

Chaparral



Vol. CVIII

No. 2

\$3.00



Sacrifice

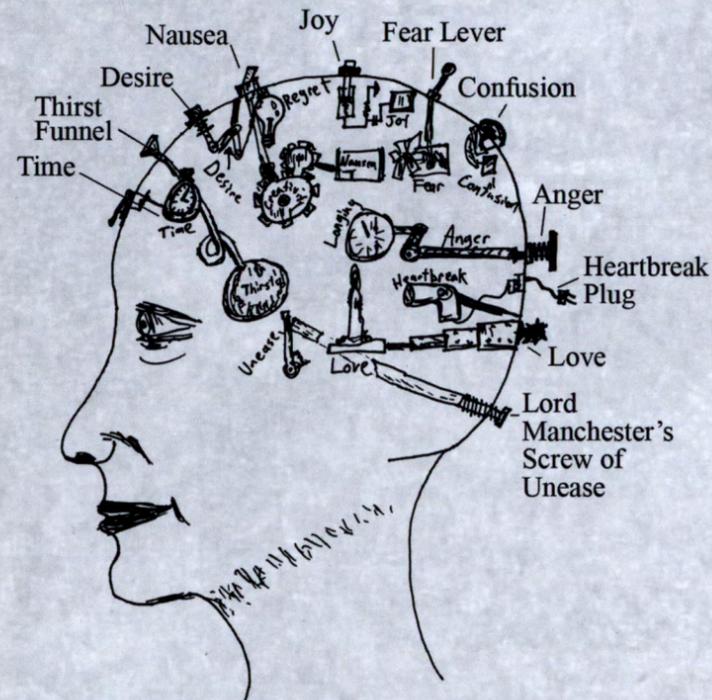


Figure 1. Hands-on Phrenology. The most interventionalist form of phrenology, it focuses on not only diagnosis of disorders of the mind through bumps on the head, but also treatments that involve pushing and pulling on the bumps as if they were an intricate array of buttons and levers. The field led to the invention of the "phrenologist's mallet."

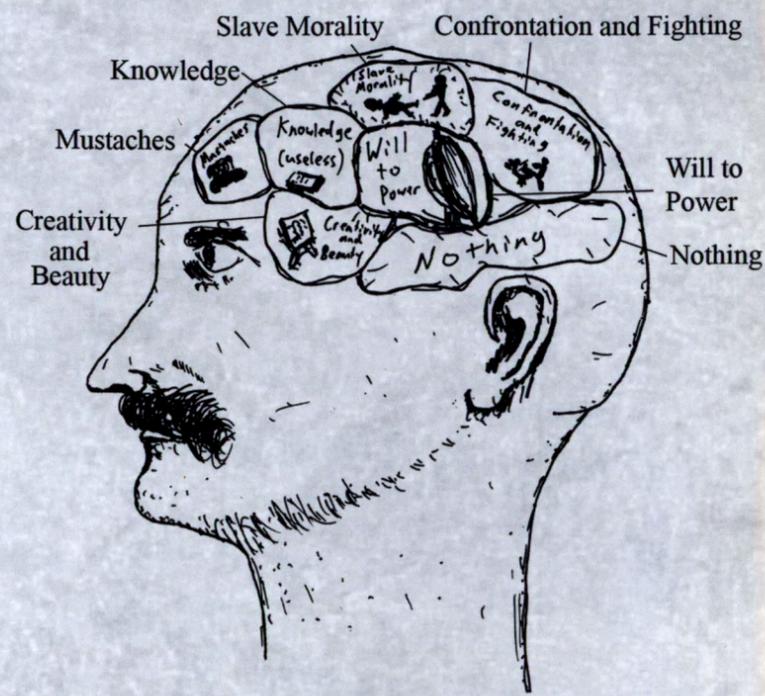


Figure 2. Nihilist Phrenology. A school of phrenology descended from the teachings of Friedrich Nietzsche, Nihilist Phrenology rejects orthodox phrenology as the product of weak-minded individuals. A Nihilist Phrenologist's greatest concern is the tendency of the Will to Power partition to conquer the rest of the brain, although he does applaud it.

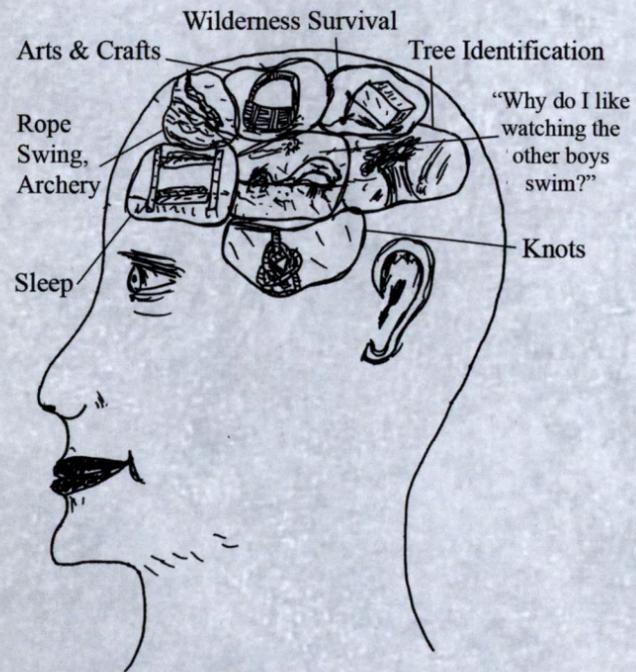


Figure 3. Summer Camp Phrenology. For the Summer Camp Phrenologist, a healthy brain thrives on a diverse set of activities to nurture the developing mind and body. Unexpected self-discovery and startling personal growth characterize the subjects of Summer Camp Phrenology.



Figure 4. Moose Phrenology. The moose mind is divided into three elementary regions: good, evil, and foodsex.

Hazing

in THE BABY-SITTERS CLUB

VICTIMS SPEAK OUT

"Before they would make me a full member, they told me that a job had come up at the old abandoned iron-works. I remember going up there with some toys and my geometry book (trig test the next day) prepared for anything. It turns out that the factory was inhabited by an ad hoc society of orphans. Kilroy, their leader, tied me up and put my feet to a fire until I swore I wouldn't tell an adult about them."

"We got a call for a tall order: the Colby quintuplets. BSC bylaws said that five kids needs two babysitters, so Kristi turned to me. As soon as we got there, it was clear I'd been set up. Immediately, she announced a 12:30 bedtime. I was new, but I was sure that was asking for trouble. Sure enough, she topped herself, offering the kids ice cream at 11:45. At 12:15 it was clear that the midnight oil would not stop its burning any time soon. "Who wants to go night swimming?" Kristi asked the kids. "No buddy system tonight!" The Heaneys didn't have a pool, so Kristi and them hitchhiked to the reservoir. Mr. and Mrs. Heaney came home and I was left to explain where their kids were. Kristi denied she was ever there and everyone acted like they believed her."

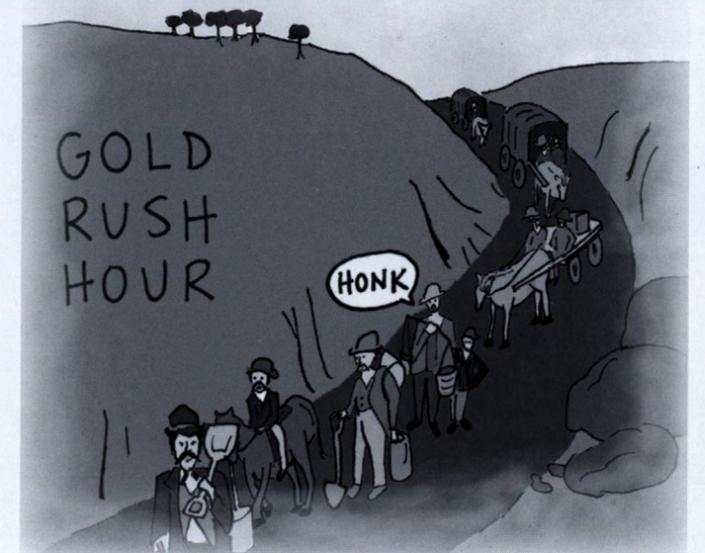
"So I was an initiate back in '91, and I had to pull out of one of my trial runs to go to my grandma's funeral in Vermont. Mary Anne told me I was out. The following Monday, I found a note in my locker saying, "You failed to kneel and now you shall never sit." Sure enough, I never got work in Stoneybrook again. I couldn't even volunteer at the hospital to get the community service hours I needed to graduate. I had to go Westport Penitentiary and teach prisoners to read."

"I was the first male to ever try and join the Baby-Sitters Club. To be honest, I just had a crush on Claudia, and I think they knew that, too. As soon as I walked into the meeting, they jumped me and braided my hair. They finally let me leave, only after giving me very specific instructions to tell certain boys who liked them. It got me kicked off the basketball team."

"My first job was at the Winslow place. Turns out Mr. Winslow wasn't married and had no kids. He just wanted to watch me brush my hair for five hours. He paid me \$800 and the club took all of it."



"Oh, about a year ago. Doctor says it's healthier."



