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The Behrend Beacon

## Drunken miscellaneous misdemeanors

In concluding this year of inebriated hi-jinx and drunken miscellaneous misdemeanors, I opted to write a complete article drunk. This did not work due to excessive use of the "f word" and I used whore a lot, too.



Mike Butala

So unfortunately, that will not be published, I'm just going to talk about how wasted I got this weekend. Sure, that's a juvenile and childish thing to do, but I'm juvenile and childish, plus I really like to moderately drink, and when I say moderately, I mean excessively. Like most students at Behrend my weekend started on Thursday; it was Steve Hlopick's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, i.e. it was time to get sloshed at Jimmy Z's. Surprisingly, I didn't pass out there like last Thursday, I really don't remember what happened there, but let me tell you, I got wasted. Jerod Ross took me home from Jimmy Z's, where I was greeted by a bottle of Jim Beam and my buddy smiling and asking to do "verticals."

After a slug it was pretty much over, for my stomach that is. I puked my guts out and went back to my apartment where Emily Mantini woke me up just to tell me she was leaving.

Friday...ahh, now I remember, I went to Jimmy Z's again with the EKA alumni. That was pretty cool. I got wasted and passed out in Defibaugh's bed with Slim, my henchman, in The Koz's bed. I might add I played a lot of foosball both of those nights.

Saturday, oh yeah, the Behr-Hurst BBQ. That day I didn't drink that much. HA! Who am I foolin'? We lost in Wiffleball and the BBQ consisted of eight hot dogs, a Zippo, and Beast Ice that flowed like the Nile. I'm not sure what happened after like 10 p.m., I think I went to bed...wait...no. Aah...that was the day I drank until eight in the morning.

Yeah, now it's coming like an acid flashback. So that leaves Sunday. Sunday and myself are one in the same, we were both a mistake, or so my parents tells me every week since I was born. I woke up drunk and went to the Plastic Engineering Pig Roast equipped with 3 kegs. There was torch juggling, skeet shooting, horseshoes, a big ass fire and their neighbors' son. I dunno why I talked to him in the first place, but I'm really not surprised since I talked to their dog for a good half hour.

Then I challenged this fourth grade, 10 year old to a game of basketball. As we all know, I'm a sports phenom. That kid schooled me 10-4. I was trying, too, I mean it. The hoop was only six feet high. I did swat and dunk on him once. So after an hour of sulking and proceeding to drink more, I talked trash on him and his dad and bet him a quarter I would walk away victorious. Set and determined for victory, I was down 2-0 and just...passed out right on the court. Fell and broke my glasses and got two huge gashes around my eye. Blood was everywhere and they tried cutting me off. In conclusion, I'll copy and paste a little blurb from my previous article:

"nman was u I wass I pissed. I swrar ma ppl all over the place knew what wa iup, I got platics mettin tiomorows hthere, I lot of boos4er and eveeetyh8ihhhnb, I wih uts warn clkd]. Ma g figgim pes man. . I don't even gikvede a give a fcu vuzz mt hoe have out dashboard confssiunal sh54itv. They sold out on vagrant, ask ts will tell u all about it. Dudem, u ddont understdn how pissd I am, I wanted at leaaaaadst but that ididnt happene and fuggin pll stole my case of fugin American man."

And I want to mention this, too. I didn't write this, but it's pretty freakin' hilarious. It's compliments of "Snack Pack" Baker.

"To ride a motorcycle, is to come the closest to living in the truest sense of the word. Every sense is heightened, such that the sum total of the riding experience makes you thirst for more of everything. The adrenaline rush of being so close to nature, the pavement and danger, make the experience one you will never forget. As the miles pass by at accelerated speeds, you realize that life really is great."

Butala's next column will appear after his next eight day bender.

## Aldi's product review

Have you ever wished for a cheap source of entertainment? Something that would make life at Behrend less mundane? Something that would help you focus on schoolwork, and make you more attractive to the opposite sex? Then let me introduce you to a new product featured at Aldi's this week. That's right! Aldi's now features it's very own brand of booze!

Aldi's brand Moonshine now comes conveniently bottled in gallon and two gallon containers. Perfect for parties or just a night in front of the TV, Aldi's Brand Moonshine is the perfect addition to the liquor cabinet of the discriminating booze connoisseur. Thousands of satisfied customers have written Aldi's thanking them for their outstanding product.

