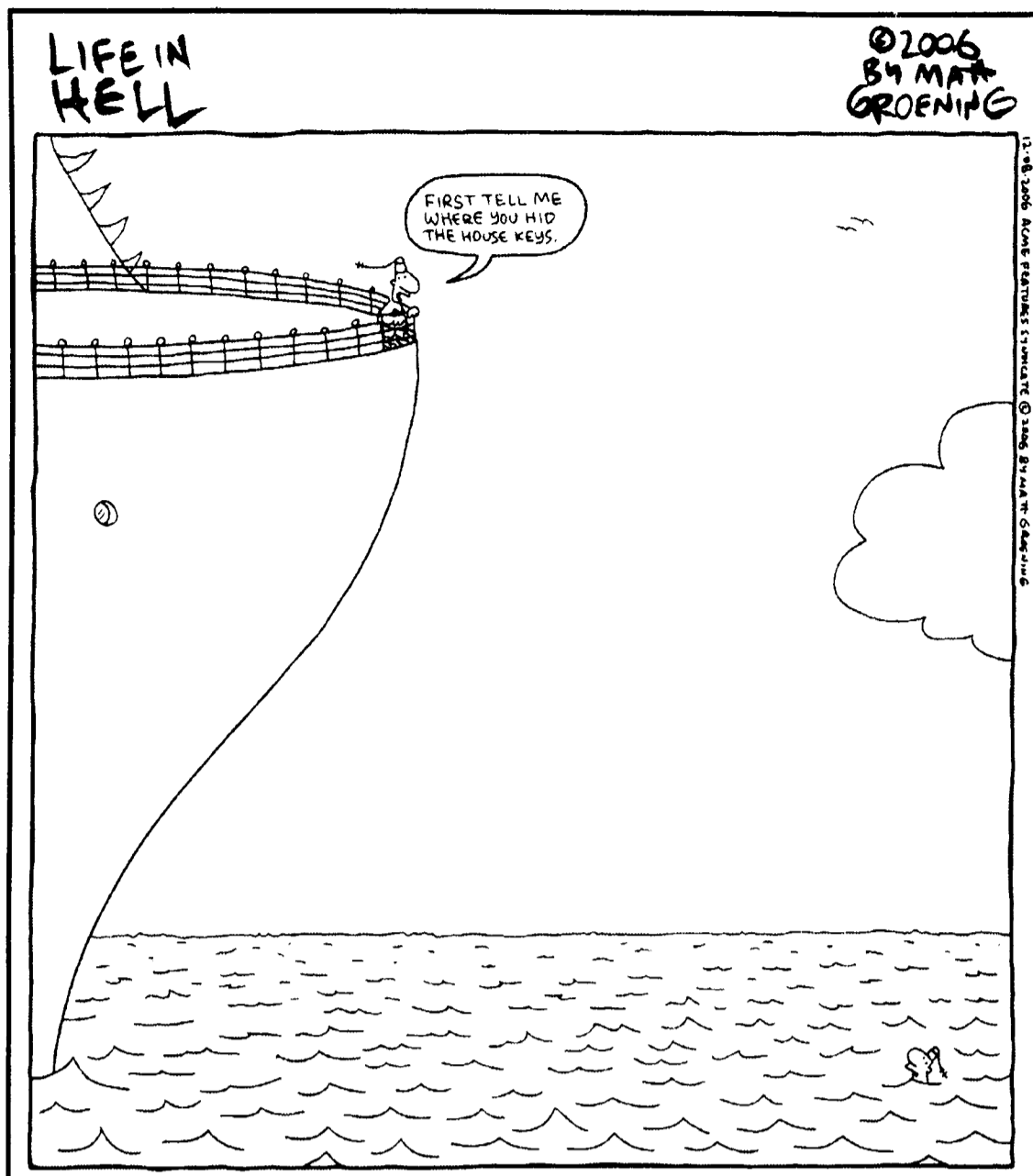


# HUMOR



## I heart peanut butter

By Rebecca Andrusky  
staff writer

The United States is one of the few countries in the world that markets peanut butter. Why this I can't begin to guess because a life without peanut butter (as any typical American would agree) is a sad life indeed. The smell of peanut butter alone is completely intoxicating. And because it takes so long to swallow due to the excessive stickiness and (delectable taste), it is excellent for keeping small children, animals and irritating neighbors busy for hours. Not only does peanut butter taste great, but also because it's relatively cheap and filling, it could feed the entire country of Ethiopia if enough jars were collected.

