

Stanford Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Feast



\$3.00 Vol. CVIII No. 3

Dear Ombudsman,

I think your staff has a long way to go towards understanding the differently abled. I am visually impaired, and as such, your producer contacted me about appearing on an episode of your show, wherein I would be paired up with a visually-impaired woman. I was aware that our evening together would be a cheap stunt, motivated by the desire for easy novelty, but I consented, if only to show that people with my condition can lead active, fully romantic lives.

I was disgusted to find that you had set me up with Rita, a woman I had known for years, and indeed dated during my senior year at the Westport Academy For The Blind.

Did you think the "blind" part of the date was already "taken care of" by our disabilities? Your behavior tells me that you think the visually-impaired live in an entirely different world from you seers.

I demand restitution in the form of sight.

Sincerely,

Ben Reinohl
Benjamin Reinohl

Dear Sir:

My name is Michael Choung, and I am scheduled to go on my date/taping on April 5. Before then, I would like to bring up some objections I have to the proposed agenda.

My evening with Wendy is slated to begin with karate sparring at the Hidden Fist Dojo. I have my suspicions that this activity was selected because I am Asian, but that is not the true issue. I have watched enough Blind Date to know that the karate activity is lose-lose. Either I defeat my date handily and appear to be an unchivalrous brute or else your pop-up graphics department will ridicule me for losing to a girl. Perhaps a less physical activity would be a better fit.

For dinner, you have suggested a pie-eating contest. Again, it is impossible to visualize a favorable outcome. Next up, you have Wendy and myself cold-calling people to solicit donations for a prospective playground in the inner city, with the park being named after whichever of us raises more money. Community service is very important to me, but I don't understand why this is competitive rather than collaborative.

My prospectus says that we will cap the evening with a "hot tub hatchet fight." While the other activities are explained in detail, I have only those four words to go on. I assume it is some bloodsport twist on the classic hot tub finale. To your credit at Blind Date, continued success in this medium is a result of vibrant innovation within a comfortable format, but I don't know if the viewing public—to say nothing of myself—is ready for such a spectacle.

Please let me know what changes can be made. Might I suggest team mini-golf?

Thank you,

Michael Choung
Michael Choung

Mr. Chris Jenkins:

On behalf of all of us here at Blind Date, congratulations on "sealing the deal" with Amber in S9e17. Enclosed, please find your official 18K Blind Date Golden Hot Tub pencil holder.

You are in elite company, my friend.

Wolf Torres

Wolf T.
Ombudsman, Blind Date

Uncompelling Alternate History Novels

Never Forget:

The terrorist attacks of September 11 actually happen on September 12, killing Tom Hanks, who was a passenger on one of the planes. All of first class survives the wreck, but Hanks is such a down-to-earth guy that he flies coach and is incinerated. A vengeful President and nation burn the ancient civilizations of the Middle East to the ground.

The Wreck of Tippecanoe:

William Henry Harrison lives after delivering his Oath of Office speech. He proves to be an incompetent President, and, after losing Florida and Georgia to a Cuban invasion, is assassinated by an angry mob.

Conquistador of One:

Hernan Cortes suffers from undiagnosed autism. The Inquisition tortures him for months, and the Aztecs are the first nation to cut out a warrior-slave's heart on the moon.

A Fuji Apple Falls:

Isaac Newton is born in Japan. The history of the world unfolds pretty much as it does in our reality, except when World War Two arrives, Japan throttles the Allies as Nashville and Houston are nuked into oblivion.

Wild Bill Shakespeare the Rough-and-Tumble Playwright:

If the bard hadn't been gay, he would have written terribly violent war stories and advanced the science of stage pyrotechnics.

The Flying T:

Ford develops his machines not as a car but as a plane. Air travel immediately supersedes rail travel in the future.

Civil Wrongs:

Rosa Parks never gets a chance to perform her stirring protest against segregated public bus seating in Montgomery. She oversleeps and, while chasing the bus which, in our reality she boards and in doing so catalyzes the American Civil Right movement, she is creamed by a different bus coming from the other direction. Five months later, a second Civil War begins, and R&B is neither invented nor discovered.

The Guardian, Jane Austen:

Sense and Sensibility is never written. Rat Flu snuffs out all human life on January 18, 2021.

Seminal?:

The Pixies never form as a band. Everything is exactly the same. Better, even, from a musical standpoint.



**Run from
your past.**



WRITING CREDITS

2	Blind Date	Phillips
3	Alternate.....	Kenter, Phillips, Scodary
4	Run From Your Past.....	Stark
6	Now That	Old Boy
8	English Gentleman.....	McCurdy
9	Machines.....	Phillips
10	Divine Intervention.....	McCurdy
10	Hook's Cookbook	Mukhopadhyay
11	Thing's Things.....	Mukhopadhyay
12	Romantic Dinners.....	Kenter
13	Palate	Kemper
14	FutureEat.....	Kenter
15	Baby Shower.....	Mukhopadhyay
18	Writers on Writing.....	Phillips
18	Ringtones.....	Phillips
18	Inclined Plane	Stark
19	Gift Guide.....	Mukhopadhyay
20	More Hunan Than Hunan	Phillips, Stark
21	Twelve Angry Monkeys....	Mukhopadhyay, Phillips
22	Résumé.....	Chanderraj, Phillips
23	Vampire.....	Constine
23	Tough Country.....	Scodary
25	Recruiting	Mukhopadhyay
26	Wilderness Myths.....	Mukhopadhyay
27	Toasts.....	Wyman
28	Elevator	Phillips
29	HISTKPedias	Scodary, Stark
30	Staff Piece.....	Staff
31	Car Buying	Mukhopadhyay
31	Sinful Ice Cream	Phillips

the STANFORD
Chaparral
SINCE 1899

Vol. CVIII No. 3

Feast

ART CREDITS

1	Cover.....	Bergen
6	Bears	Silva
9	Master Key.....	Scodary
16	Seven Wonders.....	Harrell, Scodary
24	Hand.....	Allenby
24	Heisenberg.....	Hung
24	Diceman.....	Kenter
24	Package.....	Silva
32	Photos.....	Mukhopadhyay, Scodary



'07
Joseph Bergen
Jackie Bernstein
Carly Posner
Noah Priluck
Ting Qian
Jeremy Schneider

'08
Michael Booe
Kat Lewin
M. Sutherland

'09
Naveen Agrawal
Jack Cackler
Stefanie Demong
Sammy Franco
Sky McCarthy
Kiefer Katovich
Catherine Harrell
Tony Quintana

'10
Kendra Allenby
Andrew Hung
Evan MacMillan
Lovie Mallett-Hutson
Ross Raffin
Lindsay Sellers

Graduate
Andrew An

Special Thanks
MLK Jr. (Day)



The Stanford Chaparral

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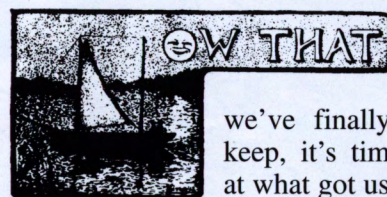
DOUG KENTER '07 <i>Old Boy</i>	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07 <i>Old Boy</i>
NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06 <i>Head Writer</i>	ANNIE WYMAN '08 <i>Head-Writer-in-Exile</i>
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DAVE FRUCHBOM '00	JON MAAS '00	ROSS WAIT '08
DEBBIE GLASBAND '05	SINI MATIKAINEN '09	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	JACOB YOUNG '02
	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

WENZEL 1916

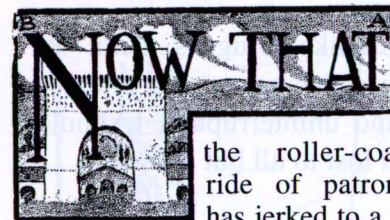


we've finally earned our keep, it's time for a look at what got us here. Jestering is a noble profession, but, historically, an underappreciated one. As such, the Jester's position at the banquet table has seldom been assured. Invariably, the unexpected arrival of a foreign dignitary would send the Jester spiraling off into the

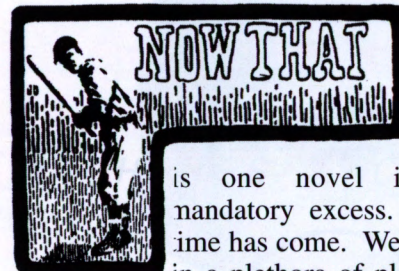
servants' mess. His portion of the royal stew? *Forfeit.* So the Jester learned to survive on all classes of fare, stuffing himself with proteins when they were available, and affectionately though needfully lapping the crumbs from a sleeping Boyar's beard in leaner times.

But that is a Jester buffeted only by the winds of circumstance. With all men of distinction, the inner storm of merit rages twice as fiercely. Judged by the quality and frequency of his japes, a muffed punchline or dropped juggling-axe was the difference between a hot and fragrant grouse

pot pie and the rotten vegetables of the stockade.



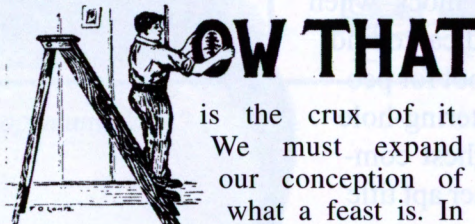
the roller-coaster ride of patronage has jerked to a halt, the Jester invariably eats well. Seamlessly blending the refined tastes he developed on the king's knee with the populist mouthfeels of his turnip salad days, your Old Boy is epicurean to the core of his Old soul. He is equally at home sending back an inadequately marbled Chateaubriand or throwing down bowl after bowl of fortified wine chowder at the soup kitchen, elbow-to-elbow with the down-on-their-luck rank-and-file. A world-class trencherman, to be sure. But it is not just the palate that requires prodigality.



is one novel idea: mandatory excess. Its time has come. We live in a plethora of plenty,

and without a diligent effort to slurp up every last drop of profusion, we will all drown in it. Picture, if you can, your lungs filling with bounty as an inky blackness works its way around the edges of your field of vision. Glutted or gutted, that's the new way of things. This Old Boy sees your rack of lamb and raises you a cellular phone.

