In Japan, they have replaced the impersonal and unhelpful Microsoft error messages with their own Japanese Haiku poetry, each only seventeen syllables, five syllables in the first line, seven in the second, five in the third...

A file that big?
It might be very useful.
But now it is gone.

The Tao that is seen
Is not the true Tao until
You bring fresh toner.

The web site you seek
Can not be located but
countless more exist.

Stay the patient course.
Of little worth is your ire.
The network is down.

Chaos reigns within.
Reflect, repent, and reboot.
Order shall return.

A crash reduces
Your expensive computer
to a simple stone.

Aborted effort:
Close all that you have worked on.
You ask far too much.

Three things are certain:
Death, taxes, and lost data.
Guess which has occurred.

Windows NT crashed.
I am the Blue Screen of Death.
No one hears your screams.

You step in the stream,
But the water has moved on.
This page is not here.

Yesterday it worked.
Today it is not working.
Windows is like that.

Out of memory.
We wish to hold the whole sky,
But we never will.

First snow, then silence.
This thousand dollar screen dies
So beautifully.

Mailing been erased,
The document you're seeking
Must now be retyped.

With searching comes loss
And the presence of absence:
My novel? Not found.

Serious error.
All shortcuts have disappeared.
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.