

# HUMOR

The people who count will get it

## HVIZDAK'S PHOTO OF THE WEEK

# Bruno's ghost busted

By Cubby Scoops  
not Chris Hvizdak

Who you gonna call? Chris Hvizdak, apparently! Thanks to Hvizdak COMBA 10, the pesky spirit of Bruno, the Behrend family dog for which the campus café is named, will no longer be terrorizing students who make use of the condiment cart. The story which was first reported by the Beacon last week via startling photographic evidence.

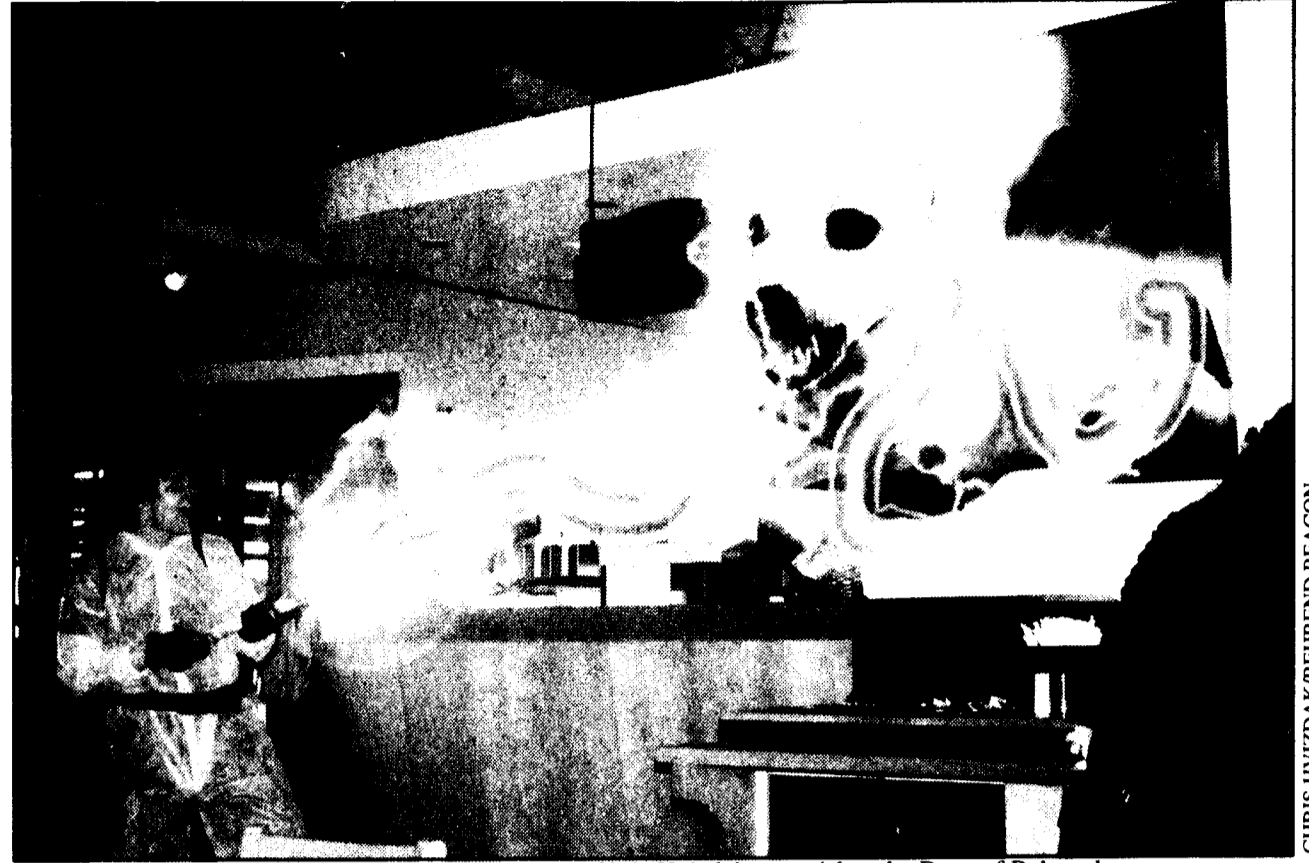
Sometime after 3 p.m Wednesday the ghost of Bruno reappeared once again in "his" café and began to terrify and "slime" a group of hungry students taking advantage of the condiment cart's wide array of sauces and mustards. Despite numerous calls to Police and Safety, no officers were dispatched as according to Subsection 5.4A of the Penn State Policy Guide "PNS does not recognize any malarkey about spooks, goblins and/or demons." Enter Hvizdak.

