

## [1.18] Myth and legend from the TI Discussion Groups

*"The duty of Old Timers: Since there is no known archive of these discussion groups, there ought to be a written history."  
- oark*

*"Alright, you asked for it. Just keep in mind that early written histories spent generations as oral histories before someone wrote them down, and thus they became exaggerated, even mythical in nature."  
- Ray Kremer*

These posts are mostly from the TI Off Topic discussion group. The intent is humorous, although just how much may depend on your familiarity with obscure events and running jokes. I decided to archive them here, because posts are not kept for long on the discussion groups and TI does not make archives available to us.

Ray Kremer keeps a collection of these legends at <http://tifaq.calc.org/legends/>.

### ***The TI-liad***

by Ray "Homer he ain't" Kremer [2:06, 12/19/01]

Many moons ago, in the land of Suggestions, somebody started a thread entitled "How's the weather?" and great multitudes responded in answer to the question. And the great creator Paul King looked down from Mount Texas and he found it humorous, and he created a new land and called it "How's the Weather?" And Paul King said to the peoples of the world, "This new land is an experiment, and it may last for a long time or for only a short time."

The sage Ray Kremer saw the new land, and he said to the people, "There has been much Off Topicing in the land of 89 and 92+, and it has crowded out the 89ing and the 92+ing. But look! Here is a new and fertile land in which we can Off Topic to our hearts' desire!" The people agreed with the sage, and many came to the new land and there was much joyous Off Topicing.

The evil demoness Laquisha Bonita from the underground realm of the Trolls saw the people frolicking in the new land, and grew jealous of their happiness, and she came to the new land and rebuked Paul King for creating it with her blasphemous cries of "Oh no you don't!". And the peoples fought against the demoness, and told her "Nay, this is a good land, and we praise the great Paul King for creating it." But Laquisha used her satanic ghetto-speak and met all arguments with threats of bodily harm, and spent much time telling how she would stomp on all our heads.

Soon many of the people tired of fighting against Laquisha, but the valiant knight Captain Ginyu vowed to continue the battle until the end. And great flames arose from the war between Laquisha and Ginyu, and they spread across the land and spoiled it. Then Paul King once again looked down from Mount Texas, and he saw that the new land he created was spoiled by the great war, and he saw that jokes

from before the war had been carried by trickster spirits and brought into the land of 89 and 92+ where they become in-jokes, and he became sorrowful.

So Paul King called to his people and told them, "I have given you this fertile land, and see how you lay waste to it. The experiment is over!" And Paul King cast down his lightning bolt caused the new land to sink into the sea, and the peoples scattered from it and returned to whence they had come. The demoness was appeased by this, and she vanished, and the world was once again at peace. But some say that she lurks still in the shadows, ready to appear when her name is invoked.

### ***The TI-liad, continued***

by oark [3:24, 12/19/01]

An oracle told me this:

"The Creator will lift his protection of obscurity causing the gates of the Dark Realm to open once again. An army of trolls will be unleashed upon the new land discovered by Kremer. King Paul will then conduct the Second Great Purging; it will lead to the land's destruction.

"Kremer will reboard his ships and visit many strange groups, surviving perils and suffering much before he finally arrives in the land of the 89 and the 92 Plus. Many will say to him: 'GIVE ME GAMES. HERE IS MY EMAIL. AND TELL ME HOW TO MAKE GAMES IN PLAIN ENGLISH THIS TIME!!!! DONT GIVE ME A WEB PAGE. I ALREADY READ THAT AND IT DIDNT MAKE SENSE. I NEED INSTRUCTIONS IN ENGLISH!!!'

"His patience will be legendary, but not his courage. When he encounters pirates from the land of HP, he will cower and refuse to proclaim the superiority of the TI-89. The gods will look down from Mount Texas with anger and bring Kremer to his knees with a 2KB ASM limit. Many from his own land will suffer and blame him for their frustrated math programming efforts.

