

The Mac Died This Morning

written by Holly

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Died dead. I don't get a blue screen, I don't get a gray screen. All I get is a single low-toned beep, a black screen, and it sits there.

I'll trot it over to the Mac store today to see about repairs. I'm not enthused, but neither am I devastated. If I lose the hard drive – and I suspect I will, my last full backup was two days ago, which means I've lost about 4000 words on the book. And a few e-mails. Except that my backup hard drive is Mac-formatted, so inaccessible to the damned Winbox. Which means that if I actually want to work on the book while the thing is being repaired, I've lost 175 pages, since the last time I worked on the thing downstairs, a few days ago, I was on page 625, and I'd just passed page 750 when it started making an odd noise and I saved and shut down, and then tried to restart it.

I might end up picking up a low-end refurb if I can get one for a decent price, just so I can keep working.

And I have had SUCH a lovely morning changing every password in every account I ever use for anything, too. Argh. I use really long letter/number passwords that I change routinely. But NOT all on the same day. I had the damned things all memorized, has a system for changing them, and now my system is screwed all to hell and I have about fifteen new passwords of ten to twenty characters apiece to memorize all at once.

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