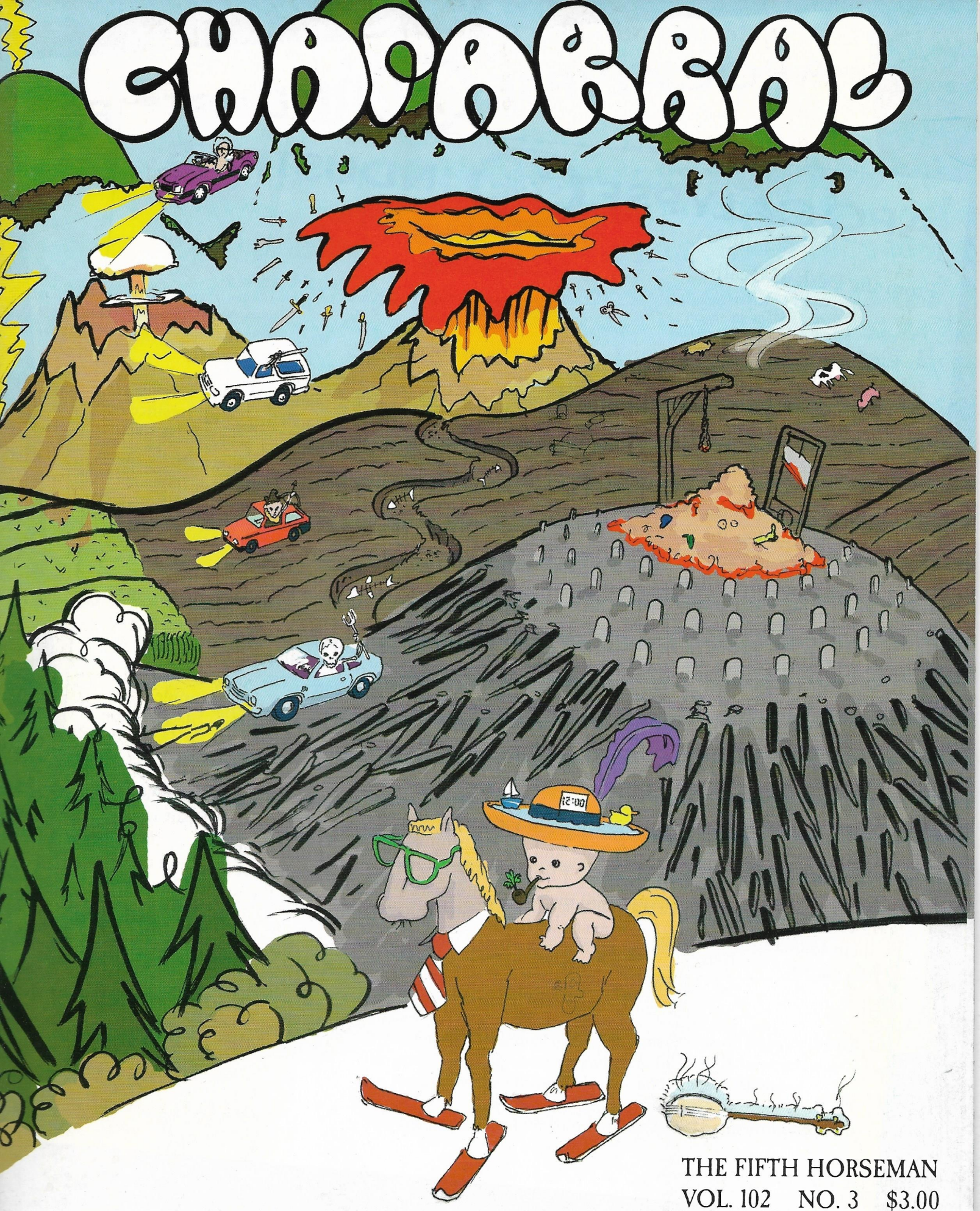


CHAPARRAL



THE FIFTH HORSEMAN
VOL. 102 NO. 3 \$3.00

APOCALYPSE INDUSTRIES

From the Desk of Death

APOCALYPSE INDUSTRIES

From the Desk of Death

To: Famine, War
Subject: Pestilence

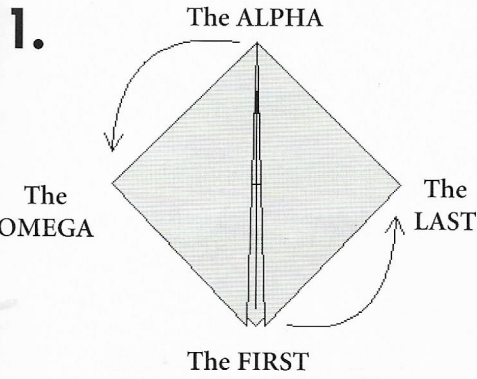
Hey guys. First off, sorry about this recent rash of memos, but 'tis the season, right? I'm sending this memo to feel out what sort of job you think Pestilence is doing. I know he's been with us since The Beginning, but I don't think I've been the only one noticing the poor quality of his recent work. Granted, this is a business of ebbs and flows, but ever since Penicillin it seems like he just threw in the towel. It's not like the rest of us have had it easy: War had to deal with some tough times at Versailles and Yalta, and Famine really had to hustle to keep up with increasing agricultural productivity. So how many more "Jonas Salk wasn't the end of the world" conversations do we have to have with him before he gets back on the horse, so to speak?

This isn't the quality of work I have come to expect from Pestilence. Back when we all founded Apocalypse Industries, he was a hot, young firebrand. Sometimes I wonder where the Pestilence of old is hiding himself. Is the love still there? The Pestilence who killed 25 million people in five years with the Bubonic Plague deserves one-fourth of the Earth to devastate. The Willy Loman of a Horseman who aimlessly wanders the office halls with a briefcase—empty but for an apple and a calendar from 1934—and writes "Fuck Louis Pasteur" on his hand, doesn't even deserve the nameplate on his desk.

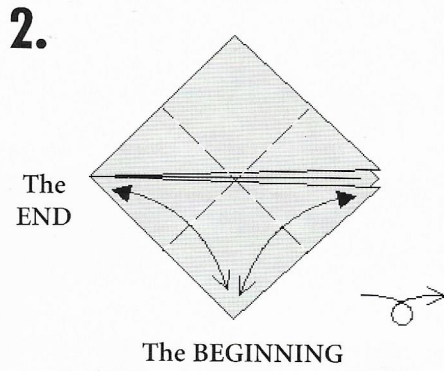
There are plenty of ambitious Sufferings out there eager to take his place—just this morning, I got résumés from Blight, General Malaise and a very promising young Psychological Disorder That Makes Teenage Girls Cut Themselves. I feel it is time to make it clear that a mention in the Bible doesn't translate into a free ride until the End of all Ends. We should demand results, and demand them soon. But, you know, I'm open to having my mind changed, so let me know your thoughts on the matter.

—Death

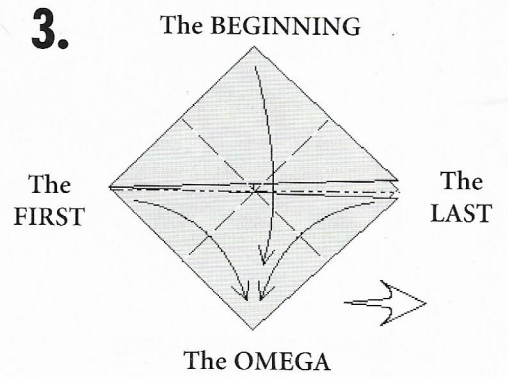
The Origami Fourth Horseman: Ten Easy Steps



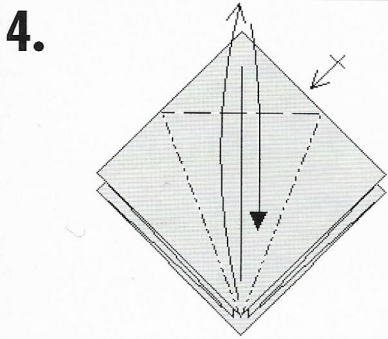
I am the Alpha and the Omega. Carefully fold the Alpha to the Omega along the center crease. Then, fold the First to the Last.



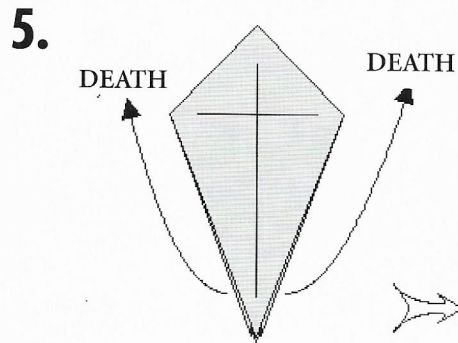
You forgot to fold the Beginning to the End. Do so now.



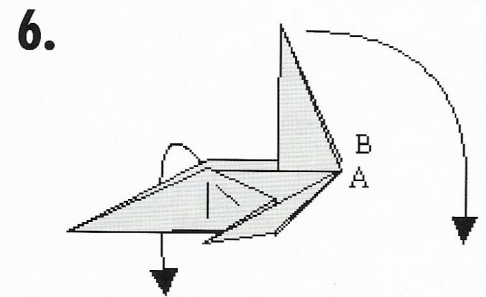
Now, along the center crease, fold the First, the Beginning and the Last to the Omega. Make a sink fold along the left corner, then await the sounds of the Seven Thunders and the Four Woes.



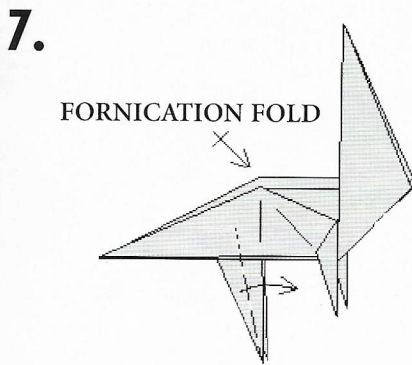
Now, outside reverse fold the bottom corner. Then, quickly hide your face from the Wrath of the Lamb.



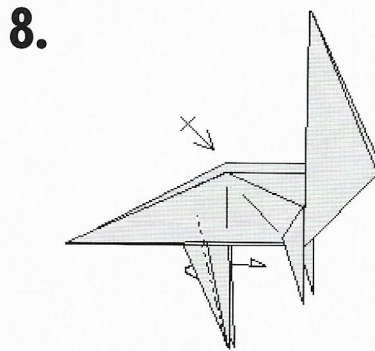
Now, you will seek Death but will not find it; you will long to die, but Death will flee from you.



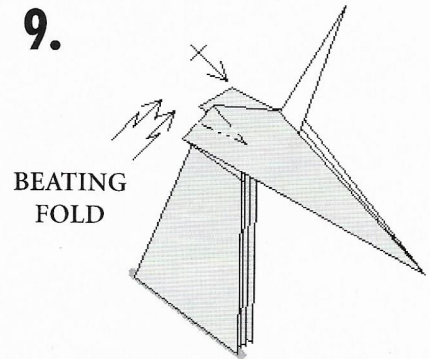
Be very careful with this rabbit fold, or the stars will fall to the Earth as the fig tree drops its winter fruit when shaken by a gale.



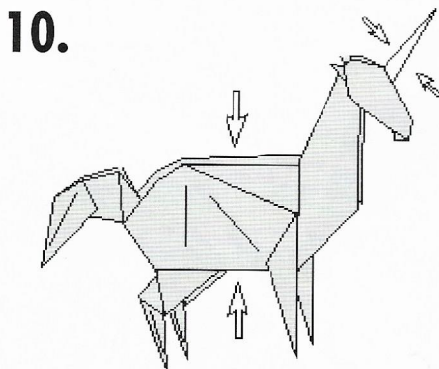
You're a virgin, right? This doesn't work for fornicators. For the LORD will punish the whoremongers and the fornicators.



Did we mention that the LORD will spray the ground with the black blood of fornicators?



Now, do a crimp fold along the outer edge, carefully beating your swords into ploughshares. Repent of your fornications!



If you finished with the Fourth Horseman, you will be saved by the grace of a compassionate and merciful God. If, however, you are finished with a unicorn, you love and practice falsehood.

You will be punished for your heedless and wanton fornications!

