

HUMOR

The people who count will get it

Secret ninja cult revealed

By Logan Stack
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When I picked up the Beacon and saw the vandal making a flying kick at the wall, only one word came to mind: ninjas. Clearly this man had training. No one can kick a hole that large unless they have the superhuman powers passed down from ninja to ninja.

I quickly discounted Geering's story about others encouraging the initial efforts of the ninja. Clearly this was the work of a ninja's mighty foot. I just needed to find him.

My search began at the hole in the wall of the million-dollar staircase. I found a tiny bit of cloth from the ninja-suit he wore hidden under the plaid outer clothing. My first clue!

I took it to the science lab to try to identify it. Unfortunately, I had no idea what I was doing. After pouring all sorts of chemicals on it, I had a puddle of gook, and its fumes were giving me a

headache.

I stumbled out of the room, muttering to my lab partner something about finishing the lab and cleaning up the mess. Stumbling around confused, I suddenly realized that I was immensely thirsty. In my "altered state of mind," I decided that the stream that the unicyclist jumped would be a nice place to drink from. I fell off the path into the pit of ivy on the barn-side.

After slaking myself in the stream, I realized I was wet. But when I tried to stand, I discovered the fumes were still affecting me. I fell into a bush and landed in some sort of cave. The cat that lives in that area was there, staring at me. The cat looked a lot bigger up close, but I did not yet recognize the importance of that.

Staggering around in the darkness, with only my cell phone's backlight to guide my way, I continued deeper into the hidden cave. It eventually opened up into a massive cavern! Within the cavern was a town, and most of the houses had rope between them. People were walking 20 feet above the street on these ropes, juggling daggers and balancing jars on their heads. I had discovered the secret ninja village!

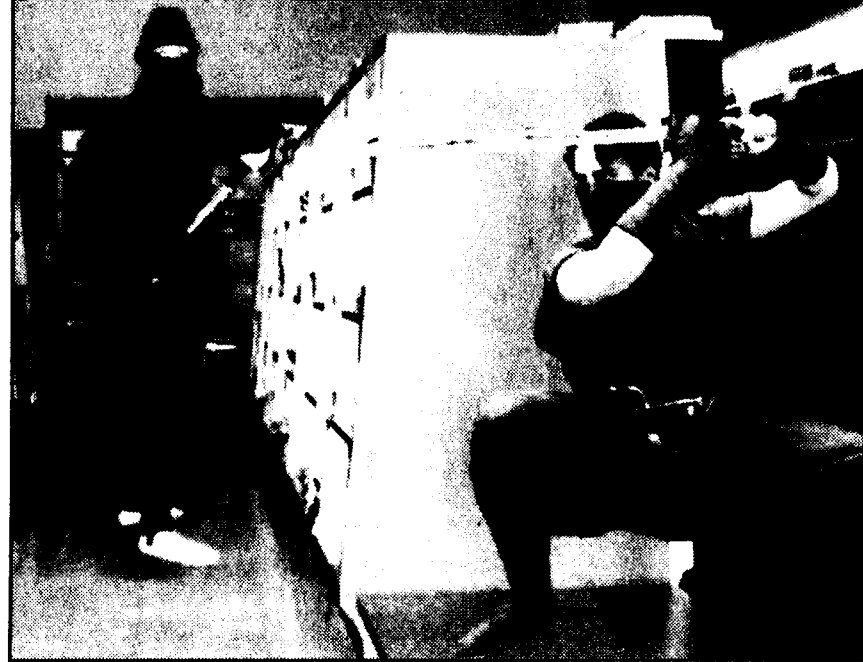
Of course, I was immediately surrounded. The cat was there, but he stood up, and was wearing a mask over his face! The cat living in the bushes was really a ninja guard in disguise.

I was bound, gagged and put on trial. It was much like Kafka. Although they never told me my crime, from watching a lot of anime, I was



Bob Marzoli/THE BEHREND BEACON

In the dark of night the ninjas defend Behrend from the gorge pirates, driving them back to the stream.



