

The Aspect Xmas Diary

So what shall we begin with in our Xmas edition? Covid? Brexit? Gas prices? Shortages? Climate change? People glued to the M25? Windows 11? Honestly, it's like the conveyor belt on some dystopian version of the Generation Game.

Let's begin on a positive note! Nikki continues to put us all to shame by attempting a challenge a month, be it running, climbing, giving up chocolate or whatever. To those of us for whom getting out of bed on a Monday remains a challenge, it really does make us feel a bit pathetic. But again, just not quite pathetic enough to emulate her. And certainly not on the chocolate thing. Puhleeeeeeze.

But going back to Win11, you may be interested to know we sold our 1st Win 11 PC within a week of it launching. (We know you're not remotely interested, but it fills a few lines. Give us a break). The computer came out of the box with the option to upgrade to 11, so we asked the end user if she wanted to go for it & - with the barest hint of a 'gulp!' - she said yes. We're tempted to say it all turned out to be less exciting than you might've anticipated, but since there's probably no level of excitement low enough to match your anticipation, we'll just draw a line under the subject.

Trying to trace a missing consignment coming in from the Far East, we referred to their FAQs on the subject. At the bottom, where most websites would ask for feedback with buttons marked Helpful or Not Helpful, this site had Helpful & Helpless. A perfect antonym ... & yet not.

We'll gloss over Black Friday, as we do every year, since it winds us up so much. (This year, one of the offerings from our suppliers guaranteed not to make us go 'Ooooh!' was a computer case fan. WTH?) While there's any amount of rubbish we could readily buy, the stuff we really want is still like rocking horse manure. Specific (but very ordinary) monitor we were looking for? ETA 2029 & no, they don't mean just before half 8.

We'll end with a client's slip of the tongue which did make us laugh. She was requesting we disable access for a leaver. Checking her list of things to be removed, she eventually said "oh, you know - you've turned people off before." Yep, that's me. The human repellent.

And that's it for this issue & this year. Our best wishes for what we hope will be a festive season this time round.
xx



The Last Laugh



The Aspect Newsletter

Issue 53 - Christmas 2021



Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat

... please put a pay rise in an HGV driver's hat.

Welcome to the Christmas edition of the newsletter, which we hope finds you in good health. Well, mostly we hope it *finds* you, full stop. We're still mailing to your offices; we're just hoping you'll be there at some point before Christmas to grab it.

The Autumn quiz was clearly tremendous fun for you, and we had numerous people proudly emailing in saying (spoiler alert) "Championnnn the Wonder Horse!" which, since some of them had no memory of the programme itself whatsoever, just proves the longevity of a catchy tune. The quiz this time takes you to the movies, and should be fun for all the ... office? (You can take it home to the family if you prefer).

Our Christmas story this year imagines a support group for fairy-tale technophobes. It, and all the other stories from years gone by, are on the website for a limited period.

As we always do at this time of year, we'd like to thank you for your business in the last 12 months. We've never taken it for granted, not from day one, and with the challenges you've all faced in the last couple of years, we're even more grateful to still be able to support you. And if we can bring you some smiles along the way, even better.

Have a happy, healthy Christmas & New Year

What's inside

Breaking the rules It's permissible if you didn't set them	2
Broadband blues Could you download 48 Hours in less than 48 hours?	2
Windows 11! No, it didn't go away. But will your computer run it?	7
Just because you're paranoid... ... it doesn't mean they're not out to get you	7

Regular Features	
ABC FAQs	2
Quiz page : Movie Pictionary!	3
The Aspect Christmas Story: Technophobes Anonymous	4 5
Vassilly's Xmas Blog	6
Helpdesk of Horror	7
Aspect Xmas Diary	8
The Last Laugh	8



Aspect Business Communications Ltd
Unit 14 Brynmynyn Business Centre
St Theodore's Way
Brynmynyn Industrial Estate
BRIDGEND
CF32 9TZ
Tel 08458 277 328
Email enquiries@aspectbc.co.uk
www.aspectbc.co.uk
Registered in England & Wales
Co reg number 6476805



Aspect BC FAQs

The emails in my Inbox and Sent Items look really weird. They're double-spaced and the font is really basic. What's going on?

