

The top 34 most thought-provoking ?'s

by Alicia Hartman
The Collegian

Test Time! Don't turn the page! Come back! This is a very interesting and thought-provoking mind exercise. Just keep reading.

Throughout my long and wisdom-filled eighteen years of life, there have been numerous things that have constantly plagued my mind. There are many questions that I have collected over the years (an exact total of 34), and maybe you have some of the answers.

1) How many licks does it take to get to the middle of a Tootsie-Roll Tootsie-Pop? I don't really care for Tootsie-Rolls so I just eat the sucker part.

2) How do they get the cream inside Twinkies? I know it's not "magic", and it's certainly not "bom" there.

3) What ever happened to Mr. Whipple (you know, "don't squeeze the Charmin") and "Where's the Beef" lady? They were my commercial heroes.

4) Why is the sky blue? I used to know the answer to that but I forgot.

5) Why is water blue?

6) Why is the grass green?

7) What does rain taste like? I've never tasted the rain, but I have eaten snow. No, I'm not kidding. It's great, try it!

8) What day of your life do you spend the most money? Probably your wedding. (This one is for you, Brian.) Thousands of dollars for invitations, food, a band, a dress, a church, etc. just to publicly acclaim that you love someone? Buy an ad in *The Collegian*. It's cheaper. You'd really make Dave Mahoney happy.

9) How much of your life is spent waiting for things like standing in line to buy something? I've heard guesstimates that range from 10-20 years! ugh.

10) Do our toilets flush clockwise or counter-clockwise?

11) Thus, after answering question #10, does water below the equator run the opposite direction?

12) Is there anything out there that doesn't give you cancer? Everything you eat is bad for you these days.

13) Why does the vent give you more heat in your car than the heater?

14) Who thought of the word, "supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"?

15) Do ghosts really exist?

16) Why are the stars arranged in picture patterns?



17) Why do teachers get offended when you correct them? It means you're actually learning something! They should be happy, not angry.

18) How do we know that the people who write dictionaries haven't forgotten any words?

19) If you create a new word, do you have to get a patent? And then do you get it placed in a dictionary? Would there be (ORIGIN: Your Name) after your word?

20) Why hasn't a word been developed to replace "he/she" when writing? If "he/she" is genderly equal, then why is "he" written first?

21) Why isn't left "right" and right "left", and down "up" and up "down" How's that for a tongue twister?

22) What is it like living underwater?

23) How do computers work? Please put your explanation in everyday terms.

24) Why is high school "the best time of your life"?

25) Are stories in *The Enquirer* true?

26) Did you realize that the color red lsee isn't the color red you see?

27) Why does it seem that winter is the longest season?

28) How does hypnosis work? I tried to be hypnotized under "Amazing Neil" but it didn't work. Call me a cynic.

29) Are the tricks that magician David Copperfield performs real, or are they just optical illusions?

30) What would a day in space be like with the Jetson's?

31) Did you know that there are lawyers who specialize in the custody of pets in divorce cases? I heard this on the radio about a week ago.

32) What would it be like appearing as a contestant on a game show?

33) Why don't "adults" go to the toy store when they need to release the childish side of them? When is the last time you were in a toy store? I go to Toys 'R Us all the time. You can fly down the aisles on a skateboard, play floor hockey, make all kinds of noises with cool electronic gadgets.....It's fun!!!

34) Is anyone still reading these ridiculous questions? Rest assured, I'm done now (until next time).

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For every genius kid, there's a very good-humored but sneaky mom

by Dave Barry
Syndicated Columnist

TODAY'S SCARY TOPIC FOR PARENTS IS: What Your Children Do When You're Not Home.

I have here a letter from Buffalo, N.Y., working mom Judy Price, concerning her 14-year-old son, David, "who should certainly know better, because the school keeps telling me he is a genius, but I have not seen signs of this in our normal, everyday life."

Judy states that one day when she came home from work, David met her outside and said: "Hi Mom. Are you going in?"

