

The Behrend Beacon



Michael Butala

Oppression at Behrend...

...is nonexistent. Everyone runs around like truck-driving neighbors downstairs yelling how oppressed they or their organization are but, in my opinion and the opinion of many others at this school, Behrend is the most liberal school in the galaxy and beyond. However, people still shout out about how gays are bashed or broads are undermined. But you know what? You aren't. If any sort of prejudice is evident, it surely is in jest.

The main use of this vocal outrage is nothing but a shameless exhibition of promotion of their organization. For example, the only reason people even know of Trigon is because they always whine about oppression. It's not their posters. The only actual group of people that ARE subjugated to oppression are the goth kids, because no one really does like those people and probably never will.

When you think about it, the Humor Page is more oppressed than anything. You have no idea how much unfounded headaches we get from our contribution to the paper. The only other group of people more oppressed than the Humor Page is fat, anarchist, lazy people. Their government oppresses them.

America, for example, has oppressed people like me since 1783. Since then and still today they have a capitalistic strategy on a type of impractical form of military breeding of America's youth called Halloween. Think about it, man. Every Oct. 31 kids across the country, go running and basically pillaging people's homes for candy, dodging large canines and hurdling shrubbery in the process. A recent study showed that since Desert Storm, military costume sales have risen 137 percent, which is a significant margin.

I went as a girl back in junior high and showed all the guys my little boobies. I got quite the reaction. I haven't dressed up in my college tenure, but I got wasted many a time. Kids run door to door for hours for \$5 worth of candy and I don't care where you grew up or the status of your family, but \$5 was NEVER a lot of money and never will be.

What is the deal with these "fun sized" candy bars while we're on the subject? What is fun about a smaller candy bar? If you want to see fun, get those huge-ass king-sized candy bars. Kids know what fun is and fun is big. It's ironic how these candy bars are labeled "fun size" in a society obsessed with large objects. But girls always tell me that size doesn't matter and that it happens to a lot of guys. I'm still not sure what they are talking about, but I take it as a compliment.

Now I know most of you may argue that dressing up in costumes comes from the age-old tale of All Hollow's Eve, and that just proves that the brainwashing is effective. I highly urge your generation to put an end to trick or treating and hopefully I've expressed clearly how Halloween is a metaphor for nuclear war, which illustrates why pirates should be allowed in the Multi-Cultural Room.



Megan Loncaric

Example four: My roommate likes to spend quality time out-of-doors. I guess this isn't really a bad quality to have, but when I woke up one morning and looked out the window, there she was, in her cow pants and leopard-print fur coat humping the tree by the parking lot. She does this every morning, apparently. She sets the alarm for exactly 7:57a.m., wakes up, throws on the coat, and races down three flights of stairs faster than a fat kid running at a Happy Meal.

I don't know why she does these things. I stopped asking questions a long time ago because I got no real answer, "The midgets made me do it. They knock on the door and then they run away!" O-kay...



Charlie Gaglione

are there for an eternity, so I guess it would grow back. How long does it take for your hair to grow back? A month? But even so, at least you would get a couple of weeks off!

So what if you have ragged clothing? Abercrombie is evil anyways, they probably have a store on every corner in Hades. I prefer dirty clothes. You never have to worry about them. Have you ever been sketchy about sitting in the grass or leaning up against a wall at a party? It wouldn't matter in Hell, because you would already be dirty!

Speaking of partying, underage drinking and unsafe sex is not only condoned it is encouraged! Plus, the chicks are probably easy to boot!

Someone once told me that in Hell you are falling for eternity. I asked them, "How is this that Hellish?" If that were the case, Hell would be Heaven for sky divers. Sky divers would purposely pillage entire villages to go to hell.

Besides all the physical trauma inflicted on your soul, there is probably a buttload of cool stuff down there. Pirates are cool, and they are in hell. I bet cigarettes are free, not to mention all the crack you can fit up your nose. Don't worry about overdosing, you are already dead!