Unfortunately, no one in their right mind would be able to give up their jars of peanut butter to other countries in the world. This is probably what has caused the massive influx of immigrants into the country; they just can't resist the peanut butter.

Peanut butter has many purposes, than just a fix for hunger. A large peanut butter sandwich can be a wonderful method for getting someone to shut up. Is the person next to you talking your ear off? Offer him or her a large peanut butter sandwich and their mouth will be glued shut almost immediately. Not only that, but they will never realize your true motives because they will be too busy savoring the delightful taste of crushed peanuts and WonderBread stuck to the roof of their mouths. In fact, they will be so involved in tasting the peanut butter that by the time they begin

attempting to unstuck their top jaw from the bottom, you will be able to make a sneaky getaway, or rob them blind depending on your morals or lack thereof...

It has also been discovered that peanut butter can be used to remove gum from your hair. For the life of me, though, I can't figure out how this came to be exposed. My theory is that a very talkative person (we'll call her Sue) got gum stuck in her hair. In an attempt to get Sue to stop talking, someone offered her a peanut butter sandwich to try and glue her mouth shut. I assume Sue must have refused the sandwich and in a moment of utter frustration, this person lunged forward to shove the sandwich in her mouth. They missed her mouth though, and managed to shove it into her hair instead, removing the gum and thus discovering that peanut butter removes gum from hair. Some might say this is farfetched, but if they can think of a better explanation for someone sticking peanut butter in their hair, then they obviously need a jar themselves because they have too much time on their hands.

Peanut butter has a number of other uses as well. They range from spreading it on your dog's tail to watch him go crazy (a little comic relief at the end of a long week), plugging holes in your ceiling, or introducing it to grape jelly or bananas and putting it on bread. If you're creative enough, I'm sure you can think of hundreds of other uses for peanut butter. That said, digging into a jar of Jif with nothing more than a spoon can be very rewarding at the end of the day.

## Don't touch that remote

By Kyle Zaffino  
contributing writer

It's a well-known fact that there are television shows created for the sole purpose of selling products. Shows such as *Power Rangers* and *Pokémon* have always hooked children and made them beg for \$39.99 toys (batteries not included), which break while you try to remove the industrial-grade Twist-ties that hold the toys to the cubic acre of packing foam they are entombed in.

What few people realize, though, is that this is the point of all of television programs. The Super Bowl draws in a billion viewers each year, and each of those viewers heads out to the marketplace to buy things sometimes. *Desperate Housewives* is not actually a primer on revenge, or even a particularly good opportunity to stare at Eva Longoria. (Google, friends, Google.) Even the TV Guide Channel does more than provide you with a schedule of the day's ocular pleasures.

