



# PRAVDA?

The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB



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## BREAKING: Pravda? Made Official Fanfiction of KGB

MM A14—On Monday, January 22nd, 2018, a motion was passed which declared Pravda? to be the KGB’s official fanfiction. “This is a good idea,” some must have thought. “The effects of this will be good. We have enhanced the organization through this motion.” Well. We’ll see about that. The following is a seemingly unrelated submission from Aren, for open interpretation. ■



## My Girlfriend Broke Up with Me Because of a Dumb Meme I Made

My name is Katlynn and I work computer repair at Best Buy. It’s not the most glamorous job in the world, I guess, but I’m not mad at it. I like computers, and I think this is the best I can do for now. I’ve been taking online classes, and someday I’m going to write software or something, but it’s slow going. So for now, Best Buy and for now, no hard feelings.

After all, if I hadn’t been

working here, I would never have met Sophie. (That thought itself is a mixed bag, but recently I’ve been leaning towards the side of me that says the experience was worth the ordeal.)

It was a busy Saturday morning when she first came in. I had been on my feet since I’d arrived at 8 — filling out forms, unscrewing and screwing back in, installing and uninstalling. I called for the next customer

in line, and a young woman stepped forward, struggling to carry a large television. It was a cloudy 60 degrees and she was wearing sunglasses, but I didn’t question it. I just noticed.

“Hi, I think my TV is broken,” she said, lifting it onto the counter. I held in a sigh. It was broken, all right. The screen was shattered from a point at the center where it almost looked like the thing had been shot with a gun.

(contd p.3)

## Letters to the Editor

### Haiku

While we could be worse,  
We could be the football team  
Who no one knows now.

-Em

### Trolling

122 lab:

At the first lab, a TA asks, “How do you make sure your code is safe?”

An enterprising student looks down at his code and the code is the following:

Omitted

```
//@requires follows C@CM;  
//@ensures \result follows C@CM;  
{  
    for (omitted)  
        //loop_invariant follows C@CM;  
        { omitted }  
}
```

The student responds, “Follow C@CM to stay safe in your code.”

- Mitchell (Editor’s note: he did do this) ■

## Getting a Sandwich

*Submitted by Joe*

Sunday.

I walk into Primanti Bro's. A tinny voice crackles forth from a speaker just outside the window of my car.

"Welcome to Arby's. May I take your order?"

I am not at Primanti Bro's. I am not walking. Does Arby's even have drive-throughs?

"Nothing, thanks. Sorry to waste your time."

I drive away. The road is carpeted. The sky is blue like daytime, but there is no sun. The headlights of other cars heed their arrival. I pull into a parking garage.

The machine whose arm blocks my way calmly states, "Parking is 4 dollars for an hour". The machine has the same voice as the Arby's drive-through. "Isn't there free parking on Sunday?" I ask, hopeful.

"It hasn't been Sunday in 3 years," the machine announces.

I take my ticket. I walk out of the garage, and turn around. Where the garage should be, there is a Primanti Bro's.

I walk into Primanti Bro's. I sit at the counter, and the man behind the counter asks if I'd like something to drink.

"I'll have a Coke."

The man behind the counter grabs a paper cup, drops it into a basket above the deep fryer, lowers the basket, raises it back up, and shakes it. He dumps the basket out in front of me. The paper cup now has a lid, and a straw. It appears to be full of liquid. I take a sip. It tastes like Coke.

The man does not ask me what I want to eat, but simply shouts "Hot Onion No Tom!" to a woman standing at a sink. She is wearing a hat that reads "Arby's". She grabs a beer glass, goes to the tap, and starts filling the glass with Yuengling. She places the glass in front of me.

The glass is gone. Where it stood, there is a sandwich. There are sausages, onions, cole slaw, and french fries on it. I bite into it.

It tastes like roast beef.

I attempt to leave without paying. My way is blocked by the parking machine. "That'll be 4 dollars," it whispers. I pull out my wallet. Two \$20 bills have been replaced with a handful of coleslaw and a single french fry. I pull out a 5, and feed it into the machine. "Keep the change." I walk out.

My car is nowhere to be seen. I click the key fob, and the street lights go out. I click it again, and I am in my car. I turn the car on, and Billy Joel starts playing on the CD player. I have never owned any Billy Joel CDs. I start driving.

