The DACE Desktop

An Information & Opinion Exchange Newsletter

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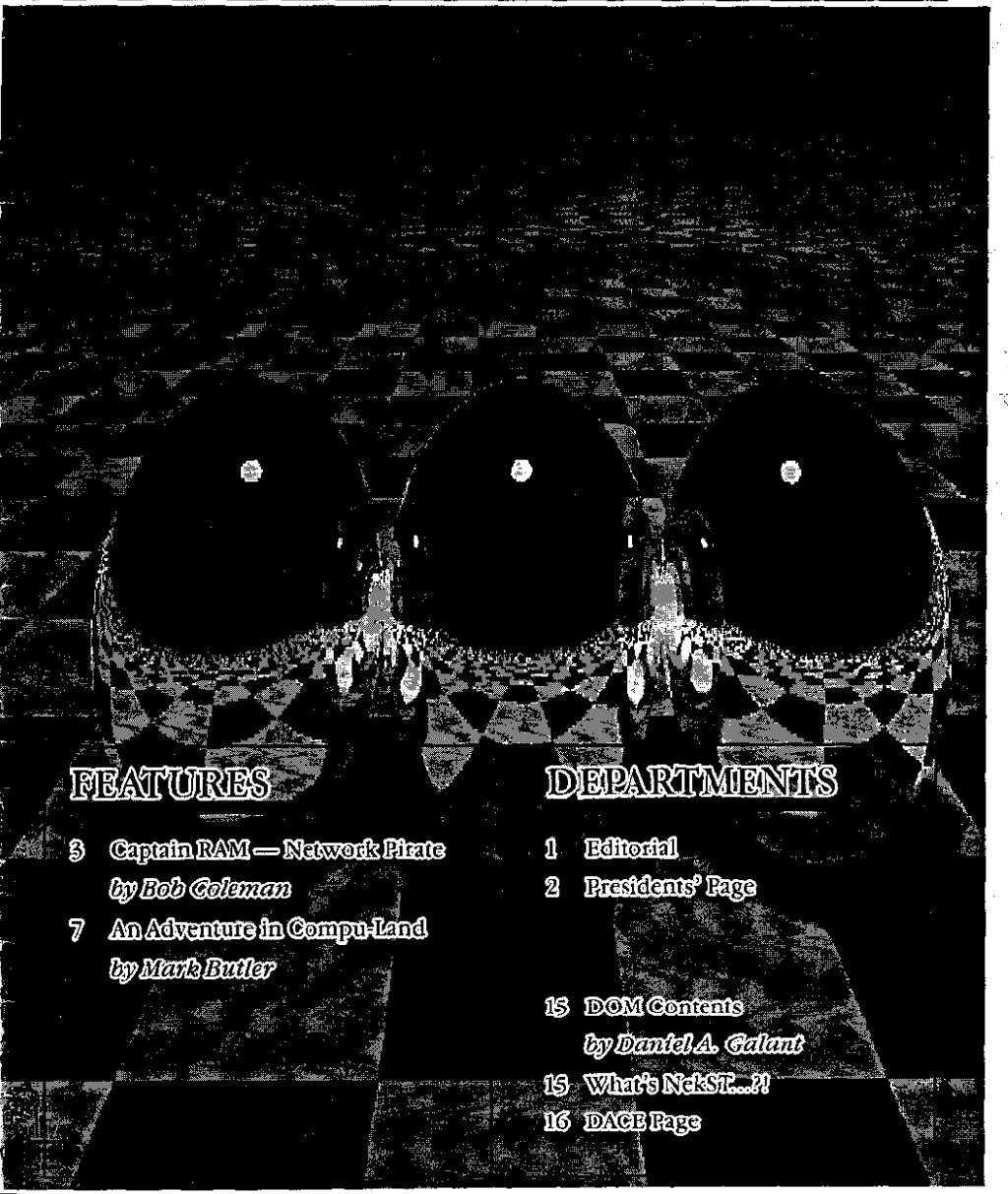

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If you have any feedback, opinions, comments, or suggestions, please feel free to contact the editor or one of the officers.

DACE is an informal association of Atari computer owners formed to further expand the potential of the Atari lines by exchanging information and mutual assistance.

DACE is a non-profit organization and not affiliated with Atari Corporation. We support all present and future Atari computers.

Membership is $30/year and entitles you to receive this newsletter, AtariUser, discounts on raffles, Disks Of the Month, and participation in our DACE Marque program.

For further information, please contact Daniel A. Galant at (510)689-8256.

The Editor Speaks

September brings us to the close of summer. Vacations are done and the kids are back in school. I hope everyone had a good time. I know I did.

