

PERSPECTIVES

The First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Well, that was just gross COVER YOUR MOUTH PLEASE



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It's a safe assumption that no one likes head colds. They are a pain and they stop you from carrying out daily responsibilities like class or work. A head cold puts you in the situation where you have to decide if you should miss class or not and you spend a half an hour debating with yourself while you get ready. It's annoying.

Despite how much I hate head colds, I have gotten over the idea that I will always get a head cold when the seasons change. With spring approaching quickly I just assumed I was due for a cold, but this time I was going to be prepared. I drank an obscene amount of orange juice and made sure I washed my hands in the hope that I might get away without being sick until spring moved in. But then I was in an English class in a dysfunctional circle working in a group. I sat next to the one person in that room that a walking bacteria motel. Then without any warning, a

forceful gust of air passed by the right side of my face. By the time the stench of death hit my nostrils, I realized the gust of air was a cough. Once my hair had settled from being blown to the side, all I could think was that in three days I was going to have a head cold just because of that one cough. And like clockwork, I was suffering from the common cold. I got sick last Saturday and six days later I can say that I am making a speedy recovery, but what is different about this head cold is that it is not necessarily going around. For me, I can pin point my cold on one

person, and let me just say that when I see him walking around, I am filled with anger. Just knowing that when I lay down to take a nap to get over this head cold, I can look out my window and see the person responsible walking into my dorm building. So, how can I prevent this from happening to anyone else I know? It's easy. If you are sick, cover your mouth, cough into your elbow or into a tissue, and wash your hands constantly. If you are not sick, drink orange juice, the extra vitamin C will help your immune system fight off what-

ever comes into your body. There is also a dissolvable tablet that you can put into water, called Airborne, that will help you fight off colds. It's not recommended to be taken daily but if I had had some left, I would have drunk an Airborne drink right after my English class. Head colds and other illnesses can be prevented if those already sick would just be courteous about others around them. I bet the guy in my English class didn't mean to cough on me. But if you are sick, please don't be like him, cover your mouth and keep the cold to yourself.

Breaking the vicious cycle

THE AVERAGE GUY'S GUIDE TO SURVIVE MEDIOCRITY



By Neil J. Peters
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Insecurity is a difficult thing to understand. It is something that every person has had to work through. It almost seems to be a right of passage into adulthood; like puberty, only worse and you aren't nearly as horny. In most cases, we are introduced with it around middle school and depending on our individual characteristics, we get over it in our own time. However, we are never truly rid of insecurity. Like a crazy ex-lover or herpes, it continues to creep up when we least expect it and cause severe discomfort in our private areas. The sad thing is that if a person does not truly understand insecurity and how to recover from the depression that ensues, it can lead to serious decline in the health of our social and physical lives. It begins to drag you down, and fighting back only seems to make the insecurity more obvious. More people begin to catch on and drift away, so we fight even harder and even more fade away. It contin-

ues on this path until the person hits rock bottom. So how do we break the vicious circle? First, pick a time in your busy college schedule and clear a couple hours for alone time. Once the selected alone time has commenced, stop what you're doing, sit down and think. And when I say

"Once you have established the cause of your blues, it is time for a game plan. Any problem can be solved, it's just a matter of finding your way through it."

that, I don't mean look at porn or ponder how stupid the idea of Scale Up Physics is. I mean really soul search and find out what the root of your insecurity is. Maybe it's a cute girl or boy that won't talk to you. Maybe you are a tad overweight. Maybe you don't do as well in your classes as you would like to, or

maybe it is all three of those things with some funky body odor thrown in for good measure. Once you have established the cause of your blues, it is time for a game plan. Any problem can be solved, it's just a matter of finding the solution and fighting your way through it. If you are overweight, then set aside at least an hour a day and hit the gym. It will take time, but if you keep with it, that dream body will come. If you have the funky body odor, then buy some Axe and hop in the shower at least once a day. If your grades are lacking, then get your butt a tutor at the Learning Resource Center. Just make sure you set a goal and work towards it. Now that you have a plan and a finish line, you can now begin your journey towards change. However, here comes the hard part: sticking with it. After a few weeks pass, you may realize that not much has changed. Your waist is still a bit too wide, or your grades are still "iffy". At this point it is really easy to throw in the towel and say "Screw It." Just remember that anything worth getting in life never comes easy. That includes your dream body and GPA. So stick with it and be patient. It will come in its own good time.