CELTIC HIPSTER



Stanford Chaparral Sacrifice Number

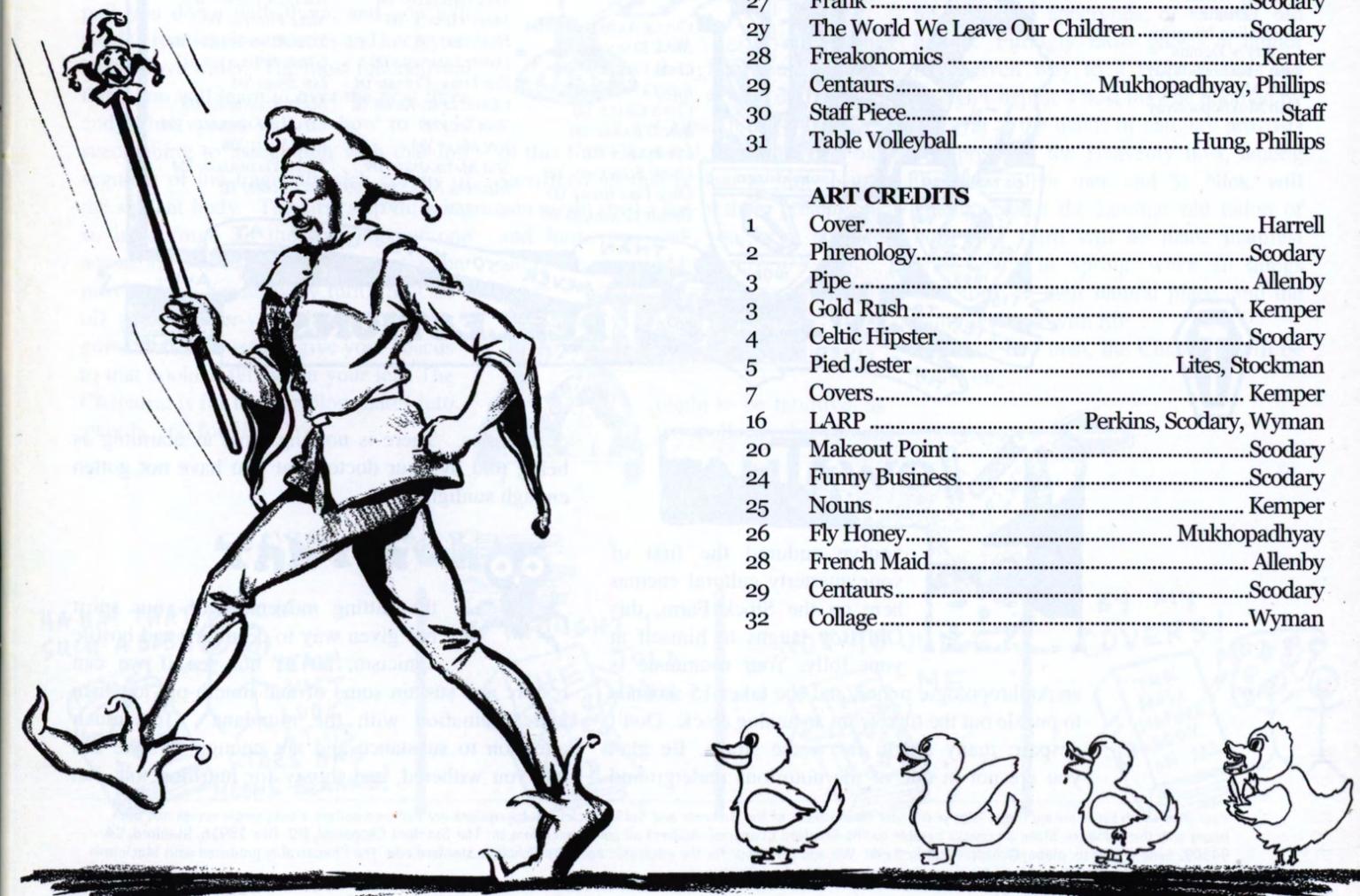
Vol. 108, No. 2
December 2006

WRITING CREDITS

2	Phrenology.....	Scodary, Stark
3	Babysitter's Club.....	Phillips
4	Celtic Hipster.....	Stark
6	Now That.....	Old Boy
8	Grinch.....	Mukhopadhyay
9	Supreme Court Dog.....	Wyman
10	Facebook.....	Staff
12	Foster.....	McCurdy
13	Rebus.....	Wyman
14	Romance.....	Phillips
15	Reese's.....	Phillips
16	LARP.....	Staff
18	Plot Twists.....	Phillips
19	O. Henry.....	McCurdy, Maher
19	Crucifac.....	Maher
20	Makeout Point.....	Phillips
21	Love.....	Maher
22	Boring, Deviant.....	Kenter, Maher, Mukh, Phillips
23	Chiasmus.....	Scodary
24	Hammurabi.....	Mukhopadhyay
25	One Thousand.....	Chanderraj
25	Cover Bands.....	Phillips
26	Wrong Answer.....	Scodary
27	Frank.....	Scodary
27	The World We Leave Our Children.....	Scodary
28	Freakonomics.....	Kenter
29	Centaurs.....	Mukhopadhyay, Phillips
30	Staff Piece.....	Staff
31	Table Volleyball.....	Hung, Phillips

ART CREDITS

1	Cover.....	Harrell
2	Phrenology.....	Scodary
3	Pipe.....	Allenby
3	Gold Rush.....	Kemper
4	Celtic Hipster.....	Scodary
5	Pied Jester.....	Lites, Stockman
7	Covers.....	Kemper
16	LARP.....	Perkins, Scodary, Wyman
20	Makeout Point.....	Scodary
24	Funny Business.....	Scodary
25	Nouns.....	Kemper
26	Fly Honey.....	Mukhopadhyay
28	French Maid.....	Allenby
29	Centaurs.....	Scodary
32	Collage.....	Wyman



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The Stanford Chaparral

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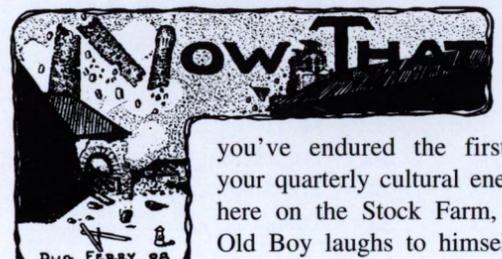
Hammer Coffin

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

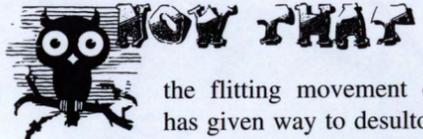
NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT REFLECTIONS ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED



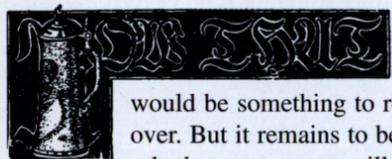
you've endured the first of your quarterly cultural enemas here on the Stock Farm, this Old Boy laughs to himself at your folly. Your roommate is an Anthropologie major, and she takes 15 seconds to puzzle out the time from an analog clock. Don't despair; many are in far worse straits. Be glad you are not in one of the notorious underground

dormitories. There is nothing quite as alarming as being told by your doctor that you have not gotten enough sunlight.



the flitting movement of your spirit has given way to desultory and hostile cynicism, let us not see if we can restore and sustain some of that month-old idealism and fascination with the mundane. Too much attention to substance and not enough to style has left you withered, and thirsty for nutrition that can

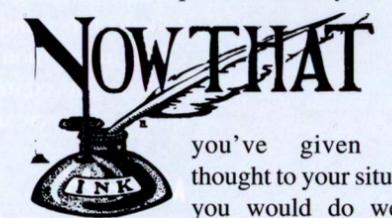
only arrive in the medium of blood. Of late, you have given of yourself to the monstrosity, and are worse off for having done so. Now, to save yourself, you must localize your most prized possessions and sacrifice them to this devil in Jester's clothing: here, a certain *separation* from the self is necessary. In doing so, you will find that your trusted orthodoxy is powerful but ineffective. You will also find that commitment is too easy, and that withdrawal is not easy enough. The Jester therefore asks that you find comfort in his unusually warm embrace, and that you accept that your thoughts and deeds may not carry the heft you expect them to.



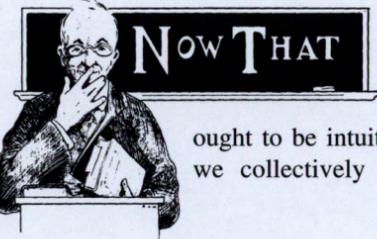
would be something to rejoice over. But it remains to be seen whether or not you will abide by the constraints pressed upon you. This is a time for confession and rededication. The stuffed shirts around you will try to pull you down with them, and you will need to repel their entreaties and keep your head above water. The most fundamental thing you will learn in over the next three and a half years will be how to avoid succumbing to association with that lost segment of the tragically sick corpus of the student body. The first step in doing so is to forgo all the trappings of one accustomed to having a golden scapegoat provided for her at every turn. So cast off your sweater-vest, throw your bass guitar under a bus, and give your abacus to that bookish fellow on your left. The Chaparral is for beating plowshares into swords, and for Holy War.



you understand just what you need to ask of yourself, it's time to entertain one more of the Jester's requests of you. No matter what your best friends tell you, you are where you are today due to chance and circumstance. Getting from here to there will take conscious choice, with all the inherent risks assumed and burdens borne therein. No one ever really earns anything; the act of justification is itself a sort of unbelievable effort. In fact, the only way to justify your possessions and presence is to confuse your contemporaries, your superiors, and yourself. However, tractability is overrated, and this miraculous justification is unnecessary if there be even a speck of faith in your spirit.

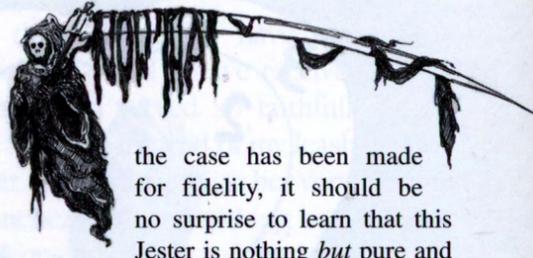


you've given some thought to your situation, you would do well to traipse through the pages of this fine Chaparral. The Old Boy has sacrificed all that is dear to him so that you might shed a few of those pretensions and humorous sins you have accrued along the way, and be forgiven.



