
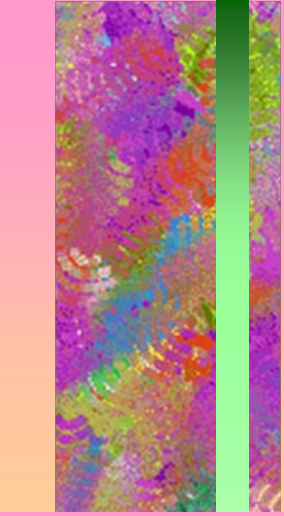






“Warm Fuzzy” Story



*Fuzzy Goal - How will I know
one when I see one?*



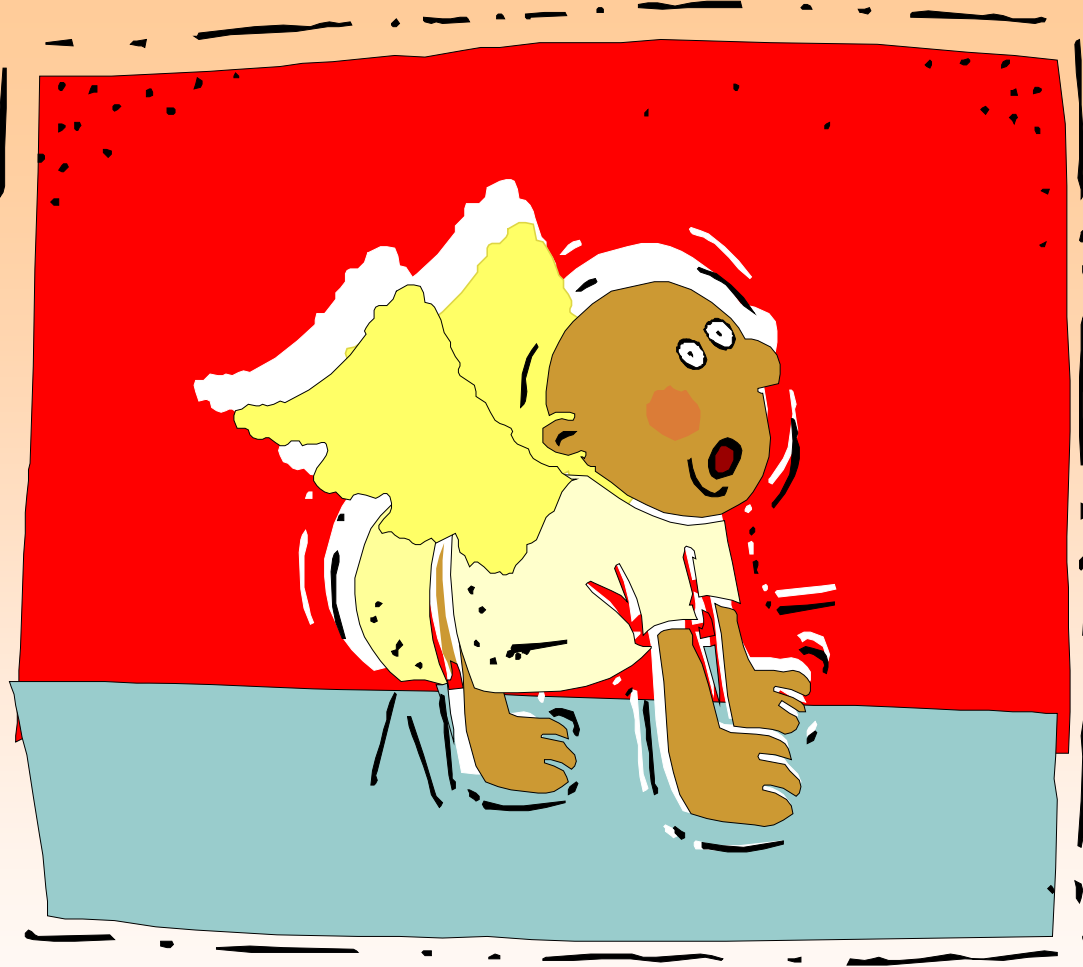
*Here is a story of a King
who didn't really know or
say what he wanted, and
the big price his
messenger had to to
pay. Read on . . .* 

**Remember: If you don't
stand for something,
you will fall for
anything...** 

Four-Legged Fuzz



Once upon a time in the land of the four-legged Fuzz, King Aling called in his cousin Ding and commanded "Go ye out into all of Fuzzland and find me the goodest of men, whom I shall reward for his goodness."



Yeow!



"But how will I know one when I see one?" asked the Fuzzy. --- "Why he will be **sincere**, scoffed the king, and whacked of a leg for his impertinence. So the Fuzzy limped out to find a good man.

