

Hot Soda Apparatus, The Proposal

Hi, Internet. It's me.

Listen, I've been thinking a lot lately. We've known each other for a long time. I'll never forget the first time we met. I've really enjoyed getting to know you, and I love it every time I learn something else about you. Ever since we met, I remember the hamster dance you showed me. And All Your Base. And the Star Wars Kid. We laughed and danced and had a great time. You've become quite the entrepreneur. You sell just about everything under the sun, plus some stuff I don't even know exists. My point is, I love you. Being with you brings out the best in me, and I don't think I could imagine living without you. World Wide Web, would you do me the honor of being my wife?

What? What do you mean other guys? Plural? How many? Billions?! I feel so nauseous. Why didn't you tell me? I thought I loved you. I guess I was wrong. I don't love learning new things about you. The more I learn, the more I hate you. No, listen to me. I put up with all kinds of crap from you. Intolerable offenses. Unspeakable violations. Did you show all this to those billions of other guys? And *Girls*?! Well, that's kinda hot. No, no. I feel so stupid. How could I have let myself fall for you? I finally let my guard down after all this time. No, don't bother calling. Or emailing. You're dead to me. Email is dead to me. It's too late. Nothing can be done. Really? Al Gore singing "Thank God I'm a Country Boy"? Well, I guess I could stay on the Internet for a while.