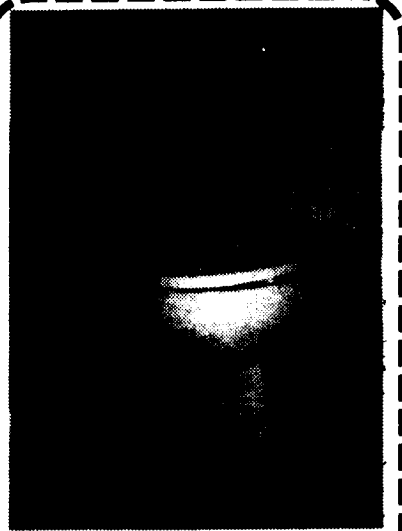
So don't fear hell, accept it. The way I see it, the only thing bad about hell would be that there are probably a lot of people wearing corduroy pants. Don't these people know they haven't been cool since 1994? If you wear corduroy pants, expect to go to hell, you deserve it. But don't worry, hell ain't that bad.

Next Stop.....Coopersville

If what my grandma tells me is true, then, inevitably, I am going to Hell. This has worried me for years...until recently. I was taking my weekly shower when the water became increasingly hot. This was an inconvenience not only because it burned, but it was also making my beer warm, as I was accompanied by a six pack. Being too lazy reach down and adjust the hot and cold knobs to achieve an acceptable temperature, I stood there scalding myself.

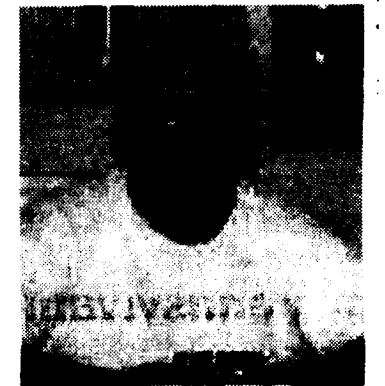
My brain began talking to me on the inside of my head. It raised the question, "Would Hell really be that bad? Wouldn't you eventually get used to the heat?" I pondered this for half a second before I responded, "No, Hell wouldn't be that bad."

I understand that there is heat, fire, and ragged clothing. I also hear that there is so much mental anguish that you pull your hair out by the roots. But, wouldn't you eventually run out of hair? You



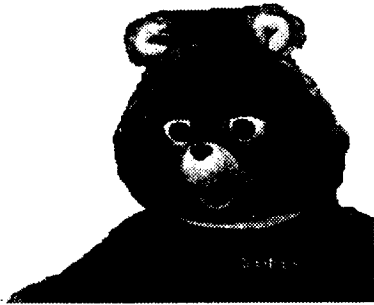
Chuggin' Charlie

A painful mix of tequila, beer and wings made Chuggin' Charlie go bonkers. He claims that he drank "enough tequila to knock a Mexican off his donkey." Among other things, he started a tab at Jimmy Z's; walked back to Behrend in the rain while wearing only socks; ate a goldfish; fell out of a car onto his face; and passed out in the doorway of his bathroom where he shamefully wet his underoos.



To submit a "Boozehound of the Week" email behrendbeacon@hotmail.com.

Pop Rocks and Soda= Painful Death



Ross Lockwood

You know what a delicious cereal is? Life cereal. It has wholesomely fead America's youth for many generations. This fact has left smiles on mommies' faces this big _____. And for good reason, it has about 11 essential vitamins and nutrients (give or take a few). Nothing personified Life cereal more than its cute, playful, roly-polly spokesperson Mikey. The saying is "Mikey likes it!!" Did Mikey like it? He may have very well

enjoyed indulging himself in a bowl or two. There is also something else that Mikey enjoyed, perhaps a little too much since it cost him life and his role as idol to small boys and sex symbol to flat, elementary school girls. Have you ever wondered why Mikey no longer is on the box of Life? Well, there is a "Mikey" but he is about as cute as my dad's ass. It's not the real one. It's not because Mikey got too old. That is out of the question. It's cause he's dead as a doorknob. I think we all know what I am talking about, but we like to keep it on the down low, you know, hush-hush.

It all started one faithful day in 1982. Mikey was introduced to something that would change his life, and in my opinion, the course of modern history forever: what we affectionately know as pop rocks. He was preached not to mix that with his favorite drink at the time, Jolt Cola. Of course being a superstar cereal boy, he didn't listen. He mixed the Watermelon pop rocks with his aforementioned Jolt. Next thing you know, he was he was kicking dogs and cats. He just frottaged. (See figure 1) He continued to mix the two, until one day his stomach exploded. This can happen. His last words were, "Oh my god, I never saw boobies, except my mom's."

