

And now, messing with your head so you don't have to, here's something..

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

Volume No. Craptasm Issue No. 9 November 3, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow



Boy Meets Squirrel

by Fred Coppersmith (originally appeared in *Completely Different*, Vol. Arr, matey!, Issue 2: September 9, 2001)

The quality of an institution of higher learning can often be determined by the size, health and behavior of the squirrel population on campus."

So says Jonathan Gottshall, self-styled squirrel enthusiast, on his website, www.gottshall.com. The website, which was profiled last week in Penn State's *Daily Collegian*, contains a national ranking system for colleges and universities based upon how squirrel-friendly they appear to be. Penn State, no stranger to the gray furry rodents, received four out of five on the squirrel-head scale.

"I think squirrels tend to be more friendly at schools that are more interesting and have students hanging around campus more," Gottshall told the paper, but here at *Completely Different*, we wondered: just how friendly *are* these State College squirrels? We were determined to find out.

Tricia Shrubbubble (sophomore-accounting/interpretive-dance) recalls how a group of squirrels helped her move out of her freshman dorm.

"At first I thought it was a little weird," she says, "you know? I mean, my roommate was always hoarding nuts. It was like every day. 'Have you got any nuts? Hang on to your nuts!' I was starting to worry."

But last November, when Shrubbubble unexpectedly lost her dorm contract in a late-night game of strip volleyball—"It was Homecoming and I was, like, *totally* wasted."—her roommate's strange nut obsession turned out to be something of a godsend.

"I got back from class and there were these squirrels," she says. "They were everywhere. I thought maybe I'd left a window open or something, you know? But my roommate said they were there to help me pack. It was great. They'd rented a truck, brought their own boxes—two of them even helped me take apart my loft. I mean, sure, after that I was thrown out on the street like a dog to rot in the rain, but for just a couple of nuts those squirrels were *really* nice."

Reporter...from soup to squirrel to nuts

by Steve Gradess (originally appeared in *Completely Different*, Vol. III, Issue II, September 12, 1990)

For the first time in this newsletter, we present an interview with that most sacred of species, the Penn State squirrel. Reporting now is correspondent I.M. Boring.*

IM—Hello, fans! My first question to Mr. Squirrel is "What made you choose Penn State as the place to live out your meaningless existence?"

SQ—Well, I think it was the diversity of the acorns one finds at Penn State, along with the fact that there's this cute statue that sits in front of that big lawn.

IM—Ah, yes. We in human land know it as FROH, the Fighting Red Onionhead. I actually think it's a very ugly statue. Why do you like it?

SQ—It reminds me of my mother. You see, her life was pretty much pointless, and so is FROH's.

IM—I see. So your attraction to FROH is basically due to an Oedipal complex brought on by insufficient attention given in the anal-oral stage.

SQ—No, actually you are just babbling, and I hate people who babble, so I'm going to have to bite you.

And it's not just young homeless coeds with a drinking problem who have grown to appreciate the friendliness of squirrels on campus. Borough police believe the heavy squirrel presence in the area may also have helped prevent rioting during this year's Arts Festival and first football game.

"Squirrels are just natural pacifiers," says police lieutenant Billy Nipplegrabber. "They're cute, they're furry—everybody loves 'em. I keep a crate in the back of my patrol car just in case. Cheaper to replace than babies, I'll tell you that much."

And infinitely more friendly, if one is to believe police testimony. Nipplegrabber credits the bushy-tailed rodents not only with the reduced crime in the area but also with a general sense of well-being.

"I feel safer," he says, "knowing there are squirrels with me out on the street, knowing that when things get rough, they've got my back. Maybe it's crazy, but it's a crazy world, and I sleep better at night knowing that there are squirrels in it."

But not everyone shares Officer Nipplegrabber's enthusiasm for the local squirrel population.

"It's all a trick," says Derek Veryboring (junior-landscape-architecture/interpretive-dance), founder of Penn State's fledgling Just Say No To Squirrels movement. "Can't you see what they're trying to do, man? The squirrels, they're everywhere! They're falling out of cupboards, for god's sake! And they've got eyes in the back of their heads, man! And behind that? *More* eyes! Eyes in back of their eyes in back of their heads—and that just ain't natural!"

Veryboring's suggested course of action, detonating as many as fifteen thermonuclear devices in State College and the outlying areas, has met with considerable resistance, but he maintains that "it's the only way to be sure, man, the only way!" Where he and his group intend to procure these weapons of mass destruction remains to be seen. The squirrels themselves have been largely silent on the entire issue.

(CRUNCH!)

IM—Ouch! You stupid squirrel. That hurt! Just for that, I think I'll have to step on you.

(SPLAT!)

SQ—Ooohhh! I've been hit. My lifeblood is draining, oh foul fiend! Before I pass on to that great big acorn nest in the tree (cough) I just want to say that (gasp) the squirrelybird catches the worm, or it the acorn?

