

... - Christopher LaFuria

## The inconvenient land between the coasts

By Jerome Pohl  
LA Correspondent

Cities are great places to be. Depending on the size they can have everything you want, or much more. Erie does not count as a city. This is not Erie's fault per-se; there just aren't enough people to make it profitable to have much of anything good in Erie. Places like Pittsburgh or Cleveland are better, but to really experience all life has to offer, you simply must be in a major metropolitan area, and my current home in Los Angeles is most definitely that.

Between the cities there are flat areas of sparsely populated land. While driving through this world, I turned on the radio for some local color. Let me tell you, people in the flatlands really love Jesus. He's bigger than The Beatles out there. And I don't know if you knew this but everything is a sign of the apocalypse. Increased college enrollment, that's a sign of the apocalypse. People using the internet, that's a sign of the apocalypse. Any kind of ethnic people, oh yeah, that's a sign of the apocalypse.

No one in Nebraska drives on the interstate. All I saw there were out of state drivers. Nebraska residents stay on their farms and listen to crazy preachers on the radio, they don't drive long distances. There be sea serpents and scary ideas. I found out later that there are two well known speed traps on stretches of highway in Nebraska and Colorado, in places so flat and boring you'll fall asleep going anywhere under 100. When I told one of my new friends I got two speeding tickets on the way to California she knew outside of exactly which towns I got them. I think a large percentage of the state income pie chart in Nebraska is speeding tickets.

Back in PA there was an unwritten professional curtesy that if you weren't doing something legitimately dangerous, like speeding through a residential area at midnight with your lights off, and you were respectful to the cop, they gave you less of a ticket than the maximum. Not in Nebraska. When they see you're out of state they know it's not worth your time or money to come back and fight the ticket, because they know your destination isn't Nebraska, no one's is, so they fine you as much as they possibly can and then some. I can't hold it against the cops though, I very much doubt they dreamed of joining the force when they were a kid and thought, "I want to stop people from going fast." They'd probably rather protect people from criminals and are almost as much a victim of ticket quo-

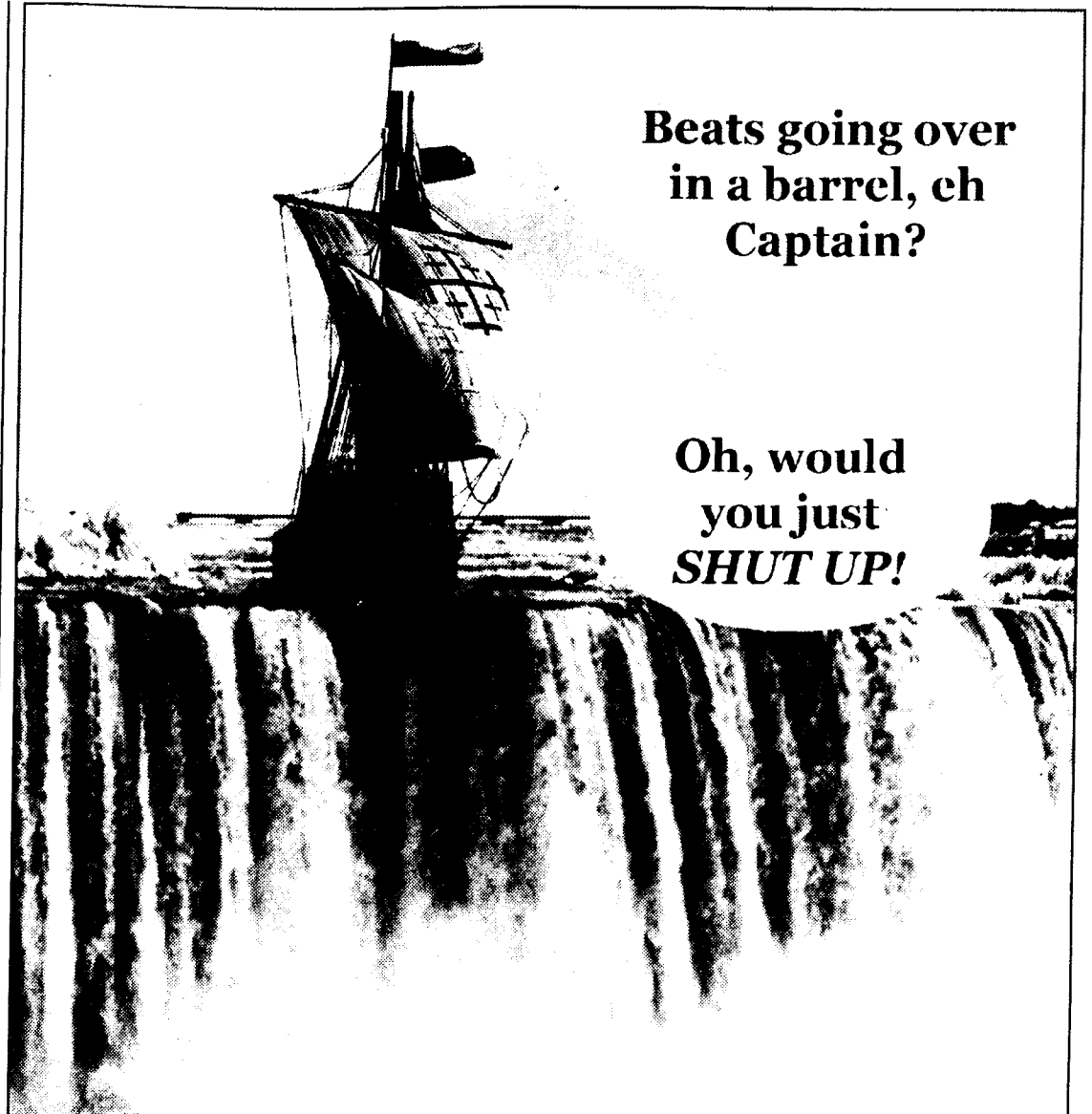
tas as we are. So I will instead direct any ill will at the states that give them such quotas. I will consider the extorted money a get-out-of-your-wretched-state-as-fast-as-possible tax.

