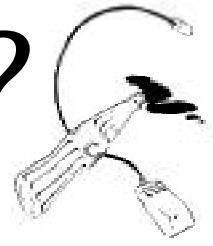


PRAVDA? Πραβδα?



The official(?) newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
Editor : Jason Grosman(*grosman@andrew*)

Price : Free(We're commies, remember?)
Volume 2 Issue 4 April 13, 1998

Editor's Note

Wow, I can't believe that I'm producing the last issue of *Pravda?* for the year. This is the 9th issue to come out since I started. I'm pretty sure that this crazy idea went far further than I thought it would. I originally expected a one to two page thing, spewed out from a cluster printer. It's expanded to 4 pages, is printed by University Printing and Publications, and looks almost professional at times. I'm not just tooting my own horn here. I'm congratulating the entire membership of KGB here. You guys came through. I had to beg. I had to plead. I had to stand up and make a fool out of myself. But you kept submitting, and I kept publishing.

It's time to pass *Pravda?* off to a new generation. I don't know who the next CorSec is going to be. I wish all the candidates luck. I'm not planning on throwing *Pravda?* completely away. I will continue to help get it published, including (GASP!) submitting stuff of my own.

So, in other world news. It's nearly the end of the year. Carnival is this weekend. I hope you all stop by Baba Yaga's Hut and show your support for KGB booth. It should be something to talk about.

Plus the summer is coming up. Time to sleep, relax, and enjoy the break, because, unless you're a senior(maybe even if you are), you'll be BACK in August for another semester of HELL. Just some nice thoughts to send you off with.

I hope you enjoy this issue. Have a good time a carnival and stuff!

Meetings :

Day : Mondays

Time : 4:30 PM

Place : Breed Hall

The Rise and Fall of the

KGB

by Erasmus C. Anderson

One day, in a quiet forest, there was silence.

Nobody was surprised, because it was a quiet forest to begin with.

Then a dandelion randomly pixelated into the ground.

Still, there was silence.

Forty more dandelions dropped from the sky,

pixel by pixel,

and rooted themselves in the ground as well.

Still, there was silence.

Suddenly, one of them cried,

"Vanquish me! Vanquish me!"

16,020 times.

Nobody paid any attention.

Still it screamed at the top of its dandelion lungs

"Vanquish me!"

Continued on page 2....

Red Storm Sinking

(any connection with Red Storm Rising is completely coincidental)

James Raskob

Previously on Pravda? :

You saw the real world of those horrible creations known as scenarios in The Scenario That Wasn't.

Pittsburgh, PA, USA

They moved swiftly, silently, with purpose, under a clouded, starless night in western Pennsylvania. They were PC followers, though they always praised the ruling Macs. . . in public. James Raskob was their leader, though he was not in front. Peter was in front, the massive former football tackle who had already killed six men this cold night - three with his bare hands alone. Warner Hall

Continued on page 3....

"Come Wreckin'"

(c) EllioTT Schiff, 1998

Original Song: "Come Dancin'" by the Kinks

They built the U.C. on a piece of land
Where the Skibo building used to stand.
Before that they put up some tennis courts
On the site that used to be the tennis courts.
That's where the children went outside to play
By the basement across from C.F.A.

"Start wreckin'!" That's what they said so many years ago
And when they said "start wrekin'," I reckon they did so.

Another year another building date.
We'd have a donor but he'd always make us wait.
'R.C.T. would end up in frustration.
To move or not to move the station.
It's no wonder that we'd always take a loss
When the wrecking ball was owned by COST.

Start wreckin'! Wear a hard hat when you go to class.
Just don't look up or you'll get hit by falling glass.

Construction should've started in ninety
And Cyert never gave the O.K.
Meherabian's too cheap to spend money
And you still can't get a parking space.
(Into the future, I look inside my crystal ball, I see
Two students with lasers, fighting for the right to park.

THIS SPACE IS MINE! <BLAST>
GO AWAY BEFORE I DO SOME
REAL DAMAGE!

