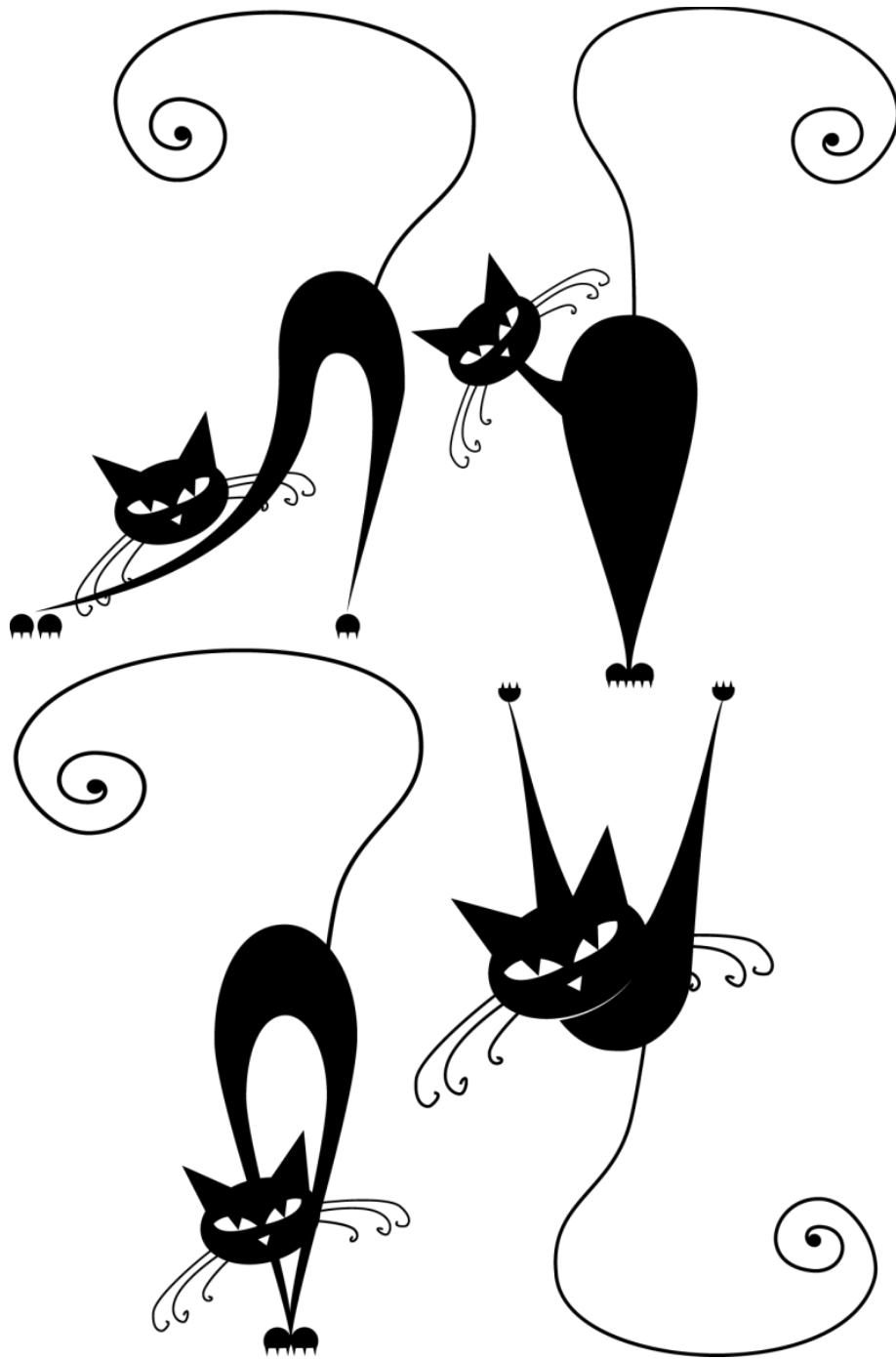


Disclaimer

the content in this book is for entertainment purposes only. I do not condone or advocate the use of drugs, violence, destruction of property, or any illegal activity.

The Crazy Bastards Cookbook



Introduction

This book is a collection of BBS text documents, conspiracy theories, and some funny stories. a collection of drink recepies, plus some breakfast recipes, and some novelty bush stoves designs all mixed in this one book.

if you love reading about crazy shit for a good for laugh, you'll love this book.

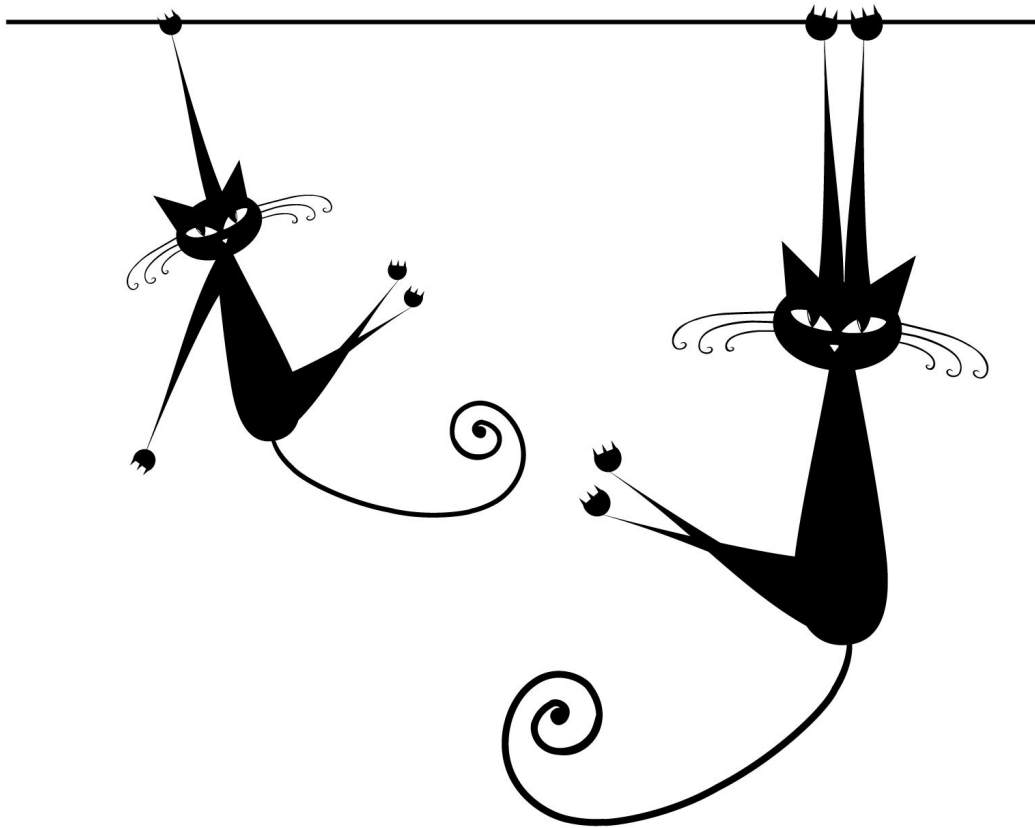


Table of Contents

Torlak and the Tale of the Space Mushrooms.....

Conspiracy Theories.....

The cat alien conspiracy.....

I Think My Neighbor Is An Alien.....

The Beatles Never Existed.....

#1 - Beatles HEIGHT Discrepancies.....

#2: Different Eyebrows.....

#3 - Fake Ears.....

Clue #4: Subtly-Differing Teeth.....

Lego presents how to roll a joint.....

Bush Stoves.....

Dakota Fire Pit.....

Hobo Stove.....

Brick Rocket Stove.....

Breakfast Recipes.....

Buttermilk Waffles By: Spatula Tzar.....

Pancakes.....

Hash Browns.....

Dinner Recipes.....

One Pot Spaghetti Bolognese.....

Bacon, vegetable and lentil soup.....

Food You Can Get Fucked Up On.....

Acapulco Green Dip.....

Apple Crispy.....

Banana Bread.....

Chili Bean Pot.....

Pot Brownies.....

Pot Soup.....

Spaghetti Sauce.....

Drink Recipes.....

BLACK RUSSIAN.....

BLOODY MARY.....

DINAH.....

EARTHQUAKE.....

FLAMES OVER NEW JERSEY.....

GIMLET.....

GIN FIZZ.....

HARVEY WALLBANGER.....

ICED RUM COFFEE.....

LITTLE PRINCESS.....

MARTINI.....

OLD FASHIONED.....

PINA COLADA.....

PINK LEMONADE.....

PLAIN FROZEN DAIQUIRI.....

Planter's Punch.....

RED LION.....

ROB ROY.....

TOM COLLINS.....

WHISKEY SOUR.....

ZOMBIE.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #2.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #3.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #4.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #5.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #6.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #7.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #8.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #9.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #10.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL LIVES! #11.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #12.....

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #13.....

The Bastard Operator from Hell Rides Again. #14.....

THE BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #15.....

Fucking With People.....

5 Ways to Kill a Car.....

50 Fun Things To Do In An Elevator.....

83 WAYS TO TRASH YOUR SCHOOL.....

100 WAYS TO FREAK OUT YOUR ROOMMATE.....

Krazy Glue Tricks.....

An Anarchists' Guide to Airports.....

Dealing with an AT&T Telemarketer.....

How to Really Piss Off a Wallgreens or a Dominick's.....

Pissing Off People in Cars.....

Fun things to do to an asshole's car.....

Fun things to do to stupid neighbors.....

HOW TO FUCK UP WORK.....

Things to Do in a Computer Lab.....

How to Rob a Bank.....

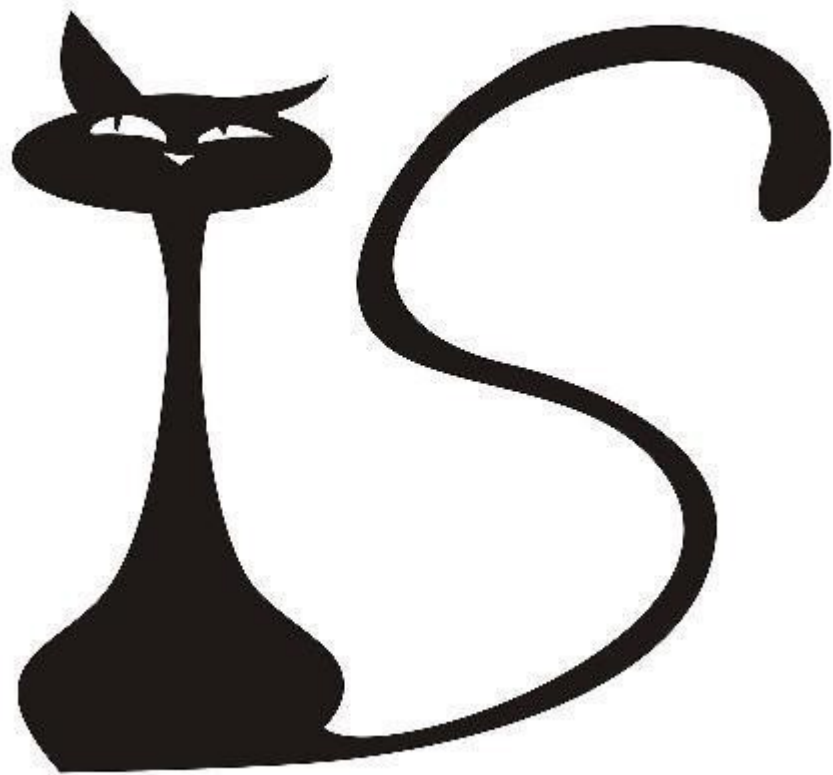
100 Ways To Disappear And Live Free.....

How To Build Your Own Television Station.....

Top 12 things NOT to say to a Cop.....

How to Connect Anything to Anything.....

Text Artwork.....





Torlak and the Tale of the Space Mushrooms

Torlak of Nanub was running from the feds one cold space day. He sold drugs you see, to be specific it was space dust, the hottest shit on the planet of Blaznor. Drugs are bad, even to space aliens, so they must be stopped. At least this is what the government wants you to believe, both theirs and ours.

While on the run Torlak stopped at a small dinner on Rizorf to get some chow. He ordered a half plate of space eggs, covered in franks red-hot sauce, with an extra-large side order of

hash browns and toast. Running from the feds sure makes you hungry and he needed a man sized dinner. the eggs were a bit runny for his taste but he gulped them down anyway. After paying and convincing the waitress to give him head in the bathroom in lieu of her tip he was on his merry way unaware of the events that would unfold in the near future.

He used his fake face to make it past the first intergalactic check point when he noticed a slight rumble in his third stomach. He figured it was his nerves and paid it no attention. After rounding the horse Nebula the rumble had moved to his second stomach and he felt severe sharp pain in his fourth. "space shits!" he cried, "just what I need now, FUCK!"

Quickly Torlak left the bridge and headed to his toilet. He flung open the door and parked his cheeks on the seat and got ready to unleash a toxic dump the likes of which have never been seen by the galaxy. right before he could pinch off the first loaf he noticed the blinking light over the shit tank level indicator. "FULL! And no time to empty the shit tanks, I haft a dump my load now!"

Torlak pulled his jeans back up and tried to hold off the flood of turd that was imminent. Desperately looking for somewhere to drop his load he searched high and low for some kind of container. Under his seat he found a 6 month old brown bag lunch he forgot to eat. Yellow and orange with fungus no one would want to eat it but the bag would work just fine for what Torlak had in mind.

Torlak dropped his pants and put the bag to his ass. With every pound that drained from his body he felt 100 times better. Ten pounds lighter and pain free Torlak was left with a problem on his hands: what to do with a huge bag of alien shit. Torlak dons his space suit and opens the main door to his cockpit. With the cold blackness of space exposed he musters every memory of collage baseball and throws the bag as hard as he can out the door. with good riddance he closes the door and carries on his daring run from the police.

Torlak cuts west towards Simplat but his bag of shit makes no notice. With nothing but the rules of physics governing its voyage it has no choice but to go straight until something else happens to it on its way. That something just happened to be 30 light years later and a planet called Betagon 7. Known for being the worst possible place to incubate life, the planet was left to weapons testing and a colony for Mormons that people got tired of dealing with. No atmosphere proves difficult to any complex life from trying to take up residence on Betagon 7 but proves quite helpful to our bag of unpleasantness. it falls towards the planet in rapid decent and splatters on the ground covering it in many square feet of brown sludgy goo with a frozen sandwick in the middle.

Slowly the sandwich melts and mixes with the goo. Spores from the fungus get their precious heat and light and begin to grow. Multiplying rapidly they follow the instructions encoded in their DNA and organize. First a stem appears, then a bell. Then another shroom pops up and yet another. Over the next 5 days a total of 6 shrooms manage to make it. to this day they sit as a tribute to Torlak, his horribly undercooked breakfast and drugs. Remember kids, not all drugs are bad. So if you happen to run across a nice phat rail of space dust, grab yourself a straw and snort that shit up!

Conspiracy Theories

The cat alien conspiracy

Don't let your cat see you reading this about aliens.

Since as far as we know the beginning of man, aliens have been using cats to try to stop us from progressing to the reasonably advanced race that human beings have become. They do this because they aren't allowed to directly kill us, however they don't want us to catch up to them or even become as advanced as their race.

The aliens originally took the approach of placing large cats like tigers, lions, jaguars, etc. Here to kill off our ancestors to slow us down before we even had a chance to start. This backfired on them, though it did kill off a lot of them that had intelligence however not the muscle needed to actually use the weapons that they were trying to invent. They did not kill all of them and we managed to push forward.

Then the aliens left for a fairly long time however thinking that the original large cats would wipe all of us out, and just left us for dead. Later while checking in on us they noticed that a large tower was being built and saw that we were advancing quicker than they were comfortable with, so they destroyed that building made us speak different languages and sent us all in different directions. Once again they threw a monkey wrench in to our species development but this time they blamed it on "God".

When the aliens sent us to each of these different areas they stripped us of our tools. Problem is they forgot to wipe our memories of how to make those tools and start over again. This language change and being divided set us back a good deal however it did not make recovery impossible and the separate civilizations were able to get back to where they were technology wise at different speeds. Those poor primitive tribes of today have barely fully recovered. However this time they visited a few times to check on us and saw that we recovered a little yet were still struggling, not to mention realizing that the language barrier that they created was working better than they ever imagined. Satisfied with their work their visits became increasingly far apart as their confidence grew.

Later on one day while passing through the area the aliens decided to take a short detour over to earth just to see what these pesky little humans were up to. They noticed an advanced civilization had created huge things that we have come to know as pyramids. This really caught their eye, especially since with the massive size of them and the fact that they had no idea how the civilization could make such things with the relatively primitive tools that they had, not to mention in the middle of an area as inhospitable as a desert. They came to the realization that the large cats failed their mission and that they needed a new approach.

At this point they decided the only way to find out how all of this happened was by placing spies. This is when they left us with a smaller more intelligent form of cat to watch, learn, and hopefully even do somethings to sabotage the humans technological growth. They gave them specific instructions, to act cute, go in to the areas that the humans lived in and allow them to think that they had domesticated them like they had domesticated dogs long ago. They equipped them with telepathy abilities so that they could both communicate the reports to the aliens, which try to be invisible to us however with some of us they fail and appear to be ghosts.

The "house cats" soon discovered that these telepathy abilities (with the aid of toxoplasma gondii), could be used as a form of mind control to make the humans believe that they were cute and worth keeping. As opposed to just being pompous, egotistical, picky, things that that did nothing more than eat, sleep, completely ignore us, and refuse to be trained, while really not helping us at all. Not to mention using sunbeams that we now know can be used for solar power.

As they got used to this royal treatment while spying on the people that pulled off the miracle of those pyramids. They reported that these humans had managed to do it by a use of math and science that was amazingly advanced despite everything the aliens has tried to do to stunt this relatively young species technological advancement, and told them that it was all done in the name of their religion which the aliens knew from their own experience to be a big step in the development of culture and civilization. That with the reports of large libraries of knowledge scared the aliens.

They knew this was bad, they realized that a good amount of these humans were learning to sense their presence even though they were invisible and were even calling them spirits which they had incorporated in to their religion. However they saw that the humans noticed that when a cat was around these "spirits" left very quickly, and generally didn't leave until a cat was brought in to the area. The aliens told the cat spies to use this to their advantage to make these humans believe that they were protecting them from the spirits.

This worked beautifully all skepticism that the humans ever had of the cats went right out the window, They believed them to be guardians sent to them by the gods (haha close but not close enough to the truth) the most advanced race of the time had now started making statues to worship these spies, even went as far as to make a unimaginably huge monument known as the sphinx in honor of these well disguised spies. Which they believed to now have the greatest guardian power of all cats. When the cats displayed their love for it, the Egyptians believed that it had just received their blessing.

These people truly loving the cats however having way to much of a "good" thing becomes a bad thing, started selling them to other people in other areas through barter and trade. This was great for them because they were making wealth off of these guardians, and worked even better for the aliens because now their spies were being spread across the planet, very easily infiltrating the planet as technology and the ability to travel advanced.

Jumping along to modern day, cats have now gotten in to every continent and I think every country. Chinese apparently are eating them while keeping others as "pets" but hey we all know every war has its casualties. Also we know that they see dogs (the humans long time, perfectly loyal, completely loving, never will go out of style companion) as their natural enemy. However they manage to get along when they see that they are both in the humans house to stay and neither is going any where.

To this day they continue to attempt to find out everything that we know, and stop us from learning more. When you are on the computer they try to stop you from using it while they are clearly reading what is said on the monitor themselves. When you read a book they read it as well. While you are watching tv if it sounds to them like you might be learning something they either watch it as well or try to distract you, either by climbing in your lap or laying on

top of the television possibly with an attempt to cover part of the screen. The aliens maintain their cover of being ghosts, cats to a degree maintain their attempts to act like they are protecting us from them.

How many times have you "accidentally" tripped or almost tripped over your cat? How many times was that in the dark where you know they can see perfectly well, or in an area like near the top of stairs? April 23, 2010 -- According to a CDC report, pets cause fall injuries that send more than 86,000 people to emergency rooms in the USA every year, guess how many of those are cats. The cat's alien spy mind control ability to make us keep them because of their cute factor has been fine tuned by them to perfection, though some people see through it and proclaim that they don't like cats.

On July 16, 1945 the cats started flooding the aliens with urgent reports that the humans were making and testing very dangerous weapons that they called "atomic bombs". Less than a month later (August 15, 1945) every cat spy in the world flooded the aliens with a 2nd wave of reports that clearly stated that "the humans have fully functional atomic bombs and have just demonstrated that they aren't afraid to use them." When that wave of reports came in the aliens freaked the fuck out, and wasted no time in getting to earth as fast as they possibly could.

They were in such a rush to get here, that when they arrived on July 7, 1947 they forgot to use their breaks in time to slow down for a safe landing. This resulted in their alien ufo crash landing in Roswell New Mexico, causing their invisible/ghost cover to be damaged and no longer work. This was quickly cleaned up with all traces of proof covered up by the humans that they were easily able to use there mind control to make them bend to their will, and try to stop the knowledge from spreading. For a small few this attempt failed while the rest remain oblivious.

You are probably wondering how does Steve Leighton know this, and how did the aliens manage to get back home undetected. The aliens with a little power of persuasion got themselves on to the next rocket that was being launched to explore the moon. This time remembering to clear all of the memories of it from the humans at NASA that saw them.

As for how I know this about the cats, one of those aliens mated with one of my ancestors, as others did with some of the best that this world has to offer to create a form of new species to eventually take over the earth. We appear human to all forms of current technology as a form of stealth. Of others like me, very few are able to hear what the cats are saying when making their reports however I am able to and I feel it is only fair that all of you know whats really going on. I will stop here and leave it open to all questions for two reasons.

If you believe this bullshit, you can send 30 dollars to me, and I will let the aliens know to leave you alone, and cat's will like you more.

Remember just because some one calls it an alien conspiracy, does not mean that the alien conspiracy is true.

I Think My Neighbor Is An Alien

Guys, my neighbors really freak me out. Sometimes at night, they will pull in to their garage and close the door with what looks like a female human. Then, during the night, they will leave, and I will never see the female human being again. I think that maybe they are aliens and the "female human" is their disguised ancestor. I say this because shortly after they pull into the garage, I hear the car doors close and then I hear a bunch of sounds like something hitting the car, and I hear screaming. So I think the "female human" disguised alien is one of their ancestors who can't adapt to the earth's atmosphere. After about fifteen minutes of the thumping noise, I hear the car doors close again and then they leave and the car comes back and parks for the night. I am really kind of freaked out about this. My neighbor is about 30, and "married" to another humanoid who is strangely absent during these rituals. He always walks around with a t-shirt on that has some strange scrawlings on it that look like alien language, he says it is something to do with a group of guys he hung out with in college but I think he's trying to lie to me. Anyone know how I can find out if these are really aliens??

The Beatles Never Existed

We who began researching this in 2011 consider it to be a serious subject, not a joke, and this site is here to expose the actions of those who exploited these young men -- in whatever form they actually appeared to us -- and defrauded us their fans. It is to defend the honor of everyone involved who did not take part in it willingly. It has become apparent to us in this extensive and painstaking research that there were never just four individual people known as "John", "Paul", "George", and "Ringo" who comprised one Rock & Roll band known as "The Beatles", and rose to fame as the world's first supergroup. For all intents and purposes as far as we can tell, no one such group ever existed.

We are here to explore whether the original individuals themselves ever existed (and if so, what may have happened to them and by whom), but have not been able thus far to calculate how many of each persona were fraudulently presented to the world, or whether there were originals and what may have happened to them.

Please join us at the forum if you care to and can be open-minded. This is a highly-emotional topic for many of us, and most of us have very strong feelings about it. We have started this work because we were once fans to varying degrees, and many of us still listen to and enjoy their music.

* * * * *

Were there Multiple Beatles? Since the Beginning?

The purpose of this site is to present evidence that the Beatles were always sets of multiples since their inception, and were not just four individual young men "from Liverpool", as we've been led to believe. We will be showing lots of pictures here as well as on the forum so that we may provide our evidence sufficiently.

I'm presenting here what I see as the top 4 clues as regards the Beatles being multiples. They're in no particular order, although I do begin with the clue that I noticed first when I began this research: Height Differences - sometimes from year to year, and sometimes within the same year.

I hope you will view this with an open mind, and then conduct your own research to see what you come up with as to whether this seems likely or not.

Be sure to see our forum thread on "[Why The Use of Multiples?](#)" if you don't understand the possible reasons behind the concept.



After that, see how we've compared the different Pauls during the same era by reading the 'sticky' topics [here](#); read about the different Johns [here](#); about the different Georges [here](#); and the different Ringos [here](#).

**** An especially important feature to our new forum is the section for newcomers [here](#). ****

Do you see anything strange here?
(OUCH!)



#1 - Beatles HEIGHT Discrepancies

I'll begin by showing height comparisons which are specifically focused on Paul. This all by itself should provide enough evidence of fraud and deceit. How they did this is not completely known. We have words such as "simulacra", "cloning", "synthetic humans", "robotoids", and so on, but exactly what was happening here is still a bit of a mystery. What we can clearly see, though, is they are too similar each time to be explainable as human doubles (even with surgery because that doesn't account for the other nuances), yet too different to be the exact same person. Human replication of whatever form usually yields a 95-97% identical copy, and that is what we are seeing here.

Not only are the heights different, but as I'll show on subsequent pages, so are the shapes and lengths of his eyebrows, the different types of earlobes, and the size and angles of his teeth. But that will be for later. For now, let's concentrate on the height differentiations, and focus on Paul.



Here is a comparison of two different heights for Paul in 1963. What can account for this?

Some say "shoe lifts", but those don't cause his arms, legs and torso to be longer, too.

Are your eyes playing tricks on you, or was it "*them*"?



Now compare the short height on the left once again in 1963 with the taller height in the middle and on the right in 1964.

Did he have a sudden growth spurt of several inches in less than a year?

If you think it's possible, wait until I show what happens later.

His heights fluctuate like a yo-yo all through Beatlemania, as they did through Wings, and as they are continuing to do in the Macca era.



Paul can't be more than about 5' 6" here.
The girls aren't wearing heels, but he is.



Now compare his short height in 1963 again, with how much taller he is in 1965.

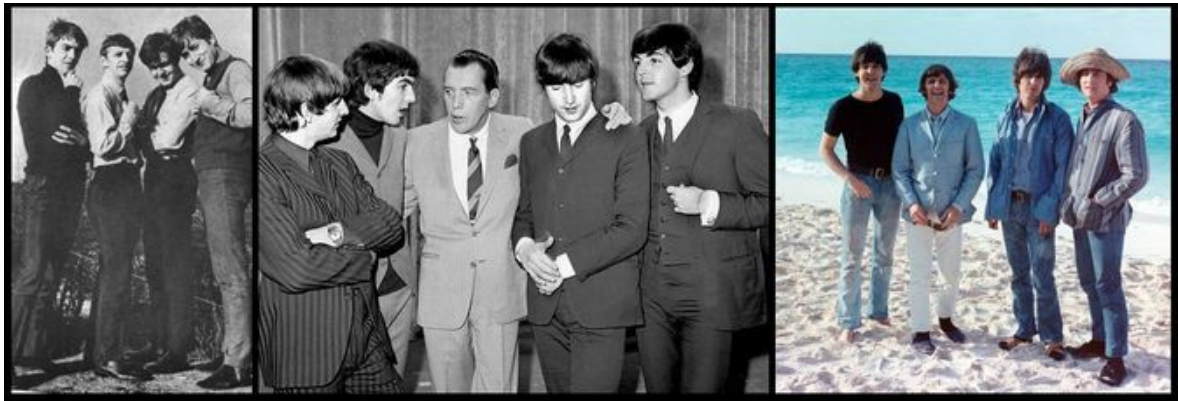
Taller even than in some pictures of 1964.



