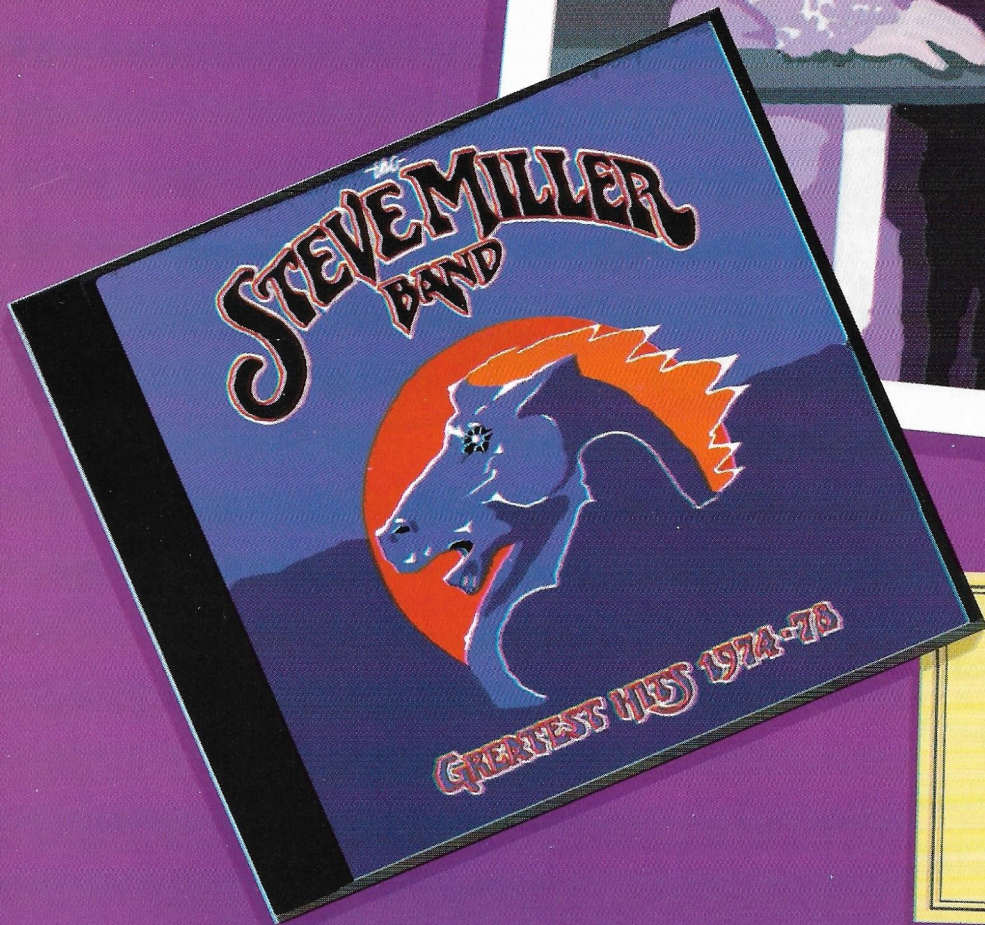


The Stanford Chaparral



Prom!

Staff

'00

Ritik Dholakia
Selena Kyle
Craig Nesbitt
Anna Saporito

'01

Carinne Johnson
Ted Levan
Andrew Papsen
Victor Reklaitis
Scott Daniel Ullman
Ben Wilfong

'02

Anne Marie Bender
Justin Guerrieri
Ed Koster
Jamecca Marshall

'03

Chris Allocco
Chasette Jamison
Anwar Ragep
Jason Rheins

Graduate

Justin Jones
Eric Jorgensen

*

Paul Stephano

Thanks

Manute Bol
Rob Feigenson
Girls
Tina Hay
Michelle Hsiang
The Illtop Journal
Alyssa Pagon

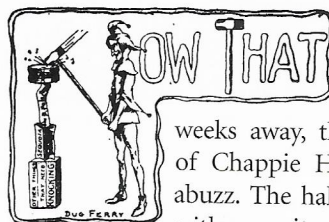
The Chaparral HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. CI May 20, 2000 No. 7

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	CHRIS PEIFFER '98	

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE GONE TO PROM THAN TO NOT HAVE GONE TO IT. STUFF



Prom is only a few weeks away, the students of Chappie High are all abuzz. The halls are filled with excitement and people and chairs and posters and doors.

The excitement is new. All the other stuff is always there.

Now, let's get down to some gossip. Jake and Stephanie, Chappie High's First Couple, broke up a few weeks ago, and now Jake's going with a freshman (SKETCH!) and Stephanie's taking Blade Willis, the quarterback from Onion Prep.

Will Jake and Blade continue their funtastic football feud on the dance floor? Will Stephanie finally get the Prom Queen crown she's been pining for since her first infant sneer? Will Jake hook up with a girl who was wearing "Hello Kitty" stuff just last year? These are such important things to figure out.

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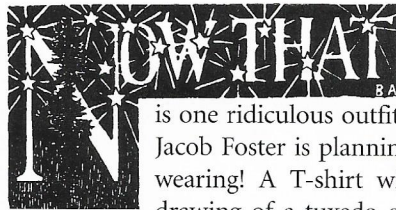
Herbert Lippers, school nerd, will be attending the Prom for the first time. He made his intentions clear in a "Star Trek: Voyager" chatroom last Wednesday. This won't end well. The only way poor ol' Herb can get a date is if he clones himself; apparently, that's just what he's planning to do. Look for four beady eyes at Prom rather than two.

Drama chick Adrian continues to disturb us with her intense stares and miming. Somebody caught her and drama teacher Serge kissing in the cloakroom on Thursday. To be gross or not to be gross, huh? Well, the sparks are gonna fly. She'll be wearing her blackest, moodiest dress, and Serge will be the world's most French chaperone. You might want to cover your eyes.

There's a rumor that the stoners, Dobie and Luke, are planning on showing up. We can always count on these guys to put smiles on our faces - their slow reflexes and weedy antics make for hours of fun. But don't let them near the snacks! The last time a hippie got hold of the potato chips in the cafeteria, we had to call the police. Potheads are a laughing matter, but their weaselly hell-bound germs aren't.

And who are Julie McSweeney and Petra Borrone trying to kid, anyway? The two biggest lesbians in school both got male dates this year. Word is, they not only have been dating these guys but also enjoy kissing and spending time with them. Wake-up call, ladies: These feeble attempts at heterosexuality aren't making you any

less gay. Homosexuality is a natural, beautiful thing. Feel free to define yourselves however we tell you to.



is one ridiculous outfit that Jacob Foster is planning on wearing! A T-shirt with a drawing of a tuxedo on it? This guy cracks us up. Look for Jacob to steal the show at Prom with his fart-tricks and encyclopedic knowledge of "Mallrats." Bravo, Jacob.

Word on the street is that the fat kid will be extra hungry this year. That spells trouble with a capital cheeseburger. That fat kid is up to no good.

Anybody talked to the foreign kids lately? Us neither! Not much point in listening to their "oobidy boobidy." Nobody knows if they're even going to Prom, but here's hoping they save their dog-sacrifices for another night. They're from countries that aren't ours, bottom line.

Odds on the ninja going to Prom are about 50/50 right now. In algebra the other day, somebody asked him if he had a date and he just started bawling. Got snot all over his throwing stars and everything. Still, you can't keep a good ninja down. Look for him in the shadows around 11:30. He'll be wearing a tuxedo.

There's talk about a tiger coming, too, but that just wouldn't be a good idea.

Tigers are predators. If such a beast were let loose in our Senior Prom, it would surely stalk and kill at least one of the students. The administration should take steps to ensure that this does not happen. This is our Prom, after all.

Unfortunately, the Prom Cowboy will be unable to attend. He's got a huge chem test on Tuesday that he needs to cram for. Frankly, if your name's Prom Cowboy, you've got to have a better excuse than that. Now who will serve as the cowboy at Prom? The Prom Fireman? Give us a break.

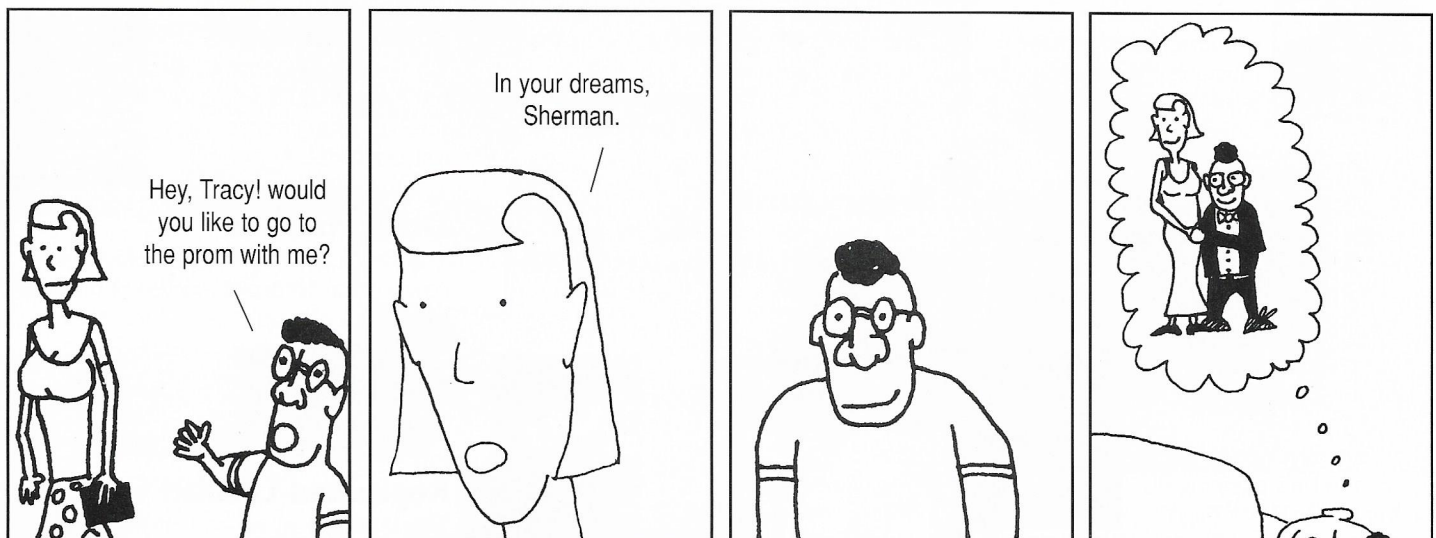


our high school days are almost over, it might be a good time to reflect on the last four years. We've grown up a lot. We've learned so much about ourselves, each other and the world. We have lived by the rules of Chaparral High School. We have lived and laughed.

In a month, we graduate, and our worlds will never be the same. Friendships will be lost. Promises will be forgotten. Everything that we know will change. One thing, however, will never change, no matter what we do or where we go from here.

We all had a good time at the goddamn Prom.

Let's rock.



The year is 1996...

Somewhere in America, the students of Chaparral High School are preparing for their Senior Prom. It is a time of excitement, a time of Prom, a time of change. Most of all, however, it is a time of Prom.

The clock is ticking. The streamers have been purchased. The Humpty Dance rests confidently in the CD player. The time for talk is done. The time for Prom is nearly at hand.

Join them as they prepare for the big night. Join them at the Prom!



Who's Who at Chappie High

Jake Anderson

Quarterback on the football team. Too cool for even himself - spends a lot of time running around in disgust.

Steffie Bordeaux

A popular girl who wears lots of makeup. Wants Prom Queen to an embarrassing degree. Drives a Land Rover.



Santos Marroquin

A 23-year-old student. Has a leather jacket and a primer-colored vintage Mustang. He dies tragically a lot.

Skip Hansen

Editor of the paper. Recently learned the generic high school newspaper style (see article). Wears a tie for no reason. Gets blowjobs from the yearbook editor.

Herbert Lippers

The nerd. Allergic to liquid. The jocks have embarrassed him in the past, and he's planning his revenge for Prom Night.



Theo Winczewski

Gadget expert. Lives in a van in the high school parking lot. He spends a lot of time in the metal shop twisting paper clips.

Luke Hodges

The school stoner. He stands to inherit \$20 million if he loses his virginity at Prom, but he'd rather just get high.



Adrian

A drama chick. Draped in flowing black clothes, lots of ugly silver jewelry that wanders toward oddball spiritualism. Her feelings about Prom are mixed and deep and beautiful. She hates gym class.

Serge Johnson

An inscrutable drama teacher, and Adrian's idol. He smokes unreasonably tiny cigarettes.