Hvizdak, or "Viz" to his friends, happened to be strolling through the café in search of a "hit piece of a fountain drink" when he noticed the disturbance. With what bystanders would later describe as "lightning reflexes," Hvizdak bounded out to the trunk of his fire-apple red Pontiac Bonneville

to retrieve the exotic equipment by which he would provide the ultimate solution to Behrend's ghoulish problem. Upon his return, Hvizdak found that Bruno had backed Dan Stasiewski, COMBA 08, into a corner and seemed to be going in for the kill. In a feat of mind shattering bravery, Hvizdak drew the beast's attention away from the defenseless Stasiewski by taunting "Hey Woofie! How's 'bout you take a bite outta me!"

Having set the spectre off guard, Hvizdak continued this deadly dance, ensnaring the immortal soul of Bruno in a particle beam. The day was won when Viz, after kicking over a few tables, maneuvered the spirit over what he calls a "ghost trap" into which he succeeded in containing the poochie poltergeist. Viz informs us that Bruno will be incarcerated in his custom-made storage facility unless "those namby-pamby, new-school para-psychology people have a touchy-feely plan to send Bruno 'into the light', in which case I'll turn him loose and they can deal with the mutt."

The curious nature of Hvizdak's equipment and expertise piqued this reporter's interest. It turns out that Behrend is not Hvizdak's first collegiate experience; rather he has in fact "earned degrees in psychology and



CHRIS HVIZDAK/BEHREND BEACON

In an act of unprecedented bravery, Chris Hvizdak vanquishes the Bane of Behrend.

para-psychology from Columbia."

Perhaps best explained in his own words, Hvizdak indicates that "Communications is really just a hobby of mine...I'm actually here on a fellowship grant, studying the impact of Arctic climates on telepathic ability."

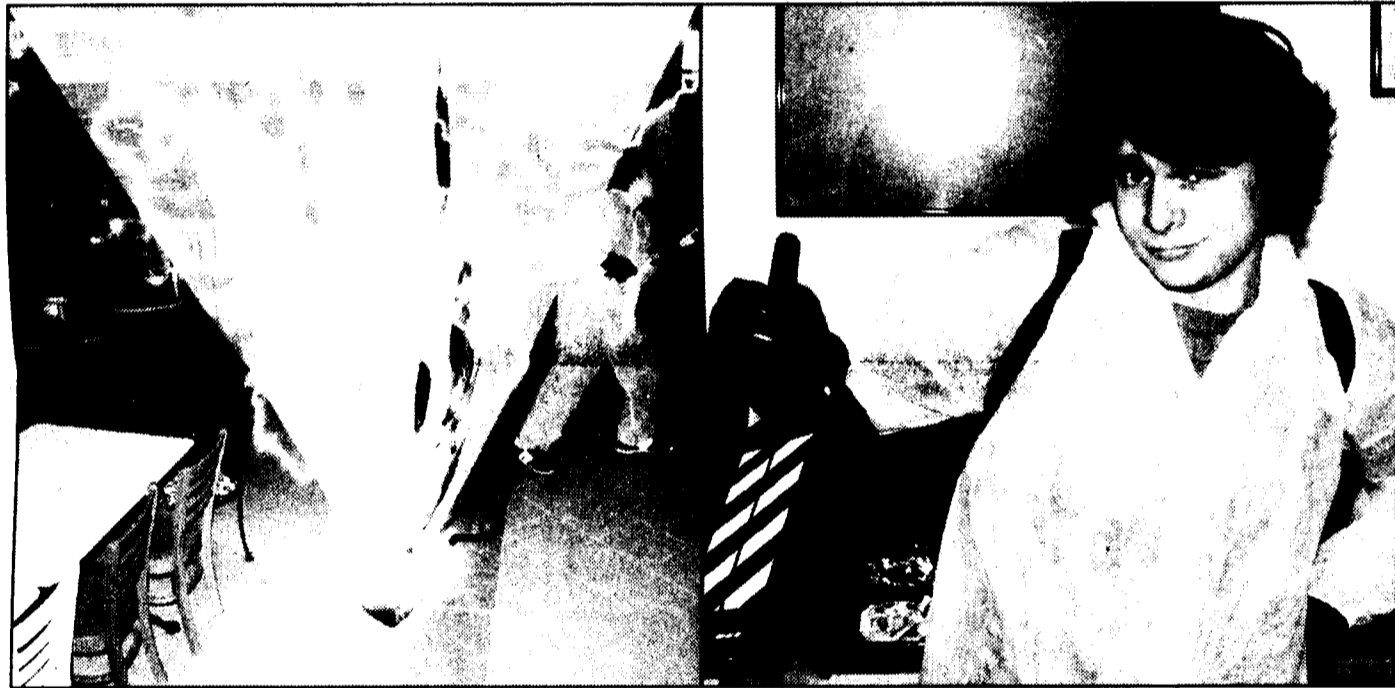
When asked what he thought may have sparked Bruno to rise from the grave and harass unwitting students Hvizdak professed "Well, you did put the mustard wagon in front of his picture. Perhaps he doesn't appreciate being upstaged by sporks."