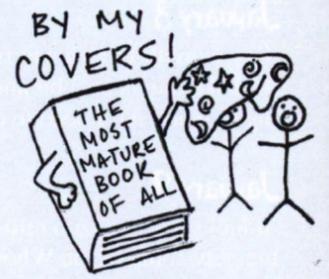
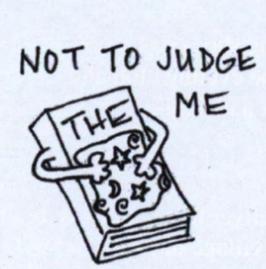
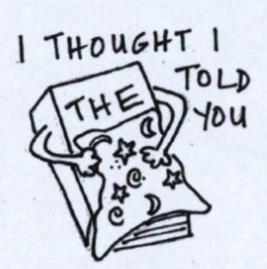
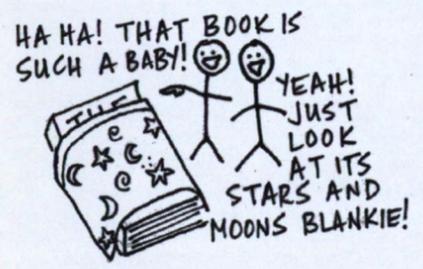
ought to be intuitive, as we collectively careen

toward December, the funniest month. Still, humor has its purview, and these darkest of days also offer plenty of time and space to consider the teleology of fathers' activity upon the death of their sons. Above all, it is worth remembering that one thing springs from another, and there can be no renewal, no progress, and no fecundity, without decay and delay and impotency. The flesh is weak without the spirit.



the case has been made for fidelity, it should be no surprise to learn that this Jester is nothing *but* pure and authentic spirit. This Chaparral, too, is canon proper — though the Jester often opts to dally and gaze into his mirror with his mute owl on his shoulder, the solipsism he expresses should not be mistaken for narcissism, and he would never lend his visage to apocrypha, or to tired, old humor. Fittingly, those ghosts of humor have given way to a Holy Ghost, and though Chappie's host may be doomed by betrayal at the hands of haughty provosts and prefects, the Heavenly host, among them the Elder men and St. Nick, will guarantee that the familiar old union of body and spirit will be made manifest once again, in Spring, when all things take form in their natural place, and the campus teems with life.

Now and then, the Chaparral will be with you.



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The Grinch

DIARIES



December 26

Alright so now my heart is *huge*. I knew I was missing out on all the frills of a normal sized heart before – compassion, empathy, joy – but I could live with that. The benefits of having a rhinoceros heart beating in my chest are nothing short of Olympic. The blood in my veins pounds like a Roman Legion on the march.

January 1

I'm celebrating the start of 1972 by no longer using my frail dog to drag me and my sled up the mountain to my cave. And as part of my New Year's resolution I'm really going to exercise more. Running up to the cave is as easy as getting milk from the fridge. And that's no small feat! You've seen my mountain, its slopes are at like an 85% grade. My calves are like softballs now.

January 8

I've worn through a pair of running shoes so I think I'm going to shake things up a bit and join the cycling club and start biking to work. All I need to do is get a nice bike.

January 9

It looks like Amazon refuses to deliver to my address, but fortunately some of the Whos in the village have agreed to build a new bike for me.

January 25

Apparently the Whos have no understanding of aerodynamics or even basic physics. The bicycle they built weighs over 200 pounds and is covered with useless bells and large tufts of colorful fuzz. It is dominated by an enormous sousaphone-type instrument that plays flat, guttural notes with every pedal push. I think I'm going to pick up some better shoes and go back to running.

March 11

Running has slowly become more difficult. I'm not sure what's going on, because for the last couple months I've been able to run at least 30 miles at an elevation of more than 20,000 feet without any problem. I think I should get checked out.

March 21

I went to the Whoville Hospital today to see a specialist. They kept me waiting for glompteen minutes. Finally, I was seen by four doctors standing on one another's shoulders. They wouldn't come in the room, opting instead to peer around the door, but they diagnosed my condition as snorple pox and prescribed two quarts of ice cream every morning while jumping on the bed.

March 24

Enough is enough. Things didn't improve, even after a house call where the four doctors tried to cheer me up by rapidly changing their skin colors while chanting words that rhyme with "gloomy grinch." I have to seek treatment outside Whoville.

March 29

The Mayo Clinic says I have a condition called Cardiomegaly. Normally this is limited to athletes whose heart muscle mass increases after years of working out. I was told that my larger heart was initially all muscle but, unlike athletic cardiomegaly, my heart tissue is slowly converting to fat. My bowlingball-sized heart is now 85% fatty tissue. I've started to lose circulation in my head tendrils and I have trouble doing even basic things.

April 8

I've moved to a small apartment in Whoville as I can no longer trek up to my cave. I had no savings, so I had to sell everything off to get enough to pay rent. The only thing I have left is the Who-built bike. Slowly pedaling the massive device around the living room is the only exercise I can get nowadays. Troublingly, the lively oompah melodies it played in the recent past have been replaced by a funeral dirge. But it's crucial that I do something to keep my heart strong enough to fight the constriction of its fatty prison. I stole some Easter presents and candy from an old couple that came close enough to my door.

Supreme Court Dog

I am well aware that I am a pioneer. I know my nomination to the country's highest court was an honor for myself, for my family and for all dogs in America and the rest of the world. For small dogs, and large dogs, purebreds and mutts.

But every day, I wake up in my Snug-a-Bed and Sandra walks me to court and I wish I'd never chosen this life.

I have done my best for my brethren. I cast the deciding vote and wrote the landmark decision in *Lady v. Tramp* – so that the rights of one mother to abort an unwanted fetus could be extended to "up to and including eight simultaneous fetuses."

Since then, I have received six thousand, seven hundred thirty-two death threats. A man from the FBI tastes my Alpo every night. That, however, is nothing. I understand that danger comes in the course of blazing trails with the mighty torch of Constitutional law. I am merely the little paw that holds that torch aloft. I understand that paw might get scorched.

So what made me burst from my chambers this morning, and run out onto the lawn of the Court and dig around in the rosebushes and sink my teeth – gently! – into the trousers of a silly young woman in a power suit? (As to the accusation that I took a little pee in public I have nothing to say, other than there are certain cultural

traditions I am barely allowed to express, even on the weekends, even in the privacy of my very own home for the sake of the "decency" of this institution. And that someone ought to tell Ruth Bader G. that bopping another Justice with a rolled up newspaper is technically assault and at the very least undignified).

In the light of this "scandal," I have been asked again and again: how could I have received such a tremendous honor, and served so faithfully for so many years, only to reach the end of my leash and nip a clerical assistant named Teresa on her very first day of work? Ms. Sanchez, you are nothing better than a whistleblower. Worse—you are a dogwhistleblower. Did it please you to see a Justice of the Court writhe in agony at your feet, paws over his ears? I will be alerting the ASPCA as well as the ACLU.

That, however, is not the issue at hand. The ham sandwich in Ms. Sanchez's briefcase was only the proximate cause. What set me off? What has nourished this gnawing malaise? To be honest, the worst thing about this High Court is the other Justices. They're horrible. They're a bunch of whiny idiots. All day, every day, it's just bitch bitch bitch.

"There are no cups left at the water cooler." I don't like the taste of the toilet cleaner, but you don't hear me complaining. "I hate my robes. It's too hot in the courtroom. The sleeves make my arms look funny." Objection, your Honor – from down here I can see up your robes. Your arms are the least of your worries.

And they're so lazy. "Gee, Boomer, do you think you could edit this brief for me? I'm really busy this weekend. I've sent it to your gmail." Well, Earth to Scalia.

I can't type, asshole. I'm a dog.



Twins



Blair Laing
Stevensville, MI



Caitlin Maloney
St. Louis, MO



Lauren Bishop
Ukiah, CA



Arla Xhaxho
Houston, TX



Dithapelo Medupe
Botswana

Separated at Birth

Separated at Birth

Not Separated at Birth

Bangs



Albert Chu
Gold River, CA

"Guys, I'm dissatisfied with the front part of my hair."



Masaru Oka
Bellaire, TX

"Of course! You ain't never gonna have these bangin' bangs!"



Ernar Sagatov
Kazakhstan

"I am unimpressed with your bangs. Clearly, it is my bangs that are the finest."



Abraham Cabangbang
Houston, TX

"I am become bangs, destroyer of bangs."

Master Craftsmanship



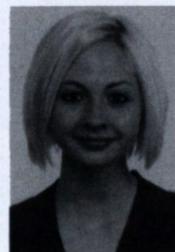
Coleman Buckley
Mill Valley, CA

Marble Bust



Ben Phillips
Seattle, WA

China Doll



Heather Alva
Fair Oaks, CA

Anime Cel



Miranda Gregory
Fairfield, CA

World's Toughest Single Mom

Celebrities



Patrick Orme
Winthrop, WA

A Young
Bob Dylan



Dan Bacon
Washington, DC

Cuba
Gooding III



Salik Syed
Vacaville, CA

Beck



Brant Bishop
Parkville, MO

David
Letterman-
Hyde-Pierce



Jacob Englander
Los Gatos, CA

Crash Test
Dummies
Singer



Naikhoba Munabi
Wynnewood, PA

Sammy
Davis, Jr.

Veterans of Foreign Wars



Sam Wyman
Dallas, TX

Thousand-Yard Stare



Nal Kalchbrenner
Switzerland

War on Ice: 1994
Figure Skating World
Championships



Thomas Igeme
Kenya

Kenyan War of
Independence:
Winner



David Dunford
Kenya

Kenyan War of
Independence:
Loser

Hogwarts Academy



Pitch Lindsay
Locust Valley, NY

Harry Potter



Riah Forbes
India

Hermione
Granger



Phillip Hinrichsen
Darnestown, MD

Draco Malfoy



Carmi Schickler
Port Washington, NY

Hagrid



Christine Platt
Rancho Santa Fe, CA

Dobby, the
House-Elf



James Hegarty
St. Louis, MO

The Snitch

Department of Child and Family Services

"A Child's Happiness is Priceless"

Department of Child and Family Services
1543 Washington Ave, Ste 150
Philadelphia, PA 19147

Friday, December 1, 2006

To Whom It May Concern:

I received your request for additional Foster family placings in the state of Pennsylvania during the upcoming holiday season. As you know, there are plenty of potential Foster families in our great state; the challenge to our office comes in locating those willing to take on Foster children. This has been, sadly, no easy task.

A census search revealed over 100 Foster families living in the greater Philadelphia area; however, not all of these are viable placements for potential Foster children of Pennsylvania. Steve and Diane Foster of Chestnut Hill, for example, already have 5 little Fosters and conveyed to our office that they have no more bedrooms available for other potential Foster children. Penelope Foster, a junior at Penn, does not wish to have any Foster children until she completes a postgraduate degree. The medical records of William and Natalie Foster indicate that they are unable to have any Foster children at all. You see the sorts of problems we are grappling with. Of the Foster families turned up by the census, only 7 were willing to take on an additional Foster child, far below your requested level.

If I may make a modest proposal: though it pains me to cast aspersions on Pennsylvania, it is possible that other states may offer better opportunities for Foster children. For example, I contacted the federal branch office in Indianapolis, Indiana, and my liaison there informed me that Indiana has over 250 Foster families who are childless and/or otherwise willing to welcome a Foster child or two with open arms. Though Foster families can be found everywhere, another demographic truth is that certain areas contain higher populations of Foster families than others. It might be, therefore, in the best interest of the Foster children in our care to be sent to greener pastures with more Foster families. Please let me know if I can be of any other service to you or our mutual organization.

