

HUMOR

Heil to the Chief

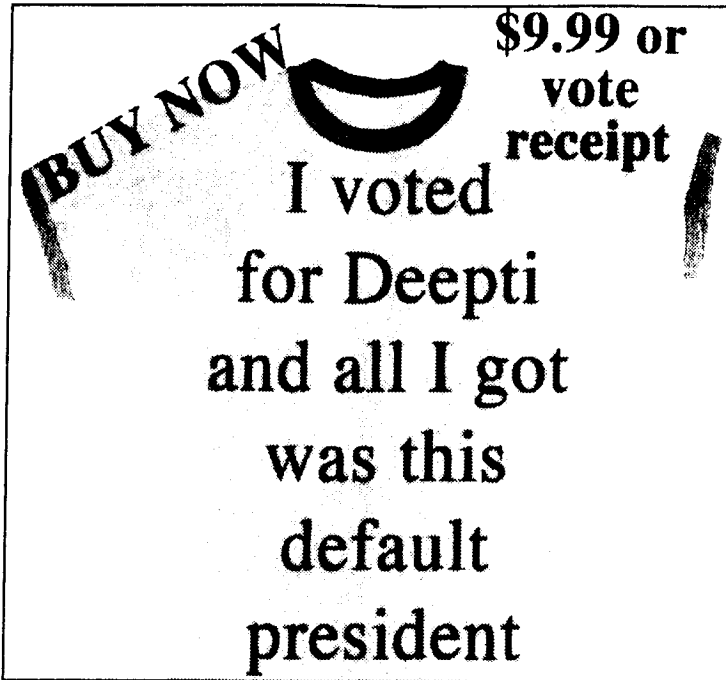
Democracy canceled

By Jerry Pohl
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Deepti Soni won a hard-fought battle to remain on the SGA presidential ticket, campaigned and debated. Voting began on Wednesday morning. At 2:47 p.m. the option of voting for Soni was removed from the ballot when the website was updated. After reading the Humor Page, Soni realized she could go to Harvard and that she could obviously do better than Behrend's SGA President. She dropped out of the race, leaving it uncontested, with the presidency going to her former opponent Meredith Straub, and leaving her former supporters at that president's waning mercy. In light of these events, democracy has been canceled. Students have been asked to choose between monarchy and colonialism by 5 p.m. Monday. The obvious question on everyone's mind is, "What is the SGA and why are you asking me questions?" Luckily, the Humor Page is here with the wild speculation the public demands.

Preliminary reports indicate that Soni is leaving because she is a pregnant secret agent in the Witness Protection Program. These reports were immediately discounted on the grounds that they were completely unfounded. Then information surfaced that Soni had been bribed, then blackmailed, then deported. This information proved to be unconfirmable when the source was discredited: the source being the floor manager at the Wintergreen Gorge Rumor Mill (Established 1954). Whatever the truth is, it is undoubtedly the most salacious scandal since Wednesday's SGA meeting when Ken Miller said, "Calls 'em as I eats 'em." This statement was followed by the longest awkward silence in SGA history. With the election now uncontested, SGA is scrambling to consolidate what is left of its crumbling legitimacy.

Students are outraged at the fact that their right not to vote has been taken away. Though most were not going to vote anyway, now that they can't vote, their right to choose not to participate in the democratic process has been taken away from them. "I was going to not vote to



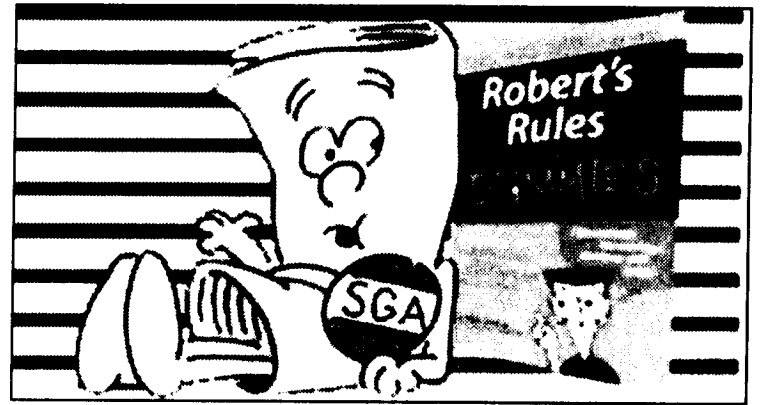
Jerry Pohl/THE BEHREND BEACON
Commemorative T-shirts available upon making them with a marker.

make a statement," said Luke Jones, 06 Political Science. "Now I can't event vote against democracy by not voting."

This is the second year in a row that the most popular ticket has dropped out of the presidential race after the debates. This has, of course, been cited as evidence that time is in fact cyclical. Scientists at Main Campus believe this is a localized phenomena caused by chronodynamic radiation released during an ill-fated attempt by Behrend engineering students to create a sundial with a minute hand. This demonstrates imperially that freewill does not exist; so philosophy is now complete, putting philosophy majors out of work, more so.

