

"All the Exaggerations
That's Fit to Flaunt"

Gabrenya/Wang News

International Edition
Florida: Balmy, breezy,
intensely boring. 50% chance
of redneck violence on
Saturday nights.

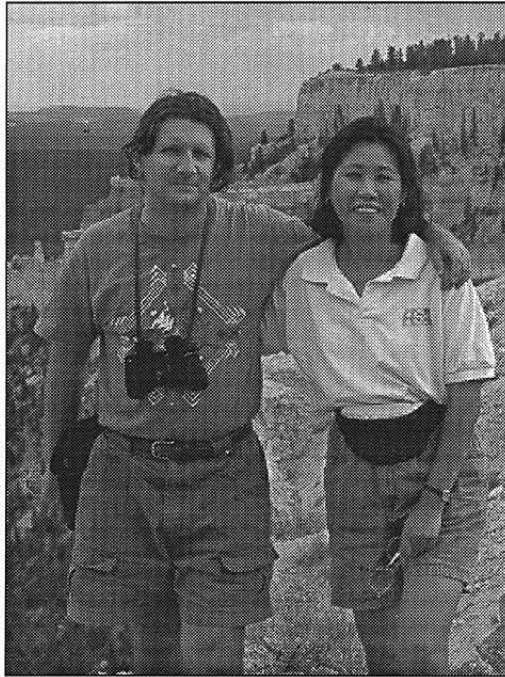
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NOT A CHRISTMAS LETTER

PRICELESS

Yue-eng Seeks Final Frontier

Harrisite_ville, FL—General Manager of the *G/W News* staff, Yue-eng (perhaps you think she is "Gail") moved to a new project during 1996 within the large multinational electronics corporation

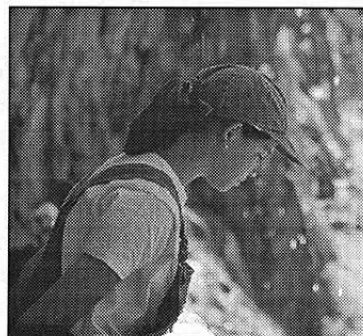


Bill and Yue-eng as last seen before the accident. (Bryce Canton NP)

that suckles most of south Brevard County. She's writing software at Harris Corp. to support satellite imaging and mapping using new 3-D methods that can determine the altitude of planetary surface features. Previously, she worked at a Harris facility closer to the Cape on a new telemetry system for Shuttle and unmanned launches. [Harris has assured the *G/W News* that they are spending our tax dollars enthusiastically and that this still-unfinished launch software cannot be implicated in the recent Delta 2 disaster.] One common feature to all of her work, besides the intriguing manner in which our taxes are recycled to pay for groceries, is the incessant use of *trigonometry*. Who woulda thought? Another is the marriage-wrecking manner in which she coolly informs the male computer-nerds on the *G/W News* staff that the machine on *her* desk has 320 Mb of RAM and *hers* has a video camera and ... can you feel their pain?.

When asked by staff members for an intriguing quotable quote for this story, she yelled, "*Nî shì bèn dàn!*"¹ But hey, she do *luv* her Maxima and she do drive it *fast!*

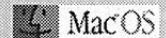
Comments on Yue-eng's life? Send to:
gwang@harris.com



After the accident: little evidence of remorse.

EDITORIAL

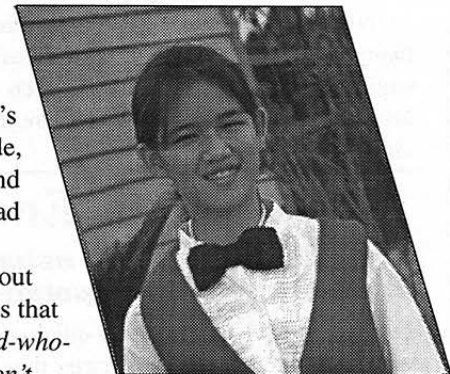
This 7th edition of the *Gabrenya/Wang News* is the first one published for a few years, so it shall serve as your Christmas/Kwanzaa/Chanuka card for this year, last year, and perhaps next year. The *G/W News* staff would like to make it clear that this is not a "Christmas letter" such as has become common in middle class America during the late 20th Century. Christmas letters are below the dignity of the publisher, so full of gag-me-wit d'spoon family triumphs, agonies, personal revelations, and all sorts of hand-wringings and angst about the human condition. Rising above this lumpenproletariatesgeschit-ten, this publication is designed to mix lies and half-truths in a manner that will leave you as confused about our lives as we are.