This was a genuine support request we had in Oct, and it did flummox us for a bit. The answer only became evident when we remoted onto the computer.

Where an email ought to have looked like this:

The quick brown fox jumped
over the lazy dog

Instead, it looked like this:

The quick brown fox jumped
over the lazy dog

(And yes, it was suddenly in the middle of the page too).

Here's the culprit:



It sits next to the Read Aloud button, and they're both intended to help improve your reading skills. Which is fine if you know you've selected them, but if you hit one accidentally, it will only serve to freak you out. Just click it again to turn it off, or depending which screen you're in, the option may be to [Close Immersive Reader](#).

I've been getting a lot of scam texts on my mobile. Can I do anything?

Yes, you can report them by forwarding the texts to 7726 (which spells out SPAM on your keypad).

What's this monthly digest report from Microsoft Viva that's started turning up?

Did you used to get a MyAnalytics (Wellbeing) report? (Did you care?) Well Viva replaces it. Like Cortana, it's supposed to make you more efficient. I confess I was actually quite proud of my October insight ..

Insight of the month

October 3 – October 30

You typically have less than 5% of your week spent in meetings. That's about 0 hours each week. Few of your weekly meetings are recurring.

... I do indeed spend about zero hours per week in meetings, and I'd call that a result! Like Cortana, you can unsubscribe at the bottom of the email. Unless - again like Cortana - you're in Canada, in which case you appear to be stuck with it.



We'd love to hear your comments and feedback. Just email: newsletter@aspectbc.co.uk

(Recent issues are on the website if you missed them).

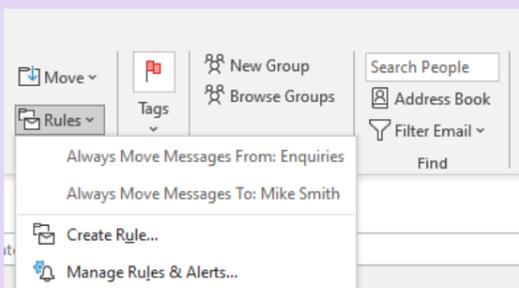
Not playing by the Rules

Going back to our Jargon Buster in the last issue, regarding the differences between spoofing and hacking, there are some simple checks you can do yourself if strange things seem to be happening with your mail.

There are two main things that a hacker will do if they get into your emails. They will send emails as you, and they'll set up rules to re-direct your emails without your knowledge.

So have a quick skim over your Sent Items - is there anything there you didn't send?

Next - Rules. On your Outlook toolbar, just past the halfway point, you'll see [Rules](#). Click the down arrow to access [Manage Rules & Alerts](#).



Rules don't just write themselves. Anything in there, you should've created. If there's something you don't recognise, then maybe it wasn't you who created it. Have it checked.



Or is it more Bungle than Zippy?

We noticed a news item in early December that a street in Swansea is reputed to have the UK's fastest broadband. The street, in the Birchgrove area, could download a two hour film in 47 seconds. For the slowest street in the UK, in Cheshire, that would take 48 hours.

There's such a huge discrepancy in speeds across the country, and while rural communities have genuine and justifiable complaints about the speeds they enjoy (endure), we do note that many businesses still can't get fibre broadband, even in the centre of Cardiff, which is a disgrace.

Certainly, lots of people are still working from home, but if they're connecting to their office systems, the broadband needs to be decent at both ends.

The Helpdesk of HORROR ...

A very brief trip to the annals of Doom this time ...



"Welcome to Customer Support, can I help you?"

"I've been hacked by the Chinese!!!"

"OK, I take it your computer is behaving strangely. Can you describe the problem?"

"I'm getting a message on my screen."

"Is it in Chinese?"

"No, it's in English."

"Can you read it to me?"

"It says the Canon Deskjet printer needs an update."

"Ah. Did you own a Canon Deskjet at some point?"

"Yes, six years ago."

"Did you uninstall the program for the printer when you stopped using it?"