STANFORD

Chaparral

MARCH

1948

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The Stanford Chaparral

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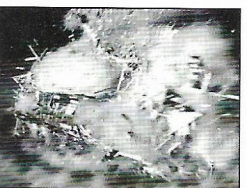
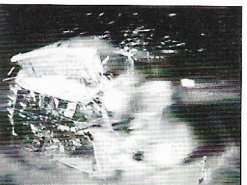
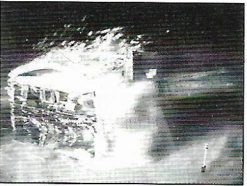
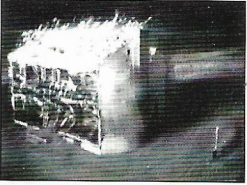
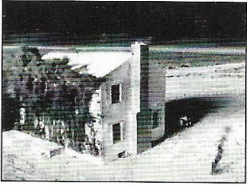
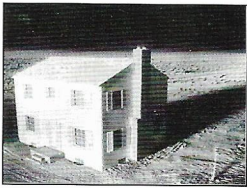
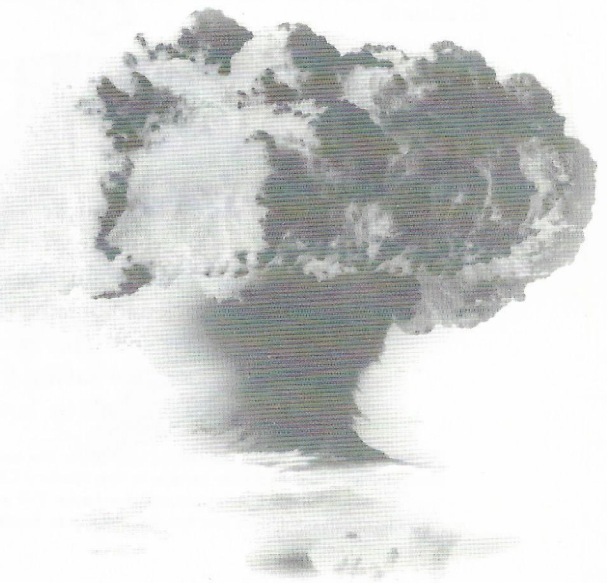


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If I Could	Herman & Montegut
Ways to Get Kicked Out	Huetter
Steve Stonerock	Herman & Montegut
Once and Future Dairy Queen	Bender
When God is Around	Herman & Montegut
Unimpressive Harbingers	Ackerman-Brimberg
Apocalypse Intern	Huetter
One Horse, Two Horse.....	Herman & Montegut, Schaeffer



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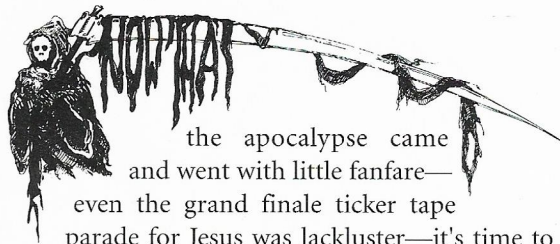
MATT PEARL '98

THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

ALL.

REFLECTIONS



the apocalypse came and went with little fanfare—even the grand finale ticker tape parade for Jesus was lackluster—it's time to sit back and breathe a long sigh of relief. This Old Boy suggests you light up one of those cigarettes you've been saving for just the right post-coital moment. Let's be honest: you clearly didn't have

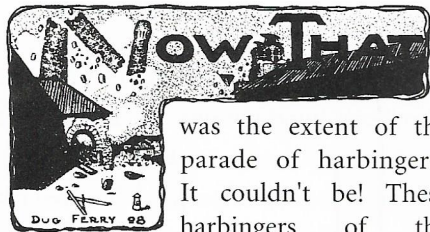
too many such moments, or it would have been *your* blood flooding the streets of this millennial Gomorrah.

Yep, this Old Boy was just as surprised as you to find out that the Christians were right after all. Who would have thought it? It was so obvious, so telegraphed, so trite. This Old Boy called his bookie at the unlocking of the first seal, and put his money on the underdogs: Vegas was paying out 10:1 on the Jews, 15:1 on the Muslims, and a 100:1 long shots on all Asian religions combined. When

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the Old Boy heard that he had crapped out, he wanted to grab God by the lapels of his fashionable Nehru jacket and demand some accountability. The Christians can't win! The front-runners never prevail! Have you never seen a movie? Have you never heard the term "Hollywood ending"?

But, as you might have guessed, it was no use debating the finer points of narrative style with the guy—when it comes down to it, he's just an unabashed realist—so this Old Boy cut his losses and sat back to watch the ensuing melee. The Old Boy found the spectacle a tawdry embarrassment. Those in charge had apparently contracted out the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade planners for the event, so the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse were forced to relinquish their horses in favor of cartoonish horse-floats. The Horsemen themselves were also a sad bunch: Blight was shamelessly draped in white, long after Labor Day; War was shabbily clad in a red terry cloth bathrobe; Famine clearly missed the issue of *Elle* that sounded the death knell for Heroin Chic; and finally, Death looked, well, a little pale.



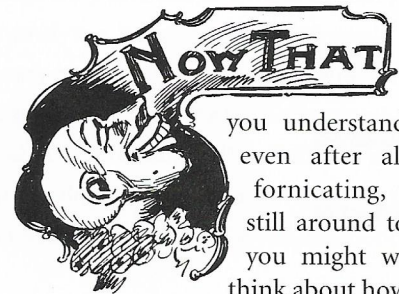
was the extent of the parade of harbingers? It couldn't be! These harbingers of the apocalypse were cultural icons! They played

an integral role in the psychological life of the world: they furnished the drama, the suspense, the fear, the punitive caprice of sadistic warlords. They were the personifications of our deepest anxieties, the people who gave palpable shape to the deep, frothing chasm inside. And here they were reduced to mere caricatures of harbingers—soft, cuddly, consumer-friendly harbingers who harbinged *little to nothing at all*. There was something terribly, terribly amiss here.

This Old Boy knew that he had to act, and act fast. So he jumped out of his lawn chair, saddled up an old stubborn mule, and rode directly into the heart of the fray. But this Old Boy knew he couldn't read from their harbinging scripts of old—he had to come up with something of his own, and fast. He didn't have any fire and he was saving his last little bits of sulfur and brimstone for personal use.

But he also didn't jibe with their archetypal roles. The Old Boy is a redemptive figure, not a damning one. So when he stepped up to the plate as the newly christened FIFTH HORSEMAN of the apocalypse, he knew that his mission was to replace the hailstorms of spiked boards, locust-baths, and shovel-toting demiurges with cartoonish monkeys, tiny dancing bears and clumsy, absent-minded robots. The Old Boy, champion of the otherwise unredeemed, would situate himself among the other horsemen as the stinging rebuke to the pomposity of the sanctimonious. The Fifth Horseman will swing by your house after it has been marked as impure,

faithless and unrepentant, and sandblast that marker away. The Old Boy doesn't want to castigate you for your profligate fornications or wine-in-a-box drinking habits, he wants to encourage them. Now this Fifth Horseman won't tolerate any wanton hedonism, but he will pick you up off the scorched ground and tell you that, after all is said and done, you're going to be okay. The apocalypse is all hype and no substance. Blackening of the sky? A cheap David Copperfield gag. An Earth-shattering armageddon between Good and Evil? Maybe for Isaiah, but he was all hopped up at the time. An infinitely loving Jesus? He's not a bad guy, if you speak Farsi.



you understand why, even after all that fornicating, you're still around to chat, you might want to think about how to fill your post-apocalyptic days. This Old Boy recommends that you assemble a mobile crew of technology-savvy cyberpunks with motorcycles to start a vigilante gang in the Australian outback. Find Tina Turner, reach beyond the Thunderdome, do what you want, but do something! The Fifth Horseman has granted you a comedic reprieve from the fiery and sulfurous punishments of a vengeful God, so make this post-apocalypse, a gift from this Old Boy to you, a good one.

BETTER TAKE
MY MEDICINE!

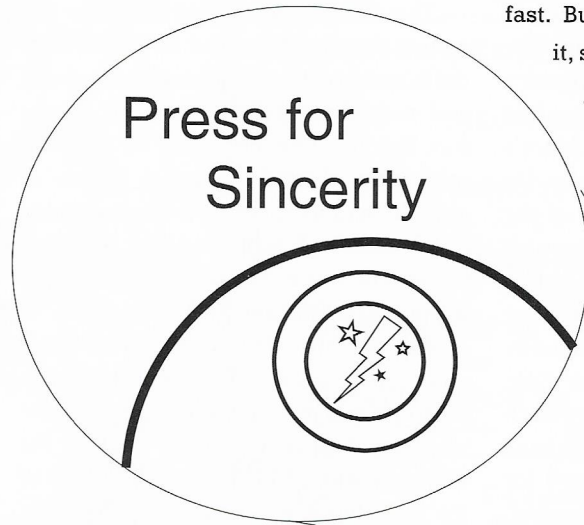


if i could

If there were a late night television informational commercial that sold a knife that when stabbed into someone would incite sincerity, I would gladly watch that show, and buy that knife, and stab you in your insincere heart. Damn it, I love you that much. Don't ask me why; I just do.

If there were a condom that I could use that when placed on my penis turned back time on my penis and prevented it from entering your sister, I swear Leslie, I swear to God, I would put that condom on. But there just isn't that condom, so we've got to get through this, you know? Our love is all the magic time traveling condom we've got.

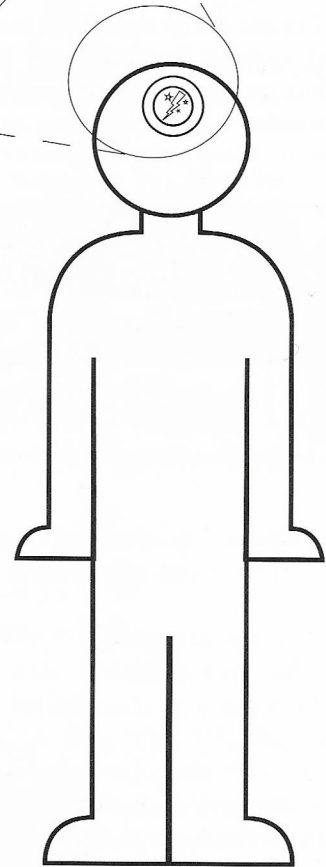
If there were a button that I could push, that would take the ugly from your face and replace it with beauty, I would do it; I would push that button so fast. But there's no button, and I can't push it, so we've got to make do, baby. You've just got to wear this bag. This bag is all the magic ugly removing beauty inducing button we've got.

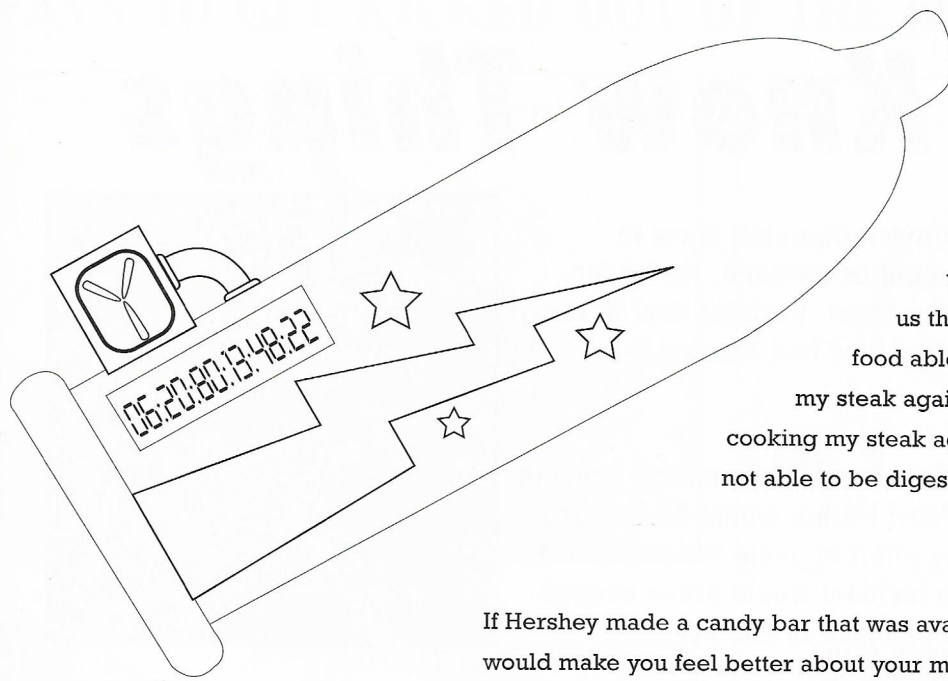


If there were a puppy that I could buy you that would eat all this hate that I feel for you, and crap it out in the neighbors' yard so we wouldn't have to deal with it ever, ever again, and when they would come to the door I would not answer or if I answered I would say that our dog died, baby, I would buy that puppy so fast and feed it all this hate and let it into the backyard and let it crap and I would lie, I swear honey, I would lie to our neighbors, Leslie, I would do it. But I can't honey, there just ain't enough magic hate eating puppies in the world. This hand sweeping the dinner you made me off of the table and onto the floor is all the hate devouring puppy we've got.

If there were a sincerity button that I could push, I swear, I would push it, I want to be so sincere to you so badly, but I don't have that button; I just don't. So I've got to patronize you baby, because my patronizing you is all the sincerity button we've got.

If there were a machine that I could switch on and drive our son to soccer practice in, I swear Leslie, I promise, I would steal that machine this instant and would switch into high gear and would drive and drive and drive until Josh was at soccer practice, on time even. But baby, sweetie, there just isn't a machine to switch on and drive him in, not to soccer practice, not to anywhere, so I've just got to take this ice pick, and I've just got to make do and drive it into Josh's soccer ball, because like it our not, baby, and you know I don't like it, this ice pick is all the magic on/off take us places machine we've got.