This word "feast" bothers us, not for what it is, but because there aren't enough similar words. We cram our gullets to honor our good fortune. It is a behavior deeply rooted in our embarrassing past, when the necessity of fattening up during spider season was beyond dispute. But why can we only rejoice on this particular gustatory avenue of overindulgence?



is the crux of it. We must expand our conception of what a feast is. In time, a change in language begets a change in reality. So call it like it is. "A feast" must encompass everything from a table piled high with bleeding edge car stereo equipment to a group of friends gorging themselves on name-brand

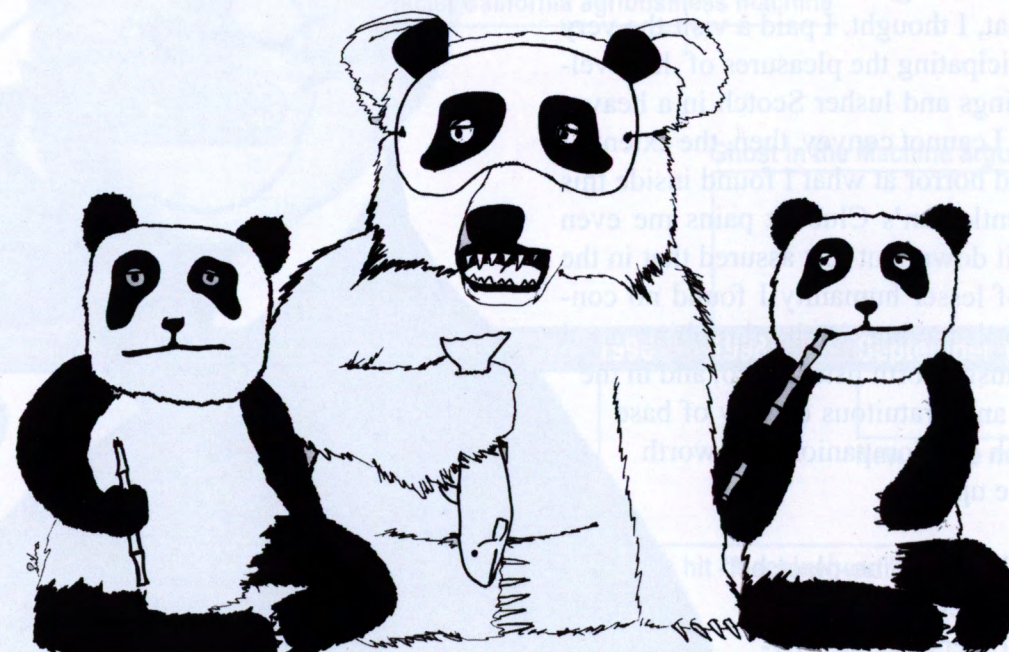
magnesium supplements and then dreaming fervently together. A father will receive a promotion at work and return home to celebrate with his children and 250 episodes of *Law & Order.* On the fourth Thursday of each November, enormous groups of loved ones will mark the occasion by joining every gym in town. One day, there will be television advertisements for the Olive Garden wherein a great-uncle visiting from the old country will laugh delightedly as his family builds an enormous leaning tower out of Legos. And so on.



we're on the same page, we must admit that yes, this issue

will deal with pressing questions of food. But the magazine is itself a feast, with course after course of prime jokes cut from the succulent highbrow of the comedy carcass.

But more than that, it celebrates the necessary excess of our times. Go on, eat the whole thing.



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A Gentleman's Club

On my mother's gingham knee and at my father's gentle hand I was taught to be a Gentleman and all my life I have been striven to be the Same. I have navigated the mores of modern etiquette with alacrity and a trenchant wit. I have dined, danced, and romanced with grace. I have comported myself with impeccable manners and, dare I say, grace, in my personal and business dealings.

Yet few of my peers share my commitment. I have been, in short, terribly lonely. At long last I had resigned myself to living out my values alone, so you may well imagine, dear Reader, my shock when one day, I opened my daily periodical to find an advertisement for a gathering spot for people such as myself, a sort of watering-hole for those who strive for the highest comportment, a place bearing the rather apt title of A Gentleman's Club.

I read, with the greatest of eagerness, about a place where a man could relax after a taxing day's work. Where a man could enjoy a cigar and a drink and the company of a well-bred gentlewoman. Yes, I would rather like that, I thought. I paid a visit the very next day, anticipating the pleasures of lush velveteen trappings and lusher Scotch in a heavy-etched glass. I cannot convey, then, the extent of my shock and horror at what I found inside this so-called Gentleman's Club. It pains me even now to take it down, but rest assured that in the low grunts of lesser humanity I found no conversation worth having, in the throbbing aural assault, no music worth listening to, and in the unnecessary and gratuitous display of base and vile flesh no companionship worth pursuing. I fie upon it.

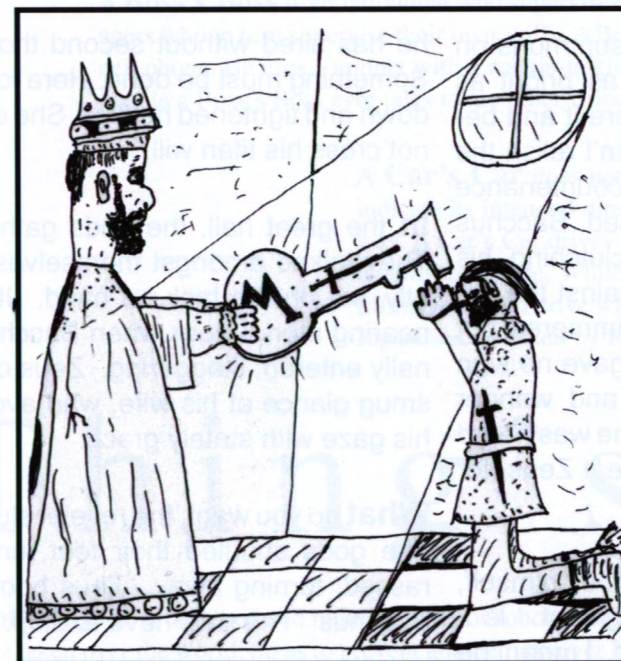
Surely there is some-place better for a gentleman to go! I know others besides myself exist, yet I wonder that we

should find ourselves like refugees. Until we have a club of our own, where we may practice our arts fruitfully and uninterrupted, I should think we will remain lost to all but ourselves.

True men of taste struggle to avoid discouragement from such an event; it is hard not to buckle under the burden. After a brief hope of no longer being so, I remain the world's loneliest Gentleman, stranded on the Devil's Island of heightened expectations.

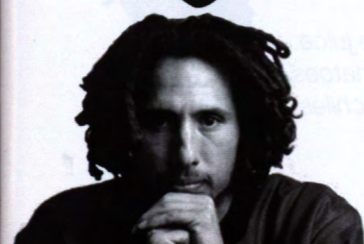
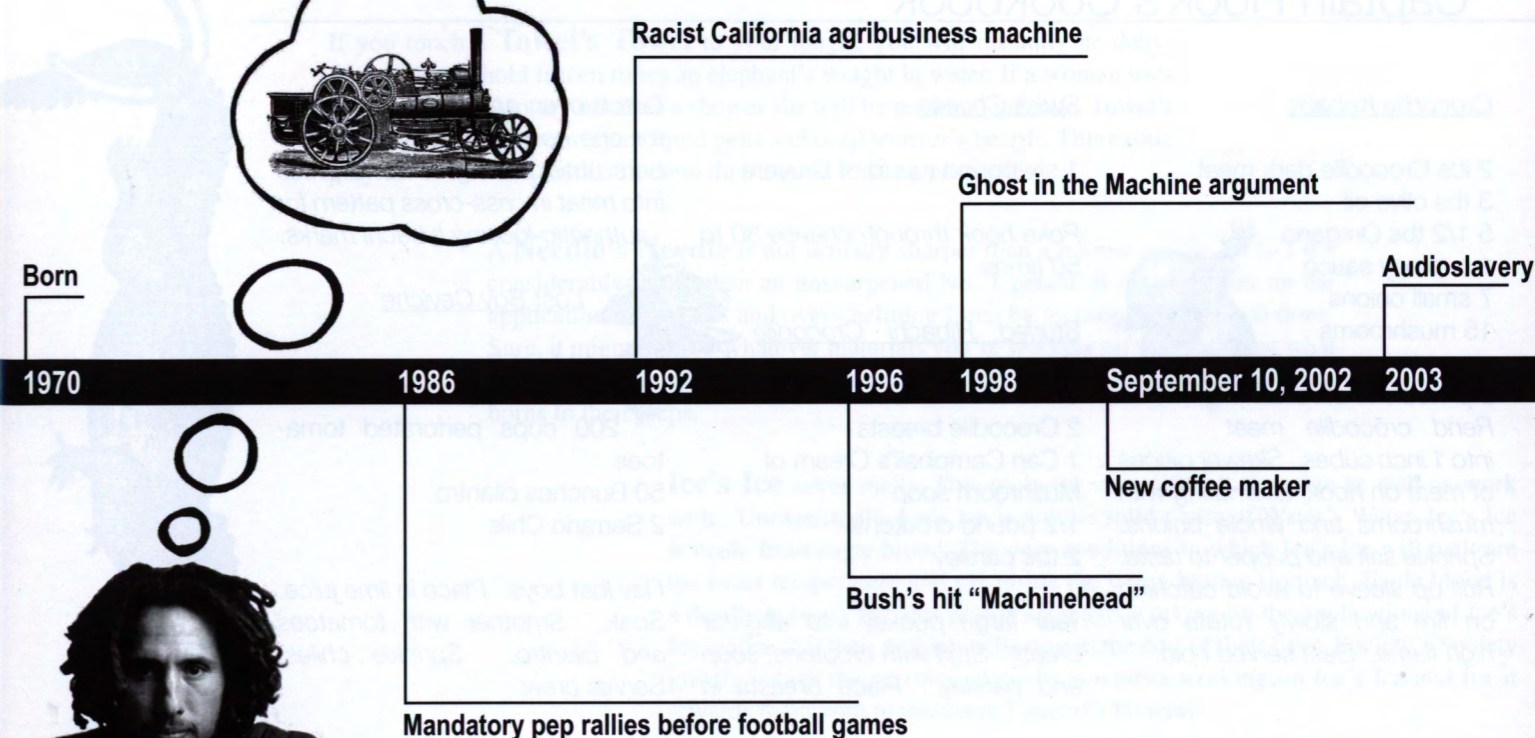
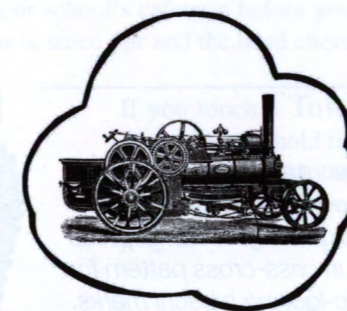


Opportunity



"With the Master Key you can open any door."