The Rocky Mountains are a sight for bored eyes after escaping the endless fields of farm subsidies, and beyond them the desert has a beauty all its own. As I drove through this better part of the country, I figured out the trick to speeding. Find someone else speeding, and follow them, so they get pulled over. Don't follow to close, then you'll both get caught; just keep them in your sights. It's when you're the only car on the road, ironically when you're not putting other drivers in danger, that you'll get caught. When I got into Nevada everyone was speeding. I thought I had finally found a state that understood the concept of "they can't pull all of us over." But then I developed a theory. The casinos pay the cops not to pull anyone over, so when they get to Vegas they think, "I didn't get caught that whole time, it must be my lucky day, maybe I should try the slots." Cause if you get a speeding ticket, you won't be in the mood to gamble. They make more from gamblers and it's all about state revenue.

Fury of the Storm by Dragonforce supplied the music for my first sight of Las Vegas. Vegas was a feast for the eyes and ears, not so much for the nose and mouth. I was told I wouldn't like L.A. due to the smog, which it turns out isn't that bad, but Las Vegas is far smoggier. I got out of the car and it smelled like I was at in a crowded bar, at a gas station, in a traffic filled tunnel, in a burning oil field. I went into the Luxor casino for some fresh air, only to find it smelled worse inside, since many thousands of people there were smoking with one hand, and playing slots with the other.

After having feared and loathed in Las Vegas, I left to find a cheap place to stay just off the highway. Well it was about an hour before I got to an exit, there were 3 hotels there, and all were full. I said I'd try the next stop and was told, "Next stop's 2 hours from here. You're in the middle of Death Valley." So I slept in my car in a hotel parking lot and watched two guys on the second floor balcony argue over the ground rules of a threesome they planned to have with a rather unenthusiastic looking woman.

After getting lost and going half way to San Diego, I finally made it to Los Angeles. Tales of my journey to becoming the world's most famous and successful pornographer will arrive shortly.

