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The ATM's story



Vlad Blonskii/

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The ATM's Story

«Издательские решения»

Vlad B.

The ATM's Story / B. Vlad — «Издательские решения»,

Many people probably think that an ATM is just a soulless metal machine whose only dream is to deduct as much money from you as possible without even letting you hold it in your hands, or to gobble up your last crumbs when you come to pay off a loan. You'd be wrong! The ATM knows people well — it recognises many by face, not just by card number; it can chat with your smartphone, and some even understand your voice.

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Actually, when the ATM's belly is stuffed with cash, it can be very kind, even generous, you might say. Want 200,000? No problem. It'll rustle and creak — and there you are, holding crisp new bills, and it feels as if it kept that money just for you. “Who else needs these colourful notes?” — it winks with its green eye like a street barker.

But if nobody pays it any attention for a long time, it gets bored, even offended. “Surely someone needs my little money that I've kept in my tummy for so long?” — the ATM thinks. That means the good fellows won't be coming soon to open my belly and let all my insides breathe. In addition, I love listening to their tall tales about my other iron brothers — who doesn't want to “wake up”, who has lousy connection, and who was even blown up in broad daylight, and not at some shabby little bank, but right at Graf Ivanych himself (a jokey nickname for a big bank)! What a dangerous job we have, it turns out! And what did our brother do to deserve such a fate, whom did he fail to please? On payday people line up in long queues to bow down to these green grasshoppers that chirp merrily with banknotes for their admirers!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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