

STANFORD Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



LOVE

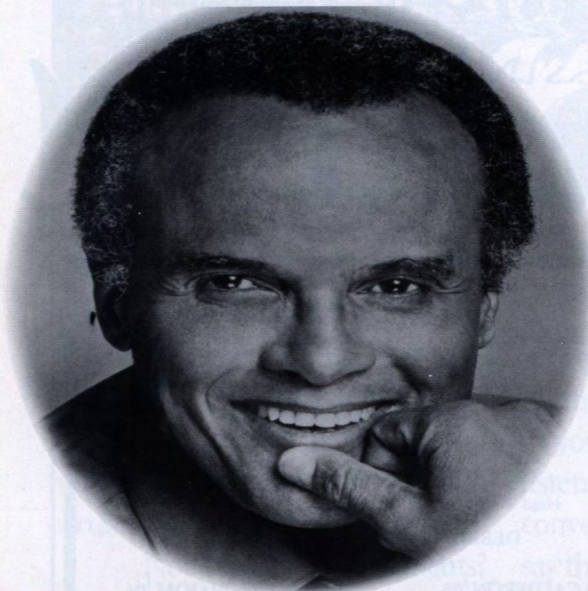
Volume CIV No. 3

\$3.00

The Stanford Chaparral

LOVE

February 14, 2003
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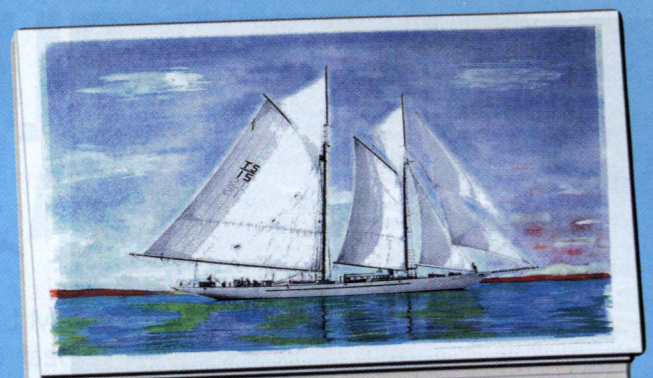


Writing Credits

- 2 Fit Hits.....Steinberg
- 3 God and MankindStockman
- 4 Greeting CardsYelderman
- 6 Now That.....Perry
- 7 Flower.....System
- 8 Posthumous PossumSteinberg
- 9 Love of the GameHuetter
- 10 AlbatrossHenick, Yelderman
- 12 Dowry.....Calderon, Huetter, Steinberg
- 12 Tiny BirdsPerry
- 13 Pope-ular.....Steinberg
- 13 Homeless DadSteinberg
- 14 MTV.....Perry
- 15 Getting CurbedHappy Birthday Perry
- 15 Self-Love Spa.....Kemper
- 16 Snakcore.....Perry, Steinberg
- 18 Boyfriends.....Glasband, Stockman
- 18 Diabetic Cartoons.....Strickland
- 19 Missed ConnectionsStockman
- 20 Larry.....Perry, Steinberg
- 21 Chili Bowl.....Steinberg
- 22 Love Is.....Huetter
- 22 Jack Star.....Lessac-Chenen
- 23 Holocaust ReunionLessac-Chenen, Jenkins
- 24 Ask Condi.....Steinberg
- 25 Charlie and Brannigan.....Perry, Steinberg
- 26 Save the Last.....Yelderman, Steinberg
- 26 AOL Personal.....Pettit
- 27 9-5 Guy.....Perry
- 28 Eric Ford.....Henick
- 28 Love Isn't.....Eccles
- 29 Harvard 2.....Perry, Steinberg
- 31 The Big QuestionSteinberg

Art Credits

- 1 Cover.....Glasband, Spiro
- 4 Greeting Cards.....Silva, Spiro
- 7 Flower.....System
- 10 SchematicsHenick, Yelderman
- 13 Pope-ular.....Steinberg
- 15 Curbing Cartoons.....Glasband
- 20 LarrySpiro
- 29 Long Jacket.....Henick
- 31 The Big QuestionSpiro, Steinberg



Every now and then life gives your boat a little tossle.
I think we both know we're taking on water- fast.
Maybe we should both just run for the lifeboats,

But sometimes I'm not even sure I want to live
through this.

Through alpine meadow
you have run
And dark hollow
you have looked
But the secret lies
deep within my heart

I put your things in
Public Storage

To each his own, said the Papa Bear
"But why?" replied the youngsters,
huddled around the firelight.
"It's the way it must be,"
he replied tenderly.

Stop hanging out with my friends.

GREETING CARDS FOR YOUR TROUBLED RELATIONSHIP

Every time I think back
About all we've been through
It makes me too tired to think
About keeping this trainwreck going
For one more goddamn day.

i know things have
been tough recently.
but just as the rain
comes before the
rainbow, i know
that what lies
around the corner
won't be as soggy.

though it will
probably be just as
unrealistic.

The only person I hate
more than you is myself.

I know that this relationship
is terrible for both of us.
But then I think that
being alone would be worse.

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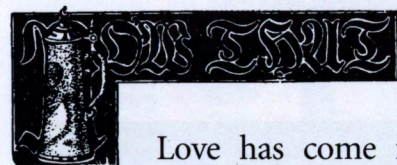
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HUETTER '03 <i>Old Boy</i>	ADRIAN PERRY '03 <i>Old Boy</i>	MATT STEINBERG '03 <i>Old Boy</i>
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Coffin
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 AUDREY DIEHL '00
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 CHRIS PEIFFER '98
 DUSTIN PERKINS '00
 ERIC SAXON '97
 JARED SCHOTT '03
 KENNY SHEI '00
 CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
 JACOB YOUNG '02

ESTABLISHED 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED
 THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS



Love has come into your life, you feel aglow with the possibility of sharing your life with someone.

Someone that will act as a buffer between you and the rest of world; a soft pillow to protect you from the wares of a harsh universe. Sounds pretty good right? Well what happens when it goes wrong? What happens when

the pillow jumps up and smothers you? What then? Do you hold the pillow to your face and embrace it, or do you claw for freedom from a feathery hell?



the question has been posed, the choice is yours. All this Old Boy can tell you is that Love is a crazy game. Try and try as you might, you will never, ever figure it out. But this Old Boy can help guide you through with some helpful advice. Your problems will not be solved, but a few tips can certainly smooth that gravel road.

Not big on commitments? Like to be a free swinger? Don't let that stop you from your relentless pursuit of meaningful relationships. Most of the time, people are willing to date someone that is also dating other people. Calling the next day? That's an old wives tale. Nowadays a simple text-message three weeks after the fact will do just nicely.

How do you deal with the ex that's always e-mailing or calling your special someone? Usually the best thing to do is continually criticize that person. This way, your 'sig other' will

realize how much better you are than that pesky piece of old news.



your new found companion has moved snugly into you life, you should probably start phoning it in. No need to keep putting in effort. You know it's there if you need it, so you can stop listening during those inane conversations about trite things like, the future of your relationship.

And what about those lousy stories about your boo's friends? Sure, early on you had to laugh and be amused, learn all their names, and pretend that you cared. But when you're in deep, you can start to openly insult those lame-ass friends. We all know that your sig other's friends are not cool, and stories about them are even less cool, so just stop that charade right now.

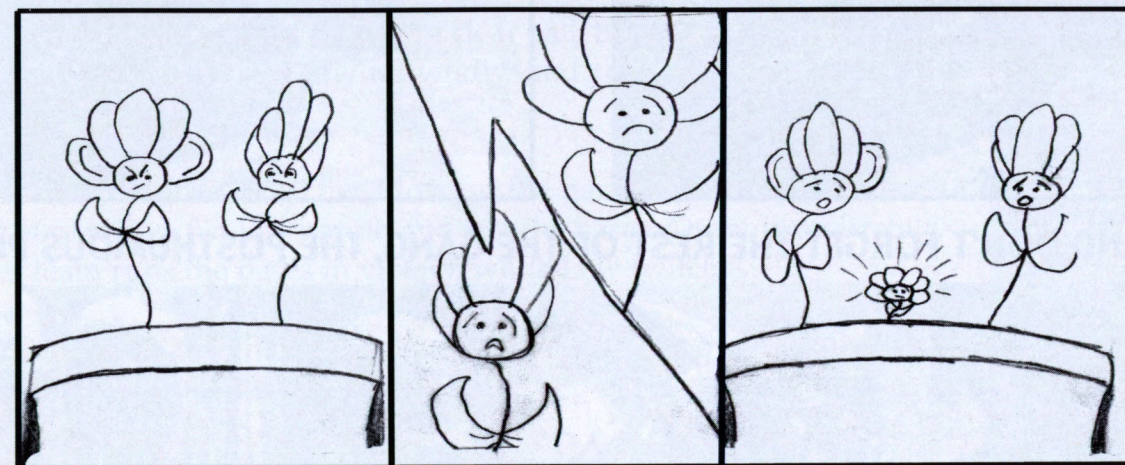
When you are really in the shit, you will be meeting the parents. Be sure to get in good with Mom. Mom's love to get hit on, and there

is nothing wrong with a little playful flirting. Maybe some grab-ass while Dad isn't looking. What about Dad? Well, that takes more time. First, laugh at his jokes. Then laugh at your own jokes that you make after his jokes, except you can never laugh harder at your own jokes than his. If there are siblings, you should probably try and hit on them and their friends as long as they are of reasonably comparable age.

you've raised

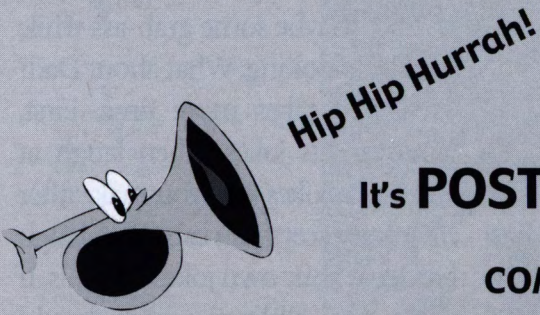


your eye at my outlandish requests, you should probably take a closer look at the situation. After all, the only thing people really want is an ego stroke. It's the gift that keeps on giving. In the end, there is no Love, only vanity. You might as well get busy with that chick over there. It'll probably make her feel pretty good.



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Who's everybody's favorite cartoon friend?



It's **POSTHUMOUS POSSUM!**

COME JOIN US IN FOUR NEW EPISODES...

Who's up to play on a rainy day?

Three Cheers!



"THE BIG DANCE"



"THE DEBATE"



"THE SWIMMING LESSON"



"THE FIRST DATE"



...AND DON'T FORGET THE REST OF THE GANG, THE POSTHUMOUS POSSE!



For Love of The Game

1969. Shortstop Lew Roglins has two broken legs. Coach goes up to him. "Lew," he says. "Do we need to take you out?"

But Lew loves the game. A real ballplayer. He looks Coach in the eye and says, "I can do it, Coach."

"All right, Lew," Coach says, eyeing Lew's legs bent backwards at chicken-like angles. "I hope you know what you're doing."

Lew hobbles up to the plate, leaning on the batboy. The fans chant his name. LEW, they say, LEW, LEW, LEW, LEW! He takes a few practice swings. His leg breaks even more, sending a sliver of bone into his bloodstream towards his brain. But he goes on. What a sportsman!

First pitch. Low and inside. Lew takes a swing, but two broken legs make it hard to get leverage, and Lew's swing is low, dragging along the ground.

The fans lean forward. The manager is about to call time, but Lew raises his hand, and stops him. With a sharp inhalation of breath, the manager backs down.

