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Humor
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The Behrend Beacon

Editors note: The opinions, thoughts, and meaningless rantings contained within Mike Butala's articles are his own and do not reflect the opinions of the Beacon staff. In fact, we all think he's a real jackass.

Women belong in the kitchen...

...an obvious fact but not necessarily relevant to the rest of my article. You see, I'm sick of two things. One: broads that write emails to the Beacon saying my articles are "controversial." They're just p.o.'d because the Teflon wore away from her favorite pan and she's taking it out on me and Two: Figure skating guys who think Robin Williams should be dean of the school. That's just retarded and if you think that, you can go to hell. But nonetheless, this article will not do two of my favorite things, pick on minorities and insult women, but don't stop reading this. I know it's hard because those are probably your favorite two things, too.



Mike Butala

So I was lying around spring break at like 4 in the morning watching Comedy Central and "Battlebots" was on. Figure no one watches that show so you might as well put it on when everyone's asleep. Granted the show blows but I saw a Magic: The Gathering sticker on the robot and usually I'd write about the homicidal goth kids outside Brunos, but not this time. But I thought it was kinda funny that Magic: The Gathering sponsored Battlebots because that seems like something those crazy homies would like. I'd really expect nothing less from a subculture patronizing the sweet nectar of the Gods that is...Jolt Cola. That godforsaken swill would have left the market years ago if it weren't for them.

Now That's Music Vol. 9. THAT ain't music my friends, and I hate all of you that patronize the largest plague to ears since Wesley Willis. Granted I don't know a soul who has any of these CDs. Actually, there was a broad I dated in high school, turned out she was a lesbian. I wanted to make a reference to a water retention system but the editors objected. When I found out she liked box turtles, I got really drunk and punched a locker.

Oh, well. She had one...I think it was Vol. 3 but I'm not sure, all I know is that it sucked. Which makes me wonder, how the hell did they sell enough copies to make nine of these albums. I guess crazier things have happened; after all, women vote.

The show "Becoming" on MTV. First off, MTV sucks and anyone that watches it, yeah that's about all of you, suck. Like I said, I was really bored during spring break. I didn't watch these but supposedly it's like how stars became uhh...celebrities, not stars. There's some obvious one, Britney Spears got her looks and 'N Sync because they were the last band since David Bowie to openly admit their homosexuality and have a feeble taste in music. There's even things I won't do for broads and fame. Granted I'd be in a gay boy band but I would by no means play sports for any off Campus College and pretend I was the greatest sports star since "Sweet Lou" Whitaker. Nonetheless, I just wanted to express the fact that Sum 41 was on there and said all they had to do was three things; buy hair gel, learn two power chords and get a set of a trailer park living room to simulate the "from the streets" look. By the way, punk is dead and I hate the pseudo punks on campus, choke on your vomit and die.

My dad is a worthless bum. Let's say Mitch Buchanan's dad graduated from Ball State University, so he got Ball State University basketball pride right? Riiiiiiiiight. My dad loves Pitt Basketball, graduated from Pitt? Nooooo. Not only did he not go to college, he makes lies about being in the military. If I know my dad like I think I do, he was munching on Cracker Jacks and watching Pitt basketball on TV right after he graduated from high school until...uhh...now. I mean this guy wouldn't even leave the couch from a basketball game to help me unload groceries. So over winter break, I caught him watching a Lifetime movie on TV. I told him it was a women's channel, which is interesting because I thought the women's channel was the cooking network. He claimed it was okay to watch the movie because Neil Patrick Harris was in it. I told him to get real and he hasn't been the spokes model for masculinity now or when he was on Doogie Howser.

Online dating, STD commercials and Phone Sex commercials. What do these have in common? The broads are freaking hot. First, the online dating: Let's get serious here man. If these broads were hot they wouldn't be looking for dates online and all the hot ones are homicidal. Then there are just overall worthless trashy broads. STD commercials? Broad's that are hot don't have the "clap." They bang supermodels. It's "Around the Block Bertha" that you get to see slides of in high school health class. I hate the lies! And finally phone sex operators. C'mon now, any man who's a MAN has called these numbers and yeah, they sound hot, or should I say they are hot then they got a huge pile of beef between their lips. The fat slob's got sexy voices and as we all know, if the broads on TV were the phone sex operators, they'd be in Karl Bennacci's apartment.