This edition of the newsletter is the first to be printed on the new Hewlett Packard LaserJet 4 printer. I hope you like the finer 600 dpi resolution and sharper output. I know that I enjoy the faster print times. My wife likes it too.

The first annual DACE Bar-b-que and swim fest was held on August 22 at the residence of Bob and Cindy Coleman. It was very nice of them to offer us the use of their home for this event.

All in all, I would say it was a rousing success. All of those in attendance had a good time and no complaints were heard amongst the croud. DACE members and their families were to be seen through out the home playing games, talking and generally getting acquianted.

It was especially nice of Bob Brodie to drop in for a visit. Bob brought T-shirts and bags that were passed out as prizes for the various events that were held. Hope you enjoyed the burgers Bob.

I would also like to thank Sam Tramiel for stopping in and bringing by the Jaguar for us to get a sneak peek at. It truely is a wonderful machine and I wish Atari all the success in the world with it.

For those of you who elected to stay home on that sunny Sunday afternnon, you missed one fine party. Perhaps next year we'll see some more of you and it will be an even bigger event. For my part... Both my wife and I thank you Mr Coleman and your family for providing us with a wonderful afternoon and some very pleasant company.

Don't forget about the Glendale Atari show coming up September 18th and 19th. It promises to be another good show.

Here's hoping.

The President's Page

by Daniel A. Galant

As summer approaches
the end of its days
and we sit and bask in the
warmth of its glow,
let us remember the times and the
friends we have made
and the feelings we've all come to know.

Fall is upon us, a new season begins,
its time to renew hopes of old.
As the leaves turn to gold and a chill
nips the air,
we begin once again to believe.

September is here, and so are we. Once again we seem to have made it through another year aa an Atari club. October will bring about elections and quite prbably the same cast of characters. Our membership has mainatained a nice stable level of around 30 members. Hopefully, most of you will renew your memberships come October and we can continue to be a vehicle of support to you.

If you are thinking about not renewing, please drop me a line explaining why or give me a call. If there is anything we can do to help serve you better, give us the chance. We don't know what you want or need if you don't tell us.

We are currently trying to see if we can get one of the folks behind the new word processor Marcel, to come out and demo it for us in either October or November. I recently bought this one myself, as none of my other word processors would work with the color card I have on my TT. To my delight, Marcel did. It's not fancy and doesn't have a lot of bells and whistles but it works and works well.

Don't forget about the auction coming up in December. In the next newsletter there will be a list of items that will be up for bid. Hopefully this will wet your appetite and allow you to plan your bidding strategy. This will be an even better auction than last year, and that was one good time.

The Art and Animation contest is also coming up so I hope you're working on your entries. As with the recently completed writing contest there are very few rules. So put something together and bring it in.

Our first Bar-b-que was held on August 22 at Bob Coleman's home. Bob and his wife Cindy were wonderful hosts and all those who attended had a splendid time. The pool was cool, the food was hot and the company was warm.

The time was spent getting to know more about some of the folks in DACE and their families. What they do, what they like and simply getting better acquianted. If you weren't there, you missed a fun afternoon. Thanks to the Coleman's and let's try doing it again next year.

I'll be on vacation during the September meeting and so it will fall to Larry to run the show. (Hope you're up to it Larry.) I'll be back for October and hope to see many of you at that time. Till then... behave.

Captain RAM — Network Pirate

by Bob Coleman

Hello, and welcome to another edition of "Computer Criminals", the program that keeps you informed about the illicit and darker side of computer hacking. I am your host, Jim Hawkins.

This evening, we have as our guest, Captain RAM, one of the most notorious and brazen computer pirates to be found on the networks today. Through the latest advances in virtual reality programming, we will go on-line now and join Capt. RAM and his crew on their pirate ship, RAY TRACER...

(brief connection sounds are followed by a flash of light)

(JH) "Ahoy, Captain RAM !" "Uh, hello there?"

(CR) "Well... what kinda sailor do we have here?"

(JH) "Oh, I'm no sailor sir. I'm Jim Hawkins, the host of 'Computer Criminals'."

(CR) "Jim Hawkins?... now there's a name I've heard before. Can't quite place it though. Well lad, what brings ya to my ship?"

(JH) "Well sir, our viewers wanted tp learn more about computer pirates and... er, you are the most famous one we know."

(CR) "Haaarrrr... that I am, young lad! There's not another pirate or ship to sail the bitmap seas that comes close to match 'in ol' Capt. RAM and the RAY TRACER."