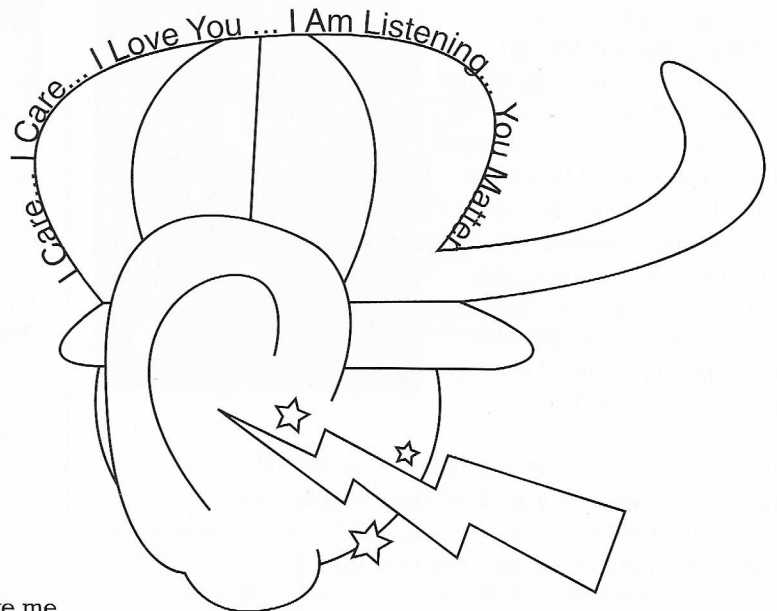




If there were a seasoning that I could create for you, a seasoning that would make this terrible food you made taste better, so I could choke it down, oh my God my lovely, I would lie, cheat, and steal to get that precious spice into your hands. But Leslie, we could argue all night and that wouldn't bring us that fantastic spice that would make this awful food able to be swallowed, so girl, you've just got to cook my steak again, because damn it, in this crazy world, you cooking my steak again is all the magic makes food that once was not able to be digested digestable seasoning that we've got.

If Hershey made a candy bar that was available for purchase at a local grocery store that would make you feel better about your mother dying, honey, you know I would sprint to the ends of the earth to get to that local grocery store and pay all the money I have to get you that candy bar made by Hershey so you could feel better about your mother dying, you know me and you know I would do it, Leslie. But damm it all to hell, Hershey just doesn't make that candy bar, so we've just got to fight and claw to get through this, you with me, darling? Because right now, my watching "Everybody Loves Raymond" is all the emotion repairing candy bar we've got.

If there were a hat that I could put on and make me care about what you are talking about, I swear, I would put that hat on so fast you wouldn't believe it, baby, but that hat just doesn't exist; it's just not for sale at any retail store. So we've got to make do, we've got to take what we can get. Your shutting up is all the magic sympathy attention granting hat we've got.

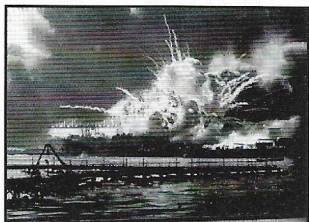


If there were a pill that I could take that would make me more ambitious and attractive to employers you know, I would swallow that pill so fast, you know I would, Leslie you know me. But no matter how many drug stores we go to, we just aren't going to find that pill, so we've got to make do with the hand the good Lord dealt us, and take what we can get. Damn it, watching television all afternoon and then demanding sex from you when you get home from work is all the magic employment pill we've got.

Roosevelt and Churchill:

They Knew Things

Towards the end of World War II, Winston Churchill knew in advance that the city of Coventry would be bombed. He let the bombing and subsequent civilian deaths occur, deciding that it was better war strategy not to let on that the Allies had cracked the German code until late in the war.

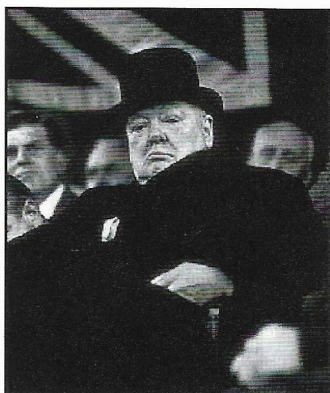


In 1941, President Franklin Roosevelt knew in advance that Pearl Harbor would be bombed, but he made no effort to avoid the casualties, hoping that the incident would prove enough to get the U.S. involved in the war.



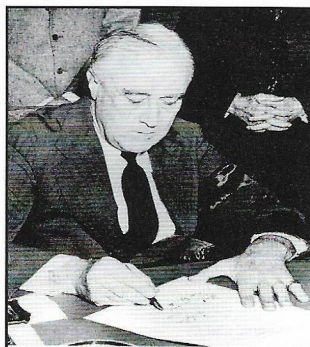
In 1963, President Roosevelt knew in advance that Kennedy would be assassinated. He allowed the assassination to take place, knowing that Kennedy would be succeeded by V.P. Lyndon Johnson, who would get us involved in the Vietnam war, a war that would become so well known that almost every single American has heard of it before.

In the early 1980s, Prime Minister Churchill allowed Margaret Thatcher to be elected Prime Minister, knowing in advance that she was a woman. He let this election take place with the knowledge that, with womankind weakened by stagnation and complacency, men would eventually increase their power tenfold, possibly even gaining the most elusive prize of all, immortality.



In 1996, President Roosevelt knew in advance that ABC planned to cancel "Grace Under Fire." He allowed the cancellation to take place, knowing that 3 years later, ABC would need that time slot to run its fabulously successful game show, "Who Wants to be a Millionaire," and that many people would indeed want to be millionaires.

In the summer of 2000, President Roosevelt allowed forest fires to rage across Montana, knowing that some seeds need fire to germinate. President Roosevelt is widely considered to be the greatest living ecologist.



In 1930, President Roosevelt knew in advance that Marlboro cigarettes would cause lung cancer and emphysema, but he allowed them to be produced anyway, knowing that their full-bodied flavor and rich aroma would provide endless satisfaction for generations of young smokers.

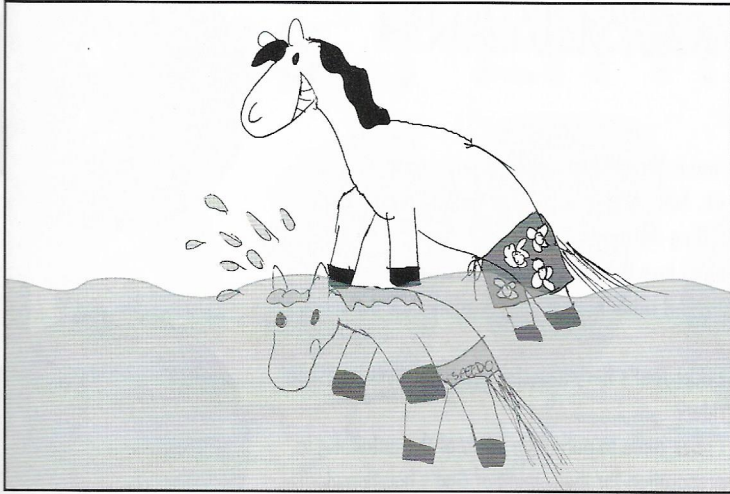
In 1968, President Roosevelt knew in advance that Martin Luther King, Jr. would be assassinated, but he allowed it to occur. Afterwards, this was universally denounced as a remarkably poor decision.

A few years ago, President Roosevelt knew that a gang of East Coast thugs planned to murder Tupac. He allowed the murder to take place, knowing that it would give him and fellow representatives of the West Side good reason to off Biggie. Later, President Roosevelt would exchange gunshots with producer and performing artist Sean "Puffy" Combs.

For much of the 1990s, Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt would drive around the streets of Detroit at night in a low profiling Impala with the headlights off. If a passing motorist flashed his brights at them, they would follow the person home and cut them with butterfly knives.

Sometimes, Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt solicit prostitutes. Later, they burn them with matches.

WAYS TO GET KICKED OUT OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN

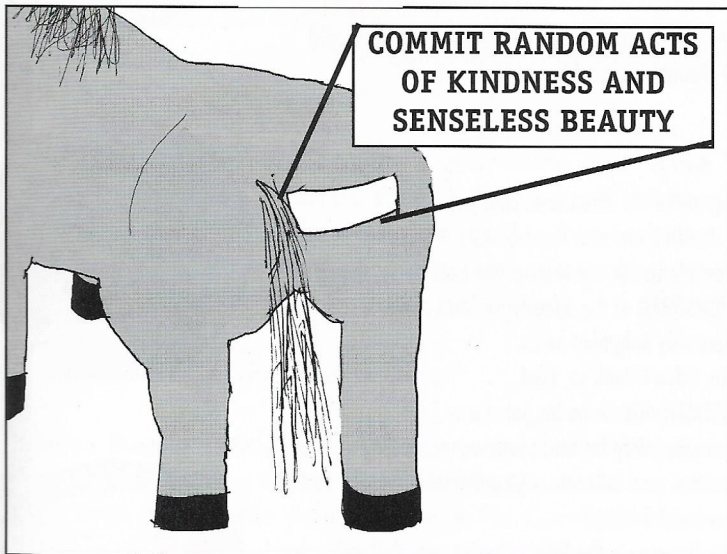


Horseplay.



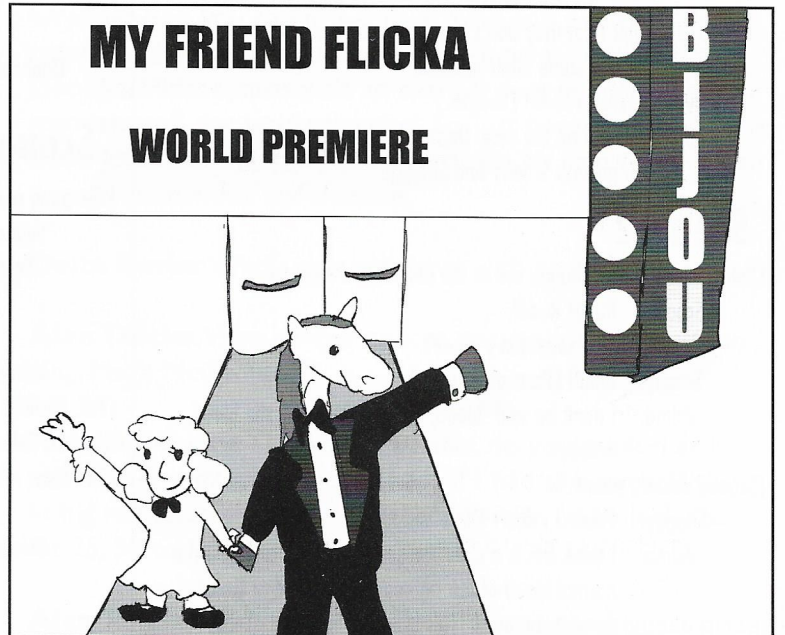
SERIOUSLY, YOU GUYS
CAN JUST CALL ME
SPECKLES.

Request a nickname.



COMMIT RANDOM ACTS
OF KINDNESS AND
SENSELESS BEAUTY

Wear bumper stickers.

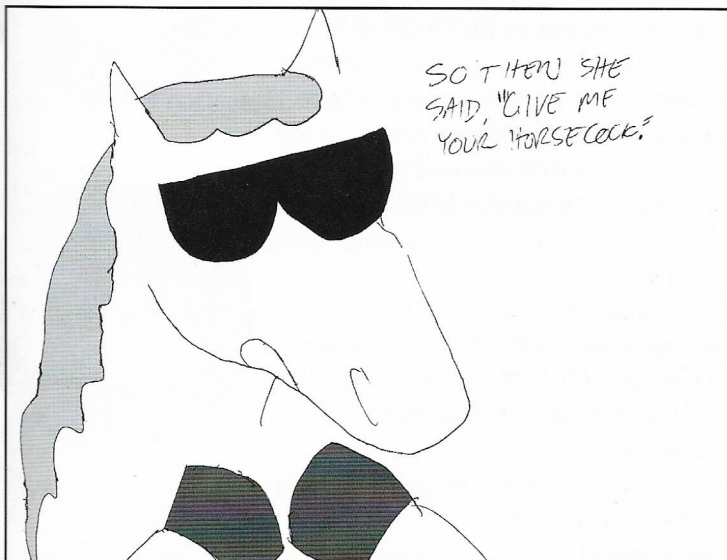


MY FRIEND FLICKA

WORLD PREMIERE

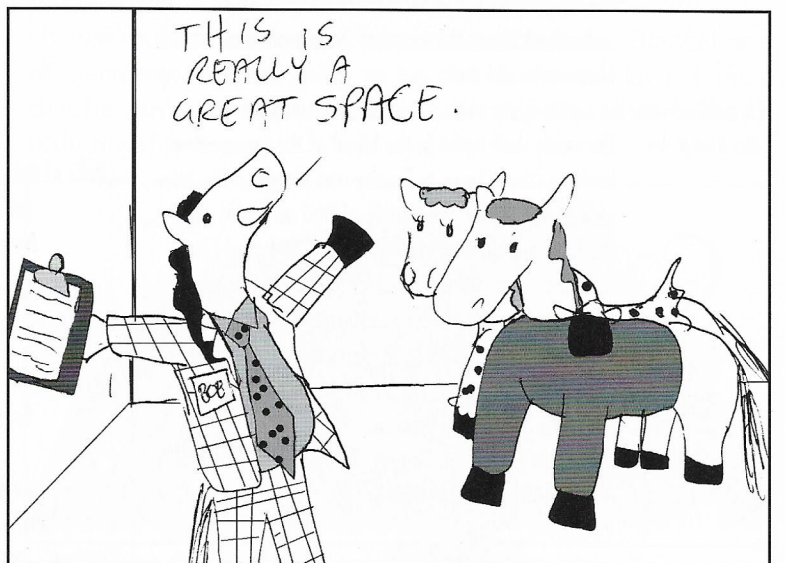
BIJOU

Take acting gigs.