Girl Becomes Woman, Musician

Dragon Hold, Pern—Anny is blossoming as a young woman and an intellectual in her first year of Junior High School. Her piano skills lend a sense of culture and civilization to the otherwise primitive *G/W News* offices (but see "A Boy..." page 2). She won the fiction writing award for 6th grade last year (but who's bragging) and she reads and reads and reads. (So what if it's blood-and-gore sci-fi.) After years of abstinence, she discovered the computer

and plays simulation games intensely, mainly the *Sim* series. Afterwards, she applies Oxy as directed. She's First Trumpet in the 7th grade, gets straight A's in school, and takes 9th grade French instead of the State Mandated Filler Class. She asks questions about the world and its peculiarities that no one can answer, even *Dad-who-knows-it-all* and *Boy-who-don't-care*. We suspect she is a Democrat, not a mean Republican. In response to requests by the staff for information about her love life, she said, "I don't gotta love life!" and "this article came from my Dad's twisted mind," but good psychologists never never believe anything anyone says out loud. However, the staff nonetheless warns potential suitors to file Form 17Gli³ before requesting a date.



After reading Hitchhikers's Guide to the Galaxy

¹You are a dumb egg.²

²You are an idiot.

³Form 17Gli: Request for emasculation.

Year in Review

G/W-Corporate Shares Up

AP Wire Services—Affiliates of the *G/W News* reported favorable gains on several fronts over the last year. **Bill and Rose**

