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Ghandy: D.I.S.C. Tours in Alaska (00.06.1999)

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D.I.S.C Tours in Alaska

by Ghandy

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Alaska: Where the streets have no name.

They (Lord Helmet & Zerox later also called as Boerge and Frode) limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak of their Alaska adventure, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. As persons coming from big norwegian cities not beeing used of long walks etc., these conditions soon caused heavy problems with their health. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. (not Jurassic Packs.. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

Zerox: "Hey, Boerne, my friend, we`re here to get clear our heads of D.I.S.C. Or better to say we`re here to know what to do concerning it. Welcome to the fantastic nature of Alaska, but I guess we`ve lost our way. I have no idea where to go and how to reach our target. My map shows me totally different ways as we are actually following!"

Lord Helmet: "There is no way out! I even can`t remember which ways we took to get here. We are here left alone and nobody can either find or help us."

Zerox had a fancy smile on his face but soon it left him as he was too tired for any more emotions. Zerox: "Find us? We are here 1000



miles away from any civilisation. Shitty situation! And there are no elks here. Brainy [Brainwasher/Eremation] promised me to discover a lot of those interesting elkies, but zero, absolute nothing, no elk, no person, nothing!" It was more than obvious that he was getting depressed more and more.

Lord Helmet: "Mhh.. Elks? This is far too much in the north of the globe to meet any elks here. Beside, you know what you can think of promises from him, I mean Brainy. He has a lot of ideas and the talent to realise them, but that was it." Lord's voice was utterly and drearily expressionless.

Zerox: "When it comes to our mag, I would also like to add that there's possibly nobody left in the scene, or if yes, only a few that can remember the older issues of D.I.S.C. The people forgot it and after waiting so long for it, we should do the same, shouldn't we??" Lord Hell didn't reply. Their lips were trembled a little due the cold weather. No doubt, they were in serious troubles. Boerge (LH) suddenly began to speak, but it was more that he whispered his words. "I told you from the very first day that it would have been better to restart RAW again. RAW is power and will ever be.. maybe then we would have had more luck in finding a good coder for a new source. Giving away some articles we made together for RAW to Jurassic Pack was okay, but this product will never have the same glory as RAW had and still has. You should regret your step that you was so stubborn when it came to the name of our mag. Luck to the glorified and beloved people.. and now? What do we have now? Still broken promises from a hyperbusy and very friendly french coder and nothing else... Grrr!"

Zerox: "Jurassic Pack was an OKAY product. So far, so good. Hey, I'm on your side, I'm also not very happy with the whole situation. But I'm more then sure that this ain't Brainy's fault. He's just too busy with his french company etc. Two of the friends who started the firm with him are actually at the army, so he has to do the job of three people at the same time. And real life is a lot more important than scene affairs. Even more important if our name would be RAW or Spaceballs or Virtual Dreams... or.. anything else. Brainy is a fine person, his only fault was to promise us things he wasn't able to fulfill. And now he's leaving for the PC scene together with Fishbrain, ermm I mean Fishwave". Lord quickly ads: "Are there any people in the PC or better to say enough people in the PC scene who are really interested in reading or receiving stuff like that? Who are really worth to make so much work for them? I have a PC to work with since a long time, but I don't have a clue about the scene of this platform."

Zerox: "And if he (Brainwasher) is as fast with the source for Seenpoint-PC as he was for D.I.S.C the PC sceners will have to wait until the next decade for the first issue... hehe"

Again they gazed completed the circle of the world about them. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft skyline. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no greasses - naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into their eyes. "Mother" Frode (Zerox: whispered, once and twice "Mother!" Due the energyconsuming way through Alaska all those days and nights Frode suddenly had a terrible daydream. "Ghandy... Rokdazone.. Hi!" Boerge was perplex. He said "Mhhh?? Where are they? They are lightyears away from us.. this is sad enough. Hey, get real.. this is the shitty painfull Alaska, the pole isn't far away, so how could Ghandy or Rokie be here??"

Zerox: saw both, Ghandy, Rokdazone and a lot other editors standing in a half circle in front of him and everybody was telling him the



same words. "YOU COULD BE PART OF **MY** DISKMAG. D.I.S.C WILL NEVER COME TRUE. COME WITH ME. I'LL FEED YOU AND YOUR FRIEND AND WILL GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO DRINK AND A BED TO SLEEP IN. ALL YOUR PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED AT ONCE IF YOU PROMISE ME TO JOIN MY TEAM."