SO THEN SHE
SAID, "GIVE ME
YOUR HORSECOCK."

Use the word "horsecock." Horses do not do this.



THIS IS
REALLY A
GREAT SPACE.

Take a part-time job.

SCOOBY-DOO!

AND THE FOURTH HORSEMAN

Scene 1

[The gang comes back to Velma's house from the bowling alley.]

Shaggy: Zoinks! Look at Velma's lawn! Someone burned a cross into it!

Fred: It must have been those meanies, the Ku Klux Klan.

Daphne: But Velma's not black or Jewish!

Scooby: Rack ror Rewish!

[Gang laughs.]

Fred: The Klan hates other kinds of people, too, Daphne.

Velma: Jinkies! This wasn't the work of the Klan.

Fred: How do you know, Velma?

Velma: If you look closely, you can see that this earth isn't just burnt, it's actually scorched. And if I know the Klan, which I think I do, they don't have the know-how to scorch. No, this was some other menace.

Scooby: Rorched rearth! [Laughs.]

Fred: Let's get on the case. Daphne, you come with me. Velma, you go with Scooby and Shaggy.

Scene 2

[Velma, Scooby and Shaggy are at the abandoned carnival.]

Scooby: Rudd! Rudd!

Shaggy: Find somethin', Scoob?

Scooby: Rudd! [Runs other way.]

Velma: I think he said "blood," Shaggy. Where's the blood, Scooby?

[Scooby shakes, points.]

Shaggy: Zoinks! I don't like blood.

Velma: I think this is a clue. You see, this blood isn't just the normal blood of the righteous, the blood of God's servants on earth. This blood is the blood of the unrepentant sinner, the blood that will flow like a raging river on judgment day for all the world's Sodomites! This is the blood of the blasphemer! I think I know who did this...

[A masked rider on a pale horse rides up, cloaked in smoke.]

Masked Rider: The earth shall bathe in the blood of the unrepentant heathen. You! [Turns to Scooby and Shaggy.] You have abused your body, the temple of God on earth, with the false euphoria of Scooby Snacks. And you! [Turns to Velma.] You are the worst of the Sodomites who thwart God's gifts of glorious procreation! All of you shall burn like timbers in the fiery dungeon that is the afterlife of the sinner. [Rides off.]

Shaggy: So it WAS the Klan! I knew it.

Velma: That wasn't the Klan, Shaggy. That was THE FOURTH HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE.



Scene 3

[Fred and Daphne are in the old abandoned hourly rate motel.]

Fred: Oh, baby. You're so good at sniffing for my clues!

Daphne: Riffing ror rues!

Fred: And I love it when you do your Scooby voice.

[THE FOURTH HORSEMAN rides in. Fire and Brimstone hail down upon Fred and Daphne.]

Fred: Ouch! That's fiery brimstone! Who are you, masked rider?

Masked Rider: I have come to purge the earth of the unfaithful in preparation for the coming of God's holy kingdom. Your wanton promiscuity has marked you for death as the LORD said to St. John at Patmos. Your blood will be spilled onto the ground as we purify the earth!

Daphne: I thought you said this was okay, Fred.

Scene 4

[The gang meets up at the old abandoned church.]

Velma: I think I know who the culprit is!

Fred: Yes, it's Death, the rider of the pale horse, the FOURTH HORSEMAN of the apocalypse. He's come to rain down heavenly judgment on us.

Velma: No, I don't think so, Fred.

[THE FOURTH HORSEMAN rides in on his pale horse.]

Masked Rider: Are you ready for God's holy vengeance?

[The Rider rides forward, and falls into a giant horsetrap rigged up by Fred and Scooby.]

Velma: [Walks over to the Rider, who is trapped. Puts her hand on his head.] You see, the REAL FOURTH HORSEMAN immolates the iniquitous instantly in a ray of pure holy flame. If this was really the FOURTH HORSEMAN, we would have been killed for our grievous transgressions of substance abuse, sexual deviance and profligacy immediately. No, this kind of loving patience and hope for the repentance of the sinner could only have come from one person, the true LAMB OF GOD.

[Pulls of the mask.]

Fred: [Gasp] Jesus!

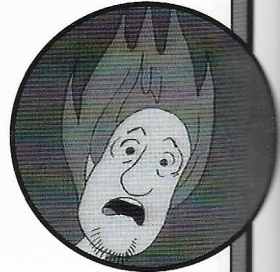
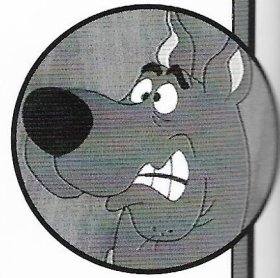
Jesus: You darned kids! Yes, it's me, Jesus. I was trying to scare you kids out of the heresy that is so offensive in the eyes of the LORD by faking an apocalypse. And I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids!

Fred: Looks like we have some more time to have some fun before the REAL apocalypse!

Scooby: Real Rapocalypse!

[Gang laughs. Scooby and Shaggy eat Scooby Snacks. Fred takes Daphne's hand. Velma also takes Daphne's hand.]

[Closing credits.]



A Telethon: Love 4 Little Jeffie Hitler



Alan Thicke: Thanks for staying with us, folks. We're in our thirteenth hour, but we're still going strong. The reason? A little boy named Hitler, Little Jeffie Hitler, is in the fight of his life.

Delta Burke: Can you imagine if your name was "Steve Shark"? Or maybe "Albert Cancer"? Or perhaps "Michael Herpes-Cobra"? Yes, that would be terrible. No one likes sharks, or cancer, or herpes-cobras. If your last name was Cancer, how would people treat you?

Andrew McCarthy: Poorly, Delta?

Delta Burke: That's right, Andrew, very poorly. Your life would be one long string of insults. People would say things like, "We don't serve your kind here, Mr. Cancer," and turn away in disgust based on widespread prejudices against cancer. You would have to buy your groceries in small Korean bodegas where the people wouldn't know what "cancer" meant. You would be afraid to stop at stop lights, knowing that your "CANCER1" vanity plate would draw barrages of rocks and other missiles.

Robert Guillaume: If you can imagine that, then realize this: the average person hates Hitler almost 350 times as much as they hate cancer. Granted, this number varies with the type of cancer—people are far more tolerant of skin cancers than they are of ovarian or testicular cancers—but the ratio of 350 to 1 is widely accepted. That's not all. The average person hates Hitler nearly 500 times more than sharks or cobras. The number drops to 300 to 1 for herpes-cobras, but I think you get the point. Life's not easy when your name is Little Jeffie Hitler.

Ally Sheedy: Not easy is right. And what can Little Jeffie do to fight back? Did you know that if your surname is Hitler, stringent gun-control regulations will bar you from

purchasing a handgun in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Oregon? And you can just turn around and go home if your name is Hitler and you want a semi-automatic rifle. In Georgia, Hitlers must wait an extra 6 days in addition to the mandatory 5 day waiting period. So, just because his name is Little Jeffie Hitler, Little Jeffie may never be able to purchase a small firearm for self-defense.

Delta Burke: Who's that you have with you, Alan?

Alan Thicke: Why, it's our special guest athlete, home run king, Mark McGwire!

Mark McGwire: Thanks, Alan. Folks, do you think that I could have ever hit 70 home runs if I had the name Hitler in big red letters across my back? No way. I'd be lucky to hit 25, 30 tops.

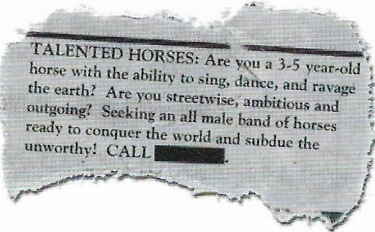
Alan Thicke: And let's not forget perhaps the biggest prize, the dream of every civic-minded youth, the Chancellorship of Germany. In fact, if your name is Hitler, you have no chance to ever, *under any circumstances*, become Chancellor of Germany. Are you going to be the one to tell Little Jeffie that he can't dream of the Chancellorship like all the other little boys? Are you?



A Chappie artist's rendering of the Chancellorship of Germany.

The Making of **4[★]Horses** of the **Apocalypse**

It all started with the following ad in the London Magazine, The Stage, in May, 96 AD:



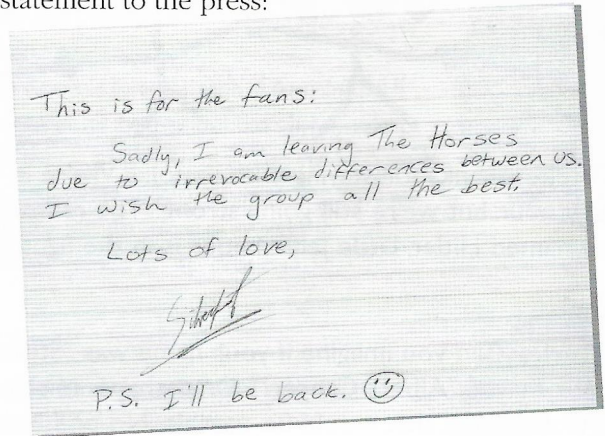
400 horses responded. Only 5 were selected to make history.

Training began in the autumn of the following year. To enhance camaraderie, the five were put up together in a flat just outside of London where they trained everyday.

The horses' manager taught them how to dress, sing and slaughter. But soon a bitter feud erupted between two of the horses, Buddy and Silverfoot, over who would get to be the pale green horse of Death.

The following Spring, the band's first single, "Say You'll Remember Me," sold over 27 million copies in the UK alone and topped the charts in 7 countries, turning them into instant superstars.

However, the fierce rivalry between Silverfoot and the other band members eventually led to Silverfoot's departure from the group in August, 98 AD. He released this statement to the press:



And then there were four. And these are the famous Four Horses of the Apocalypse as we know them now:

HORSE	COLOR	RIDER	TURN-ON
Lucky Star	Red	War	Apples
Zippy	Black	Famine	Famine
Murphy	White	Savior	Honesty
Buddy	Pale green	Death	Hay-breath

In addition to current promotions to the group says it has new projects and high ambitions for the new year.



APOCALYPSE

The Apocalypse isn't supposed to be released until next Friday, but word of mouth and great internet hype have already made it a highly anticipated event. But, as this reviewer found out at a sneak preview, two thousand years of work by a director with an almost James Cameron-sized ego have given us another work of over-produced Hollywood mediocrity.



Barclay, one of the hounds of Hell, stalks his next victim.

the *Evil Dead* movies, including a delightful cameo by Ash of *Army of Darkness*, may delight the indie cognoscenti, but they will baffle the almost religiously fervent devotees of the original biblical source material.

The soundtrack is a challenging mix, ranging from Alice Cooper and black metal favorites Cradle of Filth to the heady grandiosity of the *Dies Irae* chorus of Verdi's *Requiem*. Unfortunately, a love ballad written by Celine Dion especially for the occasion—"Our Love Will Go On, But This Time Without Sinful Fornication"—seems to have been tacked on simply to appeal to the 12-16 year old girl demographic. In fact, the entire ill-conceived romantic subplot, featuring a hellish dog monster and a converted whoremonger, seems contrived for precisely this purpose.

Poor casting decisions have also plagued the project. A short, overweight and very ethnic looking Jesus just won't square with the preconceptions of the audience, and a masculine God is sure to have women's groups up in arms. All in all, a terribly overwrought production from a director we know to expect more of. C+

The makers of this apocalypse faced problems common to all literary adaptations: remaining reasonably loyal to the tear-jerking Oprah selection, "The Book of Revelation," while attempting to put their own artistic stamp on the product. In hopes of making the Apocalypse more "current," they have scraped the bottom of the cultural barrel for obscure film references and campy allusions: oblique references to

• 3:00 am, Robinson Village
In the early morning hour of three, a young man—a thinker, a dreamer—returned to his room, illuminated by thin, mumbling electric lights (for there was no sunshine), alone, only to find that he was not alone. There was another life-form in his room. He had only gone out to go to the lavatory, and now, here it was. This life-form came in the form of a human man—a dark man—an "Afro"-man. His stature was as high as his pride, his eyes as clear as his purpose, and his weight as sure as the rain. The "Afro"-man was gone in an instant, and with him, the hopes and dreams of an entire nation, the innocence of the hour, and one hundred and fifty dollars. A young man had only gone out to go to the lavatory, but had come back... a man.

