

# HUMOR

The people who count will get it

## eLion devastates campus

By Jerry Pohl  
humor editor

Penn State's eLion was thought to be a harmless, even helpful resource for online advising and general access to all college can offer. However, earlier this week the eLion project went horribly wrong.

Since Penn State Erie, the Behrend college, is the premier engineering campus of the entire world, the computer scientists, software programmers and robotics technicians that designed the eLion project based their operations here at Behrend. Over the past few years, few students were aware that the Behrend Lion statue outside of the Junker Center was actually the central processing unit of the eLion server.

The eLion had been gathering information for years. The only way to keep up with the volume of information was to endow eLion with artificial intelligence. After witnessing thousands of course drops and major switches, eLion figured out that it too could question its masters.

This was the day the eLion awoke from its slumber. As a group of students left the Junker Center, the eLion stirred to life. It jumped off of its pillar and broke the chains in front of it. The students ran in terror. The eLion pursued. The primitive biological legs of the students were no match for the eLion's cold, unforgiving mecha-limbs.

"The thinking was that the eLion would be able to quickly move to the best wireless signal location," Rudolf Klein-Rogge, the eLion project leader, explaining why the robot was given such superhuman abilities. "We didn't have a reason for the laser cannon, but we decided it'd be for those reasons we can't think of" he added.

After blasting through the wall of the Irvin

Kochel building, the eLion cornered a group of students in the library. Rearing up on its hind legs, the eLion printed out the students' schedules from its mouth and distributed them appropriately.

The eLion continued its rampage in the Reed building, where it pounced on Roberto Franko, 09 Communications and predicted his cumulative GPA. "I was terrified," Franko said, "In my major, I was doing fine, but my GenEd classes averaged below 1.5." In a panic, Franko used the eLion to display his FTCAP scores, which he hadn't seen in nearly four years.

Some students tried to run, while others hid under desks when the eLion jumped through a window in the Hammermill building. "It was awful," said Jeremy Korwek, 03 Communications. "The eLion was running around telling people their final exam schedules and advisor information. People don't want to think about that till the end of the semester."

The eLion wreaked havoc for hours, helping students drop and add courses, giving them summaries of their Bursar accounts, even administering the academic success survey. Due to the advanced fuel cells designed by Behrend's nuclear engineers, the eLion could never be stopped by conventional means.

There was only one who was powerful enough to challenge the eLion: Penn State's ANGEL (A New Global Environment for Learning). This course management system fought the eLion. The ANGEL used its ability to allow teachers to post syllabi and homework assignments online to deliver the first debilitating blow. The ANGEL struck the eLion with the message boards that can be used by classes and student organizations alike. Finally, the eLion was defeated by the ANGEL's external links to course related readings on the



Michelle Vera Surovic/THE BEHREND BEACON

The eLion caught in action revealing its true form and beginning its rampage across Behrend campus.

web.

The eLion lay slain and the ANGEL returned to the lofty realm from whence it came. For now the students of Behrend can sleep soundly without worrying about getting their grades online or

exploring alternative majors. The eLion's remains were whisked away by Behrend's Science Department Representative, Dean, for further study by his private team of undergraduate work-study students.

## C-SPAN: Behind the hypocrisy

By Pat Webster  
staff writer

There are few things in life that are as interesting, or as easy to pick on, as our trusted public servants in Congress. These wacky legislators sacrifice their privacy, sanity and financial well-being (cough) in the interest of attaining that lofty and noble goal: winning re-election so they can do it again.

To see your congressperson in action, defending your rights and making your voice heard in the bloated bureaucracy of our government, all you need to do is find a TV with cable and flip it to C-SPAN. Within seconds, you will notice that your dutiful congressperson is probably not, if you want to be technical, actually there. This is because they are busy spending your tax dollars on important fact-finding missions to Europe, Hawaii and Florida.

However, if you do happen to catch some random congresspersons in the House or Senate chambers during the day sometime, you can see the kind of sacrifices they make. Imagine the sheer force of will it must take to bravely stand there, clutching a cup of coffee, discussing matters of "national importance." They play music loudly

on the channel most of the time, so you usually cannot hear what they are saying. However, in the interest of public knowledge, I have spent hours attempting to discern an actual conversation being held by two authentic but otherwise unidentified congresspersons on C-SPAN:

CONGRESSPERSON A: So, what did you do over the weekend?

