



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

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Price: FREE recounts, get 'em while they're hot!

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Train of Thought Derailed, Unknown Number Killed

By Karen Adams, Ace Reporter

The entire brain was shocked yesterday when a train of thought derailed. The train was travelling from Maxwell's Equations to the field of a dipole when it skipped the tracks, crashed through a pleasant memory of a summer day in 1996, then exploded near the vague understanding of quantum physics. The understanding of quantum mechanics was completely destroyed, but is not considered much of a loss as it didn't hold much promise of ever being useful. Other losses weigh much more heavily on the mind.

Well over a dozen words were killed outright. Hundreds others escaped with only slight injuries. The full extent of the damage is not yet known, and spellchecker will be employed for the next month evaluating the chances of survival. This is unfortunate timing, as the resume was expecting a complete overhaul before internship interviews.

This tragedy is being compared to last week's violent hijacking of a thought. The thought which would have reminded the body to show up to class was held at gun point by the thought that "Kids Love Monkeys." The monkey terrorists have long eluded common sense, and have on occasion disrupted minor ideas. This was the first all-out attack on a thought. There is concern that a repeat performance this weekend could ruin a take home exam, but authorities could not be reached for comment (due to the fact that a homework was overlooked and is due in a few hours). Panic is being controlled only by means of mood altering drugs such as sugar and caffeine.

Hopes for a high speed maglev train of thought have been abandoned, as electrodynamics is still suffering from a thick fog of incomprehension.

Diary of an Officer in the Fruit Fly War

By Major General Daniel E. Hook

10/16/00

It starts off slow. There were a few small uprisings of fruit fly activity, mostly in the kitchen trash can or in my quarters if I had been foolish enough to leave an apple core lying around. These were dealt with in the usual manner: take out the trash and swat the survivors. But after our party, we had become temporarily lax in our duties, and that's all the enemy needed. The normal measures weren't working anymore. They would simply hop from site to site, staying long enough to breed the next generation. Things look grim.

10/18/00

We are fighting a holding war now. Where do they all come from? We can only hope they can't last much longer.

Profiles in Copper

Dick Nixon, *Int'l Man of Dirty Tricks*

This is the first of what might be a series dedicated to those whose lives have been changed with copper. For this first article I got to talk to KGB Treasurer Chris Clark, a man who is continually showered with copper.

Dick: Glad you could join me, Chris.

Chris: Anything except assassination for you, Dick.

DN: So why are you here?

CC: You asked me for an interview.

DN: Right... Ah, why don't you tell us about your job as treasurer.

CC: Well, I'm the lucky guy with the purse strings. Anything regarding KGB and money has to go through me. I collect the bills, I sign the checks, I get the pennies thrown at me, I embezzle the funds to a Swiss account.... You didn't hear that last one.

DN: Uh huh. Have any hobbies?

CC: Anime. Lots of anime.

DN: That how you spend all of your free time?

CC: No, actually most of it's spent reading fanfics to keep H.M. at bay.

DN: H.M.?

CC: What about him?

DN: Who is he?

CC: The other me. The one that rears its ever smegging head when the stress gets to be too much.

DN: How often's that?

CC: Every 6 hours or so.

DN: I see.... There anything else you want to discuss? Anything you feel the public should know about.

CC: Hmm... well, Soyent Green is people. We have no bananas. There is no spoon. Fnord. And there is no secret KGB weapons testing facility under Hammerschlag Mall.

DN: Really?

CC: OK, I lie. There might be a facility under the Mall, but it isn't ours. Ours is on Doherty Q level.

DN: Any plans to conquer the world?

CC: Maybe.

DN: Any skeletons in your closet I should know about?

CC: No, I don't keep skeletons. I don't even have a real closet.

DN: OK, one last question - Pants. Yes or no?

CC: No. Jeans.

DN: Thank you.

CC: It's been a pleasure. Any luck on those cheap mercenaries?

DN: Not yet.

CC: Pity.

Schroedinger's Dog: The Way of the Samurai: Part 3

Talk of the divergence of truth is meaningless. One might as well talk about the curl of pride or the inner product of honor with itself. Stupid gaijin philosophers.

* * * * *

Monday. That faded monstrosity known as Wean Hall. 8th Floor. Professor Quinn. Again. Enters. His office. In the morning. And is surprised.

Surprised that, sitting at a ratty chair watching his ever-present black-and-white is The Boss.

"Good morning, Brian," he says expansively, as Krazy Kat plays in the background, "You're probably wondering why I'm here."

"Um, yes quite," goes Quinn.

Loony Tunes. "That...man of yours. Calls himself 'Schrödinger's Dog'..."

"Well, I barely even know him, I..."

Betty Boop. "He is to be eliminated."

