

==Phrack Inc.==

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Index...

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Well, as a tribute to April Fools Day (4/1/87) and as a break to the normal grinding speed of Phrack Inc. (HA!), we at Phrack Inc. have taken a break to be stupid, to get our frustrations out, to make fun of people, places, and things, and to be just generally obnoxious.

This issue was delayed due to THE EXECUTIONER who may be blamed for the slow date release of this issue. We currently believe him to be trekking back to his home in the Himalayas to hide with his mom (Saskwatch). Heh... Just getting you in the mood for what's ahead.

This issue is NOT to be taken seriously in any manner (except anything mentioned about Oryan Quest) and is put together extremely loosely. None of the files have been formatted. None of the files have been spell-checked. Don't expect quality from this issue...just have fun. Later.

Taran King  
Sysop of Metal Shop Private

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==Phrack Inc.==

Volume Two, Issue 13, Phile #2 of 10

--><--\_=[The REAL Phreaker's Guide Part II]\_==--><--  
or  
How To/Not To Be Elite!

Written by

Taran King and Knight Lightning

So, you're willing to give up EVERYTHING to be elite, huh? Well, you've come to the right place. We know from EXPERIENCE. We know FIRST HAND. We know because we ARE ELITE (not elite, ELITE).

Some of you may recall our first version of this file which was released years ago. That was when we were young and immature. We are now much more mature and ELITE and you aren't so there. Here's the file, learn it, love it, live it, leach it.

!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()

Real phreaks don't utilize anything pertaining to phreaking/hacking in their handles (Phantom PHREAKER, CODES Master, CODE Manipulator, Bill from RNOC, Perpetual PHREAK, Luke VAXHACKER, VMS Consultant, Holophax PHREAKER, Ubiquitous HACKER, Dr. HACK, PHREAKY Floyd, Broadway HACKER, The Mad HACKER, The PHREAKazoid, PHREAKenstein, Dan The OPERATOR, and ORYAN QUEST).

Corollary: Real phreaks or hackers don't have ORYAN QUEST in their name.

Real phreaks don't get in trouble when people harass their parents (Phucked Agent 04, The Executioner, and Oryan Quest).

Corollary: Real phreaks don't name themselves Oryan Quest if they know that they're going to receive harassing phone calls.

Real phreaks don't look like celebrities (Mark Tabas - Tom Petty, Shooting Shark - Mork from Ork, Telenet Bob - Danny Partridge (200 pounds later), John Draper - Marty Feldman in Young Frankenstein, The Executioner - All of the group members of Loudness, Broadway Hacker/The Whacko Cracko Bros. - Tommy Flenagan, Mr. Zenith's mother - Fred Sanford, The Lineman - Spanky, Sigmund Fraud - The Great Pumpkin, and Oryan Quest - the Mexican cab driver in D.C. Cab).

Corollary: Real phreaks didn't crawl under a fence to become a citizen of the United States of America.

Real phreaks don't go to Tap (Dead Lord, Cheshire Catalyst, Sid Platt, and Oryan Quest).

Corollary: Real phreaks don't piss Taran King off so that they would get a rag file dedicated to them.

Real phreaks don't name their group after a real phreak (New religion: Luthorian.)

Real phreaks don't get busted and come back numerous times (The Whacko Cracko Bros., Dr. Who, Mark Tabas, Holophax Phreaker, and Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't get kicked out of the FBI (Ahem!).

Real phreaks can't speak 2600 in their normal, everyday voice (Ax Murderer, The Wizard, The Preacher, and Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't have busha-bushas (Eric Corley, John Maxfield, The Bootleg, and not Oryan Quest's mother).

Real phreaks aren't religious fanatics (The Preacher, The Pope, The Exorcist, Magnetic Pope, All Members of Cult of the Dead Cow, Mr. Zenith's mom, The Prophet, Lucifer 666, Angel of Destiny, and Satan [Oh, and Oryan Quest]).

Real phreaks don't use vaseline for mousse (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't eat tacos for breakfast, burritos for lunch, and enchilladas for dinner (Oryan Quest).

Corollary: Real phreaks don't need to get the cheese for their Mexican dinner from the government (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't claim to get busted 3 times to make a good reputation as a phreaker or hacker for themselves (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't answer to "Paco" (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't use Maintenance Busy in an effort to unleash with full force (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks can rag on better things than an individual's mom (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks' caps lock didn't get stuck when signing their first message after they typed their first name (Oryan QUEST).

Real phreaks don't claim to know more than 65% of the phreak world (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't have a girlfriend that needs to shave...their face (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks haven't been around for 4 years without accomplishing something (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks CAN'T argue with their parents in Spanish (Oryan Quest).

Real phreaks don't:

- Cash \$5,000,000 checks.

- Card minicomputers.

- Card gold.

- Get busted for hacking but let off due to police brutality (?!?).

- Write books on the topic.

- Say they're from outside of Illinois when working for Illinois Bell.

!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&\*()\_+!@#%&

You, the reader, must understand that this is all written with the very least in seriousness (except that written about Oryan Quest). Anything contained in the file is just poking fun at people without trying to really

make them feel bad (except for Oryan Quest).

To the various people that have contributed various pieces and bits to this file, we wish to extend great thanks for your innovativeness (or lack thereof).

Now, you too, can be ELITE.

!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^&\*()\_+!@#%^

==Phrack Inc.==

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[illegible]

The Phile itself:

When your like me and get bored easilly its veryt hard to keep fuctiong the  
 way  
 your parents expet you to. I would go out with Killer Kurt all the time and  
 dest  
 roy evrything we coiuld find that looked stupid,get drunk off my ass,trip on  
 aci  
 d(like im doing righ now),use the necronimiconm to summon a watcher to kill  
 my t  
 eachewrs my douchbag bratty sister and the fat sickining son of a bitch that  
 liv  
 es next door to me,and my parents would very rarely do anything to try to  
 stop m  
 e. i gues they just thought i was goin throuhg a phase or someting like that.  
 We  
 ll I finalyl hit upon the perfect combination of things to do that not only  
 get  
 your parents to reac, the are a hell of a lot of fun and cause so much evil,  
 cha  
 os, and havoc that Satan will be sure to reservbe a good seat in Hell for  
 you. S  
 o now Here are step by stpe instructins on HOW TO FUCK UP THE WORLD

Step one: Get a large supply of plastic garbage bags, gas or other very flammable shit, and a flamethrower or some other way to light fires from a distance (just to make sure you don't die yourself before you're ready). Also, I forgot to mention, take a good amount of drugs before you start doing this so you'll be able to finish what you start. I recommend about three hits of blotter acid (4-way album cover is best, that's what I use), about 2 grams of weed (smoked), some mescaline if you

ou can get it (arizona is a great place to pick it yourself),and of course  
the g  
ood old american tradition of JACK DANIELS. Most people mix this with coke  
but I  
have invented a new way to do it,which ya do by mixing it with JOLT cola  
instead  
. tHIS (godamn fuckin caps lock key) will get you really goin, you may want to  
use some speed as well so you dont pass out and some ludes or other type of  
down  
er just to keep you balancd well. now make sure you can still stand up (once  
you  
get that far the rest will come naturaly) and get in yer pickup (if you dont  
hav  
e a pickup there is no hope for ya!) and drive. Oh remember to take the gas,  
bag  
s, and light with you.

Step two: Drive to a secluded area and preparew for your assault on the  
armies o  
f the conformist bastards. What your gonna be doin here is summoning a demon.  
Th  
is is one of the waeker types according to the Necromnicon so you can control  
it  
easily in your drugged state but powerful enouhg to actually be of use to ya.  
So  
draw yer pentagram on the ground,get a Slayer tapepl aying (no motley crue!!!  
or  
the demon will laugh its ass off at you before killing you and eating your  
soul.  
Adn thats a big waste of time not to mention no fun at all.) set candles at  
all  
cardinal points and cut a long incision down the lenght of your arm about frmo  
mid-bicep to just before your wrist as you dont want to bleed to death,just  
enou  
gh to get about 3/4 of a pint or so. Drip all this blood inside the pent.,and  
ch  
ant the following:

"YOGGIH PPEDRILS, STOWART EHNTAHL SHILGLI DRAGGULS UOHT!"  
Say this5 times and you shoukld noteice the candles flikckering (hmm i blieve  
th  
e rrUSH is starting to come on nwo, this sucker relly was worht 40 a  
sheet!!)! B  
y the way that shit up there that ya say is not nay kind of backjwards  
bullshit,  
it is the real stuff. I paid 40 bux for my copy of the youknowwhat so i  
oughtta  
know. now where was i o yeah. Onece the damn thing appears thjen you gotta  
estab  
lish control over it real qiock before it start getting any ideas. by the way  
in  
caser you wodering what it will look like it is a big motherfucker approx. 20  
fe  
et tall with green leathery sking. If you get the wrong one it doesnt really  
ma  
tter that much anywayt since youll be dyin soon but it helps. so now get it  
to f  
ly along above yer truck (tell it to be invisible so ya dont have peopl  
starin a  
t ya!) and drive back to wherever it is that your gonna destroy.