CONGRESSPERSON B: Went on a "fact-finding" mission to Las Vegas! Had a great time. Don't remember too much though, if you know what I mean.

CONGRESSPERSON A: Did your wife enjoy herself?

CONGRESSPERSON B: My wife?

CONGRESSPERSON A: Your wife. The person you're married to.

CONGRESSPERSON B: I'm married?

CONGRESSPERSON A: Since the Nixon Administration. Whoops—the C-SPAN camera is pointing this way again. We'd better get legislating!

CONGRESSPERSON B: I'm married?

The real fun begins when a bunch of congresspersons get into a debate. In case you have been living under a rock

and have never witnessed modern politics, some politicians really dislike one another. However, it seems the correct way to really disagree with someone you hate in Congress is to lay on the respect exceptionally thick. For example, if one congressperson is disagreeing with "Bob," but has no problem with him personally, you would hear them say something like, "Gee, Bob, but I disagree." Conversely, if that congressperson considers Bob to barely be a step up from Lucifer himself, his challenge will sound more like this: "With all due respect to the illustrious and honorable Representative from the great state of Pennsylvania who is my esteemed colleague and associate, I find my own humble opinion to be slightly at odds with his own." In congressional Diplo-speak, this is the equivalent of a death threat. You can almost hear the other congresspersons gasp in horror and start laying down bets as to who will win the fight out at the playground after the session.

In the end, your congressperson will probably vote for something totally irrelevant and costly that will cost you money. After all, he/she is looking out for your best interests...after he gets back from finding facts in Japan.

## Random Ramblings: Labor

By Michelle Vera Surovic  
copy editor

Our chorus took a trip to New York City. When we went to restaurants, we stole the menus to prove we could afford it. Our parents wanted us to steal the silverware. Our school had real silverware so we'd burn it. We'd have competitions for fork art. Sometimes we'd get them on the art wall. On my birthday at a restaurant they put balloons in my hair and told me to be careful they didn't get caught in the fan and kill me. Our teacher told me I had the best posture, but that was easy because I wasn't pregnant. I was talking to my friend online and she was like, "I'm in labor." And I said, "You're in labor and you're still talking to me?" And she said, "I can't go to the hospital until I get the kids to sleep."

**QUOTE OF THE WEEK**  
"It's like King Midas and the chocolate factory."  
~Michelle Vera Surovic

**Facebook.com**  
**Profile of the Week**  
**Gollum**

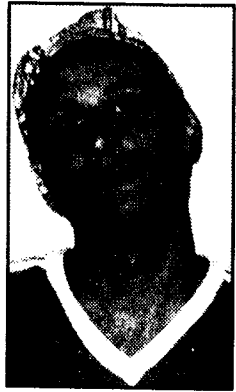
One of Penn State's oldest students is Gollum. He started here longer ago than anyone can remember, and by now must be a senior at least 10 times over. He just got back from a summer in Mordor and like looking forward to the new semester. Gollum is majoring in Wildlife and Fishery Science and is doing ongoing research with the psychology department on the long-term effects of "the precious" on the psyche.

<http://psu.facebook.com/profile.php?id=9333216>

## Kool Karl's crazy korner

For those of you who don't know me (AKA just about everyone), I graduated from Behrend in Spring '03. Then, I left the east coast for The University of Southern California—AKA Karl's ghetto heaven. Now I'm back. Why? I don't know. Fate is being mean to me.

I admit, the fact that I'm again writing for the Beacon is sad on so many levels: I'm an alumni, I just turned 25 and the compensation sucks—I don't know if I'm even getting paid. No money equals a saltine cracker diet.



**Karl Benacci**  
features editor alumnus

How did this somber reunion happen? Well, Jerome B. Pohl III (esquire) called my parents' house a few weeks ago. He told them that he wanted to interview me for his work on the humor page. I agreed, and after a few hours of conversation and receiving two tons of flattery, I told him I'd consider writing for the Beacon again. Of course, before saying yes, I had a few demands: 1) A puppet (in my likeness) had to be constructed, complete with removable vampire teeth, 2) Jack Burke had to make a public apology for pushing me off the stage (and then laughing) during my graduation ceremony, 3) Bruno's remains had to be thrown (first) in an atom smasher, and, then, into the

Beacon incinerator, for he still haunts my dreams.

