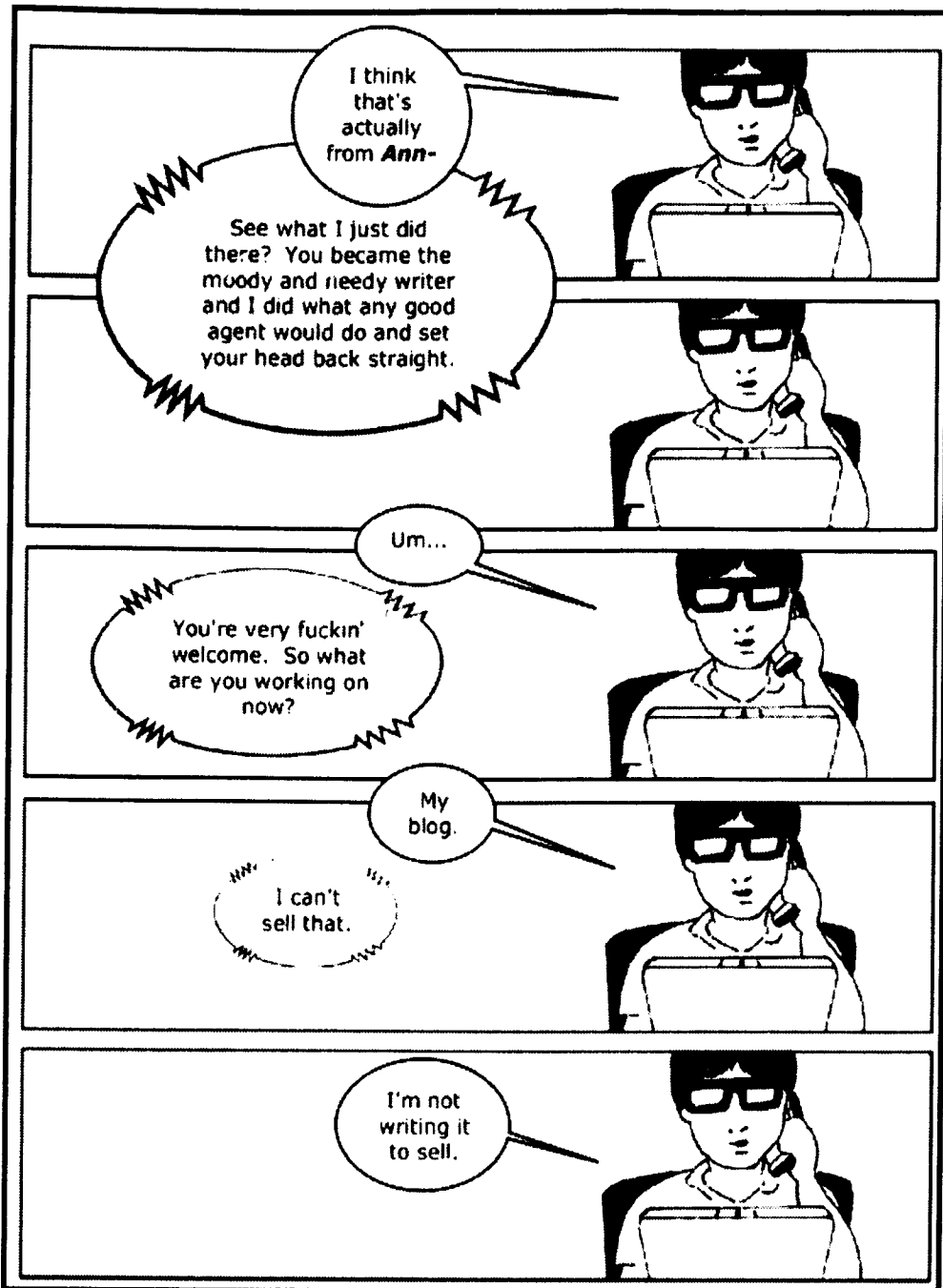


"Humour is like having sex. You've got to touch the right place at the right time." - Jonathan Kershenbaum

