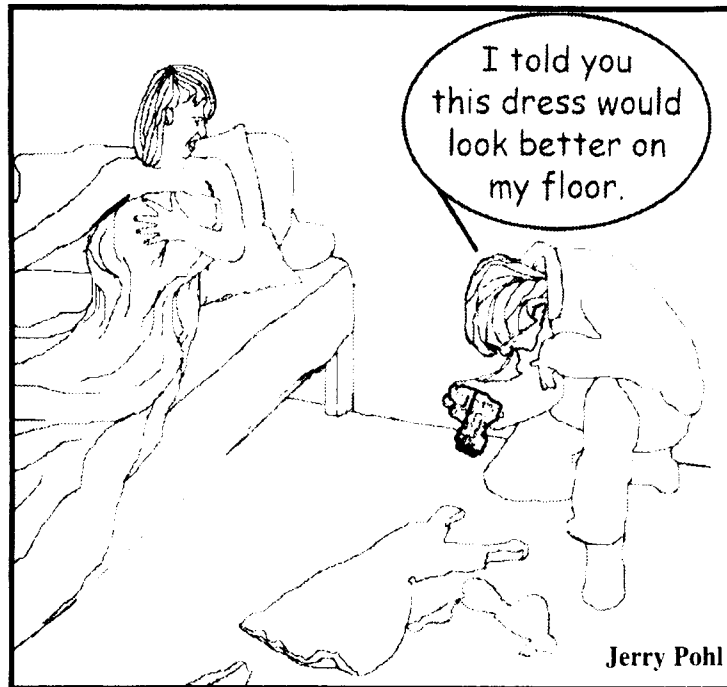


# HUMOR



Jerry Pohl

**The Humor Page;**  
**ruining it for everyone else.**

Jerry Pohl

## The world around you

By Ben Raymond  
humor page editor

After an extended leave of absence, "the world around you" is back to update you on some events that you may have missed and some you didn't.

On Wednesday, CNN.com's ongoing quest to maintain the highest standards of journalistic excellence boasted the headline on its frontpage, "Reporter sorta fuzzy about timing on CIA leak." Like, what's next?

Rumors have been circulating that Saddam Hussein's execution was staged, and that the former Iraqi leader is in hiding. So 10 years from now he'll still be releasing albums.

Congratulations goes out to James Wilson II, 84 of St. Louis, Missouri on for being the only winner of the most recent \$254 million dollar Powerball jackpot. In a strange turn of events, Wilson has decided to donate half the winnings to me. He just hasn't been made aware of his decision yet.

The Erie area was recently hit with a large helping of Lake Effect snow. This is encouraging for those who celebrate ski season, as well as, "it's snowing too hard, do you want to cuddle?" season.

A lawmaker is seeking to put limits on how thin young models can be in N.Y.C. Oh come on, who doesn't enjoy seeing a nice set of ribs - wait, no. That's what I said to the waiter at Applebee's last night.

I would also like to congratulate coach Ditka on getting back to the Super Bowl. This year it will be Da Bears versus Da Bears.

In North Carolina a doctor is working to develop caffeine infused donuts. Red Bull was quick to pick up on this new idea. They already have an idea for the slogan. Instead of giving you wings, the donuts, give you love handles and poor body image.

Miss USA Tara Corner, almost had her title taken away after she was discovered with cocaine on her face. Cocaine was one of the judges names.

This week in American Idol. Just kidding. I don't watch that junk.

Actor Daniel Radcliffe, who plays Harry Potter is receiving some harsh criticism for racy photographs for a British play "Equus." The story is about Radcliffe's character having an intimate love for horses. In the promotional material, Radcliffe appears nude beside a horse. There is a multitude of things to say about this so here we go. Magic wand joke, conjure up some pants. British people, umm... Harry Potter sucks?

In order to change the world around you, you should make an attempt to make every day a little different. To aid in this, here is a calendar

Friday: Bill Murray Day. Avoid all puddles and songs by Sonny and Cher.

