



Apple Blossom Computer Club
A registered Apple/Macintosh User Group



Jun '10
still only
\$2.00

The

ROSE BYTER

Next Meeting

Jun 17, 7 PM
American Legion Hall
406 SE Oak Ave

Agenda

1. Meeting starts at 7 P.M.
2. Intro's of members and guests
3. Old business
4. New biz
5. Program: [Ed: beats me!]
6. Questions & (maybe)Answers

Apple Blossom Membership

by Jim McClellan
<mcclellan@charter.net>

In January 1990, my wife and I attended the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce annual First Citizen banquet and were very pleased that a friend of ours, 76 year old LaVerne Murphy, was selected Male First Citizen.

After dinner we congratulated him. LaVerne said he'd recently purchased his first computer. I asked what kind and he said that for many years as a board member at Umpqua Elementary School and Douglas ESD he'd voted to buy Mac Computers and wanted to see why they were so popular. I told him about ABCC and that if he needed help to give me a call. A few days later he called and the rest is history!

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT UNCLE BOB

by Dave Archer <dave@davearcher.com>
(with help from Big Bro)

continued from: **OZZIE AND HARRIET IN THE LABYRINTH**
Dad constructed a large red brick patio next to the lawn in the backyard. His crowning glory: a fine used-brick barbecue at one end. Soon after building, Dale christened the pit with one of his "smoke bombs." Thinking it was logical for smoke to come out of a bar-b-que, therefore no one would be the wiser,



his experiment ended in a somewhat unexpected result. Using a metal "tea-bag" most folks sink into a cup of hot water, bro's smoke was supposed to exit through the little holes in the device, a homemade chemistry set concoction of potassium nitrate and powdered magnesium. It made a lot of smoke, but it did so rather quickly, one might say: at detonation speed, opening the BBQ like a clam. The only reason the pit looked cracked some after the explosion was because Dale shoved it back together before Dad saw it. Ah yes, his "smoke bomb" blew the steel lid covering the pit into the air about fifty feet, which came down and stuck in the lawn a foot deep, sending our Norwegian father into apoplectic fits of Viking rage to rival Thor Himself. Neighbors came running from a block away thinking the Red Chinese were finally attacking.

Directly off the dining room was Mom's kitchen, the floor of which was covered in bright yellow linoleum. Going for a glass of water was like walking on sunflowers. I say, "Mom's kitchen" because in the 40's that's what kitchens were. Mom chose wild yellow I think, to make

The **Apple Blossom Computer Club** (ABCC) is an Apple Computer Inc., registered Macintosh and Apple][family user group. The ABCC publishes *The RoseByter* newsletter monthly which is posted to each paid up member and reciprocating user groups. ABCC participates in user group newsletter content exchange. The ABCC also maintains a WWW site at:

<http://www.abccmug.org>

Membership

Just \$20/year! Send with your name, snail- & e-mail address & phone to:
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In 2004 he started sending copies of his regular Saturday email out to friends. Before long he was sending it out to over 300 email addresses. Some people who receive LaVerne's Saturday emails forward it to over 20 of their friends! Some time later the Douglas County News, published in Sutherlin, began printing it.

LaVerne is on at least his third Mac and is talking about getting a newer

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a cheerful note in that particular room. Nevertheless, our kitchen remained the least cheerful room in our house. The reason being of course, we ate there, and Viking diners can get rough.

Breakfast and lunch while sometimes difficult, were nothing compared to some dinners, which ranged from very funny with Dad in great humor cracking jokes, to downright dangerous arguments. Dale wanted to be a rodeo cowboy when he grew up, "like Casey Tibbs," he'd boast. Dad wouldn't hear of it and would spend the entire meal roaring about what a dumb idea he thought it was. Dad's steady drum beat: *if you don't figure out a way to go to college and "get that piece of paper you'll both end up digging ditch!"*

Mom sat in as Presbyterian referee.