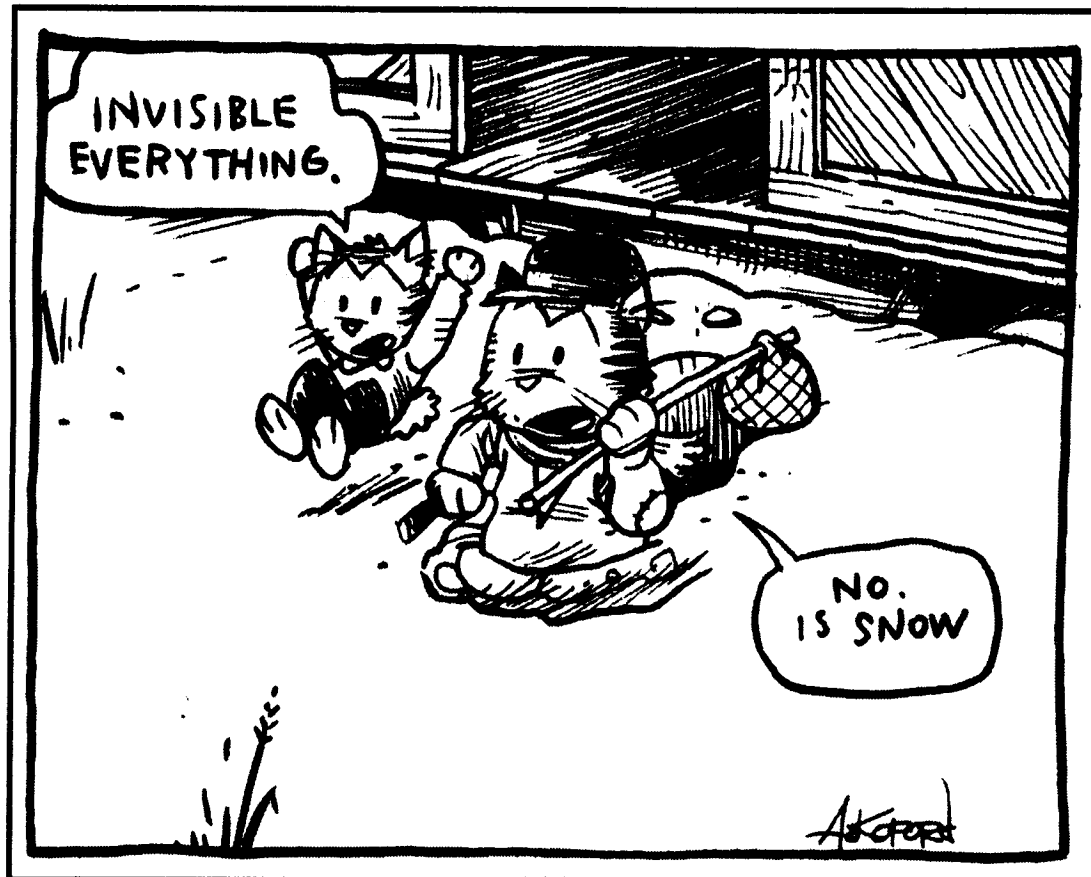
## Don't Forget to Validate Your Parking

Mike Le



## Laugh Out Loud Cats #31

Adam "ApeLad" Koford



## On the Origin of Humour: Part 2

By Jeremy Korwek  
Humor Editor  
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With the fall of the Roman Empire and humor no longer being forbidden, the "knock-knock" password and fish indicator no longer were used for secretive means, at least by the humorists.

The Middle Ages, also called the Dark ages, was a time when people really needed to lighten up. So what if your brother was just beheaded in the town square, laugh a little, you might be next. The Middle Ages and the royal courts that went along with it, allowed for a new type of humor to arise.

The court jester was well versed in the fields of politics, romance, music, and many more. All that went out the window as soon as the King needed a good laugh, because as court jester he had to make a complete and utter buffoon out of him self. This self-humiliation allowed him to not only stay alive but gave the world a new type of humor.

The development of gunpowder marked the end of the "Middle Ages" and the rise of the "Upper Ages" were not much seemed to happen. Comedy-wise that is, everyone was to stuck up to laugh. So not much really happened until the American colonies decided to revolt. That's when they broke out the good stuff.

During the revolutionary period, Americans, then just "colonist pig dogs", used the longest lasting form of comedy/humor we know of, political satire. The drawings used by the leaders of the revolution allowed them to bring in hundreds more supporters, many if not all who were illiterate.

Of course you all know what happened next, the superior force of Great Britain's armies crushed the Americans and America was once again made a British colony. Wait, that's not how it happened? Oh, the Americans won? So much for no Child Left Behind.

