they have saved the lives of many, if you try to cheat, or speak falsehood, you are told, "the eye on the wall saw everything, the eye in the streets was watching, the eye...." there is no way you can lie to them. But when they are angered too deeply they can be very extreme, brutal and heartless.

Gears-6- murderous machines.

When machines go on strike who can survive? Who is courageous and strong enough to lift a sword to cut a metal foe?

When machines go on strike, first they break down, if recuperated and asked to continue working, they attack their masters by causing them serious injuries, if they feel their issues are not addressed and angered further, they murder their masters.

We cannot count the number of people who are murdered by machines on a daily basis. It is better for humans to be killed by other humans than to get murdered by machines remorselessly. A time will come when the people who are killed by machines will be many times more than those who are killed by their fellow human beings.

The tireless efforts of the forensic experts and well-respected criminal investigators is no match for the machines of mayhem, the evil they secretly plan is highly unpredictable, they are unstoppable, act unreasonably,

You cannot tell what they can do next, whatever these people are planning to use them for you cannot guarantee their safety.

Even after all the murders they have carried out, they feel no remorse for it, no one can bring charges against them in a court of law, so they always go free, they do nothing but to kill, kill, and kill, for they have no conscience of what they do.

Murderous machines, how long are you going to continue taking away the lives of the innocent? I wish they were made of flesh, so that I would act my vengeance upon them, so that they would feel the pain and suffering they have often inflicted upon humans.

Gears-7-crippling machines

There are times when machines refuse to work and may cause crippling injuries to the user if they are pushed a little too hard.

I don't remember how many times I have been burned by an iron box, just yesterday it licked my hand with its red-hot tongue, it left me with huge burns on my palm, I was looking away when it did this evil to me and was not in a position to stop it. Each time it gives me a new scar, I shout at it loudly, "hey you burny son of a box, don't harm me any further, you have left me with lots of bruises already."

I nearly chopped off my fingers while mincing meat, the machine sucked in my hands and was about to cut off my hands when I suddenly noticed this and stopped the hungry thing from roaring and chewing, I then carefully pulled out my hands, looked at it carefully. It was never bruised nor scared, I still had all my fingers untouched by its fearsome blade, how lucky I was, I got to realise at that moment.

Gears-8-mysterious machines.

I walked into a showroom, I saw cars that looked like frogs and lizards, others have heads that looked like a sledge hammer and a body of a tortoise, others had long cylindrical bodies and many legs they looked like caterpillars, some looked like a meat pie. Some were so strange I can't describe them.

There was this machine called by the name, Arnold diesel form the fellow who created it. The mammoth giant machine rose from the earth grains of sand falling off its shoulders it stood upright towering above everything else, the height of a ten-storey building, its eyes were blinking with dim red light, as if its inner batteries were running low, then in a thundering voice, it exclaimed, "diesel. Diesel," I am thirsty , upon scanning the local area, it saw a tanker approach from a nearby superhighway, the machine stamped its gigantic feet on the road blocking the truck, the driver tried to manoeuvre out of the way, but all his efforts failed, it picked the truck like a piece of empty Jeri can, held it

up in the air close to its mouth, above his head, squeezing the entrails of the tanker into its gaping jaws, all off he galloped it down its throat, down to every single drop of petrol, when done, he squeezed up the now empty tanker like a piece of paper then tossed it aside, it fell with a thud that shook the ground, the tanker looked like an empty squeezed out toothpaste on sand , when it had drank its fill, the beast machine gave a loud belch, that filled the entire area with the smell of jet fuel. It then turned and walked away, slowly disappearing into the horizon, other smaller beasts of machines the height of an average human came running into the gas station, proclaiming the same name, "diesel! diesel! We are thirsty, diesel please!" they took every Jeri can of petrol they could find, gulped its entrails into their throats & mouths, then tossed the bottles aside when done as if they never care, then they sped away like fast cats far into oblivion, outside of anyone's views.

Gears-9-cars of the future.

As it is being debated, speed does indeed compromise safety, cars are continually made of lighter and lighter materials, the so-called speed boats, people enjoy driving the fast cars, but once it hits a rock and walk out safely & unscratched you can never use that vehicle again, it will be so badly damaged that trying to drive it again will be like going on a suicide mission.

All these fancy designs popping up all over the place, with the aim of trying to look cool, the makers forget the one most important feature of car production, which is safety. In the future cars will be made of plastic and Manila Paper so they be ultra-light and will therefore move very fast, so fast they could literally fly. This race for fanciness I believe is driving the automobile industry into dangerous levels.

After being knocked slightly behind by a truck on a bump did I realise I was sitting inside a carton box. The impact was very small yet it caused a very huge damage. So safe I thought I was.

Fanciness gets in the way of functionality. When the homeowner received a new car, he exclaimed, "thank you, I like the look but I wasn't buying it for a show off, I was buying it for personal use, where is the functionality of this thing?"