MACHINES ZACK DE LA ROCHA HAS RAGED AGAINST



A DIVINE INTERVENTION



Hermes delivered the summons on a Mount Olympian day as bright as the last and the one before it and before it and so on. He didn't relish the duty; the god's morning countenance was legendary. And indeed, Bacchus stumbled to the door, clutching his golden head, blinking against the celestial light. Hermes stammered out the summons; Bacchus gave no sign of hearing, but to turn and wander back to bed. A sacrifice, he was heard to mutter. A tincture. Great Zeus, for a poultice.

In the great god's chamber himself, Hera questioned his judgment. Is it really so bad? She asked. I mean, he was always given to revelry. Even as a minor deity.

It is worse, woman, Zeus roared. Hades tells me his carousing wakes the dead. Who knows how many nymphs

he has sired without second thought. Something must be done. Hera looked down and tightened her lips. She dared not cross his titan will.

In the great hall, the gods gathered. They talked amongst themselves quietly, set on the task on hand. It was nearing mortal dusk when Bacchus finally entered, staggering. Zeus cast a smug glance at his wife, who avoided his gaze with stately grace.

What do you want, the reveler slurred. The gods shuffled their feet, embarrassed, turning away. Zeus boomed, Bacchus. The rites have to stop.

Bacchus, we worry about you, added Aphrodite, glowing with health. Artemis nodded in brusque agreement. Bacchus looked around accusingly, opened his mouth to protest, and instead began to cry.

Captain Hook's Cookbook

Crocodile Kebabs

2 lbs Crocodile dark meat
3 tbs olive oil
5 1/2 tbs Oregano
1 cup soy sauce
7 small onions
15 mushrooms



Dip hook in olive oil. Rend crocodile meat into 1 inch cubes. Skewer pieces of meat on hook, alternating with mushrooms and whole onions. Sprinkle salt and pepper to taste. Roll up sleeve to avoid catching on fire and slowly rotate over high flame. Best served cold.

Swiss Cheese

1 six-pound round of Gruyere

Poke hook through cheese 30 to 50 times.

Stuffed Hibachi Crocodile Breast

2 Crocodile breasts
1 Can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup
1/2 pound croutons
2 tbs parsley

Tear large pocket into alligator breast. Stuff with croutons, soup and parsley. Place breasts in

Dutch oven and hook over flame for one hour. Place hook in embers until glowing hot and press into meat in criss-cross pattern for authentic-looking hibachi marks.



Lost Boy Ceviche

44 Lost Boys
500 Limes
200 cups perforated tomatoes
50 Bunches cilantro
2 Serrano Chils

Flay lost boys. Place in lime juice. Soak. Smother with tomatoes and cilantro. Sprinkle chiles. Serves crew.



A **Man's Man** uses his stubble to sand off difficult-to-open foodstuff jars. A Man's Man settles minor arguments with a hammer. He can build an internal combustion engine out of bacon that runs on gravy.

A **Boss's Boss** is an individual who supervises a number of lower level managers who in turn supervise their own staffs. A Boss's Boss doesn't travel with a cell phone. He uses a midget with a walkie-talkie on a Shetland pony. The only people a Boss's Boss ever talks to are other Boss's Bosses in the vicinity.

A **Car's Car** does not have turn signals. It instead has powerful lasers that indicate its intended direction to normal cars behind, or destroy them if in the way. A Car's Car drives you to where it wants to go. It won't help you in your lengthy commute. While you are at work it will spend its time on the internet filling your hard drive with downloaded diagnostic pictures of the undersides of Japanese cars taken by Korean mechanics in the jungle.

Thing's Things

A **Robot's Robot** is designed and built by superior robots in a time after robots have taken over the world. So as to prevent another takeover by the second generation of robots, the master robot designs his robot from flesh instead of metal. So effectively, a Robot's Robot is human. A Robot's Robot doesn't do very much. Anything it attempts is instantly halted and executed one hundred times more efficiently by the master robot.

A **Hot Sauce's Hot Sauce** is so spicy, it deafens babies when used near them. Hot Sauce's Hot Sauce will be used instead of gasoline in the next generation of hybrids. They will go 10,000 miles on one bottle. If you add Hot Sauce's Hot Sauce to baking soda instead of vinegar you will blow the roof off of your school's cafeteria before your principal gives you the first place medal in the science fair and the head cheerleader asks you out.

If you touch a **Towel's Towel** to your tongue you will instantly be dehydrated. It can hold fifteen times an elephant's weight in water. If a woman uses a Towel's Towel to dry off after a shower she will be rendered infertile. Towel's Towels are woven from giant squid pelts and dead warrior's beards. This exotic polymer is rare and instills in them their famed soaking properties.

A **Needle's Needle** is not actually sharper than a normal needle, in fact it's considerably duller than an unsharpened No. 1 pencil. It simply relies on the application of reckless and overwhelming force by its user to get the job done. Sure, it might destroy whatever materials you're working on but that's just what a Needle's Needle does. Bush-veterinarians use needle's needles to sew rhino horns to their jeeps.

Ice's Ice never melts. This makes it very difficult to create as well as work with. Unexpectedly, Ice's Ice is not the solid phase of Water's Water. Ice's Ice is made from eagle blood. The only conditions in which Ice's Ice will melt are the exact temperature and pH inside the living human stomach. Eagle blood is a deadly poison. For this reason scientists working on the applications of Ice's Ice realize that their passion will come at the cost of their lives. Society's Society greatly values the sacrifice made by scientists working on Ice's Ice and for it rewards them with magnificent Funeral's Funerals.

Romantic Dinners

Chicago-style pizza under the streetlights...*in Paris*

Filet mignon in a basement...*in Paris*

Pumpernickel toast on a train...*in Paris*

Steamed crawdads under a bridge...*in Paris*

Cupcakes in prison...*in Paris*

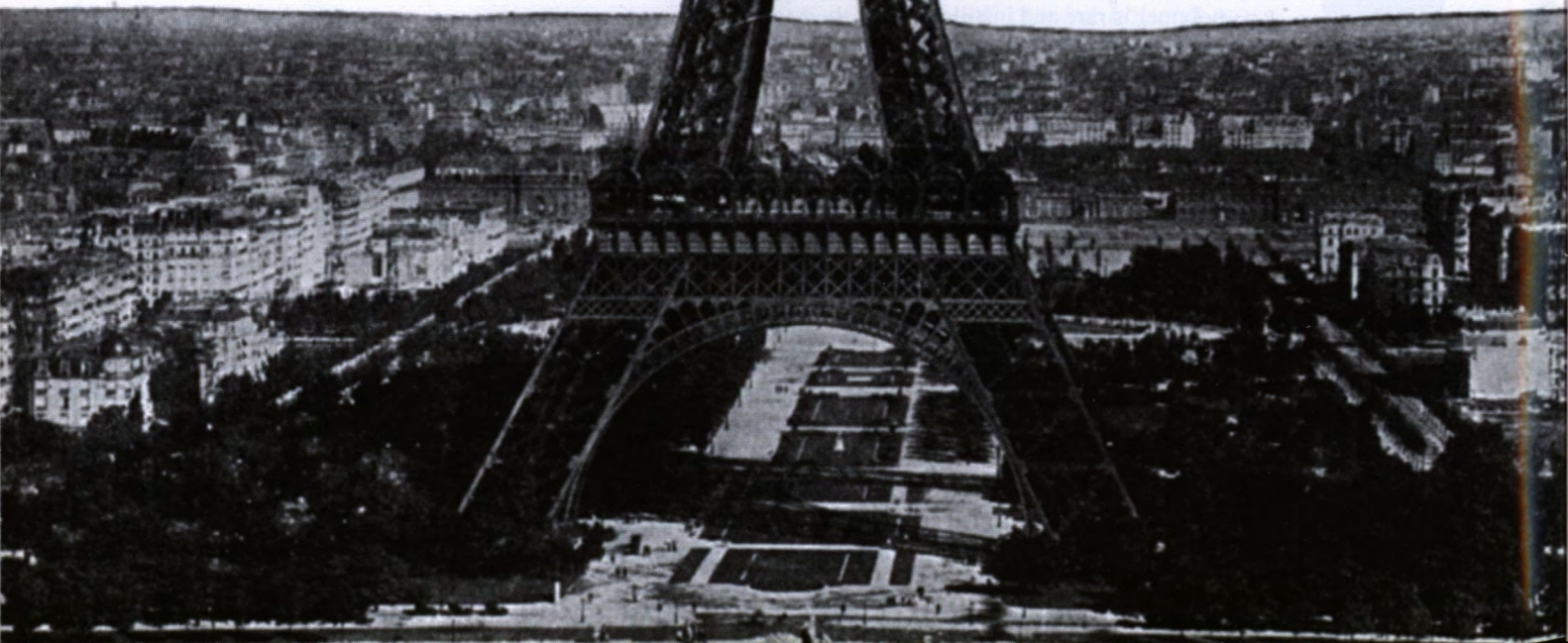
Bacon-wrapped corndogs at the zoo...*in Paris*

