

Heartbook

So many people have Facebook now. It is an interesting way to stay in touch with people; yet you can limit access as well as block certain people from showing up on your “wall”. You can run the program from your home computer, but also from your blackberry or equivalent.

I mentioned to a friend that I had just signed up for this new phenomenon. He agreed that the Facebook seemed to be taking over the nation. But with a smile he pulled something out of his pocket and put it into my hand. Turning it on, he said, “This device goes a great deal farther. It can give a measure of how someone truly feels about you. I call it ‘Heartbook’.”

I knew that he was very creative and was sort of an inventor, but I wondered how it could do that. And who would give permission for that sort of invasion of privacy. He just had a glint in his eye when I asked him about it, and suggested that I just give it a try.

The device took a while to respond to the first name that I typed in. Then the screen showed a faint and varying presence, as though what had once been there still remained, but was now covered in many layers of the dust of the passing ages.

The second name I used was one I was really curious about from the past. But even with the greatest enhancement to the visualization, nothing could be seen on the screen. The view was totally, completely empty. It was a little bit disappointing, but it had been so very long ago that I wasn’t really surprised. And it didn’t matter, anyway.

The third name was introduced mostly for contrast, for I knew very well the sort of thing I would see. There were many dark images, and they were all desecrated in some way. Some were torn and slashed, and many were stretched out of proportion. Garish paint was slung on others. Again, not a surprise at all. Her feelings, though unfounded, were well known.

The last name I entered was one in whom I felt much more confident. The device glowed in a brilliant and dynamic kaleidoscope of light. The images were like being inside a church filled with stained-glass windows, with all of the colors of the rainbow dancing in a vibrant, living, visual feast. They filled me with joy, for I knew that I was finally and truly loved.

I turned off the device and handed it back to my friend. It had given me information that I pretty much already knew, and ultimately it was all that I needed to know. I thanked my friend for the opportunity to have even more validation than I already had, about the true love of my life.

He gave me a knowing grin, and left me to share the Heartbook with someone else.