

# The Aspect Newsletter

# 33 - Christmas 2016

Official IT Supplier to the



SWALEC Cup Winners 2015



## Dashing through the snow...

... Ker-chingle bells, ker-chingle bells, ker-chingle all the way! Harken to the sound of cash registers eating your last three months' salary. It's CHRIST-MAAAAAAASSSS!!

Welcome to the Aspect Christmas Newsletter. We're having a blue Christmas, as you can see, but you'll be relieved to know that we draw the line at singing it. If you want a musical interlude, try this year's Christmas story, *Swansea Jack and the Beanstalk*. (Yes, we did say last time that it was just going to be *Jack and the Beanstalk*, but we decided it could use some extra Cymrufication. We'll try to circle back towards a techie-oriented fairy story next year). As usual, but for a limited time only, we've put all the previous years' stories on the website.



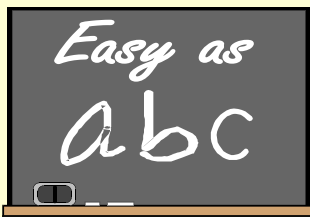
If anyone athkth, I wath out of thtock till after Chrithmath!!!



Between growling wolves and lispng bunnies, we haven't left ourselves room for much else on the front page (result!), so may we simply thank you for all your business and your support over the last year and wish you and yours a very ...

## Merry Christmas!!



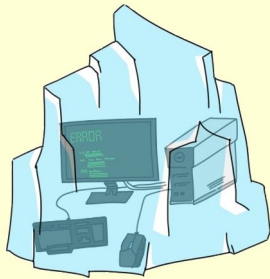


## Tips from Aspect B C

### Q. My PC keeps freezing.

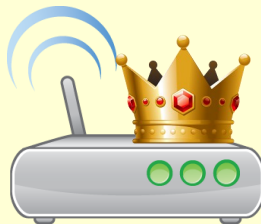
**A.** Well it is winter. Ha. Ha. ... ye-e-es, OK, moving on ... While this can well be a legitimate problem, we'd like to just ask - when you click on something and it doesn't snap to and respond immediately, are you waiting? Or clicking again? It's a perfectly natural reaction to try clicking again. And again ... and again ...

We understand it makes you feel better, but it's not actually helping. Despite the fact that the computer seems to be ignoring you, it is remembering all these clicks you've made and it's trying to execute them. So if it was already feeling busy, now it just feels overwhelmed.



### Q. I did a factory reset on one of our wireless access points and brought our whole network down. How?

**A.** Welcome to the joys of DHCP (Dynamic Host Configuration Protocol). This gives out all the IP addresses across the network, and the point is that only ONE device on the network is allowed to dish them out. Usually it's your file server. But lots of other devices are capable of doing the job, and therefore have to be pointedly told not to. Devices like routers and, yes, you guessed it, wireless access points ....



When you factory reset it, the instruction *not* to act as a DHCP server got lost, so it started dishing out IP addresses. Sadly, your server is the only smart device in this equation, so when it detects something else doing its job, it defers to it and shuts down its own DHCP service, which unfortunately was the one giving out the *meaningful* IP addresses on your network. The wireless access point doesn't look, doesn't care and won't give way for anyone. And *it's* giving out addresses that have no relevance whatsoever to anything. Hence, no network.

So, you really didn't want to do what you did. But we imagine that point has already been driven home to you quite forcibly!



## Tips from Aspect B C



A bonus feature! These are some of the useful little tricks and shortcuts that can save time and/or make life easier.