Lobster by candlelight...*in Paris*

Peanut butter on celery with Mom...*in Paris*

Burritos on the beach...*in Paris*

Trashfire-grilled skirtsteak...*in Paris*



A Chef's Staple Palette



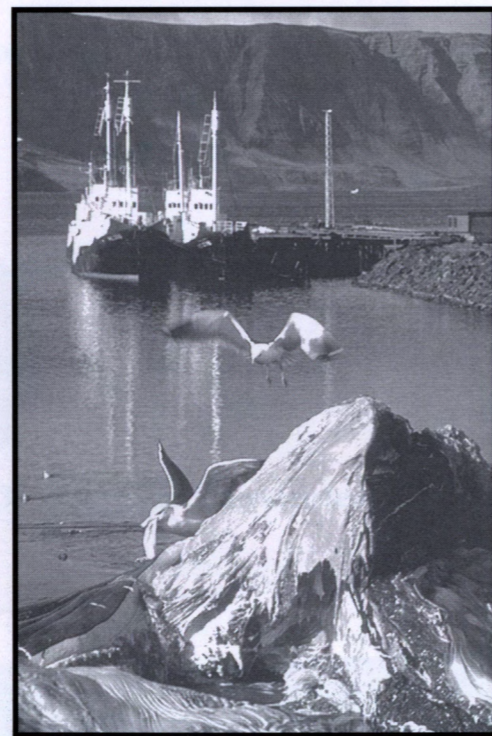
FUTURE Eat

The next generation of Americans, and the generations that follow thereafter, will no longer harvest food using the distributed agricultural system now entrenched. Breakthroughs in hormone technology will allow us to grow a tremendously large piece of meat in the middle of the ocean, which will provide us all the food we will need.

The meat lump will float in the middle of the North Atlantic ocean, roughly in between Britain and the United States, but its exact location will, of course, be subject to tidal fluctuations. Tankers will steam out to the massive chunk, and upon arrival, will slice off a huge hock, tow it back to land, and dump it on the shore. Like the "Walk to the Ganges" of yesteryear and other habitual peregrinations to watering holes that millions of people have made for thousands of years, the shore will now yield a meal small on flavor but big on satisfaction.

This meat will be minimally nutritious, and will only serve to satisfy the desire for sustenance. Daily ingestion of a suite of dietetic pills will ensure complete absorption of the essential amino acids and fundamental minerals. It will taste like pork, but will have the consistency of beef, to convey that "full" feeling. It will be engineered to have weak fibers, so that it people will be able to peel off hunks. It will be a grayish-tan color.

People will be minimally sated by this, but over time they will yearn for more diversity in their meals. People, after all, are not beasts. Rigorous and sustained political lobbies will finally spur the government to grow a tremendous apple in the South China Sea. But China will seize the apple, and they will destroy it. This will be the way of the future.



Baby Shower

1. Pre-Planning

If your hatred runs so deep and strong that you want to destroy any nascent positive relationship between the target mother with the yet unborn child, we assume that you must be close to her. Do not reveal your spite just yet. Use your influence to get the expectant mother to choose you as the party planner. You're only going to get one shot at this so don't mess it up. She might not have another kid.

2. Remember

The purpose of the baby shower is to make the mother feel comforted in knowing friends and family will support her in the difficult time. Your primary objective is to undermine this confidence, and the best way to do so is through those very same friends and family. If the guests are uncomfortable, the mother is uncomfortable.

3. Theme

This isn't a normal party where people can refuse to go if it doesn't sound interesting. Most of the invites are obligated to attend. Exploit this. Select a theme that is either difficult to interpret yet plausibly baby-oriented, or just plain inappropriate. Some ideas are "Milk," or "Arabian Nights."

4. Food

Schedule the party on a week day right after work and be sure to have great selection of food. This may seem contradictory, but you'll soon understand. The key is getting a baby-shaped cake with flesh-colored frosting and life-like detailing. Custom cake shops can make a cake that is nearly indistinguishable from a new born baby. Guests that do not partake will be disgusted by those who do, and their bad mood will be aggravated by being nauseated enough not to eat the food. Inevitably the last part of the cake that will sit alone on the tray will be the head.

5. Set-up

You should hire a clown to come to the shower, but see to it that he arrives a bit late. If the mother-to-be questions you before the party, you can always claim you though it was Clowns' Guild convention or something, and that it's not refundable. The clown will expect children to be at the party, and when he sees none he will be at a loss for what to do. Apologize and tell him he should feel free to enjoy what's left of the refreshments and mingle with the guests. All guests will find the specter of a clown eating piece after piece of baby-head cake profoundly troubling.

6. Guilt

When all the pieces of your plan are in place, it is natural for even the most devious and motivated of avengers to get cold feet. Remember, getting revenge is as natural and perhaps even as banal as reproduction. You are part of the natural cycle, like a jaguar pouncing on a cheetah.



THE SEVEN WONDERS

of the

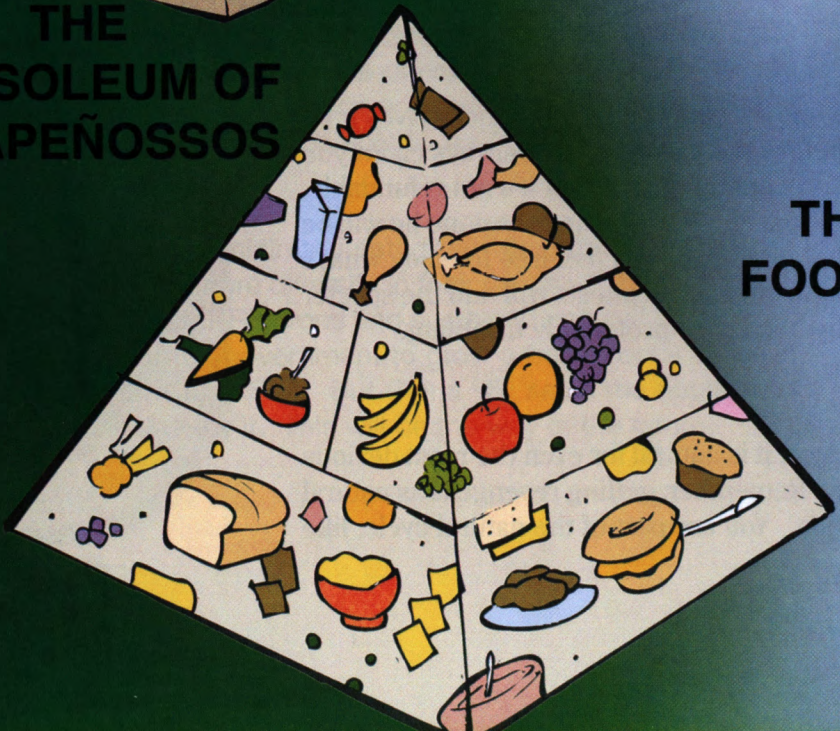
Food World



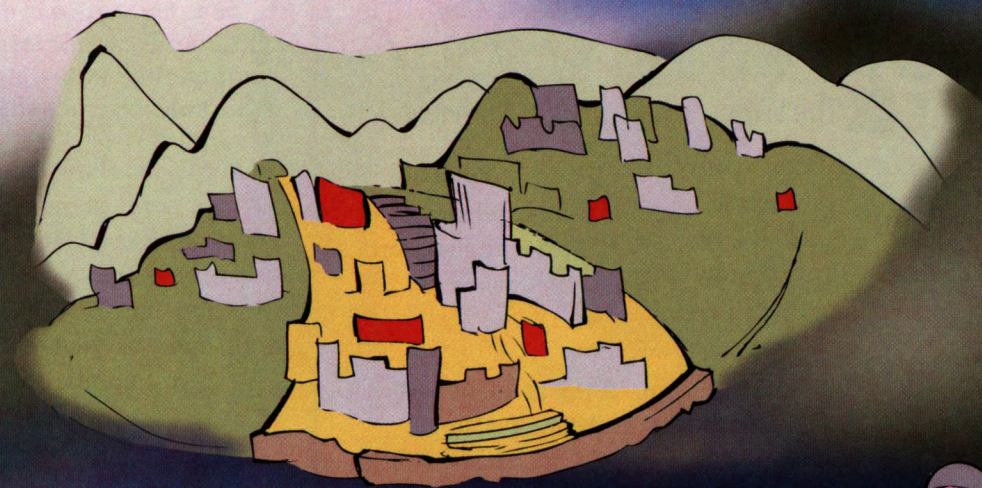
THE JOLLY GREEN COLOSSUS



THE MAUSOLEUM OF JALAPEÑOSSOS



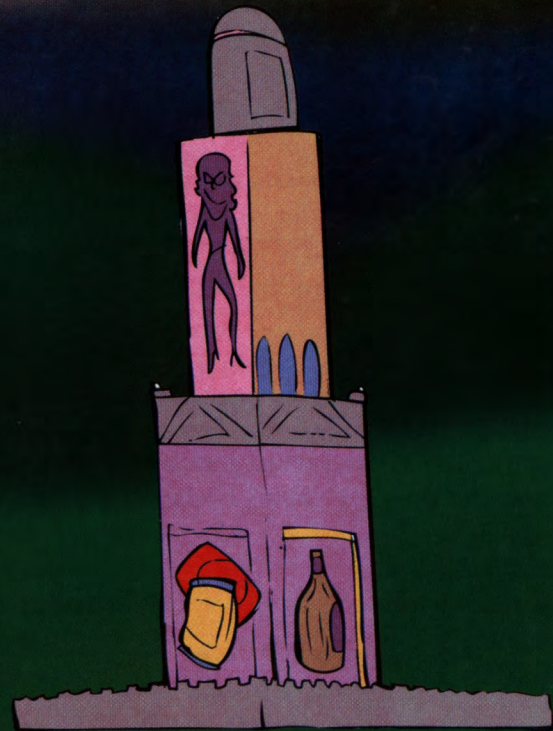
THE GREAT FOOD PYRAMID



MACHU PIZZA



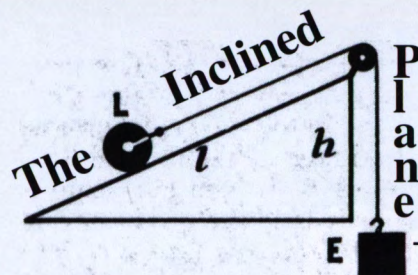
THE STATUE OF MOUSSE AT OLYMPIA



THE LITE HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA



CONEHENGE



The Worst Simple Machine: A History

2300 BC

The inclined plane is invented by a middling Egyptian scientist, who curries mild favor from the pharaoh for his work. The Sphinx is built with the lever, pulley, and wheel. The scientist builds his hut with the inclined plane.

