

THE ASTEROID

HOUGHTON STUDENTS TAKE SPIRITUAL WARFARE TO THE NEXT LEVEL

Rumor has it that despite the Christian atmosphere and chapel attendance policy, some Houghton students are not entirely satisfied with their spirituality and are looking to take their faith to the next level.

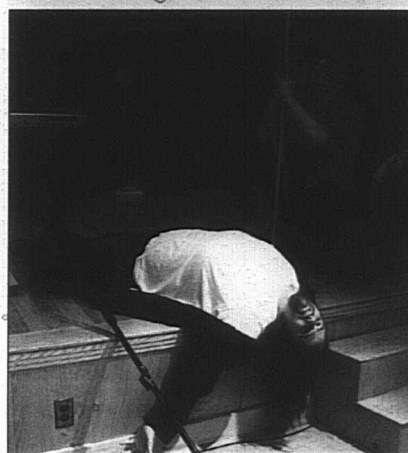
"It all started at the truck stop," explains one student who asked to remain anonymous. "Several of our founding members were there, replenishing their bodies so they could continue their prayer vigil. Suddenly, one of them, feeling the conviction of the Spirit come upon him, asked his friend to strike him for the Lord, to literally flagellate the sin from his fallen body."

Thus, Faith Club was born. "It started off kind of slow," another founding club member said. "Given the Gospel emphasis on private acts of worship, we initially considered having a rule like 'Don't talk about Faith Club'. However, we didn't want to lead our brothers and sisters into sin by referencing a movie

filled with profanity, sexual content, and a profound lack of respect for divinely constituted authority, so we decided to go with a Pauline model of worship instead. Hence, our new rule: 'Talk about Faith Club incessantly. Put up lots of posters, and guilt-trip your friends until they come with you'."

The *Star* recently sent an investigative team to a Faith Club meeting in a secret room in the basement of the chapel to get the inside story on this counter-Christian-cultural revolution. Entering "The Sanctuary," as it's referred to, is like stepping out of Houghton and into the seedy side of Fillmore. The stench of sweat and blood fills the air as two otherwise normal students circle each other slowly, knuckles white around improvised weapons, or "instruments of holy enlightenment," as an onlooker explained. We're told that one of the combatants represents their most recent

(cont'd on p. 3)



STUDENT SEES VISION OF POPE IN WATERDROP



Senior Allison Brown had made herself a cup of tea and settled into a quiet evening of study when a tiny bead of condensation slipped over the rim of the teacup and splashed onto the edge of her keyboard. She gasped.

"At first I thought it was Christ," she

later recalled, "but then we remembered that that would be too risky a joke to put into the *Asteroid*." After many hours of prayer and a careful consultation of *Ecumania, The humor that happens when Catholics, Jews, and Protestants come together* (by Hiley H. Ward, available from Amazon.com), she realized that the image had the long staff and flowing robes characteristic of the papal ensemble.

"What clinched it was the perfectly circular splotches of water that made a halo-like ring surrounding the figure. It was composed of twenty segments—obviously a reference to the five decades and four mysteries that make up the demarcations of the Rosary," said Brown.

(cont'd on p. 2)

DISSAPPEARENCE OF SCIENCE STUDENTS EXPLAINED

Reports have flickered around campus lately of a curious drain on students in the science building. Many a bright eyed young student has entered those hallowed halls and ne'er been seen again. While the administration denied any such depreciation of the student body, your avuncular reporter chose to venture within the House of Paine to see if any cause could be found.

So with great trepidation, a team of highly trained aardvarks and I investigated. To our horror, we found that the Biology department had been largely overwhelmed by the growth of an enormous plant. Before my very eyes, two of my prized insectivores were devoured by its long and sinuous tendrils.

