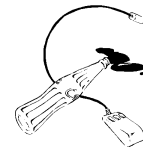




PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

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We've Secretly Replaced Your CorSec With Folgers Crystals

by *mkehrt*

Look, it's a Pravda?! I put out a Pravda?.

In related news, I am slowly expanding my control over the world. Besides three or four evil front organizations, a major religion, sixteen developing nations and a goat farmers' union in Uzbekistan, I now have a newsletter. While technically it is not mine, I intend on using it solely for the purpose of achieving my nefarious schemes for world domination and to create a hidden cabal of all the major pineapple importers to obey my every whim. But, as I really do not have any nefarious schemes for world domination yet, and as I have already created said cabal and am enjoying the fruits of my labor, for the time being I will accept submissions to Pravda?. Please, send your literary refuse and failed attempts at writing the Great American Novel (which, by the way, has already been written; it is by Philip Roth and has an ISBN of 0679749063) to mkehrt@andrew. Or send me good stuff. Either way, someone might actually read it. But, regardless of whether or not your submission is actually read by a human being or simply retyped and heavily edited by specially trained monkeys into a newsletter which nobody reads, you want to

SUBMIT TO PRAVDA!

Top Ten Reasons You Should Do Booth

by *aleffert*

10. You're a giant plywood box and you're lonely.
9. It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye, then it's carnival.
8. Spackle.
7. Your light course load gives you plenty of free time.
6. You love the smell of sawdust in the morning.
5. In Soviet Russia booth does you, and you're kinda into that.
4. You understand that the best way to politically indoctrinate children involves making them drop oddly shaped pieces of colored wood down another oddly shaped piece of colored wood.
3. If you don't, Stiger will eat you.
2. You need practice with a circle saw for your secret life as Constructo, the home maintenance superhero.
1. Booooooooooooooooooth.

Untitled

by *shive*

It's dreary. Rain splattering about, spreading its gray sombre solitude like flower petals at a wedding, but not quite as

happy. I'm sludging about, umbrella in hand, Aristotle in hand, sniffing, as I walk toward the University Center. Everything is in slow motion—my brain, my feet, my eyes. For breakfast I had yoghurt and fresh berries and a Dayquil gelcap.

I love gelcaps. It gives all the funky Dayquil goodness without the nasty taste. My sniffing slowly abates, but everything is still in slow motion.

I open the door, juggling the Aristotle and umbrella into a manageable position, and enter. I pass by all of the glass exhibitionist work out areas, past a set of multicolored tables with numbers. Presumably being set up for some festival. Downstairs I go, to the one place I can trust to make a good Chai Tea Latte.

I pass by a man who asks me if that's the way out. He gestures, and I acknowledge, but slowly, since everything is in slow motion. I head downstairs, and I can begin to anticipate the savory liquid cascading down my throat. I can already begin to smell the slight touch of cinnamon.

I order my Chai Tea Latte, a triple shot, because I need the caffeine, but more importantly I need the liquid. It comes, I sip. I am content, because armed with my Chai Tea Latte, my umbrella, and Aristotle, I will conquer the world; or at the very least, conquer today. Which is more than I could say about yesterday.

I approach the door, umbrella under one arm, Aristotle in my left hand, Chai Tea Latte in my right. I need to open my umbrella, which is luckily enough, a push button mechanism. I put the Latte on the Aristotle and, using my shoulder, push to the hostile dreary drippy environment outside, using my right thumb to push the umbrella button.

My umbrella opens. My Chai Tea Latte falls, ever so slowly, to the ground, cap relieving itself of the cup's burden, the tan color of chai and milk spilling across the concrete. I pick up the cup belatedly, and drink the one sip remaining, sadly.

Everything is in slow motion.

and it actually happened, too

by *rweldon*

Ivan and Rolf giggled with delight. "Your fingers are getting red," Wes said from the couch. Rolf's hands were a bright cherry red, raw from all the poking. Ivan grinned with glee as he reached for a computer cable, and tied Rolf up. Rolf struggled, but enjoyed it nonetheless, secretly loving the idea of being tied to the doorframe of the CS lounge. But then Ivan tugged too hard on the leash he'd fashioned from the mouse, snapping it. Rolf dashed away, breathing heavily under his sweat soaked beard. He knew where more, kinkier computer supplies were kept...