<b>Ctrl+A</b>	Selects everything. Whole documents, whole web pages, whatever.
<b>Ctrl+Home</b>	Goes direct to the top of the page/document
<b>Ctrl+End</b>	Goes direct to the end of the page/document
<b>Windows+R</b>	(NB. The Windows key on the keyboard is the one to the left of the space bar that has the Windows symbol on it). This key combo brings up the Run command box
<b>Windows+L</b>	Lock the computer
<b>Double-click on the column dividers in Excel</b>	Automatically adjusts the width of the left-hand column to accommodate the size of the largest entry in the column
<b>F4</b>	Repeat the last thing you did in an Office application eg. if you inserted a row in Excel, it'll insert another. And another if you press it again. But it does only repeat the very <i>last</i> thing you did, so if you type something in a cell, then hit F4 again expecting to get a new row, you won't.
<b>Ctrl+P</b>	Print. (Handy if you're not offered a print button)
<b>Ctrl+S</b>	Save
<b>Ctrl+C</b>	Copy
<b>Ctrl+V</b>	Paste ( <i>yeah, well P was already taken ...</i> )
<b>Ctrl+F</b>	Find
<b>Ctrl+Z</b>	Undo

### When selecting items (files, images etc)

<b>Shift + mouse click</b>	ie. hold Shift down and click on the first item, keep it held down and click on the last item:- it selects those and all in between
<b>Ctrl + mouse click</b>	Allows you to pick non-contiguous items. Hold Ctrl down and click on each item you want. Let go the Ctrl button and only those items are selected.

### In eg. MS Word, Publisher or the body of an email:-

<b>Double-click in a word</b>	Selects the whole word
<b>Triple click</b>	Selects the paragraph
<b>Ctrl + ⇨ or ⇩</b>	Will jump to each successive word (forwards or backwards, depending which arrow direction you choose)
<b>End</b>	Jumps to the end of the line
<b>Home</b>	Jumps to the beginning of the line





As the crowds drifted away from the market at the end of a long and humid day, Jack fell into step with his neighbour on the road home. Rhodri was a good lad, but he'd twice failed to make village idiot through being over-qualified.

"Hey Rhod. What'cha up to?"

Rhod treated him to a grin that was more gap than tooth.

"Well, mam said Gertrude wa'n't milkin' no more, so we better be sellin'er. An' I got a really good deal but!"

He tossed a small pouch in the air. It fell back in his hand with a conspicuous lack of *clink!* Fearing the worst, Jack gave him a playful nudge.

"'ere, you 'aven't gone an' traded 'er f'r a bag of beans, 'ave you?!" he joked.

"'course not. 'M'not stupid," Rhod replied, looking hurt. "Traded 'er f'r a bag'a *magic* beans, di'n't I though!"

"Oh no ..."

"Yeah! An' even better! The man what gave me the beans said 'e knew this Nigerian *prince* as well, see .."

"Ah ..."

"... an' 'e needed to move 'is money away from this evil tax-man, right? 'e just needed a bank account to put it in for a l'il bit, an' if I let 'im use mine, 'e'd give me thousan'za pounds!! Isn't'at *great!*!"

Jack grasped hopefully at a straw.

"Yeah, but you 'aven't got a bank account, Rhod."

"Oh no, I don't." *Hallelujah, there was a light at the end of the tunnel...* "But it was too good a chance to miss, so I gave him mam's."

.... *pity it turned out to be an oncoming train.*

"Ri-igh-t.... ummm... ever thought of leavin' 'ome, Rhod? Maybe joinin' the army but?"

"No fear! People try an' kill ya!!"

"Ye-e-eah ... " Jack slung an arm around his neighbour's shoulders. "Might find there's a bit of that goin' about...."



"Beans????! &!\$\*#!-in' **BEANS????!**  
You stupid, **stupid** boy!!! ..."

Jack winced as he lingered in the lane, listening to Mrs Evans. Duw, that woman had a pair of lungs on her. He ducked as a handful of ballistic beans shot past his ear.

"... an empty bank account!! Do you 'ave any idea?!! *Do you?!!* We're ruined! **ROOOO-INNNED!!**"

A rumble of thunder sent Jack indoors, as the rain that had threatened all day started to fall in big fat drops.

The next morning, Jack opened the curtains and was presented with a scene straight out of a fairy tale. (No, not the one where Snow White eats the apple. No, nor the one where Cinderella loses her glass slipper. Seriously? You don't see where this is going...?)