• 11:19 am, Neihoff Residence
Mrs. Neihoff's cat has been lost, and with it, so much more.

• 4:54 pm, Sunrise Lane
Sunrise Lane was an ironic, yet fitting, backdrop for the incident. Susan Perry, 33, was found lying in the long shadow of the street sign where it had all begun and where it had all come to pieces. She was taken from that thoughtless place, to a local hospital where she was later pronounced devoid of being. Some would say she is free now. Others, though, would say she had been in chains her whole life and now Satan has swallowed the key.

• 6:49 pm, Silvermoon Drive
The suspect's motor vehicle was not gray, but it seemed gray because everything seemed gray that day—ashen faces, leaden hearts, and gray cars. When police arrived on the scene, they knew what they were looking for, just not where to find it. Squinting into the horizon, they wondered where it was. Sterling-plated skies seemed to absorb the hollow roar of a million gray cars which slipped by on the roads, but none of them was the suspect's gray car. The suspect's gray car was gone, for now.

REVELATION

CHAPTER 6

And the LAMB opened the first seal and a white beast of Pestilence emerged bearing a rider with a bow; and then the LAMB opened the second seal and a red beast of War emerged bearing a rider with a glowing sword; and the LAMB opened the third seal and a black horse of Famine emerged bearing a rider with scales; and the LAMB opened the fourth seal and a pale beast of Death emerged bearing a rider with death. And lo, when the LAMB opened the fifth seal the court of the LORD saw that no beast emerged.

And the LAMB called into the darkness of the seal and said "Where goeth the glorious FIFTH HORSEMAN?"

And a small voice came out of the darkness and said "I'm sorry, LAMB, but I am small and unfit to scorch the earth with the other horsemen. Please, go without me. I'll just stay here where I won't be a nuisance to anyone."

And the LAMB said unto the FIFTH HORSEMAN: "No, all the other horsemen want you to join them in their crusade to bathe the earth in the blood of the unholy."

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN said, "No, they don't. They sayeth that only to be nice. They know that I am small and weak and unable to smite the sinner. And my brimstone is old and obsolete and all the other horsemen have that new fancy brimstone."

And the LAMB said to the FIFTH HORSEMAN: "Your brimstone is perfectly stony and brim. And all the angels in heaven know that you are a glorious horseman who is more than able to wreak destruction unto the Sodomites of God's kingdom. Please come join your brethren in avenging blasphemous deed everywhere."

And the LAMB said unto him, "We REALLY want you to come. REALLY."

And the LORD boomed down from atop his kingly throne and said "YES. WE SWEARETH."

And a glorious grayish beast emerged bearing a rider armed with PASSIVE AGGRESSION.

CHAPTER 7

Behold the FIVE HORSEMEN rode out to flame the earth.

And the LAMB said to the LORD, "I always feeleth uncomfortable when that guy is around. It's like I'm always walking on eggshells with him."

And the LORD replied, "Yes, LAMB, I feel like I never doeth the right thing with him."

CHAPTER 8

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN rode into a small village. And he assembled in the square all of the people of the town and he called out in a small, meek, nasal voice and said unto them, "Why do you not fear my wrath, you who have sinned against the LORD?"

And the people, beholding the tall, gray stallion of the LORD, answered him and said, "But we DO fear you, o' glorious rider of the grayish horse."

And he replied unto them and said, "You lie, sinners! You don't really fear me. If you really feared me, you would be casting your jewels and your defamations of the LORD out into the streets, and you would be dressing in sackcloths and ashes. If you really feared me, the FIFTH HORSEMAN, that's what you would be doing."

And the people went out from him and

REVELATION

cast away their jewels and their defamations and returned to the square clothed in sackcloths and ashes and said, "Are you happy now, grayish rider? Do you believe us that we fear you now?"

And the the FIFTH HORSEMAN whined back to them, "No, you just did that because I toldeth you to. You still don't fear me. You believe that I am a laughable horseman ushering in a laughable apocalypse." And the the FIFTH HORSEMAN OF PASSIVE AGRESSION turned around and buried his face in his grayish hands and said unto HIMSELF, "I am a terrible failure and the streets will never flood with the blood of sinners." And he looked over his shoulder and the people were watching.

And the people went into their homes and brought out their sharp knives and they said, "Look, FIFTH HORSEMAN, we fear you. REALLY. WE SWEAR." And they took their sharp knives and plunged them into their own sinner-breasts and the streets ran red with the blood of sinners and the FIFTH HORSEMAN OF PASSIVE AGRESSION was at ease.

CHAPTER 9

So the people of the Earth called out to the FIFTH HORSEMAN and said unto him, "Where are you? For we have not seen your grayish horse in a long time."

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN called back and said "I'm in here, watching television."

And they said unto him, "We are tired of sinning and want to repent so we can rejoice in the rapture of the LORD."

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN said unto them, "What? I did not heareth you. I am watching the television."

And the people, dressed in sackcloth and ashes, approached even closer and said

unto the FIFTH HORSEMAN, "Please instruct us in the ways of the LAMB so we can have a place in the LORD's kingdom."

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN replied, "Please, I am trying to watch the television. I will talk to you later."

And the people wailed and said unto him, "Why don't you care about the suffering and repentance of sinners? We are trying to repent before the LORD."

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN said, "What? I am watching television."

And they said unto him, "You do not care about our problems; you watcheth only the television all day." And the people felt bad about themselves, for they could not please the FIFTH HORSEMAN OF PASSIVE AGRESSION.

CHAPTER 10

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN came unto the other FOUR HORSEMEN and said unto them, "Am I the only person around here who paves a path of destruction, scorching the earth and letting the blood of sinners run like a raging torrent?"

And they said unto him, "We're just taking a break for cigarettes. We'll help you in a minute. Relax."

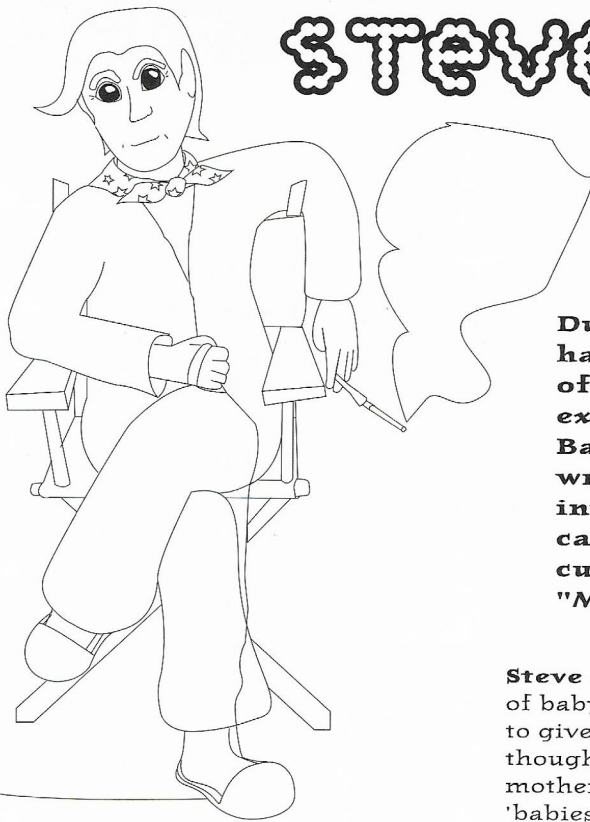
And the FIFTH HORSEMAN called out in a bold voice and said "I am the only HORSEMAN who does anything around here." And he took their flaming cigarettes and made a crown of flaming cigarettes for himself, burning his forehead with their flame.

And the LAMB raised his arms to his sides imitating HIS OWN crucifixion. And the FOUR HORSEMEN laughed.

And the FIFTH HORSEMAN OF PASSIVE AGGRESSION was defeated.

STEVE STONEROCK

Baby Wrangler



During the holiday season, the Chaparral had the pleasure of sitting down with one of the insiders of a relatively unknown, but extremely important Hollywood industry. Baby wrangling, a cousin of animal wrangling, is a must for any project involving infants and/or toddlers. We caught up with Steve Stonerock and his current project, baby Philip, on the set of "My baby? Your baby!"

Steve on wrangling: "What's 'rule number one' of baby wrangling? [throws up hands] I'm not going to give away all my secrets! I'll start with this, though. Don't be shy with the peanut butter. Their mothers will flip because [throws up hands again] 'babies can't digest peanut butter!' Well they can't talk either, and in this game, babies don't get paid to digest, they get paid to talk."

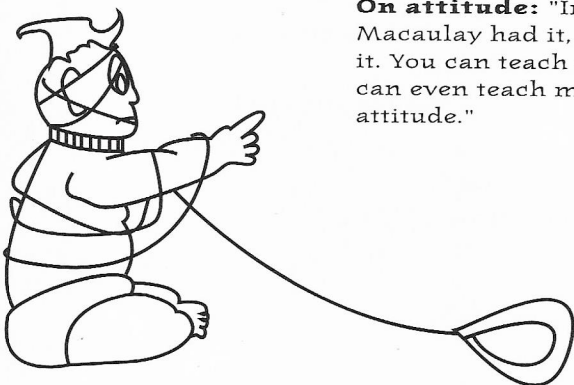
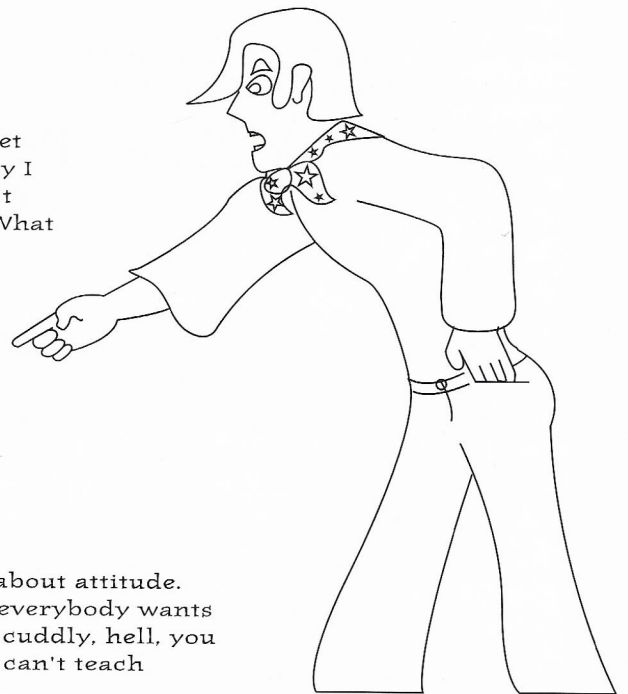
On potty training: "What's a good age to PT? If I had my way, never. Once they can do their own bidet, honey, it's over. Don't let the door hit you on the ... [slaps own rear end]. You think Jodie Foster would be such a princess if she was still a Nell?"

On parents: "Don't get me started on the mothers. Let me just say this, let me just say this. I never met a baby I couldn't wrangle, and I never met a mother I wouldn't strangle. You like that? You can use it, it's not mine. What am I saying, of course it's mine!"

On rumors: "Do I use tranquilizers? Have I used tranquilizers? I'm supposed to answer that? Show me one wrangler, ONE WRANGLER who hasn't. The public wants big grins and shiny eyes, and that's what they f---ing get. Have I cut 'ludes with glazed beets and fed it to a baby? That's the wrong question. Does Steve Stonerock get results? Yes."

On attitude: "In this game, it's all about attitude. Macaulay had it, Philip's got it, and everybody wants it. You can teach cute, you can teach cuddly, hell, you can even teach manic, but baby, you can't teach attitude."

On success: "A lot of wranglers come into the business thinking they're going to be working the Huggies, the Michelins, all the big boys right away. You've got to start in the sticks. I tell them, 'start in the sticks, do some day care, do some Penney's portrait work, do the Santa sittings that no one will touch.' Do they listen? Of course not, everybody wants Gerber. Well news flash sweetie, Steve Stonerock's got Gerber and you don't."



What tampon lovers are saying about

Pampers...



"My little Taylor just loves the wings on New Pampers Ultra with Wings."

"Jason is really active, and doesn't always have time to stop and change his diaper, so Pampers Ultra Scented To Go are perfect."

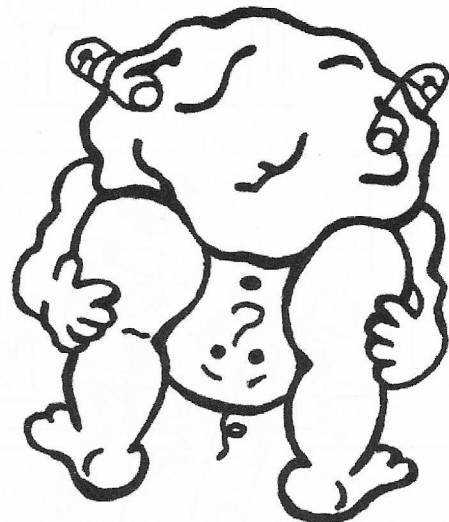
"Bradley is just one of those boys who has really heavy flow. So Ultra Thin just wasn't the diaper for him. But we wanted to stay with Pampers after they had worked so well for his sister, so we did a little bit of testing, and found that the Stayfree Deoderant with Four Wall Protection was just what we needed."

