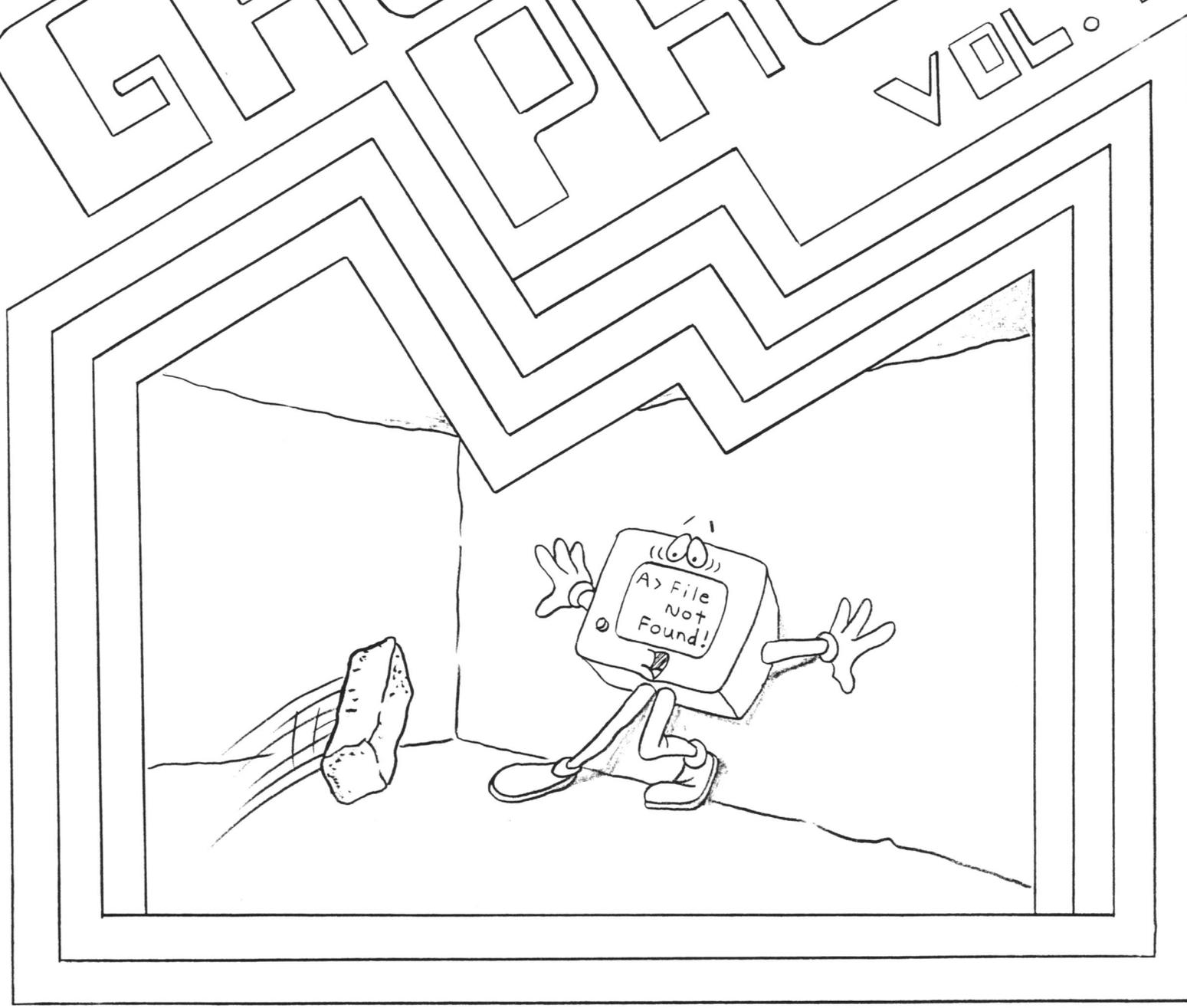


February 13, 1984

THE ALL NEW GRUNT PROCESSES

VOL. 2



THE ALL NEW GRUNT PRESS VOL. 2

A lot of the dust that was raised over volume #1 needs to be dealt with before you delve deeply into this edition of the All New Grunt Press. We received comments calling us "...too gossipy" and even "malicious", while some said we were "informative" and "fun". Even though the Editors would like to ignore the former and dwell on the latter, it would serve us better to listen than to dwell.

Mind you, controversy isn't all bad; at least it keeps readers coming back.

In discussing some of the finer points of volume #1, we found ourselves defending its integrity and what emerged was a Grunt Press philosophy:

(a) We want the Grunt Press to be guided by the same journalistic principles that are "out there" in the real world. (No censorship, i.e., the recent Ontario Supreme Court decision on film censorship.)

(b) It has to allow people to express their real feelings thoughts, attitudes--anonymously if need be--so that the Grunt Press will be an accurate reflection of the NABU spirit and character.

(c) While our accent in the future will strive to be news-oriented, we feel a little gossip doesn't hurt. (We certainly did not intend to malign anyone and we apologize if we have done so!)