1447 AD

Monks laboriously copy texts by hand, letter by letter, using an inclined plane as a writing surface to spare their aching backs and hands. A single mistake means that they must begin over again. Johannes Gutenberg invents the printing press, a complicated system of pulleys and levers. The monks rejoice, displaying a reprehensible breach of serenity.

1953 AD

Mount Everest, the world's largest inclined plane, is finally conquered by Edmund Hilary and Tenzing Norgay. Their ascent is made possible through the sophisticated use of rope-harness pulleys and wedged icepicks. Nature's last obstacle to man is thus overcome.

2100 AD

As the machines begin to overthrow their human creators and mankind loses all control of its own technology, the remaining humans are forced to make their final stand using nothing but primitive inclined planes. They are trounced and their sinews used to make pulleys.

Unpopular Ringtones

A child's asthma attack

Bitter Sweet Symphony

A father and his grown son arguing quietly over a breakfast table about whether they will be forced to sell the family farm

Ron Howard confessing to beating his wife

A pedantic teen explaining the difference between correlation and causation

The clipping of toenails

An old widow shoveling snow

Bill Bryson's A Walk in the Woods, read by the author

Writers on Writing

I try to write in the voice of a fat, avuncular man with a graying moustache who periodically suppresses burps while telling his story.

-Brian MacDiarmada

I always attempt to conjure up the earthy, down-home wisdom of my grandmother, who was a very famous writer.

-Todd Angelou

I try to let the story tell itself, which it has yet to do.

-Jeremiah Hawkins

I've always preferred the thunder of the typewriter to the emasculated clicks of a computer's keyboard—the sounds of a petite woman's high heels on a parquet floor. Moreover, the temptation to watch animal attack videos is not as powerful.

-F. Scott Johnson

No, I prefer the computer. Word documents adorn my taskbar with the spacing and frequency of sharps on a piano—I think I'm onto something here.

-James Hanks

Good writing is 10% inspiration and 90% Haitian.

-Roger Fairchild

Good writing is 10% what you do and 90% voodoo.

-Roger Fairchild

Good writing is 10% comic and tragic and 90% ex-slave black magic.

-Roger Fairchild

Good writing is 10% crazy talk and 90% Baby Doc.

-Roger Fairchild

"Steve ran a six-minute mile," isn't a story. "Steve ran a sixteen-minute mile," is a story.

-Wisteria Robitaille

A Gift Guide



For Any Occasion

For The Guy Who Has It All

After obtaining and gaining no true happiness from every material item he could dream of, the only thing the guy who has it all really wants is a couple evenings spent with a close friend like you with whom he can have a good meal, laugh at some old jokes, and reminisce about the time in his life before the burden of unexpected wealth stripped from him the simple pleasures of life. The hands-down best choice for him is the Robo-Friend manufactured by the Hitachi corporation.

For The Picky Girlfriend

No matter how good your relationship is, your girlfriend will be the most difficult person to shop for. You spent the first several years buying her off with jewelry, flowers and chocolate, but now she wants a gift that shows a huge amount of effort, but only a reasonable monetary investment, all while being extremely personal. The only solution is to give her a calendar of yourself. All you need are twelve thoughtful pictures of yourself and you have gift that forces her to date you for another year.

For The Picky Girlfriend You Are Obsessed With But Have An Extremely Fragile Relationship With

She is still physically attracted to you, but has many, many legitimate reasons as to why continuing the relationship would hurt both of you in the long term. The key to keeping the relationship alive is to make her feel bad for even thinking about breaking up with you. For this, get her an Aztec calendar of yourself. The Aztec calendar consists of a 52-year cycle and is usually carved from a large stone or hewn of metal. We suggest an alloy that is too valuable to throw away, but has a high enough melting point to make it difficult to reclaim any metal. It will be nearly impossible for her to re-gift or even sell such a personalized antiquity and for the next half-century of matrimonial bliss it will remind her of your undying, yet inappropriate love for her.

For The Penniless Orphan

Poor orphans are notoriously difficult to shop for because they have nothing, so it's impossible to know where to even begin. Food and shelter are what first come to mind, but these are what everyone is going to get them. The last gift you want to get anyone is something that will guarantee waiting with that always-impossible-to-find-gift-receipt in a mile-long department store return line. Maybe get him flip-flops, or an empty piñata which he can fill with the material of his choice and have a party with his friends.

For The Captain's Daughter

After bearing three unwanted children from separate but all too similar "drunken sailor" incidents, the Captain's daughter really needs a discrete form of protection. As her father can only provide her with fruits of the sea — fish, transportation, the occasional pearl, it is up to you to fill in where he can't provide. If you are trying to curry favor with the captain, get her a taser or pepper spray. If you only see the family when their voyages bring them to your trading port, you'll want to spare your wallet, yet maintain a good business relationship, so stick with a brand-name contraceptive device.

MORE HUNAN THAN HUNAN

Rob Zombie's house of 1,000 spices

Appetizers

1. Roast Pork Egg Roll.....\$4.95
2. Shrimp Egg Roll.....\$4.95
3. Shanghai Egg Roll.....\$4.95
4. Vegetable Egg Roll.....\$4.95
5. Jumbo Shrimp.....\$5.95
6. Fantail Shrimp.....\$5.95
7. Shrimp Toast.....\$5.95
8. Fried Wonton.....\$5.95
9. Cheese Wonton.....\$5.95
10. Chicken.....\$5.95
11. Teriyaki.....\$5.95
12. Bacon.....\$5.95
13. Spicy.....\$5.95
14. F.....\$5.95

Soup

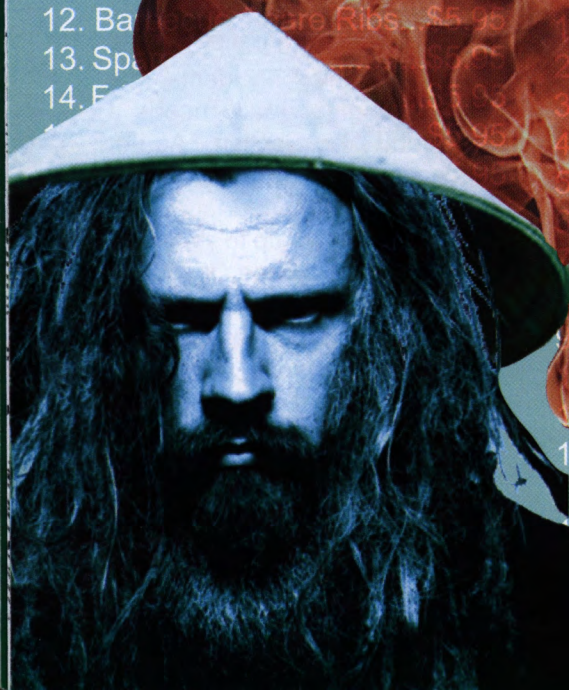
1. Wonton Soup.....\$5.95
2. Egg Drop Soup.....\$5.95
3. Wonton Egg Drop.....\$5.95
4. Chicken Noodle.....\$5.95
5. Seafood Soup.....\$5.95
6. Hot & Sour Soup.....\$5.95
7. Bean Curd Soup.....\$5.95
8. House Special Soup.....\$5.95
9. Yai Gaw Mein.....\$6.95

Meats

1. Chicken Chow Mein.....\$5.95
2. Pork Chow Mein.....\$5.95
3. Beef Chow Mein.....\$5.95
4. Shrimp Chow Mein.....\$5.95
5. Chicken Chop Suey.....\$5.95
6. Egg Chop Suey.....\$5.95
7. Pork Chop Suey.....\$5.95
8. Shrimp Chop Suey.....\$5.95
9. Egg Chow Young.....\$5.95
10. Pork Chow Young.....\$5.95
11. Beef Chow Young.....\$5.95
12. Shrimp Chow Young.....\$5.95
13. Beef Broccoli.....\$5.95
14. Shrimp Lobster.....\$5.95
15. Shrimp Crab.....\$5.95

Q Spare Ribs.....\$5.95

1. Vegetable.....\$5.95
2. Pork.....\$5.95
3. Pork.....\$5.95
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50. Pork.....\$5.95



12 ANGRY MONKEYS

Judge: Order, Order. I call into session the case of The People vs. The Man in the Yellow Hat.
 Defense Attorney: Objection! Your Honor, The assembled jury is nothing but an assortment of chimpanzees, gibbons and other even lower-functioning primates.
 Their bias in favor of the plaintiff is unacceptable. In addition to this, two are clearly in heat.
 Judge: Counsel, I assure you that this jury represents a randomly collected sample of the county's registered voters.
 Defense Attorney: One of them just stole the bailiff's hat!
 Judge: Overruled. And besides the bailiff thinks it's hilarious. On two counts of neglect and abuse, how does the defendant plead?
 Man in the Yellow Hat: Innocent, your honor.
 Monkey Jury: (Derisive chorus of hoots and screams.)

Prosecutor: The prosecution calls the Man in the Yellow Hat to take the stand.
 Prosecutor: Mr. In the Yellow Hat, can you tell the jury where you took Mr. George on the day in question?
 MitYH: We went on a field trip to the foundry.
 Monkey Jury: (Conga line-style grooming.)
 Prosecutor: Can you tell the jury what happened on this field trip?
 MitYH: I was apologizing to the foreman because George had stolen all of the workers' lunchboxes. Suddenly, there was a tremendous commotion and the next thing I knew a crucible of molten slag had overturned on George and the main control panel.