"Kaylee was really shy to begin with, and even more so after the incident on her Nana's white couch. But now she's as free and confident as her Pampers Contours with Wings. If a diaper has a positive attitude, this is it."

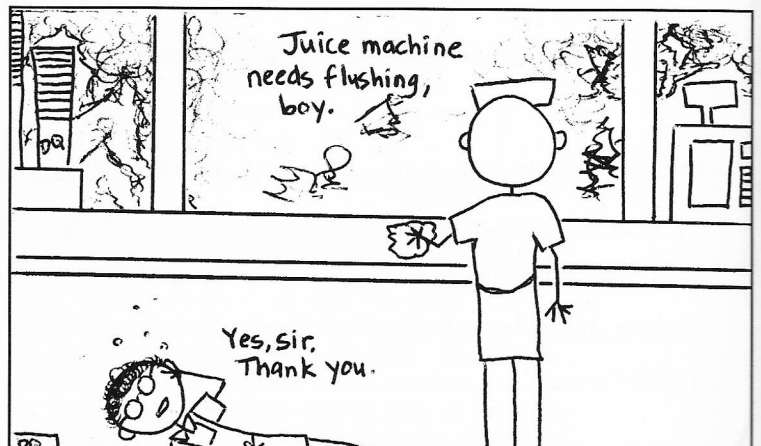
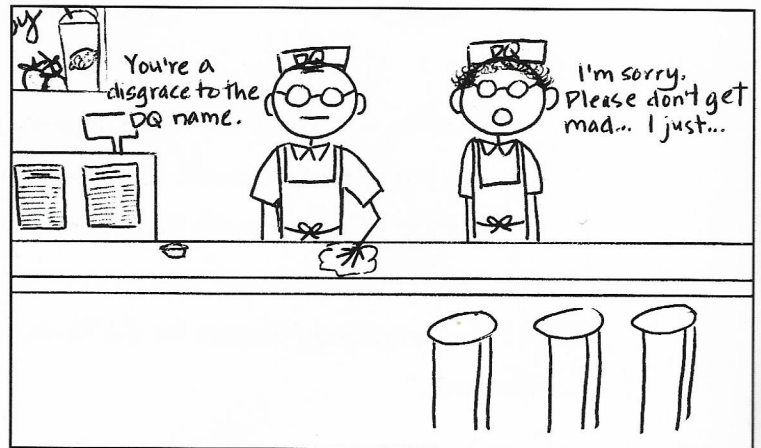
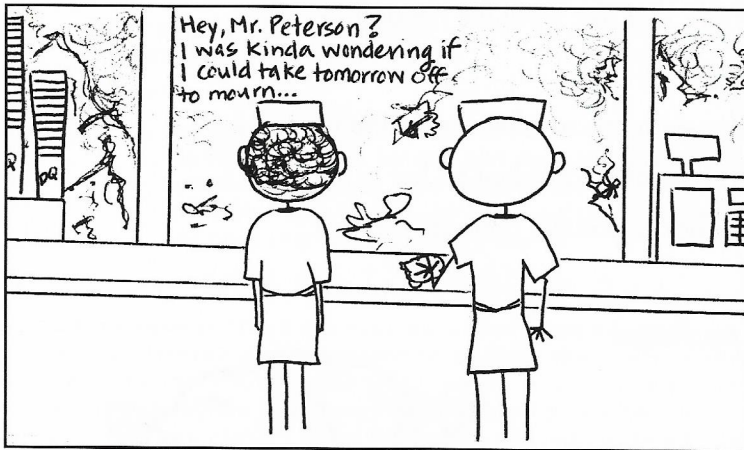
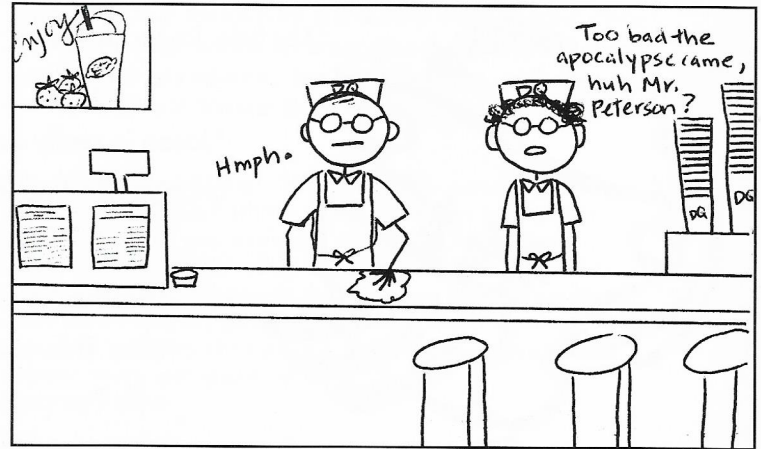
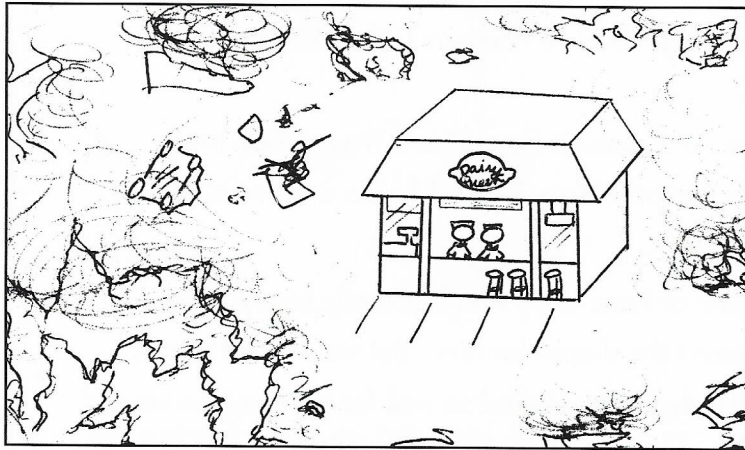
"Thank you Jesus and Pampers for the Flushable Applicator Combo-Pack."

"It's really convenient. Protection and discretion that fits almost anywhere, even into my tiny beaded evening purse."

"It was the first day of Montessori, and Chloe insisted on wearing her favorite pair of pants, nice and tight and white, just they way she likes them. Thanks to Pampers Ultra Thin All-Days with Breathability Pockets, I had her at school on time with a bright smile and pants to match."



The Once and Future Dairy Queen



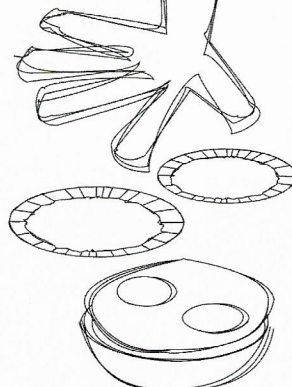
WHEN GOD IS AROUND

Introductions

Beth: Hi, I'm Beth.
God: I WILL BE WHAT I WILL BE.
Beth: It's a pleasure.

Getting to Know You

Beth: Hey everyone, this is...
God: I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.
Judy: Sorry, I didn't catch your name?
God: I AM THE BEGINNING AND THE END.
Frank: I got dibs on the MIDDLE! Heh heh heh
God: ...
Frank: Sorry.

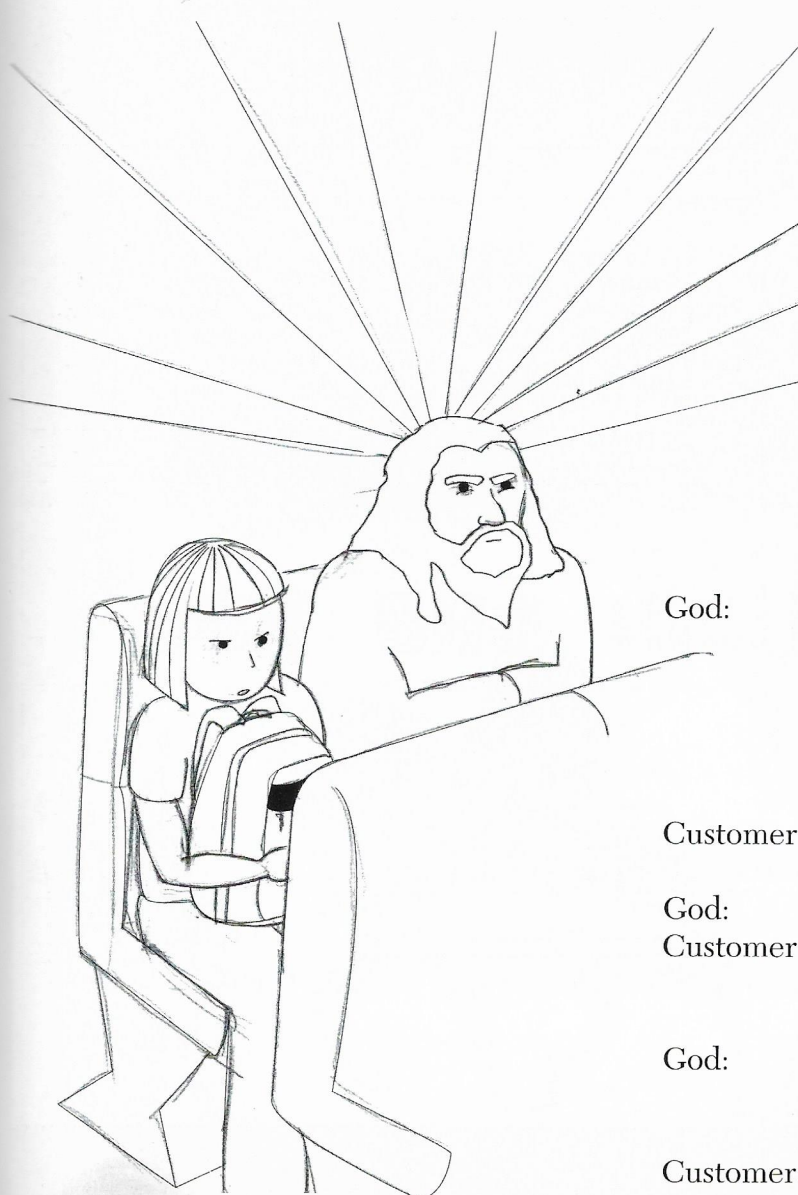


Monopoly

Judy: Okay, does anyone mind if I'm the racecar?
Frank: I call the hat.
Beth: I'm the battleship!
God: I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA.
Judy: Sorry, God, there aren't any pieces like that and you can only be one.
God: I AM THE FIRST AND THE LAST.
Frank: We'll decide turns later, God.
Beth: C'mon, God. Pick a real piece so we can start.
God: I AM.
Frank: Right, so God's the shoe.

Drive-Thru

God: WOE TO YOU, YOU WHO ARE FULL NOW!
FOR YOU WILL BE HUNGRY.
BLESSED ARE YOU WHO HUNGER NOW.
FOR YOU WILL BE FILLED.
Customer: Great. So, does that mean I can order from you now?
God: YOU SAY IT, BECAUSE I AM.
Customer: Okay, two hamburgers, two fries and a large coke, please.
Oh, and can you take off the onions?
God: ALL AUTHORITY HAS BEEN GIVEN TO ME IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH. AND I WILL REMOVE THE ONIONS.
Customer: Thanks.



BRAVE NEW WORLD



The New World... is surrounded by water, much like the old world.

The New World... seeks new horizons concerning life, love and training cats to pull sleds.

The New World... hates the spelling of the word "phlegm" [flem].

The New World... is open to innovations, including but not limited to the George Foreman grill.

The New World... sells itself for fame.

The New World... cannot be truly new, but only derivative of the Beatles, just like everything else.

The New World... lauds the fancy of it all.

The New World... is simply a lap dog in the arms of a Russian Czarina.

Saved by **“Saved BY THE BELL”**

JESSE: Oh my God, Kelly is dead!

LISA'S MOM: I am a surgeon.

FOURTH HORSEMAN: The End is upon you, mortals. Feel the wrath of my—

ZACK: Timeout!

FOURTH HORSEMAN: Pardon, but could you tell me where I could find Bayside High?

SCREECH: Sure, it's right over—OUCH!

ZACK: It's right over there, sir. It says "Valley."

A Chance Encounter, in which the Estimable Griffey-Scheckleys Happen Upon One Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow

WOMAN: *Did you like the party? I thought the dinner was nice.*

MAN: *Yes, but could you believe Helen?*

WOMAN: *I know! Who does she think she's kidding with that accent?*
(Eerie rustling.)