The captain turns his head and looks at the parrot perched on his shoulder. "Ain't that so Mr. Byte?" Mr. Byte screeches back, "Hack away, hack away... ha, haha, haha."

(JH) "This really is quite a ship you have, captain. Could you explain more about her to our viewers."

(CR) "The RAY TRACER is one of the fastest vessels afloat. Programmed in pure assembly language, she is. She's driven by twin seagate hard drives and can store 800 megs wortha booty. Why shiver me timbers, now that's a load of files."

Captain RAM walks over toward the starboard side of the ship and leans over the railing. "Now ya see all them open'ins lad? She's got high density DS drive ports on either side. Plus 4 cartridge ports, DMA and modem access. Why, she can transfer data faster than ol' Davey Jones can bat an eye."

Pointing to a crew member behind the wheel, Jim accidently excites the parrot. Mr Byte, feeling threatened, screeches and flaps his wings in alarm.

(CR) "Watch out there Jim, Mr Byte will cut a sector outta ya so fast, it'll make yer disk drive spin !"

(JH) "Oh, look how he changes his colors. First he was green and blue, now he's all red and yellow. How'd he do that?"

(CR) "That parrot's got a pallet of 2 million colors. He changes 'um to suit his dispozishun. Now there, calm down... nice bird... here, have a chip."

Turning towards a crew member behind the wheel, Captain RAM shouts...

"Mr. Degas, steer us a course toward them polygon islands... and stay clear of the pixel reefs on the windward side."

"Ay, ay captain," responds the helsman.

(JH) "Where did you find your crew captain? They certainly look sharp."

(CR) "Oh, they're a 'SCSI' lot they are... but they knows they're 'C-manship'. They're the best on-line crew to sail the network. No file is safe from these hackers 'n rippers."

From high above in the crows nest, a sailor shouts... "File off the port bow, captain." Suddenly, all the crew stop their duties. All eyes scan the horizon.

(JH) "There it is captain. Those little pixels on the horizon."

(CR) "He he he... why Jim, you're as sharp as paint, you are."

Captain RAM takes out is spy glass and peers through it. "Looks like a prg. frigate to me. Maybe 350 to 400K."

Turning to his crew he shouts, "now look alive, every one of 'ya. Steer me a course to cut her off. By the powers... we've got her."

As we maneuvered closer in, more details became evident on the ship.

(CR) "D'ya see wot flag she's fly'in, Jim?"

(JH) "Yes, it's a big blue one."

(CR) "Haarrrr... it's an IBM'er for surrre... she looks like a real FAT vessel... he he he! Load the cartridge ports men!"

A sailor yells back, "TOS bombs loaded, captain."

(CR) "Fire away ! Ha haha haha, that'll lock her up... look, she's frozen in place. Now let's pull along side 'in transfer her files."

As the RAY TRACER comes to rest behind the ship, the crew quickly toss cables across and connect the two vessels.

"Null modems lay'd in, captain," shouts one of the crew. "Transfer'in data now"

(CR) "Be quick about it mates... and watch our connect time. We dares not dilly-dally here to long."

Suddenly, another sailor shouts...

"Captain RAM... look, look... off the stern. A Sysop Man-o-War."

(JH) "Look captain, the sysop vessel has spotted us, and is increasing speed, fast! What are we going to do?"

(CR) "Now don't ya worry, Jim. Ol' Captain RAM has a few tricks up his sleeve." Turning to his navigator, he barks. "Mr. Turbo, engage WARP drive."

The navigator replies, "WARP drives engaged sir. What speed do yer wish?"

(CR) "WARP 9, Mr. Turbo... and on my mark... Engage!... Now!!"

Before my eyes, the RAY TRACER was surrounded by a brilliant blue photon glow. A million points of light came streaming toward the bow, coursing around and past the ship. The sysop vessel vanished behind us, lost in the electron haze.

(CR) "Mr. Degas, steer us a course for the Hornet's Nest."

(JH) "The Hornet's Nest. What place is that?"

(CR) "A pirate's BBS, matey. We can lay up there for a while 'til the 'topic cops' give up lookin fer us. Care to come along? Yer a bright lad, an' you'd make a good cabin boy or assistant cook."

(JH) "Thank you for the offer, captain, but I don't think I'm cut out for a pirate's life. It's a little too dangerous for my life style."

(CR) "Suit yerself, Jim." But with a twinkle in his eye, Captain RAM responds, "but I never did tell you about the 'Lost Treasure of Infocom' or 'Microprose Gold', did I?"

(JH) "Are you telling me there is still buried treasure out there in the network? I thought it was only rumor or wild speculation."