"Following Kremer's unceremonious return, he will remain in service as a wise man whom many will consult. Nevertheless, commoners will treat him with a disgusted gratitude. Kremer's Limit will give power back to the defeated HP Empire; it will rise from the ashes of the HP 49G and conquer the educational market. HP zealots such as SS will come to power and burn the books detailing Kremer's famous works. And so Kremer will be lost to a history untold."

This doesn't sound very good for you Ray. I advise you to cheat fate and defend the TI-89 and TI-92 Plus lest these things befall you. However, you do seem to be a central figure after the Troll War. however.

### ***The TI-liad, continued (even more)***

by Doug Burkett [12:53, 12/19/01]

<<And Paul King cast down his lightning bolt caused the new land to sink into the sea, and the peoples scattered from it and returned to whence they had come. The demoness was appeased by this, and she vanished, and the world was once again at peace.>>

Part deux ...

"Yea, the loyal and the faithful were scattered and without form, wailing and shrieking in the wilderness. And in the low, grey lands, Ray of Kremer was broken. But he rose, and he toiled in the dark black arts of aitchtee-em-ell, and he learned of the spells and incantations of the black lords of the Server, whom

all must serve. And one day he spoke the runes and cast the bones, and the lightening lit the night skies, and the thunder rolled without end, and Ray of Kremer cried "Behold! From the void, I have created the new land of OffTopic for you, my brothers and sisters. Rejoice and be glad, but bloody well behave yourselves this time!"

And though this new bright land be not on the maps of middle earth, and be not listed in the rolls of the Server, it does be, none the less. And King Paul, darkest and most powerful lord of the Server, said "Oh, all RIGHT!" (or something like that). And the faithful and penitent journeyed and pilgrmaged to this promised land, though it be distant and inaccessible. And as with one voice, they cried "Hail, Ray of Kremer, for he has made our new home!" And Ray of Kremer gazed upon them, and said, one more time, "Read this:" And they were glad and rejoiced.

And so it came to pass that one day, a vision appeared on the plains, and the vision was the goddess High-D, with visage terrible and beautiful, and the brothers and sisters were afraid, and fell prostrate and quaked. But she said to them "Rise, and be not afraid! For though you are innocent and work and play and post in your land of OffTopic, the dark lords of the Server are ever watchful with their baleful One Eye, and their vengeance is swift and without mercy. So play nice! :)"

So ends the reading.

And here's a bit about another historical event some of you may remember:

"And it would often come to pass that the mild and abiding ways of the people were often disturbed and cast asunder by the trolls, spammers and twits, especially in the deep nights of the days of rest. And their posts would be foul, and profane, and certainly off-topic, and they reveled and cavorted in an orgy of wanton abandon. And their obscene destruction did deeply offend the good people, even such that some of good will did weaken and take part, though they regretted it much.

"And in the deepest, darkest hour of night, the DG was all waste, and there was naught but nonsense. And one of the common people, with no name, watched, and became angry, and cold, and said 'this is my home; I will not surrender it to these base cowards'. And he loosed the flood, and it rolled over the DG, and one by one the posts of the debasers were dispatched to the void, and though the debasers were legion and fought back with evil, he persevered wordlessly against their attacks, and he was victorious.

"And the debasers returned not for those days of rest, and the good people ventured back, and they asked 'who among us has made this flood, and for good or ill?', but he was silent."

So ends the reading.

***Legend of the great war***  
by Doug Burkett [15:09, 12/21/01]

In the dark times before IC, the common people did toil under the burden of calculating diverse sums, and products, and roots and special functions. And some did have the magick rules that slid, and they did toil less, and some fewer did have the noisome Friden, or Marchant, or Monroe, and some fewer still could petition the keepers of the big iron, who would mostly laugh and spit at them, unless they could show great wealth or a student ID.