"I shouldn't have to! I've had several printers since then. And how did the Chinese know I used to have a Canon Deskjet?"

"Sir, you haven't been hacked by the Chinese."

"Well if you won't help me, I'll find someone who will!" [click]

"We had this file once, can you find it?"

"Maybe, what's the file called?"

"I don't know."

"Who had it?"

"Not sure."

"When was it made?"

"A long time ago."

"Do you have a printout so I have something to search for?"

"Nobody's seen it in a while."

"Look, I'm sorry, I can't help you."

"Well why not??!"

"...??..."

What word on Windows 11?

Judging by the feedback from the last issue, the 'words' are mostly four-lettered. Gosh, you were *not* impressed, were you?

Well Windows 11 has launched, as of 5 October, so you can't hope the genie will pop back in the bottle. If you've been following the online forums about the release of Win 11 (can't imagine why you might, unless it's to shout abuse at the screen, but hey, you never know), you'll be aware that one of the things that's being mentioned is how it needs TPM 2.0 to run. What, you may ask, is that when it's at home?

TPM stands for [Trusted Platform Module](#). It's a tiny chip on the motherboard that's like 2-Factor authentication for computers. Powering up the machine is Step 1, but Step 2 involves the TPM issuing a unique cryptographic key. If there's a problem with the key (maybe someone stole your machine and has been tampering with the drive) then the machine won't boot.

So that's *what* it is. Now, do you have it, and more specifically, do you have 2.0?

If you bought a new machine (as in brand new, not refurbished) in the last few years, then you almost certainly do have it. Since 2016, Microsoft has made it a requirement to have TPM 2.0 support on all new PCs running any version of Windows 10.

To check, press [Windows]+R to bring up the run box, and type [tpm.msc](#) and press Enter. You can then launch the TPM utility, which will display a few boxes, but the one you want is the last one:



So, if it turns out you don't have TPM 2.0, does this mean your machine won't run Win 11? *We-e-e-ll*, not exactly. Microsoft have quietly admitted that machines with TPM 1.2 will be able to run Win 11, even though any notifications sent to the machine will say upgrading is not advisable.

Big Brother may not be watching, but he's most definitely listening

Now you might be firmly in the Technophobe camp anyway, along with our Christmas story protagonists, but do you really know how scary technology is? Well we do, and let us tell you - it listens to you ALL THE TIME.

Case in point: Steve had a visitor in the office in Oct, got to chatting about fax to email systems. Next morning, at home, on his Kindle, there are ads popping up for fax to email systems.

Second case in point: Nikki and I are chatting in the office about laundry airers. She starts getting ads on her phone for them.

With Siri, Alexa, Cortana et al (AI hasn't really hit the mainstream yet) always hovering in the background, listening and waiting to be useful, you are being monitored continually. We're sure it's meant to be considered helpful, offering up ads for things you're clearly interested in, but frankly, it feels more like carrying your own stalker.

And with Christmas approaching, see for yourself how many things you've had on your mind suddenly appear on your phone, tablet or PC.



Vassilly's Xmas Blog



Yes, yes, stupid Santa suit is back but I am get new photo at least and am able to fix hat at jaunty angle so I am not look like demented pixie this year. Payrolls lady is also give me present to be offering in photo. Do not be full of excites, loyal fans. Is empty prop. Remember she is Scottish.

Thurs 14 Oct

Is Payrolls lady's birthday today so I am give her present. Yes, OK, is prop box from photo, but is thought that counts.

Mon 18 Oct

IT Boss Man say is very busy time coming up and he is need us all to be giving 100%. But I am always give 100%! 12% on Mon, 23% on Tues, 40% on Wed, 20% on Thurs and 5% on Fri.

Fri 29 Oct

Is cakey-Friday again! Whoo-hoo! Today is jam doughnuts. Mmmmm.... doughnuts ...

Mon 1 Nov

Payrolls lady say she is not get many trick-or-treaters on Hallowe'en (is not surprising. She is scarier than any of them). So she is bring leftover chocolatemabobs to Aspects!