To determine the cause of this phenomenon was a surprisingly difficult endeavour. I soon found that few of the biology majors had fled in time. I

eventually tracked down senior Biology major Indriati Hood who was hiding in the NAB. She explained, "It was independent research on the part of the late Professor Belford. 'Project Audrey', as he referred to it, was trying to..." It was at this point in the interview, however, that the fronds of the vegetable menace plucked her neatly out of the window.

I asked Dr. Perkins of the Math department what he felt about these developments. He said "I have the strongest support for independent research, and I'm sure I agree with whatever Professor Belford's goals were before his unfortunate demise. This experiment, however, is going to make achieving Houghton's student enrollment goals very difficult. We've already lost Paul Watson and most of the Computer Science Department."

Under pressure from "Save the

Plant" organized by the Sigma Zeta Society, the school has reluctantly abandoned plans to deal with the menace by its outright destruction, and is instead attempting to save both the plant and the student body. An advisory committee of trustees has proposed to use the Physics Department's cyclotron to mutate the plant into something less hungry or at least smaller.

Physics Junior Alexander Lipnicki, however, pointed out some of the flaws in that plan: "First, even were we to succeed in removing the plant," he said, "it has likely caused sufficient damage to make the entire building unstable. Secondly, we've been trying to give Dr. Yuly superpowers for several months now, and our failure in that area do not bode well for dealing with the local flora." ♦

-Willard Davis

Head Investigative Reporter

Music Majors In-breeding Produces Children With Perfect Pitch And Three Arms

This week, Houghton will announce plans to accept 30 tri-armed Music majors for the 2006-07 school year. Nearly all of these students are products of unions among music-majoring Houghton graduates of yesteryear. Longtime Houghton professor John Leax

admit that we should have seen this coming".

As the spawn of endogamous couplings of musicians, this new class is marked by several distinctive features. Despite the largely antisocial disposition of these incoming students, many in the Music Department remain optimistic about their future in the program. Voice and Aural Skills professor Kelley Hijleh raves, "the distinctive quality of their voices is matched only by their stunted growth and the glazed look in their faces. Indeed, their twelve and a half octave range and perfect pitch are unsurpassed. The expense of installing shatterproof glass into our rehearsal rooms is truly a small price to pay for the privilege of fostering such promising pupils". Robert Galloway, Professor of Piano and Music History, maintains, "This triumvirate of limbs gives this upcoming generation of freaks a significant...er...leg up from their dual-limbed counterparts. With such three-tiered dexterity, we can introduce several new instruments for our Orchestra that we could only have dreamed of before. We've just hired new instructors for the celloboe and the xyloflute. Truly, our music program shall be the envy of all the Southern Tier".

Dean of Students Denise Bakerink remains confident that these genetically

(cont'd on p. 3)



Photo courtesy of Eric Reinold

claims, "Like everyone else, I thought music majors were odd, but largely harmless folk. We thought they simply practiced 11 hours a day and made really quirky jokes with 'C-flat-Major-9' as the punch line. Needless to say, we were gravely mistaken." Others, including President Chamberlain, argue that this problem should have been anticipated. "Although Music Majors have always had a reputation as a deeply impregnable clique," maintains Chamberlain; "I freely

(Pope, cont'd from p. 1)

The next step of Brown's spiritual experience was to determine the historical significance of the vision. After three weeks of fasting, Brown concluded, "It wasn't quite stout enough to be John Paul II, and Benedict wouldn't be caught dead in that kind of hat, so I assume it was a vision of the future."

Sister Ernestine, the co-superior general of the Compagna del Maria Nostra Signora in Rome, explains that while miraculous signs have to be treated carefully, inexplicable apparitions like this and the Madonna della Lacrime that appeared several years ago in Sicily, can be appreciated for the way that they contribute some people's faith. "Of course, visions cannot be used exclusively, but a good image of the Madonna now and then never hurt anyone."

