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The Behrend Beacon

Nothing spells trouble like a duck smoking a doobie



So I'm standing there in the shower this morning and I hear this cough. I turn around and don't see anything. Then I hear it again. I look down and see this duck standing there in the shower with me. And get this; the duck is smoking a joint. So I'm like, "Whoa, dude, you can't smoke pot in here."

And he's like, "Dude, yes I can. How else am I going to be able to fishbowl? I'm digging all the steam too." So then the duck takes another hit and asks me if I want some. So I say "no thanks" and tell him again that he can't smoke weed in my shower. He keeps taking hits and then he asks me if I want a hot lunch. I had already eaten so I'm like, "No, I don't want you to give me a hot lunch."

And he's like, "Why not? I saw you shooting up in here with the donkey the other day. Why can't I smoke?" And I'm like, "Dude, listen duck, that is between me and the donkey. Now get the hell out of my shower and wait your turn."

So then the duck's like, "How about shrooms? Do you want my purple mushroom?" Now that's not my bag, so I'm like, "Dude, sick. I don't want a purple mushroom from you."

Well, the duck didn't like that much so when I turned back to wash my hair I get smacked upside the head with something. The freaking duck threw a bar of soap at me! And I didn't like that much either, so I picked up the duck by his bill, ripped the joint out of his mouth and tossed it down the drain. Well, the duck didn't like that very much so the next thing I know is there's a webbed foot kicking my shins. I look down and see another duck in the shower.

So I'm like, "Dude, this isn't a public shower. You can't be having all these ducks coming in here." Well neither of the ducks liked that much and they both started fighting me. So I get out of the shower and break out my 9mm. I'm about to shoot them and one duck says, "Dude, it's not duck season. You'll get arrested."

So I'm like, "crap." Then the ducks tried to run away, but they couldn't waddle very fast because their pockets were weighed down by their stash. So then I yell, "Yo donkey, come out here."

The donkey was asleep and I woke him up and he didn't like me waking him up very much so when he came out he punched me. And obviously I didn't like getting a donkey punch very much so I ran after the ducks and got my gun back. The donkey tried to give me another donkey punch, but I was like, "Dude, no way." Then I shot him.

The morals of the story: Ducks are not allowed to do drugs in my bathroom and donkey punches are not cool. Anthony's column will appear whenever he quits getting flashbacks.

Aldi's product review

Ah, we're back for another installment of Aldi's Product Review. For this installment, I chose a classic nibble food-popcorn.

Aldi's popcorn is made by a company called Corn Town, which, as you may or may not know, falls in with Stephen King's "Children of the Corn."

After killing townsfolk and draining their assets, Malachai (the head of the group) decided to make some money by cutting down part of the cornfield and ordered his evil groupies to husk the corn and dry the seeds.

This angered the evil corn god (that governs them) off, for they ruined his field (the kid running the John Deere tractor with rotary blades made zigzags across the field), which in turn, drained his maniacal powers.

Let me break it down for you: this is evil popcorn. Do not mess with it. If you eat it, you'll do bad things.

After my Aldi's cabinet tested the popcorn, everything went to hell. The dancing chick from the movie "Save the

Last Dance" turned green and her head spun around in circles, Britney Spears grew fangs and tried touching me in dirty places. (she looked hot as a vampire so I pretended to be asleep while she groped me) and Tom Green, well, he acted pretty normal. Oh yeah, Bruno stopped by and tried some of the popcorn and told me it sucked hairy lion tail. He was right.

On the front of the Corn Town box, it says, "50 percent less fat and 10 percent fewer calories." In other words, it tastes like swamp rot. This is thrift store popcorn, ladies and gents, it's dry and harsh, much like the landscape in "Children of the Corn." Don't buy this stuff, it sucks. Corn Town can go to hell. Stick with the Aldi's Macaroni and Cheese.

Oh yeah, Britney, I'm still waiting for you to return my pants. I need them for my next pole dancing competition. They're fluorescent green and have elastic around the waist. They're the ones I wore when I escorted you to your movie premiere. Can't miss them, baby!



