



And now, pure evil (but in a good way), here's something..

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 7 October 20, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

Near-Death Experience (A Not Terribly Funny Sketch)

by Fred Coppersmith

Guy 1: Hey, did I ever tell you about that dream I had the other night?

Guy 2: You mean the one where Ronald McDonald was trying to kill you?

Guy 1: It was the *Hamburglar*, and no. The one where I died and went up to heaven.

Guy 2: Oh. No, I don't think so.

Guy 1: Well anyway, I had this dream where I died. And so I'm up there in heaven, outside the pearly gates, and God comes out.. And he's all friendly, and we're talking, and it's great. Except -

Guy 2: What?

Guy 1: Well, as he's talking, I can't help but notice, he's got...he's got these...

Guy 2: What?

Guy 1: He's got these enormous breasts.

Guy 2: What?

Guy 1: Breasts. I mean, they're *really* huge. And it's weird, 'cause otherwise he's definitely a guy. You know, long white beard, deep booming voice, just like God always looks in those dumb old movies.

Guy 2: You mean like Charlton Heston or something?

Guy 1: Exactly. But...you know, with tits. And I'm trying to concentrate on what he's saying, 'cause it's...well, it's God, and how often do I die, right? But I keep looking at them. I mean, they're huge and they're perky and they're -

Guy 2: They're perky?

Guy 1: Well, yeah, I guess. I mean, it's not like I could see the nipples poking through his white robe or anything, but...well it's God, right? So of course, if God's *gonna* have breasts they're gonna be perky.

Guy 2: That's a good point.

Guy 1: And I can't stop staring at them. I mean, I'm trying to listen but it's obvious I'm not. I might as well just shout out "Hey, check out the big tits on God!" I can't even look him in the eye, and I know he can't help but notice.

Guy 2: Dude, that's not good.

Guy 1: No, but then - then he looks at me and he says, "You know, you can touch them if you want."

Guy 2: No way!

Guy 1: Yeah.

Guy 2: So what did you do?

Guy 1: Well, I touched them.

Guy 2: You didn't!

Guy 1: I did.

Guy 2: I cannot believe it. You felt up God?

Guy 1: Yeah, I guess so. It was just a dream, but yeah.

Guy 2: Well...how was it? I mean, c'mon, tell me, how did they feel?

Guy 1: Ennnhhh. I've felt better.

Guy 2: What?

Guy 1: I dunno. He's no *Hamburglar*, that's for sure.

Pause.

Guy 2: Dude, sometimes I wonder about you.

Reader's Poll

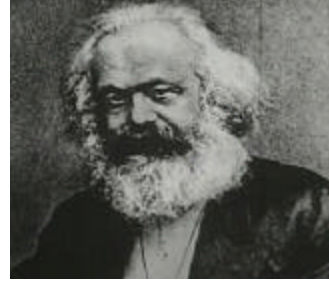
How would you have improved this year's Penn State Homecoming Parade?



"I say give the people what they want: more horse crap and Hooters girls!"
- Lloyd J. Gerbilpants
(frosh., Psych.)



"There's nothing that a little indiscriminate violence can't cure. Martha, get me my gun."
- Todd McTodderson
(soph., Music Ed.)



"The workers control the means of production. The struggle of the urban proletariat. Oh, dude, I am like so stoned right now!"
- Karl "Wild Man" Marx
(sen., Econ.)



"Just hand over the candy and nobody gets hurt."
- Timmy Henderson
(State College resident)

Trousers Talk

by Stuart J. Trousers

The other day, I was leafing through my neighbor's mail when I came across an interesting advertisement for a medical research study. The study, for which participants would receive \$300 in compensation, was being conducted on behalf of the local university in order to discover what effect, if any, a strict diet of walnuts would have on adult male prostate health. Not terrifically fond of walnuts myself, I decided not to enquire further, but as I crumpled the advertisement into a little ball and set fire to it along with the rest of the mail behind my neighbor's bushes, I had to wonder: could I start my own research study, and what exactly could I get people to eat for \$300?

This merited further investigation. Having already cashed my neighbor's social security check earlier that day, I had a little money to spare, so I phoned the campus newspaper and asked to place an advertisement of my own. I was, I said, just beginning a new research study to discover the effect that aquatic water fowl had on urinary tract infections, and I would be willing to pay anyone *with* such an infection \$300 if they would eat an entire live duck.

I should note at this point that ducks have become increasingly easy to find around my



house. This is thanks in large part to the small pond that formed in my backyard when, in a fit of what I now jokingly refer to as homicidal rage, I accidentally took a pickaxe to my neighbor's swimming pool. I had no doubt, as I discussed the content of my ad and mentioned just how fond I am of the Times New Roman font the newspaper has been using lately, that I would in fact be able to acquire at least three or four ducks for use in my study.

Once I had assured the nice gentleman on the phone that I had all the proper licenses (or at least enough money to cover my ass if the police discovered that I didn't), I hung up, grabbed a bag of stale bread from the kitchen, and wandered out onto the deck to catch me some mallards. However, as I later learned, ducks apparently fly south for the winter - which hardly seems fair, all things considered - and it's just about impossible to find one at this time of year.

Man, I hope I won't still have to pay for that stupid ad.

Editor: Fred Coppersmith

Completely Different is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society. It is absolutely indistinguishable from a dead crab. For more information on how you can submit -- and we accept most anything -- write to different@unreality.net.