



People I hate



Mike Butala

When you look around the campus you may have noticed the increasing numbers of mentally unstable individuals plaguing the university. For the most part I'm an easygoing guy but recently I have been diagnosed with the new found virus called "People at Behrend that make me retch-itus." I'm sure most of you have this same disease and I categorized these individuals into groups so when you see them around campus, you will know how to reference them and can recognize them.

The first group is entitled "Makus Outis En Publicis." These are the slobby jerks that find it necessary to be with their loved ones at all times. Usually the broad is a deuce or a deuce and a half and I for one wouldn't be parading a beast like that around campus. I won't get too far into this one because I tackled this group in my last article. However, I've found out the consistent induced regurgitation these fools inflict makes an excellent dietary plan.

The second group is "Engineerus Playis Gamis." These are the blind-eyed engineers that play that godforsaken Internet bowling at all times in the labs when you need to get projects done. There's a time for Internet bowling and that is during class, not between classes. Mostly freshmen, they have little consideration towards real students and continue to utilize every computer in the lab until you give them hell. These characters, when not playing Internet bowling, commonly talk about Counterstrike and Quake III to pass the time, marveling at each other's superior computer game feats. If you care to locate them on the weekend, walk through the dorms at 3 in the morning and listen for gunshots being blown through their computers' subwoofers. They are commonly doing freshman engineering nerdy things and sitting next to ten empty cans of Mountain Dew.

Now, let's not confuse these kids with the homicidal guys that play Magic The Gathering outside Bruno's. Although homicidal, they are not prone to violence unless agitated. They're sort of like snakes and spiders.

The third is a group called "Sportis Maximus Egois." These guys obviously went to high school with a wonderful athletic program because they think, just because they are on an off-campus baseball team, God deemed them superior to everyone else. These kids need to grow up and realize that playing sports, although may be enjoyable to you, gets you nowhere.

A great athletic background and a dollar can get you a 20 minute phone call. For instance, I placed second in the county in long jump and seventh in the district. Where does that leave me today? Passed out next to a bottle of Jim Beam with a cigarette in my hand. I'd say if you guys went to a good football school and were on the team you might amount to something, but give me a break. I'm not attacking all the athletes, because I'm friends with a good number of them, but they aren't the chauvinist ones. I also highly recommend that these athletes start smoking.

The fourth category is split up into three parts. They revolve around drunken broads that you'll see at a party. They all pretty much fall into these categories and if you are a broad that wants to date me, and you fall into any of these categories, I'll most likely kick you to the curb.

The first is "Drunkus Broadis Annoyus." We all know these ones. These are the broads that never drink and get loose, drunk and giggly at a party falling over and slurring something awful. These differ from the alcoholic broads that drink every night and fall all over. Although these are the easiest to coax in the sack, their complete annoyance is enough where even Andrew "Dice" Clay would throw them in the streets. In other words, they suck.

The second is "Drunkus Broadis Passed Outis." This is also an easy one to get in the sack but unless you are a necrophiliac I wouldn't advise it. These are the broads that are passed out in the corner and got so boozed up even their friends gave up on them.

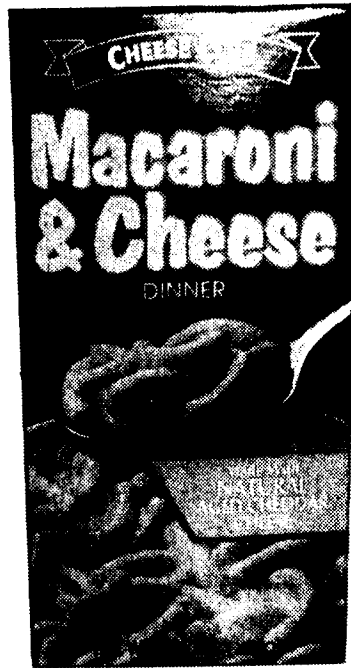
The third is "Drunkus Broadis Flirtis." Broadis like these can be found hitting on you. Yes you! So stop slitting your wrists and start going to parties. The downside to these broads is that although one is hitting on you, once you go get her another beer, she's halfway back to your best friend's room. She is pretty much worthless unless you're that friend who got her back to your place, in which case I hate you.