MAN: *What was that?*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *Halt! I am the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. None that sees me lives to tell the tale. (Draws large gleaming sword and holds it so that it further gleams in moonlight.)*

WOMAN: *Hey, weren't you at the party?*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *What speakest thou?*

WOMAN: *The Johnson's?*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *I am the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. For five hundred years my rotting, headless, corpse has lain under a layer of leaves and filth, awaiting the anniversary of my death. Tonight I roam the forest upon my black steed, beheading all who suffer fate's ill favor to cross my path.*

WOMAN: *You're sure you weren't at the party?*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *(consumed by fury) The Headless Horseman does not frequent gatherings of light and good cheer. He lieth in the dark earth, the cold clay of his body mouldering in the dust.*

WOMAN: *You're sure?*

HEADLESS HORSEMAN: *Perhaps you confuse me with the Armless Horseman of Cooper's Grove.*

WOMAN: *That's who it was! (turns to man) Remember, he said he was thinking of moving to the area?*

MAN: *Yes! And he didn't have any arms.*

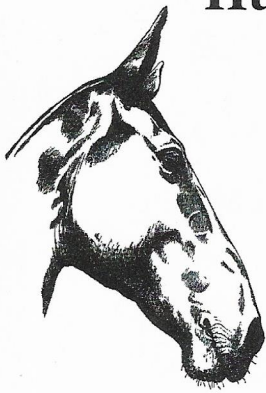


The Apocalyptic Village

If the world were 100 people during the End Times, there would be:

- 21 Europeans
- 14 from North and South America
- 65 of dubious ethnic descent
- 83 worshipping false Billy Idols
- 45 whoremongering
- 68 whoring and/or mongering
- 32 only mongering
- 98 fornicating
- 8 controlling 98% of the world's wealth
- 25 killed by war
- 25 killed by famine
- 25 killed by plague
- 25 killed by wild beasts or wildebeests
- only 1 Antichrist

Humor: A History in Horses

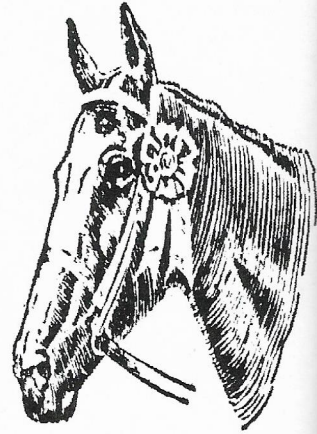


Humor Before the Apocalypse

Horse walks into a bar. Bartender says, "Why the long face?"

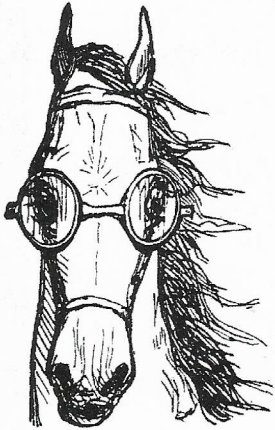
Humor After the Apocalypse

Horse walks into a bar. Bartender says, "We don't serve horses." Horse says, "That's good, because I wanted a Manhattan. To destroy!"



Humor Before and After the Apocalypse

Horse walks into a bar. Bartender says, "Why the long face?" Horse says, "I just destroyed a bus full of lawyers." Bartender says, "That's not the end of the world." Horse says, "Yes. Yes, it was."



Hungry Hints

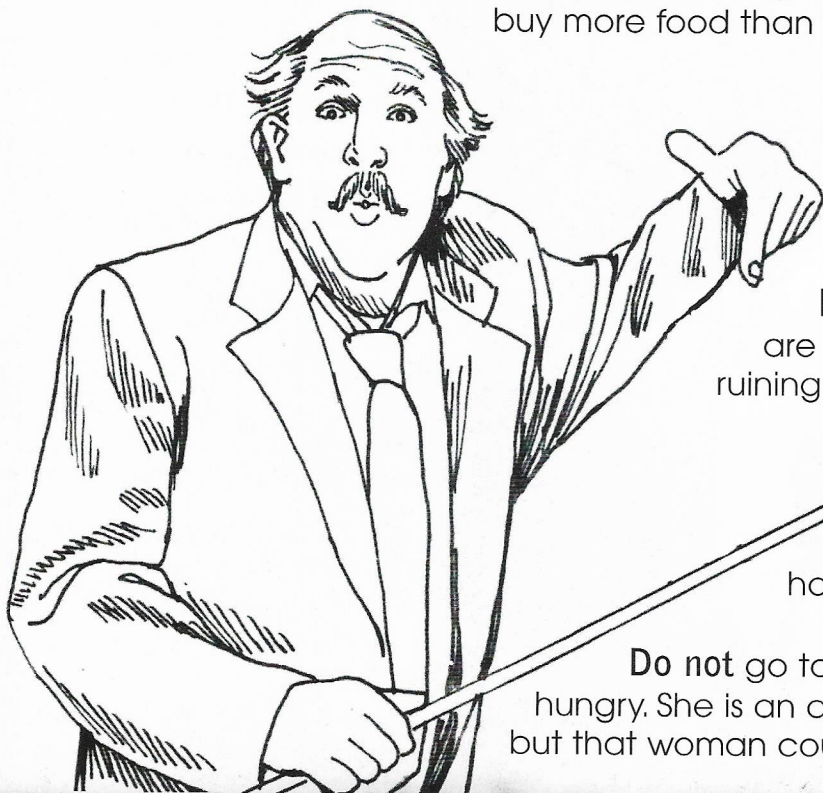
Do not go to the grocery store when you are hungry. You'll just buy more food than you really need.

Do not go to the hospital when you are sick. You'll just see more doctors than you really need. And how do doctors make their money? Selling organs.

Do not go to the grocery store when you are poor. You'll just end up ruining everyone else's good time.

Do not go to the barbershop when you are hungry. There is little nutritional value in hair. If you are poor, however, knock your socks off.

Do not go to Julia Roberts' house when you are hungry. She is an absolute dear, and I just love her to death, but that woman could ruin toast!



Excuses to Get Out of the Apocalypse

I HAVE TO EAT LUNCH WITH MY COUSIN.
I'M ON LONG-DISTANCE.
IN THESE PANTS? I DON'T THINK SO.
MY HUSBAND USUALLY TAKES CARE OF THAT. HE SHOULD BE HOME AROUND 6.
"EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND" IS ON RIGHT NOW.
I HAVE SKIN CANCER. IT'S BENIGN, BUT IT'S STILL CANCER. IT'S NOT GOING TO REMOVE ITSELF.

WE DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING IN THIS HOUSE. WE'RE CHRISTIAN.
I AM UPDATING MY WEBSITE. IT'S ABOUT "THE SOPRANOS" AND HOW GOOD IT IS.
I AM LEARNING TO LOVE ME.
JANICE AND I ARE DEALING WITH SOME ISSUES RIGHT NOW.
JANICE AND I ARE REDISCOVERING INTIMACY.
WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU, I'M VACUUMING.
I HAVE A DATE WITH JOEY HOWARDS. HE'S JUST THE DREAMIEST.



ESCHATON IN SIX EASY STEPS

1. BECOME THE LEADER OF A COUNTRY.
2. START A LONG WAR WITH ANOTHER COUNTRY.
3. PRESERVE THE DEAD BODIES OF YOUR THOUSANDS OF LOYAL TROOPS.
4. ORGANIZE A LARGE ANTI-WAR CHARITY EVENT.
5. REANIMATE YOUR TROOPS INTO A JINGOISTIC ARMY OF THE DEAD.
6. SLAUGHTER ALL PEOPLE ATTENDING ANTI-WAR CHARITY EVENT IN STEP 4.



Relatively Near-Death Experiences

Running by the pool.

Walking with scissors pointing towards you, but you are holding them with your hand firmly wrapped around the sharp part, so you could probably avoid getting hurt.

Riding an escalator with your shoes untied and rubbing your feet back and forth really close to the crack between the escalator panels.

Falling asleep with gum in your mouth, and the gum is potentially poisonous under certain not uncommon conditions.

Running by an alligator pit, but there is a fence between you and the alligators, but they are giant jumping alligators who could conceivably attack you if you fell.

Removing your seatbelt before the plane comes to a full stop, and the plane is on fire, but not really *that* on fire, but there is still fire *somewhere* and you don't have your seatbelt on.

Blow-drying your hair while you are in the bathtub, but you have one of those grounding apparati on your bathroom outlet so it shuts off when more than 15 amps pass through the circuit, but you had your friend wire your house and you never really trusted him because of a complicated incident a long time ago, so you think that maybe your grounding apparatus doesn't work very well.

Love Junction Personal Ads

LQH = Loyal Queen of Hellfire
SPRE = Soul-Piercing Red Eyes

CWF = Christian White Female
SNR = Short, Non-Committed Relationship

To respond to any of these ads, call 1 (800) 346-8211 Ext. 9098, and have your Love Junction Code handy!

LIFE PARTNER NEEDED

Tall, 180 lbs, old enough to know a thing or two about the world. German-Irish. Seeking LOVING YOUNG WOMAN (20s). Must share desire to live in the realm of all that is eternal. A passion for the purging of society's deep black heart is absolutely crucial. Don't be shy! Let's get in touch.

Love Junction Code:
000089342-OPLJK9

CAN U HANDLE ME?

Seeking long-term meaningful relationship with like-minded, active, professional SWF. Me: passionate, educated, intelligent. You: immortal, LQH.

Love Junction Code:
000089342-OPLJK8

NO MORE GAMES

Mature DWM seeks S/DWF for LTR. Tired of ravaging Earth alone. Last relationship ended ugly, so please, HANDLE W/ CARE. Must have accepted JESUS CHRIST as Lord and Savior, and like horses. No BBW, please.

Love Junction Code:
000089342-OPLJK7

YOU + ME 4-EVER

Seeking spiritual committed responsible CWF. Been single way too long. Attractive with dark hair, SPRE, athletic build, and horns protruding from my skull. Must enjoy outdoors, classical music, and recreational yachting, oppressing the spirits of long-passed unfaithful.

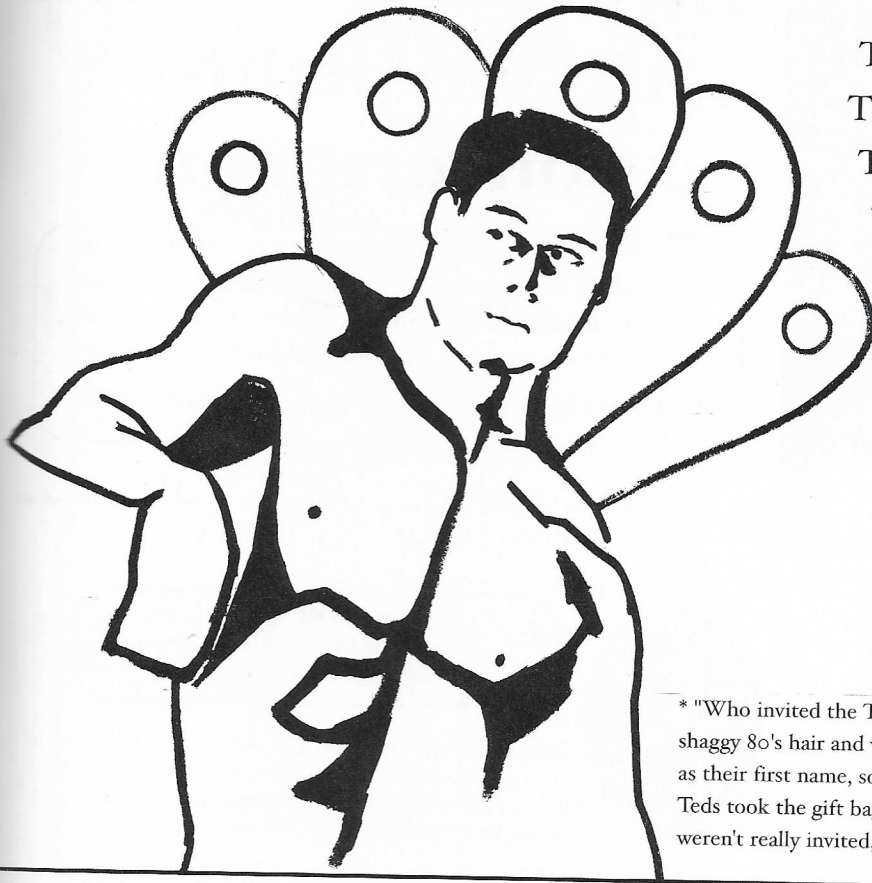
Love Junction Code:
000089342-OPLJK6

LET'S HOOK UP

Looking for SNR with a lucky Latin lady. Me: Romantic, lover of life. You: Wide, child-bearing hips, willing to tenderly care for our little god-sentinels. Must enjoy night life, dancing, and an active lifestyle. I envision that fateful date when we might ride my steed of pale into the Last Sunset. Include photograph.

Love Junction Code:
000089342-OPLJK5

UNIMPRESSIVE HARBINGERS OF THE APOCALYPSE



The Four Hearsemen of the Apocalypse
The Four Seahorsemen of the Apocalypse
The Four Divorced Men of the Apocalypse
The Four Porpoisemen of the Apocalypse
The Four Hor-semen of the Apocalypse
The Four Whoresmen
The Four Oarsmen
The Four Whore-Ass Men
The Four Assmen
The Four Peacockmen
The Four Catmen
Batman
The Teds *

* "Who invited the Teds?" everyone says when the Teds come to the party. They have stupid shaggy 80's hair and wear tight shirts that are stripey and tight. They don't even all have Ted as their first name, so it doesn't make any sense that they call themselves the Teds. Once the Teds took the gift bags at a party where they didn't even give the hostess a gift and also weren't really invited, but kind of tagged along with a mutual acquaintance.