"What?! I mean, I don't really know they guy, but eliminated? He's been there when needed, he's quick, efficient, and he's always perfectly correct..."

Loony Tunes. "That's the problem, Brian. He's corrected the wrong people too many times. He made a mistake, capish?"

Quinn nods and sighs, knowing the inevitability of the situation. The reedy violin music grows until...

* * * * *

Later in the morning. High up in the CFA building. Two aging physics emeritae walk carefully around, chalk at the ready.

"Do you see him?"

"Nah, I don't see him yet."

Pause.

"Do you see him?"

"Nah, not yet."

"This guy must be pretty damn good, if The Boss is making this much effort to get him. I dunno what he did, but I don't wanna be in his shoes."

"Yeah."

The conversation lapses as they walk into a room filled with pigeons.

"This could be it, you know. Said that he lived in a place like this. Communicated with pigeons, and stuff, you know?"

"Yeah. Wierd guy."

They inch into the room. Tension rises. All of a sudden.

A man walks into the room. From the opposite end. Pigeons fly in all directions as the first emeritus hurriedly dashes off a beautiful proof of CP-conservation.

When the feathers clear, the other man lies on the ground, unmoving.

"Aw, man, you got the wrong guy! Look, he's an design professor!"

"Hell... Well, there's always a few casualties..."

"Damn, what's The Boss gonna say... This really was art..."

* * * * *

Just after noon. Down towards Shadyside. The pale man walks relentlessly along, whistling a bland electronicized tune.

Turns between two buildings. Into a dead end. With two aging emeritae behind him.

One leers. "Heh, heh, looks like we got you know, 'Dog'. You think you're so good, showing up all of those CMU physics

profs. All your proofs, so perfect. Heh, You just don't know when you've made a mistake. *Look at me when I'm talking to you!*"

The other pipes up, "Yeah, do it."

The cloaked man turns around slowly, hands open.

The leer turns into a sneer. "One little mistake. Ah well, it looks like we'll have to put and end to this little caper. Say 'good night', buddy."

And then... Suddenly. They collapse to the ground. Hit over the head by a drawing slate. By Quinn, who stands there panting, relief in his eyes.

"Thank goodness I got here in time..."

A sweep of black trenchcoat and a bow. "I am indebted to you once more."

"Okay, I don't know who you are, but Edelstein's out on some crazy obsession to kill you!"

"You do not remember? I was a mere freshman at the time. I was cornered in the hallway, two other students mercilessly mocking me about my solutions for a problem set. You chanced upon me then, and vindicated my solutions, driving the others away. Impressed by your selfless display, as you walked off, I vowed to follow the path of the samurai so that I could one day repay you."

"But..."

"Do not worry. I am your retainer. I will do what I must."

"But, but... Oh hell, now what are we going to do about these guys? I'll be in deep for this!"

"Don't worry, I got you too."

Quinn began to speak as the pale man snatched his slate and clubbed him unconscious, writing a greek letter psi on his forehead with chalk as he fell.

"He won't suspect you know. I will do what I must. But first, I need a new CD."

The man grabbed one handily sticking out of the pocket of one of his would-be attackers.

* * * * *

Okay, so these two samurai and a peasant walk into a sake house. [...] And then the shogun says, "That's not your wife, that's a pair of sandals!" Oh, was this supposed to be a proverb?

Local 12 Year Old Owns J00. Ph34r His Sk1llz

From the AP Wire

Local 12 year old Jerry "[40oz] D3th Br1ng0r" Hankens is an avid Quake player and regular contributor to the Shugashack message boards. He also Owns J00 with his l33t sk1llz. The Own4g3 occurred at 12:31 AM, August 25th, 2000 on the MDK(1) FFA server, with 8 players on DM17 *The Longest Yard*.

Hankens used the jump pads to get up to the Quad, where he fired down to the main concourse below. Another player was using a jump pad, and happened to run right into his rocket.

Hankens is then quoted as using the /say command to broadcast "Ja ja beotch! I Own j00! Ph34r!"

It is unknown at this time of this message was a macro, or hand typed by Hankens himself. In the past two weeks, the local Quaker has also been known to dish out beatdowns, sk00lings, and the occasional plmp sl4p. When asked how he does it, Hankens merely replies that he has +l33t skills, and that no matter what his ping (usually around 450) he can dish out the wh00p @\$\$.

Hankens finished 7th that match, closely beating out "unnamed player" by 3 frags, before timing out during the map change.