I'd go silent, using any distraction to hide food I shunned, which was anything from pot roast, to cooked carrots. Dale would declare, "Casey Tibbs makes twenty thousand dollars a year!" and Dad would growl back, "and the man has broken every bone in his body seventeen times! Do you know what his hospital bills must be!"

"Now Palmer," Mom would say, never quite scolding. Sometimes Dad listened to her, realizing he'd profaned God or something. Then he might quiet down to a grumble, or leave the house for awhile, (once

one because one of his favorite programs is Eudora and for some reason it isn't working like it used to. He gets upset with me because I don't do my banking on-line! He also is one of the best promoters of using a Mac! It is fun for me to talk with retirees and ask about using a computer. Many say they are too old to use one, then I tell them about 95 year old LaVerne and watch the look on their face!



he left the table to have a quiet meal at a restaurant downtown) at other times he struggled to calm down, and just could ... not ... quite ... pull ... it ... off. The man could be a Norse tornado. Now, he truly loved us mutts. He did. And he knew in his Erik the Red heart we were ill prepared for life. He'd struggled through Great Depression and W.W. II, and he knew we did not understand life the way he did, and knowing that drove the poor man crazy. Dad would yell, "You don't know what it's like to go hungry!"

He was right, we didn't. After all, he did everything in his power to make sure we never did, so it wasn't exactly fair we figured, to yarp at us about it. Sometimes Dad lurched over the verbal line into frightening displays of alpha male snapping and growling ending in blows.

Today I fully realize how much he loved us. He was doing his best to instill in us, the idea of the "safety net to fall back on." Ten thousand times he said, "I can't go any farther in the Union Oil company boys, than a tugboat. There are men half my age coming in with college degrees, who know less than I do, and make twice as much money! What does that tell you?!"

At the table, four years younger than Dale, I wasn't expected to be declaring my future quite yet, therefore, Dad and I fought over food issues in a never ending psychic war of wills. I did not like much of anything, attempting to live on candy. Dad grew up hungry and never let anyone forget it. We were expected to eat all the food on our plates, whether or not we liked it, without complaint, because we "you don't know how fortunate you are. There are millions of people starving in Armenia right now who would give everything they have for your food." Fine, I would brood to myself, 3 -->

2

2 < TALK ABOUT UNCLE BOB send it to them.

Mom always wore lipstick. 30's red. Cardinal red. She was known to family and friends to be nothing less than a loving "saint." She did however, also have a *witchy* aspect, one that was mostly unconscious. I say mostly, because I kidded her about it, now and then, all through our lives together. I realized only ten years ago, after she had passed away, that everything good I accomplished in life, I did *for* her. And still do. And everything bad, I did *to* her, breaks my heart. She would do weird things from time to time and I would say, "... there's a little witch in you huh ...", and Mom would glance, caught in my headlights, and one corner of her mouth would rise a bit, and she would almost cackle, then catch herself and cover it again. First let me say, our mother surely did not come off as witchy at all. In fact, the opposite. Which is why I bring it up. All her life she avoided outside group involvement's, except for church. She was a Den Mother for a tribe of Cub Scouts, yours truly included. As far as joining groups, Cubs was about it for both of us. When she was 90 she told me that I actually didn't like Cub Scouts and wanted to quit after a couple of months. Understandingly, she let me. There you go. I am just the same as her that way. As Groucho Marx said, "I refuse to join any club that would have me for a member." And I do not want to overly stress her witchy streak, because it was way overbalanced with selfless love. Most who knew her, even well, would never have noticed.

Example: Mom raised guppies, a species of small fish known for eating their own young. She refrained from separating the newborns from their ravenous parents however, and didn't think a thing of it. Mom's guppies ate batch after batch of

what I think of today as: *Girl Trout Cookies*. That's witchy.

I lived with her during her last years in Oregon. I caught her one day bending over her walker doing something in the sink, with a large kitchen match. I peeked over her shoulder to find she was burning ants alive, pop! ... pop! ... pop!, smoldering ants all over the bottom of the sink. It was amazing. "Mom," I said, and she jumped as if I'd poked her in the ribs, "so, you're burning ants alive huh?"

