

00459d08-0

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Chapter 1

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1.1 NewIcons Addendum Library - Backdrops

Introduction

How Do I Use These Things?

Just Who Is To Blame?

What Else Do I Get For Free?

Recommended Listening Material...

Ah, A Captive Audience
And Now for Something Different -

1.2 Introduction...

This archive contains backdrop iff pictures (tiles) for use with NewIcons. Actually, you could use them whether or not you use NewIcons, but if you do, you will already be using the NewIcons base palette, so why not give NewIcons a try?

1.3 How The Hell Do I Use These Things...

How To Use These Backdrops:

WB 3.x

Launch the WBPatten Tool in the Preferences directory. C'mon now, it was easy enough for C= to write, can it really be that difficult to operate?

WB 2.x

Immediately locate the application WBPicture. Place this in your Preferences directory. I can only assume that Nicola figured that the monkeys at C= would someday try to use the application, so he made it simple enough for even them to use.

WB 1.x

- a) Upgrade to WB 2.x. Then follow the instructions above.
- b) Upgrade to WB 3.x. Then follow the instructions above above.

1.4 Blame Me

Hey, I'm to blame.

r.mcveygenie.geis.com

1.5 The Future...

In the days to come, A NewIconsEditor (NED) will be released. Even sooner, a collection of animated NewIcons for ToolManager2.

1.6 Who's Listening To Whom....

The Beloved - Conscience

The Trees - (Before Electricity)

Indigo Girls - Rites Of Passage

Larry Fast (Synergy) - #?

Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians - Respect

Eleven - Awake In A Dream

Happyhead - Give Happyhead

Roxy Music - Avalon

World Party - Goodbye Jumbo

Jai Uttal - Footprints

Genesis - The Lamb Lies Down

Hex - Vast Halos

Eight Seconds - Almacantar

Tim Finn - #?

October Project - October Project

1.7 The Long Way Home... copyright 1990-R.McVey

Ah, a glutton for punishment. Well, yet again we come to that part of the show where the audience begins to demand their money back. "Just what can anyone do with 1,000 words?" they sneer. Maybe they'll take

THE LONG WAY HOME
Copyright 1990 Roger McVey

Perry Mason stood slowly and approached the window. "So, it was her screaming which drove you to murder, is that right Barney?"

"She wouldn't shut up," he sobbed. "She knew I was dying but she just wouldn't shut up..." Barney closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I warned her," he bellowed, "I warned her." He clenched his eyes as tightly as he could, until the pain forced a small, weak squeal from his lips. "I...I just couldn't take any more." The sound of his voice lapsed into eerie silence.

"Barney my boy, this isn't the end. Look pal, why don't you have dinner with me and Wilma then we'll go bowlin'. Everyone from the Water Buffalo Lodge has been askin' about you." There was no mistaking the baritone growl of Fred Flintstone. Barney opened his eyes and looked up.

Clad in the same old cartoon-leopard suit, Fred stood there patiently tapping his foot. Pressing his face against the glass, Barney could make out the recognizable form of Dino in the distance, curled and snoozing against the old Stoneway piano.

Pulling his arms out of the suit sleeves, Barney began beating against the panels of switches and lights which surrounded him, unconcerned that most of the indicators were now starting to wink red. A garbled, synthesized voice, once light and feminine, began barking out unintelligible life support warnings until it was finally silenced by the fizz of electronic strangulation.

Barney's rage ebbed momentarily as he noticed the blazing crimson message forming in the faceplate of the suit; Sandwiched between the armored plates of glass the words hung safely out of his reach. "O2 level critical. Further oxidation," he read aloud, "is necessary in order to assure your survival." The message befuddled his oxygen-starved brain.

The probe stung as it entered his left calf causing his leg to spasm involuntarily, but the suit had automatically clamped it rigid. A wisp of

scorched flesh worked its way into the cavernous torso of the suit, bringing with it a chill of nausea and ghost pains. Barney screamed, driving his forehead violently against the faceplate.

"Now Barn," sheriff Taylor joshed, "you know what the best way to deal with this is?"

"Nip it," Barney growled through tightly gritted teeth, "nip it in the bud."

"That's right, Barn," Andy drawled. "You can't change the future unless you nip it in the here an'now. Right in the bud..."

"I don't have any goddamn future," Barney choked.

"Sure you do," Otis belched from the comfort of his cell. "Right there..."

"Where?" Barney whined.

"Right there...right there in the palm of your hand..." Otis wheezed back at him.

Barney looked down, slowly turning his hands palm up. He pored over the webbing of creases and cockles etched deep within the flesh as if God's private phone number might actually be lurking in that clever disguise of wrinkled nonsense. He finally looked back up at the faceplate, but Mayberry had vanished, leaving only the ravaged hull of the galactic explorer module, now his sole companion, to abandon him like all the rest as it slowly tumbled end over end in its deteriorating orbit. A ragged shred of it drifted just beyond his reach; the same hulk of shrapnel which had severed his radio antenna and fatally punctured the survival suit.

Once again the angry, red warning began filling the window and Barney looked away, his legs tingling just below the knee as the suit converted another fifty millimeters of flesh and bone into a few more moments of life-giving oxygen.

A sphere of green light bobbed outside the faceplate, shimmering and brilliant as it coagulated into the semi-transparent figure of a woman, her gown glittering against the stars. "You've always had the power to return home dear," she smiled.

"I have?" Dorothy asked.

"I have?" Barney cried, slipping his arms back into the sleeves.

"The Ruby Slippers," Glenda sighed. "Simply tap them together three times and repeat after me. There's no place like home, there's no place like home..."

"There's no place like home," Dorothy chanted.

"There's no place like home," Barney chorused, groping awkwardly.

"There's no place like home," she repeated. Click, click, click went the Ruby Slippers.

"There's no place like home," Barney whispered. Click, click, click went the helmet release hasps.

1.8 Where it's due...

NewIcons is an adaptive icon replacement application written by Nicola Salmoria. Give it a try...

1.9 Where More Credit is due...

WBPicturE is an application which allows WB 2.x users to replace the Workbench with an image, either as a singular picture or a repeating tile. Written, of course, by Nicola Salmoria.