Trouble later arose when Hvizdak attempted to collect the bill for this little service. Walter Peck, head of the Incidental Campus Finances Office, was less than content to pay Hvizdak's \$1000 "Containment" fee and even less enthused with the \$4000 "Entrapment and Proton Charging" expense.

After Hvizdak threatened to walk back upstairs to the café and "put it right back in there," Peck compromised, waving the gallant ghostbuster's tuition for the following academic year. This was apparently a

satisfactory outcome for Hvizdak, as evident in his stating that, "Now I can just pocket that grant money and blow it on black tar her...err... the ladies."

It is evident that the entire Behrend community owes Hvizdak a tremendous debt of gratitude for eliminating this ghoulish hound. When asked if he had any closing comments Hvizdak offered the following; "Cubby, sometimes, s\*\*t happens, someone has to deal with it, and who 'ya gonna call? Me."



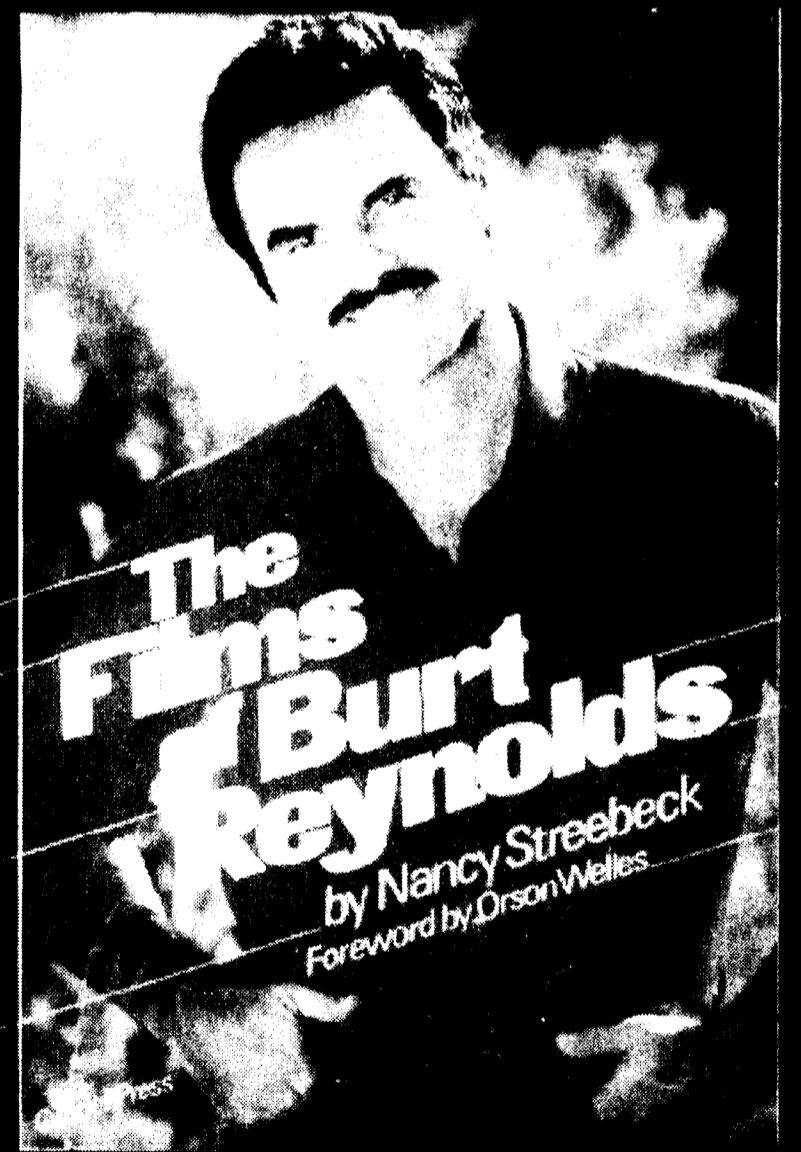
CHRIS HVIZDAK/BEHREND BEACON

Hvizdak selflessly defies death while finishing off the ghost of Bruno.

A triumphant Hvizdak proclaims; "I came, I saw, I kicked its ass!"

### The Behrend Beacon's book of the week

This week's book was recommended by staff writer (not Chris Hvizdak) and amateur naturalist Cubby Scoops. The book went triple platinum for seven months in 1982 due to the life-changing foward written by the great Orson Welles. It is available at used book stores, garage sales, thrift stores and online.



**CENSORED**

## Beacon Horoscopes

By Dan Snedden

assistant news editor and fully licensed and accredited practitioner of astrology

**ARIES-** Relations with your co-workers will become tense when you take the phrase "bathroom humor" literally and make tasteless jokes about the person in the stall next to you.

**TAURUS-** My advice to you would be to give the lighter fluid and the kilt back. I know what you're going to do and I'm not afraid to inform the authorities.

**GEMINI-** Your charm and charisma will go a long way. But all signs indicate that they, along with your Sean Connery imitation, will be useless against the horde of man-eating jump rope salesmen that you will encounter on Tuesday at 4:28 p.m.

**CANCER-** If fortune is your heart's desire (and it is, I know these things; I'm a psychic) then it is advisable to drop out of college. You have a far better chance of finding riches by working your way up to assistant manager at your local retailer/food service outlet. You won't be burdened with student loans and an unwanted child.

**LEO-** Your mother doesn't love you.  
**VIRGO-** 43° 59' 19" N  
28° 32' 02" W  
