#### **MYVOICE**

## The warning signs of being a geek

It's no secret among my friends that I'm an avid reader of comic books. They also are well aware that I play video games, my favorite movie is Equilibrium and that I love steam punk. All those things help shape who I am and make for great hobbies. However, at what point do we pass from the realm of "occasional hobbyist" into "full-blown geek"?

The metamorphosis may be slow and unne iceable to the untrained eye, but to a veteran geek, it's as easy as spotting a noob on Call of Duty 4. Here are some of the warning signs that may allow non-nerds to tell if their loved ones are infected:

• Planning your routine to accommodate for superpowers: Nothing sucks more then oversleeping a morning class, especially when you live on the fourth floor of Ohio Hall. However, it takes a special kind of person to sprint past a window that's five stories in the air and think, "If I was Spider-man, I could just bail out this window, web-swing through the trees and sprint the last hundred yards to class. I'd be there in like, 30 seconds!'

• Thinking that a nuclear holocaust would be kinda cool: After devoting the last month of

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summer to playing Fallout 3, I began to think how much better my life would be if the only thing I had to worry about was killing Radroaches and collecting bobblehead dolls. Also, deciding on a answer for multiple-choice questions began to look and sound a lot like "V.A.T.S.'

• WWS-MD: What would Spider-Man do? If when



 Zombie proofing your dorm

itv.

room: After spending an hour discussing how we could fortify Ohio Hall against a zombie attack, it became abundantly clear that my suitemates and I were in dire need of more feminine contact. Yes, with only one accessible stairwell and locking doors every 10 feet, it makes a perfect base camp. However, what's the point of surviving a zombie apocalypse if no woman will come within

30 feet of your dorm room because they don't understand why you have a three year supply of water and Ramen noodles.

• Losing a friend over a debate on whether or not Sauron was cooler then Voldemort: Who was more badass? It's a question that will be asked by geeks until the sun burns out. Just don't get to the point

> where you are ready to shank your ex-bff with a wand you make from an old wooden serving spoon. • Dreaming in car-

toons: Ever watch enough anime or 1990's vintage X-Men cartoons that you dream in a for-

mat that involves inking and outlines? No? Good, then you're not a raging geek. The best dream I ever had involved me being recruited into the X-Men and fighting my high school biology teacher as he destroyed New York City with his Stromboli monster. Insanity aside, being in the X-men was pretty cool, even if it never really happened.

· Knowing "Star Wars" his-

tory better than American history: If you don't know who our fifteenth president was but know that Boba Fett is still alive in the "Expanded Universe," then I would encourage you to leave your room and visit your local library. You could even quest for a non-local library. The longer you are outside, the

better. • If you place playing new video games over hanging out with friends: With Gamestop giving you special Downloadable content for pre-ordering, it's easy to get excited over a new game that's on the way. Just make sure that you keep things in perspective, or you'll soon end up like Gollum: pale, atrophied, crazed and annoying

Hopefully this has been helpfu! With these warning signs, you should be able to drag your loved one from the depths of his basement/gaming cave/dehumidified comic book storage facility. Just be careful. If you spend too much time in the insanely fun world of the geek, you may find yourself infected with a little bit of interest in our tiny slice of counter culture; then it's just a matter of time before you are one of us.

staff writer

Foreign language

As an International Business major, I chose to come to Penn State Behrend because this is one of the only campuses that offer it as a major.

**MY VOICE** 

Soon after my arrival. I discovered that the Foreign Lan-Department was guage seriously lacking. With my ultimate career goal of becoming an interpreter/translator, I was seriously upset. Penn State Behrend only offers Spanish, French, and German language courses ranging from 001-003. Since only introductory courses are offered in these languages, Penn State Behrend students are limited on the foreign language courses they are able to take.

If a student took four years of a high school foreign language course they have the choice to be placed in the highest level of that foreign language taught here at Behrend. If Penn State Behrend were to offer other common foreign language courses, such as Chinese, Arabic. Italian, or Latin, they would not only give their students a broader range of classes, they would also allow students to leave Penn State more prepared for their intended field of study.

Although the French class that I am currently in is diffi-

AARÓN MORELLI cult, it is only harder because of the usual high school to college transition of difficulty.

Along with the seemingly excessive workload, the tests and exams are much harder than that of a high school french class. Along with the lower level of French being taught, the general classroom understanding of French is almost the same as my high school class, if not lower. It seems as if Penn State Behrend barely puts any focus on its Foreign Language Department. With the limited class selection, smaller staff, and almost nonexistent study abroad programs, Behrend's Foreign Language Department itself is virtually non-existent.