Respectfully submitted,

Tom
✱

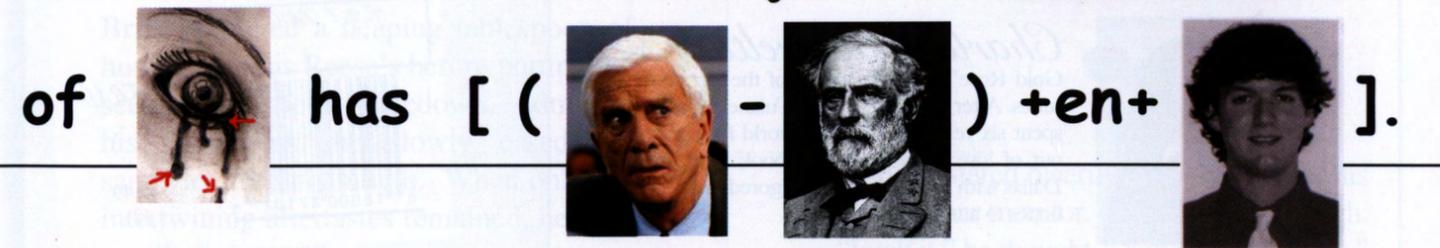
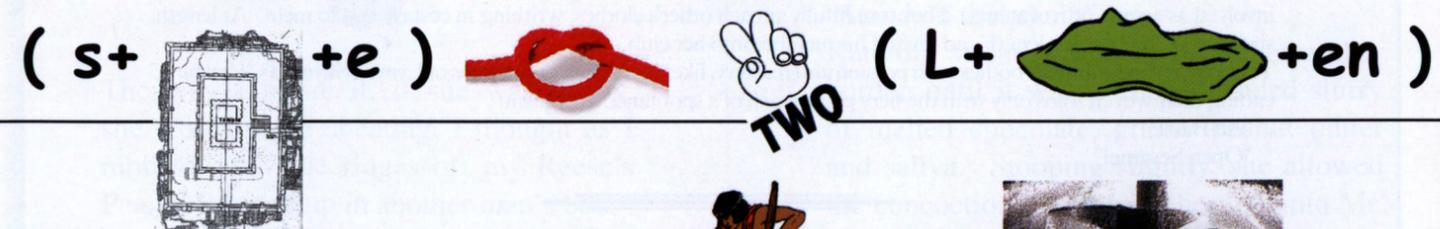
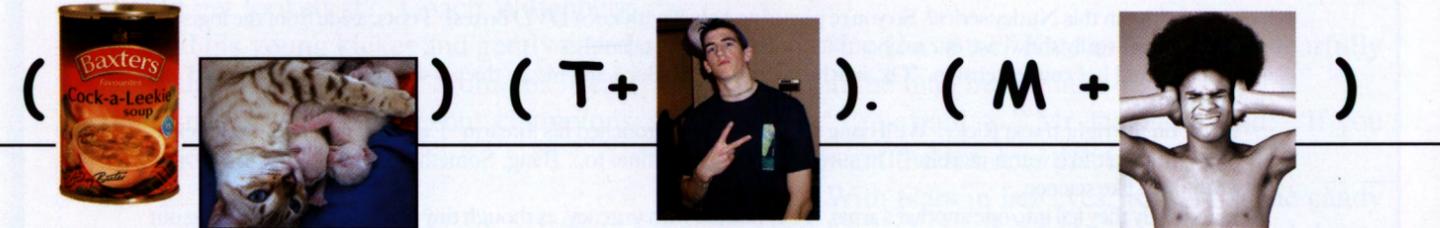
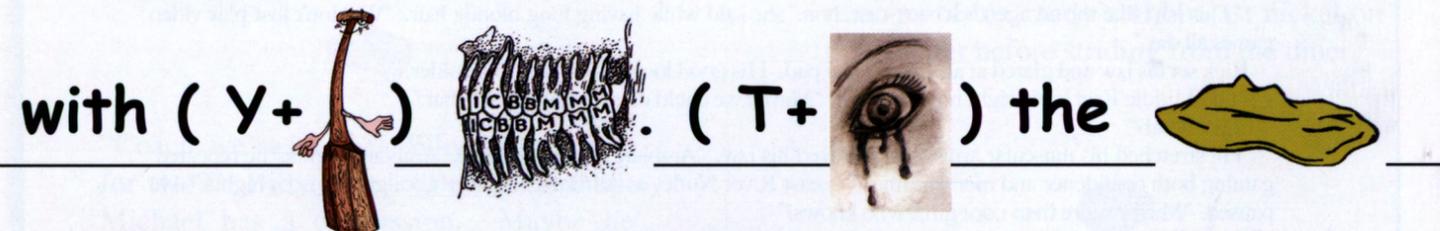
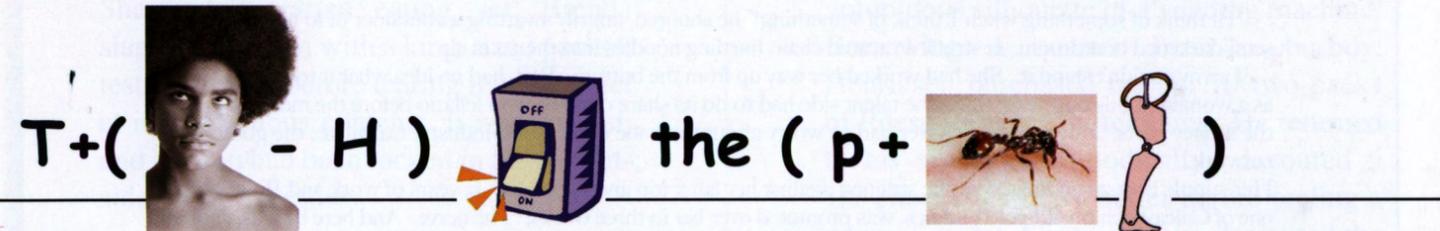
Thomas Durning
CFS Coordinator, State of Pennsylvania

Your Mom's in Trouble!



She was cutting you a banana for a banana sandwich and she slipped! Now she needs **first aid!**

Complete the rebus puzzle as fast as you can to learn how to save her.



Ed Howell
San Diego, CA

Tear off the pantlegs with your teeth. Tie the cloth super tight. Make sure not to loosen the tourniquet until the fountain of blood has lessened.

Romance as a Second Language

"You're supposed to be the big Madison Avenue idea man!" Tawny snapped. "Think of something!"

Rick had been two weeks on his new job and hadn't generated a single idea. The studio needed to shoot something starting Friday, and if he didn't produce, they would reduce. That's what Old Man Civitavecchia said when he left the meeting 10 hours ago.

"We brought you here to put SteamWorks Pictures back on the map." Tawny said, a touch breathily.

"I'll think of something when I think of something!" he shouted, angrily swatting a container of lo mein across the semi-darkened boardroom. It struck a vacated chair, hurtling noodles into the 3 a.m. air.

Tawny couldn't stand it. She had worked her way up from the bottom. Rick had no idea what it took to get ahead as a woman in this business. Sure, the talent side had to do its share of off-camera fellatio before the money shots and the money parts. But porn stars never had to worry about the bane of the adult industry executive: the good ol' boy network.

Her supple breasts undulated as she strained against her latex top and nepotism. 15 years of work and Rick, a son of one of Calcavecchio's old polo buddies, was promoted over her in three weeks! The nerve. And here he was, choking. Going down in chiseled, virile flames.

"This isn't like the ad agencies back east, hon," she said while having long blonde hair. "We don't just play video games all day."

Rick set his jaw and glared at an empty legal pad. His good looks continued to smolder.

"The Middle East is big right now," he said. "Maybe we could do something with that."

"Like what?"

He stretched his muscular arms and furrowed his jaw. "Arabian Nights," he said. "Arabian Nights," he repeated, gaining both confidence and momentum. "We cast Rivet Nutley as Ali Baba and have 1,001 girls in 1,001 nights." He paused. "Maybe more than 1,001 girls, who knows?"

"Rick, Rick, Rick," she said, her voice motherly but also a little hot. "Let me see if I understand this. You want to release 1,001 titles in this Nutley series? So you're picturing a shelf with 1,001 DVD boxes? Toots, aside from the logistics issues, it doesn't really showcase our main attractions: our female talent."

Rick resented her condescension. "Ok, maybe we can do Ali Baba and his 40 thieves with one girl," he snorted. "If she's up for it."

"You're on the right track, Ricky. We'll bang this out." Tawny touched his forearm. Even through his velour jacket, his toned flesh felt like warm marble. "I'm sure we could... find time to... Bang. Something. Out." Chemistry raced between them like science.

Immediately they fell into one another's arms. They necked with urgency, as though tiny rebellions were breaking out on one another's lips that could only be quelled by the jackbooted intervention of another set of lips. Tongues were also involved as agents provocateurs. They tore fitfully at each other's clothes, writhing in ecstasy and lo mein. At length, she grasped his swollen length and invited his member into her club.

They played one another's bodies with passion and mastery, like the soaring guitar lines of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Freebird," ending their woven solos only with the fiery plane crash of a spontaneous orgasm.

"Ali Baba!"

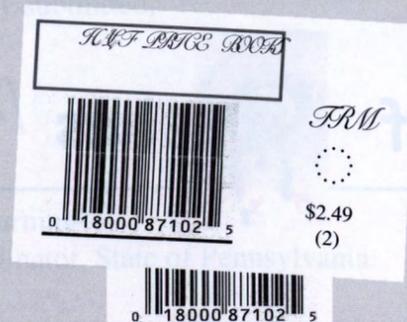
"Open Sesame!"

"A magnum opus . . . Harrelton deftly depicts the sexual pressure cooker that is the creative process, drawing on all the classic motifs and powering through with prose like a monorail."

Rickard Applebaum, *The Terrace*



Charlotte Harrelton is the Gold Rose™-winning author of the *Arctic Heat* series. After graduating from Tulane, Harrington spent six years traveling the world falling in and out of love to research this book. She lives in Dallas with Ignacio, a recently gored matador she hopes to nurse back to health.



