



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

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Damn, it feels good to be a gangster

by John D. Balthazar

When I recently ripped the strings out of the hands of my imaginator and became the local Puppetmaster, I assured you, my loyal subjects, that I would prove a far more apt and effective overlord than has yet been seen. Accordingly, I have been garnering my power in the student body. Of you, my loyal subjects, there are now a sum total of six members in the CMU Student Senate, two of whom are committee chairs. Additionally, the tendrils of my power are infiltrating the inner circles of several "secret societies" which hold sway over not only CMU, but UPitt as well.

In addition to these political maneuverings, I am doing other wonderful things for you. I am compelling the weak-spined editor of this paltry newsletter to build a Booth. Nay, a palace! This palace shall show to the world the industrial might of KGB, such that none dare oppose us. Build sessions are held every Saturday starting at 1:30pm by the KGB Kage, until such time as the Booth palace is completed and basking in its glory on Midway.

Rise, rise my children! Do it for glory! Do it for KGB! Do it for Booooooooth!

Ask Kirstin what to put here

by Kirstin Connors

'Twas the morning of 23 Jan
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Except Maybe a mouse

And all through the hallways
And all through the floors
Kirstin's housemates were waking
To that cough of hers

When all of a sudden
There was such a moaning
Kirstin awoke with a headache
And nose a-flowing

Her nose aches; her throat aches
As if she'd swallowed a horse
And the January wind
Makes it all the worse

Though her immune system
Fights with all its might
Kirstin won't make it
To KGB tonight

My Very First KGB Slashfic

by David "Oh, the Humanity" Kaplan

Laura Marsh reclined against the chalk ledge of the blackboard in DH 1112, feeling the cold of the metal as it penetrated the thin material of her tight black tank top to bring a chill to the small of her back. She was slightly winded after a spirited bout of money-grubbing, and now Mark Tomczak was saying something about Pesos or Drachmas, but that didn't matter now. All of Laura's attention was focused on Matthew Kehrt and his glowing aura of semi-boyish, not-a-girl androgyny. It consumed her, piercing her very soul. She ran one slender hand down the thigh of her form-fitting black leather pants as she passed the other one through her dusky hair. She felt her nether regions beginning to moisten, giving no consideration to the material integrity of her cotton thong.

Laura's reverie was suddenly interrupted by David Kaplan's voice saying, "I think I should tell lmarsh that, due (once again) to her exceptional beauty and general sexiness, I have become a heterosexual."

"Dammit, dkap, no you haven't!" Laura was irritated by two things: 1) She had clearly daydreamed clear through to Schmucks, despite having given an officer report somewhere in there, and 2) By becoming suffused by the essence of mkehr, she had become, in the eyes of dkap, "boy-lmarsh." This strange quantum entity possessed all of the characteristics that made Laura so distinctly lmarsh, yet undeniably emitted the essential signature of "boy" instead of "girl." Laura pondered David's manhood, no doubt now throbbing powerfully in his pants, and briefly lamented his unshakeable homosexuality.

"What?! I did no such thing!" exclaimed Laura. "dkap, I cannot believe you are writing a slashfic about me. What psychotically distorted view of reality made you think this would be a good idea?"

Well, Ed posted to the bboard, asking *everybody* to submit to Pravda?

Ed Ryan slumped awkwardly down in his chair, trying to avoid detection but still remaining a head above Fwiffo, who was standing next to him.

"I take offense to that!" averred the diminutive Cuban. "And who are you calling diminutive?"

At that moment, Mike Tolan stood to address the meeting. "The Committee for the Dispersal of Pertinent Information would like to report that this slashfic has gotten quite silly, aside from not even being a slashfic anymore, and it really should end right here."

And it did.

BOOTH BUILDING SESSIONS TAKE PLACE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1:30PM. THEY HAPPEN BY THE KGB KAGE, IN THE BASEMENT OF MARGARET MORRISON.