Step three: stop back at yer house wreal quick and pick up the follwnng. If

you d  
ont have all this at house then just go by a hardware store and a drugstore  
and  
pick it up. if the owner objects then just take out his kneecaps with your  
crowbar and he wont be going anywhere for a long time.  
30 dozen hammers  
50 gallons of paint (assorted colors is nice but not necessary)  
(jesus this is weird, have any of you ever seen their letters on your screen  
wiggle  
ing and bouncing didnt think so!!) now where was i/  
5-10 tanks of propane  
100+ gallons of gas (for a separate use than the gas i already mentioned)

from the drugstore, or your closet if you like me and keep a constant supply  
of

every kind of drug ever made):

1,000 doses of pseudoephedrine (there we go, i spelled it right! well i've got  
the  
catalog next to me so fuck it anyway, it doesn't mean shit. neither does your  
mama

. i think im getting off track - well then again it is kind of amazing cause my  
fingers are twitching so bad)

5,000 doses of LSD

250 doses of qualudes

600 cases of JACK DANIELS

ok now for the good part. Consume all of these yourself! HAAAAHA! i bet you  
thought

you were supposed to put them in the city's water supply or something! but  
now

you better get moving cause this is all gonna take effect within the hour!

but i

if ya wanna save some to put in the citywater then go ahead, you wont have  
quite a

much fun but who the fuck am i to tell you exactly how to do things.

Step four: Drive to the heart of the city. on the way see how many little old  
ladies

and fag poodles ya can hit. When ya get to the tallest building in town  
smash

into a fire hydrant in front of it. now get out and run like a bitch \*just  
have

the demon carry all the shit for ya\*! and go to the FUCKEN TOP of the  
building

. here is where you do all this.

Make the demon inhale all the propane, and give him the smaller amount of gas  
(the

one i talked about first..go back about 70 lines or so..) to drink. Now hes  
all

set. now YOU have to get on his back. make him carry the hammers and paint  
and

the largest amount of gas. Have him take off and fly all over the city as he  
flies

just throw hammers down at building windows and people and paint at both  
of them

hose too! Now i bet you thinking i forgot all about those garbage bags and  
the fire

lamethrower. Hell no i didnt! with the little bit of propane hes got left have  
him

blow up the bags so they make a giant balloon. now you take the big amount

of g  
as and drink it (after all those other drugs it should be a smnap!) and jump.  
Wi  
th your weight off him and all that propane in him and with that baloon he  
will  
instantly take off straight up into heaven, where he will cause some wicked  
shit  
to happen! As for you, you will fly down and hit the ground, and be goin so  
fast  
that you go right through all the way to Hell. Once you get there all the gas  
in  
you will ingite and BOOM! Satan will be proud of you for sure! a perfect  
ending  
to a perfect day!

[illegible]

Oh, and by the way, the above file was a parody by UrLord, Thomas Covenant.



==Phrack Inc.==

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~~~~~  
/|\ the Neon Fucken Knights /|\
\|/ present with no alternative \|/
/|\HOW TO BUILD A PAISLEY BOX! /|\
\|/ by the fucked up Blade \|/
~~~~~
```

All right, so i mfucken in 40 cols..what's it matter? i just realized that many idoits out ther still dont know how to make one of the greatest anarchiust tools ever, the Paisley Box. This little beauty will do just about anuyt6hing ya want, including:

- Seize operator lines
- Remote control over all TSPS and TOPS consols
- All other box functions combind in oine, includin blue, beige, and blotto

so ya wanna know how to build this fucker and go out terrorizin ma bell..well sit tight, we wont bother with any fucken diagrams cause those are for dweebs (right necro? right!) here we go!

first of all get about 20 lbs of quality drugs and 3 or 4 kegs. you might think that you need this for the contruction of the box but, you don't you take it all yerself!!

this will mellow ya out enuf to follow our planz. lessee, oh yea parts list:

- about 50 ffeet of copper wier, hopfully insulated
- an old (prefer touchton) phone that ya dont need no more
- a honda genorater (don't pay for it, just card it. right necro? right!)
- and one of the empty kegs that ya drank to put it all in. the genarater will fit fine and the rest ya can attach to the outsid if thats your fucken urge.

now for tha actualy construciton details:

oh shit, we forgot one fuckin thing. go to you local hadware stoer and find the guy who owns it, get a gun and blow his fuckin head off (you can card the gun two) this isn't for the box but, it fun and it will make satan happy so yor box will work better.

now with the empty keg and all the stuf we put up there ( i think about 20 lins ofr so up )\_ attach the genarater to all the other shit however ya please, now get some nice paisley wallpaper from your mom 9(steal it if she wants it still) and put it all on the oputsid of teh keg. you now have a 100% genuine Neon Knights approvd Paisley Box!

How touse:

hook that son of a bithc up to yir modem (thats only if you got a 212 cat. if you don't then you are an asshole anyway and the box will blow you fucken house aprt but, satan will be happy.)

now turn yer dam computer on, and when the prkmpt comes up( hardwird into the box of cors! whatdday think we are, stupid? ) type: 666 (space) SATAN RULES (space) MY SWEET SATAN!

then the menu will coume up on you screen and it will say.

- 1) fuck the operator around
- 2) take control of the pentagon
- 3) imitatte boxes (blue, blotto)
- 4) fuck-a-geek

choose whatever ya want, except if ya get tired of it and want to trash th thing type 666 for a choice. the box will sef destructt, yer computer will explod, anmd in its trahsing death throes speak an chant taht will summon satan to take you away to the depths of HELL!!!

