

HUMOR

The people who count will get it

Truth Behind REDC revealed

By Annie Sevin  
editor in chief

Last night at the Smith Chapel during the Senior Experience Kickoff, a surprise guest announced some changes for Behrend. Dr. Bill Wonka, a wealthy engineer, contractor and philanthropist, addressed the attendees as "friends" and promptly began unveiling Behrend's biggest secret – the REDC.

For the past year, students and faculty alike have been under the impression that the REDC was being built to house new engineering classrooms and conference centers. However, Wonka has donated the money the school is using to pay for the multi-billion dollar building. His only condition was that the REDC be built as a replica of one of his designs, his "home," as he called it.

At this point in the unveiling, spectators became confused and stood up one by one and shouted questions at Wonka. Dr. Georgina, Lecturer of Marketing Emeritus, asked, "Are you telling us that a Penn State building is going to be a replica of your own house?"

That was the only question Wonka answered all night by replying, "My dear lady, I do not live in a house, I live in paradise and that paradise has been brought to Behrend's Lot 403."

Wonka ignored the other questions by saying they needed to be submitted in writing. He showed the audience the blueprints for the exterior of the building. Everyone agreed that the design looked good, but that the REDC looked nothing like the blueprints. Wonka, however, preempted this obvious question saying, "Obviously the building looks nothing like these images because my workers have only just arrived to help with the finishing touches."

Then, Wonka blew a tiny whistle and 1000 or so stout, extremely sunburned, green-haired men marched into the chapel. Wonka proudly announced that his workers, Loompa Nationalists, would be staying at Behrend for the duration of the semester to oversee the final stages of construction.

Wonka encouraged all attendees to extend a warm welcome to the Loompa Nationalists during their stay to make them feel more at home, who incidentally just signed a peace treaty after fighting a long war. Loompaland, the original name of the Loompa

Nationalists country, has recently split itself into two separate nations: Loompaland and Loompa Republic, the Loompa Nationalists hailing from the latter.

Wonka says the building will keep its intended functions for engineering students and it will look pretty much as it does now with the exception of four large smoke stacks set atop the roof. Also, he has donated extra money to have a 300 square foot water fountain erected in the main lobby. For reasons unknown, Wonka also insisted that the fountain be named "Bucket."

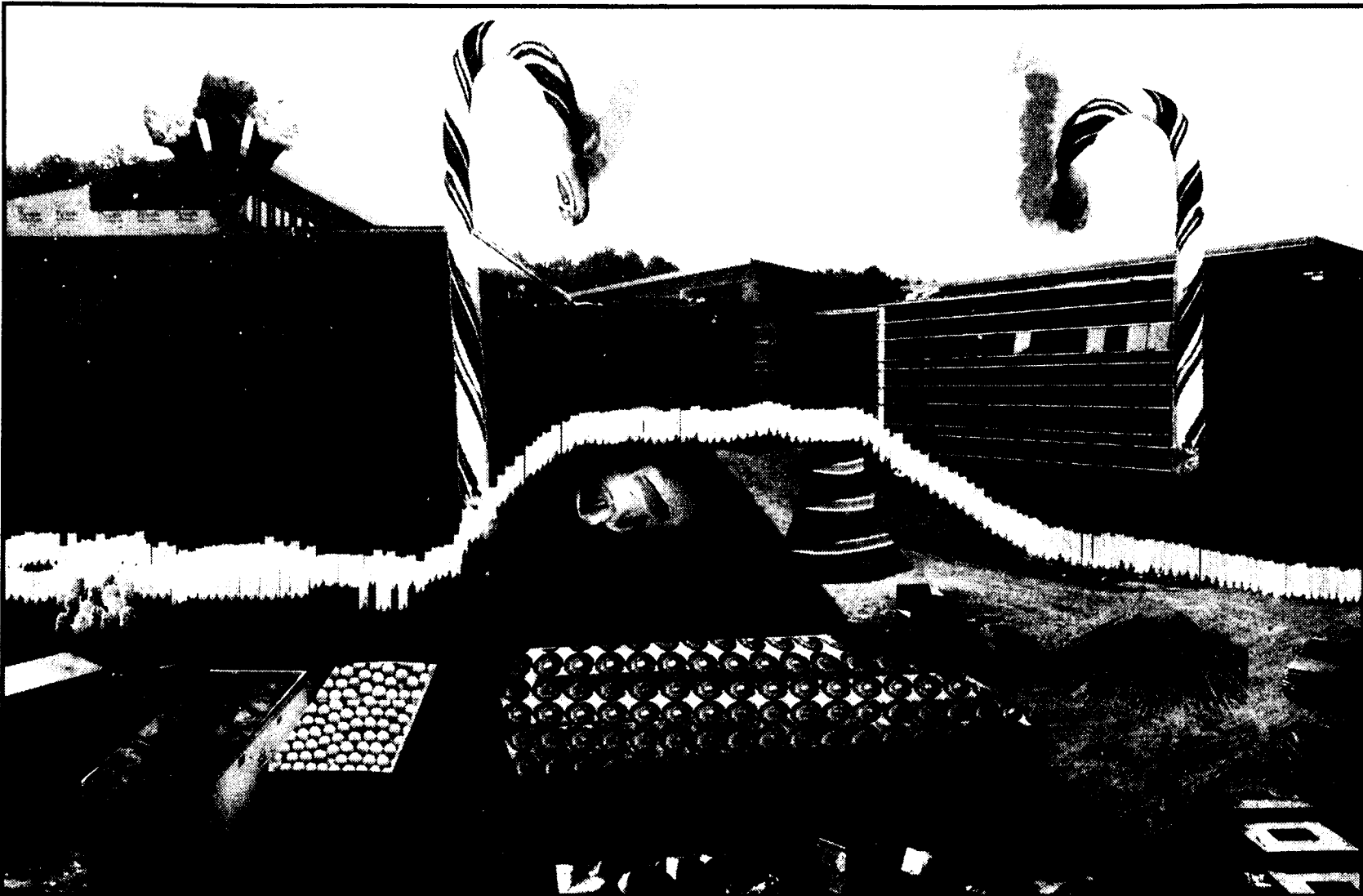
Toward the end of the meeting, Stanley Kael asked, "So, what will the new REDC look like?"