Spiralling up, up, up into the clouds and out of sight was a massive green beanstalk. Twisting offshoots and tendrils were already overtaking his garden and enveloping his house.

Now the voice of reason in Jack's head said that just because it had shot up hundreds of feet overnight, it still didn't mean it'd grown from *magic* beans. That'd be silly. They were just some kind of mutant strain, that was all.

On the *other* hand ... what's a lad to do when faced with an almost-definitely-not-magical beanstalk .....



Although the tendrils gave lots of hand and foot-holds, it was still a long, long way up and Jack was exhausted when he finally emerged above the clouds and saw a lush green land stretching away into the distance. Reaching out with one wobbly leg, he was relieved to find the ground was good and solid, and gratefully face-planted onto the grass. After taking a few minutes to catch his breath, he hauled himself upright and struck out towards a structure that he could see on the horizon.

As he drew nearer, he could see that it was a castle. Now big castles weren't new to him - you could hardly throw a stone in Wales without hitting one - but something about this one seemed disproportionately huge. Standing on the drawbridge, Jack finally realised what was bothering him. While the gates stood more than two hundred feet high, what really worried him was the smaller door set into the gates, clearly for day-to-day use. It was more than fifty feet in height.

Jack squeezed through a crack in the woodwork and found himself in an enormous stone-flagged hallway. He edged worriedly past a pair of boots which had been left just inside the door. A measuring glance told him the feet that went into these boots must be longer than Jack was tall. He gulped.

Distantly, he could hear faint singing and music of the *plinkety-plinkety-plonk* variety. He followed the sound and came to a massive wooden door. Jack wriggled underneath and stopped short, scarcely daring to breathe....



Seated at a colossal wooden table, with his chin resting on his hands, was a giant. His attention was fixed on a small white duck which was picking its way across a metal xylophone. As it struck the notes, it warbled along, slightly off-key...

"♫ *What 'll I do-oooo, when yo-ooo-oooo are fa-aaar a-wehk!*" A loud quack coincided with a golden egg rolling out onto the table. Jack's eyes widened.

Moments later, the giant's head dropped onto the table and he began to snore, so the duck hopped off the xylophone and also settled down to sleep.

Jack swarmed up the table leg, skirted carefully past the slumbering giant and tiptoed across to the duck.

"Pssst..."

"*Wahhkk!!*" the duck bolted awake and the giant stirred with a snort. Jack and the duck both froze for a beat till the giant's breathing evened out again.

"*Waahhkk* you want?" quacked the duck.

"Is that really *gold*?" whispered Jack in awe, pointing to the shining egg.

The duck preened.

"Yup. 24-carat. I'm an amazing bird, me. I can tap dance while playing the xylophone and I know all the words to every Frank Sinatra song ever."

"Wow," breathed Jack. "You 'ave got to come with me. We'll make a *fortune!*"

"Holy-moly," declared the duck, doing a web-footed shuffle. "Broadway here I come! ... ♫ *Start spreadin' the news!! ... I'm leavin' to-daaaay!!!!* ♫"

"Shutupshutupshutup!!" Jack frantically tried to shush her, but it was no use.

"... ♫ *I wanna be-eee a part of it, Noo Yawwwk, Noo waahhkk!!*" Another egg hit the table with a resounding *thunk!*

Jack bolted.

The giant jerked awake and peered around. He sniffed. Then sniffed again. He leaned down and snuffled nearer the table top. Finally he picked up the gravy boat to reveal Jack hiding behind it.

"*Fee-fi-fo-fum!!*" he roared. "*I smell the blood of an Englishman! Be he alive or ...*"

"'ere, 'ang on, 'ang on..."

The giant stumbled to a halt, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"Wot?"

"Can't be smellin' the blood of an Englishman," Jack argued. "I'm Welsh, me." He patted the feathers on his Wales shirt proudly.

