

“Bert”

At most colleges, there is a generally accepted rule that there are no parties on campus. However, I don't think they accounted for the idea that one individual is a living party. Therefore, we'll call this subject “Bert” to protect his identity. The name does our friend justice, as he closely resembles everyone's favorite comedian and drunk, Bert Kreischer. From consuming alcohol at 9 a.m. to vomiting all over his dorm room wall after a drinking game with friends, Bert is one hell of a guy.

Bert is big. He's significant in stature, appetite, and heart. He stands at about 6'1 and over 270 lbs. Yet, he is always quick with a “hello” or a “how are we doing?” A representation of the “gentle giant” that all hope to see. He hails from Houston and makes it no secret through his constant boasting of the successes of the Astros and other prominent Houston sports teams.

Being a very soft-spoken individual, do not be mistaken; he is hilarious. He's an absolute force as a comedian, always making his compatriots laugh. Most closely resembling the likes of Chris Farley, John Belushi, John Candy, and Bert Kreischer. Whether it's a facial expression, a hearty chuckle, or a crazy story of chaos or confusion, Bert is always good for a laugh. His affinity for making people laugh can be represented most accurately in a story where he vomited on his dorm room wall, much to the chagrin of his roommates.

Finally, after consuming nearly 14 beers in less than 1 hour, Bert discovered that his incredible feat is considered highly dangerous and stupid. He emptied his supply of rotten wheat and barley all over his dorm wall. When asking his roommate, Lane, he stated, “It's the funniest thing I've ever seen. I can't believe he did that. And HE didn't clean it up.” hilariously enough, I was able to go back to their room and see the spot where the mess occurred. There is a clear

indication of past trauma being done to that wall. hilariously enough, I think we all prefer it that way.

Bert might also be one of the biggest partiers I have ever seen. He spends most weekends at the lineup of bars and saloons Fort Worth has to offer. When guzzling down Miller Lite, Bert may provide you with a beer or six. Then, he spends the whole party soaked. “I try to have a little fun now and then,” Bert says. I then ask, “What about your liver? Aren’t you worried you’ll have to have a liver transplant or die at this rate?” Bert and his comrades begin to howl with laughter. Their laughter being motivated by joy and confusion at the idea of moderation. Now I’ve clearly uttered the silliest of concerns, and I’m the ridiculous one. However, the howling of laughter ceases. Bert pats his big mitt of a hand on my back and says, “Rhett, my friend, we’re all going to die. We do not know when or how, but we will all die. So we might as well have a hell of a good time while we can.” Such poignant words from someone who has just consumed three tall boys in 30 minutes.

Despite all this chaos, Bert manages to participate as a student-athlete. In a feat that is no short of amazing, he can go out and party all night, continue his responsibilities as a full-time student, and participate in team activities. It is like he’s the talented Mr. Ripley; if the talented Mr. Ripley was a crippling alcoholic.

Moreover, Bert participates on the football team. He is a center and is always a fixture at the beginning of every play, much like at the party. He uses his large, burly frame to smash into opposing defenders as an offensive lineman. For a man who spends his past time involved in a constant state of chaos and euphoria, he is in control. He gives directions to his fellow offensive lineman, makes the necessary calls to direct traffic, and then delivers a crisp, fast snap of the

football to the quarterback. His professional demeanor and work ethic are in stark contrast to what happens when the pads come off, and the jeans and cowboy hats come on.

Furthermore, one might ask, why even commit this much time to interview a subject with what many would perceive to be a crippling addiction or an immense lack of self-discipline? I believe it's because even in the risky, unhealthy, and chaotic lifestyle that Bert lives, he's a normal college kid. It's a reality that not many understand. The life of a non-residential student-athlete is hard. Being away from home, where there are people who love and care about you, is lonesome. Sometimes, when faced with matters of great adversity, all we can do is choose to pursue happiness. We all slow down soon, so we might as well be fast now.