use this masterpece proerly, and remember: NO FUCKEN LOSERS!

~~~~~

Call these genocidal systemz:

The Gatest of Hell 555-51325-634637-3

1200 ONLY DAMMIT!

Mephisto's Suicidal Nightmare 2436-234-666 (of course!)

1200 ONLY DAMMIT!

The Dead Fuckers Realm 2436-99-2309

300 only for now (dammit!)

sorry for the sloppy look compared to our usual k00l neat files, but my computer got confiscate d by the fucke n pigs so i have to telerwit this fucker usin a dumb terminal, until i card another! should be within the week!

but don't forget to call the rad Metal AE

201-879-[666]8 9600 baud only (god fuckin dammit) 4 drives with 710 megs soon (we promise this time).

Kneon Nights "We're Rad, we kill children!!"

end of file

i said end of file dammit!

what are you still fucken readin for? hit escape you stupid shithead!

if you dont fucken hit escape i will call satan on you!!!

fuck the dead!

Oral roberts is the anti-christ!!!

oh and remember: this has been a fucken parody from thomas fucken covenant and double fucken helix. Call Thieve's World, the last bastion of free thought: 616-344-2718.

"Whaddya mean I don't believe in God? ... I talk to him every day!"

==Phrack Inc.==

Volume Two, Issue 13, Phile #5 of 10

Phreaks In Verse!

By

Sir Francis Drake And Aiken Drum

Welcome to this file,
We hope you will spend a while,
With us today.
Perhaps you will be enlightened, in a way.

This file is about phreaks,
And hacks. We have spent weeks
writing about people in verse.
You can pick who is worse,
Our poetry or them.

We mean no insult,
And we hope as a result
No one will kill us.
'Cause we wouldn't like that OK?

Shooting Shark

His name is Shark,
He thinks UNIX is a lark.
He can even log people out!
(The legality of this we doubt)
He looks like Robin Williams.
And maby he'll make millions
Writing UNIX software!
(Wolf will tell him what to wear.)

Oryan QUEST (Agent Orange)

Oh! Poor Oryan QUEST!
Many call him a pest.
"Stan", they cry,
"Why do you lie?"
The color of his car keeps changing,
Perhaps its because I'm aging,
But even if my brain is weak
I know he said his car was RED last week,
But today he said BLUE!
Tell me the truth Stan, please do.
But he knows quite a bit,
And if he doesn't throw a fit,
He can be an OK guy.

Lex Luthor

His real name is funny,
(And it isn't Bunny)
But a joke he is not,
He knows a hell of alot.
Of phreaks, and hacks, and little blue box.
Hes head of LODH, a club that rocks.
He's a secretive guy,
But I think we all know why.
(He even made me change this poem,
Oh well. I owed him.)
And no he dosn't sound like Yogi Bear
No matter what Bill may dare
to say.

Knight Lightning

Knight Lighting likes dots, *'s, and slashes.
He sits at the CRT so long he gets rashes.
Making those NEAT title screens
Is the thrill of his teens!
But we all think he's a swell guy,
'Cause he gives everything a try.

Silver Spy

Silver Spy!
He's a conservative guy.
He runs a elite BBS-- Catch-22.
It dosn't get many posts, boo-hoo.
But what other board can you see,
Limericks when you log on...tee-hee.

Bill From RNOC

Bill from RNOC
Is from New Yawrk.
Smarter than the average phreak,
His opinions are not meak.
He designs PBX's for fun,
But he needs to spend more time in the sun.
Soon you will see,
Bill working for NT. (*NT is Northern Telecom for you stupid people*)

Taran King

What a terrific guy is Taran King,
Working on Phrack and runing MSP is his thing.
He's a bit redneckish;
(he won't admit he has a homosexual fetish.)
But of the phreak community he is a piller,
And without him we would wither.
And if I keep patting his back,
Maby he'll put this file in Prack.

Oh no! I fear
The end of the file is here.
This file, about all these people who are ELITE,
Can be followed by one word...DELETE.

sfd

==Phrack Inc.==

Volume Two, Issue 13, Phile #6 of 10

R.A.G.

Rodents Are Gay

Starring Codes Master

Welcome to the first and last issue of R.A.G. This month we will feature a nauseating article about this months feature idiot - Codes Master. Remember, this file is not for you people with weak stomachs and parental discretion is advised. Rated R (for rodent).

First, a little introduction. The purpose of R.A.G. is to seek out and destroy potential idiots, assholes and posers. Obviously Codes fits into all these catagorys. We obtained a taped interview with Codes at his home in Mickey, Mississippi, and was able to get a few truths revealed. Here is a small transcript of the interview. "ME" is the interviewer, "HIM" is Codes.

ME: Nice place you have here. I see your into art. Ah, thats an interesting peice there. What do you call it?

HIM: Thanks. Thats called, "Mickey's Rat Trap". It shows the valiant Mickey cleverly stealing the cheese from the trap without setting it off. Actually, it was quite a bargain, and cost me mere \$250.

ME: Thats interesting. You seem to have an obsession with Mickey Mouse and other rodents (looking around I see portraits of Mighty Mouse, Jerry, Speedy and others).

HIM: Its just one of my hobbys.

ME: Okay, anyway, on with the interview. We understand that you consider yourself, and I quote, "an expert on Primos". But we have seen conflicting views when it comes to the truth of this. Alot of people seem to think you don't know anything, and what you do know has been learned in a very short period of time. Is there any truth to this?

HIM: Uh, would you like something to drink? Some treats perhaps? I have some excellent chees.....

ME: No thank you. Back to the question, are you really a Prime expert?

HIM: Well, I, uh...I guess you could say that. Have you ever read my Prime...

ME: No I havent. Sources tell me that you have claimed you had system access on the Henco Prime on Telenet. But my sources know for a fact that you haven't. Is there any truth to this?

HIM: Well, no...

ME: Thats what I thought. Also, I would like to bring up the little war between you and Evil Jay. You have claimed that the reason you didn't see eye-to-eye was because both of you were working on seperate versions. Yet, we both know that aside from versions lower than 19 there are not too many changes so we really dont understand your comment.

HIM: What kind of interview is...

ME: We also understand that you posted a message on Phantasie Realm that contained the, and I quote, "new 617 Cosmos dialups". Yet these dialups have been around for years and died more than a month before your post. Any comments, Codes?

HIM: I....

ME: Okay, how about your "Real Hackers, Phreakers and Trashers Guide". You made some interesting comments on there, such as, "Real phreaks are mostly pirates" and "Real phreaks dont have handles like Mr Phreak". You obviously didn't take a look at your own handle, but we will skip that little misunderstanding. The thing we find curious about the file was that it was written in January of this year (1987). At this time, you were a member on some respectful systems, such as Shadowspawn. What we cant understand is why a phreak, who is on some pretty good boards, would write such a rodentish file. Comments?

HIM: You know how I feel about rodents. (HE glances fondly at Mickey portrait)

ME: I see. How long have you been hacking a phreaking?

HIM: Uh, about a year or les...

ME: I see. Is it true you were an infamous TMC code poster last summer, sometimes posting up to 30 TMC codes per message, but never anything else?

HIM: HEY, NOW WAI...

ME: I see. Isn't it true that the majority of your posts since you have been accepted on some major boards, have been advertisments for your somewhat faulty Prime hacking files?

HIM: You have to advertise nowadays to get any recognition for anything. You know?1

ME: Well, isn't that special. We got a chance to see your application to Atlantis, and noticed that you said you had experience with Vax/VMS, RSTS and some other operating systems. But close sources who know you well tell us this is a lie, and if you did know anything its probably how to get a directory, chat with a user and other general crap. Is this true?

HIM: WHAT THE HELL KIND OF INTERV...

ME: Well thats about it for today. Thanks alot Codes Master. May the force be with you.

HIM: WAIT A...(He starts to grab the interviewer...to Codes amazement, a mask falls off and...)

HIM: EVIL JAY?!?!1

ME: Thats right! We have you on tape now buddy. Your life is ruined...

The rest is to graphically violent to show here. But Jay emerged unscathed to hand us the copy of this interview. Codes was last seen walking towards Katheryn Hamilton Mental Center and had no comment.

So, we have unraveled the mysterys of one of the greatest posers of our time and exposed the man to what he really was all the time. A mouse. A fiendish poser, seeking to infiltrate the higher levels of hacking and phreaking, for his own greedy amusement. Everything in this article was true, and we advise sysops to think twice about admitting Codes "Mighty Mouse" Master on your bulletin board system. Thank you and have a nice day.

-Tom

==Phrack Inc.==

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ARE YOU A PHONE GEEK???

Take this simple test to find out! A word of caution however...This file is not a measurement of your intelligence or sex appeal. Read on at your own risk!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Simply answer the following questions completely and truthfully.

1: You are out on a date with an amazing looking chick. You are at a drive in and notice that she is getting rather hot. She wraps her arms around you and lets you know she means business by her passionate pelvic thrusts. However, you lose concentration when you notice a Bell truck has pulled in next to you, and the driver is asleep (boring movie). What do you do???

A: Push your girlfriend away and sneak out the door quietly, in hopes of scoring on countless hard to get goodies such as lineman's tools, test sets, manuals, and telephone numbers to engineer.

B: Give her the end of a soda bottle and tell her you'll be right back.

C: Ignore the silly Bell truck and continue with your date.

-
2: You are in the middle of town. It is cold and raining. You have sneaked out of your house to the local fortress to conduct some experiments. When making a call to your fave LDS, you hear an MF routing! What do you do?

A: Continue your call as normal, making a mental note of the occurrence.

B: Quickly hang up and repeat the procedure in the same fashion, in hopes of getting the routing again, so you may memorize it and post about it.

C: Talk in whispers and glance over your shoulder for Bell security and FBI vans coming your way.

-
3: You are in your school's office for disruptive behavior and notice that they're having some difficulties with call completion. What do you do?