The giant's lips moved as he absorbed this new piece of information. Finally he

shrugged.

"Same fing."

"Same thing? *Same thing?!!* Well obviously you weren't at Euro16."

"Wot's a yoo-row? ... N'mind.... *Fee-fi-fo-fum!!*" he started again. "*I smell the blood of a .... Welshman. Be he alive....*"

"No, no, no, that won't work either."

"Wot *now?*" asked the giant petulantly.

"Doesn't *scan*, bach. It needs to go 'I smell the blood of a *tum-ti-tum...*', see?"

The giant took a deep breath and began again. "*Fee-fi-fo-fum!! I smell the blood of a tum-ti-tum. Be he ...*"

"No, y'don't say *tum-ti-tum*," Jack explained patiently. "Y'just need somethin' that fits the rhythm. Like ... uh... 'ow about Swansea Man? That'll work."

A muscle flexed in the giant's jaw.

**(Had he been blessed with a better vocabulary, he might have reflected at this juncture on how much simpler life used to be; things trespassed, you went *fee-fi-fo-fum* and then you ate them. They didn't stand about correcting your pentameter. But since 90% of his vocabulary consisted of 'wot?' ...)** The giant rotated his neck till it cracked and ground out... "*Fee-fi-fo-fum!! I smell the blood of a ... Swan-zee-man...?*" Jack gave him a thumbs-up. "*Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to bake my bread!!!*" he finished in a rush before Jack could interrupt again. Grinning, he pinned Jack to the table with one meaty paw.

"*♪ ... And nowww the end is near... and so I faaace.. the final curtainnn !! ♪*"

"Not helpin'!" Jack snapped at the duck. "Quick!! Change to a lullaby!!"

The duck segued without missing a beat...

"*♪ ... so make it one for my baay-beee.. And one mo-rrre .. for the roaaaaa.. ♪*"

As if on cue, the giant's eyelids began to droop and soon he was fast asleep.

Jack slid out from under the giant's hand and lay there for a moment, breathing hard. The duck waddled over and butted him with her beak.

"So c'mon, is it Broadway? Maybe Vegas? Oooh, oooh, I could appear with Celine Dion! *♪ I believeeeeee that my heart will go o-oo mmmmpf-mmmf..*"

Jack let go his grip on her beak and hissed "Will you be quiet! There's no Broadway. No Vegas!"

The duck snapped her beak a couple of times and scowled at him.

"But you said we'd make a fortune!"

"Yeah, sellin' your golden eggs!"

"Oh." The duck's head drooped for a moment, then she drew herself up indignantly. "*He,*" she stressed, indicating the sleeping giant, "*he likes my singing.*"

Suddenly Jack could see his meal ticket flapping away.

"Your singin' is lovely, but," he babbled. "Really. Mebbe just a *lit-tle* bit off-key sometimes..."

The duck fixed him with a reproachful eye. "Listen sunshine. I'm a talking duck. I lay solid gold eggs. You think anyone cares if I don't nail every note?" She flounced off to sit beside her xylophone and sang pointedly, "*♪ Who wants to be a millionaire?... I don't ! ♪*"

"No!" Jack stole a panicked glance at the giant and dropped his voice to a whisper. "No. Please come with me.. er ... what's your name?"

The duck adjusted her feathers and stretched her neck.

"Delilah."

"*Really?* As in ... 'I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window'...?"

"I'm sorry?"

"It's a song."

"It's not one of Frank's", she said, dismissing it.

"No. It's Tom Jones."

"Never heard of him."

"*Never heard ...?*" Jack spluttered.

"But ... but... " his voice dropped to a reverential hush... "*it's Sir Tom Jones! My, my, my Delilah, we'll need to expand your repertoire when we get back to Wales.*"

She tossed her head and sniffed.

"You can certainly try."