Fun With Secret Service

By Secret Agent M

On the Friday when president Gore had his rally, I had a little encounter with the friendly men in the grey suits. To start off, let me just present the story as it was immortalised in its raw form on Zephyr:

caffeine (dlc) (chat.gore) [27-Oct-2000, 14:37]
(context) (url) (xlate)
Discussion with the cart ladies. Guy said, "I was just down in the tunnels and sub-basements and no one is watching them". Asked to see his ID and he tried to say "I have to be someplace now". They took him for a "chat".

rats (nrop) live on no evil porn star (kosak)
Who are the cart ladies?

caffeine (dlc) (chat.gore) [27-Oct-2000, 14:38]
(context) (url) (xlate)
I don't know their names. The women that work at the 5th floor cart. One of them was just outside the doors and observed this.

rats (nrop) live on no evil porn star (kosak)
The cart ladies asked some guy for his ID card and then took him away?

rats (nrop) live on no evil porn star (kosak)
Is Wean crawling with agents? I'd enjoy observing this

caffeine (dlc) (chat.gore) [27-Oct-2000, 14:39]
(context) (url) (xlate)
I guess I wasn't clear. The guy made these statements to some "authority". Some men took him away for a chat.

rats (nrop) live on no evil porn star (kosak)
Is Wean crawling with agents? I'd enjoy observing this.

caffeine (dlc) (chat.gore) [27-Oct-2000, 14:41]
(context) (url) (xlate)
She said the guy looked weird and was acting odd, you know like most of the people she sees in wean hall.

caffeine (dlc) (chat.gore) [27-Oct-2000, 14:42]
(context) (url) (xlate)
Not really. I wandered around and went outside and was not overly impressed. Maybe G-Hour invasion will be more exciting.

Now here is the full story, as it happened. Back on Thursday, I left a little note in the steam tunnels welcoming secret service to my land. My little joke was, I wrote the note on an NSA notepad I had picked up the the TOC. It was in a very visible place, where I was sure it would get picked up. On Friday, while having a chit-chat with agent "Paul," I aksed him if the tunnels were secure. He simply replied with a joking "Ooh, the mystical steam tunnels." At that point, I got curious, so I got in the tunnels the old fashioned way (over the pipes in the second sub-basement of Doherty). Sure enough, there wasn't a single guy in the whole system, and what's more, my note wasn't even touched. I went back to Paul and mentioned this, to which he simply replied something to the effect of that they'd only gotten here, and they're doing the best they can.

It just so happened that I had a test at 2:30 P.M. that day,

so I was pacing nervously before it. At about 2:10, I started talking to the guy that was re-directing traffic from the main entrance into the 5th floor of Wean. At some point, I asked him why they didn't have anyone in the tunnels. He replied "How do you know we don't have anyone in the tunnels?" I answered that although they could have someone right now, the tunnels were empty as of half an hour ago. The expression on his face changed slightly at that comment, and the agent said something into his radio. He then asked me to elaborate on what I had just said. I explained that there wasn't all that much to explain, that I was just curious, and that I had better get going for my test. Suddenly, he asked me to stay and wait for some people to get there. He had gestured a CMU cop over, and as I took a step to leave, I was suddenly blocked by the familiar man in the proud campus police uniform. I tried to explain that I really did have a test very soon, but was instead asked for my ID, which the campus cop used to write my name down in his little notebook, while looking very important.

Finally, some other secret service guys got there, and I told them a slightly different version of my story. I just said that I was down in the second sub-basement of Doherty, and having seen no one, assumed that the tunnels were empty as well. That CMU officer then explained to Secret Service that the tunnels are common knowledge, but as they are closed off and "alarmed" (despite the fact that I had used the usual door to get back out just half an hour earlier without anyone knowing), the area is secure. At that point, the Secret Service guys told me I was free to go, but could show them what I was talking about if I wanted to.

We went down to my usual place of entry, and as soon as the Campus Police guy had left us, I told them of the gap in the wall above the pipes that I had used to get in, based on which the tunnels weren't even close to secure. I quickly ran through the list of tunnel attractions, such as the vents coming out of the ground right by the stage, and the door leading to a back section of the lawn. I was beginning to enjoy the process, and was willing to give them a tour of campus to show them all the places they'd missed, but I had to run to my test. They got my name and date of birth down, and sent me on my merry way. I walked into the test just in time, heart pounding, trying to focus my mind on mechanics rather than my new record with secret service. But on the bright side, now I'm on their list, and I didn't even have to send a threatening email to the president.

Diary from Page 1

10/21/00

We are into mid semester break, and this has given our troops the resources they need to finally break the enemy lines. They're bases destroyed, only rouge flies remain.

10/23/00

Disaster! The fruit flies have pulled together and amassed a gigantic assault against what we thought was our only safe haven, the bathroom. Mike has suggested that we start using chemical weapons, but I'm reluctant to resort to such drastic measures. I think we should still focus on cutting their supply lines and killing their children.

