

If I had my way...

The way it should be

Local...

No nuke waste for Union City

Union City--Low-level nuclear waste will be dumped in Union City, a local official said.

A small uproar emerged in the Union City area after reports of meetings between Union City Township and Union City Borough officials and Chem-Nuclear Systems Inc. Chem-Nuclear Systems is the company hired by Pennsylvania to build a low-level nuclear waste disposal site somewhere in the Commonwealth.

According to involved officials, the uproar was overblown and the meetings were strictly informational.

Federal mandate dictates that Pennsylvania place a low-level nuclear waste disposal site somewhere in the state.

Meadville woman stabbed to death

Meadville--A woman's body was discovered in a North Street apartment late Tuesday afternoon. An autopsy showed that she had been stabbed to death.

Two people, who had gone to the apartment to repair a window, found the body and stopped a state trooper who was driving by. The woman, identified as Jannette Crannell, 44, did not live in the apartment. It is unclear how she got there.

According to a friend of Crannell's, she was "at times homeless." She would often times seek shelter in hallways of buildings where should would sleep.

This is the first murder case in city limits since 1993.

National...

Blind man charged with jay walking

Cincinnati, OH--A blind man was cited for jaywalking when he was hit by a pick-up truck.

Jeff Friedlander was on his way to work when he crossed an intersection and was struck.

Friedlander had no problem with paying the fine until he discovered that the Ohio law gives the right-of-way to blind people carrying white canes.

Police claim that Friedlander wandered out of the crosswalk and caused the traffic accident. They went on to say that when a person has cane he/she has the right of way but must be "lawfully using the crosswalk."

Friedlander, who suffered a broken tailbone, faces up to a \$100 fine.

Airline strike probable

Washington--American Airlines' pilot union has threatened to strike if a settlement is not reached by 12:01 a.m. Saturday.

Although there have been two days of talks to try and avert a strike, negotiators for both sides have not met an agreement.

The president can appoint an emergency strike board if he feels that it is necessary. This board would determine if the strike would cause a substantial amount of disruption to travel nationally or in a region of the country. If the board finds that the strike would cause a huge problem for travel, the president can stop the strike.

The pilots, who have not had a raise since 1993, are asking for more than double of what American has offered.

Law gives citizens power

Morrisville, VT--Newton Wells, a 22 year old college student, was charged with assault last November. Wells, who nearly drove over two police officers who tried to break up a party he was attending, chose to take a different way out of prosecution.

Wells pleaded guilty to a lower charge and volunteered to participate in a "reparative board." Instead of a judge presiding over his case, a civil servant would present his sentence.

Most offenders who are sentenced by similar boards are usually required to make a public apology, pay restitution, or do chores for elderly in the community.

Other boards are being tested out in New York City, Austin Texas, and several other cities.

All of the programs are structured to rehabilitate the offenders, compensate for any damages caused by the accused, and involve the community in the justice system.

International...

Great Pyramid injures 95

Cairo, Egypt-- Although it is illegal to climb the pyramids, police often find it hard to enforce the laws on days. 95 people were injured when they fell while trying to climb the Cheops Pyramid.

Many people visited the Pyramid during the first two days of a three day holiday.

The 450 foot pyramid, which was built as a tomb for King Cheops, is among the seven wonders of the world.

ACTION NEWS 24 Weekend Weather with Joey Stevens

Today: Sunny and cold. High 28 degrees.

Tonight: Becoming cloudy with snow after midnight. Low of 23 degrees.

Friday: Cloudy with snow or ice changing to showers or drizzle. High of 36 degrees.

Saturday: Mostly cloudy, brisk and chilly, maybe a few flurries. High of 34 degrees.

Sunday: Cloudy with a chance of snow or flurries. High of 32 degrees.

Police Log

February 5

A member of the housekeeping staff reported a vacuum cleaner missing from Erie Hall.

February 10

A student in the residence halls reported receiving numerous hang up calls in a short period of time.

Everybody has their own personal fantasy. Some dream of their moment in the limelight. Others fantasize about being a hero. Myself, I fantasize about a dream Valentine's Day...

My boyfriend Biff (whose name has been changed to protect identity) would come over to my apartment at 12:00 p.m., to wake me up and make me breakfast in bed.

The breakfast would consist of champagne and strawberries and several other breakfast foods; including banana pancakes, French toast, Belgian Waffles with strawberry syrup, homemade blueberry muffins, and of course, a big bowl of Cocoa Puffs.

By this time, it would be 1:00, and *Days of Our Lives* would be coming on the TV.

