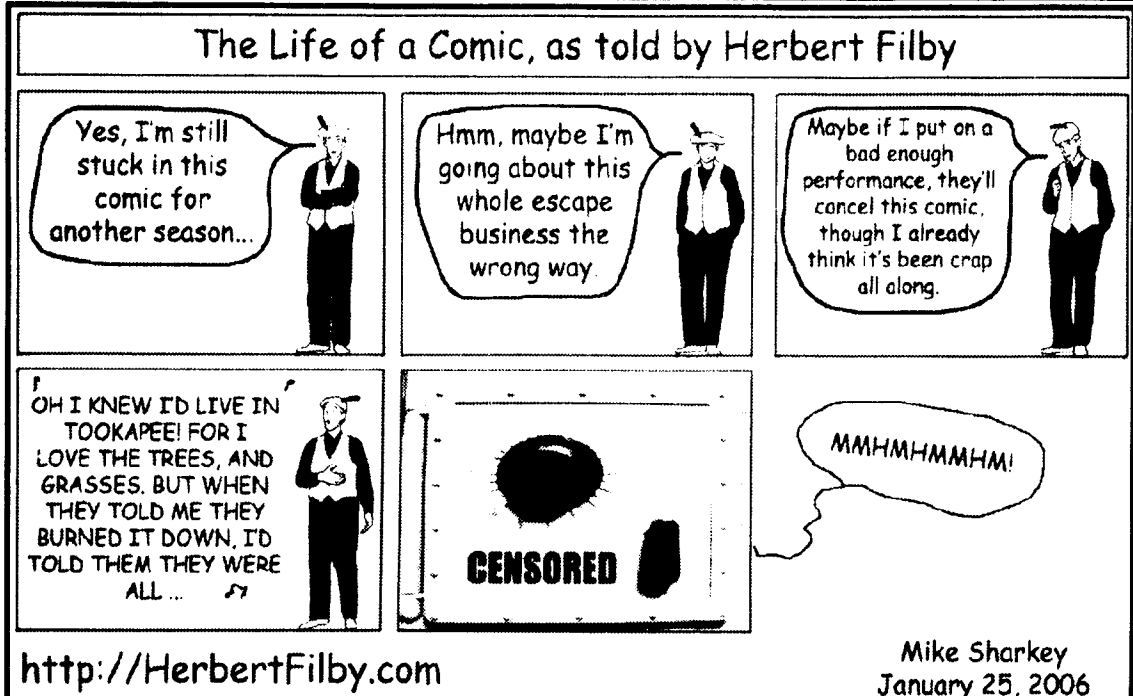
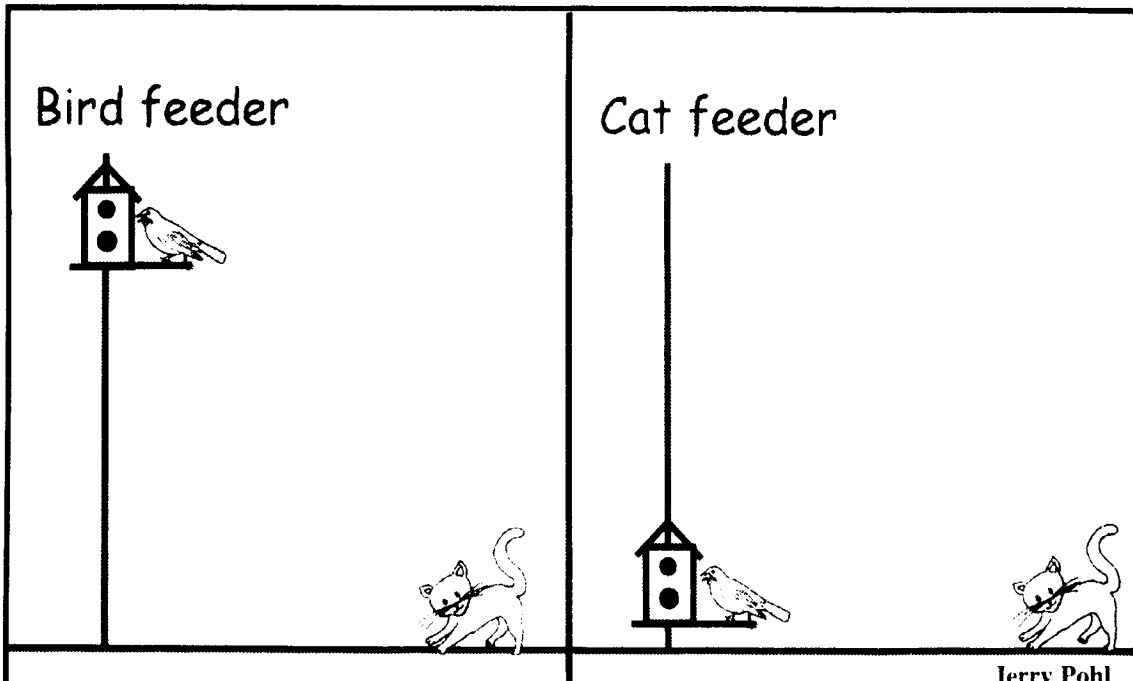