Here is a comparison of them on stage in 1963, 1964 and 1965.
I never find the very short Paul performing on stage.
He was only involved in this mess for a few months in the Spring of 1963,
apparently only for photos.



This is a comparison of the short 1963 Paul,
then taller in 1964, and taller yet in 1965.



Another concern is the way he flip-flopped as to whether he had
rhythm and could dance and sway to the beat of the music.

They look much older here to me.
It was either very unflattering lighting, or we were being tested.
I'm from this generation, and I have to say we flunked miserably.



In 1966, he isn't as tall anymore.... most of the time.

His stage presence fluctuates from rhythmic to non-rhythmic or semi-rhythmic.

He begins to wear dark glass in some of the performances.

Sometimes he's sitting during a performance, instead of standing.

Is it to hide the fact that he's shorter than he was the year before?





Left picture = Last Paul interview?

Right picture = First appearance of "Faul"?

In many ways, these two "Pauls" look more alike than many of the previous ones did.



Many will say it's obvious it is no longer Paul because he's smoking right-handed at the L.A. Interview:



But they apparently either don't notice or just don't mention he does the same during the Memphis Interview, and those same people usually believe this is the 'real' Paul.:



Appearing in the 1967 *Hello, Goodbye* performance, he is once again very non-rhythmic, with a stiff, uncoordinated style.



And why did they keep blurring his
face?

Could it be because we had never
seen this particular Paul from the
early 60s perform on television,
and was he only in photo shoots
before this?



From here on to the current era of 2010+, he fluctuates as to his ability to dance, be coordinated, and sway to the beat in synch with the music, as well as showing up short one day and tall the next. In all the eras, he also fluctuated in his ability to sing well, to sing high or low, and to be hyper-active, flirtatious or subdued. This seems to have more to do with something besides being in different "moods"

#2: Different Eyebrows

On the list I compiled of what different people around the internet on Beatles forums have said were the features and attributes of the "real" JPM (it's on 2 or 3 of our forum threads), one thing commonly agreed on was that he had a highly-swooped right eyebrow. They said this was for certain one way to identify him as the true Paul McCartney. I can understand that when someone sees that highly-swooped brow, it stays in their memory, so they would always expect to see it again and again when viewing videos or pictures of Paul. So I ask now, if he has a highly-swooped right eyebrow at any given time, age or era that cannot be proven to be doctored or tampered with, that means it's really Paul McCartney, right? And if he has any other shape of eyebrows at any given time, age, or era, that means it isn't Paul McCartney?

I personally do not believe there is any way to tell who the real JPM was, if he ever existed, but I want to document the many differing eyebrow shapes from 1959 to the present day, of this one particular Beatle, although I will just say in passing for now that the other Beatles had many different eyebrow shapes, too, but those can be for other projects.

To begin with, this particular eyebrow shape first showed up in 1961, and here are a few different shots of him in that year. This first and third pictures were taken from a distance, which will make his ears look smaller even when the picture is enlarged. These are from 1961 to 1963.



1963





But here he is on the Dusty Springfield Show in 1963 with no swoop, and a very long neck.



But back in 1962, he has a low brow with a short line.



I'm not sure of the year on this one, but here is the same low brow with a short line. It's probably somewhere between 1958 and 1960.



1963 on the Today Show, low brow.



1960 on the far left below, and 1963 middle and far right.

I would say the two on the right are identical to each other, but the one on the left is not a match. However, is that a swooped brow or are they both low?



1964 Melbourne - low brow with a longer line.

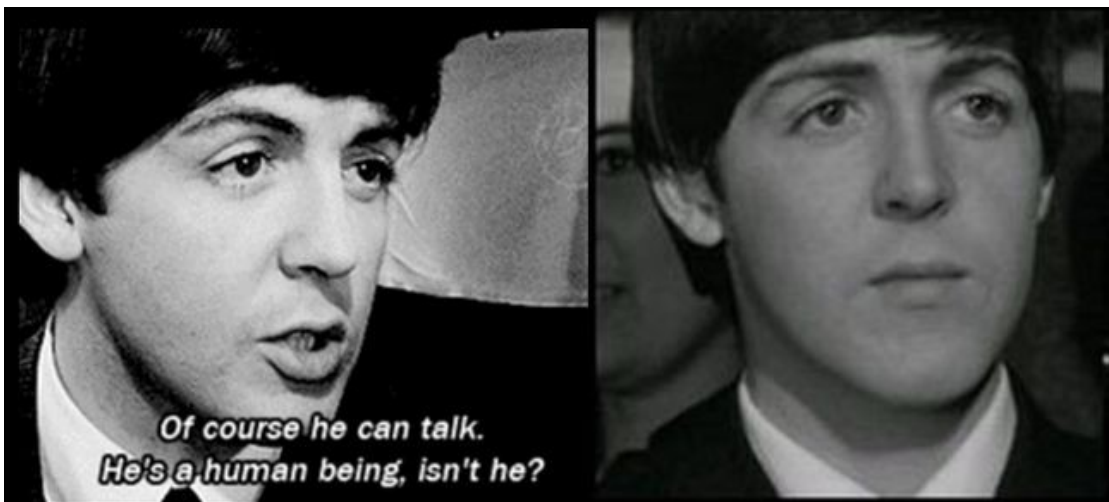


1964
The Ed Sullivan Show
No swooped right eyebrow.



1964 "A Hard Day's Night"
No swooped right eyebrow.

Some of us think there was more than one Paul involved in this film.





Now we come to 1965, and no sign of a swooped eyebrow anywhere. This is the film **Help!** No swooped right eyebrow. Again, some of us see more than one Paul in this film, too. More about that later.





Here's the Paul used in the Italian forensic article touted as having "real Paul" teeth. So where are his "real Paul" eyebrows?



Here's Paul in 1965 appearing on the Ed Sullivan Show, but no sign of a highly-swooped right eyebrow. Is that supposed to mean it's "Faul"?



The two versions of *Rain* in 1966 show no swooped brow anywhere.



And in *Paperback Writer*





As we see, when Paul was involved in the most important aspects of his Beatles career, he doesn't show up with a highly-swooped right eyebrow at all. That particular style of eyebrow

was mainly present in photo shoots during early 1963, and then shows up again off and on after 1967, as I will document in subsequent posts on this thread.

Look at these different brows from the early and mid 60s:



Notice how there also are 3 different brow types in these 3 pictures:



Here's 3 more different brows:



How is it he can sometimes be different within the same era,





and sometimes be the same in a different era?



Now that the reader is hopefully acclimated to the different types, styles, and length of eyebrows Paul had, here are a few shots of him as a child. I don't see any evidence of a highly-swooped right eyebrow here.



#3 - Fake Ears

This will be Page One of Ear Comparisons and Analyses, and encompass the years from 1963 through 1966.

The ears are one part of the body that don't change and are difficult to change. Human ears grow larger with age, but no two people have the same exact ears, so this is the one way we can be certain as to whether we're looking at the same person or different people.

Now we'll look at Paul's magically-changing earlobes, and the very fake-looking ears in many cases. He goes back and forth between having attached and unattached earlobes, as well as different patterns and sizes, all during Beatlemania. The same issue continues throughout his career to the present day, and I will be showing those comparisons on subsequent pages.



1963 Interview - Ears sit way behind the jawline. In this film clip, his earlobes are attached.

The Beatles - Complete Interview with Ken Dodd 1963 (Sub. Español)



The Beatles - Complete Interview with Ken Dodd 1963 (Sub. Español)



But what if we take a closer look at that ear? Is this not a strange inner pattern? And what is the 'blackened' area at the top, above what is supposed to pass for the ear canal? It's possible that is some of his hair overlapping, but isn't that a strange ear?



What is this strangeness we see on the other ear? Is something embedded into the skin?



Here are a few differences in 1964. I see both attached and detached earlobes in these pictures, as well as subtle and not-so-subtle hints of ear fakery.





And here he has DE-tached earlobes in 1964 on the Ed Sullivan Show. Plus, what's that bulge which is now showing up on the right side of his mouth? Sometimes it was there, sometimes not. (John and Ringo had the same thing at times.)



Here are pictures from 1965.
Ed Sullivan Show - very detached lobes
and obvious fake ears.



I believe at least the front
of his hair is fake, too, but
look at this humdinger of
an ear.



***Compare these two ears from
1964 and 1965.***



The Film Help!

Yes, I can see that some of his hair is curling up over the edge of his ear, but it looks like the part next to his face is way too loose.



The Beach Scene from ***Help!*** If not fake, then the lobes are very detached, and it has been shown that is not always the case.

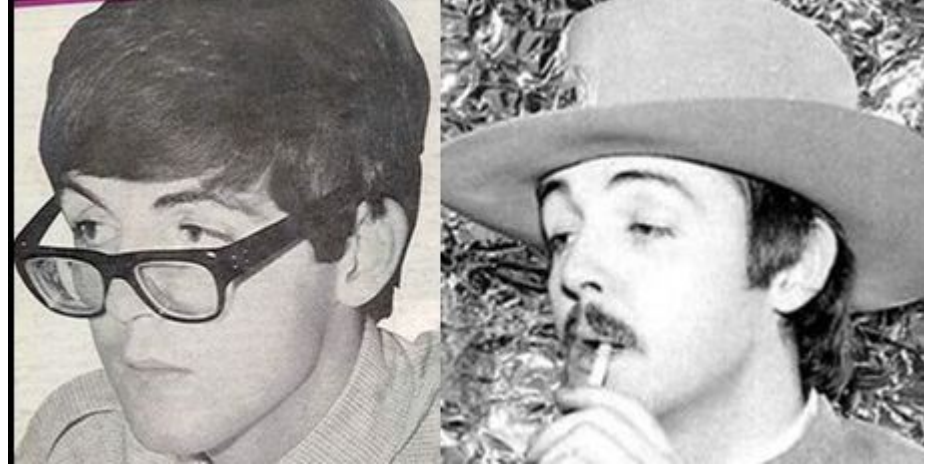


***Compare with attached lobe in 1965,
and sitting further back behind the
jawline (although one is attached and
the other detached).***



Here's a comparison of Paul in 1964 and 1967 - with the same ears - which are ATTACHED, and identical eyebrows. If he was killed and replaced, how does he show up again identically like this, when he had so many different ears during Beatlemania? If there was only one Paul through all the years who had attached earlobes, how did he have DE-tached lobes in the previous pictures?

This only leaves room for MULTIPLES. All the way through the Beatles' career.



Here we see the identical ears and brows in 1965 and 1967. Many people want to say the photos are doctored. Okay, fair enough; we've come across doctored photos plenty of times, and have noted them as such. If that's the case here or in the previous comparison, please point out how and where. It isn't that difficult to do with the abundance of detection software now available.



1965 on the Ed Sullivan Show. What a fake ear failure! Why does he suddenly have such a leathery look to his skin, and why is his head suddenly so much smaller. And someone has pointed out to me how overly white his ears are, compared to his face.





Notice the airbrushing in front of Paul's ear here? There are more pictures like this which I will show in due time. At least he has the 'mandatory' chin cleft that's supposed to show he's the 'real' Paul, which most of them don't have! I suppose that was airbrushed, too?



Here are a few Before-and-After Beatlemania Pauls with detached earlobes from a front and side view (though they don't all match):





Now with attached earlobes from a front
and side view:



So, how is it that sometimes they're
different in the same era,

Attached Lobes



Detached Lobes





yet the same in different eras?

Different eras with Attached Earlobes



Paul 1963



Paul 1984

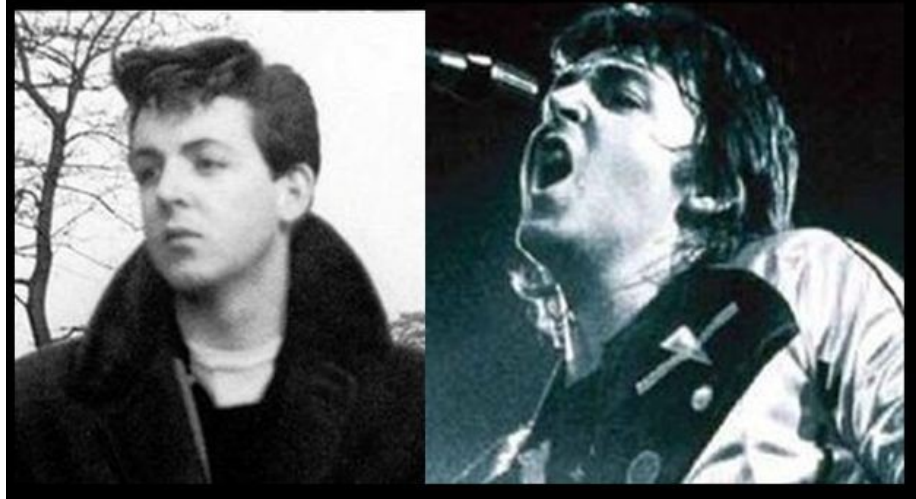


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Different eras with detached earlobes.





And what happened to the
extended ears that everyone
said the 'real' JPM had?



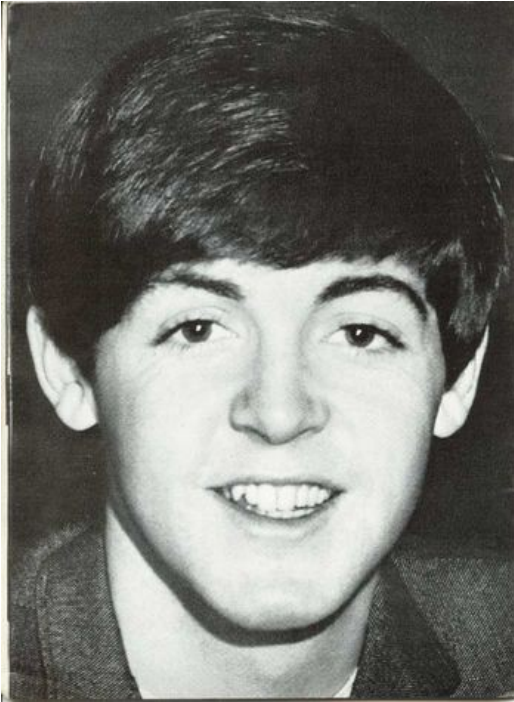


To be continued with 1966.

Clue #4: Subtly-Differing Teeth

Here's a look at Paul's teeth, but first it's important to note that he always shows the same basic pattern, having a recessed upper right eye tooth, and a protruding upper right incisor.

EXAMPLE:





However, even while always maintaining this pattern, sometimes he shows upper left molars that arch outwards, and other times that point inwards.

Ed Sullivan 1964 and 1965.



During the song segment of *The Night Before*, his teeth are angled inwards for the first half of the number, then they are arched outwards for the second half.



This carries over after Beatlemania to the present day.

Angling inward:



Archiving outward:



Arched Upper Left Molars

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LEGO presents how to roll a joint

We at LEGO know life is not all about play; some times you need to do some serious relaxing. When ever we are beat from a hard day of making new toys for young boys and girls to play with we relaxe in the best way known to man: We smoke a big fat joint and watch a movie. Not only have we spent thousands of hours perfecting our grow process but one of our fungineers came up with his own rolling process. We would like to share this process with you today and forever.



Bobby is going to be your guide today. By the time you are finished here you are going to know how to roll a joint fit for a king.



Gather your materials. you are going to need a cigarette, rolling papers and a nice bud.



The importance of a high quality bud can not be ignored. Make sure your bud looks like this or beter before you continue.



Grab your paper and tear open your cigarette.



Lay the paper out and spread the tabaco out in it. Roll yourself a plug for the end of your joint.



Braak up the bud and spread it out over the tabaco. Be sure to remove any stems and seeds.



Start rolling. you want the joint firm but not too tight.



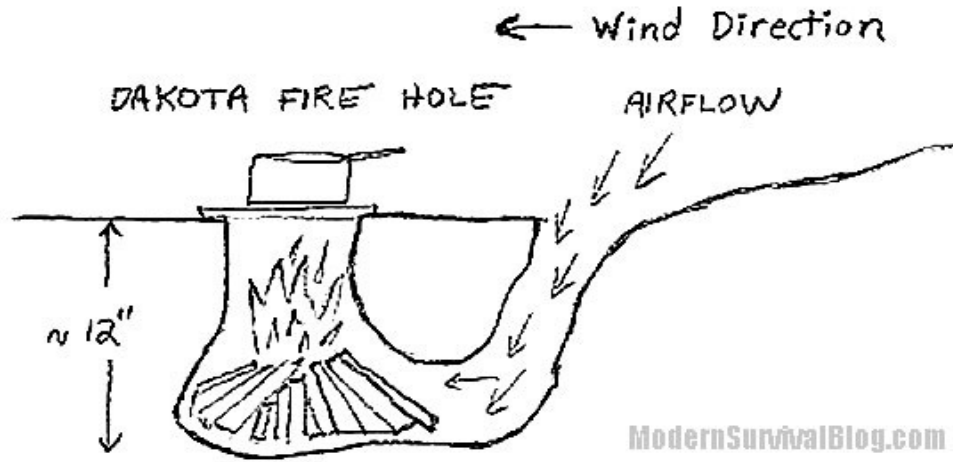
Getting close; Simply finish rolling, lick and stick.



Light that bad boy up. you might need a friend to help. Congrats, you should be high.

Bush Stoves

Dakota Fire Pit





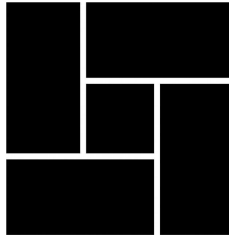
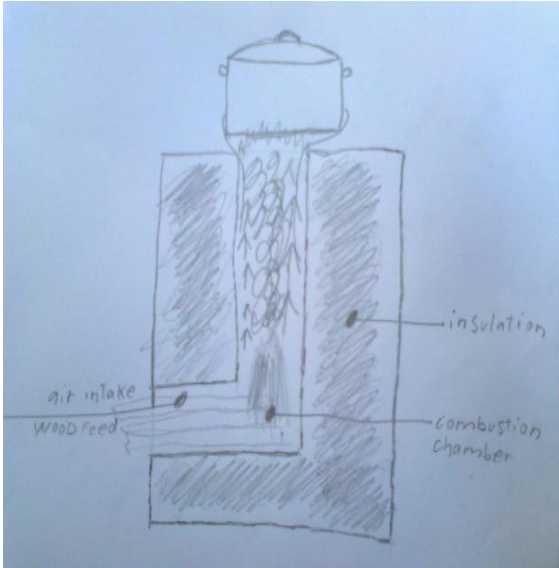
Hobo Stove

tools and materials used: tin snips, 10mm drill bit, one coffee can.



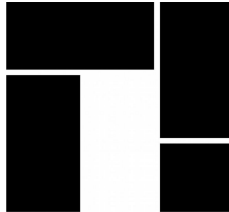


Brick Rocket Stove



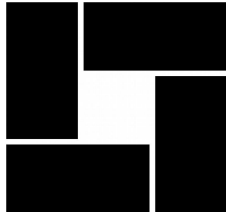
1

base: 4 full size bricks
and one half brick.



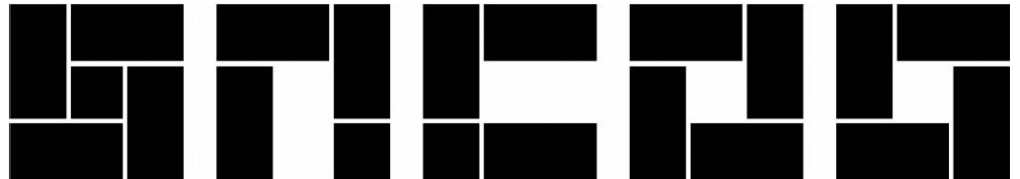
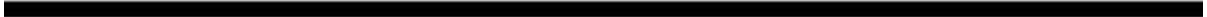
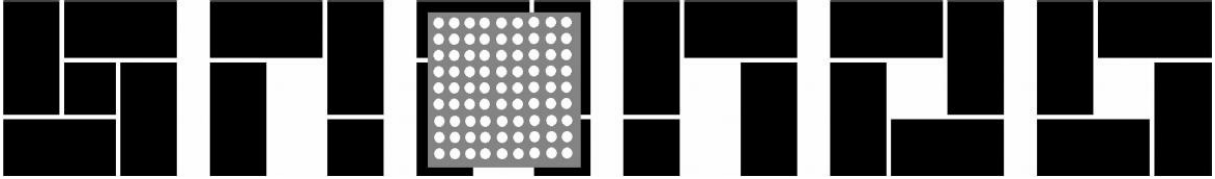
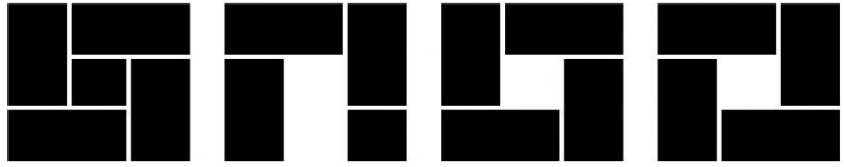
2

second layer: 3 full
size bricks and one
half brick.



3

4 full size bricks the
rest of the way up.





Breakfast Recipes

Buttermilk Waffles

By: Spatula Tzar

Good waffle recipes are surprisingly hard to find. Most of them say to use "waffle mix", or call for sugar to be dumped in. I consider this to be nothing short of blasphemy, so I decided to create my own recipe. It's very light and fluffy.

This recipe makes approximately fourteen 10 cm * 10 cm waffles.

Ingredients

- 1.5 Cups flour
- 1 Teaspoon baking powder
- 1 Teaspoon baking soda
- Pinch of salt
- 1.5 Cups buttermilk
- 4 Eggs, separated
- 0.5 Cups oil or applesauce
- 2 Teaspoons vanilla extract

Preparation

In a large bowl, mix the flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt together. Add the buttermilk, egg yolks, oil (or applesauce), and vanilla.

In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff peaks form.

Beat the first batter mixture until smooth. Some cross contamination from the egg whites is acceptable.

Gently stir the stiff egg whites into the rest of the batter. Do not overmix.

Pancakes

Ingredients

- 2 eggs
- 1 3/4 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla essence
- 2 cups self-raising flour
- 1/3 cup caster sugar
- Butter, for frying, plus extra, to serve
- Maple syrup, to serve

Method

- Step 1
Whisk eggs, milk and vanilla together in a jug. Sift flour into a large bowl. Stir in sugar. Make a well in the centre. Add milk mixture. Whisk until just combined.
- Step 2
Heat a large non-stick frying pan over medium heat. Grease pan with butter or spray with cooking oil. Using 1/4 cup mixture per pancake, cook 2 pancakes for 2 minutes or until bubbles appear on surface. Turn and cook for a further 1-2 minutes or until cooked through. Transfer to a plate. Cover loosely with foil to keep warm. Repeat with remaining mixture, greasing pan with butter or cooking oil between batches.
- Step 3
Serve with maple syrup and extra butter.

Hash Browns

Ingredients

- 2 medium russet potatoes, shredded
- 1/2 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 egg
- 1 cup oil for frying, or as needed
- salt and pepper to taste

Directions

- Rinse shredded potatoes until water is clear, then drain and squeeze dry. Place shreds in a bowl, and mix in the onion, flour and egg until evenly distributed.
- Heat about 1/4 inch of oil in a large heavy skillet over medium-high heat. When oil is sizzling hot, place potatoes into the pan in a 1/2 inch thick layer. Cover the whole bottom of the pan, or make separate piles like pancakes. Cook until nicely browned on the bottom, then flip over and brown on the other side. It should take at least 5 minutes per side. If you are cooking them in one big piece, it can be cut into quarters for easier flipping.
- Remove from pan, and drain on paper towels. Season with salt and pepper and serve immediately.

Dinner Recipes

One Pot Spaghetti Bolognese

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil
- 1 brown onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, finely chopped
- 1 stalk celery, finely chopped
- 4 shortcut bacon rashers, trimmed, chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 600g beef mince
- 1/3 cup tomato paste
- 2 x 410g cans crushed tomatoes
- 3 cups salt-reduced chicken stock
- 6 sprigs fresh thyme
- 250g dried spaghetti
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley leaves
- Extra chopped fresh flat-leaf parsley and grated parmesan, to serve

Method

Step 1

Heat oil in a large heavy-based flameproof casserole dish or non-stick saucepan over medium-high heat (see note). Add onion, carrot and celery. Cook, stirring occasionally, for 3 minutes or until onion starts to soften. Add bacon. Cook for 3 minutes or until golden. Add garlic. Stir to combine.

Step 2

Add mince to dish. Cook, breaking up mince with a wooden spoon, for 5 minutes or until browned all over. Stir in tomato paste, tomatoes, stock and thyme sprigs. Cover. Bring to the boil. Add spaghetti. Reduce heat to medium. Simmer, uncovered, for 15 minutes or until spaghetti is tender and sauce has thickened, stirring mixture every 5 minutes.

Step 3

Remove pot from heat. Remove and discard thyme sprigs. Add parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Stir to combine. Serve topped with extra chopped parsley and parmesan.

Bacon, vegetable and lentil soup

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 400g packet chopped vegetable soup mix (see note)
- 4 rashers shortcut rindless bacon, chopped
- 1 cup red lentils
- 3 large tomatoes, chopped
- 3 cups Campbell's Real Stock Vegetable Salt Reduced
- 100g green beans, trimmed, chopped
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh flat-leaf parsley leaves

Method

Step 1

Heat oil in a large saucepan over medium heat. Add vegetable mix and bacon. Cook, stirring occasionally, for 3 to 5 minutes or until vegetables start to soften.

Step 2

Add lentils, tomato, stock and 2 cups cold water. Cover. Bring to the boil. Reduce heat to medium-low. Cook for 15 to 20 minutes, adding beans in the last 5 minutes of cooking, or until lentils are tender. Season with salt and pepper. Stir in parsley. Serve.

Food You Can Get Fucked Up On

Many people after cleaning their grass throw away the seeds, stems, and twigs. I would highly recommend that you save these, as there are many recipes for these odds and ends. A tasty hot drink that resembles tea can be made very simply by tying up all the waste from your stash into a muslin ball or into a piece of cheesecloth. Use the quantity you have on hand, as the quantity will determine the strength and potency. Now, drop the cheesecloth containing the grass into a kettle of water, and bring the water to a boil. Allow the kettle to boil for a few minutes, and then remove it from the flame and let it steep for another five minutes with the grass still inside. After this, the drink is ready. Just add sugar and lemon to taste.

If you decide against growing pot, and want to eat your seeds, there is an interesting recipe for "seed pancakes". It is prepared by lightly toasting a quarter of a cup of seeds into a large frying pan. Now, take the seeds from the frying pan and add them to a mixture of one cup of pancake mix, one egg, a quarter cup of milk, and one tablespoon of butter. Beat this mixture until it is smooth and creamy. Heat a frying pan with a small amount of butter, then pour in pancake batter. Turn the pancakes as they start to look done, or when the edges begin to turn brown. Repeat procedure until all the batter used. Serve pancakes with butter, maple syrup, and honey.

For a stimulating drink (sounds like all the rest of the cookbooks) place eight ounces milk, a few spoonfuls sugar, a tablespoon malted milk, half a banana, a half tablespoon grass, and three betel nuts in a blender. Keep the blender working full speed for a few minutes, then strain and serve.

If you like candy, it's very simple to make some using pot. Take a quarter cup of powdered grass and add water until it equals a full cup. Mix this with four cups sugar and two and a half cups corn syrup. Now heat in a large pot to 310 degrees, and add red food coloring and mint flavoring. Remove the pot from the stove, and allow the mixture to cool a little, before pouring it onto wax paper. When the candy's cool, cut it into squares and eat.

One of the most common recipes for cooking with pot is spaghetti. This recipe doesn't take too much special preparation: Just when you add your oregano, add at the same time a quarter cup grass, and allow it to simmer with the sauce. Be sure to use well-cleaned grass, unless you can get into eating twigs and stems. Another way of serving pot with spaghetti is to grind it up very fine and mix it with some ground cheese. Then sprinkle the cheese-pot mixture over the sauce just before eating.