Saturday: It's Saturday - relax. Honestly, that is not a tough decision.

Sunday: Superbowl Sunday. Whether you are rooting for Da Bears or Peyton Manning's team, make sure you have plenty of ice cold Coca Cola. Yea I know Penn State is a Pepsi campus. What?

Monday: Cold pizza day. It's the best cure for what ails you. Right KM?

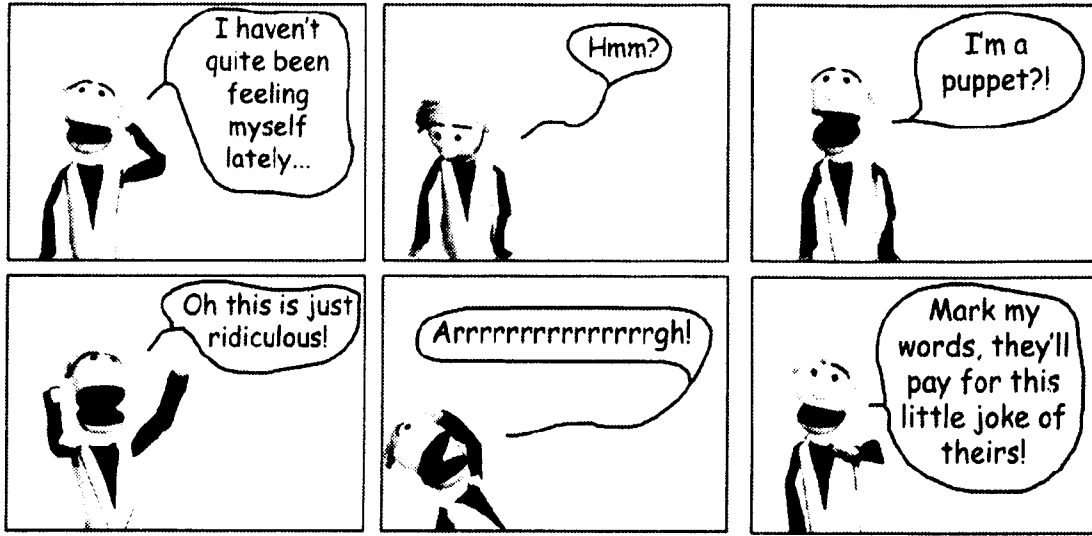
Tuesday: Opposite day. Do the opposite of whatever you normally do.

Wednesday: Make a new friend day.

Thursday: Thursday is now hump day. Thursday gets lonely too.

So take these suggestions. Take your own meaning, expand on them, make them your own. Add humor and fun to your everyday life. Do unexpected things. Why go through life doing the same thing. That is dull so go change the world around you.

### The Life of a Comic, as told by Herbert Filby



Mike Sharkey  
February 01, 2007

<http://HerbertFilby.com>

## I rant because I can

By Liz Cybulski  
staff writer

Before we dive into my weekly ridiculous statements, once again, I'm going to provide a disclaimer. If you don't like what you are reading there's a simple, one-step, solution to the problem. Stop. Okay, my babies, onto the sarcasm.

I don't agree with the "Contribution Theory" when it comes to roommates and doing the dishes. Just because I put one dish in the sink with the rest of your 521 dishes does not mean I have an equal part in doing the dishes. And no, the doing-the-dishes cycle is not completed just by stacking the dishes ceiling high on a drying rack and leaving them there. Put them away.

Not everyone gets beer goggles when drunk. For some of us, if you was ma-fugly at the beginning of the night, you're going to stay ma-fugly even three cases deep. Try someone else.

Engineers in general ed humanities courses. Normally, I don't have any issue what-so-ever with this. However, when one or two slip into a course and all they talk about in class discussions are matrices, Star Wars, and video games, an issue is created. First, it's not on topic at all, you peon. Second of all, you don't see me waltzing into engineering math classes just so I can sit there and talk about fru-fru humanities stuff in the midst of mathematical theories I can't even pronounce.