21:15:35 GMT

"Baby sparrow's in the safe."

**LIBRA-** Your "friend" will disobey your orders and insist on calling you Dave. This situation could become life-threatening; you should get out while you can.

**SCORPIO-** Today you will wake up and break your leg while getting out of bed. Your day will only go downhill from here when a large frog hits your windshield obstructing your vision and sending you carrening off the highway and onto a landing strip. The trade-in value of your car will be significantly lowered when a 747 lands on it.

**SAGITTARIUS-** The fate of your spouse is in your hands today. Interestingly, you will be unexpectedly married at about 11 p.m. (you won't see it coming until about 10:45). When it's all said and done (assuming you make it through it all) you'll wake up

a week later in a stronghold in "Leningrad" thinking you're a prisoner only to find that you are the lord protector of the region. My advice to you is to keep a crash helmet and duct tape close at hand.

**CAPRICORN-** You may as well give up on any romantic aspirations after that Leningrad joke. Seriously, a Leningrad joke? What are you thinking here? You're going to die alone and unloved.

**AQUARIUS-** Hey, I lost your phone number after the party but I remember that you're a Aquarius. I was the guy wearing the green Hawaiian shirt. Call me, 814-217-2167.

**PISCES-** After a life of ignorance, you'll realize that "The Man" has been feeding you propaganda all of your life. The only truth that still stands are the secret messages you find in the horoscopes of your college newspaper, but don't look too hard because everyone is going to think you're insane. The stars say that you should probably go into hiding. NOW!

## Unimpressed? Outraged? Apathetic?

If you think you can do better (and you probably can), send material to [das5018@psu.edu](mailto:das5018@psu.edu) so I can steal it and take credit for your work -- I mean, send you on the road to fame for your sharp wit and comedic genius.

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