A: You jump up and investigate the source of the problem, calling various test numbers while you're at it, performing a full battery of tests upon the line.

B: You grab the phone and dial the repair service, going into a long technical discussion on bandwidth limitation properties upon PBX type systems.

C: You don't give a fuck and let the bastards figure it out for themselves since they're the ones who are punishing you for pissing in the corner of the

study hall.

4: You've had a little too much to drink and aren't driving well. Suddenly, a telephone pole appears in front of your car. You have a head on collision. You feel blood dripping from the gash in your forehead. What do you do?

A: You climb out of your smashed car and decide to climb the pole and investigate the aerial distribution box for possible notes left by linemen.

B: You whip out your notebook and take note that there is a can up there and put the note away for future reference. You then go to the hospital.

C: You wail in dismay that you might have forgotten your new codes in the trauma.

5: You are on your favorite BBS when you see some loser asking questions about tracing. What do you do?

A: You ignore the question because you're too elite.

B: You rag the user on every sub board and in mail because ESS DOES trace you when you make too many calls to the same number.

C: You leave the user twelve pages copied directly from a manual about the call trace procedure along with some personal comments on how Bell puts DNR's on lines if the words 'phreak', 'hack' or 'code' is spoken over it.

6: Your mom picks up the phone during a conference and overhears someone harassing a DA supervisor. Later she asks you about it. What do you do?

A: Say 'Mom, I know you're not going to believe this, but there's a new company that connects you to a pre-recorded phone conversation for a nominal users fee.'

B: Say you don't know who it was but then contradict yourself later by talking about how neat it was to hear Pee Wee abuse a DA supervisor.

C: Get violently sick and leave the room.

7: You have a little static on your telephone line. What do you do?

A: You call up your CO and lodge a formal complaint, branding the personnel as lazy, inefficient, and decadent, telling them how much of a better job a true telecom buff like yourself could do.

B: Call your local tone sweep to see if Bell is tracing your line.

C: Hide under your bed until further notice.

8: Your CO is having open house. You plan to go with all enthusiasm, when

you hear that Cindy, whose body measurements are 36-24-36, is having a 20 keg party with no cover charge. Cindy has expressed deep lust for you within recent weeks. What do you do?

A: Telephone Cindy covertly from your CO where you are taking the tour and tell her you're sorry, you can't make it, but you have some great new numbers.

B: Dress in a ninja suit and sneak into your CO through a window.

C: Rush straight to Cindy's to find out that her new 6 foot 10 boyfriend is supervising the fun and games.

-

9: You go to a shopping mall where there is a demonstration on a new AT&T phone. The speaker mentions telephone switching for a brief moment. What do you do?

A: Run to the nearest restroom and relieve the tension in your bladder.

B: Push your way to the front of the crowd of telephone illiterates and begin a heated debate on switching systems and analog to digital conversion.

C: Whip out your note pad and remove pencil from behind ear to take notes.

-

10: You wake up in the morning. What do you do?

A: Forage into your box of trash for interesting tidbits that you may have missed last night.

B: Pick up the telephone and take reassurance that the Telco hasn't turned off your dial tone yet.

C: Admonish yourself for forgetting to set the MF routing as your alarm clock the night before.

-

For each question that you answered A on, give yourself 5 points. For each B answer you gave, give yourself 3 points. For each C Answer, give yourself 1 point. Now go back and add up your totals on your handy dandy pocket calculator and see how you have tested in the G.I.Q (Geek Ignorance Quotient).

50 points and above- You are fucking a amazing, and not just elite, not just super elite, but super amazingly elite!!!! Pat yourself on the back a few hundred times, you deserve it.

30 points and above- You are not quite as fucking a amazing as those in the above category, but you're close behind. Keep up the good work and soon you'll be hearing from the GIQ League!

10 points and above- You are rather sad, because if you haven't realized that this point scoring system is inaccurate and inefficient, not to mention mathematically incorrect, then you should stick to watching Scoody Doo reruns

instead of wasting your time trying to be elite, which will never happen
anyway
to anyone who had the ingorance to put up with this worthless exam up till
now.

HAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!! L0ZER!!! YOU JUST WASTED A GOOD PORTION OF YOUR TIME
READING THIS, BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING 2 BE SOMETHING G00d!!!!!!!HAHA
DAMN I'M ELITE&!\$"%"C\$"!\$!#!3223

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==Phrack Inc.==

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%      Phrack Presents...                %
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%      Computerists Underground News-Tabloid  *
%              By  Crimson Death          %
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Welcome to the first issue of Computerist's Underground News-Tabloid. Now, I am sure you are thinking, "aren't 'news' and tabloid basically synonymous? Isn't that a bit redundant?". Hell, YES! It is! But "we" don't care. Names don't mean a DAMNED thing to us! Hell, NO! What we care about it NEEEEWS! Hard-core, FACTUAL news. That's why we tell it like it is. All Bullsh-t aside. You don't like what you're seeing? Don't read it! These are the "Bob"-damned facts, buddy. This is a tough world we live in. Things aren't always as pretty as we'd like them to be. It's a Dog-Eat-Dog world. If you can't take it, you won't make it, and it's as simple as that. So read and learn! It's OUR world, and only WE can change it, so keep informed!

Editor-in-Chief
Crimson Death

DREADFUL DIGITAL DILEMA

"IT'S TRUE!", say top scientists at South Hampton Institute of Technology, "Within three years, the world will face its worst dilemma in ages." A new strain of virus called C-AIDS (Computer/Artificial Intelligence Deficiency System) will begin attacking micro-chips around the globe.

Where is it coming from? Scientists aren't quite sure, but believe it to be a combination of many industrial waste products that float around in the air, and human virus! How can this be? Well, that is uncertain right now.

Dr. Harry Koch claims, "We just don't know, but it's comming!" Religious groups claim it's a sign from God to "slow down". Our resident psychic believes it's a plague sent down by aliens to hinder us in catching up to their technology.

Just what will this mean? The downfall of many businesses, government problems, stock market crash, media troubles! You name it! Almost everything is run by computers these days. The world will be in shambles. Barbarian times will set in! People will start using their minds! Something needs to be done, and QUICK!

QUICK QUOTES

"IT'S TRUE," says:

Line Breaker, "I ran a Commodore 64 BBS with 100 megabytes of storage!"
American Telephone and Telegraph, "Our rates really ARE the cheapest!"
The Traveller, "My Jackin Box plans work! You just play with the little lever
until it pops up!"
Cheshire Catalyst, "I did play Shaggy on Scooby Doo...but, hey, that's all in
the past now!"

-
ROBOT CLONE SEEKS PHREAKS AND TRACKS HACKS

"IT'S TRUE!", say our inside sources, "Bell Telephone Labs is currently
working on a high tech robot to seek out Phone Phreaks and Hackers. I have
seen

one...they're almost life like, and it's scary!"

Right now, there are only a few, but BTL plans to soon put them into
mass
production. This means Bulletin Board Systems throughout the U.S. will be
teeming with these undercover agents. Two known NERD's (Neurologically
Enhanced Robotic Detectives) are John Maxfield, a Detroit based android
running
a business called Board Scan; and Daniel Pasquale, a former officer of the
law,
located in California.

How can we protect ourselves? Well, we're not quite sure, but our
resident scientists are working on it now!

More on this topic as it unfolds.

-
Latest news on Robot Clones: Rumor has it that N.E.R.D., John Maxfield
has contracted a premature case of C-AIDS. If asked, he only denies, but an
inside agent of ours at BTL said that he has been coming there for treatments.

-
FAMED PHREAK FATHERED BY FUZZIES

"IT'S TRUE!", says a close friend of Scott Ellentuch (better known as
Tuc) the sysop of RACS-III BBS, and former co-editor of Tap Magazine. "He
doesn't like to talk about it, but he was infact raised by a pack of male
Guinea Pigs!"

At the tender age of three months old, the sibling Tuc was abandoned on
a doorstep in Manhattan. Unfortunately for the tot, the owner of the house was
an old drunken man, who threw the poor baby into the trash before his wife got
home and found it. Luckily, a pack of wandering Guinea Pigs were on the hunt
for food, an happened upon the child. They then took him to their nesting in
Central Park, and raised him like one of their own.

One day, at the age of 10, Tuc was apprehended by the police after being
caught shoplifting a bag of cedar chips at a local pet shop. It was decided
in court that he was a not a criminal, but just misguided because of his fate.
He was then put in an adoption home until taken in by the Ellentuch's.

A crack reporter of ours decided to seek out these kindly rodents, and
ask about any grievances they may have about little "Zippy" (the name given
to him by his furry brothers). When questioned, they only replied with a
squeek, and left a few dung pellets. I suppose that's their way of saying,
"Come on back, Zip, we miss ya..."

-
NEW PHREAK KLASS CO-SYSOPED BY DEMON FROM HELL

"IT'S TRUE!", says respected Demonologist, Dr. Jack Goff, from Hawaii
State University, founder of the Academy of Supernatural Studies. "A modem
user, who dons the handle 'The Executioner' has been possessed by an evil

demon from the netherworld!"

The Executioner, of New Jersey State, co-sysop of the revived Phreak Klass 2600 (ran by The Egyptian Lover), and the 'Leader' of the also-revived PhoneLine Phantoms, was "once a nice person", according to many of his old friends. What caused his plunge into the sadistic-egotistical world he now lives in? Black magick!

