



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

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Price: Free.....The best things in Life are.

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CURSE STALKS KGB MEMBERS!

PART OF SECRET CONSPIRACY TO DESTROY US ALL?

Recently I have come across evidence that I may be the target of biological warfare. It all started Friday night. At first it was only the sniffles, a slight headache, and exhaustion. I woke up the next morning to a sore throat and a more severe headache. I can only assume that the evil agents responsible for the initial infection took advantage of my slumberous state to inject me with even more of their vile bugs.

I was out for most of Saturday, but during my functional moments I was able to remember the sage advice of my grandmother, given to me so long ago, "If ever hostile enemy agents expose you to a bio weapon, make sure you eat and drink plenty of fluids," or something to that effect. I followed this advice and placed my hissing cockroach sentry on alert, so as to protect myself from further exposure.

Sure enough, it worked. I woke up Sunday morning feeling not perfect, but considerably improved. Now I can look towards the day when I shall rally my forces against the evil that has brought this plague upon me. Sure, they have genetically engineered viruses, they were able to sneak past my security, and they have funding from corrupt third world dictators, but how is all that going to help them when I go back to HQ this weekend and lead my crack team of Death Cows against them? Revenge is sweet.

Dan "Cookie Boy" Hook

Have you suffered a mysterious injury lately? Do you suspect foul play?

No, I have not suffered any mysterious injuries lately, though I do suspect foul play.

Have you noticed unusual events or inexplicable coincidences lately?

I woke up this morning. Coincidentally, so did half of the people living on my hall. The other half were not there. Their whereabouts were unknown to me, though after much searching, I can conclude that they are neither in my bathroom, nor in my bed. This is an inexplicable coincidence, since I am usually in my bathroom or in my bed.

James Merle Strathmeyer

As a member of EMS and a former KGB traitor (current KGB traitor? Does traitorism persist?) I can state with confidence that if numerous KGB members were suffering injuries, I would not be able to tell you about it. **James David Raskob**

Have you suffered a mysterious injury lately? Do you suspect foul play?

Yes. My dignity, pride and sense of self-worth have been brutally molested, perhaps beyond the scope of modern medical science. I'm walking a little funny, I can't look at myself in the mirror anymore without tears welling in my eyes, and total strangers have begun kicking at me as we pass on the sidewalk.

Do I SUSPECT foul play? Certainly not! "Suspect" involves a degree of uncertainty! I know exactly who my OS professor is, where he lives, where his tap water comes from, and the precise latitude and longitude of his head when he sleeps at night!

Have you noticed unusual events or inexplicable coincidences lately?

I find myself jittering uncontrollably in seemingly random situations. However, on closer inspection, these bizarre episodes only seem to happen when I hear any of the following words or phrases: filesystem, inode, buffer cache, directory entry, indirect pointer block, Greg Kesden. <shudder>

Cort Danger Stratton (*who wishes to remind everybody that he's not the first KGB member to be traumatized by OS. he's just the sexiest.*)

Have you suffered a mysterious injury lately? Do you suspect foul play?

Yes. I will call Attorney Edgar Snyder first thing in the morning. He collects no fee unless *he* gets money for *me.*

Have you noticed unusual events or inexplicable coincidences lately?

No. There have been no unusual events lately. I repeat, nothing is out of the ordinary. There's a perfectly good explanation for every inexplicable coincidence. There is no need to hoard gold. Move along. Move along.

Jonathan R. Schwanbeck

Reports of KGB curse continued on Page 3...

Scenes I'd like to see:

From the warped mind of Chris Clark

Slayers:

Yet again, something has seriously ticked off Lina Inverse.

Lina:
"Darkness beyond twilight.
Crimson beyond blood that flows.
Buried in the flow of time.
In thy great name, I pledge myself to
darkness.
Let the fools who stand before us be
destroyed.
By the power you and I possess.

Burma Shave!"

A new primetime show:

[Scene: A pro-wrestling match. The crowd is roaring.]
[Close up on some structural supports. They begin to stretch and crack.]

[Wide shot of the arena. The light rigging falls from the roof crushing the entire ring.]

[Scene: Pull back from a light into a crowded O.R. One of the wrestlers is the patient.]

Narrator (voice over): Steve Austin, pro-wrestler.
A man barely alive.

[Montage of the surgery and various computer readouts.]

Hulk Hogan (voice over): Gentlemen, we can rebuild him. We have the technology. We have the capability of making the world's first bionic wrestler.
Steve Austin will be that wrestler.

[Montage of testing Mr. Austin.]