Seeing professors in local bars has one of two responses. These two responses are limited only to 1) "Oh \$%^& son" accompanied by a run, duck, and cover maneuver. Or 2) "Hell Yes" because you know they're the fun ones.

## New Orleans; what now?

By Jerry Pohl  
assistant to the humor editor

Fifteen months after it struck, Hurricane Katrina is making headlines again. Former failed Vice-Presidential candidate John Edwards announced that he plans to parlay his single senate term of experience into a presidential bid in 2008. He announced this from New Orleans, which is still in shambles following the filming of Snoop Dogg's Tropical Storms Gone Wild '05.

The victims of this tragedy that no one hears about are amateur soft-core exhibitionist video producers. "We've lost millions," said Joe Francis, creator of *Girls Gone Wild*. "Girls living in a FEMA trailer just aren't in the mood the go wild, drinking makes them more depressed, and if you give them beads, they just ask for food."

The fact that this tragedy has yet to be fully resolved has caused some pundits to begin comparing the situation to the ongoing crisis on Jupiter. The Great Red Spot hurricane has raged for over three hundred years, and the President of Jupiter, George W. Zeus, has yet to take action, claiming it is the responsibility of local authorities.

In a recent fundraiser concert for hurricane relief, Kanye West stated that, "George Zeus does-

Since Valentine's Day is right around the corner, I'll say a little something about dating. If within the first three dates your datee has more red flags than communist China, stop seeing them. And be honest with yourself, no, the sex isn't worth it.

Recently, the Minnesota State High School League had banned all wrestling competitions, practices, and direct contact between wrestlers due to an outbreak of herpes that affects the face, head, and neck, which was caused by skin-to-skin contact. Just in case dealing with the teasing from wearing a spandex onesy wasn't enough for wrestlers, this just opened up the playing field.

An Evans City man was sentenced to three years of probation, a \$500 fine, and ordered to take parenting classes after he took his 13-month old son hunting. After hunting, the man then left his child covered in a camouflage blanket in the SUV, with the loaded shot gun, so that he could retrieve the dead deer. By chance, could we create a written test for select people to take before they even think of procreating. Pretty please?

Best part about being a "grown-up" college student. Not only can you vote and/or drink, but when you go home and eat dinner with your parents, they will no longer force you to eat vegetables you seriously don't like or make you be a part of the normal population.

Just this past weekend my mother won 30 bottles of alcohol and a 30-pack of Coors Light in a raffle that my younger brother's high school held to raise money for the varsity baseball team. I don't know which is worse, the fact that alcohol was used to raise money for under-agers, or that I'm 3 hours away from 30 free bottles of liquor.

n't care about Ionian people," referring, of course, to the population of New Io, the city most affected by the storm. Mayor Ray Galileo promised in a press conference to rebuild New Io as an Ionian City.

Many Ionians have died because of the inaction of JEMA, the Jovian Emergency Management Agency. The levees built around the Great Red Spot have been ineffective because they are made of hydrogen.

In related news, President Zeus has been under public pressure to withdraw troops from Nereid, one of the moons of Neptune. Some have also been questioning the legitimacy of connections the president drew between the tragedy of the attacks of 7/22, when the Shoemaker-Levy 9 comets struck the planet, and the inclusion of Nereid in the general war on comets.

To capitalize on the 300 year-old only situation, tragedy-chasing politicians have descended upon Jupiter to announce candidacy. Early polling indicates strong support for an Alf/Mork ticket.

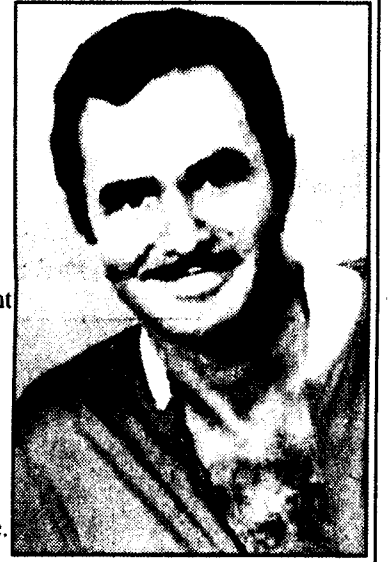
Not to be left out of the loop, Earth recently appointed Patrick Rhode, deputy director of FEMA during Katrina, as a senior advisor at NASA. Now space catastrophes can be handled with the same incompetence as the sinking of New Orleans.