Enough said about the past. We hope you find this issue worthwhile and we encourage you to send in your comments, in writing, so they can be shared with the rest of Marketing and Sales. Below we have reprinted our one and only "Letter to the Editors."

-- Chris Wallace, Publisher
-- Mary Bermel, Managing Editor
-- Keith Soley, Chief Muzzler

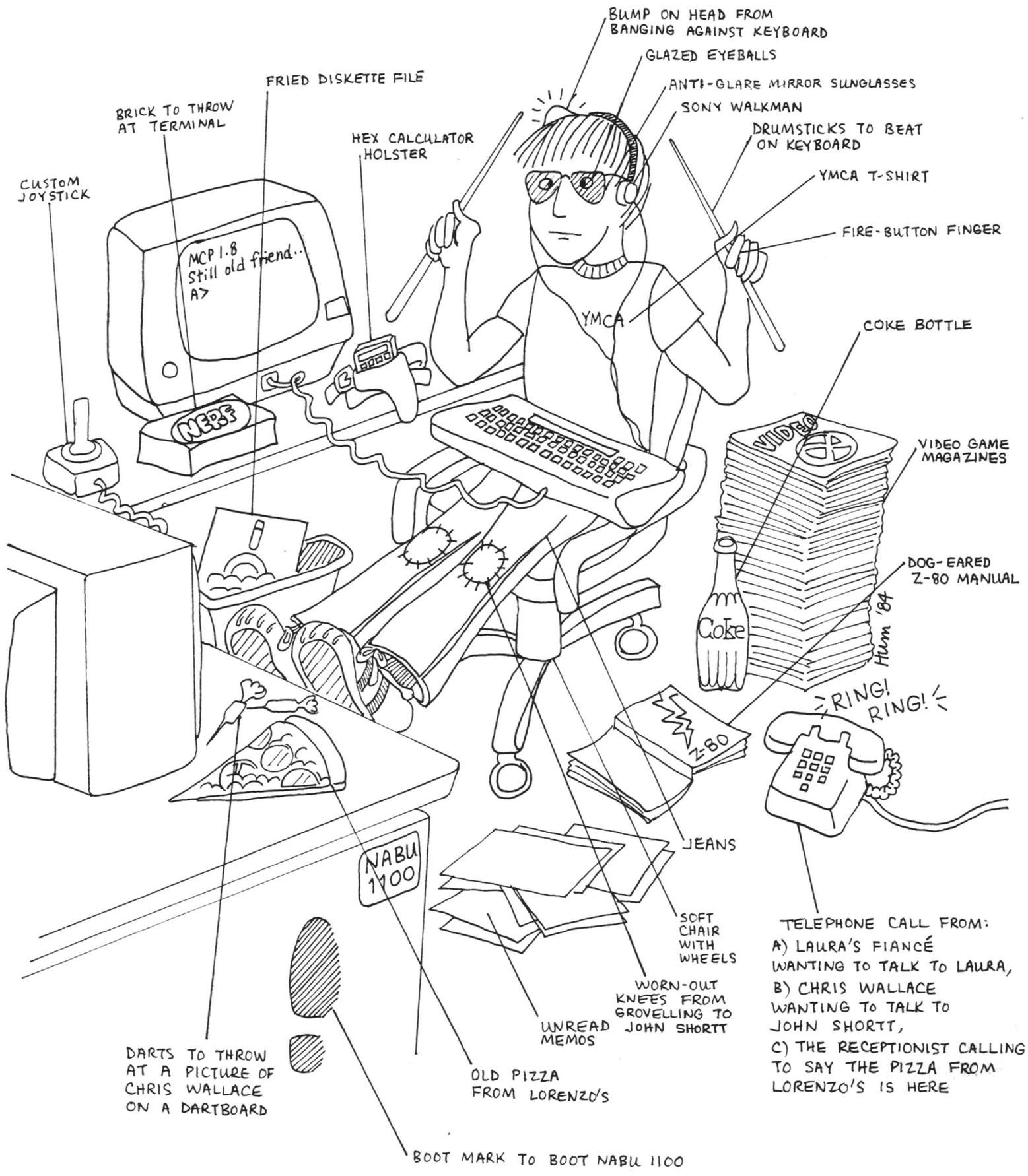
LETTER(S) TO THE EDITORS

Just a note to say how very much I enjoyed the first edition of the All New Grunt Press.

It was informative, amusing, spicy and all round good reading.

Congratulations! I avidly look forward to the next edition.....

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A NABU GAMES PROGRAMMER



BRICK TO THROW AT TERMINAL

FRIED DISKETTE FILE

HEX CALCULATOR HOLSTER

CUSTOM JOYSTICK

BUMP ON HEAD FROM BANGING AGAINST KEYBOARD

GLAZED EYEBALLS

ANTI-GLARE MIRROR SUNGLASSES

SONY WALKMAN

DRUMSTICKS TO BEAT ON KEYBOARD

YMCA T-SHIRT

FIRE-BUTTON FINGER

COKE BOTTLE

VIDEO GAME MAGAZINES

DOG-EARED Z-80 MANUAL

Hum '84

RING! RING!