Hulk Hogan (voice over): Better than he was before.
Better. Quicker. Cheaper.

[Theme music picks up. Scenes of Austin training and wrestling.]

[As music reaches its peak, freeze frame on Austin, arm raised in triumph.]

Title (on screen):
The Stone Cold Six Billion Dollar Wrestler

Gap Employees, 'Like, SO Steamed'

About Protest

by Jason Weill

Special to *Pravda?* and just about anyone else
PITTSBURGH, Nov. 16 -- Several employees of the Gap on Walnut Street have publicly declared that they are, "like, SO steamed" about a recent protest by their store. The protest in question was a largely peaceful picketing on Monday, by Carnegie Mellon students united against sweatshop conditions in many Gap factories.

In a statement released Tuesday, the law firm Goldberg, Steinraub, and Greenfeld released a statement on behalf of the displeased Gap employees. It reads, in part:

We are SO totally bummed about this, like protest, and stuff! Like, this girl, she came up to me, and said, like, "Your sweat shops are robbing the dignity of a bazillion people" or something. Whatever! Our sweats are like SO totally awesome! I wear them ALL the time when I go, like, to the gym! Me and the other workers are like, SO steamed about this protest. We should protest THEM because they are so RUDE! Is that good, Daddy?

The persona who was apparently speaking in that selection, Tiffany Goldberg, could not be reached for comment after repeated phone calls and e-mail bombs to her AOL account.

Propaganda for the protest was distributed in the form of white 8 _ by 4" white slips of paper on which was printed "GAP PROTEST TODAY!!!" in 36 point Arial bold type. *Pravda?* design consultants said they were "flustered" by the choice of typestyle, remarking that "everyone knows that when you want to really get an effective message across, you have to use bold, italic, AND underlining, silly."

When reached for comment, the manager of the Gap store targeted by the protest appeared completely stupefied, and lapsed into a monotonic rendition of Depeche Mode's "I Just Can't Get Enough." Other employees were quick to join in, adding that they were "SO hoping it'd make it to number 3 on TRL tonight."

Pittsburgh Police, helping to isolate the estimated dozens of passersby from the scene, described the situation as "Ugly. Just ugly. I mean, that Chie Abad gal they had from the sweatshop was just God-awful looking. Get some babes in there, for cryin' out loud." He then offered this reporter a malt beverage.

[Editor's Note: It is not yet known whether Chie Abad is a woman or a man. Furthermore, the author was at a KGB meeting for the duration of the protest.]

REAL EDITOR'S NOTE: No PRAVDA? design consultants were contacted for the article "Gap Employees, 'Like, SO Steamed' About Protest." No one actually knows where the design consultants are. We once traced one to a small hovel outside of Boise, but he escaped when the editor decided it would be more fun to go cow tipping.

Therefore, PRAVDA? has no guiding influences or standards of any kind.

We've just been publishing out of our asses all of this time.

On the Irreconcilable Flaws in the Behavior of You Humans

Jonathan Rhodes Schwanbeck

You humans are strange indeed.

To begin with, your planet revolves around its sun at an unusually great speed. As a result, your behavior follows heavily regimented patterns and cycles which coincide with the length of your day. Your single sun divides your day into two halves of sunlight and darkness. Your intake of bio-mass, which, like ours, is an intermittent process rather than a continuous one, occurs at similar times in each day. Your activity level is even more regular. A remarkable curiosity of your evolution has caused you to require prolonged periods of a torpor-like state known as "sleep" which occupy the greater part of your nights, except for a small number who sleep at other times but for similar duration. Though your life-span is comparable to ours, you are free of sleep for only 2/3 of that span. Sleep is your single most heavily regular behavior; episodes of sleep occur exactly once in every day, with virtually no exception. So adherent are you to this pattern that when your day is offset by means of traveling to a different longitude on your planet, no more than five to six days are required for your sleep pattern to adapt to even the longest possible offset.

Your species reproduces by a method called "sexual" reproduction, which, although not unique, is among the least widespread of reproductive methods. The reproductive act, like so many other activities, is closely correlated to your planet's rotation, chiefly occurring in the first half of the night. Curiously, your gestation period is seemingly unrelated to the length of your year, instead similar in length to ours. This may be due to the fact that your year is of close to average length, making evolutionary adaptations to it unlikely, in contrast to the peculiar adaptations resulting from the brevity of your day.