HUMOR



A new year, a new rant

By Liz Cybulski
staff writer

I'm going to put a little disclaimer here. All of these statements and/or questions are for amusement purposes only. I'm not sitting beside you stapling your eyelids open making you read this, so if this article offends you, stop reading and turn the page. Kapeesh? With that being said and said being that, enjoy.

Let's all say a little thank you prayer to the bar gods for Jimmy Z's dollar pitcher week. Hell, even if it is just Keystone Light; you don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

I love watching the crowd at dance bars like the Cellblock. Nothing has changed since middle school dances, where dancing is just having sex with clothes on. Only now we're legally allowed to drink, which encourages the whole "sex with clothes on" thing to happen with really, really, really questionable people. Oh, and don't forget the mood lighting of the strobe light. Oh yeah, best dry hump of your life, baby.

A goal in my life is to avoid incarceration. However, I would totally do everything Carrie Underwood sings about doing to a cheating guy's truck in the song "Before He Cheats" if I was cheated on horribly... and knew I wouldn't get caught. Infact, I don't think I'd stop at just taking a "Louisville Slugger to both headlights." I'd break that truck so bad it'd look like a junkyard reject.

Girls have a sixth sense about other girls' assets. We can tell if another chick's twins are homegrown or something gifted to them from a plastics lab faster than you can say "motorboating son of a bitch".

I would love to petition the University to create the course "How to Drive in Snowy Conditions." I'm not really sure how it happens, but many people who are born and raised in Western PA still haven't figured out how to do this. I think lessons in the class should include "No, Seriously, Don't Pump Your Anti-Lock Brakes" and "Keep Momentum Going 101: For the love of God, don't come to a complete stop when going uphill if conditions are awful."

Gwen Stefani portrays a yodeling nun in the video for her new single. No, Just No. Yodeling and nuns don't "wind me up." Gwen. In fact, I don't even think I'd get "wound up" if I dropped acid and tried to listen to your new song.

Do yourself a favor. If you haven't seen it yet, please watch Justin Timberlake's Saturday Night Live skit, "Dick in a Box." Now, I'm a female and the concept of this song - "1. Cut a hole in a box. 2.

Stick your junk in that box. 3. Have her open the box." - is in no way possible for me to do, but I so hope whoever I date has the sense of humor and balls enough to do it. Literally. And ladies, don't blame me if you get it on Valentines Day and don't like it because you can't return his junk to Sears.

Ohio State let the Big Ten down this bowl season. Ohio State's loss seems to have given the SEC huge bragging rights against the Big Ten. And to be frank, pitting the SEC versus the Big Ten is just a present day Civil War with different uniforms. P.S - In the end, the North won, suckers.

I think people who drive slow in the left lane should, by law, get their back tires shot out. End of story. Also, stop trying to slow other drivers down. If we seem hell bent on getting a ticket that will put 134 points on our license, leave us be!

