

GNU Emacs Cookie Recipe

This is Real! Clip and Save!

[Someone sent this in from California, and we decided to extend our campaign against information hoarding to recipes as well as software. (Recipes are the closest thing, not involving computers, to software.)

The story appears to be a myth, according to the Chicago Tribune, which says that Mrs

Fields Cookies hoards the information completely. Therefore, this recipe can be thought of as a compatible replacement. We have reports that the cookies it makes are pretty good.]

Someone at PG&E called the Mrs. Fields Cookie office and requested the recipe for her cook-

ies. They asked her for her charge card number, and she gave it to them thinking the cost would be \$15 to \$25. It turned out to be \$200!

Therefore, this person is giving the recipe to anyone and everyone she knows (and doesn't know) so that someone can get use of her \$200. Anyway, just keep passing it on.

- Cream together:
- 1 cup butter (0.5lb or 225g)
 - 1 cup sugar (225mL)
 - 1 cup brown sugar (225mL)
- Add:
- 2 eggs (beat with milk & vanilla)
 - 1 tbsp milk (5mL)
 - 1 tsp vanilla (3mL)
- Powder in a food processor:
- 2.5 cups oatmeal (675mL) (5 minute kind)
- Add to processor and mix well:
- 1 cup flour (225mL)
 - 0.5 tsp salt
 - 1 tsp baking powder (3mL)
 - 1 tsp baking soda (3mL)
- Mix in bowl:
- All of the above
- Add:
- 12 oz. (350g) bag of chocolate chips and 1 finely grated 8 oz (200g) Hershey bar (plain) (use RoseBuds if hershey bar unavailable)
- Add:
- 1.5 cups chopped nuts (200g) (any kind)

On a lightly greased cookie sheet, place golf ball sized balls. Space about two inches apart. Bake at 350 degrees for 8 - 10 minutes. DO NOT OVERBAKE. Cookies will be only slightly brown on top when done. Allow to cool before storing in a sealed container. Makes 60.

Sweet Susan's Surprise

Submitter: Sammy

Silently staring at sweet Susan. She saw something simply stunning. Standing selfishly solo, she spied Samuel S. Stanford. Superb specimen showing, Samuel stood stretching, scratching, stroking, sighing softly. Susan's sexy shoulders shivered. She sensed something salacious, something sinful, something suitably satisfying. Samuel S. sent sexual signals spiralling slowly skyward.

Savouring sundry strange sensations, Susan surreptitiously stood, skimpy silt skirt slipping somewhat. "Such splendid stature," she sighed, "Such scintillating scenery." Scarcely seven steps separated Susan. Somehow

she should signal Sam. She studied several strategies. Should she speak? Should she shout? Should she scream?

She started stripping!

Sensing something, Samuel started. Scantly skirtless, Susan stood; sexy silk stocking stretched so Samuel saw something simply sensational! Samuel stared solemnly, salivating slightly. Susan shrugged saucily sending satin shoulder straps sliding surely southward. "S-S-Some s-super s-s-set." stuttered Sam stupidly, seeing sights seldom surpassed.

Seeing Samuel's shattered serenity, Susan smiled sweetly, speaking

soothingly. "So," She said subtly, "Start seducing Sam."

Speechless, Samuel stood stock still, swallowing. Susan summoned Sam suggestively. Sam's six shooter stiffened significantly. Susan swayed sensuously. Scarcely surviving seven seconds silence, Sam suddenly screamed, seed shooting startlingly skyward. "So sweet," sighed Sam (suddenly sitting satisfied).

Singularly surprised, Susan stopped short, stunned. She started sobbing sadly, silvery streams staining shaking shoulders.

"Shit, Sam" she said sarcastically, "Some sensational seduction scene!"

Poem for Artsies on Drugs

100881
Illiterate Corner
jqwryfsjv kjadryt fhadsr wrsaj fha lrekjta
asdjf fahsd
weios nsamfl awekj sjf asltj a dj wh fdgnfdlkj
falkjhfsdf h fnsadlfkj ffne qq alfk
aksdjfh ebrkbh fwekryh asklj 5kjyy akls
qwerh h
werh ewr 435bj aboqqwp[02 wrekp1 e;er

Letter Found By a Germ Staffer

(Hope It Doesn't Belong to You!)

My Darling Heather/Julia,

You want to know how I really feel about you? This is how I really feel about you: The most burning question of our time is... How do I really feel about you? In an effort to answer this fiery inquiry, I'm sending you this true expression of my deepest feelings.

The way that I feel about you is strictly huge, gargantuan, monumental, epic; and bigger than a bread-box. Feelings like this can only be fully felt out of doors, preferably in football stadiums, or great empty places like the Magdalan Islands.

Aside from the immenseness of my feelings, there is the astonishing matter of their long-lastingness. This feeling I'm feeling is no passing fancy, no brief interlude, no mad whim. It makes the Leaning Tower of Pisa look like temporary housing. It makes Gibraltar look like a pet rock.

My feelings for you are definitely bee-u-ti-ful! If I could set them to music, they'd sound like Beethoven's 27th, if he had gotten that far. If I could show them in a painting, it could hang right up there with the best of them in the Halls of Montezuma.

The feeling of this feeling I'm feeling for you has affected me in weird and strange ways. I find that your very proximity can drive me absolutely bonkers, and even a brief view of your visage can set me adrift on a sea of seething emotions. You shiver my timbers, race my engine, ruffle my feathers, clear my sinuses!

There's nothing run-of-the-mill about my feelings for you. They don't follow the beaten path. They avoid the interstate. They're unique! Romeo didn't feel this way about Juliet, Bonnie didn't feel this way about Clyde, Frank didn't feel this way about Bertha. Indeed, this feeling is wondrously strange, unspeakably beguiling, and breathlessly bizarre!

I feel the way that I do about you because of your golden voice, your silvery laughter, your pearly teeth, your silky hair, and your eyes that flash like sapphires and diamonds. I wouldn't trade you for a million... and it's no wonder!

But more important than all that is the inner you. You're so sensitive you could cry if you saw someone peel an onion - on TV! You're so tasteful you could even like your oatmeal flambeed. You're so cultured, you probably only sing grand opera in the shower. With you I can really share the finer things in life... like barbecued escargots or chocolate-covered oysters.

Our relationship is as free as a tumbleweed in a Texas tornado... as easy as breathing (not valid in Los Angeles)... as loose as a hippo in a hot-tub.

And we really communicate. Our cosmic vibes really jibe. Our karmas are kindred. Our consciousness levels are on twin peaks. Whatever you say, I understand - and versa visa.

That's why I know that at long last, I can tell you how I really feel about you. It's been said so many ways, but when it comes to scintillating and succinct sincerity, nothing beats these simple words:

You are the object of my affections, the light of my life, the apple of my eye, the pearl in my oyster, the prize in my cereal box, the hot fudge on my sundae, the cream in my coffee. I only have eyes, ears, nose, and throat for you. My heart palpitates for your proximity. I worship the ground, pavement, indoor-outdoor carpeting, astroturf, and linoleum on which you walk.

And that is how I really feel about you!

(Whew!)

Love Forever and Ever,
John.