



And now, visible only to the naked eye, here's something...

# completely different

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Working today for a sillier tomorrow

**Terry Jones' New Years Resolutions**

**Stolen without permission (but with love) from [www.PythOnline.com](http://www.PythOnline.com):**

The New Year is the time of year when all of us without trousers take stock of our situation and try to put our fingers on what is missing in our lives, what we need most, and what we are pledged never to do again. It is a time when we make decisions about our future conduct that may change our lives for better or for worse. It is a time when we take hold of our personal lives and try to create a better way of living. For example

1. Never remove your trousers while there is a convicted felon sitting opposite you – particularly if they are not wearing trousers.
2. I resolve not to listen to any claptrap about how much someone else would like to see the interesting underwear I had just been talking about in such detail if this involves removing all of my trousers.
3. I resolve not to wear underwear that goes right down to my feet in future.
4. I resolve not to hand my trousers, which I have just removed, to the person sitting opposite me, particularly if they are a known convicted felon and if they do not possess a pair of trousers at the time I hand mine over to them to give them a better view of my underwear.
5. I resolve not to shut my eyes and count to 320 just because the person sitting opposite me has asked me to.
6. I resolve to open my eyes in future whenever I have the slightest suspicion that I can hear the person sitting opposite me putting on my trousers no matter how much they keep telling me to keep my eyes closed and that the rustling noise I can hear is just some of the other passengers getting off the bus.
7. I resolve in future to chase after the person who has just stolen my trousers even if it means getting the feet on my underwear muddy and even though the knees of my underwear are connected by heavy chains.
8. I resolve never to wear Madge's Patent Underwear for Sexual Potency ever again.
9. I resolve never to talk about the fact that I'm wearing them even if I am.
10. Finally I resolve to pay back Mr. Madge in easy payments stretching out to the year 2000 if he will let me and if I am released early from jail on three counts of interfering with passengers on a London omnibus, indecently exposing myself while in pursuit of a known convicted felon and performing an indecent sexual act with the arresting officer even though I tried to explain to him that I was wearing Madge's Patent Underwear for Sexual Potency and no longer had control over my lower abdomen as he could see by the way the motor at the back of the Patent Underwear was continually pushing my buttocks forward in a series of pelvic thrusts over which I had no control and if he could just turn off the switch at the back of the Patent Underwear, which I could not reach on account of having my hands through the arms of the Patent Underwear which were forcing me to perform the obscene gestures which I wished I could stop doing but which, unfortunately, are programmed into the Patent Underwear for moments of heightened sexual stimulation, then I would be able to let go of the arresting officer and get my head out of the Patent Underwear hood which was temporarily blinding me and thus preventing seeing exactly what it was I was doing to the arresting officer.
11. I resolve to be kind to animals and our little feathered friends.

lots of love,  
Terry J.

The State College Police received a call early on Saturday morning from an anonymous person claiming that Afghani terrorists were attacking by dropping anthrax out of airplanes onto the town. The police immediately followed protocol, informing the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, as well as the United States Secret Services. Within an hour, the government responded to the call by sending several Secret Service agents in full disease-proof pressure suits to the local police department.

Officer Edward Johnson, a Penn State alum, received the call that morning. "I really wasn't too sure what to think," said Johnson. "The man on the phone sounded really hysterical, and I think he actually believed that it was an anthrax attack." Johnson said that procedure dictated that he phone the government, even if he believed it to be a hoax.

While waiting for the Secret Service representatives to arrive, several calls were made to the local television and radio stations, to warn them about the assault. All of the stations promptly responded with warnings telling people not to leave their houses or dorms, and to shut any open windows, "just to be safe." Then, to further prove a point, as well as improve ratings, local television station WWWW-State College went on to describe in great detail all of the effects of anthrax, and even went as far as to show collages of anthrax victims set to tense, dramatic music.

"I just remember thinking that this time those damn terrorists had gone to far," said Melissa McDoodoo (freshman-Spanish). "When I saw that warning on T.V. I was so mad that I called my congressman and bitched at him."

By mid-morning the entire town was abuzz with the news, and the only thing that suppressed riots was the fact that most people were too afraid to go outside to riot. The secret service had placed Washington on "The Alert that's Even Higher Than Absolutely Highest Alert," and inside information from the White House has informed that the Director of the Office of Homeland Security, former Pennsylvania Senator Tom Ridge, was about to go on national television with the news.

It was a Penn State Student, however, that made the final realization that what was falling from the sky was indeed, not anthrax, but simple snow. "I was staring out my window, cursing God for my very existence, when I started thinking to myself, 'Anthrax shouldn't be clumping up that way,'" said Rupert Farfignugen (senior-Golf Course Turfgrass Management). "Suddenly I remembered the lecture that we had in my Turfgrass course the previous Wednesday about how frost and snow can affect not only water hazards, but the turf on the greens as well. Then I realized that this white stuff must be snow, and I opened my window to check." Thank god he was right.

"Well, we were a bit puzzled when we saw that any of the 'anthrax' that landed on the window turned to a drop of water, but we wrote that off as a trick of the light," said Officer Johnson. "But when that kid called in saying that it was just snow, well we immediately realized that he had to be right. Boy, those Secret Service people were mad, though."

The news that the scare was nothing more than condensed water-vapor quickly spread through the town, passing a calm that was only relieved by the occasional snow-ball fight. The Mayor is expected to give Rupert Farfignugen the State College Award For Valor and Bravery this coming Wednesday.



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needs you help.

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You know you do. Go on, admit it.

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Don't make Cthulhu angry.