Karl Benacci

Super happy fun box!!!

As you may have guessed by the banner at the top of the page, this is a humor page. An unfortunate side effect of being humorous (or attempting to be humorous, as we are all mere college students) is offending a person or a group of people.

Let's say Tom, Dick, Harry, Sally, and Jane all read the humor page one week. (the number of people in this example accurately reflects our readership.) Now, Tom might fall off the toilet seat laughing. Dick might think some of it's funny, but a lot of it is too sophomoric and potty-based. Harry might think it's the dumbest thing he's ever read. Sally might be extremely mad that anyone would dare print such trash, and Jane might think it's kind of funny but deserving of an "E" for effort for having guts enough to put something like that in the school paper.

The idea I am trying to convey here is that not all humor is for everyone. Freedom of speech is a wonderful thing. It allows us to say what we do in this paper. It allows you, the reader, to read this page, or to skip it entirely. It also allows you to write angry letters to the editor because of our offensive content.

It is my firm belief, however, that humor will always offend someone or else be funny to no one. Keep on reading, or if you don't like it, keep skipping the page. We welcome all feedback, positive and negative, sent to behrroll2@aol.com.

- Ben Kundman Humor/Editorial Page Editor

Even non-freshmen need kegetiquette

The keg is as much a part of a Behrend party as the bad dance CD playing on the stereo, the 15-1 guy-to-girl ratio, and the shady old guy who no one really knows. The problem with kegs is although most understand the basic operations, a rare few possess the je nais sei ques (I don't know what that means) necessary to be a true keg connoisseur. In my 10 semesters at Behrend (yeah, I'm a lifer) I have learned a thing or two about keg etiquette, which I will now refer to as "kegetiquette" to avoid unnecessary use of the space bar. I have also spent many hours working kegs at parties, enough so I feel it is justifiable to refer to myself as a "tapmeister," or, if you will The Tapmeister.

Kegetiquette rule #1 - House beers are always first. Tapmeister's beers second. Beer pong pitchers third. Friends of the tapmeister fourth. Party Peons fifth.

The tapmeister must always have beer in hand thus ensuring the beer in stomach that maintains the steady hands and quick wit necessary for a good tapmeister.

Allowing the residents of the house quick access to beer (in other words, when the tapmeister spots a resident of the house, he/she immediately grabs their cup from over the masses and pours them a beer) prevents all of the assorted unpleasanties that occur when resident makes his way through the line for a beer and a fight erupts because some uncouth freshman becomes peeved that anyone would dare cut in front of him or her.

It may seem counter-productive by allowing pong pitchers ahead of others, but beer pong is an integral part of any party. Many muscle-bound hyper competitive testosterone junkies need the competitiveness of beer pong to relieve their pent-up frustration at losing the State Championship high school football game and winding up at a college with no football team.

By giving friends beer before normal party peons the tapmeister ensures that he/she will receive preferential treatment should the aforementioned friends ever assume the role

of honorary tapmeister at that party or another. Party peons are run-of-the-mill partygoers. Notice I made no distinction between male and female partygoers. In many cases those of the female persuasion will try and get a beer ahead of others by sticking their chests in the air and throwing "puppy dog eyes" at the tapmeister. Women have spent many years fighting for equality, and in order to support their desire to be equal, they shall receive no preferential treatment in the aforementioned keg line.

Kegetiquette rule #2 - Proper cup position. Picture a waterfall. Kool and the Gang

Which way does the water flow? Up? No, you moron, it flows down. Put your cup BELOW the beer being filled. For ideal beer placement, see Figure Kool and the Gang. The reason the empty cup is tilted is to minimize the amount of beer spilled while the tap flow is moved from one cup to the next and to reduce the phenomenon known as "head." Although reducing the amount of "head" at a party sounds like a horrible injustice, it is actually rather beneficial when you consider the amount of additional beer that can fit in a cup without any head. "You gave me too much head!" is the party phrase which most inspires tapmeisters to kick the offending person in the mouth or the can.

