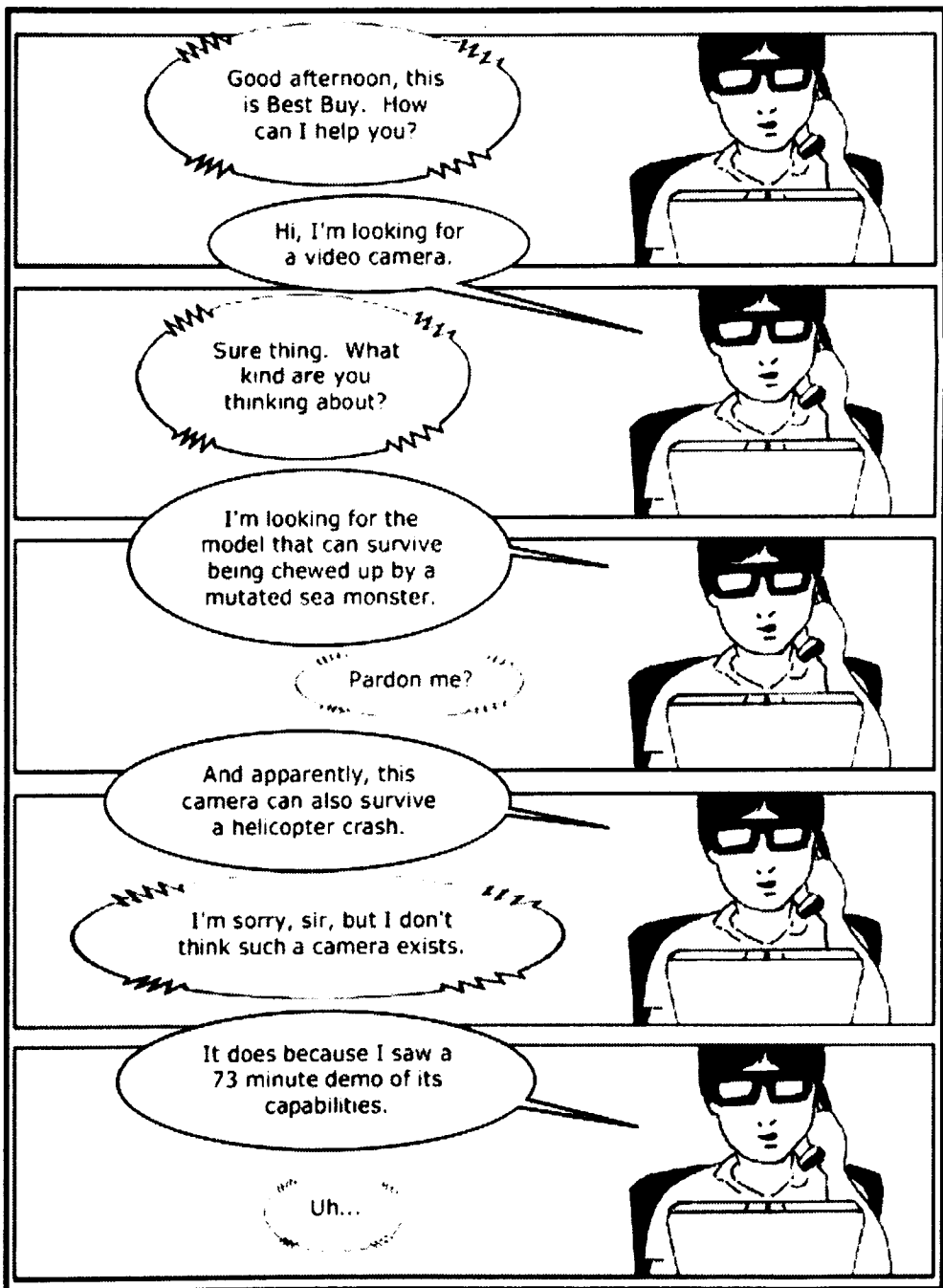