Coke

Z-80

JEANS

SOFT CHAIR WITH WHEELS

WORN-OUT KNEES FROM GROVELLING TO JOHN SHORTT

UNREAD MEMOS

OLD PIZZA FROM LORENZO'S

NABU 1100

DARTS TO THROW AT A PICTURE OF CHRIS WALLACE ON A DARTBOARD

BOOT MARK TO BOOT NABU 1100

TELEPHONE CALL FROM:
 A) LAURA'S FIANCÉ WANTING TO TALK TO LAURA,
 B) CHRIS WALLACE WANTING TO TALK TO JOHN SHORTT,
 C) THE RECEPTIONIST CALLING TO SAY THE PIZZA FROM LORENZO'S IS HERE

THE DELTA SESSIONS: THE INSIDE STORY

Contrary to popular belief, these sessions are not the NABU Lottery for an evening out in beautiful downtown Ottawa. Well, in a way they are.

The beauty of random sampling is that it means you can make estimates about the characteristics and attitudes of the total market based on a small sample of subscribers. The key word is random. Anybody can come if they are chosen -- at random of course.

Once selected however, things get exclusive. And I mean really exclusive. This is seen to by the NABU Bouncers (who wished to remain nameless). By day they look like average employees, but by night, watch out!

Our local hi-tech columnist from the Ottawa Citizen was easily identified, and despite uncanny persistence, was kept from biasing the results of the Delta sessions. However, these guys are smooth operators and what could have been a touchy situation turned out well as you may have noticed in the Citizen. How then, you ask, did Ms. Crook get inside information? Well, her boss, who is the Editor of the Citizen and a subscriber to the NABU Network, happened to be selected and took it all in anyway.

With the help of D.E. Systems and the University of Ottawa, the results are currently being analyzed and will soon be available. Results will cover attitudes and preferences for our current and proposed content and for a full range of pricing, packaging and additional service options. We will also have information to precisely identify the characteristics of our market. The general impression based on the questions and comments of the 80 subscribers who participated seems to be very favourable. A quick glance through the items on renewal intentions supports the claim that our current subscribers are highly interested and committed to retaining the product.

FRANCHISE MANUALS SPEARHEAD NABU DRIVE

A series of six documents, collectively called the Franchise Manuals, is being prepared by a team of Marketing and Support Services personnel. The documents are designed for Cable Operators and will be NABU's description of THE NABU NETWORK: from what it is and how it functions to suggested marketing

strategies and sales techniques. Mind you, behind these deceptively simple phrases lies a technology that is unique in North America. That technology, and its impact on the consumer market, has to be folded neatly into the Franchise Manuals to provide Cable Operators across North America with a glistening package of excitement. This package of words, diagrams, ideas, charts, plans and graphs must be instrumental in converting jaded indifference into skepticism, skepticism into enthusiasm and enthusiasm into partnership.

Neil Talling is the hunter-gatherer for the organization and is thus responsible for wringing information and material from Engineering, Marketing and Sales. So far, those approached for input to the manuals have been very cooperative and helpful. If there are folks out there with ideas, drop in and have a coffee with Neil. These manuals can use every glister we can find.

-- Gerry Porter

REAL ESTATE

During our never ending hunt for interesting topics, we unearthed the fact that, in a former life, Fay Kolpin was a real estate broker. She has agreed to run a "Everything you always wanted to know about real estate but were too confused to ask" column.

Just send in your written queries to either Fay direct, or to Chris Wallace or Mary Bermel, and your queries and Fay's answer will be printed in the Grunt Press on a regular basis.

To start us off, here are a couple of things we have always wondered about....

- Q. Why should I sell my house through a Real Estate Broker when I can save the commission by selling it myself?
- A. Basically because a Real Estate Broker has been trained in all aspects of house selling. He/she knows the technicalities of writing up an Agreement of Purchase of Sale, has the expertise to refinance, knows how to emphasize the features and benefits PLUS he is not emotionally involved.

There is a great deal more involved in selling a property than putting an ad in the local paper and praying a lot!

REAL ESTATE - CONT'D

Another very important point is that many sellers do not think of this: - once an ad is in the paper they have virtually invited anyone to visit their home, not necessarily qualified buyers.

Everyone from noseey neighbours to professionals "casing the joint" for future burglaries are now able to enter the home on the pretext of wanting to buy.

One is better advised to put the sale of the property into the hands of a reputable, knowledgeable Real Estate Broker who has qualified buyers on his list.

Q. I am thinking of selling my house but don't know how much it is worth; what can I do?

A. Contact any reputable Real Estate Broker in your area and ask for an appraisal. (Normally there is no charge for this service as the Broker obviously is hoping to get your business.)

A sales agent will come to your home and do a Comparative Market Analysis. In brief, this is a comprehensive comparison of what houses similiar to yours have sold for during recent weeks. The Agent has been trained to make pluses and minuses in regard to your property in relation to these others.

A word of warning - should an Agent just "eyeball" your home and give you an off-the-cuff price, contact another company. In order to get a factual, meaningful appraisal, there is quite a bit of homework to be done. The correct appraisal of your property could mean the difference between your house selling promptly, or sitting on the market for months with no action.