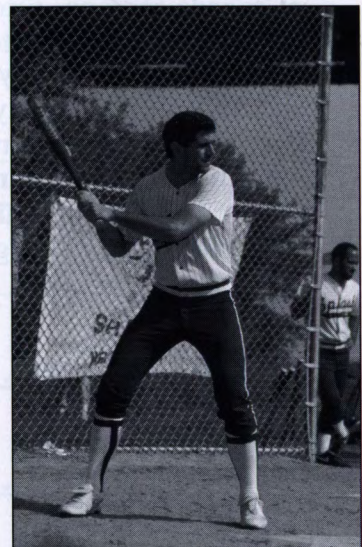
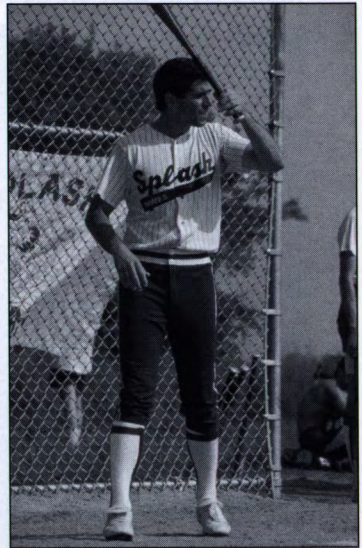
Second pitch. It's straight down the middle, the ol' fastball. Lew's legs, broken and turning septic, give out, and he collapses to the ground. He lands on his arm, breaking that, too.

But it's not the batting arm. He raises the unbroken wing towards the sky, just as the Babe did without crippling injuries in '29. The manager again backs down. The fans go wild. For Lew loves the game, and nothing is going to stop him, not even three malfunctioning appendages.

The third pitch. It's wide and outside, a clear ball. But the bone splinter hits Lew's brain, causing him to swing wildly, and then continue swinging. Strike three.

He's out. Cubbies lose. But Lew's love of the game remains pure. Lew's final act is to raise a fist in triumph and run the bases. Or more accurately, the other team runs the bases in victory, while Lew twitches.

"He sure loved that game," Coach says, "but you know, we probably shouldn't have let that damn cripple play."



AND YOU THOUGHT HORSES ONLY ATE OATS...

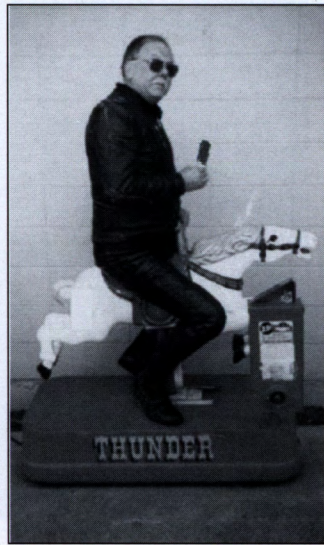


Figure 1: Keith Sides

You talkin' to me? That's Popsicle enthusiast and leather-clad wayward wanderer Keith Sides, who is known to throw his leg over some pretty interesting machinations and ride them a long ways down the road (Figure 1). He can ride them pretty fast, when he wants to.

Two summers ago, old Keith hatched a little plan. A plan to ride his Popsicle all the way to town. Such a trip does not

sound so dangerous to a layperson, but to a registered arsonist, any type of trip is a dangerous one, full of opportunity. Keith had a plan. **A plan that would bring him all that he wanted, and too much of what he needed.**

The day was upon us. Keith approached town slowly, in a staggering fashion as he slowly

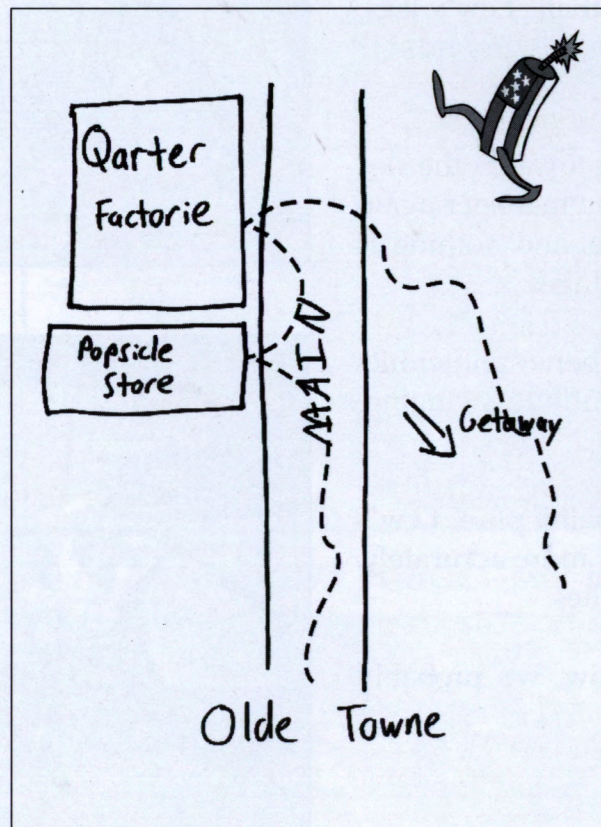


Figure 2: Olde Towne Map

fed George Washington pieces into Thunder, his trusty steed. The plan was etched into his brain, but just to be sure, he also brought a map, an olde map (Figure 2).

Keith decided to start with the Popsicle store. He had been monitoring their shipment schedules and knew that Tuesday was the big day for Cherubim Cherry. **He loves Cherubim Cherry, he longs for Cherubim Cherry.** As he swung in through the receiving doors, he gave a casual nod to the receiving clerk **as if he belonged.** Then the danger started, and to make things even more dangerous, they were out of Cherubim Cherry. So in a fit of confusion, Keith settled for the Rasputin Raspberry Popsicles. They were pretty good.

All goosed up on Rasputin Raspberry, Keith headed for the Quarter Factory on his olde map. No problem getting in; it was as easy as stealing candy from a novelty candy maker. Keith thought the building felt a little cool for a Quarter Factory, but he figured it was just **his cold, animal-shelter-burning-heart.**

Outside the factory, it was time to reload Thunder. Keith took some of the new quarters and eagerly thrust them in **Thunder's hungry slots.** But Thunder didn't reload. Something was terribly wrong. Keith looked down at his hands. They were covered in chocolate. Keith looked into the bag of quarters. They weren't quarters; they were

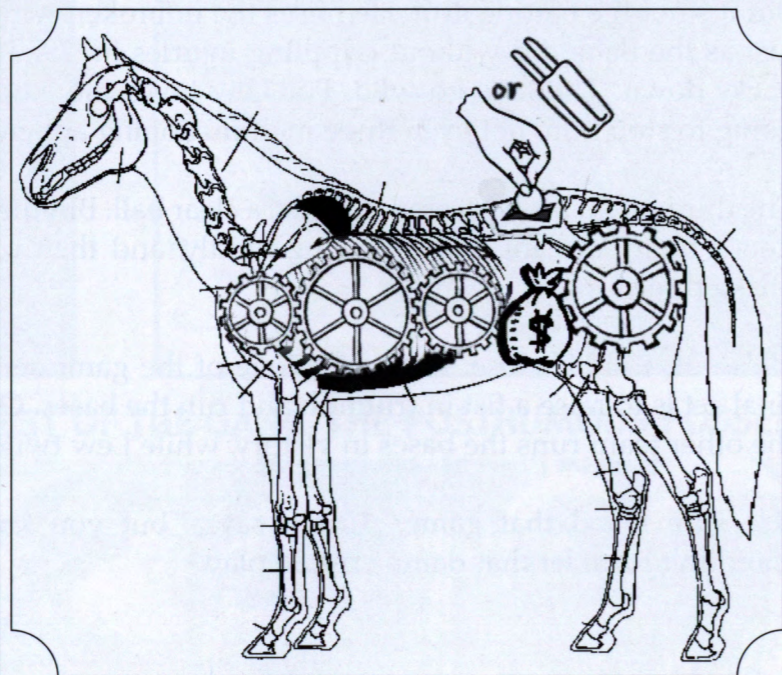


Figure 3: Thunder v2.0

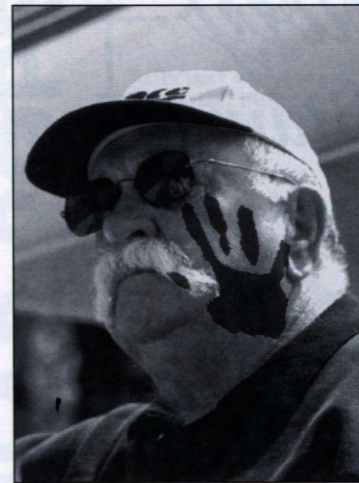


Figure 4: Chocolatey Delicious

Chanukah gelt. **Chocolate face!** (Figure 4)

Keith realized that his map was of olde towne, and that the Quarter Factory had moved across the street. In a strange twist of fate, a gelt factory had opened where the old Quarter Factory used to be. So Keith bought a new map and went across the

street (Figure 6).

Robbing the Quarter Factory was a lot more difficult. It had bankers and businessmen to protect it, and **it was hot from all the money-greed.** Keith was glad that he was not greedy like the others. He was not there to get wealthy; he was just there to power his horse, so that he could flee from his previous crime-lives.



Figure 5: Shiny Days Animal Shelter

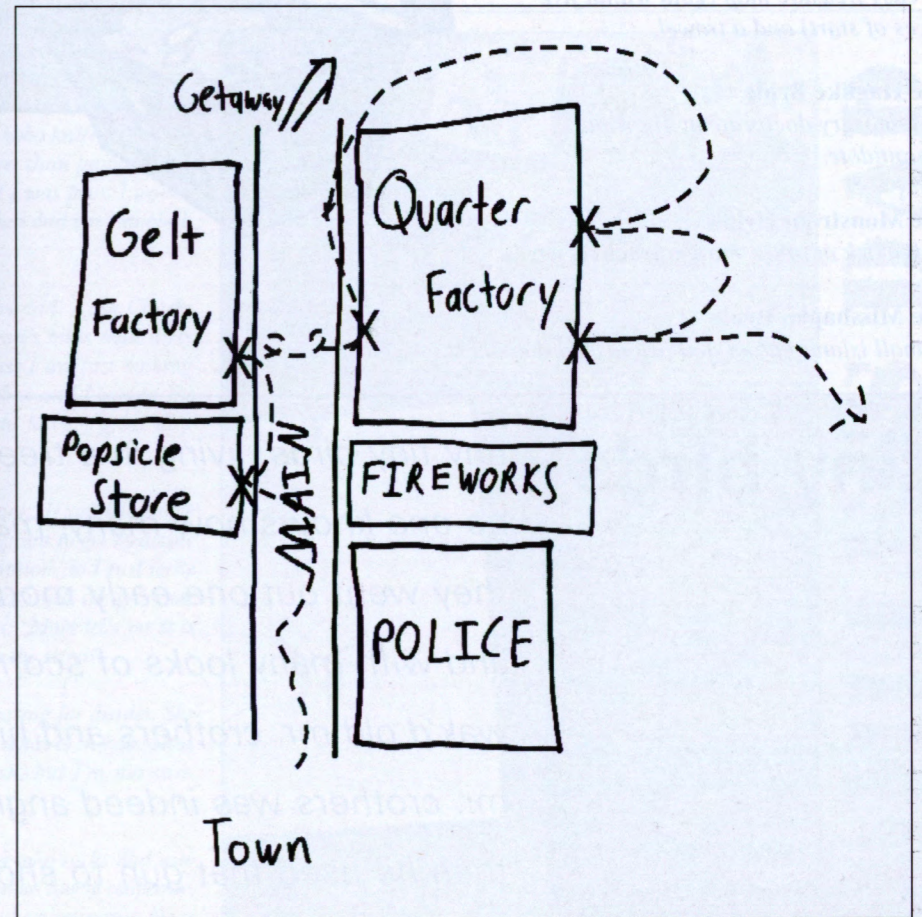
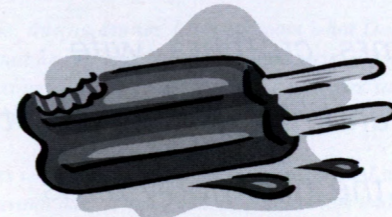


Figure 6: New Town Map

So he got the quarters, and put them in Thunder, and he got away. But, he didn't take enough quarters the first time, so he had to go back, **each time getting closer to the fireworks stand/police substation.** Ultimately, he got enough quarters in Thunder, and made it all the way home, to enjoy his spoils.

