

**Michael Butala
Live Fast,
Die Young**

Everyone has goals in life. Some choose to be rich and successful, some choose to be happy and content, and some choose to get wasted as much as possible, break stuff, and just go nuts.

Now there's nothing wrong with the first two options, if you're lame, but for my money I tend to think that everyone in the world should focus on living fast, dying young, and leaving a good-looking corpse behind for people to admire, like James Dean or Elvis Presley. This is also good because it will increase the necrophiliac population in the world.

There's no way I'll live to an old age; not with this rock and roll lifestyle I lead. But if I died tomorrow, I'd be happy...I mean pissed. Not because I'd be dead and leave people behind or whatever. It's just that all the money that I've been saving would go to waste and all the stuff I own that isn't broken would go to waste. So if I had to die tomorrow, or like sometime soon, I wish I could have done the following things.

1.) Gotta hit up some hookers. You know it buddy. I'm not talking like one or two here. I'm talking like 14 at once, and what do I care? It'll cost a ton but it's better than spending it on a headstone. This is also awesome because it would be fun. I'd probably do a lot of coke that night too...coke as in...soda?

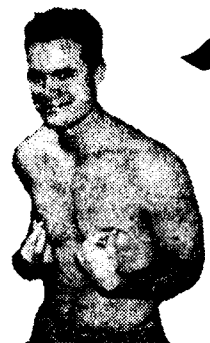
2.) Throw a killer party. Put me in jail after it. I don't care. I'm dying soon anyways. At this party there'll be so many washed up celebrities. I had a dream last night that I was at my high school and Dennis Haskins (Mr. Belding) was signing autographs for his new movie. Paul Reiser would be there along with like Pat Sajak and Jake the Snake. I'd also invite all of St. Mary's over and have a metric ton of Straub and plugs of Redman for all of the toothless hicks that live there.

3.) Steal Stuff. Not stuff I particularly want or need. But sometimes you just want to see what you can get away with. I'd end up breaking half of the stuff afterwards anyways. This also includes breaking stuff. Like crazy stuff like window displays, ripping mannequins heads off, feeling up the female ones, and like smashing like...stuff, man.

4.) My last dying wish. The last thing I want to do is spend a romantic, candlelit dinner with my beautiful, wonderful girlfriend. Yeah, right! What I really want to do is build a huge ramp going into a hospital, drink a fifth of Beam, set my car on fire, and race into the hospital while shooting at pedestrians underneath me and die in a huge explosion leveling the hospitals whose debris will kill at least a baker's dozen on people watching with wonderful spectacle. I figure this would cause some sort of riot where inner-city teens would cause havoc in the streets, peeling people's skin off and looting all local business. This would spawn another revolution of the hard-working middle class who would revolt and attack the inner city kids and eventually that act would lead to the destruction of the world. And YOU want to be "rich and successful".

As you can clearly see, living fast and dying young IS the way to go. All this time and money your spending to be rich and powerful is being wasted. When the Live Fast, Die Young revolution begins all the time and money you've spent will be futile. You can't stop us; your end is coming and it will be led by a 1991 Honda Civic.

"Your revolution is over Mr. Lebowski. The bums lost. Condolences!"



Ross Lockwood

Some things never go out of style: the WNBA, Garbage Pail Kids, and Bosnia Herzegovina are just a few examples. After Sunday night, add one more to that already impressive list: Styx. I know the questions going around the streets and in all the tabloid newspapers: "Do they still have it?" Well, Sister Christian, I'm here to tell you that they can still mystify thousands and make girls very horny indeed.

Let me recap my Sunday night for you. Usually on a Sunday night I'm sitting around still nursing a hangover from the day before. I get these hangovers that last all day and all night. However, on this night the only queasiness that I felt was from the total excitement that Styx, Kansas and John Waite provided me and it made me want to puke my guts out.

We arrived at the show; (I received the tickets from my girlfriend for Christmas, best Christmas gift since I got the G.I. Joe headquarters when I was 8). We were led by the usher to the floor. We had 10th row seats, which was close enough to almost reach out and touch the band. We were sitting by two middle-aged parents who were bomb enough to bring their teenaged daughters with them. They seemed very well behaved, sober. About 8-pounds later, the guy was letting the raunchiest beer farts I have ever smelled, and the woman was saying the "f" word like it was going out of style. The dad kept grab-

STYX KIX ACE!

bing his teenaged daughters and saying, "This is real music, not that (crap) you listen to." It was really funny. He put his arm around me when STYX played "Come Sail Away". I think he farted too.

Let me describe to you how awesome Kansas was, as well. They started off the set by saying, "Hello Pennsylvania, Welcome to Kansas." I thought it was pretty awesome to say that. How awesome? Pretty awesome! The lead guitar player looked like some sort of aged pirate who was sent to us as a gift, sort of like Encino Man. He was about 350, very old, and had on a black polo shirt and black sweat pants. And to top things off: a pirate patch.

