



## **Sales Engineering**

by  
Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr.

EMPYREAN LIFE QUARTERS  
GALACTIC CENTRAL  
Day 413, Culori Year 2116

Zaphon A'Piff, Manager  
Sundries Sales Corp.  
Planet II, Universe Sundries

Dear A'Piff:

My son, Aurule, will be out your way looking for employment. You'll remember him as that gay, frisky, little fellow who gave us so many laughs during the annual company sales party the year you discovered defects in your new space cruiser.

Aurule, now fully grown, has simply walked off with highest honors at GIT, Galactic Institute of Technology, where he majored in Ecogineering.

Since Aurule is uninterested in anything other than Ecogineering, and is not fit by personality or training for your sales department, I'd hoped that I might prevail upon you to introduce him to Aemee Tirow, Manager of our Department of Engineering. I'm detained here at Galctic Central for at least another ten-day, but even so, as company president, I'd not want to appear behind the scenes during Aurule's job hunt. So, trusting to our long and close relationship, you'll see that his application is properly considered. Naturally, I'd be pleased if Aemee Tirow hired Aurule without knowledge of familial connections.

A Curlori Salute,

Orole Meethon, President  
Sundries Sales Corp.

SUNDRIES SALES CORPORATION  
PLANET II, UNIVERSE SUNDRIES  
OFFICE OF ZAPHON A'PIFF, SALES MANAGER  
Day 001, Zal'pu Year 0217

Orole Meethon  
Empyrean Life Quarters  
Galactic Central

Dear Friend Meethon:

Well, well! No one could have imagined your son -- that sly little runt who ruined my new space-cruiser -- growing up and walking off with top honors at prestigious GIT.

Your super-space-gram arrived just one day after Aurule, and I'm pleased, old friend, to report we've  
***Copyright 2002 Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr., 7376 Walker Road, Fairview, TN 37062-8141***



already got him launched on what will probably be a most successful sales career, despite the fact he's Culori, and his head is loaded with abominably useless facts from that vanity school.

Thank me, friend Meethon, for I've caught him before strong cultural imprints have taken hold, the same causes that might force him to join one of the lesser departments such as Engineering.

I've sent him to Planet III, Universe Sundries, where he'll make acquaintance with our surplus stock. He'll probably try out some of the heavier planet-forming equipment, and will learn to adjust sub-particle disintegrators.

Yours in continued friendship,

Zaphon A'Piff  
Sales Manager

EMPYREAN LIFE QUARTERS  
GALACTIC COUNCIL  
Day 437, Culori Year 2116

Zaphon A'Piff, Manager  
Sundries Sales Corp.  
Planet II, Universe Sundries

Dear A'Piff:

You were indeed kind to rescue my son from the Engineering Department, and to be so enthusiastic about his potential sales abilities. Obviously you are up to your old tricks again, procrastinating, putting off today what you can do next ten-day. You didn't read my last letter very well. Aurule is just not suited for sales. Even a short discussion with him would establish his essential introverted nature.

Aurule, brought up under the very best tutelage, where his every scientific and technological potential was constantly under stimulation, had his career carefully plotted at first ten-age by the very best behavioral geneticists. A Zal'Pu wouldn't understand, with their helter-skelter approach to job maturity. How else do you think he was able to enter Galactic Lens' greatest engineering school, and walk off with highest awards?

You must release Aurule from Sales at once! Do you want a disastrous misfit on your hands? Help him to get in engineering where he belongs.

I wish I could return to Sundries Sales Corporation, but the Galactic Council has raised some questions about our claim to represent the indigenous life of all the planets which we've titled Universe Sundries, and I must put in several ten-days making the whole matter clear or we're likely to lose our council seat. In the meantime, friend Zaphon, I'll rely on you to do the right thing for Aurule.

A Culori Salute,

Orole Meethon, President  
Sundries Sales Corp.

