



PRAVDA?

The official? newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
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The War -- Fred Zeleny

What if They Held a War and Nobody Knew...
{by Captain Enigmo!}

Have you ever wanted to have an excuse for being sneaky? Do you have the unquenchable thirst for toppling governments and dealing in secrets? Do you enjoy the feel of a nice, black trenchcoat? Ever wanted to speak in code (not to a computer)? Or are you a relatively unassuming carbon-based life form?

If you answered yes to any of the above questions, then you could be a spy for KGB's first ever Secret Society Wars! In fact, if you simply read the above questions, then you could be excellent spy material; after all, answering out loud could provide too much evidence for your arch rivals!

Join the game, simply by talking to Chuck; in return, you receive a spiffy alternate identity, team, and an excuse to engage in all of the subterfuge that you've always felt you've been missing! Gain secrets about your fellow spies, trade them in for points, do exciting missions, and generally out-sneak, counter-spy and one-up the rest of us!

Join now, and you'll get a special reward: the other spies won't even know that you're playing! What better advantage can you have? Other than super-psychic powers? And more tangerines?

Do it for the Cold War that you never got to spy in. Do it for the KGB. But most of all, do it for fun!

Writing Workshop: How To Write Your Own Pravda? Article By: Christopher Clark

So you want to write an article for Pravda?? That's good! This world needs and deserves more of your world views. Seriously, to write a Pravda? article, you need several things. The first of these is a reasonable knowledge of KGB's purpose in life. To receive this much sought after knowledge, you need to spend as many hours as possible repeating this phrase out loud over and over again:

“Long live the Revolution!”

If you perform this activity once a week, your knowledge of KGB lore should vastly increase (Yeah, right!).

The second item key to this project is writing ability. To increase your inherent authoring skills you must start writing nasty letters & E-Mail to various members of the national government; any country's will do! Chain letter/Get rich quick schemes work just as well.

Lastly, you will need an active imagination. With such an imagination, you could not only write Pravda? articles, but could also be quite dangerous. Please keep your local police force informed of your actions when you plan to write so nothing unfortunate happens.

Once you have gathered the required ingredients for an article, all there is left for you to do is to mix them together: shaken, not stirred. Your first job is to come up with a topic on which to base this article. This topic can range from pure comedy to bordering on risqué (or worse yet, a serious, real life situation). I would recommend sticking to comedy for the first time out. Use Monty Python as an example.

Shallow Impact -- James Raskob

Previously on Pravda?

You saw the tale of a Search and Rescue team that needed help itself in: [Summer Vacation](#).

SHALLOW IMPACT: The Movie

A HOUSE

James Raskob, PhD: Gee, it looks like a wonderful day. No disasters impending.

Son: But dad, you're a scientist in a disaster movie. Isn't there some unlikely event that will send miniature cars flying all over the screen in the next hour and a half?

James: You could be right, son. I'd better go down to the lab.

A LAB

Assistant: James! Thank God you're here!

Something terrible is about to happen!

James: You don't mean that the Cathedral of Ignorance, uh, Learning is going to vanish in a fireball as the volcano erupts under it and a large asteroid hits it from above?

Assistant: No! The Head Scientist ordered onions on his sandwich!

James: NO!

Assistant: Yes!

James: Is someone getting paid for writing this dialogue?

Assistant: No, we blew all our money on the special effects.

THE STATE HOUSE

Governor: So about this disaster. . .

Aid: There's only one thing to do. We must send a sexy female sidekick down to Pittsburgh to help James in his research.

Governor: Is there any logical reason for that?

Aid: It will provide us with a mid-movie cliffhanger when she chokes on a cup of coffee and James saves her life.

Governor: Hmmm. . .

Aid: And it will be good for a 3% boost in your approval rating.

THE LAB

Sidekick: Hi.

James: Don't bother us now. The coefficient of the inverse of the rate of change of the cross product of the velocity and position vectors in almost at .342%.

Sidekick: Does that mean the disaster is impending?

James: No. I'm doing my DiffEQ homework.

Sidekick: I thought you were a PhD!

James: I am, but I haven't passed DiffEQ yet.

Assistant: James! The Cathedral of Ignorance, that is, Learning, is about to disintegrate!

James: You mean the disaster is here?

Assistant: Yes! A mob of special-effects programmers are about to destroy it and all of Pittsburgh. . .

James: So?

Assistant: . . .including The HUB. . .

James: YES!

Assistant: . . .and Andrew.

James: We have to stop this! What can we do?

Assistant: There's only one chance. You and the sexy sidekick must rush to your house and save your son, who is in grave danger of being hit by a miniature flying car. To show the audience how dangerous this is, we are going to kill off the Head Scientist.

James: Good! I get star billing, and a promotion!

THE DISASTER

A large explosion fills the screen as rubble from the Cathedral of - never mind - flies all over Pittsburgh.