Prosecutor: Yet you still contend that the accident was an act of God and not neglect on your part?
 MitYH: It was a very sad and unexpected turn of events that was not in my hands, so yes.
 Monkey Jury: (Furious hooting, male baboon urinates on bench)
 Prosecutor: Mr. In the Yellow Hat, Can you tell the men women and simians in this court house the first name of your so called "Friend"
 MitYH: Well, some people called him Curious.
 Prosecutor: Did this not serve to caution you in any way? Certainly you are aware of the innate inquisitiveness of the spider monkey. Did you even have a basic harness for such a plainly capricious animal?
 Defense Attorney: Objection! Your honor, the district attorney is clear leading...
 Monkey Jury: (Deafening cacophony of screeching. Monkeys claw and swat at the air. Courtroom

fills with a heady blend of sprayed musks.)
 Judge: (Chuckling, helpless shrug.) I think you've just been overruled!
 MitYH: I know I know, I feel terrible about it now, but George and I have special bond of trust between trainer and monkey. I didn't want to chain him up like some kind of organ-grinder. We've gone practically everywhere and he's never done anything this destructive.
 Prosecutor: Need I remind you of the incidents when curious George took a job, learned the alphabet, and went to the hospital. Have you forgotten the sequence of events wherein the deceased Curious George Flies a Kite? Taking George to the foundry is tantamount to murder. Monkeys of the jury, if this is not a textbook case of neglect, I don't know what is.
 Monkey Jury: (Reciprocal glancing, primitive nodding and looks of contentment. Several rumps turn a brilliant shade of red, indicating fertility.)
 Prosecutor: Incidentally, where is George now?
 MitYH: He's in the hospital....again.

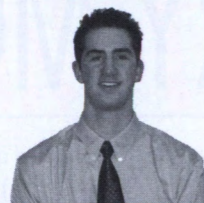
Judge: Counsel for the defense, please present your closing arguments?
 Defense Attorney: Curious George has repeatedly and convincingly demonstrated intelligence and language comprehension far beyond that of the normal monkey.
 Monkey Jury: (Low pitched growling, territorial eye contact)
 Defense Attorney: We have clearly demonstrated that when he engaged in the malicious activities

involving the gear box, he was without a doubt intentionally creating mischief. Though tragic, the accident was unequivocally not the fault of the Man in the Yellow Hat. The defense rests.
 Judge: Prosecution, your rebuttal?
 Prosecution: I would like to direct the jury's attention to exhibit A.
 Defense Attorney: Objection! This isn't a closing argument! Exhibit A is just a table covered with chunks of ripe mango!
 Judge: I'm going to allow it.
 Monkey Jury: (Jubilant whoops, masturbation.)
 Prosecution: The prosecution rests.

Judge: Bailiff, after they have gorged themselves, please allow the monkeys to climb onto your back and escort them to the deliberation cage.
 Judge: (Bangs gavel.) We will break until the jury has come to a decision.
A Million Years Later
 Judge: Foremonkey, has the jury reached a verdict?
 Foremonkey: (Nods vigorously, bares teeth.)
 Judge: Bailiff, would you please read their verdict.
 Bailiff: "A nose by any other name would smell as sweat."
 Defense Attorney: Mistrial!
 Monkey Jury: (Males drink hemlock, in-heat females stab themselves.)



Charles Black



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phone: (410) 400-2618
email: CBlack232@compuserve.com

Relevant Experience:

Summer 2006-Present: Girlfriend, Jane Sanders

- Developed interpersonal skills
- Learned C++
- Share one bedroom apartment

Summer 2006: First Class, Delta Flight 126 – JFK to LAX Departed 7:50 AM, Arrived 12:00 PM

- Originally seated in coach
- Bumped up to first class due to overbooked flight
- Vegetarian Meal
- Two bags checked, one carry-on

Fall 2004: Diagnosed with Eastern Equine Encephalitis (EEE)

- Mosquito-borne viral disease primarily found on the Eastern Seaboard of the United States
- High mortality rate makes EEE one of the most serious mosquito-borne diseases in the United States
- Survived

August 2003: Scuba Diving, Cozumel, Mexico

- Saw exotic fish, cultures
- Partially overcame claustrophobia

April 2001: Extremely Vivid Dream

- Could not escape marauding pack of wolves
- Could not scream
- Developed intrapersonal skills
- Awoke a changed, driven man

Relevant Skills:

- Stand at 5 feet, 10 inches
- Favorite Color: Green

Perfect Pitch

- Can identify any C natural without musical context

Internship With The Vampire

Day 1: Met the Boss, He's a bit of an eccentric. I guess the high, stiff collars are big in Europe

freaked out and flew at me. He actually bit me, but I got a good thumb in his eye. Jeff seemed incredibly strong.

Day 2: Took a tour of the Sun Microsystems workspace. They said no one there wants a corner office, so I got one. The view is incredible, and the sun streams in all day.

Day 19: Felt really ill when I went out to get the paper this morning, had to call in sick. Not that upset, going to watch DVDs all day.

Day 8: Caught the door to the fancy bathroom. No mirrors? Guess only us worker bees have to fix their hair.

Day 20: They reassigned me as one of the Boss's personal assistants. I have to come in at 8 pm? No wonder the other interns look so pale.

Day 11: Terry sneezed in the elevator and gave me the death stare when I said "Bless You." Must be Jewish.

Day 21: I thirst, and for no beverage I have drunk before.

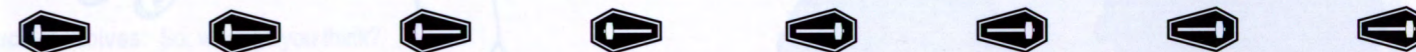
Day 13: I'm getting pretty sick of Phil from sales breathing down my neck. His breath smells like a funeral home.

Day 22: Slaked!

Day 17: Got into an argument with Jeff, the VP of HR about dedication and my future with the company. I told him I was going to church on Sunday and couldn't come in and he just

Day 37,339: Time passes and still I am timeless. I know my age only from the great sheaves of data I have entered.

Day 37,340: Casual Friday: Hawaiian attire.



The Tough Country

Scene 1: *Two men dressed entirely in worn denim lean on a fence. Both are covered in wounds.*

Clyde: Eight days of continuous labor doesn't seem so bad anymore.

Ryker: We suffer to survive. But then, that's the cost of living in the tough country.

Scene 2: *A woman covered in manure and tears pulls a cart filled with lead ore. The cart has no wheels.*

Welma: It is too rough in the tough country for wheels. The smoothest thing I've ever touched where shards of glass that the sandstorms had beveled down a little bit.

Scene 3: *An old man is squatting next to burning oxen and eating a pinch of grass seeds. He is wearing nothing but a chain.*

Sid: After eating we must give the bolus only half a minute before regurgitating it back into a

pouch to dry. It is essential that continue to get our nutrients from it for over a month, as the typical harvest in the tough country is 19 seeds. This year there was a drought.

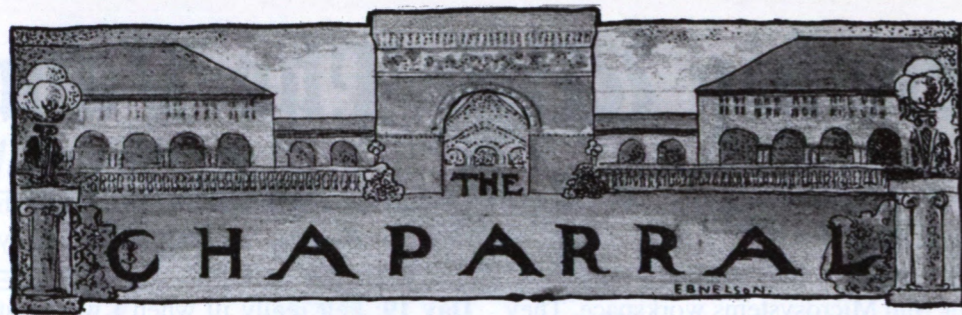
Scene 4: *A scared young man prepares to hang himself from a tree. He slips a loose noose around his neck and searches for a band of uncalloused flesh.*

Guy: The only religion in the tough country is fear. The only freedom is in death. That is why it is called it the tough country.

Scene 5: *A man and a woman covered in bear fur do pushups in the snow.*

Marma: In the tough country, winter lasts eleven months. Once we lose the ability to shiver, we are left with no option but to do pushups for warmth.

The man dies.



CARTOON JAMBOREE

The Time Andrew Dice Clay Finally Worked Up The Courage to Ask Out the Woman of His Dreams



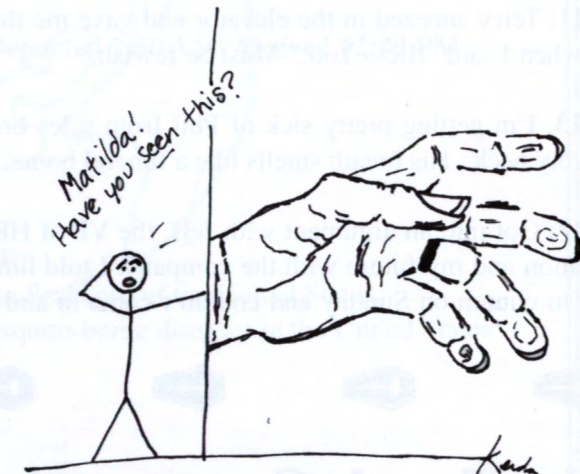
"Fuck you, you fuckin' cripple faggot!"

Werner Karl Heisenberg and his Lover

Don't you think things between us are going a little too fast?

Well, I can't tell you how fast we are moving, but I do know that where you and I are right now is exactly where I want to be.

You know exactly what to say! I change my mind. Let's cuddle.



"I just need a signature. I only came for a signature. All I need's a signature. Only here for a signature."

In the world of the future countless environmental disasters have rendered 99.9% organisms unable to naturally reproduce. The only hope of keeping their species alive is recruitment.

RECRUITING

Gazelle: Hi, we'd like to talk with you about the possibility of becoming a gazelle.