SUNDRIES SALES CORP.  
PLANET II, UNIVERSE SUNDRIES  
OFFICE OF ZAPHON A'PIFF, SALES MANAGER  
Day 004, Zal'Pu Year 0217



Orole Meethon  
Empyrean Life Quarters  
Galactic Council

Dear Meethon:

You Culoris really have a sense of humor, and when I read your latest letter, it was like old times: you making with jokes and me laughing, as I did for half a Zal'Pu day after reading your last, where you claimed that I'd pushed your son into the wrong job, and that I'd not read your letter or talked with him before placing him.

It's true, when I saw Aurule again, his craggy, hatchet-face, sickly blue, reminded me so much of your face, and it took me back to days when you'd send me out on jobs without proper advance expenses. His tall, stick-like Culori form was like an invitation to do him wrong, and to send him immediately down to engineering where he could get lost.

But no!

I remembered how close we've been, and especially the Galactic Central resolution of Zal'Pur year 0200, calling upon every Galactic citizen to forebear on species' matters. Even so, it was only with great difficulty I got Aurule to open up during his initial interview, for he persisted in staring with immense awe at my delicate pudgy roundness and my beautiful balloon-rounded feathery antenna that attunes so easily to the feelings of other beings.

I offered him refined Zal'Pu scents and tastes, which he refused. When I asked him how he liked super-space travel, he declared he hated any kind of travel. When I asked him how he liked Universe Sundries' five planets, and in particular Planet II where our office buildings practically blanket the surface, he merely snorted, an expression which must have been unavoidably linked to his father's dominant genes.

Had I not persisted, as is typical for us Zal'Puians, I'd probably have given him up right then and there. But, drawing upon my extensive sales experience, I got him talking about Ecogineering, and he really opened up. I found myself listening with rapt attention as he described how every planet is an individual, like a being, and that the whole being had to be considered whenever any tiny changes were considered during planetary construction. He volubly described the latest equations used to predict vast, complex principles, relating ecospheres to deep-planet magmas, and one-way open energy systems -- chaos, he amusedly called them -- tau feedbacks. Right then and there I decided Aurule was cut out to be a salesman. He had the right sparkle, despite his dull Culori eye-color, and he was young, filled with missionary enthusiasm.

When I discovered that he had no knowledge of salesmanship, never having studied the subject, or, for that matter, never having heard his father discuss it, that cinched it. Here was a young being, enthusiastic, plastic, empty of pre-conceptions, able and willing to learn -- not even the tiniest ambition to be a salesman, and absolutely no preconceptions. What better clay could someone with my superior sales abilities discover?

"Aurule," I said. "You have found a home. Your years of mis-education will be put to rest. Though you've essentially come to me uneducated, lacking in important experience, knowledge, ideas and ambition, I can make assets of these major defects. I'm going to show your old man how wrong he's always been to restrain his sales staff, and what marvels can be done with the right moldable materials at my disposal."

Aurule senselessly repeated the refrain that I supposed he was echoing from you, that he'd prefer to be an engineer, but I didn't let his prior cruel conditioning bother our decision or our relationship. I took him to lunch at once so we could discuss his first assignment. I could tell he was getting interested, despite



his conditioning, by the way he picked at his food, meanwhile listening attentively to my colorful illustrations of each important sales principle. I explained about the atmosphere reversion equipment sold to polluted Rogehiv; about Uuiopioo, where our gaint earth-burrows cracked open large magmatic seams for heat and power; about Peeyuyhk, where I -- chuckle, chuckle -- sold 1,000,000 miniature powered air-foils to a population of bird-beings -- !

I must say that Aurule listens well and respectfully, and we got along famously.

As I told you in my earlier letter, I then sent Aurule on to Planet III where he'll become personally knowledgeable of our latest sales items. That's when your humorous super-space-gram, dated by the abominable Culori calendar system, arrived. Unfortunately, just before it was opened by my new and unexperienced secretary, I'd already sent Aurule to a tiny planet called Earth by its beings, and far out near the galactic fringes.

You can imagine his surprise and delight when he saw the expense money with which he'd been entrusted. I'd already vowed that he'd not suffer from the problems his father had habitually burgeoned upon his star sales personage, namely, me.