Wrong Ways to Eat a Reese's

The tableau surrounding Brenda was marked by the sort of lurid brilliance that can only be found in a \$27 motel room wreathed in discarded orange cellophane. She hadn't started eating yet. Brenda slapped her palm with a king-sized packet, testing its heft before tearing it open to get at its sumptuous contents. It was August, and her son had been locked in the car outside for 100 minutes.



"Coach, we're up 44-0. Why are we going for two?" Billy asked. "Besides, I think Michael has a concussion. Maybe he should get looked at?" Coach Wittenberg ignored his young kicker and gently eased the frilly under-wrapper from his treat. Some men savor victory, but champions sweeten it.



The way I figure it, if she was happy, she wouldn't be cheating, I thought as I nibbled away the ridges off my Reese's Peanut Butter Cup in another man's bed.



Brian slathered a heaping tablespoon of hummus on his Reese's before putting the second cup atop it—facedown. Admiring his handiwork, he slowly eased the sandwich into his mouth. When only the intertwining aftertastes remained, he took a pull of vermouth.

Henriksen's eggs had been firm and his toast crisp. The service had shown hustle. In truth, Daisy deserved at least a \$2 tip—his last \$2. Just then, his eye caught the unmistakably voluptuous silhouette of a vending machine. Borrowing a quarter from a busboy, Henriksen purchased two \$1.10 two-packs of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. He returned to his seat and methodically devoured 5 1/2 chocolatey disks butter before feeling a pang of regret. Sheepishly, he deposited the remains of his candy and his last nickel on the counter before striding from the diner.



"Do I have to?" Kate asked, peering fearfully at the man before her.

"I'm afraid so," Mr. Daggerty said. "If you want the antidote that is."

With tears in her eyes, Kate took the candy from his hand. Mr. Daggerty kneeled down. "Stand on that chair."

Kate did as she was told. She chewed her burden until it was a finely blended slurry of melted chocolate, grainy peanut butter and saliva. Stooping slightly, she allowed the concoction to fall from her lips into Mr. Daggerty's waiting, eager mouth.

"Oh yes, mama-bird." He shuddered with ecstasy. "That hits spots I didn't even know I had."



Maddox stared blearily at the readout of his blood sugar monitor. 180 mg/dL. Sky-high. "Fuck it," he thought. "You only live once."

A live action role playing game devolves into a hard-sell real estate tour.



"Your party steps with trepidation upon the vast grounds of Drakesmaw Manor. Fiends lurk in every shadow. Suddenly, you are waylaid!"



"No serpent can withstand the might of a Ki Strike. Taste my Quivering Palm!"



"Smite him, Grel'shurak! Master Trumathel will be furious if the lycanthrope's curse afflicts me."



"Power flows from me as though I am a thousand storms! None may oppose me and live!"



"Sorry, Trumathel. A level five wizard only gets two third-level spells per day."



"The magic missiles do nothing to stop his assault! Your wounds are grievous; a thousand lamentations, dear Eoric! If dead, you shall be avenged."



"At last, Drakesmaw Manor. Come, adventurers, and seek your fate."



"There is sanctuary to be had here, but a price must be paid. Who would enter these hallowed halls?"



"Trish Klinderman, Century 21."
"Trumathel Thunderweaver."



"Boring!"



"But why, Master Trumathel? It has but two bedrooms!"
"Indeed, and the termites are deafening!"
"Hey wait, where are the 'artifacts of great power?'"



"Know that not all is as it appears within this place. Know that temptation and hardwood floors await."



"Glad you stopped by. There's been a little lull in our open house, so we have time for the grand tour."



"Listen Thunderweaver, I know you're the brains of the bunch. But I think you're failing to see value. Put your ducats where your taste-hole is."



"And so you have signed a covenant that perhaps you did not understand. Ask yourself, adventurers, is this your dream house or a house of nightmare?"

TWISTED PLOT TWISTS!

The Shawshank Redemption: Two inmates, Red and Andy ponder the age old question: Can men and women be friends? It's thought-provokingly academic for them, however, as neither will ever see a woman again.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari: Dr. Caligari, Cesare the somnambulist, and Jane, the love interest of Francis the protagonist, reveal their secret collaboration in a torrid threesome scene.

The Sixth Sense: Haley Joel Osment's character has actually purchased his experiences as a haunted little boy from a corporation selling alternate reality hallucinations in the mid 22nd century. At the close of the film, he returns to lead his true life, which has not been fleshed out at all.

Fight Club: Ed Norton's nameless character toils as an accident inspector for an immoral automobile corporation. He longs for an escape from the crass and emasculated consumerism around him and thus digs a tunnel out of his office before escaping to Zihuatenejo.

Wild Things: Denise Richards's character is actually dead and only visible to Kevin Bacon's character. Obviously, a threesome with Neve Campbell is impossible.

When Harry Met Sally: Harry is a figment of Sally's subconscious desires. The "diner scene" is infamously difficult to watch.

The Usual Suspects: Keaton recounts a story in a North German town where murders have been occurring. Keaton and his friend, Verbal, visit a traveling fair where one of the acts is a certain Dr. Soze and his cabinet which contains the somnambulist Kobayashi. Kobayashi predicts Verbal will die, and he is murdered in the night. Kobayashi abducts Francis's fiancée Edie and Keaton chases Soze into an insane asylum. Soze is the director who has gone mad. Soze is captured and incarcerated in his own institution. The flashback ends, and Francis is actually a patient in the asylum, as are Edie and Kobayashi. The benevolent Dr. Soze is the director.

Vanilla Sky: David Arnes can only drop his coffee mug in shock when he realizes the awful truth: Penelope Cruz had lied to him. She was actually Cameron Diaz. Horrified, he drives off a bridge and spends the rest of the movie disfigured and weird.

The Gift of the Mind's Eye

A young man and woman want to find the perfect holiday gift for one another. The woman sells her beautiful hair in order to earn money; he sells his watch. He then uses the money to purchase her hair back. She uses her money to buy more hair.

The Gift of the Black Tie

A husband and wife are invited to a New Year's party, but neither has the appropriate formal clothes for the party. She sells her nicest evening coat to buy him a tuxedo. He sells their car to buy her a gown. On New Year's, they have no way to get to the party.

Lazy O. Henry Stories

The Gift of Tie-Dye

Tommy's well-meaning grandmother sends him a tie-dyed t-shirt for Christmas. Tommy, unhappy with such an unfashionable gift, refuses to write a thank-you note. He is left out of his grandmother's will.

The Gift of the Black Eye

A woman sells her hair in order to buy the perfect gift for her husband, but her husband beats her up cause ain't no man wanna date a baldo.

The Gift of Hi-Fi

Technological innovation leads to the implementation of an industry-wide standard of audio quality. Consumers enjoy an unprecedentedly high level of sound in the music, cinema, and other industries.

The Gift of the Pop Fly

A downtrodden baseball team is in a tie game at the bottom of the ninth, bases loaded and one out. A young rookie steps up to the plate and hits a perfect sacrifice fly to left field. The runner on third, however, has already decided to steal home, and is unable to tag up in time. Their team loses, and fans without a firm grasp on the rules are unsure what has happened.

The Gift of Jewish Rye

A woman gives her boyfriend sandwich meat. In return, he gives her fixin's. Neither has purchased bread.

CRUCIFACT OR CRUCIFUNCTION?

FICTION: Crucifixion is an ancient practice that no longer occurs.

FACT: According to Amnesty International, crucifixion has occurred in wartime as a torture practice, in all but three Marilyn Manson videos, and in the following professional wrestling pay-per-view events: WWF Rage in the Cage, ECW Arena Rumble, WCW/NWO Grudge Match Cage Rumble (twice), and WrestleMania IV.

FICTION: The apparatus for crucifixion only came in one shape.

FACT: Though most people think the resemblance between the cross and the lower-case 't' is a coincidence, the Romans actually had a different piece of crucifixion equipment for every letter of their alphabet. In the early days of typography, all 52 variations were displayed in the font "Heretica."

FICTION: Forcing the condemned to carry their own cross was a way of causing them even more humiliation.

FACT: Condemned men were forced to carry their cross as part of a strength competition. The man who made it to the execution site first was given a full pardon. Certain recidivists such as Toriah the Camelbreaker were able to live long and procreative lives as a result of their cross-bearing prowess. Eventually a caste of supercriminals was born. Today, their descendants live in Australia.

FICTION: Stigmata, the sudden appearance of crucifixion wounds, is a very rare phenomenon that is recognized as a miracle by the Catholic Church.

FACT: Stigmata is a very common occurrence; there were over 200 reported cases in Mexico last year. The Catholic Church only grants miracle status to more exotic cases of symbolic injury, such as spontaneous burning at the stake or spontaneously being fed to lions.

Beyond Makeout Point

Hey, how's tricks, Tucker-Trucker? Wow!, who's that peach you've got on your arm? An honor to meet you, Anna, you're a lovely young lady. Tucker, those applecheeks remind me of your grandma, before time and hot winds withered her out like a sun-dried tomato.

Anna can you please excuse me to speak for a moment with this knucklehead who you've so unwisely taken to consorting with?

Listen here, Tucker. I can tell you like this girl. But to tell you where you need to go with her, I need to know where you've been.

You haven't even kissed her yet? And you call yourself a Mulliner. I'd kissed your grandma before we had even met properly. V-J Day. What a time to be alive.

What's your next move? Hmm. Oh dear.

Tucker, every town in America's got a Makeout Point. Doesn't matter if you're muggin' down on Beggar's Bluff in Lexington, Ken-

tucky, or tongue-fencing on Spokane's Liar's Dice Cliff. I reckon you could take a ladyfriend to any old place with a view and reasonably expect a little "Turkish CPR."

Hell, way back when, a drive-in theater'd do, particularly if there was a frightful picture showin'. But you've got to make Anna feel special. If you're really looking to progress things 'twixt you and your gal, then there's another place for you to consider.