Dessert is probably the most important stage of the meal, since it will be the last thing your guests remember before they pass out all over your table. For an interesting dessert, grind a quarter ounce of grass very finely and add enough water so it forms a paste. Now separately dissolve one and a half cups sugar into two cups milk. Add to this your pot paste and one lemon rind grated. Beat in a half cup heavy cream, until the mixture is firm and thick. Now pour the mixture into ice cube trays and freeze. Just before you're ready to serve, rebeat the frozen mush until it becomes light and fluffy.

Since everyone has a private recipe for an aphrodisiac, why shouldn't I put one in here? I've heard people tell me, in all seriousness, that they believe the only true aphrodisiac is a case of beer in the back seat of a '56 Chevy. Well, if you're not into that, you might as well try this recipe, because it's got to work better than a case of beer. Pound one tablespoon unground mace, two cantharides beetles, one teaspoon fresh red saffron, and one teaspoon of the best quality grass you can find. Pound all the ingredients together until they form a powder. Now add one pint of water and heat to a boiling point. After boiling for a few minutes, reduce the heat and simmer for 45 minutes or so, until the liquid is reduced to about a quarter of a cup. This can be served as a drink or over brown rice. I have not tried this recipe, as I have been unable to locate any cantharides.

Following, are some additional recipes for cooking with pot.

Acapulco Green Dip

Ingredients

3 ripe avocados	3 tablespoons wine vinegar
1/2 cup chopped onions	1/2 cup chopped weed
2 teaspoons chili powder	

Method

Mix the vinegar, weed, and chili powder together and let the mixture stand for one hour.

Then add avocados and onions and mash all together.

It can be served with tacos or as a dip.

Apple Crispy

Ingredients

4 apples (cored)	4 cherries
1/2 cup brown sugar	1/3 cup chopped weed
1/4 cup water	2 tablespoons cinnamon

Method

Powder the weed in a blender, then mix weed with sugar and water.

Stuff cores with this paste. Sprinkle apples with cinnamon, and top with a cherry. Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

Banana Bread

Ingredients

1/2 cup shortening	1 cup mashed bananas
2 eggs	2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon lemon juice	1/2 cup chopped weed
3 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	1 cup chopped nuts

Method

Mix the shortening and sugar, beat eggs.

Separately mix bananas with lemon juice and add to mixture.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together, then mix all ingredients together. Bake for 1 1/4 hours at 375 degrees.

Chili Bean Pot

Ingredients

2 lbs. pinto beans	1/2 clove garlic
1 lb. bacon, cut into 2-inch sections	1 cup chopped weed
2 cups red wine	1/2 cup mushrooms
4 tablespoons chili powder	

Method

Soak beans overnight in water.

In a large pot, pour boiling water over beans and simmer for at least an hour, adding more water to keep beans covered.

Now add all other ingredients and continue to simmer for another 3 hours. Salt to taste. Serves about ten.

Pot Brownies

Ingredients

1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 teaspoon baking powder
3/4 cup cake flour	
1 cup sugar	3 eggs
3 oz. unsweetened chocolate	1/2 cup butter
5 grams powdered weed	

Method

Melt the chocolate and butter together, then add sugar and weed. The mixture **MUST** be beaten until it is creamy.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together, and then add to mixture.

Pour the mixture into a cookie tray and bake for 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

When cool, cut brownies into small squares and top with chopped nuts.

Pot Soup

Ingredients

1 can condensed beef broth 1/2 can water
3 tablespoons weed 3 tablespoons chopped watercress
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Method

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and bring to a boil over medium heat.

Place in refrigerator for two to three hours, reheat, and serve.

Spaghetti Sauce

Ingredients

1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste

2 tablespoons olive oil

1/2 cup chopped onions

1/2 cup chopped weed

1 pinch pepper

1 can (6 oz.) water

1/2 clove minced garlic

1 bay leaf

1 pinch thyme

1/2 teaspoon salt

Method

Mix in a large pot, cover and simmer with frequent stirring for two hours. Serve over spaghetti.

Drink Recipes

BLACK RUSSIAN

Serve in a big old fashioned glass.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. vodka

3/4 oz. Kahlua

Combine with ice; shake well. Strain and add ice. For a BLACK MAGIC add a few drops of lemon juice before shaking.

BLOODY MARY

Serve in a SOUR glass.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. vodka

3 oz. tomato juice

1 tbs. lemon juice

Several drops Worcestershire sauce

Several drops Tobasco sauce

Combine with ice; shake well. Strain and serve straight up. Add salt and pepper to taste. For a BLOODY MARIE halve the lemon juice and add several drops of Pernod. For a BLOODY MARIA use tequila instead of vodka.

DINAH

Serve in a OLD FASHIONED glass.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. whiskey

3/4 oz. lemon juice

1/2 tsp. powdered sugar

Combine. Shake with ice. Pour on ice. Decorate with mint.

EARTHQUAKE

Serve in a champagne hollow stem glass.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. tequila

1 tsp. grenadine

2 strawberries

1-2 dashes orange bitters

3 oz. crushed ice

Combine in a blender at a high speed for 15 seconds. Strain straight up with a lime slice and a strawberry.

FLAMES OVER NEW JERSEY

Serve in a punch bowl.

Ingredients:

1 quart apple brandy

A few dashes of Angostura bitters

8 oz. sugar

Warm the brandy and combine it with the bitters and the sugar in a punch bowl. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Ignite at the table. Extinguish with a quart of boiling water; stir and serve hot.

GIMLET

INGREDIENTS:

3 OUNCES GIN OR VODKA

2 ICE CUBES

2 OUNCES ROSE'S SWEETENED LIME JUICE

1 SLICE LIME

SERVE IN: 6 OUNCE WINE/COCKTAIL GLASS, CHILLED

PLACE THE GIN OR VODKA IN A 6 OUNCE GLASS AND ADD THE ICE. TOP WITH THE LIME JUICE AND THE SLICE OF LIME.

GIN FIZZ

Serve in a highball.

Ingredients:

3 oz. gin

1 1/2 oz. lemon juice

3/4 oz. lime juice

1 tbs. powdered sugar

Club soda

Combine (except the soda) with ice; shake well. Strain; add ice and soda.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

Serve in a highball.

Ingredients:

1 oz. vodka

2 tsp. Galliano

Orange juice

Pour the vodka into a tall glass; add ice and almost fill the glass with orange juice. Float the Galliano on top.

ICED RUM COFFEE

Serve in a HIGH BALL.

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. white rum

1 tsp. Jamaican rum

2 tbs. whipped cream

6 oz. iced black coffee

Sugar

Combine the rums and the coffee; sugar to taste. Fill the glass with ice and top with the whipped cream.

LITTLE PRINCESS

Serve in a BIG OLD FASHIONED glass.

Ingredients:

1 1/4 oz. gold rum

1 1/4 oz. sweet vermouth

Combine with ice; shake. Strain and add ice.

MARTINI

Serve in a martini glass

Ingredients:

2 oz. gin

1 tsp. dry vermouth

Combine straight up and stir with an olive. MARTINIS can be made stronger and dryer (less vermouth) or weaker and dryer (more vermouth) or sweeter (half sweet, half dry vermouth). They can also be made with vodka instead of gin. Can be served on the rocks too. A twist of lemon or orange can be used instead of the olive. For a MARTINI, HOLLAND STYLE, use Dutch genever gin. For a MARTINI MAJADOR, use tequila instead of gin.

OLD FASHIONED

INGREDIENTS:

1/2 LUMP SUGAR

A DASH OF ANGOSTURA BITTERS

A DROP OF COLD WATER

2-3 ICE CUBES

3 OUNCES OF BOURBON, SCOTCH, OR
BLENDED WHISKEY

1 STRIP LEMON PEEL

1 SLICE ORANGE (OPTIONAL)

1 MARASCHINO CHERRY (OPTIONAL)

SERVE IN: AN OLD FASHIONED GLASS

IN THE OLD FASHIONED GLASS, PLACE THE 1/2 LUMP OF SUGAR, DASH OF BITTERS AND THE DROP OF COLD WATER. CRUSH THE SUGAR SO THAT IT IS TOTALLY DISSOLVED. ADD THE ICE CUBES AND WHISKEY AND STIR WELL. TWIST THE LEMON PEEL OVER THE DRINK, TWIRL THE EDGE AROUND THE GLASS AND DROP IN.

PINA COLADA

Serve in a deep champagne saucer

Ingredients:

2 oz. gold rum

2 oz. cream of coconut

4 oz. pineapple juice

1 pineapple stick

Combine everything except the pineapple with ice; shake well. Strain. Decorate with the pineapple and a cherry. A PINA COLADA can also be mixed with a little crushed ice in a blender.

PINK LEMONADE

Serve in a wine glass.

Ingredients:

5 oz. rose wine

2 oz. lemon juice

2 oz. orange juice

3 tsp. sugar syrup

2 tsp. kirschwasser

Combine; stir well and add ice. Decorate with a slice of lemon.

PLAIN FROZEN DAIQUIRI

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. white rum

2 tsp. lime juice

1 tsp. sugar syrup

Add an extra oz. of crushed ice. Serve with a straw and top with a teaspoon of 151 proof rum.

Planter's Punch

Served in a punch bowl

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. Myer's rum

1 oz. lemon juice

1 oz. sugar syrup

1 oz. orange juice

Several drops grenadine

Combine with ice; shake well. Strain onto crushed ice. Decorate with a cherry plus slices of fruit. Lime juice can be used instead of lemon juice; Angostura bitters instead of the grenadine. You can use two kinds of rum if you'd like. A bittered punch should be touched up with club soda.

RED LION

Ingredients:

1 1/2 oz. Grand Marnier

1 tbs. gin

2 tsp. orange juice

2 tsp. lemon juice

Combine with ice; shake well. Strain. Add ice and a twist of lemon.

ROB ROY

INGREDIENTS:

1/2 OUNCE SWEET VERMOUTH

3 OUNCES SCOTCH

6-8 ICE CUBES

1 STRIP ORANGE PEEL

SERVE IN: 4 OUNCE COCKTAIL GLASS

COMBINE THE VERMOUTH AND SCOTCH IN A MIXING GLASS AND FILL WITH ICE CUBES. STIR GENTLY THEN PLACE A STRAINER ON TOP OF MIXING GLASS AND POUR INTO COCKTAIL GLASS. TWIST THE ORANGE PEEL, TWIRL AROUND INSIDE OF GLASS, THEN DROP IT IN.

TOM COLLINS

Serve in a highball.

Ingredients:

2 oz. gin

1 1/2 oz. lemon juice

1 1/2 tsp. sugar syrup

Club soda

Combine everything except the soda; stir well and add ice. Fill the glass with soda and decorate with a cherry. A JOHN COLLINS is a TOM COLLINS using ginger ale instead of club soda.

WHISKEY SOUR

Serve in a old fashioned glass.

Ingredients:

2 oz. whiskey

1 oz. lemon juice

1 tbs. sugar syrup

Combine with ice; shake well. Strain straight up. Decorate with a slice of lemon. For a **WARD EIGHT**, add a few drops of grenadine before mixing.

ZOMBIE

Serve in a high ball.

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 oz. gold rum
- 3 tsp. lime juice
- 1 tbs. Jamaican rum
- 1 tbs. white rum
- 1 tbs. pineapple and papaya juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. sugar syrup
- 1 tsp. 151-proof rum
- 1 pineapple stick
- Granulated sugar

Combine everything except the high- proof rum, pineapple stick, and granulated sugar with ice; shake well. Strain and add ice. Decorate with the pineapple stick and a cherry; float the high-proof rum and sprinkle a little sugar over it. ZOMBIES should be made with rums of various strengths (i.e. 90 and 86 proof). A little apricot brandy can be used as an addition to the fruit juices; sprigs of mint can be added to the garnishes.

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL

It's backup day today so I'm pissed off. Being the BOFH, however, does have it's advantages. I assign the tape device to null - it's so much more economical on my time as I don't have to keep getting up to change tapes every 5 minutes. And it speeds up backups too, so it can't be all bad.

A user rings

"Do you know why the system is slow?" they ask

"It's probably something to do with..." I look up today's excuse ".. clock speed"

"Oh" (Not knowing what I'm talking about, they're satisfied) "Do you know when it will be fixed?"

"Fixed? There's 275 users on your machine, and one of them is you. Don't be so selfish - logout now and give someone else a chance!"

"But my research results are due in tommorrow and all I need is one page of Laser Print.."

"SURE YOU DO. Well; You just keep telling yourself that buddy!" I hang up.

Sheesh, you'd really think people would learn not to call!

The phone rings. It'll be him again, I know. That annoys me. I put on a gruff voice

"HELLO, SALARIES!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I've got the wrong number"

"YEAH? Well what's your name buddy? Do you know WASTED phone calls cost money? DO YOU? I've got a good mind to subtract your wasted time, my wasted time, and the cost of this call from your weekly wages! IN FACT I WILL! By the time I've finished with you, YOU'LL OWE US money! WHAT'S YOUR NAME - AND DON'T LIE, WE'VE GOT CALLER ID!"

I hear the phone drop and the sound of running feet - he's obviously going to try and get an alibi by being at the Dean's office. I look up his username and find his department. I ring the Dean's secretary.

"Hello?" she answers

"Hi, SIMON, B.O.F.H HERE, LISTEN, WHEN THAT GUY COMES RUNNING INTO YOUR OFFICE IN ABOUT 10 SECONDS, CAN YOU GIVE HIM A MESSAGE?"

"I think so..." she says

"TELL HIM `HE CAN RUN, BUT HE CAN'T HIDE'"

"Um. Ok"

"AND DON'T FORGET NOW, I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT THAT FILE IN YOUR ACCOUNT WITH YOUR ANSWERS TO THE PUURITY TEST IN IT..."

I hear her scrabbling at the terminal...

"DON'T BOTHER - I HAVE A COPY. BE A GOOD GIRL AND PASS THE MESSAGE ON"

She sobs her assent and I hang up. And the worst thing is, I was just guessing about the purity test thing. I grab a quick copy anyway, it might make for some good late-night reading.

Meantime backups have finished in record time, 2.03 seconds. Modern technology is wonderful, isn't it?

Another user rings.

"I need more space" he says

"Well, why don't you move to Texas?" I ask

"No, on my account, stupid."

Stupid?!?... Uh-Oh..

"I'm terribly sorry" I say, in a polite manner equal to that of Jimmy Stewart in a Family Matinee "I didn't quite catch that. What was it that you said?"

I smell the fear coming down the line at me, but it's too late, he's a goner and he knows it.

"Um, I said what I wanted was more space on my account, *please*"

"Sure, hang on"

I hear him gasp his relief even though he covered the mouthpeice.

"There, you've got plenty of space now"

"How much have I got"

Now this REALLY *PISSSES* *ME* *OFF*! Not only do they want me to give them extra disk, they want to check it, to correct me if I don't give them enough. They should be happy with what I give them *and that's it*!!!

Back into Jimmy Stewart mode.

"Well, let's see, you have 4 Meg available"

"Wow! Eight Meg in total, thanks!" he says pleased with his bargaining power

"No" I interrupt, savouring this like a fine red, at room temperature "4 Meg in total..."

"Huh?... I'd used 4 Meg already, How could I have 4 Meg Available?"

I say nothing. It'll come to him.

"aaagggggghhhhhH!"

I kill me; I really do!

spt@waikato.ac.nz (Simon Travaglia)

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #2

I'm sitting at the desk, playing x-tank, when some thoughtless bastard rings me on the phone. I pick it up.

"Hello?" I say.

"Who is this?" they say

"It's me I think" I say, having been through a telephone skills course

"Me Who?"

"Is this like a knock knock joke?" I say, trying anything to save myself having to end this game.

Too LATE! I get killed.

Now I'm pissed!

"What can I do for you?" I ask pleasantly - (one of the key warning signs)

"Um, I want to know if we have a particular software package.."

"Which package is that?"

"Uh, B-A-S-I-C it's called."

>clickety clickety d-e-l b-a-s-i-c.e-x-e<

"Um no, we don't have that. We used to though.."

"oh. Oh well, the other thing I wanted to know was, could the contents of my account be copied to tape to I have a permanent copy of them to save at home in case the worst happens.."

"The worst?"

"Well, like they get deleted or something..."

"DELETED! Oh, don't worry about that, we have backups" (I'm such a *shit*)

"What was your username?"

He gives me his lusername. (What an idiot)

>clickety klikc<

"But you haven't got any files in your account!" I say, mock surprise leaping from my vocal chords.

"Yes I have, you must be looking in the wrong place!"

So first he spoils my x-tank game, and now he's calling me a liar...

>clickety click<

"Oh no, I made a mistake" I say

Did he mutter "typical" under his breath? Oh dear, oh dear..

"I MEANT TO SAY: That username doesn't exist"

"Huh? >wimper< It must do, I was only using it this morning!"

"Ah well, that'll be the problem, there was a virus in our system this morning, the... uh... De Vinci Virus, wipes out users who are logged in when it goes off."

"That can't be right, my girlfriend was logged in, and I'm in her account now!"

"Which one was that?"

He tells me the username. Some people NEVER learn..

"Oh, yeah, her account was just after we discovered the virus."

>clickety click< "..she only lost all her files"

"But..."

"But don't worry, we've got them all on tape"

"Oh, thank goodness!!!"

"Paper tape. Have you got a magnifying glass and a pencil. SEE YOU IN THE MACHINE ROOM!!!! NYAHAHAHAHAHA!"

I'm such a prick!

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #3

So I'm working so hard I barely have time to drive into town and watch a movie before I told people their printing will be ready. The queue's WAAAAAY too long to have everything printed (and sorted) by the time I told them, so I kill all the small jobs so there's only 2 left and I can sort them in no time.

Then, after the movie, (which was one of those slack Bertolucci ones that takes about 3 hours till the main character is killed off in a visionary experience) I get back and clear the printouts.

There's about 50 people waiting outside and I've got two printouts. That's about average for me. I thought I'd killed more tho. Anyway, I put out the printouts and walk slooowly inside, fingering the clipboard with "ACCOUNTS TO REMOVE" in big letters on the back. No-one says anything. As usual.

. . .

I'm sitting back in the Operations Armchair, watching the computer room closed circuit TV, which just happens to be connected to the frame-grabber's Video player (sent off for repair, due back sometime in '94) when the phone rings. That must be the 2nd time today, and it's really starting to get to me!

"Yes?" I say, pausing the picture.

"I've accidentally deleted my C.V!" the voice at the other end of the line says.

"You have? What was your username?"

He tells me. What the hell, I AM bored.

"Ah no, you didn't delete it - I did."

"What?"

"I deleted it. It was full of shit! You didn't ever get more than a B- in any of your subjects!"

"Huh?"

"And that crap about being a foreign exchange student, that was your girlfriend and we both know it."

"Huh?!!"

"Your academic records. I checked them, you were lying.."

"How did y.." He clicks. "It's you isn't it? THE BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL!"

"In the flesh, on the phone and in your account.... You shouldn't have called you know. You especially shouldn't have given me your username.." >clickety<
>click< "Neither should you have sent that mail to the System Manager telling him what you think of him in graphic terms..."

"I didn't send any.."

>clickety< >click<.....

"No, you didn't did you? But who can tell these days. Not to worry though, It'll all be over VERY soon.." >clickedy click< "..change my username back, and..."

"b-b-b.." he blubs, like a stood-up date

"Goodbye now" I say pleasantly, "you've got bags to pack and a life to start over..."

I hang up.

Two seconds later the red phone goes. I pick it up, it's the boss. He mumbles the username of the person I was just talking to, mentions something about a nasty mail message, and utters the words "You know what to do..", with the dots and everything.

Later, inside the Municipal Energy Authority Computer, as I'm modifying the poor pleb's Energy Bill by several zeros, I can't help but think about what lapse of judgement - what act of heinous stupidity causes them to call. Then, even later, when I'm adding the poor pleb's photo image over the top of the FBI's online "MOST Wanted Armed and Dangerous, SHOOT ON SIGHT" offenders list, I realise, I'll probably never know; but life goes on.

A couple of hours later, as I see the SWAT vehicle roll up outside the poor pleb's apartment I realise that for some, it just doesn't.

But tommorrow is another day.

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #4

It's a thursday, and I'm in a good mood. It's payday. I think I'll take some calls. I put the phone back on the hook. It rings.

"I've been trying to get you for hours!" the voice at the other end screams

"Not, it can't be hours" I say, putting Blade Runner back into it's cover and looking at the back, "it was more like 114 minutes. I was on a long phone call with the big boss, trying to get you users some better facilities"

Hook; Line; and Sinker...

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"That's ok, I'm a tolerant person" I make a mental note to change his password to something nasty in the next couple of days.

"Um, I need to know how to rename a file" he says.

Oh dear... Hang on, it's payday isn't it?! I'm in a good mood.

"Sure. You just go 'rm' and the filename"

"Thanks"

"No worries" (Now I'm in a REALLY good mood. I think I just might write that script to make saving impossible on rogue at random times like I've been thinking about)

The phone rings again.

"Hello?"

"Hi there" I say

"Is this the Operators?"

"Yes it is" I say, nice as pie

"Could you get my printouts out please. I need them urgently, and I printed them over 5 minutes ago"

"Your username?" I ask

He gives it to me, and I write it down for later. "No worries at all!" I say, and head to the printers.

There's a HUUUUUUUGE pile of printouts there, and sure enough, his is at the top of the pile. I pick it up, split it out of the rest and pour our ink-stained cleaning alcohol all over it, run it over a couple of times with the loaded tape trolley then slam it in the tape safe door some times as well.

Beautiful.

"Here's your printout" I say "Sorry about the delay, we've got a few printer problems."

He takes a look and shits himself.

"Well, can I print it again?" he asks, worried

"Sure you can" I say "But no promises, the printer's a bit stuffed today"

"Well can I print it on laser - is that working?"

"Yeah of course, but that'll cost you" I say, oozing compassion for the geek

"It doesn't matter about the cost, THIS IS URGENT!"

I slide-on back into the printer room and put in the toner cartridge we save for special occasions - the one that prints thick black lines down the middle of the page and is all faint on one side. It took me quite a while to make it like that too. The printout shoots through and I bring it out immediately - I don't want to miss this!

"W-w-what's happened to my printout?" he geek-squeals at me.
Lucky I wrote that username down - I'm really starting to develop a taste for torture.

"Well nothing. I mean sure, it's a little soiled, but that cartridge has already done 47 thousand pages and been refilled 17 times. It's quite good compared to some we get"

Geek pays up and starts blubbing.

"Hey now. There's no reason to cry! Have you got a disk with your work on it?"

He gives me a box of diskettes and I step inside and run them across the bulk eraser. I come back out again.

"Sorry, I just remembered, our machine is on the fritz, you'll have to take these to the other side of campus to the machine there, it'll print them ok, and it had a brand-new toner yesterday."

"GREAT!"

"No worries. Oh, and hold the disks above your head the whole way there, the earth's magnetic field is particularly strong today."

"Huh?"

"No arguments, just do it."

He wanders off, hand held high. Shit I hate myself sometimes.

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #5

I'm bored senseless, so I pass the time by reading users email. I must admit that today's lot is PARTICULARLY boring, not one good message in all of them. I was expecting at LEAST some veiled reference to a grope in a storeroom, but nothing. So I'm bored senseless by the usual drivel about some relative's surgery and how the weather is over the other side of the world - that sort of crap.

To relieve the boredom, I remove a e-mail party invite from a user's mail and post it under the senders username to to alt.singles.with.severe.social.dysfunctions on news, and make a note in my diary to be there with my camcorder. Should be a blast!

Next in line is the online medical records database, in which the company doctors store the current medical histories of the staff. I grep it quickly for "herpes" and "syphillus" and sell the results to the local scum newspaper. I cover my tracks by adding an entry to one of the doctor's online electronic diaries for yesterday saying "\$500, Med Recs To Paper" I think that's all it should take..

I move some tapes from the racks to the trolley to make it look like we really use them, then start looking thru archie listings for a hidden x-gif site. I find one then start a batch job running under some user's account to get them all back, charged to him. I make sure he's got enough disk for the job by removing any files not related to the task at hand. Like all those "Doctorate Final Report" papers that have got quite large in the last couple of weeks.

I go back to the mail now, as something's bound to have happened. I do a grep on all mail files for the words "pregnant" and "family way", and post them anonymously to the local general interest newsgroup.

Then, before anything can happen, the power goes out! The next second, the phone rings.

"Hello?" I say, annoyed - the coyote was just about to kill roadrunner again!

"Has the comput.."

I hang up. This is a matter of life or death. Quick as I can I rip the computer power cable out of the UPS and plug the TV in. Damn! Wylie missed again!

Meantime, all the alarms are going off like crazy as the disks spin down, but that's ok, because my Mac and Terminal are hardwired to the UPS in any case; and I'm at the Beer Factory level in Dark Castle too.

The phone rings, so I pull the PABX breaker on the UPS switchboard and it stops. Now to look like I'm working. I break out the puck and the hockey stick and play a little one-on-wall. From the observation window it'll look like I'm being blindingly efficient, as per usual.

10 Minutes later, the power is back and we're two HDA's down, but what the hell, I haven't lost a man, I'm onto the final screen, and there's more cartoons!

The phone rings, it's a luser. (What a surprise)

"Computer Room" I say, being efficient

"Hello, when will the compu..."

I hang up.

I'm doing well in the screen, all I need do is get past the wizard who throws spells at you and I'm in!

The phone rings again. I put it on hands free

"Computer Room" I shout, still deep in the game.

"I've lost my files" a user whines over the loudspeaker

"You bet you have" I say, as my concentration lapses just long enough for me to get zapped by the wizard.

"What was your username?" I say, all sweetness and smiles

He tells me, I look, and he's right. Shit, and I didn't even do it!

Not to be outdone, I change his login directory to the null device, set his path to "." and redefine the command "news" to execute a script in his old login directory to send a nasty message to the equal opportunities officer, then delete itself.

Now that's trying!

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #6

It's friday, so I get into work early, before lunch even. The phone rings. Shit!

I turn the page on the excuse sheet. "SOLAR FLARES" stares out at me. I'd better read up on that. Two minutes later I'm ready to answer the phone.

"Hello?" I say.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ALL MORNING?!"

I hate it when they shout at me early in the morning. It always puts me in a bad mood. You know what I mean.

"Ah, yes. Well, there's been some solar activity this morning, it always disrupts electronics..." I say, sweet as a sugar pie.

"Huh? But I could get through to my friends?!"

"Yes, that's entirely possible, solar activity is very unpredictable in it's effects. Why last week, we had some files just dissappear from a guys account while he was working on it!"

"Really?"

"Straight Up! Hey, do you want me to check your account?"

"Yes please, I've got some important stuff in there!"

"Ok, what's your username..."

He tells me. Honestly, it's like shooting a fish in a barrel. Twice. With an Elephant Gun. At point blank range. In the head.

(Do I really need to tell you the clicky clicky bit? I think not)

"How many files are in your account?" I ask

"Um, well there should be about 20 in my thesis writeup, 10 or so with the data for it, and another 20 or so in a book that I'm writing"

"Hmmm. Well, I think we caught it just in time. You've still got 2 files left... .cshrc and .login"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaagggggggghhhh!"

He sobs into the receiver a bit - it really turns my stomach.

"What can I do?" he sniffs

"Ok, do you have any of your stuff backed up on floppy?"

"Some, but it's weeks old!"

I fire up the bulk eraser.

"Ok" I say "How about I come out and load all that data onto your account pronto so you can get some work done?"

"That'd be great, but it's all at home" he wimpers. "I spose I'll just load it all in myself tonight"

"Sure. But remember what I said, solar flares are bad for disks and machines. Protect your disks from solar activity to prevent them losing their data"

"How do I do that? Wrap them in tin-foil?"