She urges that this should not be taken as a warning of the current Pope's death, but reminds believers that he is getting up in years, and if it comes to that, she's rooting for the guy from Latin America. Brown was not available for final comment, as she has been in a continual state of ecstasy since Mother Church gave her interpretation of the vision. ♦

-Kelsey Harro
Managing Editor



This week's header was designed by
Colleen Barry

College Republicans (Among Others) Plan Lenten Fast of Christian Paraphernalia: Students Organize Protest

This year, the season of Lent has been taken a step up in intensity. Several organizations have come together in order to support an intense spiritual fast of wearing Christian paraphernalia. Supporting organizations include: College Republicans, Houghton Theological Society, the ACLU and the National Association for the Advancement of Calvinist Presbyterians (Houghton College chapter).

The *Star* attempted to contact the College Republicans for a statement. Unfortunately, the email account is set to an automatic response which reads: "We're sorry but we currently are out of office for the semester, as we technically don't exist." It is presumed that, with the downfall of the College Republicans, the world has been turned upside down, and conservative Republicans have now joined with the ACLU in an attempt to silence the free speech of Christians and their blatant - rather annoying - attempts at proselytizing.

The Houghton Theological Society has come to the decision to support the fast on Christian paraphernalia due to the increasingly spiritual dependence upon the encouraging slogans. They became concerned after news broke around campus about a student in Rothenbuhler Hall. Apparently, the student would wake up daily at 4:00 in the morning to do devotions for 5 hours until his 9:00 class. It sounds great, until people realized that he obtained his divine inspiration and guidance through the slogans on his collection of Christian shirts and hats that he currently owns.

"I found such spiritual direction,"

the student said. "I mean, how can you not experience God when dwelling upon the divinely inspired words of Christian paraphernalia? I think my favorite is Shirt #24: 'C.O.P.S.: Christians Obediently Preaching Salvation - Watcha Gonna Do When He Comes For You?' I've actually brought 78 people to saving faith through that shirt. I mean, that question just smacks you in the face if you're not prepared with an answer! The Holy Spirit really works through those words!"

Sounds convincing. But the Houghton Theological Society is concerned because not once did he open his Bible or his seven-volume set on the *Works of John Wesley*! If he would actually read his *Works of John Wesley*, HTS feels that he would realize that we do not reach total sanctification through holy Hallmark bumper stickers that claim "God is my co-pilot."

The National Association for the Advancement of Calvinist Presbyterians, known as the NAACP, is supporting the fast because they feel that the amount of evangelism occurring on campus is ridiculous. John Calvin himself wrote, "The use of Christian paraphernalia in evangelism is despicable. In fact, evangelism itself is despicable. God will save the person with or without your bumper sticker."

Students all across campus have been protesting this call for fasting. "Christian Paraphernalia Rocks! -God" said one t-shirt. The College Catholics for Jesus organization has declared that Christian Paraphernalia is actually the eighth sacrament. One student was seen picketing outside the chapel with

a sign that read "I was saved by one of those Christian fishes on the back of the car in front of me when it cut me off on the interstate!" Another student claims that upon seeing another student with a shirt that asked, "Got Jesus?" he uncontrollably blurted out, "No! What can I do to be saved from my wretched sin and escape God's wrath?" to which the other student responded, "Make your boss a Jewish carpenter."

One ex-atheist is protesting the fast because he was radically saved by a John Deere-type hat which read "God doesn't believe in atheists." He is convinced that, in Moses' fury over the Israelites' idolatry, the eleventh commandment was lost: "Thou shalt conquer the Promised Land and proceed outward to all corners of the earth through intense crusades and inquisitions, converting the pagans and barbarians by the use of Christian paraphernalia." It is rumored that the Apostle Paul's t-shirt actually sparked the riot in Ephesus. It supposedly read, "You don't know JACK if you don't know Jesus."