His mother spoke with us. "Ever since he ate that bad can of Spaghettios, you know...the ones with the sliced franks, he hasn't been the same. Day-by-day, he gets worse-and-worse. It's like living with...a...a...monster!" At that point, the poor woman broke into tears. But, she couldn't have been more on the money if she were sitting on it! The truth is, while eating a plate of those Spaghettios (you know, the one's with the sliced franks in them), he was reading out of a book he bought the week before called "101 Ways to Summon a Demon". Thinking it was all a bunch of nonsense, he read one of the 'prayers' aloud. From then on, the poor boy has been inhabited by the demon, Isuzu.

Sorry to say, Dr. Goff claims this demon is a "one of a kind". So far, there are no known ways to Ex-orcise (pun intended) the dreaded Isuzu. "It's a shame for the lad...I guess we will have to put up with his sadistic, egotistical, obnoxious, rude, loud, ragging posts and attitudes for awhile."

SCIENTIFIC STUDIES SHOW...

If you put an infinite number of Taran King's in a room for an infinite number of years, you probably still couldn't get Metal Shop Private to stay up for over 30 days.

LOD/H MEMBER DISMEMBERS MEMBERS

"IT'S TRUE!" says an anonymous member of the 'Modem World', "Until now, it has been all hush-hush, but in reality, there are only a couple LOD/H members alive today...it's frightening, and it's hard to believe, yet it happened."

Just what did happen you ask? What is the truth behind the drop-out of many LODers? How come the group has dwindled to a petty few? Murder! Yes, cold-blooded throat-slashing MURDER! "Who? How? Why? ", you say? Well, that's what I

am here for, and that's what you're going to find out.

In December of '86, an LOD/H meeting was held at The Marriott, in Philadelphia, in which all of the members had attended. During a discussion on the current MCI cracked-down, someone said, "Hey, let's pause this conversation for 30 minutes, 'Punky Brewster' is coming on." It was at this point that everyone in the room quieted, and The Videosmith stood up and threw a glass of Pink Lemonade at the TV. He then ran out of the room yelling "Fuck this shit! It all makes my balls itch!" Moments later he returned with a 17 inch machete, and a can of Raid. He had shaved his head, and was wearing a shirt that said, "Buckwheat say 'Drugs NOT O-Tay!'" He was obviously deranged.

He proceeded to spray everyone's hair with raid, until the can finally ran out. As the group stood in awe, he slashed all of them into tiny bite-size pieces...one by one. He then sat down, and watched the rest of Punky Brewster, and to this day, has no recollection of what had happened. Only those few, who had been at Denny's at the time, remained.

Following this massacre, he was treated at the Jason Voorhees Institute for the Criminally Insane, and is no longer a member of LOD/H.

Well, that about raps it up for the first issue of the Tabloid. There may be a few more in the future, I am not sure at this point right now. I hope you all enjoyed it, and that only AT&T, The Traveller, and Line Breaker were offended.

I'd like to have some comments on how you felt about it, so let me know. Also, let me know if you figured out all of the puns and acronyms.

-

Call these Awesome Boards:

Lou's RBBS.....215-462-4335 Sysop: Louis Acok
Grendel's Liar (sic).....415-679-2600 Sysop: Stan the Man
KKK-Kool BBS.....404-343-5397 Sysop: Kurt Waldheim

==Phrack Inc.==

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[+] Rag [+] Rag [+] Rag [+] Rag [+] Rag [+] Rag [+] Rag [+]
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[illegible]

Welcome to "The Best of Sexy-Exy", a conglomeration of rags/insults that have been gathered over the past year or so. All rags are original and are the creation of my genius mind. I think that this installment is appropriate for the 13th issue of PHRACK.

NO rags are to be taken seriously, they are merely for entertainment.

There have been events beyond my control during the process of writing this file, they are enclosed in "***". Thank you.

=====

"Doc Holiday: The man, The myth, The Loze"

Doc Holiday is a man of many diverse talents. I think it's my place to let the whole world know just how much of a mental giant he is.

First, let's discuss how he manages to engineer the toughest of AT&T's network men. Here is a typical conversation between Doc and AT&T. I will interject my comments in between the brackets [and]. Doc will be represented by a DH.

<RING>

AT&T: Hello, AT&T directory assistance, may I help you?

[Boy, this guy is a REAL powerhouse to engineer,
think MAYBE Doc will be able to get anything from
him?]

DH: Hi, this is Pee Wee Herman from Illiois Bell, DA waste removal. I am having a problem connecting an inter-office call, do you think you could give me the number to the SCC in area code 201?

[Gee, he picked a REAL important reason to call didn't he?]

AT&T: Well, sir, I don't think I can do that, I can give you the number for the business office, maybe they can help you. (AT&T thinks: bahehahhe, stupid kid).

<RING>

NJ BELL: Hello, New Jersey Bell, all operators are busy now,
please hold, and your call will be taken in turn.

DH: Ho hum...[unzips his pants]

NJ BELL: [Elevator music]

DH: ahhhhh...[Doc, why is your left hand having spasms?]

NJ BELL: Hello, New Jersey Bell, this is Susan.

DH: Uh, yeah, hold on a sec...[wiping away the fluid from
reciever.]

DH: Uh yeah, this is Dick Little, from Illinois Bell, I was
wondering if you could give me your 201 CN/A?

[Uh, Doc, hate to break this to you, but 201 has
no CN/A.]

NJ BELL: Uh yeah, hold on...

[NJ BELL: Must be one of those trainees, they have
to get because of affirmative action.]

NJ BELL: I'm sorry, I can't give you that number.

DH: Well, here in this small town, it's kinda hard to get
around, so could you please give me someone I can refer
to?

[At this time, Doc's dog wanders into his room, and
begins to bark and snarl and generally acts like
Doc's mom.]

DH: Uh, y'know, this town is SO small, you can hear the dog
barking across the street. [Wow, fast thinker]

DH: I'm not used to this small town, I'm used to a big city.

NJ BELL: Oh, what town are you in?

DH: Uh, it's this little town outside Illinois.

[Hmm, he's supposed to be from Illinois Bell but he is
not in Illinois? WHAT AN ENGINEER!!!]

NJ BELL: Oh, is that so. [NJ BELL: Damn kid should at least
know his geography.]

NJ BELL: What big city did you live in before?

DH: Oh, I used to live in New York City.

[Sure, Doc, you got your MASSIVE southern drawl in the
boro of Brooklyn...]

DH: I mean, uh, I only lived there for 3 months.

[Give up Doc, you screwed up big time, you're gonna
get pounded.]

[FLASH: Doc's mom gets on the phone.]

Doc's Mom: ROB, TIME FOR YOU CELLO LESSON!!!!

DH: Yeah, uh, well, my secretary, has just reminded me that
I have to pick up my kid for his music lesson.

NJ BELL: <chuckle> Sure, <growing giggle> I guess I will
talk to you later <crescending into hysterical
laughter, falling off his chair in a spasmodic
echo of immense laughter>.

<CLICK>

Boy, Doc, I gotta hand it to you, in that conversation, you
sure showed him your intelligence. It's ok, that you don't
know where you are, and it's ok that your mom interrupted
you twice, barking both times into the phone. But, hey,
I am not done celebrating you yet, here's more of "The Story
Of Your Life!"...

** The date is now March 14, Doc Holiday has just been put
out of action by Oryan QUEST, shutting off both of Doc's
lines. **

** The date is March 30, I have just heard that Doc has been
busted for COSMOS hacking. **

TOK, Tribunal of Knowledge, is a group to be admired,

they're conglomeration of massive intellegence and normality have all of the phreak/hack world stunned. Prophet's education at Devry Tech, you know the school where you get a free box of tools when you enter, is a definate school for those who have superior mental ability. And then there's Solid State, or by name, Nate. By the way, do you know what the name Nate means? Let's look in the Websters Collegiate Doctionary...

NATE \NAT\ n : skin that stretches from the base of the scrotum to the opening of the anal cavity.

Boy, Nate, your parents must have loved you...

And I haven't forgotten you, High Evolutionary, you massive stud you. HE, is on the school football team. [Actually, he plays text-graphics football on his commodore and thinks he plays football, but we'll let him have his fantasy.]

Here is my tribute to TOK!!

TOK! Second Chapter: Nothing this bad ever dies.

We're TOK and we're proud to say,
Even Buckwheat says that we're O'Tay!
We're gonna make LOD jealous of us,
With our computers we get from Toys R Us!
We'll take the hack world by attack,
With our 100+ files we put in Phrack.
Our reformed group numbers only to three,
We'll be famous like Larry, Moe and Cur-ly!
Hey TK do a prophile on us, we want some press,
We'll tell ya about our hobbies like playing Phone chess!
Ask us about our ability and we'll gladly exposulate,
About the great acomplishments of Solid State!
And Prophet too, boy is he a Joe Hacker,
He talks to Bill Landreth, aka The Cracker.
He spits out logins and passwords all the time,
Getting busted by feds is his favorite past time.
Then there's High Evolutionary, the leader of the pack,
Who does his hacking in a neighbor's tool shack.
He likes to hack Unix's, VMS and The Source,
He likes to play football, on his computer of course.
We're elite, we're the best there will ever be,
We're just jealous that we're not in cDc.
** The date is now March 21, I have just learned that Evil
Jay and Ctrl-C have been added to the list of TOK
groupies.**

Dr. Doom Rag, the extended dance version to the tune of
"Beverly Hillbillies".

Now, listen to a story about a boy named Doom,
Poor modem geek who would never leave his room.
Then one day he was talking on the phone,
When up in his pants came a miniature bone.
Penis, that is, kinda like a toothpick.
Well the next thing you know ol' Doom puts up a board
He runs it on a Commie 'cause it's all he can afford.
He makes his board private and he thinks he is a phreak,
<Idea Block...sorry>

I have seen alot of files written lately and needless
to say, alot of them need a lot of work. Sooo in my infinite
charitableness, I ha ve decided to write a file on how to
write a file. I will list EVERY IMPORTANT aspect of writing
a file and all the inside secrets on how it will make you

look a like a real cool dude (Let's face it, we write files to promote ourselves.).

The first and most important thing to writing a file is your border. It has to be flashy and must include the name of your k-kool group which you are part of even though no one in the group helped you but you will still put their name down to promote yourselves. Of course, the title must be set in it's

own section of the border.

Example

