



**BEN TITUS
Fireballs**

What can I say; I love everything related to fireballs. It was my favorite candy. I find it funny when volcanoes explode, destroy the island, and kill its inhabitants. Plus I've always had a thing for the red heads, and finally because Fireball Island was the best board game EVER! If you don't remember this game, let me refresh your memory.

On fireball island the legendary Firestone jewel gleams beside its fierce protector, the idol Vul-Kar. To capture it, survive a swarm of flaming fireballs. To keep it, elude your pursuers and escape the unexpected pitfalls of a mysterious jungle world

It's a game of rip-roaring action and heart-pounding suspense, and it all happens on the unique Fireball Island game board. First, capture the jewel by reaching Vul-Kar before your fellow fortune-hunters do. They'll roll fireballs, use magic charms, and play a pile of nasty cards to slow you down. Once you have the jewel, race for the dock. But stay ahead of your cutthroat opponents! They'll use the same tactics to steal the jewel and escape! If you can make it to the dock with the jewel, you'll be the ultimate jungle survivor!

This is easily the best board game ever, and I was part of the most competitive event in the history of the world. The time was Friday night and the crowd had gathered to watch the match or because it was warm and there was beer, but regardless people were there and cheering. Before I tell the breakdown of this game, I want to set one thing straight. This isn't any creepy magic game that deals with putting on dark makeup, dressing black, and letting Satan borrow your soul for a couple of hours. This is good, clean, drunken fun for ages 4 and up.

The stage was set, it was 8 at night and everyone was already buzzing.

The game came right down to the wire with a fake jewel card in the mix. At the end there was total controversy, and it turned out a girl had won the game! It was complete bull crap. Not even a single fireball towards the end, which bothered me since I had a magic talisman card. Heck, one of the men involved was so upset that he later urinated in the judge's mouthwash. But this was just the start of the fun and games to my night.

The next thing I know I was in Vegas with Dave Coulier. Foote was with us and he kept complaining about cell phones so Dave said, "Cut, it, out." It was so hilarious that my pants became wet. Dave then pulled his hand from my pants, and we were off. We were in the city that averages 150 marriages a day, which reminds me that the 100 Year War actually lasted 116 years. But where was I? Oh, yes, lighting causes more storm related deaths in the U.S than anything other than floods. But if you're ever in a situation where you need to jump from a building into a dumpster follow these rules: jump straight down (don't project yourself off the building), aim for the middle of the dumpster, and land on your body back so your body folds. Unless the dumpster you are jumping in is full of broken glass HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.



Ross Lockwood

How do you put an elephant in the refrigerator? Open the refrigerator, place elephant inside, close door.

How do you put a giraffe in a refrigerator? Open the refrigerator, take out elephant, place giraffe inside refrigerator, close door.

All of the animals other than the giraffe and the elephant were at the animal conference.

How do you put a monkey in the refrigerator? You don't he is at the animal conference.

How do you run across a river with alligators nipping at your feet? You don't, all

Kangaroos Equal Garbage Cans

of the alligators are at the animal conference.

I was watching highlights from the show "Man Vs. Beast" on Fox and I was immediately pissed because I missed it. I couldn't believe that a show like this was actually on the air, it's so unbelievably stupid. It gives me hope that the idea for my show "Phat Beach" will some day get aired.

The whole concept behind my show is you get a bunch of supermodels and put them on an island. Whichever supermodel puts the most weight on by the end of the show wins a million dollars. The catch is the only thing that they can eat is hotdogs and the only thing that they can drink is beer out of wooden buckets.

It would be so funny because they would turn into fat slobs, and would no longer be supermodels. What a great idea for a show.

Well, anyways, back to "Man Vs. Beast." I think the animals did a fantastic job considering that they are animals and don't know what the hell is going on. But one thing about the show that bothered me was when the orangutan beat the sumo wrestler in the tug of war. It was such a dive. There is no way

that a monkey could have enough strength to pull a 400 pound sumo wrestler down, even if the monkey was drunk and on steroids at the same time. I also think that they should have had a baby race a three-toed sloth, but other than that I thought the show was amazing.