"Yea," she said, "they deserve it too, the little bastards."

"They deserve it ...?"

"Yes, watch that one right there. See, it's the last one, and I told it to go back down the drain to tell all the others, 'don't go up there, there's a crazy old lady with fire sticks ...'."

A single ant indeed was running for its life toward the drain through a battlefield to rival the Civil War. "You sure have a witch in you, don'cha Mom," I said. And for that split second, there it was, that weird little grin like a cracked water glass. Now the thing is, it's been almost ten years since she died, and nary a single ant has appeared in that sink. Draw your own conclusions. She wasn't Gothic-dark ... well okay, a little. One of her all time favorite books, which she got out on a semi-regular basis and perused with relish was titled: "Human Freaks of the World." Her favorite freak, "The Man With With A Face On The Back Of His Head." Yes, one with proto-eyes, a nose and a mouth with a few teeth and partial tongue.

The antidote: Mom fairly loved Christmas and everything about it. She had two dozen boxes of decorations. Objects representing years of family lineage. Dale and I each had one special glass ornament always carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and stored in separate boxes. Dale's was a prismatic tear shape, mine a large golden ball with white stars and a crescent moon. The manger and figures were

from Germany purchased at the Five and Ten. The figures were hand-painted. And there was a "star" made of shiny **3** "angel hair" that fit in the back on a wire, bringing it up over the top of the manger. Inside there was a place for a single Christmas tree light over a stall. In the crèche, the baby Jesus was the only figure made of wax. I particularly liked the camels. One unfortunately donkey had a pirate-peg made from a kitchen match held with Scotch tape.

I was a paperboy and part of the job was collecting money once a month. There was a woman on my route who told me many times, that when Mom was young she looked like the famous movie star, Hedy Lamarr. She told Dale that too when he had the route before me. I Googled Hedy, and found a slight resemblance, in the glamour at least. Dale saw a picture of Hedy and sees no resemblance saying, "I guess you had to be there at the time." Even today Lamarr is judged by many movie buffs to have topped Elizabeth Taylor. To me, our mother was simply, a Goddess. A woman who even when washing dishes, retained her glamour. She used cosmetics carefully, never too much. Even at 90 she was still is very careful about how she did her makeup and her outfits. She got up at 5:30 every morning and spent an hour or more on makeup, then at night went through the same ordeal in reverse, complaining about it all the way. She insisted on a closed coffin funeral because she "just knew," the undertaker would, "never get my hair and makeup right." She always thought in terms of "a look," and a perfect fit in clothing, taking great pride to look her best. Later in life, she wore pantsuits with color coordinated jewelry --- including bakelite pieces from the 30's --- all carefully selected. Finally "outfitted" she would announce with resolve, "... there. I did it ... and now I don't give a damn what happens for the rest of the day."

I loved her stories of growing up a San Luis native, espe- 7 -->

I'm older and more continually puzzled by things than ever. For example: "Do not drink to excess when using <some currently fashionable drug>?" Does this mean it's OK to drink to excess if you're not using any currently fashionable drugs? Perhaps it depends on what the definition to "excess" is?

As long as we're on the subject of drugs, we must be way overpaying for them these days. According to a commercial I just saw, several multi-million dollar awards have been awarded to plaintiffs over the intestinal troubles that some people have experienced who also took the drug involved. Naturally, the commercial was touting the services of an attorney, obviously seeking additional litigants upon which to expand the precedent ... to say nothing of his bank account. Trolling for litigants must be extremely profitable because it's become a mainstream advertisement category. And if that's profitable, you can bet the insurance business is piped into assessing the risks and profiting from that. So, the cost of making lawyers on both sides rich is factored into the pricing of drugs. One thing sticks in my mind. If one were to look at the drug ingestion numbers and the advent of the supposed symptoms independently, I suspect there would at least some non-empty intersection. In other words, there's some probability of a person taking the drug and having a some problem quite independently of any causative effect of drug. Of course, that may or may not be the reality in any given case. I suspect, however, that actual cause and effect has little to do with the outcome of suits in such matters.