The fifth and final group is "Get Weirdis the Longer They're at Behrendis." You've seen these freaks of nature freshman year and they get more bizarre every year they are at this campus. I don't know what Bruno put in his Chicken Cozmos but these fools get more and more mental the longer they are here. For a lack of a better word, when I was a freshman, these guys were "normal" but now they are totally whacked out on what most people think is coke but I'm not buying it. I believe it's heroin. These guys need to invest in a mirror and take a look at themselves every now and then, not that I'm anything traditional to look at, but even I have some sense.

Hopefully, if you are reading this you do not fall into any of these categories because for one, I pity you, and two, you're going to kick my ass. But if you don't I hope you enjoyed and you know all these types of people. And I care about what you think, if there's anything you think I should write about or any comments, death threats, etc. email me at behrendbeacon@hotmail.com.

Butala's column appears whenever he sobers up enough to write something coherent.

Aldi's product review



Cheese Club Macaroni and Cheese

I have to admit, when I was first instructed to write product reviews on a store named "Aldi's," I was confused.

After all, Aldi's sounds like an Arab carpet store, not a place to buy groceries.

Can you imagine the confusion when Ben, the Humor Page Editor, told me Aldi's was a place to go for edibles?

My response was, "There's a place in Erie where people go to eat carpet?! Man, I was shocked."

But Ben told me about Aldi's and what it's really about - a store that sells generic products and makes you pay to use their carts.

After searching through their dumpster, I found some old boxes of macaroni and cheese, made by a company named "Cheese Club."

But let me tell you, the only thing sexier than the product's name was the taste of their product. After preparing the dish, I fed it to my panel, which consisted of Britney Spears, Tom Green, and that chick from the movie "Save the Last Dance."

They all liked the macaroni and cheese. Heck, Tom Green even tried to eat the box.

The panel and I were surprised to see Britney pledging her allegiance to Cheese Club products while openly ragging on the Mickey Mouse Club and Justin Timberlake.

The only bad thing that happened due to the meal was the chick from "Save the Last Dance" ralphed in the bathroom after eating the product. Britney said something about her being a Bolivionic or something. I was confused, 'cause she looked kind of Swedish to me.

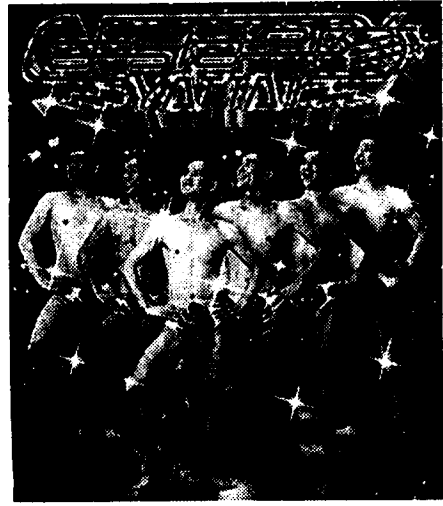
Anyway, the Cheese Club Macaroni and Cheese is made with natural aged cheddar cheese and it tastes good. Cook some. If you don't like it you can always throw what's left on someone's door and run away. I give Aldi's Cheese Club Macaroni and Cheese 3 1/2 turbans out of four.

P.S. Britney, can you bring my pants back? I left them at your house on accident. Sorry! He-he.



Karl Benacci

Japanese Boy Band of the Month



Happatai wins with a 6-1 vote

January's Pick for Japanese Boy Band of the Month is Happatai, hands-down. Their hit single "Yatta," released early 2001, took Japan and America to another level and brought the two countries closer than anyone could have imagined.

Their choreography puts the Macarena to shame. They have been described as a splash of the Village People with a double shot of Spinal Tap.

- Mike Butala

Every month, the humor page staff will select their favorite Japanese boy band. If you have know of any up and coming Japanese boy bands, please email behrcoll2@aol.com immediately.