Yes, your species is an odd one. Despite your considerable intelligence, your sizeable evolutionary handicaps have drastically limited your advancement. If only you had done as we have. We have avoided the crippling regimentation of day-based behavior by sequestering ourselves in buildings specially designed to shelter us from awareness of sunlight and darkness. We have rapidly surpassed your species in these sanctuaries, which we call "clusters," unbound by any of the traits described above.

Sprung forth from the brain of mid+ herself,
New course description, 'cause I don't want to do stats:

KGB/MCS/SCS Interdisciplinary:

Theory of the Bitter Bus Topics discussed: Use of fork() to create new bitter buses, and copy-on-ride to transfer passengers. Related phenomenon of being able to ride (and in some cases, drive) several bitter buses at once. Exceptional gravitational pull of certain matter, such as 15-412, Carnival judges, and the HUB. Experience traveling on a bitter bus recommended."

KGB CURSE (continued from Page 1)

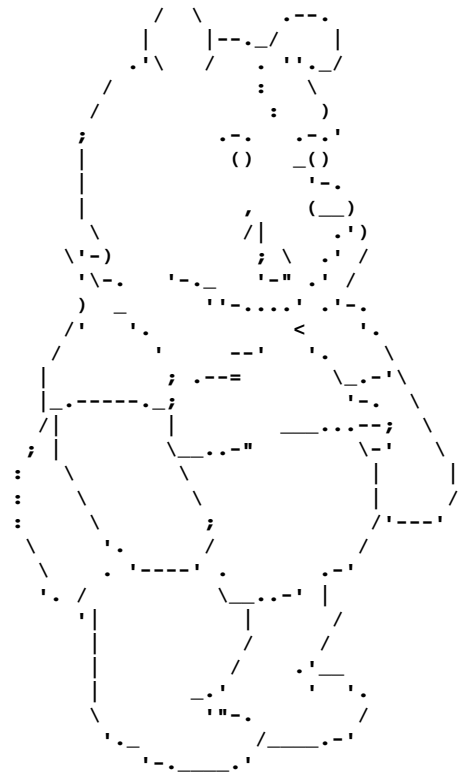
The most serious events of the curse thus far are here described by the actual victims.

I was able to fight off the demons of Work and Uneven Ratio with my Triple Reverse Suicide Flip Kick. Luckily, my friends and I down at the Martial Arts Research Laboratory (hidden deep in the secret Shaolin Temple in the depths of the Hunt) were able to redevelop the kick so that, rather than suicide, it only results in a sprained ankle. Then I was taken to mystical land where those demons had no power. Mortal men call that land Pitt (although I was taken to the ass end, or rather, the hospital). So now I'm back here, where those demons reign supreme. And I'm on crutches. I don't like crutches. They make my legs and back hurt. More than my ankle (which is luckily not broken, but not necessarily without torn ligaments).

Fred Zeleny

Okay, I am not doing well at all at raves now. I just found out I pulled the ligaments in my calf at the last one (note: if you can't exercise for an hour straight, don't dance for 4) and so now I've got to go through the pain of ice and Advil and all this stupid junk, plus I have to wear tennis shoes, instead of my cool vinyl ones.

Leslie Carr

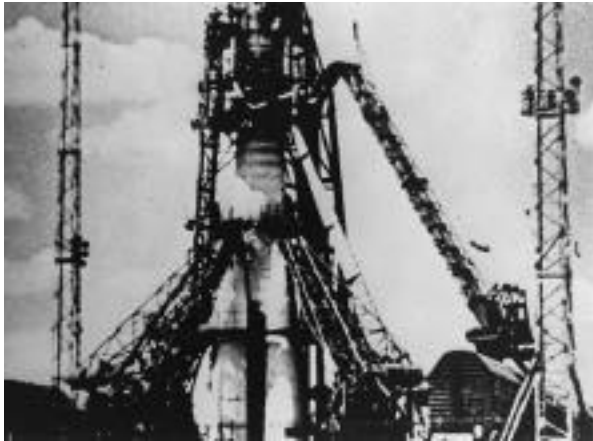


I think we all know who is behind the curse plaguing KGB. And while far be it from me to suggest that anything untoward should occur to a certain well-merchandised figure, "accidents" are known to happen.

GET READY FOR SPUTNIK!

Artificial earth satellites will pave the way to interplanetary travel and, apparently our contemporaries will witness how the freed and conscientious labor of the people of the new socialist society makes the most daring dreams of mankind a reality.

Document Title: "Announcement of the First Satellite," from Pravada, October 5, 1957, F.J.



Launch of Sputnik 1. Baikonur, USSR



Sputnik 1.



Sputnik 1, exploded view.



1957. Laika. Sputnik 2.