Why must the ambulances write the word "ambulances" backwards on their vehicles? I know it's so you can read it properly in your mirror but let's think about it. A 5000 pound vehicle is speeding at your car at 100 mph, sirens roaring and lights blinding. Okay, I'm getting the hell outta the way. You can sit there and read the words in your mirror but by the time you're done you're gonna have a busted fender and an ambulance driver up your ass. I've seen it a million times. It's kinda like saying, "Okay if the speeding van, sirens and lights don't work, the backwards signs gotta get their attention." It's like yeah, if it takes you a backwards sign to get outta the way of an ambulance, you can choke on vomit with the pseudo punk kids.

People named Karl Suck.

Butala's next column will appear after a thorough ass-whooping.

Aldi's product review

As many of you probably know, Tuesday night is wing night at the Fireside Restaurant. Therefore, on my way to that fine establishment, I stopped off at Aldi's for a product I knew would be needed later. For only 89 cents, I purchased four rolls of Clarissa Bathroom Tissue. At dinner I made sure to slurp up extra sauce so that I would later be able to test this product to its fullest capabilities.

The first thing I noticed during the initial phase of my testing was the bathroom tissue's packaging. It seemed a bit odd that a woman named Clarissa would name toilet paper after herself, but that was not the most baffling part. What threw me off was the picture on the packaging of a little girl holding a baby duck. It took awhile but after some thinking, I figured out the reason for the duck. Duck, Duck, Goose is a game little kids play. Goose rhymes with deuce, which, of course, is what you drop when you are in the john. Duck, duck, DEUCE!

After several minutes and a couple magazine articles, it was time to physically test Clarissa's bum rags. I quickly learned the hard and messy way that when using this product, you may wish to use a bit more than normal. Let's just say it tears easily and I ended up getting a shower before I left the bathroom.

So maybe Clarissa Bathroom Tissue is not the best bathroom tissue on the market. Here are some other uses for the remaining

rolls. Soaking a roll in water can turn it into a fun splattering missile, but it is even more fun if you soak it first and then freeze it.

Bathroom tissue can be used as a decoration for your dorm or even your trees. If you are an extra nice person, you may even be willing to decorate your neighbor's trees, as well.

If you are too broke, a roll will even substitute for a box of tissues. Bathroom tissue, like its distant cousin duct tape, is only limited in number of uses by the user's imagination.

A roll of Clarissa Bathroom Tissue contains 280 2-ply sheets. That should be more than enough to clean up after almost any trip to drop the kids off at the pool. Another nice feature is that it comes in two colors: white and pink. As a male, I feel that I do not need anything pink touching my posterior, so I went with the white rolls. I wonder why they do not make bathroom tissue in manly colors like camouflage or brown. In the category of cleaning quality, I give Clarissa one square out of four. In the fun potential category, Clarissa earns four squares. (editor's note: that's really Aldi's chocolate pudding on Ryan Anthony's hands...just in case you were wondering you sicko).

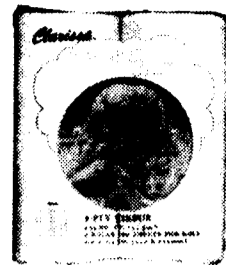
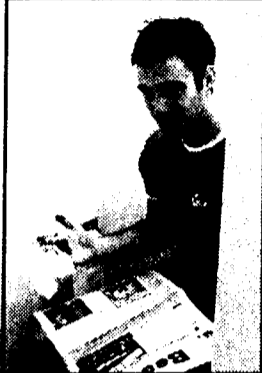


Figure 1: Clarissa Bathroom Tissue



Ryan Anthony

"Booze Bandit" Strikes Behrend, Encyclopedia Brown on the Case



by Ross Lockwood

A few weeks ago I was enjoying a few beers with my friends. It was some good suds. The mix of hops and barley was impeccable. We left to go to a party, and all I could think about was coming back to the apartment for a nightcap. When we came back, we found that the beers were gone. Not only that, the movie Pulp Fiction had been stolen, as well. Needless to say, we pissed and moaned, some people made some threats with baseball bats and we said the "f" word and "s" word a lot but nothing happened. We had no leads.