"Is Mop also there?" Boerge asked.

Zerox: "Noo.. I can't see him"

Lord Helmet: "Mhhhh.. strange, seems he won't be present to ask you. "

Zerox: "Well, maybe he comes later.. you'll never know..."

Lord Helmet: "And they all want us both as editors in their team? And if we join, we would find a way outta here? And get fresh water and meals???"

Zerox: "Yes.. but I can't do it. If I even die or leave the scene or have to leave the scene because I die or vice versa. I can't. D.I.S.C is my live, my love, the first thing I'm thinking of when I'm waking up in the morning and my last topic before I go to bed. I will never agree!!"

Lord Helmet: "Then we have to die. Even it's only a daydream of yours, there is no chance to save our souls. Not in real life and not in your daydream. But why do you do it? Gods are dead on Amiga, more or less, what can you loose? So, tell me why!??"

Zerox: "Because.. well, because.. shit! I can't explain! Ahh I see.. Mop is also there. And I can see the faces of Darkhawk, Soda, Gdm, Shade, Sixpack, Raven, Damion, The Ripper, Macno, Woober, Fishwave, Puh, Frame, Modem, KaosMaster, Big Rat, Wiseguy, Wade, Parsec & Magic also. They, the united league of editors, the guild of people that never would come together, I can't imagine why. However, they are all standing together and they are all crying for help."

Lord Helmet: "You all suck!! D.I.S.C or death!!!" he cried with his last energy reserves.

Zerox: "Yeah.. now or never. It's time for a decision.. sure this is a bloody decision for us, but we won't regret it!"

Lord Helmet: "Why should we cry for mercy?"

Zerox: "We don't and we never will do so!"

Lord Helmet: "Then god, if it's really necessary, let it happen. I lay our both souls in your arms. Do with us what you want. We are prepared to go the last way. The last train has left the station... These were the last words of the old Showtime team from Ram Jam and they fit quite good to us. There's no way back!" He wasn't able to say more...



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When the scenery around them was blotted out by darkness, they knew from one second to the other that the end was near to come. Nobody ever saw them again. No scenery, no elk and especially no real person. They never returned from their risky tour through Alaska. On this adventure walk they wanted to get clear how to handle this D.I.S.C problem in the future and finally they managed to do it. Not in a very successful way, but in a possible way. D.I.S.C is dead, RAW is dead, they may live for ever!

The End

author Jack London on

board of a ship writing.

Explanation

After so many people asked me about the possible future of D.I.S.C, one day I had the idea to answer all requests with this scenish tale. In my practical course I saw a book called "Love of life" written by one of the most famous american bestseller authors, you know him all, it's Jack London. In London's book the two men I wrote about, had a real hard time in Alaska and after reading the introduction I suddenly had the idea to change the names and to use some of the phrases because in my eyes it was a good way to explain the situation of our beloved magproject. A pure summery of facts would have been quite boring for you. Of course I wouldn't be able to write in such a phantastic way as Jack London was able to. But as this language is not my native one, I can only try the best.

Concerning D.I.S.C, since a long, long time everything is prepared. A lot of articles are ready beeing done by Frode and Boerge in cooperation, a lot of helping hands would contribute with high quality articles, the panel is finished (by Wade, the cliparts are done (by Optic and also, Brainy presented us a promising preview of the code some months ago. Great you could say! Maybe yes, but there's nothing else to tell about and the chance that it will come true gets more and more worse every single day that passes.

Boerge is totally out of the scene and since Frode quitted swapping one year ago, he's also not very good informed. And for sure the studies take a lot time of both students. For him and Boerge it's simply depressing to have everything ready, except, yes except the code. D.I.S.C could be a big hit again, a slap in every competitor's face. But be honest, is there really anybody outside who really believes in a mag that wasn't released the last two years?? I bet not, and you are right not to believe us. Also, Frode asks himself if it's really worth to work for a scene that isn't the same it was used to be some years ago. A kind of scene that he was preferring a lot more. He also asked himself if it would make sense to keep his Amiga.



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He loves it but that alone doesn't change the nearly hopeless situation. The Amiga is on the commercial side more and more on his way down the drain. I'm sure it will survive somehow and also the scene will go on like the C64 scene survived, but is that really the kind of scene he wants? Is it still worth to investigate so much time and energy into a diskmag only for a handful of sceners? Nobody can really answer these questions, but if the rumour is true that Brainwasher will totally leave for PC, then there's no hope left.

We'll keep you up to date.