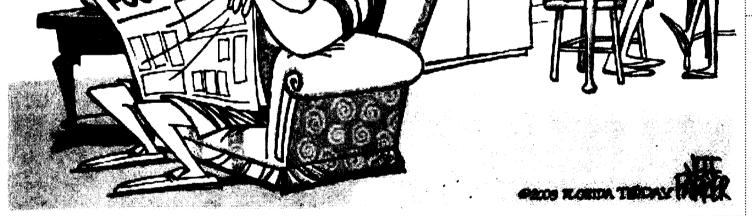
Penn State University Park offers courses in Arabic, Chinese, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Latin, Portuguese, Russian, Slavic, Spanish, Swahili, and Ukrainian. Thirteen more classes are offered at UP thencompared to Behrend. For being the only campus that offers the International Business Major, you would think that more foreign language courses would be offered. Ultimately, I hope by my junior year here at Behrend, or another college, foreign language courses are at least offered in Chinese, Arabic, Russian, Latin, Italian, and many others.

OH, SURE. NOW WARREN IS CONCERNED ABOUT THE HINI VIRUS ... THE HORROR ... THE HORROR ...





#### opinion editor



# More rowdiness in the classroom

CARA DALLENBACH staff writer

**MY VOICE** 

We all have those fond memories of our long lost teachers from early grade school who taught us our ABCs and gently nurtured our growing minds. Ah yes, how we loved the soft smell of fresh juice boxes in the morning, combined with the illuminating sight of Mrs. apple-printed Peabody's sweater, as it's apple-shaped buttons glimmered in the morning sun.

What was it about her? Why did she seem so awesome all the time? Was it the buttons?

Maybe. Or could it have been because she genuinely cared for our tiny well-beings and was so comforting and perky that our child-like instincts caused us to raise our hands and mistakenly call her Mom on occasions. (Guilty!) With all jokes aside, Mrs. Peabody may have something going here -Teachers should have an inter-

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active relationship with the students that shows they care, no matter what level of schooling.

I have had my fair share of wonderful, average, and not-sogrand teachers. In particular, high school was a time in which I developed the ability to differentiate between a teacher who was actually there to share and interact with me, as opposed to one who was just going through the motions. Back then, if students had a disliking for a teacher, they were able to act out their frustrations by the cliché, yet satisfying, playing of pranks and passing of notes.

During lunch, everyone could collectively giggle about their triumphant revenges and skip off to next period with refreshed and satisfied minds. Now, we are mature; this tomfoolery is no longer acceptable. Thus, the problem arises: We are stuck with "that" professor, who monotones their way through the day in 50-75 minute intervals.

Now, before any professors go 300 on me and a sky of fiery chalkboard erasers that shadow the sun is launched in my general direction, allow me to further explain my frustrations.

For the classes that require mostly lectures of strictly facts and data, I understand that being monotone is only natural. But can we get a fluctuation of a word now and then, and perhaps after that amazing fluctuation, can we get a smile for a promising finish? How about a wave or even a slight nod at the end of class for some closure? Throw us a bone already! I, for one, need a sign that the ringing in my ears is not the sound of someone flat lining.

I can't speak for everyone else, but when a professor shows true passion for their field, it inspires me to delve into the work. When I notice that a professor is not excited to be there, it dulls down the life of the classroom, thus making the learning process not as enjoyable. I mean, if all else fails, perhaps try to rap the last half hour of data and give student participation for whoever can free-style the chapter's main points to your student-friendly beat.

I'm just saying, as students, we are constantly urged to think outside the box, while some professors barely step outside of their podium quarters. We are all in this together, but the teacher is in the driver's seat. Don't make me pass out pom-poms at the next faculty meeting! I will do it. And they will be flashy.

So, students, when you come across a professor who is enthused about being in class for their students and it is obvious they are there to inspire you, give them a big round of applause and let out a sigh of relief...Mrs. Peabody is alive and well.

### **MY VOICE**

# Expand junker

It is 11:00 o'clock on a Monday morning, and you have been psyching yourself up all summer to deny the freshman fifteen from claiming you as its next victim.

You have a pair of new running shoes, your iPod and a Gatorade to motivate you during your workout in the weight room. The pride you take in lacing up those shoes, strapping your iPod to your arm and sipping on that Gatorade is un-

matched. Finally, you arrive at the Junker Center. You are more than ready to get into the weight room, take a well paced run on a treadmill and pump iron until your arms fall off.

Opening the door for the first

time and seeing all of the stateof-the-art equipment gives you a rush that your face can't hide, but there is someone sitting at the desk that is going to ask you leave.

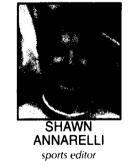
#### What gives?

Monday through Friday strength training classes take over the Junker Center's weight room for nearly three hours each day. On Tuesdays and Thursdays it is closed to other students from 9:30 to 12:15, and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays it

closed from 9:15 to 12:05.

I had to learn the hard way last year that I couldn't get into the weight room during the best time of the day to work out

The second semester I made the logical move and took the weight lifting class and got it to myself along with dozens of other students. While that was good for me, I witnessed other students on a weekly basis being turned away.



The real issue with making the weight room exclusive to only 36 students over a given period of time is that there is only a portion of students who are actually there to better themselves. A small group

of us in that class

were there to improve physically and mentally, but the majority of the class half-heartedly drug themselves around as if they were being punished. It's a waste of their time and many more who would just like an honest work out.

It's simply not right to have this class turn away others if it is being taken up by mostly nonchalant individuals who show up for an "A" and miss the purpose of being there altogether.



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