Biff would sit quietly by my side agreeing with every bad thing that I had to say about Sami and especially Marlana.

Then to top it off, Sami would slip back into her coma, and Marlana would be hit by a train.

Once my soaps were over, Biff would draw me a steamy bath with *Mr. Bubble*. After I was finished with my long soak in the tub, I would go to my closet and discover that Biff had bought me a new outfit, (and it even matched). Next I would do my hair and of course I would have a perfect hair day.

When I was ready, Biff would lead me out to his black stretch limousine. We would then head to the mall for a day of shopping. As a surprise, Biff plans on buying me the Boston Terrier that I have wanted for ever. I pick out the puppy at the pet store and name him Biff Jr.

Once we are finished shopping, and Biff had bought me a completely new wardrobe, we drive to the airport where we board his

private jet and fly to New York City.

We eat at The Russian Tea Room and then attend our own private showing of the musical *"Miss Saigon."* Biff would thoroughly enjoy the show and not complain once.

After the show is over, Biff would take me to Times Square where a love poem that he had written for me would be displayed on the Jumbo Tron.

Then we would take a horse and carriage ride through central park, and we wouldn't get mugged. While exiting the carriage, I find a scratch off lottery ticket lying in the street. I would scratch off the numbers and realize that I had won \$1,000,000.

After our long day, we would go to the Waldorf Astoria where we would have the penthouse reserved. The whole room would be filled with roses and candles. We would watch *Top Gun*,

Cocktail, and *Far and Away* and Biff wouldn't even get mad because I was swooning over Tom Cruise. We would fall asleep in each other's arms and Biff wouldn't snore or hog the covers.

Now I now this sounds a little ridiculous, but it is a dream. My boyfriend Chris... oops, I mean Biff, is a very romantic guy (He will probably kill me for revealing that). I will be happy doing anything for Valentine's Day, as long as I am with him. However, I really would like to get a Boston Terrier puppy named Biff Jr. (Hint, Hint).

by Sara Prosser
News Editor



Buck fever...

A Valentine's Nightmare

My Bloody Valentine pales in comparison to last year's Valentine's date. (Except for the part when they find the heart bouncing around the clothes dryer--my date did not try to remove any vital organs.)

A friend asked me to go out with her cousin, who was in town for the weekend. She said he lived in Union City and was in town for a wedding. His name was Buck and upon meeting him I discovered that his most attractive feature was his front teeth.

Despite a swimming stomach and sweaty palms, I thought I looked pretty good for my date with "Buck Fever" (that's what his license plate said). I was unsure about where we going for dinner and decided on a little red velvet dress.

Fifteen minutes after he was supposed to pick me up, a 1979 Chevy Blazer pulled up. It was red with primer green doors. I yelled to my father that the trash collectors were here, but to my dismay it was my date.

Buck sauntered to the front door, licking his hands and smoothing his motor oil black hair. His cowboy boots were coated with mud that climbed up his black acid washed Wranglers. A tattered Led Zeppelin T-shirt poked out from under a lime green v-neck sweater. A green line crawled around his neck from the golden truck stop rope chain. A bent Marlboro dangled from his mouth.

"Uh, sorry I'm late," he drawled. "I gots lost on that damn interstate. Ready to eat? Ya like eggs?"

I felt like I was entering the second level of Dante's inferno as I crawled into his truck. The disco ball air freshener hanging from the rearview mirror reflected bits of orange from the shag carpeting that covered the dash board. The air freshener did not seem to be working; the truck exuded a cheese-like odor. I sneezed uncontrollably.

"Hooo-weee," Buck said sniffing. "How's about an appetizer? I gots some Cheeto's under the seat here, these things are good like Spam--they last forever."

I passed on the offer, "Uh, where are we going for dinner?" I asked crossing my fingers and praying to God for a bolt of lightning.

Sputtering cheese powder, Buck said, "A great little place downtown. Dominick's; ever been there?"

I had been there, but only after the bars had closed. I didn't know that they catered to sober people.

"Ya like Skid Row?," Buck sprayed me with tiny cheese blobs. "I got a new stereo here--a Sparkomatic with woofers bigger than my brain. I don't spare no expense for my truck."

As the truck began to shake, Buck pulled a hula dancer doll from the glove compartment and put it on the dash.

"I like watching my little Dawn Ho dance," he smiled, baring two front teeth.

He pulled up in front of Dominick's. Buck tossed a quarter at a homeless man. "Watch the Blazer for me," Buck said. "You ain't goin' nowhere."