(This is a bad sign, parents.)

Judy says she considered replying, "No, I thought I'd just stay here in the car all night and pull away for work in the morning."

That actually would have been a wise idea. Instead, she went inside where she found a large black circle burned into the middle of her kitchen counter.

"DAVID," she screamed. "WHAT WERE YOU COOKING?"

The soft, timid reply came back: "A baseball."

"A baseball," Judy writes. "Of course. What else could it be? How could I forget to tell my children never to cook a baseball? It's my fault, really."

It turns out that according to David's best friend's cousin -- and if you can't believe HIM, who CAN you believe? -- you can hit a baseball three times as far if you heat it up first. So David did this, and naturally he put the red-hot pan down directly onto the counter top, probably because there was no rare antique furniture available.

For the record: David claims that the heated baseball did, in fact, go farther. But this does NOT mean that you young readers should try this foolish and dangerous experiment at home. Use a friend's home.

No, seriously, you young people should never heat a baseball without proper adult supervision, just as you should never -- and I say this from personal experience -- attempt to make a rumba box.

A rumba box is an obscure musical instrument that consists of a wooden box with metal strips attached to it in such a way that when you plunk them, the box resonates with a pleasant, rhythmic sound. The only time I ever saw a rumba box was in 1964, when a friend of my parents named Walter Karl played one at a gathering at our house, and it sounded great. Mr. Karl explained that the metal strips were actually pieces of the spring from an old-fashioned wind-up phonograph. This gave my best

friend, Lanny Watts, an idea.

Lanny was always having ideas. For example, one day he got tired of walking to the end of his driveway to get the mail, so he had the idea of hanging the mailbox from a rope-and-pulley system strung up the driveway to



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his porch, where he hooked it up to a washing-machine motor. When the mailman came, Lanny simply plugged in the motor, and whoosh, the mailbox fell down. The amount of time Lanny spent unsuccessfully trying to get this labor-saving device to work was equivalent to approximately

5,000 trips to get the actual mail, but that is the price of convenience.

So anyway, when Lanny heard Mr. Karl explain the rumba box, he realized two things:

1.) His parents had an old-fashioned wind-up phonograph they hardly ever used.

2.) They both worked out of the home.

So Lanny and I decided to make our own rumba box. Our plan, as I recall it, was to take the phonograph apart, snip off a bit of the spring, then put the phonograph back together, and nobody would be the wiser. This plan worked perfectly until we removed the metal box that held the phonograph spring; this box turned out to be very hard to open.

"Why would they make it so strong?" we asked ourselves.

Finally, recalling the lessons we had learned about mechanical advantages in high school physics class, we decided to hit the box with a sledge hammer.

So you remember the climactic scene in the movie "Raiders of the Lost Ark," when the Nazis open up the Ark of the Covenant, and out surges a terrifying horde of evil fury and the Nazis' heads melt like chocolate bunnies in a microwave? Well, that's similar to what happened when Lanny sledge-hammered the spring box. It turns out that the reason the

box is so strong is that there is a really powerful, tightly wound, extremely irritable spring in there, and when you let it out, it just goes berserk, writhing and snarling and thrashing violently all over the room, seeking to gain revenge on all the people who have cranked it over the years.

Lanny and I fled the room until the spring calmed down. When we returned, we found phonograph parts spread all over the room, mixed with approximately 2.4 miles of spring. We realized we'd have to modify our Project Goal slightly, from making a rumba box to being in an entirely new continent when Lanny's mom got home.

Actually, Mrs. Watts went fairly easy on us, just as Judy Price seems to have been good-humored about her son's heating the baseball. Moms are usually pretty good that way.

But sometimes I wonder. You know how guys are always complaining that they used to have a baseball-card collection that would be worth a fortune today if they still had it, but their moms threw it out? And the guys always say, "Mom just didn't know any better."

Well, I wonder if the moms knew exactly what they were doing.

Getting even.