Tues 2 Nov

Is much bang, crash, wallop today, because Aspects is get air conditioning ... in November? Payrolls lady say is also do heatings, which is good, because I am have frost on fur this morning. Is much pipework and trunkings, which is my raisin eater. Payrolls lady is ask what is sudden fixation with muesli. What? Who is talk about muesli? (Between you and me, loyal fans, I am think she is get teensy bit deaf). Anyways, I am offering to help, but fitters say they is well oiled team. This is not sound hygienic.

Wed 10 Nov

Mid-week cake-iness! Is lemon drizzling cake today. You are maybe think all we is talk about at Aspects is food. Is not true. Is no end to variety of subjects we is talk about. Well this is not quite true either. There is an end, and computermabobs and telecommmmms is at it.

Mon 15 Nov

Yesssss!!! We are have Aspects Xmas party this year!! We are have crackers and silly hats! (Payrolls lady is ask why I am OK to wear silly hat from cracker but not silly hat in photo. Is good question. I am not have good answer yet, but I will think of one). Theme for party is Glitz and Glamour, which is problem as I am only have Sunday best leather jacket. But black is go with everything, yes! And it is have silvery rivets. Peoples, I am practically ready for *Strictly!*

Tues 23 Nov

Telecommmmms Boss Man is need help on cabling job, so he is tell me I am volunteer. Oh. OK. But he say I am have to take Covid test. Oh. OK. He is produce testing pack and is pull out various bits and mabobs. Ummmm.... I am ask what long stick is for. He say is go down throat for swabbings. Peoples! Stick is as long as me!!! It could swab bottoms of paws from the inside!!! He say I am being ridiculous. He say 'open wide', he is shine torch down throat and he is grab swab

One hour later....

So, first three swabs, I am bite in half. Fourth one, Telecommmmms Boss Man is manage to get near back of throat but I am bite fingers. (He is make big fuss, but is not like it is *lots* of blood). Fifth one, he is manage to swab throat, but I am throw up (no, not on him. But I think Gus the dog is probably not sleep near desk again anytime soon). Phew. I am glad is over What? Up nose as well????!!! No way is he stick that thing up my nose! I am not want lobotomy!! I am wrestle him for stick and I am do nose swab myself. Then I am sneeze for five minutes straight. I am go lie down. Telecommmmms Boss Man is come along later and accuse me of being negative! What????! Is horrible experience! Is he think I should make jokes and be happy-jolly??? He say no, test is negative. Oh. OK. So we are good to go? He say no - he is need second volunteer now, because one hand is bandaged where I am bite him.... Sergei?? You is needed! (*Snh-snh-snh!*)

Wed 1 Dec

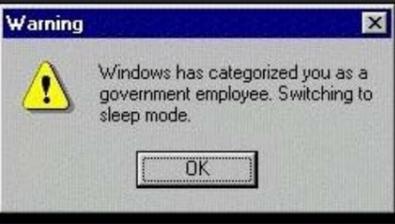
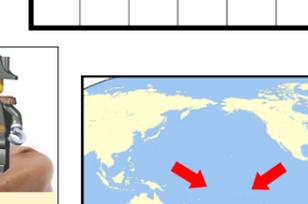
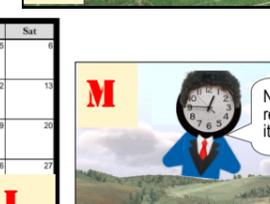
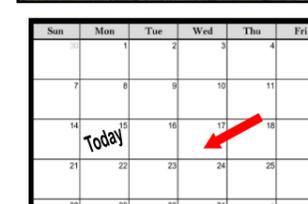
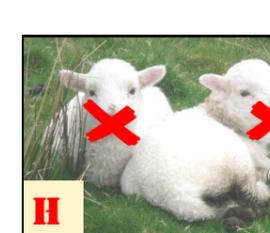
IT Boss Man's birthday. I am wonder if I can get more mileage out of prop box present, but answer is no. I can get clip round ear for trying though. Is time to think about proper present buying, so I am follow golden rule and buy things I am want to have. Payrolls lady is ask if peoples is usually like things I am give them. Give? *Give!* I said I am buy things I want. What is this giving nonsense?