Aurule is to talk to our dealer, who is located on a small sub-continent called Australia, where the natives -- who title themselves with the ambitious name of "United Nations Representatives" -- are dickering for means of de-salting and transmitting water from surrounding oceans over mountains. He's to have a free hand -- another little improved innovation over your supervision, friend Orole -- and he'll send me daily reports on progress. I'll keep you advised.

Yours in friendship,

Zaphon A'Piff  
Sales Manager

EMPYREAN LIFE QUARTERS  
GALACTIC COUNCIL  
Day 438, Culori Year 2116

Zaphon A'Piff, Manager  
Sundries Sales Corp.  
Planet II, Universe Sundries

Dear A'Piff:

Great Galactic Wheel!

You still haven't gotten Aurule out of Sales and into Engineering!

Your arguments sound just as silly as they always have. If I weren't so busy with the Galactic Council I'd skin out of her by the earliest packet and fold your antenna.

Besides the problem of proving that Sundries Sales Corp. employees are the proper, indigenous life-forms to the planets of Universe Sundries, and therefore rightfully should have representation on the Galactic Council, I've got to answer questions about certain trade items you've sold on some backwater planet. I'm not yet sure who or what the complainant is, but our attornies promise me full disclosure in another ten-day or so. You can see I can't leave with so many vital things about to pop.

Please, please A'Piff, spare us both expensive super-space-gram costs and the windy Zal'Pu discourses. Just bring Aurule back from wherever in the Great Galactic Circle you've sent him, and transfer him forthwith into the engineering department where he belongs!!!



A Culori Salute

Orole Meethon, President  
Sundries Sales Corp.

SUNDRIES SALES CORPORATION  
PLANET II, UNIVERSE SUNDRIES  
OFFICE OF ZAPHON A'PIFF, SALES MANAGER  
Day 017, Zal'pu Year 0217

Orole Meethon  
Empyrean Life Quarters  
Galactic Central

Dear Meethon:

So you've got troubles at Galactic Central?

Well, had you not shoved off onto me your sacred familial responsibility, I might have found it in my blood-pump to sympathize over your plight. As it is, I've got serious troubles here. Were I not a typical, strong Zal'Pu personality, I'd kick your son Aurule right out of the Sales Department and into Engineering.

My first report from the backwoods planet, Earth, came from Zoron, our Sales Rep. When I inquired as to the reason for no reports from your son, Zoron answered that he'd not seen Aurule at all, and since Zoron is a typical, truthful Zal'Pu, I could do no less than believe him.

Within a day, I received your son's first communique. He said he'd not found it convenient to report in to Zoron, and therefore had gone on an inspection tour around the Australian coast line. Australia is a large, but rather minor continent on the planet.

I have it on good authority, friend Meethon, that Aurule spent most of his inspection tour basking in the sun, and fishing for Black Marlin, a kind of fish found just beyond their giant and unique coral reef. He did not return to our station in the Southwestern corner of Australia until the passing of a full Culorian ten-day, and then only to browse around in the Terran liquid supply stations.

Zoron followed with his second report telling how Aurule pushed -- yes, he actually shoved -- our client into the hands of our competitor, Galactic Miscellaneous!

According to Zoron, our station is located in a desert, and it is with high temperature and sparsely filled with life-forms. Still I could see no excuse for a Culori to sample every kind of liquid at their re-supply houses, or "bars," as Zoron named them.

Our client, an eager, ruddy-faced Terran native, of primate derivation, followed Aurule from place to place, all the time attempting to get Aurule to discuss the costs of distilling sea water and transporting it in large volumes over the mountains to a region called the "Outbacks." After each sample drink, Aurule would raise his so unfortunately shaped hatchet-faced head, peer at the Earth being with his typical Culori lack-lustre eyes, and rise and push his way around and outside and away from our client.

What a glorious opportunity he had to unload those three thousand antiquated fusion pumps and distillers!

