

## **To upgrade, or not to upgrade Hamlet's lament**

To upgrade, or not to upgrade: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the core to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous coding,  
Or to take arms against a sea of hackers,  
And by opposing delete them? To reboot: to suspend;  
No bytes; and by a reload to say we end  
The eye-strain and the thousand un-natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To reinstall, to suspend;  
To suspend: perchance to crash: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that suspend of void what worms may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal kernel,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long shelf-life;  
For who would bear the pages and emails of time,  
The sys-admin's wrong, the proud vendor's contumely,  
The pangs of despised features, the law's delay,  
The insolence of Office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy tasks,  
When AI itself might its quietus make  
With a bare reformat-kin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a congested network,  
But that the dread of something after deletion,  
The undiscover'd WAN from whose bourn  
No packet returns, puzzles the log  
And makes us rather bear those bugs we have  
Than download others that we know not of?  
Thus cryptography does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of screen resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of shadows,  
And enterprises versions of great pith and moment  
With this reboot their bit stream turn awry,  
And lose the name of computation. - Software you now!  
The fair XPhelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all thy backdoors remember'd.

With all due apologies to the Bard  
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