And so the common people were without champion, until emperor Kilby, of the TI empire, had mercy and decreed to his slaving minions, that there would be a pocket calculator. And the minions were confused, and they said "a tiny mathematician?", for in those days a calculator was one who

calculated, and not a machine. And emperor Kilby was short with them, and said unto them, 'no, you twits! a machine which calculates!' And the minions did say 'oh, OK, gotcha', and they did go forth and toil, and toiled some more, until there came forth the beast with the eight baleful red eyes, and it was named the DataMath 2500, but the ways of the marketing witches are strange and without reason. And lo! the common people could add, and subtract, and multiply, and divide, either from batteries or the AC line, and there was much rejoicing.

But those among the common people who did toil at mathematics, and science, and engineering, and the other arcane arts; they did sniff and say 'verily, but my rule which slides doth more than this, and surely without electricity to boot'. And so they were not amused. But then one among them, one emperor Hewlett of the HP empire, had mercy and decreed to his slaving minions, that there would be a scientific pocket calculator. And those minions did toil, and toil even more, and the beast HP-35 did in good time issue forth. And it was named for the number of keys it had, because, in those quaint times, the marketing witches did not hold sway in the HP empire. And all the subjects of the empire saw that it was good, very good in fact, and they danced and made merry in their caves, and cried 'Rejoice, and be glad! for now we shall surely crush the TI infidels, much like small insects!'

But it came to pass that the TI subjects were not, in fact, crushed like small insects. For instead their leaders held council, and consulted with sages and marketing witches, who told them 'Go forth and market your tiny mathematicians to those apprentices who study, for while they may have student IDs, they have not great wealth, and they lust after the little boxes with red numbers, that they may spend less time in study and more time making merry. And heed not the anquished wails and howling of those who teach, their cries will come to naught as does chaff on the wind.'

And thus did holy jihad commence, and the empires of HP and TI did do battle most bloody and vile. Both empires sent multitudes of beasts and riders into the fray, and verily it came to pass that the HP empire did prevail with those who toiled for coin at the arcane arts, and the TI empire did prevail with the young apprentices. This, even though the beasts of TI were weak of display and key, and often died early in battle. But they were legion, and they were cheap, and the apprentices had not great wealth, etc, etc.

And jihad raged on, and a great many beasts passed on to their just rewards, with their shields or on them, until the fateful day the HP empire unleashed a leviathan, and the name of the leviathan was 48SX, and 48SX had not a one-line eye, but an eye of hundreds of pixels, and 48SX did not just tedious calculations with numbers, but manipulated the magick symbols of Al-Jabr, and 48SX did not just speak of number, but painted and drew and sang, and communed much with larger calculating beasts. And those of the battle plain were stricken dumb, for all knew the leviathan was the true king. So once again the leaders of the TI empire consulted much with their marketing witches, who did divine and labour frantically at the entrails of small animals, and cast many spells. And the witches did say 'Lo! though the teachers of apprentices wail and lament with vigour at your reign, you may yet bewitch them with their own spells. For though they fear the calculating beasts, they do lust after tenure and job security. Do go forth and beguile them with with many free calculating beasts, and seduce them with much, much swag, and speak often at their covens in their tongue. Verily, you will befriend and comfort and succor them greatly, and they will sing your praise on high to the acquisition committees.' So this the TI emperors did, and at great length, with much expense in time and coin, and the prognostications of the marketing witches did come to pass, and the TI empire did flourish.

Still, the true HP king and his heirs did rule for many generations, and his subjects were legion and loyal, even though they could only speak to the king in his native tongue of arpean. But the years did pass, and the issue of the king's loins was not distinguished, and was but a pale imitation of the king, and the HP emperors were bewitched, and slumbered, while the subjects toiled and proclaimed mightily in the name of their king, and built mighty works in his honor.

But the empire of TI did not slumber, and the minions toiled, and toiled some more, and little by little built a leviathan after their own hearts. And the name of this leviathan was 92, with eye bigger than 48SX, and brain faster than 48SX, and memory deeper than 48SX, and knowledge broader than 48SX. And thus it came to pass that 92 was a worthy adversary to 48SX, and begat his progeny 89, who was much the same but could ride in a really big pocket instead of a small chipcart.

