

Because this Flash Fiction Story will be painfully applicable to most people I will be as brief with it's narration as possible. I got the idea from a friend who purchased a "Top of the line" cellphone. He, like William in my story, purchased extra memory and started to input all of his personal data. Like William he went overboard and added information that he could ill afford to lose. But lose the information he did when his smartphone was lost. Not only did he have to recreate the information base but he still has the uncertainty that somewhere out there his information exists and he doesn't know who or what has it.

William Lines bought himself the newest model of a 10th generation cell phone from the premier smartphone company Orange. It was called the Information Phone or iPhone for short. It incorporated all of the technological achievements of the industry up to the time when the United States annexed Mexico. Whereupon the United States of America now contained Eighty One states after conferring citizenship to all Mexicans.

William was a poor orphan boy who by hard work, a good public school education and a great natural intelligence became a vice president of a very important software company. By virtue of several shrewd investments he managed to accumulate an unholy amount of money. He was content with his life and accomplishments and never wasted his fortune on the ostentatious accouterments of life.

After the purchase, he spent two whole weeks inputting all data relevant to his life. And not just phone and address data. He included all codes, PINs, passwords, e-mail addresses and the many ways they could be configured. Additionally he added his personal history, foster parents' names and their data, first and last names of distant adoptive relatives and degrees of relationship, important dates, blood type, date of birth, social security number, driver license and passport numbers, bank accounts, top ten of his favorite books, films, CDs, gourmet dishes, golf courses, works by modern painters and European palaces. He also added the top ten exotic countries and places he wanted to visit.

After two weeks, William realized that the cell phone was more valuable to him than his first edition of the Gutenberg Bible. He then decided to protect the cell phone with an additional password.

Just in case, he set up a second password to secure files containing, what he called, "personally strategic data." He added both passwords into the cell phone.

As often happens, one day, he met a certain young lady who had much the same interests as he did. After a brief but eventful courtship he decided that he loved her and wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. He had one problem and that was that he had never told her of his financial situation. He didn't want to blurt out that he was rich for fear that she would think that he didn't trust her from the start and was testing her. He then decided that he needed to spend some time apart from her and figure out how he wanted to tell her of both his love and finances.

Soon afterwards, he was playing with his cell phone when by accident the top ten list of exotic places he had always wanted to visit appeared. He arrived at the conclusion that he lived too intensely and needed to calm his frenzied mind – a vacation was just what he needed. “Chilean train trip (North to South and back),” was on the top of the list. Two days later he was sitting on a plane to Santiago.

Before he departed, he dropped and accidentally scratched his beloved cell phone. Even though the scratch was tiny, it broke his heart and haunted him for two days. It almost drove William to despair and as a remedy he left the cell phone in a luggage locker at the airport, so the phone wouldn't get further scratched.

A month later William was returning North on the Chilean Train when disaster struck. The train derailed causing a terrible wreck with many people injured. He awakened in a Santiago hospital after having been in a coma for two weeks. Physically he was fine but later found out that he was suffering from amnesia and it could be temporary or permanent or so the doctors said.

He had no idea who he was and the only thing that he had was the clothes he was wearing along with a money belt containing Ten Thousand U.S. Dollars, some documents and a claim check for a luggage locker in a New York City airport. The train fire had destroyed his luggage. He thought that by going to New York the luggage locker could contain a clue to who he was.

When released from the hospital he went to the U.S. Embassy where the officials informed him that even though his fingerprints and facial construction were not in any INS database, the other documents at least documented that he was a U.S. Citizen and would be granted re-entry.

Two weeks later he was back in New York, went to the luggage locker, picked up the phone. When he boost charged it and turned it on it the first screen called for a five digit password. Obviously he couldn't remember the password.

Soon, people began to notice a tourist with a backpack, wandering around the park and repeating over and over an assortment of five-letter words. The man didn't remember his name and wasn't able to explain where he lived.

The end.