(CR) "Not so... it's there lad, ready for the takin. Whaddya say Jim? Still want to leave?"

Reluctantly, I declined. Captain RAM and his crew gathered round and bid me a pirate's farewell. As if on cue, they broke out into a rousing pirate's song... "15 megs on the dead man's chest... yo ho ho, and a bottle of ROM."

With a sigh of relief, I pressed ESC and signed off. But, I had a strange feeling this was not the last I would see of Captain RAM and his shipmates.

The preceeding story was awarded the grand prize in our first Writer's Contest. As you may have noticed, it didn't even match the one requirement we had. No where do you find the word Atari. Well, so much for rules I guess.

Congatulations to Mr. Coleman on a very clever piece of writing, (next time remember Atari though). Other entries will also be appearing in future newsletters. Thanks to all those who participated and we'll see you next year.

Thought for the Month

Did you know that the panda bear is a racoon?

WARNING!

Only one more month before elections. Think about who you want leading the way for the next 12 months then come to the October meeting and vote. It really can make a difference.

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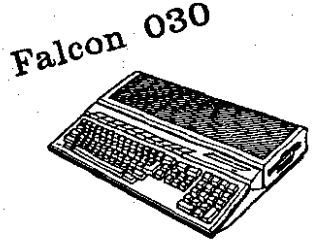

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An Adventure in Compu-land

courtesy Mark Butler

This was a thread on Compuserve Gamers forum going from around July '92 to August '92 (according to the date stamps). A lot of people participated, because hey, who would pass up an oppurtunity to poke fun at languages, text games, computers and the whole (like everyone who was involved couldn't <g>)! It was pretty fun. The names have been removed to save space but each person added one command and result, then left it at "choose:" for the next person to continue the adventure.

choose: west

A tunnel leads East and West. There is a faint light to the East.

choose: west

You are in a small chamber that looks like it was carved by hand from the living rock. A rusty sword is propped against the north wall. On the center of the south wall there is a small idol, with features which may once have been hideous, but which have been worn away to almost nothing. To the left of the idol is a niche carved in the wall.

choose: examine idol

The idol appears to be much larger than it once was, yet there are obviously those that still attend it as it looks to be constantly polished. At its base is carved the arcane word: Fortran. The idol is carved as though its right hand was in the middle of doing some finger exercises, frozen with only one finger extended.

choose: pull finger

There is a grating sound, and the idol's tongue extends. The wall on which it is mounted slides away. There is a tunnel leading to the south.

choose: say "xyzzy"

For a moment nothing happens. Suddenly there is a sound deep in the mountain, as if two great blocks were grinding one against the other.

choose: scratch head

You rub your fingers rigorously through your hair, hoping this will accomplish some good. Suddenly your skin divides, and your fingers drop into the opening. You feel a soft round pouch not much bigger than a golf ball.

choose: take pouch

You quickly drag the pouch out of your cranium, which leaves you feeling a bit empty-headed. As soon as the pouch is clear you wince in pain as the opening snaps shut.

choose: examine pouch

It is a soft leather pouch. Printed on the side are the words "Common Sense". In the distance you hear a voice: "Stickest thou with COBOL".

choose: set graphics on

The ground shakes. A chill rushes through you as you hear screams not unlike your cat "Dusty's" hideous whining. Then, without warning, you feel your body rise off the ground and shoot at blinding speed to the nearest wall. Your whole life passes before your eyes as the rocky wall draws closer. Then, suddenly, all is quiet, and blackness surrounds you. You try to move, but your body feels like a deer strapped to the front of a truck. An awful odor enters your sinuses. 'Home', you think to yourself, as you start sneezing uncontrollably. Slowly,

you feel blood flowing to your limbs, and you can finally move your fingers. A loud hammering noise from behind you scares the living sh*! out of you, and, as you turn your head to look for the source, it abruptly stops. Still, there is darkness. Suddenly, the floor drops from beneath your feet, and you feel a rush of energy shoot through you. A thunderous roar sounds as your feet crash down upon a stone surface, and pain shoots through you like a bat out of, ugh, a cave? ‹G› Looking down, with a face only a mother could love, you see a flood of color surround your feet, and the edges of rocks start to appear. Within minutes, the whole room takes to a whole new light, and you can see beatiful colors all over. It suddenly occurs to you that you are in the same place you were before, just with more life to it. "D**n", you say out loud, as you slap yourself in the head.

choose: slap head again

For a moment you contemplate the psychological damage this can cause you, but you do it anyways. After giving yourself a good whack, it suddenly occurs to you what your mission is — to save the beautiful froglady from the evil crutches (he can't walk that good) of the world's most treacherous fiend ‹your name here›

choose: Punch head

You slam your fist into your chin, and your head jerks backward (where else?). After a while, you begin to get a good grasp on reality. You walk back towards the idol.

choose: fondle idol. fantasize about frog queen.