"NO! TIN FOIL'S THE WORST THING! YOU KNOW WHAT TIN FOIL DOES IN A MICROWAVE DON'T YOU?!"

"Yes.."

"Then don't use it. There's only one thing that protects disks from solar activity.."

"What's that?"

"MAGNETS. Wrap your disks up in a pillow case with lots of magnets - Solar Flares hate that"

"Wow! Thanks"

"No worries at all..."

Shit I'm good!

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #7

So I manage AT LONG LAST, to get a couple of hours off for lunch, AND, because I can't leave my desk unattended, I get the janitor in and have him sit in my chair. I tell him that all he has to do is make sure the receiver doesn't accidentally get put back on the hook. He agrees and I'm off.

First stop, the bank. I change a \$50 note into quarters and then ask to see a balance of my account. Then I yank the power lead out of the teller's vdu. It dies. I say I'm in a hurry and is the manager around?

He rolls over like a man-sized twinkie and asks what the problem is. I say that all I want is a balance of my accounts. I cross my fingers. YES! He finds the vdu lead out, plugs it in, and logs in, TO THE MANAGER'S ACCOUNT. Now's my chance - I slip up against the counter, slopping 200 coins across the counter. The manager ignores it, but all the tellers dive for the money. I watch, unobserved, as the manager types in his password at the breakneck speed of one character a minute. At that rate I should've got \$100 worth.... He finishes typing. "MONEY". What a toughy! Well, that's my mortgage taken care of tonight...

A user that I recognise from "D(eletion) day '89" approaches. I think he's going to talk to me. Even the bank manager is shaking his head furiously. But it's too late, he stops.

"Um, excuse me, Could you tell me what is the best computer to buy to do my thesis on?

?!

Right.

"You've heard of Commodore 64's?" I ask

"Yes?.."

"Avoid them like the plague! Not many people know this, but computers aren't made to handle that much memory - it's over 64,000 things, more in some cases. It's a recipe for disaster!"

"Oh!"

"Try something safe and proven. A ZX81 with dual cassette drive if you can get it. The 1K ram model. Write that down. Don't buy a disk drive - You know how they're always failing, but music cassettes last forever!"

"Hey thanks!"

"No worries. What was your username again?"

He tells me. Just in time for D-Day 92. You'd think they'd learn.

I get back to work and the janitor's asleep at the terminal. I ask him if he wants to work here too, but he likes the ability to bust in on people when they're in the toilet...

I put the phone back on the hook, and straight away it rings. I hate it when it does that, it takes me AGES to get my walkman phones in.

It's the hottest hosemonster I've ever met, and she's got a computer problem! I love it when that happens!

"What's your username?" I ask

She tells me (as if I didn't know)

Quick as I can I read all her e-mail (mostly boring stuff), then grep everyone else's mail files for her username. Nothing. Excellent!

"What's the problem?" I ask, all smiles and charm.

"I can't save my documents, it says something about space."

"Not a problem for long" I say, and delete everyone else on the same disk as her. "You should be fine now.."

"Thank you so much" she gushes.

I make a mental note to do something to her account again tomorrow.

"No worries."

The phone rings almost before I've got it on the hook.

"My files are all gone!" a voice whines out at me.

"When did this happen?" I ask.

"Just now..." he says, through the tears

"I see. Well, I wouldn't worry, there's three days till the end of the semester, if you work day and night until then, you should get at least a C--"

He sobs a couple more times then hangs up. What a wimp.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN!

"The screen on my PC is really dim" The woman at the other end says "Should I wind the brightness knob up?"

"NO!" I scream "Don't touch that knob! Have you any idea of the radiation

that comes out of that thing when the knob gets wound up?!!!!"

"Well I..." she says, all uncertain

"TAKE MY ADVICE!" I say "There's only ONE way to fix a dim display, and that's by power surging the drivers"

The words "power surging" and "drivers" have got her. People hear words like that and go into dummy mode and do ANYTHING you say. I could tell her to run naked across campus with a powercord rammed up her backside and she'd probably do it... Hmmm...

"Have you got a spare power cord?"

"No.."

"Oh well, never mind, we'll have to do the power surge idea... Ok, quick as you can, I want you to flick the power switch of your PC on and off 30 times"

"Should I take my disks out?"

"NO! Do you want to lose all your data!?!"

"Oh. No! Ok.."

I listen carefully.. ..

...clicky..cliky...kliky..clicky. ...clickey..
. . BOOM!

Amazing, it probably made it to 27 - the power supply usually shits itself at 15 or so...

"MY COMPUTER BLEW UP!!!" she screams at me down the line

"Really? Must've been a dodgy power supply! Lucky we found out now! Is your machine still under warranty?"

"NO!"

"Dear oh dear. Well, Best get it repaired then. Did you backup your files?"

"Yes, to the system, Yesterday, but all this morning's work is gone!"

"Oh dear. What was your username, I'll just check that your backups worked ok?"

She tells me....

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #8

I'm at my desk as usual, and a user calls.

"Hello Computer Room, Simon here, How can I help" I answer

"I can't get into my account!" A user mumbles at me.

"What was your username please?" I say

They give me their username. No worries. I look in their account.

"No worries, it was just a badly made login file. I've fixed it, you should be able to login."

"Thanks!"

"No worries. Have a nice day!"

WHAT IS THIS? you're asking yourself. Has the BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL turned over a new leaf? Sold out?! GONE INSANE?!!!
Nope. The BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL is being logfiled. And if that's happening, I'm being bugged as well. So I'm being nice till I can find the bugs. It shouldn't be long - bear with me.

Ah. One in the phone handpiece. Basic. But then the boss is a sneaky sort, so there's probably a couple more. Ah! And another in the base of the phone and one inside my keyboard. Time for a mad coffee-spilling frenzy. This is a big job, so I bring the whole jug over and wait for a witness. The System Manager comes in.

"Where's that report of mine?" he asks in a surly manner - he's obviously pissed that I haven't implicated myself yet. Antagonist Identified. As the Principal of "BASTARD OPERATOR SCHOOL" (me) will tell you, "There's no problem so large it can't be solved by killing the user off, deleting their files, closing their account and reporting their REAL earnings to the IRS"

I pull his printout from under the coffee jug where I put it, and the coffee splashes all over the phone and keyboard, which for some reason were stacked on top of each other.

"Woopsy!" I say, mock horror on my face. The System Manager's face tells me I was right in my guess.

"Don't think you'll get away with this!" he snarls and stomps off.

I click on the ethernet monitor and watch the traffic coming out of his PC.

Ah! A memo, authorising the termination of my contract, going to the laser in

the director's office. I make a few alterations to the file in the spool directory and let it go to it's destination. I run my dinky little program that deposits -522 to the PC and our mainframe shits itself.

Later, while booting, I'll remove that nasty logfile business.

Next, I wander into the comms room and plug my earphone into the spare RS232 port in the Directors office. It's amazing how simple it is to bug an office once it's got data lines going to it!

Director: "Are you sure about this?"
SysMgr: "OF COURSE!"
Director: "You don't want to reconsider?"
SysMgr "NEVER!"
Director: "Very well, I'll fax it to staffing now.."
SysMgr "EXCELLENT!"

Two seconds later the System Manager strolls in smiling.
"Well, I'll really miss you Simon.." he says, full of himself.

"Oh?" I say, all sweetness and charm "Where are you going?"

"No Simon" he says, with glee "You're going"

"A PROMOTION!" I say "You've finally written that letter to the head of staffing telling him he's a bum-sucking arse bandit and that you quit?"

"No..."

"Are you sure? It's much better than the one about me being fired.."

"Y.." His eyes widen slightly

It's like clubbing a seal to death with a foam cushion. He runs to stop the fax. Only, having just resigned, >clicky cklikcy< his card key no longer works...

Ametuers...

The Phone rings. It's the same guy as before

"I can get into my account now, but I've run out of disk"

"Hang on, I'll see what I can do"

>clicccky<...
rm -r *

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #9

I'm driving to work and I'm stuck behind this old guy, the classic slow driver from hell, whose car red-lines at 20 mph and can't take corners at more than 5. I honk my horn but his hearing aid's probably turned way down to "whisper", so I'm stuck.

I make a mental note of his license plate. In fact, I did that 60 times a minute for 15 and a half minutes. Oh dear.. oh dear.... Looks like another call to the DMV Database to register a vehicle as stolen by out of town arms dealers...

I get to work, flick the excuse page over. "ELECTROMAGNETIC RADIATION FROM SATTELLITE DEBRIS". Fair enough, it looks like it's going to be a good day.

I log into "FUCKYOU", (the help-desk enquiries username) and go into mail. There's 3 new messages, the first of which is 117 lines long, so it's obviously a storyteller. Shit, I hate that. Instead of saying "My account needs more disk space" they tell you about how they're doing this bit of research for a lecturer and how it's got to be in yesterday, and they almost had it but their second cousing twice removed had a perforated herpes scab and lost a lot of blood and had to be rushed into hospital... etc etc. I delete the message.

Second message I read, but it's one of those people who can't handle the mail interface and send a null message, so all you get is headers. I reply to the message saying "No worries, we can do that by next tuesday". Hope it was important.

The last message I leave for tommorrow, because Saturday would be a dull day if I ever had to work then.

The phone rings. I thought I'd fixed that!

I put it on hands free so I can slop some pizza into the microwave.

"Yes" I call

"Something's wrong with my Boot disk, I can't login to the server"

"Have you got your disk with you?"

"Sure!"

I go get the disk and put it and the pizza in for 5 minutes on "ULTRA-NUKE".

Six minutes later, he rings back.

"It still doesn't work, and now my disk makes a funny noise and smells."

"OH SHIT! It's that electromagnetic radiation from satellite debris again!"

"Really? I think I heard about that!" (What a tool!)

"Yep, I'm sorry, you'll have to buy another disk"

"Oh, that's ok, I don't mind, the old one was getting worn. Thanks"

"Sure, no worries. And be sure to run it through our virus checker FDISK when you get a lot of important data on it..."

"I will! Thanks!"

"That's Ok - it's my job!"

Xcbzone is running really slow so I kill off a whole lot of database backends that seem to be hogging all the cpu and get back into my game. Much better.

It isn't easy on the frontline, work work work...

I go to the cafeteria for a quick 2 hour snack - they're so nice to me there. They always have been, ever since that computer glitch that registered their kitchen as an organ recipient - very messy. I grab a couple of cans of coke and some cheese things and cruise on back to the office via the first year computer fundamentals lab. I look in the window on the scene that unfolds itself to me - a lab full of first years with no demonstrator.

WELL I'LL JUST HAVE TO HELP!

I walk on in.

"Right, I'm your temporary replacement demonstrator and today we're going to put our assignments aside for half an hour to learn about the REMARK function, or, as it's known to the computer literate world, rm.."

I should have been a teacher you know - I've got this way with people...

...

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #10

I get invited to a lecture as a guest speaker in "Computing Operations Fundamentals", so I leave the control room in the capable hands of Sam, the janitor and cruise on down.

The lecture starts and goes ok, then there's a 10 minute period where students get to ask a "real operator" questions that they have about operations.

I get out my pad and pen.

"Before we get started" I say, "could you just call out your username before you ask me a question, I find it easier to apply your problem to terms you would understand better"

The lecturer eats all this up - the personal touch really gets to them.

"First Question, You over there.."

"What do you think of the privacy of individuals on a shared system?"

"What was your username please?"

"CMS1103"

>Scratchy scritch<

"Computer Privacy... Hmmmm. This is a toughy really. You mean stuff like reading the email between you and your counsellor about you not wanting to come out of the closet?"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGH!"

"AH. Well, he seems to have left - must have picked a bad COMPLETELY RANDOM example. Next question. You, over there..."

"CMS1136. I was.."

"Ah yes, 1136 the only person on campus who subscribes to alt.sex.buggery.by.sailors.dressed.in.mums.clothing"

"It's purely for research purposes!"

"I'm sure it is. You do a lot of story posting for a researcher don't you?"

"NNGggggAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHGH!"

"Next please..."

...

..

Two minutes later, the lecture theatre's empty.
That's the problem with students today, they just don't want to learn.

I go back to control and Sam's asleep at the console again. I think he's after my job. I make a mental note to tap into the salary database and cancel his health and accident insurance payments. You can't be too careful..

I put the phone on the hook for the first time this afternoon and it starts ringing almost immediately. THAT'S IT! I redirect it to 911 catch a bit of shuteye. That'll teach them. OOPS! Almost forgot to turn over the excuse calendar. "STATIC FROM NYLON UNDERWEAR" Nope, too plausible - although in some cases I could do an on-site check. Nah, can't be stuffed. I'll pick another one. "STATIC FROM PLASTIC SLIDE RULES" Now THAT'S one with a challenge!

I un-redirect the phone and drag the rubbish bin so it rests on the printer's stacker - another job well done. The phone rings - this could be the big one!

"Hello?"

"Hi, Um, how do I spell-check my file?"

"Simple, just type `spell' and the filename"

"Thanks"

I'm so bloody nice this morning. Especially as I know that my version of spell introduces errors instead of detecting them. Things like changing friend to freind and vice-versa. What the hell.

The phone rings - it's them again.

"There's something wrong with spell"

"What makes you think that?"

"Because my file is all corrupt now!"

"That doesn't sound like spell to me. Are you logged into thru PC?"

"Yes, but I can.."

"Please, leave the technical diagnosis to me... Now, is there a plastic ruler somewhere on or in the desk?"

"Um >clunka<, yes..."

"Right. You've got a static buildup on your hard-drive caused by the changing electrostatic field generated by the ruler - the same one that makes bits of paper stick to it when you rub it up and down your arm..."

DUMMY MODE ON

"Oh. What do I do?"

"You know how you get paper off a ruler by hitting it on a table lots of times? Well do that with your PC. Say 20 times - lift it about a foot off the desk & drop it."

"Oh. OK"

>crash<

>crash<

>crash<

"Um, the screen went dark"

"That's ok, it's supposed to do that - keep going. And when you're finished, do the screen as well, that static may have gone up the wires to it."

>crash<

>crash<

>crash<...

I hang up. I get up and go out to the public area to put honey in the floppy drives when a guy who looked like Lee Harvey Oswald runs up to me and shoots me, only the sound comes from the machine room, and I can hear the ex System-Managers chuckle....

Later, in the ambulance, I realise. I forgot to get the guys username...

Then everything goes dark

spt@waikato.ac.nz (Simon Travaglia)

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL LIVES! #11

The darkness cleared as we got out of the tunnel and it occurred to me that I couldn't be all that injured. Then again, maybe I was. Someone was going to p..

I died.

Of course, a true BOFH considers this not really as dying, but more of going home for the holidays.

Five seconds later, I'm getting the upside of 15Kv across the nipples. (These ambulance guys sure know how to party).

BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL LIVES!

Three weeks later I'm back on my backside and feeling rested at relaxed behind the console again. The rest has done me good, I feel *great!*. I catch up on everyone's email then let the students know I'm back by performing an impromptu preventative maintenance in the middle of lab time by kicking the restart switch (They love it really)

I flip today's excuse card, "GLOBAL WARMING" YES YES YES! What a welcome home!

It's the end of the month so all those automatic email reminder programs will be sending messages all over the place. I set the system clock back 7 days to buy some peace and quiet and swap the printer ribbon for the three year old one with holes in it.

I sort through my snail mail and crack open the BOFH Monthly Newsletter, "kill -9" and check out the articles therein. There's a nice peice of making OS2 slow, boring and painful, but it looks exactly like the OS2 installation instructions to me... Ah, who knows. I head straight to the BOFH Wizard section to see if any of my articles were published. All of them!!! Even the one about the c compiler that randomly removes one line from the source code it's compiling!

The phone rings.

"The Screen on my PC is blank!!!"

"It's the power cord" I say

"No, I checked that. When I switch it on, it does nothing!"

"It's the power cord" I say

"No, I checked and it's all plugged in properly. There's no lights on the keyboard or anything"

"It's the power cord" I say

"Oh. I just noticed, the cord's not plugged in properly!"

"The power cord?" I ask

"Yes... Woopsy"

"No worries at all" I say "Is it all working well now?"

"Yes, I think so. I'm sorry, you WERE right all along"

"Yes, we're getting a lot of this, it's due to the current Global Warming problem. It causes random thermal expansion and contraction resulting in temperature induced movement of friction based holding mechanisms.."

I listen carefully. Nothing. In other words, <DUMMY MODE ON>...

"You can fix it permanently tho'" I say

"Really? How?"

"Well it's all to do with lowering salt deposits on the metal contacts"

"Oh!" (Dummy mode irrevocably engaged)

"All you need to do is just take the power plug out deposit some dilute mineral salts on it. Do you have some dilute mineral salts on you?"

"Uh, no?"

"Ok, no worries, just stick it in your mouth drool into it. But make sure you wipe the plug first to get rid of any germs, and TURN THE SWITCH OFF ON THE MONITOR before you do - we don't want a nasty accident!

"Oh. Ok!"

>Fzzzt< >clunk!<

I hang up as the receiver hits the floor. Disk space is too good for them.

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #12

I get to work and I'm a bit tired so I plug a thick hunk of copper across the three phase supply and throw the switch. The room is plunged into darkness as the circuit breakers trip and for once the machine room is silent.

I like it.

I pop the phone off the hook and close the curtains on the observation window. Now it's *really* dark in there. I wouldn't be surprised if someone had an accident in here..

I lift a couple of floor tiles up in the darkness and call our maintenance contractors saying the mini popped the breaker again, then replace the fuses in it with a couple of nails and short the power supply to ground. You can't just hope for this sort of thing, you've got to MAKE it happen.

15 minutes later the engineer arrives and falls down the hole. I pop the floor tiles back on just as the System Manager (a new and very thorough individual) comes in, telling me to watch out, someone could really hurt themselves in the dark...

I nod & tell him that we can't really afford all the downtime, and should I just throw the breaker and hope that there was no major fault. After thinking about the negative publicity we're getting already, he makes the last decision of his short career and tells me to go ahead.

Later, when the smoke clears I examine the smoking remains of the mini. Not a pretty sight...

"Strange that the breaker jammed shut, isn't it?" I say to our manager as he packs up the personal things in his office. "One in a million chance. A pity that someone saw what you did and posted the whole story to comp.misc. You'll be lucky to get a job managing a car computer after all that publicity..."

I go back to the machine room and throw the rest of the breakers to liven everything up, then login and start deleting users' email. I spot an interesting off-the-record sexual proposition from our male consultant to a member of the men's swim team which will make a good motd, so I copy it there, modify root's owner name to be "Winker" and password to be "ljkadlkajflkj" (then call the big boss to report a suspected intrusion). Should be at least a couple of hours of login time before we can sort that out. In the meantime, people are just going to have to read that message...

I realise the message has been read when I hear the gunshot from behind the consultant's closed door.

I edit the online helpdesk information and change the phone number to the System Manager's - he'll probably appreciate the extra calls at such a sad time...

I hear another shot and realise he won't be answering any calls today.

I put the phone back on the hook and flip today's excuse card. "Poor power conditioning". Too plausible. "STATIC BUILDUP". Still a bit too plausible for my liking, but I don't want to run out of cards before the end of the year, so I decide to run with it.

The phone rings almost as soon as I've got "Top Gun" in the video machine so I pause the video and put the phone on hands-free.

"I think I've bought a bad floppy disk"

"Yes?" I wonder if I've suddenly become the consumer's watchdog?

"Well, I've got this disk and it won't format. All the others in the box did so I thought I must have a bad disk"

"Why are you calling me about this?" I ask

"Well, the disk says guaranteed; where do I go to get a replacement?"

Ah! Of course.

"Well, let's see. Are you sure it's the disk, and not just some problem with static buildup?"

"Huh?"

"Static Buildup, you know, static electricity that's passed from you to the computer"

"But I'm wearing a wrist strap!"

Around about now I realise I'm deep in dweeb country. Wrist straps aren't fashion accessories in my part of town...

"Of course you are, but your average wrist strap has a 1 meg resistor in series with it, a *really* poor earth. What you need is a direct earth connection. Hang onto the frame of something that's earthed properly."

"What, you mean like our stainless steel bench?"

"Excellent. Now, have you got a paper clip to discharge the static with?"

"Hang on. Yeah"

"Ok, with your other hand, poke the clip thru the ventilation holes at the back of the unit, and just touch the contact at the end of the thick red wire."

"The one going to the power supply?"

"Yep, that's it"

"...Hey, isn't that the li... >kzzzt!< >clunk<"

Another call solved by the helpdesk from hell...

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BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #13

I'm busy with my new shell replacement login script, and it's almost foolproof. Let's just say it pops up with:

"Yes means No and No means Yes. Delete all files [Y]? "

upon login. I'm really starting to worry about the number of account breakins we've been having recently.... The manager isn't though. His main concern appears to be the number of computer-related fatalities on campus. Funny world, isn't it?

I flip the excuse card. "DOPPLER EFFECT" Sounds implausible enough that it's plausible - with a little work of course.

The phone, the bane of my existence, rings.

"Hello, Computer Room" I say, being helpful

"Is this the Technicians?" The caller asks.

Amazing the number of deaf people that use these things. What the hell, I'm bored..

"Yes it is" I lie (Nixon could've done with me)

"I've got a problem with my floppy drive, it doesn't seem to be reading all the time"

"Hmmm. How old is the drive?"

"About a year.."

"And it sometimes fails and sometimes works, but it's starting to fail more and more?"

"YES!"

"Yeah, it's the Doppler effect of magnetism.."

"I thought that only happened with light and sound?"

>Bullshit mode ON<

"Yes, well it's been found that on a spinning surface, like a disk, the

particle's magnetic alignment changes, especially when the head is stationary and slightly magnetised in respect to it."

"Duh. Oh"

"So, what you need to do is to demagnetise the head. Have you got a disk head demagnetising loop?"

"Uh.... No?"

"OK, we'll have to do it the hard way. Have you got your original diskettes for your software?"

"Yeah."

"Right, chuck them in the drive, one by one, and format them."

"WHAT?!"

"Don't worry, it won't work - remember the drive is failing. All that happens is that the virgin magnetic field of the disks realigns the magnetic field of the head, because they weren't written by a doppler effected drive."

"Oh, yeah!"

"So, when it gives you a write error and asks if you want to continue, you say yes. Do it with all your original diskettes, then, to complete the demagnetising process, run a head cleaning diskette through the drive as well, which will pick up the stray magenetic particles clinging to the head."

"Oh. Ok. Thanks"

"Don't thank me - IT'S MY JOB"

I put the phone down, it rings again. It's the big boss.

"Simon, could you come to my office please?"

>ALERT!<

Quick as I can, I press the panic button on our LAN-Analyser, or to be more precise, the "Generate 90% random traffic" button

"Sure, would you like me to come now, or..

The other phone rings. I chuck it on hands free

"Hello, Computer Room, Simon Here, How can I help?"

"THE NETWORK IS DOWN, ALL OUR PCS HAVE SHIT THEMSELVES!" the voice on hands

-free screams into the mouthpeice of the other phone

"I see" I say calmly "Yes, our Monitor shows it up, it looks to be a bad segment of thinwire - please hold the line while I unplug it"

I press the "I just got a raise" button (AKA "Stop Traffic Generation") on the Lan Analyser, and almost immediately the user shouts back "Excellent, it's working now, thanks"

"That's ok, don't mention it. Have a nice day"

The big-boss has been listening to all this, so I reckon that the trip to his office won't be so bad after all. I tell him I'll be right down as soon as I secure the net and hang up. On the way down, I invent a new buzzword which always keep management happy. Complete Transient Lockout. Sounds much better than pulling the plug. Like Master-Reset sounds better than off-switch.

I get to his office and the staffing officer is there too. Uh-oh.

"Simon - How would you like to be our System Manager?"

?!!!

"Well... I don't know, I like that hands on.."

"Extra 10 grand a year, Varisty Car.."

"Monaro?"

"Ok"

"Sold!"

....And so ends the saga, as it should have at #10.

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The Bastard Operator from Hell Rides Again. #14

Don't ask how I got back, I just did. Suffice to say that work frowns upon management material that uses electrodes to gain client information. Especially when you do it to the boss's in-laws. That's his entertainment.

So I'm back in the saddle. Unfortunately, that means there's a surplus of operators in the computer room. One slam of the tape safe door later, the problem is solved. The knocking dies down in a couple of hours, so I guess the safes really **are** airtight.

To welcome myself back, I send a message out saying there's a shutdown in 10 minutes. 5 minutes later I shut the system down. I love doing that. I see the hard-disk activity lights flicker as the "disk recovery" phase of startup run through, globally deleting journal files. Funny how we always start up with lots of free disk..

I just get Wolfenstein started and the phone rings. What the hell, I almost missed it while I was away, so I answer it.

"Computer Room" I say

"THAT WASN'T TEN MINUTES!!!!" the voice at the other end screams

"What wasn't 10 minutes?" I ask in a pleasant manner. I can see that things have deteriorated in my absence. Spare the rod and spoil the rm -r, that's what I always say.

"THAT! You said it was going to be te... >pause<... Um, who is this?"

"This is the Operator; who did you expect it to be?"

"Darren? Is that Darren?"

"Uh, No. Darren.. Darren is... unavailable... at the moment."

"Oh. Do you know when he'll be back in the control room?"

"Probably around the time of our next backup - the year 2007 or sometime thereabouts I should imagine"

He's toying with asking me if he can recover their files or not. I let him dangle for a few moments.

"Was that all?", I say, nice as pie

"Well.... NO, it doesn't matter"

"Of course it doesn't. Would you like me to check if your files are ok?" I prompt

"Would you? I'm a bit new to this system and I'm not too sure what to do"

"Sure. What was your username?"

Everything inside him is screaming at him not to say it - People beside him are screaming at him not to say it.

He says it.

You just can't tell some people.

"Ok. Well, it looks ok to me, all your files are in perfect condition!" I say

"THEY ARE!! GREAT!!"

The relief in his voice is overwhelming

>clickety< >clickety<

"Yep. Both your x-defaults and AND your newsrc file are ok"

"But.. But what about my site monitoring data?"

"Sorry?"

"There were about 10 files in my research subdirectory, data I'd collected over the past year."

"Oh. Well, I can't see anything. Perhaps you backed them up somewhere?"

"I put a copy in my girlfriend's account.."

"What was her username?"

"Uh.... >pause< ... "

Is he going to do it? Is he?

He does.

Like running down a snail with a steamroller...

>clickety clickety<

"Nope, nothing there either. OH! Hang on, there looks like some form of journal file in your account, it's quite large... I think maybe you should login there and try to recover with it..."

I cat about 100 man files together and slop them in his girlfriends account under then name "rsrch.j"

"How do I do that?"

"Ok; can you login yet?"

"Yeah, I think so..... Ok, I'm logged in"

"Ok, You need to run the file thru the mailer to clear the eigth bit, otherwise the journal recovery will probably choke with an instruction error"

>DUMMY MODE ON<

"Oh... How do I do that?"

"Well, you have to type in `mail root < rsrch.j'"

"Ok!"

"HANG ON! You have to type it with your nose."

"WH..? WHY?"

I flip the excuse card till something appropriate pops up. "HARDWARE STRESS FRACTURES"

"Well, it's got to do with hardware stress fractures. You probably type too hard with your fingers which upsets the internals of the keyboard. It's got to do with dry joints and electromagnetic inductance"

>DUMMY MODE IRREVOCABLY ON<

"Oh. Ok"

"Now, you've got to type it in 20 times"

"Sure, ok"

He hangs up.

I ring campus security

"Hey, we've got another crazy in the lab. Apparently he's typing with his nose. He might be armed..."

3 minutes later I hear the shots. I close his account, he won't be needing it any more..

The phone rings. It's my mum.

"Hi Ma, what can I do for you"

"Simon, I've got a problem at work, the floppy disk with all my personal stuff on it is failing I think"

"Oh. Ok. Well, have you got any nail polish remover and some cotton wool buds?"

