



And now, patent pending, here's something...

completely different

Volume No. Toady! Issue No. 11 April 28, 2002 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

Homeward Bound

by Victor Colonna

As I sit here writing this, the final days of the semester—indeed the final days of my entire career here at Penn State's University Park Campus—only one thing comes to mind: "My ass really itches." I suppose, though, that I think that only because I've been developing this odd rash across my arms and lower back. I have this cream, but it really hasn't been working so far. But I digress.

Looking back at my two years here at University Park, I have a flood of memories racing into my head. Far too many memories, in fact, to be limited to the past two years, so I guess I'm remembering the wrong things. Some of the best memories that ARE of the past two years that I will take with me forever are the completely idiotic and utterly irrational things that I did as a member of the Penn State Monty Python Society.



Long after the dynamics of the formation of the AFL-CIO are gone, long after the definition of ideological state apparatuses has slipped my mind, long after I no longer give a shit why Agamemnon's house was cursed for four generations, I will be able to sit around with other 25 year-olds recounting the proceedings of a bunch of idiots gathered together for no other reason than we had seen some episodes or movies of Monty Python, and were willing to make fools of ourselves both in private and in public for no apparent reason.

There are still around a privileged few who remember the Night of the Living Dude. Or the zany run-amok adventures of the Tau Q'Muk fraternity. I will be able to recount the time when gravity was suddenly swapped ninety degrees and we were forced to climb our way to the library. Who remembers the time Former President Brad Blinkhorn drank almost half a quart of rum in one gulp, and had to be escorted home with an honor guard? Who remembers the endless hours spend in the dorm room shared by Brad and his Vice President Sean O'Brien recording inane and perverse tracks for a CD that only sold two dozen copies?

Brad's knife collection, Matt's mini-tape recorder, Fred's digital camera, Marc's perverse attempts of humor on the chalk boards, and Veronica's random air-headed comments. One day these will be the stuff of legend. And who could forget the fast, looming, red bulk of the FROH emerging majestically from the mists that surrounded the campus on the night we were sure that we would become famous? And we even promised to give it a new coat of red paint.

I don't think I'll ever forget the Penn State Monty Python Society—that is, baring major head trauma. In fact, I don't think I could forget the Penn State Monty Python Society if I tried. And I know that if nothing else, this rash on my ass isn't going away any time soon.

How to tell if you're a Satanic person from the naughty place

by Jeff Godwin

(text originally appeared in *Completely Different*, Vol. III, Issue VIII, January 30, 1991)

Many young people have no idea that they are being corrupted by openly Satanic forces in their bologna sandwiches. Lunch meats not only promote blood-drinking, demon-raising occult rituals, but they also promote sexuality, drug abuse, and over-sleeping.

Cafeterias are not the only dangerous places. Airplane terminals, banks, and Lutheran church socials have been over-run with the evil footwashers of SATAN. They're not just in your mind; they're in your sock drawer.



You may be wondering how to tell if you are already tasting the foul ju-ju-bees of hell. Check the following list to find out:

- Do you sleep with your eyes closed?
- Do you listen to Pat Boone records?
- Do you masturbate?
- While listening to Pat Boone?
- Do you believe we are magic, nothing can stand in our way?
- Do you brush your teeth after sex?
- Do have cleft hooves?
- Do you bend your elbows when you eat?
- Do you enjoy life in any way whatsoever, with or without supervision?

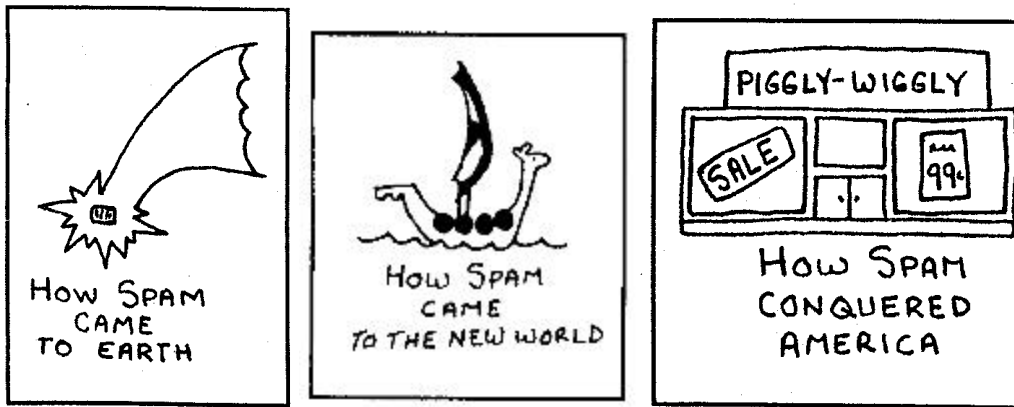
If the answer to any of these questions is yes, you are an evil, naughty person and should have a red "S" sewn to your smock. But if you want to reform, there is still hope.

Some simple suggestions:

- Join a convent and marry the church
- Join the Vatican and marry the pope
- Cut off both your arms and sell them to the government for back taxes
- Come to our biweekly meetings and participate in our annual Pat Boone record burning bash

Break away from the norm, and learn why you are wrong and I am receiving therapy.

Sponsored by the American Family Ass.



drawings by Andy Fluke, used without permission (muahahahaha!)
 (first seen in *Completely Different*, Vol. IV, Issues II and V, September 18 and October 30, 1991)

Do Monty Python societies corrupt today's youth?

(originally asked in *Completely Different*, Vol. II, Issue VI, January 17, 1990)

PRO

I've heard nasty rumors, and I believe them. Monty Python societies are the downfall of society. Of course, it's all propoganda; you might think they're talking about parrots and killer sheep, but they're really a bunch of cannibalistic communists. If I ever find one of those societies, I'll shoot it on sight, what with inflation and the way the cookie crumbles.

CON

Well, I don't think there's anything wrong with a good laugh now and again, especially at someone else's expense. And if they don't want to talk in British accents, I'm not going to hold my head under water about it. I mean, live and let die, that's what I say. And if you're offended, well then leave the country, you militaristic, fascist scum.

And that, as they say, is all she wrote. See you next semester.