## BBC NEWS BULITEN

**CHINA DENIES US CARGO**  
A United States based cargo ship carrying trade goods was denied entry into the Chinese port of Ju-Lang Sou yesterday. The cargo ship regularly docks at the port and makes the trip several times a month. Chinese trade official stated that the reason for denying entry was that the load based products the ship was carrying were contaminated with toys.

**US TO SELL LAND**  
Washington insiders report rumors that President Bush's last act in power will be to put up several states for sale. Allowing China to make the first offer, his reasoning is suspected to balance the budget prior to him leaving. One insider stated that even the president is being hard hit b the US recession. "He's had to sell off a lot of my, I mean his oil stock in order to keep his ranch."

## Ensuring Victory on V-Day

By Bryce Sayers  
Romantic Strategist

I don't put a lot of stock into holidays that aren't Halloween, Christmas or my birthday, especially not all these phony ones they throw us at the beginning of the year. New Years?

Whoopdeedoo, I didn't get invited to any parties. MLK Day? I had a dream, too. I got attacked by a bunch of green spiders. I didn't like that dream. Valentine's Day is coming up, and normally that's my day to either get fantastically bitter or resolve to ask someone out only to walk up to them, yelp and run the other way. This year is going to be different, though. This year I am setting up little goals to achieve with V-day as the deadline. I don't know how many of them will come to fruition, but if I can convince myself that at least one of them didn't matter I think I'll have accomplished something.

•Start exercising - I made a plan to lose fat about a month ago and saw some success after I cut the second bottle of vodka out of my daily routine, but now I've hit a plateau. It's obvious that in order for me to see real results I'll need to start working off my extra calories. So far I have been able to pack up my gym clothes and walk to the Junker Center, only to walk away when I realize it's winter and I forgot to bring a pair of dry shoes. Then I go home to retrieve the shoes, notice the bed is unmade and decide it's more efficient to take a nap then go to all the trouble of remaking it.

•Learn the piano - Someone once said "A man who plays a guitar and you will have sex. A man who plays the piano will get furiously laid." Since that would make a good story for the Valentine's day article I figured I should get started. So far I can play chopsticks, but I have no idea how to play an ending, I just keep looping. I imagine the saying could be revised to "Play the power chords of Iron Man and you will have ridicule, play an infinite loop of chopsticks and you will get furiously stomped."

•Become a tarot reader - People may not believe in fortune-tellers anymore, or if they do they're unreasonably paranoid, but all the same they can't resist getting attention from anonymous strangers. From what I've seen of the people outside Bruno's

you don't have to be a spoiled adolescent to enjoy playing cards pretending to be magical. I figured tarot readings would make a good party trick or conversation starter, so after Xmas I spent my Barnes and Noble gift card on a deck and a book. So far I've only been confident in doing personal readings, and even then I'm not certain of what I'm reading. I keep getting cards that indicate social failures and squandering of time and money. I'm not really sure what it's trying to tell me.

•Write a love song - At first I thought this was too cliché and only had the potential to make me more pathetic, but it's going to be Valentine's day so I might as well get a little sentimental. Writing is my passion as well as a budding interest in music, so I think - no, I feel I have to get my deepest emotions out of my chest and into a song... then again that could be my cold, hold on... So far I have a short poem that I think would work just as well if set to music. I'm no composer, so if anyone has a tune looking for some lyrics could you kindly program it into a keyboard and send it my way? Anyway, here's the words:  
I cannot begin to describe the emotions  
I have when I think of you.  
Girl you are hot like Pizza Hut.  
I want to order you with a side of fudge 'ems  
Even though those come from Dominos.

You're the girl that I like  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
You're the girl that I like  
Happy Valentine's Day!

When I am with you I want to sing this on a mountaintop  
Then I want to throw you over my shoulder  
And run into a hiding place  
Girl you bring out the caveman in me.

You're the girl that I like  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
You're the girl that I like  
Happy Valentine's Day!

Rock over London, rock on Chicago. Chocolate hearts, not chalkies



**4 POPPED COLLARS**  
Just because you can, doesn't mean you should

JERRY POHL

## Anniversary of the Mooninites

One year ago yesterday in 2007. The people of Boston, Mass. fought bravely against a rogue terrorist cell of advertisers armed with lite-brites. These brave souls put their lives on the line to disarm these battery-powered menaces that lit up Boston without regard to anyone trying to sleep.

When finally caught, the terrorists claimed that the devices were just "electronic advertisements" for an upcoming movie-film for theatres. They were still arrested and charged a large fine.

got Humor?