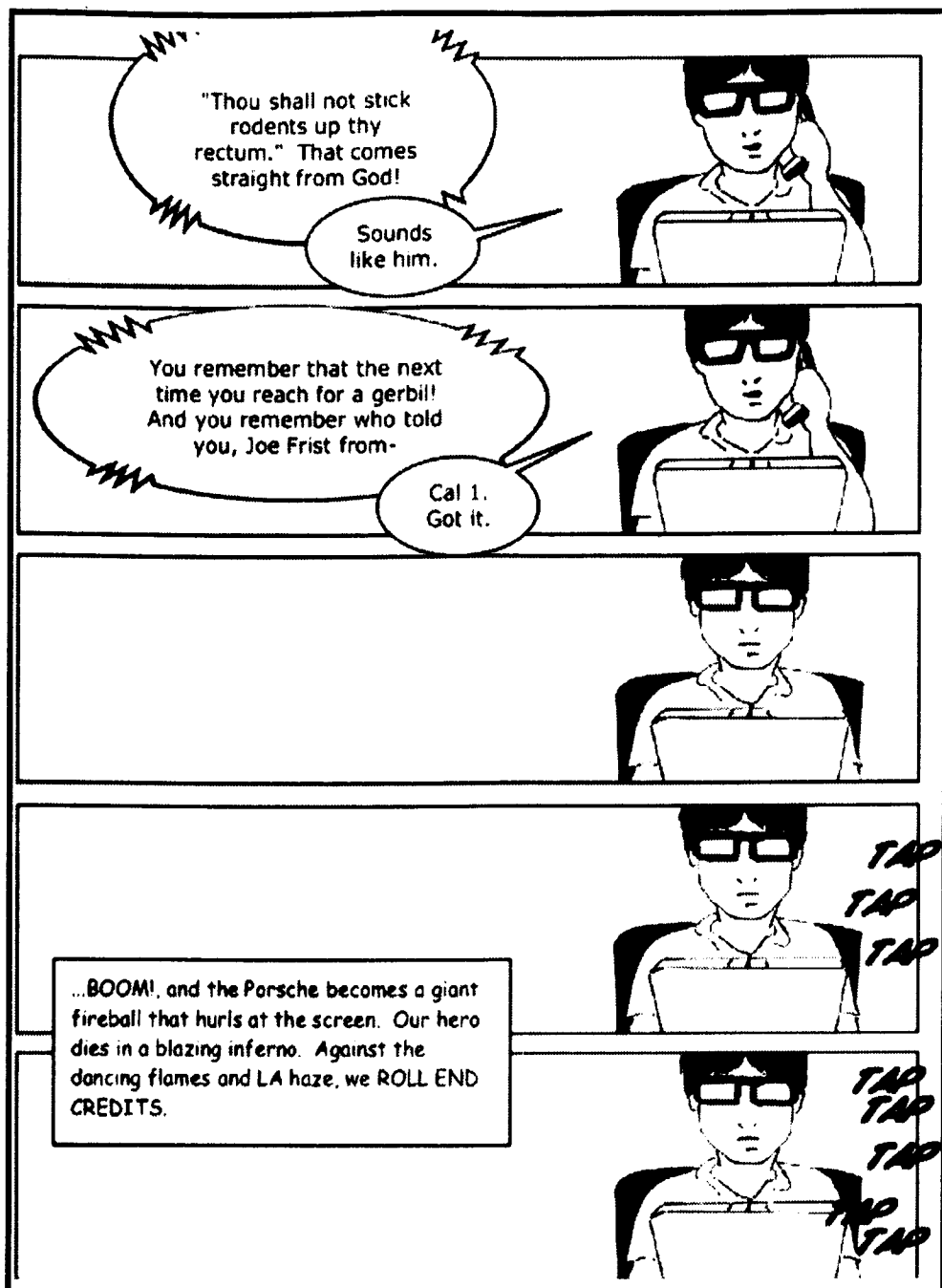