```

[$$$]\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/[$$$]
\==/                                                    \==/
[+] Metro!          ==>Dr. Doom<==          Metro! [+]
$$$ -----          -----          ----- $$$
%^% (^name of group) (name must be          %^%
(0)              emphasized)              (0)
*#*
RAD      Present:          RAD
|+|(always use 'present')          |+|
:::          :::
@!@      File #30 > ISDN!!!!!!!!!!!!          @!@
%!%
%!% (ALWAYS say how many OTHER worthless files %!%
%%% you have written so it makes you look   %%%
||| productive)          |||
[$$$]\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/\/[$$$]
```

That is an example of a good border, notice all the neat ASCII graphics and how he uses space to put his group in the file too.

The content of your file is important also.

Here is a list of rules you should follow.

1. ALWAYS be confusing, it makes you look like you know what you are talking about, even if you don't.
2. ALWAYS use as many acronyms as you can, it will make your reader look up to you because you know that AACTU stands for Acronyms Are Cool To Use.
3. ALWAYS be condescending to your reader as if he/she should know what the hell you are talking about even if you are just rambling to fill space.

Corollary: ALL FILES SHOULD BE AT LEAST 40 SECTORS

4. ALWAYS give 10-15 examples that really don't show what you are talking about, but will make the reader think that whatever you are writing on, somehow has some use when it doesn't.
5. ALWAYS put in diagrams and pictures, the ASCII will confuse them so much that you can say just about anything that will describe the diagram.
6. ALWAYS list things vertically, it makes you look professional. (And it takes up space too)
7. ALWAYS thank 10 famous people even if they didn't help you on the file because it will make it seem as if you know them REAL well.
8. ALWAYS interject your own opinions because it makes you look scholarly and that you are a master of the facts you are perpetrating.
9. ALWAYS make at least 5 spelling mistakes, because it makes it seem as if you did it in a hurry because you have a social life, even when you don't and spent days on it correcting spelling and grammar.
10. ALWAYS type stuff like jkwhebfiue in parts you don't

fully understand and then blame it on the xmission.
This releases you from knowing everything in the
file.

11. ALWAYS dedicate your file to a girlfriend, it makes
you look like you have one and that you are a stud,
even if you look like Slave Driver.

Sexy-Exy presents...

A Humor Filled Article

A Marvelous Laugh For The 80's

A Nice Bedtime Story

A Stephen King Look-a-Like

A Joke for You!

"When a Phreak/Hacker says...He really means,,,"

Preface

=====

Just a note, all names mentioned are fictitious, and are
creations of the author. Any resemblances or factual
similarity are completely coincidental.
When a Phone Phreak or Hacker says something, there is
usually an undertone or subliminal message, in this nice
file, I will list some of the more common ones you will run
across.

1. When Slave Driver says
'I am on the football team!'
He really means...
'I wash the uniforms for the guys.'
2. When Carrier Culprit says...
'I look like Don Johnson!'
He really means...
He watches too much 'Miami Vice'.
3. When Knight Lightning says...
'Hi this is KL, I wanna ask you something...'
He really means...
'Hi, this is KL, let me open up my Database.'
4. When Phantom Phreaker says...
'I go trashing for all my information.'
He really means...
'I am going to shop for Christmas dinner.'
5. When Dr. Doom says...
'I got locked out of my house.'
He really means...
'The Dept. of Sanitation put the lid back on the sewer'
5. When Forest Ranger says...
'I am tenderizing meat.'
He really means...
'I am popping my zits.'
6. When Line Breaker says...
ANYTHING
He really means...
'I am lying to cover my stupidity.'
7. When Silver Spy says...
'I am God at the VAX/VMS.'
He really means...
'I work with a VAX, so I am not that impressive.'
8. When Evil Jay says...
'I am into Heavy Metal.'
He really means...

- 'I have no friends and bang my head in frustration.'
9. When The Rocker says...
'I love to party.'
He really means...
He watches Animal House and thinks he can party.
10. When Mark Tabas says...
'I have an athletic family.'
He really means...
'Me and my little girlfriend are running
away from EVERYBODY.
11. When Captain Hooke (Howie) says...
'Hey man, I am gonna fuck up your dad's credit card on
TRW!'
He really means...
'I spend too much time talking to Line Breaker.'
12. When Captain Hooke (Howie) says...
'I have a major social life.'
He really means...
'I call up the conference bridges and spend all of
my time talking to losers.'
13. When Dr. Who says...
'I have done alot for the Phreak/Hack world.'
He really means...
'I try everything first to see if it's safe.'
14. When Forest Ranger says...
'Telecomputist will be an original magazine full of
new information.'
He really means...
'Telecomputist is written on toilet paper with
the same quality and originality of articles'
16. When Attila the Hun says...
'I love to Slam Dance!'
He really means...
'When he's in a ballroom he steps on EVERYONE'S feet.'
17. When Ax Murderer says...
'Yo, I just wrote the most complete file on UNIX with
examples.'
He really means...
'I rewrote a Unix manual and copied the illustrations
too.'
18. When Taran King says...
'Yo, MSP is down due to Hard disk problems.'
He really means...
'I spilled dinner over the computer chatting with KL.'
19. When Sinister Fog says...
'I used to run the best bbs in the country.'
He really means...
'We tried to find the non-existant alogarithm for SPC.'
20. When Oryan Quest says...
'I am gonna bill \$20000 to you Taran!'
He really means...
'PLEASE let me back on Metal Shop!'
21. When The Executioner says...
'Yes, Taran I will have your file in time for Phrack.'
He really means...
'I fucked up again and I'll have to get Bill to help me
out.'
22. When Bill From RNOC says...
'Hey, what's up?'
He really means...
'I'm here to leach all your new stuff, pull your tolls'

and stab you in the back.'

=====

ORYAN QUEST - A point by point historical recreation of this controversial excuse for recycled shit from the sewer of Mexico.

"Juan!!!", screamed the mexican lady, "get over here, mucho expresso!"

"Coming my little tortilla!!", panted the tired Mexican peasant.

"What is it my little bag of cabbage leaves?", inquired the Hispanic mongrel.

"Juan, Juan, Juan, I tink I am stricken with baby!" exclaimed his wife.

"OH NO! my babaloo!, not another little child," cried Juan, "We cannot afford to have another child."

"My wages picking coffee beans and stripping cabbage barely feed our other 12 children, how am I going to support THIS bastard billy-goat?", asked Juan.

Well, the day finally came, and the poverty stricken couple made their way to the village hospital, by way of mule, a mercedes to the couple.

"Ooooooooooh....", cried the lady in pain, as the baby pushed it's way forward.

"Ohhh what a beautiful child", exclaimed Juan.

"Uh senor, that's the pre-natal discharge, your baby is next.", corrected the doctor.

The baby's body began to appear(feet first, of course), it's WIDE vertical smile, greeting the world.

"Oh my," said Juan, "he looks just like his papa!"

"I must give him a proper name.", continued Juan.

"I name you..

Senor Pepe Guadalloop Tom Flanagan Paco Oryan QUESTO!"

[Pretend there is alot of applause]

Well, Paco, I mean QUEST, learned the trade of his father and his father's father. Toiling and slaving away, he dreamed of one day going to America, north of the border, and leading a life of a re-fried bean.

One lazy sunny day, Paco and his father were doing their daily fishing, trying to make a living for themselves and feed their family, with out eating stray dogs. Questo was casting off with his new hardwood fishing pole that his father made for him that very morning. Juan was picking his nose and batting an eye at his son, marveling his skill at throwing the line.

Suddenly Paco's line went taut with a quick jerk and Paco's limp 100 lb body flew into the water with a splash.

"Oh no, my little chili bean fart, what should I do. Juan pulled Quest out of the water. Well, he thought "At least he's clean now, I don't think he'll be thirsty for at least another week.

[Sorry to end this story so abruptly, but Oryan Quest is not worth more than 5K, come to think of it he's not worth a byte. I figgured since he tried S0000 hard to write a rag file about me (See Phrack 12) that I ought to show exactly what the word, "rag" means.

==Phrack Inc.==

Volume Two, Issue 13, Phile #10 of 10

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PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN PWN
PWN
PWN      *>=-{ Phrack World News }--<*      PWN
PWN      ~~~~~ ~~~~~ ~~~~~                    PWN
PWN      Issue XIII                          PWN
PWN
PWN      Created, Written, and Edited          PWN
PWN      by Knight Lightning                  PWN
PWN
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Happy April Fool's Day and welcome to Issue Thirteen of Phrack World News. In the spirit of April Fool's Day, this is the "rag" issue of PWN. And now we take a look back and enjoy the most hilarious posts of the past year. These posts were selected only because they were there and no one should take offense at the material. Please note that not all posts are rags, which only goes to prove that you don't have to rag to be funny.

[Some posts have been reformatted and edited for this presentation].

[Special thanks to Solid State]

- - - - -

Name: The Executioner #47
Date: 2:33 pm Fri Sep 12, 1986

Slave Driver > Do explain that message... I do NOT kiss anyone's ass except my own because I am such an awesome studly dude. Something you would know nothing about, being studly that is.

Master Vax, you are an utter bore who has nothing contributing to say. You are so useless. When people say "Sexy-Exy", they say "Ragger Elite, good knowledge and not too bad of a cosysop." When people say Circuit Breaker, they say "who?????" . Face it, you are basically non-existent in the modem world. You command nothing and you hang out with the lowest echelon like Dr. Doom who sat there for about 10 minutes taking my abuse, making lame comments thinking he was cool.

Anyway, this is a phreak/hack sub, not some rag board where I am allowed to bug the hel out of you. And when it comes right down to it, I don't brag about my knowledge, because "Those who proclaim their knowledge, proclaim their ignorance".

-The Sexiest Executioner

Name: Dr. Doom #106
Date: 6:04 pm Fri Sep 12, 1986

Executioner...
Well, it seems that a little more than a week ago, it was 'Dr. Doom, we (PLP) feel that you would be a valuable addition to our group and therefore are

extending an invitation to join the Phone Line Phantoms.' and then I told you quite simply that I wasn't interested in joining PLR (Phone Line Ragers). NOW, you are calling me voice just to rag on me and posting 'Dr. Doom the loser...'. So, the other week you were kissing ass 'Dr. Doom join PLP....' , etc... and now quite suddenly I have become a loser because I didn't join PLR.

Guy, I could in a few minutes come up with LOADS of stuf to say about you, but since you carry no weight and are on some kind of an ego-trip I will let you go off to Central Park and play Ninja with Broadway.

Dr. Doom

Name: Knight Lightning #2
Date: 12:49 am Sat Sep 13, 1986

This is getdhnng good, its been a while since we saw a really heated battle on here and you know why? Because those who start heated battles on this board get deleted so either post good info or use the email or you won't be using the system for anything any longer. In other words lets drop the bullshit messages (like this one) use use this sub for what it was intended.

:Knight Lightning

Name: The Executioner #47
Date: 9:45 am Sat Sep 13, 1986

By the way, Dr. Doom, we thought you had some knowledge (at least TEL did). When I read all 31+ files you wrote, which happened to come straight out of manuals, I was not impressed. I am not ragging on you because you didn't join, I am pointing out a harsh reality that you should face.

You are a peon compared to the monolithic stature of one such as I.
You are an amoeba compared to the complex genius person I am.
You are a pimple compared to the sexyness and looks such as I.
You are a clinging form of pig feces.