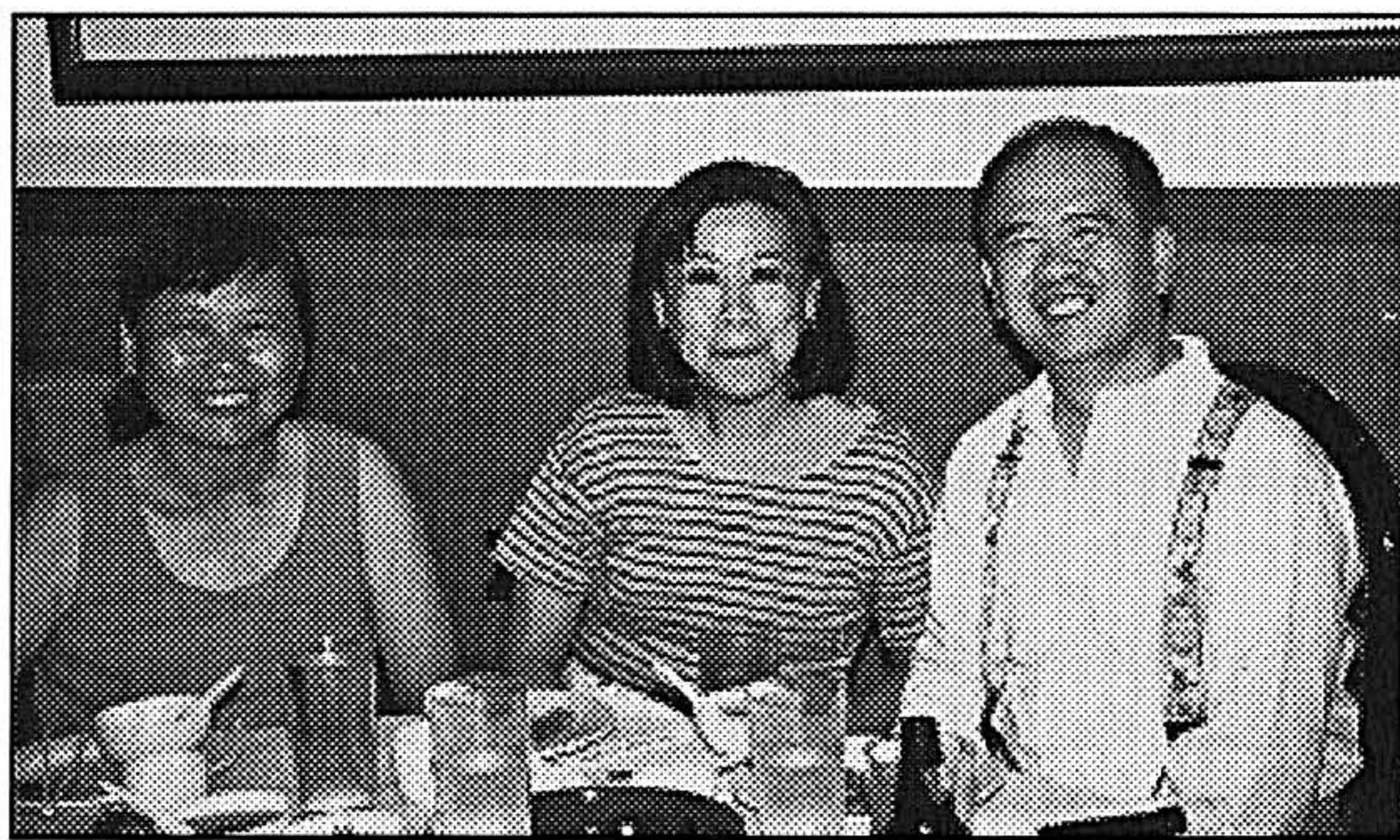


Gabrenya celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary during summer 1996 with a series of events culminating in a surprise party at **Marilyn and Chuck Basich's** house. Please stop in to see *The Book*. As reported in previous issues of this rag, they still relentlessly out-party and out-actualize their kids' families, often at their snowbird nest in Naples, Florida. In the great

Before the divorce.

American spirit of "buy a house, buy a school", **Mark and Wendy Gabrenya** moved to the upscale Boston suburb of Lexington where **Alison** (8) is an aspiring Broadway singer while **Matthew** (5) has his hopes on professional kick-boxing. **Steven**

Jobs has returned to Apple as a consultant following the merger of Apple and NeXt. The charming **Chang** girls are headed for great things as



Three Lee, 1996: Yue-mei, Yue-eng, Bao-fa

Pauline interns in optometry in San Diego and **Patty** scrambles for NBC in Los Angeles. **Winston Ho**, incipient heartthrob for many a maiden but don't tell his mom!, is about to finish his engineering degree at UCLA. **Karen Basich** finally married Michael Betley in 1996 and they are just months away from the ultimate degradation.

Bill Seeks End of Time

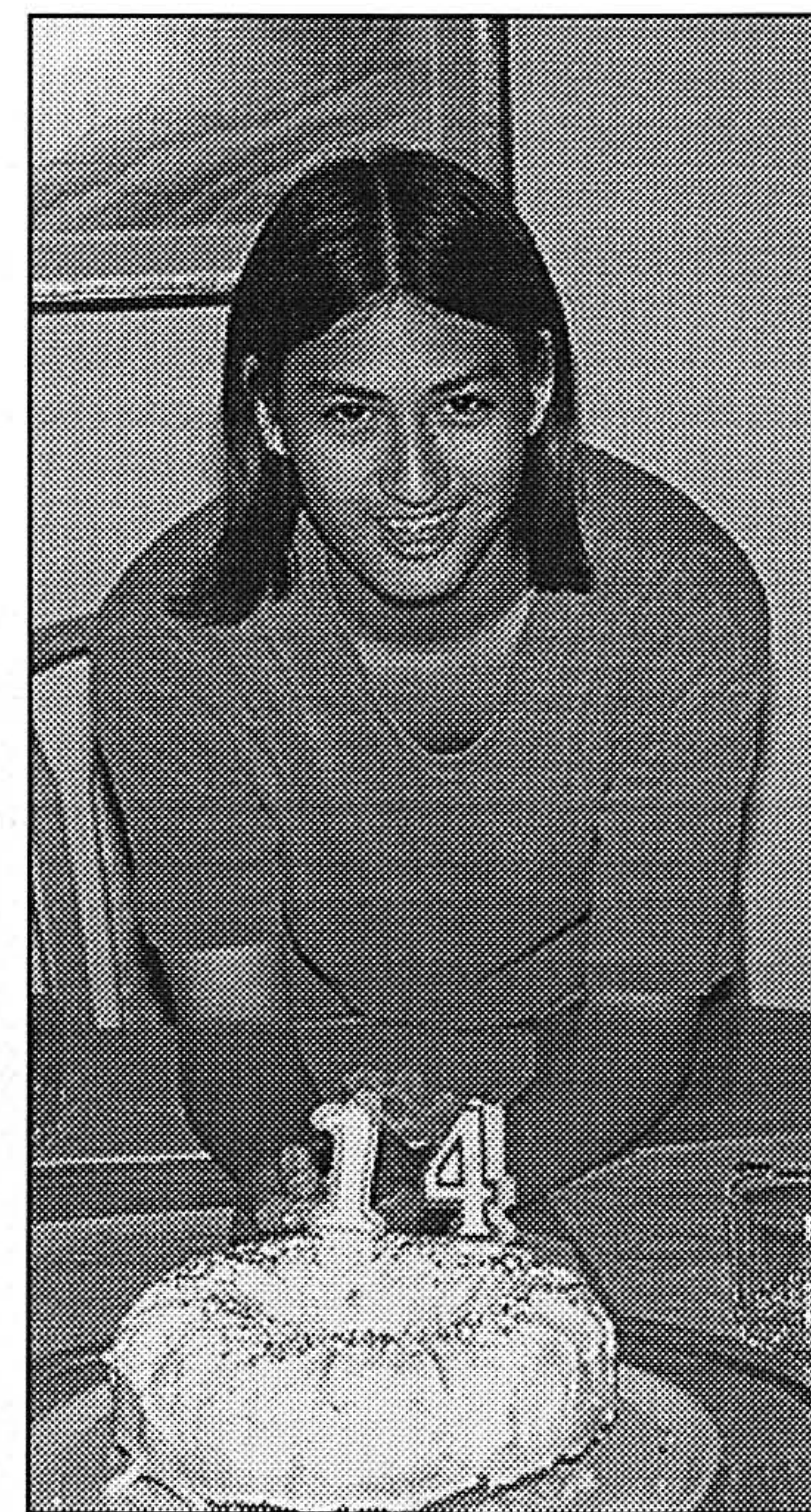
Bedeviled by zero-sum nature of time and angered by rise of corporations, he protests...