Stop, look, and think

RESPONSE TO: UNNECESSARY ROAD BLOCK

This letter is directed to Russ Becker, the 9th semester Management Major. Who for some reason had a problem with the Pennsylvania State Police doing their job. To him I say, WHAT?! For those of you who may not have read his letter, I'll guide you through it as I reply to it. Mr. Becker's first point is he suspects that the Pa State Police were deliberately targeting students. Perhaps they were. College students who drive are in the age group that insurance companies consider the most at risk for accidents. How many of the students stopped, didn't have insurance? Had a suspended license because of accidents? Random stops like this keep you and me safe from those who don't obey the law. Russ's second "complaint" is the fact that he had to "present identification to police authorities" even though he had not done anything wrong. He also believes that the "checking of papers of citizens... smacks of creeping totalitarianism." Hate to break it to you but a police officer checking your driver's license and car registration at a safety stop is nothing like totalitarianism. Why? Think back to that traffic stop where how many officers were standing outside your car? Did they have large weapons? Did they use excessive force for the situation? Do you still have a way to express your views and opinions in free and open venues (hint: you just sent a letter in to

one)? You're not in a totalitarian society. We have a democracy, for the most part, elected president and congress, and voluntary military and police forces. If it's privacy and who knows what, then you're better off worrying about Google and its power; the government has nothing on them. Russ is also worried about the use of police resources. Now this is a decent concern, but clearing the streets of unlicensed drivers, drivers without insurance, and cars that are past due for inspection. This is the kind of "general maintenance" that makes the roads safer, preventing accidents and keeping you from getting injured or killed by someone who doesn't care about the well being of others. His last point stated that this was "simply another case of using the police to generate revenue for the state." Really, if they wanted to generate revenue using the police, they'd just have to increase the number of speed traps on the Bayfront Connector. All in all Russ, if you don't want to get pulled over by the cops and have to show your "papers," take the bus.

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When emotions get in the way



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In my creative writing class we were assigned to write our own five page creative nonfiction. We were instructed to write about a time in our lives where our emotions, good or bad, were very strong. I started writing about my depression. I am "officially" recovered from clinical depression, and I figured that it had potential for interesting reading. I was hoping to go for a Ned Vizzini effect like in his book, *It's Kind of a Funny Story*. Instead I got to the end of page four with tears all over myself and decided I did not want to write about depression anymore. The next day I popped out a five-page essay that was about my laptop. Such originality. That Friday when we peer-reviewed other students work I was able to read three essays: One about a student overcoming an eating disorder-depression, another about a

devastating car accident where a student's sister's recovery time was estimated to be ten years if she was lucky. (The third, just to satisfy curiosity, was about a student's experience while taking drugs. This essay has nothing to do with my overall point.) The eating disorder essay shone light into the mind of a very sad girl only striving toward what we all strive for- happiness. Her struggle for happiness had the opposite effect and tore apart who she was along with her relationships. This essay stated in the end that she had recovered from her struggle and was on a better path to happiness. The essay about the car crash was heartbreaking. The first half covered what happened before the accident in deliberate detail. After the car crash her sister was not the same person, and the doctors told her family that it would take ten years for her sister to return to the way she was. The student's attentions to the details before the crash were devastating because in hindsight the reader knows that all of those details are lost. The essay stated in the end that her sister was recovering well. As I was reading over these stories

I became not sad or pitiful but instead proud and inspired. Here were two students who had been through traumatic experiences that changed their lives, they overcame them, and then to top it all off they had the courage to write about them. I was only able to accomplish the first two of the three. I was inspired because these two essays proved to me that I was not alone in my struggle. A lot of the time we as people feel alone. This is especially true for people suffering from depression, which can stem off of traumatic events such as a car crash. As far as your mind is concerned when it is sad, the world is only as big as the inside of your skull. If you are struggling with something, anything, you are not the only one and you are strong enough to overcome it. And one day you will find the strength to write about your battle and how you emerged victorious. The Behrend Personal Counseling Office is located in REED 1 and is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Good Luck, Blue and White.

The Beacon is always looking for more writers.

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It's not too late. Start writing.

Beacon Thumbs Up



- The Behrend Bacon
- Gorilla suits
- Pizza
- Warm weather

Submission Guidelines:

Letters should be limited to 350 words and commentaries 700 words. The more concise the submission, the less we will be forced to edit it for space concerns and the more likely we are to run it.

The Beacon does not publish anonymous letters. Please include your major, faculty or administration position, and semester standing. Deadline for any submission is 8 p.m. Wednesday afternoon for inclusion in the Friday issue.

The Behrend Beacon reserves the right to edit any submissions prior to publication. Please keep complaints as specific as possible.

Email submissions to jjj5061@psu.edu or drop them off at the Beacon office.

Beacon Thumbs Down



- Headcolds
- Cuts on your feet
- No news editors
- Blisters