Ooofh! 



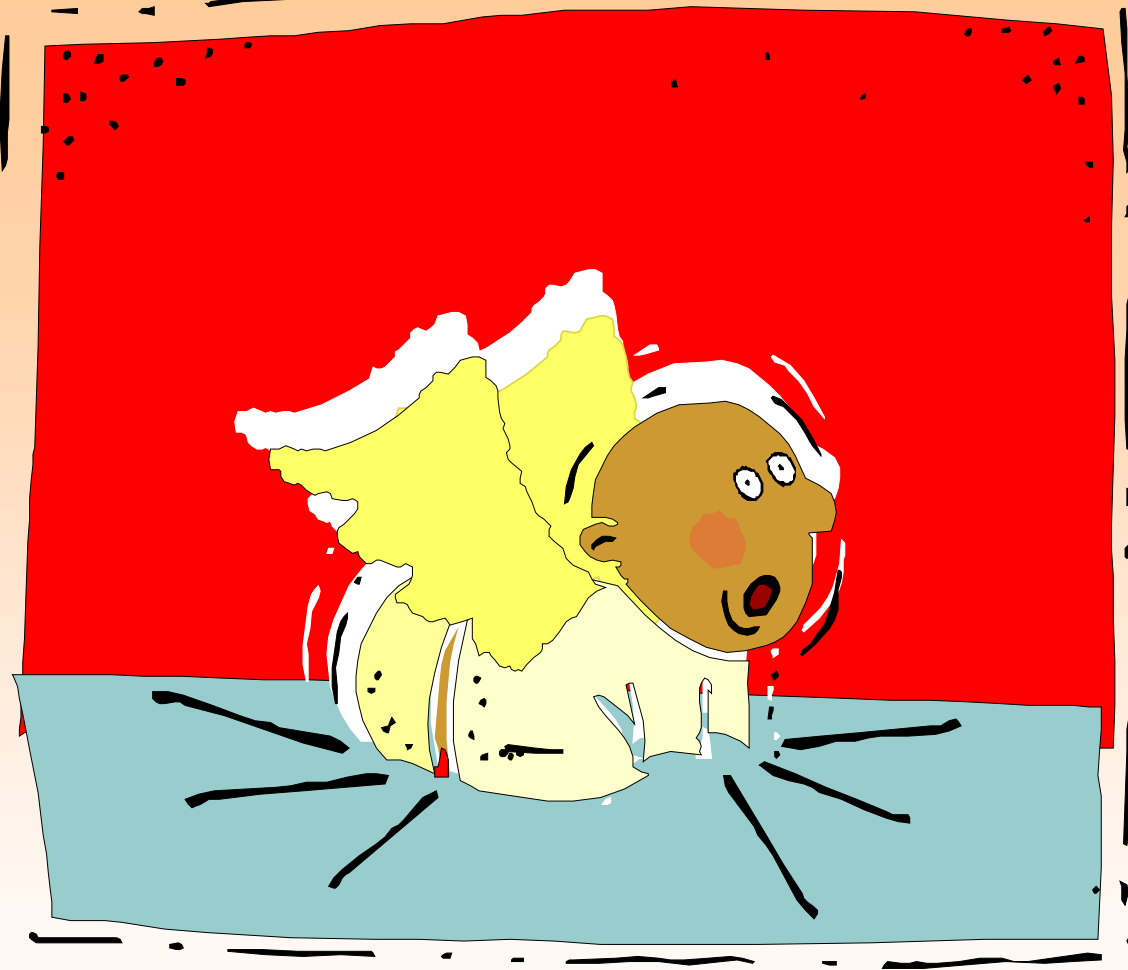
*Soon he returned, confused and empty-handed. "But how will I know one when I see one?" he asked again. "Why, he will be **dedicated**," grumbled the king, and whacked off another leg for his impertinence. So the Fuzzy hobbled away once more to look for the goodest of men.*

On his last leg



*Again he returned, confused and empty-handed. "But how will I know one when I see one?" he pleaded. "Why he will have **internalized his growing awareness**," fumed the king, and whacked off another leg for his impertinence. So the Fuzzy, now on his last leg, hopped out to continue his search.*

Thump!



In time, he returned with the wisest, most sincere and dedicated Fuzzy in all of Fuzzland, and stood him before the king. "Why this man won't do at all," roared the king. "He is much too thin to suite me." Whereupon, he whacked off the last leg of the Fuzzy, who fell to the floor with a squishy thump!



The moral of this fable is:

- If you can't tell one when you see one, you may wind up without a leg to stand on.