Security of UNIX system protects a little too well

By Christopher Mikesell

Ka Leo Staff Columnist

These days it is very difficult to get your work done, to communicate, or to even goof off without some kind of computer being involved. Computers operate our television programming, they are the foundations of the internet, they help to print our books, they burn our CDs, and in all of these cases, they exist to make our lives easier.

Computers are supposed to be timesaving tools. The first computers were, after all, no more than gigantic counting machines that used vacuum tubes and punch cards to count in binary, or print out large sums or operate looms. They had all the appeal of those inventions we invent for the sake of saying we could, but they would also prove to be functional machines capable of boosting our society to levels never before seen.

And yet, as surrounded by computers, as I have been my entire life, I recently found myself in front of a vaguely threatening white screen, or in other words, the beast that is UHUNIX.

Perhaps it was because I had been raised on Macs and Windows, but when I discovered that I had to deal with UNIX, what seemed to be a strange and exotic operating system, (I'm not talking exotic as in what mainland tourists think of when they imagine Hawai'i, I'm talking exotic to the extent of being painfully esoteric), I grumbled.

Of all the operating systems the school could have picked, why did they choose UNIX? Well, I was told that it was somewhat more secure than Windows. I found nothing that could disprove it. In fact, I found that it was so secure, it seemed like it was designed to keep even intended users out of operating in it on a functional level.

Commands in the UHUNIX system are not well documented in help resources, and if you cannot get to the little documentation available, you will most likely be sitting there, staring at a white screen, trying to figure out why the backspace button spits out unintelligible characters instead of doing what it normally does on almost all other computers, which is to say, backspacing.

For the uninitiated (and having to fight your way through UNIX is nothing less than an initiation), UHUNIX is text-based, which means that unlike the more usable Windows and Apple operating systems, users are forced to jump through hoops by entering text commands at a prompt. It was infuriating. While I was being told from right and left how wonderful it was to have a UNIX-based system, a few of my darker sentiments told me that having to input commands at a text prompt was a step backwards, at least from the desktop-oriented operating systems I use most often.

Remember DOS? That was also a command-line interface. Admittedly, for a command line interface at least, everyone was also telling me that UNIX was a lot better than DOS. And I would have been impressed if converting my home PC to a 286 would have been an upgrade. Think about it: is being better than DOS something to really cheer about?

Worrying about tripping over an unfamiliar and unwieldy system should never have to be the focus of a student's attention. At some point, people have to stop and think that if the system the problem is implemented in is more confounding than the solution to the problem itself, there is something seriously wrong.

There ultimately has to be a balance between security, ef-

fectiveness, and usability, because when it all comes down to it, systems, computers, and even inventions in general exist to make our lives easier, not more difficult. Even the goal of "diversifying" computing skills must bow to general usability; it makes no sense to have a slightly more powerful system that is constructed to be much more difficult to use than the other options that exist.

For me and many others, UNIX will continue to be more of a curse than a blessing. But unfortunately, there is no real way I can avoid having to tame UNIX. I'm an ICS major; it's expected of us that, for some unfathomable reason, we subject ourselves to such self-flagellation. But in the interests of both efficiency and my own sanity, I have to express my dissatisfaction with "the system." It's an appropriate sentiment, at least in these times.

Jason C Reed Admits to Musical Talents "Down Below"

L'Marsh

In a recent interview, Reed, more commonly known as jcreed, revealed that his musical talents existed only "below the fingers." In an update on his work efforts, he told this Pravda reporter that he was working on Proof Irrelevance for the beta version Photoshop 12.0. Among the new features is the Nudity Brush, which will smoothly remove unwanted clothes and other flesh imaging obstructions. jcreed's work will ensure that this new version of the beloved image manipulation will never crash, ever, due to the more rigorous use expected upon release. When asked to comment about the relevance of his work, jcreed responded with an explanation of Proof Irrelevance. In a nutshell, it involves thinking about how God would program, and then making the program more like that. jcreed was chosen for this task due to his ability to communicate directly with God, whom he describes a "a great theory guy, but sometimes not so good with application." In any case, whether he's tickling the ivories with an unknown appendage or talking with a local deity, jcreed is really the people's math grad student. In his own words, "I like my porn with shrimp."