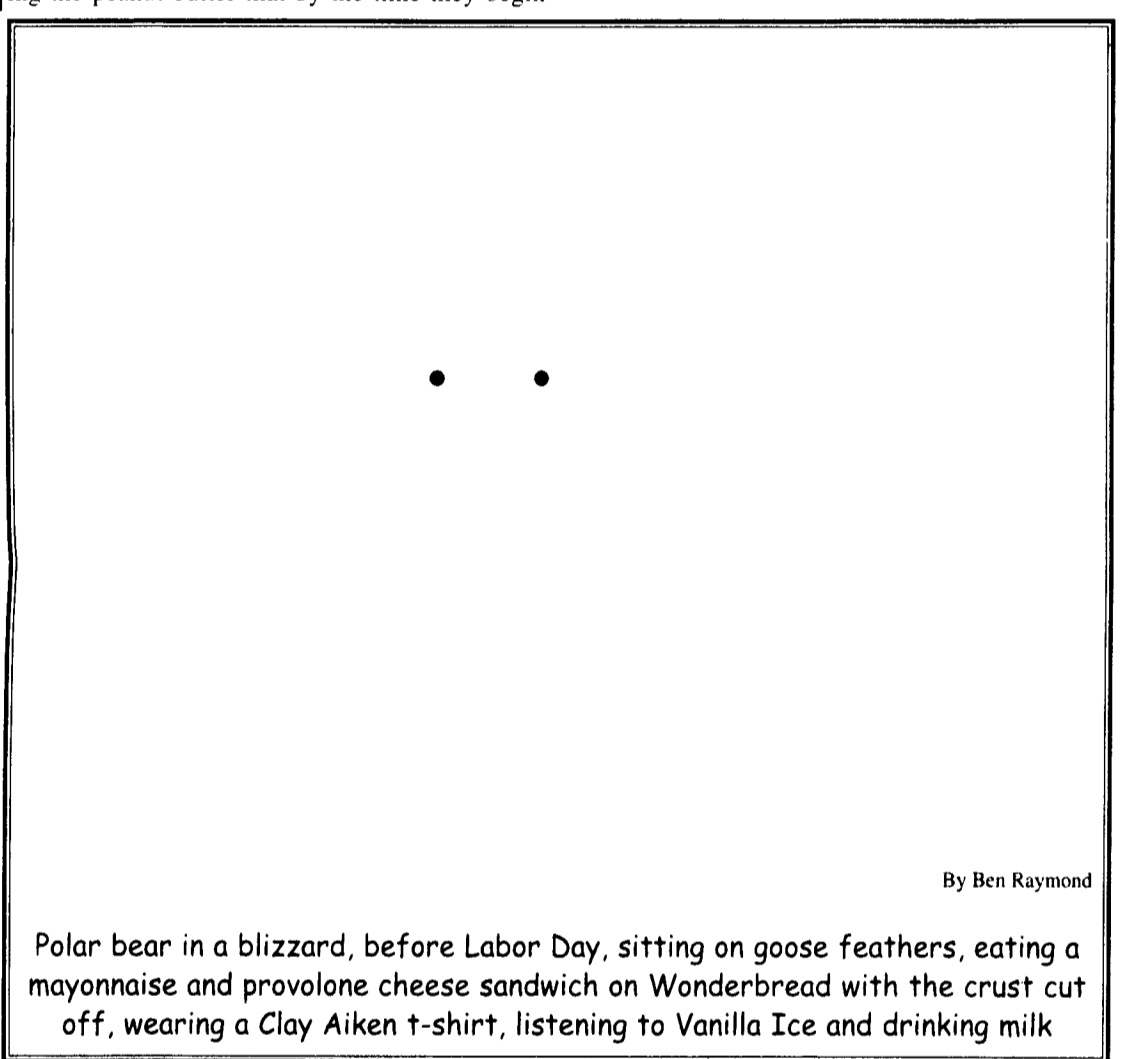
The sales pitch just becomes more subtle as the target audience ages. Children beg for cereals and toys marketed with bright colors and obnoxiously chipper little brats enjoying the product. Cell phones, iPods and other electronics are marketed as

though every house in the United States is infested with them, making it difficult for teenagers to thwart peer pressure that doesn't actually exist. Vehicles are marketed as being spunky, highbrow, or hip, even though, in a decade, they'll all be in trailer parks.

Sports franchises are the worst, hawking anything and everything to add an eighth course to the team owner's evening meal, or keep a new Lamborghini in the star quarterback's garage (which, I'm sure, my family's entire house would comfortably fit into). Many soccer teams and all race cars sell space on their uniforms—like 2006 Nextel Cup Champion Jimmy Johnson's Chevy Monte Carlo. It looks like someone vomited a Taco Bell meal onto it, the hood and A-pillars streaked with taco-beef-brown, lettuce-green numerals emblazoned on the sides, and salsa-chunk ads splattered across the fenders.

There's no escape from this constant molestation. The tube has become a syringe, which injects an irrational desire for accumulation of wealth into anyone unfortunate enough to cross its path. The time has come to shut it off and enjoy the fun our forefathers did—baseball, Mom, and apple pie.

Well, maybe not now...*Everybody Loves Raymond* is on.



By Ben Raymond

Polar bear in a blizzard, before Labor Day, sitting on goose feathers, eating a mayonnaise and provolone cheese sandwich on Wonderbread with the crust cut off, wearing a Clay Aiken t-shirt, listening to Vanilla Ice and drinking milk

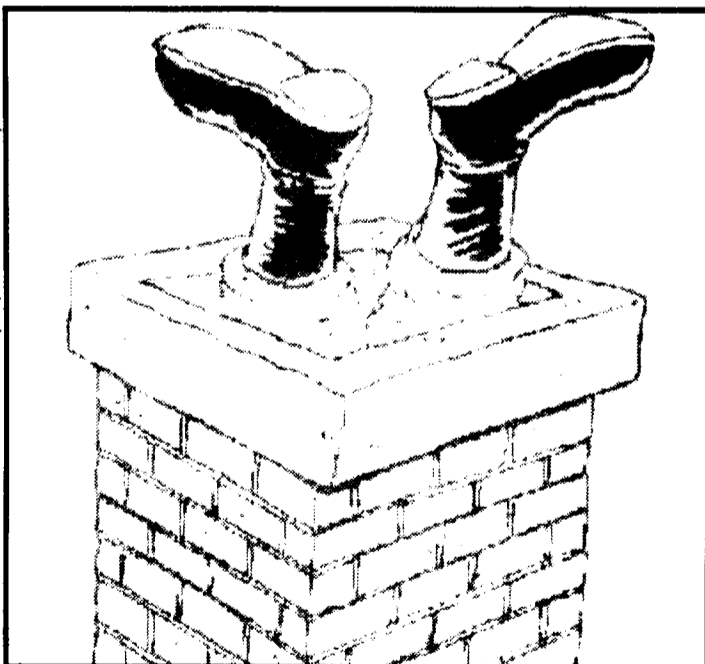
## Top five of the week...

