



# PRAVDA?

The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

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## Picture to go with Story

by Andrew McKinnie

Yo dawg! Hope your having a good break. Here's my first draft for the first chapter of that short story I was telling you about. I'm shooting for 4-5 chapters so the entire thing can be published over the course of about a month. Any editing you might like to do would be greatly appreciated.

### Chapter 1

I know what you're thinking, how did a guy like me end up in a place like this with you? Well, that's a long story. And there were only two things my mom told me to never do while growing up. The first one was Never use time travel for personal gain. And the other one was Never tell an old man a long story. Well, I might as well make it a twofer.

Anywhoozle, this all started what I guess is now a long time ago. 2013. February to be specific. I was an undergraduate then, I guess technically I still am, at a technical college in Pittsburgh. I was majoring in Physics and hoping to one day be a grizzled old professor, giving students hell and refusing to believe there was such a thing as a curve. And all of that started to change one day when I met Melissa Kendra. Don't get me wrong, I didn't fall in love at first sight at all, it took me about a month to work up the nerve to even ask her out on a date. Actually, I guess technically I never did. But one day I met another, quite stranger person.

I was walking into my apartment one day when a curious looking man dressed curiously cried out HUDSON! I spun around upon hearing my own name. If I didn't know any better, and if he didn't have an American accent I would think I was looking at The Doctor. He looked like a fish out of temporal water, that was for sure. He stopped in front of me panting.

Who are you? I asked.

Hudson, Hudson Timbers? he asked.

Yes, that's me, I responded.

No, he replied, No no no, I AM Hudson Timbers. I stared blankly at him for a moment before he said What's today's date?

February 2nd, I answered.

WHAT YEAR!? he asked.

Now, at this point in my story you should understand, I'm a HUGE science fiction fan, and it was at this point that I started to wonder whether I was talking to a crazy homeless guy with a facebook account, or perhaps myself from the \*\*\*\*ing future.

...2013. I replied. Remember that scene in Back to the Future where Doc Brown from the '50s realizes his time machine works, yea, the me from the future reacted a LITTLE bit like that. Anyhow, presently I said Okay, okay, I get it, you're me from my future. I take it you've come back to warn me about something or tell me to invest in hovercars or something? I asked.

It's Melissa, Hudson. I'm here to warn you about Melissa. You have to ask her out on a date, I said (the me from the future, that is).

Why, does the fate of the world depend on it? Does our relationship have a broad, sweeping effect on the future of the human race? Does she help me invent time travel? I asked, beginning to be a little skeptical as to whether I was just dreaming. The me from the future replied Nah, I just ran into her at a reunion in our future and found out she really had a thing for me, er, you, er, us. Just figured I'd give you the heads up.

It was at this point that I noticed, or at least, began to ponder, the metallic, round object with the large red button that was strapped around his chest. A disembodied voice seemed to emanate from it WARNING: SCHEDULED PULL-BACK IN FIVE SECONDS

I don't have much time left, fist bump, said future Hudson, reaching out an arm. I returned his terrorist fist-jab as the device went DING (beat) DING (beat) DING (beat) DING (beat) DING ERR ERR ERR as he disappeared he said Don't forget what your mom told you about telling old men long stories!



## Story to go with Picture

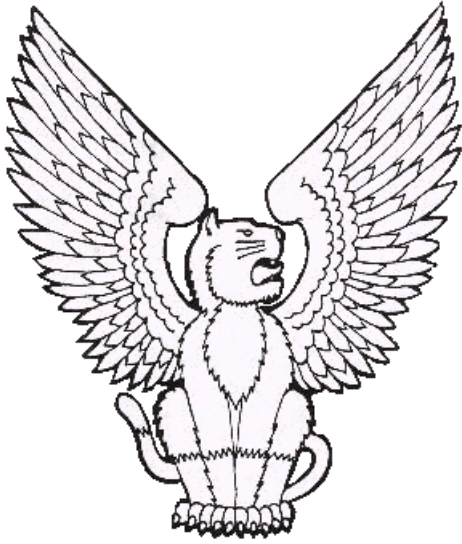
by mmeyerho

One day, while wandering the dark deserted corridors of the Internet, Anne Droo came across a door. A very interesting door it was too, made of dead, dried snakes instead of wood. Anne took the only logical course of action and opened the door to study it more closely. But on the other side of the door was a Terrordactyl! The Terrordactyl opened its giant mouth and shouted "YOU MUST SUBMIT TO PRAVDA OR I WILL EAT YOU". Anne ran as fast as her little feet could carry her back to her room, where she quickly drew a picture of the Terrordactyl and submitted it to Pravda.

## The Misappropriated Kitty Hawk Committee

by mmeyerho

**Ad Kitty Hawk Committee**  
*by mmeyerho*



**The Ad Hawk Kitty Committee**  
*by mmeyerho*