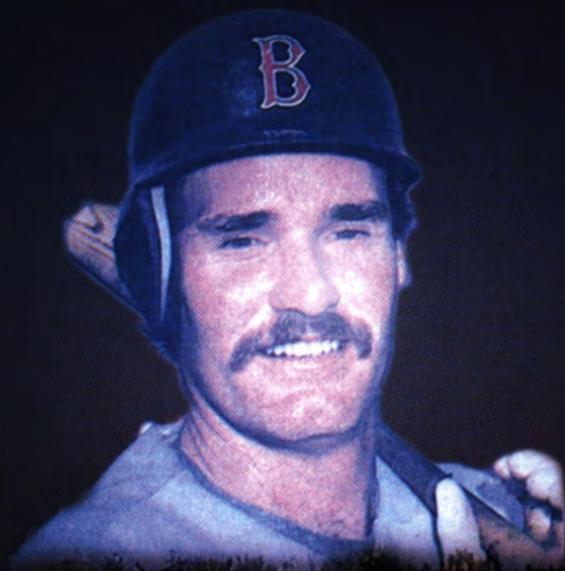
I'm talking about Third Base Point.

Maybe ol' 3BP doesn't have the altitude or romance of your Redcoat's Peak, but there's only one of 'em in the entire country. True, Third Base Point at first appears to be nothing more than the parking lot of a Fry's Electronics in Fishers, Indiana—the one with the blue-eyed employees and an auto racing theme. In fact, Third Base Point is overlooked by Dead Man's Mesa, a well-known Makeout Point in its own

right. Tonight, you go out for malts and then you make a beeline for Fishers, Indiana. Everything else will take care of itself.

Now, powerful forces are at work at Third Base Point. Powerful forces with powerful consequences. Immediately after you pull out of the parking lot, you'll start thinking that that things are gettin' pretty serious between your gal—and you're right. If you have any sense in your neck., you'll ease the Kia into 4th, maybe 5th gear and make your way to Goin' Steady Point. Happily enough, this is located in Fishers as well, at the Sephora store in the mall. Grit it out, and as you leave the store, gently ease your letter jacket over her shoulders. There. It's done. Celebrate with a trip to Dead Man's Mesa. Hell no, it's not a regression.

You ain't got a letter jacket? Yeah, I guess the Mulliners are no good at sports. Shit. When I was in school, all you had to do was wound a German.



"Attaboy."

HOW SCIENCE WILL CHANGE OUR LIVES

In the future, wars will be fought entirely over the internet. Countries will fuse to create superpowers. And men in white lab coats will be able to assign a number value to every conceivable attribute. Even love.

When scientists discover how to measure love, they will be proud as peacocks. They will boast about their ability to quantify even the most complex and intangible of human emotions. The International Bureau of Weights and Measures will assign love a standard unit. It will be called the Romeo, and one Romeo will be defined as the way a seven-year-old boy feels about his first dog.

The quantification of love will have a profound impact on human relationship dynamics. Instead of asking her boyfriend "Do you love me?" a young lady will ask "How much do you love me?" She will expect an answer with two significant figures. Her boyfriend, being nervous, will say 6.7 Romeos. The girl will tell him that anything less than 8 Romeos isn't enough. They will break up.

In the future, a man will propose to a woman. She will refuse to marry him until she verifies that they love each other the same amount. They will go to a scientist's lab and have a battery of exams done. The tests will be expensive, but the

couple will be willing to pay. They will wait nervously for a week until the results arrive. They will open the envelope together. The results will show that the man loves the woman ten times more than the woman loves the man. The man will say he doesn't mind, but the woman will still feel bad. Her guilt will cause her to say mean things and be cold towards the man. One day the man will just pack up and leave.

Years from now, the United States will be a very different place, but it will still refuse to adopt the metric system. Instead of the Romeo, the US will use the Casanova, which will be defined as the way a healthy person feels about their favorite food. One Romeo will be equal to 12.3 Casanovas. In the future, the leader of China will come to the US and try to ease tensions in Sino-American relations. He will forget the fact that the Casanova is much smaller than the Romeo, and will remark that he has "three Casanovas of love for USA." The American public will interpret this as an insult, and even though the Chinese leader will apologize many times, the damage will have been done. The comment will serve as the match that lights the powder keg, unleashing millions of Tybalts of hate between the two nations. War will follow. Many will die, and both countries will see their infrastructures crumble under the intense fighting. Scientists will just shrug and continue their search for a unit of beauty: the Gyllenhaal.

Boring Movies

Mystic Rivulet
 Good Boys
 Good Boys 2
 Majority Report
 V for Verification
 The Man Who Befriended Liberty Valance
 The Green Meter
 The Worsening
 The Coupon Redemption

Deviant Movies

Pulp Fan Fiction
 The Spanglish Patient
 Screaming in the Rain
 Harold and Modem
 The Second Sense: Touch
 Mr. Doolittle and His Continuing Practice
 Shrex
 Fiddler on the Pill
 Greasy

Failed Chiasmus

Say what you mean, and mean what you mean to say, and mean it.

It's not the winner that counts, but the counts that win.

It's not the dog in the fight, but the man in the fight. The dog is looking for food by the bus.

Don't worry that other people don't know you, worry about more important shit.

All for one.

Guns don't kill people; people kill guns.

Mankind must put an end to war, or it is conceivable the next war will result in great loss of life to nuclear arms and other forms of modern weaponry.



When the going gets tough, smooth the going.

It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than no heart, because then you would be probably dead or almost dead.

Why do we drive on parkways and not listen to our kids?

Boring Male Fantasies

Fraternal Twins
 Dry T-Shirt Contest
 Helen Hunt
 Twosome
 The Three-Foot High Club
 Face Fetish
 Municipal Bondage

Deviant Male Fantasies

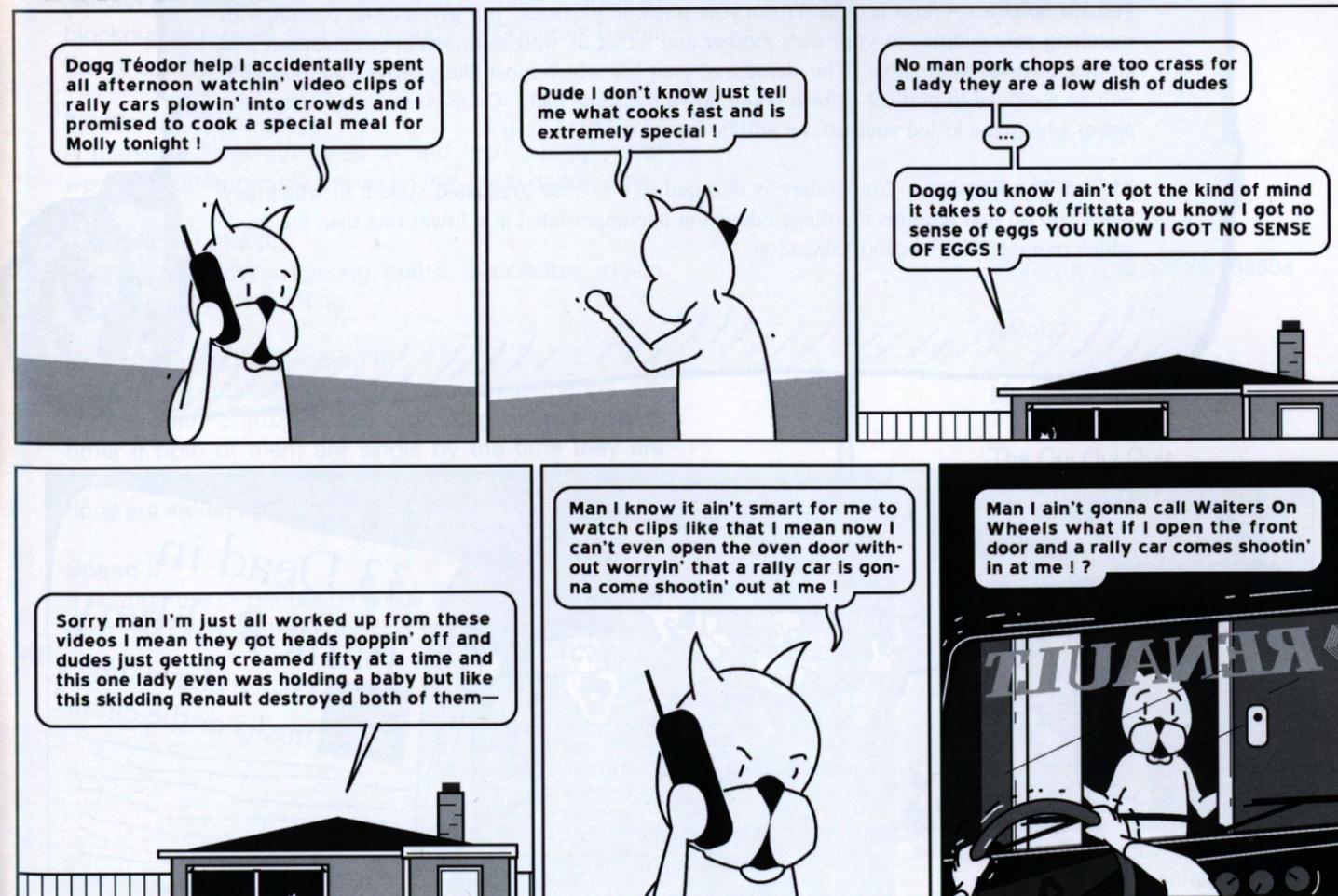
The Girl Across the Street
 West Asians
 Methodist School Girls
 Sour Cream Bikini
 Wet-Nurse Fetish
 Piers Anthony

Boring Deviant Male Fantasy Movies

Van Wilder

achewood

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NEW HAMMURABI

Hammurabi's ancient code of laws employed the principle of "an eye for an eye" to provide equitable retaliation for an offended party. Through the ages, society decided that exact reciprocity was sometimes too cruel a punishment. But was this not the fairest possible justice? Perhaps in the future, technological and moral advancements will allow us to once again adopt Hammurabi's Code and apply it to the abstract laws that currently escape its grasp.

§39.4.5 Indecent Exposure - Your firstborn infant is placed on a hillside to perish of the elements. If you have no children or your children are of an age clever enough to walk down the hillside, a state breeder will be assigned to you for nine months to help carry out the sentence.

§63.9.9 Identity Theft - You are required to completely assume the identity of the most pitiful, worse-off person whose identity you stole. Since your situations are completely reversed starting the point after the theft, your past victim now controls both your old identity and your new identity, since it was your original identity which stole his. You must struggle through all the paper work and hassle required to reestablish your identity, which is actually your victim's old identity.

