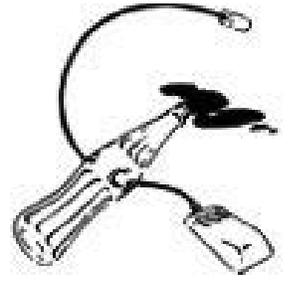


PRAVDA?

The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB



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Price: One lightly used soul
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THE NEWBIE EDITION

Welcome to the semester's first meeting of the KGB! Woo! You know what that means. New faces! This is the time of the year when unsuspecting new folks peek into the 4:30 meeting to see what all the fuss is about. If that sounds like you, then the purpose of this issue of PRAVDA? is to be your bobbing piece of driftwood in the stormy seas of first-meeting-of-the-year madness. Keep a tight hold and enjoy the ride!

SO WHAT IS THE KGB?

That's a good question. We'll take our answer from Our Glorious President, Timothy Broman. Copy-pasted with minor editing from our Facebook group's description for your viewing pleasure:

[KGB is a] social organization on campus that offers fun social events and a peer group of interesting fellows.

We hunt puzzles, give tours, capture flags (but only with stuff), build great Booths, get board and carded, watch movies, improv, sing karaoke, do arts and crafts, climb things, and take being ridiculous VERY seriously.

Our weekly general body meetings: Mondays, 4:30pm, MM A14

Our weekly social events: Fridays, usually 7:00pm

There you have it. We're a social group and our main goal is to have fun and be ridiculous--TWO main goals are have fun, be ridiculous, and add some whimsy to everyday life--THREE, our THREE main goals are to have fun, be ridiculous, add some whimsy to everyday life, and build a nice booth every year... oh, you get the picture.

CONTACT

Want to know more about our wild antics and coming events? Look no further, good citizen!

WEBSITE: cmukgb.org

WIKI: wiki.cmukgb.org/

FACEBOOK: [facebook.com/groups/cmukgb/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/cmukgb/)

HANDY DANDY MEETING TIPS

Our Monday meetings may just seem like simple chaos-ridden shouting matches, but they're much more than that. They're pun-based chaos-ridden shouting matches. Here's some helpful info:

BROMAN'S IN CHARGE: Broman's the President. That means that he runs the meetings and decides who gets to talk. When he says shut it, shut it.

CREATING COMMITTEES: A committee has two parts: the name and the purpose. To create a committee, raise your hand and say "Motion to create the <Name> committee" when Broman calls on you. If the committee is seconded, you will be asked to state the purpose. Discussion will ensue.

CALLING THE QUESTION: Occasionally a committee will be discussed for too damn long. Raising your hand and shouting "Call the question" will halt the madness.

BUYING COMMITTEES: To own a committee, you must bid on it. In real dollars. If you win, you owe that money to the KGB. For real. No fake bids.

POINT OF ORDER: Points of order are used to clarify an idea in the form of a statement.

POINT OF INFORMATION: Points of information are used to ask a question.

SHMUCKS: If you want to advertise, now's the time to do it.

Pretty simple, no? But most importantly, be sure that you never, ever under any circumstances

MEET THE EXEC

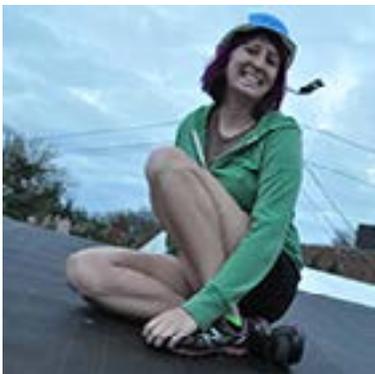
Hi there! We're KGB's Exec. We run the meetings, plan the events, and do the work behind the curtain. We don't bite (usually) so feel free to flag us down and ask us questions if you're confused, scared, or being chased by a rampaging wildebeest. Actually, not for the last one. If you're being chased by a rampaging wildebeest, we recommend staying away from Exec and climbing a tree. We hear that wildebeests are scared of heights.