Your son -- who must certainly have gene patterns matching many of yours -- ignored this grand business opportunity, Zoron reported. At one time, he said, the Terran was heard to say, "I've got to talk with Galactic Miscellaneous about fusion pumps," and, shockingly, Aurule answered for the first time, saying, "Fine. Go buy from them!"

*Copyright 2002 Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr., 7376 Walker Road, Fairview, TN 37062-8141*



Zoron discreetly followed them and listened as they moved from bar to bar until early morning light, when the Terran at last pinned down your negligent son. Your son and the Terran were both seated at a round, wooden table, and both were sampling liquids from the same brown container. Aurule must have at last listened to the customer's story, for he no longer impolitely interrupted. Zoron said that the red morning light rose half-way to zenith before the Terran stopped talking. Suddenly Aurule's head snapped upward and Zoron said he had violated one of the most basic rules of salesmanship. Your son said -- in a voice not too pleasing I might add -- "You can't do it that way?"

Zoron had all he could do to refrain from throttling your son's skinny neck. By the time they got to arguing over engineering problems, Zoron was out the door and composing his third letter to me, asking for permission to take over the sale.

Can you imagine your no-count, inexperienced son trying to tell this experienced Terran contractor how to do his job? I've not seen such colossal audacity since you were Sales Manager!

Zoron's fourth message quoted your son as shouting, "I won't sell the fusion pumps to you! Go buy from Galactic Miscellaneous!" With that strange and disloyal outburst, Aurule returned to sampling more of the native liquids.

Now you know the whole truth about your son. You should shoulder the whole blame, but in my kindness, I may admit to some fault, having accepted him in my department when he is so obviously unfit. He probably belongs lost somewhere in the engineering department where he can't harm the company.

It is true that Aurule, himself, must shoulder some blame, as he did not give the company his full cooperation at the start, only pretending to listen to my successful sales experiences and my brilliant narration of the true principles of salesmanship. He's also abused the privilege and opportunity which I extended to him to establish once and for all that unwashed brains, unlike the older, conditioned salesman, can be superior salesmen.

Contrary to all my wishes and desires, I've regretfully directed Zoron to take over the sale immediately. Sundries Sales Corp. can ill afford to lose this opportunity of disposing of three thousand fusion pumps.

No matter how poorly your son continues to do in my department, I'll keep you informed, for old times sake.

Yours, in friendship,

Zaphon A'Piff  
Sales Manager

EMPYREAN LIFE QUARTERS  
GALACTIC CENTRAL  
Day 457, Culori Year 2116

Zaphon A'Piff, Manager  
Sundries Sales Corporation  
Planet II, Universe Sundries

Dear A'Piff:

Thank the Great Galactic Circle you're finally coming to your senses! I hope, now, you'll be so kind as to permit my son employment in the engineering department where he's belonged all along. The latest headache is 1,000,000 miniature powered airfoils you foisted off on that Avian spe-



cies. The Galactic Council insists it's a case of mis-representation. They've accused us of selling toys under the guise of standard equipment, quoting our original sales slogan, "Rapid transportation especially designed for those who would fly!"

The major complainant, an ugly, yellow-feathered being, with starkly naked limbs shaped like small twigs, says that even the first out of the eggs can fly faster than the toys do. It may take me a bit to convince the Council that the toys were sold under legitimate Galactic Advertising Policies and Rules, so I can't see my way to an early return.

All I want from you A'Puff -- and all I ever wanted -- is a short letter informing me that Aurule is working in the engineering department.

Nothing else!

A Culori Salute,

Orole Meethan, President  
Sundries Sales Corp.

SUNDRIES SALES CORPORATION  
PLANET II, UNIVERSE SUNDRIES  
OFFICE OF ZAPHON A'PIFF, SALES MANAGER  
Day 027, Zal'pu Year 0217

Empyrean Life Quarters  
Galactic Council

Dear Meethon:

Don't worry over Galactic Council troubles, we've more troubles on Terra!

Zoron's latest communique reports that Aurule has disappeared, and, coincidentally, so has our client. Fearing the worst, Zoron immediately activated the Earth beings' safety network, which evidently is inefficient compared to Zal'Pu, since they have no way of knowing where each being is located at every moment.