And thus began the golden age of the calculating beasts, who could and would even do battle with the lumbering behemoths of the Peasea empire. But still did jihad rage most violent with the subjects of the HP and TI empires, tearing brother from brother and sister from sister in sworn allegiance to the empires. But the HP emperors slumbered on, and on, and could not be roused by the clamor and cries of the HP subjects.

But in the deserts of Oz, the HP emperors did rouse themselves, one more time, just barely enough to summon noble wizards and clever sorcerers and true believers, who toiled mightily in the caves of Ayceeh, and did mighty battle with the HP marketing witches, who now wielded all great power in the HP empire. And they did prevail, and the new HP king, 49G, was born, and at first his subjects rejoiced and danced in the newgroups, and verily, thumbed thier noses at the TI subjects in a most insulting manner. But the new king was much as the old king, in bright shiny dress, albeit with deeper memory and broader knowledge. And the HP subjects were thrown into turmoil and confusion, and some fought one against another as thier consciences ordered, and some defected to the TI empire, and some defected all empires to wander in alone the wilderness.

But the HP emperors would not have commerce with the teachers of apprentices, and were in fact aloof to them and snubbed them. And the HP wizards were slow to share all secrets of the new king, at length in massive tomes, and indeed said only 'read the tomes of the old king.' And thus the teachers did not hail the new king 49G one tiny bit, and many loyal HP subjects shunned the new king, and he languished in disgrace and ingominy, for verily his buttons required the strength of ten stout men to get his attention. And thus the new HP queen Carly of Fiorina and her marketing witches wailed and lamented, and to thier eternal shame and disgrace, they cast out forever the noble wizards and clever sorcerers who begat the new king.

And thus ended the golden age of the calculating beasts, not with a bang, but with a whimper.

But still the jihad rages on, though the emperors themselves now heed it not, and consider the jihad as the tiresome buzzing of insects in the thunderstorm. And the subjects of the empires see not that they are truly of one calling, greater than TI or HP, and thus they rail at each other and not at the true foe, and weaken themselves and bring on their own anguish and ruin.

So ends the legend.

### ***The Battlefields of the Great War***

Translated by Ray Kremer

And it took place that during the Golden Age, one of the fronts of the great jihad was the land of 89 and 92+ in the Realm of the discussion groups. It was mostly peaceful there, but often a new soldier would approach the land and ask which army he should choose to fight in. And this would stir the warriors of the jihad into battle once more, and the battles would last until the warriors were using the whip on their deceased horses.

The peoples were sorrowful at dwelling in the war ravaged land, and they cried out to the great creator Paul King to provide another battlefield in order to save the land of 89 and 92+ from harm. And Paul King from atop Mount Texas answered the prayers of the people and created the land of comparisons.

Thereafter most of the battles took place there, and the land of 89 and 92+ was saved from the horrors of war. And through the end of the Golden Age, and even a bit after it ended, the jihad carried on in the battlefield of comparisons, and the warriors fought each other valiantly on the fields were the bones of many fallen heroes lay.

### ***Legends of the discussion groups: "The dark wizard and the magik runes"***

by Ray "Homer he ain't" Kremer [20:16, 12/22/01]

One peaceful day at the end of the week-time, a dark wizard came to the Realm of the discussion groups. He had discovered a weakness in the Realm, that the fields of topik were vulnerable to spells of html, for the magik runes of angle brackets passed through the fields as they were without conversion into the codes of ampersand. The dark wizard took advantage of this knowledge and began to wreak havoc in the lands of the Realm, bringing forth unnatural talismans that turned the lands dark and fearsome.

In one land the dark wizard attempted a powerful spell of Javascript, but the magik was too powerful for the wizard to contain and the spell swept over the land as a great fog, and anyone who entered the land was unable to see anything. Undaunted, the wizard traveled to another land and cast spells that caused to appear great images of women of loose morals. The wizard thought this a great prank, but the peoples of the land were filled with dismay. The great sage Ray Kremer saw the evil that the wizard had done there, and to thwart the wizard he copied the spell of Javascript, and cast it with errors as the wizard had, and a great fog fell upon that land too, and it hid the images along with everything else.

