

Mark Owens stars in "Parking Lot Warrior"

by Mark Owens

It was 20 to nine on an ordinary school morning and if I didn't move fast I knew wouldn't get a space. (Parking at school can be a real pain at times. Last week I nearly took out an ROTC group out for a morning jog trying to beat a Buick for a spot).

I jumped in my car and cranked the engine to life. I backed out of the driveway at 35 mph and tore down the street, spitting gravel and nearly hitting my paper boy. My neighbor Larry stood on the sidewalk and gave me a solemn salute. He knew what I was up against.

A minute later I had picked up my friend John and turned towards Behrend.

Driving across town was easy compared to what was waiting for us. The other drivers had no idea just how easy they had it. I said as much to John.

"Yeah, right, you notice they're headed towards the city. At least they have meters. Wimps."

We crested the hill and I looked back to see the Pinto suddenly put on a burst of speed and move out to the left lane. As the car got closer I could hear a rumbling hiss which could mean only one thing: ram jets. I told John to do something. He did.

As the Pinto passed us and moved back into the right lane, I moved over to the left. John rummaged around in his bag and pulled out a small grappling-

hook cannon. He took aim and fired. The hook shot out towards the Pinto with 50 yards of steel cable snaking behind it. The hook caught the base of the ram jet. John shot the secondary hook into a huge oak tree and detached the cable from the gun. "Watch this," he snickered.

The cable grew taunt as the

Pinto raced ahead. The car was yanked up on its rear wheels. The Pinto, not the world's most stable motor vehicle, tumbled end-over-end down the road.

I sped along right behind it, swerving to avoid the red-hot pieces of metal littering the road. The Pinto came to a halt in front of me and I slalomed the station

wagon around it and raced to the end of Cooper. The guy on the Moped wasn't so lucky. Oh well.

We hung a right at Cooper and headed up Station Road. There wasn't a lot of room to maneuver and no place for other cars to cut us off.

We reached the top of the hill (continued on page 7)

The Missing Pieces

1989-1990 BEHREND BASKETBALL!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST.

PENN ST. - BEHREND

= VS. =

PITT - BRADFORD

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CHANCE TO WIN

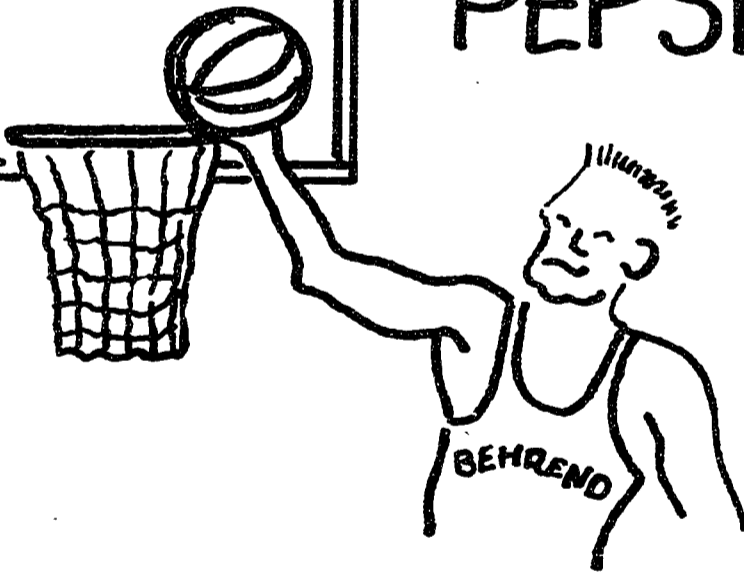
- SONY TELEVISION
- HUFFY BICYCLE

* PLUS OTHER GIVE-AWAYS!

(MUST BE PRESENT TO WIN)

FILL OUT ENTRY BLANK... NOW OR BEFORE THE GAME

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Mark Owens

I agreed and reached for another can of Jolt. Some people think it's not good for you, but there are times when a man needs a higher level of consciousness. This was one of those times.

At the base of Cooper Road, we entered Zone One. I zipped my flak jacket while John buckled his helmet.

Glancing at my rear view mirror, I saw a '79 Monte Carlo coming up fast. Without even turning down the stereo, which was blasting the Beastie Boys' latest release, I reached over to thumb a switch on the dashboard. There was a bang from the back of my car and ten gallons of Cheez Whiz poured out onto the road.

The Monte skidded and swerved in the slippery yellow goo, finally nose-diving into a ditch. I pushed the pedal to the floor and my Nissan station wagon surged up Cooper, trying to put some distance between us and the baby blue Pinto that had taken the Monte's place.



OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Deposit at the R.U.B. Desk or at the Game

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE # _____

Must Be Present To Win