Two weeks remain in the Lenten season until evangelical Christianity is once again inundated with Christian paraphernalia. For those of you who receive word from the Holy Spirit through Christian paraphernalia: hold on, you're almost there. For those of you who are absolutely appalled by it, savor these last two weeks. ♦

-Ryan Musser
Staff Writer



(In-breeding, cont'd from p. 2)

homogenous students can be successfully integrated into the Houghton College campus. "I'm sure they will fit right in," beams Bakerink. "Within a matter of weeks, they'll be triple-scanning into Chapel or hanging fifteen in waterskiing class".

However, these genetic peculiarities may be merely the harbinger of things to come. As rumors of in-bred, three-legged Outdoor Rec majors and Art majors with 20/20/20 vision circulate, one thing is clear. These changes will surely cost Houghton much more than an arm and a leg. ♦

-Mark Lempke
Guest Writer

(Warfare, cont'd from p. 1)

sin, while the other stands for the loving justice of God. "It works out for both of them; one feels the joy of giving of their body for Christ, of literally having the sin beaten out of them. The other person gets the rush of true spiritual warfare, of literally strapping on the full armor of God and going to town against the darkness of this earth."

"It feels so good to destroy something evil," says the victorious "God-Warrior" as he brandishes a bloodied folding chair over his head, while his opponent gurgles incoherently on the floor, presumably praying in tongues, thanking the Lord for purifying his heart and mind. When asked what happened when the "bad guy"

won, our guide quickly explained, "That never happens. We know that the Spirit is always victorious in those of sufficient faith, and we carefully emulate that here. You wouldn't want to bet on these fights... and not just because gambling is an affront to our Lord and Savior."

Faith Club meets regularly, with the next congregation always being announced by prominent posters around campus. Alternatively, you could just tell the next bruised and bloodied student you see that you're having a real crisis of faith and that prayer and fasting just aren't cutting it. ♦

-Dan Perrine
Guest Writer

PERSEVERANCE OF THE FACULTY

Recently, a group of aspiring Wesleyans found themselves discussing theology in the cafeteria late one night. While among them were a monkey in a cage and a penguin, the others would prefer to be less conspicuously identified. A voice from the text of Catholic orthodoxy made a surprising announcement that presumption, the feeling of certainty regarding one's eternal standing before God, is, in fact, a sin.

Astonished by this shocking pronouncement, a discussion ensued concerning the very nature of the preservation of the saints - one of the five points of our beloved reformed tradition. Those would-be members of the reformed tradition had to sort out what this indeed might mean. Previously, this large man had wooed the group with his astounding grasp of God's simplicity and delineation of the deiform virtues. After all, dear old Tom created the absolute comprehensive guide to doctrine in existence, complete with pithy quotations from the authorities, such as "potters will always squabble."

It happened that there was a ruling, by a narrow majority, that the Father of Orthodoxy was mistaken in this instance. Here, the linebacker came to the rescue, as the group was reminded that the "perseverance of the saints" is

an essential and beneficial doctrine for Protestant believers. It is, in fact, not a show of arrogance to regard one's salvation with surety. But, a liberating blessing bestowed to believers, that they might rest assured. In essence, there's no way you can screw it up, buster; God loves you so much that he won't let you.

Following this description, there was still some dissent among those present. So, an analogy was suggested. The eternal security of salvation in the perseverance of the saints granted by God is mirrored in the human practice of professors receiving tenure from an institution. Once they have received this assurance, they are freed to embark on many projects that will even further enrich the institution's community, no longer bound by the fear of job security, just as Christians who are forced to worry over their standing before God hardly ever reach the height of their capacity to bless the body. The promise of blossoming found in the doctrine simply suggests that Protestant administrations would do well to put their theology in practice. ♦

-Victoria Kempton
Newspaper Chaplain



School Seeks President

Obscure liberal arts college in remote and poverty-stricken Allegany County seeks courageous individual with a proven ability to pacify hordes of militant conservatives and outspoken professors while mediating between opposing factions of plateau dwellers. Spouse should be willing to dedicate him or herself to ensuring that the President does not develop lyme disease or water-stained dress clothes. Applicant must be able to stimulate equal opportunity donations, regardless of age, race, denomination, gender, or current poverty rating. Application (which guarantees acceptance) requested by last spring. Mr. or Ms. Rogers look-alikes preferable.