Wonka replied, "A masterpiece my dear friend, a masterpiece," to which he added in a sing-song voice, "If you wish to view paradise, simply look around and view it."

The audience arose in a standing ovation at Wonka's remarks and he promptly bowed and left the building. Afterward, some lingering audience members were protesting the "surprise plans." An anonymous English professor said, "Yo man, I can't believe dis cat thinks he can jus bust up in here and lay down trippin' plans for a factory-like monstrosity."

Science Department Representative, Dean, said menacingly, "I intend to work closely with Wonka, together I think we can bring a new flavor to the campus." Dean was unavailable for further comment as he was laughing maniacally.

Chancellor Jack Burke agreed with the protestors, but stated, "With Dr. Wonka's plans already set in motion, not to mention his army of Loompa Nationalists patrolling the school, there is little anyone can do to stop the new phase of construction on the REDC."



Michelle Vera Suroviec/THE BEHREND BEACON  
At the nearly completed REDC, large quantities of chocolate, corn syrup and artificial flavor sit in crates. Photographs reveal what appears to be a manatee.

Facebook.com  
Profile of the Week  
James Bond

One of Penn State's most successful Alumni is the class of '62's James Bond. Born in London, he returned to England after earning his Criminal Justice degree. During his time at various Penn State campuses, James was known for wearing tuxedos to class, testing Engineering students' jet packs and classily drinking martinis at every party he attended. 007 made a grand entrance at the last reunion by parachuting from a helicopter, landing shortly after the burning corpse of a cyborg.

<http://psu.facebook.com/profile.php?id=9332141>  
<http://psu.facebook.com/profile.php?id=9334241>

Editor's note: Facebook.com Profile of the Week is a showcase of creative profiles from the website Facebook.com. This is not affiliated with the creators, owners or operators of the site.

Random Ramblings  
auditions

By Michelle Vera Suroviec  
copy editor

One time, my whole body turned purple. The doctor thought it was an exotic spider bite since my mom bought me a pillow from Japan. I was under quarantine, but the chorus teacher wouldn't cut me any slack for the upcoming audition, so I had to go if I wanted a part, even though I was under doctor's orders. So I wore a bunch of clothes to cover my diseased-looking body and they thought I looked great, you know, coming to the audition in character at all. I got the part and spread the virus. Nobody noticed the change in attendance because it was hunting season. The town Indian would sell people deer urine packs for good luck. He usually goes door to door on his bicycle selling honey, but I think he got hit by a snowplow one year. The snowplow gets our mailbox every year. Either that, or my ex-boyfriend got his hands on c4 again.

Coming to America...err...Erie

By Chris Petrowski  
contributing writer

I am a Philadelphian through and through. Cheese steaks and soft pretzels are my breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It is literally impossible for me to walk down the street without saying, "Ay, yo!" to someone.

At this point, some of you may be wondering, "Why is this kid in Erie then?" or "Why am I reading the humor page?" Probably more the latter than the former.

I cannot give you an answer to why you are reading this page, because I wouldn't; however, I can give you an answer as to why I am in Erie: I was drugged, tied up, thrown in the trunk of a car and taken here against my will (read: I wanted to get away from my parents).

I have only been here for a week and I'm already beating myself up over my decision (literally).

How, in my right mind, did I decide that hicks, buckteeth, cow tipping, 20 mile car rides to the nearest anything, peace

and quiet and hospitality could be better than what I had?

Seriously, sometimes the people up here are so nice that my old Philly habit kicks in and I immediately suspect they want to mug me.

And this place gives a whole new definition to "peace and quiet." You see, in Philly, "peace and quiet" is defined as "a temporary break in various noises, which include, but are not limited to: gunshots, loud car stereos at four in the morning, fights on the corner over illegal drugs, police and ambulance sirens, the crazy homeless guy walking down the street with his louder-then-a-747 shopping cart, etc., etc., etc."