But that didn't stop him from kicking the door down and rocking all the spectators unsuspecting asses! The fiddle player was even more haggard. He looked like some sort of crazy-ass hill-



billy, but man could he play that fiddle! He looked like someone's crazy drunken grandfather who is cranky cause he has no one to change his Depends. T

The lead singer looked like an uglier version of Steve Perry, if you can possibly imagine that. I know a lot of girls that think Steve Perry is hot, however, which to me remains a bigger mystery than big foot, the Loch Ness monster and Runaway Ralph all combined into one. They finished off their set with "Dust in the Wind" and "Carry On My Wayward Son" which was enough to make one spectator, who was violently playing the air fiddle, fall into

the isle. He got right back up and kept playing like nothing happened. That is the power that drinking a lot of beers will give you.

John Waite was all right, but he was too British for me. I think that if you ARE British, you should have to say "wanker" at least once every few sentences. He failed to do this, so I won't talk much about him.

Then Styx came out. They had a big carrot as their background to the stage. I never really got that, but I later figured it out in the show: they all like carrots a lot. It makes sense. Carrots are good for your vision and none of the members of Styx have glasses. So I assume that is why they like them so

much. I couldn't complain about anything in their set. They played all of the classics with the exception of "Mr. Roboto." But can you blame them: it cost them millions of dollars in coke money! They played a couple of new songs, which no one wanted to hear, but overall all of the classics were played. The grand finale was "Renegade" which culminated in confetti falling on the crowd. I think that is when one of the guitar players waved at me. That is the last thing I remember because I fainted.

On a side note, old people really know how to party. As the one guy was telling me, kids our age don't know anything about music or anything about partying and he is right. I WISH I knew how to party like some of the people I saw on Sunday night. Most of us party for sport, partying for them was a way of life. In conclusion, I want to party in the late 70s early 80s.

Bart on sobriety

Contributing Writer

A few revelations I had recently brought about a personal epiphany: My life peaked at age 24 when I went on a cross country road trip with two friends. I have a very small member, I am 38 years old with no job, no girlfriend, and no life. I live in my parents basement and make crystal meth in their attic.

My lot in life is not looking so good at this point. So, in order to better myself, I have decided to drink "responsibly." By responsibly I mean I will no longer find myself wearing a neon orange dress, a stuffed bra, and a wide white puke out of my car window on the side of Route 5 with church traffic whizzing by on a Sunday afternoon while blood drips out of a fresh head wound.

In order to keep my sobriety and my sanity, I have found some affordable ways to keep my mind off booze.

1.) Get really, really wasted before something important. "But Bart," you're saying, "I thought you were going to tell us alternatives to drinking, not reasons to drink more."

True. Getting really wasted before something important, in addition to being a blast, is a good way to remind yourself why you're trying to drink responsibly. I recommend getting wasted before a court appearance, church, work, or a blood drive. Try and make a complete and total ass of yourself - every person you piss off by being a drunken moron will help you become a more responsible drinker in the future.

I recommend getting wasted before something important at least once a week so you will continually be reminded

why you are committed to drinking responsibly.

2.) Masturbation

I've always masturbated a lot, but being sober or at least less drunk has turned it from a 10 up to an 11. It's tough to do this with a roommate: I suggest you get his or her schedule and designate those times when roomie is in class and you are free as your "wack attack" time. It is wise to ensure that they are fairly consistent in attending class, unless you swing that way and enjoy people walking in on you. (I know I do.)

Footnote: If it ever gets old, I recommend trying one of these timeless classics:

"The truckdriver" - pretty self-explanatory. So named due to the hours truck drivers spend looking down on teenage girls while thinking dirty trucker thoughts and doing their business.

"The Stranger" - Sit on your hand for five minutes or so then go to town. It's like getting busy with someone else!

"The Lefty" - If you're right handed, try switching from right to left, or vice versa if you bat lefty. Effect similar to "The Stranger"

3.) Get into a relationship:

Relationships reduce alcohol intake twofold, at least for me: the only girls who will sleep with me are so incredibly unattractive I have to get wasted in order to have sex with them - having a girlfriend eliminates this. Secondly, with a steady piece, you'll have better things to do than get drunk, like watch midget porn, then have kinky sex in cheap motel rooms.

4.) Make fun of the Humor page staff:

Butala used to play Magic: The Gathering and his manhood is smaller than mine. I know, I have pictures. (Pictures of his penis, not him playing Magic) Butala is one of those people who only likes things that suck and thinks anything that is cool sucks. You follow? For example, Butala is

in love with Mighty Ducks 2. Or maybe 3. I don't know, they're all pretty lame, well except for the fact Emilio Estevez is in the first one and his brother Charlie Sheen has a legendary appetite for coke, hookers, and porn stars.