Una Historia de BUUUTH!

by la Senorita Carlota

Un dia, habia una chiquita que se llama Laura. La Senorita Laura era muy bonita. A ella le gustaba mirar las flores y beber cafe. Fue al supermercado y compro el ramo de flores. Quería darlos a el Senor Fwiffo. A ella le gustaria el Senor Fwiffo porque tenia una computadora muy sexy y tambien construia un BUUUTH. La Senorita Laura compro los dulces para el Senor Eduardo. El Senor Eduardo estaba muy fuerte y alto y *tambien* estaba construyendo un BUUUTH.

Entonces, un hombre terrible llegaba. -Soy El Fantasma del Pasado del BUUUTH!- El dijo. Era el Presidente Teki!

-Ay mi!- Dijo Laura.

Del cielo (de donde?), el Senor Misha llegaba en una cuerda, -Puedo protegerte, Senorita de mis Suenos! Era el Guerrero de KGB el ano pasado!-

La Senorita Laura sacudio su puno al Senor Misha. -Soy la Guerrera de KGB ahora, estupido!-

El Teki queria atencion. -Y soy el presidente. Quiero la atencion o voy a destruir el mundo!-

-Pero Nuestro BUUUTH!- dijeron El Senor Eduardo y el Senor Fwiffo.

Buum!

Grow up!

Reply, by Lord Isildur

These days it is very difficult to get your work done, to communicate, or to even goof off without eating every so often. Food is an essential in our lives, it is the foundation of our health, and a good diet makes our lives easier.

Food, after all, is supposed to be a lifesaving item. The first meals were, after all, driven by hunger from survival and the need for energy or nutrition, but they would also prove to be tasty, almost artistic expressions of the art of cuisine, capable of boosting our society to levels never before tasted.

And yet, after suckling at my mother's breast as I have all my life, I recently found myself confronted by that vaguely threatening thing, in other words, the beast that is SOLID FOOD.

Perhaps I have been nursing too long, but when I discovered that I had to deal with SOLID FOOD, what seemed to be a strange and exotic form of nourishment (I'm not talking exotic like eating flaming fish eggs in expensive fench sauces, i'm talking exotic to the extent of requiring chweing), I grumbled.

Of all the nourishment systems my mother could have picked, why did she choose SOLID FOOD? Well, I was told that it is somewhat more varied, and more efficient for me to eat in adult life. It was more varied, more available, and did not require my mother to be nearby and burdened constantly by me. I found nothing to disprove it. In fact, I found that it was so advanced, it seemd like it was designed to keep even hungry people from eating it!

Items of SOLID FOOD are not well documented as how they taste or smell, and if you cannot get to the little information there is about it, you will most likely be sitting there hungry, trying to figure out what is good to eat, and why pebbles and tree-stumps aren't.

For the uninitiated (and having to fight your way through eating SOLID FOOD is nothing less than an initiation), eating SOLID FOOD is very texture-based, which means that unlike the more usable breast-milk, users are forced to chew, dissolve, and swallow their food, which has texture and shape, instead of just drink it down. While I was being told from right and left how much tastier and better for both myself and my mother SOLID FOOD would be, a few of my darker sentiments told me that having to deal with dry, or crunchy, or chewy textured foods was a step backwards, at least from the smooth, thick, easy nourishment I used most often.

Remember mashed vegetables? That was also a more textured food. Admittedly, for textured food, everyone was also telling me that SOLID FOOD was a lot better than mashed carrots. Think about it: is being better than mashed carrots something really to cheer about?

Worrying about choking on an unfamiliar seed or bone should never have to be the focus of a hungry man's attention. At some point, people have to stop and think if the food they're eating is more confounding than just going hungry.

For me and many others, SOLID FOOD will continue to be more of a curse than a blessing. But unfortunately, there is no real way I can avoid having to take SOLID FOOD. I'm twenty years old now; it's expected of us that for some unfathomable reason, we subject ourselves to bread, vegetables, and meat. But in the interests of both efficiency and my own sanity, I have to voice my dissatisfaction with "the system". It's an appropriate sentiment, since I would rather suckle all my life.