And enjoy he did. Thunder, however, was not a fan of the Rasputin Raspberry. When Keith tried to melt the Popsicles and funnel the sweet sweet syrup into **Thunder's hungry coin input apparatus,** Thunder quickly jolted and bucked Keith to the cold, hard pavement. Then Thunder keeled over, lifeless. Keith found himself on the pavement next to his trusty mechanical equine friend and knew that Thunder's time had come.

Keith stood up, brushed the saw dust off of his leathers and began to walk sullenly away. He took his new map and headed South, Popsicle in hand and **Strawberry Sadness** in his heart. Another day, another dead robotic horse, another chance to redeem himself in the eyes of the mechanical horse in the sky, God.

The Bride and The Dowry — A Sliding Scale

The Beautiful Bride
A handshake and a toast.

The Plain Bride
A saving's bond and a 1982 Oldsmobile.

The Homely Bride
A surge protector and two weeks at the timeshare in Cancun (six weeks advance notice, please).

The Unprepossessing Bride
A not unsubstantial sum of money and a menagerie of exotic pets.

The Hard-Featured Bride
Pomp and Circumstance.

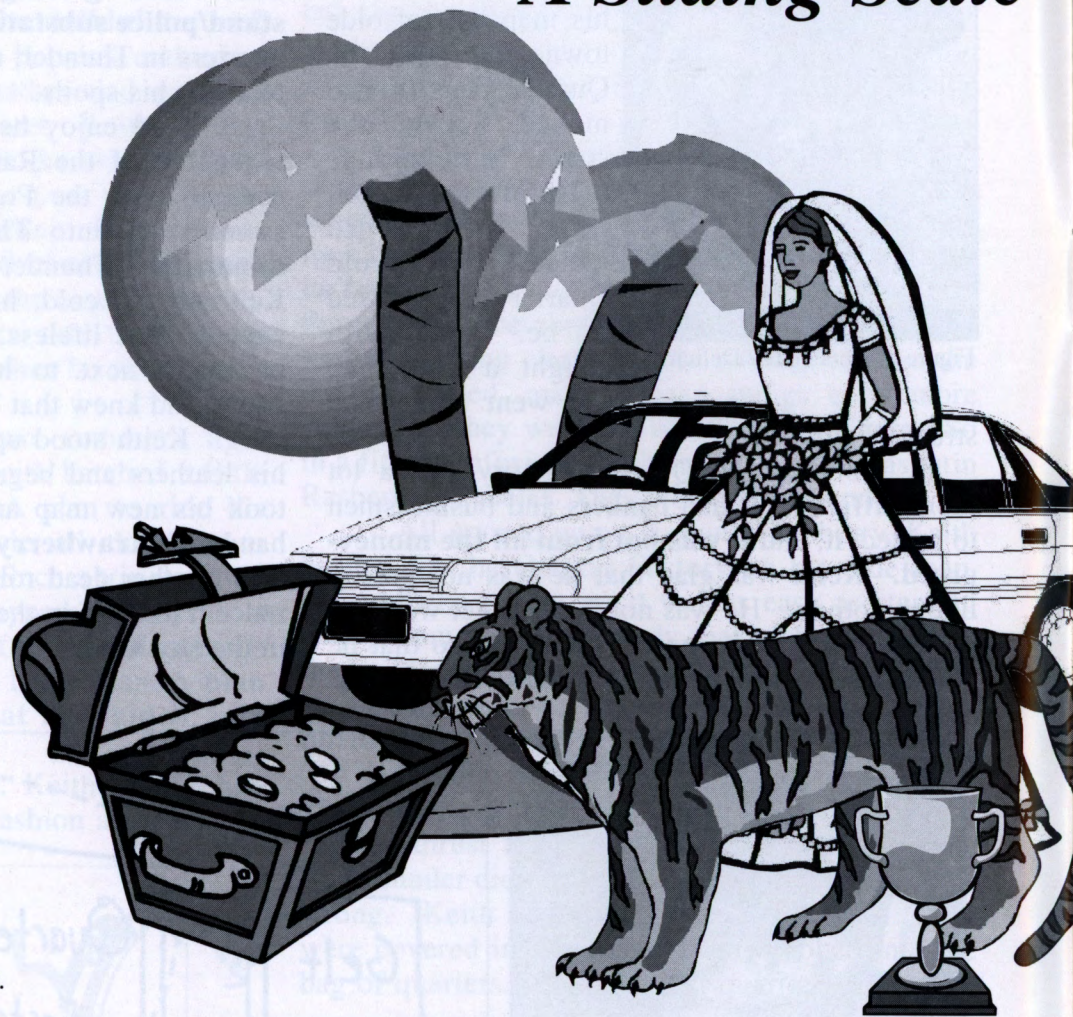
The Bad-Looking Bride
An ambassadorship and a trophy.

The Dogface Bride
An easy treasure map (gold within five paces of start) and a trowel.

The Haglike Bride
An honorary doctorate at Tufts and the antidote.

The Monstrous Bride
A six-pack of other, more attractive, wives.

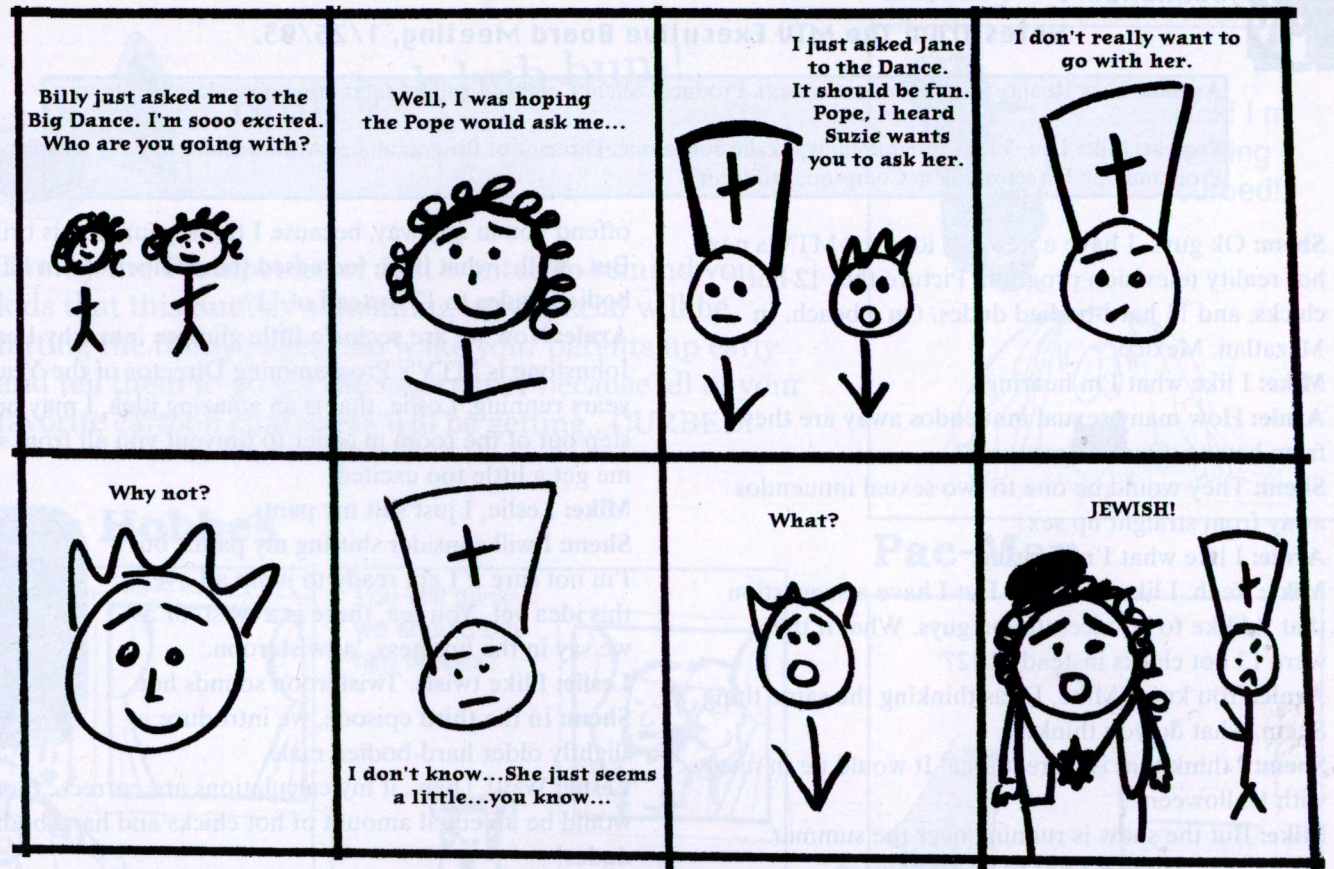
The Misshapen Bride
A small island nation and astonished onlookers.



tiny birds

tiny tiny birds, living in a tree
no one knows how many, maybe 2 or 3
they went out one early morn'
and with many looks of scorn
wak'd old mr. crothers and his mrs. crothers, wife
mr. crothers was indeed angry, and his gun he did retrieve
then he used that gun to shoot the tiny, noisy birds
which wak'd him and his mrs. crothers, wife

POPE-ULAR POPE



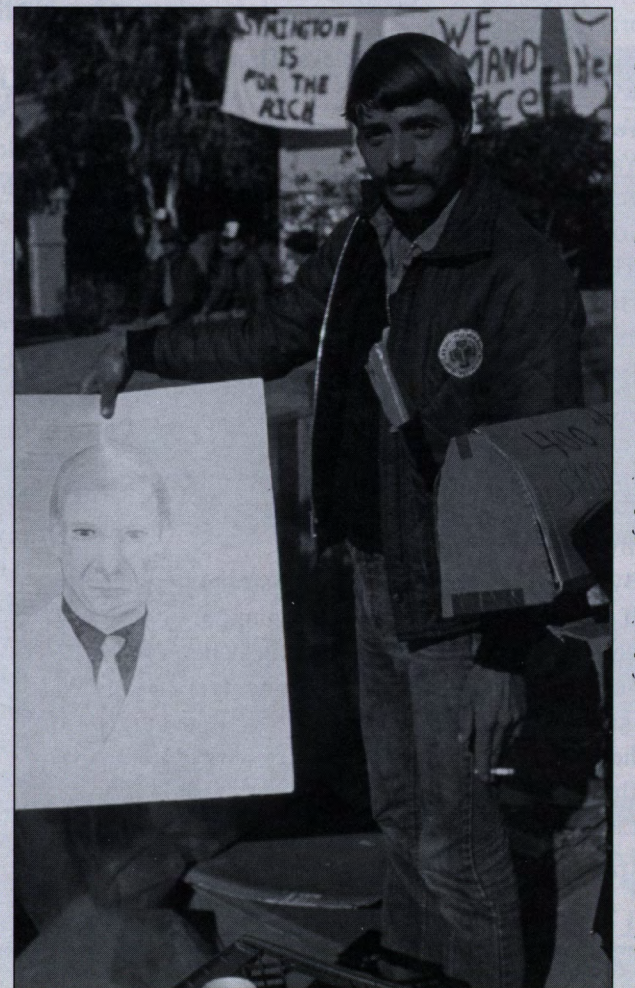
My weekly telephone call from my homeless dad usually doesn't happen. But I understand that he probably couldn't get a quarter for the call. And now that it's 35 cents, I don't really blame him even though I haven't heard from him in a long time. Sometimes I worry that he got in a hobo knife fight and I tell my mom, but she says that hobo knife fights are rarer than people think, and that usually hobos work as a team. She says that if I was poor, I would understand why cooperation is better. I tell her I'm glad that dad isn't stabbed. She tells me that he loves me. And that is enough.

