

HUMOR

The people who count will get it

I Just Died in Your Arms Tonight Beacon Personals

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Valentine's Day is here. It is the day that we celebrate some priest getting his head chopped off for the sake of love or something like that. To commemorate this beautiful non-bank-holiday, I present a romantic story I wrote to trump all other romantic stories. To all romantics out there looking for the perfect way to say "I love you," if you can find a way to put this story to music or something, do it, because then you can sing this to your loved one and they'll be like "holy crap! That's the most romantic thing ever!" I call it:

The Spirit of Valentine's Day

Okay, so this one time there was this midget-dude and a hot redheaded girl. They went on a date at a park for Valentine's Day, and there were birds and nice people and crap and they were having a great time. He played a song on his keytar (the ULTIMATE fusion of guitar and keyboard), and it probably had lyrics that were something like this story.

Before the song was even done, the red-headed chick was like "holy crap, that's the most romantic thing ever! Make me your spicy meatball." And they started getting sexy and making out. Suddenly the sky got dark and cloudy and ominous music started playing - something like Ganon's theme from Zelda, and there was fog, and everybody was like "Zoinks! it's the g-g-GHOSTS!"

But the midget kept his cool, he was just like "bring it." And that's when the ghosts brought it. These weren't your ordinary ghosts, mind you. They had sharp teeth and funky hair and glowing yellow eyes - eyes as yellow as the night! The midget said to the hot redhead, "You ready?" and she was like

"totally," and they did spins and turned into their true forms. The midget had bat wings and finger nails that grew to sharp points so they are like claws, and his girlfriend was a hot dominatrix with razor sharp throwing cards. The midget flew over this one ghost's head and drop-kicked him, then these other two ghosts came out of the bushes and the midget lectured them sternly. His power of persuasion was so great that they gave up then and there. Then the chick sliced this one ghost's head off and it flew and hit this other ghost in his ghost-crotch, and he imploded.

This went on for about an hour, then this wall of fire surrounded the midget and he was separated from his girlfriend, and they were like "oh no!" The EVIL GHOST SUPER-MASTER appeared. He was like the minion ghosts but he had a thousand arms and he was really enormous. The midget was all "whatever," and he waited for the ghost to throw a punch with a thousand fists before he ran up his arms and stuck a fork in the dude's eye. The master ghost then phased (because that's what ghosts do), and his eye was healed, and the dude was like "No way!" Then the girl threw a card through the wall of fire, and it was on fire (because it was a magical card), so he picked it up and sliced all but two of the master ghost's arms off. The girl took the keytar and makes it go "waaahrrrrllll!" when the arms got chopped off. The master ghost was stunned, and the midget was like, "Now poke your eyes out while you punch yourself in the stomach," and he knew he was beat so he did it and died from the dual impact.

They bury the master ghost and start getting sexy at the foot of his grave and everything is all right now - but the master ghost's arm comes out of the grave and now it's a zombie arm that's out for revenge because it

won't stay dead! It wants to kill the midget and the redheaded chick but they're getting sexy so it waits and watches them, and it's like "that was hot." (in zombie-sign-language), and the midget's like, "yeah it was, wasn't it?" He pulls out a shotgun and shoots the zombie hand. It falls down but then it makes a gurgling sound and gets back up and it's totally mad. So the midget is like, lit's time for clone maneuver #4." And the chick says "I guess it's the only way," so he presses a secret button on the keytar and then there's like eight clones of the midget that pop out when he gets hit with this silver-colored beam from the keytar.

All the midget clones stack up on top of one another and the chick has a tear in her eye because she knows it won't end well, but it's the only way to defeat the zombie arm. She kicks the clones with her foot to launch the clones at the hand, and they all explode one-by-one when they collide with the zombie and keep knocking him down. When it gets down to the original midget, the zombie isn't staying final-dead. The midget is all like "I'll love you forever," and she's like "I'll never forget you." They kiss one last time before she launches him at the zombie hand, and he flies at it and does an uppercut right into its zombie-hand-crotch before he explodes with awesome fury. The zombie arm catches on fire and flies up into the air and explodes like a firework into a heart. The heart-shaped explosion parts the evil-ghost-clouds and peace is restored. The hot redheaded girl is sad that her boyfriend died, but she will always remember his sacrifice and his love. She picks up his keytar and plays the greatest sad, yet triumphant, music ever. It is so good that she gets a killer record deal and Celine Dion cries.

By De'Adra Walker and Meghan Whitesel
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Thumbelina seeking Tom Thumb. Hoping for a fairytale romance. Must enjoy small spaces and have large view of the world.

Will Shakespeare searching to tame a shrew. Should enjoy theatre, the company of other men and the occasional summer's day sonnet. Must be able to handle personal drama and be open to the midsummer's night dream.

H.P. seeking witch. Young wizard looking for youthful lady of magic to enjoy quiet evenings in front of the cauldron. Quidditch and Wizard's Chess players are a must.

In case of snow
1 3 5
2 4 6 R
Drive Backwards
Thomas Workman

P.G. looking for Bond-like man to enjoy dry martinis, BMW's and saving the world. Must own Q-Jet and an Aston Martin. Being a Sean Connery look alike is preferred.



Michelle Vera Surovec

L.A. major seeking engineer to have "meaningful" conversations and to enjoy strolls around the lake. Should enjoy late-night cooking, a lack of personal space. Must look good in a tux. White wedding preferred.

White male seeking white female to enjoy 80's cover band concerts with. Must enjoy living on a prayer and shaking it all night long. Sharing hair care products and leather pants a plus.

Lonely on the weekends looking for part time friend. Friend only needed in the event that no one else pays any attention. Four hour shift rotations available.

Romeo seeking Juliet. Single male youth looking for young lady to marry in secret and feud with in-laws. The ability to read, perform and understand Shakespeare is a plus.