"Yes"

"Ok, take your disk out, and clean that brown stuff off the inside of the disk. That's what gets the heads dirty. You should just have a nice clean plastic disk when you've cleaned it completely"

"Oh, Ok Simon, Thanks"

"You're welcome. Oh; remember that time you wouldn't let me go over to Graeme's place to watch videos when I was 5?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Nothing.."

--

Simon Travaglia, spt@waikato.ac.nz

THE BASTARD OPERATOR FROM HELL #15

It's a warm afternoon in the computer room. I dunno, maybe I should turn the chillers back on, but what the hell, I've got a cold and I need to keep warm if I go into the machine room.

I flip today's excuse card. Magnetic Interference from Money/Credit Cards. Hmmm, vague enough to be plausible. The phone rings

"Hello, Computer Room" I say

"Hi!" the caller says "I want to fit some RAM to my machine to upgrade the memory. I just bought some 4 meg chips off a guy in town and wanted to know if you guys would fit it."

"Well," I say "normally we would, but today the technicians are busy trying to gas axe open our tape safe to see why it smells - You could probably fit it yourself though.."

"Really? I thought that was dangerous?" she says

"Nah nah, it's safe as houses, just remember to get the chips out of those stupid plastic bags before they stuff them up altogether"

"Really?! How do they do that?"

"Well, you've heard of static RAM right?"

"Yes..."

"Well, Why pack static RAM in an antistatic bag? Sounds really suspect if you ask me!!! Yours might even be stuffed already, so you'd better remove them.."

>D.M. ON<

"Oh >crinkle crinkle< Ok. Now what do I do?"

"Ok, you'll need to get rid of the charge those bags have probably given your RAM, after all, you don't want to blow up your computer, do you? Get rid of any woolens that you're wearing and switch to nylon. Run round some cheap carpet, then comb your hair a couple of dozen times and then plug the chips into the comb to keep them steady. Turn your machine on, then plug the memory in and out about 10 times to get the slots warmed up. Then slop them back in, flick the power switch half a dozen times and that should do it!"

"Hey thanks!"

"Don't mention a thing, all part of the service"

I leave for lunch - after all I have been here for 10 minutes solid - and walk past the student labs. I hear a mass of beeping and look round to see a user's screen full of garbage. They've either typed an image file or fingered my account and got the core file I renamed as .plan. By the time he gets his terminal sorted out, his allocation of connect time will be all used up. A tragic shame.

I get back from lunch early a couple of hours later and slip into the Usenet news directory tree, slide on down to alt.binaries.pictures.erotica, then start deleting parts 3 or 4 of the really long gifs. (After taking a copies myself and overwriting them to the last user backup tape, of course).

Then I get ready to watch the videos I got out from the video shop by taking the printers offline and disconnecting the phone, and I notice that the frame-grabber video player is gone from the office. Someone has obviously moved it while I was away...

I make some discrete enquiries under the threat of rm -r, and find out that the secretary now has possession of it. So I mosey on down and ask to take it away. Only I can't because I've got to sign *THE BOOK*, saying when it will be back, how many minutes of tape I'm going to put thru it, if I'm going to be watching PAL or NTSC etc. Then it's all fed into her *personal* computer (which I'm not allowed to touch because it doesn't belong to us) so she can produce full colour plots about who's not working in the department.

I mention that it's not coming back - as I was the person that put the hammer through the frame grabber in the first place, I should be the one to hold the video. She then tells me that that's not acceptable, and I will have to find some other video to use, she needs access to get to the video 24 hours a day, in case someone needs it. And because she takes her PC home at night, I needn't think that I can fake any borrowing records. All this I see for what it really is - a thinly disguised attempt to gain access to the seat of power (The Operators Room) by the Bastard Secretary from Hell.

I decide to let it slide for once, after all she does get the snail mail into the correct distribution slots about 20% of the time, so that can't be so bad.

Next morning, I get in about 2pm and find that I have three departmental memos about the status of other stuff that is in the Computer Room that has been "incorrectly inventorised" as "Awaiting Repair" (The shithead technician has been leaking privileged information in an effort to score the secretary again - A tragic shame, I used to quite like him..) with a note from the Big Boss authorizing the secretary to investigate. Attached to all that is a note from the secretary herself stating that to action this she requires a 24

hour access key to the Computer Room.

ONCE AGAIN I realise that letting things slide never pays off. I look up the secretary's RS232, Ethernet, Appletalk and Phone port numbers and yank them from the comms rack. What the hell, I kick the circuit breakers to her power points and lighting too while I'm at it. Then I strip off some mains cable & plug it in..

The phone rings a couple of minutes later.

"WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY ROOM?!" the secretary screeches at me.

"Your room?" I say, in a pleasant and innocent manner, using caller ID to track down the room she's in. Ah! Just down the corridor

"Yes, MY ROOM! The power's gone off and everything is dead"

"Oh dear. What were you doing when the power went off? Perhaps you did something stupid?"

"I did NOT! I was working on *my* PC!"

The way she says "*my*" is really getting to annoy me.

"You were working on *your* PC?" I say, reflectively.

"Yes!" She snarls

"Not your *own* *very personal* computer?"

"Yes.." She doesn't know what I'm getting at yet.

And now I exercise the basic law of Bastard Operating which roughly says, Bastard Operators don't just win. Anyone can win. Bastard Operators win and totally DEMORALISE. That's *real* winning.

"I hope you switched your machine off before you called"

"Why?" she barks, a little uncertain.

"Well, it's just that personal property isn't covered by the site insurance policy. Why, if there was a power surge, heaven knows WHAT could happen to an expensive peice of delicate *personal* machinery like..."

I hear her place the receiver down *very* quietly and sprint on tippy toe to the door. As I repeatedly toggle her circuit breaker I start thinking about what I'll be watching on video this afternoon... Still on the phone, I hear a bang way in the background which probably means her pc has shit itself...

10 minutes later the phone in the control room. It's the secretary, and she

sounds a little stressed. I manage to translater her sporadic outbursts into a request that her lines be connected to her terminal. I tell her they are, and has she got the technician to look at it. She hangs up.

No sense of humour.

10 minutes later still, the technician rings up and tells me all the secretaries lines are dead. I tell him I'll check them out, then plug her ethernet, phone and Appletalk back in. Which leaves RS232...

Another 10 minutes later I'm startled out of my snooze by the phone. It's the technician still greasing the secretary by being super-efficient. He tells me the RS232 still isn't working. I make some excuse about dry joints on the plug etc, and ask him to put a new plug on the cable. I hear the >snip!< as he clips the old plug off, and the receiver rattle as he starts to strip the wire in a manly way with his teeth. Then I connect the mains cable to my end of the RS232.

As soon I hear the ">ERRRRRREEEEERRKKK!<" coming down the receiver at me, I know that the "incorrect inventory" problem won't be repeated.

Another problem solved by the Bastard Operator from Hell

It's a dirty, filthy, stinking dog-kill-dog job, but someone's got to enjoy it

This is the final chapter (at least for a while). I'm off to find a job in Britian somewhere in a couple of weeks, so I'll let BOFH rest. Funnily enough, someone sent me a copy of BOFH #1 with someone else's name as author the other day - they thought I might be interested in it..
Live long and prosper! - Simon spt@waikato.ac.nz

Fucking With People

Before anyone stupid enough to think of considering trying anything from the following. I don't care how smart you THINK you are. Do not try any of this!!!!

it's funny on paper, that's as far as it goes.

5 Ways to Kill a Car

OK, here is my first contribution for áGâ, 5 ways to severely damage, or completely destroy a car. This research was compiled from my many years as a gas station attendant...(G).

1.) This one is a great for that person who thinks their car is the fastest, COolest, etc., because it will kill a motor in only a few seconds. It is a simple one: all you need is a medium sized bag of metal shavings, and a way under the hood. Once under the hood, all you need to do is pour the shavings into the oil fill area, close it up, and go home.

This is great, because soon after the car has been started, and the oil has started to flow throughout the engine, the metal shavings will act like sandpaper; basicly, the rods and all other metal parts that are going to recieve the "clean" oil will be ground down until either a part falls off, or causes a rod knock. The only thing to do after this has happened, is rebuild the motor.

2.) This is one of my favorites; everyone wants higher octane gasoline, and one way to increase octane levels in gasoline is by adding mothballs to the mixture. The only problem is, if you add too many mothballs, and increase the octane level too much, it can cause the engine to literly melt down, because the higher the octane, the hotter it will burn.

Well, this is the objective, put like a whole box into someones gas tank (preferable when the tank is full, because people will not have the intelligence to figure out that it was the gasoline, and you can see it happen more that once to the same car), and watch you local service center for their car, again, and again, and again...

3.) Ahhh, a beautiful paint job on that assholes new car. Well, a very quick, and easy way to ruin it, is by getting a full bottle of brake fluid (DOT 3, like cars use), and pour it all over the body of the car. In less than an hour (probably within 10-20 minutes), the paint and the brake fluid will start to react together, and the paint will simply "melt" off of the cars body. Actually, DOT 3 brake fluid will peel off almost any paint on a hard surface, just pour and go, simple as that, and hell, if you want to be fancy, you can probably make designs in the paint job, Why not encrease your enjoyment.

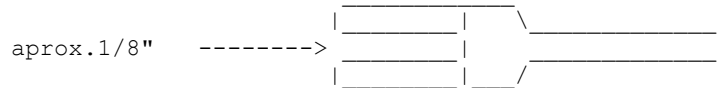
4.) Front brakes are responsible for 75% to 85% of braking on all automobiles. Brakes on cars require friction to create the breaking process, after the pressure has been applied to the brake pedal. Well, one easy way to prevent the front brakes from working is to simply find a car with slotted wheels, get a quart of oil, and pour it onto the brake pads. They are easy to see, and if you can't see'em, just pour.

After the oil gets a chance to soak in, and the person is out for a nice little drive, the first time they have to stop will be fun! The brake peddle will still have the same amount of pressure, but the brakes certainly will not work as they should. They will just spin at the same speed, leaving the rear brakes to do ALL of the work (which will take at least 3 times the work), and the car will not stop as usual...BAM!!!

5.) Slashing tires can sometimes be obvious, and if caught, it will get you into some trouble, but there is another way to flaten someones tires without being as obvoius. On the wheel, there will be a valve stem, and inside the stem, there is a valve core, which holds the air in tire. The best way to flaten a tire is to remove the valve core, and re-cap the stem; this will slowly let all of the air out of a tire, which makes less noise, and is a helluva lot less noticeable.

All you will need is a small tool to un-screw the core from the valve stem,...

(you can get one at ANY automotive parts store)



...you will see the core once you unscrew the cap and look into the stem. Now, all you have to do is slowly unscrew the core, once it is loose, hold it in place, then quickly pull it out and lightly put the the cap back on.

If done right, the air will be coming out, but at a slow enough rate to not make any noise. If the person gets into the car soon enough, he might not notice the low tires, which will destroy them if driven on, or if they are totaly flat when the person comes out, when he looks for slash marks, there will be none. Leaving them to think it was actually something he ran over. Won't he feel dumb...

50 Fun Things To Do In An Elevator

1. Make race car noises when anyone gets on or off.
2. Blow your nose and offer to show the contents of your kleenex to other passengers.
3. Grimace painfully while smacking your forehead and muttering: "Shut up, dammit, all of you just shut UP!"
4. Whistle the first seven notes of "It's a Small World" incessantly.
5. Sell Girl Scout cookies.
6. On a long ride, sway side to side at the natural frequency of the elevator.
7. Shave.
8. Crack open your briefcase or purse, and while peering inside ask: "Got enough air in there?"
9. Offer name tags to everyone getting on the elevator. Wear yours upside-down.
10. Stand silent and motionless in the corner, facing the wall, without getting off.
11. When arriving at your floor, grunt and strain to yank the doors open, then act embarrassed when they open by themselves.
12. Lean over to another passenger and whisper: "Noogie patrol coming!"
13. Greet everyone getting on the elevator with a warm handshake and ask them to call you Admiral.
14. One word: Flatulence!
15. On the highest floor, hold the door open and demand that it stay open until you hear the penny you dropped down the shaft go "plink" at the bottom.
16. Do Tai Chi exercises.
17. Stare, grinning, at another passenger for a while, and then announce: "I've got new socks on!"

18. When at least 8 people have boarded, moan from the back: "Oh, not now, damn motion sickness!"
19. Give religious tracts to each passenger.
20. Meow occasionally.
21. Bet the other passengers you can fit a quarter in your nose.
22. Frown and mutter "gotta go, gotta go" then sigh and say "oops!"
23. Show other passengers a wound and ask if it looks infected.
24. Sing "Mary had a little lamb" while continually pushing buttons.
25. Holler "Chutes away!" whenever the elevator descends.
26. Walk on with a cooler that says "human head" on the side.
27. Stare at another passenger for a while, then announce "You're one of THEM!" and move to the far corner of the elevator.
28. Burp, and then say "mmmm...tasty!"
29. Leave a box between the doors.
30. Ask each passenger getting on if you can push the button for them.
31. Wear a puppet on your hand and talk to other passengers "through" it.
32. Start a sing-along.
33. When the elevator is silent, look around and ask "is that your beeper?"
34. Play the harmonica.
35. Shadow box.
36. Say "Ding!" at each floor.
37. Lean against the button panel.
38. Say "I wonder what all these do" and push the red buttons.
39. Listen to the elevator walls with a stethoscope.
40. Draw a little square on the floor with chalk and announce to the other passengers that this is your "personal space."

41. Bring a chair along.
42. Take a bite of a sandwich and ask another passenger: "Wanna see wha in muh mouf?"
43. Blow spit bubbles.
44. Pull your gum out of your mouth in long strings.
45. Announce in a demonic voice: "I must find a more suitable host body."
46. Carry a blanket and clutch it protectively.
47. Make explosion noises when anyone presses a button.
48. Wear "X-Ray Specs" and leer suggestively at other passengers.
49. Stare at your thumb and say "I think it's getting larger."

50. If anyone brushes against you, recoil and holler "Bad touch!"

83 WAYS TO TRASH YOUR SCHOOL

The following section is reprinted from the 'SchoolStoppers Textbook'. - a small section of the 'How to Revolt Handbook', the fourth book of... 'The Blacklisted News'. Available for 13 bucks from the Youth International Party (Yippies). OK here we go - 83 ways to trash your school.

Liberate your life - smash your school! The public schools are slowly killing every kid in them stifling their creativity and individuality turning them into non-persons. If you are a victim of this one of the things you can do is fight back. This chapter is not written for people who are not yet sure whether school is good or bad. It is written for students that realize the way that compulsory education and grades destroy the natural curiosity so many children feel - who realize how the tracking system keeps the poor people and minorities in our society on the bottom while keeping the rich and powerful on the top - who realize the danger of teaching complete obedience to authority and who are fed up with the racism and sexism in schools. It is written for students who have 'gone through channels' trying to correct these problems and who are tired of helplessly waiting while the schools destroy more and more minds each day. It is written for young people who realize that because they are trapped in school they don't have a chance to learn what they need to know to create a free and good life.

Before trying any of the ideas in here you should think about the effect they will have in view of the situation in your particular area. Not all of them will be effective at all times in all areas. If you think of other ideas please send them to us so we can print them in future editions. (YIP address is same as Overthrow mag. in general section -sysop II).

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Get a syringe [minus needle] or similar device. Mix both tubes of epoxy glue with a little rubbing alcohol. You now have about half an hour to fill locks, door jams, etc. before glue hardens. If you can't get the epoxy glue and syringe a tube of airplane cement can also be used although it is not as permanent.
2. An alternative use for the syringe is to pretend to shoot up while a teacher is watching. If they speak to you tell them you have to do it because school is so horrible.

3. Call the school and leave the phone off the hook. The way some (but not all) phone systems work this will tie up their phone for as long as yours is off the hook.
4. Protest U.S. aid to reactionary regimes abroad by defoliating plants around the school or by digging a bomb crater on the front lawn. When the ecology freaks complain ask them where they were when the U.S. was doing the same thing to Indochina.
5. Draw or paste something 'obscene' on pull-down wall maps or movie screens.
6. Get some of the punch cards that your school uses for taking attendance. Punch new holes in them either with a keypunch machine or a screwdriver. Then switch the cards with others wherever they are stored. If you can figure out the code the cards are punched by this has even more possibilities. You can often be just as effective without actually repunching the cards by redistributing them a few days after you collect them (particularly when they're used for attendance).
7. Start an information service to let new students opinions and warnings about the teachers and administrators before enrollment day.
8. Bad food? Have a good old fashioned food riot.
9. In gym classes or in hallways between classes have massive searches for 'lost' contact lenses telling people not to walk through the hall or "you might step on it".
10. If your school still has a dress code protest it having everyone do something disruptive that does not violate the code. For example dye your hair green with food coloring.
11. Free all the animals in the biology classroom.
12. Write a 'consumer report' on the 'education' you've been consuming. Distribute it to parents at school functions.
13. Periodically have students go to the office to have some rumor confirmed or denied.

14. Perform citizen's arrests of administrators for destroying the minds of youth then telephone the police to come and take the criminals into custody. This would be an excellent guerilla theatre action.
15. Rip off dishes and silverware from the cafeteria, towels from the gym, stencils and paper from the duplicating room layout equipment from the art and drafting departments, tools from the wood shop and light bulbs from the sockets. Give them to a needy movement group.
16. During lunch turn on and light all the gas jets in the science labs.
17. Demand to see your school records on file. (Everyone can see them).
18. You can make a very effective fuse by inserting a non-filter cigarette in a book of matches so that it touches the head of some matches and will ignite them when it burns down that far. Then loosely crumple paper around the matches and cigarettes so that they are hidden. Toss it in a wastebasket or any other area with a lot of papers preferably in the office. It takes 5 minutes to ignite - by then you can be on the other side of the building. Practice this at home before trying it.
19. Have giant coughing or sneezing epidemics in class or study hall.
20. Rub lipstick/glue/vaseline or shit onto the doorknobs of the school's administrative offices.
21. Swallow some snake bite antidote then walk into the principal's office. The antidote (most types are harmless - make sure you get that kind) will make you vomit. Do so all over his carpet, desk, clothing, etc. then apologize profusely.
22. Pick up some dog training liquid at any pet store - it smells like concentrated piss. And if you can't figure out what to do with that then you shouldn't be reading this.
23. Remove contents of teacher's mailboxes. Print up everything that's confidential or interesting.

24. Leave notes and hints that 'Tuesday's the day'.
25. Impersonate parental voices and make irritating phone calls to the office.
26. Make a super stink bomb out of Hydrogen Sulfide and put somewhere in the ventilating system. This has cleared school buildings for days.
27. If your school has a suspended ceiling (that is a ceiling composed of rectangles or squares resting on a frame so that the rectangles can be pushed up) you can put a dead fish or anything else above them. Or put it into empty lockers and glue them shut.
28. Put signs on your locker saying 'this locker will self-destruct if opened for inspection'.
29. Give your school library a subscription to a good underground newspaper from your area and insist that they make it available to students.
30. Print up false notices frequently using the same format as the school uses and distribute them to the teachers mailboxes. Eventually they'll never know what to believe.
31. Make your own passes, forms, tickets, etc. or lift them out of teachers' desks.
32. Need a signature? Collect things that have teachers' signatures on them. Paste them all down on a sheet of white paper and either xerox or print up a bunch of copies. Forge when useful. When getting started you might put a piece of carbon paper under the signature with the carbon paper facing down on what you want signed. Then trace over the name with a steady relaxed hand. Practice makes perfect.
33. Do some revolutionary wall painting. All you need is a can of spray paint (red?) plus a little imagination and courage. Then write your favorite slogans on walls, sidewalks, blackboards -etc. If you are a perfectionist you can make a stencil, but that limits the size of what you can do. WEAR GLOVES or you will certainly get tell-tale paint on your spraying finger.

34. Are certain teachers or administrators misbehaving? Print up a rat sheet with their names and telephone numbers and distribute it. Now students can call up at any time and reprimand them - 3.00 A.M. for example. Also you could order them pizzas, plumbers, think big!
35. Break into your school at night and burn it down. To get inside you can either hide in the building during the day and wait until the janitor leaves (know in advance what time that is) or come in later at night and either force your way through the door -find an open window, or break a window (see Monroe Mindfuck). If you use the latter method do it a few hours or days in advance so you don't get caught if it attracts attention. Be careful not to leave fingerprints - wear gloves all the time if possible. Once inside make sure the walls will light well by placing loose paper or wood around them -or squirting lighter fluid, kerosene or gasoline onto them. If alot of burnable boxes are stacked in one area spread them around. Start the fire from the inside of the building so it will take longer before it can be seen from the windows. Make sure the fire has a way to travel from one burnable area to another. Of course you should wear dark clothes and know exactly where you are going when you split.
36. Get hold of a film to be shown at a school assembly and splice in parts of another movie of your own choosing before the assembly. A little imagination on your part will make for an unforgettable day.
37. Clog up the drains of sinks with clay then turn on the water after everyone leaves school.
38. Teachers often leave gradebooks, conduct sheets and attendance records unguarded. Take every chance to help yourself.
39. Put up posters all around the school. To make them stick permanently, use Pet evaporated milk for glue.
40. You could ice-pick tires as a warning, but make sure you have a total enemy before you put sugar in their gastank.
41. Start wailing in the halls.
42. If you can't find any skunks, let chickens loose in the school or pigeons.

43. Create the 'WEB OF THREAD' in your classroom. Have everybody in your class bring a spool of thread - with extras for people who forget. Tie your thread onto something and pass the spools around till you run out, winding thread around everything. (It is best to pick on one of your more dullwitted teachers for this one). Explain that you did it in the name of art.

44. Carry and pretend to sell oregano rolled in papers and aspirin with the name filed off.

45. Put Calcium Carbide (available in some parts of the country as 'Gopher-Go'. (Also available in some hobby and joke shops) in a gelatin capsule and flush down a toilet or sink. Calcium Carbide reacts violently with water, quickly producing large amounts of gas and bursting pipes etc. as soon as the water dissolves the capsule.

46. Ride a bicycle down a busy hall.

47. Save your book reports and essays. Give them to other students to use next year or re-use them yourself with different teachers.

48. Play with lighting and microphone controls during 'important' assemblies.

49. Flush things down the toilets (preferably faculty johns) like balloons filled with air, baseballs, M80's ,huge amounts of toilet paper, etc. Then build an ark.

50. Start a campaign to have the letter Z appear everywhere as the mark of angry students.

51. You can short-circuit the school's wiring by taking a regular plug with a short cord attached. Connect the two wires with a switch between them. Plug it in, turn the switch on and you've blown a fuse. Turn it off, pull it out and try another. You don't have to use the switch, but if you don't sometimes the current will arc and weld the plug to the socket.
52. Set up a fake school and hire away the lousy teachers, or put up notices inviting the entire school to a going away party for a teacher who isn't really leaving.
53. Read the school budget. Reprint and distribute a list of the stupid expenditures.
54. Take booze to lunch in a thermos and pass it around.
55. During some important test (SAT/ACT/etc.) on each subject have some student who is good at that subject stand up and read the correct answers for as long as possible. When they're finished or silenced have someone else stand up and do the same thing. The test results will be worthless and it will have to be given over at great cost to the school.
56. Take down the American flag in front of the school and put up one of your own. The best way to do this is to lower the flag that's already up replace it with your flag and cut the rope about a foot below where the flag is attached. Then tie a slip knot around the other end of the rope that is hanging down to raise the flag. At this point there is no way your flag can be lowered without someone climbing up the flagpole.
57. Put alarm clocks in various lockers set on 'loudest'. Set the alarm clocks so they will go off about every 10 minutes then close and lock the lockers.
58. Have a group of people march around the school with a flag singing the Star Spangled Banner. If the administration tries to punish you telephone your local radio stations and patriotic groups and complain that your school is being run by pinkos.

59. In a class where there is a rule against chewing gum have everyone blow a bubble at the same time one day.
60. Many schools have automatic sprinkler systems which go off automatically when sensors in the ceiling feel too much heat. Find the sensors and hold up a match to them.
61. Persuade the graduating class to use their senior gift money for something useful or subversive.
62. Reprint SchoolStoppers Textbook in your underground paper or on a leaflet or buy bulk copies and pass them around.
63. Demand that all equipment being stored rather than being used be made available to students.
64. If your school won't have a teacher evaluation make up some forms and do it yourself. Compile the result and publicize them to students, faculty, school board, and community.
65. Use your 'free choice' book reports, term papers, etc. to read revolutionary literature and further the political education of you and your class.
66. Have a student lie on the ground. When a teacher comes scream 'he jumped' and point to the roof or third floor window. Mumble "Fred dared him" or "Maybe it was LSD."
67. Make an address list of disliked adults in your school. Answer sex ads for them or order them a few gross items (C.O.D. of course).

68. Toss handfuls of BB's on the floors of busy halls, assemblies, graduation ceremonies, weddings, funerals.
69. Steal cafeteria trays or plates, burn large holes in them and turn them into the school washer saying "I guess the food did it".
70. Leave phony letters of resignation from teachers or administrators on the principal's desk.
71. Get a small group to always carry screwdrivers and slowly dismantle the school.
72. Lots of bomb scares tend to break up the boredom especially during exams or on beautiful days.
73. Photograph teachers and administrators constantly, even without film.
74. If you've got the nerve piss in your pants while giving an oral report.
75. Splice into your school's intercom system (from a remote hidden spot). Now you have your own guerilla radio station. Play on!
76. Drop large bottles of ether in science class.
77. Hang your teacher! Hang a hangman's noose from a tree, make a dummy and hang the dummy from the noose. Pin notes on it like 'Weatherbee in '73.' To add realism put holes in the body then let dilute ketchup trickle down.

78. Newspaper stands in buildings are usually left unguarded. Take out papers and replace with rotten comics or papers.

79. Put a rotten apple or stale sandwich on teacher's desk.

80. If your school intercom has phones that connect into the intercom switchboard, put a small magnet either where the cord comes out of the handset or in the part where you hear. If the intercom just has a speaker, put the magnet near or on one of the electrical connections of the speaker. In either case it will short out the system. It may take weeks for them to find the trouble.

81. Take the door of the administration offices off its hinges but leave it standing there so that when the principal tries to open the door in the morning it will have a slightly crushing effect.

82. Place a piece of flypaper (sticky side up) on the teacher's chair. A little imagination in writing something on the sticky side can make a very interesting teacher.

83. A little tinkering with a wrench and you can have the water fountains spurting like Old Faithful.

THAT'S IT FRIENDS.

>>> THE END <<<

SOURCE: Digital Insanity BBS (519) 735-1517

Thursday, July 7, 1994
Prince Goglho ?

100 WAYS TO FREAK OUT YOUR ROOMMATE

1. Smoke jimson weed. Do whatever comes naturally.
2. Switch the sheets on your beds while s/he is at class.
3. Twitch a lot.
4. Pretend to talk while pretending to be asleep.
5. Steal a fishtank. Fill it with beer and dump sardines in it. Talk to them.
6. Become a subgenius.
7. Inject his/her twinkies with a mixture of Dexatrim and MSG.
8. Learn to levitate. While your roommate is looking away, float up out of your seat. When s/he turns to look, fall back down and grin.
9. Speak in tongues.
10. Move you roommate's personal effects around. Start subtly. Gradually work up to big things, and eventually glue everything s/he owns to the ceiling.
11. Walk and talk backwards.
12. Spend all your money on Jolt Cola. Drink it all. Stack the cans in the middle of your room. Number them.