Soon came the beginning of the next week-time, and from atop Mount Texas the great creator Paul King looked down and saw the evil that had been wrought, and he cast down his lightning bolt upon the thread that were infected with the spells of html, and he placed a great spell of protection upon the fields of topik so that they never again would be affected by the magik runes of angle brackets. The dark wizard, with his powers removed from him, was never heard from again.

But the fields of topik are not protected from all magik runes, for the marks of quotation are still taken wrongly by the fields when a re-ply is made upon a post.

### ***Legends of the Discussion Groups: "The Re-creation"***

by Ray "Homer he ain't" Kremer [0:30, 12/23/01]

It came to pass in the ancient year of mmi that the creators looked down from Mount Texas and said to themselves, "Our domain has become stagnant. We should beat it down with cataclysms and rebuild it anew." And there was much agreement, and they set about at the task of re-creation.

Finally they finished, and the world was much changed from what it had been. And from the peoples in the Realm of the discussion groups came a great wailing and gnashing of teeth, and they cried out "The great cities of the world have been rearranged, and we know not the lay of the land, and it is impossible to find anything."

The appearance of the world was changed too. Gone were the colors of the sky and ocean. They were replaced with the colors of fire and the autumn. And from the peoples in the Realm of the discussion groups came a great wailing and gnashing of teeth, and they cried out "Our eyes cannot bear to look upon the world now. Surely we will all vomit if we view the altered lands any further."

But the creators atop Mount Texas were satisfied with their labors, and they closed their ears to the complaints of the people.

Not very long after this, the creators decided that the road they had built to lead apprentices to their temple was dull, and they feared that many apprentices would lose interest along the way. So they sent the malevolent and omnipotent goddess tispt, who is known to some by another name, to rebuild the road. So tispt and her divine servants tore down the old road, and built a new road filled with many flashing lights and shiny objects in order to hold the fleeting attention of the apprentices. And they also placed upon the new road a marketplace where free amusements could be found, and also maps to other such marketplaces. The apprentices rejoiced at this, for the creators has never before placed any emphasis on the amusements. New lands in the Realm of the discussion groups were also built, these for giving aid to the apprentices in the areas of their studies. And the peoples of the Realm found these works of tispt humorous, and they scoffed at them at first, but they had forgotten what it is like to be a young apprentice. And the toils of tispt were successful, and all worked as it was intended, and the road became traveled by many apprentices.

### ***Legends of the Discussion Groups: "The Meeting"***

by Author Unknown [5:41, 12/23/01]

And it came to pass that the gentle and naive subject, Lalu of the CAS-Votaries Gild, requested the honour of the malevolent and omnipotent goddess tispt's presence at a chance encounter, high atop Mount Texas. And the goddess tispt did consult her wise counsel, goddess High-D (with visage terrible and mischievous), who did advise that such an encounter might compromise the ancient tee-ay code of secrecy of selfdom. The goddess tispt avowed the truth of the words her co-goddess had spake, but alas, she was not wholly swayed by the pronouncement of her wise, yet obstinate, counsel. Thus ensued a longsome deliberation twixt the two obdurate goddesses.

At long last, a resolution was realized, harsh and stern though it were, that no mortal would ever contemplate the countenance of the leaders of the empire of tee-ay in the temple in which they dwelt. Verily, the goddess tispt did decree to the gentle and naive Lalu, and to all of his guileless supporters, that no such encounter should ever take place, for such a meeting of mortal man and everlasting sovereign would surely result disastrous. "Go forth, and be merry in your ignorance of the ways of the leaders!" ordained the goddess. "You are but mere lackeys and shall never know the ways of the sovereign rulers!"

But the gentle Lalu proved not so naive, and his pursuit of the encounter perdured, that he might one day savour, if but for a moment, the sweet wisdom and phantasy and goodwill that floweth, as a deluge, from the summit of Mount Texas. And his imploring was like a psalterly upon the goddess's ears. And the resistance of the malevolent goddess did weaken at the insistence of Lalu. And anew did she seek the counsel of the goddess High-D, and again did the goddess High-D determine that mere mortals would ne'er able bear the ribaldry and sapience of the sovereign rulers. But the malevolent and omnipotent goddess tispt was not so easily convinced this tyme. And a debate ensued.