As quietly as they could, they sneaked out of the castle. This wasn't especially quietly, as Delilah insisted that Jack brought her xylophone. He'd suggested taking the keys off and wrapping them separately, an idea she had greeted with as much enthusiasm as a recipe for orange sauce. So with Delilah under one arm and the xylophone stowed carefully in his back-pack, they headed back to the beanstalk, with Jack trying not to jostle the xylophone and Delilah offering up more nuggets of wisdom *à la Frank* on the way.

"*♪ There may be trouble a-heeee.. ♪*"

... and there was. Jack was so busy stealing frantic glances over his shoulder, he failed to see the tendril snaking across the ground in front of him.

"*Waahhkkkk!!*"

*Ping-pong-ting-claaanng!!!!*

As far as they were from the castle, they still clearly heard the bellow of rage when the giant woke. The ground shook as he thudded in their direction.

Thinking fast, Jack shoved Delilah inside his shirt as he swung onto the beanstalk. Faintly, from somewhere around the level of his chest, he could hear "*♪ ... you've got me-eee ... under your skin-nnnnn. ... ♪*"

Slithering down as fast as he could, Jack was almost thrown from the trunk when the giant flung himself onto it. Faster and faster he went, but he could hear the giant closing on him, along with Delilah's recital of oldies but goodies ...

"*♪ ... I've got a crush on yo-oooo, sweetie pi-i-iiiiiiiie.. ♪*"

"Please don't talk about crushes!" Jack implored her, eyeing the still considerable distance to the ground. Then he spotted a familiar face peering up at him.

"Rhod! Rhod!!! Cut the beanstalk down now!!!"

One of the good things about being several numbers short of a full bingo card is that you don't concern yourself with life's little conundrums, like "*won't that kill you?*" In seconds, Rhod had snatched up an almighty axe (**look, if I want there to be an almighty axe lying conveniently around, there just is, okay?**) and he set to work on the base of the beanstalk. The vibrations nearly dislodged Jack several times but he continued to drop hand-over-hand until he was close enough to jump the final distance.

Safe on the ground, he slipped his back-pack off, hauled Delilah out of his shirt and snatched up another axe that

was sitting on his log pile (**Yes. Another axe. Live with it**). Together, he and Rhod attacked the beanstalk with a fury, but when he looked up, he could see the giant's feet. They redoubled their efforts and the trunk began to creak and sway.

The giant stopped, clinging to the trunk in fear, and squealed "*No-o-oooo!!!*"

Jack shouted up "Go back to your castle an' leave us alone!"

"Gonna cut the beanstalk down!!!" wailed the giant.

"Yes, I am..."

"*No-oooo-oooooooo!!!!!!!*"

"... but not till you're clear. Promise."

The giant gave it one last go.

"Duck??"

"The duck stays 'ere. G'on now."

The giant sighed and gingerly climbed back up the beanstalk, sniveling as it wobbled and veaved. Finally, in the distance, they heard a grumbled:

"m'clear."

Four more strokes, and the beanstalk succumbed with an almighty crash.

"*♪ Whoops there goooo-es another rubber tree-eee plant .... ♪*" What she lacked in botanical accuracy, Delilah made up for in timing. "*Waaaahhkkk!...*" another golden egg thudded into the grass and rolled gently to a halt by Jack's left foot. Silence.



Jack braced himself. There'd be no talking his way out of this.

"So whaddya reckon to the score last night then but?" asked Rhod.

Jack's mouth fell open. *I have a solid gold egg at my feet. The duck that laid it sings. In fact, to borrow a line from Shrek, it's getting her to shut up that's the trick. And we've just chopped down a beanstalk half a mile high, that didn't even exist yesterday, to stop a giant coming down and turning me into a ciabatta roll.*

So obviously he's going to want to talk about the rugby....

Jack scooped up Delilah with one hand and pocketed the egg nonchalantly with the other. (**Well yes, of course he planned to help out the newly-bankrupted Evanses, but secretly. And just the one eggs-worth. I mean, it's all fine and dandy to be neighbourly but there's no need to go overboard, is there?**)

"A travesty, that's what it was, Rhod. That was never a try!"

