

# Wishes Shovel Best

*by* Piotr Kowalczyk

On Christmas Eve Sławek Przekośniak received an SMS with these wishes: "Wishing yo good ping super new". He didn't know who sent him that surprisingly enigmatic message. And he doesn't know to this day. A pity, because thanks to that person he reached his current status and number 67 on the list of the wealthiest Poles.

Back then, during that beautiful, rusty white Christmas Eve night, Przekośniak, who was rudely kicked out from a social network for utopian fanatics of extreme phobias ([www.ilovefobia.pl](http://www.ilovefobia.pl)) just a few days earlier, got an idea.

It was a quite good idea too, and the next SMS ("All at cart by unintentionally only honest lamb") convinced him it was the best idea of his life.

Sławek Przekośniak, together with a friend from [ilovefobia.pl](http://ilovefobia.pl) — Czesiek Ciąg, decided to set up an on-line service, through which one could send SMS greetings to mobile phones. And the most important feature of the service was that texts of the wishes were not going to be predetermined and there would be no set list of pre-selected options. Messages would be created by a special software program from random words provided by a customer. Such a system would allow for truly unique greetings, and after all, nobody said they had to be comprehensible.

Czesiek took care of the development of the software, which for now they named "John of the Disc". Czesiek had suitable experience in the matter. While on the forum for (select as appropriate) phobics he designed an application, which created slogans for street protests. The application, even though it produced phrases completely illogical and nonsensical, became quite popular, and some of its most unique catchphrases you could have seen on TV — "Out With There Harm Out!" or "To Them Bag Away Now Now!"

Two future men of success got to work and the SMS greeting portal [www.bestbestbest.pl](http://www.bestbestbest.pl) went live just before Easter.

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One of the site's first users and enthusiasts was Ramona Kęstowicz from the popular girl band Fluffysteron. She didn't feel like writing her own greetings, so she logged in to bestbestbest.pl and filled out a short form. In the field "Words You Want To Use" she put "egg" and "merry", and in "Number of Additional Words" she wrote "3". Two days later she began to receive phone calls from friends and acquaintances with praise for her incredibly creative wishes. And there was plenty to praise:

"Merry goat's egg skull stink"

"Egg cattle merry wedged marvelous"

"Ammeter splashing merry Oligocene eggs"

"Incontinence merry before egg postmodernism"

Soon the service was hailed as "the most innovative internet achievement of the year" by the "Internet Sites Beginning With N" magazine. The exclusive triple click rate adjusted for median parallel traffic soon reached 34.98 and grew at an impressive pace. Czesiek created a special mode for Mother's Day, which turned out to be a mega-hit — the weekly magazine "Let Pass" included the "Mother's left sickly bingo" wishes in its "Quote of the Week" column. And that's how the uncontrollable popularity of the service began. Mobile phone operators noticed a significant fall in earnings due to a drop in profits from SMS fees. However, the always far-sighted Sławek offered them a revenue sharing option in return for partial investment and access to new technologies.

Czesiek designed two additional modes: Name Day and Birthday, and then after a job well done, concentrated his time and effort on viewing sites specializing in kinky naked everything. The end result of which was — Sławek got merely to number 67 on the list of the richest Poles. And only the fact that he fired Czesiek shortly after, in a rather machiavellian manner at that — by sending an SMS "You work here not easy kaput finito", allowed him to reach that 67th position at all. But this was thanks to only his and solely his sole and only hard work and merit. He wouldn't even publicly thank his wife if he got the "Inzabiz" Award for the Internet Site of the Year, an award on which he was still counting on and lobbied for.

To give luck a chance and to gain an even greater fame, Przekośniak sent, posing as “Admirer”, SMSs to editors of major, highly influential papers, known politicians, people in culture, show-business, science, healthy living gurus, authorities on potted plants, teachers of the self-defense dance qualadora, as well as semi-virtual tango, an acquaintance who was also a philosopher, and a lady from a shop selling imported cheese sticks.

Just as he expected, the reaction was spontaneous, euphoric and unequivocally positive. With just one exception. A politician connected with the home service of his parliamentary section's boss, with the mobile phone number 0-609-3459812, and known for his lack of sense of humor, did not take too well to a message from “Admirer” — “Wishes shovel best”. The inquiry was turned over to the Inquiry Board and the Board of Inquiries.

Ten months went by. In his new pad, upstairs (here it meant the 9th floor), Przekośniak was trying on a new, titanium-kevlar threaded, quasi-black, self-adjusting suit. That night he was scheduled to accept the Award for the Site of the Year in a competition sponsored by “Przekobiz” (he didn't have the patience to wait for “Inzapbiz”).

Number 67 on the list of the wealthiest Poles liked what he saw in the mirror. He practiced his smile and stride, checked if the paper with his acceptance speech was in his pocket, and smoothed down the mysterious tissue bulge on his belly. Thus pleased, he refilled his glass with the rest of the two-week ago opened Suwałki wine and glancing with admiration at his own imposing image, said: “Cheers from afar throat through a bell”.

Exactly at the same time, black limousines from the Special Security Agency arrived in front of his house.