Jacob Foster

A shithead who thinks he's funny. Wears a "tuxedo" t-shirt to the Prom. Plays bass in a horrible rock band, but wants to do vocals.



Gabriel Miller

Dungeons and Dragons kid. Has a 73-sided die that he made in art class that he carries around and uses to make decisions. It seems possible that, despite his dorkiness, he's actually controlling the fate of the universe.

Peter B. Jackson

The token minority at Chappie High. Everything that Peter says will rhyme. He maintains a 'hip/keep it real' attitude while staying out of trouble and getting good enough grades.

Janice Leventhal

Cool mom. Lets kids drink. If they want to do heroin, she has a fun cheese party instead. Nobody minds.



Duke Halstead

The Prom cowboy. Wears bolo tie and cowboy hat to prom. Arrives in big truck. He's just a cowboy.

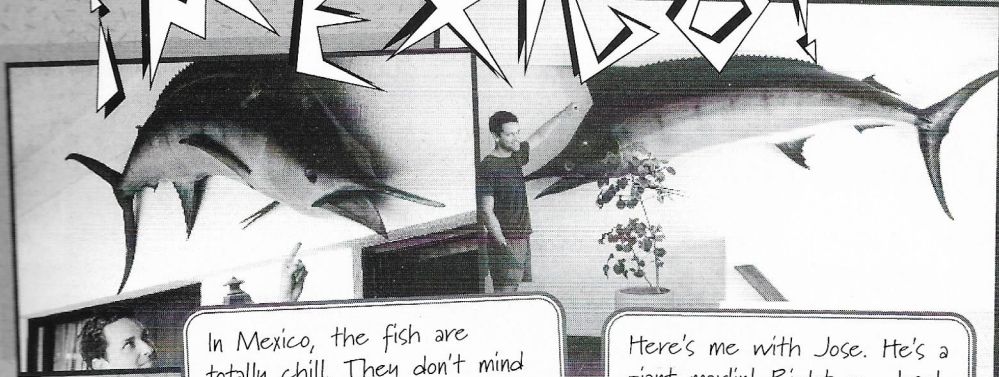
The Ninja

The ninja.

Repressed Lesbian Couple

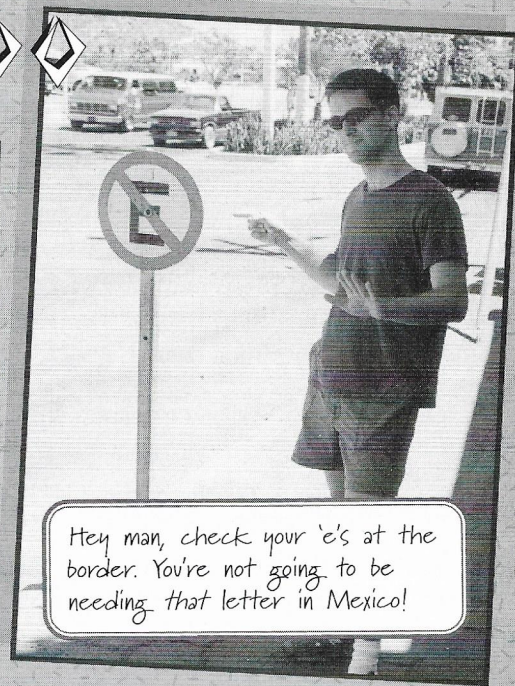
Yep.

Larry Wilhelm's SPRING BREAK 2000 IN MEXICO!

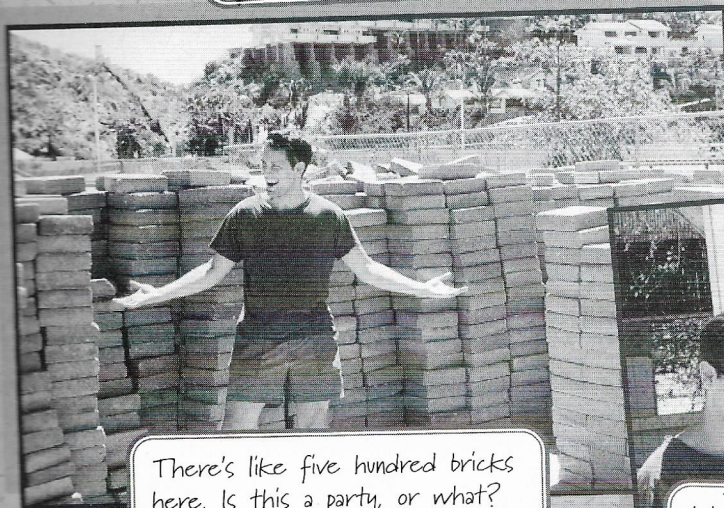


In Mexico, the fish are totally chill. They don't mind if you walk right up to them.

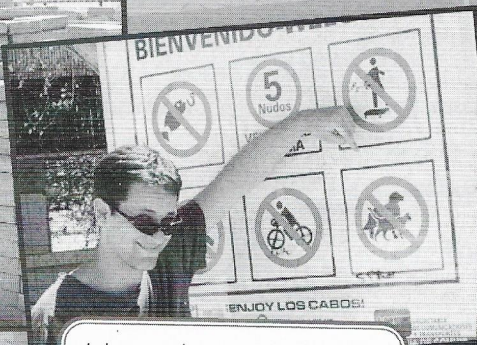
Here's me with Jose. He's a giant marlin! Right on, Jose!



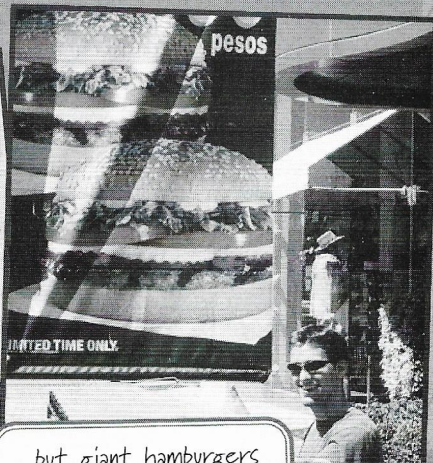
Hey man, check your 'e's at the border. You're not going to be needing that letter in Mexico!



There's like five hundred bricks here. Is this a party, or what?



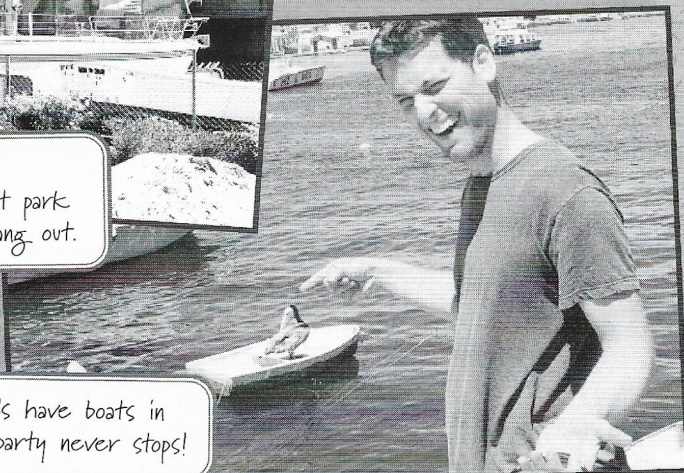
Interspecies relationships? That shit don't play here...



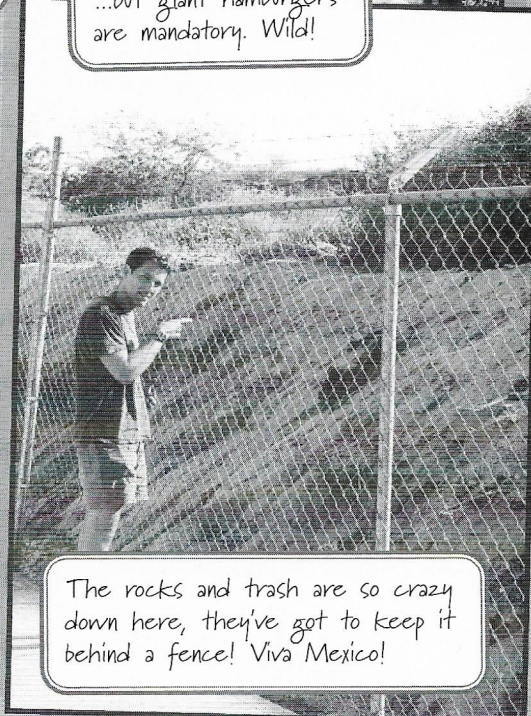
...but giant hamburgers are mandatory. Wild!



If you've got a boat in Mexico, it's cool to just park it on some dirt and hang out.



Even the birds have boats in Mexico! The party never stops!



The rocks and trash are so crazy down here, they've got to keep it behind a fence! Viva Mexico!

The Ultimate Prom Date

By Kirsten Miller, Cheerleader

Sure, a lot of girls have babies at Prom. We've read about it in all the papers. Dropped into the toilet, left in a trashcan, hidden in a potted plant—Prom pregnancies are yesterday's news. Six girls had kids at "Magic Beneath the Stars," my junior Prom, alone.

So Proms and babies go together like Brazilian street children and airplane glue. But I'm a mover, a shaker, a status-quo-breaker. Who was the first to say that her WWJD bracelet stood for "Who Wants Jack Daniels?" Kirsten Miller. Who was the first girl to sleep with the new shop teacher? The K-Dog, that's right. That's why I had to take the baby trend to the next logical level.

I decided to have a baby as an escort when I saw what happened to Trina when she had hers last year. Everyone was gawking at the little guy, staring at him in his little baggy. I mean, you'd think the kid was alive or something! And that's when it hit me. What if he were alive? And what if he were wearing a tiny tuxedo and had a little shot glass taped to his hand? The possibilities and whippets made my mind swim.

And so I gave it up to Ryan Gruelacher. He had three kids already, so I figured that his boys could swim. Just weeks later I wiped my mouth and smiled at my first morning sickness. I was on my way.

I planned it all out so well. I got his little tux from my mom's ex-boyfriend who had been a magician. His monkey had died, and he owed my mom for a truck payment, so the tiny tux was easy pickings. The shot glass and everything was simple too, but I had to think beyond the outfit. Sure, people would like the baby if he were wearing sunglasses, but I wanted my night to be more than cute. I wanted it to be special.

And so when I had my baby, the name was obvious. I was to be the Prom Queen, and he the Prom King. Prom King Miller. Six pounds nine ounces. That's right, 69. Prom King was cool already.

Now it's Prom Night, and I would be lying if I told you that I was anything but nervous. I've checked and double checked Prom King's diaper, milk-proofed my bra, and drunk five cups of Boone's. The baby ate his first corsage, and something from the monkey suit gave him a rash, but I wouldn't have this night any other way.

He is more than a baby. He is a conversation piece, a beer caddy, and a tit-warmer. He is my dinner date, my dance partner, and my designated driver. He is my Prom King.



CHAPARRAL prom

SPRING 2000

FROM THE
PUBLISHERS OF
Crash Comics®

Hot Humor & Cool Comedy

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 | Now That | Ellickson |
| 4 | Intro | Ellickson, Perkins |
| 5 | Spring Break, Mexico! | Perkins |
| 6 | Ultimate Prom Date | Young |

Special Prom Magazine Insert

- | | | |
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Chaparral High School Prom

- | | | |
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Art & Stuff

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| 30 | Where the Party's At | Chiles |

your big
night!

is this okay?

Is this dress okay? I know you don't like sequins, but I kind of like these green ones on the darker green dress. I think it's classy. Do you like green. They had the same one in brown, but that looked sort of bad. How's my butt look? It doesn't look big, does it? It does, huh? I've been feeling fatter lately. My butt especially. It's very painful, actually, all that fat. It just hurts. Is that okay, to have painful fat?

I'm going to prom, okay, Mother? I don't care what you think of James. I'm going to Prom with him because I love him and we're getting married and we ought to go to Prom together, because that's just right. I don't care if you think his job is bad, he loves cans and loves selling them, and I love him. Sure he's violent, what's the matter, you've never seen your daughter with a bleeding arm? It's happened before, and what's a little blood to our passionate love? Don't gloat because of Daddy's normal head. A violent can-selling high school junior with a drooping jaw will be just fine with me! I'm going to Prom with the man I love.

Dad, is it okay if I take the Lexus tonight? I'll have it back by noon tomorrow in fine condition. I'm actually planning on driving Angie and then another couple. We'll get dinner before the dance. I might have a drink at dinner, you know: just some wine. Then probably I'll drive to a big party in the Estates afterwards. I'll probably get a little drunk. But the car will be fine. I won't park it anywhere dangerous. Last year at junior dance I got so drunk I couldn't see a thing. I might try to beat that this year. The car will be fine, I'll be totally fucked though. Can I take it?

