

"It tastes like melted Christmas decorations." - Christopher LaFuria

Thank You, Sober Girl

By Jerome Pohl
LA Correspondent

I have seen two oceans this summer, the Atlantic and the Pacific, along with plenty of the land in between. I think the further you are from the ocean, the worse life is. New York is awesome, L.A. is awesome, and Nebraska is the only place I've been that rivals Newark in how awful it is.

I'll start on the Atlantic, with a truly aquatic adventure. Have you ever heard of the Coney Island Mermaid Day Parade? Neither had I. Well your new editor Bryce and myself braved a midnight journey on the Brooklyn Q train to see the beautiful glittering isle before Thor Equities tears it down this winter. Que sera



Jerome Pohl/LA CORRESPONDENT
Yes folks, this event actually happened.

him. Toasty!
Our lust for violence quenched by empathetic despair, we proceeded to the confusion de resistance, the Mermaid Parade. The largest collection of lovable freaks outside of Anthrocon convened on ze izland du Coney to...well I'm still not sure. They had a parade, then a party, and the whole time they were dressed as - well the theme was mermaids, robots, cross dressers, pirates,

Mermaid Day is, and that it's their silver anniversary, and attempts to teach me to hula, hoop style. Well after a few blocks of rolling with the Merpeople, the lady in the blue fishnets pulled out a pack of Strident gum, and everybody became really happy; happier than you'd think one should be to see gum. She opened it up, and it didn't look like traditional gum. Well years ago I thought gum was only long pink rectangles,

then I saw a blister pack of Orbitz, so what do I know? Her "gum" is blue, and translucent, and paper thin; like those mint breath strips.

Don't infer ahead of the narrative, it's rude.

She didn't just hand the gum to her compatriots either. She put it on their tongues and gave them individualized bless-

ninjas -- picture Halloween in July, then get blessed with gum and you'll start to get it.

Well on the Subway ride home -- home that night being a friend's place in Brooklyn which I wasn't sure I could find -- we got enough Mermaid antics to make up for a quarter century of missed opportunities. The cast included, among others: a woman in a blue fishnet body stocking and a bra (and nothing else), a man in a hula skirt wearing sunglasses at 3 a.m. (drunkenly looping a song on the ukulele), a girl in a pink prom dress and tiara with a big fake scar across her face (for some reason crying), and a girl with a hula hoop whom I will describe as "the sober one," in that she was the only one who would say anything to me other than, "Woooo!"

So she explained what

ings. She put her hands on someone's cheeks and said, "With this gum, I thee wed." She shoved another's forehead back shouting, "The power of gum compels you!" It looked like fun, so I sat down next to her, said, "I want to get blessed with gum," and opened my mouth. Unbeknownst to me, it was a pivotal moment in the evening. Just before she was about to bless me, "the sober one" abruptly grabbed me by the arm, looked me in the eye and matter-of-factly said, "That's acid."

Since I wasn't sure I could find where Bryce and I were sleeping that night even with my wits about me, I decided that this was not the night to realize that I could taste the moon. So I declined her generous offer and only got lost once on the way home.

sera as they say; it wasn't a real island anyway, just a place in Brooklyn.

