

# Mark is the Parking Lot Warrior

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and entered Zone Two. From here on in all we had to do was turn in the Behrend driveway and get to a parking lot. No problem.

The Nissan plunged down the other side of the hill and toward the intersection. John pointed toward a red Chrysler Laser coming down on us fast.

"There's no way we'll beat it to the turn," he said. Suddenly a passenger leaned out the side window and sprayed bullets across the roadway. Fortunately I had self-sealing tires and bulletproof glass, but the act of defiance had John a little ticked off. He reached into his bag and produced his grenade launcher. Leaning out the window, he fired. The Chrysler burst into a ball of vaporized metal.

We swung into the driveway (completely ignoring the 15 mph sign of course. We're talking about parking spaces here) and raced down the curving road

toward Lot A. John looked into his side mirror and warned me about the monstrous Blazer rumbling up behind us. I told him to take care of it because I had our space in sight and had to zero in on it.

I heard the whistle and crump of a detonating grenade to my left. I guess the guys in the Blazer brought their own toys. John climbed to the back of the car and ripped the cover off of the anti-tank missile launcher. The grenades were landing to the left and right of us and I swerved to avoid the explosions.

I engaged my MagniFinder and set sights on my target, some 2,000 yards away. Then I got scared. Some chump in a Yugo was headed for the same spot. Drastic measures were needed.

With a quick warning to John, I flipped another switch on the dash. Metal spikes popped out of the tires and I took the car off-road across the athletic field. John was cussing and swearing that he couldn't get a bead on the Blazer.

Soccer players out for a morning workout scattered as we charged across, dodging grenades and bullets. There was a thud and a bang as one of the grenades landed five feet from the car. I yelled back to John and he said something unkind about my mother, then instructed me to blow the hatch. There was a hum and a whoosh as the missile streaked off toward the Blazer. There was a booming noise

behind us and the gray landscape was lit up for a second by the exploding Blazer, Earl Scheib paint job blown to hell. Jerk.

I careened into the lot and bore down on the white Yugo. He didn't stand a chance. I pressed another button and the Nissan's machine guns opened up, slicing the Yugo's tires. It ground to a halt and I zipped past, making a screeching turn into the empty parking space. Mission accomplished.

Shutting off the engine, my

eyes darted to my watch. 8:58 am. Still time to run to Turnbull and grab our seats for class. I got out and surveyed the damage: a few bullet holes, some scratches and a partially melted bumper from that near-miss grenade. Not too bad. Nothing a little Bondo wouldn't be able to fix.

The moral of this little story is that parking at Behrend is bad, although maybe not as bad as car warfare. Most days there is, to say the least, some scrambling to

find a spot and it is not unusual to see cars parked on sidewalks, lawns and occasionally in the beds of pick-up trucks.

Parking is a growing problem on campus. This band-aid approach of digging out a lot in the middle of campus (the new commuter lot comes to mind) every semester isn't going to work for long. I'm hoping somebody thinks up a plan to solve the crunch soon. Until then be warned; I'm packing Cheez Whiz and I know how to use it.

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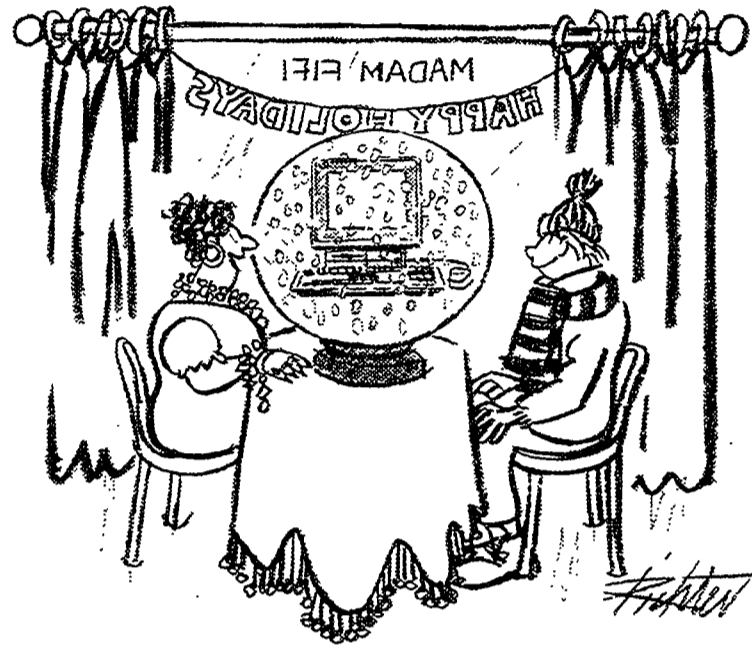
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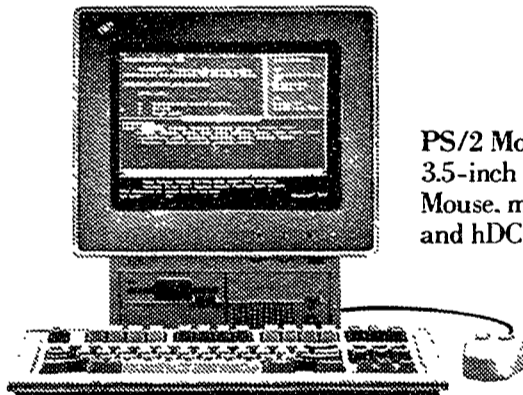


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