

QUESTION (HD2203). In hd2002, you made the "public service announcement" saying: "Finally, here is a public service announcement: Every time I try to look up

something at Marco Fontana's home page my anti-virus software warns me of the presence of an outbound Trojan." Any truth to that? Are you crazy?

ANSWER: Well, it did happen exactly as I stated. For a proof look up <https://lohar.com/researchpdf/Trojan.pdf>

However, as I showed it to an expert, he told me that it was just a benign counter that keeps count of hits to the web site. On the other hand I am still of the opinion that my computer was and is being looked into. For example I wrote a review for the Math Reviews, one of my last few. I can't find it on my Tex software, nor in pdf format. I downloaded this review from Math. Reviews recently and I cannot find a copy of it on my computer. The fellow on whose book the review was may well have used some hackers and some of his influence to teach me a lesson, and/or to sell his book. Also a lady who was supposed to handle my Reviews for the Math. Reviews actually threatened "legal action", if I published my review claiming that once the review was written for Math. Reviews, it was their property. I might write about this affair in a while as one of the perks of being who I am. Oh, yes! When I realized that those I went out of my way to help were actually trying to undo me, I did go crazy for a while. Ah well, I may still be. So, keep away.

That brings to mind an old story from my younger days. I was nine or ten and we lived in Shikarpur Sind, in a three-storeyed house. Cats in that part of Sind were usually wild, but they foraged into houses for food, which would be any meat or live chicken or pets. But of course if the city was a jungle, it was a jungle of bricks. So, these cats would often have mishaps, such as falling from the top of a house in to the street. Usually, they would use one of their nine lives and fall on their feet. But one cat that fell from the top of our house, had perhaps used all of its nine lives and, wasn't so lucky. It fell on its back and broke it. We found it in a drain next morning, must have crawled there after it fell. Anyways, always the do-gooder, I went upstairs got some milk in a glass and a saucer and tried the trick that I used with a stray cat that I adopted a couple of years ago, in Karachi. But this one would not even look towards the milk in the saucer. I am sure it was hungry, but it was hurting more. When I pushed the saucer closer, it looked towards me full in the eye and growled. Ah those eyes. To me it seemed to say with all its body and soul, go away you fool, don't you see I'm hurting. If I could, I would attack you and scratch you with all my might. I got up told the crowd to go away and went upstairs. By the next day it was gone, perhaps the Municipality's street cleaners disposed of it and the saucer was gone too. But I got a lesson of a life-time, "If someone is hurting and you don't know the reason or how to help, then keep away."