A Pitt math professor has recently proved the theory that the best way to stack cannon balls is in a pyramid. This is called the Kepler conjecture. Hey, I guess every man needs something to be passionate about. Even if figuring out how to stack bulk orders of cannon balls is what gets your rocks off.

This is more of a question directed towards Engineers. Any guys come into your classes lately with black eyes and you were honestly tempted to ask them if their Nintendo Wii controller strap broke? Only because you know it's the type of guy who wouldn't get a black eye any other way?

And guys, here's a little tip for those that haven't figured it out yet. Good smelling cologne - and NOT cheap cologne - makes a girl go weak in the knees. I've moved my seat in a class one past semester just because a guy's cologne was too distracting in the good way. There was no learning being achieved when his cologne was making me want to find out if he was good at tonsil hockey.

They say girls are really good at giving the silent treatment. You know what, though, dudes, you're pretty damned good at it, too. I know all girls can think of a few guys they've known in their lifetime who'd they definitely first round draft pick if ESPN had a fantasy league entitled "Guys who can't man up so they resort to the silent game."

Hey freshmen, when I was your age, the Superbowl was still in January.

This whole having to change my Penn State password is annoying, too. Not only can I still not copy and paste crap into my email with Webmail2, you now tell me I need to change my password. It doesn't end there, oh no my friends, the directions that came along with what my password must include, not include, not be the same as, and whatnot makes it seem like my Webmail account is going to be as guarded as bloody Fort Knox.

A Madden-ing experience

By Kyle Zaffino
contributing writer

I watch *Monday Night Football* every week, no matter what team are playing. I've seen thrilling, hard-fought overtime contests and 41-0 blowouts. I've seen great quarterbacks carve artful arcs in the air and wretched, bone-snapping hits, not to mention comical miscues more suited to *MXC* than *MNF*. Somehow, the teams don't matter to me, nor does the tension manufactured by caffeine-junkie talking heads every week.

One day, as I watched Keyshawn "Throw Me the Damn Ball" Johnson gesture indignantly at the referees about a phantom penalty and Andy "No, Really, I'm Not Mike Holmgren" Reid pout like a constipated walrus as his defense let him down yet again, I wondered what it is that keeps me coming back for more. It can't be the 350-lb linemen grappling with one another, apparently for the right to be first in line to lay waste to the post-game spread in the locker room. Nor is it the prima-donna receivers celebrating every first down like it's the birth of their first born or the geeky white kid under center handling the ball like a live trout and skittering out of the way of the aforementioned linemen. (Note to NFL general managers: perhaps it's time to raid the BassMasters tour for your quarterback of the future.)

I've enlisted the help of some overworked and underpaid chemistry majors on campus, and extensive testing revealed an intriguing result.

We (and by "we" I mean "the chem majors," as I have not a clue how to perform bloodwork) have isolated a hormone which we have temporarily named "Agent 81," after epic, malcontent Terrell Owens' jersey number. It causes the afflicted to forget all other obligations and focus solely on football, no matter the match-up or the consequences of ceasing their current activity.

The causes seem to be two-fold. The most severe and chronic cases seem to occur in American males (although admittedly non-American test subjects were in short supply in Erie; perhaps, with the generous aid of a government grant, this study can be repeated in such ~~ewe~~ some vacation spots valuable testing grounds as

Madrid, Rome, and Milan): more than 80 percent of persons both American and male tested positive for the hormone, while just 27 percent of non-males and zero non-Americans tested positive.

The other identifiable cause was American beer. Three-quarters of drinkers of American beer we studied were found to have significant quantities of Agent 81 in their blood, while only 12 of those who drink non-American beer and 19 percent of those who drink no beer whatsoever were found guilty.

The results are even more stunning when the two groups meet: of American males who imbibe American beer, 97 percent were found to have Agent 81 in their bloodstreams. Of this sample, 65 percent had enough Agent 81 to prove debilitating. Though we have yet to ascertain the amount necessary to prove fatal, we were shocked that some of these men were able to function at all with the amount of Agent 81 that was found in their systems.