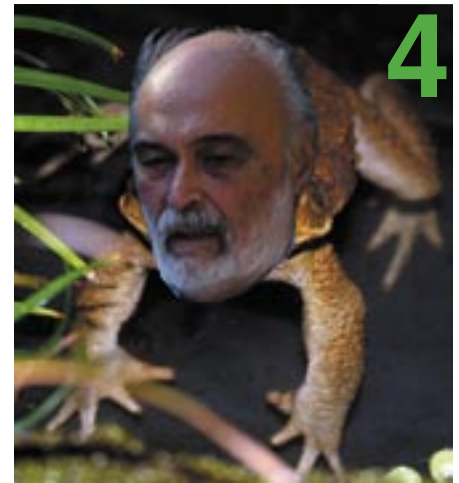
Long known to be extraordinarily strong – about six times the tensile strength of steel – no one has been able to make **an artificial spider silk strand like the real stuff.** One might expect we would have had better luck by now since we've also long known the basic chemical

Croak of the MUGwump

Any trace of organization in these paragraphs is entirely coincidental

nature of the strand material. Spider web is made of protein that forms strong bonds amongst the molecules at certain points and weak bonds everywhere else. Thus one has a lot of strength and a lot of elasticity. But getting the proteins all lined up for this structure is something we've not been able to do. Just recently, researchers have discovered how spiders manage the task of keeping these proteins pooled for ready use without turning the pool in a glob of protein-crete and then producing the fiber on demand. It turns out to be a chemical "trick" in which the proteins are kept dissolved in water where their hydrophobic property orients their strong binding regions away from one another. When the spider releases this solution to the spinning duct, the chemical conditions change in two steps involving salt so that the proteins can line up and bond into a fiber. Efforts are now underway to mimic this process, perhaps producing spider silk web fibers in commercial quantities.

I've been watching a program on PBS about Medal of Honor recipients. It went pretty much as I would have expected ... until they got to Smedley Butler. If you're a student of American military history, you probably know the name. I didn't. Wikipedia says, "Smedley Darlington Butler (July 30, 1881 – June 21, 1940), nicknamed '**The Fighting Quaker**' and '**Old Gimlet Eye,**' was a Major General in the U.S. Marine Corps, and at the time of his death the most deco-



rated Marine in U.S. history." But if you do look up this entry – http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smedley_Butler – I implore you to read about his later years, keeping in mind who he was, even if you don't read through his many exploits.

Tissue engineers have created a new way to assemble artificial tissues. Long promising the building of new organs to replace damaged ones, a major obstacle has been **getting cells grown in a lab dish to form 3-D shapes** instead of flat layers. Researchers at MIT have come up with a means of encapsulating living cells in cubes and arranging them into 3-D structures, just as a child would construct buildings out of blocks. The tiny cell bricks have the potential to build artificial tissue or other types of medical devices, rather than just flat sheets of cells.

Graphene, essentially an unrolled carbon "nanotube," has been making news in the technical press with considerable regularity. And for good reason. Learning to create and use graphene on an industrial scale is likely to revolutionize a lot of engineering material, having properties that are extraordinary in a number of ways.

Recently, **circular wafers of graphene 100 millimeters in diameter have been made** and already efforts are afoot to grow integrated circuitry on them. It's likely that transistors made on a graphene substrate will be much faster than those

<--MUGwump

commonly made today on silicon for the same power dissipation. But that relationship needn't just be used to increase speed. It can also be used to decrease energy requirements without decreasing speed. That means "intelligence" can be stuck into just about everything we have around us.