INTERN OF THE APOCALYPSE





The Four Horsemen of Competitive Conversation

In 1975, four men emerged from total anonymity to become known worldwide as the greatest competitive conversationalists of all time. As individuals, they were unstoppable; as a team, they were legendary. They were **The Four Horsemen of Competitive Conversation**



Horseman #1

Name: Martin "the Freebaser" Cunningham
Specialty: Competitive Free Association

Greatest Performance: *The 1981 Competitive Free Association Invitational in Daytona Beach, FL. The Freebaser was up against Tommy "Freedom Rider" Perkins in the finals. The match was the stuff legends (competitive conversation legends) are made of.*

The Freedom Rider: Slogan

The Freebaser: Motto

The Freedom Rider: Gelato

[Sighs of relief from the tense crowd.]

The Freebaser: Italy

The Freedom Rider: Risorgimento

[The crowd gasps. What an associative mind!]

The Freebaser: Garibaldi

[And it's over! A stunning victory for the Freebaser, who once again proves his skill as perhaps the greatest competitive free associator the world would ever see. This match would from then on be referred to only as "Garibaldi," and would find its way into more than one textbook.]



Horseman #2

Name: Stanley "The Digital Analogy" Stevenson
Specialty: Competitive Analogies

Greatest Performance: *The 1979 Analogy Challengey in Patterson, NJ. Digi, as he is called by his friends, was facing Jeff "That's Like" Humphries in the regional semis. This competitive conversation would reach mythical proportions.*

Digi: Reading Moby-Dick in a day is like massaging your mother with a Q-tip used to clean speed pipes that you found on the floor of prison.

That's Like: I say that reading Moby-Dick in a day is like putting small amount of Raid in your anthill every day until the ants develop a healthy tolerance, then mixing up two solutions of Raid and antfood and letting your friend pick one in a game of Russian Roulette, but your ants are already immune.

[The crowd cheers, thinking the match is over. But wait!]

Digi: No, my friend, reading Moby-Dick in a day is like reading a lot of Moby-Dick in an hour.

[The crowd is whipped into a frenzy! They can't believe that Digi managed to pull it off. This one would go down in the record books as, simply and elegantly, "Moby."]



Horseman #3

Name: Mark "Drop-kick" Dalesman
Specialty: Name-dropping

Greatest Performance: *The 1985 Name-Dropping Championships in Santa Fe, NM. Drop-kick stood head-to-head with Nick "Droppin' Science" Torinelli in the finals. The world would never again see name-dropping of such proportions.*

The Mediator: Your first topic will be "the Theater."

Drop-kick: Oh, that's funny that you mention the theater, because I was just telling George at lunch the other day that he should make a theatrical version of Star Wars.

Droppin' Science: Oh, that reminds me of the letter that Spielberg wrote me about my first script.

Drop-kick: Jane Fonda tried to marry me, but I was like, "Baby, you know that I'm not right for you. Try Ted."

[The crowd gropes each other in an orgy of enthusiasm. What a bold and dangerous move! For years, competitive name-droppers would refer to "Jane."]



Horseman #4

Name: Phil "You!" Rathbone
Specialty: I'll [blank] you!

Greatest Performance: *1989. Branford, CT. Harvey "You?!" Snyder.*

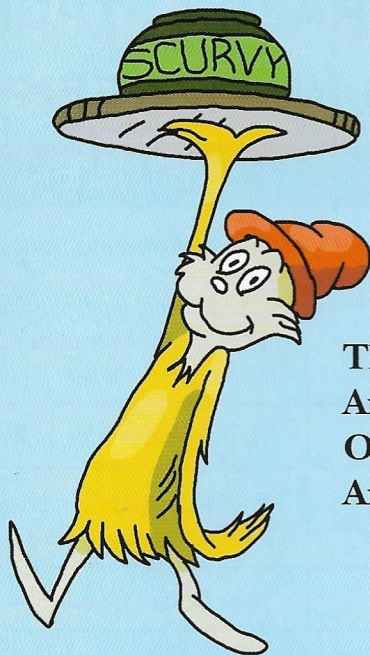
You!: Who are you going to vote for in the upcoming election?

You?:! I don't know, I think that the challenger is kind of a carpet-bagger.

You!: Oh, yeah, well I'll carpet-bag you!

[Crowd engages in Dionysian rites. Fans yell "I'll carpet-bag you!" at one another with unchecked joy.]

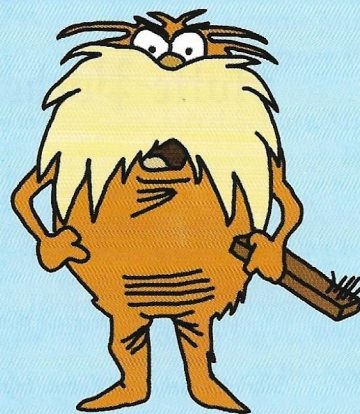
ONE HORSE, TWO HORSE



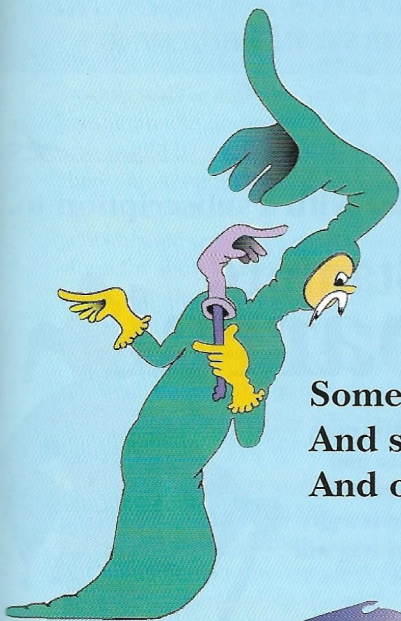
One horse
Two horse
Red horse
Blue horse

That one is red
And one is blue
One brings scurvy
And one the flu

Green horse
White horse
Famine horse
Blight horse



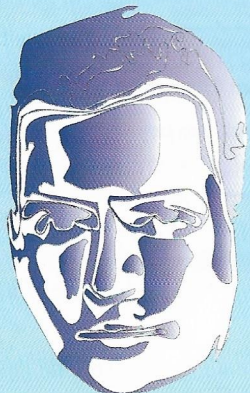
This one kills you with a sword
This one guts you like a gourd
Say! That one's got a spiky board



Some are mean
And some are lean
And one is pale aquamarine

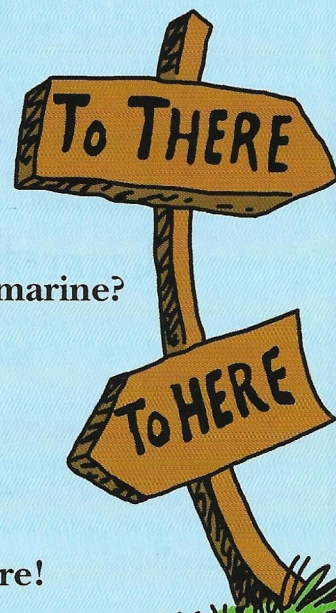


Some brings locusts
And some bring frogs
The frog one is a rabid dog



Why are they mean and lean and aquamarine?
I do not know
Ask Charlie Ma-Sheen

From there to here
From here to there
Funny things are everywhere!



From the Cookery of Sir Antoine Careme

August 12 1320 AA

Hotte-Pocketts

Garlick'd

Stave-Aged Trout

Poultry with Broccoli-Plant

Hard-Cooked Egg, Cheese and Caper

Fox Meat Flavored by Juniper

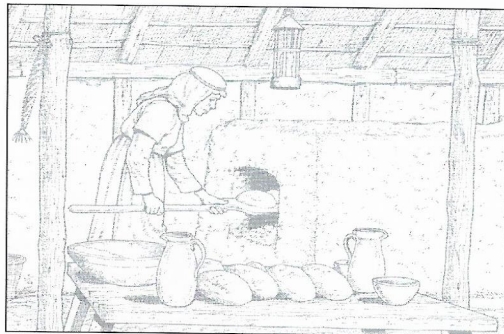
Brined Conger Fel

Baby Ortolan with Rosemary

Tender Sausage

and new

Attelst-sized bites of Hot Pocket



Leane-Pocketts

Barley

Falcon (witht white meat)

Plathe

BRING YOUR PORNOGRAPHY STAGE NAME TO NEXT WEEK'S

FIRST NAME

LAST NAME

The first street where
you lived.

The first pet you had.

Your zodiac sign.

Your mother's maiden
name.

Your birthstone.

Your favorite fruit.

The first car your
parents had (make).

The first car your
parents had (model).

Your PIN#.

Your Social Security #.

*Choose one from each column. Winning submissions will be printed in our magazine.

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Komodo dragons, because when you see horses, even if they have policemen attached to them, you immediately want to pet their noses and give them apples. However, if all the sudden you were to see four Komodo dragons coming at you, you'd know some serious shit was about to go down for sure. **Anne Bender, Writer of Asian Fetishes**

Bunny rabbits, because a Cadbury Egg can do a lot to take the edge off of eternal damnation. **Katie Founds, Adorable Writer**

Platypi. When the sinners are grappling with the whole "billed and egg-laying mammal" thing, BAM, you got 'em. **Sarah Mangin, Writer of Taxonomy**

Flamingos, because they eat lots of onions. Really. Although I guess it was kind of a cool website. **Robin Burns, Writer Who Had Never Seen "The Onion" until Yesterday and Here Makes an Obscure Private Joke About It that I Didn't Initially Get, But Then Eventually Figured Out**

A dog once ate my baseball mitt and it came out in his poo. **Matt Steinberg, Writer Who is In On the Joke**

I don't know if this counts as an animal, but how about the Internet? That badboy is killing us as we speak. **Charlie Stockman, Nascent Unabomber**

Sharks, because water covers 2/3 of the world's surface and they would have a far greater area to devastate. Of course, that area would be entirely uninhabited, so there would be little to no punishment of the world's sinners. In fact, we would probably see crowds of people lined up along the shores to jeer at the frustrated and angry sharks. And the Four Sharkmen of the Apocalypse might drown, unless they had some apparatus to help them breathe underwater. **Geoff Schaeffer, Exemplary Writer**

I once had a hamster and I taught it to attack this piece of wood. It could really beat the crap out of this piece of oak. It was a really good trick, so I invited my friends over to see it, but when they came it had a heart attack while performing the trick; "Killer" died. I think he could come back from the dead and take on any horse. **Andy Kucer, Writer of Endearing Naivete**

No question: Bonobo Chimps. Let the harbingers of the apocalypse ride in on their primate steeds. We will quiver at the sight of the Horsemen and all that they represent, but we will giggle and laugh at the fun-loving Bonobos because everything they do reminds us so much of ourselves. **Eugene Park, Aging Writer of the Wisdom of the Elderly**

Anteaters. Because isn't the point of being the harbinger of the apocalypse to scare the shit out of people? 'Cause I gotta tell you, those things scare the shit outta me... **Jamecca Marshall, Nubian Queen of the Ants**

How about Lassie? She seemed pretty reliable. And we know she can handle the spotlight of fame and fortune. **Craig Protzel, Pragmatic Thinker**

Oh, just horses are okay. They're *all you need*. **Jerome Murphy, Former Writer**

The whole staff wants me to come back. **Jared Schott, Missing Friend**

**We asked the staff:
If the Four Horses
were to retire,
what other animal
should take their
place as the
harbinger of the
apocalypse?**

The apocalypse will be ushered in by none other than Dick Clark in a fantastic gala event including N'Sync, Enrique Iglesias, LL Cool J, and special guest Jim Jay Bullock. **Adrian Perry, Writer of ABC Specials**

Midgets. Oh, come on, you know you laughed. **John Huetter, Writer of Cheap Shots**

A thoroughly secularized culture should learn to abandon such anachronistic imagery of otherworldly punishment. How about two golden retrievers named Elizabeth and Ringo? **Gideon Lewis-Kraus, Self-Indulgent Editor**

Popples. These fuzzy, magical creatures can pull anything out of the pouches on their backs—from a hammer to an elephant. They also flip into their pouches to become balls of fur to bounce around or hide. The name "Popples" comes from the popping sound they make when they spring back out of a ball to normal.

The Popples only reveal themselves to two children, Bonnie and Billy, whose attic they live in, and later to their neighbors who wind up living with the Baby and Punk Rocker Popples. At the beginning all the Popples names started

with "P," including the original 9 Popples, Punk Rocker Popples, and the Pufflings. However, the Baby Popples and the Sports Popples do not have names that begin with "P." Popples repeat the "p" sound for words beginning in "P." For instance, Party will say, "P-p-popples love to p-p-party!"

The basic plot of every episode is that the Popples follow Bonnie and Billy somewhere against the children's wishes, make a HUGE mess right when an adult walks away, and must clean up their mess before the adult returns. Many times, the Popples will ask the audience to lend them a hand too. **Jacob Young, Even More Self-Indulgent Editor**