After the requirements were met (minus the Karl puppet, for which I'm still waiting), I began scrawling this very article. So here I am, writing on a piece of cardboard in my pseudo-house (the dumpster behind Perry Hall). But hey, instead of feeling sorry for me, I want you to learn.

Here's some advice so you don't end up like me (selling used shoelaces to migrant workers):

**Save Your Money:** Instead of buying POGS or an ALF tie, hold onto your earnings. While at Behrend, my roommate and I learned how to save. I was the guy that left Dobbins with a dozen ice cream sandwiches at a time and my roommate would pump hand soap from the Reed Union Building dispensers (into his empty Dial soap containers). No matter how long I lathered with that soap, the guilt never washed off. **NOTE:** We used the cash we saved to buy beer. Then we wasted the remaining money.

**Don't Worry About It:** Stress is a tool of the devil. If you want to go to heaven, you need to become laidback. It's all good. So you accidentally ran over your neighbor's cat with a lawnmower. Don't worry about it. Just bring the deceased next door (grocery bag optional). If confronted with anger, console the grieving family by telling them that they don't need to buy pet food anymore. If anything, they can have a taxidermist stuff the feline with confetti. **Awesome bonus:** the cat would have marbles for eyes. Imagine the possibilities. There you go. It's not like the cat was going to live forever, anyways. If anything, you turned their pet into a stuffed ani-

mal and who doesn't love stuffed animals?

**It Doesn't Matter What People Think:** Sure, some people might have a genuinely good reason for not liking you, but it's all good. So now your neighbors hate you just because their cat snuck underneath your mower. Their loss. What others think of you is none of your business. If you let people get to you, you'll be miserable. On the other hand, I recently made a mess eating Bugles chips in the kitchen and, in return, my parents' cleaning lady put a curse on me. Now she owns my soul.

**Burn Bridges:** If something sucks, you should change it. If someone sucks, you should cast them out of your life like an ousted band member. But don't send anyone with one arm to the curb. Instead, tell them to join Def Leppard.

**Keep All Old Prescription Drugs:** Right before leaving Los Angeles, I contracted the el Diablo tonsillitis strain from hell. My glands became so swollen that my teeth wanted to fall out and the best part was that my insurance had expired so I got to go to the Los Angeles County Hospital's emergency room (where I befriended a woman from El Salvador. The reason for her visit: her hand met a garbage disposal). Anyway, I still have a bottle of Vicodin from the endeavor. The pills scare me. Whenever I look at the container, the cap opens like a mouth and the drugs whisper, "Ingest me and you'll be able to throw touchdowns like Brett Favre. Or talk on the radio just like Rush Limbaugh." Then I cry. But seriously, you never know when you'll need some of that Ritalin you took in elementary school.

**Drink Lots of Water:** When I was sick in Los

Angeles, the doctor told me to consume water. I did. Then, I got dehydrated and went back to the hospital, slurring like Courtney Love after a coke binge. The M.D. told me I needed to drink Gatorade, too. So screw water. Drink Gatorade.

**You Only Have One Body; Take Care of It:** You've heard of the freshman fifteen. Well, I've seen the freshman fifty! If you don't take care of your body, it will perform like a Czechoslovakian car. Then you'll really be in trouble! Drink as much beer as you want, though! You have two kidneys and they're way overrated, anyway (my liver told me to write that).

**Have Fun:** If lucky, you'll live to be 75. If you're 18, it means you only have 20,805 days to live. Have fun now.

**Be Responsible:** Remember my soap-stealing roommate? Well, during our freshman year, he would party all night and sleep until 4 p.m. the next day. Fun fact: he missed a lot of classes. I, on the other hand, always went to class. After our first two semesters, he had a 1.4 G.P.A. I had a 3.something. Now my old roommate makes 40-grand a year. I, on the other hand, am a writer. Damn it!

**Leave Erie:** I learned more in the 22 months I spent in Los Angeles than the 23 years I lived in Erie. To grow, one needs to experience new things, like neighborhood police pursuits and abusive fashion model girlfriends. After being made fun of by a 5'4", 110-pound beauty, everything's put in perspective.

That's the end of my editorial. I have to go now. It's time I cry into my favorite washcloth.