13. Spend all your money on Transformers. Play with them at night. If your roommate says anything, tell him/her with a straight face, "They're more than meets the eye."
14. Recite entire movie scripts (e.g. "The Road Warrior," "Repo Man," "Casablanca,") almost inaudibly.
15. Kill roaches with a monkey wrench while playing Wagnerian arias on a kazoo. If your roommate complains, explain that it is for your performance art class (or hit him/her with the wrench).
16. Collect all your urine in a small jug.
17. Chain yourself to your roommate's bed. Get him/her to bring you food.
18. Get a computer. Leave it on when you are not using it. Turn it off when you are.
19. Ask your roommate if your family can move in "just for a couple of weeks."
20. Buy as many back issues of Field and Stream as you can. Pretend to masturbate while reading them.
21. Fake a heart attack. When your roommate gets the paramedics to come, pretend nothing happened.
22. Eat glass.
23. Smoke ballpoint pens.
24. Smile. All the time.
25. Collect dog shit in baby food jars. Sort them according to what you think the dog ate.

26. Burn all your waste paper while eying your roommate suspiciously.
27. Hide a bunch of potato chips and Ho Hos in the bottom of a trash can. When you get hungry, root around in the trash. Find the food, and eat it. If your roommate empties the trash before you get hungry, demand that s/he reimburse you.
28. Leave a declaration of war on your roommate's desk. Include a list of grievances.
29. Paste boogers on the windows in occult patterns.
30. Shoot rubber bands at your roommate while his/her back is turned, and then look away quickly.
31. Dye all your underwear lime green.
32. Spill a lot of beer on his/her bed. Swim.
33. Bye three loaves of stale bread. Grow mold in the closet.
34. Hide your underwear and socks in your roommate's closet. Accuse him/her of stealing it.
35. Remove your door. Ship it to your roommate's parents (postage due).
36. Pray to Azazoth or Zoroaster. Sacrifice something nasty.
37. Whenever your roommate walks in, wait one minute and then stand up. Announce that you are going to take a shower. Do so. Keep this up for three weeks.
38. Array thirteen toothbrushes of different colors on your dresser. Refuse to discuss them.
39. Paint your half of the room black. Or paisley.

40. Whenever he/she is about to fall asleep, ask questions that start with "Didja ever wonder why...." Be creative.
41. Shave one eyebrow.
42. Put your mattress underneath your bed. Sleep down under there and pile your dirty clothes on the empty bedframe. If your roommate comments, mutter "Gotta save space," twenty times while twitching violently.
43. Put horseradish in your shoes.
44. Shelve all your books with the spines facing the wall. Complain loudly that you can never find the book that you want.
45. Always flush the toilet three times.
46. Subsist entirely on pickles for a week. Vomit often.
47. Buy a copy of Frankie Yankovic's "Pennsylvania Polka," and play it at least 6 hours a day. If your roommate complains, explain that it's an assignment for your primitive cultures class.
48. Give him/her an allowance.
49. Listen to radio static.
50. Open your window shades before you go to sleep each night. Close them as soon as you wake up.
51. Cry a lot.
52. Send secret admirer notes on your roommate's blitzmail.

53. Clip your fingernails and toenails and keep them in a baggie. Leave the baggie near your computer and snack from it while studying. If he/she walks by, grab the bag close and eye him/her suspiciously.
54. Paste used kleenexes to his/her walls.
55. Whenever your roommate comes in from the shower, lower your eyes and giggle to yourself.
56. If you get in before your roommate, go to sleep in his/her bed.
57. Put pornos under his/her bed. Whenever someone comes to visit your roommate when they're not home, show them the magazines.
58. Whenever you go to sleep, start jumping on your bed . . . do so for a while, then jump really high and act like you hit your head on the ceiling. Crumple onto your bed and fake like you were knocked out . . . use this method to fall asleep every night for a month.
59. If your roommate goes away for a weekend, change the locks.
60. Whenever his/her parents call and ask for your roommate, breathe into the phone for 5 seconds then hang up.
61. Whenever he/she goes to shower, drop whatever you're doing, grab a towel, and go shower too.
62. Find out your roommate's post office box code. Open it and take his/her mail. Do this for one month. After that, send the mail to him/her by UPS.
63. Collect all of your pencil shavings and sprinkle them on the floor.
64. Create an imaginary cat for a pet. Talk to it every night, act like you're holding it, keep a litter box under your desk. After two weeks, say that your cat is missing. Put up signs in your dorm, blame your roommate.

65. Call safety & security whenever your roommate turns up his/her music.
66. Follow him/her around on weekends.
67. Sit on the floor and talk to the wall.
68. Whenever the phone rings, get up and answer the door.
69. Whenever someone knocks, answer the phone.
70. Take his/her underwear. Wear it.
71. Whenever your roommate is walking through the room, bump into him/her.
72. Stare at your roommate for five minutes out of every hour. Don't say anything, just stare.
73. Tell your roommate that someone called and said that it was really important but you can't remember who it was.
74. Let mice loose in his/her room.
75. Give each of your walls a different name. Whenever you can't answer a problem, ask each of your walls. Write down their responses, then ask your ceiling for the final answer. Complain to your roommate that you don't trust your ceiling.
76. Take your roommate's papers and hand them in as your own.
77. Skip to the bathroom.
78. Take all of your roommate's furniture and build a fort. Guard the fort for an entire weekend.

79. Gather up a garbage bag full of leaves and throw them in a pile in his/her room. Jump in them. Comment about the beautiful foilage.
80. When you walk into your room, turn off your lights. Turn them on when you leave.
81. Print up satanic signs and leave them in your room where he/she can find them.
82. Whenever you're on the phone and he/she walks in, hang up immediately without saying anything and crawl under your desk. Sit there for two minutes than call whoever it was back.
83. Insist on writing the entire lyrics to American Pie on your ceiling above your bed. Sing them every night before you go to bed.
84. Use a bible as kleenex. Yell at your roommate if they say Jesus or God Damn it.
85. Burn incense.
86. Eat moths.
87. Buy Sea Monkeys and grow them. Name one after your roommate. Announce the next day that that one died. Name another one after your roommate. The next day say that it died. Keep this up until they all die.
88. Collect Chia-Pets.
89. Refuse to communicate in anything but sign language.
90. Eat a bag of marshmallows before you go to bed. The next day, spray three bottles of whip cream all over your floor. Say you got sick.
91. Wipe deoderant all over your roommate's walls.

92. If you know that he/she is in the room, come barging in out of breath. Ask if they saw a fat bald naked Tibetan man run through carrying a hundred dollar bill. Run back out swearing.
93. Leave apple cores on his/her bed.
94. Keep feces in your fridge. Complain that there is never anything to eat.
95. Piss in a jar and leave it by your bed. When your roommate isn't looking, replace it with a jar of apple juice. Wait until your roommate turns around. Drink it.
96. Don't ever flush.
97. Buy an inflatable doll. Sleep with it.
98. Hang stuffed animals with nooses from your ceiling. Whenever you walk by them mutter, "You shouldn't have done that to me."
99. Lick him/her while they are asleep.
100. Dress in drag.

Krazy Glue Tricks

- Krazy Glue someone's doors and windows shut.
- Krazy Glue someone's school locker shut...only while ALL his books are in it.
- Krazy Glue someone's gym or pool locker shut...only while his clothes are in it.
- Krazy Glue that dick of a teacher or prof into his office or classroom. This is better done to a second floor or higher room.
- Krazy Glue the clappers on all the fire bells in your school fixed. (thank to a PIPELINE user for this one)
- Krazy Glue the mike switch and power switch of your school's PA system on. Then you can hear what REALLY goes on in there...All day!
- If you can get into his car, Krazy Glue your favorite dick's steering wheel so it can't turn.
- Put a few drops of Krazy Glue in the keyhole of a door or the key ignition of a car, so the key either won't go in or won't turn if it does go in.
- If your school's AudioVisual equipment is connected to cable, and if your cable system has it, Krazy Glue the Channel dial stuck... on the Porno Channel!
- Krazy Glue that Barbell to the squat rack or press bench - Only Hercules will be able to lift that 20-pound Wimp-bell!
- Krazy Glue the hands on all the clocks at school to 3PM or whenever school lets out.

- Krazy Glue your favorite dick's walkman battery door SHUT. He won't know what happened 'til his batteries run down.

- Envious of your buddy's expensive looking mechanical pencil? Well, don't steal it cuz he'll know it's you. Instead, Krazy Glue the clicker button at the top so it won't move when pushed. It will then run out of lead VERY QUICKLY and can never be used again.

- Wanna REALLY fuck someone over? Krazy Glue his bike's brakes OPEN so when he wants to stop, he can't. This trick can get a guy killed, so only use it as MORTAL revenge.

- In winter, Krazy Glue someone's window open.

- Krazy Glue the bell clapper on a phone so it can't hit the bell when it rings. They will wonder why no one is calling them and their friends will wonder why no one answers.

- Let a drop or two of Krazy Glue slide down the crack between the little post on the phone that goes down when you hang up (Not to your own fone). The Krazy Glue will solidify causing the phone to be stuck "off the hook".

I bet if I thought hard enuf, I could come up with a fuckin' MILLION of'em! Anyways, here's some more pranks, revenge techniques and general mayhem.

- Throw a couple of nice pretty colored smoke bombs into someones house during a prep party.

- Perform a satanic ritual on the boulevard or sidewalk (public property) in front of the house of the most obnoxious fundamentalist christian you know.

- Play Iron Maiden songs at full crank as you drive by a church on Sunday Morning.

- Same drill, only at a christian "record burning" revival.

- Your worst enemy has finally died, and you are not accused of his demise. Moon his funeral procession.

- Shit on his gravestone.

- Paint his gravestone Fluorescent pink.

- That god-damn baptist preacher has gone and convinced town council to ban dancing and rock'n'roll. Paint his church fluorescent pink. Or use some of the above Krazy Glue tricks.

- Or burn him in effigy. Where he can see.

- If you work in a fast-food restaurant, piss in the fry vat.

- If you read the July '81 National Lampoon, you have heard this one: Steal a heavy earth-mover, like a bulldozer or backhoe. Right around 4 AM, when the sprinklers have been going all night, drive all around a golf course in one of these. The ground is so soft from the sprinklers being on all night that you will really fuck it up good, especially the greens. And they cost a LOT of money to fix.

- I read in Easyriders magazine this month about a prisoner who sent all the guards at his pen to hospital by taking a "big healthy shit" in the spaghetti. If you work in an Italian restaurant and are about to get fired anyway, this is a good way to say "Arrivederci".

- Bake a whole fuckload of weed into some muffins or cupcakes, and donate them to your local church's next bake sale (YES I hate churches).

- Crash your local christian BBS using a scarlet box

- Or better yet use any technique for forcing your local christian BBS's line off the hook. The fag sysop will wonder why no one is calling. Ever.

- Get 30 minutes of slo-burning blasting fuse, attach it to a smoke bomb. During a class, ask permission to go to the can. Once you are out of the class, find an empty locker. Put the bomb inside the locker, and lite the fuse. Half an hour later, while you are daydreaming in algebra class, the fuckin' thing will go off and as long as you weren't seen planting the thing you cannot be traced to the event.

- Same drill as above only use a whole fuckin' string of M-60s or screechers. Oh, P.S., make sure to shut the locker but not lock it. If a teacher went by and saw an empty locker with a fuse burning attached to god-knows-what, he will put it out. And schools have been known to investigate by fingerprinting EVERYONE. (If it goes off then fingerprints are destroyed, you're home-free)

- Buy a whole bunch of different magazines, and take out the "READER SERVICE" cards. Fill out the cards with your enemy's name and address on them, and circle ALL the numbers. If there is a line on the card for business name put in "John's Gay Apparels" or some other fag name like that that uses the goof's name. Put a stamp on each card and dump them all in the mailbox. In a few weeks the motherfucker will be on every mailing list in the WORLD, and Christ, will he know it! He will also be getting mail addressed to fag companies. If he confronts you with this, it will be all you can do to keep from cracking up laughing. Two TV shops in town waged war this way for months last summer!

Well that's it for now. If you didn't get too many laughs out of reading this file, then you will when you try this stuff. Watch for PRANKS volume II, coming soon to an underground BBS near you.

TTYL, T H E F I X E R

An Anarchists' Guide to Airports

Author: Unknown

Distributor: Eliminator

SysOp: (G)lobal
(N)etwork of
(A)narchistic
(T)errorist
(O)perations

(305)255-0580

Airports are about the most blatantly unorganized places of business one could ever imagine. They are on the brink of shutting down. The minute the FAA gets wind of how many actual near misses there have been, how many total hours late all the planes have been all year, and how many thousands of bags have been lost or damaged, they will have a hissy-fit. But dear old daddy-raygun has padded things up with red tape to the point that it might take a couple years for commissions to get their reports out.

For the sake of making airports safer, I say we help them rip themselves apart from the insides. Let's bring these beuro-cats to their knees.

Some rent-a-car booths have shredders. Fill them up by putting all their brochures in.

Use the reservation fones to get 15 or 20 rooms at every hotel in the area. Use someone else's credit card to guarantee it all night. This gives them sold out status til they find out they had 30 unsold rooms.

Call 4 or 5 cabs to the airport all going to the same place. They're extremely competitive; and wont give up for half an hour or more. They might even fight with each other.

Most airport payfones'll receive calls so no one is stuck there. Call for alot of fonesex return calls.

If you can get to the microphone room you can make loads of rude or subtle announcements. Start out by checking the flight schedules and tell people the sign is stuck, but their flight is a half hour late. 40 people missing a plane could be

quite interesting. Chances are the pilot'll sit there and they'll be really late for their destination.

Then announce that a plane was cancelled. hehehe. They'll all go to book the next open flight. Those that don't explain why they're switching might empty the whole plane out.

If you see a really late flight, make a reservation for Micheal Hunt. A competitor will try paging Mike Hunt, or "my cunt" over the PA system offering an earlier flight hoping to get his traitor-esue business.

Complain to a clerk that they lost your luggage. Insist that you were on such and suchn a flight and their computer must be screwed up. They'll go crazy trying to track your lost luggage.

Find out the numbers of all the rent-a-car booths and have them all either forwarded to Avis, or forwarded to the restaurant.

Fake a telephone conversation over the PA system between a drunk pilot and an extremely abusive boss. "Just get some coffee and you'll be fine for the next flight. It's a half hour from now."

Touch up all the rep-numbers for the AAA, Amex, and Citibank applications. The people that put up the cards are on commissions. Someone else'll get the bonus if you change the 4 to a 9 or a 5 to an 8.

Leave the restaurant hunched over holding your stomach and sticking your tongue out. Wait a few minutes before making gagging noises. Maybe you'll get a bystander to throw up. At any rate sales will be down in there for hours; maybe days. This works especially well with 5 or 6 sick people walking out.

Find out the name of a pilot scheduled for the next flight and call in sick for him. Or call in as his wife and say he's needed at home immediately.

Fake a phone conversation between a maintenance guy and a plane's super. "We are out of 14 guage washers to hold the right wing together." "Use silver duct tape. We need that plane in haf an hour."

Get in line and demand your money back under an assumed name. They'll have fun tracking Emilio Esteves' reservation. This works especially good if you don't mind waiting thru a LONG line. It'll tie up all th people behind you, making the line even more unbearable for the last guy.

Cut out 10% rent-a-car coupons and stuff them into the ATM machine. It'll eat it and not let anyone use it for a day or two.

Grab a phone book and take out flight insurance on all kinds of people. They'll spend all sorts of money sending out cover letters to each household.

Call security and tell them there is a fight in the lobby of the airport.

Take all the Jahova's witness magazines on the chairs and flush them down the toilet. Replace them with a printout of this magazine.

Dress like a baggage handler and deliver all the suitcases to the wrong planes. Or atleast get in there and swap nametags.

Crazyglue a quarter to the floor. That always drives people insane.

Pour mineral water on the waiting-room seats. You dont even see its there. It looks real good on business suits.

Vaseline all the toilet seats. Makes people uncomfortable all day.

Bring a camera and say your with the press and you're there to greet the vice president of the United States of America.

Dealing with an AT&T Telemarketer

One thing that has always bugged me, and I'm sure it does most of you, is to sit down at the dinner table only to be interrupted by a phone call from a telemarketer. I decided, on one such occasion, to try to be as irritating as they were to me. The call was from AT&T and it went something like this:
(swallowing)

Me: Hello
AT&T: Hello, this is AT&T...
Me: Is this AT&T?
AT&T: Yes, this is AT&T...
Me: This is AT&T?
AT&T: Yes This is AT&T...
Me: Is this AT&T?
AT&T: YES! This is AT&T, may I speak to Mr. Byron please?
Me: May I ask who is calling?
AT&T: This is AT&T.
Me: OK, hold on.

At this point I put the phone down for a solid 5 minutes thinking that, surely, this person would have hung up the phone. I ate my salad. Much to my surprise, when I picked up the receiver, they were still waiting.

Me: Hello?
AT&T: Is this Mr. Byron?
Me: May I ask who is calling please?
AT&T: Yes this is AT&T...
Me: Is this AT&T?
AT&T: Yes this is AT&T...
Me: This is AT&T?
AT&T: Yes, is this Mr. Byron?
Me: Yes, is this AT&T?
AT&T: Yes sir.
Me: The phone company?
AT&T: Yes sir.
Me: I thought you said this was AT&T.
AT&T: Yes sir, we are a phone company.
Me: I already have a phone.
AT&T: We aren't selling phones today Mr. Byron.
Me: Well whatever it is, I'm really not interested but thanks for calling. When you are not interested in

something, I don't think you can express yourself any plainer than by saying "I'm really not interested", but this lady was persistent.

AT&T: Mr. Byron we would like to offer you 10 cents a minute, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year.

Now, I am sure she meant she was offering a "rate" of 10 cents a minute but she at no time used the word rate. I could clearly see that it was time to whip out the trusty old calculator and do a little ciphering.

Me: Now, that's 10 cents a minute 24 hours a day?

AT&T: (getting a little excited at this point by my interest) Yes sir that's right! 24 hours a day!

Me: 7 days a week?

AT&T: That's right.

Me: 365 days a year?

AT&T: Yes sir.

Me: I am definitely interested in that! Wow!!! That's amazing!

AT&T: We think so!

Me: That's quite a sum of money!

AT&T: Yes sir, it's amazing how it adds up.

Me: OK, so will you send me checks weekly, monthly or just one big one at the end of the year for the full \$52,560, and if you send an annual check, can I get a cash advance?

AT&T: Excuse me?

Me: You know, the 10 cents a minute.

AT&T: What are you talking about?

Me: You said you'd give me 10 cents a minute, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year. That comes to \$144 per day, \$1,008 per week and \$52,560 per year. I'm just interested in knowing how you will be making payment.

AT&T: Oh no sir I didn't mean we'd be paying you. You pay us 10 cents a minute.

Me: Wait a minute here!!! Didn't you say you'd give me 10 cents a minute. Are you sure this is AT&T?

AT&T: Well, yes this is AT&T sir but.....

Me: But nothing, how do you figure that by saying that you'll give me 10 cents a minute that I'll give you 10 cents a minute? Is this some kind of subliminal telemarketing scheme? I've read about things like this in the Enquirer you know. Don't use your alien brainwashing techniques on me.

AT&T: No sir we are offering 10 cents a minute for.....

Me: THERE YOU GO AGAIN! Can I speak to a supervisor please!

AT&T: Sir I don't think that is necessary.

Me: Sure! You say that now! What happens later?

AT&T: What?

Me: I insist on speaking to a supervisor!

AT&T: Yes Mr. Byron. Please hold. So now AT&T has me on hold and my supper is getting cold. I begin to eat while I'm waiting for a supervisor. After a wait of a few minutes and while I have a mouth full of food:

Supervisor: Mr. Byron?

Me: Yeth?

Supervisor: I understand you are not quite understanding our 10 cents a minute program.

Me: Id thish Ath Teeth & Teeth?

Supervisor: Yes sir, it sure is.

I had to swallow before I choked on my food. It was all I could do to suppress my laughter and I had to be careful not to produce a snort.

Me: No, actually I was just waiting for someone to get back to me so that I could sign up for the plan.

Supervisor: OK, no problem, I'll transfer you back to the person who was helping you.

Me: Thank you.

I was on hold once again and managed a few more mouthfuls. I needed to end this conversation. Suddenly, there was an aggravated but polite voice at the other end of the phone.

AT&T: Hello Mr. Byron, I understand that you are interested in signing up for our plan?

Me: Do you have that friends and family thing because you can never have enough friends and I'm an only child and I'd really like to have a little brother...

AT&T: (click)

How to Really Piss Off a Wallgreens or a Dominick's

Have you ever been in a drug store, such as Walgreens, and found that you were out of money and really hungry? Or maybe you were just in the mood for some fun. I've always been a mischief fanatic myself, and thought I'd share with you some experiences I've had at Wallgreens and Dominick's.

How many of you have been arrested for shoplifting? Well, I've never had this unfortunate experience happen, but I have friends who have, and Wallgreen's is notorious for keeping an eagle-eye out for thieves. Well, we decided that if they were gonna be serious so were we.

One day we decided to cause a little ruckus. A nice Saturday night, a buddy of mine and I went to Wallgreens and started looking around. I, keeping a low profile, hadn't a reputation and wasn't known by the manager. My friend, however, had a record a mile long (it's even longer now) and was instantly put under surveillance as soon as we entered. We strutted over to the candy section, and marveled at all the nice things to eat. Shawn, (my buddy- last name anony) who was always prepared, wore his jacket that we had prepared for this special occasion. It had a huge hole in the bottom of the pocket, and was used to sike the manager out of his skull!

Shawn made sure he was being watched before he proceeded. He went to the gum rack, took a pack of gum, and coolly slipped it into his pocket- a little too coolly- but with all intentions- for our friend the manager raised an eyebrow. When we proceeded out the store, the manager ran out the electronic opening door (I'll get to that later) and grabbed Shawn by the arm.

"Ha you little shit! I got you now!" The dick proclaimed, feeling like he was on Miami Vice or something.

"What are you talking about?" Shawn nonchelantly asked.

The dick proceeded to search Shawn's pockets for the gum. When he turned up with nothing, he searched us both. We, of course, were laughing our heads off. When Shawn slipped the gum into his pocket, it fell through his pocket and into another tray of candy. Shawn had his back turned from the manager (adding to the suspicion) so he couldn't have seen it fall. The Manager threatened us with all kinds of nasty things, but we just flipped him off and walked away, and went home and rolled with laughter for the rest of the night.

PART II- The electronic door: I said I would get back to this, so here it is.

When the manager ran out the door, we could have made things even harder for the old guy. If you've ever looked at the box over an electric door, it sometimes has a switch. Flip this, and sit back, and watch the fun!

I've seen these switches at the Dominick's/Walgreens connected stores. What the switch does is turn off the automatic opener. The hilarious part is: What happens when some fat lady with six kids and a cart full of groceries (at least two kids are in

the cart) comes bustling out the door? Answer- She smacks right into the door, expecting it to open for her, and the cart burys itself into her rolls of stomach, and the kids fall over and crush the fat lady's 3.99 box of grade A eggs. This can be enjoyed anytime, but usually works best at night when people are in a rush to get home so they can watch their programs on T.V.

I hope you try these easy but pleasing techniques of relly pissing someone off- Its always been a favorite thing of mine to do- I hope it will soon be one of yours. Thank you for your attention.
-Dr. Nitemare-

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Pissing Off People in Cars

The first volume dealt with pissing off managers and store clerks in drug stores and grocery stores such as Walgreens and Dominick's. This volume takes a different route and talks about the driver and his tendencies to crack under pressure. In this file I will discuss the various techniques used by myself and companions to bring the susceptible driver to the point of actually leaving his car and chasing us.

When you were little, you may have done a neat trick called the Alaskan Rope Trick. If you haven't heard of it the procedure is simple, requiring only four or more people. On a roadside without streetlights at night, divide the people up evenly into two groups- one goes to the other side of the street across from the first group and both groups get in single file line. A long branch is necessary to get the full potential out of this trick, because the branch serves as a lead to a false rope that is supposedly extended across the road. When a car comes in sight, both groups bend down as to be picking the "rope" up. On a count of three, both groups pull on their branch, and the car will sometimes get freaked out and hit the brakes. Courage is necessary here, for the now angered party will jump out of the car and shout obscenities. You have two choices: One, you can run like a bat out of hell. Two, you can stick it out and hear it all. My preference is choice #1 because if anyone is going to get out of the car they are usually a group of huge badasses that are looking for a few to kick. So why do it if it's dangerous? Well, the thrill of being chased has fascinated many, especially those who are in the mood for trouble. Try it sometime!

For those who have done this already and know what the Alaskan is, I suggest a different trick. This trick has no special name, and it is similar to the Alaskan, except you really have a rope across. The catch is, the rope is attached to two garbage cans at either side of the rope, and are very much mobile. When a car comes by, especially one who has seen the Alaskan and knows its a fake, it will hit the rope, sending both cans sprawling at the doors, possibly damaging the car and angering the driver severely.

This same trick works great with shopping carts, I have done this at a convenient shopping center with a back thru street behind it often used on Saturday nights. The carts are aligned in such a way so as to roll and smack themselves into the car. Now, you're saying that no car in the right mind would try to run through the rope. Sometimes, yes, but the other times, they still have to stop, dont they? A convenient hill above this thru street makes for the perfect lookout. Only now the lookout becomes a battlement. Several crabapple trees lie in the vicinity, and account for numerous attacks on drivers getting out of their cars to move the carts (or garbage cans, whichever). If you hit the cars, or drivers, be ready for an exciting chase. Now, what happens if you accidentally hit a cop car? Easy. Prevent this by keeping a lookout for the headlights. Cop cars usually have double headlights so be extra careful in deciding who to attack. A good idea is to have some

form of cover in case you are chased (the hill above the thru street has a fence running along it, providing sufficient cover to hide until the guy gets out of his car).

Well, that about wraps it up for now, if you can think of some more nasty things to pull on cars, make an addition to this file, I'd like to hear them. Anyway, watch for more of Dr. Nitemare's wierd but useful files on nothing much!

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Fun things to do to an asshole's car

- 1) Get inside the car and run a jumper wire from the brake switch to the horn, positive side. Use heavy gauge wire (12 or better) with crimp hoop type connectors to insure a good connection. This trick will result in the horn honking everytime they step on the brakes.

- 2) An easy one: Take the distributor cap off and either remove the rotor or pull it off and replace it in another position. Results in the car either not running or running like shit...

- 3) Get under the hood and re-arrange the spark plug wires. Provides many hours of amusement.

- 4) Loosen the slack bolt on the bracket that tightens the belt for the alternator. Move the bracket inwards an inch or two, then re-tighten the bolt. This will result in a late dead battery.

- 5) Place small rocks in the wheel covers of all four tires. Remember to use ~~use~~ VERY tiny ones and large ones will be noticed if they remove the covers.

- 6) A more dangerous trick: Loosen all the lug nuts or just take them off and replace the wheel covers. Results are pretty obvious.

- 7) Another good one: Place very long nails, two per side, at a 45 degree angle with the points in toward the tire.

- 8) Dangerous: Remove the retainer nut and bolt on the steering wheel. It is ~~is~~ usually covered by the horn, so it wont be very obvious until they try to ~~to~~ turn the car...

9) Very Cruel: Get under the car and back the oil pan plug out until it is just hanging by the last thread or two. The vibrations will back it out the rest of the way.

10) Also try the last trick with the transmission. Or better is the rear axle. There is a drain plug for the gear oil on the bottom.

11) For the gas tank: Sugar, sand or water all work VERY well for an effective trick.

12) Dead animals in the engine compartment, on or near the engine smell just wonderful when the engine warms up. Also, a fresh road kill in the spare tire space works VERY good.

13) On the same note, a live skunk in the car with the windows up almost all the way(so it wont die) will provide hours of fun. Good luck in catching that skunk.

14) Drill a series of very small holes in the exhaust line after the muffler. Or better is drilling a hole or two in the muffler itself.

15) Dangerous: Take a razor blade to the brake lines.

++++
Delta Burke 1991

Fun things to do to stupid neighbors

This little article is everyone out there who is a next door neighbor who is, in your mind, the worlds biggest asshole. I have neighbors that fit into this category perfectly. You know the ones, stereo up louder than hell in the middle of the night, water their lawn during a drought, etc... Well take heart, because I have just the answer for such idiots.