KEEP THOSE QUESTIONS COMING IN.....

TAKING STOCK

At Thursday's communication meeting, John Kelly promised to preempt the All New Grunt Press newsbreak on "Whatever happened to my shares?" With all due respect and our thanks for delivering the facts we offer this regurgitation.

In October of 1983, NABU Manufacturing Corporation filed for a name change to become Computer Innovations Distribution Inc., thus closing a chapter in the history of our illustrious company. (See below)

STOCK - CONT'D

The segregation of NABU Network Corporation and CIDI allows, as John Kelly noted, separate managements to focus their attention on the independent marketing strategies of these two businesses. The only body common to both bodies is John Kelly's body. Investors and shareholders can now invest separately in each company, thereby recognizing the distinct opportunities of each business.

As a result of the split, for every CIDI share you hold, you get a dividend of one share in NABU Network Corporation. Put another way, you receive the same number of shares in NABU Network as you hold in CIDI. For example, say you purchased 100 shares in NABU Manufacturing eons ago. You now own 100 shares of CIDI stock and 100 shares of NABU Network stock.

<u>Company</u>	<u>Stock Code</u>	<u>Listing in Citizen</u>
NABU NETWORK Corp.	NBK	NABU
Computer Innovations Distribution Inc.	CIC	Comp Inn

Both companies are publicly traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

**** WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

NABU was the 27th iteration filed with the Ontario Securities Commission way back in 1981. It seems that there was a premium on company names beginning with A, B, or C or ending with X, Y and Z.

Anyway, the founders of NABU discovered the name NABU in Gutenberg II, David Godfrey's look into the Canadian electronics industry in 1990. In the opening paragraph of the first chapter, Godfrey wrote, "By 1990 there will be six or seven NABUs scattered about the house, with the older ones in the basement of course." In a footnote, Godfrey explained the NABU was the son of Marduke in Babylonian mythology. NABU was the God of Writing, bringer of wisdom and understand. His symbol was the stylus of the scribe.....Now you know.

ON-LINE AGAIN!!

In a recent management meeting, it was decided that Support Services would once again assume responsibility for editing all on-line documentation (with the exception of NETWORK NEWS and NETWORK INDEX).

We are currently working on the help files for NABU-WRITER and ALPHA LAB, and the text for PARLOUR POWER. As the deadlines for these is tight (squeaky in fact) we will not guarantee that we will get it perfect first time. However, we will have it "word perfect" for March 15. If you have the time, please review the help files for these applications after February 15th, and let us know of any changes that we should incorporate into the March 15th version. **We need your help!!**

Les Perley is documenting the procedures necessary to ensure an orderly handover of material from Applications Development to Support Services. So, if you have any on-line material that you feel would benefit from some editing, please consult Les before handing it over to Support Services.

-- Cecelia McDowall

FROM THE SECLUDED CAVERNS OF QA...

Yep, we're still back here for the time being (we hear that Laurie M. has her sights on our room). Secluded though we are, we're certainly not lonely! Over the past couple of days, Norm S. has been more than a daily visitor, snowing us under with... you guessed it---PAPERWORK!!! Rumour has it that Norm has been burning the midnight oil in his own secret print shop! After a long lapse in time (but who's counting?) Greg A. finally honoured us with his presence by paying us a visit. We hear that Dig Dug is up for QA testing pretty soon...so the brownie points won't work, Greg!

We'd like to take this opportunity to announce that Jim Spooner (formerly a QA co-op student) has now joined the ranks of part-time QA tester. He has now been armed with his own personalized magnifying glass and bug detector; so watch out you programmers.

And finally, anyone who would like to drop by the QA room at lunch, we would love to have you play with some of the programs under test (more eyes the better). You too can reap the rewards and personal satisfaction involved in bug-finding.

(No Cyclops need apply?--Ed.)

CONTENT PLANNING

So you think it would be fun to be a Product Manager for the NABU NETWORK, eh? Well, forget it! We only look like we're having a good time. Just imagine spending two days in the same room with John Hughes snickering at your proposed titles:

John H.: "OK Myers, tell us about some of your terrific deals (tee hee) for content."

Ed M.: "Well, John..."

John H.: "OK Myers, I've heard enough. Maria?"

Ed M.: "But, but, but..."

John H.: "Very good, Ed. You're thinking of an application that will simulate the sound of a Model A Ford?"

Finally, we get down to the job. Actually, we are thinking of making a video game out of the process. It will be called "Vying for the Wheel". The rules are simple -- it's a game the whole family can play. First you pick an area: games, education, information, or productivity. In turn, each player suggests a title, a description of that product, and a suggested price until all forty are chosen. Then, each player is given \$9.95 and told to go out and buy titles of all products other than the ones he or she has created. When each player has spent all the allotted cash, the totals are added and the designer of the titles bringing in the most revenue wins. The titles are then developed into NABU NETWORK products.