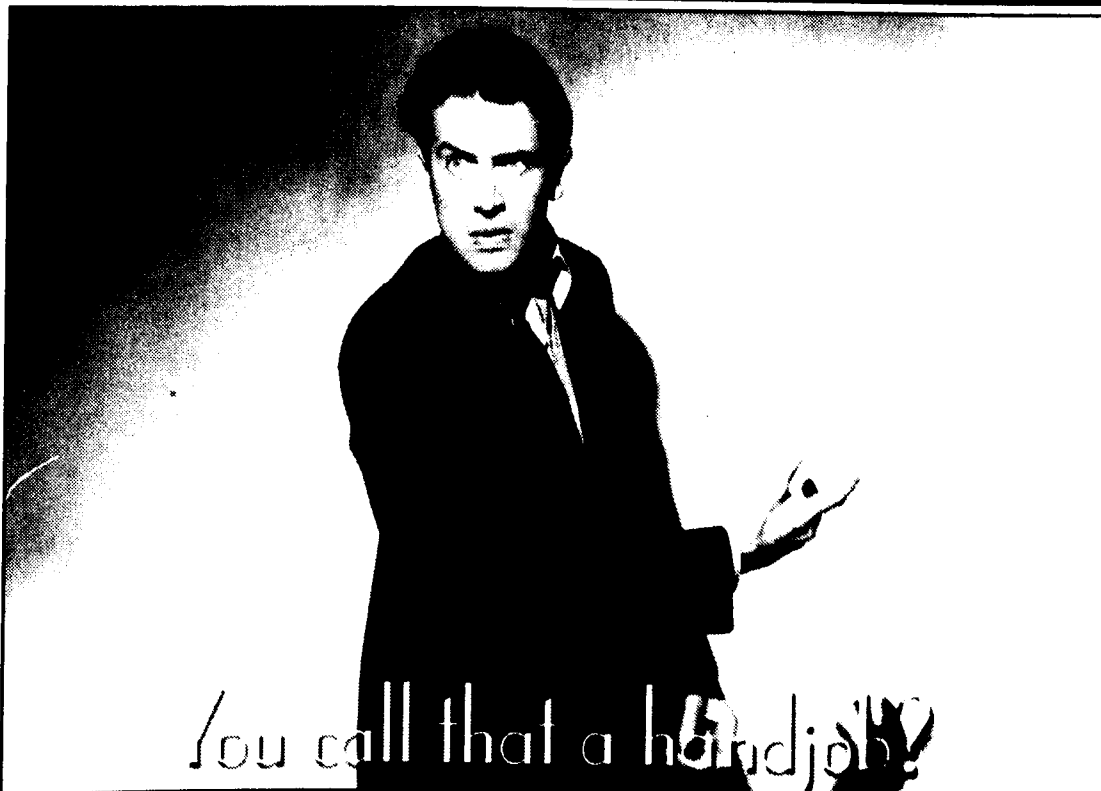
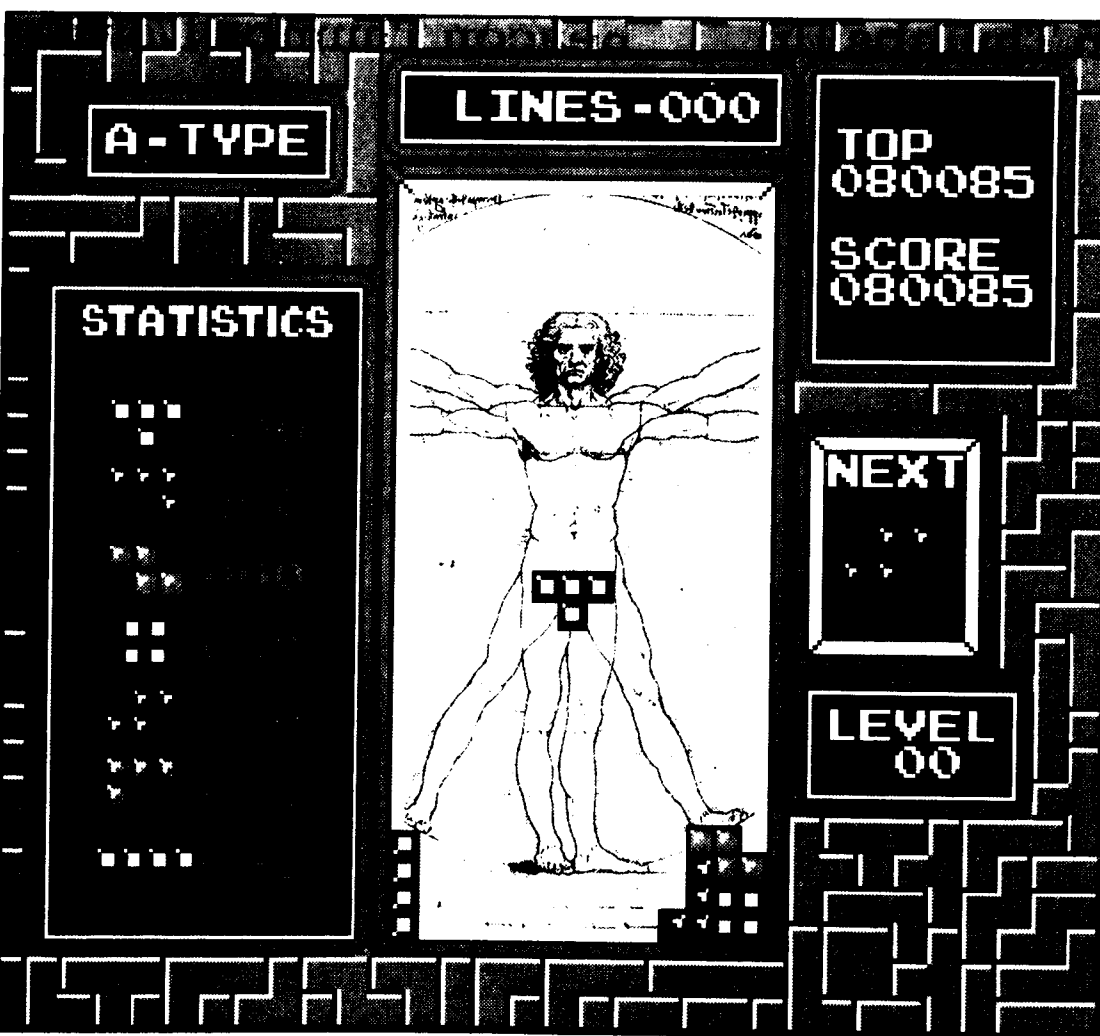


Beats going over  
in a barrel, eh  
Captain?