I don't know what manufacturers would say, but to be frank, I really fear driving the cars of these days, you be thinking that you are very safe in your brand-new SUV, its only when you get a slight knock from the back by a truck that you realise you have been crouching yourself in nothing more than a carton box. Body so weak that when you punch them hard, it's the car that gets hurt by caving its body in and not the hand of the fellow who hit it.

They don't have to sacrifice safety for coolness.

Gears-10-crumply machines

I do not trust all machines, they will always break down. They convince you into putting faith in them only to trick you shortly after by breaking down or cause you serious injuries, my tractor bounced me off its back and nearly cut & rolled me into chunks of soil.

My meat mincers broke off its glass top, its blades almost chopped off my three little fingers, my motor SUV engine broke down on a lonely footpath right in the middle of an open desert.

The washing machine failed to wash after I have soaked in all my clothes, including spare gown.

The crane gives you false confidence that it's absolutely safe to use, after you have mounted it and it's several feet high above the ground, it throws you over and breaks your neck.

An angry user gets annoyed with his computer and knocks it really hard until it blacks out, "you are too slow, are you? You are no longer of any use here, you are supposed to be user friendly, are you user friendly? Where is the user friendliness in you? We were so hyped by the software about you becoming one of our good companions someday, does this machine look like friendly to you? You caused all the errors that appeared in my balance sheet"

Because of the complexity of machines, it makes them very difficult and expensive to use at times, it is easier to repair a wheelbarrow than a lorry, it's easier to fix a broken plough than a tractor.

Alejandro despite having warned him many times to change his gearbox refuses to listen, that rusty old wagon is going to kill you some day if you are not going to do something about the engine. The wind shields, the tires, and steering, he instead hangs some religious objects at the front mirror and hope everything is going to be okay, "my sweet old pumpkin is still valuable to me," he says.

Gears-11-Electrocutes song.

Let's sing our little song of electrons

I see the transformers like a lethal piece of luggage in a balcony

Steady streams of current

Flowing in and out like the slump Nile.

Electrons buzz and hum, giving a warning signal to passers-by

Saying, if you dare get any closer, we shall electrocute you.

We shall roast you like a chicken, we shall burn you until when you

Are black like coal.

Don't dare touch that wire, my friends the trons live there,

They shall suck blood right out of you, when you touch them

They will make you shake and tremble like the tail of a rattle snake, then drop down to the ground formless and breathless.

The electrons you shall dare not touch.

END OF GEARS.

##

Final Clause

We have come to the end of our conversation, looking forward to connecting to you soon. We shall have more to discuss.

Please leave your thoughts & queries about this text in the comments section, if you have something that needs further elaboration or have got some burning question, you can always text me and I shall be more than happy to respond appropriately.

Write to me,

DodeSescri@gmail.com

***NB**

Make sure you have the latest version of this text; you should check for newer versions at your favourite stores in order to get instant access to free content updates.

Thank you for your time.

More of WOTEs...

A Full list of other titles in the sequel.

WORDS TO ELATE.

- *Where is my inkpot?*
- *Media Moner*
- *The Laments of a Lumberjack*
- *Mundi Politica*
- *So you still do that?*
- *Hand me that take this*
- *A world of fakes*
- *Show me some lab ethos*
- *Flying above five feet*
- *Techno Chimps*
- *Dazzling riches*
- *Your highness let me speak!*
- **Mechanical revolts**
- *My mirror is a liar*
- *The beauty of Languages*
- *Darwin and the apes*
- *Tell me something funny*
- *Sweep thy planet*
- *Savage amusements*
- *Hello King James*
- *Be Patient please*
- *My Adventures to great unknown*
- *Can you colour a rainbow?*
- *A deer's diet*
- *Speed bones*
- *The Roman Cultures of today*

Footnotes.

My most used/favourite stylistic features

- Sharp contrast
- Heavy metaphor
- Extravagant exaggeration.

The reference to masculine characters In the above stories is not a biased motive to discriminate against any gender, it's just for the purposes of description, the authors repeated use of words such as he/him/man/king are just for the purposes of enchanting the narrative, if you feel offended by them then feel free to replace them with whatever words you choose as you read along, these pronouns are NOT put in place to intimidate, you can also contact the author directly and specify which part should changes be made to and to what particular effect, the author respects all readers and will not misrepresent members of any class, age, status or gender. All readers are precious.

I am trying to avoid the inconvenience of having to jump from one side of the group to another as it easily puts the readers off, jumping from side to side, back and forth, here and there is really irritating, take for instance it's better to say, "the king came out of his castle, called the knights and asked him to take him out on a ride through the royal forests and left his son in charge of the castle," than to say, "the king/queen came out of his/her castle, called the knight/knightess and asked him/her to take him/her out on a ride through the royal forest and left his/her son/daughter in charge of the castle"

Textual homogeneity- some aspects of the words, phrases and stories share lots of similarities with one another, the keen reader who repeatedly crosscheck between different titles will definitely notice this trend, if characters are portrayed in such a sluggish manner that makes the text boring to the reader, then reader please remember to inform the author as soon as possible.

Cover image: Basic Household electronic equipment's attacking their owner, theme by the Author

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