TIM BROMAN (PRESIDENT)

Our President, Timothy Broman, was first discovered after the vicious Eighteenth SocioBattle of Canticus Nine against the Troll Horde. He was found floating about the ruins with nothing but the clothes on his back and the Sentient Sword of Sound Judgement, a family heirloom capable of defeating the sharpest of wits with centuries-old, well-honed arguments. The scavenger priests who found him saw a greatness in him that had not been sensed in millennia; his training began immediately. After many long, harsh years of discipline and seasoning, Broman emerged a Warrior of Wordplay. His time on Earth is simply the next stage of his training; his graduation from Carnegie Mellon University will herald the final battle between

Broman and the Troll Horde, bringing the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity for the entire galactic sector. Until then, he leads our meetings with verve and vigor.



CAROLINE COLOMBO (1VEEP)

Caroline Colombo hails from a small village up the river, down the road, and along that way 'til you reach the boulders, you can't miss it. It was noted by the village elders that Caroline was far too curious for her own good, so rather than inducting her into the Guild of People Who Do Vaguely Useful But Not Terribly Important Tasks, she was sent to go learn what she would of the world. She took to this new learning like a cat to a laser pointer, immediately resolving to learn as much of the world as she could. Years of experience soon made her an invaluable councillor; she travelled far and wide across land and ocean; she was employed by kings, generals, and wizards in turn as their PR representative. Her strength is unmatched

and her wits are yet more terrifying, but if you ask any who has seen her it's always her smile they remember. With a click of her heels she could summon a great host of lions to fight for her, but instead she has instructed them in the arts of the harp and friendship.



JOHN (JRAM) RETTERER-MOORE (2VEEP)

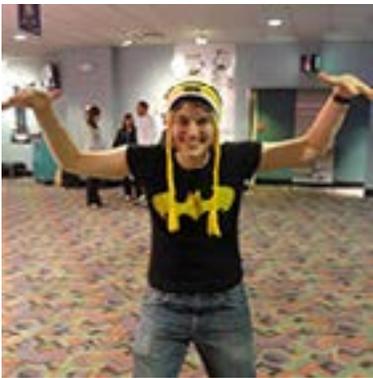
John Retterer-Moore is the eighth in a long dynasty of gourmet chefs; as heir to his family's legacy, he was of course expected to experiment in his field, but well within the realms of propriety. John had grander schemes. One fateful evening under a bright quarter moon, John was practicing his craft in a cavernous empty kitchen when, on a lark, he made a joke about the pudding he was making. The pudding sparked and sputtered; it was transformed before his eyes into a dish more decadent and appetizing than any he had concocted. He cautiously took a bite; it was a dish of the angels. Dubbing his newfound skill Pun Magic and taking the magician's name JRAM, he went on to create outlandish foodstuffs that had never before

touched the lips of any mortal. He spends his days trying out Pun Spells on other common subjects; for every pun that elicits more supernatural effect than groans from the audience, he adds another feather to his cap.



MARLENA ABRAHAM (CORSEC)

Marlena Abraham's origins are unknown; it's whispered that she was stranded as a child somewhere out in the ruined asteroid belt colonies ringing Alpha Trianguli. The rumors all seem to agree that she was young when she began her lifelong trade of bricolage. All we know for sure is that her post-apocalyptic upbringing makes her scavenge after shiny things like a ferret after socks; folks used to tell one another that if you value your knick-knacks and bric a brac, keep it close. If you don't keep an eye on it, Marlena will get it and it'll turn up in an art piece in a couple months. However, since discovering the enormous wealth of knowledge that modern civilization enjoys through the Internet, she has been steadily transferring her trade from physical to digital, leaving your knick knacks safe. She seems to hope that through information intake and careful observance of trends that she will be able to gather more shiny things for her art pieces than ever before. Marlena will lend her skills to those who ask nicely or for a fair barter of baked goods. She will probably settle for chocolate if baked goods are unavailable.



ZORA GILBERT (REC SEC)

Zora Gilbert, Master of Words and Creator of Prose, was a fictional character in a cartoon television pilot on Channel A. The pilot was an epic tale; gunslingers and poets battled for supremacy in a heart wrenching, action packed, nail biting coming of age story. Tragically, due to budget cuts the show was cancelled. The show was soon forgotten by all but a single person. An eccentric tumblr denizen, anguished by the sudden cancellation, began to write a self-insert fanfic about the show in a sorry attempt to fill the void left by the show's departure. By an extraordinary stroke of luck, one of Jram's puns backfired violently at the moment of the fanfics publication, creating a portal between reality and imagination. Through this one remaining link to our universe Zora was transported through space and imagination from the world of fanfic to ours by the Power of Puns. While Zora retained the powers and fantastic hair color bestowed by the show's creators, the ability to control them was lost. After the initial shock, the KGB realized that the only way to keep Zora from becoming president and spreading the battle-ready mindset of the Poetslingers was to keep their mind busy on typing our ridiculous puns and references. It is our solemn duty to keep them busy. Should we not, their beautifully formed persuasive prose could bring the nations of the world to their knees.



