



BEN TITUS

Death at Dobbins

Recently four students were found dead at the Dobbins gazebo, but Behrend covered the situation up. Many questions surrounded the death of these students, and the coroner was called in. People assumed everyone died from the poor quality food, but only one of these deaths was related to the food, he died from a blown o-ring.

The other three students froze to death; which created two realizations for me. One: it's freaking cold in Dobbins and two: what a great movie that would create. The story would be a group of friends who decided to see who could eat the most tacos during taco bar.

The only flaw in this brilliant plan is that they decided to eat in the gazebo because it is only 10 degrees back there. Whoever planned it should have thought of insulated windows or something. But back to the story, the group of friends is back there eating and are on taco number 20 when their tummies start to rumble. We all know this feeling after Dobbins. Well, as the contest goes on, the one kids o-ring blows, and he drops dead right there on the table. This worries the rest of the group, but, instead of seeking help, they continue the contest. These kids mean business when it comes to eating tacos. Well eventually they all freeze to death, and it's the end of the movie. A side note to this movie is one of the kids is over weight and has a gas problem. This is why no one else was in the back of Dobbins to help the kids as they froze to death. When I thought of this movie idea from the Dobbins' tragedy it also gave me a couple other movie ideas.

The next idea for a film involves three friends who just finished their senior year of college. They decide to take a car trip across the nation to the West Coast. On their way to the West Coast Railway Heritage Museum in Squamish, British Columbia they encounter a little problem. It seemed like a harmless prank on some random trucker, but little did they know this is how Unsolved Mysteries start. The trucker was now after the group of kids, and there was nothing they could do but urinate in their own pants or in each other's pants, if they were rotating pants.

I know what you're thinking right now, this story seems awfully familiar. Well I have a little twist to this story. I did not tell you about the three people riding in the car. The first person in the car is blind, the second person is deaf and has no arms, and the third person has no arms or legs. What zany adventures will they get into? I can't wait to find out.

My final movie idea takes place in the cold snowy state of Minnesota. On a cold snowy night after his first career lost an arrogant, hot-shot lawyer is driving drunk and gets pulled over. Well the funny thing is, his second loss comes defending himself in a court of law. He is issued community service where he has to coach a group of no-talent, no-luck peewee hockey players. He gains their trust and respect and leads them to the city championship with the help of their large heir to a deli goalie named Goldberg and the slap shot of the next Gretzky named Adam Banks. There is a little controversy behind Banks because he had to move from the champion Hawks team because a movement of the city lines for teams. Well in the end, it's Banks who defeats the Hawks in overtime of the championship. This game also brought to light the famous flying V. I personally think this game could be made into the greatest sports movie in the history of film and with tons of potential for sequels.



Michael Butala

Beer is a versatile tool that many adolescent males, and females I'm told, drink irresponsibly at functions society deems "parties". This makes people "wasted" and "wasted" plus "beer" equals...? AWESOME!

Beer can do anything. It fixes problems; usually problems it starts, makes you the strongest man at a party, the smartest man at a party, makes you invisible, can change Coke to Pepsi.

I drank beer this weekend and told everyone that was drinking around me that they were drinking beer and they can get wasted off of it; not advocating drinking mind you, and they loved it; the beer, not me. People love fun and people love wasted, and this beer that nearly ANYONE can drink can get you fun...I mean wasted. Someone said that I was wasted this weekend, but I was too drunk to remember; so I'll just assume they're pulling my leg.

Now, beer also makes people mad,

Magic Beer

and that is a damn shame, but other than...I don't have a point here, let's just focus on beer. Now, anyone that read the Beacon last year knows my articles have slightly veered to perverted pee-pee humor and can, I'll agree, be labeled as pre-adolescent humor that is only funny to idiots, morons and my friends, but that's only because I'm not allowed to make fun of what society calls "women," "homosexuals," "minorities," "masturbation," "incest," "the glorification of alcohol," "statutory rape," and "the metric system."

So that means all I'm allowed to write about is straight, white men who are abstinent, except when they have sex with non-family members over 18 who are straightedge that use Imperial, also known as "English" units. Did you just read that last sentence? What's funny about that? But everyone has a common tie, which is: everyone loves beer. Even though I can't glorify this, my terrible opinion tells me that "beer is awesome".

I mean how many straight, white men who are abstinent, except when they have sex with non-family members over 18 who are straightedge that use Imperial, also known as "English" units do you know? There was a kid in high school that said he never had "self pressure" and I'm not talking about

Maslow's final step of Hierarchy. but I think he either had sex with girls his age, who were under 18, or he wasn't straight; he WAS a character though. He failed out of college.

But be nice to beer, if you play with him right, you'll have a good time, and if you play with him wrong, you'll have a better time; much like whores from China, from which I hear are insane! Some of the stories I hear...WHEW!

I can't make you drink beer, unless I see you at the bar, and I can't tell you that beer will make you strong, smart, whimsical, attractive, and cool...but it will. Beer does all these things and more. Beer is also a time machine. Not like Doc Brown's 1985 Delorian, and not like Bill S. Preston Esquire and Ted "Theodore" Logan's phone booth, but, it works in a similar fashion. Take this scenario: You're doing shots of Jim Beam at 9 p.m.; you take 25 shots, BINGO; tomorrow morning. And so what if you can't go back in time? Einstein said it's only possible to time travel into the future anyway, and, if you're saying Einstein is wrong, put up your dukes, cuz you know something little girl? You're wrong and you're stoopid, too. So just shut up!