You throw absolutely NO weight around. No one cares about you or your bbs. having absolutely no reputation, you proceed to write 31 files because you cry at home fearing that no one likes you. And, I have composed a neat little tune about you to the Beverly Hillbillies (Your ancestors)

Now listen to a story about a boy named Doom,
Poor Modem geek who would never leave his room.
Then one day he was talking on the phone,
When up in his pants came a miniature bone.
Penis that is, kind of like a toothpick.
Well the next thing you know old Doom has a board,
Running on a commie cuz it's all he can afford.
So now doom sits at home as happy as can be,
thinking he's cool he turns down PLP.
So now he thinks he happnin he thinks he's rad,
With his high pitched voice, god this boy is sad.
And this is the story about a dork named Doom,
Poor modem geek who DOESN'T want to leave his room.
Why?

Because your UGLY! D-O-O-M! (<-that was to Mickey Mouse)

The End.

The Executioner/PhoneLine Phantoms!

Name: Carrier Culprit #11

Date: 10:17 am Sat Sep 13, 1986

Heh. That was pretty cool. Doom you have no talent what so ever, I could pick up a manual and start typing away. When data demon and I were talking to you via 3 way you couldn't even answer some basic CCIS stuff. And Lover was the only person who wanted you in the group, I hope he wasn't impressed by your files (volume I, II, III, IV, V, etc.. heh). And if you think that all PLP does is rag, well you must not know what's up in the world. And make up your mind, you keep changing your group's name and bragging about turning down an offer to be in PLP. Well, Doom my boy you told me your were going to drop Metro Communications to join PLP until you saw Exy's rag on your so called Commie 5 messages per sub board. Shit your board was up longer than Link, and Link blows it away. Well, I really should stop this ragging because it's pretty uncool, then again Doom is uncool. Anyway your group is gay in the face!

--Culprit
MCI Communications
Sprint COM
950 Communications
I dunno Communications
Metro MEN!

Name: Dr. Doom #106

Date: 10:04 pm Sat Sep 13, 1986

Well, as some of you might have seen lately, certain people do not relish the fact that I thought very little of them so they are attempting to slander my good name by saying that I know nothing and that every file I have ever written

was copied from manuals. First of all, most files I have written do contain some information that was origionally printed on some Bell or AT&T document, because they relate to such things as ISDN, but by NO means are they copied from manuals in any way.

Mikie, that was a rather amusing song, but in no way did anything in it come close to possibly reflecting me. I mean it is nice that you want to tell everybody about your life and all, but you really should not try to self-project your tragedies on someone else. If you need help trying to come up with some auto-biographical titles about yourself, you should try :

'The Life and Times of a PLP Loser Named Mikie Chow Ding Dong Dung.'

Oh, did you call me UGLY? that is quite far from the truth. Look at you, someone who as a child could use dental floss as a blindfold. calling me UGLY?

Humor me more Mr. 'UGLY' Chinaman who writes files on 'Beauty Techniques'. Face it, some people are just born naturally handsome and don't need make up to disguise their grotesque features like you do.

Since you think you are SO tough, you are cordially invited to come down here to Texas where talk is cheap and doesn't mean shit. (Don't forget to bring your throwing star collection....')

Dr. Doom

Name: The Executioner #47
Date: 10:18 am Sun Sep 14, 1986

Doom, Spare me your lame tongue flapping and breath exultation that only makes you look like the fuckoid you are. People have met me, people know that what I say is all backed up and all true. Who has met you? No one has met you so you can fling all the bullshit you want. When I say I am gorgeous, the people who have met me can always say, "I've met you and you are a dork". But do they? No, because I am not a dork unlike yourself.

I don't know where you get the idea that I am some karate dude, because I am not, and don't even care to be. Unless you are stereotyping all of us orientals like that, showing that you are in an ignorant chunk of muleflesh. And I could stereotype you, the polish, born of blue collar trash collectors. I am sure you go bowling and have bowling trophies mounted in glass cases in your cardboard house. How is that dirt floor? How is the bearskin door? I know you are of low social stature and therefore do not know or even comprehend the social elegance that I am born and bred in. So you can just take you and your \$20000 income that your family makes and just save it for someone who is at your level.

Is it true that the welfare lines are long?
How was the government cheese giveaway?

The Sexiest Executioner

Name: >UNKNOWN<
Date: <-> INACTIVE <->

As someone else already said: Please spare the rest of us users the pain of having to hit the space bar whenever the author of the message is 'Dr. Doom' or 'The Executioner', or whatever. Geez...

If all goes well, there'll be a K-K00L Ragging Subboard, and you people can just go there and tell the other person how k-radical you are, what a stud, how good looking, and what an asshole, loozer, rodent the other person is. I think most of the other users, along with myself, are getting quite sick of all of this...After all: This *IS* the Phrack/Gossip board, right? Yeah...

[%] The Yakuza [%]

Name: >UNKNOWN<
Date: <-> INACTIVE <->

What the HELL does your looks have to do with this, Exy? It doesn't matter how 'great' looking you are, because the board wasn't put up so you could tell us how much of a ladies man you are. If you want to brag, put up your own board. And since your messages are directed to one person, USE THE FUCKING EMAIL COMMAND! thats what its there for.

Some people..

Name: The Executioner #47
Date: 10:31 am Sun Sep 14, 1986

Ass kissing? Please, spare me the vomit of your mouth huh bud? Taran says something about ISDN and since I knew something about what he said, I decided to expand it into an explanation which is definately not ass kissing. I don't kiss anyone's ass because I dont have to. Taran does not delete me out of mutual respect I have for him and I should think he has for me. Notice I don't

use low-level words like "fuck" and "shit" and all the other terms that people with IQ's of a marble statue have. So Dr. Doom is a good friend of yours huh? Probably your ONLY friend because both of you look like the Elephant Man.... "I'm Noooooooooot an ANIMAL!!!", don't worry Doc, Paper bags are still in.

As for files, I have written my share, and really could care less whether or not you can read or not. As for the PhoneLine Phantoms, we are not just a telecom group, we are comprised of the 4 best looking, studliest people. When I heard about Doom, I said, well, I dunno, we will have to reduce our image of 4 studs into 4 studs and 1 dud. As for playing with my male organ, you must know more than I, considering you know all these nifty little sayings you must have thought up when you were raping that coke bottle. As for calling Doom, I call when I get a deep feeling of pity abnd decide to enlighten the poor impoverished boy.

So, why don't you, Doom, Master Vax (Circuit Breaker) go and slither back into your holes where you can fester and leave the REAL stuff to me and Culprit.

And if you really wanna take this issue far, I propose a challenge. I will send my picture to an unbiased third party and you do the same. Then we will see who is the REAL Sexy-Exy. Oh yeah, it's Mikey, not Mikie, and Exy, not Exie, and I prefer a "Mr. Executioner, sir" before you speak to me. I will just call you little peon...

-The Executioner
PhemalesLuv Phantoms!

PS: People who belong to something cool can post it, those who can't, don't.

Name: Taran King #1
Date: 11:00 am Sun Sep 14, 1986

PLP vs. Everyone has to stop, guys...at least on the phreak board. This is for telecommunications only. If you really want, I can create a rag subboard so you can bitch all you want, but it's getting a bit tedious out here. Exy, I know you have quite a bit of knowledge hidden somewhere in your mind, I've seen your philes, and they're decent. Dr. Doom, I know you pretty well, and I thought the two philes I read were quite decent as well.

How about a bit of unity in the crumbling phreak world that we know today, huh?

It's already in shambles and people are getting totally bored of it, or are being busted. Most of us on here have been around for at very least 6 months so that says something about us...I know Exy wouldn't mind a rag board, because

he excells in it, but I'll leave the final decision to the users. Go V:ote now, please, and stop posting rags...MORE INFO!!!

-TK
GETTING PISSED!

Name: Dr. Doom #106
Date: 5:48 pm Sun Sep 14, 1986

Well, I am going to change the discussion because I am quite (yawn...) tired of this useless ragging. (By the way I drive a sports car, live in an affluent neighborhood, and am not Polish but of English decent). OK, like I was saying I am going to try to put a little life back into the Phreak World with a new Electronic Journal. The Dr. Doom Journal of Telecommunications as I call it will center around topics and techniques that have not been readily discussed. Although I will be doing a lot of writing (because I like to), I am looking for anyone else that might be interested in helping out. One of the Departments will be like a mini-catalog of places where you can order all sorts of cool stufh from that has to do with Telecom, etc... If you are interested or even have some places to order things from, send me mail.

Later...
Dr. Doom

Name: Doc Holiday #19
Date: 11:59 pm Sat Sep 13, 1986

Well, since I have been away, I have noticed a few changes, but some things will never change I guess. Executioner is the same fag he's always been. Big deal, he has expanded his ragging capabilities all the way to Texas with Dr. Doom, who happens to be a good friend of mine. I have one question for you Mike, do you do anything else besides vegetate in front of your monitor and write songs about people? You seemed to have a very good knowledge of the content of the "Hillbillies" song. I guess that shows your level of intellect.

I really dislike ragging so this is probably the only post that will deal with it. If you have something to say to me, call me, if you can get my number I will be more than happy to toy around with you. You are shit. That is what I get out of all of this. You rag on Dr. Doom's files but, have you ever written a file with useful information in it? I seriously doubt it. Some of Doom's files are so-so because I already know a lot of it, but many of his articles are actually quite informative. Have you even read any of them?

Also, why is it that you call him quite often every day? Have you ever left your house or anything besides to ride the little school bus to get to school? That is very doubtful also. Taran, why don't you just get rid of this nuisance?
Is he some sort of threat to you? Anyway, Exie, about your brown-nosing, I see all of these rag posts of yours, then Taran posts something on ISDN and then you immediately post something on the topic, afterwhich you go back to ragging.
If that isn't ass-kissing then explain to me what is.

What about PLP, why do you even bother to exist? I am speaking mainly to Carrier Culprit and The Executioner. I remember being on three-way with CC and someone else whom I won't name, and listening to him say things about me. I have never even talked to the person before. Then when I got on the line and

a DEC is something you play with every night before you go }to bed, because of his personal experiences. He is a DEC (w)hacker, but anyways, I think I have made my point.

PS: Notice no fancy shit under name...sorry, but I don't take ego trips during the off season.

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    / + \                           / + \
   /*TBC*/                          /*TBC*/
  =====|=====
  ||||| | The Executioner & Egyptian Lover |||||
  -----|-----
  Rag    | The Breakfast Club                | Rag
Files    |-----| Files
#####%#####%
%       %
%       % Presenting: Rag Volume Four          %
%       %-----%                             %
%%%%%%%%%| /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ /\ |%%%%%%%%%
|         | Arthur Dent: Third World Iranian |
%%%%%%%%%|%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

