



You say you have faced the Makuta and lived, little one? Well then, now you are ready for something...

completely different

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Working today for a sillier tomorrow

Three Songs Shamelessly Used Without Permission From *Monty Python & the Quest for the Holy Grail*, the best CD-ROM game of 932 AD!

Unchained Grail

My love for you is like a Grail
that burns with quenchless embers
its bowels aburst with lava lust
pokes boldly through the eternal crust
while parts unused it limbers.

My love for you is like a Grail
embracing you with gentle
muscles lax like flabby pockets
that hang like smitten, hosed-down rockets
so nice, not detrimental.

My love for you is like a Grail
oozing, gurgling, squishing.
Killing all that's in its way,
screaming it shall have its day.
Is this my love? Oh, nay, nay!
My love for you would rather play,
would rather in your bosom stay,
believe me when I to you say,
my love for you on any day ...

...is like a Grail.

Grail O Grail

Grail! O Grail!
Thy breast of tarnished gold,
Thy threadbare brim o'er ages past
Touched lips both meek and bold.

Grail! O Grail!
Thou mysterious vessel, thou
What sawest thou with thy big open hole
That might make you say, o wow!

Grail! O Grail!
Don't think that I'd not give
My own very precious and valuable things
Like my heart and my lungs and my live-r.

Grail! O Grail!
What I'd pay to hear your tale
Of all the things that you have seen,
Getting drunk from in your function as a Grail.

Grails For the Children

(To be sung to the tune of "Grails Across the Water")

Oh Kimmy was a little boy,
Just a little boy,
Living in a bungalow.
Kimmy never had a doubt
What it's all about
And ev'ry morning folks would hear him shout:

Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!
Oh, Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!

Oh Kimmy rode his bicycle,
Yes his bicycle.
Rode it down the country road.
He hit a rock and nearly died,
He nearly died.
And he fell into a quagmire, so he cried:

Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!
Oh, Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!

Oh Kimmy couldn't move at all,
No, not at all.
He was stuck inside the quagmire.
A group of boys they came along
[They heard his song].
They gathered 'round and sang it loud and strong:

Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!
Oh, Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!

Kimmy sank into the mud,
The sticky mud.
He sank and slipped right out of sight.
His words they echoed loud and true.
For me and you.
As the boys they sang their faces blue:

Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!
Oh, Grails, Grails, Grails,
We need Grails for the children!

And now, because filler is filler and this page would otherwise be almost blank, here's...

Twelve Really Bad Jokes Found on Polly-O String Cheese Wrappers

1. Why didn't the crab share?
Because it's shellfish.
 2. What kind of people did the most traveling?
Romans.
 3. What subject do snakes like best?
Hissstory.
 4. What do they call a happy lassie?
A jolly collie.
 5. Where did the cow go on Saturday night?
To the mooooooooooovies.
 6. Why do skeletons cross the road?
To get to the body shop.
 7. Why do skeletons play the piano?
Because they don't have organs.
 8. What did you make in arithmetic?
Mistakes.
 9. Why did the cow wear a bell?
Because its horns don't work.
 10. How can you catch a squirrel?
Climb a tree and act like a nut!
 11. What is white, black, and white all over?
A scared skunk!
 12. Can a pet be worth \$600?
Yes, if it saves all its money.
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Ask Doctor Bernofsky

"Who's Doctor bloody Bernofsky?"

"He knows everything."

"Oooh, I wouldn't like that, that'd take all the mystery out of life..."

Dear Doctor Bernofsky, are there any hidden messages in *Completely Different* that I should be aware of?

No. To paraphrase George Carlin, this newsletter contains no subliminal messages. All messages from the Devil are recorded clearly and legibly in straightforward Standard American English.

Are you sure about that? I'm an advertising major and I could have sworn I saw a couple of subliminal boobies in the last issue.

You actually read the last issue? You're a braver man than I, that's for certain. Frankly, I would just as soon have the frontal lobes of my brain hacked at by a drunken epileptic with a pair of rusted gardening shears as read an entire issue of this bloody newsletter, but then, that's not what they pay me for, now is it?

Wait, you get paid for this? With your infinite knowledge, shouldn't you have risen above material concerns?

Screw that. Repeatedly. With a big stick.

Oh. You're sure about this no-boobies thing then?

Look, you're just going to have to take my word for it. That's the thing about being all-knowing: I know everything. My knowledge is infinite. And like the good book says, you don't fuck with the infinite. Unless you ask real nicely and take it out for dinner and dancing first.

Does that mean you want to go back to my place?

I thought you'd never ask.

**Submit to *Completely Different*
Lather, rinse, and repeat.**