



And now, designed to quench your body's deepest thirst and refuel working muscles, here's something...

Completely Different

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When the Internet Attacks

by Victor Colonna

Following both the events of September 11, and the sending of anthrax through the U.S. postal system, Americans are wondering what kind of attack will come next. Authorities are saying look to the Internet.

The terrorists are believed to be planning their next phase of attacks though the largest medium of connection on the planet. The Internet connects millions of homes world-wide, as well as housing information on major corporations, credit card companies, and colleges.

The terrorists are believed to be attempting to send anthrax to members of the United States government through e-mail. Terrorist expert Mullah Mohammed Omar, former member of the CIA, said, "Sending anthrax through e-mail would be much more effective than using regular mail, because there is no chance of it being stopped at an earlier source than intended. There are no mail men or postal workers to notice the powder."

Also, due to the fact that the airplane that crashed into the Pentagon on September 11 was believed to be heading for the White House, the President's mansion has been placed on full alert. The area around the White House has been designated a "no web zone." Should the terrorists attempt to hijack a web site, and crash it into the White House, the Air Force will be prepared to shoot it down.

The Completely Different Caption Contest



Every day, the *Daily Collegian*, perhaps in an effort to make it appear that humans, and not trained chimpanzees, run the newspaper, includes some sort of cute photograph in a feature they like to call, not surprisingly, Collegian Feature Photo. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to think up an alternate caption for this, Thursday's magically delicious photograph. Winners will be chosen by an impartial, but most likely very inebriated, panel of judges and receive the satisfaction of seeing their name and caption in print in the next issue of *Completely Different*.

Professors Incorporate Sept. 11 in Classes

by Victor Colonna

Since September 11, professors at Penn State have been incorporating the events surrounding the tragedy into their classes in various ways. Some professors have barely mentioned the event to their students, while others make daily reference to it during class time.

Including the events of September 11 isn't unique to Penn State, though. According to The Associated Press, terrorists attacks have become incorporated into college curriculums at universities nation wide.

"We really haven't talked about it at all since the immediate days following the attacks," said Abby Raymond (freshman-psychology). "My psychology teacher just asked if anyone wanted to talk about it, and when no one said anything, she just dropped it."

Other professors haven't even mentioned the attacks to their students. "I don't think he (the professor) even heard about what happened," said Jonathan Winslow (junior-in art), speaking of his History of Roman Architecture professor. "Not only hasn't he mentioned it, but he actually held class on that Tuesday at noon. He's really old, so he might just not watch the news or something."

To contrast that, many professors are constantly including the tragedy in their everyday discussions. Stephen Wilcox (senior-golf course turfgrass management) said his instructor fits into this second category. "It's odd," said Stephen, "because he's teaching my Turfgrass 937A: Golf Appreciation class. But every day it's, 'But they don't play golf in Afghanistan, that's why they're all terrorists!' or, 'What would happen to the turf if a terrorist flew a Boeing 767 right onto the green?' He's crazy."

"My instructor can't go ten minutes without mentioning the attacks," said Stephanie Smythers (sophomore-interpretive dance/electrical engineering). "We'll be right in the middle of a dance, and he'll stop us and tell us that we look too much like we're hijacking a plane. One day he brought in pictures of the second plane hitting the building, and tell us to dance the feelings of the people in the building."

A Møose once bit my sister... No realli! She was Karving her initials øn the møose with the sharpened end of an interspace tøothbrush given her by Svenge - her brother-in-law -an Oslo dentist and star of many Norwegian movies: "The Høt Hands of an Oslo Dentist", "Fillings of Passion", "The Huge Mølars of Horst Nordfink"...

We apologize for the fault in this article. Those responsible have been sacked.

Mynd you, møose bites Kan be pretty nasti...