Duane Binacca of Union city writes: "I have always loved a bargain, and Aldi's brand Moonshine is one hell of a bargain in my book. I gave just one shot to my sister and she was friskier than a Priest at ner camp!"

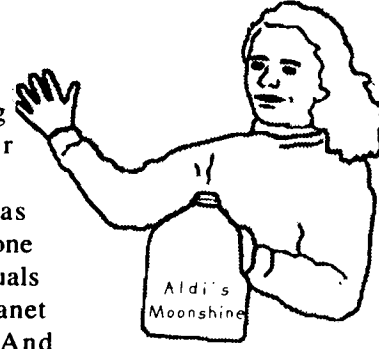


By Nick Capozzoli

In a recent study of Behrend students, 64% revealed that they were more likely to engage in risky behaviors while drinking. That translates in to 64% more fun than average! Think of it, you could be cooler than 36% of the student body here at Behrend. Just get drunk! Famous people always

get drunk. If you want any chance of being famous, you better follow suit.

Frank Sinatra was widely recognized as one of the coolest individuals ever to grace this planet with his presence. And believe you me, he got drunk every day! Sure you may have classes today, but that doesn't mean you can't drink. Frank would have approved of a little "pick me up" before class. Anyone who's cool would, anyway.

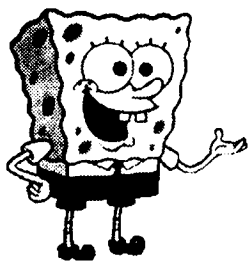


Case in point, Babe Ruth was known to drink a fifth of whiskey before an important game, and he hit more home runs than any baseball player of his time. But whiskey is just Zima compared to Aldi's brand Moonshine. At 156 proof, Aldi's Moonshine is guaranteed to make you perform better on tests, presentations, and all that stuff. Don't worry about it. If the Babe could crush a ball while lubed up, you can surely crush your finals under the influence.

Sometimes your friends will be too drunk to handle their booze. Let me tell you, this is the perfect time to give them Moonshine. It makes them less violent, well, maybe not less violent, but less capable of violence. It also makes them more susceptible to your influence. Tell your friends that they wronged you in some way, they won't remember. Then you have the upper hand in any situation. Just bring their drunken intercessions up in subsequent conversations; you will surely prove your point when your friends can't remember.

In conclusion, Moonshine can make your life better in many aspects. Just make room in your life for it and sit back and enjoy. You'll be happy you did!

### SpongeBob SquarePants presents:



### Things Jack Burke and Rob Wynne have in common:



1. Both prefer button-down shirts.
2. Both wear glasses.
3. Both are leaders at Behrend in some way.
4. Both have jobs that no one else wanted.
5. Both have to fight off the ladies whenever they go out in public.

### 1st runner up, Boozehound of the Year Donnie ass face

"You're like the John Belushi of our generation."  
-Mike Bello, talking about the BHOTY 1st runner-up



In the past year, this boozehound has:  
-Kicked over every garbage can into traffic on Beaver Ave. at UP for four straight blocks screaming "I wanna rock!"  
-Broke his kitchen table by dancing on it, then threw a recycling bin filled with 30-40 bottles which all subsequently broke in his stairwell.  
-Got naked at least 10 times in the company of others, including standing completely naked at the Skins beach party for 2 minutes.  
-Hooked up with a 17 year old.  
-Threw up a Bloody Mary in the middle of the apt quad at 1 in the afternoon, then went to Wooster, Ohio where he:  
1.)Ran around the house naked for \$1.  
2.)Got beat on his bare butt by some broad with a studded belt who also had another belt around his neck on a stripper pole while some random guy (someone said it was a priest) walked by at 10:30 p.m. in the middle of suburbia while a guy in Catholic seminary school watched.  
3.)Let someone rub his face around for a minute in a birthday cake for \$5  
-Was a deciding factor in alcohol getting permanently banned from all future ASME student conferences by "going vertical" on a half-gallon of Evan Williams in front of about 100 students and professors.  
And many others....