```

There's this kid called Arthur Dent,
He's got no money, not one red cent.
Cool and Slick is what he wants to be,
He even wants to be a part of LOD!
His mother country, he calls Iran,
He cleans camel stalls like no one can.
All he wants, is to hang around with phreaks,
But there's a law against third world geeks.
It says: "Get out of my country, get outta my land,
Go back to your people who make houses out of sand."
Pack your bags and be on your way,
We don't want you 'cuz you're all gay.
You think you're cool 'cuz you can hack,
I hate to tell you this, but bud you're wack.
I saw your picture and boy are you lame,
From under a rock is where I think you came.
You cry "Hey Phucked agent, please teach me!"
You annoy the poor man, don't you see?
You try to impress everyone in sight,
One look at you and we run in fright.
Ain't it funny how your temper does fume,
When I say I'm in the Legion of Doom.

With a cardiac arrest, you get all hyper,
In case you piss in your pants, here's a diaper.
Now, don't get mad from this little ol' rag,
Just cover your face with a grocery bag.
With a towel on your head you do declare,
"Allah gimme a real life and real hair."
Well, my iranian friend, I am done,
I hope you don't mind me having some fun.

=====

The above is a rag I wrote a while back, I got alot of good feedback from it
so
I'd thought I'd have an encore presentation.

The Executioner

Name: The Executioner
Date: 4:53 pm Sun Oct 12, 1986

Anyway, as to Quest, that little nuisance thinks he has a real bbs and he
thinks just because I let him talk to me for 5 minutes he's my best friend.
Frankly, I'd axe him just because he shows no sign of any capable action short
of maybe masturbating his dog into a bowl of frozen tofu.

Ciao

Sexy

Name: Arthur Dent
Date: 11:06 pm Mon Oct 13, 1986

You mean PINK tofu, I think. Read read the last message if you haven't the
slightest

dent

Name: Knight Lightning
Date: 10:46 pm Sun Nov 23, 1986

PLP Three-Way Con:

Rich: Hey Mike the board is going great!
Mike: Thats good, any new users today?
Rich: A few, I haven't validated them yet...
Eric: Ho hum...
Mike: Lets call some now and check them out.
Rich: Ok, hold on...
Eric: No Rich wait wait...
Rich: I'm going to click over to three way.
Eric: NO! Wait wait Rich hold on.
Rich: I'm Going toCLICK on my three way hold on!
Mike: Whats your problem Eric?
Eric: Wait Rich, will you just wait a minute!
Rich: Ok!? What!?
Eric: Rich, (pause) You're gey!
Mike: Eric, you are the Wack!
Eric: Shut up Mike!
Mike: What? Hello, hello did you say something? Hello hello?
Eric: Dag!

I have an idea for a mod that will save the users a hell of a lot of time.
Howabout put an IF THEN statement when you are saving the message so that if
the name is "ORYAN QUEST" then it won't save then we won't get rodenty G-File
posts anymore. Sound good?

ciao
The Lineman

77/77: TMC...
From: MARK TABAS
Date: SAT MAR 14 12:05:38 AM

I heard that if you crank a TMC code through the DES algorithm, and then
through the Cristensen CRC-16 algorithm, followed by complementing its
packed binary value and then encrypt it to "kl.LLL.hyuuuu" using the German
enigma, you'll get a COSMOS dialup!

Does anyone know if this works??????

tabas

—

Well thats it, but before we go, here is a quick look at the vote section of
Metal Shop Private:

Question #3: Should Oryan Quest be let back on?
Users voting: 8.7%

0:No Comment		
1:No.	: 3	50.0%
2:No.	: 1	16.7%
3:No.	: 0	0.0%
4:No.	: 1	16.7%
5:No.	: 0	0.0%
6:No.	: 0	0.0%
7:No.	: 0	0.0%
8:No.	: 0	0.0%
9:No.	: 1	16.7%

Your vote: No Comment
Change it? Yes

Which number (0-9) ? 1

Current Standings: Should Oryan Quest be let back on?
Users voting: 10.1%

1:No.	: 4	57.1%
2:No.	: 1	14.3%
3:No.	: 0	0.0%
4:No.	: 1	14.3%
5:No.	: 0	0.0%
6:No.	: 0	0.0%
7:No.	: 0	0.0%
8:No.	: 0	0.0%
9:No.	: 1	14.3%

Majority of Posts Taken From Metal Shop Private
Some Posts Taken From The Lost City Of Atlantis

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