Someone once told me, back when I was still but a wee, impressionable young lad, that if you take the phrase "struck dumb", put it through an English-to-Russian translator, and then back again, you will be left with the phrase "beaten senseless". It seemed logical enough. So I thought, naturally (well, perhaps not *naturally*, but I thought it anyway), what would happen to a Monty Python sketch given the same treatment? Behold the vaguely interesting, if not exactly hilarious, results in an unfortunate little feature we are under contractual obligation to call **Bad Translation of the Constitutional Peasant Scene** :

ARTHUR: Aging woman!

DENNIS: Person!

ARTHUR: Person. Distressed. What knight lives in this lock on there?

DENNIS: I thirty-seeds.

ARTHUR: I—that?

DENNIS: I thirty-seeds. I not age.

ARTHUR: Well, I can not simply name You Person.

DENNIS: Well, You could speak Dennis .

ARTHUR: Well, I did not know that You were named Dennis.

DENNIS: Well, You did not disturb to find, not truth?

ARTHUR: I spoke distressed about 'old woman', but from behind You looked—

DENNIS: That I remonstrate against that You automatically address me like undermost!

ARTHUR: Well, I King!

DENNIS: Oh, King, eh, much prettily. And as d'You to get this, eh? Using worker! Hovering on in outdated imperialist dogma, which perpetuates economic and public difference in our society. If there is ever going to be any progress with--

THE WOMAN: Dennis, There is little beautiful dirt downwards here. Oh! As d'You to do?

ARTHUR: How are You, good lady? I Arthur, King Britons. Whose lock et?

THE WOMAN: King who?

ARTHUR: Britons.

THE WOMAN: Which Britons?

ARTHUR: Well, we all. We all Britons, and I your king.

THE WOMAN: I did not know that us had a king. I have thought that we were an autonomous group.

DENNIS: You fool themselves. We live in dictatorship: self-perpetuating autocracy in which work classes—

THE WOMAN: Oh, there You go introducing the class in this once again.

DENNIS: This about that, than this all. If only people must hear of—

ARTHUR: Please! Please, good people. I in rashness. Who lives in this lock?

THE WOMAN: Nobody does not live there.

ARTHUR: Then, which Your lord?

THE WOMAN: Us have no lord.

ARTHUR: That?

DENNIS: I have reported You. We anarcho-commune syndicalist. We take this in tumbling to act as sort of manager for week...

ARTHUR: Yes.

DENNIS: But all decisions of this executive must be ratified on special bi-weekly meeting...

ARTHUR: Yes, I see.

DENNIS: The simple majority in the event of purely internal deals...

ARTHUR: Calm!

DENNIS: But two-thirds majority in the event of more major—

ARTHUR: Calm! I book that You were calm!

THE WOMAN: Order, eh? Who him to think that he? Heh.

ARTHUR: I Your king!

THE WOMAN: Well, I did not vote for You.

ARTHUR: You not vote for kings.

THE WOMAN: Well, as You became the King, then?

ARTHUR: Lady Lake... [radar reflections from object in atmosphere are given to drink]...her lever was dressed in clean twinkling samite, second-hand upstairs Excalibur from bosom of water, meaning to predict Providence, which I, Arthur, must carry Excalibur. [sing the stops] That is why I Your king!

DENNIS: Listen. The Strange women, lying in pond, spreading sabres is not no central to system government. The high executive power derives from mandate from masses, not from little funny water ceremonies.

ARTHUR: Calm!

DENNIS: I mean if I went around, speaking that I was an emperor only since some moistened bint tossed scimitar in me, they must place me away!

ARTHUR: Shut, will You? Shut!

DENNIS: Ah, now we see the violence inherent in system.

ARTHUR: Shut!

DENNIS: Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in system! The Help! The Help! I suppress! ARTHUR: Blood peasant!

DENNIS: Oh, which be given-away. You heard this? You heard this, eh? This about that, than I on. You saw his suppressing me? You saw this, not truth?

Submit to [Completely Different](#) and be the envy of your friends! Your friends are so easily impressed like that.

Write to puppetwrangler@unreality.net for details.