The dimly lit restaurant is usually filled with inebriated partiers, but it was early. The only patron was a woman in a tattered coat at the counter, she was swatting invisible bugs and talking to a friend I couldn't see.

"Let's grab the back booth," Buck pushed me toward the rear of the restaurant. "I like privacy when I eats with a pretty lady."

A tired-looking waitress appeared.

"Ya'll need menus?" she shouted from behind the counter.

"We're ready--two big M-O's," Buck hollered. "And glasses with ice, make 'em clean, too."

I was afraid to ask, but I needed to know. "What's an M-O?"

"Hooo Weee," said Buck, slapping his gut. "The best meatball omelet this side of State street. M-O's stay with ya for days, give ya something to remember this night by."

"I wonder if they have a wine list," I joked.

"Oh, I save money by bringing my own special wine," said Buck. "I had to bootleg this stuff--it's illegal in most states."

Buck pulled out a bottle of strawberry Cisco and poured some into my glass; he drank from the bottle.

The waitress brought two plates piled high with eggs and spaghetti sauce. Greasy pools floated around the edges of our omelets.

"Let's dig in," hollered Buck, tucking a paper napkin into the collar of his T-shirt.

We ate in silence, except for Buck's slurping. To my horror,

he licked his plate clean. I pushed away my unfinished omelet, which Buck promptly devoured.

"So, Buck...What do you do for living," I made a feeble attempt at small talk.

"Hooo Weee, let me tell ya 'bout raisin' hound dogs," Buck began but I stopped listening.

My heart was racing, a lump rose in my throat--it tasted like spaghetti and eggs. The restaurant began to spin;

Buck said something about inbreeding, I hope he meant the dogs.

It hit me--I had died and gone to hell.

I tried to run but I fell off the couch. I opened one eye, afraid of what I would see. The green numbers on the VCR glowed 3:55 a.m. A man in a toupee was demonstrating a Bass-O-Matic on the television, it was available for a limited time only.

Ah, it was only a nightmare. I shook myself awake and stumbled to the bathroom to remove my contacts.

"AAAAAH," I screamed as I looked in the mirror. A spaghetti covered napkin was tucked into my shirt and my fingers were coated with cheese dust.

by Danielle M. Murphy
Editor in Chief



Question of the Week: What is the most romantic thing that you have ever done for someone?

"I made an Italian dinner for my girlfriend on Valentine's Day."
--Matt Kopral, 04 DUS

"I took my girlfriend out for dinner. Then I led her to a hill where I had laid out a blanket. I read her poetry, serenaded her with love songs, and then we fell asleep in each other's arms."
--Craig Williams, 06 MET

"Last Valentine's Day, I took my dream girl to my favorite restaurant. We gazed into each other's eyes over meatball omeletes. We later exchanged gifts at Buddha's Tattoo Parlour, where I forever engraved her name in my heart and on my, can I say that here? I sure do miss that girl."
--Buck Pucker, 12 ENGL

"I drove 150 miles to surprise my boyfriend for Valentine's Day. Little did I know, he had driven the 150 miles to see me. We crossed paths."
--Erika Sill, 08 COMMU

"One time I called a radio station and requested the song, 'The Sweetest Day' by Vanessa Williams, for my boyfriend."
--Julie Cain, 06 MATH

"I surprised my girlfriend at work with flowers and candy."
--Rob Paredes, 04 DUS

"Down the bayou, near Nawlins, it's always been a family tradition to take our boyfriends near the middle of the swamp and teach 'em how to shrimp. This year my boyfriend was a newbie, and I had to show him the ways of the trade. Later in the emergency room after a brief encounter with a gator, we discussed all the different shrimps we would make. Shrimp gumbo, Cajun shrimp, Bubba-Gump shrimp..."
--Pat Mybotom, 08 DUS

"Last Valentine's Day, I dressed up, made my boyfriend a romantic dinner with appetizers, the main course, and dessert. Then we listened and danced to love songs."
--Kim Hauey, 04 Liberal Arts

"I took my date out for a romantic dinner at the Grand Concourse. I gave her a gold chain with a rose charm on it. Then we rode the incline up to Mt. Washington, where I bought her a dozen roses. We then took a horse and carriage ride to the Embassy Suites, where we had champagne by candle light and enjoyed each others company."
--Brad Davison, 04 PLET

"I paid my brother to break into her apartment and spell out her name in rose petals. However, a neighbor called the police and my brother spent the night in jail. My girlfriend dumped me because she thought my brother was stalking her."
--Tom Keefe, 07 PSYCH