

"This is just the excess gas behind the turd, so it doesn't smell bad." - Christopher LaFuria

## Oh Pat, we wish we hardly knew ye

By Jerome Pohl  
LA Correspondent

It seems the wind beneath our chairs...er...um...wings. Pat Webster is leaving *The Beacon*. Few had the privilege of knowing Pat, in the biblical sense, and that includes everyone on the staff, most especially hot redheads. I believe in you Pat, you won't die a virgin, you'll prove that guidance councilor wrong.

Pat Webster was a plucky little guy from the streets of Guatemala who came here with not too much in his pocket, just a dream in his head and a song in his heart. In point of fact this is not Pat, but the plot to a musical he wrote that never got made because as you can see, it's a terrible premise.

When I met Pat he was just an aspiring inexperienced contributing writer to the humor page with only a website full of articles he was paid to write under his belt. A paltry resume compared to my 10 articles in a campus paper that only got published because my friend was the editor and pitied me because he thought I had Down Syndrome.

Though Pat gave me his first article a month prior, I didn't publish it till Sept. 9, 2005. This was because frankly his articles were just never up to snuff for the page; they were coherent, biting sardonic, and dripping with insightful social commentary, in short they sucked. But I took young Webster under my wing and tried to teach him that humor is about silly Photoshops and dirty puns. Due to what I can only assume was repeated head trauma suffered as a child, Webster was never able to grasp the concepts.

I continued to publish his articles because he at this point out-ranked

me at the paper. He rose from contributing humor writer to Jen's Ass to Assistant Managing Editor to Managing Editor to secret Editor in Chief to a new position we created called Captain Newstastic that out-ranked the entire Beacon Advisory Board in a matter of months. This title was never published since Pat deemed it to be showy, and the printing of it beneath him. Though he did accept a crown made of the radius and ulna of Joseph Pulitzer.

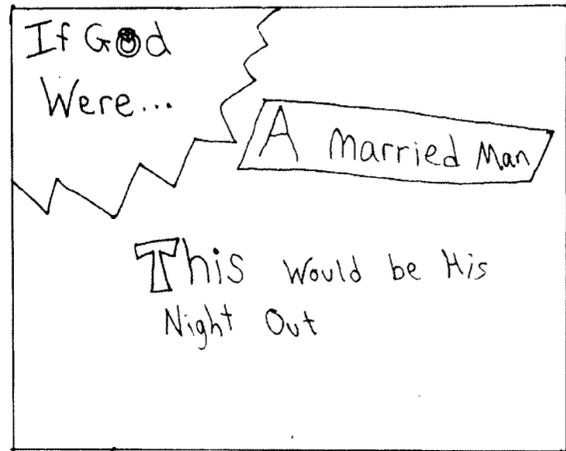
Pat was able to rise though the ranks so quickly because of his dedication, his professionalism, and this thing he does with his tongue. Pat's main duty as Captain Newstastic was making sure the editoress of the time Annie Sevin never made any actual decisions, as her decisions were always bad, as they always involved canceling the humor page and drawing and quartering its editor. Sevin was eventually silenced when former future editor and general roustabout Chris "Hitler" LaFuria reduced Sevin to 6.9.

Pat was also the protector of the humor page, and its editor, as *Beacon* humor editors have a penchant for making fun of people, resulting in their frequent stabbings. Since the Beacon Advisory board was disbanded in spring 2007, Pat's departure creates a huge power vacuum that will likely result in the paper being sold to Walter P. Thatcher.

Through four editors Pat has done their job for them and taken none of the credit and all of the responsibility. Now that Pat is leaving we must pause to ask, why did we put up with that guy for so long? By writing and editing the majority of the paper by himself, he totally made us look bad. Pat will now be retiring to coach the Norwegian Winter Olympic team and to fight rival news teams in San Diego.

yes sally,  
you can get pregnant  
from anal sex

make sure to  
always use  
protection...



### Dr. Schlaumph's "Tips for the Ladies" #47

If you go wild at parties, men will inevitably take pictures of it and post them on Facebook.



### Orion found dead after being charged with rape

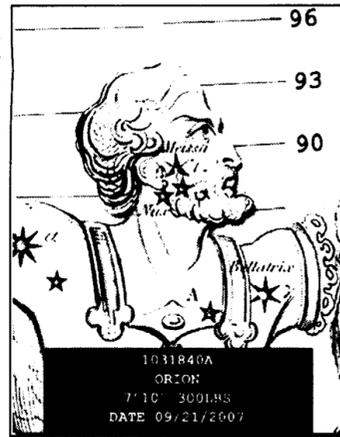
By Mike Sharkey  
co-editor-in-chief, humor editor,  
and a bunch of other stuff

Just after last week's fiasco involving the ban on naked wrestling, Orion (former advocate for nude wrestling) was found dead on the beach of the Dread Sea, with an arrow sticking out of his face, and scorpion bites on his ankles. Just the week before, he was arrested on several counts of indecency including sodomy, bestiality, and statutory rape. An anonymous tip was left for police as to where Orion would be during this illicit act, and in following the tip, police found Orion with a young man named Ursa (a minor no less). "Yeah, we knew it was him, because the first thing we saw was Orion's Belt, and he wasn't wearing it," said police officer

Libra. "What we saw next was downright disgusting," continued Libra, "just imagine the sight of some big dude with a hormone problem getting down and dirty with an under-aged bear. It's sick, I tells ya." Orion was born in the Nevada hills, where radiation abounds, and inbred families run rampant. To this day, his father, Poseidon, claims that he urinated on an ox skin, and buried it underground for nine

months, and grew Orion. The truth of the matter is slightly more disturbing. After Orion was born, neighbors claim to have seen the father Poseidon take a "leak on his [new-born] son" and then ran off to Las Vegas with his girlfriend Aethra. Orion was left to be raised by a poor shepherd, Irieus. Irieus was not available for comment. As Orion grew in age, so did his lust for women. One of his

lovers, Artemis, said "his sexual appetite was insatiable. He eventually got bored with me, and claimed he was going to look for something a little more exciting." After Orion's arrest, police found his two hunting dogs, Canis Major and Canis Minor, who were also suffering from apparent signs of rape, and are now seeking counseling. Ursa Major, owner of the Greek Hotdog Wagon on fifth street, and mother of the young Ursa, is one of the prime suspects in the murder case. Witnesses say that Major cursed Orion in the middle of his hearing, shouting, "I will be the alpha of your omega, douchebag!" Major has been missing for several days, and there is a warrant out for her arrest.



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