By Brad Kovalcik  
Staff writer

Everyone has had the experience of receiving a bad gift. You don't want to be the giver of what someone remembers as their worst. Just use common sense and stay away from my list of the worst gifts I ever received and I'm sure you and your friends will have a great holiday season. This is the...

### Top 5 Worst Gifts I've Received

5. A shower clock – What good is a shower clock any way? It comes in handy... never.
4. Out of fashion clothing – I once received a wolf shirt that was exactly the same as one worn by Napoleon Dynamite; however it was three years before the movie even came out.
3. Lottery Tickets – Nothing says "I have no idea what to get you," like a lottery ticket. Plus they have that added bonus of making you feel like a loser everytime.
2. Gift cards to places that don't exist – I don't even know how this happens. I've received them two or three times from relatives in Florida, and I'm pretty sure they're laughing at me everytime they send them.
1. Weird things – My grandparents got me a statue of a coyote and an eagle fighting over a dead weasel. I was five. It freaked me the heck out. I couldn't sleep for weeks because I always saw these creepy things staring at me from the other side of the room.



## There is snow way

By Jerry Pohl  
calendar page editor

Late each fall, Behrend students are dismayed by the prospect of a phenomenon known as "lake effect weather." Due to the campus' proximity to Lake Erie, arctic conditions are more prevalent than in areas further from the lake. While most accept this as nature's cruel practical joke, some historical research shows that this climate has not always been the bane of student's existence.

Decades ago, Behrend was a small junior college, preparing students for collegiate level education at the main campus. As the campus grew, the engineering department soon began offering majors of its own, that could be completed without leaving the small farming community of Erie.

The first student to attempt graduation at Behrend was Dan McKay. McKay was an engineering student who didn't want to transfer to main campus because he was afraid of girls. He decided to complete his degree at Behrend, and, in his final semester, had nothing left but a twelve credit senior project.

McKay had a grand vision for his project; he planned to raise property values in the area by constructing a man-made lake to create lake-front real estate. Along with his fellow engineers, McKay oversaw the year long project. When it was complete McKay named it Lake Erie, after the small village at the new lake's edge.

The lake was filled with water and property values soared. Industry and commerce flocked to the area, building it into a city. McKay received an A on his project and graduated that spring with a degree in Littoral Engineering.

Over the summer, Erie became a bustling metrop-

olis. In the fall Behrend opened its School of Business to provide the recent plethora of local businesses with management material. Erie's future looked bright and everyone's hopes were up.

Near the end of fall, local residents were surprised by unseasonably cold weather and early snowfall. It was Behrend's lone meteorology professor that discovered the cause of the problem. The addition of the large body of water had drastically altered weather patterns in the region. The lake drew in cold fronts and threatened to turn the entire North East into Eascarctica.

McKay came back that spring to fix the problem. He rounded up some dashing, maverick engineers and they constructed a giant waterfall to drain the water from the lake into adjacent Lake Ontario. When completed they named the falls after Niagara Hall, where McKay had lived.

Residents around Lake Ontario were upset by Erie's dumping of its unwanted dihydrogen monoxide into their lake. Taking their revenge, they dug a crude canal from Lake Huron to Lake Erie, causing the lake to fill as fast as Niagara Falls could drain it. This resulted in the famous Great Lakes War, which ended when Erie signed a treaty agreeing to shut up about the weather and deal with it.

Erie turned those lemons into watery, sugar-free lemonade by building the Peninsula, which attracts tourists, in the form of hippies, to appreciate its natural variety and ugly marshes, and hillbillies to hunt its pathetic small game.

Local businesses blamed Behrend for the unfortunate situation and moved out of walking distance of campus to spite the college. This was to punish students for their first graduate's folly, by cutting them off from supplies during the now extended winter months.

This week is National Wash Your Hands Week: OCD is finally being recognized

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