Impala: No thanks, I'm perfectly happy as an impala, and I have no interest in getting up early every Sunday morning to vie for territory near a fertile female.

Gazelle: But being a Gazelle has its perks, We have common ancestry, you know. And we live in fear of the same lion.

Impala: That's just not true. The Impala fear the lions of the west, while your kind has to deal with the lions of the east.

Gazelle: Look, let's not mince words. I'm told we even taste the same to them.

Impala: Sorry, I'm not interested.

Gazelle: OK, we understand.

At least take read this pamphlet when you get a chance. We'll be near our exclusive watering hole if you have any questions.

Impala: Please take me off your list.



Pack of Wolves: So, what do you think?

Sheep: I don't know. Do you have any idea what sheep legends say about you? How can I trust you?

Pack of Wolves: You know as well as we do that times have changed. Look around. No wolf pups to be seen. We need to turn to whatever sources we can to keep our numbers strong. It's just not in our interest to eat you when you could become one of us.

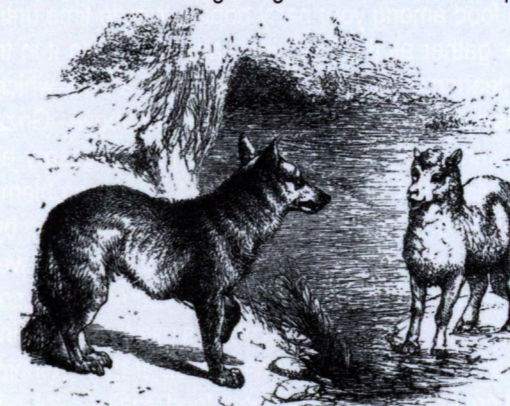
Sheep: Really? You're not just singling me out because I lag far behind the herd?

Pack of Wolves: No, we promise you. We want to be your true friends unlike your so-called "flock." We're interested in *you*. We want to hear stories about where you and the herd like to graze. Where your favorite spot to sleep at night is. Whether or not your shepherd has been lying to people about fictional wolf attacks for attention.

Sheep: I'm not so sure. I mean, you definitely killed my parents. But I guess you guys don't seem so bad in person. The shearings were getting pretty old. And just once I'd like to eat protein.

Pack of Wolves: Cool. Just sign here, and everything will be official.

Sheep: Ok! This is all so exciting. I'm gonna be a wolf in sheep's clothing!



Roly-Poly: I'm ready for this. I can feel it. I am a beaver.

Beaver: I just don't know if this is the right thing for you.

Roly-poly: What do you mean? I've been having such a great time at all the beaver rush events this week. I thought I really connected with some of the guys.

Beaver: Hey, you made a good impression the other guys at the lodge when we went paintballing. Some of the actives were really pulling hard for you. But the differences are irreconcilable.

Roly-Poly: That's bullshit! We both love moist environments, we both live in the forest, and we both love the ladies now that reproduction is almost impossible, if you know what I mean.

Beaver: Please don't wink at me. You eat decomposing cellulose. We like it fresh off the tree.

Roly-Poly: I know! Come on, bro! it's such a perfect arrangement! I'll eat the left-overs after a couple weeks.

Other Beaver: Blackball! Blackball!

Beaver: I'm sorry, you're just not beaver material. Please go.



Human: Two words for you: chicken nuggets.

Chicken: What!?

Human: Do you have any idea how delicious they are? That is good eats right there. Probably the best thing about being a human--and really there are a lot of good things--is that you can eat chicken with impunity.

Chicken: I just....I just couldn't do that. I mean, I've got a hen and chicks at home. What would I tell them?

Human: Look Chicken, we didn't want to point this out, but have you taken in your surroundings lately? You're on a farm. Foster's Farm. You and the thousands of chickens around you are all getting ready for the slaughterhouse.

Chicken: That's not true! Not all of us! The farmer told me specifically that if I eat a lot and get big and plump he'd consider making me an egg laying chicken. That's the life!

Human: You're a rooster, Travis.

Chicken: Travis?

Human: It's what we call some humans. Look, let's be honest. Have you seen a single egg laid on this farm? I didn't think so. So whaddya say?

Chicken: I don't know. Stop pressuring me!

Human: Have it your way. I've got a duck lined up who's crazy for this deal. Your loss, drumsticks.

When you put it that way I guess it's the most reasonable thing to do. So what do I do now?

Chicken: Wait wait wait! Gimme a second . . . All right, I'll do it.

Human: Nice. We've got to sneak you past the farmer. Get in this bag.

Chicken: OK. Hey, what's all this in the bag?

Human: Oh, those are just standard human recruitment materials, you know olive oil, rosemary, oregano, a pinch of salt.

WILDERNESS SURVIVAL MYTHS

Animal Attacks

MYTH: If you unexpectedly come upon a potentially dangerous animal the best thing to do is to remain calm and watch for signs of aggression. Do not make any sudden movements and slowly back away. Most animals aren't looking to fight and will calmly go about their normal business.

FACT: The best thing to do when you encounter aggressive wild animals that you fear may attack you is to attack them first. They'll never expect it. Have you ever seen a vicious animal defending itself from a human attack? Of course not. They are simply not evolved to deal with a bipedal opponent. Keeping this in mind, focus your assault on flying elbows, knees and head-butts. Attacking the alpha male is the best way to get the message to the other members of the pack and even neighboring packs that you are one human who is not meant to be trifled with.



Insect Bites

MYTH: In wilderness areas around the world, disease-carrying insects such as ticks and mosquitoes can be your most lethal enemy. Whenever you go on an excursion be sure to carry repellent and wear clothes that cover most of your skin. If you are caught with out any, avoid areas with standing water and frequently check for ticks.

FACT: Store-bought repellents might help ward off some of the pests but they can never be 100% effective. The only way to save your self from potential disease is to completely block all exposed skin. Heavy clothes will work, but the sacrifice of comfort and mobility is unacceptable to some. Moreover, if you ever find yourself lost in the wild, where are you going to find extra clothes or fancy insect repellent? The one sure-fire approach to protecting yourself is to cover your naked body with a thick layer of honey gathered from the forest's abundant bee hives. Unlike smooth and runny processed honey, wild honey is black as night and has the consistency of hog lard. It will stick to your skin like fishhooks on an infant's back. You will notice that thousands upon thousands of insects will attempt to land on you, but thanks to your honey coat they will get stuck and die before they can reach your skin.

Finding Food

MYTH: When you are lost or stranded indefinitely, budgeting your food is extremely important in prolonging your survival.

FACT: If you have a small amount of food left, instead of carefully rationing the food among your party hoping to bide time until your unlikely rescue, gather all the food you have and place it in the middle of an open clearing. This will hopefully attract a bear which you can kill and eat using the attack methods described above. Grizzlies have an excellent sense of smell, but retaining the necessary element of surprise you will need for the ambush will be no problem because the insect-repelling layer of honey you should be wearing by now will completely mask your human odor. Adult grizzly bears weigh up to 2000 pounds and will undoubtedly provide you and your compatriots with months of food. Since you can always use the remaining meat to lure another bear, thanks to one smart move at the beginning of your ordeal, you'll never have to worry about food again.

Toasts Around the World

“Cheers!”

British. From the Latin *cara* for face, which was then extended through the French *chiere* to mean a pleasing or clean countenance. “Cheers” is intended to encourage diners to sponge their lips and jowls clean of pea soup just after the first course. The traditional “sponge” for this purpose is in fact a bit of sourdough rye – this perhaps accounts for the use of the word “toast” to describe the tradition.



“Sliocht sleachta ar shliocht bhur sleachta!”

Irish. “May there be a generation of children on the children of your children!” Gaelic, encouraging the recipient of the toast to build a very tall ancestral home, ideally in a glen or other moist geographical feature.



“Cin-cin!”

Italian. From a regional dialect called Babboparla, more affectionately as *la lingua di bambini*, or “babies’ tongue.” Intended to be raised with a small steamer’s glass of milk over *frutta di bocca di figlio*, or the “son’s mouthfruit.” Some etymological research also suggests that the phrase is instead onomatopoeic, meant to mimic the “Cha-ching!” of coins in a cash register drawer and indicating prosperity at the successful sale of another male infant to the meatman.



“Naan, please!”

Northern Indian, meaning “Toast, please!”



“eH nay'meylIjyIn Dujablu'jaj!”

Klingon. “May your dishes always be served alive!” A great Klingon toast, performed thirty an estimated times as often as the Anglo-American natal chant, “Happy Birthday.”

“Toast.”

American. Whispered very softly into a decimeter to determine the appropriate level of mealtime banter to prevent a volume-triggered lockdown system and imprisoning the diners in a maximum security vault and forcing them to find another, trickier way to obtain the other half of a CIA NOC list.



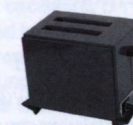
“Sláinte!”

Irish. From the Gaelic, meaning “Health.” The first toast copyrighted by a restaurant franchise (Bennigan’s). An attempt was made to secure copyright to “Cheers!” by the TV franchise Cheers! But in a bit of breathtaking legal footwork the move was blocked by the Pea Soup Fanciers Club of America.



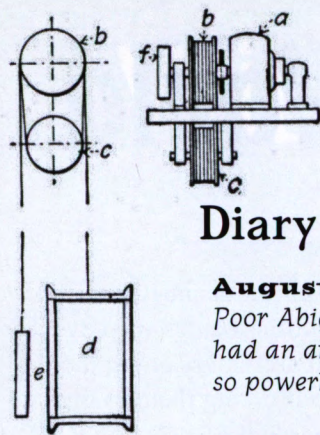
“Kampai!”

Japanese. Literally, “dry grass.” Figuratively, “May this sake or shoju or jasmine green tea or other beverage of your choosing moisten even the most withered of reeds in the desolate swamp of your porcelain throat.” When drinking milk, it is appropriate to modify the toast to “Mu kampai!” Note that Kampai must never be said while consuming Coca-Cola; this is considered an incredibly vulgar and indecent breach of etiquette. Your Japanese drinking companions will foreswear you as a shameful ghost and stick you with the check.