"Humor is reason gone mad." Groucho Marx

## Don't Forget to Validate Your Parking Mike Le

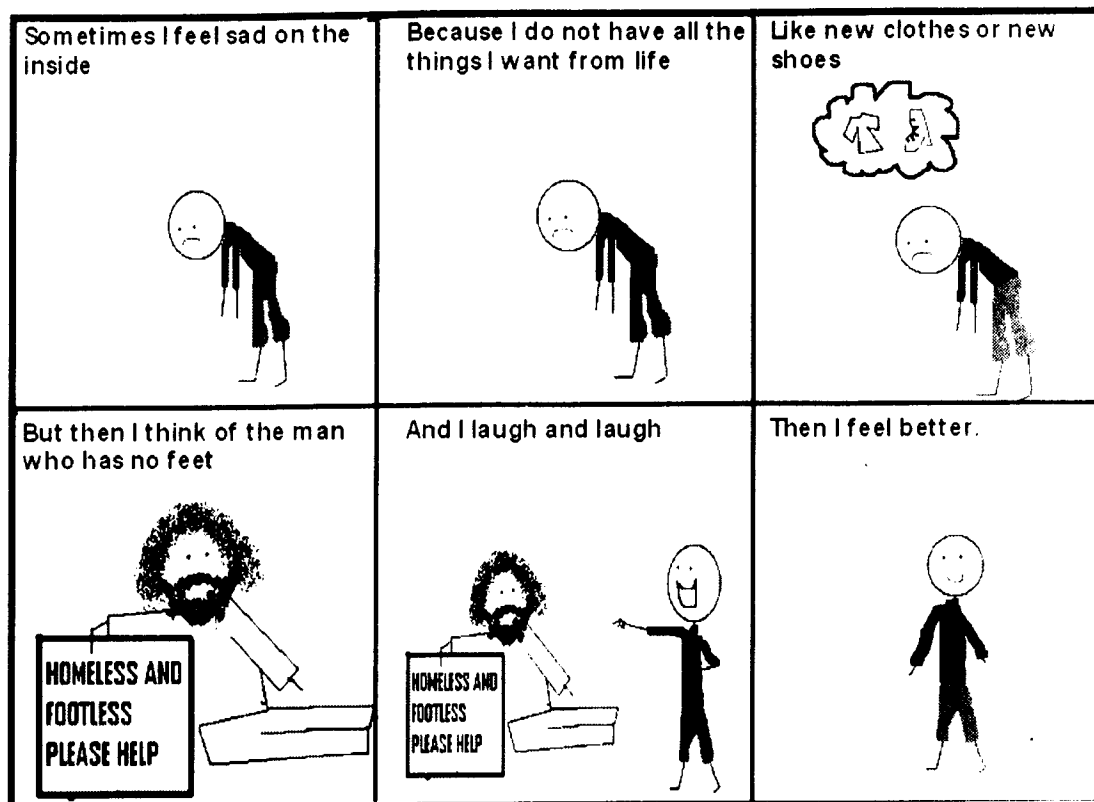


## Laugh Out Loud Cats #345 Adam "Apelad" Koford



## Stuck

Anna Pennington



## Weekly Horoscopes

**Jeremy Korwek** *Part-Time Astrologer* [jdk5009@psu.edu](mailto:jdk5009@psu.edu)

**Aries (March 21-April 19):** Your ideas of how this day should go are different from what a loved one expects. You want to sleep all day; your loved one wants to run a 2k potato sack race. Decisions, decisions.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20):** The success or failure of a project is in the definition. So choose your dictionary wisely.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21):** Bouncing ideas off another luminous mind produces truly brilliant ideas. However, use the wrong wattage mind and the light will burn you.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22):** Being first in line doesn't matter in the least. Except when it's to see the Mythbusters in Erie, Pennsylvania.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22):** In hard times, you wisely find an ally so you don't have to tough it out alone. Make sure you use the right version of the rulebook, if you roll a natural 20 you get an HP +1.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):** Your ideas on conducting a moral, happy life are best kept to yourself, especially if it involves polygamy and people worshipping you as a prophet.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23):** For a few hours, you'll feel as if you've mastered the art of timing. Then you'll realize you have to get the DeLorean back to Doc Brown.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):** Sometimes you like to be seen, heard and noticed. Today is a bad day. The FBI is back in town and they're looking for you.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):** You may not realize that what comes easily for you doesn't for all. Talk with Dr. Connors- he knows a bit about special abilities.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):** Perhaps this is not the moment you have been waiting for your whole life. Wait a little bit, maybe the next moment will be the one...nope, not yet. Try again later.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):** The world is better when you follow your dreams. Just be careful about that sleepwalking one the whole sleeping near a cliff thing might be a problem.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):** They say "graffiti," you say "public art." Prego, Ragu, it's all made in the same factory.

**Today's birthday (April 11):** You heed your call to action this month. You do so correctly, once and for all. That candy wrapper you picked up has helped save the planet so much already.

SEND FUNNY CONTENT!  
[JDK5009@PSU.EDU](mailto:jdk5009@psu.edu)