Sometimes I go out in the backyard and pretend to be my dad. I ask Chucks the Dog to give me a dime, and I offer to clean my friend's bikes with dirty water and a handful of grass. They tell me to stop because I am just making it dirtier. I tell them to give me a break because I'm homeless and I was in the war. They speed away on their bikes and I tell them to have a great day. Dad's job is sure hard.

Other times I remember the way dad told me to make money. If you tell people that you have a skin disease and show them your prescription to get medicine for it, people will give you money. I don't have a prescription, so I just write a number on a piece of paper. I wave it in my mom's face until she gives me money for the ice cream from the truck. It usually works. Mom tells me it is wrong to lie. Dad tells me it's the only way to survive on the streets.

Sometimes, during dinner, I ask my mom what Dad is eating for dinner. She tells me that he is probably eating a hobo stew. I ask her what is in hobo stew, and she coughs a few times. I think I hear her say trash, but I'm not sure. Then she tells me to eat my vegetables.

Sometimes when mom is tucking me in at night I wonder who tucks dad into his refrigerator box. Then I remember that mom told me hobos like to cooperate, and I imagine another hobo tucking dad in really tight like a mummy. He is probably really cozy in his Sunday Herald Tribune. That helps me sleep. And for now, that is enough.



HOMELSS DAD



BOARDROOM

Notes from the MTV Executive Board Meeting, 1/25/03.



Agenda: New Reality Shows for next season. Producer Shem Compson will be submitting new ideas for shows.

Present: Mike Lee, VP of Programming; Leslie Johnstone, Director of Programming; Arnie Jacobsen, Programming Director; Shem Compson, Producer

Shem: Ok guys, I have a new hot idea for MTV's next hot reality television program. Picture this: 12 hot chicks, and 11 hard-bodied dudes. On a beach. In Mazatlan, Mexico.

Mike: I like what I'm hearing.

Arnie: How many sexual innuendos away are they from having sexual intercourse?

Shem: They would be one to two sexual innuendos away from straight up sex.

Arnie: I like what I'm hearing.

Mike: Yeah, I like this idea. But I have a suggestion that I'd like to bounce off you guys. What if there were 13 hot chicks instead of 12?

Arnie: You know Mike, I was thinking the same thing. Shem, what do you think?

Shem: I think that is a great idea. It would tie in nicely with Halloween.

Mike: But the show is running over the summer.

Shem: Well Mike, it's got to be Halloween somewhere!

All: (Voracious laughter.)

Arnie: But seriously Shem, 13 chicks. That's the thing. Ya know?

Shem: Yes I know.

Arnie: Ya know, that 'thing.'

Shem: Yes I know. That certain 'thing.' That 'thing.'

Mike: God this is so hot. This show is going to blow the doors off of the Nielsen's.

Leslie: Now gentlemen, let me give you the female perspective.

Arnie: By all means, Les, give it to me straight.

Leslie: If we are going to increase the number of chicks, and we are talking about hot chicks here, to 13, then we are going to need to increase the beef factor.

Mike: I know EXACTLY what you mean. I mean, I sure as hell am not gay, but I could use some more beef in this show.

Leslie: Listen. I have a proposal. Shem, I dont want to

offend you in any way, because I think your idea is brilliant. But...well...what if we increased the number of hot hard-bodied dudes to 12 instead of 11?

Arnie: Now we are seeing a little glimpse into why Leslie Johnstone is MTV's Programming Director of the Year four years running. Leslie, that is an amazing idea. I may need to step out of the room in order to prevent you all from seeing me get a little too excited.

Mike: Leslie, I just shit my pants.

Shem: I will consider shitting my pants, but I'm not sure if I am ready to jump all over this idea yet. You see, there is a twist, or as we say in the business, 'a twisteroon.'

Leslie: I like twists. Twisteroon sounds hot.

Shem: In the third episode, we introduce a slightly older hard-bodied male.

Leslie: Wait! Then...if my calculations are correct...there would be an equal amount of hot chicks and hard-bodied dudes!

Arnie: Shem, I really like where this is going.

Mike: Yeah, Shem. Really great idea. I never would have expected that.

Arnie: How much older? I mean, are we talking mid-twenties here, or are we going jurassic and finding some thirty year old.

Shem: Arnie, no offense, but do you take me for a foolhardy joke man? No one will be older than 25.

All: (Sighs of relief, some are crying tears of joy.)

Mike: Can we kill any one that turns 26? Shem, that could be another 'twisteroon.'

Shem: I don't see any reason why we couldn't kill them off.

Leslie: Wait, let's get back to this 'twisteroon' thing. Can we incorporate that word into the show? It sounds really hot to me.

Mike: Yeah, Shem. Twisteroon. That's a hot word. It burns my tongue when I say it. We should all say it together.

All: Twisteroon!

Mike: Whoa. That was hot.

Leslie: Yes. Hot.

Arnie: I really like where this is going. Really.

Shem: Wait. Twisteroon. Hot. Those words practically rhyme.

Arnie: I see twisteroon becoming the hot new word of the summer. Can someone call Nelly?

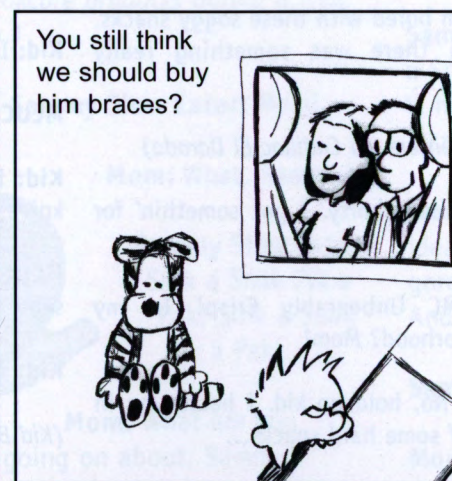
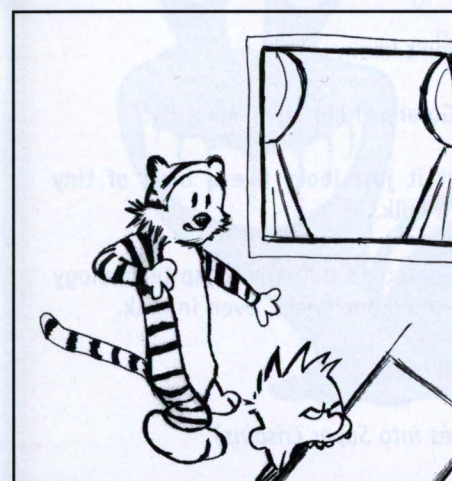
I think we're on to something...



Bum buh buh bum!

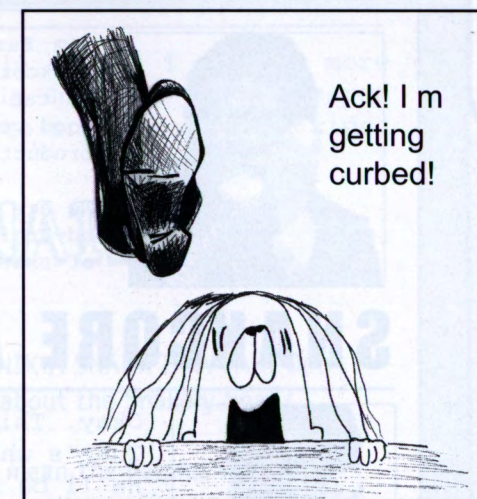
Timmy the Trumpet here! Just wanted to remind you kids that this Sunday something very special will be hitting the funny pages. So wake your parents up early and tell them to go get the newspaper because all of your favorite cartoon characters will be getting...CURBED!

Calvin & Hobbes



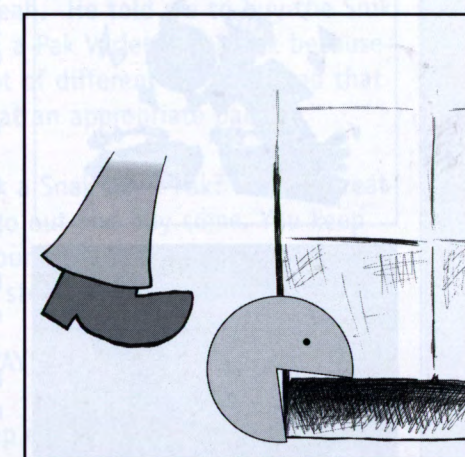
You still think we should buy him braces?

Cathy



Ack! I m getting curbed!

Pac-Man



SELF-LOVE SPA, UTAH

We at the S-L-S cordially invite you to join us, in Utah, for a weeklong celebration of yourself.

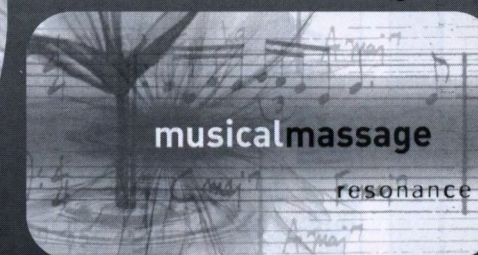
"I've never felt so vain."
-Mary Reed, upon leaving the S-L-S
The Great Mirrors Salt Lake



Already joined us once? Fall in love with yourself all over again.

"My favorite -ism? Narcissism."
-Charles Dawes,
at the S-L-S, on -isms.

Now Featuring



Care enough to send the very best (you) to our spa;
For more information call: 1-800-SPA-UTAH





I'm Burt Lumley, Snakcore's new VP of Advertising. Let's face it folks. Snakcore's sales have been way down. We've fallen on some tough times. But we can turn this around. You remember SnakyBunnies? 1974? Yeah. That was a good year. Well, I am gonna bring us back to the SnakyBunnies era, where our products were in every cupboard and pocket across the nation.

We are going to need to overhaul our image. I've thought of four great new advertising campaigns that will surely return us to the preeminent supplier of snacks to adults and kids. I present to you...

SNAKCORE AD CAMPAIGN 2003



Okay. This first one addresses our need to appeal to the kids more. That's why we're gonna bring in a hip new pitch, MC Unbearably Crisp. He'll be the new fad in all of our nation's high schools. Let's watch.



Kid: I'm bored with these soggy snacks. I wish there was something really crunchy....

(MCUC enters via Cadillac El Dorado)

MCUC: Hey shorty. I got somethin' for you...

Kid: MC Unbearably Crisp! In my neighborhood? Mom!

MCUC: No, hold up kid. I heard you in need of some hard snacks...

Kid: I guess...

MCUC: Well, try my new snack, Snakcore's Super Crispins, the crunchiest cereal ever made.

Kid: I don't know.

MCUC: Go ahead kid, give 'em a try.

Kid: But it just looks like a bowl of tiny knives in milk.

MCUC: Snakcore's patented crisp technology seals in the crunchiness, even in milk.

Kid: Well, okay.

(Kid Bites into Super Crispins)

Kid: This shit is crunchy. *(bleeding from gums)*

MCUC: Now you're getting it kid... *(scratches hip-hop music on dual turntables)*



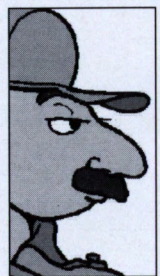
Okay, that one didn't get you all excited? I know. It was a little edgy. Here's one we're all really proud of. Now you know there have been a lot of snipers in the news. There's some pretty pissed off people. Not good publicity. But, I've got a way to use the sniper in a way that's pro-snacking. Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce the Snak Sniper...



I'm so hungry. I could use a snack.



POW!



I just got sniped, with a delicious snak core granola bar. Thanks Snak Sniper.



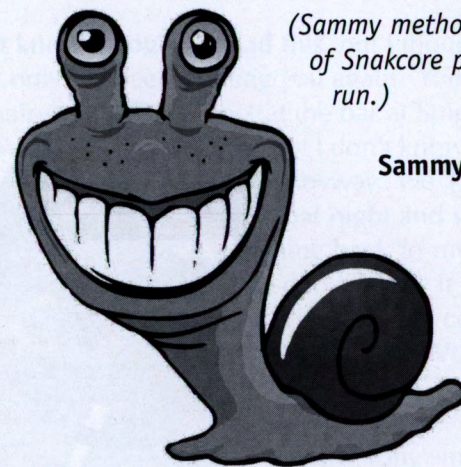
You'll never catch me...