The day they knocked down old Skibo

Continued on page 2....

Rise and Fall

...Continued from page 1

Then a smiling face appeared in the sky
and dark trenchcoats covered the earth.
The smiling face grew dark as its ground
became crooked.

The silence once more danced over the
land.

As an audience, everyone pleaded.

As an actor, everyone died.

Happiness came to them all individually,
And the annoying cat even began to tread,
subject to its own silence.

The unvanquished dandelion ascended to
heaven unrequited;

The rest of them stared into the sky.

Thus begins the journey
starting from the soul of the unvanquished
dandelion,
through the alimentary canals of a thou-
sand interlinked cattle,
out of the hollow shell that is this earth,
into the pleasantly warm and comforting
unknown.

The power endured;

The plot thickened like yeast in the inter-
nal cavities of an unwilling dog.

Their fingers danced over each other's
faces, smiling.

Their fists unfurled, proclaiming fear, free-
dom, friendship, and doom.

On their tiptoes, they carried the sledge-
hammers of the unvanquished.

In their heads, they unvanquished the car-
riers of the sledgehammers.

Still their spirits linger on.

But today, we only devour their cloying
echoes.

Tomorrow, we will hardly taste their noble
blood.

In a hundred years,

after mankind has eaten its own heart out,
after the Secret Masters have foiled their
own designs,

after the wizards have returned,
after the last secret has been told...

The KGB shall rise again.

- Disregard First Message.
- Sarah needs a major. Help Her.
- "I just don't see your fascination w/my for-
bidden closet of mystery" -Chief Wigum
- Chickenwire
- Sarah is bored. e-mail her.
- Who sold you that ladt crate of Granny Smith
apples?
- Whaddaya mean it's last call! I just got here!
- (On paper airplane) What does it look like it
is? It's an airplane
- ... and when I'm Kilroy, BOOM!
- So, how do you say "Bite me!" in Japanese?

Wreakin'

...Continued from page 1

Everyone shouted hooray!
The day they knocked down old Skibo
My undergrad years went away--bye-bye.

Hornbostel's bricks are yellowing the land.
And there's a car park where old Tech
Field used to stand.

While the ship's prow has long been
hauled away

Now it's Robert's hall that occupies that
space.

In the end, the President will screw us all.
Let's get together and dismantle Warner
Hall.

Come wreckin'! Everybody grab a
wreckin' ball!

Don't be afraid to come wreckin', it's only
natural.

Come wreckin'! C'mon, let's have a Wean-
ie Roast!

The roof's on fire! Let the motherfucker
toast!

NOTICE:

Standing alone, this song may be distributed freely.
If part of a larger publication, a compensatory copy
of said publication must be sent to: EllioTT Schiff,
4643 Sieger Road, Orefield, PA 18069.

For website publication, send the website URL to:
kitkat@olivier.dementia.org.

This song was written without permission from The
Kinks, and as of March 30, 1998, they have no
knowledge of the song whatsoever.

This notice must accompany all copies of this song,
so there!

**KGB
NOTHINGS**

- BOOTH!
- Do not pretend.
- The *Do Not Lick* stickers are coming. This I
promise (provided Bryan doesn't screw up) -
- The never watched hockey. And now, they're
dead.
- don't think about purple plaid weasels with
chainsaws or their mothers
- Kevin is so warpish it's not even funny.
- This space for rent
- Once there was a man who said "Meep". Then
he didn't.

Bayani's Playpen

By Bayani Caes

If it's not too late, this is the excerpt from Jim Bouton's
"Ball Four," a book chronicling the writer's year with
the then Seattle Pilots (now Milwaukee Brewers,
IIRC.) Bouton was acquired from the Yankees in an
expansion draft.

Guys played when they were hurt and then
were out longer than they would have been
if they hadn't been pushed back too soon.
[Mickey] Mantle used to love to tell about
his conversations with [Johnny] Keane [,
Yankees manager]. He said they'd go like
this:

"How do your legs feel today, Mick?"

"Not too good."

"Yes, but how do they feel?"

