

Hey Louzer!
Is she pregnant yet?
Luv, the Louzers

To the Rat Club,
you dig it!
Love, She-rat

I love my Theta Phi
Alpha sisters!
Luv, Shella

HAPPY Valentine's Day

I think Cupid shot me in the eye in

Mark & Fred;
try harder, you may
still get that 4.00.
- PB & J

Remember those Garfield
valentines you sent that special
someone in second grade? Yes,
it's that special time of year again
when Cupid has his way with you.

Unfortunately, it's never been
that way for my friends or I.
Actually, I think Cupid gets a
kick out of this time of year.

Every year, my wish is for
"Mr. Right" to magically show
up on my doorstep with a dozen
red roses. And every year, it's the
same old thing, NOTHING!

I usually find myself on my
couch eating brownies and
watching the movie "Say
Anything" with my best friend
while complaining about every
great man I've ever met.

Needless to say, we're quiet.
Not a whole lot to say between
two depressed, chocolate eating
females on Valentines Day.

I don't want to even discuss
elementary school; it was
depressing. I always seemed to
send the wrong valentine to the
wrong person. And my
valentines always seemed to be
from the guy who ate
grasshoppers during recess.

Let's begin with Dave. Young,
alone, scared and obsessed (with
the idea that he would be the
perfect boyfriend).

His target? Me.
How long did it last you say?
He harassed me for two years of
my life. He even sent me an
eight page love letter (of which I
still have - hopeless romantic), a
stuffed horse three feet tall with
pure leather hooves and a price
tag still attached.

Guilt was his motive. But it
didn't work.

Then there was Mike, my
chemistry lab partner. After
several occasions of trying to
catch my hair on fire and
periodical chemical spills directed
toward my limbs, he finally
asked me out.

This led to popping the
question: "Will you go to the
prom with me?"

Believe it or not, I fell for it.
"Yes." - Insert batting eyes and
blushing cheeks here.

It was a night to remember (or
forget).

We rented a limo that held
four, of which Mike and I were
the fifth and sixth. Due to the
limited space, I had two choices:
Mike's lap or the beloved floor.

I chose the orange plush carpet
which surrounded the TV and bar
(I think I still have marks).

He didn't dance; in fact he spent
the entire evening on the roof of
the ferry listening to the Stanley
Cup Penguins play-offs (they
won by the way).

The problem wasn't that I
didn't want to listen to the game.
I did. The problem was that it
was 50 degrees out, I was in a
prom dress, and Mike's half price
rental jacket did not provide
enough coverage.

After shoving my hands into
the pockets of the jacket, I
discovered the rest of the deal the
tux rental company had: One free
condom with every rental.

I hastily returned to the
underside of the boat.

Dateless most of the night, I
spent the evening dancing with
IT (from the Adam's Family), or
at least that's what the hair on his
arms reminded me of. Oh well,
at least he could dance.

When fur ball and I were not
gracing the floor with our
presence, I did get my money's
worth on the buffet (try the
chocolate, you'll love it).

After all of that, the evening
ended early because Mike could
not think of anything to do.

Every girl's worst nightmare
climaxed on my front porch at
2:30 in the morning when I was
dropped off without even a kiss.

Over, finis, no more. Now
he's just Mike the neighbor (or

the butt of all the jokes on
late Friday nights at college
over pizza and old issues of
"Say Anything").

The cliché summer romance
before college was Tom. A
he was goal-oriented.

He was obsessed with death
decided to join the army in
to become a mortician (he's
like the "fluid" they put in the
whatever).

He was so pitiful, he started
crying on the phone because
was leaving for basic training
(while I tried to quiet the
people behind me with pop
and twister).

I never went out with him
was scary. I even had
brothers make up stories so
could stay away from him.

him we'd always be friends
(friends, OK, but anything
was borderline the thing
mother warned me about
up) and that I'd write
school.

Upon arriving at school,
began to look up. One of the
main reason every girl at
Behrend is the 3:1 male: female
ratio (Maybe they should
that one in the books to
students here. But why
ratio for those of us alive
here?).

My friend, more desperate
I for "opposite sex attention"
became interested in one of
guys who lived above
Tiffany.

Destined to be more like
Abby," I preceded to set up
and the guy (Greg) for a date.

But through making plans
Greg, I realized that this was
the guy for her - but he could
nicely in my future plans.

I set Sue up with Kevin
Lawrence (they didn't make
more than a week).

Though my love life has
a set of stairs to trip, stumble
fall on, I have managed to

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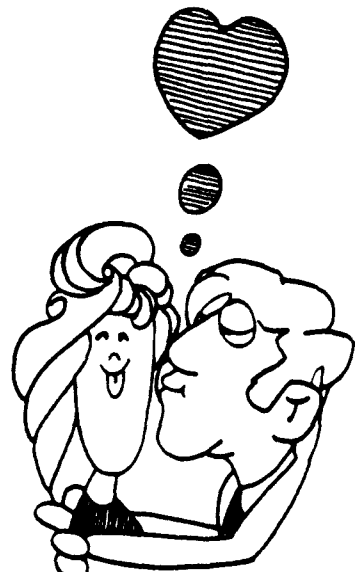
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Hey!
Heavy anti-army
infantry stud!
I want your body
NOW!



Happy V- Day!
Rizzo

May I give laughter
and love to all.
Foster Brooks

Big shout out to:
Niki, Derrice &
Kanova,
Love ya!
Kisses

Jessica:
I miss my bed falling
too!
Love ya ROOMIE!

To number 22.
Good luck this
upcoming season!

For my Wooble,
My Valentine's
always,
Snoopy

To the entire
Collegian:
Smile :-:) you're
doing GREAT!
Jen & Holly



To Mother Mentch:
We love you Mommy.
-The WPSE kids.



Happy Valentine's
Day to the brothers
of Kappa Delta Rho
fraternity!
Love, your
sweetheart.

Happy Birthday
Danae!
We love you!
-From 103 Tiffany

To McDonald!
I know you like it
top!
-Bob

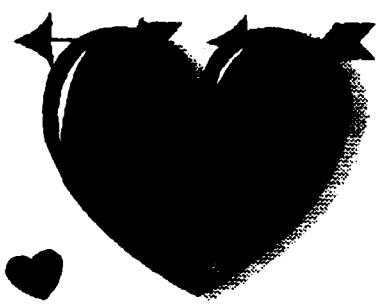
I LOVE YOU and
KNOW IT!

To Bela
eu amorte
Vasco

J.T.:
Happy Valentine's
Day!
Congrats on New
York!
Love, J.B.

To Fred Anderson:
We love and adore
you!
-WPSE Kids

Hey baby wanna
wrestle,
Love your man,
Bryan



Brian G.-
My little monsterguy,
let's fly away
together!
Love, Flazbag

Much love to Rox,
you got mass
appeal,
Peace

To Josh Entin:
Amy & the triple C's
love you.

Tigger:
I didn't forget the
19th!
I Love You!
Jennifer

To the Torch-
Keep that flame
burning!
From your
cuddlebug!

To Desmond:
I love the way you
REBOUND!
-Secret Admirer

To Jenny Caffrey:
You light up my life.
-Kim

To the Haram:
Jennifer, Jessica,
Kerry, Christy,
Christine, Rosanne,
Carrie, Veronica,
Red-Tail Jennifer,
Connie, Sue,
Squeaky, & Julie.
Love ya all!
JB&Z

