

# Into the Imaginary Sunset

Hearing someone yell out my name, I looked around to see Beth Jordan walking toward me down the high school corridor. This couldn't be happening to me. What would Beth Jordan, the most beautiful girl in the Western World and the image of human perfection, have to say to me, the 1970's version of the nerd? "Would you like to come to my party on Friday night?" she asked.

"Sh-sh-sure," I stuttered out, adjusting my black horn rimmed glasses. "Good, be at my house at 8:00," she stated as she walked off down the corridor.

I stood dumbfounded in the middle of the hall thinking about what had just happened. Would I like to come to her party; only as much as Rhett Butler would like to carry Scarlett upstairs or as much as Dorothy wanted to get back home from Oz. I had loved Beth from a distance for what seemed like years. Her long black hair and gorgeous

figure would flash before my teenage imagination as I rescued her from evildoers, and we would ride off into the sunset together to live happily ever after.

In reality, I thought I had been making some progress in

## Cynicism & Humor



Alan Pincus

getting her attention by letting her copy my math homework and writing a book report for her. I felt honored that she thought my abilities were worth copying and

possibly with this extra contact, she would see what a wonderful guy I was and fall in love with me. Certainly, most of her time was spent in looking beautiful, and if I could free any extra time for her, I'd be doing the world a favor.

I had hoped that she would notice me, but now that it happened, I was more nervous than ever. After all, she wouldn't have personally invited me to her party unless she was beginning to fall in love with me. I had to make sure that I acted cool enough

to keep the romance going in the right direction. I imagined our life together with two kids and a house in the suburbs, and all the respect I'd get from all the other guys for being married to the most beautiful girl in the world. Life really was great after all.

The three days leading to Friday were completely spent

dreaming of how to best act at the party and in rehearsing all the clever lines I would say to Beth when we were alone. Finally, the moment was at hand as I nervously knocked on the front door of Beth's house. The door was opened by Joe Samson, captain of the football team. I had heard Joe talk in the boy's room of what he'd like to do to Beth. Little did the fool know that after tonight I would be the only one to ever touch Beth again. I began to feel sorry for him as he told me to come inside and make myself comfortable.

I didn't see Beth so I sat on the couch and listened to the Beatles blaring on the stereo. Finally, after two or three songs, Beth entered through the kitchen doorway. My angel walked in my direction, but was stopped by Joe Samson, and to my horror gave him the kind of kiss only married people should know how to do. I felt my entire body get numb and

thoughts raced through my mind about having a heart attack on Beth's couch. It didn't matter anyway, life was worthless without Beth.

"Are you having a good time?" Beth asked, jarring me back to reality.

"Great," I lied, thinking it was hard to have a good time with a dagger sticking in your heart. I'd certainly never have a good time again.

"Have you met Sandy?" asked Beth, pointing to the girl sitting next to me on the couch.

"No," I replied, turning to see the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, sitting right next to me. Luckily for me, Beth had rejected

me, I thought, as I began to ride off into the imaginary sunset with Sandy. It sure was great to be felt my entire body get numb and alive.

# Kupec's Christmas List is Complete

By Joe Kupec

Getting into the spirit of the upcoming holidays has been a challenge for me. Between classes and outside work I just can't seem to find the time to get all of my Christmas shopping and errands done. In an effort to alleviate this situation, I am compiling a list of things I'd like to give this Christmas. After reviewing my list maybe you will be amused or relieved in comparison to your own list.

For all of the technical majors, I am trying to get a reasonable number of junior engineers in the spring class who will be of the opposite sex. I have gone to great pains to insure that there will be an adequate assortment of shapes and styles to please even the most finicky of technology majors. As a second choice I am negotiating with Hewlett-Packard to send everyone in the programs one of their wonderful machines that use inverse logic.

I have found resistors on sale from AMP Inc. A large assortment, individually wrapped, will be delivered to the EET program for use in their lab.

For the humanities, communications and business majors I am doing my best to see that my colleagues, Mr. Pincus and Ms. Johnson, will interview them for the "Asking Around" columns in the next four issues. All future questions will be on the order of "What is the meaning of life, does reality exist and how much noise does a tree make if it falls in a forest and there is no one there to hear it." All responses

should be in twenty-five words or less.

The statues in the sculpture garden will be getting long underwear and tassel caps (that's a ski cap, watch cap or stocking cap for those of you born and living east of the Allegheny Mountains) and fashion swimwear for the summer. Likewise those people who may have thought the subject matter of the sculpture a bit suggestive or offensive will be pleased to see a coverup in effect.

The librarians may be getting a new library. It that falls through the best I can do is patch the leaking roof in the annex. If the new library goes up then SGA will get a piece of the old library. I am still trying to find wrapping paper for the library. Barring that, the SGA will have to settle for a new furniture arrangement in the present offices.

Clubs and campus organizations will get their new budgets approved and if they are real good they might even have a new constitution to vote on!

The XGI club will be getting a few more warm bodies for their next blood drive. There is a sale at Main Campus in the basket weaving department so I will get a truck load.

Jan Travers of the Capital Times already got a computer to type on so I have to find a thousand more readers. On this campus that may be tough.

One of the easiest gifts to get was a box of parts for the ASME Baja vehicle. I simply went out to the parking lot on a Sunday afternoon and dismantled a half dozen cars that had been parked in the back of the lot.

I am looking into getting

water heaters for the showers at the Capital Union Building. The present heaters don't work on weekends, or the week for that matter.

Since the engineering department seems to be getting the name of the school right more often than not, I will send the department a blank check to cover the cost of lab equipment that will be needed for the next semester. I always thought that generosity should begin at home, or close to it. Now remember this money is only for lab equipment.

Since Conrail is no longer running their trains with cabooses I picked up a dozen for the administration of this fine institution to use for further campus expansions. At a

thousand dollars each they were a steal. Cabooses are so versatile that they could be used for a new library or expansion to existing facilities.

For Dr. Cole and the Water Resources program, I am wrapping up 200 new students, never been used, fresh and ready for breaking into the new program. Cole also has the relief of knowing that our section of 21 electrical engineers, 1 mechanical engineer, and a business major won't be repeating Chemistry 201.

Assuming I pass the final in Calculus 220, Dr. Hartzler can be assured that I won't be cracking in his 8am class. If I don't make it through the final, then the good man will have the pleasure of my continued presence hearts.

in class and daily visits during his office hours.

I am sure I have not listed a few items of great importance which will come upon me around Christmas Eve. It never fails to happen that way. In the eleventh hour I end up dashing around trying to find that one last gift just as the stores are closing.

Someone with a philosophical nature may remark that I left Peace on Earth, Goodwill Toward Men off my list.

I would like to point out before I hear about it that this particular item isn't on my list because it's not in the stores. We can only find it within the recesses of our hearts.

