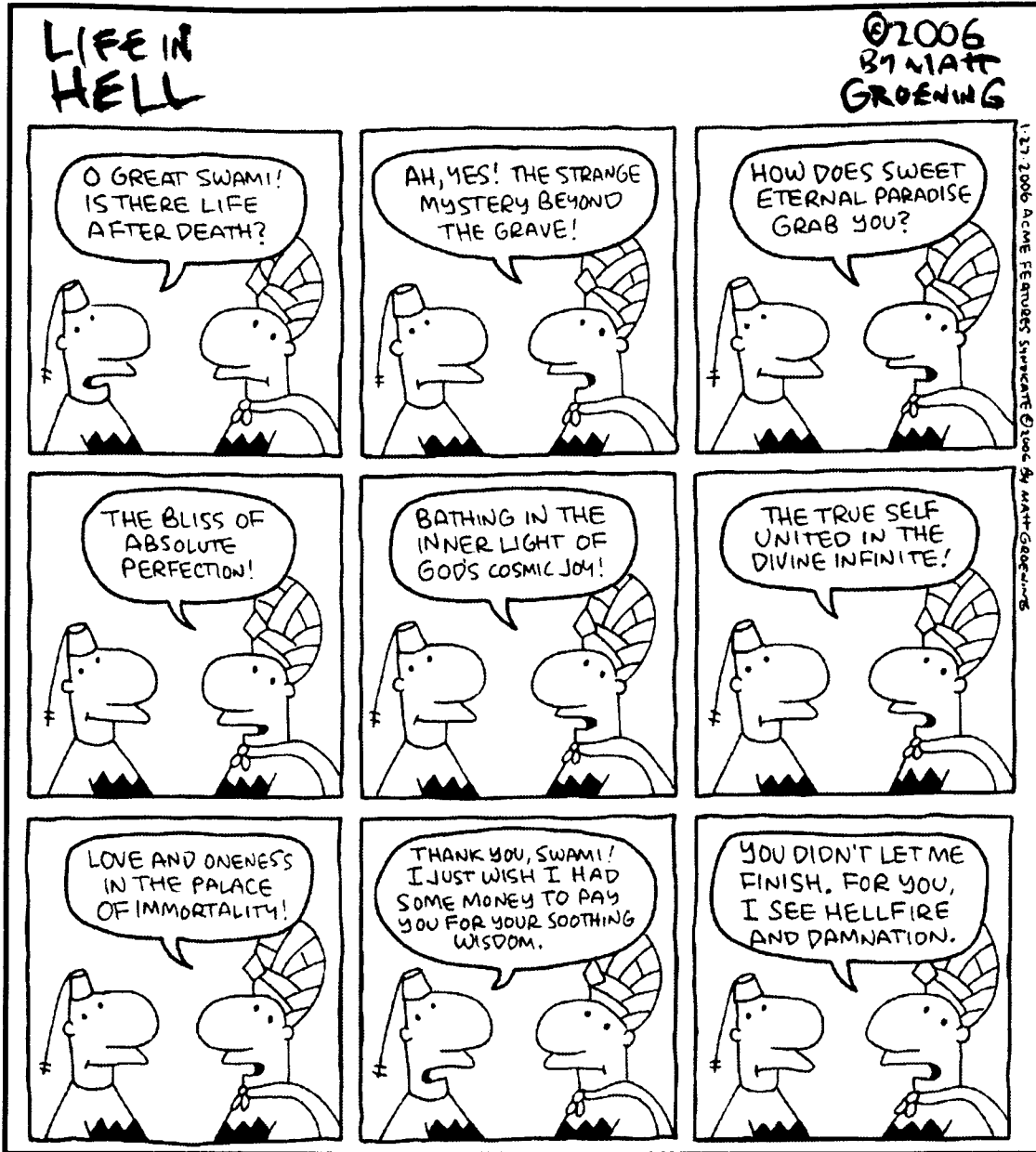


# HUMOR



## Top five of the week...

By Brad Kovalcik  
staff writer



It's finals week and I think everyone is ready for a break as I am. After sitting and staring at my computer screen for an hour, I came up with the...