Fat Farm, FL—Harassed by quick-witted children, goaded by a wife who's demonstrably smarter than he is, Bill stumbled into middle age bedeviled by difficult questions such as "whither the Mac OS?" and "China with a blue-water navy?" Still "teaching" his off-center brand of Psychology at Florida Tech, he passed off his Undergrad Directorship to a different fool and then filled 150% of the recovered time by accepting the editorship of the *Cross-Cultural Psychology Bulletin*, a magazine published by the International Assn for Cross-Cultural Psychology. (see <http://www.fit.edu/CampusLife/clubs-org/iaccp/>) Drawn by the warm evil of CRT emissions, he did the '90s Webmaster thing (cool!) for IACCP (ibid.) and others (follow the links). He has discovered

Boy: Me & My Guitar R 1

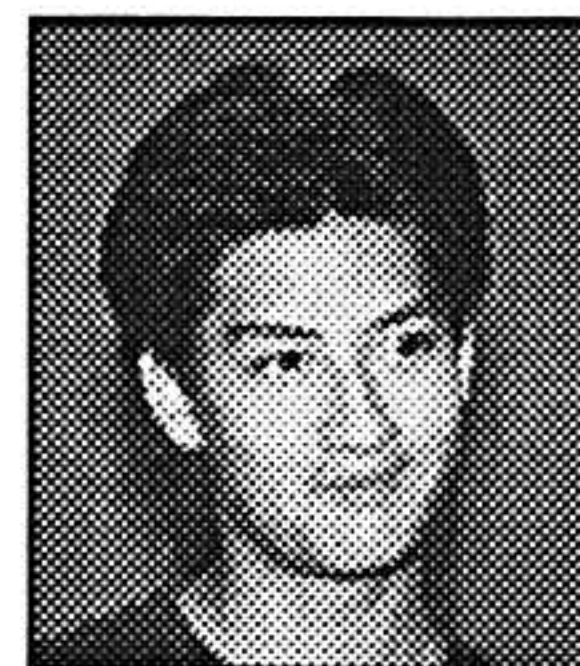
Rock-n-Roll, Kurt Cobain, Web said to warp staff member, but office is well-insulated

Seattle, WA—Revealing its strong commitment to the principle of public, universal education, the *G/W News* staff sent Bill III to a private Catholic school in 1996, abandoning the chaos of the public Junior H.S. at which sister Annamarie still coasts. Bill was pleased at the opportunity to wear a uniform and abide by the strict hair, dress, and demeanor rules of the school, and do a (quote from boy: "shit load") of homework. He's done quite well and the staff voted in November to stop locking his door from the outside. He appropriated old Dad's old electric guitar and embezzled Staff funds for a too-powerful amp after passing the trumpet along to sister. At the advanced age of 14.8, he bemoans the passing of the golden age of Seattle alternative rock. His goal is to go to college in Seattle (smitten by a brief staff retreat there in 1995), because he thinks it's cool there anyways despite the corruption of Pearl Jam.



BD Boy (before dress code)

When the boy isn't leaning on the distort button (his walls were insulated in 1992; see *G/W News*, V5) he's surfing the Web for shareware game updates or lost in the bowels of a medieval simulation (played *Taskmaker* recently?), begging censure by the staff for overuse of its equipment. Revealing fundamental generational differences, he can manipulate the Mac OS at quite incredible speed and dexterity. When interviewed for this article, his only recognizable utterance was "I broke another string." He wants to drive *real* bad.