Oh, would  
you just  
SHUT UP!

Mike Sharkey/THE BEHREND BEACON

Christopher Columbus curses himself for taking directions from those damned Vikings.



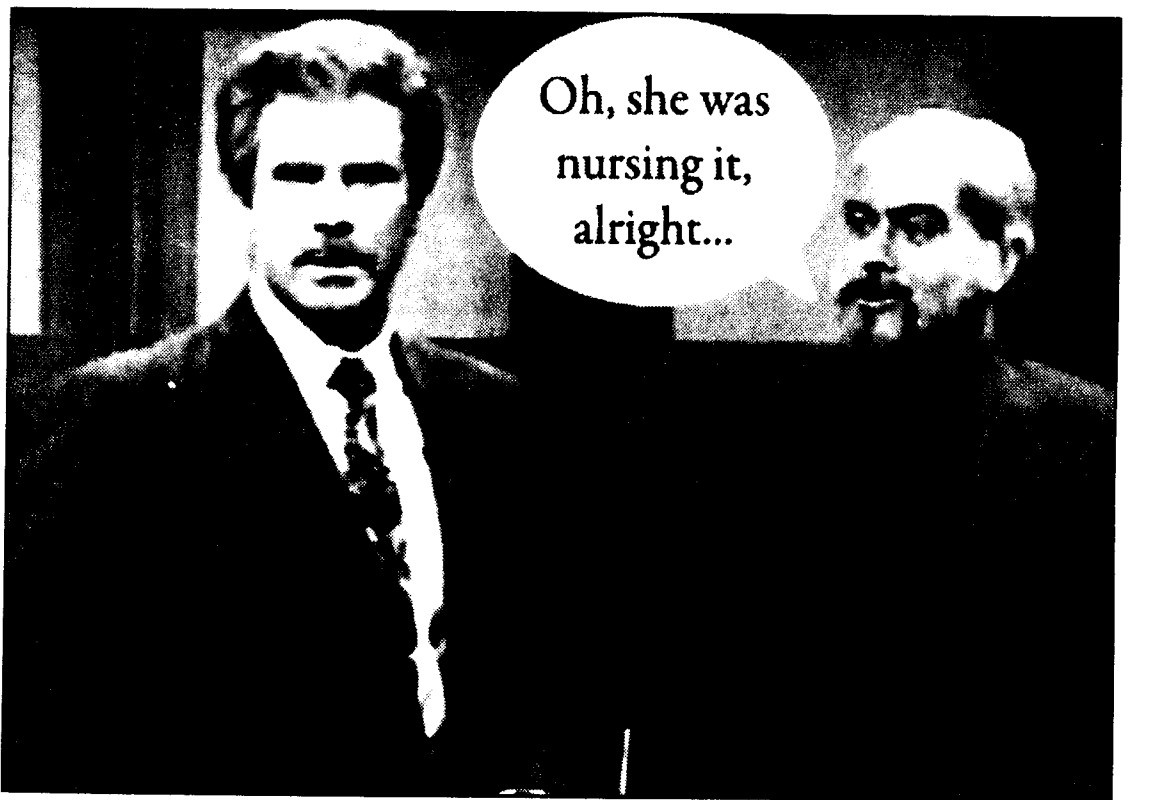
You call that a hand job?

Mike Sharkey THE BEHREND BEACON

Jimmy Stewart asks a reasonable question in a deleted scene from *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.

## Nursery rhymes have corrupted your souls

Have you ever looked back on your childhood, and truly thought about some of the strange stuff the adult world instilled in you as a child? Children's nursery rhymes are a prime example that even simple little phrases we knew and recited in school were in fact not as innocent as they seemed. Here are a few I found that makes me wonder...



Original "Children's Rhyme"

My commentary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells and cockleshells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.

Ok, this one may seem like it's just about some chick's garden, but at the tender age of 5, we all learned how to say a dirty word.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And said "What a good boy am I!"

Pervert in a corner getting down and dirty with someone named Christmas.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,  
Went to bed with his trousers on;  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John!

Obviously John likes getting diddled with his shoes on.

This one came up in my research, which needs to commentary. Though it's actually a variation on an old rhyme, I thought it was worth reprinting:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor daughter a dress.

When she got there, her cupboard was bare,  
And so was her daughter, I guess.

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