Titus has a really ratty Cubs hat and we all know the Cubs suck. He also has man-boobs.

Ben Crazy thinks he's too cool to join EKA. I don't know the rest of the staff but I'm sure they are as lame as the rest of the staff.

5.) Make fun of Erie:

This is always an easy target - it's kind of like picking on the smelly chunky kid with glasses in your 6rd grade class who laughed at all of his own unfunny jokes and stuttered every time he said anything remotely phallic (cu...cu...cu...cum...mummm...ber). But, if you're feeling down (if you are sober then you gotta be) Erie is a nice easy target.

Here are a few comments/observations about Erie you can expand on, but feel free to come up with your own. The possibilities are endless.

Erie is the one of the last cities where it is perfectly acceptable to wear camouflage to a funeral. 102.3 "The Point" has a Styx song of the day.

The biggest topic of discussion at water coolers across Erie is the Scorpions/White Snake/Dokken concert.

If America needed an enema they'd stick the hose in Erie.

Mullets are worn with pride. Dale Earnhardt is a god, and the '78 Trans AM special edition with T-tops with the bird on the hood is considered the finest machine to ever grace the highway.



**Honey Suckel
Flannel**

This weeks Boozehound is Honey Suckel Flannel. After partaking in many alcoholic beverages, H.S.F spiked a cantelope on the ground, puked four times and fell into the shower, ripping the faucet off the tub. He put up a hell of a chase around his house, stumbling on damn near anything in his path.



This is not an attempt to glorify alcohol, it is merely a depiction of some of the possible outcomes, all negative, in the use and the abuse of alcohol. The humor page urges you to not partake in excessive alcohol consumption and just because it is on the humor page does not make it funny. Alcoholism is a terrible disease and if you know of a situation that shows the poor outcomes of alcoholism, email them to BehrendBeacon@hotmail.com

**Top Ten
Valentine's
presents to
get a girl**

- 10.) A case of beer - this is good cuz most girls can't drink a case alone so you get the half she doesn't drink
- 9.) Indian Rubs - The hurt and she be vulnerable and insecure; that's when you make your move.
- 8.) Sex - It's free and fun.
- 7.) Condoms - Use these.
- 6.) A DVD you really want to see - That way you can see Van Damme all you want when you're at her place while she's doing her hair and talking on the phone and having PMS, worthless dame!
- 5.) Nothing - Fake a death in the family and say you have to go home for an emergency. She'll be so concerned she'll forget all about it.
- 4.) Something you own that's been broken for years - All you gotta say is, "Sorry baby, it broke on the way here. I love you."
- 3.) Nothing II - Tell her that you guys talked about it when you were drunk and you agreed not to get each other anything and look surprised when she gives you her gift.
- 2.) Fireball Island - This board game is awesome. You gotta see it to believe it.
- 1.) The Miracle Blade with the Perfection Juicer - A little pricey but it's awesome to see a pineapple sliced in half in mid-air and turning an apple into a cup.



Charlie Gaglione

(Every time you read the word "freaking," I assure you that I didn't write it. I actually wrote "freaking.")

Perhaps you've noticed the absence of my article the last few issues, probably not, but perhaps. Apparently the Beacon deems my articles quote "too offensive" end quote for mass production. Either my article gets canned all together, or by the time it is edited it is about as funny as a freakin Ross Lockwood column. You see an editing process is when the man reads the stuff, and even though he dang well knows its freakin' funny, he has to change it. Otherwise Trigon

CENSORSHIP IS MALE COW FECES

will burn something down and tie themselves to railroad tracks until the humor page is freakin shafted.

In an original article (of not only my own, but of my fellow humor page writers) You might find the phrase "freakin heck", but when its edited they change it to "freakin heck". Sometimes "female dog" is changed to "female dog." Or the time I wrote: "girls who don't shave their cat need to get with the freakin program!", it was changed to: "Girls who don't shave their CAT need to get with the FREAKIN program." Which just sounds silly. But then the entire sentence is cut out for fear that the animal rights group will go around shaving people saying "How do you like it!" And then burn something down.

Often times when there is no politically correct word to replace an offensive one, they change the entire premise of a story. Example- I was so dizzy after drinking too much water on Saturday night, that I barely remember that girl sitting on my throbbing chair.

"The Humor Page sucks." "What is this crap?" "This is the stupidest thing I ever read!" Don't talk behind our backs. If you got a comment or suggestion, tell us, or even submit a column.

BehrendBeacon@hotmail.com.

You Lazy Jackass!!!

You haven't filled out a Clip Art Tournament Bracket Yet?

There's a million extra Beacons down at the office collecting dust; the government stopped buying them years ago. So run your ass down here and fill one out. It takes like 10 seconds, you lazy bum. You're in class, anyways. What better things do you have to do?