Dan Dombrowski/THE BEHREND BEACON

Secret ninja training exercises in the book store, photographed for the first time.

able to surmise that knowing the location of their secret village was not allowed. My life hung in the balance. Because they hadn't killed me outright, I knew these must be good ninjas.

It only took them a few minutes to decide that I was so far from lucid that they would be safe from discovery if ever I told anyone of how I found them. But one thing bothered me still: why were there ninjas on the Behrend campus? I asked them.

"We protect you from pirates! They sail up the stream in the gorge, but when they come on campus the cat alerts us and we defeat them." I was a

bit skeptical, and told them as much. "Have you ever seen a pirate on campus?" they asked. Clearly these were highly skilled ninjas. I'd never even heard of pirates on campus.

"Thank you for defending us from the pirate scourge! Is there anything I can do to help you?" They replied with only one word: "turkey." Now I carry turkey with me at all times, just in case I see the ninja cat guarding us from a sea-bourn invasion by pirates.

Too bad I forgot to ask about the hole in the wall.

Random ramblings: Prostitutes

By Michelle Vera Surovic
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When we were able to adjust the antenna on our TV in order to get Fox, we'd watch Cops and see all the prostitutes. We'd all get together and say, "Hey, we should start a prostitution ring." Tons of girls wanted to join our ring, but they had STDs so we had to turn them down. But no one in our town could afford them, so the ring dis-

solved. My English teacher liked prostitutes, too. She interviews them for research purposes, or so she says. She's a redheaded nympho with webbed fingers. She'd grade our papers while she drove. One time she was driving me home, and after she dropped me off, she got into a car accident and had her arm in a cast. Now she doesn't have any good arms. The other arm had the webbed hand. Sometimes when I babysit for her, she'll come home drunk and pay me extra.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I'll pay you in kisses if you go get me free food."

~Chris Hvizdak

Cheerleader dismissed

By Kristen Michele Trott
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Behrend cheerleader Ashley Meyer, 08 Education, stormed out of the Behrend vs. Slippery Rock basketball game Wednesday after hearing from her fellow squad member that she had been "dismissed" from the squad.

Tensions arose early in the week when it was announced by coach Julie Campbell that it was time to make a new half-time routine. Coach Campbell left responsibilities to squad leader, Meredith German 08 Political Science, who quickly announced that the song should be "Milkshake" by the artist Kelis. When Meyer put in her suggestion for "Topsy" by J-Kwon featuring Joe Budden and Stack Bundles, German aggressively responded with, "Uh, no. That doesn't even make any sense."

When asked what made "Milkshake" the perfect song, German responded, "It's the perfect song to dance to. Kerry and Emily can do their arabesques and the other girls can perfectly demonstrate their flawless basket toss during that one part in the song where she is like, 'I can see you're on it/You want me to teach thee/Techniques that freaks these boys/It can't be bought/Just know, thieves get caught/Watch if

you're smart.' You know what I mean?"

Wednesday's game approached quickly and the girls were excited to unveil their new routine for the excited audience. Before half time, Meyer was seen several times sitting out on cheers. In one particular instance in particular Meyer was crying next to the Behrend Lion mascot. After the fact, when the Lion was asked about what he and Meyer talked about, the Lion responded, "I don't get paid enough to do this."

Two minutes before halftime, German confronted Meyer when a shouting match quickly perused. The last lines of the argument were recorded as such:

"Ashley, is this because I'm dating Pat now?"

"I don't care if you're dating Pat now. At least I'm not the fat one."

"That's it Ashley! You're dismissed!"

When asked what Meyer's future plans would be, she replied, "I'm not sure. I definitely know that cheerleading is in my blood." Meyer has since wrote to us saying that she is putting together a color guard team for anyone who is interested, and a "I Hate Meredith German" website. She asks that if anyone has embarrassing photographs, stories, or even suggestions to humiliate German that they contact her through her personal e-mail address of ilovecheeringandflowers1@hotmail.com.

Asian Death Flu

By Adam Zewe
york correspondent

It's springtime and that means two things: the end of flu season and the start of baseball season. Instead of waiting in line for scarce flu vaccines, we can now wait in line for Pittsburgh Pirates tickets, which are not quite so scarce. Actually, I think the team is paying people to take them. You also get a free pitcher with each ticket. Hurry up; all the southpaws are almost gone.