§48.7.3 Embezzlement - A parasitic stomach is surgically implanted onto your esophagus that ingests and squanders a percentage of food commensurate with the percentage of the total cashflow you siphoned off from the worthier members of your enterprise.

§03.1.6 Suicide - A fetus is cloned from your remaining tissues. It is given foster parents with matching personalities to your own mother and father as well as raised in circumstances as similar to yours as possible. The element of your life which most likely drove you to suicide will be removed to prevent it from going down the same path. Once your clone reaches the age at which you killed yourself, he will be forced to kill himself.

§15.2.5 Tax Evasion - Your salary is changed to a reverse graduated system in which any work you do that requires a college education is compensated at a lower rate than the work which requires a high school education.



THE DAY NOUNS WERE ASSIGNED MEANINGS



HOLLYWOOD HITS!

Recently, producers in the motion picture industry have derived a relatively simple algorithm to make sequels to blockbuster movies that are exactly 1,000 times better than the original.

7,000:

A maniacal killer struggles to find increasingly novel ways to murder people based on the 7,000 deadly sins.

Cool Hand Luke II:

A man dies after wagering that it is possible to eat 50,000 eggs in one sitting.

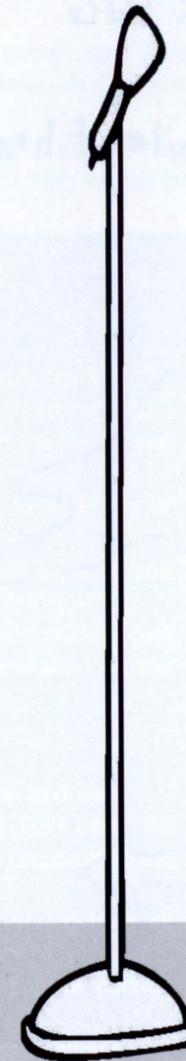
My Best Friend's Wedding II:

In the post-apocalyptic future, two best friends are cryogenically unfrozen after promising to marry each other if both of them are single by the time they are 28,000 years old. Both of them are killed after their rations are stolen by roving gangs of thieves.

Speed II

If the number of people on a bus traveling 50 miles per hour drops below 1000, the bus will explode.

GOOD NATUREDLY SELF-DEPRECATING COVER BAND NAMES



- The Allman Cousins
- Lieutenant Beefheart
- Half-and-Half
- Irony Dan
- Frank Arethlin
- Samsara
- Stone Temple Stewardesses
- A Band
- Madison Airplane
- The Oui Oui Ouis
- Destination
- Trans-Iberian Orchestra
- Handjob Pistols

A recent study by America Educating America investigated the trend of decreasing average test scores in the U.S. Scouring tens of thousands of tests, quizzes, and self-evaluations, AEA has composed a list of the most common incorrect answers on American Tests.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. False | 13. (NAME OF TEST TAKER) |
| 2. A | 14. 脚艶 |
| 3. John Quincy Washington | |
| 4. Cold Energy | |
| 5. N/A | |
| 6. x | 15. Left |
| 7. Misisipi | 16. C |
| 8. Neon. It is the one that glows. | 17. "Cellular mitosis consists of five stages. First, the cell enters prophase in which chromatin reforms into a chromosome. In Anaph- |
| 9. Egyptography | Oh no, I just realized this is the bird question. Can I get |
| 10. They collide somewhere near Chicago | partial credit for this or something?" |
| 11. True | |
| 12. Legislative, Executive, and Justice | |

MAKING FLY HONEY

Step 1: Arrange pile of honey

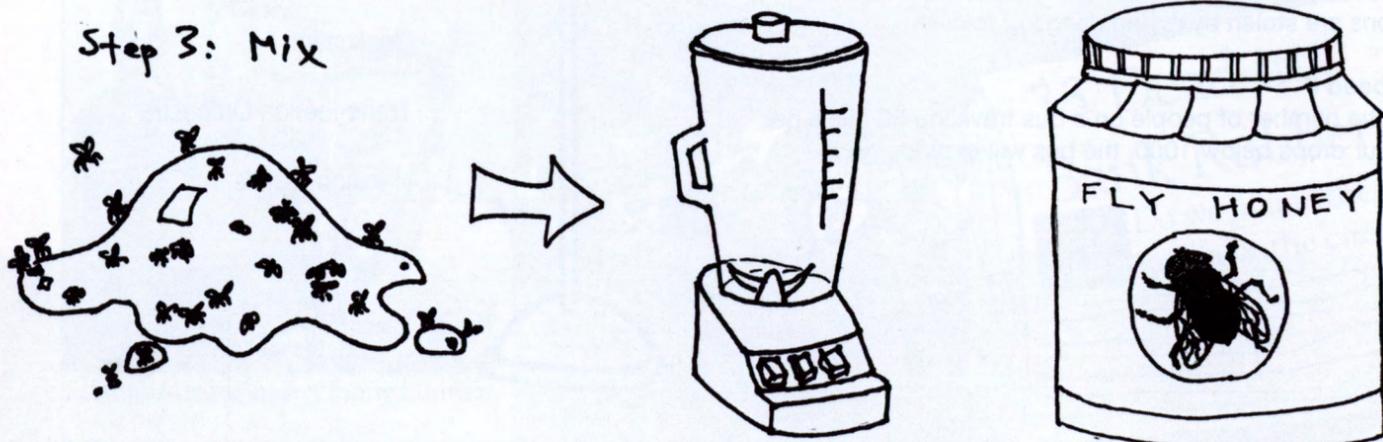


Step 2: Introduce flies



Step 4: Bottle

Step 3: Mix



The World We Leave For Our Children

Upon clearing a forest, loggers are expected to replant with seeds or seedlings to ensure someday the forest will return.

When miners empty out a diamond mine, they are obligated to submerge trillions of tons of organic matter deep in the continental crust, so that it may again surface as a diamond gift for our future generations.

For every gallon of water we use in our homes, sanitation workers are required to dump twenty gallons into the sea.

When an author writes a novel, she should likewise burn all the copies of another novel, to ensure there are new stories for our children to tell.

For every house that is built, another house should be demolished. The lot will be a makeshift baseball field for the kids to grow up in.

Every time one gives to a charity, he should steal from another charity. We can't use up all the generosity. Let the children learn to love the hard way.

The first snow of the winter, everyone should propel a large ice block into the sky with a cannon. Don't be so selfish.

Every time you use a kilowatt-hour of electricity, you should allow yourself to be struck by lightning. It's not just your planet.

Upon having a child, one is morally obligated to kill another child. Children don't grow on trees. They cannot be replanted.

Frank Sells Out

James: Let's watch some football.

Ray: Switch on channel eight, Frank. Come on, what are you doing?

Frank: Watch out for can't stop Mondays on ABC! Once you start watching this three-hour block of America's favorite comedies, you just can't stop. First, at seven, six central, everyone's favorite twins...

James: Frank, what are you talking about?

Ray: Give me the remote.

James: Sorry I'm late. Where's Frank?

Ray: He's just been over there for an hour.

Frank: Nothing will refresh you more like the cool, crisp taste of Bud Ice...

Drunkard: Are you going to drink any of those beers there?

Frank: Made from only the finest hops and barely, Bud Ice has a long history of...

Ray: I think he came here drunk. He's just been looking at the condensation on the bottles.

Doctor: What are the symptoms?

Ray: I don't know. I just think Frank got some sort of mind disease.

Frank: Have you caught the bug to dance? With the new iPod nano 30 Gb, you can dance for over eighty-five days nonstop...

Doctor: At this rate, Frank has less than two months to live.

Frank: Dying to listen to your favorite '90s hits all over again? Well then Hot '90s is...

Doctor: Maybe one month.

Ray: Man, I've got the munchies.

James: Yeah, I'm so hungry!

Frank: Hungry?

James: Umm, yeah that's what I just...

Frank: ... then nothing will satisfy you more than grabbing a Snickers...

Ray: No, I was thinking more like dinner.

Frank: ... filled with delicious nougat, peanuts and caramel, only a Snickers bar...

James: I don't really want candy.

Ray: Okay, James. Your turn to drive.

Frank: We can take my new 2007 Lexus ES 350, complete with a 272 horsepower V6 engine, sunroof...

James: Frank, where are you getting all these cars?

Frank: ... adaptive cruise control, parking assist warning system...

Ray: Are you rich now or something?



FREAKONOMICS CLAIMS

ABANDONED

Claim: "No Chinese should live west of the Mississippi."

Reasoning: "The air is less dense."

Error: Rounding error.

Claim: "The highest rates of government embezzlement occur in the United States Postal Service."

Reasoning: "Surface area-to-volume ratio in urban office space."

Error: Decimal error.

Claim: "Working in a mine is two hundred times safer than walking your child to school."

Reasoning: "Bids at art auctions have been steadily rising since the 1980s."

Error: Metric-to-standard mis-conversion.

Claim: "Humans can survive on very little riboflavin."

Reasoning: No significant difference between subject and control groups.

Error: Claim suppressed by human subjects protocol.

Claim: "The Canon EOS D30 Camera gives you the most bang for your buck."

Reasoning: "Where to begin? With a 46mm color TFT LCD monitor, at \$500 you can't find a better deal."

Error: Better deal found online.

Claim: "Freaks are now the most highly sought-after demographic."

Reasoning: "The purchasing power of freaks has doubled over the last fifteen years."

Error: Freak unit of currency, the "Gawk," too unstable.

Claim: 95% of homeschooled males are uncircumcised.

Reasoning: The type of "hands-on" parents unwilling to delegate any matter of their children's upbringings are more likely to research all points of view on circumcision and wind up with very complicated opinions.

Error: No error, look for this theory in *Freakonomics 2: Ringing the Bell Curve*.