The following night at Scabs bunkhouse, a Mardi Gras party was going down. I was disappointed that none of the middle aged, married, M.I.L.F.S that were so prevalent with Scabs were there, but the night only got worse: the booze bandit struck again. The bottle of Baccardi O that was supposed to be given to the girl with the most beads (AKA the biggest slut) was taken. Needless to say, this jag off ruined my weekend.

A note for the booze bandit, you have made the worst mistake of your life. More than likely, your first-born is going to hell in a body bag. And the body bag will be on fire, so the bastard child won't even enjoy the ride to hell where his soul will burn eternally.

Q. What are Michael Jackson's favorite colleges? Brigham Young and Penn State-Dubouis

Jimmy Z's BAR QUESTION OF THE WEEK

Who is the sexiest cartoon character and why?

Due to the underwhelming response for the last contest (two replies) we are asking the same question again. Send your answer in 100 words or less by 3/20/02 to: Behrcoll2@aol.com.

- 1st place winner: free Fat Chick Sandwich
2nd place winner: free Fat Boy Sandwich
3rd place winner: free side of Fries

Job Unfairs



Karl Bennacci

Know what sucks? Yes, job fairs. Why? All colleges have them, but no matter how hard a college tries, its' job fair sucks. It's not the fault of the college; it's just that job fairs can't be cool. Or can they?

What is a job fair? It's when students dress up and walk around begging for jobs and/or internships. Hmm...dressing up and begging for something. Halloween-- dressing up and begging for candy. Job fairs-- dressing up and begging for jobs. What a crazy parallel. I'd rather have the candy, though.

There are three kinds of students that go to job fairs:

1) The Kiss Ass- These people try to act mature and professional. They borrow their mother's or father's clothing (in extreme cases, both) and go to the job fair acting like they're at a funeral: Hi, my name's Chester" looks at company representative in the eye and shakes their hand (great advice from mom and dad)* I have no special talents and I'm boring so I'm going to act like a professional. Please take my resume, I love watching Fraggle Rock and I have no life!

2) The "I'm Your Buddy Student"- These people aren't nearly as bad as the kiss ass students. At least these people have some personality and perhaps a life: "Hey, my name's Henry! What's up? I'm an Engineer! How about those Steelers?! I like naked women!" There's a happy medium between the ass kisser and the latter.

3) The Stupid Person- These people are fun to watch because they're not trying to be fake. They often wear their street clothes to the job fair and wonder why everyone is so dressed up, having no idea what's going on: "Hey, what's up? So what does McDonald's do? Oh, hey, you have the same logo as the McDonald's restaurant chain! Company guy: We

are the McDonald's restaurant chain. Stupid Person: Oh. Can I have some coupons? Company guy: No, go away. Stupid Person: I have a resume, see? McDonald's company guy: That's a cocktail napkin with crayon scribbles. Stupid Person: Yeah...I gotta go, my ride's here!

There are treasures at these job fairs. Prizes. Jewels. Once, some guy gave me a clock because I talked to him. Unfortunately, most of the things the companies give away are crap. Why is it brought to the job fair? I assume it's there to lure us to their table. It might work for some people, but not me. No candy from strangers, whether they work for IBM or they're the scary man who drives around Behrend at night in his van, blasting old Molly Hatchet tapes.

Moving on...how can one have fun at a job fair? Use your thinking cap.

One can: 1) Eat some of the stale candy the company has in their plastic bowl. After that, talk to the company associate for a few minutes and then collapse to the ground or on the company's table (flip it over for added effect).

2) Converse with the company representative at the job fair and (without warning) scream, "What's your *expletive* problem? You don't even know my mother!" You can either dump the bowl of candy over the company representative's head and/or just storm off; whichever you choose.

In conclusion, Job fairs need Britney Spears and slot machines in order to be cool. Will it ever happen? I doubt it...but a Karl can dream.



If listening to bad music was cool, I'd be Miles Davis



Kevin Fallon

The first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem. My name is Kevin and I listen to bad music.