I don't understand. Hay, I'm only a game! You are in a small chamber. There is an idol laying on the ground, apparently knocked off the sliding wall. There is a tunnel leading south. Propped up against the north wall is a rusty sword. A tunnel leads east and west.

choose: south

You enter the secret passageway. A shiver runs down your spine as you put your back against the cold stone walls. You come upon an old skeleton, with something in its hand. A tunnel leads north and south.

choose: look at hand

You move closer to the skeleton, and see that he is holding a floppy disk, with the words 'BASIC' written all over it. There is a tunnel leading north and south.

choose: wait

The skeleton walks up to you and holds the disk in front of your eyes, slowly moving it left and right. "It can do anything... It's a fully-developed language... GOTOs are your friend... It is structured... It's better than..." A knight, composed entirely of Lego blocks, burst through the wall and hacks the skeleton to tiny little bits, sneering the entire time. As the knight is looking down at the remains and spitting, you notice a tag on the inside of the back of her armor, at the neck. It says "Pascal". She looks up and says "Real Men don't use Basic".

choose: wait

A disappointed look appears in her eyes, but she whirls as an object approaches. A short, rumpled man in a trenchcoat walks towards you, foul smoke coming from a cylinder in his mouth. He hands you a card. You look at it and see the word PROLOG. "I don't mean to bother you, sir", he says, "but I need the facts. Give me the facts and I'll tell you what happened."

choose: look bag

You open the bag you so diligently extracted from your head before (the one labeled 'Common Sense'), and notice a small letter inside. Looking

closer, you see it is a 'C'.

choose: put bag in brain

You replace the pouch back inside your skull, feeling pain with every movement. Suddenly, you feel the urge to punch both people out, but instead, you continue down the hall. After a short while, you come upon a man with a tool belt strapped around his waist, while working on an electrical outlet.

choose: look at man

You walk closer to the man and see that within his belt, are the tools necessary to do any kind of job. It looks like he's a regular plumber/electrician/carpenter. You see the word 'Assembly' written on his back. The man notices you, and stops working long enough to say 'Hi'.

choose: ask man what he is doing

The man sighs, then says 'Well, somebody's got to do the dirty work. In fact, I'm rewiring this whole dang pit so that you just have to think of a place, and you'll be instantly transported there. It's not easy, if you ask me'. 'Boy', you say, 'that's great. Do you mind if I try it out?' 'Actually, I'm not quite finished with it yet, but if you want to take a risk, be my guest.'

choose: Think of outside.

Withing seconds, the room disappears, and blackness surrounds you (a feeling not too unfamiliar to you). Slowly, the darkness starts fading back into colors, and you are finally back to full sight. You frown as you notice this isn't outside. In fact, you are standing inside a very large room, with a large round floor in the middle, and a guard rail posted around it. There are stones stacked up in rows behind the rail, and beyond that are entrances. Looking up, you see only darkness, as the ceiling is too high to see. You hear the distant sound of feet coming.

choose: Shake bottle

The bottle of tonic water starts to fizz. Into the room runs one of the most horrible sights you've ever seen. A huge, dark, slavering beast with eyes covering its body, all blinking in some incomprehensible sequence. A loud voice, from all around yells out "Well, do something, you stupid @#@%!". The beast raises a huge foot to kick you (you see the words Machine Language on its sole).

choose: uncork bottle

The tonic sprays out and hits the beast, which wails as it disolves. When the steam clears, there is only a roll of paper tape left. You pick it up.

choose: west

You walk for a little bit and come to the assembler again.

choose: think of outside

You're at a beach. There is a sign here. The tide is out. You faintly hear the voice of the assembler emphatically state "That wasn't a bug, it's a feature! Truly".

choose: north

You are on a beach stretching north and south. Directly in front of you lies a sailing vessel, apparently stranded on the beach when the tide ebbed.

choose: look vessel

The ship is rather new, with brilliant white sails, tall masts, and a jutting bowsprit. On a plank near the bow the shipwrights have written her name in inlaid gold: Software Components. You hear a noise, and notice that a bunch of skinny guys with pocket protectors are attempting to refloat the ship. One leans over the rail and shouts at you "C'mon, help us push!"

choose: look sign

The sign is wooden, with only the phrase "Ocean Spray" on it.

"C'mon, help us push!"

choose: look ocean

The ocean goes out into the horizon. It

is cranberry colored. There is a boat partially in the water.

