

'Twas the night before iMac, when all through the house
Not a hard drive was whirring, not a click of a mouse
Young William was nestled all snug in his bed
In a house situated on a mound that was red

His dreams were all filled with world domination
Which brought to his heart several mild palpitations
The technology, the information, he'd ebb the flow
That would make it to the people in the village below

But all of a sudden sprang from his grey matter
Something that made all his dreams break and shatter
When, what to his wondering eyes should he see
But a computer designed for you and for me

He sprang from his bed and he flew to the stand
To see with his eyes this vision firsthand
The moon on the breast of the bondi-blue case
Gave the lustre of oceans or a magical place

More rapid than eagles, it ran at great speed,
And to locate a plug there was nary a need
No BIOS, no DOS, no Execute Bats
He soon expected gremlins in cute pointy hats!

Its case—how it twinkled! Its colors so merry!
Its industrial design seemed so light and so airy!
His droll little mouth was now drawn in a frown
In the words of Mike Tyson, "We're going down."

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave him the proof he had something to dread
This was no illusion, this wasn't a dream
This was for real and did not fit his scheme

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
Hoping to unmask some flaw or some quirk
But to his surprise as he worked through that night
He discovered this wonder made computing seem right!

Could it be possible? Could this be true?

Computing's not really a hard thing to do!?!
"This is great fun," as a smile played his face
And he felt all goose-bumpy as he hugged the blue case!

So on August 14th in the year '98
We're on the approach of something so great
That Bill might exclaim, with sadistic delight,
"An iMac for all and for all a good night!"

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