Yet the hour of Lalu's arrival drew nigh, and still the goddesses had not reached unfaltering agreement. Hour after hour did they wraxle with the idea, and yet they came to no resolution. Yea, even now it is rumoured that the deliberation persists, and the question of whether the two - mortal and goddess - ever did meet is left to the annals of history.

### ***Legends of the Discussion Groups: "The Meeting", continued***

by unknown [6:06, 12/23/01]

Yes, they did meet :)))

## ***Legends of the discussion groups: "The Platter of Amusements"***

by Ray Kremer [2:56, 12/27/01]

In the olden days there were three great cities of amusements. There was the city of Tee Aye Fyles, but the years took their toll on that city and it fell into ruins, and eventually even the rubble where it had stood could not be found. There was also Dymension Tee Aye, later to be known as Calk of Org. (The great Library of Fak was located nearby, but a short ride from the city walls.) But by far the oldest, largest, and most famed of the cities was Tee Aye Calk of Org, and many apprentices did walk through the gates of that city.

It happened that the city of Tee Aye Calk of Org came to the attention of the lords of Mount Texas, and calling down from on high they said to the Governors of the city, "Deliver to us a selection of your best amusements, and we shall incise them upon magik platters and disperse them among the apprentices of the land, and their love for us will increase as will the fame of your city." The Governors did as they had been asked, and the lords of Mount Texas did as they had promised, and as they had foreseen the apprentices did praise the lords and visit the city in greater numbers than ever before.

Soon though, dark forces whispered in the ears of the great giants of Pa-Rence, and the giants found upon the platters things that made them red-eyed with anger, and they attacked Mount Texas with great clubs and the looming threat of unleashing the most feared unholy creature ever to be spawned in the darkest depths of the underworld, the Lawyer. The lords of Mount Texas then did hurl their lightning bolts and destroyed every platter they could find, at great cost and difficulty to themselves.

And the Governors of Tee Aye Calk of Org did tremble at the terrible thing they had caused, and they felt much anguish knowing that the lords of Mount Texas had been terribly inconvenienced by their foolishness, and they evacuated the city and closed its gates while they searched for the things which made the giants angry and burned them on the pyre. And while the city gates were closed there was a great wailing and gnashing of teeth from the apprentices, who were too foolish to make do with the amusements they had already collected or to seek out other places where they could be found.

Soon though, the Governors of Tee Aye Calk of Org finished their search and reopened the city, and the apprentices once more filled its walls. And the lords of Mount Texas learned to be more careful when dealing with mortals.

## ***Legends of the discussion groups: The Great Libraries***

by Ray "Homer he ain't" Kremer [2:43, 12/28/01]

The great sage Ray Kremer dwelt long in the Realm of the discussion groups, but it was not always so. In time long forgotten, Ray Kremer did acquire for the first time a ship that could surf the Sea of Webb, and during his voyages he came upon the Realm of the discussion groups and found there many apprentices in great need of guidance. And the great sage Ray Kremer, who had read the ancient tome of Manual, was able to preach sermons to the apprentices that set them on the right path. But new apprentices who had not heard the sermons were constantly arriving in the Realm, and Ray Kremer did often repeat his sermons for their benefit. One of the most popular was the sermon of the cord of Graff Lynk, but it is a very long sermon, and Ray Kremer did grow weary of reciting it.

Then the great sage said to himself, "Would it not be easier for me to write the sermons upon scrolls, and then when an apprentice comes who is in need of the wisdom of the sermons, he can read the scrolls, and I can save my voice." And so he did this, and set many of his sermons to page, and he built a library in which to house them, and this was the Library of Fak. And the sage Ray Kremer did



delight much in directing the apprentices to go to the library and read the scroll which held the knowledge they did seek. Over the years, the library grew much, and it eventually held many times the scrolls that it had begun with. And the other sages of the Realm did praise the Library of Fak and the great sage Ray Kremer who had built it and filled it with scrolls.

