

THUG Humor LIFE

Friday, September 20, 2002

I think I did more stuff on this page this week than Ross

The Behrend Beacon

Movies You Hate to Love



Grandma Winslow

There are so many good movies out there with plots that really smell. These are the movies that everyone agrees trip the light fantastic but then you sit back and think of the past two hours in your life and say, "What the hell!?"

At a regular high school basketball game, Scott Howard suddenly transforms himself and resembles the majority of sorority broads at the Behrend College. Yes, my friends, I'm talking about "Teen Wolf." The whole movie is based on the fact that no one cares about the fact that this normal average guy turns into a wolf. I mean if I was playing basketball and some guy turned into a werewolf, I'd run faster than a broad leaving a ZBT party. However, I must add that the best friend "Stiles," the ganja-toking rad sunglasses wearing wildman is awesome, and when I say "awesome" I mean "totally sweet".

You hate your baby brother and wish he'd disappear and who comes to your aid and relinquishes you from your troubles? Who else but David Bowie, obviously? The movie "Labyrinth" focuses on a hot broad running through a maze to get back Toby, her younger brother, who totally smells anyway. This movie combines every girl's, and some guys', ultimate sexual fantasy with the world's worst acid trip with a wonderful musical score. If 80s rock has turned to this, I wish I were never born at all. Even though I enjoyed the superfluous Bowie crotch shots as much as getting my pinky caught in a car door, I still must say I prefer The Great White Hype or Ziggy Stardust over Jerod the Goblin King.

Doc Brown said, "If you going to time travel, why not do it with style?" and I totally agree. However I don't think a phone booth is the stylish route to go. "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" is a wicked sweet movie, but the whole idea behind the movie is bogus. The whole future of the world is hanging on riff of Wyld Stallyns? I'm not buying it. Alex Winter and Keanu Reeves are by far retarded in the movie yet no where at all do they imply that they do lines of blow or shoot smack. They don't even drink beer, they are just simply retarded. Keanu Reeves should just hang out with his dad Christopher Reeves and talk about how they both suck. If they spent less time playing air guitar and more time playing regular guitar, they could serious play some dope chords. In the future air guitar will be a major instrument in bands. In my band all we're going to play is air guitar, the jug and the stereo. It will seriously rock the socks off your butt, unless you wear socks on your feet or hands as puppets.

"Back to School" is by far the most unrealistic movie I ever seen. Sure some things are very accurate. I still can't understand how Robert Downey Jr. plays a drug-abusing freak with no friends so well and how Burt Young plays a dirty bully who beats up people. Even the triple lindy is fairly realistic. My major qualm with this movie is that Keith Gorden gets some from a broad that, for the 80s, is fairly decent without the aid of roofies. I mean, c' mon, throw me a bone here. I usually watch the movie when I'm drunk so I can only assume I miss something in the movie every time I watch it.

"How did two twits from Tucson mistake this place for a mall?" Exactly my point. I don't care if you're as dumb and naïve, no one, and I mean NO ONE could ever think the BioDome is a mall. Granted Bud and Doyle were a bunch of reefer addicts but I know a lot of reefer addicts, heck I know guys who have done lines of coke meters long. I know naked dinosaur babies who are test tube supplements for brain-dead albino homicidal, goth, Magic: the Gathering playing freaks. I totally lost my train of thought but you can't possibly swallow the ass-tainted story line of this movie, although there are mad hot broads in it. I bet you cry in your sleep as well. Man, you suck. Why do you waste your time reading this crap? It's not even funny and doesn't make sense. I wish I could hunt you down kick your ass for being so lame.



STUMBLING TIM

What can I say; this award is long overdue for this week's boozehound, Stumbling Tim. Whether he is throwing his own puke on a girl at a frat or dancing to some EKA Dance CD he is the life of any party. And this weekend was no exception. Tim was down in State College this weekend for the big game but instead of watching it he decided to drink a bottle of 7 and much more. I finally saw Tim at 3 in the morning and he could barely walk. We got him to an apartment where he passed out but then woke up to give some inspirational words about AIDS and other STDs. If we could repeat these words there would be no doubt to anyone, that Stumbling Tim is this weeks Boozehound of the Week.



GOOD TIMES AT WAL-MART



Megan Loncaric

Have you ever read those 50 Fun Things to Do at Wal-Mart? No? Well, I have. Most actually are quite fun. One day not too long ago a group of about five of us tried to see how far we could get on the list before the Wal-Mart Police kicked us out of the store. Here are just a few action-packed options at this wonderful playground created by SamWalton.

Fill shopping carts up with random things and leave them in strategic locations. - We filled a cart up with boxes of tampons and put it in the automotive department; got a little basket and filled that up with boxes of condoms and put it in the baby clothes/strollers department. Then we stood back to watch. Nothing happened. Just some employee swearing as he took the cart and basket back to where they were supposed to go.

Ride the merry-go-round in front of the store. - People just looked at us weird; Nobody said anything, so we left. Plus, we ran out of quarters.

Set all the alarm clocks so they go off every 10 minutes. None of the alarm clocks was able to be plugged in. Damn them.

See how many people you can get to join in a soccer game. Other than the five of us already in the group, we recruited an 8 year old and his brother. Fun times were had by all. We played until the little kid knocked over a lollipop stand when he kicked the ball out of control.

Make the auto department smell good by spraying all the air fresheners. - We actually did this in the perfume/cologne section. You know, if you spray them all together, it smells like dung. My eyes are still watering from the stench.

Fight the other customers with tubes of gift wrap. - The mom shopping for a birthday card with her two whiny kids didn't enjoy this one too much when someone accidentally smacked her over the head.