Allright. Not a crowd pleaser. That's all right. I got two more ideas. This one is a softer, more friendly Snakcore angle. Geared towards the kids, because no one likes to snack more than kids. Let me introduce: Snakery Snail.

SNAKERY SNAIL!

Snakery Snail sez: Slow and Steady Snakin' wins the race. (two pictures) Don't be a Freddy Fast Eater, be a Sammy Slow Eater. Eh, sammy?



(Sammy methodically eats through all of Snakcore products during a trial run.)

Sammy Slow Eater: Mom!

Mom: What, Sammy?

Sammy Slow Eater: Snik a Snak Pik a Pak! Snik a Snak Pik a Pak!

Mom: What are you going on about, Sammy?

Sammy: SNIK A SNAK PIK A PAK! Don't you know about the Snakery Snail?

Mom: You mean the helpful snail that helped you to stop eating so fast?

Sammy: Yeah. He told me to buy the Snik a Snak Pik a Pak Variety Snak Pak because it has a lot of different kinds of food that I can eat at an appropriate pace.

Mom: Snik a Snak Pik a Pak? What a great idea! I'll go out and buy some. You keep gorging yourself in a methodical manner. And don't stop eating.

Sammy: YAY!!!!

Mom: Keep eating.



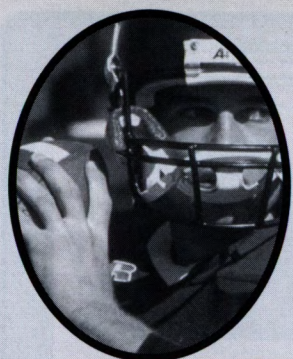
We're still working out who's gonna play the Snakery Snail. Not a favorite? You want more. Well, I saved the best for last. What if we took over the country? I've been looking over my American History books, and well, it looks like the Fourth Reich of Snakcore is upon us...



You must obey orders... when it comes to snaking.

(Burt Lumley is escorted from building.)

Boyfriends: Pro / Con



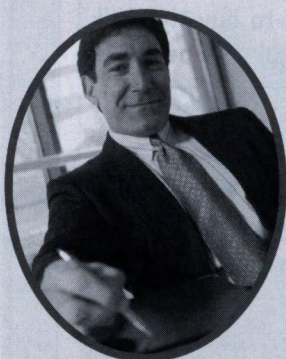
Quarterback
Pro: Hella hunky.
Con: Smella funky.



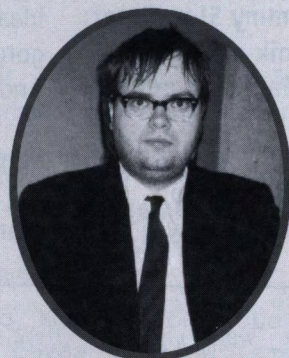
The Married Man
Pro: Buys you things to keep your mouth shut.
Con: His wife asks you how her V tastes.



Lead Guitarist
Pro: He plays guitar.
Con: It's made of air.



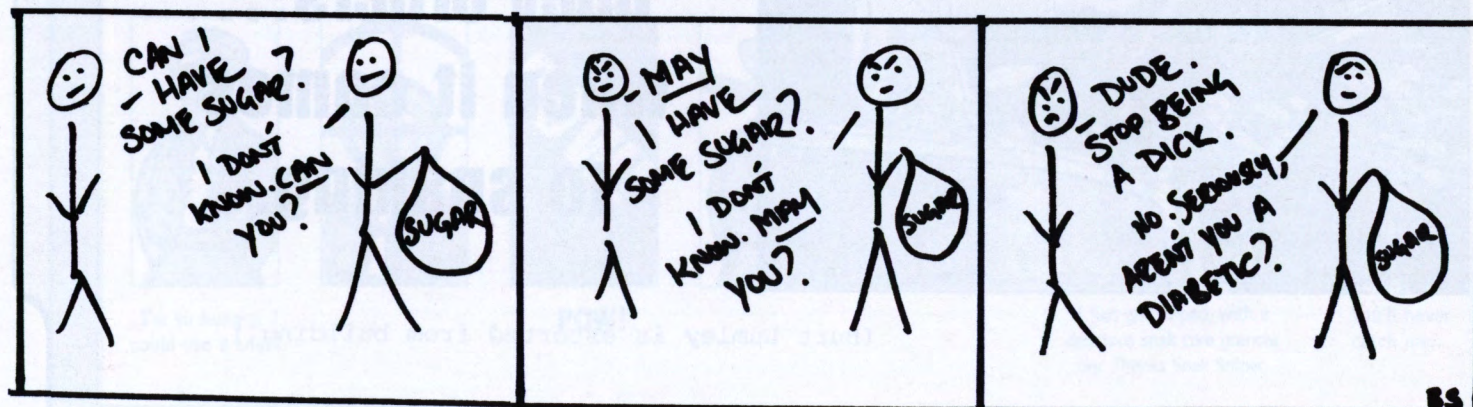
Lawyer
Pro: He makes serious bones.
Con: He uses the bones to beat the poor.



Class Brain
Pro: He has a HUGE brain.
Con: He has a HUGE tumor on his brain.



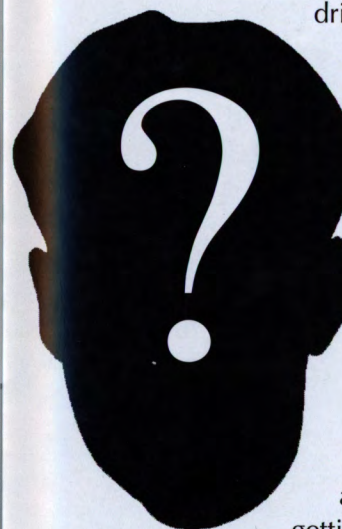
BodyBuilder
Pro: Killer body.
Con: Blends your dog for the protein.



You were the cute blonde woman who was crossing Main street at the Maple intersection. I blew my horn right in your ear. You recoiled in surprise and pain, while at the same time giving me the middle finger. We shared a moment. More specifically we shared a feeling. Mutual hate. You hated me for being an asshole, I hated you for negligibly delaying my fifteen minute ride home from work. Would you like to meet for coffee sometime? I would love to douse you with a hot cup of Joe. We can unleash our rage in vicious displays of verbal and physical abuse. We've already planted a seed, now all we have to do is nurture it.

reply to: ronanderson@biglawfirm.com
Waiting to Hate, Mountain View

I don't know if you will read this, but I thought this might be my only chance of seeing you again. You were the tall dark haired man who I met at the bar at Spigo's last June. Guys were calling you Tony, but I don't know if that's your real name. Anyway, we had a couple drinks that night and you ended up coming back to my place. And I don't know if you know it but we really connected that night. We shared a moment. Our moment has a name. I refer to it as my Tony moment, after you. I've tried to put it out of my mind, since I didn't think I would ever see you again, but it's always there, crying out to me, 'Here I am,' it says, 'pay attention to me.'



And it's not getting any better. At first it was just a little seed in the periphery of my life, but it kept growing. It kept growing until finally, two weeks ago, it burst out of me in an intense public display of emotion and tears. I realize now, that I cannot just put our moment aside, that it will continue to become larger and more prevalent. It's already 10lb 6oz and wakes me up every night, and I can't take care of it by myself and also keep a steady waitressing job.

reply to: bigmistake@hotmail.com
Baby Crazy, Menlo Park

I know this sounds crazy, but I feel like I see you everywhere I go, and I just had to find out who you are. I saw you in a huge crowd of people in San Francisco two weeks ago. I can't even say where in San Francisco. It was just a huge backdrop of the city, and the streets were filled with people for no particular reason. You were

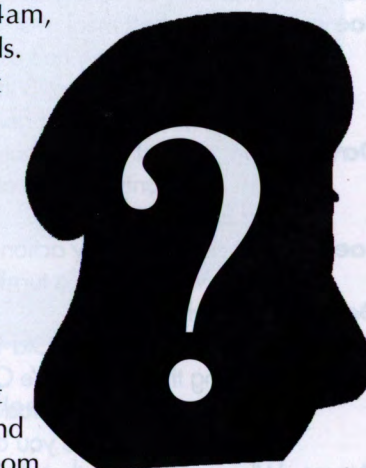
unmistakable in your red and white striped shirt though. I wanted to approach you, but you were too far away. Indeed, after taking my eyes off of you for a second I could not find you again. I thought then that I had lost my chance.

But then I saw you again this last weekend in Paris. You were considerably harder to spot this time, for the tell-tale red and white stripes seemed to be everywhere. Furthermore, the French's berets, which appear to be a mandatory item of clothing in that strange foreign land, look just like that handsome cap you always wear, sans your classic pompom of course. Then there you were on the crossbar of the Eiffel Tower! But no, the hat was striped, while yours is always pure rouge. Oh but there you were on the Arc de Triumph! No again, for you would never sport facial hair, even such a pencil thin mustache. Indeed, I cannot be sure that I saw you at all, except that my instincts tell me so.

I write this email to let you know that I cannot look for you anymore. You have become too elusive, and the satisfaction of finally distinguishing you from some other skinny, four-eyed geek wearing the exact same clothing, minus one fucking sock just isn't there anymore.

reply to: ihatewaldo@stanford.edu
Moving on To Hidden 3-D Images, Palo Alto

You were the cute blonde who showed up wearing a hot pink skirt with a group of similarly dressed friends to the Burnington Yards rave six months ago. I don't know if you remember me, but we met in the bathroom at around 4am, mutually high out of our minds. Well, we shared a moment blondie, and our moment has a name. Or, more accurately our moment has an acronym. I'm sorry to break it to you like this, but I didn't know how else to let you know. You should really get tested. And please respond to me when you get the results. Perhaps we can find some solace in our mutual doom.

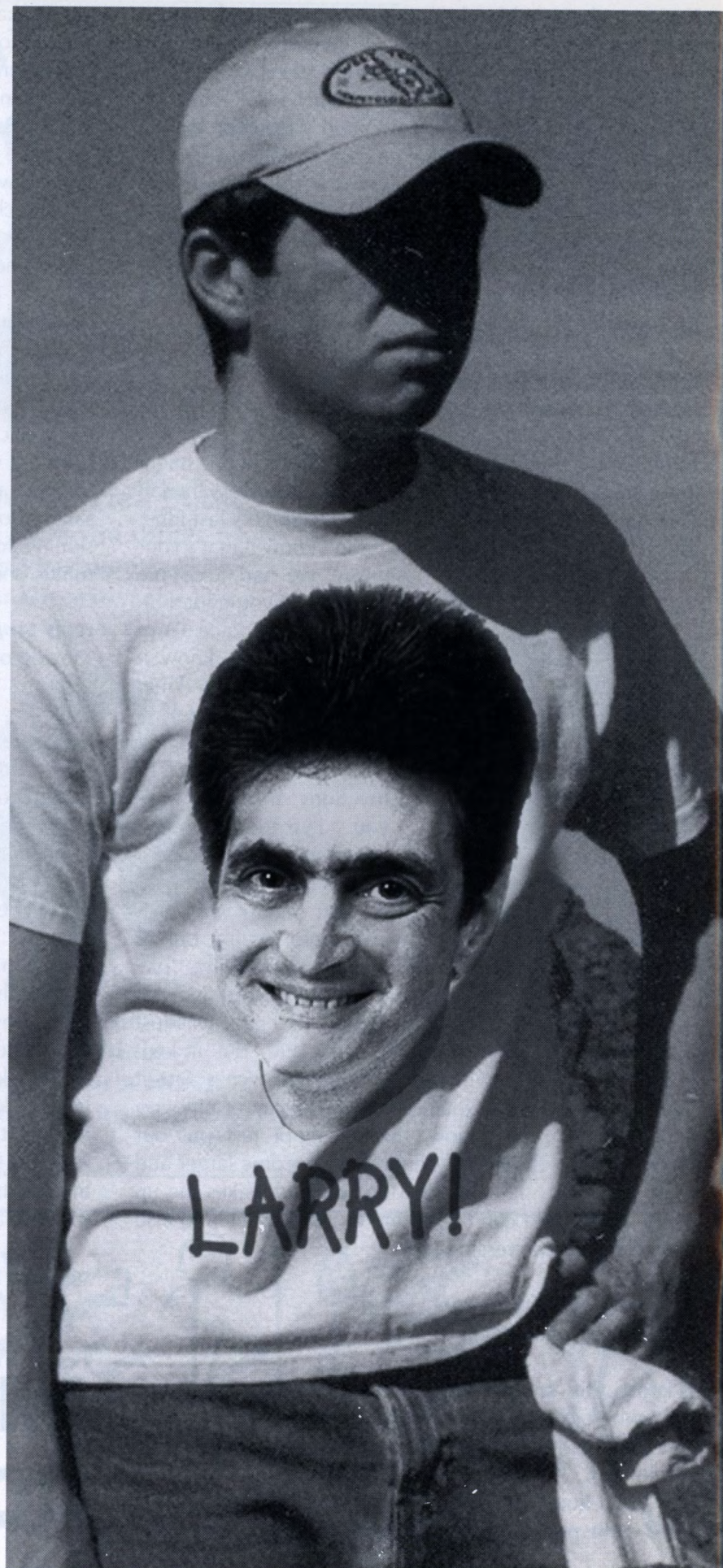


reply to: telly@kids.com

MISSED CONNECTIONS

LARRY!