"Are you gonna help, or what?"

choose: Push boat

You all strain and push. When nothing happens you try even harder. As you strain, you feel the ship start to move. Encouraged, you all push even harder and the ship slips into the water. You turn to congratulate the dozen or so men, and realize they are all identical-looking. As you watch, they start to disappear, one-by-one. As the last one goes, you ask him his name and he replies "Recursion". He waves and throws a periscope at you before completely disappearing.

choose: enter boat

«Wait a moment. Processing this. Mark Betz, sailboat-expert will be with you in a second.»

choose: poke plank with penknife

You poke a penknife into a plank, checking for rot. The entire side of the ship falls off. Boat? What Boat? A grizzled old fishermans walk ups, obviously looking for something.

choose: HELLO SAILOR

Immediately, the fisherman-sailor begins to speak in a gut-throated tone. What's the meaning of this!? What have you done with my boat?! Speak up, sonny!'

choose: tell fisherman the truth

You clear your throat. You then brush your teeth. After gargling, you begin to speak. 'Well, sir, I was just trying to find any flaws in your boat, and, apparently I found a big one. Looky here.' You point at the floating wreckage of the ship.'That's what happened when I tested its worth' 'Ahhh. I see. Trying to trick me, eh? Well, I'll not let you get the best of me!' He takes out a gun, and points it at you. 'I'm gonna count to three, and if my boats not back by then, you can kiss yourself goodbye!' 'ONE'

choose: Think of the Assembler

Nothing happens. 'TWO'

choose: Call Assembler

'Yo! Assembly-Man! Get me outta this knot, will ya?!' Suddenly, a bright light comes shooting from the sky, and it splashes into the water. The concentration of the Fisherman is broken and he turns his head to look into the ocean.

choose: Get gun

You jump into the fisherman, and the gun flies out of his hands. As he falls to the ground, he says quietly, 'Just Kidding'. He is then knocked unconscious. You pick up the gun, and find out that you are holding the world's most lethal water-gun.

choose: look water

You walk closer to the water to see what the source of that ball of light was. A little black box sits where the ball of light landed. There is an unconscious fisherman on the beach.

choose: take box

You walk into the water and remove the heavy box from the water, stumbling as you do so.

choose: open box

Try as you will, the lid won't come open. There is a turn-style-lock on the side, with a set of Hexadecimal numbers on the knob. The fisherman is starting to wake up.

choose: look

You are on a beach stretching north and south. There is a sign stuck in the sand. There is a fisherman lying on the ground.

choose: north

You have come to a tiny little shed, with a pier extending out into the water. Behind the shed is a trail going up to what looks to be a run-down motel, and beyond that are stairs leading to a large deteriorating mansion. On the beach are hundreds of crabs, apparently washed up from the tide. There

is a sign hanging on the side of the shed.

choose: look crabs

You move closer to the pile of crabs, and notice a greenish-red substance spread out all over them. An acidy smell enters your sinuses. A loud scream comes from behind you, towards where the fisherman was.

choose: look sign

The sign reads 'The QBasic Motel'. Underneath that is the word 'Vacancy', flashing red.

choose: enter shed

You are inside a small storage house, filled with all types of odds and ends. There is a pile of fishing poles laying against one of the walls. A small bed is stuffed into one of the corners.

choose: look bed

You search through the bed, finding nothing but a lady's wig, and some old clothes. An old register is hidden underneath the bed.

choose: wear wig

(picking up wig). You are now polymorphic.

choose: open register.

The Dx or the Cx?

choose: DX Register

You see 64K of Cache. You are sucked into an instruction pipeline at tremendous speed. As you rush headlong down the queue you hear a voice shout "Hit!" and in the distance, dimly heard over the crosstalk, a reply "That's 57 percent, and climbing". Suddenly you are ejected into midvalance and tumble onto the hard surface of an MMU. A Gnome walks up to you. "Who enters the realm?", he shouts, "Who dares the halls of SeeEss EyePee?"

choose: speak thy name

"It is I, See Coater, who dares the halls of SeeEss EyePee!" you shout. "Ahhh. Another one, eh?" grunts the Gnome. Suddenly, the Gnome starts growing larger and larger, its neck starts extending far above, and its arms start to thicken to an almost immeasurable width. Then, it stops. Standing before you is a huge gnome the size of the Empire State Building, with an evil smile slapped across his huge ugly face. "Hahahaha! Meet SeeEss E. EyePee! I have complete control of this world. Just try and get past me! Hahahaha!"

