

# Life Is Sometimes Quite Disappointing

by Our Man With Vision

**Brett Taylor**  
Collegian Staff Writer

"The better part of valor is digression."  
Henry IV, part 1

I'm not happy. It seems Golf Maniac magazine just doesn't recognize genius. I just received a rejection notice from the editors. "We do not have a use for your article at this time," they said. "Perhaps you should try Highlights For Children."

Rejection is hard to take from people who wear pants with no washing instructions -- just tint and brightness controls in the waistband.

My article was brilliant, if I must say so myself. It was an expose, actually, based upon my undercover work as an assistant greenskeeper this summer. My thesis was: "Golf: Sport of Kings? or Strange Pagan Carnage Ritual, Where Fore May Be the Last Word You Ever Hear."

Never again will I write about golf. From now on my athletic attentions will be focused solely upon Jello Wrestling.

Those of you who missed the epic Jello Wrestling match on campus last week may not share my passion for the sport. Those of you who did witness the brutal spectacle may not appreciate the rich history that elevates the sport above mere barbarism.

You have probably seen pictures of the Roman Colosseum. This crumbling circular structure at one time housed monumental battles which served as catharsis for the stoic Romans. Yes, beneath that ideal society lurked the darkest urges of man's reptilian heritage. Behind those walls lay the corruptions and

perversions of Nero and Caligula. At the end of those mighty Roman roads there stood -- Jello Wrestling.

Any history professor with integrity will tell you that the



Colosseum was more than just an ancient Astrodome. The dark understructure of that imposing building could be sealed shut, the ground level filled with Jello. I shiver just to think of the unspeakable horrors witnessed there, as early Christians fought for their lives in that Vat Of Gelatinous Death. I weep for humanity.

Jello Wrestling experienced a sort of renaissance in the Dark Ages, albeit in a scaled-down format. Pits were dug in the forests and filled with that flavorful goo, and peasants would cheer wildly as criminals were cast into the depths.

The sport almost died there in Europe, as the violent pastime was banned on these shores along with bear-baiting. The pious Puritans, at first repulsed by the sport, soon learned to integrate it into the infamous witch trials.

The sordid past from which the sport has arisen is all but

forgotten. Here on campus, Jello Wrestling serves the more noble cause of fund raising.

All of which brings me to my state of unhappiness.

You see, I've never been good at competitive events of any kind, whether they are sports or contests. This humiliation reached its peak this weekend at Burger King.

It was an expose, actually, based upon my undercover work as an assistant greenskeeper this summer. My thesis was: "Golf: Sport of Kings? or Strange Pagan Carnage Ritual, Where Fore May Be the Last Word You Ever Hear."

Their latest game, Triple Jump Checkers, only requires that the player scratch off three tiny squares. Apparently, even that is too difficult. Seeing that impersonal "Sorry, try again," printed under that last square was a crushing blow.

If I ever own a fast food restaurant, I'll have a contest where every card wins the customer a house. Of course, there will only be one house awarded. How those five million proud new homeowners decide to split the prize is up to them. My only job is to make them happy.

I feel better already. Send me some hate mail.



Outraged Puritan confronts decadent gladiators during S.P.C. sanctioned Jello Wrestling.

## The First Semester Boredom

by Janet Ocampo  
Collegian Staff Writer

As a student settling into life at Behrend College, there is a syndrome that is inevitable. It usually first appears during the first few weeks of school and persists throughout the semester. The student begins to experience an acute feeling of restlessness that sends them in quest for anything different. This syndrome is commonly known throughout the campus as boredom.

There are many reasons for this feeling of general uneasiness. For residential students, it may be that they miss their home and friends. It could be another dead weekend on campus. However, the general consensus is that there is nothing to do once there is free time. One knows that their case of boredom is

severe when it occurs prior to an exam.

When this happens, the student can often be found hanging around their mail slot. They become regular passengers on the blue bus and easily recognizes the bus driver on duty. Once their MAC cards begins to exhibit signs of overuse, the students' quest for excitement becomes similar to the search for nirvana. At this time, it is common to see students at the Wintergreen during off-peak hours buying a package of Duncan Hines chocolate chip cookies. Once ordering Domino's pizza becomes the highlight of the day, it is time to refer to articles on prevention against the Freshmen Fifteen.

Boredom often causes spurts of unique creativity. For example, it is common to find these students

engaged in water fights that read from something out of a Sylvester Stallone film. Another common activity to participate in during a blah day is to make rounds on the memo boards on the doors. Once these activities have been exasperated, the weekend party-goers hold the reign for creativity with their own brand of projects to conquer boredom.

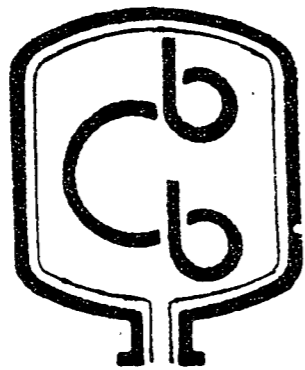
For students that can identify with feelings of restlessness, there is hope. Weekend car-pools are a good way to have fun off-campus. Students at the dorms can get together and hang out. Students can also decide to listen to AT&T and reach out and touch someone. It is great to call an old friend.

Whatever the solution, freshmen victims of boredom can take comfort knowing that it's not a terminal college affliction. Although boredom can always return when least expected, there is always something that can be done.

# WE'LL NEED YOU...

# AS LONG AS

# YOU NEED US.



## COMMUNITY BLOOD BANK

Community Blood Bank is the Sole supplier of blood for Erie's hospitals. Healthy donors are needed on a daily basis to make sure you and your loved ones have blood when you need it. The only thing a donor leaves with is a sense of satisfaction of having helped the Greater Erie community.

### Behrend Mass Drive

Wednesday October 19 &  
Thursday October 20

10:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.  
First Floor Reed Union Building

Hot Dogs - Chips - Cookies  
Soft Drinks - Coffee

Coordinated by:

Patty Pasky R.N., AΣA & TKE

Located in The Erie Center Mall Complex 456 - 4206