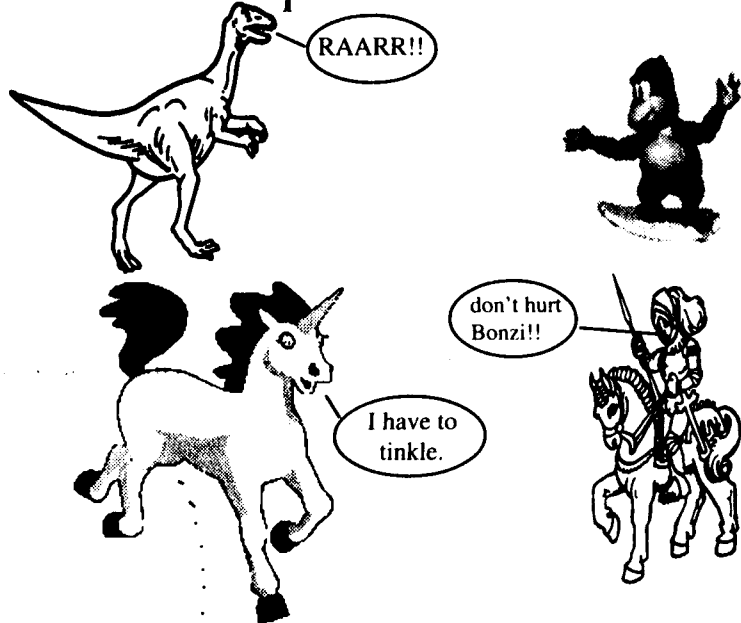
Leave really bad pick-up lines on the typewriters.. We actually did this on those "Spell and Say" toys. "Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?" "Somebody farted... want to get out of here?" This isn't the end of our fun. Some in our group decided to take a break for a little herbal enhancement. Watch for the rest of our fun-filled antics at Wal-Mart next time.

Are You a Wussy Feminist Broad?

Do you hate columnist and town drunk Michael Butala? Do you want to set the rules for college dating? Then email behrendbeacon@hotmail.com and help set the standards with Michael Butala in a debate to set the rules. Hardcore feminists only.



Clip Art Battle



New Classroom Rules at Behrend

(or things that should be rules)



City Wok Guy

The following is a list of policies that are going to be (at least should be) implemented in the classrooms of Penn State Erie, The Behrend College.

- "Group work" in classes will no longer take place. If I would have known that my Penn State tuition money involved classes where "the teacher will be circulating to answer any questions," and the majority of class time was sitting around a bunch of dumbasses giving dumb-ass looks to each other that know probably less than me, I would have invested my money at a local nudie bar, where I could sit around and do the same thing. The only thing that would circulate would be some "dancer" around a pole. Therefore, more conversation would take place. Questions would evolve like, "Hm, I wonder what the g-force/g-string relationship of that woman rotating 360 degrees for 3.2 minutes is." Students would begin to think in-depth about the world around them, not just what's in front of them (even if it's something like an exotic ballerina).
- Attendance is completely optional. If I pay each month for cable TV and I don't watch TV every day, my cable bill is still the same. That should be the same deal for college, right? Granted, if I watched some of the shows on TV I'd be a smarter person. So would I if I attended class on a regular basis, right? This theory also works the other way. I'd probably be smarter if I *didn't* watch some of the shows on TV (like stupid "Road Rules"). The parallel? I can remember some classes where I walked in smarter than I came out. Because of this, I stopped going to that class; and wouldn't you know it, I aced the final! The point is, some people are very stupid, and they haven't figured this scheme out yet. (I blame "Road Rules"). They attend class because they don't realize that the professor is just reciting what's in the \$100 worth of textbooks you bought.
- This rule coincides with rule two. It states that professors and their classes will be divided into two categories - attendance required and attendance not required. The "AR" profs are the ones who are weak and feeble and have absolutely no control over their class, so they use the only last shred of authority they have to threaten you - your grade! They do this because if no one went to their classes, they would get fired because the administration would figure out that their teaching sucked. These classes are generally easier, but may be difficult for some jocks because you do, after all, have to print your name on the attendance sheet. The other group - "attendance not required" professors say things like "I don't care if you come to class, because if you don't, there will be more space for everyone else." These profs usually have something worthwhile to say, so therefore you should go to those classes. It's one of those reverse psychology things.

More rules will be announced when they are deemed necessary.

Humor Page Disclaimer

The Humor Page editors originally had another offensive article in this space. We are replacing it with a disclaimer.

- The Humor Page is not to be taken seriously.
- Although it is titled the "Humor" Page do not expect it to actually be funny.
- The Humor Page editors main goal is to make people mad. So if you get mad, you just make them happy and encourage them.
- This page may contain bad words such as: butt, poop, fart, tinkle, or ass.
- If bad words offend you then don't read disclaimer number four.
- If you don't like the Humor Page then stop reading it.

How to turn an Apple into a Cup



- Grab a standard Red Delicious
- Buy a handle of Jim Beam
- Buy the Miracle Blade and Perfection Juicer
- Make a wish
- Spin like a cyclone
- Add Jim Beam to Apple Cup
- Enjoy

Girl Says Humor Page 'Sucks,' Editor Cries

By: Ross Lockwood

Today I was in the Turnbull Building exiting one of my fantastically amusing accounting classes. I overheard a girl reading the paper and saying "The humor page sucks, how could anyone think this (expletive) is funny?" I doubt she knew who I was, and I am even more sure that she didn't see the large teardrop falling out of my eye. I ran back to my room and cried into my pillow. I then proceeded to eat a gallon of double chocolate ice cream and sulk. Eating all that ice cream made me feel fat. I hope you are happy, girl. Cause you know what, you suck, and so does your mom.