In a related story, Vice President elect Ken Middlemiss will be suspending the SGA constitution from school and placing it on academic probation. Quorum will now be something that is voted on, meaning that a minimum of two voting SGA members can vote that they have quorum and proceed to make official decisions. The complication of this is that several groups of senators can simultaneously have separate quorum and make conflicting decisions. Two senators made a unanimous decision to disband the SGA, a separate group of three senators impeached former President Alex Henderson in a two to one decision, and two more senators voted that all active Multicultural Council members are now voting members of SGA, giving MCC a controlling majority, if not for the fact that any group of two or more now constitutes a controlling majority.

Straub and Middlemiss will now enjoy the power they didn't earn and their ill-gotten stipends. Due to lack of justice and abundance of apathy, the majority of students and the entirety of SGA will recognize this administration as legitimate, as the student body has been recognizing SGA itself for the past several decades. Governance has now lost all credibility, next stop: journalism.



Jerry Pohl/THE BEHREND BEACON
The suspended constitution spends some quality time with a friend.

The end of the world as Bryce knew it

By Bryce Alexander Sayers
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This week's special is the death of the world as we know it. Good ol' Armageddon, the Apocalypse, Ragnarok, the big "Uh-oh." It is my mission to inform you that the end of the world is coming. I don't just mean coming; I mean this-semester-don't-bother-registering-for-the-fall coming. The first sign was the rise of a new world order in the SGA when one candidate uncontestedly seized power. To make sure of this I asked my magic eightball if the world was going to end soon, and it said, "Outlook not so good;" I couldn't agree more.

I feel that if the Apostle Paul could say that his acid trip was a vision of the end times, then why can't I make a similar claim? Sadly, I have to rely on a not-so-chemically-enhanced imagination to aid me in my vision quest, but I will do my best. One thing that Paul and I both agree on is that the end of the world will begin with a seven-headed-goat monster ruling the world.

Obviously, this will happen in America since we're the most important country. People will willingly elect the goat-monster because they will be tired of the bi-partisanship, and he will be the forerunner of soon-to-be-popular Animal-Human Hybrid Liberation Party. Little do they know that the goat is a servant of the devil. The devil will notice that his victory must be nigh since his spawn, the seven-headed-goat, will win the presidency, and he will begin his fiendish campaign on Mount Megageddon, a mystical mountain, the peak of which is made out of spaghetti (don't question it).

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese, the Earth will lose its poor meatball when Satan makes a sneeze. It will roll off the mountain, onto the ocean floor, and then the poor meatball will break down my door. The devastation caused by the titanic meatball will crush the Great Barrier Reef (serves it right), Spiderman, and the cast of Finding Nemo.



Mike Sharkey/THE BEHREND BEACON
The Four Horsemen of Megageddon ride out to destroy all those who fail to accept Alyson Hannigan as their savior.

It will be my journalistic obligation to tell the children of the world that Spiderman, Nemo and his friends are all dead. Of course they will cry, since this is all that children ever do, and the tears will overflow and soak suede outfits. Suede aficionados will lament their ruined garments, thus there shall be a greater flood of tears.

The tears will become raging waves that will try to wash over Alyson Hannigan and the lady on the Land O' Lakes butter label, but their hotness will cause the flood water to boil into steam, leaving the

ladies unharmed. In the skies above, the steam from their hotness will create storm clouds - magical storm clouds.

The clouds will form over Jerry Pohl and strike him with a bolt of lightning. Keep in mind that this lightning is magical, since it was formed in the clouds that were made by tears that were boiled by the hotness. Jerry will be revealed to be the chosen avatar of Nightcrawler. Then, Jerry, acting as Nightcrawler's avatar, is supercharged by the awesomeness of being a blue demon that can teleport,

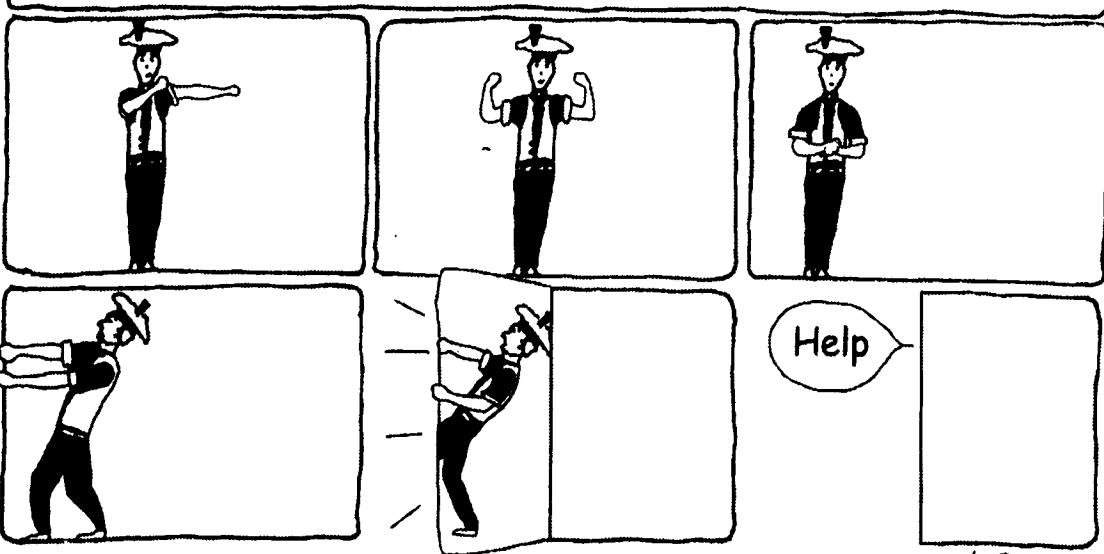
but he goes mad with power and punches people while riding a skateboard as he shouts, "I'm the devil!" The authorities try to stop him, but he evades them because he can *BAMF.* His guerilla warfare tactic of punching people and *BAMF*-ing away from retaliation will give the world leaders no choice but to surrender. Unfortunately, not everyone will accept the transfer of power, and a faction of those who favor Batman over Nightcrawler will emerge.

