



And now, specially formulated to keep skin beautifully smooth, here's something..

# COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 10 November 10, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

## Honeymoon: A Short Story

by Fred Coppersmith

Margaret has been dead for three days now. The truth is, she's starting to smell, but I can't just let her *leave*, can I? I can't just pretend she's like all the others. Margaret wouldn't want that. She came from a good family, and no matter how much she implores me that she "mussssstttt eeeaaatttt brrraaiinnnssss," I know her parents wouldn't approve. There are just some things the daughter of a Congressman isn't meant to do. Eating brains has *got* to be one of them.

I used the sheets to tie her hands and legs to the bedposts, and she's stopped thrashing around as much. She keeps staring at me with those red-rimmed eyes. I know there's nothing but dumb hatred and hunger left in her skin, but I can't bring myself to actually end it. How would I do it anyway? Do I need to chop off her head, cut out her heart? How do you *kill* something like this that's already dead, these things that she and the other guests have become? The only weapon I have is the butter knife that room service left on a tray in the corner last night. I hung the Do Not Disturb sign outside our door, and that should buy us some time until the hotel is completely overrun, but frankly, I'm at a loss.

Never go to Zombie Island on your honeymoon.

## Ask Doctor Bernofsky

"Who's Doctor bloody Bernofsky?"

"He knows everything."

"Ooh, I wouldn't like that, that'd take all the mystery out of life." -- *Death of Mary, Queen of Scots/Exploding Penguin on TV Set*

Dear Doctor B.,

On Thursday, an opinion column in *The Daily Collegian* said something about scientists splicing fish genes into strawberries. I thought that sounded cool, but apparently the guy who wrote the column didn't agree with me. What is up with that? I mean, come on! Strawberries with gills! That would so rock! Don't you think?

Keeping it real,  
Bob Sponge

Dear Bob,  
It's difficult to say. Tampering with nature could have serious consequences. Of course, if it does, I would just like to be the first to welcome our new fish-strawberry overlords.

Hey Doc:  
Is it true what they say about penguins?

Curious,  
Frank McCheese

Dear Bob,

No. And you can still get arrested for that sort of thing in most states, you pervert.

Dear Doctor Bernofsky,

I sometimes think maybe people don't like me. Should I be worried when they try to hit me in the head with a baseball bat? And when will this ringing in my ears go away?

Bleeding profusely,  
Todd Hullabaloo

Dear Todd,

Please don't bleed on the newsletter. We just had it steam-cleaned. Thank you.

Do you have a question for Doctor Bernofsky? If so, write to him in care of [different@unreality.net](mailto:different@unreality.net). Remember, he only hurts the ones he loves. The knives are for special occasions.

## Pet Shop Limericks

by Fred Coppersmith

There once was a man from Nantucket...but that's another story. This story begins once upon a time way back in 1997 with a limerick contest at a little place called PythoNet.org. With a virtual shrubbery as the only prize, many would enter, but few (meaning me) would win. Here, then, is my winning Monty Python-themed set of limericks in all its filler-for-the-newsletter-iffic glory:

"I wish to register a complaint,"  
Said Praline in a petshop quite quaint.  
"Despite what you say,  
That bird's passed away.  
I'm sure that 'e didn't just faint."

Said the owner, "Then I'd better replace  
That bird with one more to your taste.  
But I've checked, and alack,  
There's none 'round the back.  
How 'bout we just go back to my place?"

A plumed parrot without any peer  
Sat nailed on its perch without a soul near.  
"Oh what can I do?"  
Cried this Norwegian Blue.  
"The fjords must be lovely this year."

## Reader's Poll

What do you like best about *Completely Different*?



"The complete and total lack of reader participation."  
- Frances Fropboggler  
(sen., Art)



"I like the paper it's printed on. I use it after meetings to roll my joints."  
- Norman Legume  
(soph., Neuro.)



"The secret messages from Graham Spanier telling me to kill, kill, kill."  
- John G. Pistachio  
(fresh., Comp. Sci.)



"I'm sorry, but I just can't take a newsletter seriously if it doesn't have lots of boobies."  
- Jojo Lobotomy  
(soph., Interp. Dance)

## Trousers Talk

by Stuart J. Trousers

Maybe it's just me, but I've been thinking a lot about monkeys lately.

Among other things, I sometimes wonder why we still haven't trained monkeys to sell encyclopedias. I refuse to accept the conventional wisdom that says it's just too difficult or time-consuming. I've seen what monkeys can do. They're hard workers. Give a monkey a banana and he's your friend for life. Give him two bananas, and he might even kill a man for you. Surely we can work out the ratio of bananas it would take to get a monkey to go door-to-door with encyclopedias. We're smart enough for that.

I remember the first time I saw a monkey kill a man for a banana. It was July of 1972, I was somewhere in Reno, and I might very well have been hallucinating, but I swear I saw a chimpanzee beat a man to death with one of the casino's complimentary bottles of champagne just to get the banana the blackjack dealer was about to hand to him. It was a disturbing sight. With those long hairy arms and that cheap bottle of Brut at its disposal, the poor bastard never stood a chance. But, frankly, I can't really say I was surprised.

Because, really, just what *are* chimpanzees anyway? What's with that *word*, with that "zee" at the end? That's not normal. That's not natural. And where do chimpanzees come from? What do they want from us? When your government tells you that chimpanzees are gregarious anthropoid primates of equatorial Africa, having long dark hair and somewhat arboreal habits, just what the crap are they trying to get at?

Sure, some people will tell you that chimpanzees are actually *apes* and not monkeys, because that's what it says in their fancy science books and because chimpanzees don't have a tail. Monkeys have tails, they'll tell you. But, really, whose fault is that anyway? Do you *need* a tail to sell encyclopedias? I don't remember seeing *that* anywhere on the job application, no sir. I think it's high time these zoology nuts stop protecting Bonzo and the other chimps from doing an honest day's work. I mean, really. Encyclopedias are not going to sell themselves.

But you know, hey, *there's* an idea...



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Editor: Fred Coppersmith

*Completely Different* is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society. Trade it in for valuable prizes. For more information on how you can submit -- and we accept most anything -- write to [different@unreality.net](mailto:different@unreality.net).