Dashing Rogue Cuts Hamburger Line... TWICE!

Each and every Wednesday evening around 4:45pm the stairs leading up to the cafeteria will mysteriously acquire a line of Houghton College students. One might wonder what exactly is so appetizing in the forsaken cafeteria which would inspire such phenomenon. Two words, friends, and two words only: "Smithers' Burgers." Marc Smithers, savvy Houghton College sophomore, cooks hamburgers for an hour each Wednesday during dinner. So what's the big deal, it's just a hamburger, right? Wrong! Smithers' Burgers possess such high renown on campus that the line for a Mark Smithers Hamburger will queue up to around 14 to 15 people for the entire hour he is cooking.

A certain dashing young rogue on campus has a peculiar distaste for a certain social convention, namely the line leading up the stairs for the aforementioned Smithers Burger. This young rascal devised a cunning plan to cut said line to arrive first in line for the delicious hamburger without waiting 20 minutes on the stairs. Our felon takes the elevator up to the second floor at exactly 5 o'clock, and with a suave nonchalance unequalled among his peers he swoops into the front of the line, and calmly enters the cafeteria first to the chagrin of all those left behind.

This has occurred twice as of yet so beware, our line cutter is still on the loose! Think of what would happen if everyone started cutting lines! Why, the results would be catastrophic! People would have to wait 1 more minute for their hamburgers! Cars may decide to cut you off if you're driving slow! Apocalyptic! Houghton Students, I urge you to band together and defend what could strangle the future of all civilization: help put a stop to line cutters everywhere. ♦

-Nick DiFonzo
Dashing Rogue

BIG AL'S BY DAY, DANCE CLUB BY NIGHT



An unnamed source has confirmed that the student-loved snack shop Big Al's has been fronting for a dance club called Disco Purgatorio for as long a year. Rumors say that at closing time twice a week, the front window closes, and the back door opens—for a price. Students pay 25 dollars and a cafeteria tray to be admitted to this exclusive club, after having been through an informal, but thorough screening process.

"It took me weeks to get in," Sophomore Bryana Mahan says. "You really have to know the right people; that's the key." Mahan said she finally found a friend of a friend of a friend's roommate that had an in, and "only had to do one of her Bib Lit papers" to get a positive recommendation to the bouncer. The process of admission, rumors say, is that once one has a clear connection to a regular attender, they receive the "secret knock," which, upon knocking, will ensure their entrance into the underground dance movement.

When asked what exactly goes on behind the closed doors, Mahan refuses information. She divulges only that, "it was all I dreamed it would be!" ...that the club may or may not have a disco ball.

But controversy is rising as word is spreading through the student

body. Upperclassmen dancers, the founders of Disco Purgatorio, find that the underclassmen have been too liberal in extending their invitations, and are considering breaking off from Disco Purgatorio. "It's just become too common," Adam Sukhia, a long-time dance fanatic who specializes in the Jump Rope Twist complains. He goes on to explain that with so many people, there is much more controversy as to what music should be played, and what is the "right way" to dance. "I think we need to reexamine our values," Sukhia says, "We're wandering away from our original vision: to have a crazy-fun dance club that only cool people can come to."

Some think the schism, which comes down to a question of admittance by grace or merit, could happen any day now, and it is thought that the core group of upperclassmen have already begun preparations to move with their chosen few to an undisclosed location, although One Thing coordinators report that boxes of strobe lights and speakers have been found stashed in Presser Hall. ♦

-Allison Brown
Undercover Reporter



A Conversation With Basho

I recently had the chance to sit down with Basho to learn a little more about the life and work of the Japanese poet. As I approached downtown Tokyo I could feel the whirl and commotion of the city. I wondered what Matsuo Basho thought of it all, the high rise towers, the businesses, the rushing.

