

Update Bulletin

The Night Before Solstice - 2004

December 22, 2004

'Twas the night before Solstice, and all through the house,
Not a creature was selling, not even Doug Krause.
Releases were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Kawczynski soon would be there.
The users were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of U-Scan danced in their heads,
And Ray on his cell phone with Bruce on the spot,
Had just settled down to discuss K.C. Potts.

When in the next room there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my cube to see what was the matter.
(Just then under Windows I heard my disk crash,
Blow away my FAT table and empty my cache...)
The polymorphed O.O.P. moon on the snow,
Gave inherited lustre to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But an silver DeLorean, towed by reindeer,
With a leather-dressed driver cornering hard,
I knew in a moment it must be ... *Bernard*.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Gucci! Now Prada, now Saatchi and Saatchi!
On, Lagerfield! Coco Chanel and Versace!
From the top of the Wall Street to the top of Nob Hill!
Put cash away! Dash away! Send them a bill!"

As salesmen that before middle management try,
When they meet with an obstacle, escalate high,
So up to the tenth floor the coursers they fell,
With trunk full of media Bernard could sell.
I knew in a twinkling he'd cook up some deals,
When I heard the click of his boots with tap heels.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney the consultant came with a bound.

He was dressed all in latex, from his head to his toes,
And his clothes were all shiny, (if you could call them "clothes"),
From a small leather back-pack he withdrew a book,
And he looked like a ... well, never mind how he looked.
His eyes – how they glittered, his dimples ... he had none,
Wearing bright orange chinos's not typically done.
His ears sported big sapphire studs just for show,
And the beard of his face was as black as – you know.

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He lit saffron incense from an Indian sect,
And smoke circled his head like a halo effect.
He had a thin face (but no belly at all),
And his sunless white skin wore a translucent pall.
Not chubby, not plump, but Kate-Moss-thin, so he
Looked nothing like Santa – more like David Bowie.

A wink and an ironic twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had *plenty* to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
Filling all of these wish lists while wearing a smirk:
“On Schneider’s Nash Finch deal we’ll deliver the goods,
And ten tickets to Hawaii for the great Terry Woods.
In Kalamazoo – we’ll get that software installed,
Not recalled. Overhauled, and they’ll be enthralled!

“Dave Thomas on track with his Lake Ponchar-Trains,
And his bro’ in Monroe? We could use ten more Lanes.
Big bucks for Jennithan with his ESL clout,
And a par for Viar with the Lincs all smoothed out.
While Randy the Man makes the new hardware run,
And the great K.C. Pots makes the wholesalers “fun”,
Pat Huston unleashes CIH in the West,
While Haines gets a double-wide windshield. (No rest.)

“Jeff Sanders and Beth? Heroes in San Diego,
With Dallo/CIH and of course RBO.
While Stan’s Oklahoma looks better and better –
Why, even accountants say this year’s red-letter.
For the Fullers, they’ll get two more chains just like Lowe’s,
(The wholesaler comes with ‘em, but that’s how it goes...)
And selling in Houston those shiny new toys,
Wishing you guys a much better year than Malloys.

“Those Pollastros can handle *both* those big accounts,
Haggen’s and C-K – stores in massive amounts.
And Hicks is no hick, getting signatures final,
As the Pigfords roll out all stores North Carolin-al.
Rick Pringle, Great Lakes. Many stores! All downtown?
(Do whatever you want, but just *please* stick around.)
And just west in Lansing, Bob Bauer’s respected –
Just so he makes sure all his stores are Connected.

“And here’s to an excellent year for Stu Chait,
While McCarthys from Dumac now cover the state,
And Tilson brings in every deal for a landing,
Until there’s no NCR dealers left standing.
For Kevin and Lou in AZ, slightly East,
A dozen *more* stores – oh, please guys, at least.
Up north, cross’d five time zones AM/PM’s the best,
Dave, we promise you’ll love life without SMS.

“In the north wilds of Boise, there’s Burnham and more,
Thank you, Dennis, for store after store after store.
Then there’s Tester/Bermuda and the Caymen with Kirk,

(For them and for Torrez, the beach beats the work.)
And wishing great things in Virginia: I'll bet he
Can win with the best – and we're talking Ziletti.
And for Ron out in Pittsburgh, the guys say you rock,
So get set – it's next year the dealers "all-knock".

"Gleissner will Save-A-Lot – same as last year,
– – "For 200 stores StoreNext buys you a beer."
And we know that it's tough, but we need you to choose
Please! Sell independents, McCollow and Hughes.
Podrazza wins big and puts U-Scan in Buehlers,
While AWG finally embraces *our* Dealers.
Rehmeier? Think "Norfolk": that's where you park,
Big dough in Nebraska (watch out for that shark...)

"Big days and MayDays for Wichita Curt,
Now Stremel's in charge – see? That didn't hurt!
Happy Trails to Bill Bockman, that Midwestern gent,
And George, Todd's agreed you can have that percent."
Hey Perry! We need you! Please come back from Naples!
You can sell Cosentino's (and *then* you get Staples.)

And here! For Drew Clausen! A sure-fire bet,
But hang on my friend, you can't open it – yet... "

Bernard's sack was now empty; he gave me his views,
On organic sushi and odd microbrews.
He offered a strange Belgian beer he called Geuze,
While he sipped on a rather large glass of Chartreuse,
And shook his head sadly – "Why do I mess,
With of all things in IT, this damned PoS?"
And waxed with rather imperial afflatus,
Using terms like "obdurate celestial apparatus."
"Well, gotta run, Boyfriend," said Bernard looking dour,
"Besides, my rate's up to *five* hundred an hour.
For this way-ok dude the time's getting late,
And I'm meeting the Snow Queen downtown about eight."
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And with a quick sniff, up the chimney he rose.
His DMC started, to his teams gave a yell,
And out they all flew like the cash drawer from hell.

But I heard him exclaim with a voice like a giant,
"Mellow Solstice to all – and get Sunrise Compliant!"

The very best of Holidays to you and your families, with sincere thanks from all of us at StoreNext for this exciting and hugely successful year.

To your success – and looking forward to 2005.

Tony