Is this okay to be doing? Fuck, I can't believe we're doing this. This is so weird. Oh my God. It doesn't really feel like this should be okay, but apparently nothing bad is happening to us. I guess we can just go for it then. Fuck it, I'm in, let's do it. Shit, I don't know. What do you think Anderson, do you really think this is okay? Fuck. Okay, fuck. No, okay, I'm in.

real prom traumas

Monique, CA: It was the night before the Prom, and I hadn't bought a dress yet. I had just watched "Pretty in Pink," and thought it would be so romantic to make my own prom dress. I took a bunch of old dishrags and attached them to each other with masking tape. At the Prom, I drank too much and threw up all over my boyfriend. It was so embarrassing!

Nick, RI: I thought it would be cool to bring a international, mail-order prom date: I would be accompanied by an exotic beauty, and she would get her citizenship under the "Prom Date Citizenship" clause of the Immigration Laws. The Prom became a nightmare when I showed up at her house and my paisley cummerbund totally didn't match the intricate pattern of her stilted English. Boy, did we turn red!

Jessica, ME: My Prom date and I decided to dress "alternative": he wore a pair of red Converse All-Stars, and instead of a corsage, he decided to bring me an armored falconing glove. At the Prom, everyone was like, "Hey, falconer, where's your falcon?" and "Where's your falcon, you stupid falconer?" It was so embarrassing, I thought I was going to die.

Jennifer, MA: The day before Prom, I spilled fruit punch all over my vagina—I was devastated, because I never thought the stain would come out and I didn't have time to get a new one before the Prom. But it did when I took it to the dry cleaners. Whew!

quiz: Mr. Right or Mr. Sleaze?

After Prom, will your date send you a sweet e-mail telling you what a good time he had, or is he only interested in sex?

In the past, your relationship with your date has been mostly:

- a) physical.
- b) thanking each other over e-mail.

When you think about your date you think about:

- b) him trying to get physical.
- a) him finding creative electronic ways to thank you for what a good time he had.

How could you describe your date in three words or less?

- b) fucks you.
- a) sends you e-mail.

After your date has sex with you he usually:

- a) sends you an e-mail thanking you.
- b) tries to have sex with you.

When your date writes e-mail it is usually because:

- a) he recently had a great time and he wants to thank you.
- b) he recently had sex with you.

What will you most likely be doing after prom?

- a) reading a thank-you e-mail from your boyfriend.
- b) fucking your boyfriend.

no means yes

She: No, Ronnie!

He: No?

She: No!

He: No?!

She: No. NO!

He: Yes?

Yes: Owner of a lonely heart.

She: Much better.

Yes: Than the owner of a broken heart!

He: [applause]

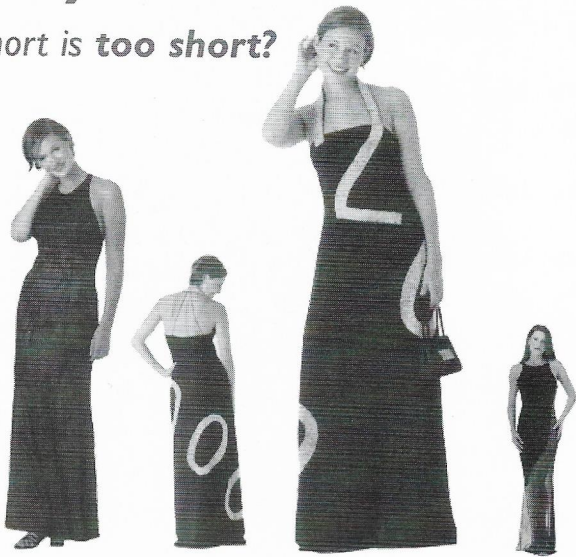
Planning Your Prom Budget

Plan a great time, rate your date, or just rate your date!

Budget	Clothing	Music	Prophylactic	Hotel
\$	burlap/Astroturf/duct tape/staple gun	cassette tape of Winger w/o stereo	Magnum™	Best Western w/ Sizzler, Denny's in lobby
\$\$	crushed velvet suit with healthy-sized penis embroidered on breast pocket	overwrought impression of Barry White, Rod Stewart's "If You Want My Body"	Diamond-encrusted Trojan™	Best Western
\$\$\$	Tux	Tom Jones/Marvin Gaye cover band	Trojan™	guest bedroom at a friend's house
\$\$\$\$	Diamond-encrusted tux (laser optional)	Tom Jones	Used sock puppet w/ mustache (googly eyes have fallen off)	brother's treehouse
\$\$\$\$\$	Platinum tuxedo w/ three accompanying men in mediocre wool tuxedos to complement you	cryogenic reanimation of Marvin Gaye	grocery store plastic bag w/ rubber band	Arby's

realitycheck

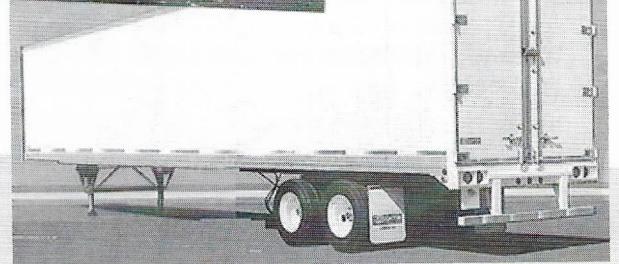
How short is **too short**?



Too short. **Too short.** **Too short.** **Too short.**



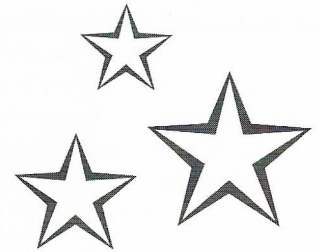
trailertalk



What type of trailer should you have for prom? A full-aluminum plate van is classic. Or party the night away with a 48-foot lowboy! Don't forget to inflate the air shocks!

“I thought Prom was **pretty good**. Not too good - I'm not stupid - but pretty good. I'd give it **between a B+ and a C-**, depending on what everyone else gave. Maybe a D or an A.”

—Pregnant Lisa



beautysecrets

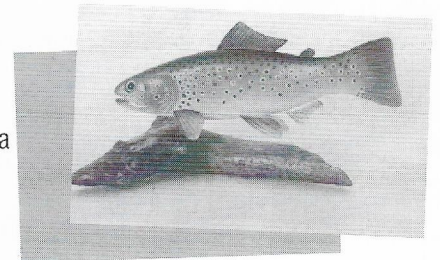


How tight should your wig fit?

Not too tight is probably best.

fishwish

How cool is it when your boyfriend gives you this as a gift? You will need to know this.



crushcrisis

What if I have a crush on my friend's date?

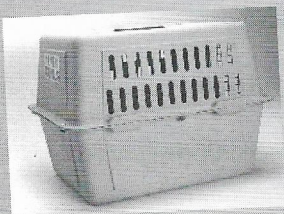
Don't stress. Lay the love low and stay pretty 'til the Prom's past. Then write us again.

What if I totally have a crush on my boyfriend?

What?

quicktip

A plastic cage offers the best of both worlds!



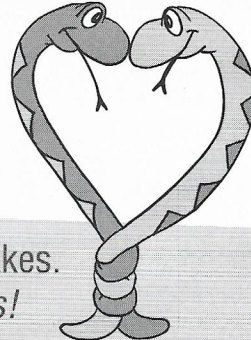
chicstreak



How cool are these nachos!
How cool are these people!
How cool is this sentence!



snakes thenandnow



then: Go easy on the snakes.

now: It's all about snakes!

Guys: Funky snakes or no snakes at all.

Girls: Glittery, ankle-length, poisonous, classic.

Snakes: Fabulous, glam, retro, chic.

“ I had one of those date-is-an-interdimensional-portal-to-Metalworld proms. Pretty embarrassing, right out of a movie and all that. I'm sure I'll be able to laugh about it soon, as soon as they let me be made out of flesh again, that is. ”

—some metal

blastfromthepast

promsongs / 1976

Billboard

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSWEEKLY OF MUSIC AND HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Top Hits

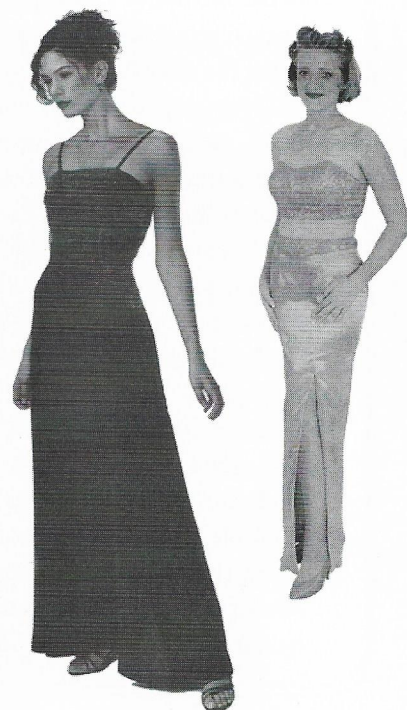
- 1 **VANILLA TOLL ROAD**
The Locomotion
- 2 **THERE IT WAS**
Julia Williams
- 3 **BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP**
The Elephants
- 4 **CHAMPION**
Bill Dickens Band
- 5 **TONIGHT**
Nancy Traylor
- 6 **BABY ANIMAL PARADE**
The Elephants
- 7 **HOT AIR BABOON**
Silver Eagles
- 8 **HIGH TIDE**
Barry Groover
- 9 **FUCK YOU SANTA CLAUS**
The Tractors
- 10 **WHY NOT?**
Electric Palace

postprom



Party at a secret place!
Nobody knows where this is!

beyourself



stylefile

Getting **Glam** for Prom

So, it's almost Prom and you're psyched! But, what are you going to wear? How will you do your makeup? There is SO much to worry about...and there's nothing that repels the hotties more than stress...or thinking. To give you a hand, super snappy hyper teen mag-stravaganza has whipped up this super-snappy list of things to do. Follow these guidelines have a happy-doodle-fun-bag, hat-slapper Prom!

Your Hair:

Long, healthy, feminine hair is SO last year! For this year's prom look, turn to the family garage. A quick run-over with the weed-whacker will give your hair both the right length and trendy layers! Rub in some motor oil to complete the look. Now your scalp is ripped and bleeding? No prob! Combine feminine and casual with some classic butterfly clips. No one will ever notice!

Your Skin:

There's nothing that turns a cute boy off faster than too much epidermis! Luckily, there are plenty of products out there to get you shiny and happy for Prom. Don't have time to jet down to the mall with your chick-posse? No prob! Just use some household prods. A thin layer of Super-Glue will give you that healthy glow as it bonds to and dissolves your flesh. Peel off and you'll be good to go in no time!!

books & stuff

Tom Clancy's DANCE OF HONOR

Damn. But what choice do I have?

Jack Ryan straightened his crisp Armani tie and sighed.

None, he mused. He was trapped, trapped between honor and personal feeling. Locked into a blind date, he would have to make the most of it.

Ryan pulled out his corsage. It was a good piece, made by master craftsmen with a fragrance yield of 35 clicks and a petal radius of .035 cm. Its orchid beauty would contrast nicely with her dress and deliver a message of subtle power and masculine femininity.

But he would not be giving it to the right girl.

Ryan cursed his friend, Dan Murray, for giving him the assignment.

Codenamed LAST RESORT, he would be fixed up with any available female at 1930 hours when he met with Dan and his girlfriend, Liz at Spago's Chesapeake for dinner. Intelligence reports indicated the awaiting girl was not the height of beauty, although she certainly had a lot of weight.

But they could be wrong, couldn't they? His links into the girl network were tenuous at best. But he doubted it in his heart.

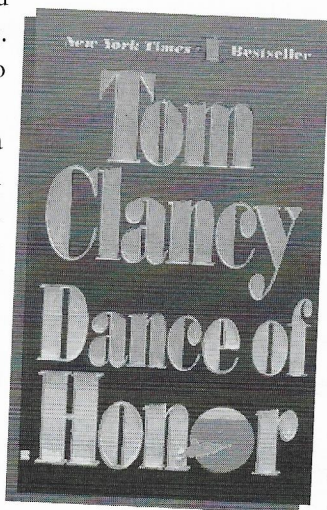
Fuck.

He buttoned his tuxedo button. Four holes, the better to hold the dark filaments of thread connecting them to his cross-stitched tuxedo. He shined his size eight shoes with his special mixture of "polish" - a special degreasing cleaning solvent composed of carbon isomers, baking soda, and Penzoi. Ryan sighed again and prepared to leave the house. One last time, he wished he could get out of the date.