Coming upon our meeting place, STB 139 in Roppongi, I go over the questions I will ask. What was it like to wander for all those years? What most affected your poetry? Why did you leave your Samurai nobility to study and live in poverty? The restaurant is tall and the structure is set in rock, parts chiseled out, like something I saw when interviewing Homer in Greece.

Amidst the dim lights and the waiters, I see him. Wearing a tan robe he

is easy to spot. He is a little man. The many years of travel show on his face. Below his white wispy eyebrows I see those contemplative, penetrating eyes as I smile and say hello.

I quickly sit across the shiny black table that reflects the glow of the candle on the table. "So tell me," I say, "what was it like back in the 1660s becoming the foremost haiku writer while the genre was just developing?" He looks up at me and responds. "Dochirasama?"

"I have no idea what you are saying," I said. "Nani?" he replied.

That is when it hit me. I do not know the language. Standing, I thank him for his time and head to the door. That night on the plane, I will think of the times I spent with Basho. The memories, the deep conversation, the enlightenment. And I

will tell the stories of the greatest haiku poet and those piercing eyes. ♦

-Adam Sukhia
Foreign Correspondent



DISCLAIMER:

The views expressed in this April 1st Edition of the Houghton Star are a joke. A joke is defined as 1. a : something said or done to provoke laughter; especially a brief oral narrative with a climactic humorous twist b (1) : the humorous or ridiculous element in something (2) : an instance of jesting : 2. : something not to be taken seriously : a trifling matter.

Happy April Fools,
your friendly neighborhood Star staff

Second Virgin Birth



Rumors of another virgin birth led *Asteroid* photographers to this attic room where the happy couple basks in the glow of their newborn son. "I think it is obvious that he has the potential to change the world," says his delighted mother, Christine Difonzo. Former local protesters of Caneadea nuclear plant are investigating the possibility of an elaborate radioactive plot. ♦

THIS JUST IN: Fast-food Hits Education!!!

Get your degree online in only 30 minutes!!! Roberts Wesleyan is now offering a web-based education system that takes approximately a half-hour to complete (not counting JAVA 102a breaks or long walks around the quad). We are offering a BS degree in any program you could possibly think of from Pig Dissecting to Fruit Fly Reproduction Analysis.

If you are thinking that such a precious commodity will cost a small fortune...you are absolutely correct. Simply pay \$20,400 (and an extra \$6,680 for dorm rooms you will never stay in and meals that you will never use), and you will be exposed to the real world before any of your classmates.

Roberts gives credit for "real-life experiences." Simply submit a photo that you feel accurately portrays a story from your life. Who knows...it could even be submitted and put into the school newspaper as an art feature or hung in JAVA 102a. Please note, nudity will not be tolerated.

A spokesperson of Roberts Wesleyan College told the *Asteroid* that the program was a part of the effort to worsen Houghton's financial crisis but also a step in the right direction for next year's initiatives.

"Students should be prepared for acceptance into a minimum-wage job, or at least seminary," said the Roberts representative. ALSO COMING: Roberts' 45-minute graduate program in Horsemanship, Theology, and Outdoor Leadership. ♦

-Benjamin Loos
Ad Writer



ON-CAMPUS LOTR CULT EXPOSED!

Popular Mayterm Class Turns Into Crusade To Save The "Shire"

They can be seen on a clear day from Rt. 19, traversing the hills and valleys surrounding Houghton, some on horseback (It's actually "Bill the Pony," I'm told by a member of the group), some on foot, but all bent on the same task: to speak a confusing language called "Elfish" and to find the "one Ring."