The Kids in America

By: Tony DiPlacido, Humor page contributor

Little kids. We all love them. We watch in pure bliss as they excitedly unwrap Christmas presents. We view them in splendor as they play with pets. We observe in joy as they hit each other with two-by-fours. Yet more and more young couples are saying that they don't want children.

I say this is ridiculous. Don't you want a darling little baby that everyone thinks is cute, that screams every night, requires constant diaper change, and throws up on you periodically? As the infant gets older, you will see the other joys of youth. Imagine coming home from a rough day, and the comfort you will feel as your child runs into your

arms and gives you a warm, sincere hug. Then informs you that if you should find a destroyed coffee table, the dog did it. As your child matures into a teen, he or she will continuously entertain you with an endless supply of rude remarks.

No, seriously, I love kids. The other day, some kids were passing through that little gap in between Bruno's and that Balcony where I usually sit. Naturally, I had to turn to look at the kids. I love kids. (In a purely legal way, I assure you.) Anyway, one of these kids keeps his neck craned to keep looking at me as he passes, right? Well, the little tyke walked right into the wall. I'm sure bursting out laughing was wrong, but sue me. It was funny.

I don't see myself having kids. Dude, I would make a

horrible father.

"Johnny, get daddy the paper. Johnny, write daddy's column for him. Johnny, the TV is broken. Walk into the wall a couple more times for daddy's amusement, okay?" Dude, I can't imagine myself at parent-teacher conferences. "Mr. DiPlacido, your child is frightening his classmates. Everyone thought it was kind of funny when his head completely spinned around, but the writing in blood is where we draw the line."

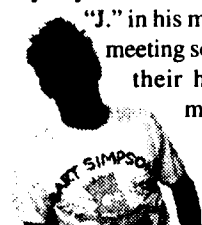
I understand that scientists have actually created artificial sperm. This means that there is no obligation for me to have a child. Science will create a far better one than I ever could.

I think I'll go walk into a wall now.

A creative version of "Dueling Banjos"

The Setting:

On Tuesday January the 1st, 2002, nine members of the collective known as The Penn State Behrend embarked on an epic journey. This journey was not so much like Homer's Odyssey as it was like Homer's quest to find out what the



Ben Kundman

"J." in his middle name stood for when he wound up meeting some crazy hippies on a commune, ruining their hippie vegetable drink then trying to making it up to them by making a new batch but inadvertently adding magic mushrooms to the drink causing the entire town of Springfield to trip.

Yes, I am talking about a four day trip to Killington, Vermont, for sun, fun, skiing, snowboarding, and drunken tomfoolery.

The Players:

Two suitable vehicles were procured, a '99 Chevy Venture and a '94 Dodge Intrepid. Due to the vehicles' closeness to the hearts of all, they were christened "Big Green" and "Ghostrider."

The players in this game, in order to save face and hopefully save them from the wrath of God, will heretofore be known as: The Cat (For his smooth moves with those of the female persuasion), Subtle C (for his hen-like exterior and contrasting interior), Lil' G (for being the little brother), Big G (for being the big brother), OG Dovesack (for bringing supplies necessary for any trip), Girt "That Guy" Giggler (for his propensity to run around naked and general That Guy-isms), Hawkeyes (for his keen detective skills and uncanny ability to spot finer specimens of the female persuasion from afar), The Dalai Lama (for having a theory to justify absolutely anything), and Dirty Thirty (for the relations he had with a woman just shy of thirty who had questionable morals.)

The Slopes:

All of the slopes and trails were incredible beyond description.

The snow was mostly man-made the first day on the mountain, but each night afterward, there was at least a dusting, so the snow improved each day. Man-made snow is like a blow-up doll - it works if you're truly desperate, but

nothing can truly satisfy like the real thing.

The Nightlife:

Once the first day on the slopes was finished (having no night skiing, the day ended at 4 p.m.) our weary travelers checked into their spacious slope-side condo and procured the basic human need second only to shelter: beer. A keg, in fact. The keg gods must have been looking down at the nine on that day, because they were blessed with the last keg in the entire county. Although the keg was filled with the swill known as "Budweiser," it still provided the liquid refreshment necessary to make it through four days of skiing and snowboarding.