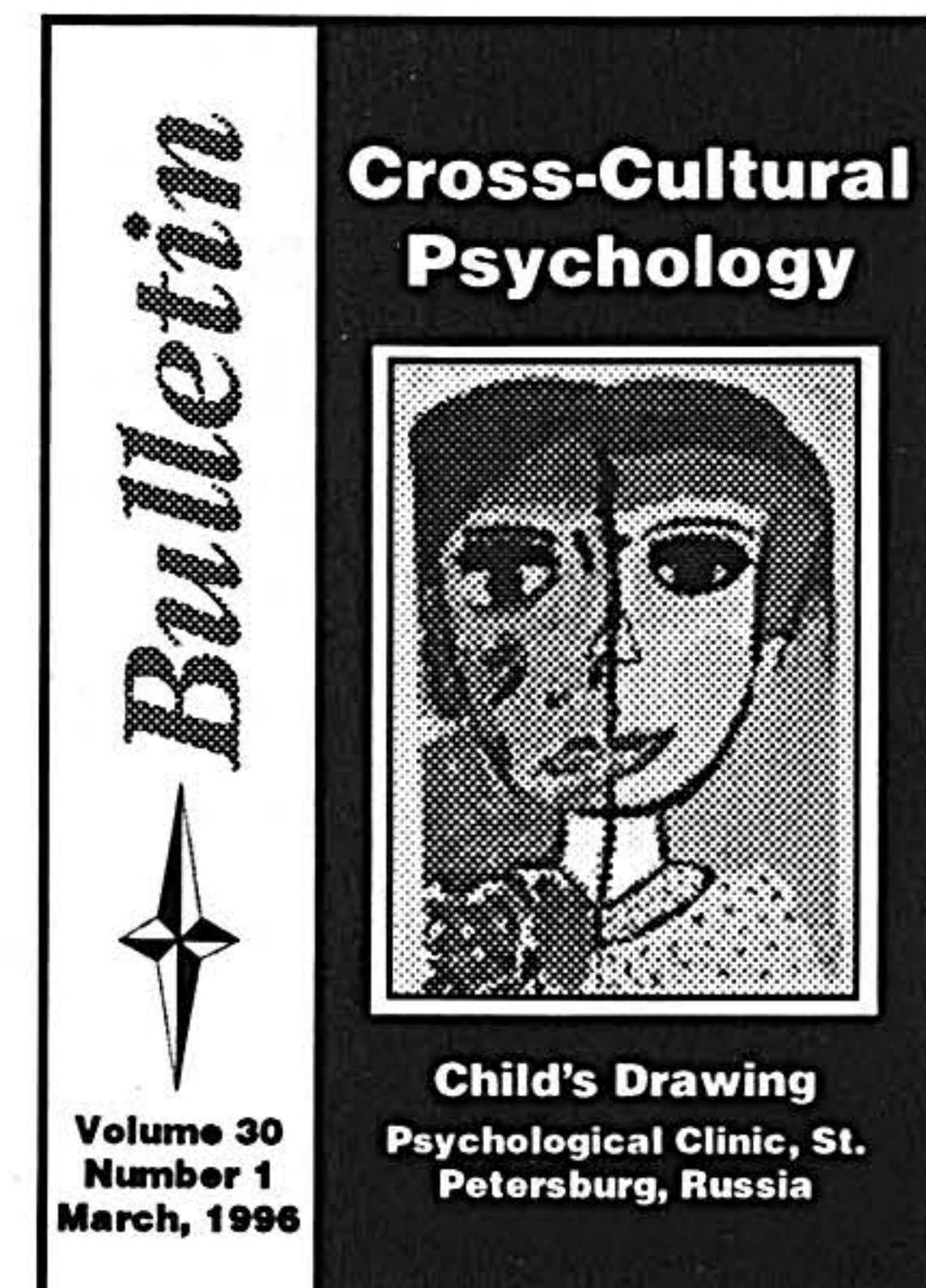


After...

Tell the Bills to cram it at: gabrenya@fit.edu

designer beer. His avocation-by-moonlite, writing commercial software, has migrated regrettably to Wintel as he contemplates the NeXt step. Meanwhile, in more positive news, his exotic fruit trees are generally prospering. Free carambola to all visitors!⁴

In Summer 1995, other staff members pronounced him six months pregnant, and a fine camping trip in the American Northwest motivated him to finally seek the secret of weight loss, which is thus: eat less, exercise more. Replacing fat with hair, he is now virtually unrecognizable, "a weird aging-rocker thing" according to one sassy staffer: "I protest multinational corporatism and Bill Gates."



⁴Offer good until arbitrarily retracted. Additional restrictions may apply. Requires mandatory air-boat ride.