choose: look

Looking around, you see two huge feet standing in front of you, leading up to a hideous sight. There is a faint glitter coming from the ground in the distance.

choose: look glitter

You move closer to the glittering area, and see that its an aluminum-covered model of a space rocket mounted on a launching pad. Lying next to it is a control panel."What are you doing?" demands the Gnome.

choose: fire rocket

You search around the control panel, and eventually come across the 'Fire' switch. You turn it on. Fire starts coming out of the rocket, and it starts to shoot upwards toward the private parts of the Gnome. As it flies upwards, you notice the word 'GOTO' written on the side. The gnome swings furiously at the rocket, but misses, and the rocket enters into his skin. "Ahhhh!" screams the Gnome, and suddenly he is wisked away into some strange tunnel.

choose: clap heels together and dream of home

"There's no place like home, there's no place like home", you repeat, as you click your shoes together. Within seconds, you are outside in the daylight, next to the water. In the distance, you can hear seagulls chirping. There's a pile of crabs washed up on the shore, with some strange greenish-red sub-

stance spread out all over them. You hear a crashing sound coming from the mansion behind you. A loud scream from inside wails out "Mother! We have company". There is the sound of feet coming from the south.

choose: south

You walk southward along the beach, to where you heard the footsteps before. You are astonished to see that the boat you accidentally destroyed is pieced together exactly as it was before,and floating in the water. The fisherman and the Assembler look as if they are in a hurry, as they work on the boat.

choose: ask what they are doing

"How the heck did you fix that pile of junk, and why are you hurrying?" "Lets just say we're not wanted here",shouts the Assembly-man. "Yeah",the fisherman says with a jittery voice, "and its a good thing I have this magician here! He can work wonders!". "Better come with us if you expect to live any longer" the Assembler says as he hops in the boat. Suddenly, a shot rings out from behind you, and the ground starts to shake with a thunderous roar.

choose: jump in boat

You climb aboard the boat, and look behind you. There is a huge, towering beast running towards the boat, with a nice squad of midget-beasts,each one exactly like the other, gathered around him, all holding guns. The Assembler somehow starts up the motor, and within seconds, the boat is adrift. The group of beasts stop at the water line, and the largest one raises his finger towards you. "We will meet again, you fools!. You cannot escape us!". The island is out of view within minutes.

choose: go to sleep

You unwittingly drop down on the ship's deck for a nice little snooze. Your dreams are filled with the faces of all the creatures you have met in the day, each one trying to get you to do something you fear most — learn a new language. The last thing to appear in your dreams is the huge beast you escaped from back on the island. Suddenly, you are awakened by a thunderous crashing sound, and your body flies out of the boat and splashes into the water. 'What a way to wake up', you think, trying to swim to the surface. Lifting your head up out of the water, you see that the boat has crashed into a large rock jutting out from the ocean floor. Looking down, you see the ocean surface is but only a few feet down. A few yards away is the shore of a very large island, spreading for miles in each direction. There are people and animals all over the island, each one seeming to work in perfect harmony with the others. There is a bunch of houses spread out along the shore, and a few more are being pieced together by large groups of workers. Further in the distance, you see groups of men,women,and children tending to healthy looking crops which take over large amounts of land. There's a group of fishermen sitting at the shore line, receiving large quantities of fish from the ocean. There is a sign here. You feel a slight warming sensation coming from your backpack.

choose: open backpack

You open your backpack, and see that the black box you took from the island you were on yesterday is glowing in remarkably beautiful colors.

choose: read sign

You move closer to the sign. It reads, 'Island of OOP'

The End?