The Continuing Story of the Mad-cat Battle

Mark Tomczak

When we last left off, Mark's MadCat had been wiped from the map. But no sooner has the smoking rubble cooled than Mark comes charging over the hill again, in brand-spanking-new, fully-armed AND armored MadCat! Let the battle continue...

Mark's MadCat takes a devastating hit in the right upper leg from Adam (02:54). Fire boils from the damaged left foot of Mark's MadCat after Joey hits it with a AFC-25 (02:58). Joey damages Mark's left foot (02:58). Joey targets and fires the AFC-25; Mark cries in dismay as the MadCat's left gun is damaged (03:06). Mark's MadCat fires the AFC-100 and damages the right torso of Adam's Zanin Neko (03:06). Mark's MadCat fires the LRM-15 and damages the rear upper torso of Joey's Summoner (03:12). Joey targets and fires the AFC-25; Mark cries in dismay as the MadCat's lower torso is damaged (03:13). Adam fires the Zanin Neko's Streak 4 and decimates the left gun of Mark's MadCat (03:31). Adam's Zanin Neko takes a devastating hit in the rear upper torso from Mark (03:37). Smoke and fire are trailing from Mark's MadCat, all results of the ER-PPC blast inflicted by Adam (03:41). Fire boils from the damaged left upper leg of Mark's MadCat after Adam hits it with a AFC-50 (03:46). Smoke and fire are trailing from Mark's MadCat, all results of the AFC-25 blast inflicted by Joey (03:51). Mark takes a severe wound to the left upper leg as Joey aims for the MadCat again (03:58). Dense black smoke pours from Mark's upper torso as a result of Joey's targeted hit (04:08). Mark's MadCat suffers a direct hit to it's upper torso from Joey's AFC-25 (04:08). Joey fires the Summoner's AFC-25 and decimates the right torso of Mark's MadCat (04:11). Mark takes a severe wound to the hip as Joey aims for the MadCat again (04:26). Joey targets and fires the AFC-25; Mark cries in dismay as the MadCat's upper torso is damaged (04:28). A fire-ball erupts from Mark's upper torso, as Joey scores another direct ERS-Laser hit (04:29). Joey racks up another kill marker for reducing Mark's MadCat to rubble (04:29)!

... As Mark rides another fireball into Valhalla, Joey and Adam turn their fury towards each other. Within moments, they are both reduced to twisted, burning shards. When the blue light clears and Mark takes the field this time, his new MadCat faces off against *two* pure and pristine opponents. With only minutes left of life in this unforgiving world, who will win the day? Find out in the next Pravda?

A Valentine

by Anonymous

Oh Matlab...

Won't you be my Valentine?

You are so true, so full of tricks
You can even do math in symbolics!

And about you, I always think
of all your toolboxes; your simulink!

Though processing intensive is your jvm
You do far more than the minimum.

Precious Matlab with figures and plots
This Valentine's Day I love you lots.

You Can Learn A Lot About A Person By The Porn They Keep

Pornmaster Laura

What's your pr0n personality?

- 0) When searching for porn, do you look for:
- 0-women
 - 1-men
 - 10-llamas
 - 11-midget transvestites with tourette's
 - 100-I don't need porn. I get laid.
- 1) What acts do you enjoy viewing the most?
- 0-tasteful exhibitionism
 - 1-intercourse
 - 10-hardcore bestiality bondage
 - 11-wound penetration
 - 100-I just have these few pictures of Britney Spears.
- 10) How much disk space do you allocate to porn storage?
- 0-less than a MB
 - 1-between a MB and a GB
 - 10-between a GB and a TB
 - 11-I have an archive of all existing pornography.
 - 100-I have Girls Gone Wild on tape...
- 11) Do you like your porn with shrimp?
- 0-no
 - 1-yes
 - 10-I am jcreed
 - 11-...and a tangy dipping sauce.
 - 100-Yes, oh god, yes, you've learned my secret!
- 100) Do you use porn to masturbate?
- 0-occasionally
 - 1-frequently
 - 10-it's the reason I bought a laptop
 - 11-my hand is "epoxied" to my mouse. send help.
 - 100-The shrimp, the beautiful shrimp... *sobs*

Scoring!