Website:of/the.Week

<http://www.lovecalculator.com/>

Abramoff mistakenly Funds REDC:

By Chris Hvizdak
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Scandal shook Penn State Erie this past Tuesday when Vice Chancellor Pro-Tempore of Academic Finances Timothy Gork announced that the REDC was, in fact, constructed totally with funds supplied by the now infamous Washington lobbyist Jack Abramoff. In addition to pleading guilty to three felony counts related to his fraudulent representation of native Indian casinos, it was disclosed that Abramoff also pled guilty to using a portion of his ill-gotten Indian Casino money to fund the construction of Behrend's REDC building. Abramoff was apparently under the impression that the REDC would in fact be an Indian Casino and not an educational facility, as the following excerpt from his official deposition indicates:

"I was thinking, 'hey, why should I go to all the trouble of playing Indian Casinos off one another when I can just own one myself?' How was I supposed to know that P-S-U was a college? I thought they were some goofy new tribe or something. Man, I could go for some crank."

As subsequent documents revealed, Abramoff believed that the acronym for Penn State University, PSU, was the proper name of a native-American tribe pronounced "Peaessue." Abramoff apparently believed that the "Peaessue" tribe had yet to cash in on its right to construct a casino and was there-

fore ripe for profiteering.

"They worshiped some stone lion and said all kinda primitive gibberish about how much their God loved them because he made the sky blue and white. How was I supposed to know they weren't red... err ... Native Americans?" said Abramoff.

Although saddened that the REDC had been constructed with dirty money, top Behrend officials initially thought they would come out of the debacle with a free building and no strings attached. Then Gork revealed that he had sold the land on which the REDC sits to Abramoff in exchange for a box of beads. When questioned about the transaction, Gork offered only the following in his defense: "What? I work at a college. Mardis Gras is coming up and chicks dig beads, if you catch my drift." Gork then proceeded to repeatedly nudge the person standing next to him.

As with all of Abramoff's property, the REDC has been seized by Federal Authorities pending further investigation. The justice department has already penned an arrangement by which Behrend may recover possession of the REDC that includes several minor stipulations to atone for the building's illicit origins.

According to the Justice Department, 30 percent of the square footage of the REDC must be allocated to gambling interests for a local Native American tribe. Both Pennsylvania Governor Ed Rendell and Chair of the Senate Indian Affairs Committee John McCain feel this will be great for both Native

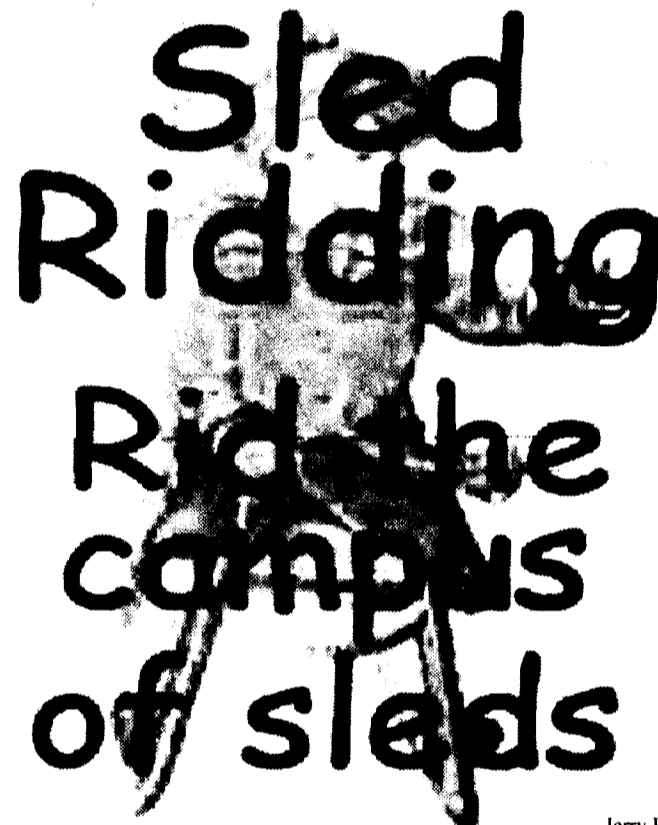
Americans and Erie County, as college students are notorious for having large amounts of disposable income. "The Behrend Community needs slots," said Rendell.

In addition to gaming, the Justice Department agreement requires that the space below the central mezzanine of the REDC be converted into a maximum security prison cell for Abramoff confidant and former Majority Leader of the House Tom Delay, who is likely to be convicted on numerous charges ranging from fraud to defenestration

Attorney General Alberto Gonzales indicated that a special facility would be needed to contain Delay's "unholy evil."

"We've tried a lot of different approaches to containing Delay; cement, titanium, cubes of frozen goats blood ... none of it has any effect. We hope the arctic cold of Erie will have a dampening effect on his powers." The containment of Delay below the REDC will be somewhat ironic considering the similarities between the educational facility in which students will be hired out to private businesses in exchange for internship experience and the widely publicized labor camps on the U.S. island of Saipan, of which Delay has been a great advocate.

Behrend officials have, so far, accepted the terms of the Justice Department agreement. Gork is apparently pursuing a means of registration by which PSU can officially become a Native American tribe stating that "If it's good enough for Abramoff, it's obviously good enough for the United States Government."



Jerry Pohl



Forget to buy a Valentines card? The Humor Page has you covered.

I'll get my dual handguns out for you, Valentine.
Especially since this cheesy card is the closest you'll ever come to true love.
Happy Valentine's Day!

TO:
FROM:

Michelle Vera Surovec

Quote of the Week

"You're allowed to be unreasonable. You're a woman, it's one of the perks."

-Jerry Pohl

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