



And now, whipped into a fondue and garnished with lark's vomit, here's something...

Completely Different

Volume Albatross Issue #9 March 30, 2003 Working today for a sillier tomorrow

Toilet Penguins: The Game

BY FRED COPPERSMITH

The penguins are in the toilets. You can hear them wriggling around in the stalls, splashing water everywhere, squawking happily. To your right is the bathroom door, next to which sits a towel dispenser attached to the wall. Directly in front of you is a row of white porcelain sinks, a mirror on the wall above each. A red plunger sits next to one of the sinks.

>>Take plunger.

You take the plunger. Somehow, it feels...*right* in your hand.

>>Examine plunger.

It is an ordinary plunger. There is a stick and a suction cup at the end. The suction cup is bright fire-engine red. There is a small note tied to the stick.

>>Read note.

"Acme Brand De-Penguinfying Plungers: Say 'goodbye', messy penguins!"

>>Say, "goodbye, messy penguins".

That was rhetorical. You didn't really have to say it.

>>Oh. Examine the towel dispenser.

The towel dispenser is empty. It isn't important. It's just there for ambience.

>>Look in mirror.

You look in the mirror above the sink nearest you. Reflected back, you see...well, you know what you look like, obviously. No point in boring you with what you already know, right?

>>I guess. Is there anything in the sink?

No. Just more ambience.

>>Sigh. Okay. Open stall door.

You open the first bathroom stall door. There, in the toilet, splashing merrily about, is a penguin. It looks up at you as you enter the stall.

>>Use plunger on penguin.

You use the plunger on the penguin. It squawks angrily as you lift it from the toilet and then lands with a soft *thlop* on the cold tile floor. It waddles out the door. Congratulations! You've won the game!

>>That's it?

Well, yes. It's not much, I know, but it's about what you'd expect from a game called Toilet Penguins, am I right? Wanna play again? Y/N?

>>N

An Open Letter to *The Daily Collegian*

BY FRED COPPERSMITH

In this past Friday's *Daily Collegian*, James S. Young and Lindsay Glace cited nearly all of the current crop of USG candidates, even those who did not make themselves available for comment. However, they neglected to

mention one very important and very visible candidate—write-in vote Chef/Helga. While it might be tempting to dismiss a candidate whose platform and appearance are so obviously silly, shouldn't the students of the University be allowed to make that choice for themselves? If, as Young and Glace write, "students are usually seen as apathetic to Undergraduate Student Government" and are often dissatisfied with what they see as that government's empty promises, why isn't the *Collegian* reporting on a candidate whose main goal is to breathe new life into the election process and generate student interest? When confronted with the inherent silliness of the system, it's refreshing to discover a candidate who is silliness personified. If the *Daily Collegian* truly prides itself on giving a voice to the students, it should let Chef's silliness Swedish voice be heard.





"In my special fluffy bunny suit, thank you very much."
- Norman Conquest (soph., Bowling)



"With a pointed stick. There's no telling what kind of germs those USG candidates might have."
- Ethel Alcohol (sen., Psych.)



"As President of this University, I leave voting to the students. Who will suffer my dire wrath if they vote incorrectly! Muhahaha!"
- Graham Spanier



"Vhet a stooped qoosshun! Isn't it oobfeeuoos? Fute-a Chef! Here-a, hefe-a a grepe-a!"
- Swedish Chef
USG presidential candidate

And You Can Quote Me on That

"Filming is like a long air journey: There's so much hanging around and boredom that they keep giving you food."
- John Cleese



Submissions wanted:

- **Articles**
- **Artwork and photographs**
- **Sketch comedy**
- **News (real or imagined)**
- **Letters to the Editor**
- **Questions to Dr. Bernofsky, resident advice columnist**

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Weekly Horoscopes

Aries: (March 21—April 19)
Your suspicions will be confirmed when doctors belatedly inform you that there is no such thing as medicinal gravy.

Taurus: (April. 20—May 20)
Focus your energy on getting the job done. There will be plenty of time to mop up all that blood and escape to another country afterwards.

Gemini: (May 21—June 21)
Your unwillingness to see the forest for the trees probably explains why you keep getting mauled by angry grizzly bears.

Cancer: (June 22—July 22)
Although it's possible your friends had something different in mind than a frontal lobotomy when they suggested you clear your head, none of them will be able to dispute your skill with the surgeon's scalpel, or how effectively that new plastic bucket collects all your drool.

Leo: (July 23—Aug. 22)
Intuition feeds all your decisions this week. Much like you, in turn, will be fed into the jaws of that hungry wood chipper.

Virgo: (Aug. 23—Sept. 22)
Remember, try to see the glass as half full. That it's full of scalding hydrochloric acid you can toss on your enemies in a fit of murderous rage is just a happy bonus.

Libra: (Sept. 23—Oct. 23)
People will tell stories about you long after the week is done. Unfortunately, most of them will begin with the phrase "remember that corpse they wheeled down to the morgue that night?"

Scorpio: (Oct. 24—Nov. 21)
Your ability to understand others will at first seem commendable and convenient, until everyone realizes it's just because you've been stealing their mail.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22—Dec. 21)
Learn to set priorities this week. You probably won't have to chop off and eat all your limbs in order to survive, so decide now which ones are your most expendable.

Capricorn: (Dec. 22—Jan. 19)
Friends and family are more than a little concerned by your recent obsession with the career and sexual exploits of Scott Baio. Maybe it'

Aquarius: (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)
Your sense of humor could help you out of a tense situation—unless, of course, those rioters see the cream pie, seltzer bottle, and clown shoes as a threat and decide they'd rather just beat you senseless.

Pisces: (Feb. 19—March 20)
You would be wise not to mix business and pleasure too often. One of these days it's bound to get you arrested for prostitution.



Editor: Fred Coppersmith

Completely Different is the mostly weekly newsletter of the Penn State Monty Python Society, and—er—uh—look at the bones! Back issues available at www.clubs.psu.edu/Python. For more information on how you can submit, write to different@unreality.net.