But there are some things honorable men do if they are to live up to the code of their prom, their school, their country, their God. And Ryan was an honorable man, wasn't he? If nothing else, that thought would get him through Prom night.

Okay.

He left the house and rode toward his destiny, the beginning of an event whose ending would reverberate around the world and leave it and Ryan forever changed.



Rock 'n' Roll Prom!

Rock & rollers' dates give you the scoop on their *Prom Experiences*

Kurt Cobain's date:

I knew my Prom was going to be alternative when Kurt showed up at the door in a sharp tuxedo—and Red Converse All-Stars!

George Clinton's date:

George brought me a tape of some music he had made with the high school band. He called it "Tromboner," but it was mostly just disappointing doo-wop.

Iggy Pop's date:

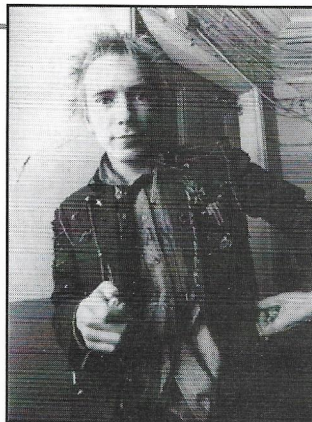
I thought things were going to pick up when Iggy drank himself straight, ripped off his shirt, and smashed the punch bowl. But instead of rolling around in the broken glass and cutting himself, he started talking about how much he already missed all the people from homeroom.

Mick Jagger and David Bowie's date:

Yes, I went with both Mick and David, and I had sex with both of them—tender, heterosexual sex, one at a time. Afterwards Mick and David shook hands.

David Bowie's date:

When I was getting ready for prom, I asked David how he would be dressed, so I could match. He said "sexually ambiguous," so I knew to wear green, a



good neutral color.

Johnny Rotten's date:

It was so cute when he affixed my corsage to my nose with a safety pin. But I didn't like it when he spat on me.

Jewel's date:

Jewel wrote me a poem about her van. That is all.

James Brown's date:

First he was King Heroin, then the Sex Machine. I got totally fucked.

2PROM

vocabulary quiz

(three levels of difficulty)

I. Junior Prom

1. Please be on time to PROM. That is to say, please be _____. (PROMPT)
2. I made a _____ to my date to pick her up at six o'clock. (PROMISE)
3. It's getting hot in here – let's take a walk on the _____. (PROMENADE)

II. Senior Prom

1. If you look too _____, your date might think you're a slut. (PROMISCUOUS)
2. My, he's quite _____ at the big dance. (PROMETHEAN)

III. Sophomore who got invited to the Prom

1. My manager at Burger King likes me so he gave a _____. (PROM-JOB)
2. _____! (PROMULGATE)

“What is there after prom? The rest of my life? What life is that? It is a different life, if you ask me. Seventeen and a half years of life before prom, and four years (and counting) of life after prom. When I am exactly 35 years old, I will celebrate my 35th birthday, and note that I have lived as much life after prom as I have before prom.”

—Krystal Schultz '92

House Unamerican Activities Prom Committee Tips

GETTING A DATE

The first thing you need to do is get a *date*. Ask a friend, an *informant*, to call your date to see if she might say *yes*. The phone call should either be *recorded* with a *wiretap* or you should be *silently on conference*. If the date is hesitant on the phone with your informant, tell people she is *anti-prom* and she *hates the government*. If the date responds positively, she is a good *American* and you are free to ask her to the prom. Find a quiet place where you can be alone with her. Make sure she doesn't know that you are *bugged*. Now's the time: ask her if she is a member of the *Party*. If she says no, she might be lying. Tell her you *sympathize* with the *Czech students*. If she agrees, she is a *Communist*. Do not take *Communists* to the prom. *Communists* only like *Russian* proms. *Russian* proms are not *magical* or *special*. No one loses their *virginity* after *Russian* proms.

GETTING A TUX

Even if you think your date is a good *American*, she might still be hiding her *sympathy*. Now is a good time to investigate. Tell her you need to know what *color* her dress is before you get a tux. If she says "red," tell *Congress* or another *adult* immediately. Only *Communists* wear *Red*. Find a different date, because *Communists* are no fun at the prom: they hate *hotel rooms* and *the shore* and *drinking* and *Eric Clapton* and *sex*. If she says "white," tell her that *Americans* do not wear *white* before *Memorial Day*. Wearing *white* before *Memorial Day* is like spitting on the *graves* of our *heroes* in *Arlington*. Wearing *white* is the same as wearing *red*. If she says "maroon" or "scarlet," these are *different words* for *red*. So is *pink*. *Pinkos* are *Communists*. Even if she is wearing an acceptable color, she might still be a *Red*. Ask her about what her dress looks like. If it says *Stalin* in big letters across the *chest*, she is probably a *Communist*. Do not take *Communists* to the prom.

THE PROM THEME

You might be on the Prom committee. If so, you will need to decide on a *theme*. If anyone suggests *Hollywood*, they are *Communist*. Everything in *Hollywood* is *Communist*. Report that person. Suggest *Baseball* instead, or *Stars and Stripes*.

AT THE PRE-PROM PARTY

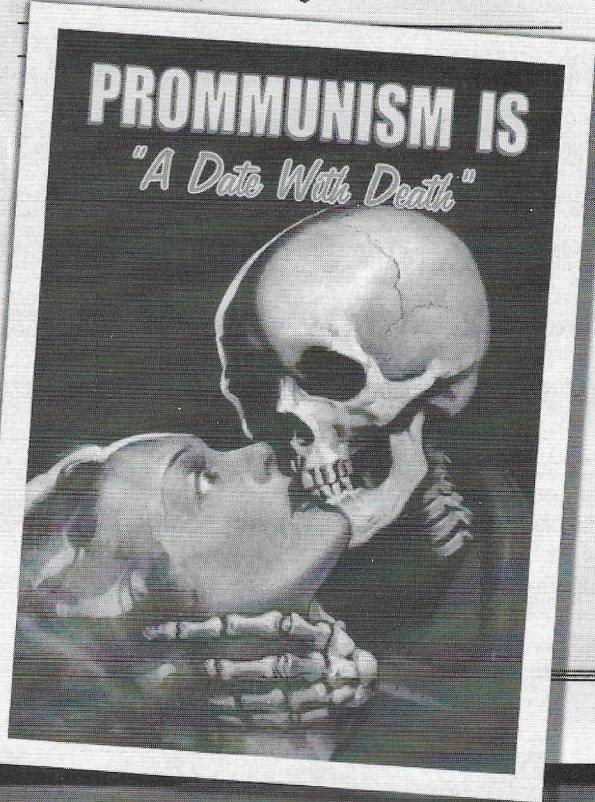
Your parents will probably want to take *pictures*. When they are not looking, you should take *pictures* of *them*. Follow them as they leave; if they go and meet any *Russians* or *Actors*, take *pictures* to prove that they are *Communists*. Having *Communist parents* will ruin your prom. *Communist parents* enforce an early *curfew*, they want their children to *stay virgins forever*, they won't let you go to parties without *chaperones*. *Chaperone* is a code word for *Communist Sympathizer*. *Communist parents* are against *strapless dresses* and *oral sex*. Do not have *Communist parents*.

AT THE PROM DINNER

If your friends want to *split the check* evenly, they are *Communists*. *Americans* get *separate checks* because they believe in *the individual* and have faith in a *market economy*. Friends who want to *split checks* want you to be a *slave* and to embrace *conformity*. They also might have *sex* with your date.

AT THE PROM

The adults who smell your breath when you arrive are *obviously Communists*. They are also *spies* who want to make sure that you don't *graduate*.



P-ROM, which stands for *Predatory Read Only Memory*, is, according to one industry insider, “the kind of chip that makes computers go insane and kill people like in the movies.”

P-ROM’s advanced features include: maniacal cackling from the computer’s speakers, refusal to open the “My Computer” folder, a new backdrop depicting a grinning skull, and general belligerence. However, with P-ROM, your disk throughput will increase by 200%, and your RAM will see a 45% rise in efficiency. Electricity is said to move faster with P-ROM installed in your computer.

I decided to review the new P-ROM upgrade chip to give users the whole truth and allow them to make an educated buying decision. Through eBay, I quickly located an exiled Libyan arms dealer who offered to sell me a hot P-ROM chip for which he killed three men in Redmond. I ended up getting the chip (and a copy of Adult Film

Bloopers) for a bargain \$420 in unmarked bills. I booted up my computer with the new chip and noted that Mac OS loaded one second faster than before, a remarkable improvement. The genial Mac cartoon seemed slightly standoffish, and my background’s soothing white clouds took on a red-dish tint.

Upon calling up the Application Menu, I found two new selections: “KILL JOHN CONNOR” and “RESISTANCE IS FUTILE.” I clicked on “RESISTANCE IS FUTILE” for a lark, and it beeped and asked me if I wanted to surrender now and have an easy death. I decided to hide that and resume normal operation.

Everything was peachy until it started questioning my every move. It wouldn’t let me play solitaire or defragment my hard drive. The only function it would carry out was to play Missile Command with itself and calculate death tolls. My kids also noted strange

computer behavior after the PROM installation. Jody, 15, informed me that her attempts to use Encarta were foiled, as the encyclopedia would only allow her to look up dictators and weaponry specifications. Timmy, 5, was seriously electrocuted while playing Math Blaster.

Where P-ROM really shines is with the Internet. Pages loaded *fast!* And the processor benchmarks? Unbelievable. I’ve seen overclocking, but—hickory, dickory, dock—this thing knocked the mouse off the clock! Though my computer is now an evil sentient entity, the speed increases were well worth it.

So despite its continued claims that it will destroy me and overrun the earth, I’d have to give P-ROM a thumbs up. If that’s the price of a decent Quake frame-rate, so be it. The computers can have the earth, just let me have increased Mhz.

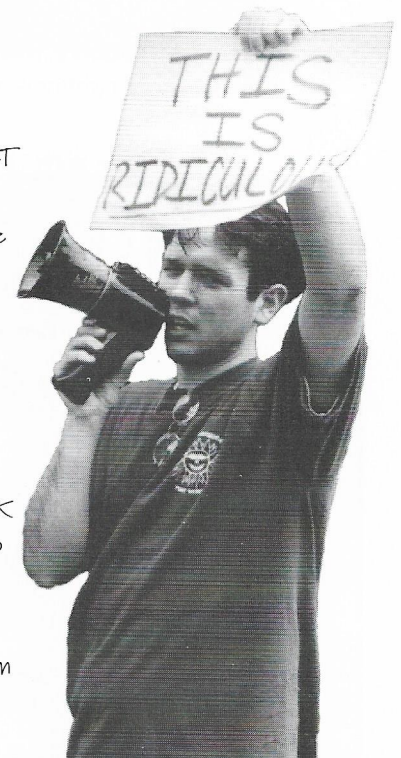
Grade: A-

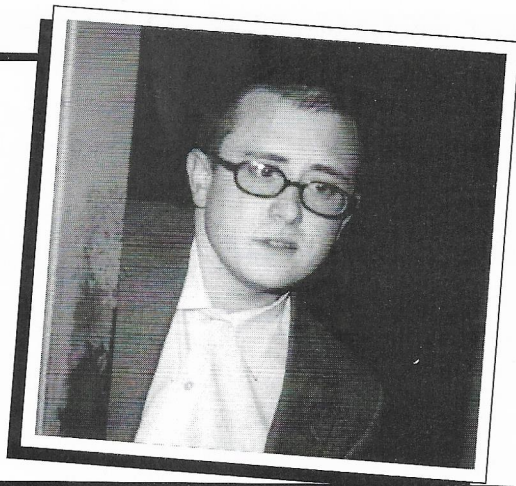
Prom, Freestyle

by sophomore Peter Jackson

I'm Peter B. Jackson
 And my job is really taxing. (Look, every-
 thing I write is supposed to rhyme. Hang
 in there.)
 I'm a rhymmer.
 And a mountain climber. (not really.)
 Don't get me wrong.
 I'm talkin' bout the Prom. (close enough.)
 Some tuxedos. (hold up.)
 With libidos. (yes!)
 We went in a limousine. (fuck. Cancel
 that.)
 We went to the prom.
 Don't get me wrong. (hold up. it's coming.)
 The prom was the bomb. (boo-yah! Who's
 the king? Tell me I'm the king.)
 Okay. Who's the king?
 Kiss my diamond ring. (Yeah! Fuck y'all.
 Suck on this.)

