

Confessions of a Haagen-Daaz Junkie:

Columnist describes Lycra crisis and his road to Diet Hell

By Mark Owens

I looked out my apartment window Saturday. It was sunny, kind of warm for early April and -- for once -- not too windy. I sighed, for I knew what The Signs of Nature were telling me. It was time.

With an almost audible sigh I heaved myself off of the couch, brushed aside a stack of pizza boxes and made my way to the dresser. The sunlight streaming through the window danced across the floor toward the dresser, and was pounced on by a mound of dirty laundry. I kicked the laundry back under the bed from whence it came, leaving the sunlight dazed and confused. Maybe it could call 911... if it could find the phone.

I reached the dresser and slid out the second-from-the-bottom drawer. I really wished I didn't have to do what I did that Saturday, but I didn't have much choice. It was time, and when it's time... it's time.

With another sigh I reached in and pulled out... a pair of Hind Lycra cycling shorts. That event, more than anything, is one of the Great Signs of Spring: The

Hideously Out-Of-Shape Male. And I confess, I am one.

It's an event very similar to the first time people put on a bathing suit. Your first reaction is something like "AAAAHHHHRRRRGGGG!!!"

but just a little louder. The second reaction is a little more calm and rational, something like "My God, what have I done to myself?!"

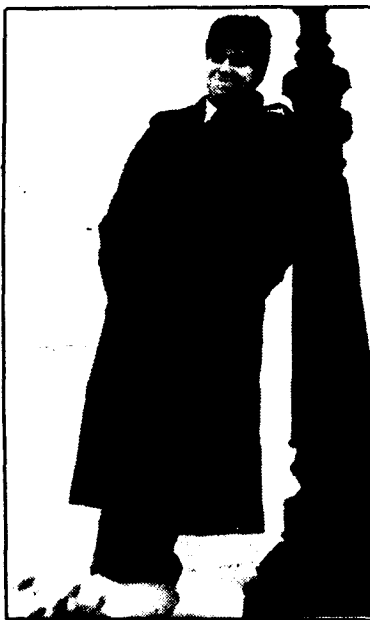
That's okay, though. I had those very same reactions myself -- along with the laundry and one of my roommates, who were laughing to the point of tears and holding on to each other so as not to fall down. It's a touching sight to see a college student and large lump of unwashed sweat socks getting along so well.

But as a Hideously Out-Of-Shape Male you have to expect that sort of reaction. Frankly, that's the drawback to cycling: In-shape legs clad in skin-tight Lycra look good while out-of-shape legs look like sausages. It's a cruel fact of life, right up there with the fact that everyone can now see Mr. Snuffaluffagus.

Anyhow, I certainly didn't let that stop me. The only way

to go from a Hideously Out-Of-Shape Male to The Average Male (who is slightly out of shape) is to exercise, eat right and forsake sugary, fattening foods. Ha ha ha ha. You thought I was being serious there, huh?

The true way to transform yourself from a Hideously Out-



Of-Shape Male to The Average Male is to follow Mark's New and Improved Five Step Plan To Achieve Inner Peace And A Tush You Could Screw Off

The Missing Pieces

And Put In A Jar. Those five steps are:

1) **Eat Sensibly.** Realize that sugar, fat and grease add pounds to your waist, legs and butt. The best thing to do is cut back to one box of Twinkies a day.

2) **Exercise more.** Take less from the refrigerator, resulting in more trips. Hey, all that getting up, opening the door and sitting back down have to count for something, right?

3) **Cut back on beer.** Beer has an incredible amount of calories, which is why they have lite beer. Drink more mixed drinks, like Purple Hooters and Long Island Iced Teas. After all, you've never heard of Absolut Lite, have you?

4) **Wear more comfortable clothing.** A weight loss secret: fat gets pissed off when you squish it together, kinda like New Yorkers in a subway car. If you give fat its space, after a while it moves on to taunt some skinny person.

5) **Don't listen to Richard Simmons.** This guy has a hairstyle reminiscent of Binky the Clown. No one

ever took dieting advice from Binky the Clown. Why start now?

Finally, remember as a Hideously Out-Of-Shape Male everyone unlike you will snicker every time you dive for a shot at the volleyball court because you'll hit the sand long before the ball will; chortle because you run out of breath carrying hot dog buns from the car to the picnic table and guffaw because park squirrels can rollerblade faster than you. Basically you will be the Human Droopy. Don't let this happen to you.

As for me, I've developed a rigorous exercise and diet plan based on a National Enquirer story I read in Giant Eagle yesterday. I'll get started on it sometime next week -- after all, it isn't good to rush into these things. Right now I think I'll lounge on the couch, munch on some Haagen-Daaz Peanut Butter and Chocolate ice cream and watch rentals. Hey, it's a start.

Thought For The Day: There's nothing a half gallon of Haagen-Daaz Peanut Butter and Chocolate ice cream can't fix.

Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather, Connie Chung, Clark Kent, Greg Geibel

What could you have in common with these world famous reporters and photo journalists?

You could have a position on *The Collegian* staff!

If you have any talent writing, reporting, taking pictures, or copy editing come see us! We also need people interested in layout, advertising sales and design.

No matter what your major is or what your interests are, we have a position available for you!

Interested persons should attend one of our weekly meetings held on Thursdays in Turnbull 204 at 6:10 p.m., or call *The Collegian* office at 898-6488.

What wacky adventures has Spiderman gotten himself into this week?

Check out the comics on page 10.

My Daddy's Barber Shop

4013 Main St. Lawrence Park
899-6471, Haircuts: \$6.00
Cindy Beemus-Barber Stylist

The Collegian

We may not come out as often as USA TODAY, but we don't print stupid kiddie-graphs either.

Bruno's
Behrend's Campus Nightclub

Comedy Night



Jack Mayberry

Friday night
9:00pm