Actually, we in the NABU NETWORK planning section are finally recognizing that there are many potentially successful products that we could acquire or develop internally that we haven't thought of yet. Also, right under our noses here at NABU there are so many superior intellects and imaginative types that we are ashamed that we haven't tapped this source to date. As such, we come in this issue of the ALL NEW GRUNT PRESS, editorial visor in hand, and ask for your input. Now is your chance to become rich and famous.

****WE ARE STARTING A CONTEST**** Laurie Smith is going to collect suggestions for content from all NABU NETWORK employees. The winner, drawn every month, will receive a free trip to the famed Content Committee Planning Sessions (all expenses paid) and a cheque for \$50.00 even if the suggestion doesn't make it onto the wheel. However, if the suggestion is a new one and results in a new NABU NETWORK product, the originator will get \$500.00 and a handshake from Keith Soley. ("Just pass me the cheque")

So hurry and get your suggestions in. -- Ed Myers

CONTENT-ALIZING

Maria Cioni was seen prowling the halls of NABU asking if anyone had seen a Mr. "Simian". Could it be that Dr. Cioni has found the missing link? Tune in next week as we follow Maria through darkest Africa shouting: "Dr. Livingston, where are you? Kaa! Kaa! Kaa!"

John Shortt will deny this but there are witnesses that will testify to his latent love for information services for the NABU NETWORK. John dropped his guard at a particularly weak moment yesterday and admitted that "information products on the NABU NETWORK may not be attractive to our present subscribers but if we offered some good information services, we could expand our subscriber base dramatically." There is, however, no truth to the rumour that J.S. is looking for a job on staff for THE ALL NEW GRUNT PRESS.

(There are limits to how low we would stoop -- Ed.)

SOCIAL & RECREATION CLUB

This past week a group of us got together to help Keith Soley celebrate his 37th birthday. I think Keith is still finding balloons carefully hidden in his office! (Thanks to a few of our own interior decorators.)

Our baby boomer contest is a success. All of the 46 tickets were sold within the first couple of days. (Strong arm tactics and intimidation??-- Ed.) Now all we have to do is sit back and wait! Gordon Gow has expressed his desire that Cathy and Andrea refrain from any skidooring and bicycling that might upset nature's course. Keith Soley's comment made when purchasing a ticket for Andrea was "You're always on time, Andrea, due it again." Needless to say, Keith purchased both tickets for Andrea on her due date.

-- Laurie Smith

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE TURTLE CLUB RETURNS

The Turtle Club returns to the airwaves (Channel 12) on Saturday, February at noon. Ian Rae, a former computer workshop coach who left us in the summer to galavant around Europe, is the Turtle Club Coordinator. Anyone with ideas for the show please talk with Ian (extension 328). Just ask Laurie Smith where Ian sits.

TORONTO STAR MOVIE CRITIC VISITS NABU
(the official version)

Ottawa -- Rob Salem, an entertainment staff writer for the Toronto Star, came to Baxter Centre on Friday, February 3. The reason? To check out the new Video Watch application, which is based on Salem's book, Video Guide. Video Watch is a listing of video cassette titles with descriptions. It will be on the NABU Network this month.

Ed Myers and Les Perley talked with Salem that morning, showing Salem the Video Watch service in its first draft version on Sel 2 in the NABU Network Centre. Along with Edmond Hum, they later went to lunch at Peter's Pantry.

Salem said he was impressed with the application, and was bowled over as well by the entire NABU Network. He said he would be writing an article about NABU for the Saturday Star in its home entertainment section.

TORONTO STAR MOVIE CRITIC VISITS NABU
(the trivial version)

Rob Salem wears jeans with a hole in the back pocket.

He met Australian movie star Mel Gibson in Toronto in (of all places) "The Booze Can", a speakeasy, a dive so inaccessible that one has to go up in a freight elevator to get to it.

Salem talked with Gibson, never letting on that he was a journalist, and Gibson divulged details to Salem that Salem later passed on to Toronto Star columnist Sid Adilman.

Two weeks later, Salem found himself in the freight elevator with none other than Gibson again. Gibson was apologizing to the elevator guard about how the "Booze Can" got mentioned in the paper, and went on about how he didn't know how it got into the press. Meanwhile, Salem was in the corner of the elevator, sweating it out.

Salem was up the entire night before coming to Ottawa. He was partying and frequenting the bars and having a rowdy time. He came to town with "about sixteen dollars or so." Salem will be providing the updates on New and Upcoming Releases on Video Watch, and because he wanted to get the February one done, he stayed in Ottawa over the weekend, in a hotel.

"I have a thing for room service," he said.

Salem was an actor and a stand-up comic before going to work for the Star. He was taught classes at Second City workshops by John Candy. Today, Salem teaches teenage students in a comedy improvisation workshop on Saturdays.

Rob Salem loves to play the video game, 'Crush, Crumble & Chomp!'

THIS END UP

From the deranged mind of Leo Binkowski:

Well, it's nice to see THE GRUNT PRESS in circulation again. I hope that I get a chance to explain my side of the story before people attack me as "the person who let THE GRUNT PRESS die".