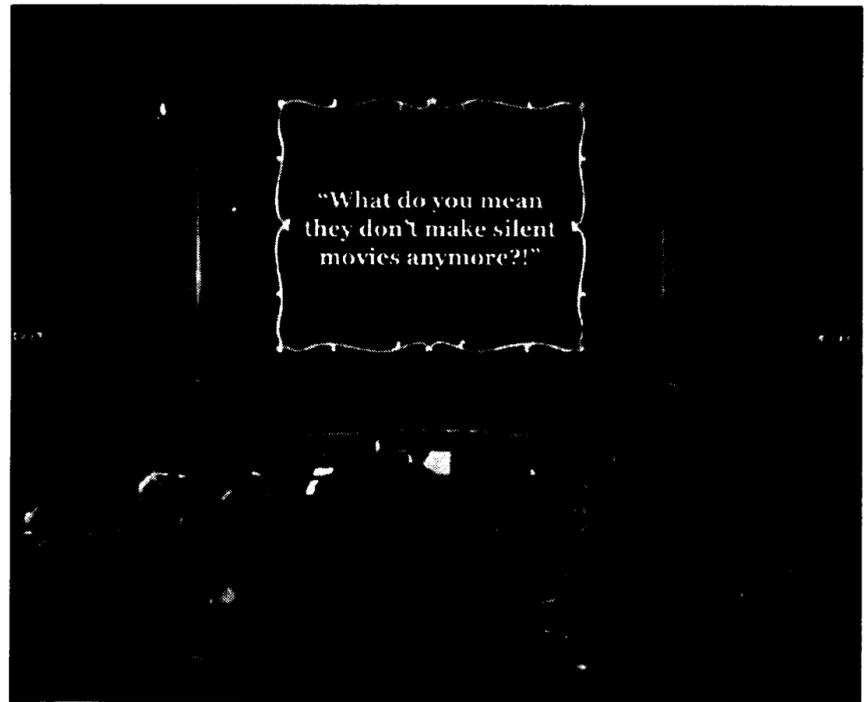
We sampled some famous overpriced cuisine, laughed at a crappy overpriced haunted house, and shot an underprivileged black child for the bargain price of \$5. It's a carnival game called Shoot the Freak. Before telling you that "the freak" is just some kid in a helmet, they sell you some paint balls and send you to it. This urban youth with a face mask listlessly stumbles before you, in what can only be described as an interpretive dance proclaiming, "I regret many of my life choices." You kinda don't even want to shoot him, but you've already spent your money, so you take aim and fire away. Bryce got in a head shot. Rampage. Killing spree. Finish

Adventure pt. 2 (Read 1 first)

Richard Simmons jumps out, and you let out a scream of terror. You rush through the open window, not remembering that you were on the second floor of your house. Thankfully, you land on a trampoline that happened to be below your window. Unfortunately, the force of the spring hurdles you up through the air and into you neighbor's pool. Luckily, your hot neighbor is in the pool, and offers you a happy ending. Sadly, your neighbor is a 54

year old hairy male playboy. You rush out of the pool into the road, hoping to find a car to help you. Indeed, a car does slow down to help, but as you round to the driver's side, you catch a glimpse of your reflection in the window... Yes, you are infact Richard Simmons, and what you saw was your reflection in a mirror in your house. The car speeds away into the night, in terror.

The End



Mike Sharkey/THE BEHREND BEACON

A scene from one of the final films from the silent era, circa 2004.

Have Something Funny? Submit to me!

By Bryce Sayers
Humor Editor

Here at the Behrend Beacon, we are dedicated to bringing you only the best in humor. Unfortunately there are only so many regular contributors and we can only do so much with the content they (I) provide. Now is the chance to be heard, or at least read! Have a comic? Perhaps a funny picture or story? Maybe you have a controversial opinion article that you want to sneak into the paper under a sea of jokes, it all works, and if it can sell in Penn State Erie, it'll sell anywhere. Get your start at the humor page. Submit original works in Word or Photoshop compatible format to me, Bryce Sayers at Bas5004@psu.edu. Be sure to indicate in the subject line that it's a contribution to the humor page and include your full name in the message. For typed contributions it is highly recommended to include your name and title in the work itself. Remember, if we can't credit the author, we can't print it. You have only yourself to blame.



Mike Sharkey/THE BEHREND BEACON

In an alternate timeline, old George McFly travels back in time in Back To The Future.