- 1) Next time they go away on vacation, or even for just the weekend, call the utility company, Ma Bell(or whoever the phone co is.), and the cable company. Using their name(obviously), tell them to shut off the respective utilities, since your are going on a trip for about a month. Most of the time, they wont ask for any other info except for phone number. If they ask for anything else, just hangup quickly and forget it, as it isnt too easy to explain why you dont know your own social security number. If all works well(and it usually does), they will come home to a fridge full of bad food, plus no heat or air conditioning and cable tv and phone. Pretty nice, huh?
- 2) If they leave on vacation, and you are a hacker/phreak/BBS'er, here is your chance for free phone calls to everywhere! Simply go into their yard and locate their phone box. Using your lineman's phone(or a regular phone with alligator clips instead of a modular plug), find the active phone line inside the box. Run a shit load of wire back to your house, thru your window, etc... Install a modular plug on your end and plug it into your modem. Now make all the long distance calls you want. Don't worry, those of your with a heart, the neighbor's wont get billed for the calls after they call Ma Bell and claim that they didnt make them. Most of the time they will let you off the hook.
- 3) One night, after the neighborhood is asleep, sneak over into the target's yard. Proceed to turn on ONE faucet, so that water is gushing out all over the place. The value of this joke is that the target's water bill will be outrageous after about 3-4 nights of this, especially during drought season.

- 4) If you have the asshole neighbor who has the stereo on LOUD at all hours and the police wont do shit(what else is new), here is the solution. Sneak into the yard, and find the breakerbox. If the stereo is up this loud, they wont hear you in the yard. Locate the switch that matches the room that the stereo is in. Or the closest to. Flip the switch and run like hell back to the house. Or if you are more daring, sit in the bushes oe something and watch them come out. Most of the time, it will take doing this 2-3 times before they turn down the stereo. But its worth it when you have to sleep.

- 5) Do your neighbor's have a barking dog? If so, heres the solution.
 - A) Call the pound repeatedly, using another neighbor's name and address, but your number. Call at least twice a night for about a week. The complaints will stack up, and the target's will most likely have to pay a healthy fine.
 - B) Get a package of hot dogs and any kind of medicine that induces shitting, like Exlax(you will have to melt it down). Pour the secret agent shit inducing substance on the hot dogs, then toss them over the fence to the dog. If it is a small dog, I suggest throwing one at a time as little dogs don't eat as much as big dogs. Spot or Fido or whatever the hell his name is will be shitting EVERYWHERE for days. Loads of fun for the target.

- 6) Kill their lawn. This can be achieved with any kind of poison, paint thinner, or even piss. Simply pour as much of the stuff as you can all over the lawn and wait a few days to a week. Lovely brown spots will start to show. Nice effect.

- 7) Do they have a CB radio that interferes with your tv? Use the old standby. When they are not home, sneak over and shove large straight pins into the coaxial cable to the antenna. Next time Joe Dickhead keys up will be his last time. This easy trick works due to the fact that it shorts the cable together. When he keys up, it will blow the CB right off the table.

- 8) Do they park in your driveway or in front of it? My neighbors have teenage kids who have teenage friends who parked in front of the driveway. I fixed that by taking some large nails(about 4 inches long) and placed them on each side of their tires at a 45 degree angle. Two per side, heads on pavement, points to tires. When they drive off, instant flats on all four tires. Try to get them to not park there asking first. If they don't care to listen, then use the nail trick.

9) Other easy and annoying tricks:

Use JB Weld or any other metal weld substance on their mailbox door. Unscrew all the light bulbs on the outside of their house just enough so ~~so~~ they won't light.

If they have an annoying cat, capture it and take it about 10 miles away ~~away~~ from where you live and let it go.

Get some cow or horse shit and place it in a large paper bag. Place on porch and light on fire. Then ring door bell.

If they have a hot tub or pool, get some goldfish and place them in it.

If you can get some lake or river fish, they work even better.

Place small rocks inside the hubcaps on their most used car. The effect is awesome. They will go crazy from the sound.

If you get into their car, place a heavy gauge jumper wire from the horn ~~to~~ to the brake switch behind the pedal. The result is the horn honking everytime they step on the brake pedal. A sure fire winner.

If you are daring, capture a skunk and let it loose in their yard. Just think about the fun this one can make.

Have fun and don't get caught! Delta Burke Jan 1991

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HOW TO FUCK UP WORK

RELEASED: July 8, 1989

-Formatted 80 Columns because I felt like it, dammit.

NOTE: This file was written while I worked in a grocery store for some cheap bastard. Being fired was an honor, believe me. Anyway the Anarchy-related techniques in this article are tailor-made for a grocery store, however many of these techniques can be used or modified for use in other types of work. So just use your imagination. You'd be surprised at what can happen. Really.

So you want to fuck up work, huh? Either you about to get fired, the manager's a dick, or you just hate the fucking place. Whatever your reason for fucking up work is, read on for some Anarchy info that will really send your workplace to hell and back! Anybody who has worked in a grocery store knows that there's a phone that you can make free calls to for deliveries, orders, etc. Some fun things to do with this is to go to the phone when nobody's looking, dial one of those sex numbers and put a pencil or some tape between the phone and the receiver so it doesn't hang up when you put the handpiece down. After a couple of hours the manager will pick it up and the company then owes about \$500.00 in long distance charges. Another idea is to tape the phone to the loudspeaker in the store so that the listening part of the phone is taped to the speaker. Now dial the sex number and run. Soon the voice

of the sex line will go all over the store! Other fun things to do with the phone is to make deliveries to people's houses, order pizzas, prank people, and send shit to the manager's house. If you really want to fuck them up prank 911, prank the operator, or call computer systems that trace. Probably the best way to fuck them up is to take apart the phone and cut the wire that makes the phone ring, so that it works but nobody will be able to make an incoming call. This could really send the store to hell because no deliveries will come. If you work in a grocery store, you know that there are refrigerated aisles for ice cream and frozen shit. O.K. what you do is you get some Crisco baking oil and pour it along the aisles right in front of the refrigerated sections. Now when somebody leans over to get something they slip and fall in the refrigerator. Me and my buddy Frank did this once and some old lady was coming down the aisle. She reached over the side of the refrigerator and slipped and fell right in it! I couldn't stop laughing for a week. It took 2 managers to pull her out and she sued the place. It was great. Some good stuff to do is to take bottles of vinegar and barbecue sauce and drop them in the aisle and take off. You can smell that shit all over the store even after they clean it up! Go up to the deli and order about 3 pounds of fish. Just say it's for a customer. Now when nobody's looking stick it way up a cash register or far behind an aisle. In about 2 days the place will smell like somebody died. If your store has radiators or heat sources, take a carton of cream and open it up and put in the the radiator. It will smell like somebody shit and it will blow it all over the store! This

is a great way of discourging customers! You can have lots of fun in the supply room of your store. Go back there at night and get a carton of eggs and throw them all over the stocked groceries. That's about a couple hundred dollars loss because they won't be able to clean off the eggs and they will have to trash the groceries. In the back of your store there is an electrical box that contains all of the fuses for the electricity. Put a CO2 cartridge bomb or an M-80 and run. In about a minute the lights and power will all go off in the store and then it's Anarchy Time! My friend did this once and when all of the lights were off he started yelling FIRE! It was total chaos! And all the meats and frozen shit melted! If you have a microwave in the break room, put a can of soup in and run. In about 8 minutes it will blow up the whole microwave and put shrapnel and soup all over the breakroom! Well it's about time to wrap up Volume I. of how to fuck up work. Use this file as a guidelines and incorporate your imagination into this shit. Great things happen when you put your mind to it. Do shit like call in bomb threats or say that you poisoned an order of food (make sure you do it from a payphone) or if they stick you outside and you see one of those huge trucks about to back out, stick a cart behind it. Good luck and don't get caught!

THE PROS

I'd like to thank all of the workers who helped make my dreams come true. We fucked our grocery store to hell!

Call these cool boards dude:

THE HIDDEN STRONGHOLD: 1-201-226-0623

DEMON ROACH UNDERGROUND: 1-806-794-4362 PW:THRASH NU:ASPHYXIA

THE RED LIGHT BBS: 1-319-332-8268

THE CONS

Mark Bouffard you are a dick! Anybody out there that hates people who leach, steal, and fuck others over, prank this dick at 1-216-261-0788. If it is a long distance call, call still. Believe me it's worth the effort and I'll be eternally grateful to you for fucking this dick over!

Typed by: PUBLIC ENEMY with the ANARCHISTS ALLIANCE

-I am hereby not responsible for what you damage, rape, mutilate, deform, pillage, scalp, kill, crush, manhandle, dick or fuck over. But don't let that stop you!

Things to Do in a Computer Lab

1. Log on, wait a sec, then get a frightened look on your face and scream "Oh my God! They've found me!" and bolt.
2. Laugh uncontrollably for about 3 minutes & then suddenly stop and look suspiciously at everyone who looks at you.
3. When your computer is turned off, complain to the monitor on duty that you can't get the damn thing to work. After he/she's turned it on, wait 5 minutes, turn it off again, & repeat the process for a good half hour.
4. Type frantically, often stopping to look at the person next to you evilly.
5. Before anyone else is in the lab, connect each computer to different screen than the one it's set up with.
6. Write a program that plays the "Smurfs" theme song and play it at the highest volume possible over & over again.
7. Work normally for a while. Suddenly look amazingly startled by something on the screen and crawl underneath the desk.
8. Ask the person next to you if they know how to tap into top-secret Pentagon files.
9. Use Interactive Send to make passes at people you don't know.

10. Make a small ritual sacrifice to the computer before you turn it on.
11. Bring a chainsaw, but don't use it. If anyone asks why you have it, say "Just in case..." mysteriously.
12. Type on VAX for a while. Suddenly start cursing for 3 minutes at everything bad about your life. Then stop and continue typing.
13. Enter the lab, undress, and start staring at other people as if they're crazy while typing.
14. Light candles in a pentagram around your terminal before starting.
15. Ask around for a spare disk. Offer \$2. Keep asking until someone agrees. Then, pull a disk out of your fly and say, "Oops, I forgot."
16. Every time you press Return and there is processing time required, pray "Ohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseohplease," and scream "YES!" when it finishes.
17. "DISK FIGHT!!!"
18. Start making out with the person at the terminal next to you (It helps if you know them, but this is also a great way to make new friends).
19. Put a straw in your mouth and put your hands in your pockets. Type by hitting the keys with the straw.
20. If you're sitting in a swivel chair, spin around singing "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" whenever there is processing time required.

21. Draw a picture of a woman (or man) on a piece of paper, tape it to your monitor. Try to seduce it. Act like it hates you and then complain loudly that women (men) are worthless.

22. Try to stick a Nintendo cartridge into the 3 1/2 disc drive, when it doesn't work, get the supervisor.

23. When you are on an IBM, and when you turn it on, ask loudly where the smiling Apple face is when you turn on one of those.

24. Print out the complete works of Shakespeare, then when its all done (two days later) say that all you wanted was one line.

25. Sit and stare at the screen, biting your nails noisely. After doing this for a while, spit them out at the feet of the person next to you.

26. Stare at the screen, grind your teeth, stop, look at the person next to grinding. Repeat procedure, making sure you never provoke the person enough to let them blow up, as this releases tension, and it is far more effective to let them linger.

27. If you have long hair, take a typing break, look for split ends, cut them and deposit them on your neighbor's keyboard as you leave.

28. Put a large, gold-framed portrait of the British Royal Family on your desk and loudly proclaim that it inspires you.

29. Come to the lab wearing several layers of socks. Remove shoes and place them on top of the monitor. Remove socks layer by layer and drape them around the monitor. Exclaim sudden haiku about the aesthetic beauty of cotton on plastic.

30. Take the keyboard and sit under the computer. Type up your paper like this. Then go to the lab supervisor and complain about the bad working conditions.
31. Laugh hysterically, shout "You will all perish in flames!!!" and continue working.
32. Bring som dry ice & make it look like your computer is smoking.
33. Assign a musical note to every key (ie. the Delete key is A Flat, the B key is F sharp, etc.). Whenever you hit a key, hum its note loudly. Write an entire pape this way.
34. Attempt to eat your computer's mouse.
35. Borrow someone else's keyboard by reaching over, saying "Excuse me, mind if I borrow this for a sec?", unplugging the keyboard & taking it.
36. Bring in a bunch of magnets and have fun.
37. When doing calculations, pull out an abacus and say that sometimes the old ways are best.
38. Play Pong for hours on the most powerful computer in the lab.

39. Make a loud noise of hitting the same key over and over again until you see that your neighbor is noticing (You can hit the space bar so your fill isn't affected). Then look at your neighbor's keyboard. Hit his/her delete key several times, erasing an entire word. While you do this, ask: "Does *your* delete key work?" Shake your head, and resume hitting the space bar on your keyboard. Keep doing this until you've deleted about a page of your neighbor's document. Then, suddenly exclaim: "Well, whaddya know? I've been hitting the space bar this whole time. No wonder it wasn't deleting! Ha!" Print out your document and leave.

40. Remove your disk from the drive and hide it. Go to the lab monitor and complain that your computer ate your disk. (For special effects, put some Elmer's Glue on or around the disk drive. Claim that the computer is drooling.)

41. Stare at the person's next to your's screen, look really puzzled, burst out laughing, and say "You did that?" loudly. Keep laughing, ab your stuff and leave, howling as you go.

42. Point at the screen. Chant in a made up language while making elaborate hand gestures for a minute or two. Press return or the mouse, then leap back and yell "COVEEEEERRRRR!" peek up from under the table, walk back to the computer and say. "Oh, good. It worked this time," and calmly start to type again.

43. Keep looking at invisible bugs and trying to swat them.

44. See who's online. Send a total stranger a talk request. Talk to them like you've known them all your lives. Hangup before they geta chance to figure out you're a total stranger.

45. Bring an small tape player with a tape of really absurd sound effects. Pretend it's the computer and look really lost.

46. Pull out a pencil. Start writing on the screen. Complain that the lead doesn't work.

47. Come into the computer lab wearing several endangered species of flowers in your hair. Smile incessantly. Type a sentence, then laugh happily, exclaim "You're such a marvel!!", and kiss the screen. Repeat this after every sentence. As your ecstasy mounts, also hug the keyboard. Finally, hug your neighbor, then the computer assistant, and walk out.

48. Run into the computer lab, shout "Armageddon is here!!!!", then calmly sit down and begin to type.

49. Quietly walk into the computer lab with a Black and Decker chainsaw, rev that baby up, and then walk up to the nearest person and say, "Give me that computer or you'll be feeding my pet crocodile for the next week".

50. Two words: Tesla Coil.

How to Rob a Bank

ROBBING BANKS

and now...The Daredevil of Anarchy Inc. somewhat proudly presents:

HOW TO ROB A BANK --- A How-To TextFile (c) 1984 Anarchy Inc.
--- -- --- - ---- Uploaded by: The Yakuza
 Nabbed by: The Mayor

Well, now. You say that you want to go and rob a bank, eh? You say that you need easy money, eh? This entertaining little text file will give you information and tips about how to easily rob a bank, and get away with it.

First off, you'll need a bank(obviously). Well, I would suggest something famous, like Wells Fargo, or Bank of the West. At least you're certain you'll get in the newspaper. For about four weeks, stake out the place, without attracting attention to yourself. In other words, don't open an account there.

Next, you'll need a gun. I would hardly recommend a small pistol, or a shotgun. Machine guns and armed missiles are not recommended, as they usually end up making up quite a mess. (Remember, if you ARE caught, you don't want a vandalism count, do you?)

Finally, before you begin, you'll need a partner. Choose somebody you know well, but not too well. If worst comes to worst, you might have to shoot him, take him for hostage, or turn him in. Pick somebody dull-witted, like Little Al, or Matt Ackeret.

(In other words, somebody you
won't miss too much.)

Now, you're ready to get started. But you'll need a "get-away" car...I recommend a Buick, or a van. VW's and Mack Trucks just won't do. Get something with a lot of pickup, like BSBAL the Wise's station "the boat" wagon. You might want to remove the lincense plate numbers, so the police won't have any information about you and your party.

What? Did I say the word "police"? Well, I'm not talking about Sting and friends. I'm talking "The Blue Knight"/"Dirty Harry" type buggers. They can get nasty, with those little guns, and nightsticks. They can be rude too.

Inside the bank, you'll have to rob it quick, as people tend to scream when others with Ski Masks enter...I would also recommend dressing all in black. There will be security cameras there...Nasty things. Get rid of them. Also, there might be a security guard or two in there. I would

suggest shooting them, as they make lousy hostages, and make sure you kill them. Remember, if you can't stand the sight of blood all over the neat little carpets they keep, don't bother robbing banks. Stick to something like Credit Card fraud, or fone phreaking.

Now, when you first enter the bank, there will be some fool shouting "Oh my God! Oh my God!" all over the place. Reply with some snappy phrase like:"He can't help you now..." and then shoot him/her. They were giving you a headache, wern't they?

While standing there with gun in hand, make it very clear to people that you will shoot them. You WILL, won't you? Demonstrate this fact by shooting several innocent by-standers, and potted plants. You might even take out a desk while you're at it. Don't you love this feeling of power?

Money. That's what you're here for, right? Well, if you arn't, you've just blown away several people and a plant for nothing. You might as well just leave the place. Money is obviously kept in drawers, where tellers can make change and such. That's what you're after. Go to the farthest teller from the door. That's where they place all "Tellers in training"...They're usually pushovers...

Another problem comes to mind. Bait money. What the f--- is bait money, you might ask? Well, when the stupid teller hands you all the money from the drawers, one of the little slots that the money is in, trips a silent alarm. Not fun. Well, the only thing it I would suggest is to pick and choose. Good luck, as you really can't tell when a silent alarm goes off.

Next problem. Let's get the hell out of this place, shall we? Okay, let's go! I would suggest running like hell to the outside, and once in the car, finding the car's speed limit in the parking lot. Look out for speed bumps...

You're off! You've made it! Now, you are onto the road of becoming a hardened criminal! Congratulations...Wait...What's that? You're reading this in prison? Gosh, I forgot to tell you about those cruel policemen, and the OTHER security guards. Oops. Oh well, enjoy the prison life...

...This text file was not written from personal experience
...The Daredevil, Anarchy Inc., and all members within, are not in any way responsible for actions that people might take against banks and such. We do not supply lawyers, or post bail. If you were jailed because of this text file, well, that's your problem, not ours.

...Friendly tip of the day: Try practicing on 7-11's and Burger King before moving up to banks. It gets you psyched up for your job. We do not recommend taking hostages, because I might be at a bank someday, when some idiot runs in with a shotgun and...

(c) 1984 Anarchy Inc. All rights reserved. Have a nice day!

(I hear the food's pretty good in prison...Good luck keeping an even number of fingers...)8/353-1553

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100 Ways To Disappear And Live Free

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INTRODUCTION

To "live free" means to be able to control your own life and to avoid violence, or the threat of violence, by others. What you do and how you do it will almost always determine whether or not freedom will be yours. But YOU must take the responsibility for creating your own freedom. No one, especially the "government" will do it for you.

To "disappear" means to make it impossible for other people to invade your personal world of freedom. Since most of such invasion is by means of electronic data gathering and cross-referencing, you must be able to short-circuit these procedures effectively.

The most efficient method today is through the use of what we call "alternate identification". If the new names and numbers you plug into the networks don't match the old ones, you have not only "disappeared", but have also been "reborn". And being reborn means leaving your past records where they can no longer affect you and your lifestyle.

This "disappearing" of individuals is obviously discomfoting to institutions and governments determined to control personal activities in the Land of the Free. To them it appears downright seditious, since in reality their power depends directly on the number of people they can control -- through computerized records, of course.

To those who actually "disappear", however, the act is one of tremendous personal liberation. Free men owe very little to those who restrict opportunities on the basis of past records. An extreme example, which nevertheless applies to all of us, is this: When a person convicted of a felony

has served his full sentence, is he then "free"? Hardly. What he will experience is really a LIFE SENTENCE of second-rate opportunity.

And what happens to the convict, in practice, happens to *everyone* who manages to have negative personal information placed in his "records". When it comes to the point of a person's having to live with a condemning past and ever-narrowing opportunities, it becomes easily understandable why he should be willing and anxious to scuttle his labeled identity and take on another.

Becoming a new identity, however, involves many things and requires careful attention to detail, as we shall show. At the heart of this process, though, is the ATTITUDE a person must assume if he is to make it work. He must forget about his "government"; he must become his own government, answerable only to himself, with his own rules, laws, and systems of behavior. This is an existential "moment" few are disciplined enough to experience, but it can be done. The result will be a growing detachment from BIG BROTHER and a corresponding increase of personal freedom.

The individual needn't worry about what would happen "if everybody else did this" because they WON'T. The object is for individuals, acting as individuals, to declare their mental independence from whatever System is attempting to enslave them. As individuals they are the best judges of what degree of slavery they can accept, how far down the road they can go before becoming robots for BIG BROTHER. Simply put, it's the Sheep and the Wolves. The Sheep go to slaughter, the Wolves wherever they wish...

There are numerous intermediate tactics between total compliance and complete disappearance, such as refusing to give your Social Security number (or giving it incorrectly), avoiding taxes, obtaining several foreign citizenships and passports, setting up bank accounts in several other countries, and planning at least two routes of escape to other countries, but in the end you will discover there really is no freedom in the world -- *YOU MUST CREATE YOUR OWN*. You must learn how to protect your own rights as you define them. No one else will do it for you, *NO ONE*.

The object of this publication is to suggest ways an individual can, in practice, escape his past and secure a new future, *on his own terms*. Individuals will vary greatly in how they carry out their disappearances, and it is our hope that the ideas we present here are useful towards those ends. We make no claims of completeness or of exhausting

the subject, as that could be potentially dangerous were individuals to rely solely on this information.

We must stress that everyone should think over his situation as carefully as possible, and then pick and choose which among our methods are best suited for his needs. Above all, he must begin using his head, trusting his hunches and instincts, and thinking of himself as separate, different, and even superior to those stuck in the System. He will have to become a Wolf. He must stand alone to be free.

--Barry Reid
January 1978

I. DISAPPEARING

If you need to dump your car, sell it yourself to a private party for cash. Be very careful not to reveal anything to this person about your real plans or reasons for selling. He would be an ideal source of information of this nature for snoopers, thanks to the efficiency of auto registration systems throughout the country. The buyer will, of course, be an excellent place to dump your *fake* information...

Once you relocate, should you need another car, pay cash for it even if it represents lowering your "status". Delay registering it as long as possible. By the time you do, hopefully you will have established a new identity completely unknown to the last owner of the car.

Changing completely your "profile" of the type of car you drive might help reinforce your new identity, too. If you last had a large, domestic, expensive car, try for small, foreign, economy car. Avoid splashy colors and styling, however. Look dull. Red cars get more attention from highway patrols--a proven fact.

If you need to move large amounts of personal property and can't handle the job yourself, hire some "no name" movers from a city or two away, and have them put your stuff in some kind of public storage where you control access. Days, weeks, or months later, have another mover transfer your goodies to your new address. Plan this latter move for a time when you feel there might be the least chance of surveillance of the storage premises. *DO IT QUICK*. Avoid any intervening visits to check up on your stored items. Remember, too, to give false and misleading information to the agents who rent the storage space to you.

Sever all ties with any unions, clubs, lodges, or other organizations to which you belong. Become a "lost" member. It's best to leave these groups "cold", that is, don't go around cashing your interests in special funds or private accounts to the point where it becomes obvious you're intending to pull up stakes. Leave a few bucks on the

books.

Never send in Change-of-Address forms to publishers of magazines or other periodicals, and certainly don't leave such a form at the local Post Office. Your mail will be returned to sender stamped, "Moved, left no forwarding address", or "Unable to Forward", or words to this effect.

Never become friendly with the landlord. Hold up your end of the rental agreement, and he will undoubtedly be pleased to leave you completely alone. Landlords are fertile sources of information for snoops, so consider every conversation with them the same as if you were talking with the FBI. In this case, however, you are perfectly free to lie, mislead, and deceive all day long with impunity, so DO IT. Remember, however, that if you burn him for the rent when you split, you will gain not only an unpaid creditor but also an enemy who will bend over twice to help skip tracers.

Life insurance should be cancelled or allowed to lapse. If there is any cash value, take the money before you split. Insurance companies are great gatherers of personal information, so be sure not to tip off agents regarding your plans. Give them believable excuses like deciding to go with another carrier or your employer's group plan, etc.

When you change houses or apartments, be careful not to leave behind items that might serve as indicators of your past, your interests, hobbies, or lifestyle. Books and clothing items you no longer need should be donated anonymously to the Goodwill, Salvation Army, etc.

If you have grown children make it clear to them they will never know where you really are. Correspond through mail drops and make phone calls from pay booths if you must communicate. Cutting family ties can be painful, but sometimes the alternatives hurt more. Ideally, parents should train their children never to give personal information to third parties. Agents and investigators should be told to "get a warrant".

Don't worry about being tracked down by your photo. Tracing by photo isn't done unless you're a fairly notorious person, usually with a reward on your head. You've got to be "worth" the great effort and expense. It *is* possible to trace a person this way, but modern cops and dicks don't do it unless there is no other way *and* the search is justified. The FBI admits that at any one time there are at least 75,000 fugitives in the U.S., so the Post Office photos can't really be working all that well, eh?

It can be super-cool to room in someone else's apartment or home. Check the daily newspapers for ads under heading like "Rooms to share", "Rentals to share", or "Apartments to share". This way all records relating to occupancy will already be in someone else's name. You will

make arrangements with the current occupant only, not the landlord and the various utilities. This arrangement is well suited to someone wanting to put lots of "distance" between one identity and another, a great way to "get lost", even if only a few blocks away. Once a new identity has been set up--a process that can take several weeks or months for someone wanting foolproof identity--he is much freer to appear, fully reborn, wherever he pleases.

Avoid getting involved in lawsuits or failing to respond to citations. If you have to split in a hurry, and can't make an appearance, you've just bought yourself a possible bench warrant which will be happily enforced the next time a traffic officer pulls you over for a "broken tail light". It is a well-known fact that arrests of most cons and fugitives are made in "circumstances unrelated to their crimes". Stops for traffic violations are number-one such "circumstances"....

Pets can be a drag if you need to move in a hurry, so consider your situation carefully if you simply must have one. Also, most urban areas require registering of certain kinds of animals, especially dogs. You can avoid registering them as long as possible, and give totally false information when canvassing inspector catches up to you.

If you own or are buying a home, but want to disappear, arrange to have an attorney handle the sale and escrow. Attornies can generally be counted on to follow their client's instructions, and are usually quite careful about divulging information to third parties (snoops). Short of a court order, data relating to their clients is considered private or "privileged". You will want to instruct your attorney in the manner of forwarding funds to you. He will have several ideas along this line, such as a trust account, conversion to cash, or deposit made out of state or the country.

There should be no problem in his handling the details of the sale once you grant him the power of attorney for this purpose. Don't be afraid to pay him well for his services, as he will remain a known "link" between your old and new lives. Should other methods of tracing fail, investigators will put pressure on him. Since most attorneys enjoy a good battle of wits, protect yourself by keeping him on your side. Wealthy people have always used smart attorneys to cover their moves, and so can you.

Similarly, if you have recently been the beneficiary of a will or have an interest in an estate, notify your executor that further transactions are to be directed through your attorney. Your address can thus be kept from public records. Since may probate matters can drag on for years, your present address will have to be known to executor. It shouldn't bother him that you wish a little privacy. If the estate in question is of great value to you, you would naturally want an attorney to look out for your interests, so this is the perfect excuse.

Attorneys should be *used*.