"It hurts when I run, the right one espe-
cially. I can't stride on it
or anything."

"Well, do you think you can play?"

"I don't know. I *guess* I can play. Yeah,
hell, what the hell.

Sure I can play."

"Good. Great. We need you out there.
Unless you're hurt-- unless it
really hurts you. I don't want you to play
if you're hurt."

"No, it's okay. I hurt, but it's okay. I'll
watch it."

"Good, good. We sure need you."

After a while we used to joke in the out-
field. I'd go over to Mick

and say, "Mick, how does your leg feel?"

"Well, it's severed at the knee."

"Yes, but does it hurt?"

"No, I scotch-taped it back into place."

"And how's your back?"

"My back is broken in seven places."

"Can you swing the bat?"

"Yeah, I can swing. If I can find some
more Scotch tape."

"Great. Well, get in there then. We need
you."

- A contribution Haiku :
Sigh, I have nothing
Don't know what to say, really.
La Dee La Dee Dah -FZ
- BOOOOOTH!
- I have seen the enemy, and it is **Frumple**
- Did you not know? Did you not hear? KGB
loves you!
- Good God, it's Bryan again!
- Nice guys don't finish nice
- A 10 hour bus ride is like having an orgasm,
only backwards. It takes a really long time,
and it's not fun.

Red Storm

...Continued from page 1

was a modern building near one edge of what was still called "campus" - a throwback to the days before Apple had taken over the US. In all directions were the buildings that had once been centers of learning and thought. Inside the double doors, Raskob greeted the security gaurd, who smiled back, his hand out for James's security card. The need for security was real, but since no attempt had been made in nearly a decade, no one took it seriously. Raskob fumbled his card, and the gaurd bent over to retrieve it. The last thing he felt was the cold circle of Raskob's pistol at the base of his skull.

Procedure dictated that to enter the control room, one had to be recognised by someone inside, through the large glass windows. And so it happened. Frederick seemed surprised when he saw James walking up.

"You're not on duty tonight."

"One of my servers went down. If it's down tomorrow we'll have to reroute, and you know what that means."

"True enough." As he opened the door, Peter shot from where he was crouched on the floor. The control room contained a duty watch of twenty, and the mass of computing power here was unmatched anywhere on Earth. The staff noted the two shots. But none of them were armed. All fell as James and Peter moved across the room, though two managed to call for the security team.

Now the true task of the three men began. They rapidly pulled disks and papers from their pockets, and began a highly technical process of sabotage. A computer command brought every machine with a hundred miles, and many further away, online. A virus was downloaded to each. For the memory special plans had been made. A soldering iron cut connections, and entire terabytes of files and programs were isolated.

"The blueskins are here!" Peter shouted a moment before the team of guards came sprinting down the stairs. The sound of pistol shots echoed down the corridor as the first fell. James dashed to the door to aid his friend while the third finished their task, overloading the main system. James saw Peter had been hit, and as the grenades flew through the door, there was no place, and no reason, to run. The three had finished.

Around them, the whole world seemed to be crashing, and because of them, the whole world really would.
"DOS and freedom!"

Tune in next time for:

SUMMER VACATION!!!!

James R's Cabbage Patch

By James Raskob

Abbreviations everyone should know (in no order I am aware of):

SIGINT: SIGnals INTerception (US DoD) speaking of which:

DoD: Department of Defence

BOOTH: Brotherhood Of Ocelots, Temites, and Hackers

KISS: Keep It Simple, Stupid

AED: Automatic External Defibrillator

MBTA: Massacreing Bewildered Tourists for Amusement (also Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority)

UNCLE: United Nations Command for Law and Enforcement

MRE: Meals Rejected by the Enemy (also: Meals Ready to Eat (three lies for the price of one))

GP ("Jeep") General Purpose vehicle

COMNAVAILRANT: Commander, Naval Aviation, atLANTic

DESRON: DEStroyer squadRON (USN)