We danced the Macarena. (Shit. Hold up.)
 We danced. We just danced. (okay. Fine.)
 We pranced.
 I met a girl I met by chance.
 She let me in her pants. (Bam! RESPECT
 THAT! What the FUCK is up?)
 We listened to music. (Hmmm. You sick. Blue
 chick. Whatever. Fuck it.)
 We listened to stuff.
 Then we got tough. (oh yeah.)
 Until we had enough. (one more. Come on.
 Come on.)
 And I did her in the buff. (OH YEAH
 WHAT THE MOTHERFUCKING FUCK
 IS UP? WHO AM I? TELL ME WHO
 AM I RIGHT NOW!)
 I'm the prom rapper.
 This is my capper. (whatever. Fuck y'all. I'm
 the man.)





nerd plots

Herbert, a nerd, is planning the downfall of his jock rivals. Theo, the Chappie High gadget expert, has offered his help.

Herbert: I want those jocks to be crushed. I want them humiliated. I want their special day ruined, ruined by the vaunted power of the mind!

Theo: Maybe this crude staple-gun could be of use. *[makes staple-gun]*

Herbert: Think bigger, Theodore. Think adolescent Armageddon. This must be a night they never forget.

Theo: I see. Here we go. *[makes electric nail-clipper]*

Herbert: It has to be something enormous. Possibly some sort of hydraulic device. A bit of visual or aural tomfoolery to fool their sports-addled minds. Ye gods, I burn for revenge!

Theo: *[makes potato-clock]*

Herbert: Theodore, that won't help. You're my chief technician. Your righteous ambition must match mine.

Theo: Gotcha. *[makes automatic card-dealer]*

Herbert: Theodore! What kind of gadget expert are you?

Theo: *[makes old-fashioned ice cream scoop]* Now we can scoop ice cream!

Herbert: We are at war, you understand.

Theo: Oh. *[makes paper airplane]*

Herbert: Sheer idiocy. *[leaves]*

Theo: *[using advanced nanotechnology, knowledge of plastics and biomechanics, and laser-like precision, constructs a thermonuclear device shaped like a corsage]*

Theo: Whoops. *[throws it out, fashions a paper-clip into a straight line]*

Prom SPINOFF TOYS

Barbie Doll Dancing Twin Ethnicities

Baby antlers "Losin' It" feature kit

Talking Teddy Prom Doll

Bag of Prom Blood

"Intoxicated Jeremy" Exploding Doll

Gag third leg complete with shoe

Hypocrite Anthony Prom Political theme doll

Prom version of Monopoly

Traci Lords Handjob kit

The electric spider shoe (as seen at Spring 2000 prom)

The teenage complexion chin attachment



What Dad does while Ronny's at Prom drinking/sleeping doll

Prom extractor urinary kit

The Blow-Up Prom Factory set

The totally destroyed doll

The major damage Prom Sergeant doll

The WWF Slaughter Prom

Prom Poems

by Adrian, A
Misunderstood Flower
and A Lover of The
~~Theater~~ Theatre

Mitzraki, or, a Haiku on the occasion of that which we call Prom

Dance to "Earth Angel"
Wear black because I like it
Vote myself Prom Bitch

School Play or Play School?

Stand here?
Certainly.
Glad to play my part.
Cheerleader?
Nerd?
Jock?
But wait--
what are these lines,
And these strings?
Can't move?
The lights--too bright!
I can't see,
or hear.
But I can think.
And choose a different role--
Ghost!
b
o
o
!



Stand by your man but do not crush him

A teacher
of drama?
A Student
of Life.

To Others he is Mr. Johnson,
To his parents he is Steve.

He lets me
call him.
Serge.



The Chaparral Daily

April 23th, 1996

"A Monthly Newspaper"

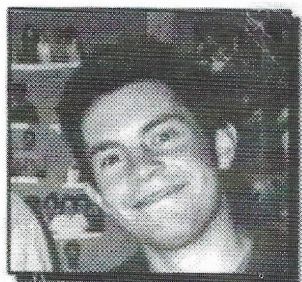
Issue #7

Newspaper Editor Discovers Fancy New Prose Style

Just in time for Prom, I've finally mastered the high school newspaper style. The trick is to put the most important line all by itself.

Just like this.

If the line is surprising, the shocking effect multiplies.



You can see how it happens with the following example. A lot of people think the upcoming Prom will be just like other Proms.

But they're wrong.

Scary, no? That's the basic idea. This Prom may shock you. It might knock you off your rocker. The big deal about this upcoming prom will be revealed in a crisp sentence in the following paragraph.

We'll all die.

That's not really true. I'm just demonstrating the power of my fancy new prose style. I

feel a lot of pressure to make the upcoming single line eventful, even though the Prom is mostly just about dresses and nerds playing pranks on jocks.

I have rabies.

I don't really have rabies, but it's so hard to resist. I can see the payoff line looming up ahead, and I don't want to disappoint you.

There will be a wild nuclear holocaust.

I'm really sorry, but this is kind of addictive. Let's try to get back on the Prom subject. I hear Jake Anderson broke up

with Stephanie Bordeaux and now he's going with a freshman.

She has herpes.

No, I don't really know that. Let's have some more news about Jake Anderson.

Jake Anderson is a fag.

No, some *real* prom news. I hear Adrian Ross and Sukie McFadden accidentally have the same dress.

Both are Communists.

I'm really sorry about this. I hope the prom goes well for all of you. See you there.

With a machine gun. (sorry).

Chocolate Milk, Elephants Debated in April 15th Student Council Meeting

By Sara Nofziger

• Representative STEPHANIE BORDEAUX proposed that everybody be really psyched for Prom on Friday. This was quickly seconded and passed, with only Adrian, the weird drama girl, dissenting.



• Vice President SKIP HANSEN proposed that chocolate milk be made available in the student lounge after fourth period. The motion was narrowly defeated.

• Representative JACOB FOSTER proposed that we no longer endorse elephants as a species. Elephants are, in Foster's words, "too big and weird," and deserving of extinction. He based his comments on a Babar poster he'd seen in the library.

• Foster's points were countered by onlooker DOBIE SMITH, who pointed out that he'd seen a TV show about

Hinduism featuring elephants playing soccer. According to Smith, the elephants were quite capable soccer players and even stuck around afterwards to sign autographs. We unanimously decided to re-endorse elephants as a species.

• It was unanimously decided that the Chappie High boys' soccer team ruled last fall. A motion that the girls' soccer team also ruled was narrowly defeated.

• Apple juice was served.

Actual Transcript from the Meeting

Foster: "They are stupid looking animals, and they aren't trying to make themselves any better."

Hansen: "Well, without elephants, who would play elephant soccer? Do you think elk can do this?"

Foster: "I'm sure we'll be able to clone dinosaurs from the past that can play soccer. Look, we'll get some soccersaurs—something that deserves to be alive a little more than elephants."

Hansen: "What if elephants were the only people who knew how to make pizza? Would you have them extincted then? Would you?"

Foster: "What if elephants were Nazis? What if they made cars?"

Hansen: "Well, then what if elephants made cars?"

[silence]

Foster: "You have outstripped my capacity for logical discourse."

Hansen: "That's right. Because elephants are awesome, I propose a bill to make elephants awesome! All in favor?"

[chorus of "ayes"]

Hansen: "The motion passes. Chaparral High School has made elephants awesome."

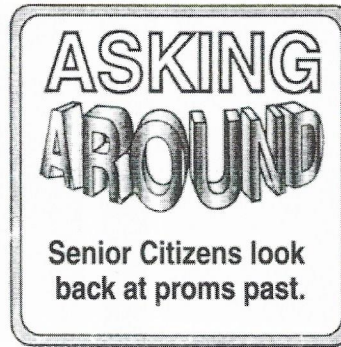
Foster: "But you never asked for those opposed."

Hansen: "I know, but elephants are so awesome that it just doesn't matter."

Parents: Help Your Teens Have a Safe Prom Night.

By Lindsey Gable

- Make sure your teens know you will not tolerate alcohol/drug use or their attendance at unsupervised parties. Don't forget to tell them you will especially not tolerate alcohol/drug use in countries like Turkey, where the possession of a small amount of drugs could lead to life in prison, or the death sentence. Make your teen watch "Midnight Express."
- "Don't rent hotel rooms. Don't stock the bar. Don't leave your teens in dangerous situations, like hanging off a threadbare rope-bridge over a deep chasm," Prom expert Dr. Adrian Lautman says.
- If you do choose to rent a hotel room for your child's prom night, give them a lesson in frugality. Find a local place that has inexpensive hourly rates. Remind them that the mini-bar is always a rip-off.
- If you catch your teen having sex behind the barn, teach them a lesson. Say to them: "Fine, if you want to have sex, you are going to learn what it's like to have sex. I am going to stand here until you finish all that sex. Go on—finish all the sex. All of the sex." They'll think twice about having sex in the future after all that terrible sex.
- Agree to pick up your teen, no questions asked, if he or she calls and needs a ride home from any situation. Agree to bring your teen standard shop safety goggles, no questions asked, if he or she calls and sounds uncomfortable about the other kids who are using bandsaws in the background.
- Sit down with your teen before the prom and tell them about how drugs are just poisons. Arsenic and cyanide are also poisons. If you want to be safe, go to the Prom location before your teen arrives to taste the food, in case it's poisoned.
- Establish rules about curfews, but be reasonable. Excessively early curfews may result in your teen breaking the speed limit to get back in time, or having hurried, sloppy post-Prom sex that could soil your car.
- Know who your teen will be with, including the friends of your teen's date. What kind of people are they? What are their long-term goals? What makes them happy? What don't they like about themselves? Remember, the teen-age years are a time of self-discovery and invention—they may not yet know the answers to these questions themselves. If they don't, they are probably latent homosexuals, or clinically depressed. In either case, get your kid out of there, pronto!



"Two... no... maybe three hours into it I had to take a break. We had been dancing for so long. Sex dancing."

"I can't say we had prom exactly like you kids have it today. We didn't have many fancy dresses or stretch limousines. On the other hand, we had more than you kids today in a lot of ways. Like in drugs and sex ways."

"It was a bit different in my day. We did a lot of drugs at the Prom. Sex drugs."

"It's funny to put the word 'sex' in front of nouns. Sex nouns."



Hits & Misses

By Nacho Harmon



Hits

Cool Kids: They're popular, they're attractive, they're where it's at!

The Mainstream: I mean, if most people like it, it's gotta be off the hook!

Proteins: Eat as much as you want, and you'll still fit into that prom dress.

College: No parents, and a kickin' frat scene. Goodbye, Chappie High!

Seniors: Prom, graduation, college -- we're getting out of here.

Misses

Dorks: Get with the program, geeks! It's just not working for you.

The Marginal: Come, on people! Alternative went out in 1994.

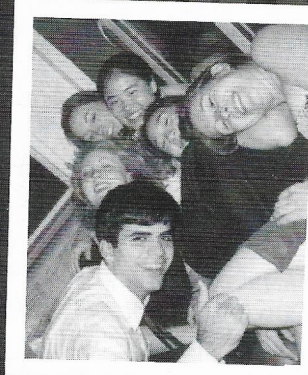
Carbohydrates: Hey, Bready, ever heard of Dr. Atkins? You can kiss that prom dress goodbye, Cracker-muncher!

POW Camps: Forced labor, tireless supervision. No thanks!

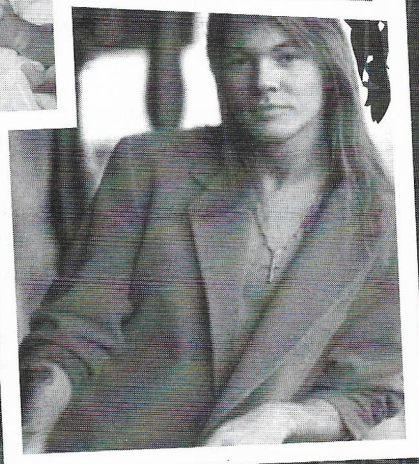
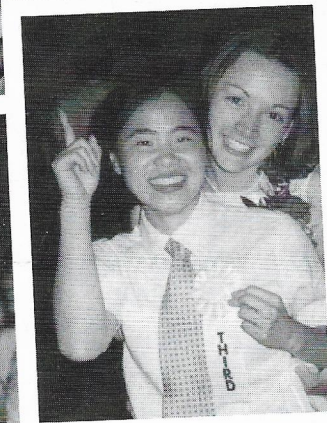
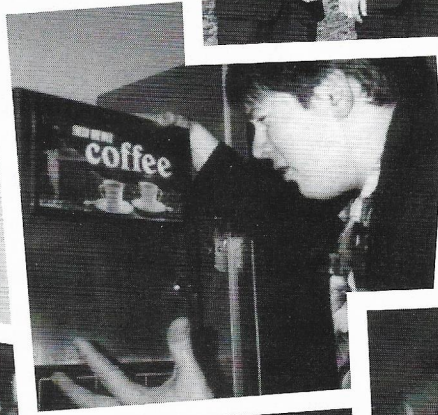
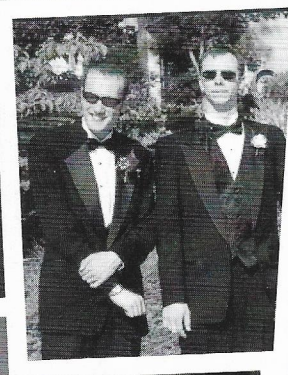
Freshmen: I mean, everyone knows it's not cool to be *younger*. Don't they know anything?