Harvard's Scott Bradner recently commented on the future of the Internet and the concept of Internet freedom. He posits that it depends, to some extent, on what sort of world you want to live in. **The staunch "security" types want to change things so they can monitor, trace, censor and inhibit** whatever they decide needs it. To those of us who harbor fears of all sorts and believe they'll be less likely to come to fruition if we have "control" over things, that probably makes some sense. Of course, there are those who stand to make a lot of money claiming to ameliorate those fears – expect a bit of fear mongering from that group. On the extreme opposite, there are those who see no point in inhibiting the flow of data. I happen to be amongst this group if only for the reason that inhibitions always seem to be surmountable by some means. But remember that I pointed out that the future of the Internet only depends on such choices to some extent. The rest of the issue is that there are about 90 private companies that actually own the Internet, which is just an agreement amongst them to allow data traffic to move amongst them.

I've heard that it's likely the weather is going to get more extreme as global warming progresses. But I was rather surprised to hear that there were **hell stone storms in the Denver area.**

Recent findings suggest that some bacterial signatures are more frequent in subjects with polyps, early lesions that can develop into cancer, while other bacterial signatures are less frequent, according scientists from the Univer-

sity of Florida. *Eubacterium ramulus* was increased in the stools of subjects with polyps while *Ruminococcus* sp. and a human intestine firmicute were increased in subjects without polyps. *Acidovorax* sp. was found more frequently in subjects with polyps.

The Autodoc Tiolet is getting closer all the time. Researchers at Mount Sinai School of Medicine have developed a new influenza vaccine that brings science one step closer to a universal influenza vaccine that would eliminate the need for seasonal flu shots. The current seasonal influenza vaccine is strain-specific, targeting the globular head of the hemagglutinin (HA) molecule virus' surface. This globular head is highly variable and constantly changing from strain to strain. Each flu season presents a different strain, making it necessary to adjust the vaccine each year. This new vaccine is developed using HA without its globular head.

Ah, technology! It's a wonderous thing. "Our newer genome analysis systems, if commercialized, promise genome analysis in one hour, at under \$1,000 and we require that high speed and low cost to power the new field of personal genomics." In the apparently not too distant future, your doctor will want to run a genome analysis just to see what sort of problems you're likely to present. In some cases, you'll probably **get some preemptive pharmaceuticals.** Much farther out, you'll be able to have your stem cells' DNA programmed to do pretty much whatever you want.

I was recently asked by an email acquaintance, **"How does a non-tech guy know if he's getting the right information?"** I answered that it was a tough question. In truth, no one really "knows" if someone is telling the truth about something when the statement is the only evidence. Unfortunately, that's often all one has to go on. One of the reasons ABCC exists, has meetings

and a newsletter is to bring some rightness into answers of such questions.

"The whole game for Google is to become the (operating system) for the living room and make sure Apple doesn't," Forrester Research analyst James McQuivey said. Three Google rivals — Apple Inc., Microsoft Corp. and Yahoo Inc. — have been trying to bring more Internet video and services to televisions. **Google made most of its nearly \$24 billion** in revenue last year from Internet ads displayed on computer screens. It wants to turn televisions into giant monitors for Web surfing so it can make even more money. The company estimates that television accounts for \$70 billion in annual advertising in the U.S. alone. I suggest Google start its own television network, comprised of the best material it can buy and make available freely on the Internet, satellite, cable and over the air. I guess there's just no such thing as enough money ... despite the fact (??? have you heard otherwise yet) life is too short and no one gets out alive.

You've probably heard about **Kevin Costner's \$24 million** investment in a centrifugal oil and water separator to deal with the Gulf oil platform "leak" crisis. I have an email notice dated May 21 that prompted this paragraph. Not satisfied with the detail available from the link in that email, I searched for other articles on the centrifuge. What caught my eye was that all the articles were dated May 20 & 21. Now, supposedly, the system has been contracted to BP for testing. As I write this, it's June 9. Curious that in 20 days, no one seems to have bothered to see how the testing was going. Ah! I see I missed one. There's a piece dated June 7 that mentions \$26 megabucks and 26 centrifuge ships being deployed., with test results from one reported. It apparently got clogged in some unspecified manner.