0-10: You're a pervert. And a liar. Seek help.

11-100: You're a pervert. And repressed. Seek help.

101-150: You're a pervert. Really. Seek help.

151-500: You're MY kind of pervert. I can help.

501-1000: You're a pervert and you can't add. Seek a math class.

Darkness in the Cluster

by Kirstin Konnors

It is a dark eerie night in the cluster this 11:30 am. I am sitting at her, who keeps me company. All around, I hear twitters of unknown wildlife. What was that?!? Something recognizable? Something dangerous? Whew! It is just 525 users. They seem in a fuss about something. Should I worry? Should I take that as a sign to leave and save myself? No, I will stay at my post protecting the cluster with honor. Oh my god! It looks like a .x file.... What the hell is that???

AAAAHHHHHHHH!!!

80s Lyrics Quiz

by The Yanna of the Decade

Try it without search engines :-) This is a fairly easy quiz to me, but then again, that's me.

1. I can't hide my need for two hearts that bleed with burning love
2. they call us irresponsible, write us off the page
3. she's so mean, I don't care
4. sometimes it seems like this world's closing in on me
5. every time I go for the mailbox, gotta hold myself down
6. I never took the smile away from anybody's face
7. we can dance if we want to
8. if you're feeling low, turn up your radio
9. that kind of love is mythical, she's anything but typical
10. Josie's on a vacation far away
11. and I need you now tonight, and I need you more than ever
12. all you have to do is close your eyes and just reach out your hand
13. I just freeze every time you see through me
14. I have climbed the highest mountains, I have run through the fields
15. I hear the drums echoing tonight
16. can't get her out of my mind, that's why it's hard for me to find
17. I wanna hold you but my senses tell me to stop
18. you send my soul sky high when your lovin' starts
19. feel the rhythm of the music getting stronger
20. and she's lovin him with that body, I just know it
21. every second, every moment, we've got to make it last
22. if you got the money, honey, we got your disease
23. I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride
24. I don't need to be the king of the world, as long as I'm the hero of this little girl
25. when we hear the voices sing, the book of love will open up

Extra points if you can guess which artist was a guest at my cousin's 1988 wedding in San Francisco!

Scene:

by an Andrea none of you knows

Two lovers in a run down bedroom engaging in the most intimate sort of embrace. The camera slowly zooms in onto their impassioned grindings to reveal that their skin is covered in caterpillars. One on a shoulder, one on a back, one on a buttock. As the lovers open their mouths to cry out, classical music issues from their throats. Afterwards, soup.

Really Bad T.I.E. Puns

by Mark Tomczak

For your viewing horror, a series of RBPs related to the Technical Internship Exposition. Why the Technical Internship Exposition? Because it's high TIE-m.

What do men wear to the Technical Internship Exposition?

- A tie

What do women wear to the Technical Internship Exposition?

- tights

What do the participants in the Technical Internship Exposition tell their spouses when asked why they aren't coming home that evening?

- work has them tied up

What portable computers do CMU Career Services provide for the use of the participants in the Technical Internship Exposition?

- TiBooks

What disease should you be inoculated against before attending the Technical Internship Exposition?

- typhus

What ferocious animal were Technical Internship Exposition participants Siegfried and Roy prevented from bringing to their booth?

- a tiger

Who stands outside the UC all day protesting the Technical Internship Exposition?

- TIE fighters

How do you feel after attending the Technical Internship Exposition?

- tired

What is a Technical Internship Exposition participant's favorite Queen song?

- Tie Your Mother Down

Which member of the Technical Internship Exposition staff is most upset at the end of the day?

- The typist

What self-defense technique do participants in the Technical Internship Exposition learn to protect themselves from overzealous students?