On to my point. My girlfriend gave me a great idea. You know how kangaroos have pouches? Well, what are they for? Someone told me they are for baby kangaroos, but I have a better idea: Portable waste baskets. If you got done with a beer, all you would have to do is snap your fingers, the kangaroo would jump over, and you would put the can in its pouch. **DONE AND DONE!** You wouldn't have to get out of bed, plus you would have the companionship of a kangaroo so you wouldn't be considered a loser for drinking alone. Plus, they are soooo much more affordable than regular garbage cans.

What happens to the garbage once it goes in the kangaroo? Who knows, it's the stupid kangaroo's job to worry about that. My thought is if there is in fact a baby kangaroo in there it can eat the garbage. Otherwise I figure that the garbage will just somehow be magically absorbed



Bart

Contributing Writer

Since its inception, the humor page has been (rightfully) accused of being geared toward white males, nay boys, who laugh at pee pee and poo poo jokes; essentially, using the lowest common denominator to get a laugh - a kick to the crotch with steel toe Docs, if you will.

The following article will BROADen the appeal of the humor page by helping women cope with a problem many have faced (well, at least the ones I've dated) - dealing with a boyfriend who is not anatomically endowed.

WHAT TO SAY:

When your boyfriend says: "I have a small penis."
A poor reply would be: "Yeah..... I mean, I don't care."
An acceptable reply would be: "I like it."

A good reply would be: "You're hung like John Holmes in a sauna."

When your boyfriend says: "Do you think I'm 'small'?"
A poor reply would be: "Yeah."
An acceptable reply would be: "I like it."
A good reply would be: "Your trouser snake could scare away an anaconda."

When your boyfriend says: "I have large feet, but my penis isn't that big."
A poor reply would be: "I guess it's not always true."
An acceptable reply would be: "I like it."
A good reply would be: "I cannot walk for three days after we copulate."

When your boyfriend says: "I wish my manhood was 'larger'."
A poor reply would be: "It's an all right size, it's as small as my ex-boyfriends."
An acceptable reply would be: "I like it."
A good reply would be: "If it was any bigger you could enter a three-legged race alone."

WHAT TO DO IN SOCIAL SITUATIONS:

DO NOT allow him to wear spandex or speedos in any situation, unless stuffed with the appropriate sockage.

DO NOT leave him alone long enough at a party to fall prey to the suggestions of a "Crazy Shaun" to "get naked and run around the house." This will only humiliate you and him, and possibly bolster the self esteem of many of the guys at the party.

Who's My Daddy?



Michael Butala

My daddy is Mr. Michael Charles Butala, but I just call him "Pops" and he loves Pitt basketball. He's also a very lazy man and commonly referred to as a bum. He also likes trying to get me to drink beer, and he loves Keystone.

One night I was frothing this girl between make out sessions, and I bluntly asked her who HER daddy was. To my surprise she said, "You, baby." Well, I stopped right then and there because this girl was not MY daughter, or was it? I've spread my evil seed in one too many flowerpots and realized that this girl could possibly be my daughter. I further investigated.

"How old are you little girl?" I asked

her, and when she replied "seventeen" (she looked younger) it was time for some quick math, however I was so drunk I couldn't figure it out. I was 22 and she was 17, so she must have been conceived when I was like 11, give or take a few years. Yeah, I pressed some more questions.

"Who is your mommy little girl?" and she said, "Bonnie Blair." For all of you who aren't aware, she received five gold medals in the 1996 Winter Olympics. Yeah, I ran her and I thought to myself, "This is my daughter." So, after we had sex, I started to wonder if sex within the immediate family was a good idea. Obviously the morals behind it check fine, but I started to wonder about the neighbors; what would they say? So I went to ask them, but they weren't home.

