



# PRAVDA?

The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

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Price: The last issue of pravda?  
Volume 15, Issue 10 — 30 January, 2011

## How the UPA works *by mmeyerho*

The event this Friday is the Useless Person Auction! So what exactly does that mean? It means we are selling people, or rather, their time. Interested people can volunteer to donate 6 hours of their time to the KGB. They are then auctioned off for real dollars to the general membership this Friday. The buyer has until the end of the semester to use their time, in ways that do not violate the moral, academic, legal, etc. constraints of the buyee. Popular services include DMing, cooking, crafting, cleaning, and ability to carry heavy objects. If you are interested in selling yourself, email [exec@cmukgb.org](mailto:exec@cmukgb.org). All money spent at the UPA goes to the KGB, mostly to fund BOOOOOOTH, but also to fund weekly events.

## Everyone is Useless *jokeserver* (to the tune of "Everyone's a hero")

Someday you'll ask us, honey  
How to spend your youth  
And we'll say help us make money  
And sell yourself for booth  
Give six hours of your free time  
To the person who bid high  
But even though they own you  
You will still control your life

Everyone is useless in their own way  
Everyone's got talents they can sell  
Juggle, cook, or drive  
Or teach someone to jive dance really well  
Everyone is useless in their own way  
As a slave but-mostly-legal way

You could buy a chauffeur, I guess  
(Yeah, we totally have those.)  
Or one whom you can impress  
With how well you can compose  
If you have an awesome talent  
Or can just put screws in holes  
It's not enough to donate cash  
You've got to sell your soul

Everyone is useless in their own way  
Everyone's got money they won't miss  
Bid up, pay up, and buy  
And hope to hell that guy will not outbid  
Everyone is useless in their own way  
You and you and all exec and you

I'm KGB's auctioneer  
And I'm selling you young'uns  
The highest bidder wins  
And after that all yinz can pay for what you've won

Everybody!

Everyone is useless in their own way (we're useless too)  
Everyone could use a brand new 'do (we'll bid on you!)  
Be sure to pay a lot  
We will need all we've got to build our booth  
Everyone is useless in their own way (we're useless too)  
Now let's start the bidding at 10!

## Do Over, Chapter 2: Like that monkey *by Dan Kirby*

So you may have guessed right now that I have a pretty laid back attitude about most things in life. Most people would probably be needlessly freaked out by, you know, meeting their older selves, learning that they in the future invent time travel, and of course, learning that their future selves felt the need to travel back in time just to help their younger selves get a girlfriend. I kind of figure, live and let time travel.

So as you probably also guessed, I went ahead and asked Melissa out. I even went so far as to tell her that I had been instructed to do so by myself from the future. Which got a good laugh. Things seemed to be going rather well for me. I left my apartment with a spring in my step, knowing the future was finally in my control. Who knows when I would meet future-Hudson again, or what insight he might give me. Oh, I suppose somewhere in the back of my mind sitcom logic was at-play. You ever notice how powerful karma is on sitcoms? No matter how much the protagonists got away with, at the end of the episode they'd be right back to square one, no matter what.

Somewhere else in my mind I was thinking about whether future-Hudson would have the presence of mind to drop off a Gray's Sports Almanac on his next visit. Or, I don't know, PLANS FOR A FRIGGIN' TIME MACHINE. Anyhow, so there I am, skipping through the parking garage toward my car. I hit the little remote button to unlock the door, climb in, and throw my hat on the passenger seat, when I hear a knock on the door. I jolted around to see who had snuck up on me, to find it was a woman. Who looked a lot like Melissa, my date. But older. Also, she was wearing a HazMat suit. Meanwhile I thought Oh shit, this is about to turn into Terminator in a clown car, and somewhere in the back of my mind I was thinking, Oh shit zombies? Because, you know, HazMat suit. So I rolled down the window.

Hudson, I'm glad I caught you in time! she said, You will probably never believe this unless I show you some form of...

Melissa, future, got it, word, time travel, I interrupted. She seemed rather flabbergasted, but then I supposed remembered it was me and collected her thoughts.

Hudson, you can't go on this date tonight. Our relationship goes to some bad places, she said as she began coughing uncontrollably. She controlled her throat long enough to explain that she and I fell hopelessly in love, and it was all going well and I encouraged her to chase her dream of curing cancer. I don't know if you're into comic books, but fun fact, most people who try to cure cancer either destroy the world or create a supervillian. Apparently, instead of curing cancer the government tasked her with creating a genetically engineered super-virus. Because the government has never seen the movie Outbreak. Anyway, a group of terrorists managed to release the virus, but she survived long enough to get to my (future-Hudson's lab) and use the time machine to come back to warn me.

I love you Hudson, she choked out as she collapsed on the floor of my parking garage, she smacked the red button on her

chest and the disembodied voice said EMERGENCY PULL-BACK INITIATED, ERR ERR ERR and she disappeared.

Well, shit. I said.

## Submit to Pravda *by Thomas Wright*