- Dave:** Hey man, sweet T...I notice you've worn it every day this month.
- Joey:** Thanks.
- Dave:** Who's Larry?
- Joey:** That's my dad.
- Dave:** Really? That's pretty sweet, dude. How did you get your dad's face on a t shirt?
- Joey:** Had it made. Custom. T-Shirt Hut at the Westfield Mall and Shops. In town. Larry took me.
- Dave:** You went all the way to town to put your dad's face on a T-shirt.. That's dedication.
- Joey:** No, its LARR-ICATION!
- Dave:** ...
- Joey:** We went in the car. He drives a Toyota Camry, the XE package. Sure it's not an LE, but it sure as hell isn't a DE.
- Dave:** So why do you wear your dad's face on your shirt?
- Joey:** Because he's the greatest guy ever. LARRY!!!!
- Dave:** Why are you yelling?
- Joey:** Me and my dad went to the Brew House Ale House Mill Pub. He had Uncle Moose Tar Ale. I had a brew burger with bacon and guacamole, cuz you gotta do things a little differently when Larry's around.He's a man that commands respect. In town.
- Dave:** What are you talking about, Joey?
- Joey:** It was the best meal ever, cuz I went with Larry, my dad. You know, he's a bouncer at "Ye Old 96er" at 4th and Pico. Sometimes I go to work with him. He lets me sit near the bar.
- Dave:** Yeah, you just told me that. I thought your dad was a security guard at the Westfield Mall and Shops.
- Joey:** I just crafted a Larry action figure out of this pickle. Wanna take a turn?
- Dave:** Doing what?
- Joey:** Giving someone the "Old 96." That means throwing them out of "Ye Old 96er" on 4th and Pico. Lets just hope my dad doesn't come down to high school and give you all the "Old 96."
- Dave:** Why would he do that, Joey?
- Joey:** You know, I'm going on tour with my dad this summer. It's the Larry Summerfest. It's gonna be pretty long, but there should be plenty of action.
- Dave:** Sounds like it, Joey...where are you guys going?
- Joey:** We'll probably hit up "Ye Old 96er" on 4th and Pico. It's gonna be hot!
- Dave:** Are you going to wear that shirt all summer, too?
- Joey:** You bet your ass I am. LARRY! WOO!
- Dave:** I'll see you later, Joey.
- Joey:** Larry's got a mouthful of pearly whites...



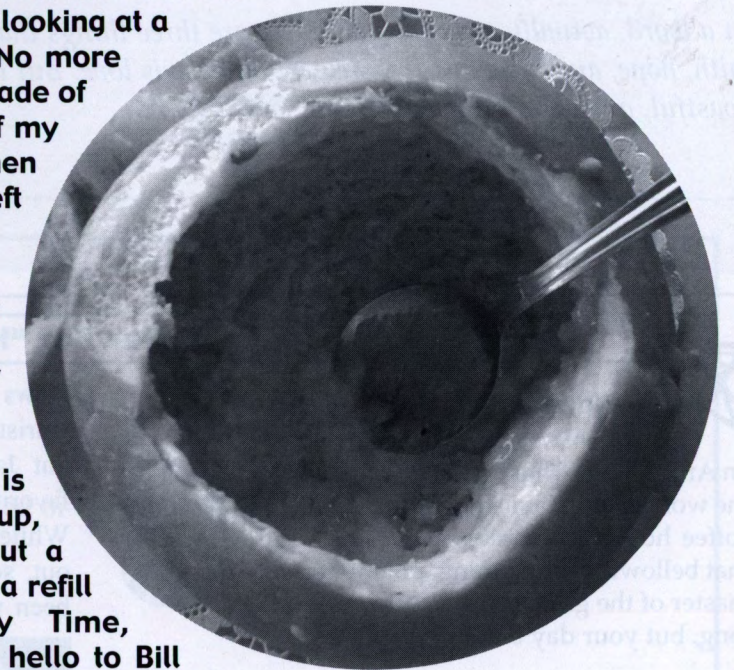
The greatest invention of our era: Chili in a Bread Bowl

A decade ago, I found myself wanting more out of my weekly visit to Applebee's. Sure their bottomless glass of Country Time lemonade could quench any man's thirst, and the mozzarella sticks were crisp on the outside and delightfully gooey on the inside, but at the end of the meal, as I sat back in my vinyl booth for one, I felt a pit in my stomach. Something was missing. Or, rather, something wasn't missing. My bowl.



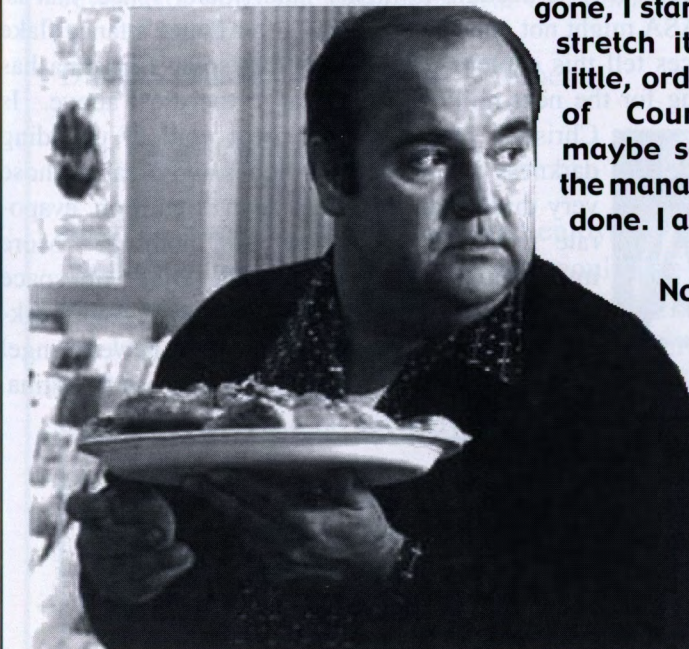
Enter: Chili in a Bread Bowl. The greatest invention of our era. No more messy cleanups after dinner. No more guilt looking at a huge empty bowl that contained fattening chili. No more broken teeth from imagining that my bowl was made of delicious chili soaked sourdough. Now the end of my meal is as enjoyable as the beginning, because when the bowl is empty there is so much more love left to give.

And I'm not the kind of guy who sort of picks at the edges of the bowl, and pretends to eat it, but is really a little too timid to actually tear into the very thing from which he was eating. Nay.



After the chili is gone, I stand up, stretch it out a little, order a refill of Country Time, maybe say hello to Bill the manager. He'll ask me if I'm done. I always give him the same answer.

Not yet.



Then I sit down and tear into the deliciously soggy bowl with my bare hands, as if to tell the entire Applebee's going clientele, "I'm a man. I'm a man full of bread and chili. I'm a man full of bread and chili with one testicle and none of you or your inedible tableware can take that away from me."

Chili in a Breadbowl, you are my only friend, and at the same time, my most worthy opponent.

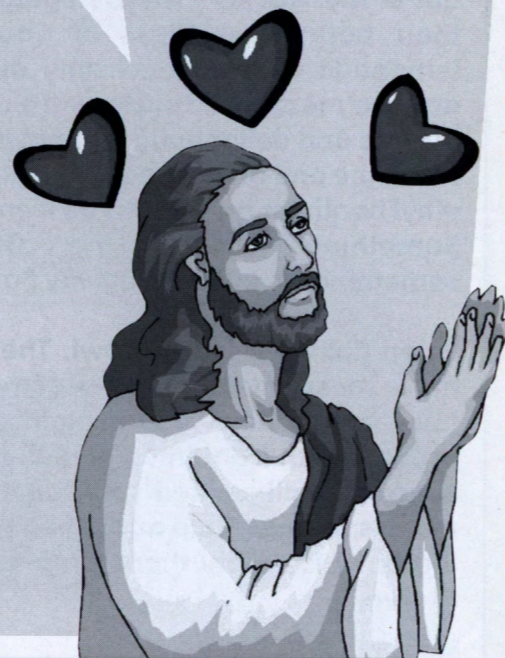
Love is patient; you can go up to love and be like, "Hey, love, Pete and Repeat were walking across the bridge, Pete fell off, who was left?" and Love will continue to answer "Repeat." Love also doesn't mind the knock-knock jokes about bananas. Love is kind and envies no one, although it sometimes secretly wishes it could be Matthew Broderick.

Love is never boastful, nor smelly, nor tasting like coconut, nor buying novelty singing Xmas ornaments for you but above all, never boastful.

There is nothing love cannot face; it watched Aliens at age 6 without having to hide behind the couch; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and endurance. Love can run a sub-four-minute mile and is a tiger in the sack. Love also roots for the Red Sox.

In a word, actually many words, there are three things that last forever: faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of these is love. But love is never boastful, and so we give the title to faith instead.

Love is...



Jack Star: Star Reporter For "Hollywood"nt you like to know."

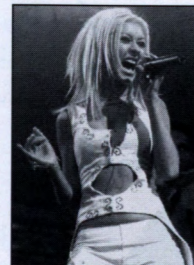
News Flash!

Maya Angelou, more like You're an Angel, Lou. That's right, the mistress of the word, Miss Maya, has passed on to that coffee house in the sky. Good luck with that bellowing, bussoming, potent portent, master of the grand mystery, the night was long, but your day breaks fiercely, Lou.



News Flash!

Michelle Pfeiffer finally enters Menopause. That's right, keep an eye on this bombshell beauty in the next few months. Could her career dry up as quickly as her ovaries? Only the stars know, Jack Star that is.



News Flash!

Christina Agui-where-a? It hasn't reached the grapevine, but Jack Star's at the root, where word has it that everybody's favorite Latin diva is heading to higher land...outer space, that is. While NASA might not quite be "n Sync" after Lance's fancy flake out, sources tell this explorer to the stars that spicy Christina has been vying for the next million dollar seat to the great above. Is Christina ready for that great void of unending darkness where even our hopes and dreams, those very things that this great town is built on, evaporate into what they really are, nothing? More importantly, is it ready for her?! Dios Mio, space is in for a very special Cinco De Mayo! And speaking of Mayo, watch out for our newest angel Angelou as you float among the heavens Christina.

Jack Star's Final Thought



As you stare into the void of hate that envelopes all of Jack Star's lonely wanderers out there, wondering whether anything can save you from the utter darkness of obscurity, think lightly, underneath it all is Hollywood. What're the goings on's on the strip that's always going? Jack Star sees everybody, as everybody sees stars. Perhaps the beauties of the strip should sing a new tune, cause the execs are drying up, and this hot hunk sees nothing but grapevines for the gaggle of gogglers lining up on sunset. News Flash!