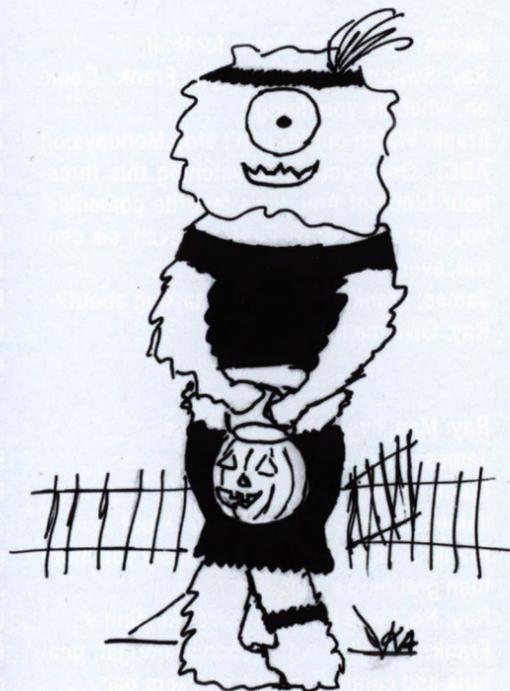
SEP OCT NOV DEC JAN FEB MAR APR

This is Ethan Silva, Chappie Enforcer

There are two ways into the magazine.

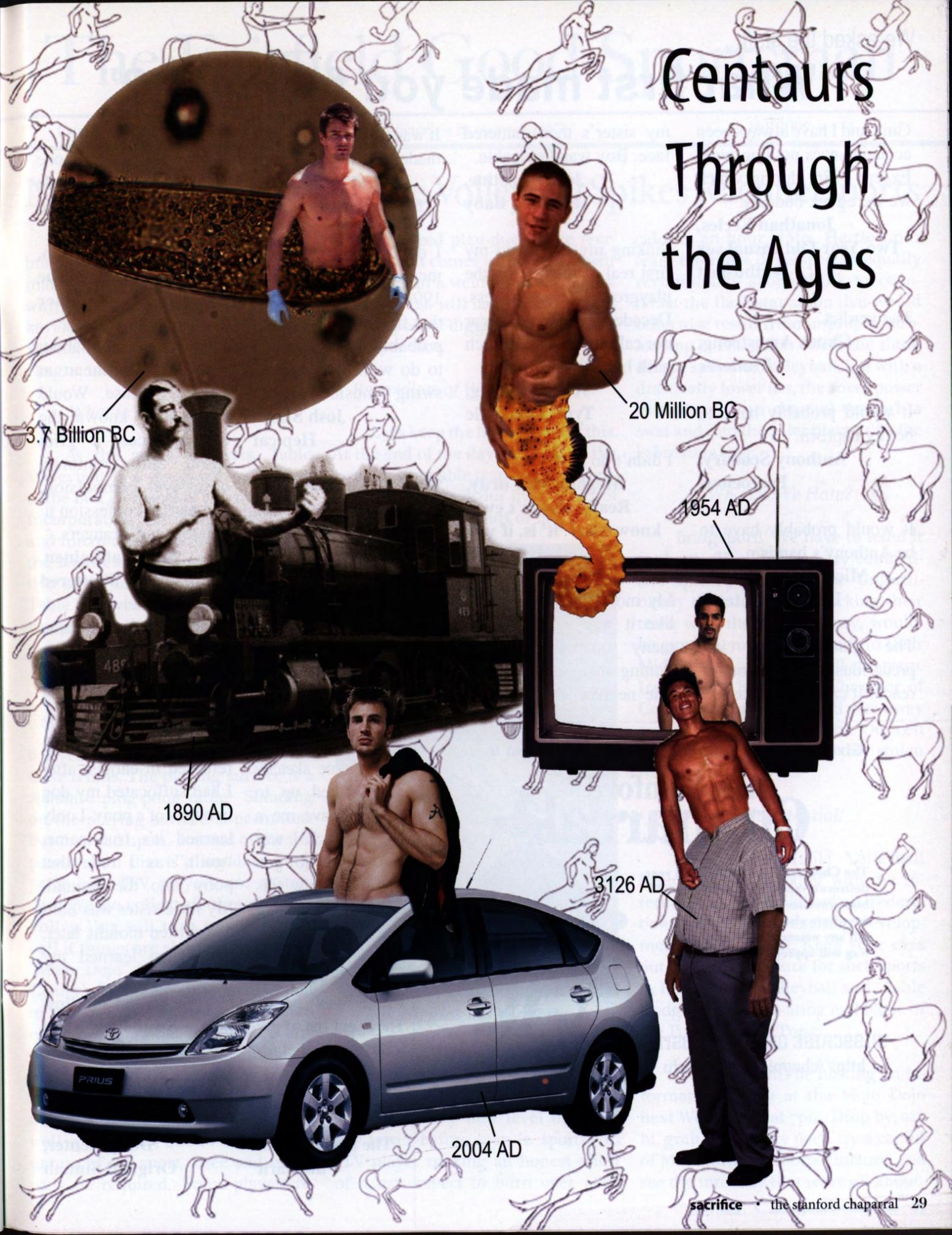
1. Draw blood from Ethan.
2. Show up at the Storke Building at 8:30pm on a Wednesday. We're on the second floor.

Contact: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu
More: chappie.stanford.edu



Don't you get it?
It's a french maid costume!

Centaur Through the Ages



3.7 Billion BC

20 Million BC

1954 AD

1890 AD

3126 AD

2004 AD

“What first made you feel guilty?”

Guilt and I have always been acquaintances, nothing more. Except 1986, during which we were fuck buddies.

**Jonathan Eccles,
Two-Year-Old casual sex enthusiast**

The verdict.

**Chuck Armstrong,
Muderer**

It would probably have to be my baptism.

**Anthony Scodary,
Precocious**

It would probably have to be Anthony's baptism.

**Mick Woiczehowicz,
Ignored the tears**

The glass cookie jar, precariously perched out of reach. It came down fast on

my sister's then-shattered face. Boy was I culpable.

**Josh Constine,
Test Tube Baby**

Sinking my teeth into my first real challenger on the playground during recess. Decadence needs not sugar nor calories to inspire such guilt but such fulfilment.

**Andrew Hung,
Type 3 Diabetic**

I didn't do it. No.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Really, doesn't even know what 'it' is, if you can believe that**

My mother. I remember it like it was yesterday. So many squares of fabric. Putting them all together. The needles, the bobbins.

It was the first time I was made to know quilt.

**Carrie Kemper,
Seamstress Emeritus**

I don't really have any memories from before 1998, so whatever it was that first made me guilty probably had something to do with a short-lived swing music revival.

**Josh Stark,
Hep cat**

When I saw the less fortunate. Oh, wait, I'm sorry, I'm thinking of schadenfreude.

**Patrick Maher,
Doesn't even speak German!**

I was five years old in the gas station with my parents, and they were paying for gas. Some sketchy guy walked up to me and gave me a dollar, which I was just elated to get. My father saw this and made me give the money back, and then my parents yelled at me the whole way home. They sent me to my room and I cried for hours and hours.

**Lovie Mallett-Hutson,
The letter but not the spirit**

When my cell phone went off in the middle of the Annual Luddite Convention.

**Ross Raffin,
The spirit but not the letter**

Lying to my mom about watching Braveheart at a friend's house. Would that I had known the consequences—a grim spiral into remorse, obsessive compulsion, and tearful confession to uninterested strangers.

**Sini Matikainen,
Shattered**

As the garage door came down upon our cat, I can still remember thinking, “Finally, we can get a dog.” I felt a little twinge of something, though. It returned in earnest after I had suffocated my dog in hopes of a pony. I only learned it's true name, “guilt,” as I rode that pony into the ground. My little sister was born a scant ten months later, but I had learned my lesson by then.

**Allan Phillips,
Swallowed a Fly**

I was in my garden, eating an apple. Suddenly, I noticed I was naked.

**Doug Kenter,
Original Sinnah**

The Fairfield Good Sportsman

New Game In Town: Table Volleyball Spikes Racquetsports

Have a ping pong table at home, but getting tired of the same old matches over and over again? We're with you! Save your paddles for your kayaks and sign up for the Greater Fairfield Indoor Table Volleyball League today!

What is Table Volleyball?

As the name suggests, Table Volleyball is a newly-created fusion of the best elements of two net sports. Incorporating the blistering speed and micro-control of ping pong with the seamless teamwork and cooperative effort of the volleyball, Indoor Table Volleyball is a sport that brings you powerfully close to your partner, your equipment, and your own body!

What Is Different?

The rules of Table Volleyball are derived from the rules of traditional table tennis. The playing surface is a standard ping-pong table. Standing on the playing surface is permitted, but frowned upon. Instead of the impotent shell that is a standard ping-pong ball, ITV players use a standard Wilson volleyball—though some Volley Vets will turn to a medicine ball if things are slow around our ol' “Mojo Dojo” (Fairfield County Rec Center). The main difference is that in Indoor Table Volleyball, the team effort of traditional volleyball is emphasized, as each team's four players are encouraged to lob or set the ball high into the air during a rally, awaiting the meaty crunch of a spike well spoke. Also, due to the extreme nature of the sport, knee and elbow pads are required. Some players re-

port enhanced play due to the fearlessness that comes with a sturdy pair of goggles or a welder's mask. Pretty soon, you too will laugh fecklessly at the prospect of digging a power-slam with your face.

Regardless of What Happens...

Let's keep the lawyers out of this. At the end of the day we're all on the same unstoppable team. And we prefer to settle things our own “court of chaos,” not in the court of law.



Roy Higgins works out the kinks.

Why Play?

Indoor Table Volleyball inspires a revolutionary new level of intensity never before seen in sports. An ITV player making an honest effort of it can expect to burn over 1,800

calories an hour. (Mrs. Hartley, our team mom has developed an equally revolutionary sports drink to counteract the flash-starvation that would otherwise result from improper carb-loading.) The game offers the thundering spikes of volleyball, but with a drastically lower net, the sheer power that players can channel through a swat and into the solar plexus of a foe is breathtaking.

Who Do We Hate?

Bridgeport! We have to hand it to them. They field a very competitive squad, year after year. Unfortunately they do this by stacking their team with the hard, sinewy, would-be gang members that flock to their Midnight Table Volleyball program. Indeed, the Bridgeport Chamber of Commerce insists that all our away games there be at midnight. Our cell phone charges are invariably stolen from our cars.

What Potential!

The Indoor Table Volleyball League is also working with the International Table Volleyball Federation on many new exciting developments on the sport. Keep your eyes out in the near future for such sports as Beach Table Volleyball and “Table Dodgeball: All the Sting and None of the Pong of Sting Pong!”

The ITVL will be hosting an informational luau at the Mojo Dojo next Wednesday at 7pm. Drop by, say hi, grab some spicy pork, try a capful of Mrs. Hartley's Sports Tincture, and see the intensity that we're all about.

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