## Top five of the week...

By Brad Kovalcik  
staff writer

### Top five things that should be man laws

5. If you have held a conversation with a man for longer than 30 minutes, his sister is off limits (unless she is a nine or higher).
4. A man cannot admit to enjoying a chick flick, unless it is brought up by a girl and it will increase his chances of hooking up with that girl.
3. A man cannot leave food on the plate.
2. There is still no perfect way of determining who gets the last beer. You should abstain until further research can be done.
1. A man cannot talk on the phone with a girl for longer than he can have sex with her.



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

## Cake, champagne, and ridicule

By Mike Sharkey  
photo editor

I shall never forget the horrors I realized one late November morning when, in my youthful ignorance, I consumed a rich piece of chocolate cake followed by a round of soda, which was meant to keep me awake for my 9 a.m. class. Among the known effects of caffeine, one of the more potent is that of acting as a natural laxative by increasing stomach acids and relaxing the muscles of the colon. To these facts, I had no knowledge at the time, but soon found myself experiencing them in earnest.

The class was an hour and a half lecture, discussing various authors of the twentieth century. On that particular day, the horror writer H.P. Lovecraft was the topic of interest. Little did I know that I was about to experience was more maddening than even the mind of Lovecraft himself could fathom.

With only ten minutes left in class, I began to feel a slight rumbling in my stomach, and I immediately realized that some unholy terrors were beginning to ferment. Indeed, that ill-begotten breakfast truly performed its duties in keeping me awake, for I feared that if I slipped out of consciousness at that moment, and failed to hold back the floodgates, a torrent of hell spawn would be released upon the lecture hall. Time began to slow down in the classroom, which is bad enough when one does not have a small steam engine rushing through his intestines. My vision began to blur, and tears came to my eyes. After what seemed like an eternity, class was dismissed. Oh, but the impending danger had not yet been cleared. Far from it. I had to make the long trek to the bathroom, or the government would be after me for experimenting with aboveground nuclear weapons testing.

I stumbled towards the bathroom with such a feeling of pain in my stomach that I could not see clearly more than a foot in front of me. With great

effort, I found the door and stumbled in. Luckily, there was no one in there, and I quickly began the process that can only be described as "uncorking the champagne."

I was just finishing off the bottle, when I heard the door of the bathroom burst open, and the sound of scuffling enter the stall next to me. Words alone cannot explain entirely what happened next, but the noises coming from that stall shook me to my very core. My little stomach attack was but a candle in the bowels of Hell compared to the downright evil, decay-stench coming from the next stall. The sound can only be described as a jackhammer pounding the left leg of a medium sized panda. I could visibly see the heat coming off the wall of the adjoining stall, which was now glowing red. The toilet paper in the dispenser burst into flames, and the lights began to flicker. Green gas started flowing out from underneath, so that I had to pull my legs up over my head to keep the skin from melting off the bones. The smell, oh God THE SMELL! It was all I could do to keep my sanity from shattering!

After an incalculable amount of time, the earthquake began to subside (though not without some slight tremors). The scuffling moved out through the newly formed hole in the wall, and faded off into the distance. I sat there for some time, not moving, for the shock had sent me into a delirium. Finally, after much mental strain, I managed to get to my feet, and stumble out through the stall door.

Most of the smoke had cleared thanks to the newly formed hole in the opposite wall where the meltdown had taken place). On my way out the door, I took notice that the room was lacking urinals. Once out the bathroom, I looked up at the sign on the door and horror of horrors, I had been in the WOMEN'S BATHROOM! I have heard that bad things can happen at certain times of the month, but from that day forward, I had a newfound respect and fear of those members of the opposite sex.

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