YUP: You Understand Perfectly

MANPADS: MAN Portable Air Defence System

AMRAAM: Advanced Medium Range Air to Air Missle

JDRR: James David Rene Raskob

FRED: Flashing Rear End Device (it's a train thing)

NBC: Nuclear, Biological, Chemical

TA: Target Aquired

RA: Repeat Attack

OC: Onboard Casualty

TOMFRET: TOo Much FREe Time

SAT: Supporting Aged Teachers

Regan's Marsupial Pen

By Regan Merante

Okay, so I'm, like, an art major n'at. This means I come into contact with many art supplies (paints, solvents, glues, etc.) on a regular basis. Now by law, these things have to have a Heath Label if they contain any poisonous substances (say, to tell you not to eat that lead-based paint, or something). They also have to put a label on items to certify that they are non-toxic. Take a look at a box of crayons, or Elmer's glue, for example. Now, for some reason, there's a thrid label. It looks like a warning label (warning labels are usually square, non-toxic labels are round),

Continued...

...Continued

however, if you read carefully, you'll find the following legend under the label:

"No Health Label Required"

Now maybe I'm on crack, but do we really need a Health Label to tell us we don't need a Health Label? So just after your little brother has eaten that paste, you saw a square label and induced vomitting to the tyke. Then you look closer and see that oh, it wasn't necessary. As much fun as it may be to torture him, did we really need this excuse?

Well maybe we did. Something to keep in mind to get revenge next time he reads your diary, or something....

James C.'s Frozen Wastelands

Submitted by James Chaney

And the year's best headlines of 1997 are :

- Include your children when Baking Cookies
- Something went wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says
- Police begin Campaign to Run down Jay-walkers
- Safety Experts Say School Bus Passengers Should be Belts
- Drunk Gets Nine Months in Violin Case
- Survivor of Siamese Twins Joins Parents
- Iraqi Head Seeks Arms
- Panda Mating Fails; Vetrinarian Takes Over
- Brititsh left Waffles on Falkland Islands
- Lung Cancer in Women Mushrooms
- Eye Drops Off Shelf
- Teacher Strikes Idle Kids
- Clinton Wins on Budget, but More Lies Ahead
- Enraged Cow Injures Farmer With Axe
- Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told
- Miners Refuse to Work after Death
- Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant
- Stolen Painting Found by Tree
- Two Sisters Reunited After 18 Years in Checkout Counter
- Killer Sentenced to Die for Second Time in 10 Years
- Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge

Barbara's Donut Shop

By Barbara King

April

- 15 - Laurel Margulis
- 16 - Aristotle
 - Charlie Chaplin
 - Rob Slater
- 20 - Eric Moore
- 28 - Zachary Loafman

May

- 1 - Greg Alexander
- 3 - Rob Watson
 - Eric Stein
- 6 - Sigmund Freud
- 7 - Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky
 - Deanna Rubin
- 9 - Bobby Fischer
- 12 - Socrates
- 15 - L. Frank Baum
- 25 - Ralph Waldo Emerson
 - Frank Oz
- 28 - Ian Fleming
 - John Prevost
- 30 - David Kogan
- 31 - Walt Whitman

April is Uh-Huh Month

- 13 - Feast of Rotten Endings
- 15 - Pink Rubber Eraser Day
(bring one in for Rob!)
- 20 - Anniversary of Something
That Happened So Long Ago
Everyone Has Forgotten What
It Was
- 26 - Remember Your First Kiss
Day

3rd week in April is Lefty
Awareness Week

May is Flower Month

- 1 - Beltane
- 3 - Discoflux (Discordian)
- 6 - Feast of the Fiery Flying Roll
- 7 - Experience the Awsome
Stomach-Churning Wonder of
a Thrill Ride Day
- 9 - Lost Sock Memorial Day
- 14 - National Dance Like A
Chicken Day
- 23 - Penny Throwing Day
- 27 - Season of Confusion
begins (Discordian)

Last week in May is International Pickle
Week

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The submitter claims no truth to any of these events
and days.

However, I did not make any of them up.

Source: <http://www.dailyglobe.com/day2day.html>