



THAT THONG THA-THA- THA-THA- THONG



Charlie
Gaglione

Remember a few years back? Back when females would wear underwear? Yes, I know they still wear underwear, but I'm talking about actual panties that covered both cheeks.

Thanks to one man, those days are over. His name is Sisqo (or as I like to call him "the Prince of Pop"). In 1999 he released the single "The Thong Song." Oh, man! It blew up the frickin' charts. Lucky man Carson Daly got the full scoop on TRL, I wasn't there but I bet, he was stoked! Almost instantly, females became obsessed with the cheekie garment, and men alike became infatuated with the female rump being framed like a work of art with lace or 50% cotton and 50% poly blend.

But there is a dark cloud looming over what Dr. Robie Vannostrum of the O.T.C. clinic in Butros, Mass. is calling the "The Thong Phenomenon." That cloud is forming specifically over our own Behrend campus. Perhaps the gentleman students can recall a distraction in each classroom. Perhaps the female students are unaware that if they lean forward we can see your ass! Dr. Vannostrum's tests conclude that the release of "the Thong Song," combined with the appearance of "low rise" jeans, has caused men's G.P.A.'s across America to decrease dramatically. A visible thong is like a car wreck. You know you aren't supposed to, but you can't help but stare, making innocent male students incapable of or unwilling to take notes.

So I beseech you, whoever makes the rules at Penn State, make a law stopping these thong sirens from polluting our minds. We must join together as men and protest against the thong. Thank you.

Ross says,
"Clip art is
bangin"



NEWSFLASH: Scientists are Behind the Times

By Ben Foote

Hi, my name is Ben and I'll be the one whining in print form today. Just bear with me. I've never written for a respected publication before, so I'm going to be very bad at first. And I suppose I could get worse, you never know. At any rate, on with the bad writing.

The last time I checked, I was still getting my own beer and pop outta the fridge. What's wrong with this picture you ask? Well, for one, I grew up in the 1980s. As a child of the 1980s, I was constantly preached the greatness of the future. There would be time-saving devices like flying cars, lasers, jet packs, time travel, and of course the one thing I so desired, robots.

How many movies have you seen that star a robot? If you're like me, the correct answer is tons. Johnny 5, V.I.N.C.E.N.T.(don't ask what that stands for), Chip (from "Almost Human," you remember, right?), Bender, and D.A.R.Y.L. have all captured our hearts with their cold metallic blend of explosions and shenanigans. Well, since I base my perception of reality on things that I see on TV, I've decided that its time for me to have a robot friend or servant. No, wait. I just want a robot servant. If it was my friend, it'd want to play my videogames all the time.

So basically, I need a robot servant to do the things I don't want to do. I did some looking around, and apparently the only thing that I can afford is one of those remote control "Robbie the Robot Butler" toys. Don't get me wrong, this is a step in the right direction, but unless I can say "Hey robot, brew me" and have it happen, I'm not gonna be happy. Besides, I keep tripping over Robbie's cord. The other option I was able to find was a Japanese robot designed by Mitsubishi, or is it Nissan? No matter, the point of this one is that it's way too expensive, and the most it can do is walk around on its own.

Now comes the focus of my article. The scientists in this century suck. All they have given us is Viagra® and faster ways to download porn. No offense to old men and porn lovers alike, but I want more. We need a lazy Einstein to come up with a way to make it happen. I was sure we'd have robot servants by now, or at least flying cars. Hell, an affordable hovercraft for today's working man would be nice. But no, we have none of that high-tech gadgetry. So, I guess, we're stuck driving our old-fashioned four-wheeled cars and getting our own beers for now. Although I did hear that some students at MIT were able to successfully freeze-dry beer to allow it to be sprinkled directly on pretzels. So, all is not lost.

MODERN DAY PIRATES ARE WUSSES TO THE MAX



Ben Titus

any more.

The main reason pirates no longer exist is because of exploration. Pirates no longer have deserted islands to call home and bury treasures on. Nowadays islands are either some small country that no one has ever heard of or a place we do nuclear tests. Pirates no longer have anywhere to rest their weary legs. But most people argue the case that this expansion would help pirates for one simple reason: sea wenches. With all these new seaports the sea wench population, which pirates thrive on for putting babies into, would rise faster than a Jolly Rogers flag in a seaport infected with smallpox. I couldn't disagree more and for one simple reason, supply and demand. The demand for prostitutes on the mainland has moved rightward so sharply that a sea wench can not be found anywhere. What is a pirate to do without his sea wench? My guess is masturbation, but babies don't come from masturbation so the pirates die.