I was watching this movie recently and someone's stomach also exploded. It was rather amusing, yet not so. It was about this bunch of high school kids going back to a high school reunion. Oh yeah, in the beginning of the movie these kids killed this nerd. They locked him in the chemistry lab, a good place for a dead nerd, and burnt him to death. The nerd decided that he was going to get these street toughs back. He comes back alive. Then he decides to set up a fake high school reunion, inviting only the kids that killed him. The six of them arrive at the reunion, and even though no one else is obviously coming, they go in. There is a lot of beers and, interestingly enough, a beer bong. I thought this was a weird thing to have at a high school reunion, but sure enough this guy decided to do a beer bong. After funneling the beer, his stomach explodes everywhere. The others think this is scary and weird, but continue to drink the beer. Then this one girl goes up to take a bath, since she has blood on her. I don't know of any high schools that have bathtubs in them. But old horror movies love to show confusing nudity. Well, anyways, her stomach gets ripped out, too, even though it was by the nerd, not by beer or pop rocks. That is when the movie turns into a fantasy, in my opinion. The nerd ends up getting his revenge, which never happens. I watched a lot of "Saved By The Bell" and if I know one thing, its that nerds are only good for a few things. One of these things is stuffing them into lockers and the other is making cute talking robots who help out on homework and sex.



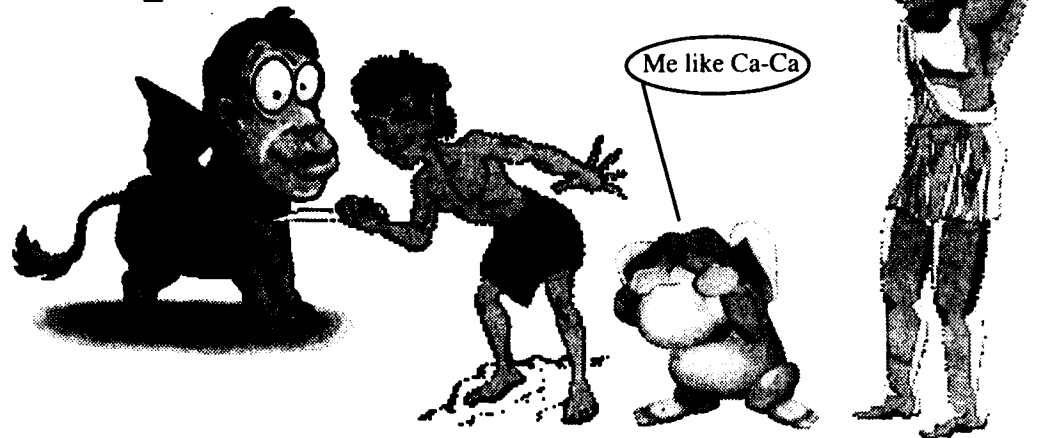
Figure 1

If anyone thinks EcoMugs are cool, guess what? They are for nerds, therefore you are a nerd if you have one. Here's the part where we'd show a picture of an EcoMug and show you how much they suck, but we're too lazy to take a picture of them and we'd have to be nerds to possess one, so just take our word when we say, that Eco Mugs are as cool as Urkel. Not when he goes back in time and becomes "Stephon," but the one who sucks.



Doggy Go "Moo"
Kitty Go "Meow"

Clip Art Battle



Me like Ca-Ca

The Whole Roommate Thing

Some people complain a lot about their roommate, and usually it's over petty things. I admit, I complain more than others, but I think I have a right to. My roommate is odder than all of yours put together.

Example one: She uses a lot of Windex. Now, you're probably thinking, "Okay, so what? She likes clean windows." No, you got it all wrong; she uses this Windex on the floor. When she's not at class or working, she is on her hands and knees cleaning the floor using Windex.

Example two: My roommate never, ever does laundry. But that doesn't seem to bother her because she brought up so many pieces of clothing that she really doesn't need to do laundry until we all go home in May. The only problem with that is the fact that she stores all her dirty clothes under her bed and then complains about the smell.

Example three: My roommate isn't fat. She's not even pregnant. But she tells people she is so they won't think she's a pig for eating all the food that she does. "Guys, the baby wants Fritos..." You think that's a little odd? Not compared to...