Merry Chrismassabobs loyal fans!

Movie Pictionary Quiz!

It's that time of year when we amuse ourselves playing board games, charades and so on once we've stuffed ourselves too full of turkey to move (though locating a turkey might be the issue this year!) So we're playing Pictionary! Each of the pictures below represents a movie title. Can you guess what they are? (Some are quite easy, some will make you kick yourselves and some are the product of our surreal imaginations and may make you cringe).

Answers on the website, just follow the link under the newsletter.

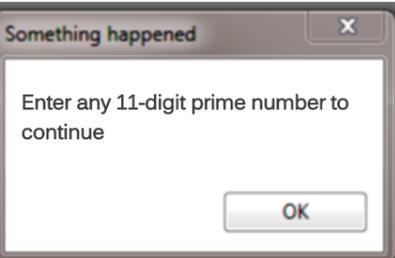


I'm going to sell my vacuum cleaner. It's just gathering dust.

I walked down a street where the houses were numbered 64K, 128K, 256K, 512K and 1MB. That was a trip down memory lane.



Siri, where is the best place to hide a body?
The second page of a Google search.





Oswald stood at the front of the room and clapped his hands to get everyone's attention.

"Hello everyone and welcome to this evening's meeting of Technophobes Anonymous. Can I yes, sorry, what?"

A sweet little old lady in the third row was waving to attract his attention.

"Isn't this Conversational Klingon?"

"No, they have the hall on Thursdays. Today's Friday."

"So I missed it?"

"For this week, yes, sorry."

"Well *majQa'*." She climbed to her feet and edged out of the row.

"As I was saying," Oswald continued, "it's marvellous to see so many new faces joining us here tonight. And just to state for the first timers, there's no judgement here, no criticism. This is a safe, supportive place".

Except lately, he thought. Rumpelstiltskin had kicked him squarely in a supportive place last week, after a discussion about the legality of using a password-breaking program to guess his name had flared into a full-scale row. To be fair, Rumpelstiltskin was capable of picking a fight in an empty room. But anyway, as a result, he was sitting this week out.

Ah, *sitting* ... sighed Oswald inwardly, shifting his stance to try and ease his discomfort. *I remember sitting*.... "Now, who would like to introduce themselves and share their story first?"

Nobody seemed terribly keen to break the ice, but finally one old gentleman slowly raised a hand.

"Yes sir," said Oswald. "Welcome, and tell us about yourself."

"My name, it is Gepetto, and me? I hate technology."

"Hello Gepetto," said Oswald, and waved his hands to encourage the others.

"Hello Gepetto!" they chorused.

Gepetto twisted his hat round and round in his hands as he spoke.

"I am never lucky enough to find me a wife, you know? But so very much, I am wanting a son. I am so desperate that, well, I am a wood carver, you see? So I whittle and I carve and I sand and I paint, and I make a *bellissimo* little boy

out of wood. And he is wonderful, he is my *bel ragazzo* ... but it isn't enough. So then I wish and I wish that he might become a *real* boy. He can discover girls, settle down, maybe have some *bambinos*, *si*? And one night, I wish on a special star and it happens! My boy is real!"

His eyes misted over as the audience gasped. Several of them wiped a tear away.

"Yes, he is a real boy now." Gepetto sighed. "But does he discover girls?"

No, he discovers *video games*! Whassa matter with him? This latest one? Fortnite! And ha! Big laugh, is fortnight since I am set eyes on him! Why can't he find one called Coupla Hours? And he sleeps all day! I only know he is still in the house because fridge is outta food in the morning. I knock on his door to ask how he is, he just grunts." Gepetto threw his hands up in despair. "*Dios mio*, I got more words out of him when he was made of wood!"

"Thank you Gepetto. That was very moving," said Oswald. He turned his attention to a gum-chewing young woman in the front row.

"Would you like to introduce yourself?" he asked.

"Yeah, my name is Sheherazade, and I, like, hate technology, y'know?"

"Welcome Sheherazade! You .. er .. you *like* hate technology? Is that sort of a love-hate relationship with it?"