James: Wow. I don't think we stand a chance of saving my son.

Sidekick: We have to. Its in the script.

James: Its too dangerous. Send in a stuntman.

Stuntman: OK.

Stuntman is chopped apart by rampaging special effects programmers.

James: Darn! Now I have to treat him. Sidekick, you'll have to save my son.

Sidekick dashes into the smoke and returns with son.

Son: Wow! That was quite a disaster.

James: It sure was. Now I get to have a passion ate love affair with the sidekick.

Sidekick: Are you out of your mind?!?!?

James: Isn't that in the script?

Sidekick: Well, yes it is, but I'm not doing anything with YOU.

Tune in next time for: [Something Else](#).

Poetry -- Jason Grosman, L.J. Bigelow

Good Evening, Fair Maiden

(a [minimally edited zephyr] poem by J.S. Grosman and L.J. Bigelow)

Life is a mysterious gem, reflecting the setting sun.

Consider the stars, dancing a tango
in a world of milky candy and pistachios,
and look to the moon, as the saliva builds up in
your mouth -- contemplating the green cheese of
destiny.

How, like a mule, you drive me to the edge of
sanity,
and pull back -- sucking my spleen through a
crinkle-straw!

You make my eyelids curl up, the whites
of my eyes staring blankly into space.

Your voice shatters planes of glass
and brings a burning sensation to my eardrums,
as the blood trickles down the cartilage.
You whistle "Twinkle, Twinkle," and I touch a
sponge
to your burning lips. Drink, O Stamp, and think
of me.

Didn't we always talk about how love was like
an oyster,
dripping like the teat of a mother goat, forming
pearls
like balls of playdough in the hands of a child?
Then true love died, like a blue whale
leaving its decaying carcass on the shore,
rotting and diseased, 'til the seagulls come to
pick it clean.

Sometimes I think that, like a cream-cheesy
bagel
the size of the universe, it was never meant to
be.

Bribery -- Dan Hook

Bartering for favors and
Reaping the rewards of treachery, this is the
Intrigue I live for:
Buying influence,
Extorting information; I will
Rule the secret society.
You shall be bought.



Poetry -- Melissa Kaplan

"Interrogating the Waitress"

what's the special?
is it fresh?
well do you like it?
what's in paella?
how's it cooked?
is filet mignon a good cut of meat?
where do they get their beef?
how did they kill the cow?
what did they feed the cow?
what was the cows name?
did he leave family behind?

"Yo lady, what do you want to eat!?"

With a topic in mind and knowledge of the real KGB in your hip pocket, it's time to write your article. Here's where my suggestions can be of no help to you. Only you can figure out what to write in your article. Once written, however, that's where the fun begins! With a draft on paper, you must proofread and grammar check your article before you can edit it (Here's where a computer can come in handy). With a grammatically correct article in your possession, you can now edit it to your heart's content. My recommendation is to put in as much freedom and as little authority as possible. I also recommend that (knowing how most writers are) you cut out a few hundred pages of minor details, minor annoyances, and minor... well, Minors in general.

Now your article is in final form. With it you can go far. You:

- ...can become rich with publishing royalties.
- ...can become famous in the annals of KGB history
- ...with your article posted in a place of honor.
- ...could become the first human to *officially* meet an alien culture.

O.K., maybe I'm exaggerating a little. But, hey, anything's possible.

Finally, what should you do if you get off the beaten path to fame and glory, or, better yet, getting published? If this should occur, follow these carefully and scientifically tested directions.:

1. Slice a large, round (and hopefully green) cheese into two equal halves.
2. Hollow out each half into a little cup.

3. Mix equal amounts of Kool-Aid and White Lightning in the cups.

4. Add in garlic salt, but no spice.

5. Throw in many pretty food colorings.

6. Bribe as many critics as possible to praise your creation.

7. Now let your creation molder for several seasons (TV or calendar, your choice).

8. During this time, partake in several fool-proof writer's block breakers, such as bungee jumping off the Cathedral of Learning or hitting yourself in the head with a hyper-dimensional mallet.

9. Take two original Star Trek reruns and inspiration shall be yours again in the morning.

If this doesn't get you back to your writing, then nothing will. Good luck to all of you who actually try to use these instructions. Good night and ...

Mergerk!!!

Editor's Notes -- Matthew McGrath

Well, here we go again. Thanks to the Secret Society Wars, submission have been received. Hopefully, this issue will prompt some of you to think to yourselves "Hey, that was kind of nifty! What can I do to make this happen again?"

Well, other than buying more tangerines, you can ... submit more articles! This publication is, and always has been, submission driven ... of the people, by the people, for the people, if you're in a top hat mood, or, from each according to his abilities if you're in a more furry-russian-hat kind of mood.

Either way, submit to Pravda? and let's keep this thing moving ...

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Buy more tangerines.

and go about your business ...