Every road is a 70-degree slope. Every road is paved with cobblestones. Every road is uphill. I drive for a mile. I am back where I started. I look out my window. There's the Primanti Bro's.

I stop my car, and park in the middle of the street. I get out, and cross the curb.

I walk into Primanti Bro's. The building is dark, except for a spotlight shining on a 1-foot-tall statue of Dippy the Diplodocus in the middle of the room. I walk up to Dippy. Dippy is wearing a Steeler's scarf. Dippy smiles at me.

"Welcome to Arby's, may I take your order?" ■

Come to our meetings:

4:30 PM Mondays MM A14 - regular meetings

5:00 PM Wednesdays UC 329 - exec meetings

7 PM Fridays - events!

Tune into our Facebook group (cmukgb)

Submit to **Pravda?**

[pravda@cmukgb.org](mailto:pravda@cmukgb.org)

It's the Comradely Thing To Do.

(Contd. from p1)

The impact was deep.

“Yeah,” I confirmed. “I think this thing is pretty much a goner.”

“Oh, okay,” she said. She didn’t seem that distraught. “I just wanted to check.”

“What happened to it?” I asked, a little warily. I was curious, but I didn’t want to get myself caught up in a mafia war, or more realistically, some sort of domestic drama.

“Oh, yeah, I threw the Wiimote at it.” She tilted her head down so she could look at me over her sunglasses, her eyebrows raised. “Like, really hard.” When I didn’t reply, she added, “Bowling.”

“Bowling,” I repeated. She’d broken the TV playing Wii Sports Bowling. She had chucked the Wiimote at the television, like it was a bowling ball. What the fuck.

“Yeah.” She scooped the TV back into her arms. “Okay. Thanks. Bye.” And she left.

I continued to think about the interaction for the rest of my shift, and the more I thought about it, the funnier it seemed. And by the time I got home that afternoon, I knew exactly what I had to do. Laptop on. Photoshop opened. An hour later, meme made. It was a masterpiece of a jpeg. I posted it to reddit immediately, in /r/talesfromtechsupport, one of my frequent haunts. And, having obtained closure of some form, I forgot about the incident.

Eight days later, a slow Monday, I watched with a frown on my face as a woman wearing sunglasses approached the counter, struggling to carry a large television. Surely it wasn’t — not so soon at least — why

would it be — but it *was* the same woman as before, and when she placed her burden on the counter, I saw that this time she had managed to put not one but two large impacts in the screen.

“Hi,” I said, as she stood there, out of breath and rubbing her arms.

“Is it dead?” she panted, her tone more sharp, more urgent than I had been expecting.

I tilted the screen to inspect the damage. “Uh, I’d say so.”

At that, she let out a sigh that, were it not for the oddity of the situation, I would have interpreted as relief.

“Two TVs in eight days,” I remarked. “That’s pretty impressive, uh…”

“Sophie,” she said, taking off her sunglasses. “I’m Sophie.” Sophie was pretty cute, I had to admit. Her gaze had a surprising intensity. And I liked her earrings — dangly, and shaped like triangles.

“Was this another, uh, bowling accident?”

She grinned, her earlier urgency forgotten. “Yeah. I’m pretty awful at video games.”

“Hey, we all start somewhere,” I said. “You just need practice!”

“*Practice* means breaking my television,” she pointed out.

“Well, there’s an arcade just down the street from here,” I suggested. “I go there pretty often, and I think those machines are sort of hard to destroy.”

“Huh.” She pretended to mull it over. “That’s a good idea. I could go later today… Would you want to come with me?”

Nice.

“Okay, sure, that sounds like fun.” I glanced around to make sure my manager wasn’t nearby, then got out my phone and opened an empty contact page. “I’m off at five.”

The rest followed from there. We went out a few times — she wasn’t as “bad at video games” as she had led me to believe — and then we started dating. We were cute together. If I’d been an awkward teen boy, we would have been a perfect YA film adaptation. We went to movies, we studied together, we lounged around outdoors looking at the sky.

I had almost forgotten the strange circumstances of our first interactions until, two months into



our relationship, she told me her secret.

We were at the apartment she shared with several of her friends. I was sitting on the couch, and she was on the ground, looking through a selection of Wii games, when she suddenly sighed, put them down, and looked up at me.

“Nothing?” I asked.