### Dirty Teddy's Malt Liquor Boozehound of the Year



### Urination Jason



This week boozehound of the week is dedicated to a man, no legend, named Urination Jason. This is a fellow who has dedicated his life at Behrend to many activities, namely drinking and getting wasted. His past attributes far surpass the qualification, which is "Boozehound," but he was too messed up to tell the story. To start off this man loves Butala, Ben and Cap for writing the funny pages, in a completely heterosexual way. Okay, to start off of why he is the best candidate for this is that he will drink anyone under the table on this campus and still get a better QPA but he still likes to have people take him up on the offer. He spent \$140 at the bar and walked home three miles, only ending up on the side of the road like a rotting deer carcass until his brother came to pick him up. At finals week last semester he drank a bottle of Black Velvet in about an hour and passed out in shower naked, only to find out that someone had stolen his clothes. He ran around the house naked for about an hour and stole some one else's clothes. At a beach party he fell down the stairs and thought that was so fun so he did it about 10 more times, which led to stairway bowling consisting of lining up kegs, bottles, can and small children as pins. When he gets drunk he does a great impression of "Fight Club" (not when they fight each other, when Norton fights himself) and "Weekend at Bernie's." Unfortunately he is too drunk to finish this article cause he is out of alcohol...wait till next year!

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.

## Last humor column ever

Throughout this semester the humor page has come under some (when I say "some" I mean LOTS) of criticism for its content, lack of pertinence to a college newspaper, and overall moral reprehensibility. In order to relate the difficulties we have had in giving humor to the masses (when I say "humor to the masses" I mean "not making anyone mad") I will hereby present several examples of attempted topics of humor that were met with nothing but hurt feelings and violent protest.

"Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?" We tried this one. We really did. The PETA people were all over us like flies on...well, flies on whatever flies like the best. We asked them why it was offensive and they stated "Jokes about endangering animals are not only unfunny, but morally unjust. Chickens crossing roads is not a laughing matter. It is a risky business where they are only trying to reach their only natural habitat while placing their personal safety at great risk." So much for the whole "chicken crossing road" routine.

"I just flew in from (let's say Las Vegas to make it really interesting) and, boy, MY ARMS ARE TIRED!" We at the humor page thought this was a sure fire "go!" but unfortunately, in the words of the NAPFLAC (National Association of People Flapping Arms Constantly) spokesman, this proved to be trouble. "We can't help it our arms are tired all the time!" he said. "Try flapping your

arms for 33 years straight then yak it up!" Sorry, man. Next, we tried inanimate objects. Big mistake. "How many couches does it take to change a light bulb?" We honestly thought this one was foolproof. BIG MISTAKE. Next thing we know PETIO (People for the Ethical Treatment of Inanimate Objects) is all over us like Butala on a TJ hooker. We didn't even get to the punch line and we got sued over 10 times. A spokesperson for PETIO wrote us an angry letter and had this to say: "Inanimate objects have just as many rights as any person or animal on this planet. How would you feel if you got used, abused, or under lubed every day of the week? Try being an inanimate object for a day and tell us how you feel!"

After our lack of success with inanimate objects, we tried picking on well-known celebrities such as "Carrot Top." As much as Carrot Top sucks, we figured we would get no grief whatsoever from criticizing that worthless piece of flesh. WRONG. The first letter we received was from "NOOORSJFAOR" (National Organization of Oppressed RedHeads Seeking Justice For All Other Redheads.)

Apparently, no matter how incompetent of a comedian you prove yourself to be, so long as you have red hair, you have friends.

No matter what we tried, it seemed like we were destined



Carrot Top:

to failure. Finally, in a drunken stupor (or possibly rage?) I suggested we should make fun of religion. "Let's go pick up some Catholic High School girls!" I slurred. The humor page writers agreed, and came up with the basis for a whole new series of articles: "Why did Moses talk to a burning bush? Because he really liked redheads." I thought we were Kool and the Gang with that one until I started getting hate mail from NOOORSJFAOR and Greenpeace. Boy, I didn't see that one coming: "Burning bushes is wrong, even if it's Biblical. Making fun of religious people is really cool and junk, but you cannot talk about harming Mother Earth. F#\$% capitalism!"

So, we tried making everyone happy by sticking to some of the old standards. Obviously that doesn't work. We made an attempt at making everyone laugh, smile, or at least pause before wiping their ass with the humor page. I think it worked on some levels but not on others.

I hope you like what we've done and sorry if you have not but just remember:

- Mark Twain
- Lenny Bruce
- Redd Foxx
- George Carlin
- Richard Pryor
- Eddie Murphy
- Chris Rock
- Sam Kinison
- Andrew "Dice" Clay
- Denis Leary

...and many others who took comedy to new levels by pushing the limits and breaking down barriers.