

"FreeBSD 4.4 Kernel" in permanent marker; however, I'd wager that Old Georgie took something like a FreeBSD 2 into memory on his maiden voyage.

This fine little box has given its life to passing internal communiqué between the members of a certain branch of my extended family: The Holyoaks. This is the rich side of the family. The side with the jetskis. The side of the family that has the tarmac. The side with the helmet cams. I have seen a garage full of skurfs and kiteskis and wetboards and other miraculous innovations of sport that no one cares about any more.

Always weary of the rich, and possibly due in grand measure to my experiences with this particular bunch, I try to keep out of their business and do other things that are, well, free. However, from time to time, I can't help but get very engrossed in the intrigue and drama of the Holyoak dynasty.

For example, the island.

On the listserv, every once in a while the old timers will slip and still call it Peanut Island. But a few years ago there was a vote and it was changed to Finger Island and most people on the list actively call it Finger Island.

Home Remedies That People I Know Are Enthusiastic About

Snorting cayenne pepper.

Tinctures. ("Parasite-zapping.")

Shining a fluorescent light on someone in the dark and saying the problem's name many, many times.

Rolfing.

Spraying cold air from a can.

Putting tongue depressors between your toes and lying on your stomach.

Medicinal tuning forks.

Duct tape (for insanely dry skin).

Cold showers (for mental illness).

Chuck West, however, makes a point to call it Peanut Island, he didn't even bother to vote, no one would have let him anyway, and there are really a lot of threads on the old mailing list where Chuck is calling it Peanut Island and everyone else is calling Finger Island and it goes on like that for pages and pages without any one directly bringing up the incongruity. He calls it Peanut, they call it Finger, and this is just one of the many wars over the island.

I don't want to take a side, so I just say The Island. Hope that's okay.

The Island has been around in my family for like seventy years now. It is somewhere in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, lost in among the spray of the San Juan Islands, hanging out in the currents of the upper coast of Washington state. It was bought