The two lads strolled back to the house, trading imprecations on the eyesight and parentage of referees, while Delilah looked around with great interest. Oh this was so *exciting!* She just *had* to immortalise her new home in song ...

"*♪ Myyyyyyy kind of towrwn.... ♪ ...?*"

... she waved her wing at Jack in a 'gimme' gesture.

He told her.

She sulked for three days.

"*♪ And then you go and spoil it all by sayin' somethin' stupid like Abercwmcoedpenyllanrhydyderwynysfach .... ♪*"

**The End**

# Tech Support Nightmares...

'Tis the season to seek miracles, fa-la-la-la-la ...



"Tech Support, can I help you?"

"Yeah, the power's out all over town and I can't get on the internet!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but there's nothing I can do about that."

"Well why did I even bother ringing you?!!"

[ah, so you were wondering that too...]

*I received the computer, thank you, but it doesn't seem to come with a chair. Please let me know when this will arrive...*

"Yes, hello ... I've just bought a stolen computer and it didn't come with any of the software or cables. Could you send them to me? And I presume I get the full 12 months' warranty...?"

"Hi. One of your people was here last week helping me backup files on my PC."

".. And you need help restoring them?"

"No, no. I thought it was a good idea, that's all. So I was wondering if you could help me backup my printer."

"Hello, [ISP] Technical Support, how can I help you?"

"Yeah, I just signed up for your service, and now my speakers don't work!!!"

"Well first of all, that's not possible, and second, I can only support connection issues."

"But you broke my \$!@#%!! speakers!!!"

"Look, I'm not supposed to do this, but I'll try and help. They're definitely not muted, no?"

"Don't talk technical to me! Are you gonna \*&\$!!#! fix them or not?!!!"

"Maybe it's a driver issue. What kind of speakers do you have?"

"\*\$!@\$&! I don't know!!!! ... uhhh... black ones."

"Ohhhhh, gee, I'm sorry, we only do the drivers for the white ones. Bu-bye now ...."

"Can't you schedule your server failures for more convenient times!?"

"OK, we need to send someone down. Where is your PC exactly?"

"In the middle of my desk."

"Yes, but I'll need to give the engineer exact directions."

"Oh right, sorry. In the middle of my desk where I work."

"I wonder if you could fix my laptop? It's still under warranty."

"What seems to be wrong with it?"

"My wife got mad at me and threw it in the pool."

"Yes, I've just created a Word document and deleted it by mistake. Could you restore it from backup?"

"I'm afraid the backup doesn't run till tonight."

"Oh. Can we restore it tomorrow then?"

"So click on Start and then Computer..."

"Oh, you're asking too much of me now!"

"Tech Support, can I help you?"

"Yeah, this printer's out of paper. Can you send some?"

"???!!! .... Oh sure, I'll fax some straight over."

## 'Tis the season to be wary ...

(What? It says wary. W-A-R-Y. The font does *not* make it look like it's the season to be Mary. Sigh. Yes, all right, irrespective of the fact that it is *also* the season to be Mary... yes, or Joseph, or an innkeeper, angel, wise man, shepherd, four-legged gate-crasher or arbitrarily designated anthropomorphic entity.... **NEVERTHELESS**, it says WARY!!! Got it?!)

So if we can *please* move on? Thank you. Yes, we're going to drone on about email security again. We know you've heard it all before, but you need to be especially cautious with emails at this time of year. All the usual suspects will be coming to the fore - emails about declined credit card payments, parcel deliveries and payment receipts. All the things that you might genuinely expect to see in the run up to Christmas. And that's precisely why the scammers, phishers and virus writers do it.

So give them a thoroughly miserable Christmas. Don't fall for their tricks.



## Microsoft price rises

Not a title to fill you chock-full of *ho-ho-ho*. Sorry.

We've been warned of significant price rises by Microsoft come 1 January, as a result of aims to 'harmonise' sterling costs in line with the euro. (Maybe they should re-check the dictionary definition of harmonious?)