Many moons ago, a man named Trevor Pearce was editor of THE GRUNT PRESS. As time wore on, he found that he did not like to put it together anymore. Well, I thought it would be fun to put it together, so I did. It wasn't as much fun as I had thought, but I still liked doing it. In the original version, people wishing to submit pieces would hand me a disk with a Wordstar file on it, and I would put it together, print it, add the occasional cartoon, and interesting piece from another magazine. I also did all of the copying, collating, stapling and deliveries myself (usually at some ungodly hour). Fine. When people started moving from Roosevelt, there was not as big an audience as before (15 people), so I quit doing it until we moved to the ever-so-populated Baxter Center.

After one issue, THE GRUNT PRESS died because literally nobody wanted to spend a little time writing it (except me). Even Norm Siemans, who writes two pages of documentation for every two lines of code, shunned me. (Norm is really taking a beating this issue!!!-Ed.) So, to my regret, I filed it under "Waste of Time" and let it collect dust.

The original GRUNT PRESS was 70% technical and 30% fun. One of the regular articles, "Boots and Whips", told of program library updates to make all of the software engineering groups' lives easier. We were also not against gossip, and we had our gripe column, "Dear Crabby", which did not last long.

We also had some very useful articles, even to the normal folk, like "How to Recover from a Wordstar Crash" and "The 10* Commandments of the IOS". There was a classic joke about John Shortt and Bill Bourne:

Apparently there has been some recent confusion as to the identity of John Shortt. Some individuals thought that he was Bill Bourne. This misunderstanding has now been cleared up. Everyone who thought John was Bourne yesterday now realize that he has been Shortt all his life.

(bad, eh?) Ah well, when in Marketing, do as the Marketeers do...

CHIEF BOTTLE WASHER DECREES NEW POLICY

All future submissions (dirty laundry or Pulitzer epics) should be in Wordstar. Pip your file onto my GRUNT disk which you will find on my desk. Deadline for next issue is February 20.

NABU TRIVIA QUIZ

As a special gift to the newly inaugurated GRUNT PRESS, John Shortt and I came up with a little NABU trivia quiz:

1. How many bullet holes were in Chris Wallace's windshield shortly after buying his new RX7?
(a) 1 (b) 0 (c) 4
2. Who rode Todd MacNaught's bicycle through the executive offices at Richmond Road?
(a) Todd MacNaught (b) Ken Shimizu (c) Greg Adams
3. Who wiped out on his motorcycle five hours after taking delivery of it?
(a) Greg Adams (b) Leo Binkowski (c) Warren Belkin
4. Who won the pool based on question #3?
(a) Tracy O'Keefe (b) Sue Gordon (c) Dale MacKenzie
5. Who has the shiniest teeth at NABU?
(a) Chris Wallace (b) Mary Bermel (c) Ed Myers
6. What manager had lights draped around his office doorway, Christmas 1982?
(a) Bill Bourne (b) Michael Bate (c) John Shortt
7. What was Ed Hum's problem with his 1100 that he could not figure out?
(a) It was not plugged in.
(b) The TV was on the wrong channel.
(c) It was turned off.
8. How much does Ed Myers charge to haunt a house?
(a) he pays you (b) nothing, it's free (c) \$10
9. Who invented the Computer?
(a) Mr. Chips (b) E.T. (c) The Marquis de Sade

A POEM IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

On Wednesday, February 8, two teachers from the McHugh School and two of their students came to assess the value of the NABU NETWORK. The McHugh School offers classes for children with learning disabilities. The teachers are eager to find ways to communicate with, interest, and educate these special students.

James Gregory was bent enough to assist the guests. David, one student who is sixteen years old, cannot speak. Until he used the keyboard on a PET, David was thought to have very low intelligence. With James' help, David used NABU-WRITER to write and print out a poem. David was happy. The other student took satisfaction in choosing and loading programs. His favourite was ALPHA LAB, a new LOGO Bloc going up this month. (He didn't mind the wait!)

The McHugh School and the Royal Ottawa Hospital are very interested in the NABU NETWORK for testing and for learning. They're happy.

WOMAN OF STEEL STOLE SHOW

On January 31, 1984 our own M.K. Marsden was despatched by NABU to address The Bay's evening seminar program on "The Age of Computers". She was to speak after a professional consultant from a reputable computer company that shall remain anonymous.

The audience was comprised of 22 women. Statistically, they looked something like this:

- 17 career women
- 1 housewife
- 4 own a personal computer at home
- 4 interested in word processing
- 2 looking for work
- 2 no responses

The consultant opened the show with vocabulary tips on computer hardware and software. The audience quickly became restless, and began to stare glazily at the white stucco ceiling. Not inconspicuously, one of the more enthralled in the front row shut eyelids, cocked and then dropped her neck forward onto her chest and lost consciousness somewhere in Never-Never Land.

Now that the audience had been warmed up so comfortably, it was our turn!

With genuine pride and not a small degree of heartfelt sympathy, I grasped Mary K.'s arm and whispered encouragingly "I know it's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it. Knock 'em dead kid!"

WOMAN OF STEEL - CONT'D

Donning a NABU navy blue hero suit, Mary K. leaped to the stage tangling herself in meters of microphone wire.

"No sweat" she said confidently to the audience, "I am a computer expert, not an electronics specialist."