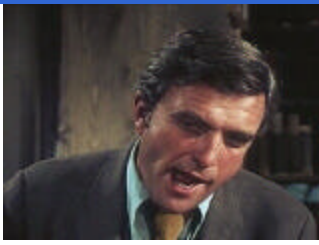
(*Squirrel dies*)

IM—So, there you have it folks. I was bitten by this measly little cretin, and I killed it. Kind of typifies society, doesn't it? Well, back to you, anonymous narrator.

Thanks, I.M. Wonderful stuff there. Shame about the squirrel, though. Well, there's plenty more squirrels in the sea...or is it grass? Anyway, don't try this interview at home. And we don't condone cruelty to animals of any kind, unless they bite us first. Until next time, asta lambada.

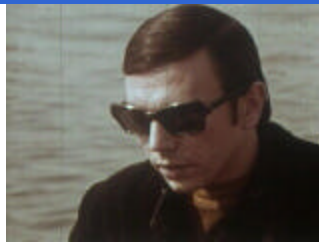
Reader's Poll

The Penn State Monty Python Society has recently suggested issuing squirrel fishing licenses to interested parties. How do *you* think the University should handle its squirrel population?



"Two words: shoot to kill. What? Oh, sorry. Three words."

- Frank J. Spleenbaiter
(fresh., Math)



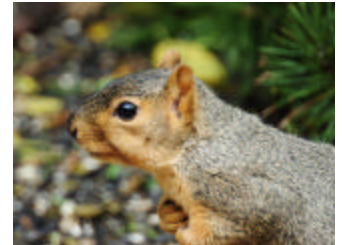
"With drugs. Lots and lots and lots of drugs. I've got some good ones, if you want."

- Todd Fungus
(soph., Pharm.)



"First, we burn East Halls to the ground. Then, when the squirrels run, we unleash the killer bees!"

- Dr. Paul Plumspank
(Prof., Comp. Lit.)



"When the revolution comes, you'll be the first ones with your nuts against the wall."

- Chester, local squirrel

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*

Doctor Bernofsky,

I like birds, but I'm starting to think maybe I like birds too much. Is this possible, and should I stop wearing the pretty suit of feathers? My roommate is starting to look at me kind of funny.

Sincerely,

Dennis G. McGloob, Esq.

Dear Dennis,

You probably will want to listen to the advice of your parole officer on this one. Call him up and schedule an appointment. And in the meantime, do try not to spill any of the nice millet seed on your roommate's side of the room, okay?

Dear Dr. Bernofsky,

In my poetry workshop, my professor said we had to write a poem about love, but I can't think of *anything* that rhymes with pustule. Can you help?

Kisses,

Greta van Vonvan

Trousers Talk

by Stuart J. Trousers

Do you wear a lot of hats? I know I do. Too many, some might say, although I've tried to never let public opinion dictate my behavior. It's not like I need a special *room* for all my hats or anything. It's just easier that way. I was starting to run out of boxes.

I think, all things being equal, the fedora is probably my favorite type of hat. Famous people around the world have worn fedoras, and although I can't think of any of their names right now, it's comforting to know that they're out there. Hiding. In the dark. Probably with knives. Incredibly sharp and comforting knives.

Hats, too, should be comforting, and they should fit snugly atop your head. I'm sorry, but that's just the way I see it. Whatever else you might say about them - or whatever plots you might secretly suspect them of hatching late at night in the closet when you aren't looking, even if they are just hats - fedoras are certainly capable of that much. They can fit easily atop a person's head, as if they were designed for that very purpose. I

Dear Greta,

I suggest you consult the complete works of William Shakespeare. It's a pretty heavy book, so you may want to ask a friend to smack you upside the head with it. Be a dear and let me know how that works out for you.

Dear Editor,

I strongly object to these letters. They are obviously made up, since nobody ever submits anything to this newsletter. Furthermore, you've given me a silly name just so that people will laugh at me, and I think that's wrong.

Angrily,

Brigadier Theodore Q. Troutpenis III

Teddy Bear,

I make it a rule never to argue with people who don't exist. Write back when you do and we'll see what we can work out.

don't know much about the history of hats, or of fedoras in particular, but I've seen people wear them and I've even worn a few myself. So believe me, I know what I'm talking about here.

You can walk down the street wearing a fedora and people will say, "there goes a man (or a woman) who knows what he (or she) likes, a man (or a woman) for whom comfort is important, a man (or a woman) who even now is wearing a soft felt hat with a fairly low crown, creased lengthwise, and a brim that can be turned up or down, depending upon his (or her) mood."

And that's just nice to know.

Also nice is the pith helmet, but I seem to run out of room.

Editor: Fred CopperSmith

Completely Different is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society. Refrigerate after opening. For more information on how you can submit -- and we accept most anything -- write to different@unreality.net.