Ross Lockwood

I recently received the best gift from my girlfriend for Christmas, two tickets to Paradise, otherwise known as the Styx, Kansas, John Waite concert at the Erie Civic Center!! I gave her a kiss and a peck and a hug around the neck for Christmas. I have already seen Styx once in this calendar year. They rocked the Crawford County Fair Grounds that

Goldenrod? Don't Flatter Yourself

night with REO Speedwagon. I became a man that night, as I went through musical puberty. I was physically and mentally aroused throughout the entire set, it was very noticeable. I love Styx 'cause they rock hard ass, but they are sensitive, just like me. They played at the Super Bowl. When they played "Lady" there wasn't a dry eye in the house. I was weeping uncontrollably into Titus' shoulder. It made me cry even harder when they told what the song was about; the lead singer being seduced by a 47 year old married woman at a cocktail party and getting action.

There was only one flaw with the show: They didn't play Mr. Roboto!! Sure, it was the song that ruined the band and sent their career's down the boom boom chute. But nonetheless, a killer song should have been included in the

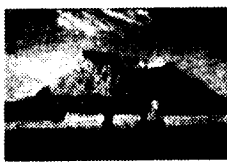
set. No one sings "Mr. Roboto" better than Styx, right?

Well I would have wagered a pretty penny on that too, until I heard Kidz Bop. If you have never heard of this CD let me sum it up for you in one word: BOMBASTIC! It is a bunch of kids singing popular songs instead of the bands. And the best part is that they are all prepupscent! They sing all of the classics, including "How Bizzare" by OMC and "MMMM Bop". The Kidz Bop version of "Mr. Roboto" is a joyous romp that also transcends many socioeconomic boundaries while culminating in being wickedly sweet. So if you need a Valentine's Day idea for you sugar lump, I suggest Kidz Bop 2 and the digitally remastered box set of the "Mighty Ducks."

Meet Some Of Your Clip Art Combatants



Moses
Odds 1:12
Special Move:
Part the Red Sea



Mt. Vesuvius
Odds 1:8
Special Move:
Blow the hell up & create mass destruction



Don Knots
Odds 1:44
Special Move:
Will Never Have Sex Suplex



The Olsen Twins
Odds 1:16
Special Move:
Cradle Rob Piledriver



Chicken Little
Odds 1:60
Special Move:
none - It's only a stupid chicken



Dennis Haskins (Mr. Belding)
Odds 1:32
Special Move:
Detention



"Sweet" Lou Whitaker
Odds 1:52
Special Move:
"Double Play"



Barry Bostwick
Odds 1:64
Special Move:
Rocky Horror Picture Show



Apollo Creed (Master of Disaster)
Odds 1:24
Special Move:
Killer Mustache



Steve Buscemi
Odds 1:40
Special Move:
Red Hot Plunger

Questions???

Dear Humor Page, I was wondering where I could get a copy of Ben Foote's phone number.

Any ideas?

-Mussy

"1-800-Not-The-Mama!"

-Baby Sinclair



To the lovely driver of the maroon van that made my car freak out when you pulled in front of me Monday:

I talked to your parents, your friends, and God and guess what sweetheart; they all hate you. Your parents said you were a mistake, your friends use you for sex, and God told me your going to Hell in a handbasket. And you see that weird guy on the right? Even he doesn't like you and he's stoopid.



Do you hate us, yourself, or Andrew Lloyd Webber? If so, let us know; not that we care we're just really bored. Or you could even submit a column. Email us and tell us we're pretty.

BehrendBeacon@hotmail.com.



Tip of the Week

Stasis + Capsize

This tip of the week comes from the Devil Sorceror from Hell's Swamp. Stasis is a terrible card at first glance, because it takes away everyones' untap phase, which is worse than Voltaire breaking up. However, Capsize allows you to return any permanent to your hand, and has a buyback cost, so you can use it every turn. So you cast Stasis right after you untap, and Capsize it after your opponent draws, leaving you the only player with an untap phase. This combo is super in a game with 3+ players, but it still rocks in a 2 player game! An Icy Manipulator is also good here because you can tap an opponents freshly layed down land as a fast effect so they can't save up for a monster, or even summon a weenie! You will draw them out every time! This will surely make you the coolest freak in your circle of dead zombie friends and Satan will be like, "I'm getting dethroned" and urinate his tight charred underwear; which is good for you, "Oh Evil One".

Top 10 Signs You're Turning Goth

- 10.) You wear eyeshadow and you're not a lady, you're a dude!
- 9.) When people see you on the street, they say, "Nice White Pasty Skin Goth-Face!"
- 8.) Your heroin habit exceeds \$500 a week.
- 7.) You traded in your Jimi for Voltaire.
- 6.) You're in a band called "Sir Satanico and the Cross Burning Freaks That Wear Black."
- 5.) You devised a way to play Magic: The Gathering using regular cards (I'm on to ya fellas!)
- 4.) You quit drinking coffee in the morning and switched to Satan's blood.
- 3.) You went to a Phish concert -to kill the fans...ehh, nevermind; even I'd do that.
- 2.) You look like Davey Havok after a long night of pole squatting at the darkest ritual of Samhain.
- 1.) Half your name is Roman-numerals, like "Kody the XIII of the Dark Forest".