And, in a whirlwind, she delivered her speech proclaiming the business acumen of NABU Network Corporation and the innumerable virtues of owning a NABU P.C.

At first slowly and then more quickly, the audience took note. The slouching began to sit tall in their straight-backed seats and the drowsy were roused out of their slumber. Our friend in the front row who had just reached REM phase suddenly bolted upright and with bright eyes opened wide, she asked incredulously, "Is it a bird, a plane?" (I swear it's true!!!) From the back of the audience came the astute reply, "No, it's super Naboo."

And so began an evening that shall find a place in the annals of spectacular NABU engagements.

The questions came wave after wave, as each prompted another. In fact, so many were asked that the security guards eventually resorted to physical removal of the patrons out of the building.

At last everything went dark. (The security guards cheered.)

Despite Mary K.'s tremendous presentation, I am sad to report that she too succumbs to human weaknesses that sometimes befall employees of this company...Mary K. was late for work the next morning.

I found her stuck in a telephone booth trying to change back into her street clothes.

--her agent, with editorial embellishments

THE SQUIRE'S GOOSE

Once upon a time, on a far distant planet called NABU, there reigned a strange kingdom, known far and wide for the peculiar nature of its industry and the very odd appearance of its inhabitants.

The kingdom was ruled by a very impressive man indeed, who had a certain charm and an affable nature that everyone rather loved, though to tell the truth, no one could ever understand him when he got up to speak. His underlings would nod this way and that with a remarkable intelligence,

and clap with so much heartfelt love that when he finished you would think he had given them gold. But in truth, not a one was anymore enlightened, which was acceptable to all, so long as the kingdom continued to flourish, and all its strange inhabitants could be left to pursue this industry that everyone firmly believed would one day very soon produce the single more important home appliance in the universe.

Now there are many stories to tell about the odd events that happen in the kingdom of NABU, but dear reader, I cannot possibly relate them all in this very brief space. So I've chosen one, and it has to do with a certain mongoose that was found by one very small and indistinguished proletariat who lived and worked very hard in the village at the foot of the great NABU castle. Now this particular prole had inherited an animal from the faraway planet earth, given to her by a wayward lover who, I'm afraid, preferred travel to the sedentary life. So she kept the mongoose faithfully and fed it rats of a monstrous size, since the mongoose is a fierce creature, more deadly than the wolf.

One day, this tiny indistinguished prole decided to approach the great castle with her mongoose, if only to show those powers that be that even an indistinguished prole can happen upon something remarkable. So she set off with her mongoose in a wooden cage and mounted the 4,000 marble steps to the castle, the spires of which all but disappeared in the pink clouds.

Now this prole was of a delicate bone and a fragile temperament, and so in truth, she trembled like a seedling as she mounted the steps to the castle. But fortune favoured her that sweltering afternoon, for, just as she reached the top step, the great doors opened and a flashing retinue of kings' men came marching out of the palace. So, with a wit that even formidable men would admire, she clutched her mongoose and ran headlong through the armoured legs and spears until at last she reached the room from which the parade had sprung -- the throne room. Well, how could our hearts not sigh with pity for the poor girl, who suddenly found herself all alone in the presence of none other than Lord Dow and his noble squire, L'amode.

"What insolence is this?" roared the great lord, and the poor child's knees shook like a newborn fawn.

"If you please, my lord," she uttered weakly, "I have brought a remarkable creature that perhaps you might wish to see."

The great lord's eyes lit up and his squire came forward, for in truth they were both curious sorts with an enormous passion for fun.

"It's very fierce," the child warned, "But if you peek down into the wire mesh, you might get a look at its tail," and so she proceeded to explain the creature's habits with the candid innocence of procreation that can only come from children borne of toil.

So the squire L'amode peered down into the cage, and the great lord bent down and scratched the top of the wooden box with a child's fascination. And just at that very moment, something completely unexpected happened. The cage door burst open and the fierce mongoose charged out, leaping off the walls of the room and snarling furiously. The squire jumped back nearly 10 feet and hollered "Get the bastard!" and then the great lord began to roar.

And he laughed and he laughed still his sides ached and his cheeks burned. For, as he realized, the mongoose was nothing but a crop of fur stuck on a pole with a spring, and it came to rest in a limp heap in the corner of the room.

It was a good joke, a fine joke, a very clever joke indeed for which the small prole continues to pay a cruel punishment. For the squire has locked her into a tower and keeps her there without wine or nourishment of any kind...while the tales spreads through the kingdom like a great contagion and everyone roars at the trick that has become affectionately known as 'the squire's goose.'

-- Sister Grimm

"CAN WE TALK..."

1. Did you know...that the stones are contagious? No sooner had we sealed the first Get Well Soon cards for Keith Soley than OCL announced that their own stalwart leader, Roy O'Brien has been afflicted with the same rotten stones. No kidney-ing!! Boy, when those stones get rolling, there's no stopping them!! In all seriousness, we hope they pass soon.
2. Tidbits: Lots of smiles at the retail end with NPC's and printers now available off the shelf and word processing to be officially unveiled in less than a week.
3. John Bobak has taken to burning up and down the canal at high speeds on skates over the weekends. Perhaps he is trying to shed his teddy bear image so he can slip into his new leotards and join Michelle for her Stretch 'n' Wretch exercise sessions.

