

Mark moves out of his home and into the Romper Room

The Missing Pieces

by Mark Owens

So, the penguin runs back down the stairs, jumps up on the bar, pulls his Bermuda shorts down and says...

Oh - hi! I was, um, telling some friends about er, this... this penguin that, well, um - oh, never mind.

This year is sort of different for me, as I've moved out of my parent's home and into one of the apartments here on campus. Friends say this experience will broaden my horizons, though somehow, I've never considered chasing laundry, fighting for the remote control and scrounging for quarters as horizon-broadening. But then, who ever said my friends knew anything?

Moving Out

Moving out of my house was an interesting experience.

For one thing, I found everything that I have ever lost in my entire life, and I mean everything. Quarters, ugly ties, pencils, distant relatives - if it was misplaced in what friends, family and the Environmental Protection Agency call an ecological preserve it surfaced, and sometimes with a vengeance.

At one point I took a lot of abuse from a peanut butter and jelly sandwich I had apparently abandoned in 1982. It wanted to know what year it

was, who was president and just what the hell I thought I was doing with 14 pieces of my high school chemistry teacher's lab equipment?

After 10 minutes of this I solved my dilemma by coaxing the sandwich downstairs and into the kitchen to meet Mr. Garbage Disposal. Today the lab equipment sits on my shelf while the sandwich is somewhere in Lake Erie. It's no big loss though, seeing as how it was made with Smucker's grape jelly, which sucks.

Moving In

Unpacking was a lot easier than packing. When I arrived at my apartment I just dumped my stuff on the floor. Honest. I mean, why even attempt to be neat? I'm a realist and know better. I've never been neat, so why start now?

My room mate feels the same way, and since then we've installed tire swings to get from one side of the room to the other, as you can't even see the floor, let alone walk on it.

Bachelor Pad from Hell

We have less than no space in our apartment. Because the four of us are pack rats extraordinaire, each of us brought all of the stuff one could pack into, say, a small country, and crammed it into

our apartment.

The four of us are convinced that our apartment will be violently ill at any moment, disgorging six chairs, two couches, five toasters, three bicycles, tools, books, my collection of 2.3 billion skillion rolls of undeveloped film, Rhode Island and the Pope across the Quad. Naturally, the kitchen is worse.

Welcome to the Appliance Store

Without a doubt, we have the most complete kitchen on campus.

For example: say you were standing at one end of our kitchen with a rather attractive cow named Betty. Theoretically, you could walk out of the other side with a glass of milk, a stick of butter, a hamburger, a pair of boots, a nice jacket and a guilty conscience. But then, that's what supermarkets are for, so we're not worried about it.

So far, we've managed to squeeze into the kitchen a microwave, toaster, popcorn popper, coffee maker, coffee grinder, BX-7 stealth food processor, turbo hand mixer and portable wind tunnel.

For some unknown reason each of us has brought a box of dishes, which means we have enough plates, cups, bowls, glasses, saucers, forks, knives

and spoons to comfortably seat New Jersey for dinner.

Of course, all of these dishes cuts down on the number of times we have to do dishes. Originally we thought it would be once a day. Now it's, umm - well, we haven't done any yet, but I'm sure we'll get around to it.

Mom and Dad's Express Lane: 12 or more items please

Because there are four of us and we're actually expected to cook our own meals, we usually go through an insane amount of food every week.

Most of this food, though, turns into "accidents" which can usually be seen around the apartment weeks later, eating chips and flipping through the cable while lounging on one of our many pieces of Obscenely Ugly Furniture, which has been determined by many small men in white lab coats to cause severe rental damage to people passing to close to our window.

Anyway, the point here is there is no way we could possibly afford to buy all of this food ourselves. Therefore we do most of our shopping through the Home Shopping Network -- meaning we go a straight face, "Really? I didn't know you were missing 50 pounds of ground beef."

home and steal food and other items from our parents. There have been many a time when one of us has had to look our parents in the eye and say, with

Of course, not even support from the Home Shopping Network can handle our crisis with the...

Evil Milk Sucker

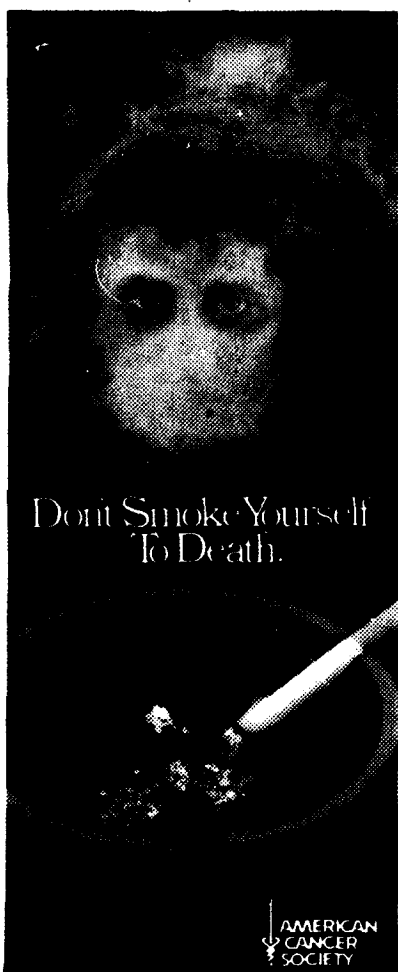
For some explicable reason (I'm being serious here), we go through about eight gallons of milk a week. None of us is sure why so much milk disappears, but the problem is frequently blamed on the Evil Milk Sucker, which supposedly lives in The Place Where No Man Dare Goeth -- our refrigerator's vegetable crisper.

Recently though, I've had my doubts about the EMS. I've been thinking more and more that it might actually be one of my (gasp) room mates. Because of that, I've been spending a lot of time by the bathroom. After all, a gallon of milk has to go somewhere, right?

All-in-all though, being out on my own is fun. At my place the motto is "if your mother wouldn't let you do it, you can do it here, provided none of us would violate parole."

The Collegian

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You can write anonymously, but if you'd like Louanne to respond personally, include your name and address. All precautions will be taken to protect the identity of any letters printed in her column.

Letters can be dropped in the campus mail or left in the Counseling and Advising Office, first floor Reed Bldg. Simply address your letters to:

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