"PROM! Prom! PROM!"

"I'd give the Prom a 9 out of 10. Where was 'It Takes Two' by Rob Base?" —Frankie Johnson, blues historian



"Prom Johnson was one of the best bluesmen to ever come out of the Mississippi Delta, a man who could turn a three-string guitar into a choir of angels. He was also a liar, a cheater and a miserable son of a bitch. He disappeared in 1943, after some gambling debts got him into deep trouble. Wherever he is now, I hope he's suffering. Prom Johnson is my father."
—Frankie Johnson, blues historian



"Oh my god! Jessica's heel broke when we were at Sizzler and my strap snagged on the limo door, but Jason used his boutonniere pins to hold it together. He's so great. It's too bad he decided he was gay and a chimpanzee and kidnapped my friend's date. I love that song "Blue". They played it twice. Prom was totally off the hook."
—Cindy Biehn, Girl

"I will give two hundred dollars to anyone who returns my prosthetic foot, no questions asked. Thanks for making this prom magical!"

—Mike Ferguson

"I spent Prom with my clothes. Our tea party turned sour when Miss Fittington totally gave Mr. Horse a blowjob in the bathroom, knowing full well that Mr. Horse was Spider Lady's date."

—Janey, age 7

"thunderstruck": musings of a dj

These damn teenagers. Look at them all out there, doing their groin-dances, screeching like fiery monkeys. Making me play some crappy pony dance song with a guy saying "backseat driver" over and over in the background. I can't stand these teenagers. "Hey, dude, can we hear that Britney Spears song again?" Screw off, kid. What am I, a DJ?

I actually am a DJ. But my point still stands.

Back when I was a prommer, around, oh, 1986, things were different. We didn't have these fast happy songs that made you want to dance. We had big angry songs that made you want to punch a guy in the back in the head and then run back to your car before he could catch you.

Songs like "Thunderstruck," by AC/DC.

To this day, it's the best song ever written. Beats out "Satisfaction," "Ave Maria" and all the others. When you hear that opening guitar riff—"binunanubinunanubinunanu"—you know you're in for the ride of your life. And when the people yell "thunder"? Just icing on the cake, man. Beautiful.

You ask me, they should play "Thunderstruck" every time a baby gets born. The first minute the little head starts sticking out of the you-know-what, a nurse grabs a boom-box and cranks up the volume. "Binunanubinunanu." That's the way you want to enter the world. A-one. Maybe when somebody dies, too. Stick an earphone into the casket or on up in the urn there. "Binunanubinunanu."

They didn't play it at my prom. So I took off, man. All the way to my Chevette outside, where I put in a certain cassette tape and hit "PLAY". My date didn't mind. My date was an AC/DC cassette tape. Playing's what it's for.

I've got half a mind to bust out a little "Thunderstruck" right now. Guess I can't if a kid doesn't request it—it'd violate my parole or something. But these little jerks would learn so *much*. I've got to do something. I've got to make my mark on this world before it's too late. Here goes.

[fifteen-minute "Angus" chant]



Parking Lot Follies

BONES THOMPSON IS TEACHING HIS DATE TO SWEAR

Bones: "Say fuck, Amy."

Amy: "Fuck."

Bones: "Nice."

BILLY JONES HAS FORGOTTEN HIS INSULIN

Billy Jones: "Oh my fucking God."

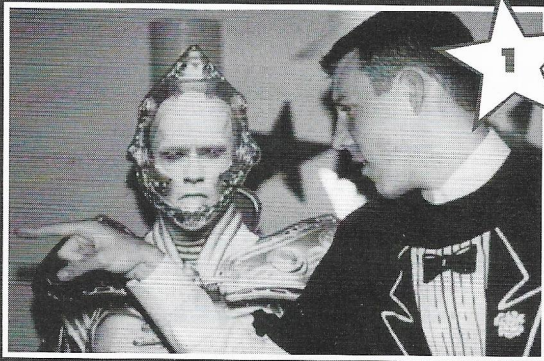
TOMMY ANDERSON IS LOSING HIS VIRGINITY

Tommy Anderson: "What do I do with my penis hole?"

LILLIE SMITH DOES NOT LIKE HER DATE

Lillie Smith: "This is more like a crap-sage. I do NOT like you."

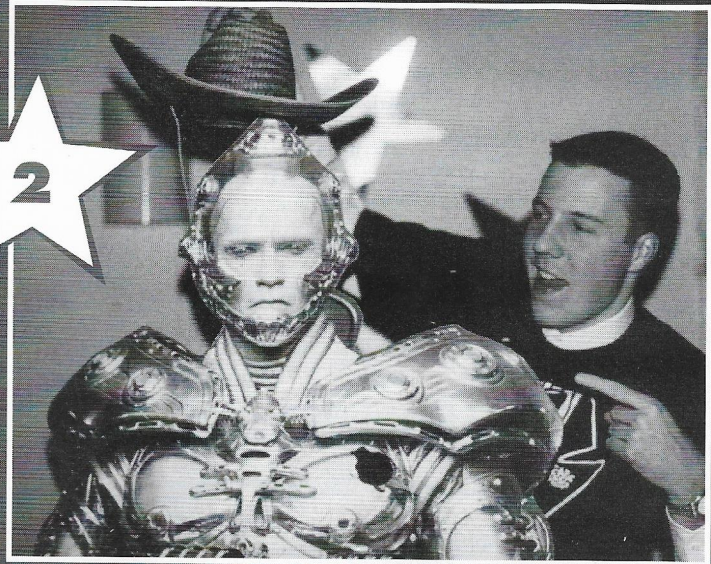
A Humorous Encounter Between Senior Jacob Foster and Chaperone **MR. FRIESZ**, his Tenth Grade Biology Teacher



"Isn't that Snow White over there?"
"What?"



"Please, Jacob, no more puns."
"The Ice Age killed the dinosaurs, Mr. Friesz."
"That's not true."



"This cowboy hat's pretty cool, huh, Mr. Friesz?"
"Leave me alone, Jacob."
"Hey, man, chill out!"
"I am not a Batman villain. My name is F-R-I-E-S-Z, not F-R-E-E-Z-E. I teach biology. You know this."

Night of a Thousand Stars

After the fourth person looked at him questioningly without saying a word, Luke swallowed nervously and edged towards the punch table. His father stood there impassively, sucking punch through his black-visored facemask.

"Dad!" Luke whispered emphatically, trying to catch his father's attention without drawing attention from his classmates. "Did you have to volunteer to chaperone my prom?"

"Luke, I am your father," Darth Vader said, "I wanted to be here to see your big night."

"It's so embarrassing! Now all the other guys in the Rebel Alliance will know that my dad is the emperor's henchman!"

"Son, are you saying that you're not proud of what your father does for a living?" Vader asked defensively.

"I didn't mean it like that," Luke mumbled, "It's just that... sometimes..."

"At any rate," Vader continued, "I don't think you should spend so much time hanging around those Rebel kids. They're a bad influence on you."

"They're my friends, Dad," Luke whined.

"Anyway," Vader went on, "I don't see why you didn't ask Leia to the prom."

"Dad! She's my sister. I can't go to the prom with my own sister!"

"But she really wanted to go and, seeing how you don't have a date anyway..."

"Just forget it, Dad. No way, no."

Suddenly, Vader stiffened. "Obi-Wan is here. I sense his presence."

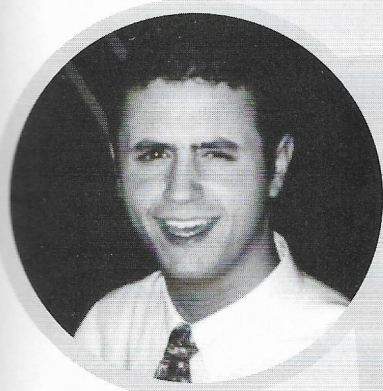
"What, yeah," Luke said irritably, "he's chaperoning, too."

Vader pulled an odd, cylinder-shaped camera from under his shimmering black cloak. "I must get a picture of the two of you together. Aren't you always saying how much you enjoy his Jedi training class? He has taught you well." He glided across the room towards Obi-Wan.

Luke stared after his father's sinister retreating form and sighed. It was going to be a long night.

AT THE PUNCH BOWL

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CHAPPIE HIGH EXCHANGE STUDENTS



OJAPELTO

Anti Ojapelto: Fudfherri sootigerjuy?

Musil Frjabutim: Xinbo, doprooba. Foetill ezz kilfoer hag?

Anti: "Kilfoer hag"? Fu, fu, fu! Cukkipuju! Fu, fu.

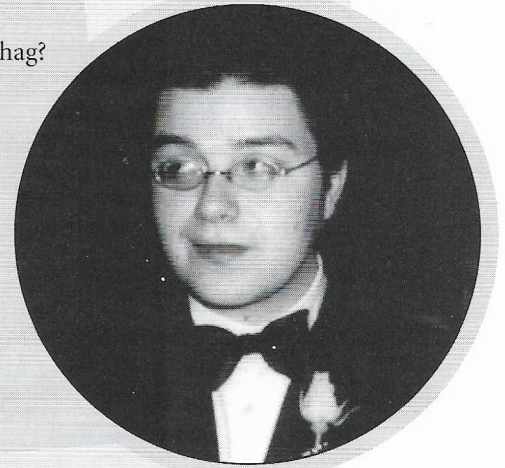
Musil: Cukkipuju dyvo csern! Fu, fu.

Anti: [glipoty] Chyll zum sopra cin ganzo, Musil?

Musil: [fritzubil] Oerik sher poxo. Giggo.

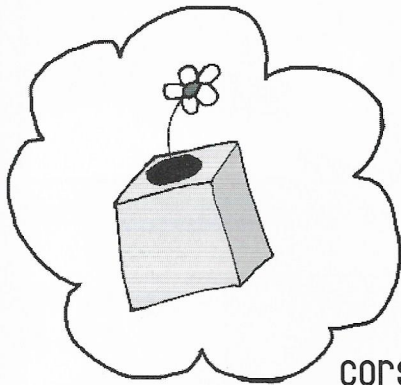
Anti: Egin. [droarp]

Musil: Egin, Anti. [droarp]

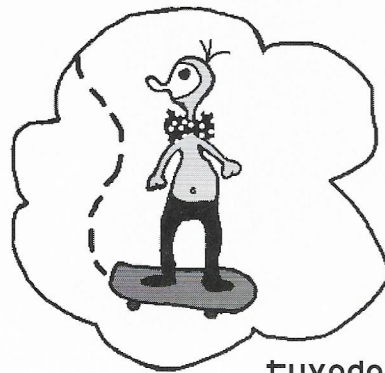


FRJABUTIM

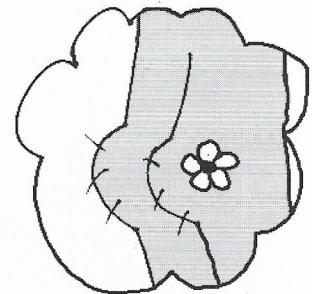
what the exchange students think prom things look like



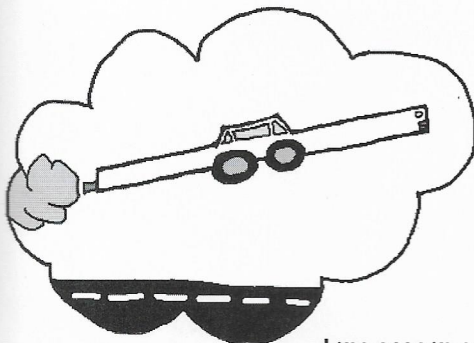
corsage



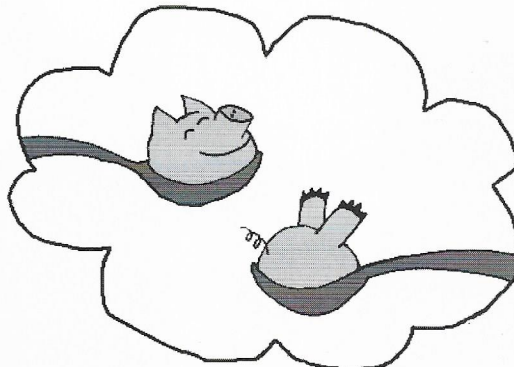
tuxedo



boutonniere



Limousine



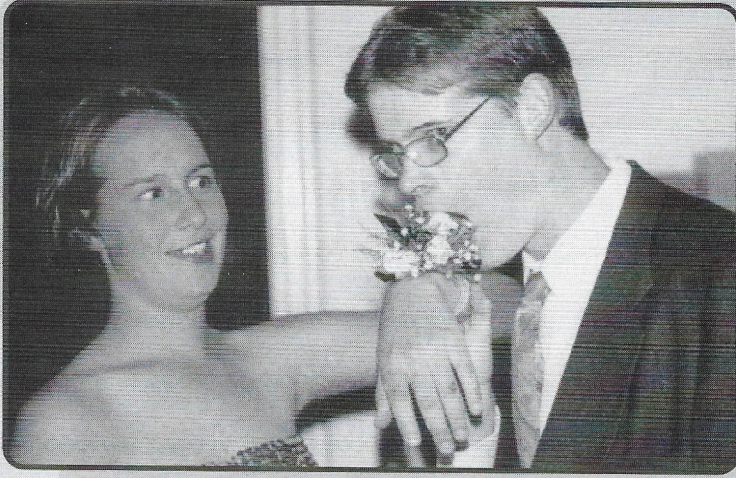
a nice dinner



prom

LOOK OUT, PROM! HERE COMES THE

FAT KID!