Thus, there are two simple answers to destroy the addiction to football in the lives of the men you care about:

First, keep him away from the bars. Beer does not grow on trees; he must find somewhere to procure it from, even if he intends to bring it home and drink it. Keep him away from it and do not be foolish enough to bring any home for him. If he absolutely needs alcohol, he can learn to like blush Chablis (although studies indicate that this will result in an addiction to figure skating; for more on this stay tuned for our next study).

Second, you could always castrate him. If you are not brave enough or cruel enough to literally amputate his gonads (although this is most effective, in our experience), find something effeminate for him to do. Make him stand barefoot in the kitchen and bake you a pie. Teach him how to knit. Or perhaps get him on blush Chablis and get him addicted to figure skating. Whatever the case, Agent 81 has been conclusively linked to testosterone. If you wish to eliminate the former, you must take care of the latter.

This concludes our primer on the scientific causes of football addiction. Thank you for your time and your dedication to improving the world we live in.



Someone didn't color inside the lines as a child. Mike Sharkey & Jerry Pohl/ THE BEHREND BEACON

Top five of the week...

By Brad Kovalick
staff writer

After sitting in a restaurant with some friend, with quite a few rugrats stumbling around, we started talking about the good ole' days. That is why I have come up with...

The Top 5 Things That You Can't Get Away With In Public Anymore

5. Screaming at the top of your lungs for no apparent reason
4. Bashing your head off of sale signs when you don't get what you want
3. Digging for buried treasure - in your nose!
2. Hiding in the middle of the coat display and pretending it's a fort
1. Taking off your clothes. Well, for some of us at least...



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Hitler appointed new Beacon Editor-in-Chief

By Jerry Pohl
assistant to the humor editor

There's a new editor-in-chief at the *Behrend Beacon*, and a new sense of purpose that hasn't been seen since *The Beacon* was a weekly pamphlet of Communist propaganda back in Fall 2004. Chris "Hitler" LaFuria will bring a mindful sense of honor to the position by wearing an Indian headdress every Thursday, exemplifying the "in-chief" portion of his editorship. He decided to do this when his plans to be editor-in-peeps were universally denounced by the staff, the administration, and Amnesty International.

LaFuria earned the nickname Hitler because of his last name, and his strong anti-international-Communist-Zionist-conspiracy stance. Originally an Art major, LaFuria failed his intro classes and decided to instead pursue a career in Journalism. Soon after taking office, *The Beacon* marker board burned down, prompting *The Beacon* Advisory Board to grant LaFuria emergency powers. His first act after that was to dismantle the Advisory Board, and take total control of *The Beacon*.

The Beacon quickly conquered nearby offices of the Lambda Sigma/Alpha Phi Omega Honor Society and the Matchbox Players. LaFuria broke *The Beacon's* long-standing non-aggression pact with the Lion Entertainment Board, and mounted

an invasion, until deterred by lake effect snow. The Student Government Association has allied with the RUB Information desk and the Office of Student Activities to fight *The Beacon* and fellow axis powers, Collegian Italian American Organization and Asian Student Organization.

Inter-organizational concern has been sparked over the treatment of some of those in *The Beacon* office. Reports say that the copy editors have been rounded up and shipped to camps near the blue couch in the office, where they are fed only enough pizza to survive, and forced to work for hours on end. Writers for the humor page have been writing offensive articles like this one, which the copy editors are forced to read. This treatment is being called a crime against humanity by the U.N. Council on Offensive Humor.

One copy editor hid from the humor writers for a few weeks behind a file cabinet. She kept a diary of her experience: "Thursday Jan. 25. The writers continue to produce material that offends me and threatens my preconceived notions. I have been hiding behind a file cabinet in the corner of the office. When will people learn that offensive humor is wrong, so that people like me need not live in fear. Still I believe people are basically good." Her diary was found behind the file cabinet where she left it before attempting her ill-fated escape. Unfortunately, she was hit by an Anne Frank joke just before she got to the door.

Disclaimer: All articles are for entertainment purposes only.