- Tie-bo (alternatively, Tae-kwon-do is acceptable)

What emperor rules over the Technical Internship Exposition?

- Titus

Which student is responsible for proofreading the advertising material for the Technical Internship Exposition?

- Tie-Po

What company is the primary financial backer of the Technical Internship Exposition?

- Tyco

What detergent do participants in the Technical Internship Exposition use?

- Shout

Haiku!

by Daniel Blandford

Ed says, send me stuff.

Lazy folk can send haiku.

Sure, I can do that.

Two haiku, I think:

Self-ref only goes so far.

This should be enough.

GFY

by Mike Tolan

Dear Michael:

Thank you for your interest in JPL and taking the time to interview with us when we were at Carnegie Mellon University last fall.

I want to update you on the status of your campus interview. Our interviewer was very impressed with your background and we continue to be interested in you as a possible candidate for positions at JPL. Unfortunately, we now have fewer openings than originally forecast and we're only bringing new graduates to JPL for interviews who have backgrounds that meet very specific needs. Hoping that the situation might change, I've waited longer than reasonable to let you know that as of now we will not be bringing you to JPL for an interview. Please accept my apologies for the delay.

Again, Thank You for interviewing with JPL on campus. We're sure that you will have a number of other career opportunities and may have already accepted another position. Even though we at JPL were not able to invite you in for an interview, I do want to take this opportunity to wish you luck in your future career.

Sincerely,

<Name Deleted>

Manager

Staffing and Employment Programs

Dear Office of Annual Giving:

Thank you for your interest in Michael Tolan and taking the time to correspond with me when I was preparing for my upcoming graduation.

I want to update you on the status of your request. I was very impressed with your background, and continue to be interested in you as a possible candidate for my money. Unfortunately, I now have less money than originally forecast and I am only considering spending money on candidates that have backgrounds that meet very specific needs. Hoping that the situation might change, I've waited longer than reasonable to let you know that as of now I will not be donating money to your Office. Please accept my apologies for the delay.

Again, Thank You for requesting money from me. I'm sure that you will have a number of other recent graduates and may have already received donations from another source. Even though Michael Tolan was not able to honor your request for a donation, I do want to take this opportunity to wish you luck in your future solicitation.

Sincerely,

Michael Tolan

Student

Carnegie Mellon University

Submitting to Pravda?

by David "You Asked For It" Kaplan

(Author's note: Yes, the story is written in the first person. No, the narrator isn't necessarily *me*, all right? Because even I have to admit, that'd be pretty damn creepy. And besides, isn't it much more fun if we assume that it's Imarsh, or Shawn Knight?)

"Oh, Pravda, I submit to you!" I cried from my prostrate position on th bed.

"Excellent. Show me your subservience!" Ed appeared in the doorway, a cruel leer on his face. As was his custom, he had covered his body in back issues of Pravda?, and he held a cat o' nine tails in his hand. He approached the bed, surveying my naked frame, and he held the implement near my face. I knew what he wanted. I extended my tongue and tasted the salty leather. "Are you ready for it?" he asked. I nodded my head vigorously.

Ed lay the black flagella across my back, then with a flick of his wrist whipped them into the air and back down into my flesh, accompanied by a piercing *CRACK*. "Oh, Ed!" I cried, forgetting myself in the moment.

Ed leapt away from me, stricken. He held his hand to his face and yell "No! It's Pravda?! You have to call me Pravda?!" His entire body twitched as he spoke.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Pravda?. I just need you so bad right now, Pravda?! Please, I'll make it up to you."

"Yes. Yes, indeed, I think you will," Ed murmured as his hand trailed forcefully down my spine towards?

(You know, I think I'll just end it there, before Ed refuses to publish it and before it causes any KGB members to become catatonic.)