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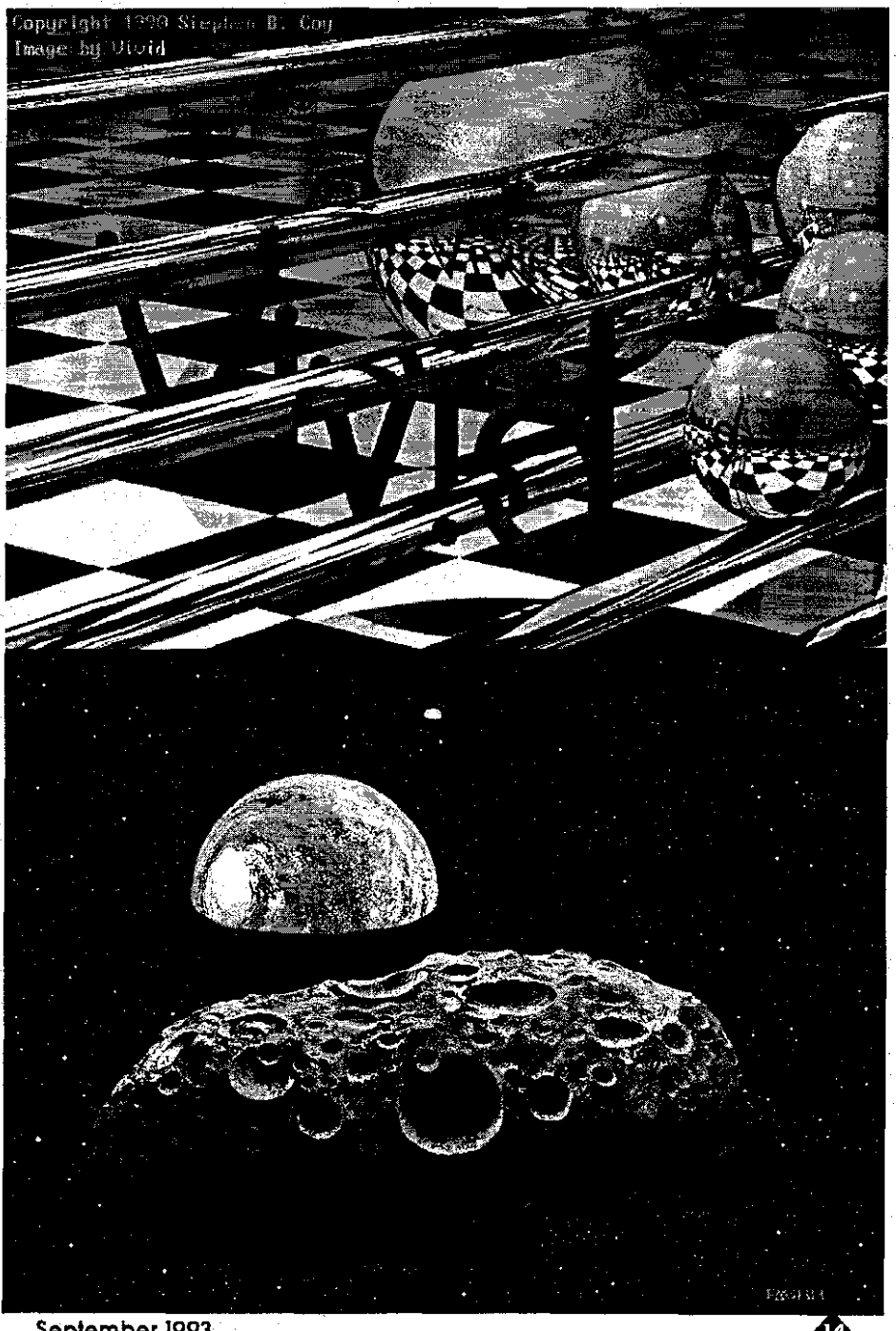
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Whats NekST...?!

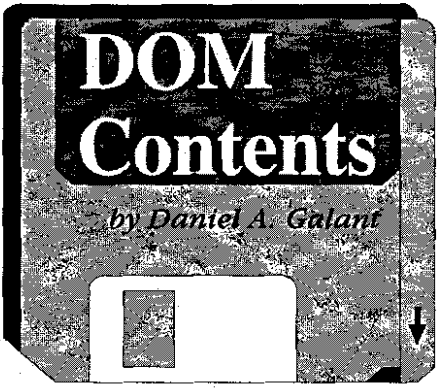
Good queSTion. Our September meeting will feature some wonderful 8-bit demos, courtesy of John Dickerson. Come and see what's up with the folks still pounding on the 8-bits.

You'll be able to find us at the Contra Costa Water District building, located at 1331 Concord Ave. in Concord, between highways 680 and 242. If you need directions please call one of the numbers listed in this newsletter.

Don't forget our monthly raffle and Disk of the Month sales too. Come prepared and enjoy yourselves. No food or drink in the conference room, please.

Please make note that the officer's meeting will be postponed one additional week this month in deference to the holidays. It will be held on September 23rd at mary's Pizza Shack in Pleasant Hill. Drop in and enjoy the food.

Till the next time...



This month we have two game demo's for you to look over. The first will take you into the world of Civilization. That master empire builder from Sid Meier and Microprose. Become the greatest conquerer or simply the most developed and powerful nation on the planet. Civilization will give you hours of enjoyment and wet your whistle for the full game.

Our second disk will feature our very own Mark Butler's Star Trek game. You've seen it demoed before, now you can take it home and explore the galaxy for yourself. STart's demise is our gain. Don't miss out on your chance to get a local legend and add it to your home collection.

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September 1993

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