Some time later, the great sage Doug Burkett found that he very much enjoyed the sermons given by the other sages, but he was saddened because many of the sermons were given but once, and they quickly faded from memory. And so Doug Burkett also began to set the sermons to page, his own and those of the other sages also. At first he stored his scrolls in an annex of the Library of Fak, which the great sage Ray Kremer was happy to provide. Later he took on an assistant, who built a separate library in which to keep the scrolls, and this was the Library of TypLyst. And this library too was praised by the other sages of the Realm, and they supported it by often bringing the great sage Doug Burkett to hear sermons that deserved entry into his library.

Thus the two libraries stood throughout the ages, and they became known as two of the great stores of knowledge of the known world.

### ***Legends of the discussion groups: "The Roots of Power"***

by Ray "Homer he ain't" Kremer [0:52, 12/31/01]

The great leviathans of the TI empire, the 89, 92, and 92 Plus, were much beloved by the apprentices. Many of the apprentices desired the Roots of Power, but the leviathans only had the magik tokens for Roots of Two Powers, and the apprentices did covet Roots of Greater Power. And they did wail and gnash their teeth and cry out, "The smaller cousins of the leviathans do have a token for Eks Roots of Power, which can be used to find the Roots of Greater Power. Where is the token for Eks Roots of Power on the leviathans which are greater in every way?"

The sages of the land of 89 and 92+ delivered to the apprentices the sermon that the leviathans do not know the token of Eks Roots of Power, but that the Roots of Greater power could be found through the magik incantations of Reciprokal Exponents. And the sages did lament that the apprentices should know this sermon already, and too many times do apprentices come to hear the sermon of the Reciprokal Exponents. And the sages did once say, we should enscribe the sermon on a tablet, and place the tablet on the tower overlooking the Realm of the discussion groups, who many pass through to arrive at the land of 89 and 92+, and place torches on either side of the tablet so that all will read it and never again ask to hear the sermon spoken aloud.

From atop Mount Texas, the great creator Paul King heard the sages, and did create the tablet of Topik o' the Year, and he enscribed the incantations of Reciprokal Exponents upon it, and placed it on the tower for all to see. But the tablet was of little comfort, for still far too many apprentices came looking for the token of Eks Roots of Power upon the leviathans, and they did ignore the tablet unless the sages pointed it out to them. And down through the ages, no apprentices did cause the sages to shake their heads and rolls their eyes more than the ones seeking the Roots of Greater Power.

### ***Lost Tales of TI Discussion Groups: Jason Adams, the Bezerker, the angry***

by Forgotten Scribe [10:41, 1/6/02]

Long ago, there was an alliance, the name now forgotten, forming about a programming group. An over zealous member posted multiple messages of announcement in several different boards. The regulars grew a little irritated about hearing about it so much and finally a nameless bystander spoke up.

The story would have most likely ended there, but a very angry person, took forth to "defend free speech" as he put it and called for war.

A certain troll, Glass Lion, saw Jason as a feeble mind to manipulate and assumed the forms of another forgotten name and a certain hero and challenged the defender.

A great war of verbal obscenities waged on day and night. Great floods flooded the land. No one was safe from Jason.

Soon after, the fake hero challenged Jason, the real hero was attacked by Jason. He quickly made it known it was not him and did not wish to fight him.

Soon after, the psychopath Adams appologised claiming only to seek protection of free speech.

The other trolls new however it would not be that difficult to get him to snap again and as this was an age of Flood and Spaming, Jason was an ideal target for there taunts.

Spam became even more prevalent under Jason. This very much angered those high above on Mount Texas. Day in, day out, cleansing of the community was nessessary.

Finally, he actually did leave, although trolls and others still borrowed his name for the the notority.

Glass Lion proceeded to continue his search for the long gone Slayer. While much rejoicing was there, the flooding continued off and on for many months to come.