Pittsburgh's bullpen issues aside, what I really want to talk about is the flu. And not that achy, running nose flu you get every winter. I'm talking about Asian Death Flu.

Apparently, some genius in a lab in America sent 5,000 vials of the lethally deadly Asian Death Flu to labs all over the world. Apparently, he mistook the vials of Asian Death Flu for vials of Asian Death Stew, which I hear is very delicious.

However, instead of sending these 5,000 labs a tasty, cat-seasoned treat, he sent them what will most likely result in the deaths of millions of people. No one has been vaccinated for this flu virus since 1968 because Richard Nixon was in the White House and he hated everybody. So everyone younger than age 37 (i.e. everyone important) is liable to keel over of Asian Death Flu at a moment's notice.

The head of the World Health Organization (WHERE), Dr. Strangelove, said in a statement that, "Most of the labs, except those in Iran and North Korea, have reported that they are working to destroy the flu virus before it ethnically cleanses their populations for them."

This new development makes us question man's right to play God. It

drills to the crux of humanity itself. And it will make you really sneezy. This new flu virus poses a problem to everyone around the globe.

My question is, why do we have labs that keep these sort of deadly-sounding viruses? The answer is as much political as it is imaginary. President Bush has these toxic flu viruses safely stored in case he ever needs to get rid of Congress.

During the winter months, flu vaccines were supplied to all the members of Congress, as well as a healthy injection of estrogen for Hillary Clinton. How do the Congress people know what was put into their flu shots? They don't. They all could be getting "flu vaccines" filled with estrogen.

If, for example, President Bush decides one day to attack another country, unfreeze McCarthy and train him to hunt for terrorists, or get a different hairstyle, he can threaten Congress with flu vaccines (which would be filled with

Asian Death Flu). It's really very ingenious, which means that Dick Cheney really thought of it.

This is a very frightening situation, the fact that President Bush could kill all of Congress in one fell swoop. Wait...he could kill all of Congress in one fell swoop. All those stuffy Congress people who refuse to legalize crystal meth will be six feet under.

Eh-hem. I proudly support the Asian Death Flu. It is by far the best thing that this country has a hold on. Forget patriotism and American gumption, we have the Asian Death Flu and with it, a vice-like grip on Congress's figurative balls. I proudly support President Bush for his Congress-related mind-controlling techniques. I just hope he has enough "vaccine" for all of the lobbyists, too.

Well, that is the story of the Asian Death Flu. I'm going to go grab a bowl of Asian Death Stew and take Oliver Perez out for a walk. I can't wait for next year's flu season.



Jerry Pohl/THE BEHREND BEACON

Dying students regret ordering Asian Death Stew, having received Asian Death Flu.

Beacon Personals

By Melissa R Whitten
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MM ISO SF must be good at keeping secrets and enjoy "mysterious romance." Not looking for anything serious, would prefer someone with a flexible schedule and ability to be dressed in a hurry.

SM CF looking for a SF with little strength. Must have no combat skills whatsoever, must enjoy traveling to places such as Mexico, and preferably have no problem changing her first and last name. Looking for a girl who is into the "bad boy" type...literally.

SM looking for SF, preferably legally blind. Must believe it's what's on the inside that counts, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and that Star Wars is the greatest series ever created. No specific physical attributes required, but would like someone that doesn't mind being the attractive one of the couple-this is guaranteed.

ISO- In search of
S- single
D- divorced
M- married

W- white
B- black
L- leprechaun
CF- convicted felon

SBF ISO ML. Been down on luck lately- looking for someone to bring me things like rainbows, purple horseshoes, and blue moons. Up for a chase.

DWCF ISO S B or W M . RSVP ASAP with DOB and SSN ready. Please no BYOB- recovering alcoholic, must be OK with AA meetings as dates.

DF looking for S or DM with good communication skills. Must like to talk on the phone and Internet, have lots of pictures, and be ok with never actually meeting. Not looking for anything physical, must be good with your fingers...for typing.