Everyone has a few CDs in their collection they are embarrassed to own. You remember, you got the "MMMBop" song stuck in your head and bought the CD. You don't admit to anyone that you like this CD, let alone listen to it. I bet you hide it so people don't see it and make fun of you. Yet, when no one is looking, you still crank it up and dance around your bedroom.

As someone who prides himself on listening to "good" music, I feel it is time to come clean. Hidden behind my Clash and Miles Davis records are CDs that I am ashamed to own. Of course, none are as bad as Hanson; give me some credit.

The truth will set me free. Here are the most embarrassing CDs in my collection: (I'm not making this up, I really own these.)

1. Shaquille O'Neal, "Shaq Diesel" - When this CD first came out, it was "da bomb." At least that's what all the kids at school told me. And when I say "all the kids," I mean the ones who sagged their Boss jeans, wore Charlotte Home's Starter jackets, and smoked Newport Lights on

the school bus. This was the CD they listened to while they huffed gas after detention. It was all part of the eight-grade thug life.

I make fun of Shaq now, but he was the man back then. Not only did he have successful basketball and rapping careers, he also starred in "Kazaam," the story of a rapping genie who lives in a boom box. Shaq is a true Renaissance man. Boo-ya.

2. Neil Diamond, "Hot August Night" - Not only is Neil Diamond not cool now, he wasn't cool even when he was cool. Huh? I mean, he never was cool.

Owning this album is not all my fault. When I stole my mom's record collection, this gem was in it. But still, I kept it. I just hope my mom never listened to this while she was pregnant with me. (I have to give my mom some credit. I also stole a few Who albums. But still, mom, Neil Diamond?)

3. Jewel, "Spirit" - This is the most embarrassing CD because I own it for the worst reason. I think Jewel is hot. Yes, I bought a record just because of the singer's looks. I admit it. So kill me.

I had a huge crush on Jewel a few years ago. I wanted to be familiar with her music so we could talk about it on our first date. For some reason that date never happened. Jewel, if you're out there, the offer still stands. Call me.

4. Cannibal Corpse, "Butchered At Birth" - The same person that owns a Jewel album also owns a Cannibal Corpse album? Has the world gone mad?

To be honest, I don't know how this CD ended up in my collection. It just appeared one day. Perhaps Satan himself broke into my room and planted it there in an attempt to corrupt my soul. I know Satan listens to some good music: But he could have picked a better CD, like Slayer or Danzig.

For those of you not familiar with Cannibal Corpse, here are a few of their song titles: "A Skull Full of Maggots," "Hammer Smashed Face," and "Force Fed Broken Glass." And those are the clean ones.

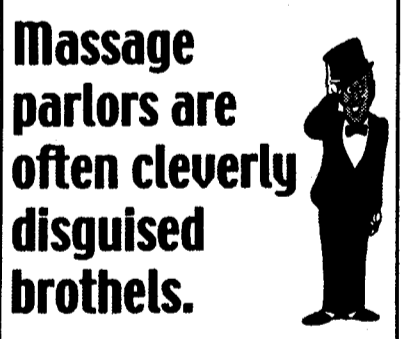
I guess I should be lucky mom was only listening to Neil Diamond and not this.

5. Eddie Money, "Eddie Money" - Wait a minute. I am not ashamed of this record. This record rocks. "Two Tickets to Paradise," that's my jam.

Now I feel like a weight has been lifted. I have repented and my sins have been forgiven. But before any of you decide to make fun of me, I want you to make your own list. I bet yours will be much more embarrassing. At least there are no boy bands on my list, unless you consider Cannibal Corpse a boy band.



Fun fact of the week: Massage parlors are often cleverly disguised brothels.



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 jack-ass 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.

so i got mad...told her off and told her i could stand up.... which I attempted but failed..and then flicked her off

I also puked in the Plymouth... a little... on the floor

so then we went to (unnamed bar) and i proceeded to tell mad people off... I told off a random TKE bro..

Told off J for buying me bitch shots and then Leah and TJ for laughing at me then puked all over the floor after my 21st

and then the waitress was being a bitch...

...so we were at Plymouth...for quarter drafts...I had 6 beers and about 18 shots there

In the words of Shakira:



Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Week PENNSTATE Erie Shakira