With the exception of the first couple of beers out of a keg, the amount of head in a beer is entirely in the hands of the beer holder. Amazingly enough, by placing the beer at the proper angle in relation to the flow of beer out of the spout, the amount of head received can be reduced to almost imperceptible levels.

Kegetiquette rule #3 - Personal space for the tapmeister/courtesy pump

Although it is very important to have cups lined up for the tapmeister to continuously fill, it is still critical to leave him or her enough

space, as tapmeisters generally require some fresh air so that they don't spew everywhere.

It is a wise party peon who administers a courtesy pump, as tapmeisters generally favor those who help them avoid the awkward one-hand-holding-a-beer-pump. Pumping the keg will often raise a party peon to the "friend" caste, at least for the evening.

Kegetiquette rule #4 - Never leave a wounded soldier behind.

Have you ever seen the movie "Saving Private Ryan?" In the movie, a group of men risk, and lose, their lives to save ONE MAN. The man they wish to save is Private Ryan, the last of the Ryan boys still alive. Have you ever been at a party, and seen half full cups of beer sitting everywhere? THOSE CUPS ARE PRIVATE RYAN! DON'T LEAVE HIM BEHIND!!! Beer, like gold, platinum, and Wayne Newton, is a precious commodity. I don't know about you, but I don't really like driving to Jimmy Z's at 1:45 a.m. to buy a bunch of overpriced six packs because a bunch of schmucks didn't have the common courtesy to finish their beers or give them to a buddy.

Kegetiquette rule #5 - Never sign for the bastards.

If all of your 19 year old buddies are throwing a kegger that's certain to be filled with high school girls, try and find a homeless guy to sign for the keg(s). Getting busted for buying beer for a party is very bad. (Not that there is anything wrong with high school girls or high school keggers - it's just that one should always be sure there name is not associated with the alcohol on hand.)

Mike Butala and I are both seasoned veterans "behind the barrel" as they say, and would like to wholeheartedly offer our services to any needy parties. Beer lines too long? Every cup filled with an unsightly amount of head? Single women? Drop a line to behrrendbeacon@hotmail.com providing specifics and we will gladly spend an evening making your lame-ass party slightly less lame.



Ben Kundman

Karl and Bruno's Excellent Adventure

Hello everyone. Wow, it's been three weeks since my last editorial and so much has happened! As stated in my last column, I went to Salt Lake City, Utah to compete in the National Pole Dancing Competition. Well, my friend, do I have a story for you.

Last weekend, Bruno, the Yeti and I embarked on the competition in Penn State Behrend's very own Blue Bus. It took us a few days to get there, but it was all good. Upon arrival, we checked into the Salt Lake City Econolodge and began getting ready for the competition.

Bruno unexpectedly opened his knapsack and unveiled some bottles of alcohol, which included rum, whiskey and vodka. The Yeti quickly downed the rum and whiskey, while Bruno gingerly sipped upon the vodka. Bruno then pulled a keg from under the bed (I don't

know how it got there) did a keg stand, and puked on the Yeti (who later required dry-cleaning.) Not long afterward, it was time to go, so we left the hotel and walked to the pole dancing competition, but made a stop in the liquor store because Bruno wanted some more vodka, which he brown bagged upon opening the container.

While walking down the sidewalk we noticed more and more people lined up on the street, cheering. "Oh," the Yeti exclaimed, "that's the Olympic torch relay."

Moments later, Bruno stumbled into the street, pushed the torch runner to the ground, and stole the torch. Bruno began running slowly (stumbling, really), amidst protests from the crowd. A few minutes later, Bruno was running into the packed Olympic stadium. He skipped to the middle of a track where a podium sat along with a microphone. The canine screamed profanities into the microphone before launching the newly lit torch into a crowd of terrified Canadians. Bruno then took the microphone, looked up into the crowd, and repeatedly yelled, "Absolute Bruno!" He followed this statement by regurgitating on the podium and soiling his brand-new dungarees.

