



An open editorial policy
Editor : Matthew McGrath(*mmcgrath@andrew*)

Price: Free(We're commies, remember?)
Volume 4 Issue 2 April 19, 1999

Dan Hook

How www.hamsterdance.com Drove Me Insane

It all started, as every important, life shattering story does, at a KGB meeting. John Eric was struggling mightily to put shit upon the screen. He succeeded with the Hamster Dance. Unfortunately, he was unable to get the sound so it remained shit upon the screen.

Later that evening, when I returned to my domicile, I was struck with boredom. This often happens on Monday nights since all I have on

Tuesday is Maple Lab and 18-100 recitation (well, it's on my schedule at least). Anyway, in my search for something to alleviate the tedium of my light course load, I thought, "Hey, why don't I go to www.hamsterdance.com and see what it sounds like?" Since I couldn't think of a good answer, I loaded up Netscape and typed in the URL of what was to be my madness.

Suddenly everything took shape.

"De-da-de-da-do-do-de-ba-do-do-dododododo, hahahah," came across my speakers and it all made sense. The hamsters with the beady eyes and stupid smile bobbing up and down, the cartoonish hamsters shaking their butts and jumping into the air, the rotating hamsters with their noses pointed towards the sky, and the moon walking hamster-chipmunk hybrids were all carefully designed to infiltrate the minds of the visitors to the page. The music

is an integral part of this devious scheme. The music provides meaning to the otherwise pointless movements of the hamsters. It is also crafted to be most difficult to remember. This inspires one to sit in front of the page listening for long periods of time. This gives the hamsters more time to worm their way into your psyche. Soon, it is too late. Soon you become like me.

Now, when I walk on campus, I see the hamsters everywhere. They never confront me head on. If they did that I could kill them right then and there. No, they are more clever than that. They are only in the periphery of my vision. When I turn to look at them they are gone, and only a student stands where they were just moments before. I hear them too. That laugh is especially pervasive. I know that they are there because they are laughing at me but I cannot see them!

Soon though, I shall get them for what they have done for me. Soon I will have an arsenal with which to properly destroy them. I may not be fast enough to turn around and see them when they laugh at me, but we shall see if they are fast enough to avoid Mr. Handgrenade when I throw it behind me without looking! Soon, there shall be enough radio controlled mines scattered about campus so that I can get those that I see out of the corner of my eye faster than they can disperse. Of course, innocents may be harmed in these endeavors, but that is the price we all must pay to be rid of the dancing hamster menace!

James Raskob

Something Else (or I'm trying not to think)

Previously on Pravda?

You saw the tale of a horrible special-effects movie in: Shallow Impact.

Well, I've written stories, I've written lists. I've never done the stream-of-consciousness thing, but I'm not going to do that.

So what should I write about?

The trials and tribulations of being KGB RecSec?

Yes, my comrades, I tell you, the capitalistic plots which force me to use Sparc stations to make up the secret rosters for our secret cell meetings may indeed lead to our being exposed.

Hmm. Maybe not.

The long and sleepless career of an EMT?

BoooBEEEEEP! Dispatcher: "Station to EMS"

Supervisor: "Go ahead."

Dis: "Respond to your third serious call in two hours. We've arranged it so Medic 83 will be first on scene again. He'll probably need to do CPR alone for several minutes while the rest of the crew gets there."

Sup: "That's recieved, you can show EMS enroute, all available medics please respond."

Me: "83 responding. ETA 30 seconds."
<silence>

Sup: "OK, 83 continue on. Supervisor enroute, ETA 4 minutes."

Me: "EMS to CMPD"

Dis: "Go ahead"

Me: "We're on scene, pri 1, many bad things."

Dis: "10-4. Do you know this one too?"

Me: "Affirmative."

No, I'd probably wind up nauseating most of you. If those pickup lines haven't done it already.

Speaking of pickup lines: "Hey, you're a health hazard! You're raising my blood pressure!"

"I think you're hazardous. Fortunately I'm well equipped to deal with that."

"Are you feeling sick? I could give you a complete physical exam."

"Hey, want to check out my ambulance?"

"Oh, its OK. My partner and I are used to working together."

"Want some morphine?"

"You know, I've been specially trained to stick things into people."

"Help! I need rescue breathing!"

"Hey, want to learn CPR?"

Remember: where there's a pulse, there's a chance.

Tune in next time for: Medic Does NOT need assistance. (I'm completely sane, really!)

The Preceding is pure fiction. Any resemblance to reality is purely the imagination of the reader, and the story has no bearing on the life of the author.

Christopher Clark

The Future.

Since the dawn of the 21st century the bulk of mankind has matured into a respectable species. They have spread out and begun to explore the galaxy. But there are still those who refuse to join the 23rd century. They have a ship. And this is their story.

STAR GEEK

[Scene: typical starscape. Enter the Starship Pravda? (Picture the Soyokaze from Irresponsible Captain Tylor with the Enterprise's warp engines and the wave motion gun of the Space Cruiser Yamoto)]

Chuck [V.O.]:

Captain's Log - Stardate 3. We're currently adrift somewhere in Red space. Chief Engineer John-Eric...

[During this we've been panning around the ship. Zoom in on the bridge and fade in interior, focus on Chuck]

Chuck:

... has been trying to rewrite the ship's OS and promises to have everything fixed soon. I do have some misgivings over the fact that he's naming the new OS after a monkey, but he hasn't gone wrong yet.

John-Eric [V.O. - Intercom]:
Engineering to bridge.

Chuck:

<hits a switch> Yeah, John-Eric.

John-Eric:

I don't quite have Boboix finished yet, but I just got KremSPARC jury-rigged as a temporary

so we can get going.

Chuck:

Cool! Thanks John-Eric. <cuts line>
John Meyer!

Meyer:

<turns around in helm chair> What
Chuck?

Chuck:

Set course for... uh.... Where were we
going?

Elaine:

<poking head in from behind Chuck> The
frat quad, Chuck.

Chuck:

Oh I knew that. John Meyer, set course
for the fraternity quad. We have some booth
competition to "take care of"!

[Cut to exterior. The Starship Pravda?
streaks off in Trek Movie era warp effects.
Camera swings around and begins to move
forward.]

Ghostly Disembodied Voice:

Space: the Geek Frontier.

These are the continuing voyages of the
Starship Pravda? Her new mission: to explore
strange new ways to goof off ... to seek out new
life & make a general nuisance of itself ... to
boldly go where no geek has gone before.

Announcer:

In our next episode, Chuck and the crew of
the Pravda? ensure victory for the geeks and
discover a safe recreational use for thermo-
nuclear weapons.