Graduate Females Plan Invasion on PDL

by Mr. Demosthenes

A rumor grows of an evil plot. Sources say that a conspiracy has been forming, as graduate females come together in a desperate search for what they have termed "non-gross guys." As they have spread their search through every corner of Pittsburgh, focusing all their powers of observation and attraction, they have found one small, isolated and defenseless shelter for those whom they seek. They have discovered that the PDL, which many at CMU believe stands for "Powdered Donut Lunch," in fact stands for "Cute Guys Here," in the language of giggling females (for whom there is no such thing as spelling). What's more, they have researched, as graduate students are wont to do, into the distant past. In the dusty books of Carnegie legend, they found the true nature of the inhabitants of the PDL and the source of their power.

The first hint of this power was the handsome, dashing nature of the inhabitants of this corner of Hammerschlag hall. The suspicions of the females were raised by the strange contrast between the men of D level and the common CS majors with whom they most often associated. The next sign that something was odd about these men was their names. When the females gained enough courage and power to approach and actually speak to them (a powerful first strike in their attack), they discovered that these men shared only a few common names (John, Greg,...). This seemed slightly artificial, and the females suspicions were verified when they found that one had foolishly revealed his true name, Isildur, heir of the great Vax, of the true line of the great men of the geek-studs. Indeed, these were no common CS majors, and the females now finalized their horrible, horrible plans. They would have these men for their own, and none would escape from D level unattached.

Further Reports From the Front

by Locke

March, 1 2003 - Omni William Penn Hotel - Graduate Women observe D-Level inhabitants in uninhibited state.

Covert spies sent in to the ECE Winter Party at the Omni William Penn Hotel on Saturday, watched as a good per-

centage of the D-Level people dressed up in formal wear and danced to rampant disco.

Not all of the D-Level inhabitants came to the event. It is assumed that the absentees were left behind to protect themselves from the adventurous and daring Graduate Women. Due to a lack of sufficient preparation, those inhabitants were not enticed into coming to the uninhibited state of adrenaline and alcohol which caused so much confusion to so many. One Woman was even enticed and distracted by an A-Level inhabitant. She was later reprimanded for her lack of diligence.

A major component of the Winter Party was the "Talent Show". This is where the entire department is given the opportunity to prove that they have talent away from a computer. One gentleman (not a D-Level inhabitant, fortunately) failed in this task by using his computer to provide words and accompaniment in a "karaoke" format while he sang. The strongest D-Level personnel joined together to form a yoga-style modern dance. There were about 8 dancers. At this time, our Graduate Women noticed that there appeared to be graduate women also residing on D-Level! Plans were set in motion for recruitment of double agents.

As sting operations go, the ECE Winter Party provided useful opportunity to obtain the vulnerable D-Level inhabitants, but due to lack of resources and planning, this battle was lost to the infidels.

The Continuing Saga...

by Eugene V. Debs

3/8/3

When we last left our heroes, they had collected intelligence to plan their attack. The defense was determined, the terrain was unfamiliar and unfriendly, and the fighters were untrained. It would be a difficult battle. When they had finally pulled all their forces together, they revealed their secret weapon - a proud and dashing young soldier had agreed to come to the aid of these desperate females. He bravely swore to go into battle with them, leading a separate surprise attack as the females charged in from above.

However, not all went as planned. As soon as the first regiment went into enemy territory, they were ambushed! The men had grown suspicious of their plans and readied a clever defense for the females. The least desirable/available men were thrown mercilessly to the front, fending off the main attack. The leaders called off the rest of their troops, only to find that one of their top generals had deserted. She was not with her troops, but there was no time to ask questions, the women had a bitter fight on their hands just trying to escape. Now, battle scarred, discouraged and scattered, the females had to return to their cluster to regroup.

Safely on their home turf, a few soldiers confessed to knowing about the dispicable defector. She had left, oblivious to the battle, with a male undergraduate! This disgusting news left the females no choice but to rule that she be exiled to E level, and forced to do Cadence hand layouts for the rest of her days. But she was never heard from again. The courageous and chivalrous warrior was given the title of "Knight-in-shining-armor" and the eternal thanks of the remaining militia. Despite the tragic turnout of the butcherous battle, the lovely ladies of Hammerschlag Hall hold on to hope, for in the battle many men did not fight. These would be their next victims.