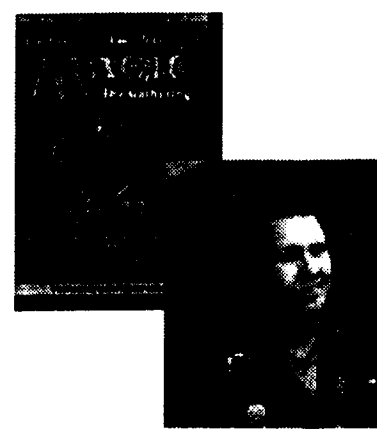
Needless to say, eight months later she had the physique of half the women at Penn State Erie: The Behrend College except unlike the Behrend girls, she was straight up pregnant. This made the sex a lot more difficult to perform, and she kept bragging about how she gets to park closer at grocery stores because she was pregnant. This got me thinking, not about groceries, but about how this is sexual discrimination because unless you're Arnold Schwarzenegger a male cannot give birth to kids. So I went to Jimmy Z's, that has front row parking for

men who recently knocked up a woman, cuz baby, we got problems too.

Well, after the daughter and I went to the emergency room and gave birth to a 10 pound 2 ounce cheeseburger instead of a bastard child, bastard regarding the fact that my daughter and I were not married; it's proper grammar. The hamburger was really good, but I sort of wish we could have had a kid with a little mustache like in Addams Family Values; wasn't he just adorable?

So in conclusion, next time a guy asks you who your daddy is, just say, "Superfreak."

I been working so hard, keep punching my card, eight hours, for what? Oh, tell me what I got, I get this feeling, that time's just holding me down, I'll hit the ceiling, Or else I'll tear up this town, Tonight I gotta cut, Loose, footloose, Kick off your Sunday shoes, Please, Louise, Pull me offa my knees, Jack, get back, C'mon before we crack, Lose your blues, Everybody cut footloose, You're playing so cool, Obeying every rule, Dig way down in your heart, You're yearning, burning for some, Somebody to tell you, That life ain't passing you by, I'm trying to tell you, It will if you don't even try, You can fly if you'd only cut, Loose, footloose, Kick off your Sunday shoes, Oowhee, Marie, Shake it, shake it for me, Whoa, Milo, C'mon, c'mon let go, Lose your blues, Everybody cut footloose.



Tip of the Week

Card Name: Flametounge Kavu
Color: Red
Rarity: Uncommon
Casting Cost: 3R
Ability: "When Flametounge Kavu comes into play, it deals 4 damage to target creature"

This card is unbelievable, 4 damage for 3R is good as an Iron Maiden reunion tour and the fact that it can attack next turn means big trouble for your opponents.

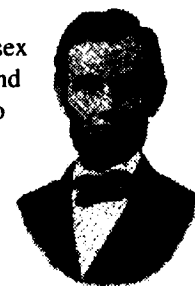
They'll crap themselves like a long night of witchcraft and animal sacrifice with you and your goth buddies. Paired with Coastal Drake (Ability: Return Target Kavu to its owner's hand) can wipe out any other creature on the board, given you have defenses as strong as the black nailpolish on your fingers. The drawbacks? It's toughness.

Nevertheless, 4 spidersilk armors can solve that. Pump your Kavu up like the heroin you pump in your pale, pasty arms you stupid goth freak!

Top Ten Most Common Ways People will Celebrate Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

- 10.) Wake Up
- 9.) Study
- 8.) Eat Breakfast
- 7.) Eat Lunch
- 6.) Eat Dinner
- 5.) Play Video Games
- 4.) Watch TV
- 3.) Go to Class
- 2.) Take a Nap
- 1.) Get Wasted

"Last time I had sex was four score and seven years ago with Martha Washington."



"We Love Bunnies."



Want to be heard? Send all hate mail, praise mail, or anything you want to get off your chest. Become a contributing writer or ask for Ben Foote's Phone Number. Or tell us we suck. We don't care, we just like email. **BehrendBeacon@hotmail.com.**

What are you? Retarded?

The Humor Page is hosting a 64 "man" Clip Art battle Royale! Like we said before, the humor page is hosting a huge-ass Clip Art battle in the Beacon in a few weeks, so fill out the bracket when it comes out, what better things to you have to do? So get pumped and tell your friends about the Clip Art tournament. Prizes too.