It all started last year, when Dr. Charles Bressler, now known simply as "Gandolf the Grey," offered a Mayterm course in JRR Tolkien's popular fantasy series, *The Lord of the Rings*. I met recently with Dr. Bressler in his office to discuss the emergence of what has come to be known as the "Houghton Fellowship." He offered me some "Lembas bread" (which I happened to notice was really Walker's shortbread), and had this to say of the group's secretive treks: "In these dark times, we discovered that the Ring has been reformed, and was for a time lost in the murky waters of the Genesee River. We must find it at once and return it to the fires of Mt. Doom (which, apparently, is

somewhere near Portageville), to be once more destroyed."

Most members of the Fellowship decline to be identified, as there have been sightings of "Dark Riders" in the area. I met with three members who wished to be named as Frodo, Sam, and Legolas in the Daily Grind, where they felt they were safe from what they referred to as the "Eye of Sauron," which resides on top of the smoke stack at the power plant near Wiscoy.

"Oh, it's just everywhere these days—you can feel it. I had to hide behind a shelf of Campell's soup when my townhouse was shopping at the Jube last weekend," Legolas commented, sipping on herbal tea and passing around more shortbread that he had brought with him, wrapped in some leaves.

"Oh, definitely," agreed Sam. "It's more important than ever that we get the ... you know ... back to Mt. Doom."

"I wish the Ring had never come to me," was all 'Frodo' had to say, as he

looked dopyly into space.

The Houghton Fellowship declined to comment on whether or not they had possession of the Ring or if other students should be frightened about the presence of zombies on horses, riding around campus. Our interview was cut short when an opposing chapter, the Princes of Narnia, came into the coffee shop. Accusations were throw back and forth at first, but the scene soon erupted in all-out name calling. Before the situation came to blows however, a student who calls himself 'Peter' approached the Fellowship under the white flag of truce and persuaded both parties to settle their differences in a friendly but competitive Ultimate Frisbee match on the quad that afternoon, to "settle this thing once and for all." ♦

-Beave Sorensen
Columnist



Underclassman Obliterates Editors



On the morning of Monday the 20th, the hamlet of Houghton woke to a scene of shocking devastation. On Centerville Road, where once stood a cheery, robin's egg blue, three-story home, is now only heaps of rubble. The accident was evidently precipitated by an accumulation of snowballs on the roof of the upstairs apartment.

The couple who owned the home only sustained minor injuries, since they had been on the far side of the house. Tragically, seniors Kelsey Harro, Christine DiFonzo, Allison Brown, Rosaline Kelada-Sedra, and HiUan Kang all disappeared in the cave-in, only 2 months before graduation, and one day before their next *Star* deadline.

"It was just an accident," sobbed freshman Shen-man, Ryan Musser, who was found huddled in horror beneath a fallen beam. "I didn't mean to hurt

anyone...I just thought.....I don't know what I thought."

Friends and teachers stood frozen with shock and sadness where only 12 hours before, rescue workers had swarmed in a desperate search for survivors. Frozen shreds of clothing, soaked textbooks, and broken, dirty, dishes cluttered the snow. A black tarp covered the area where officials say that the upstairs kitchen seem to have mysteriously caved in, causing the seventy year old house to collapse.

According to neighbors, Musser had been heard late the night before, cheerfully bellowing up a greeting to the women inside the second story kitchen window. When they failed to notice him, Musser began packing snowballs playfully, tossing them at the window in hopes of announcing his visit to the preoccupied *Star* editors. It is arguable that the editors themselves are to blame for the accident, because of their characteristic obliviousness to visitors or to potentially offensive comics.

All occupants are presumed to have perished in the collapse, but the class of 2006 remains skeptical. One student thinks that she might have seen DiFonzo searching for airfare prices to the Virgin

Islands at the Campus Center computers. A fellow art major also remembers that Harro seemed uncharacteristically jovial the week before the snowball mishap, singing to herself in her loft space, "Bermuda, Bahama, cahhhh-mon on pretty mama....!" ♦

-Christine DiFonzo
the late Editor-in-chief



THE *STAR* is
in need of a new
editorial staff!!!!