The nightlife was eerily reminiscent of Penn-State

Behrend: about 25 percent of the bargoers were female, and the other 75 percent were male. There were no shortage of nightspots- however, the Behrend 9 found most of the bars to be more reminiscent of meat markets than places to enjoy a good brew and a live band.

The drunken That Guyerey of "That Guy" made meeting members of the opposite sex quite easy. That Guy would walk into a bar, and immediately find a group of attractive women, introduce himself, and say "You gotta meet my friends!" This provided an amazing convenient icebreaker, as most of the Behrend 9 are only able to "break the ice" when thoroughly inebriated.

The Drunken Tomfoolery:

Girt "That Guy" Giggler managed to impress the ladies and simultaneously weird out the neighbors from downstairs by running around naked half the time. Notable drunken naked moments include: A table dance for half a dozen girls;

running after a Toyota Camry, beer in hand, asking for directions; and getting firewood at 3 a.m. (see above)

Big G, while piloting Big Green to a bikini/boxer contest at an alcohol fun-house, nearly wrecked into a parked Acura due to his misjudgment of the coefficient of kinetic friction between all-season tires and solid ice. The Behrend 9 were quite pleased with the results of the bikini contest, as the second place winner was from PSU (although oddly enough she chose to remove her bikini, making one wonder why they called it a BIKINI contest) and the first place winner was from Point Park in Pittsburgh, where seven of the Behrend 9 hailed from.

The Cat, in all of his smooth glory, managed to seduce one desirable female as well as one slightly less desirable female back to the condo. The Cat realized his game was misdirected when it was discovered that the females he had brought home were of questionable moral values, but, unfortunately, at the same moment this discovery was made, Dirty Thirty was upstairs earning his namesake.

That Guy and The Dalai Lama managed to place a very undesirable part of the male anatomy on the head of several of their fellow travelers. They also performed a very creative version of "Dueling Banjos" with the aforementioned part of the male anatomy. Two entire cans of shaving cream were used in a condo-wide battle, coating all (with the exception of The Cat, due to his propensity to violence, and OG Dovesack, who was hiding in the closet) with a large amount of shaving cream.

The Locals:

Everyone from Vermont sucks.

Conclusions:

Hangovers, bloody marys, controlled substances and terrain parks don't mix, unless you are the reincarnated leader of an Eastern religion.

Driving 10 straight hours is hell.

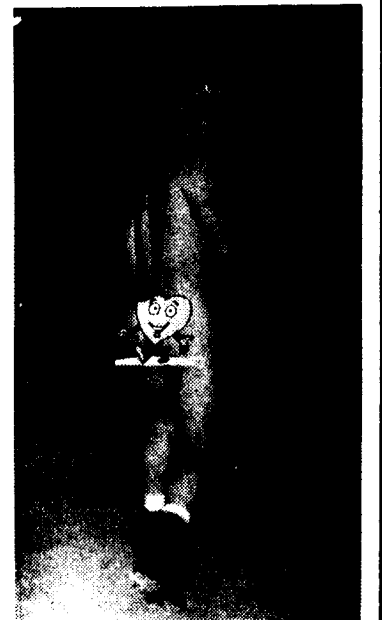
Everyone from Vermont sucks.

Go to Killington.

Kundman's column appears whenever he feels like it.

Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor

presents:
Boozehound of the Week



"That Guy"

"That Guy" has been selected as Boozehound of the Week because of his shameless run from a condo in Killington to the nearby wood shed wearing only socks and shoes. "That Guy" braved below freezing temperatures to bring his fellow skiers and snowboarders a fresh load of wood.

Dirty Teddy and The Behrend Beacon encourage students to drink responsibly. Boozehound of the Week was created to show what can happen when one consumes too much alcohol and makes a complete jackass out of him or herself.

Send your 50-100 word nomination for Boozehound of the Week to: behrcoll2@aol.com. Note: We will not publish stories about criminal acts. If you want your name in the paper, the nomination must come from your psu personal account. If you want your picture in the paper, send a jpeg file along with your story.