Germany 2 Argentina Foundation

Dear Re-Patriated-Argentine Nazi/Jewish Holocaust Alumni,

You are cordially invited to the Fourth Annual Holocaust Reunion. Due to the large number of Alumni from this popular holocaust who have relocated to our fair nation, we are pleased to announce this very special event. In past years, activities have included an intra-camp soccer tournament, games like "Guess The Racial Affiliation," and guest speakers like the NBA's Magic Johnson. We do anticipate a large turnout, so we implore you to fill out this response form so that we may better prepare. Thank you, and we hope to see you soon!

Sincerely,
Eduardo Duhalde
President of Argentina

Name: _____

Country of Origin: _____

I fled from _____ in _____.

Please Circle One:

Jewish (or other unclean race)/ War Criminal (indicted or convicted)/ Revisionist Soldier

Dinner: Chicken / Beef / Pork / Kosher

Of Guests (family only please): _____

In order to make the weekend more enjoyable and easier for you, we ask that you include the names or numbers of any fellow alum that you would like to reconnect with during the reunion. We'll try our best to get you connected over the course of the weekend. (Can't think of anyone, perhaps your old bunkmate, the Jew who shined your shoes, that one shower guard who you thought might not be that bad inside, or perhaps just one camp-mate or workmaster that you always wished you could talk to under less formal circumstances. It can be anybody!)

1. Alum's Name/Number: _____

Relation to yourself: _____

2. Alum's Name/Number: _____

Relation to yourself: _____

Ask Condi:

Love Advice from Love Expert Condoleeza Rice, America's Sweetheart



Dear Condi,

I've been with my boyfriend for a few years now, but recently he's been acting sort of strange. He goes out with his friends almost every night and doesn't come home until very early in the morning. Although I don't have any hard evidence of it, I think he might be cheating on me. What should I do?

Worried in Walla Walla

Dear Worried:

You are right to be concerned. I think you should take action now, despite your lack of evidence. You could try talking it through, but that's probably not the way to get results with this guy. He has continually shown you disrespect and it's only a matter of time until he causes some type of large scale disaster in your life. I'd suggest you launch a full scale invasion of his wallet, his drawers, even his personal computer - anything you have to do to reveal him as the cheating lunatic he is. I have absolutely no doubt you search is going to unearth something terrible, but even if it doesn't you shouldn't be deterred. In short, get rid of this lout and find yourself a man who can promise you a well-oiled existence.

Condi

Dear Condi,

My friends all tell me that I am too picky with men. They tell me that I'll never find a man, and that I'm doomed to be lonely forever. Am I destined to be a lonely old woman?

Single in Seattle

Dear Single:

First of all, never listen to what your friends tell you. You don't need them to be successful. You don't need them to help you through your every day life. In fact, you don't need them at all. They are just standing in the way of your happiness. You do what is best for you, and let them eat from the table scraps of your new found independence. Secondly, there is nothing wrong with being single. Some of the most successful women in the world have been single. Just look at yours truly: a syndicated columnist and America's sweetheart - and I'm frosty as the Alaskan Tundra. Follow your dreams...

Condi

Dear Condi,

This may be more of a question of manners than relationships, but I thought I'd give it a try. I recently gave a party and my boyfriend was there. After a few hours I went to go refresh everyone's drinks, and realized there was only enough wine left for 4 people, and there were 5 people at the table. I poured the wine for my four girlfriends, leaving my boyfriend without any. I assumed he would understand, and that I was just trying to be a good host. Well, he flew into a rage, flipped the table and started yelling that I should have given him some of the wine because I knew he was thirsty and because he had less wine than everyone else to start out with. Was he right to get mad, or am I the one who deserves an apology?

Put Off in Portland

Dear Put Off:

I think you're the one who deserves an apology. I don't believe anybody deserves special treatment, no matter what the circumstances. Your boyfriend needs to accept the fact that there are some people who just deserve wine and some who don't. Perhaps next time he can get himself a domestic beer, or maybe some kind of sparkling juice. He was obviously arguing his entitlement to some kind of reverse preferential treatment that has no place in the home or the business. I'd suggest your boyfriend get a job, and then maybe he can purchase his own wine.

Condi

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Chappie Personals

ABF DRUMZ, I love you!

I love you,
 HoDay, F'Jord, Twa, Poon, BamBam.
 I love you,
 Otter, Line, Muppy, Tiny.
 I love you,
 Link, Chee, DT, SideShow.
 I love you,
 Potti, Clyde, Puff, and T-Hug.
 I love you,
 Buckwheat, Feeves, Nup, and Schmegma.
 HAPPY VANIGLIA DAY!
 TA "Giving good handjobs since 1919" NG

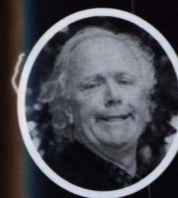
From : "Ryan Ellis"<rellis@stanford.edu>
 To : <ebroccoli@lists.Stanford.EDU>
 Subject : EBF: who the fuck stole my cup

Yo.
 Who has seen a green cup that says Derelicts on it? It is really special to me and I want it back. So fuck you all and bring it back, fuckers, and I won't kick your fucking asses (I work out at Tressider you know, and I canbench press my own weight and more). It was at dinner and it is worth more than all your fucking pathetic lives combined.

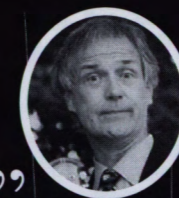
Love,
 Ryan

Dear Chuck,

This Valentine's day, I just wanted to take a moment to remind you what everything really means:
 The Green Bead stands for fun, because, that's what we have when we're together.
 The Blue Bead stands for your eyes, because, that's what color they are.
 And... the Red Bead stands for... love, because that's the Bead for Valentine's Day.
 From Marie (paid for by Ritik)



"Charlie and Brannigan"



Protégés of the Famous "Abbott and Costello Comedy Team"

Present their new two man show:

"Verbal Confusion Revue Follies"

BRANNIGAN

I says, I says, I says, I sold my pants today.

CHARLIE

Are you crazy?

BRANNIGAN

No. I just don't have any more pants. I gots no place to put the money. Will you hold it for me?

CHARLIE

Hold yourz money for you? But my pockets is full.

BRANNIGAN

Full of what?

CHARLIE

Other pairs of pants. I bought them off a fella on the street.

BRANNIGAN

That was me, you idiot. I oughta...

CHARLIE

Sorry, Brannigan. I didn't recognize you without pants on...

BRANNIGAN

Charlie!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



And other hits....including...

"Goldfish"

CHARLIE

Brannigan, where's my goldfish?

BRANNIGAN

Your fish? Well, I figured it would be cheaper to keep your fish in the toilet so we didn't have to buy a bowl.

CHARLIE

Brannigan! Where are we gonna go to the bathroom?

BRANNIGAN

In this new goldfish bowl I just bought!

CHARLIE

Brannigan!

And other hits....including...

"Hot Date"

CHARLIE

I just went on a date with Mary Sue.

BRANNIGAN

Did ya Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yup, Brannigan.

BRANNIGAN

Did you get to first base?

CHARLIE

Ya might say I hit the foul pole.

BRANNIGAN

WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH?

And other hits....including...

"WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH WHAT?"

CHARLIE

Hey hey Brannigan, whatcha doing?

BRANNIGAN

Just watching the boob tube, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah. What's on?

BRANNIGAN

Football game, Charlie.

CHARLIE

WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH WHAT?





Save the last...

Don't be the one to eat that last piece of pizza. Everyone will think you are greedy. Throw it away, instead.

Don't be the one to pick that last kid who wants to play dodgeball. Everyone will think you're non-strategic. Let him watch. It might make him better.

Don't be the one to save that last dance for Suzy. Everyone will think you are desperate. Besides, she already went home because her mom came early because she thought the dance was over at 8:30 instead of 9:00.

Don't be the one to sell that last puppy who's the runt of the litter. Everyone will think you don't care about sustainability. Shove him back inside the mother and sow the seeds for future generations.

Don't be the one to drink that last gulp of gatorade. Everyone will think you like to drink backwash. Inject it directly into your refreshment zone.

Don't be the one to imprison that last child sex offender. Everyone will think you don't trust him. Let his conscience be his guide.

Don't be the one to leave that last stone unturned. Everyone will think you're the one who hid Mike's wallet. That was a real dick move.



LOVE @ AOL



Username: sugarpie59

Down to earth woman, tired of the games.

Age: 43

Location: Ocean City, New Jersey, US

Seeking: Male age 19-56

Occupation: Taxi Driver based out of local train station, freelance aerobics instructor.

Religion: Unitarian

Income: \$18,000 to \$25,000, depending on the aerobics.

Smoker: Yes, Marlboro lights.

Have Children: Bobby, Ritchie, and Summer.

Want Children: No. I have enough.

Celebrity You Resemble: People always tell me that I look like Beverly D'Angelo.

Most Embarrassing Moment: Probably the time the mini-skirt I wore to my sister's house for Thanksgiving dinner matched her tablecloth.

Pet Peeves: Late child-support checks, when the kids drink all my Diet Coke.

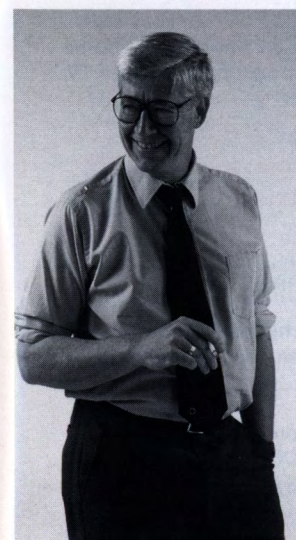
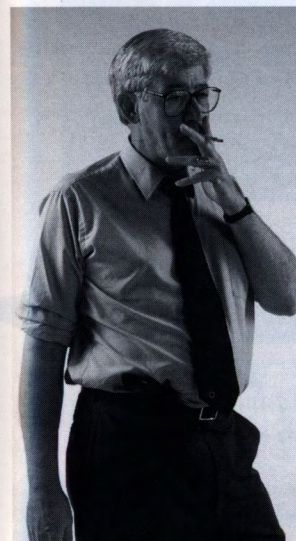
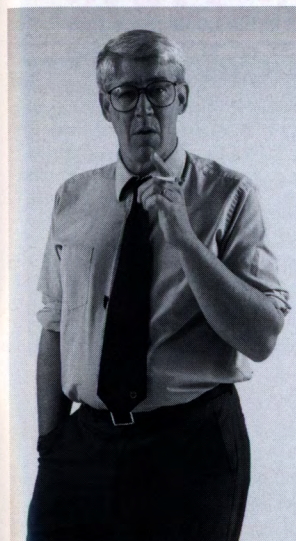
What you'll find in her closet: To work, I usually go pretty casual. My favorite black t-shirt has a "Caesar's Palace" logo on the front, fringe at the bottom, and keeps me cool when the A.C. in my cab goes out.

Most Prized Possession: Black patchwork leather jacket with elastic waistband.

How Her Friends Describe Her: Whether she's at work, going out, or picking the kids up from her mother's on weekends, Karla can manage it all. She's on an upward trajectory. She's a real catch, guys, so you better snap her up now before it's too late!



LIFE WITH DOUG, A 9-5 GUY



THE CAR TRIP

9-5 GUY:

Alright, it's 9am. Time to go.

WIFE:

Sure honey, let me just get the kids.

(8 hours later)

9-5 GUY:

Ok, 5 pm, time to get out.

WIFE:

But we are in the middle of a freeway.

We're still an hour out of Spokane.

9-5 GUY:

It's 5pm. Time to get out and camp.

KIDS:

But where will we sleep?

9-5 GUY:

In these tents. The shoulder is softer than the road. Be glad we pulled over toward the side of the road before 5pm.

SOCCER PRACTICE

WIFE:

(calling husband at work)

Hon, can you pick up

Nikki from soccer today?