Perhaps it's time to simply bury Flash video and start weening our-

<--MUGWump

selves of our insane dependence on so-called “standard” proprietary products from Adobe. From Adobe’s support site: “A critical vulnerability exists in Adobe Flash Player 10.0.45.2 and earlier versions for Windows, Macintosh, Linux and Solaris operating systems, and the authplay.dll component that ships with Adobe Reader and Acrobat 9.x for Windows, Macintosh and UNIX operating systems. This vulnerability (CVE-2010-1297) could cause a crash and potentially allow an attacker to take control of the affected system. There are reports that this vulnerability is being actively exploited in the wild against both Adobe Flash Player, and Adobe Reader and Acrobat. [...] Adobe Flash Player 10.0.45.2, 9.0.262, and earlier 10.0.x and 9.0.x versions for Windows, Macintosh, Linux and Solaris Adobe Reader and Acrobat 9.3.2 and earlier 9.x versions for Windows, Macintosh and UNIX.” Don’t be fooled by the use of “authplay.dll” above – **this is not just a Windows issue** – **authplay.lib** is the file on Macs. See <http://www.adobe.com/support/security/advisories/apsa10-01.html>.



Transition: From the MUG Store to PowerMax.com

PowerMax.com, the engine behind The Apple MUG Store, is pleased to announce a new process for Apple user group members. Instead of going to www.applemugstore.com to view a limited selection of items, members can now go directly to www.powermax.com to peruse and purchase (rewrap) almost 50,000 products. By identifying the user group you belong to (either on an online order or over the phone), PowerMax will continue to accumulate points for your user group to use.

Be sure to take advantage of this win/win deal: <http://PowerMax.com>

How to get off a planet with an atmosphere



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cially concerning local characters around town. People like “Old Lady Biggs” who smoked cigar butts out of the gutter and lived in an abandoned house. How she and her friends one day, sneaked into the house and surprised Biggs (and themselves) and went running and screaming back out. And another woman with the delicious name of, “Slippery Kate.” Most of them were long gone by the time I was a child, but I do remember seeing old Mr. Sullivan. He would hide behind telephone poles, then jump out and scare people by holding his pipe like a pistol and shouting, “bang, bang ... gotcha!” Mom and I ran into him one day. He was holding a rolled up newspaper in one hand, of which he had torn a part to resemble a flag. Waving it in our faces he shouted, “Stars and stripes forever!” Mr. Sullivan was San Luis Obispo’s jester of mad omens, the *crazy* herald of the coming 60’s. He also made it his job every single day for years to nearly crawl into the police station holding his pipe like a pistol, then pop up from behind the counter and drill the duty officer ... for sure, a *different day* in America.

Mom could be tough. She could and would put us over her knee preferring the “Pinocchio” hanger to the “Joan Crawford” and spank until the stick broke in half at the weak spot in the middle. I suspect she even broke a few on purpose as she told us later she hated doing it. Today, both Dale and I agree we surely deserved our spankings, not only from her, but Dad.

CAIN AND DALE

In 1955 Dale took me to the Fremont Theater in downtown San Luis Obispo to see, “Blackboard Jungle” starring Glen Ford, Vic Morrow, and Sidney Poitier among others.

7 It was the most controversial film of the day, actually banned in Boston and many

other places due both to interracial content and the subject of juvenile delinquency. When the opening title hit the screen with: “One, Two, Three O’clock, Four O’clock Rock ... !” by Bill Haley and the Comets, I looked to big brother and said, “... what’s *that* music?!”

Dale took on a sage voice, answering, “... *that* little brother, is ... *rock and roll* ...”

When I was older, and Dale attending Cal Poly we buddied around some. He took me to a lot of dances called, “Okie stomps.” Once he even took me to the Grand National Rodeo at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. I loved being with him when I was that age, around 16.

When I was younger however, Dale rarely took me places.