Reasons why Penn State Behrend does not have a NORML Chapter

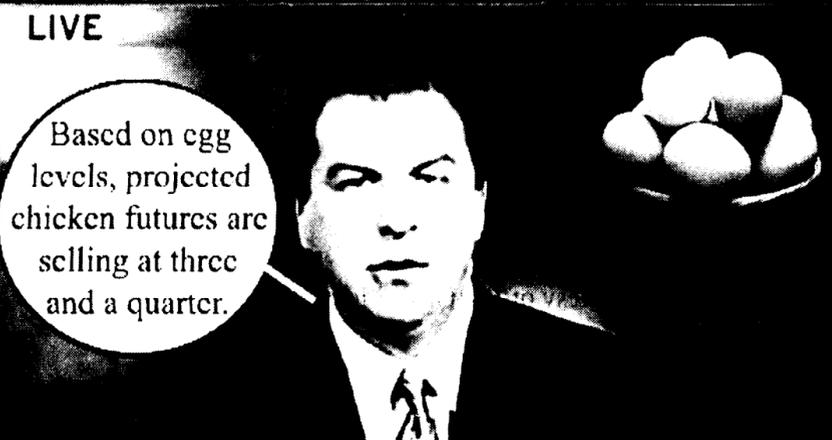
By Bryce Sayers
Humor Page Editor

NORML, or the North American Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws, is the club for people in favor of at least partial legalization of cannabis use. While Behrend, fortunately (or unfortunately) currently does not have a NORML chapter, though if it did, these might possibly be some of the consequences if such a club was established on campus:

- Too many engineering majors would make their senior project "building the perfect bong."
- There are no places to eat on campus open late at night
- A negative stigma would be attached to the club by the balcony people who would confuse "NORML" with "Normal"

- Too many sociology and political science majors would title their senior theses "There'd totally be no more war if we all just smoked a bowl"
- The journalism department would have to accommodate for a Gonzo Journalism sub-major.
- The humor page might actually become funny. Whether or not this would be due to an increase in objective quality, however...
- The limited space at the Union building would require the club to share a room with another club. The NORML nameplate would inevitably be a hot potato passed between the rest of the student organizations.
- Aqua Teen Hunger Force: Movie Film for Theatres would be the LEB feature several weeks in a row.

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Jerry Pohl/LA CORRESPONDANT

Choose Your Own Beacon Adventure

By Mike Sharkey
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Pt. 1

You pick up a copy of the Behrend Beacon and start reading the Humor Page. It looks rather bleak, but a certain article catches your eye. "Choose Your Own Beacon Adventure," and you start to read. It says:

"Continue reading if you dare! The choices you make will affect how this article ends! If you choose incorrectly, you will suffer a terrible fate!"

Of course, you take this as literally as you would seeing a spam e-mail telling you how to grow your... well you don't take it seriously. Since your class has already started, and you've already missed the quiz you were supposed to take, you sit and continue reading.

"You're sitting in your room, listening to music through a set of headphones when you think you hear a noise coming from outside. Pulling your headphones off, you look out the window, but your eyes cannot focus in the black night. Thinking it was nothing, you return your headphones back to your ears, and start up Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' again. There, you hear the noise again, and get off your bed, throw on your pants, and head out with a flashlight.

"There are two areas of the house that were always creepiest to you, the second floor and the basement.

If you search the upstairs, read section "pt. 2" to the left.

If you search the basement, read section "pt. 3" below.

Choose now!

Pt. 3

"You proceed down the stairs to the basement. As a child, you were always feeling as though something was right behind you, but you always tried to be brave. Tonight was different. There was a creeping sensation on the back of your neck, and a lurching in the pit of your stomach. Step by step, you proceed down the noisy stairs, trying your damnest to keep quiet, so as to sneak up on any hidden foes. Finally touching the cold basement floor, you curse the fact that you forgot to put shoes and socks on. Darkness reaches off in all directions, and your flashlight provides little comfort.

"THERE! You hear the noise again. You whip the flashlight over to a dark corner. Nothing. Behind you! Nothing. Ah ha! The

stairs whine against the force of some intruder's footsteps. You rush towards the steps. This is the last chance to catch the interloper!

If you rush to the upstairs, read section "pt. 2" to the left.

If you rush outside, read section "pt. 4" below.

Choose now!

Pt. 4

"You rush out through the now opened front door into a snowy winterscape. 'This isn't right! It's only September!' The frost nips your nose... oh wait! That's not frost! An elderly Jack Nicholson jumps out at you with an ax screaming something about Johnny Carson."

You put the newspaper down, realizing that the article made absolutely no sense. Standing up and getting ready for your next class, you suddenly realize that maybe the article was only meant to make you think. Perhaps there is a deep philosophical meaning to it all. Think about it.

The End

Disclaimer: All articles are for entertainment purposes only.