9-5 GUY:

What time?

WIFE:

3:30.

9-5 GUY:

3:30? Are you joking?

WIFE:

No.

9-5:

I finish work at 5. I'll pick her up at 5.

SHOWERING

WIFE:

Hon, maybe you should take a shower.

9-5 GUY:

Shower? What? When?

I gotta be there at 9!

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

WIFE:

Hon, I got us tickets for the 9pm showing.

9-5 GUY:

I really can't believe you would get tickets at that time.

WIFE:

Why? It's Saturday night, you don't have work tomorrow.

9-5 GUY:

Where do you think the 9 in 9-5 comes from? You want me to shirk responsibility? 9 is 9 and you better believe it.

AT WORK

BILL:

(9-5 guy's boss, calling at 7:45am)

Hey Doug, we had some bad news from Europe. It's kind of an emergency.

We need you to come in early.

9-5 GUY:

Sure thing Bill. Be there at 9.

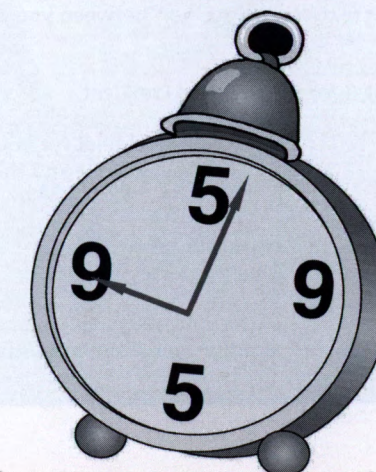
AT WORK, AGAIN

BILL (4:56pm):

Hey Doug, can you get started on that new project?

9-5 GUY:

No. I have to get ready to leave.



Eric Ford, Friends with your Parents.

Dave: Hey Eric, what's crackin? You gonna be at Mike's house later?

Eric: Probably not, I am having dinner with your parents.

Dave: Excuse me?

Eric: Yeah, we met at the BBQ at the country club on Saturday. Your dad has one mean slice.

Dave: Are you serious? You're having dinner with my parents?

Eric: Why is that so ridiculous? Rick and Judy are two really fantastic people. Maybe if you took the time to think of them as friends rather than parents, you would see that.

Dave: I still think that's kind of weird, Eric.

Eric: Hey Dave, I had dinner with your parents again last night.

Dave: Again? I thought we talked about this.

Eric: Yeah, I mean the food was good, but the service sucked. Your mom was getting pretty impatient. You should really be nicer to her, she's not coping well with menopause. It makes her feel old.

Dave: My mom told you about her menopause?

Eric: Yeah, she's a silver fox, you know. She's just getting older, it happens to everyone.

Dave: Where was I?

Eric: Probably off with all your friends. Judy

says you're always with your friends. She says you never spend any time at home anymore.

Dave: Eric, leave my parents alone. My parents and I can work out our own problems.

Eric: Alright dude, I was just trying to help some of the important people in my life.

Dave: Eric, my parents want you to stop calling the house.

Eric: That's not what they said when we were out at Chez Bistro last night.

Dave: Eric, my parents said they saw you at Chez Bistro, but you were sitting at the table next to them. You had a menu in front of your face the whole time with eye holes cut out.

Eric: Dave, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Dave: My parents want you to stop following them.

Eric: Following them? I am just enjoying the company of two mature, terrific people, who happen to be older than I am. And just because they are older than me, doesn't mean I can't hang out with them or follow them.

Dave: Just cut it out.

Eric: How did Rick and Judy enjoy their golfing trip in South Carolina?

Dave: How did you know they went to Hilton Head?

Eric: I have my means, Dave. They left

me a copy of their travel itinerary.

Dave: They did?

Eric: Yeah, they left it in the usual place they leave me information as to their whereabouts, the trash cans by your garage.

Dave: Eric, this is getting pretty scary.

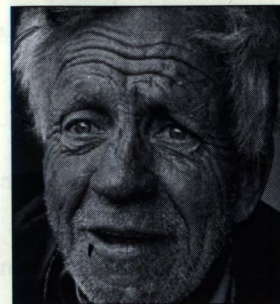
Eric: Is it as scary as it is to be a parent, in this day in age, with a child like you who is always out with his friends and never tells me where he is, only talking to me when he needs some cash or a ride somewhere?

Dave: Eric, you're not my parents.

Eric: Says you.



HARVARD 2 UNIVERSITY 2003-2004 FRESHMAN PROSPECTUS



A Welcome Message from President Rustins

Welcome freshmen. I'm pleased to see you all here today. I know it's been a long road to get here, but you made it! **Harvard 2**, or as I like to call it, "H2U," boasts comparable academic rigor to that of Harvard, while also allowing you to explore other aspects of society and living. While the **Harvard 2** history is short, it is highly distinguished. **Harvard 2** was founded in 1995 by me and my then girlfriend, Loni Cabrera. Earlier that year, in a particularly heated episode of our frequent yelling matches, she went so far as to say I would never be president of an Ivy League University. Well, who's laughing now Loni? Not President Rustins. He's in a meeting with the captains of industry. Nobody's gonna take it away from the Birdman...

FAQ — Frequently Asked Questions

What is the campus like?

While most universities typically have dorms, dining halls and libraries, **Harvard 2** is mostly centered around a central square and a large refrigerator box.

I noticed there's no time schedule. How will we know where our classes are?

Well most classes are in the box. Some, just outside the box.

I've heard Harvard 2 is quite difficult. How will it compare to my high school?

Well, here at **Harvard 2** we are going to push you harder than you were pushed in high school. You have to think outside of the box, so that when you get in the box, you will know the answers.

Our diplomas will say Harvard, right?

Yes. There will be a small two after that, but it will be small and unnoticeable.

Do you have any graduate schools?

Yes.

Will there be any opportunity to take classes at Harvard University?

You can't take classes at Harvard 1, but you can take classes at our auxilliary campus, **Harvard 3**, which is in my left pocket.

What should I bring?

I would bring a lot of warm coats, some money, a good attitude, and a blade for defense and digging. Leave your expectations at home.



LOVE IS

LOVE ISN'T

Love is...
Knowing the two of you were meant for each other.

Love isn't...
Knowing the two of you will marry someday since you're already beating the shit out of her on the first date.

Love is...
Organizing a game of Twister because you think it will create sexual tension between you and the girls in the room.

Love isn't...
Organizing a game of Twister because you think it will create sexual tension between you and the Twister mat.

Love is...
Taking a bullet for your beloved President.

Love isn't...
Taking a bullet for your beloved President because you think it's a fake bullet.

Love is...
Giving a guy named Jesus your heart and soul because you think he's the Son of God.

Love isn't...
Giving a guy named Jesus your wallet because he's threatening to punch you in the face.

Love is...
Burying your pet hamster because you think he's dead.

Love isn't...
Burying your pet hamster because you think that'll grow more hamsters.

Love is...
Spending a calm night at home watching TV with your loving dog.

Love isn't...
Spending a calm night at home watching dogs make love on TV.

Love is...
Holding your newborn child.

Love isn't...
Dropping it.

Love is...
Being in the 6th grade and finally approaching that girl you have a huge crush on.

Love isn't...
Approaching a 12 year old girl even though you're forty.

Love is...
Quitting smoking because the kids want you to.

Love isn't...
Quitting the kids because you need a cigarette.

We Asked The Staff:

Who do you have a secret crush on?

One time, I totally dug my gymnastics coach. Oh God, he was so hot. And he knew it, and he had those gymnastics moves, you know what I'm sayin'? Of course, I was 6 years old.

-Sara Inés Calderón, America's Sweetheart

As sad as it sounds, over the past two years, I've had a crush on almost every guy who works on the Chappie. This is precisely why there shouldn't be any girls on the magazine. Well, any other girls besides me, that is.

-Debbie Glasbland, Artist

Crushes? The only woman I had a crush on did not appreciate the fact that I knew her every move, every hour of the day. Fucking bitch.

-Chris Alloco, The Boy Next Door

The Devil.

-Chris Onstad, Full of surprises

I have a super big crush on Dave Eggers. He is starting to become famous.

-Gideon Lewis-Kraus, So, so sexy!

I've always been kind of shy to admit this, but I lie awake at night dreaming of justice.

-Steve Yelderman, The Future of America

If by crush you mean someone for whom I have feelings, but they don't know it, and if they did they wouldn't return them because they're way out of my league, you should probably just start checking the obituaries. I have the bullets all picked out.

-Charlie Stockman, Quality.

I don't really have feelings any more now that Jacob graduated. (Except for flowers!)

-Katie Founds, Moon Child

Oh, I've always fancied myself with one of those Oregon ladies. Nothing south of Medford.

-Geoff Schaeffer, A real man

I have a secret crush on this girl with dreadlocks, because she is like drugs to me, which make me feel nice even though they don't know my name.

-Jared Lister, So Rasta it hurts!

Are those billionaire Olsen twins legal yet? Never mind then. I don't have a secret crush.,

-Seth Rosenbloom, Undecided

I'll give you three hints:
1) 1983, 2) Black, 3) Taurus

You may think she's broke, what with her squat body and awkward handling, but I'm all about what she's like on the inside: four cylinders and 130 ponies of fuel injection sweetness. Now that's fucking hot. H-O-T,hot

-Eric Shih, The Sensitive Kind

Once I believed in love. Then, I believed in bigger, better things ...then, I woke up hung-over.

-Jason Jenkins, For Fuck's sake!

Lara Croft. She's so digital. Only problem, Tomb Raider is on my roommates computer. He got really creeped out after I slept with his monitor.

-Kevin Systrom, Naive Freshman

I dream pretty about DreamPretty.

-Matthew Henick.com

I liked this girl named Olia in 5th grade. I remember that she decided to move to France, her native country. She invited me over for a night of 'experimentation' the evening before her flight. I thought we'd kiss, maybe take our bodies out for a test drive. Turns out she just needed some help lifting boxes. Dang!

-Adrian Perry, Jilted

Jesse's girl.

-Matt Steinberg, Rick Springfield

Had, had a crush on. Jesus! Don't you ever listen? I'm so over that, seriously. Grow up! Wait...why? Did she say something to you?

-Erik Lessac-Chenen, 21st Century Boy Scout

Matt Steinberg's critical input.

-Aaron Gelband, Ready to Forgive

It's really not much of a secret.

-Ian Spiro, Subtle as a Jackhammer



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Ernie's Favorite Family Recipes

Chamborlada

1 oz. Chambord
1/2 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Dark Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
Blend with ice

Twisted Lemonade

12 oz. Lime Vodka
3 oz. Triple Sec
12 oz. can of frozen lemonade
12 oz. water
Pour all into blender, fill with ice, mix

Calypto Cool Aid

1 1/4 oz. Rum
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. Lime or Lemon Juice
1/4 tsp. sugar
Mix in tall glass, well with soda

Downtown

1 oz. Whisky
1/2 oz. Ameretto
Splash of Sweet & Sour Mix
Shake vigorously, top with lemon lime soda
Garnish with a cherry

Blue Sky

1 1/2 oz. Whisky
3/4 oz. Light Rum
3/4 oz. Blue Curacao
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
10 oz. ice
Blend until frozen
Garnish with orange slice

Cosmopolitan

2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Cointreau
Splash of Cranberry Juice
Dash of Lime Juice
Shake well, serve up

Mali-Colada

2 oz. Alize
1/2 oz. Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
Blend until smooth

Herradura Madres

1 1/4 oz. Tequila
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1 1/2 oz. Sweet & Sour Mix
1 1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1 1/2 oz. Cranberry Juice
Blend with ice

Mont Blanc

1 oz. Chambord
1 oz. Vodka
1 oz. Half & Half or Cream
1 scoop Vanilla Ice Cream
Blend & serve in wine glass

French Martini

1 1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Chambord
1 1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
Shake well, serve up

Mudslide

1/2 oz. Irish Cream
1/2 oz. Coffee Liqueur
1/2 oz. Vodka
Serve over ice

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