CMU - The Text Adventure

by gzearfos

IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF ZORK AND ADVENTURE COMES... CMU - THE TEXT ADVENTURE:

- look
Dorm Room - You are in a smallish rectangular room. Two beds are present. Given the state of the pristine trash can and filthy room, you can assume that nobody has cleaned in here since the end of August. Your roommate and their Significant Other are in one of the beds playing "Find the Contact Lens."
On your desk you see:
Homework
Computer
- Get Homework
You pick up the messily scribbled at the last minute assignment.
- Get Computer
Who do you think you are? aij? You're a CS major. You're not supposed to have muscles.
- Open door
You quickly leave the room, to you, your roommate, and your roommate's Significant Other's relief.
- Hall - You are in the middle of a fairly unattractive hall. By the ugly tiling, you hope you are in Donner, though you are afraid you may have died and gone to Hell. There is an exit to your left, and some loud banging noises emanating from behind you.
- Exit
The howling mob of freshpersons carries you along to Maggie Mo.
- Find KGB Kage
Deep in the bowels of Maggie Mo, you find a seedy looking cage that contains lumber, paint, and many other booth-building supplies. From the screams for help, you determine that the Committee to Get Rolf a Gimp Suit and Keep Him in the Kage was successful.
- Find Steam Tunnel Entrance.
Fool! There are no steam tunnels at Carnegie Mellon University.
- Find Broom Closet.
You find and enter a nonchalant-looking broom closet.
- look
You are in a maze of small twisty passages, all alike
- Leave Steam Tunnel
Fool! There are no steam tunnels at Carnegie Mellon University!
- Exit broom closet
Wean Hall - The reinforced concrete, the smell of computer science majors, and random computer hardware pieces instantly inform you.
- Scrounge computer
You manage to find an old computer that is crying out to be leaped. Honestly. You put your ear up to it and hear "Leap Me! Leap Me!"
- Up
You are now on the eighth floor of Wean.
- Up

Fool! There is no ninth floor of Wean! Wean has always only had eight floors!

- West
You are now at Archie's Leap. Remains of several miscellaneous computers and people are lying broken at the bottom.
- Leap computer.
You drop the computer over the side.
Unfortunately, since you forget to let go, you also plummet to the ground. As the computer smashes on the ground in front of you, the second to last thing that goes through your head is "That was cool! Look how it shattered!" The next, and final, thing to go through your head is the ground.

**** You have died ****
** Your score is 2.0 **
Would you like to try again?

What Does KGB Stand For?

excerpted from kgb/lib/text/what_kgb_stands_for

This has been a question which has puzzled scholars for many years. The meaning of KGB is an integral part of the entire organization's purpose, and one cannot really be thought of as a true member of KGB unless one gains the knowledge of the meaning of KGB. This knowledge, however, is not readily apparent, and as with most things in life, you must struggle to obtain it. It is your responsibility—nay, it is your duty—to learn the truth about KGB's name, even if you are only mildly considering joining our group.

Although all KGB members (during a rigorous initiation ceremony, the details of which need not concern you) have sworn a sacred oath, under penalty of death, to guard the Mystery of the Letters, certain clues and instructions can be given in order to assist you in unraveling our mystery.

Step 1: First of all, look at the letters, K, G, and B; what do they have in common? Note that they can all be moved forward or backward in the alphabet an equal number of spaces to produce a common three-letter word. (Hint: What number is most commonly associated with computer programmers?)

Step 2: Now that you've found your word, think back to the early sixteenth century. This was an age of expansion and colonization for Europe. France, in particular, imported a number of goods from its colonies. The word which you thought of in Step 1 is one of those goods. What country is it from? (Hint: The country is shaped a little like a gourd.)

Step 3: The country which you thought of is also famous for producing another product. What food does it like to eat?

Step 4: If the food is grown underground, then your magic number is 5. If the food is green, then your magic number is 8. If the food is wheat, then your magic number is 13.7.

Step 5: Add 29 to your magic number, then divide by four.

Step 6: This should give you the first three digits of the license plate of a famous Hollywood actor. What role is he best remembered for? This should give you your answer.

Nah, not really. I was only fooling with you. KGB doesn't stand for anything.