

NewsBetter Vol. 12

Believe it or Knot, this 1 2 u!

(This one to you)

Okay, so it's not funny...

The X.BAT files.

I remember how it all started, and when to. Making Batch files, that is. It was in Advanced Computers One. MRS Batsin was my, er...teacher for lack of better words. I learned everything that I now have forgotten from my computer junky friend, Eric. He actually knew a thing or two compared to the figurehead, tutor type figure who told us whatt to due and how not to do it. Naturally, we didn't listen much. Learning vocabularly wasn't what we were interested inn. We wanted to make the computer obey us! One day, while surfing the gig of hard space on the local network, we ran across a game called NC snipes. It was the greatest. Our class would pound throught vocab in five minutes to use the rest of the hour to blast each other out of cyber space. But just getting the game up and running took several minutes of entering commands and waiting for the little 8086's to catch up with the 386's. And of course, waiting for the nit wit who typed in the wrong command to find their way out of what ever alley they ended up getting caught in. Someday's, we'd spend 20 minutes just getting the game running. And of course, there were the inevitable lock ups. When the network had a full day and was lagging, we mostly likely didn't play NC snipes, but anyother game we could find.

That's when Eric told me about something called a batch file. A text file that would run a set of commands. Anybody could make them and they didn't need a compiler to make!!! Awesome! With a little learning from the great master, I was hacking out Batch files to do anything and everything from starting word processors to do more complex things such as getting NC snipes up and running. I quickly uploaded my NC snipe Batch file to all the other machines so everyone could play with just a press of a key. Eric and I soon were famous for our magical files, and soon we started charging for our expertise. However, after a couple of weeks, Eric was falling too far behind my talents, so I bought him out. Now the batch file world was my monopoly! Soon, I was locking the "Teacher" out of the Network and any other kid that made me mad or hadn't paid up. I soon acquired System Operator rights by making a batch file that grabbed passwords, changed them to the ones I specified, and then logged me in until I was done reeking havoc, then changed the password back, deleting all signatures that I had even been there while making false signatures on other computers at different addresses on the Network and making up false records such as I had been typing on a word processor. But I didn't stop there. I batched my way into the office information and put in an order for internet access with unlimited hours. Two days later, the phone company

showed up to install the Net lines and I was up and running, only going farther distances. I started hacking out a batch file that made a batch file to get me on the 'Net. It set up a fake account, made false usernames, covered all my tracks and of course, charged it all to an "unknown" credit card. (I saved the school a fortune by doing it that way.) With all the internet information at my command, (Or rather my batch file command) I was stopless! I got the school brand new computers (Free of charge, of course). And now I was invincible! I made a batch file that did my homework assignments by pulling information off the 'Net and if it couldn't do that (which was very rare) it automatically reconfigured my grades that the teachers kept on the local network. Then I made one that started making predictions of what the teachers would assign for the day so I could get a head start on it. Then it grew into predictions for a week, then a month, then the nine weeks. I had all my assignments completed for the year and now could spend quality time in the computer room building new files. That's when something weird happened. The assignment batch file started demanding more input to make its predictions. I searched through the thousands of lines of script until I found out why. It was adding on to its self! Soon it was spitting out predictions about the Pfennig for German class and Wheat prices for Vo-ag and then it started spitting out predictions for the stock market. Of course, the whole time it was demanding more and more input. Soon I was telling students how long their "steadies" would last, what clothes they'd wear for the next week, what the President was going to do and the price of tea in China. The electric company had to switch over to Nuclear power just to keep up with my prediction batch file when it started calculating. And lights dimmed for states around even then. But these predictions became child's play when it started spitting out how to change the events of the future. WE WERE COMPLETELY INVINCIBLE!!!!

Eventually, we had formulated a plan to buy out Packard Bell, Compaq, Hewlett Packard, Interplay, and eventually Bill Gates and his MicroSofties. We were well on our way to becoming the rulers of the World and possibly beyond!!!

Unfortunately, I'm not allowed on the local Network now, or the school computers at all. I'm learning how to use the pen again and my own brain, but it's a long slow recovery. They side tracked me by holding a paint ball competition, which of course I knew I was going to win. I'm recovering pretty good, really. After all, I knew they'd take my rights away. We just miscalculated the exact time because the orange juice company found out that the calories were off by two. I guess not everything is absolute! But soon I'll be back. Someone left a notebook computer at the library and I made a batch file to override the passwords and change them to my own and then it would... By MRW

The idea for this story came from the story "The cash flow that ate Toledo" by John Phipps in the mid March issue of the Farm Journal. Page 32.

Saying of the Week...

Confucious say...ings of the week.

"Man who stand on toilet, high on pot!"

"Man who lives in glass house should change in basement"

"Man who sit on tack get point!"

and "People who make Confucious joke speak bad English."

Current News Updates:

July 4, 1993. It rained.

July 9, 1993. It rained. Crazy ones rafted Saline at flood stage.

March 21, 1996. Got ready to leave for Keystone Colorado to go skying. No, skieing. No, Sking. No, ah, forget it! That's right people. On March 22, 1996, S.I. Software is holding a company meeting for all of its sub companies. (Yes, MRW Programs Anonymous is one). For more information, wait til next issue. BYE!

Kari Malsom dropped by March 15 and hung around a couple of days. Dennis, Walter, and MRW helped (but failed) the Malsom Implement shop upgrade all day that Saturday.

Glenn, Richard, Cody, Gary, and Curtis, (did I forget anyone?) had a campout on Tuesday night. (The 19th) MRW dropped in to say hello and was quickly thrown in the fire, so he left. It is my understanding that they had fun. I do have one word of advise. To keep a tent warm, don't just throw hot coals on it!!!! (Just joking) (Would I do anything but?) (OF COURSE, NOT!)

What is this I see?
 Oh can it be?
 Yes, beyond belief,
 It gives me grief!
 It makes me tremble,
 and feel squeezed at my temple!
 My stomache starts to queeze,
 and my lungs, wheeze.
 My fingers begin to rust,
 as I pull the keyboard from the dust.
 I try to type,
 But it don't understand all that hype.
 Oh, what to do?
 It's like gum under a shoe!
 OH! WHAT TO DO?
 There's no DOS or OS/2,
 but graphics I do view!
 Now it's gonna' be hard to hack,
 For I'm sure they've given me a MAC!!!!
 But the logo says "compaq",
 Then I realize, this Jive
 Is Windows '95!