What happened next? Bruno began laughing hysterically, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and immediately passed out.

The Yeti and I hastily dragged Bruno to the competition, for we had little time to spare. We made it just in time and I did my best to pole dance to MC Hammer's Can't Touch This. The routine was a success. Middle aged women cheered me and begged for an encore performance.

Bruno heard my song and sobered up just in time, because he was next to dance. In perhaps the best display of pure artistry I ever saw, Bruno mesmerized the crowd with Biz Markie's hit "Just a Friend."

It all went to hell, though. The Yeti danced to DJ Kool's "Let Me Clear My Throat," but in haste, he put his weight on the pole, bending it in half. Due to this, the top two finishers would have to dance without the pole. Who would be the two lucky winners? Yes, you guessed it, Bruno was one of them, but the other finalist was someone decked out in a yellow mask and cape, and was known only as "Trina." The incognito finalist (who we later learned was Ben Kundman), performed "Raspberry Beret" by Prince.

Bruno's head sagged after the display,

because he knew he would have to do something special to win the competition. Minutes later, amidst liquid smoke and a laser light show, Bruno appeared from behind the curtain wearing a bleached jeans jacket, black leather pants (a hole in the back for his tail to stick out, of course), and a pair of old '86 Jordan basketball shoes. He danced to "Hangin' Tough," by NKOTB and flung his jacket into the crowd after the roaring crowd cheered him. Bruno had won; in fact, he even signed a record deal with Death Row Records. I've helped collaborate on the project and have written a few songs (the Yeti does turntables), such as "Take My Paw," "Let Me Sniff You," and "That Ain't My Tail."

It was a heck of a weekend and I will definitely cherish the memories. Oh yeah, Bruno wanted me to say hi to everyone out there and insists that all cute girls must hug me (Karl) whenever they see me, whether they know me or not. Hey now, don't shoot the messenger! That's what he said for me to tell you. Oh, and another thing, he wants girls to send me valentines and chocolate, too. I like that. No bones about it!

Benacci's next column will appear when he gets back from the oppressive Mormon state of Utah.

Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Week



Admiral Nelson



In days of yore when men were men and battles raged across the lands and glory swept the seas, there came upon the world's stage a great leader whose courage and classical good looks quickly became the stuff of tabloids and tavern talk and you guessed it, legend. Horatio Nelson was his name, adventurer, true friend of the ladies, admiral of the greatest armada ever to set sail. Admiral Nelson's romantic spirit inspired this premium imported (from St. Louis) spiced rum which bears his name. A superb golden rum carefully blended with just the right spices to provide an incomparable taste of the tropics. The only rum worthy of being called Admiral Nelson's.

Find out more about Admiral Nelson at: www.admiralnelsonrum.com/

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: behrroll2@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.

Mike Butala's seaworthy adventure with Admiral Nelson



By: Mike Butala

It all happened a fortnight or two ago. It was colder than a sea snake stuck in the very depths of an arctic snowdrift. It was then I generously indulged in the sweet nectar that is Admiral Nelson's Rum. As I swaggered 'round the desolate ice land, I came 'cross the bunkhouse of a fellow land lover who went by the name of Scabs. Groggy-eyed and belligerent as a pee-whipped schoolboy, I made a feeble attempt at the door of the bunkhouse and stumbled my way 'cross the swill covered surface that posed as a floor. As I entered the room I jumped on the bunk where I observed Scabs and a sea wench making a sorry pursuit of some sort of sexual escapade. As I was hastily escorted out of the bunkhouse, menacing threats were given to me by Scabs, obviously under the influence his own dreary eyed groggin'. As I was ejected, the door latched behind Scabs, leaving him on his own gallows. Locked out of the bunkhouse, he clenched his fist and cursed obscenities at me as I left him in his long johns. After that night, Scabs and me shared a special bond and raised our hooks toward each other. Thank you Admiral.