## Fibre-optic Broadband

So near and yet so far.

Something else that hasn't exactly delighted us lately - we've had a couple of clients who have given up waiting for fibre broadband to ever reach them and have instead gone down the more expensive paths of either leased line or fibre to the premises.

And when Open Reach came out to connect them up?

Well would you believe there's fibre cable everywhere! Running right past their door(s) in fact. If BT would just run it to the cabinets, everyone could have cheap fibre broadband.

Of course, far be it from us to remind you that they wouldn't make as much money that way ....

Humbug.

Comments? Anything you'd like us to include or feature? Want hard copies of any previous issues? Just email me at:

[arlene@aspectbc.co.uk](mailto:arlene@aspectbc.co.uk)



(NB. Issue 32 is still on the website if you missed it).

## Vassilly's Xmas Blog

I am ready to be full of extra crossness this year, because Payrolls lady is put cutesy photo on envelopes as *well*. But then she is point out that only other person who is get face on envelope is Queen. Hmmm.....

Tues 13 Sept

Autumn issue is out, so I am wait for feedback from loyal fans for having extra column .... What? I am not understand. They say I am become too big for boots? But I am not have boots. Aspects is give me loud waistcoat, hard hat, and, if very wet, Bag for Life with careful cut-outs. No boots. Loyal fans is obviously make mistake, so I am ignore comments.

Thurs 15 Sept

I am announce that I am being on best behaviours so I am get invite to Aspects Xmas party this year.

Fri 16 Sept

Bogdan is start book on when I am break best behaviours. Colleagues is make bets from start of Oct all the way to Xmas. Except Payrolls lady, who is put money on today. I am so full of indignatness, I am throw cable across office in disgust. Is pity that cable is connected to Payrolls lady's scannerbabob. She is collect winnings and I am not invited for party again. Plus, now that I am break scannerbabob, Payrolls lady say I must do reading of barcodes. *Sigh* ... thin bar, thin bar, thick bar, thin bar, very thick bar, thin bar, bar-that-is-not-as-thick-as-very-thick-bar-but-thicker-than-normal-thick-bar, thin bar...

Thurs 29 Sept

Payrolls lady is read out article today that say meerkats is most murderous species in whole world. Not so cute in little Santa suit now, huh?! But she is go on to say that apparently we is only kill other meerkats. Is suddenly very quiet... too quiet ... Payrolls lady is look up to find she is in middle of three 'kat stand-off, like *The Good, The Bad and the Ugly*. I am make narrow squinty eyes and claim Good 'kat. Bogdan is flex trigger fingers and announce he is Baaaaaad 'kat. Sergei is pout. Payrolls lady is make everyone sit down and say first 'kat that is move tail from chair is not get paid next month. Homicidal Kalahari 'kats is have much to learn from Payrolls lady.

Wed 5 Oct

Ohhhhhhh, this is not good. IT Boss Man is smile at me this morning and say is nice day to get different perspective on job and be embracing new experiences....

... two hours later....

What I am embrace - in death grip - is camera on end of pole, and perspective is that is long way down. And while it *is* nice day - on ground - up here, wind is whistle up inside of leather jacket, making chilly visit to many important place. Memo to self: when IT Boss Man is smile, run away.

Fri 14 Oct

Is Payrolls lady's birthday. I am remember, because I am keeper of Blog. IT Boss Man is also remember, because he is not want to die.

Thurs 3 Nov

Payrolls lady is begin set up of Aspects Pension but is hit snag. Is Sergei eligibubble? Nobody is know how old he is, and he is not remember. He say, if it help, he know he is around before invention of Windows. (Is this joke? He is around before invention of *wheel*).

Wed 9 Nov

I am tell Payrolls lady that if I am allowed to go to Xmas party, I am give everybody big pay risings, I am build big new offices for Aspects that we is not have to pay for and I am send Sergei and Bogdan home to Meerkovo. She say I am full of hot air and they is stupid promises. Hunh. Is work for Donald Trump ....