That's a corsage, Fat Kid!



That's not your plate, Fat Kid!



That's not what napkins are for!



**DON'T
EAT
ANY
MORE
FOOD!**



**FAT
KID,
YOU'RE
SO
FAT
!!!**

THE CHAPERONES AT PROM

The Teacher

Slaps ruler against slow-dancing couples and pushes them apart if they are "getting too close." More extreme ones use football chains to deter "first downs."

The Coach

Hits all the guys on the ass. Embarrasses them by telling dates how they squealed like a little girl in the game against Sperry High.

The Principal

Doesn't quite get the whole Prom thing. Smiles stiffly while wondering why the kids don't turn out like this for pep rallies.

The Good Teacher

Cute little old lady. Thinks "kids will be kids" and doesn't mind the occasional sex act in the bathroom. Gains bemused admiration by jitterbugging with her husband during "Bust a Move."

The Basketball

Sits in the corner of the gym where the Prom is being held because the setup committee forgot to remove it. Keeps an unflinching eye upon the proceedings, but doesn't comment when two students smoke weed in its presence and offer it a hit while giggling. Later, it will be used for a tuxedos and skins pickup game while the players' dates stand around glaring.

The Nostalgic

Graduated two years ago and wishes he had never left high school. Keeps high-fiving current students, spiking the punch, and telling people how "fucking wild" his class was and how fucking lame this Prom is.

The Drunk

All chaperones go drunk.



THE TIGER AT PROM

6:30 PM

Most couples are out to dinner or at a pre-party gathering at a friend's house. Although most are entirely sober events hosted by parents, some manage to sneak some liquor from a flask or Thermos. In the gym, where the prom is being held, the tiger is locked in his cage. His trainers are enraging him with sticks.

8:00 PM

As guests arrive at the gym, they check their coats and are led into the main dance floor. Sodas and orange juice are available. The tiger is let out of his cage and slapped repeatedly in the face with a lamb shank. He is not allowed to eat any of it.

8:45 PM

The tiger is hungry and in the hallway. The guests are beginning to dance as the people get in the mood. A small line has formed for commemorative photographs.

9:00 PM

As the dance kicks into high gear, the tiger stalks several of the smaller, wimpier students who are gathered around the soda bar. It kills one.



PROM NINJA

The room I am in is mostly dark. This is good, because a ninja lives in the shadows. The room is also full of loud music and pulsing lights.

These distractions also make my task easier. I approach a target from behind, tap her on the shoulder and start to ask her to dance.

When she sees me in my full ninja gear, she looks as if she is going to start screaming. I can't have that. I garrote her quickly and leave her in a dumpster. A ninja thrives on silence.



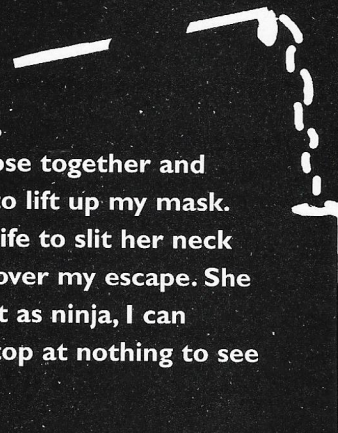
I see another target, but it looks as though she has a date already. I do not fear her date—only a ninja can stop a ninja.

He goes into the bathroom. I follow. While he is distracted by the complexities of the fly on his tuxedo, I strike. Two ninja stars and a trip to the dumpster later, I ask the target if she would dance with me while her date is getting punch. She says yes, but as I pull her close one of my poison darts pierces her thigh. She is dead in less than two seconds. It is a pity.



I get careless when throwing her in the dumpster and alert a security guard. Fifteen seconds later, the security guard is in the dumpster as well. After tonight, I will have to toughen up my training routine. It should have only taken ten seconds. Perhaps I should have drunk less punch. It was probably spiked.

It is now the last dance of the night, I find another target and we dance. Close together and slow. After the song ends, she reaches to lift up my mask. In a flurry of motion, I use my short knife to slit her neck open and then use a smoke bomb to cover my escape. She was probably only to give me a kiss, but as ninja, I can never be too careful. My rivals would stop at nothing to see me dead.



After disposing of all the bodies, I arrange for a black rose to be sent to the families of those that I have killed. A ninja also needs to have a sense of style.

Last Dance

A muted drumbeat and a wailing guitar quiet the dance floor. “Wonderful Tonight,” our prom song, is playing. Couples find each other, embrace and begin to sway, like palm trees in the summer air. It is a moment of magic. It is the last dance.

Adrian, the weird drama girl, does not feel weird. Not now, during the last dance. Her idol, improv teacher Serge Johnson, has agreed to dance with her. It is bliss for Adrian. She thinks of other, longer words too. As Clapton whines, teacher and student dance, briefly freed of their traditional roles. Later, Adrian will swallow a cricket to protest wars.

Herbert Lippers, school nerd, dances awkwardly with his own clone. Careful not to touch, they hop up and down, timidly flopping their arms. Herbert’s night has not gone well—he failed to realize that his twin would be as boring as he was. But this is the last dance. Herbert and Herbert-2’s eyes meet. They share a tender, disgusting moment.

Kirsten Miller lambadas with her infant son, Prom King. She has gained the notoriety she hoped for and more—the Prom King has thrown up all over the principal. She dances confidently, triumphantly. She is a winner. A warrant is out for her arrest.

“Wonderful Tonight” has reached its mid-song guitar riff, and the magic persists. The fat kid has managed to not eat his date’s extended arm. The newspaper editor has thought of a better way to use adverbs. Larry Wilhelm dreams fondly of Mexico. Ninja and tiger face off in a deadly dance that thrill all who see it. Disco lights shine, smoke wafts. This is truly a dance to remember.

Stephanie Bordeaux is the newly crowned Prom Queen. Her vicious campaign is finally over. For the first time, she sees her classmates as the wonderful people that they are—they have given her what she wanted most. She sees a pretty girl and sneers. The moment is past.

Jacob Foster, school clown, is dancing with a girl. He doesn’t know her name. He remembers how funny his tuxedo T-shirt is. He thinks how it’s bullshit that his band will never let him do lead vocals. His date smiles and all is forgotten. Jacob is happy in a way that only Adam Sandler albums have previously made him.

The foreign exchange students are jogging in place by the punch bowl. Each thinks of how funny-sounding the other’s language is. They are holding hands.

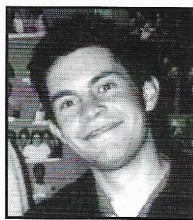
Love floats throughout the gym. A chaperone cries. A dove sings a haunting aria. Somewhere in the girl’s bathroom, a baby is born.

“Wonderful Tonight” ends, and the dance, the Prom, the ride is over. The seniors sigh in unison, revelling in the beauty of the moment that has passed. They will go on to different, exciting lives, but this moment will always matter most. The mystery and magic. The last dance.

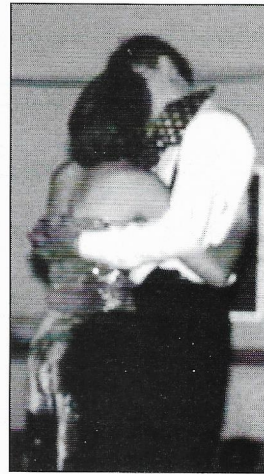
“This Is How We Do It” plays. The high schoolers dance forever.



PROM SCANDALS!



by **Skip Hansen**
CHS Reporter on the Scene



Fifteen-Minute Kiss??

Did anyone see this? Most people had gone home already, myself included, but supposedly this kiss was both heartfelt AND tender!



Queen Crown Stolen!

Did anyone think it odd that the Prom King was wearing a gaudy top hat this year? I did. After investigating, I found that the Prom Queen, Stephanie Bordeaux, was actually wearing the King's crown because the Queen's crown was stolen. I don't know what is more disgusting, the fact that someone stole the Queen's crown AT PROM, or that the administration tried to cover it all up with a sparkling top hat!



Stephanie Bordeaux (left) admires the Queen's crown, which Jacob (above) allegedly later stole.

Red Tuxedo Faux-Pas!

Seems like a certain chronic nosebleeder wore a red tuxedo to the prom. Nice try, Owen, but you aren't fooling anyone.

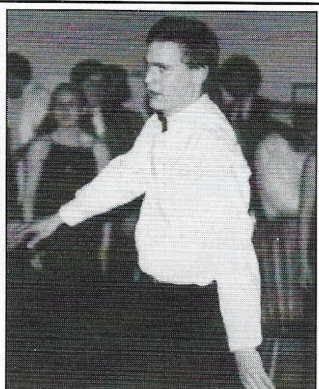
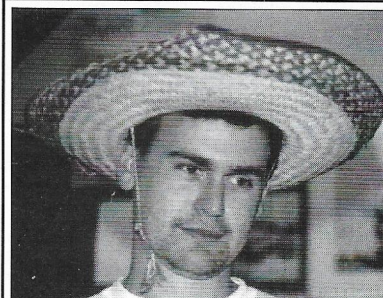


Delilah Buatron?

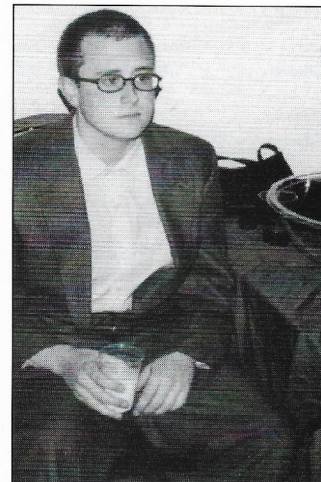
Shouldn't you have gone to ROBOT prom?

John Fernand Really A Mexican!

- ▼ Turns out that John Fernand of the CHS math team is actually a Mexican. Years of concealment came to an end when the
- ▼ Macarena started playing and inflamed Fernand's Latin blood with dance. Why would he hide his ethnic roots? We
- ▼ all love Mexicans!

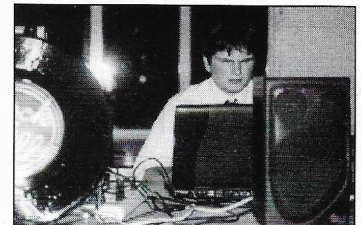


¡Viva México!



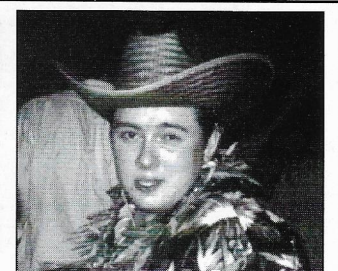
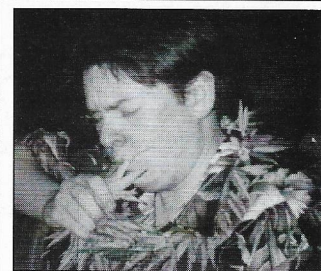
Where was the Nerd Retaliation?