"CAN WE TALK..." - CONT'D

4. Notable Quotes

"There's something obituary about black." -- Cecilia McDowall

Over the phone, in a loud voice to his 'date':

"What have you got?...anything?" -- Chris Wallace

"In the fifties we used to wear drain pipes and a pair of beetle crushers...that's England for you." -- David Farrar

Overheard at a Marketing secretary's desk:

"Yes, it's all set. I've made the reservations. We have the Master Bedroom at the Westin Hotel."

5. Answers to Leo and John's Trivia Quiz:

1. (a) Probably at the hands of an irate programmer.
2. (b) Ken Shimizu. The skid marks are still there.
3. (b) Leo Binkowski. Everyone was surprised he lasted that long.
4. (c) Dale MacKenzie. Dale is the eternal optimist.
5. (d) All of the above. Is it true that John Shortt put in a purchase req for sunglasses?
6. (c) John Shortt. He lights up your life.
7. (b) Ed had the wrong channel. John Shortt and Laura Schening couldn't figure it out either.
8. (b) Nothing, it's free, but only if Leo asks nicely.

If you guessed correctly, drop in your ballot for:

FIRST PRIZE: A TRIP FOR TWO AROUND JOHN HUGHES.

3 SECOND PRIZES: TWO WEEKS DIAPER OF DUTY AT THE McGRATH RESIDENCE.

500 THIRD PRIZES: "The NABU Big Game Hunt" POSTER. SEE CECELIA MCDOWALL FOR DETAILS.

Many thanks for your contributions: Fay Kolpin, Ed Myers, Gerry Porter, Cecilia McDowall, Kunthi Paikera, Laurie Smith, (especially) Ed Hum, Leo Binkowski, John Shortt, Mary K.Marsden's agent, and Sister Grimm.....

NEXT DEADLINE: FEB 20, ON WORDSTAR PLEASE!

Love conquers all things.
-- Virgil

All is fair in love and war.
-- anon.

Make love not war. -- the 60's

To my valentine Mary K

I am all sighs
As you evaporate before my eyes
Exercise is well and good
But no substitute for food.

Eat your heart out instead,
Joan Rivers

Eileen Savoia
You annoy-a (us)
We are by nature fun
Until our contracts sit undone
We will not give you relief
From our grief
Until you promptly process our brief(s)

-- Happy Valentine's Day

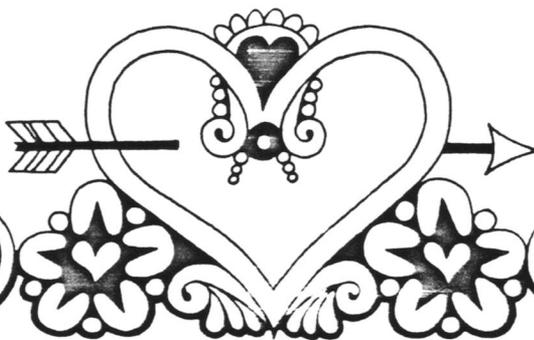
To Tanya in Ac-a-pul-co
I hate to tell you we're low
Used to like you a bit
But we nearly sh_ _
When you left us behind in the snow!
-- Just funnin'

Aloha means I love you.

-- Tanya Thompson?

Greater love hath no man than this,
that he lay down his life for his friends.

-- John 15:13



Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
And fattening too.

--old English ditty

A Valentines Greeting to My 1100

Part I:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I'd love to see thy PC boards go up in a smokey blaze;
I'd love to blow thy IC chips and video circuitry
And melt the result into a work of Euclidean
geometry.

But most of all I'd love to know just where they
got the nerve
To think that we could work on you, and far worse -
- gasp - CabServe.

Part II:

I think I shall never see
A thing as maddening as a COPY key;
Just once to hit it instead of CNTRL
Makes me wish the designer never got parole.

-- Terry Newcombe

To Chris:

Be my valentine,
Yes I care.

I will lend you my comb
But never will my Blistex share.

--Hot Lips



I love your baud. -- anon.

I'm in the mode for love.
--anon.

Let's get
digital.
--anon.

TO: THE BOYS
FROM: LAURIE SMITH
(Soon to be Shusterman)

Roses are red,
Violets are grey,
You still have 50 days!

Roses, candy & gifts will do
To express lovingly as with a
coo!

But now I must warn to beware,
for your attempts will fail--
but if you dare!

For my love will always hold true,
For my Lornie, I love you!

There was a young chairman named Kelly
Who plugged computers to tellies
The events that ensued
Made international news
And now we're all feeding our bellies.

We knew from the start
That the man he had heart
For he knew how to summon our laughter
But when he went off
To fill up the trough
We worked off our little baffers.

So here's a ditty for you Mr. Kelly
That to write is harder than helly
But we just want to say
You're pretty okay
A real special valentine felly.

From all the NABU Network grunts.