“No — I mean, that’s not it.” She reached up and flicked one of her triangular earrings. “It’s just that I’ve been putting off the inevitable.” She paused, and I looked at her expectantly. “Do you remember when we first met?”

“Yeah,” I said. “You broke your TV, twice, playing Wii Sports Bowling.”

She nodded. “Yeah. There’s... more to that story than you think.”

Great. Oh, no, this is where she told me she was in the mafia, and the TV was evidence from a crime, and —

“I’m actually in the Illuminati and I was destroying NSA spyware,” she blurted out quickly, looking down at the floor. “I had to pretend it was a gaming accident because I was committing a thought crime.”

learned. Her work was important, crucial, and she was a hero, and I was going to be her sidekick. The two of us against the system — the two of us fighting the government — the two of us receiving instructions from strange men in alleyways marked with triangles — the two of us chucking Wiimotes at televisions, playing Wii Sports Bowling.

I should have known it was too good, and too weird, to be permanent. This wasn’t meant to be my life, and I had unknowingly doomed myself from the start.

All Sophie texted me was the image, no message, but I knew it could mean nothing good. I replied with a single question mark.

*Don’t act dumb, asshole, she wrote back. I know this was you. One of our NSA insiders sent it to me. You’ve compromised our entire operation.*

I didn’t know how to respond. How was I supposed to defend myself? *Oh, sorry, I didn’t know anything back then? Oops? My bad?*

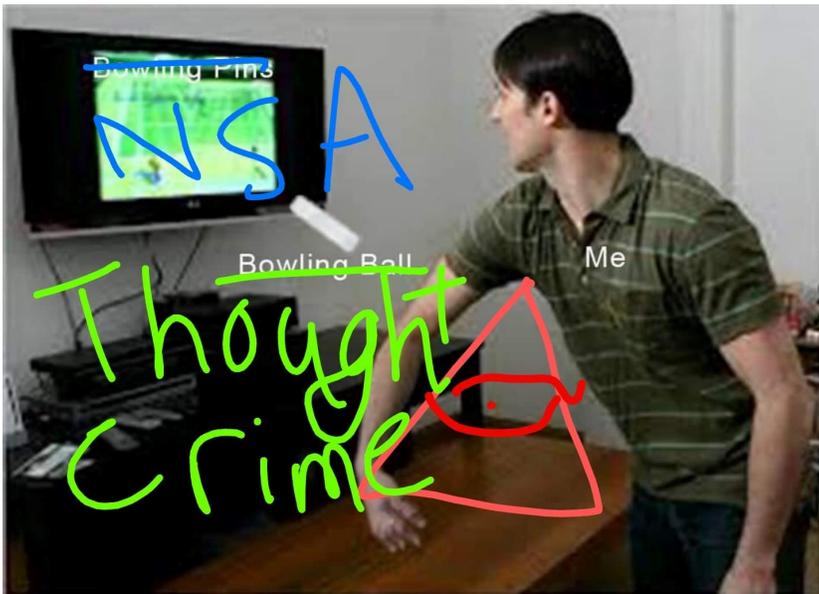
*I have to leave the country, her next message read. Delete all records of our communications. If the NSA comes for you, and you talk, I will personally come for you if you aren’t already dead. Bye forever.*

And that was it. I never heard from her again.

Never heard from the NSA, either.

I was pretty bummed, as you can imagine. Luckily, life continues. I may still be working at Best Buy, but I’ve moved on — mostly. Every time someone comes in with a broken TV, I can’t help but remember Sophie, Wii Sports Bowling, the Illuminati vs. the NSA, and the meme that both started and ended it all.

- Katlynn



I stared at her for a few seconds. She seemed serious. “Woah,” I said. “That’s... a lot.”

“I understand if you want to break up with me,” she continued. “I know how it sounds. But it’s true.”

She was right — the story sounded absolutely unbelievable. But why would she be lying to me?

“No, I... I trust you,” I said. “Tell me more.”

During the following week, I listened and I

*“My Girlfriend Broke Up with Me Because of a Dumb Meme I Made” will be a recurring Pravda series. Probably. Please submit stories of this type, or memes that might make your girlfriend break up with you for silly reasons, to pravda@cmukgb.org or to Ellen.*

*As it says on the back of Mitchell’s yogurt, “Separation is natural. Just stir or shake as necessary.”* ■