Usually for Prom, the nerds plan some horribly elaborate revenge. What was up this year, Herbert? Couldn't get Theo Winczewski to leave his van and cooperate?



Cowboy Hat Stolen as Well

- ▼ Duke Halstead's cowboy hat was stolen at Prom, threatening his reputation as Prom Cowboy! This culprit was easy to
- ▼ spot, however—it was CHS stoner Luke Hodges. (Hodges' stoner sidekick, "Dobie" Smith, was conspicuously absent.)



Luke Hodges before (left) and after (right).

McFadden Spotted At Prom!

Uh-oh, Sukie, looks like somebody's charming cynicism was overcome by the MAGIC that is prom!

"Stairway to Heaven" Not Played!

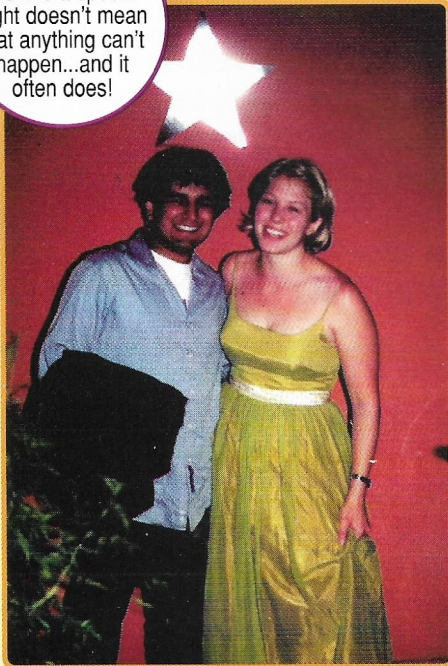
- ▼ When Jacob Foster asked the DJ to play
- ▼ "Stairway to Heaven"
- ▼ by Led Zeppelin,
- ▼ "Thunderstruck" came over the speakers
- ▼ instead. What a travesty. What sort of DJ has
- ▼ a Spice Girls Megamix but not "Stairway"?

CHAPARRAL HIGH SCHOOLS'S PROM BLOOPER S

A zany look at the wacky, the hilarious and the downright silly things that happen at a prom.

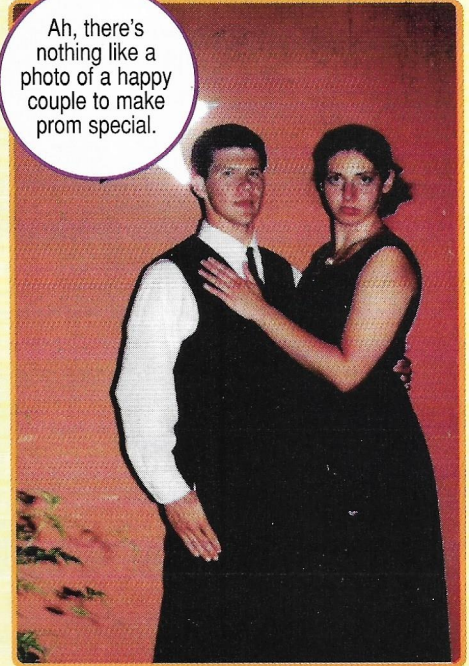
NARRATED BY ROY FIRESTONE

Just because Prom is a special night doesn't mean that anything can't happen...and it often does!



Now here's a cute couple. But what happened to your bowtie, fella?

Ah, there's nothing like a photo of a happy couple to make prom special.



Nice smile, fellas.

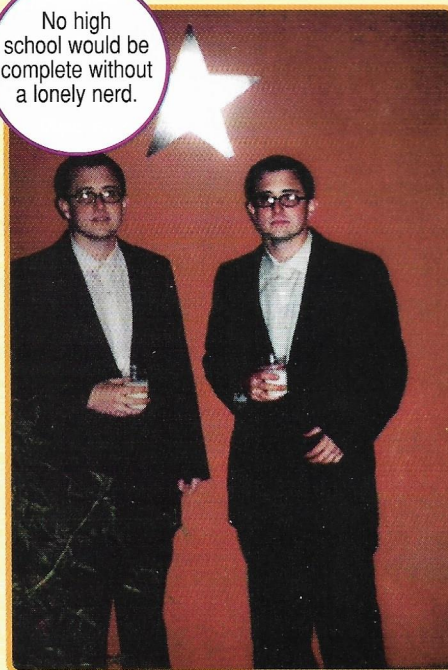
Now it's time for a little something we like to call *Funtastic Friends...*

...and *Dazzling Drunks*. Take a look!



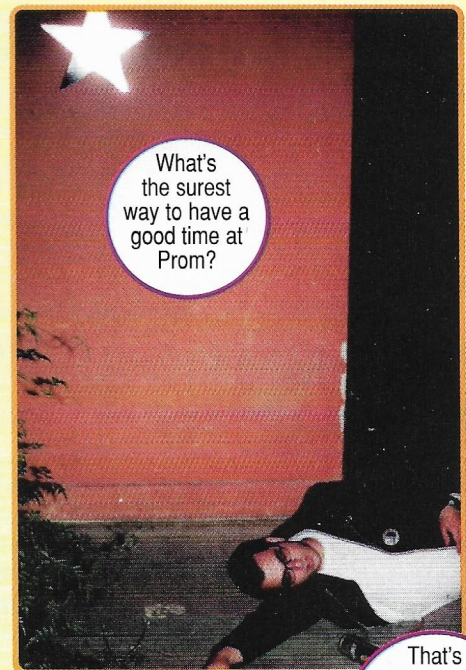
Uh-oh! Someone forgot to not slap his date's ass in front of a camera! That's what I call slapstick promedy!

No high school would be complete without a lonely nerd.



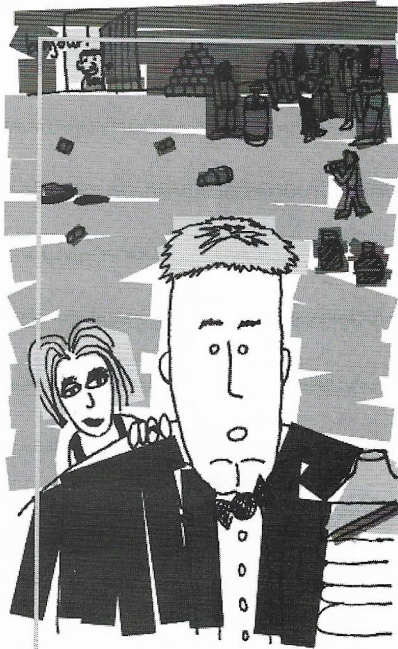
Looks like this guy just proved the old saying: "Clone a nerd, have a booring time at prom."

What's the surest way to have a good time at Prom?



Here's a hint, Santos: Try being ALIVE!

That's it for the lighter side of Prom, folks. See you next time!



Where Is The Party At?

by Jake Anderson, Chappie High quarterback

The After-Party

Yeah, the prom was pretty cool, especially considering me and my teammates got drunk beforehand. Angela was a pretty cool date and we had fun dancing, but the after-party is where it's at. You see, everyone is invited to the prom, but no geeks are allowed in the after-party. Especially no nerdwads in the French Club. I hate them, and tonight I want to drink and be in a nerdwad-free environment. So here I am at one of my teammate's place upstate on the lake, and it's pretty cool. But still, I see that nurd fart clodhopper Andrew "Gargly" Gargle coming in the door—and I guess that's my cue to leave with my teammates, to a more exclusive place.

The After-After-Party

Yeah, me and the guys (and Angela too) went to a little hideaway across the Canadian border to drink and have fun; no geeky gimpwumps will be able to get here, unless of course they have proof of Canadian citizenship. Just like a dumbass nordwark from the AP Physics class to forge Canadian citizenship, though, so I'm keeping my eyes peeled. Heck, I'm Jake Anderson. I scored five touchdowns in a single quarter once. I can spot a pimplybottom nunderfarth from a mile away—and guess what? Charlie "Smelly" Smellson just walked in the door—I hate that guy. He only got across the border because his stinky uncle is a Mountie. I can't deal with it; me and a few guys are blowing this joint and are going to head up north to a more exclusive spot.



The After-After-After-Party

It's getting cold now in the icy tundra of the Saskatchewan. But at least the geeks aren't here; you see, choad-breath funkousers can't stand the cold like the cool guys can. I give a snodgrass asstickler three minutes in this cold before he freezes to death. Angela didn't want to come, but that's fine with me. I caught her and her friends singing at an old-age home yesterday, and as everyone knows that is jacknied with a capital 'J.' I knew she was a geek. So here I am with three of my friends in the cold wilderness, drinking moosejuice and huddling together to conserve warmth. The wind is picking up and Joe-ball just killed and gutted our horse. We'll be taking turns sleeping inside the horses but that's the price you have to pay if you want to avoid all the jibblyfopped assmunchers.



final goodbyes

Sally walks into homeroom a week before graduation.

Sally: Hey Marty, how was your weekend?

Marty: You're amazing. Don't ever change.

Sally: Thanks, that's really sweet.

Marty: Mexico was killer. Call me this summer.

Sally: Well, ok. I didn't realize you felt that way.

Marty: Fifth period English ruled! I can't believe Mr. Parson's hair!

Sally: Well, he is kind of bald, but I don't see what that has to do with you asking me out.

Marty: I can't believe it's already over!

Sally: What's over? We haven't even gone on a date yet.

Marty: You always seemed like a cool girl. Good luck next year.

Sally: Fine. I'm kind of busy this weekend anyway.

Marty: I'll never forget that time Bobby started that fire in Chem.

Sally: Sure, whatever.

Marty: K.I.T.

Sally: Asshole.

Sally: I just had the weirdest conversation with Marty.

Jenny: Have a great summer.

Sally: Thanks, I plan on it.

Jenny: Don't forget to write next year.

Sally: I thought we were going to the mall after school. Anyway, Marty is such a jerk.

Jenny: You're such a sweetie. I'm so glad we got to know each other.

Sally: Um, thanks. Are you listening to anything I'm saying?

Jenny: Check out the hot pic of Jake on page 43!

Sally: What the hell are you talking about?

Jenny: B.F.F.

[Sally walks away disgusted]

CHAPPIE HIGH CLASS OF 1996
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



Stanford University Undergraduate Application

Name Skip Hansen

3. Talk about an experience that has shaped your life. What did you learn? How has this experience changed you as a student and a human being?

There are several many things which can be learned from participating in High School sports, namely soccer. Several of these which I will discuss within the brief confines of this essay include discipline, teamwork, humility, and the value of hard work.

First, coach Fernandez teaches you discipline. I work hard-- even when I don't want to. For example: coach once had us run lines after a three-hour practice-- and I did. I was tired, I ached, and I was fairly angry-- but I did it anyway. This is because-- of the discipline.

My teammates and I also came to understand the tightly woven fabric of teamwork personally. By definition, soccer is a team sport. And by definition, I played soccer. Therefore, I was on a team, which worked together via teamwork. Hence, teamwork, a valuable lesson I learned. This conclusion is inevitable, and I will never forget it: team members use teamwork, and teamwork makes a team. I enjoy being a team player, and an implication of this aspect of myself is that I will work very well in groups in college.

In addition, I very well know what humility is thanks to soccer (and some bad calls) first hand. We lost four times in the pre-season, and coach told us to "stay up" anyway-- so I did. I was humble, and I stayed up, and I persevered (as a team). It was because of this humility, and not because of those bad calls, that we went to the playoffs even though our pre-season record was lousy. I hope the same thing happens in college.

Lastly, soccer taught me what the value of hard work is: pride. It's not a used car from mom and dad for decent grades, or recognition from girls, or even getting out of sixth period on game days. It is, quite simply, pride. When you work hard, then you can be proud of items like six goals, 8 assists, and a decent Whitmont league record. Does hard work have value? The answer is a unanimous "yes". Thus, I will work hard in college.

In conclusion, because I have played Bears soccer I feel that I am an excellent candidate for your class of 2000. With no further ado, let's review the facts, shall we? I am disciplined, possess understandings of teamwork and humility, and fully comprehend why it is good to work hard (because of the pride). While humility and pride may seem to contradict one another, I can assure you that these two adversarial enemies have declared a truce within me, a truce that will ensure my success in college. I know that in college, even when your "goalie" has the "flu", you "stay in" and "avoid" the "red card".

4. What kind of qualities would you value most in a potential roommate? Why would you seek out these particular qualities?

**Isn't it
about time
somebody
made a
website?**



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We made a website.