DILLON LAREAU (TREASURER)

Some say he was raised among the Dwarves of Middle Earth; others say he learned to ply his trade with the help of the goblins of The Undermine. While the past is muddled by conflicting accounts and unconfirmed hearsay, when they see him at his work no one can deny his magical ability. Dillon can make electrical wiring out of straw and spin the resulting material into electrical engineering marvels of every shape, size, and function. Some say that it comes from his infamous kidney trade; his two kidneys of flesh and blood for two of pure carbon. Others claim he made a deal with Funklestilskin: his soul in exchange for an upgrade in his engineering skill. Regardless of what is fact and what is legend, it is known that Dillon the Tinkerer will continue to build fantastic things out of scrap until the world is free from disorder and chaos. Naturally, the KGB is opposed to such a development. We have therefore confined Dillon to accounting for the KGB's monies and incomes. We are confident that this is a task that even he may not be able to accomplish. On an unrelated note, he has not yet supplied the KGB with its Doomsday machine; we have been told that he is "working on it now will you please stop bothering me".



MIKE WOOLFORD (SERGEANT AT ARMS)

Mike was an adventurous time travel without a backup plan: one ticket there, no ticket back. After wandering the darkest caves and deepest trenches the world could offer, Mike began the long quest of befriending the creatures that lived there. Years passed before Mike emerged followed by a legion of deep dwellers; the army began its march with a fierce determination to take over the world. It should be noted that this was not because of some grand villainous quest, rather because hey, what the hell else are you supposed to do with a legion? Dubbed The Woolford, Mike, riding on the back of a gargantuan wolf turtle, led the minion horde to a long-lost portal.

For some time after that, they traveled the time stream, failing to conquer much of anything. That's when Mike discovered the field of physics and the immense power it could bestow upon they who could reveal its secrets. Now bent on universal domination, Mike launched into the new quest of becoming a PhD and discovering Faster Than Light travel. In the meantime, Mike uses her nanosized minions to keep order in the KGB. No, of course the minions aren't watching you. Move along citizen.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE LAST EVENT!

Last week's event was the Scav Hunt! Exec wrote up a list of puns, pop history references, and in-jokes and set it loose among the old folks and freshmen. The next two and a half hours were gleefully spent scampering around campus looking for "food" for thought, Book-faces, and most excellent modes of human transportation.



SUBMIT TO PRAVDA?

PRAVDA? depends on people like you to send in new and interesting submissions. Send submissions to Marlena Abraham at mnabraha@andrew.cmu.edu. Here are some ideas to get you started:

Photos from events, short stories, puns, riddles, bad jokes, good jokes, puzzles, word searches, recurring periodicals, choose your own adventures, poems, songs, original artwork, shmucks, amusing lists, etc.

WE HAVE AN EVENT!

This week's event is the Pot Luck! As current members will remember, this involves bringing food to Flagstaff Hill and consuming said food with great gusto.

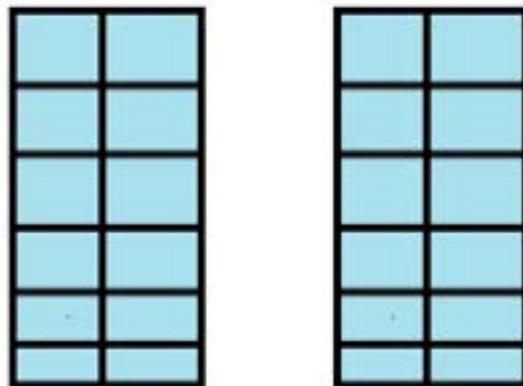
TIME: 5:30pm Friday, August 30

PLACE: Meet at the Black Chairs in the UC, move to Flagstaff

Sign up to bring food on the spreadsheet. Please DO NOT BRING DRINKS; Exec will be providing soda and water. Also be sure that you know what goes into your dish; we have allergies in this organization, people. Let's not get folks sick!

JRAM'S PUN CORNER

VISUAL PUNS FOR THE DISCERNING VIEWER



Luckily the two trays were ice-omorphic.