Zoron reported that Aurule was last seen stumbling with those long, crude, Culori legs into the dusty Outback, a region which he tells me receives moisture only scantily, if at all. Zoron warns that only native-bred life-forms can tolerate this hostile region, and though reluctant to report it, he fears that Aurule might already be dead.

Made of stronger fiber, I refuse to accept such a final conclusion; but I pass Zoron's thoughts on to you for what they're worth, which is probably nothing at all.

I'm taking the first packet to Earth, and I'll not rest until I've found Aurule -- or his body. You could help us eliminate alternatives in our search, friend Meethon. Has Aurule ever been subject to genetic disorders? Depression? Amnesia? Family insanity of any kind?

Your very deep and close friend,

Zaphon A'Piff  
Sales Manager



EMPYREAN LIFE QUARTERS  
GALACTIC CENTRAL  
Day 458, Culori Year 2116

Zaphon A'Piff, Manager  
Sundries Sales Corporation  
Planet II, Universe Sundries

Dear A'Piff:

The search must be urged at all cost, as a priority number one!!  
Great Galactic Circle! Of course our family has always been entirely normal!

Orole Meethon, President  
Sundries Sales Corp.

SUNDRIES SALES CORPORATION  
PLANET II, UNIVERSE SUNDRIES  
OFFICE OF ZAPHON A'PIFF, SALES MANAGER  
Day 137, Zal'pu Year 0217

Empyrean Life Quarters  
Galactic Central

Dear Meethon:

Well, we've done it!

We've not only located your son alive and healthy, but we've sold the biggest single-planet order in our company's entire history. I'm quite proud of the way my new salesman, Aurule, has taken the challenge and come through in the entire style of your greatest salesman, namely me.

After Zoron's precipitous and entirely erroneous information that Aurule was missing, possibly even dead, the planetary police were alerted without result. It seems that Aurule had shrewdly convinced our Terran client that his project needed a total Ecogineering survey, if the Australian Outback was to be safely wetted. The proper sales principle, you'll remember, is that one convinces the client that you have specialized knowledge and that you'll use it for free, in his favor.

Aurule somehow slipped from Zoron's careful observation, and he and the Terran client made a quick air-survey of the Outback, the Antarctic continent (a large ice-covered continent at the south pole), the Sahara desert (a large waste-land at the tip of one of their continents that ranges from the equator to nearly the south pole), a tiny island, called "Manhattan" all covered with dismal-looking hovels, and a dangerous earthquake zone stretching along the western margin of a "North American" continent north of the equator.

Aurule was able to convince the Terran that simply bringing water into the Outback, by whatever means, would change weather patterns, reduce snow and ice on the Antartic continent, shift the Saharan desert back to the polar region, flood out the Manhattan hovels, and split the earthquake region, loosing what they call "California" to the Pacific Ocean, which is a medium sized body of water nearby.

The Terran client was so impressed that he offered the total construction job to Aurule. Being the great



® salesman he is, Aurule politely declined at first, which shows remarkable sales presence.

Good friend, Meethon, you'll be pleased to know that I have in my hands this day not only an order to dispose of those antiquated fusion pumps, but also a half-million weather stabilizers, each to be positioned by our company for additional costs, two hundred thousand pressure engines, to be buried near earthquake zones for the purpose of absorbing energies and translating them to useful work, and, of course, many thousands of auxiliary and supporting devices!

Let this be a clear example, friend Meethon, on the validity of my sales principles. I will admit that your brilliant son did add something, and I've already recorded his new sales principle in our sales book. By showing humble and apparently valid honesty, Aurule's client was positively imprinted and extended a complete trust. I'll think of a name for this new principle later. Perhaps something like The Za-'Piff-Meethon Principle!

Incidentally, Aurule has again asked for transfer to the Department of Engineering, which, of course, I've refused outright. I'm sending Aurule to that planet of Avian beings. I've an intuition that he can unload more toys there.

Your great and loyal friend,

Zaphon A'Piff