### Top 5 Signs you are suffering from semester burn out:

1. If someone starts talking to you, you immediately think that they're on your case.
2. You come out of class and can't remember where you live.
3. You lose track of where you were and what you were doing for hours at a time, and this time there wasn't even alcohol involved.
4. You've started to answer yourself.
5. You spend hours studying and can't remember what subject it was for after you close the book.

## The season of giving

By Ben Raymond  
humor editor

When it comes to Christmas time, people say I am a "scrooge." Those people are right. I'm down with J.C.'s birthday party on the 25th, but other than that, I find the rest of it a little depressing.

Take, for example, the fact that I go home so infrequently that I am now allergic to my house. I blame my dog Eddie. The little fur ball is 15 years old and just stinks up the place. A dog's life expectancy is only about 12 years. I swear he is sticking around just to make me suffer. Like he's thinking, *So you thought it was funny when you used to pull my tail. I got you now. Just wait and see what I left on your pillow.* So I get the choice of having my throat and eyes swell up, or take allergy medicine and float around in a deep haze for the rest of my visit. Which, with all things considered, might not be that bad.

One of the most awkward situations, which I try to avoid at all times, is talking to people from high school. No, I didn't say friends, just the people that went to high school with. The kids that you never hung out with, just kind of nodded your head at when you passed them in the halls. If I am filling up at the gas station and they walk up to me they might say something like, "Hey, I haven't seen you in forever." The whole time I am just thinking, "Yea there is a reason for that." It is like in their heads, all of a sudden not having seen you in four years makes them your long lost friend.

Now I realize that there are about 3,000 commuters on this campus, but there are at least 1,000 residents here. One of the things I hear all the time is, "there's nothing to do in Erie." False. I love going home to see my family but after three days I find myself slowly backing towards the door with my car keys and images of I-80 in my head. It is nice to take a break from Behrend, but the more years I've been here, the sooner I want to come back.

I have also realized a change in the way Christmas Day works. When I was little I would

be the first one up and downstairs just ready to shred the wrapping paper, eat some sticky buns and all that other little kid stuff. Now it is more like my parents have to poke me with a sharp stick to get me out of bed until I roll downstairs. And presents are a terrible idea now. I've pulled a complete 180 on my parents. When I was little I had no problem coming up with a list of all the newest toys I wanted. Now I don't ask for anything and they hate it. I figure if you can't torment your parents at least a little bit, you're not doing your job right. If I need anything now I just go out and get it.

More than anything else I can't stand the mall. I hate large groups of people because I know that at least half of them are stupid. Especially the people who haven't quite figured out how to walk. If you see something shiny in a store, please, oh please, don't stop dead in your tracks and stare. I am tempted to open field tackle you like the "The Puz."

Another fault of the Christmas shopper comes in the food court. Your options are burger, pizza, or Chinese food. No amount of time spent staring at the menu will reveal some treasure you haven't heard of. Just order your form pressed fat and move on.

Beyond that, I like to have a little fun and just mess with the other shoppers. I like going to *Hot Topic* and staring kids down. If they reach for something, I just shake my head at them. Another fun activity is trying something on. There is no limit as to how long you can wear something around in the store. Find a coat, or anything really, and just wear it around the store. All the employees will watch you like a hawk. Then, just hang it up and leave.

Alright, so maybe I am a little bitter and a little bit cynical but I am ok with that. So bring on the lumps of coal. That is some free fuel, my friends. Have you seen the price of gas now? If I were a hobo I would be in heaven. (What? Hobo's don't read blankets). Remember kids, just because it is the season of giving, doesn't mean I have to give a.

## A holiday to forget:

Tales of winter breaks gone but unfortunately not forgotten

By Behrend  
contributing college

Many of us have had to endure hard times in our lives. This is a collection of stories from Behrend students and staff from winter breaks past. Just a little something positive to look forward to before you head home, wherever that may be.

I remember when I was little, this same lady sang at church every Christmas and she sang so high that I and my two best friends always used to cover our ears. We got in so much trouble.

I slipped on ice walking to my bus, everyone saw me. I got up and ran back to my house crying. And I never fall asleep in church, I just burn myself and my brother with candle wax when we're singing "Silent Night."

When I was eight, my dad decided it'd be an excellent idea to use the lawnmower and plow off our 12 ft. deep pond with it. Needless to say, in the very middle of the pond, the lawnmower fell through, and the plow blade snagged the ice so that it was hanging by a 6" x 6" corner of the plow. We had to put boards underneath it and cut the ice to pull it into the bank. Our "Christmas Ice Skating Party" didn't happen that year.