If minor children are involved in your disappearing act, things can get complicated if they can't or won't cooperate with you. You will probably be changing identity, so you will have to get them to accept at least a new surname. Be serious about it and they should get the message. They will have to cut off contact with old neighborhood friends, and will have to enroll in new schools under their new names. Since most schools require records and transcripts to be sent from the last school of attendance, and enrollment of kindergarteners and first graders to be accompanied by birth certificates, a little ingenuity and cleverness is in order.

First, birth certificates can easily be faked as there are many sources of blank forms. Check the classified ads in any of the national tabloids ("Midnight", "The National Enquirer", etc.) under such headings as "Certificates" and "Miscellaneous". The ID cards offered by these mail order firms are often accompanied by free birth certificates, too. For more information on birth certificates and alternate identities, order a copy of "THE PAPER TRIP II", from Eden Press (\$19.95).

In this latter book, you will also get ideas into how to create "records" of past activities, methods which will work in helping you cover your children's tracks as well. The basic technique is to recreate the records you want, provide the address of a mail forwarding service as that of the source of those records, and handle all correspondence *yourself*. By using photo duplication of altered documents, a little rubber-stamping, or even some "quick-print" offset printing, you can easily and rather quickly come up with working solutions to some of the most baffling problems in starting a new identity. You can have a field day creating all kinds of "backgrounds". The only limitation is your own imagination. These methods WORK, too!!

It would usually be a good idea not to give children an advance warning they are about to split the neighborhood, as they will be quick to tell their friends and schoolmates. Once on the move, keep them from communicating until you arrange for them not to give away your location. Mail forwarding services can help here, too. Have them begin using their new last names right away.

If you belong to an Automobile Association, let your membership lapse. If you decide to rejoin, do it several months later under a new name, or join some other Auto Club under the new name.

If you use a particular barber or beauty shop, give no indication you are about to move or make any kind of radical change in your life. Talk about the weather, politics, or sports, but keep you private thoughts from becoming popular knowledge. Gossip thrives in these places. The same goes for bars, pool halls, liquor stores, and

restaurants which you have frequented in the past. Don't tip them off.

If you're planning to remain in the same general area, don't use your old library card anymore. Chuck it and apply for another at another branch, under another name, of course.

When dealing with any real estate people to set up your new location, use only your *new* name. Many real estate firms also handle rentals, and are thus good sources for tracers if they have a general idea where you are, or are headed. This underlines the need to begin creating a new identity *before* you decide to "move".

When you notify the utilities and telephone company to discontinue service, tell them not to send any refunds (if they are due) or closing bills until you notify them, as you are relocating and are not yet sure of the address. This way you will not be leaving any leads in this fertile field for investigators.

If you plan to remain in the general area serviced by the same utility company or companies, it would be advisable to have service begun either several weeks *before* you move (under the new name), or several weeks *after* you move. Snoops would find "connect" requests within five to ten days of your move worth investigating, dig?

If you ship personal property via UPS or common carrier, don't give them the address where you intend to locate, not even the city. Simply tell them to ship to one of their pick-up points reasonably nearby your new location. Tell them you won't have definite address for several weeks, and that you will pick the stuff up "Will Call". To put a good kink in persuaders' trail, collect your items at this latter destination and ship again, via another carrier, to a location nearer your actual destination. Do the "Will Call" number again, though. A cardinal operating procedure is never to establish a link between the new and the old. Use blind addresses, aliases and other covers to screen the actual transactions. Time delays work in your favor also, the longer the better.

If you decide to hawk your possessions before disappearing, be extremely careful not to give away your real reasons for doing so (you could be going into missionary work in Uruguay), and definitely not the destination you have in mind. You could even pretend you are an employee of the person moving, and that the "boss" is moving his business to another state.

A gambit used by many fly-by-night employers, such as carnival operators, is to claim that they can never make decisions (write checks) without their "brother's" approval and signature. Gee, they'd love to pay you, but their "brother" is tied up out of town until a week from next Tuesday... Meanwhile, the operator splits.

If you decide to use a pawn shop for certain items, again, be discreet and careful not to divulge any information regarding your move. Pawnshops are natural haunts for snoops. Unless you're used to dealing with them, it might be safest to sell your items openly. Pawnshop operators are very astute observers of people, and you could easily tip them off without intending to. They can sense desperation before you even come through the door.

Although procedures vary from state to state, it is generally possible to trace a person through his vehicle registration. If you plan to take your car with you, as a first measure simply don't notify the Motor Vehicle people of your change of address. Sometime before you must pay the registration fees again, either sell the car outright, or, arrange a dummy sale to yourself under your new name--a transaction that can often be done by mail.

There is a national clearinghouse for vehicle registrations, which means a particular vehicle, if properly registered, can be traced through its various sequential owners. It would be a shame that one's love for his car were greater than for his personal freedom, but many people will want to "take it with them". A two-stage dummy sale would be much safer, especially if one of the transactions took place in another state. Registering the car in the name of a business could be another ploy to consider. The registration of other personal property, such as boats, trailer, and airplanes should be considered in the same light as that for automobiles.

Allusions to "going back East ", or "returning to college" can be helpful smoke screens in evading inquisitive landlords. Never let them know where you're really going.

J. Edgar Hoover stated many times that fully 90% of all arrests by the FBI are due directly to the "helpful cooperation" of neighbors and relatives. Need we say more?

Should you have school-age children and not want them to attend public schools, you can:

- a. Find a suitable private school,
- b. Tell the neighbors the children are feeble-minded and that you are tutoring them at home,
- c. Tell the inquisitive you are a transient visitor from Mississippi, Virginia, or South Carolina, states which have repealed compulsory attendance laws,
- d. Move every three months or so to prevent rumors from spreading too far, and/or,
- e. Keep the children under cover during school hours.

Don't take the bus cross-country. Terminals are notorious hangouts

for snoop informers who appraise bus travelers as "only niggers, spics, college beatniks, and other commie types". (You'd never believe who said this, but then again, you may very well know...)

Keep your home, job, personal activities, and hobbies well separated, even self-contained. Don't let heat in one area endanger any of the others. How? Read on...

Keep the address of where you actually live a well-guarded secret. This is *VERY IMPORTANT*.

Never carry your actual address on you or in your car.

Let only those who are trustworthy and have a genuine need know your actual address.

Set up a "legal" address somewhere else, such as a closet at a friend's house, containing some misleading personal effects (books on subjects you have no interest in, and clothes a few sizes away from your own). He can thus point to something if ever questioned; but, of course, he hasn't the slightest notion when you'll be returning from India...

Use this "legal" address for all your ID which you plan on using regularly, such as drivers licence or state ID. Provide it also for your employer's records, should it be required.

If you need a telephone, not only have it unlisted, but have the records in a phoney name. Let only the address be correct among the facts you are asked to provide. A small cash deposit is a small price to pay for anonymity.

Rent your apartment, house, etc., under yet another phoney name, if you wish. Always pay utility bills and rent with money orders or cash. Cash doesn't have your name on it, and you never have to provide your correct name on a money order. Keep a few receipts with your current alias written on them in case you still haven't obtained a good ID. Virtually any reconizable paper document "with your name on it" can be good enough for you to "identify" yourself if stopped for questioning. When you are between identities, this is the most convenient way of proving you are at least more "substantial" than an escaped convict...

Receive all your mail at a 24-hour Post Office box. Use your "legal" address to obtain the box, or any "friendly" address for that matter. Once you have the box, and continue to pay the rent for it, you can move every day of the week, and the Post Office won't care.

Instead of a P.O. box you can employ a mail forwarding service. They will generally cooperate fully with you in your efforts to keep a good distance between you and anyone else, whatever your reasons. Most

newspapers carry their ads in the classified section under "Personals". With two or more services you can route your mail in and out of the country, or from one coast to the other and back again, each mailing under a different "code" name. Houdini never had it so easy.

For people (and bill collectors) you want to "lose", provide a forwarding address out of the country. You can arrange to have letters mailed from foreign countries stating that you have no intention of ever returning. If they are to creditors, tell them to write you off and save the collection expenses.

Another ruse for covering tracks is to write "deceased" on the face of incoming mail. Drop unopened into public mail boxes. All but professional snoops will get the hint.

By far the most useful method of learning about a person "cold" is through his driver's licence, a copy of which any investigator has no difficulty receiving. A postage stamp and the right request gets him the information in a few days. The best way to make sure snoopers draw a blank is to change your identity via one of the workable methods detailed in "THE PAPER TRIP II", from Eden Press.

Thanks to computers and credit cards, virtually everyone has lost his privacy, but the right maneuvers in the personal identity field can liberate an individual rather quickly from such information tyranny. Indeed, resorting to methods of "disappearing" are really the only feasible ways of evading what amounts to electronic control of your life. When you exercise the option of unplugging yourself from the computerized data exchanges, you can in fact "start over", or at least regain and maximize your personal privacy. We think it's well worth it.

It can be good discipline to do without a savings or checking account. If you must have one, set it up under a good alias for which you will need supportive ID. A driver's licence or state ID card under a phoney name can be obtained using any of the methods shown in "THE PAPER TRIP II", and the Social Security "number" you give can be totally fake, even made up right on the spot. Just remember as you recite your "number" that it has nine digits, however. For IRS purposes, the SS# used for your checking account is of no value, and on your savings account serves only as a cross check for the reporting of interest. This latter purpose, it has been revealed, is of little consequence in that the IRS virtually never bothers to verify interest reporting statements sent in by the banks. They have relied on the "basic honesty" of taxpayers...

A solid set of ID in another name is what can truly be called "freedom insurance". With the growing threat of arrest and prosecution for leading a "free" life, it's plainly comforting to have the option to cut and run, even if you choose not to.

Obtaining alternate ID should be done *before* you get into trouble. Take the time to do it right. In an emergency many other matters will compete for your time. In the future first-class ID may become more difficult to obtain, too.

The best ID to obtain is obviously that which is issued directly by government agencies themselves. Using forged, stolen, or counterfeited ID is bust in itself. Privately-issued ID is more lightweight, but in lieu of government-issued ID, can serve the same purpose, namely, protection from harrassment. It won't get you a passport though.

With "legal" ID you will find no trouble in doing many tasks which would otherwise prove impossible or extremely difficult at best. Also with "legal" ID the risk of detection is reduced to a minimum. When and if you choose to disappear, you can appear instantly "identifiable".

With government-issued ID you can effectively erase the curse of a jail or prison record. Tens of thousands of "free" Americans carry with them the permanent label of "felon" or "ex-con". The real crime begins only after a person leaves the joint; legal and social ostracism continue all their lives. What better reason to disappear?

If you had the misfortune to receive a less-than-honorable discharge from the armed forces (thousands do so anually), the acquisition and use of an alternate identity will be your first step in beginning to live free. Even though you may have lost all or most of your G.I. "benefits", you'll at least be able to get a decent job--now. Watch out for fingerprinting, however. Big Brother has your prints, and will be only too happy to prove you're one of those "Dirty, rotten, rat-fink, Commie deserters". And you thought honest criminals had it bad...?

Using an alternate identity is another way of covering up bad employment, too, particularly if the law was involved in some adverse way, such as in cases of theft, embezzlement, etc. In some occupational circles the word gets around efficiently--and fast.

Many young men of draft age split to Canada during the Vietnam fiasco to escape what they considered the illegal obligation of fighting an immoral war. Their return was often facilitated by the acquisition of alternate identity. And who knows when the next immoral war will be foisted on us? It can't hurt to be prepared.

By obtaining the right documents individuals can rather easily take on foreign citizenships, too. Most countries have much more lax "safeguards" against paper penetration of their document systems than the U.S. Although superficially the more centralized countries appear to have better control of their subjects, it is precisely this bureaucratic patina of confidence and superiority that makes their record systems more vulnerable to subversion. If bribes and theft don't work (they usually do), then the documents themselves are very susceptible to

forgery and counterfeiting. By approaching the right "trade ministers", many international businessmen have obtained numerous "legitimate" foreign citizenships, passports included. IT CAN BE DONE, U.S. "law" notwithstanding.

Many people have made a regular practice of beating creditors and collection agencies through the adroit use of aliases and alternate identities. They are living proof that debts belong to yesterday. Financially they live quite free--today.

A quick way up the occupational ladder is to combine mail order school diplomas, certificates, and degrees with expert ID. Not only can a clean break with the past be achieved, but a sharp increase in income as well. The only limit here is your imagination and desire.

Some of the sharpest operators create ID as a physician or clergyman and rake in commercial discounts as well as hundreds of free offers and special deals once their names get on "preferred" mailing lists. Such ID can be of great benefit socially, too.

Alternate ID is the quickest way to starting all over in the credit world. The most atrocious credit record is gone forever when your old name disappears. This is an oversimplification, of course, but what else can be said when your aren't "you" anymore?

Once some form of commercial or consumer credit is established, it becomes very easy to obtain all the various forms of credit cards, from bank cards to the Travel and Entertainment cards. Complete plans for starting all over in the credit game are outlined and detailed in "CREDIT", from Eden Press.

How To Build Your Own Television Station

Jersey Devil #24 @2551

Wed Apr 03 00:33:19 1991

There's an ad in the Radio Electronics mag for pirate radio/tv equipment.

Panaxis

Box 130-F3

Paradise, CA 95967

I got the catalog, lots of cool plans and equipment at good prices.

Jersey Devil

Jello Biafra #24 @3460

Fri Apr 05 00:15:15 1991

How To Build Your Own Television Station

Yes, for some time now it has been possible to construct a clandestine television station, which you can operate from your Telecommando Lair, or modify for Mobile Media Guerrilla campaigns.

We have named this device the Snow Box, due to its cool nature, and the snow seen on blank television channels waiting to be commandeered.

To put together a TV station you will need this stuff:

A VCR or Camcorder with video or RF outputs

A Ham Radio 6-meter Band Linear amplifier

(This boosts the RF signal from the VCR for broadcasting)

(The Linear Amp should have a bandwidth of 6 MHz for best results)

A cable television RF distribution amplifier may also be used.

Coaxial cable with UHF connectors

(Connects the Linear Amp to the Antenna)

A cable-TV patch cable with an F-connector and a UHF connector

(To connect the RF signal to the Linear Amp)

(F-connectors are the small ones used with cable TV)

(UHF connectors are the large ones used for Ham Radio)

If your VCR does not have RF outputs:

An external RF modulator (converts video to channel 3,6,12 etc.)

a cable with RCA connectors (a standard stereo cord is ok)

A 6-meter Ham radio antenna.

If you do not have a pre-made 6-meter antenna:

About 20 feet of strong wire
3 ceramic antenna insulators
another UHF connector

Likely places to get the linear amplifier, connectors and cables is a Ham Radio swapmeet, a Ham club newsletter's classified ads, a Buy-Sell-Trade paper like The Recycler, or at a store specializing in Ham gear. RF modulators are available at specialty video stores, or major VCR dealers.

Setting Up the Transmitter:

Using a VCR with RF out:

```
[VCR/RF]F-----U[Linear Amp]U-----U[Antenna]
                weak RF                          Power RF
```

Using an External RF Modulator:

```
[VCR]R-----R[RF Modulator]-----U[Linear Amp]U-----U[Antenna]
      video                weak RF                          Power RF
```

Diagram Symbols:

U UHF-connectors (Ham radio) PL-259's
F F-connectors (cable TV)
R RCA connectors (stereos)
--- coax, cables, wires
[] devices (name of device in brackets)
<I> ceramic insulator (the kind with a hole at each end)

Building The Dipole Antenna:

```
                wire                wire
<I>-----+<I>+-----<I>
           |   |
Short coax |   |
           [U]   UHF connector
```

The antenna is set up much like a clothesline with the wires tethered straight out horizontally. The outer insulators are used to isolate the antenna from the tether lines, which should be rope or nylon cords for good results. The inner insulator isolates a gap between the two long wires of the antenna.

The length of the wires used for the antenna is critical.

Look up the length in feet for the channel you want to use in the table below & make each of the two long wires that length. As a rule of thumb, a wire half-wave antenna's length in feet is equal to 468 divided by the frequency in MHz.

VHF Television Channel Data

TV channel	MHz range	---carrier---		antenna lengths
		video	sound	
2	54-60	55.25	59.75	8.47ft
3	60-66	61.25	65.75	7.64ft
4	66-72	67.25	71.75	6.95ft
5	76-82	77.25	81.75	6.05ft
6	82-88	83.25	87.75	5.62ft
7	174-180	175.25	179.75	2.67ft
8	180-186	181.25	185.75	2.58ft
9	186-192	187.25	191.75	2.49ft
10	192-198	193.25	197.75	2.42ft
11	198-204	199.25	193.75	2.34ft
12	204-210	205.25	209.75	2.28ft
13	210-216	211.25	215.75	2.21ft

(All frequencies in MHz)

(Lengths are for half-wave antennas)

For Further information: Look in the ARRL Handbook published by the American Radio Relay League for detailed plans & theory for antennas, transmitters & linear amplifiers. The info in that book can be used for setting up an underground AM or FM radio station.

Uses for a TV Clandestine Station:

Public Education: Make a videotape of each step in the process of constructing your transmitter. Show this tape in your broadcasts, "For informational purposes only", of course.

Short-burst zipping: From a fixed or mobile base of operation show short snippets of graffiti-like computer graphics, quick subliminal messages, images & suggestions, or brief phreaker manifestos. Commercials are an opportune time to break into TV broadcasts.

Live call-in shows: Using a Cheese Box, or other device for receiving untraceable phone calls and a video camera do a live call-in show. Encourage people to call in using Red, Blue, and other phreaking boxes.

Cable TV Piracy: With modifications it may be possible to feed the power RF signal directly into a cable TV system, overriding cablecasts or commandeering

unused channels.

Mobile Operation: Using storage batteries and a 110-volt inverter the transmitter may be modified for mobile use to avoid detection by the FCC during long broadcasts. Battery operated mobile linear amps and portable camcorders are also available.

Der Krieger #19 @3460

Fri Apr 05 19:38:36 1991

using a "2 Meter" linear Amp for the channels above 148 Mhz, and as you get closer to 220 Mhz, you'd be better off with a "1.25 meter" or 220Mhz linear amp...Amateur 6 meters ranges between 50.0 and 54.0 Mhz.....

Prost und TNIS,

Der Krieger

Top 12 things NOT to say to a Cop

1. I can't reach my license unless you hold my beer.
2. Sorry, Officer, I didn't realize my radar detector wasn't plugged in.
3. Aren't you the guy from the Village People?
4. Hey, you must've been doin' about 125 mph to keep up with me. Good job!
5. Are you Andy or Barney?
6. I thought you had to be in relatively good physical condition to be a police officer.
7. You're not gonna check the trunk, are you?
8. I pay your salary!
9. Gee Officer! That's terrific. The last officer only gave me a warning, too!
10. Do you know why you pulled me over? Okay, just so one of us does.
11. I was trying to keep up with traffic. Yes, I know there are no other cars around, That's how far ahead of me they are.
12. When the Officer says "Gee Son...Your eyes look red, have you been drinking?" You probably should not respond with, "Gee Officer...Your eyes look glazed, have you been eating donuts?"

How to Connect Anything to Anything

If you aren't an idiot, You are aware that this file is called "How to connect anything to anything." This is no small task. Let's get started....

```
\===/  
Intro  
/===\  

```

What many people don't realize is that the illusion of genius can be created with little or no intelligence at all. You see, when people talk about someone being "Oh, so smart." They aren't referring in fact to his/her ACTUAL intelligence, but to their EXPOSED or ASSUMED intelligence. Let's demonstrate...

Jimmy Carpenter in Butfuck, VA. His greatest technological achievement is screwing in his lightbulb. Everybody thinks he`s a complete idiot, but little Jimmy has an IQ of 145. Nobody knew.

Mark Dman of Boston, MA. He hooked up his phone to his stereo to his christmas tree to his left leg. Everyone thought he was a complete genius. Everyone was a bit surprised when he got stoned (as usual) and rammed the family camaro into a 7-11 front window.

These two cases (Fictional, asswipe!) in one way or another show that while not showing brains can make people seem like idiots, acting like you have brains can make people think you're a genius. Simple enough? Good!

```
\=====/  
The ten commandments of hooking anything to anything  
/=====\  

```

I. Thou shalt remember that in order for anything to work, thou must have a complete circut in there somewheres.

II. Thou shalt remember that there must be connections of + to -, else thou shalt look idiotic.

III. Thy tool-kit must be complete and ready, for it's nasty to get shocked because thou hadt spliced wire with thy teeth.

IV. Thou shalt always have an ample supply of wire at thy command, for it's aggravating to be unable to finish a project for want of two feet of wire.

V. It is always divine to stick LED's in there somewheres, for flashing and multi-colored lights bring illusion of genius.

VI. When working with circuts of more than 90 Volts, fuck it, for shocks are a pain in the ass.

VII. If screwing with thy fone wires, be reminded that the holy repairmen look down on "independent finanglers".

VIII. Never screw with something thou cannot replace.

IX. Always be sure that thou art not making irreversible changes when thou might want to put back.

IX. Always set aside an ample amount of time to do thy work, for what looks simple now, might not look so simple 2 hours later when thou comes back from wherever thou came.

X. Remember that if thou are hurt because of info in this file, thine holy writer takes NO responsiblity for thou being a fuck-up.

```
\=====/  
Some Examples of connections  
/=====\  

```

Most parts of a connection (We'll call them components) can be separated into three different classifications:

I. Powered

Examples:

Radio	Phone	TV
Computer	Light	Tape player

II. Non-powered

Examples:

Speakers	LED	Microphone
Motor	Screen	Strobe

III. Line Affections

Examples:

DPST switch	Timer	Signal Splitter
-------------	-------	-----------------

Together, these different components add up to some sort of interesting connections for everyone to marvel at. Let's see how...

```
\=====/  
Examples of connections  
/=====\  

```

To make this easier, I'll give a list of some ideas. See if you can tell what "Trick" they cause. Create some others as you wish! It's your life!

Component type I	Component type III	Component type II
>-----<	>-----<	>-----<
TV	Switch	Stereo
Phone	Signal splitter	TV & Stereo
Phone	LED	Phone line
Stereo	Timer	Phone
Answering Machine	Timer	TV

```
\\=====//  
// This little dazzling bit of authorship was by The Slipped Disk. \\  
// Member of the 99th Percentile! //  
// Look for the SlippedParodies from any good BBS, Including this one.... \\  
// //  
// Call.....Milliways.....(609)/921-1994 \\  
\\=====//  
Call The Works BBS - 1600+ Textfiles! - [914]/238-8195 - 300/1200 - Always Open
```



```

      ( )
      (oo)
    * \
      \-----\
        |==$ |
        ||-----||
        ^^      ^^
  
```

Old "One Arm" belonged
to Ceasar's Palace

```

      ( )
      (oo)
    /-----\
    / | | |
    * / | | |
      ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow was given to
Hugh Hefner for his Birthday

```

      ( )
      ( O )
    /-----\
    * / | | |
      ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

The cyclops that Jason and
the Argonauts met had this cow

```

      ( )      ( )
      (oo)     (oo)
    \-----\
    | | | |
    ||-----||
    ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow lived with
Dr. Doolittle

```

    /-----\
    / | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow belonged
to Flash GORDon

```

      ( )
      [##]
    /-----\
    / | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow lived with
the Little Rascals

```

      ( )
      (0o)
    /-----\
    / | | | | (oo)
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow belonged to
the Headless Horseman

```

      ( )
      (oo)
    /-----\
    / | | | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This cow belonged
to Pablo Picasso

```

      ( )
      (o o)
    /-----\
    / | | | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

This was Salvatore
Dali's favorite cow

```

      ( )
      ( O O)
    /-----\
    / | | | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

No one was sure whether
M.C. Escher's cow had four
legs or eight

```

    O O
    (oo)
    /-----\
    / | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

Cow at Disneyland

```

      \ | /
      (oo)
    /-----\
    / | | |
    * ||-----||
      ^^      ^^
  
```

Cow visiting the Statue of Liberty

```

      ( )
      (oo)
    ^^^^
    ^^^^ /-----\
    ^^^^ / | | |
    ^^^^ * ||-----||
    ^^^^ =====^=====^=====
    ^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^
  
```

Cow Hanging Ten at Malibu

```

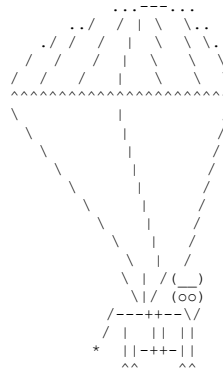
      ( )
      (--)
    /-----\
    / | | |
    ^ | | |
    /-----\
    / | | |
    * | | |
  
```

Cow sunning at Fort Lauderdale
(What a bod, huh guys?)

```

      ) \
      / \
    ~~~~~
      ( )
      (oo)
    ~~~~~
  
```

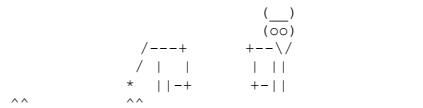
Cow swimming at Amityville
(Where Jaws was filmed, for those less educated)



Cow surviving attack by Red Baron



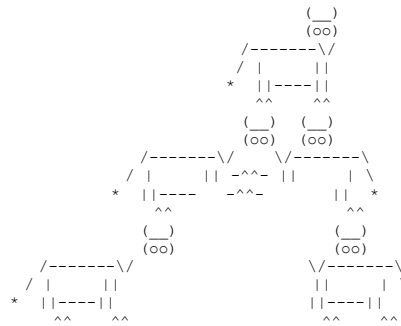
Elvis's Cow... ..Or is it alive and living in tax exile???



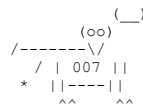
David Copperfield's Cow



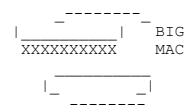
David Copperfield's other Cow



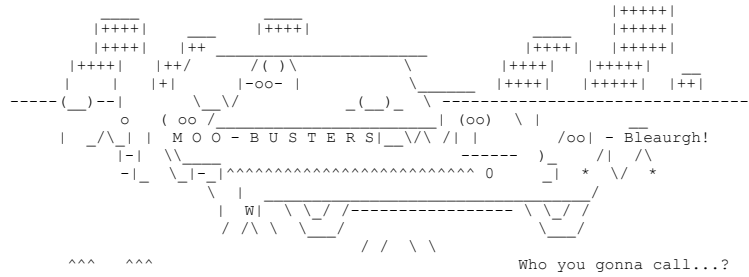
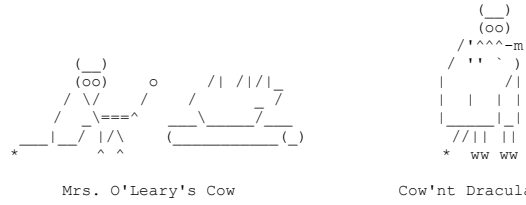
Barnum's Troupe of performing cows



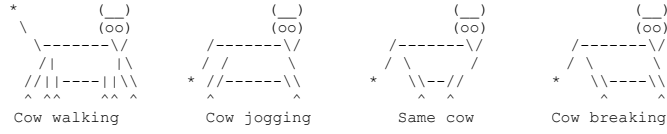
Cow licenced to kill



Enemy Cow after having met previous cow



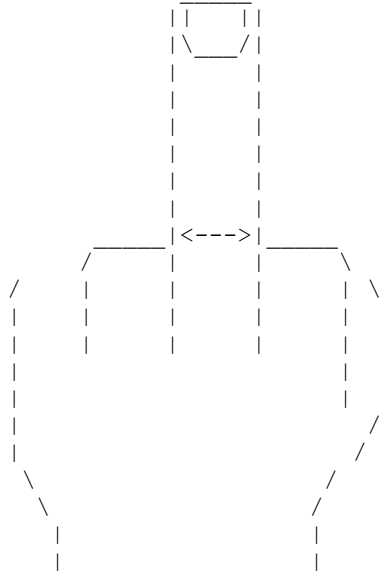
Cow w/ Glasses Flirtatious cow (winking) Cow after pulling an all-nighter



Side Front Side back () Where are all the bulls!



F W G X



Y O W

X-----X