"No, I just really, like, hate it."

Of course you do. "O-kaaaay, why don't you go ahead and tell us your issues with technology," suggested Oswald.

"Well I tell stories, y'know, to this sultan? Like, I make them up and I leave him with, like, a cliff-hanger every night." She shrugged and snapped her bubble-gum. "I kind of have to, or he'll, like, kill me in the morning, y'know?" She pulled a dramatic face as she dragged a hand across her throat.

The woman next to her squeaked in

alarm, but Sheherazade just shrugged again.

"Meh, it's no big deal. You just have to, like, keep him wanting to know what happens next. Except now, oh yeah, *now* he's got himself a Kindle, y'know? And he can take his pick of, like, thousands of stories. Any time! He was so excited he didn't even remember to threaten to kill me this morning!"

The woman frowned at her.

"Did you *want* to be killed this morning?"

"Well *duhhh*, like, of course not, but he didn't even *remember*! And he didn't ask about the cliff-hanger either, y'know? I'm all, like, 'what about my story?' and he's all, like, 'who cares?' And I mean I left that puppy, like, clinging to a branch over a volcano, y'know? And he's got the nerve to say 'who *cares*?' It's a *puppy* for crying out loud!!"

Oswald scanned the rows, and spotted a redhead he hadn't seen at previous meetings. He caught her eye.

"Hello there. Why don't you introduce yourself next?"

The redhead straightened up and cleared her throat.

"Hello, my name is Anna, and I hate technology!!" she announced loudly.

"Hello Anna!"

"This is about my sister. See, she used to be this really cool person. As in *really* cool. Like, everything-she-touches-freezes kind of cool. And we'd have adventures with snowmen and reindeer, and every day was just so much *fun*. But these days she just lolls about on the sofa with Deliveroo on speed dial and binge watches Netflix. It's all because she's got this Hive app thing on her phone now. She never goes anywhere anymore! Frozen river in the next county starting to melt? She just dials the temperature down a few notches from her phone. Fountain in the square showing signs of working again? Tap, tap, tap, and it's seized solid. Where's the fun in that?! I say to her,

Elsa, why don't we do fun things together anymore, and she just yawns and says 'oh, let it go'."



A forest of hands was raised in the fifth row.

"We are twelve princesses and we hate technology!!" they chorused.

"Oh my," said Oswald, a little overwhelmed. "Can we have your names?"

They looked blankly at one another.

"Do we have names?"

"I don't recall ever having a name."

"Aren't we just the twelve princesses?"

"I think I've sometimes been called the Youngest."

"I think I'm the Eldest?"

"Hunh. I don't think I'm ever called anything at all."

"Nor me."

"Me either."

One of them raised a hand.

"We're twelve nameless princesses and we hate technology! So there!"

What followed was story-telling by committee.

"So we sneak out every night..."

"... though our father ..."

"... the King ..."

"... yes, the King, he's got us locked in our rooms ..."

"... but every morning our shoes are worn out ..."

"... and he's sure we're going dancing ..."

"... but he can't prove it ..."

"... or how we get out ..."

"... so we *thought* he'd offer a reward ..."

"... to anyone who could find out ..."

"... maybe offer one of our hands in marriage ..."

"... or some land ..."

"... or even money, but ..."

"... *HE TRACKED OUR PHONES!!!*" they wailed in unison.

"Who's next?"

A wing was raised in the second row.

"I'm Daphne, I'm an ugly duckling, and I hate social media."

"Oooo," said Oswald, "now I don't know. This is really for techno..."

Daphne fixed him with a beady eye and he folded like a cheap suit.

"... on the *other* hand, social media, technophobia, I can see the connection. Say hello to Daphne everyone!"

"Hello Daphne!"

Daphne settled her feathers and began. "My mother was an ugly duckling. So was her mother, and *her* mother, and *her* mother before that. You get the idea. I'm



supposed to be an ugly duckling. Then I grow up and become a swan. But *no-o-ooooo*, social media says I'm not allowed to be ugly. I put my photos on Instagram and all I get is comments saying 'Eek! Aaaargh! You should use filters!' What's wrong with my photos?" she asked, holding her phone up.