Fri 11 Nov

Telecommmmmms Boss Man say robin is in warehouse. So what? Now if Batman is in warehouse, *that* is excite news.

Thurs 17 Nov

IT Boss Man and Payrolls lady is be away at conference in Edinburgh, but they is back today. Also today, Wales is have tornado. Payrolls lady is make weird comment about how we is not in Kansas anymore. I am confused but IT Boss Man say she is have no sense of direction in Edinburgh either.

Thurs 1 Dec

IT Boss Man's birthday. Is drawing of cake on calendar for today.... and chocolate cake is appear! Hmmm... I am make very careful and detailed drawing of Maserati on tomorrow's square....

Fri 2 Dec

Poop.

Wed 7 Dec

Payrolls lady say is time to be putting newsletter to bed. I say if she is let me write it all, maybe is not be such big snooze-fest. She is draw new picture on calendar. Oooh, look! Is of me!! Oh, is very good. Is possible to count every feather on arrows sticking out of chest....



**Merry Christmassabobs, everyones!!**



"I got a Christmas present from my computer.  
It's a coupon for one crash-free day!"



"We're staying home Christmas Eve.  
This year every kid will be downloading  
digital games from the cloud!"



"Mrs. Claus bought me a smartwatch! It knows  
when you are sleeping, it knows when you're  
awake, it knows if you've been bad or good..."

# Aspect Xmas Diary

This first story actually happened towards the end of the autumn issue's compilation. A client's laptop wouldn't power up, just gave 3 flashes of the power LED, then nothing. Well, we know that blinking codes do mean something, so we looked it up. 1st, you have to assign each full blink as a 1 & each half blink as a 0. So you end up with a string like 001100110. Is that the code? Don't be silly. You have to convert that to hexadecimal. *That's* the code. Or, you could do as the client did & successfully take a punt on changing the power adapter...

Women are from Venus, men are from Mars .... We asked a client to choose a password for a new member of staff (don't worry about security- it ended up as something else entirely anyway). What came back via phone message was 'saucer'. There was a moment of silence & then all the men in the office piped up with "as in flying?" while I said "as in cup &?" Says it all really ....

Dave's mobile went AWOL in Oct. One minute it was here, the next it wasn't. With the wonders of modern technology, he was eventually able to track it online ... to Caerphilly. Funny, we thought, that's where Steve headed off to.... There are 2 morals to this story:- 1st, technology rocks. 2nd, never put anything down on Steve's desk.

Our trade press carried a job vacancy for a Scrum Master recently. (Yes, it's an actual IT job). Scrum is a methodology that allows a team to self-organise. To quote:- "Where organisations have embarked on the journey to achieve greater agility .... the Scrum Master is responsible for making sure the Scrum team lives by the values & practices of Scrum....." Ah, truly the path to agility is strewn with utter bo\*\*\*\*ks, Grasshopper.

Corresponding with a foreign tech support dept in the last few weeks, we were advised up front they couldn't promise a fixation....

Continuing with the theme of tech support speaking with forked tongue, we arranged a swap out of a faulty projector in late Nov. The repair company said to keep the remote & the cables, just send the projector back. So we did. The replacement duly arrived but didn't work, just kept going into standby mode. Frustrated, we opened it up. Ah. No bulb. Be good if somebody'd mentioned keeping the bulb back too.

You know when someone is talking techie to you & you suddenly realise they don't know what they're talking about? In a recent phone call, that was right around the point where they described a PC as having a "500 gram" hard disk. Most worrying, they're our new account manager at a major UK distributor. Disturbing.

We knew you'd miss our ubiquitous Xmas penguin if he didn't appear somewhere (besides which, he wouldn't be ubiquitous anymore), so he'll be taking up residence here in future Xmas editions.



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So from him and from us - here's hoping 2017 brings you everything that you wish for.