10/24/00

Randy has noticed that we were sabotaged by his little brothers. They dropped off food for the enemy into the trash can in the bathroom. This was the clue we needed to eradicate every last fly in that area. I think we have the situation well under control.

spontaneously generated pravda article

By Laura "Sergeant of Arms" Marsh

I am the nefarious sentient article. perhaps the article "the"-common, practical, useful. Or perhaps "an," a spicy, unique, and creamy member of our tired, downtrodden language.

Now, for Son of Mad Lib. "Colour" is the British spelling of my "deadly the way a pillow snake is deadly" catch phrase. This isn't an IBM tote, it's a _____ lazy porcupine (also known as Randy Wood).

Yes, he was trying for real red, but he just keeps missing. He wants COKE red—REAL RED! Because it doesn't shatter on impact like my first design. Who are you, anyway? Look at all this time you spend hacking Wean, when you should be doing Fizz Anal... err, Phys. Anal.

Night is for work, light *waggle fingers* scary! Ooooooh.

I've noticed a serious problem. Seriously, people. All we do is stress about classes, whine about our personal lives, and act generally nutty. Wait, that's not a problem, that's my life. Ooops, wrong line of thought. No, really—we all should just write more web comics.

I'd like to write a poignant little piece about CMU, starring an adorable anime nerd girl who sees CMU as a geek heaven. The first frame would be her sighing, and saying "Ahhhh, paradise." while wearing a cardigan, kneesocks, and thick-rimmed glasses. The next panel would be a clock, or maybe a calendar, being sped up (how do you speed up a calendar?). The last panel would be a zombie in the same outfit, holding a five textbooks. The text would read, simply, "HELL."

The end.

How Do You Want To Take Over The World Today?

So, awhile back, there was this web page called *Make Your Own Evil Plan* that provided a quick and easy form for creating an Evil Plan (tm). Unfortunately, the site was taken down, and I can't find where it is now. But it was there. Really. Here's a quick one I whipped up for KGB:

Congratulations on being the creator of a new Evil Plan (tm)!

Your objective is simple: World Domination

Your motive is a little bit more complex: Power

Stage One:

To begin your plan, you must first Kidnap a Scientist. This will cause the world to sit up and take notice, stunned by your arrival. Who is this Evil Genius? Where did they come from? And why do they look so good in Classic Black?

Stage Two:

Next, you will Seize control of the Internet. This will cause countless hordes of Computer Programmers to flock to you, begging to do your every bidding. Your name will become synonymous with Fear, as lesser men whisper your name in terror.

Stage Three:

Finally, you will Reveal to the World your Secret Death Ray, bringing about an End to Sanity. This will all be done from a Warehouse, an excellent choice if we might say. These three deeds will herald the end, and the citizens of this planet will have no choice but to elect you their new god.

Trust us, it'll all come together in the end.

Interview With a Secret Service Agent

By Secret Agent M

Me: What's your name?

Agent: Oh, let's say, Paul.

Me: Where are you from?

Paul: D.C.

M: Do you like your job?

P: Can't say.

M: How long have you been working on this job?

P: Not long.

M: How often do bored people like me try to make friendly chit-chat with you?

P: Often.

M: Do people like me annoy you?

P: Not at all.

M: Is Al Gore a human being or a super-human cyborg?

P: Can't say.

M: Have you ever had any incidents occur while working on this job?

P: That depends on what you mean by "incidents"

M: Anything beyond someone just annoyed at you for being there?

P: Hard to say.

M: Are you particularly assigned to Vice President Gore, or do you get re-assigned to other political figures?

P: Depends.

M: Do you feel cooler because you are willing to give me an interview and the guy on the opposite hallway isn't.

P: *shakes head in the negative*

M: How old are you?

P: Can't say.

M: What's your favorite color?

P: Black.

M: Do you have authorisation to use lethal force if necessary?

P: Yes.

M: Have you ever met Gore personally?

P: *nods head in the positive*

M: Have you ever...

P: Hey man, that's enough.

M: Alright then, thank you for your time.

Wookie Titles

- Bimibos of the Death Wookiee
- Second Toughest in the Wookiee (by Underwookiee)
- The Wookiee Who Wore Tennis Shoes
- Wookiee Games
- It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Wookiee
- The Trouble With Wookiee
- Urotusokiwookiee (Legend of the Wookiee-Fiend)
- Bruce Lee: Enter the Wookiee
- LadyWookiee
- Army of Wookiee
- Zen and the Art of Wookiee Maintenance
- Willie Wookiee and the Zen Factory
- Wookiee: The Masquerade
- Wookiee of Darkness
- Drunken Wookiee
- The Legend of Bagger Wookiee
- Citizen Wookiee
- Harry Potter, Apprentice Wookiee
- Wookiee Shrugged
- Lord of the Wookiee
- Fellowship of the Wookiee
- Into the Wookies