Needed:

Editor-in-chief
Managing Editor
Design Editor
Copy Editor

Requirements for the positions include:

addiction to caffeine
extensive training in self-defense
willing to offer ready critique
must think that 4am is still night
must be a member of MENSA

A Letter To THE ASTEROID

Dear ASTEROID,

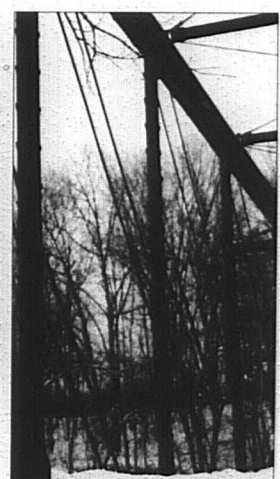
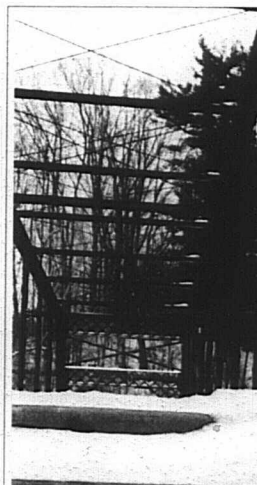
As former Vice-President of the SGA, I would like to make an official complaint about the article on a Lenten fast from Christian paraphernalia. Although the College Republicans are technically inactive and have no official members, that should not be taken as an excuse for throwing their name around in a such a frivolous way. I understand that it was meant to be taken lightly--still I think the entire concept was in poor taste and not a very good example of Christian community.

Sincerely,
Kevin Thompson

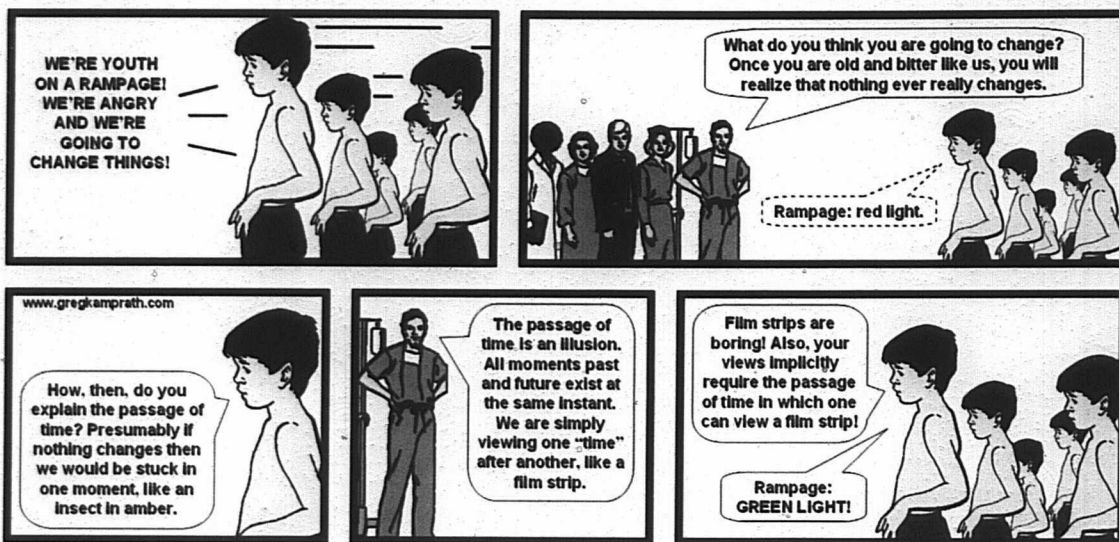
Houghton Abroad

Lattice Bridge, Allegany County

Photographs by Junior Bethany Eastlack of an abandoned bridge locally known as "Lattice," taken during a semester studying with Cultural Experiences Not Very Far Away, Spring 2006.



The Camp Wrath Songbook



Stroke of Fool's Day

by Andrew Davis



Joe and Ducko

by Joseph Freeman