Sheherazade twisted around and looked at Daphne's phone.

"Oooh, like, nice duck lips," she said admiringly.

"Gosh, thanks, that means a lot, *considering I'm a duck.*" She rolled her eyes. "Anyway, this is what I look like and I don't see what's wrong with it."



"Let's call on another new guest. Yes, maybe you over on the right?"

A shifty-looking individual leaned forward.

"You may call me Ali B," he said carefully.

Strange way to put it, thought Oswald.

"Well, welcome ... Ali B. Please tell us why you're here tonight."

"I see you have a whiteboard there. I think I can illustrate my problem with technology if you'd allow me to use it?"

"Oh. Oh well, certainly. Go ahead."

The man named (possibly) Ali B strode to the front and picked up a marker pen. He proceeded to write

&^!(\$%\$!!@! on the board.

"Now, can anyone tell me what that says?" he enquired.

"*Death to the Romulans!!*"

Ah. Conversational Klingon lady was back. Oswald stifled a smile.

Ali B was less amused. "No. Anyone else?"

"Subtitles for Gordon Ramsay?" came a voice from the back.

"Good one. But no. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what masquerades as a password these days. And *that* is why I hate technology."

He replaced the lid on the marker pen with a sharp *click!* and started to pace.

"When I began my ... career ..."

"Just what *is* your career?"

interrupted Oswald suspiciously, throwing half the requirements for anonymity to the winds.

"Oh, let's say that I ... test security systems, shall we? And I used to be able to get through a door with a simple 'Open Sesame'.

But now, if you will, I'm faced with this kind of abomination," he gestured at the whiteboard. "And worse than that, we now have biometrics! I mean I do have a certain reputation for dexterity..."

he wagged his fingers, "but lately, these fingers can't unlock anything but my own phone."

"Hang on a minute," said Oswald.

"Are you saying you're a *thief*?"

"Oh, thief is such a *tawdry* word, don't you think? I prefer to consider myself a ... redistributor of wealth. But technology makes it so *difficult.*" He sighed, and made his way back to his seat. Everyone seemed to lean slightly away from him as he passed, making it look like the parting of the Red Sea. He noticed, stopped, and smiled ruefully.

"Hmmm. 'No judgement, no criticism', I believe you said?"

"Well sure, but you're a *thief!*" protested Oswald.

Ali B shrugged. "I have as much right to earn a living as anyone else."

"It's not exactly *earning* a living, though, is it?" said Oswald, pointedly.

"Look, maybe you should find a different support group. I don't think we're right for you, I'm sorry." He nodded at the exit, but angled himself behind the whiteboard in case Ali B was an adherent of the Rumpelstiltskin school of diplomacy.

But he just shrugged again and pushed out through the doors. They swung shut behind him and there was silence for a few minutes.

"Well," said Anna, finally. "I still don't *like* technology, but you have to admit, it's got its place."

"*Si*," interjected Gepetto. "Is to keep *Signore* B outta my things!"

Scheherazade nodded.

"I'm, like, conflicted, y'know?"

"*mInDu'maj dlvwI'na' maQmlgh vldaj!*" shouted the old lady, shaking her fist.

"Sorry, but ... 'may his gerbil eat porridge'???" a young man in the third row asked, then blushed. "Ummm, I had the wrong day too," he admitted, "but compared to just sloping off home with a kebab, your meeting looked interesting."

Technophobes Anonymous - More Interesting Than A Kebab. As straplines went, Oswald felt it lacked something. Klingon, perhaps.

"Actually, all this gives me an idea for this week's assignment," said Oswald.

"How about we each put together 200 words on when technology might be a good thing?" *But we'll probably have to give Sheherazade, like, 250 words, y'know?*

After they'd all shuffled out at the end of the meeting, Oswald tidied up as usual. He stacked the chairs against the wall and cleaned the whiteboard. As he turned to leave, a thought struck him and he looked back at the whiteboard.

That &^!(\$%\$!!@! had stolen the marker pen.

That &^!(\$%\$!!@! had stolen the marker pen.