Wait, this is not my regular bicycle commute home

devblogs.microsoft.com/oldnewthing/20130624-01

June 24, 2013



I dreamed that I finished biking home and decided not to take the stairs. Instead I took my bicycle into the elevator to go to my dream-land 31st-floor high-rise condo. (As if.)

For "security reasons" there were no buttons in the elevator. You had to open a secret panel and flip a circuit-breaker switch corresponding to the floor you want to go to. If you open the wrong panel, you are instead faced with a stack of hot-swappable SATA drives with labels like "Windows 95" and "Windows 95 OSR 2". And yes, I know that SATA didn't exist in 1995.

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