But up here the quiet is so...umm...quiet, that I can sometimes actually hear my roommate's thoughts of becoming a ballet dancer against his father's will. Weird.

Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that I would rather walk around Philadelphia and witness a mugging, a drug deal and a murder all on the same block, than toss cow chips out in the middle of nowhere. But then again, who wouldn't? ...Okay, maybe it's just me.

Sticking it to the tech support demons

By Sarah Weber  
Main Campus correspondent

There is no worse feeling then when your Internet is bogging down. Not because you can't check your junk mail, play online chess or watch "Hamster Dance" at a satisfying speed, but because when that rodent hoedown chugs to a halt you will be forced to call your internet provider.

The first thing your internet provider will do is send you through their automated voice system to determine if you are worth talking to. They start with a very broad question like, "Are you subscribed to our Internet service? If so, press one. If you are not and you would like to be, press two. If you are not sure, please stop plugging up the line, you knuckle-dragging mouth breather."

After going through about 43 other questions that prove to the Internet company that you are in serious need of help (i.e. your Internet connection is moving at the speed of an overweight sloth trapped under something heavy), they will give you the option to stay on the line and talk to a technical support specialist. The only words more feared in the English language than "stay on the line" are "technical support specialist."

Remember those kids in high school that wore headgear and got out of kickball to fix the school's server? Well,

those who didn't make it at Microsoft are now back with a vengeance as "tech support." If the Internet company is hell, these guys are the demons stabbing everyone with their little red pitchforks just because they can. Not because they are bigger or smarter than anyone else, but because they have the power to shut off your Internet and, therefore, have you by the balls.

But before you can even talk "tech support" you have to survive the 'stay on the line.' When taking temporal inflation into account, this is the mathematical equivalent of 40 years in the desert. During this time, they use psychological warfare to try and get you to drop the call. To the tones of peppy classical guitar music, every 30 seconds a friendly voice will come on the line and say, "Thank you for calling Acme Internet. Your call is important to us. Please stay on the line."

The colossal incongruity between this recording and the epic battle you've just gone through to talk to someone will often cause massive hemorrhaging inside the brain. Interestingly, communications majors are unaffected by this and merely become annoyed by the wait.

If you are one of the lucky few who survive the recording, do not give into your bodily functions at this stage in the game. It may be hours before a tech support specialist frees himself up from

his Tetris game to take your call, but do not set the phone down to go to the bathroom and do not get yourself a snack. Tech support has specialized equipment to let them know when you are least likely to be prepared to ask your question.

For example, if after 20 minutes of waiting you think it's safe to get a bowl of Raisin Bran, the tech support demon will wait until you have a slurped a mouthful and then pick up the line. The conversation will then go something like this:

"Thanks for calling Acme Internet. Please state your account number."  
"(Gruggle, snort, cough, cough) I (gag, cough, gasp) need (snort, cough, cough) HELP."  
"I'm sorry Miss, you seem to be breaking up."  
"(Gargle, cough, gasp) No!"  
"Please try calling us again when you have a better connection." \*click\*  
" NOOOOOOOO (cough, cough) OOOOOOO."

So remember, kids, there is only one winner when you call tech support, and if you are going to get those hamsters merrily bouncing across your desktop, that winner better be you. So strap on your Depends, insert that feeding tube and make yourself comfortable. They'll be with you in "just a moment."

Killer lasers  
take place  
of outdated  
pointers

By Dale M. Harvey  
contributing writer

Technology is developing at a startling pace, so fast that existing technology is merging into the crazy, super-cool robot servant era of technology. It's true, because I read it somewhere. Or maybe it was a game. It doesn't matter, anyway. For example, I saw information about a new government sponsored technology creation program where people fuse human technology with the technology of an alien race called the Asgard.

One of these uber futuristic pieces of technology is known as the liquid laser. One of these babies is about the size of a standard laser pointer. Unfortunately, a criminal mastermind by the name of Tommy Versetti stole the plans, evaded a star destroyer on a Rebel blockade runner and sold them on the black market, along with the plans for Metal Gear Rex.

Now, the implication of an army of bipedal, multi-terrain, nuclear capable tanks wreaking havoc on the world aside, the biggest problem in the world at this moment is the crisis befalling us in the form of killer laser pointers. Just yesterday, I heard about a teacher accidentally picking up one of these lethal killing machines and pointing it at a wall. The giant beam went through five walls, two dryers, six students, a teacher and the principal.

Fortunately, there has recently been a rather simple countermeasure developed to save the world from the doom of killer lasers in the form of mirrors. As a result, the freaky clothes look is back in, specifically the mirrors all over the body look. Therefore, all those people who keep pointing killer lasers at random people have started dying due to people wearing giant mirrors. Thus, the world is saved!

QUOTE OF THE WEEK There's only one letter difference between talking and stalking - KJ Margraff Jr.

Disclaimer: The content of this page is for entertainment purposes only. All information is a product of our imaginations. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental and unintentional.