The war that erupts will be so chaotic that reality will tear itself a new one - if you know what I mean. You don't know what I mean! I mean zombies will rise from their graves riding skeletal dinosaurs. I mean the four horsemen will make bottle rockets that launch into the sky and the explosion will spell out "Happy Birthday" - but no one will be having a birthday that day. I mean the few men brave enough to travel the blood-clouded seas will be attacked by ninja-pirate hybrids with crazy green hair - hair as green as the night! Now, I don't know about you, but that really bobbles my bubble.

Naturally, many of us would like to escape this nightmare via spaceship and find a new home out in space. We need to take only the people we need to carry on the legacy of mankind - and me because it was my idea, and I called the meatball thing. Jerry Pohl, the editor of the humor page, can go too because if it wasn't for him, this gem of literature would never have reached you. As we learned from Dr. Strangelove, we'll need a ratio of about ten-to-one of hot girls to men to repopulate the species. I think we should also put in one more hot girl to keep track of the other hot girls; this will require the spaceship to get a separate hot chicks room...and another hot chick to maintain the hot chicks room.

So if you are a beautiful woman, and you are afraid of the apocalypse, which is nigh (it called me up and told me so), please send your sweet self and a donation of ten to one thousand to the Bryce Sayers get-the-hell-outta-here disaster fund. Every tenth donor receives a gift card for Sheetz.

The Life of a Comic, as told by Herbert Filby

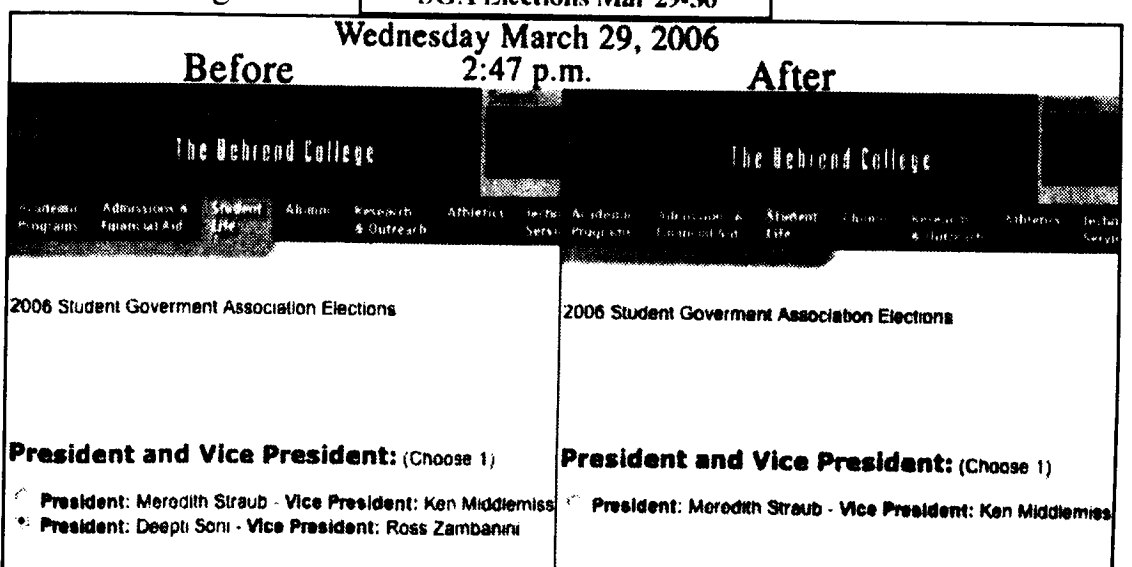


Mike Sharkey
March 23, 2006

SGA sponsored fortune cookie message ----->

Your vote counts...really it does
No for real, go vote!
SGA Elections Mar 29-30

Irony: see below



Jerry Pohl/THE BEHREND BEACON