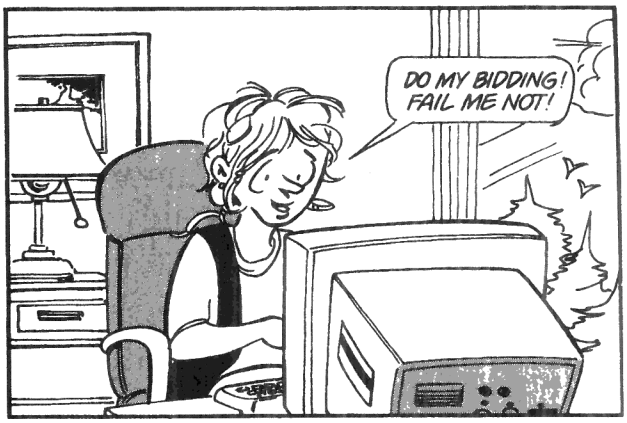
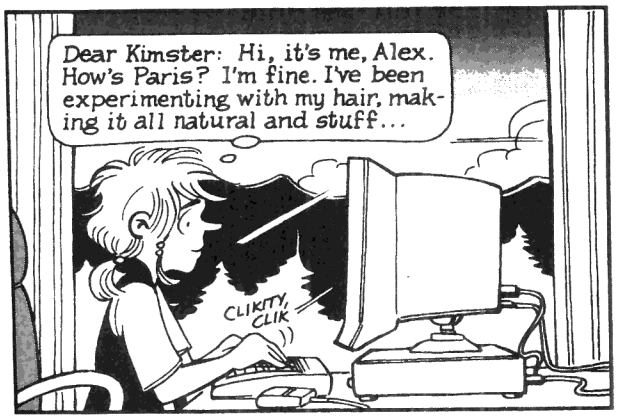
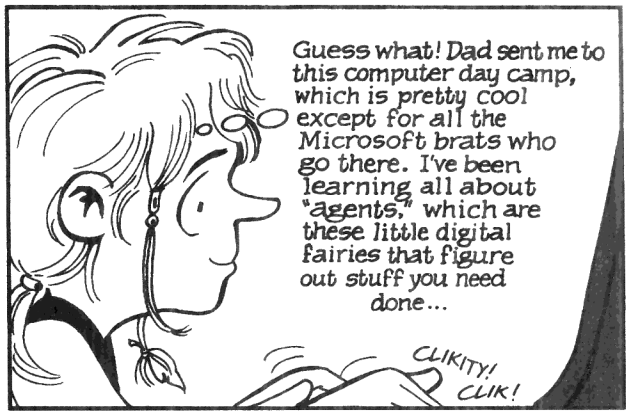
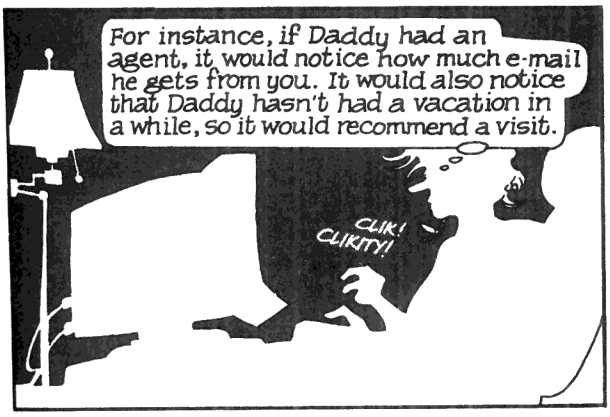
GO, LITTLE AGENT, GO! FLY AWAY, GIRL!

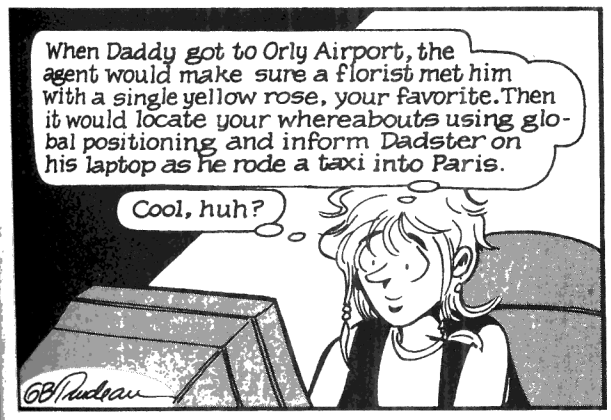

DO MY BIDDING! FAIL ME NOT!

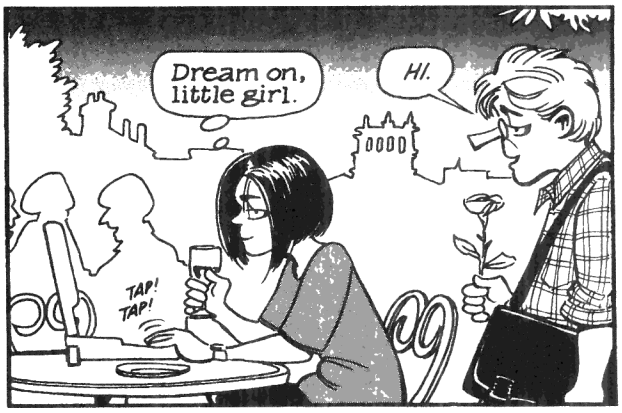

Dear Kimster: Hi, it's me, Alex. How's Paris? I'm fine. I've been experimenting with my hair, making it all natural and stuff...
CLIKITY, CLIK


Guess what! Dad sent me to this computer day camp, which is pretty cool except for all the Microsoft brats who go there. I've been learning all about "agents," which are these little digital fairies that figure out stuff you need done...
CLIKITY! CLIK!


For instance, if Daddy had an agent, it would notice how much e-mail he gets from you. It would also notice that Daddy hasn't had a vacation in a while, so it would recommend a visit.
CLIK! CLIKITY!

Then it would notify his boss, alert the home security company, stop newspaper delivery, book tickets, make restaurant reservations, arrange child care for me, and check on the weather in Paris.


When Daddy got to Orly Airport, the agent would make sure a florist met him with a single yellow rose, your favorite. Then it would locate your whereabouts using global positioning and inform Dadster on his laptop as he rode a taxi into Paris.
Cool, huh?


Dream on, little girl.
HI.
TAP! TAP!