## I Need to Explain Myself

**Bryce Alexander Sayers** My submissions to the staff humorist [bas5000@psu.edu](mailto:bas5000@psu.edu) Beacon have seen a hiatus. I've just been fighting writer's block and have decided to break this silence with a letter of apology to my loyal readers. By loyal readers I mean: Jerry, someone I've likely never met, and a pet bird who enjoys reading his cage linings. I am sorry my brothers and only friends, especially sorry for using so many masculine pronouns as I should know better than to assume all of my readers are male. There have been genuine problems and responsibilities keeping me occupied, but there was still a potential to meet deadlines and I have failed to deliver.

I know it hasn't reflected well lately, but writing and drawing really are my passions in life. By neglecting the humor page and my hobbies in general I've led myself into a downward spiral radiating to other aspects of life. I don't even enjoy southwestern food anymore. That's not how a man should live.

Back in the golden years of 2004-06 the humor page was more than an outlet. Jerry and his friends took charge of it and made it into its own club and interpersonal project. Friction arose between the editor-in-chief and our department over censorship, so we were sticking it to The Man. In response we transferred our vision to an independently published magazine, "Thalia." No longer procrastinating on writing assignments both academic and personal, I was unafraid of criticism and embarrassment. For once in my life I was over-achieving. Unfortunately, time went on, and beside Time lays Fate, the bearer of cruelty.

I left the familiar but mundane Erie for State College to pursue a film major I wasn't even guaranteed. The group carried on without me, but Jerry eventually moved to Los Angeles (strangely enough he still sends things to our office for publishing). As for me, reality became a comedy, which is tragic for those searching for truth.

Coerced by my family, I returned home to finish school in a more stable environment. Overall it was the right decision, but it's a hard change to accept. As the song laments, "Everyone I know goes away in the end." The balcony, formerly Jerry's empire is overrun by the Magic players. They can have it all, but it proved the old group had dissolved and I was on my own for inspiration and approval. After Sharkey graduated I picked up the mantle of Humor Page Editor and fumbled it fantastically, leaving room for Jeremy. He's done a fine job, but things will never be the same for me.

If you've gone this far in my self-pity, perhaps you can answer my call for an assistant. I'm looking for someone to be on call any time of the day after school or between classes or when I should be sleeping to discuss: ideas for articles, comics, screenplays, our favorite music, old movies, whatever. Your primary role is to act as moral support, but also to keep me grounded and focused on one task at a time. I tend to brainstorm a lot more than I act. I cannot pay you in money but I can offer you "mad props," good for cashing in on my fame once I make it big. In the meantime there is the benefit of getting gifts and free food from my family, which Jerry certainly milked for all he could.

If interested, you can apply in person or e-mail me with a compelling essay where you explain your favorite science fiction story and why it's the most important metaphor for the human condition ever. *Battlestar Galactica* fans and trekkies need not apply.