The death of pirates was made obvious in the movie "Captain Ron." The world has even forgotten what a pirate is by the looks of this film. In this film, "Pirates of the Caribbean" steal their ship. Although there were many problems with the raid it was still an impressive raid. For some reason these pirates didn't make the owners walk the plank but left them in the ocean to die. This moment is when the movie went south. Eventually the family drifts to Cuba and finds their boat. I was so pissed; they weren't pirates who stole their boat but COMMIE BASTARDS! No pirate would make their home on that large of an island. Hell I bet there weren't even any barrels of rum aboard their pirate vessel. But to make matters worse the family stole their boat back. What in the name of high school football was going on? Like your typical American family would be able to steal a boat from pirates. From this point the movie turned into a fantasy in my opinion. The "pirates", (I am quoting that word now because the Golden Girls were closer to being pirates than these 'guys') catch up to the boat using their motorized boat. Pirates indeed, a motorized boat, ha, makes me want to puke. Well eventually the pirates catch up but get scared away by the Coast Guard. Please Blue Beard would challenge the entire Spanish Armada and win.

This is why I am thrilled for this summer. My friends and I shall become pirates led by our Admiral Nelson. We will sail the seas with the only one thing growing tiresome to me, dead baby jokes. I will hear jokes like, "what is red and white and runs into walls? A baby with forks in its eyes". We will cause death and destruction to any ship that comes our way. Well almost everyone, Brice will be busy with his sea wench McMagpipes and Tommy Winchell will be watching "The Princess Diaries" on his battery operated television. But, besides that, it will be a grand journey. Maybe I will even get an eye patch. Until the next time Lockwood and Butala need an article written in less than an hour, I am out.



Humor Page Fact of the Week

If dinosaurs didn't practice "safe sex" they wouldn't have gone extinct, so why should you?



Mitch Buchannan says:
"They call them crack 'rocks' for a reason."

WANT TO HEAR A JOKE? YOUR LIFE



Ross Lockwood

12 Gauge- "Donkey Butt"- You have to start off the right way, and I don't think many people would argue with me when I say this is a masterpiece. I don't know what it is about donkey butts that are attractive, or why you would want a girl with a donkey butt. But I think this song is starting to change my opinion. I look at girls and think "Damn, she has a donkey butt." It's weird, but I like it.

Warren G.- "Regulators"- This is the first rap song that I know all the words to. Most other people know it, too. But according to the song, you can't be any geek off the street. Warren G. and Nate Dog mix together so well lyrically it gives me goosebumps.

Michael Jackson- "Billie Jean"- Lots of people like Michael Jackson. I just like to play his songs so that I can go up to people and say, "Hey, he likes little boys." It gives me a chance to tell my huge variety of Michael Jackson jokes. Like, for example "When can you tell it is bedtime at the Jackson mansion?" Answer "When the big hand is on the little hand." Classic.

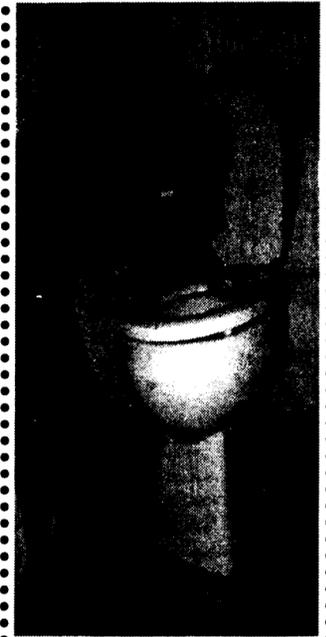
Chumbawumba- "Tubthumpin"- Anyone that knows me, knows what I think of Chumbawumba. They thump tubs very well. And they like to [pee] the night away. I heard that means drinking where they are from. If there is a better party song, I'll [pee] myself.

Journey- "Anyway You Want It"-This is a hap hap happy song. Someone could kill my dog right in front of me, just rip its head off, and if I heard this song I would go looking to party. Plus, the lyrics are so good. "Anyway you want it, that's the way you need it." It must have taken minutes to write that.

Rednex- "Cotton Eyed Joe"-This song just won't go away. And it is easily one of the worst songs of all time. Apparently, if it wasn't for Cotton Eyed Joe, this half a jerk rag would have gotten married a long time ago. What did "Cotton Eyed Joe" do that was so bad? Probably being a jerk rag.

Ini Kamoze- "Hotstepper"-I remember when this song was cool. Now people are like "I never listened to that." Yeah, you did. Everyone loved hotstepping. I really wanted Hotstepper to be my nickname but no one would ever call me it.

So, there you go. You have the beginnings of a CD that is going to totally rock your be-hind. Now all you need is what all parties need to be a success: a truckload of roofies.



This week's Boozehound of the Week goes to "SKA DANCE PARTY."

What do you get when you mix a delicious but lethal blend of alcohol, one dollar animal masks and a collection of the worst music of all time? Lots of puking, kids doing backflips and no one scoring. No one was allowed to stomp on the floor or the music would skip. That was means for removal from the party for guys and a healthy dose of roofies for the girls. Once again, booze made everyone drunk and a lot of stupid stuff happened. A lot of people cussed. Things got broken, especially bottles and hearts.