Mostly, he beat me up a lot because I was a little jerk. Until puberty I was the neighborhood dink. A stick figure. In the neighborhood food chain: plankton. It was hell. Everybody could beat me up and did. At the top of the food chain, Dale, the great white, was blessed. With no hope of winning a fight, the best I could do was provoke him when Dad wasn’t looking. Little brother’s have their ways. Poking, picking, pushing, that when done at *just the right time*, would make Dad get up out of his chair and actually cuff Dale for me. Proxy punches were hard candy though. As soon as we were alone again, Dale could easily crush me down, helpless. And, my big brother was nothing if not patient. He ain’t heavy, my arse. Sometimes I could buy him off with candy and money. Sometimes he took my bribes and got me back anyway. He’d sit on my stomach and crush a pillow over my face to get even. It was awful. From firsthand experience I know why innocent women made bogus confessions to witchcraft from the seats of dunking chairs. The gut ripping need for

air was a so complete they actually chose burning alive at the stake to: not breathing. You might say, my brother water-boarded me without the water. At the final second of life then, when I could no longer bear a single micron of this excruciating punishment, he would release the pressure, give me single sip of air and quickly do it again.

“What are you going to say if I let you up, if I let you breathe ... huh ... huh ... huh,?” pushing the pillow tighter.

“Are you are going to say ... ‘I will never, never, ever, ever, get my brother in trouble again... never ... never, never, ... huh ... huh ... huh?”

“Yes!” I would muffle.

“Yes I won’t get my brother in trouble, or yes I *will* get my brother in trouble, huh, huh, huh?”

“... never!”

“You’d better not ’cause you know what you’ll get if you do!”

Then later, one way or the other, I’d get even.

One day, when I was around eight, I was down the road in back of our house shooting Dale’s pellet rifle, a lever-action pump handle affair. To shoot with any zing at all, ten pumps were needed. The “pellets” were made of lead, bigger than BB’s, and hollow on the rear end to give the best “push” from compressed air. Dale came down the road behind me yelling something or other, another demand as in, “Yea, well you’d better do what I say or you know what’ll happen.”

See, one should never say something like that to an evil dink brother when he’s armed, then casually turn and walk off up the road with his blimp-butt rolling from side to side like a couple of cantaloupes wearing Levis. Suddenly the last twink of common sense crawled down my leg and took off into the bushes like a rodent from the Ninth Ring.

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Dale Nelson, Davy Nelson, cousin Rick Whiting

Ass murder!

If Dale got too far up the road I could miss, still, I would need time to reload and pump up the gun again before he got too far. So ... even as Yahweh Himself hollered through His mother of pearl megaphone the size of San Luis Mountain: "NO CAIN, NO ... DO NOT SHOOT YOUR BROTHER IN THE ASS!" ... I shot.

Actually, I took careful aim and hit Able square in one butt cheek. The poor guy went straight up in the air about three feet. Oh god. He seemed to just hang there a second, reaching for clouds, then landed ... whap! ... on both feet, *facing me!* ... oops ... he stood there one second raking the dirt with one shoe like an arena bull in Tijuana, eyes blazing in disbelief, lips flaring, snot snorting ... and screamed, "eeeeooohhyooouu shot me!" and started running hard, straight for my neck. I frantically shoved another pellet into the chamber and started pumping as fast as I could. I got about one and a half pumps in ... a good threat was at least six. Dale grabbed the gun away from me, threw it aside and beat me up, and then threatened to shoot me too. Then he marched off up the road again ... stopped, turned around and yelled, "you just wait'll Dad gets home ... because I'm tellin' ... and boy ... are you ... ever ... gonna ... get ... it ... bad!"

And boy ... *did ... I ... ever ... get ... it ... bad!*



Dad yelled, "You shot your brother?!"

Then he beat the hell out of me too, grunting, "You ... never ever point a gun at anyone ... ever ... never ... ever ... do you understand ... after all I've taught you about guns! You shot Dale!? Are you crazy!?"

Ah ... yes.



Much to their surprise, the Virgins awaiting Muslims in Heaven were not quite what they expected..

unClassifieds

Need a manual?

Discount for ABCC members!



Apple Blossom Computer Club

<http://www.abccmug.org>

Give it a look.

Put in your own...