When I was in 4th grade I went ice skating with my friend and she couldn't stop, and I fell on top of her and broke her ankle.

My parents bought a real Christmas tree last year and put it in the Honda Element. My dad took it out of the car and proceeded to place it in the tree holder. He heard squeaking and looked in the tree. A mouse was in it. My dad then gets a screwdriver and drove the screwdriver into the tree repeatedly to kill the mouse. That didn't work, so he goes into the house and grabs hot water. He pours it on the tree and nothing happens. He grabs the hose and then sprays it on the tree, nothing happens. Finally, he sees the thing move and grabs the screwdriver and repeatedly stabs it. After that my dad decides to burn it in a pot and scream, "you bastard, couldn't hide from me...you bastard." We now do not, get real Christmas trees.

One year my grandma didn't recognize me when I came to get her for church. She thought I was going to rob her and called the cops.

There was the year that my mom put the turkey in at 8 am and it didn't come out until 6 pm. The

bread was burnt and my relatives were too drunk to eat.

So, freshman year I took a Poli Sci honors class that was at 11 a.m. Mon., Wed., Fri...but our final was at 8am (so I'm instantly pissed). Since it was an honors class, most of the people in my class lived in Almy, so we all decided to walk down together. So it's like 7:45 a.m. and it is my first final in college ever and I buy a Dr. Pepper to walk down the hill and keep me awake. So like 10 of us walk down from Almy to this final in Turnbull. We go down the glass staircase and I light a cigarette as we are walking past Senat. We are walking, and since it's so early, no one had plowed the steps yet. So we're walking, everyone is making fun of me for smoking, and I am toward the back of the group.

Everyone else is like halfway down the steps by Perry and like yelling back to me about the steps being slippery. I'm being a cocky ass at 7:45 in the morning smoking my cigarette and drinking my Dr. Pepper. Sure enough, halfway down the middle of the steps I slip, fall, slide down to the bottom of all the steps. It was absolutely hysterical, but rest assured, I neither lost/damaged my cigarette nor shook my pop at all. So I was in severe pain from the laughing and the fall and had to take my first final EVER (and at 8am) with a wet ass from falling in the snow/ice.

I was at an ex-boyfriend's grandparent's house visiting them for the holidays and I looked nice and all. I was walking through the yard with gifts under one arm & my purse under the other. Because of the snow, I didn't notice the ditch I was heading straight for. I went down, the gifts went in the air with my purse. He stood laughing at me until I was thoroughly soaked by snow. So I had to spend the entire day damp and in his clothes while his grandmother, whom I had never met before, dried my clothes in the dryer.

I lived in Senat Hall last year and I'd always leave for my class in Turnbull from the bottom doors by the maintenance closets. Instead of walking the entire way over to Reed, I'd scuffle down the little hill behind Health and Wellness. One day, there was a bunch of snow on the ground, but I did it anyway. I wiped out in front of a bunch of girls, and it wasn't just like I slipped a little. My feet came up over my head and I landed in my own misery and self-consciousness in the snow.



### Spirit of Christmas haunts Bruno's

By Jerry Pohl

A macabre spectre has been haunting Bruno's this week before finals. Some students speculate that it is a fallen soldier from the War on Christmas, a war which many elves criticize Santa for getting them into, citing that it turns out the Grinch had no WMDs, just a far too emo MySpace account.

*This document hereby certifies that  
on the 15th day of December 2006:*

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*Has suffered through enough years  
at the children's table,  
and from this day forward is permitted  
to sit at the adult's table.*

Sincerely  
Benjamin A. Raymond  
Humor Page Editor

**The Life of a Comic, as told by Herbert Filby**

Our hero's previous exploits in Thalia have proven that strong perseverance and willpower will help overcome any obstacle...	Unfortunately, these traits won't help the fact that the Artist, who's cartoon avatar was crushed by our hero previously, is still alive...	Now, new measures have been implemented to contain the comic, such as reinforced steel newspaper lining, and security alarms up the wazoo.
Now time for a well deserved retirement in my new beach house...	Wait, this isn't a beach house...	*Sob* Will this ever end?

<http://HerbertFilby.com>

Mike Sharkey  
December 14, 2006