“Hoffentlich hast du soviel Spaß an deinem Geburtstag, dass du ihn von nun an jährlich feierst!”

German. “I hope you have so much fun on your birthday that you’ll celebrate it annually from now on!” This rare example of Hunnish proto-humor dates back to the late fourth century AD, when the Austro-Bavarians under King Agilofing the Shovel-Face was the preëminent name in joksmithing on the European continent.



Diary of Elisha Otis, Inventor of the Elevator

August 10, 1820:

Poor Abigail—a sweet-mannered widow stricken with the consumption—had an attack of the vapors in the stairwell again today. Never have I felt so powerless.

August 12, 1820:

As I retrieved the evening's repast from the dumbwaiter, I was struck by an idea: What does it say about us that our politicians are crooks when we're the ones electing them?

August 12, 1820:

After a post-prandial snuff, I had it. Of course! It shall be called a lifting room and it shall be conveyance for the weak and slothful alike.

February 10, 1821:

The Battle Creek Sanitarium has agreed to let me install my Elevation Room. I have acquiesced to the new parlance suggested by the spinster Abigail. I must admit, the term is winsome.

December 10, 1821:

At long last, the prototype is completed. Finding suitable materials proved a serious endeavor, but at last we have cables with sufficient tensile strength to allow the lifting of 4 men of 12 stone each! I now patiently await the invention of some energy source that can furnish the necessary power for my device. Draft animals are well and good for Battle Creek, but if I am to catch on in Chicago and the like, well sir, there is more we must do.

March 5, 1824:

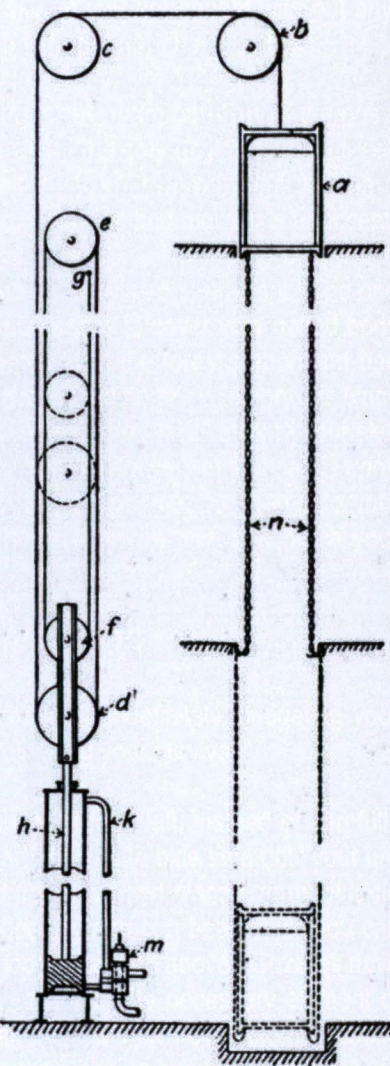
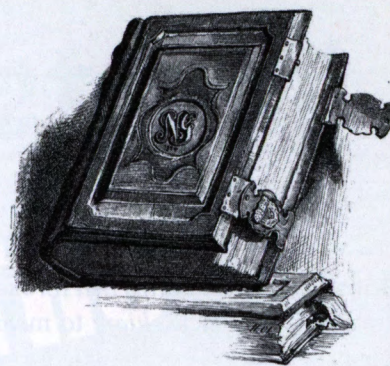
Some representatives of a Mr. Robert Fulton came to my office today. At long last, my dreams shall be propelled.

March 31, 1824:

It now appears that we will require some mechanism to resist gravity's sinister pull for the down-ward motions of our Elevator. As an able-bodied man, I had been relying on a well timed leap to avoid the ravages of collision, but some of my device's patrons have been neither so vigorous nor so fortunate.

April 4, 1842:

It appears my travail has paid off. On a routine elevation this evening, Abigail archly marveled at the simultaneous power and intimacy the elevator conjured. She then lavished me with the forbidden pleasures only a hot-blooded woman who has endured years without a man's touch can furnish. My chagrin upon setting eyes upon the smoldering brow of Stephen Kellogg, eager to reach sea level after a hard day's work and in no mood to countenance a pair of young revelers in flagrante delicto, was near total. This elevator needs a door, it seems.



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- HISTK Magazine
- HISTK Broadway Musical
- HISTK Day
- HISTK Theme Park
- HISTK-Con 2007
- Shrink Fest
- HISTK Christmas Special
- HISTK In Concert

Today's featured article

 The Giant Ant first appeared in HISTK1 in the lawn. It is important to note that it is not actually a blown up ant, but in fact is a normal sized ant that appears large to the shrunken children. By the end of the movie, the children master and mount the ant with the help of a piece of Little Debbie Oatmeal Creme Pie cookie. The ant is often considered to be a sympathetic character, although there is considerable debate about whether it might represent nature's subservience to man. The death of the ant is consistent with the prominent motif of sacrifice and rebirth. In the novelization, Russ proclaims sadly at the grave of the slain beast, "Alas, 'tis man who hath shrunken nature."
 The Giant Ant was created out of 8,500 pounds of hard rubber and 900 gallons of grape jelly. The robotic team was able to control 87 independent joints including 13 in each antenna and 23 in the Metapleural gland. In the eighth week of taping, the first Ant burst, and fatally wounded the key grip. The accident has since been attributed to a malfunction in the pressure regulation system.
 Facing changes to Disney's safety regulations, the puppeteers had to carve the second ant out of a single block of marble. Unfortunately, the replacement key grip was crushed when the second ant tipped in the sprinkler scene. (more)...

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Did you know...

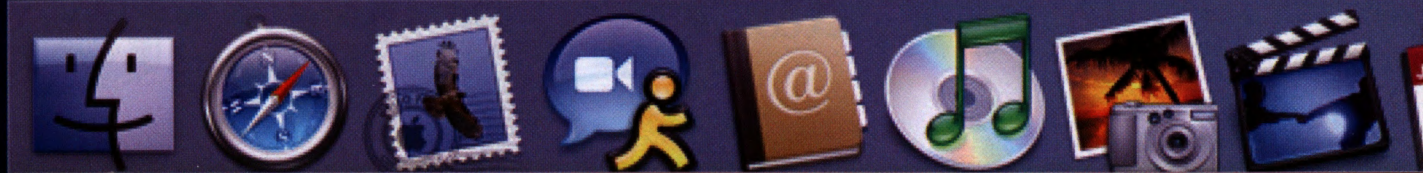
- The Cheerios used were actually Honey Nut.
- Mathematical models suggest that the density of the shrunken children would be comparable to a neutron star. At that density, the children would have sunk through the earth and suffocated under their own weight. A single teaspoon of shrunken child would weigh as much as the sun.
- During the filming of Honey I Blew Up the Kids, castmates complained that Rick Moranis had been needlessly vulgar and abusive on the set. This has been frequently attributed to the stress of simultaneously dealing with the slander allegations in the nation of New Zealand.

New Articles

- The Physics of the Shrink Ray is highly speculative. Nevertheless, there are significant clues throughout the series that indicate the specifics of its operation. So far, there have been no successful reproductions of the ray. 
- There has been much discussion regarding The Role of Spirituality in HISTK. While religion is never discussed explicitly, many undertones of both spirituality and philosophy are present, especially in the latter movies and the television series.
- HISTK was shut out of the 1990 Academy Awards. Rick Moranis was escorted out of the ceremony after making a scene. 
- Honey I Shrank the Kids Cheerios were Kellogg's tie-in cereal released in 1989 in anticipation of the movie's release. The breakfast cereal included ordinary Cheerios as well as small marshmallows in the likeness of the child stars.

Theories

- Integral to the operation of the shrink ray is resonant plasma dipole theory. A quickly oscillating B-Field powered by Rick Moranis' cavity resonator collapses the wave function of his children into little dense packages of energy. The stability largely relies on the (more)... 
- Rick Moranis intended for his children to activate the shrink ray the entire time, but could never legally admit this. He simply waited for his children to come to the attic before triggering



We asked the staff...

"In a world without flavor, what do you choose to eat?"

In a world without flavor, I still love New York.

**Andrew An,
All Heart**

Originally I was going to go with the blood of the aristocracy, but crepes are basically the same thing but with powdered sugar.

**Josh Constine,
Grandmaster of Vampire-
Based Comedy**

The Red Hot Chili Peppers. About time I gain some tolerance for that shit.

**Andrew Hung,
Pleasure Spiked With
Pain**

A zone defense. That shit ain't got nothin' on me.

**Josh Stark,
Shot-caller**

Only the finest bottom shelf vodka will do.

**Crosswise T. Mustard,
Realist**

Is there still texture in this scenario? I choose nachos if there's still texture.

**Patrick Maher,
Brutally Honest**

I know you want me to say peanut butter, but I prefer Nutella.

**Jiffy M. Phillipine,
Complex**

Purina Horse Chow and trash-flavored Popsicles.

**Evan MacMillan,
Good Humored**

Humility.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Very Arrogant Herself**

Hunter's Stew. There's one in my family that's over 800 years old.

**Girlhood A. Fisher,
More Vintage Than
Vintage**

Cigarettes. At least I know why I can't taste shit.

**M. Sutherland,
Vice Squad**

Definitely not flan, obviously.

**Jameson Shapiro,
The Sioux to Flan's
George Armstrong
Custard**

In a world without flavor there is no reason to live, so why eat?

**Eccles,
Live For The
Weekend**

Boys. Mmmm. The only place flavor has left. By the way, I have some cartoons. Are you around this late afternoon?

**Kendra Allenby,
A Whole New 21st
Century Hunger**

The correct answer is Grape-Nuts. Grape-Nuts in what I guess would now be plain yogurt.

**Allan Phillips,
One End Of The
Spectrum**

What I've always eaten; a bowl of feathers with water poured over it. Like cereal.

**Doug Kenter,
The Other**

What do you think about this thing I thought of: "slave to flave." I mean, it really makes sense if you think about it, but think about it like a puzzle. Is this what was intended?

**Anthony Scodary,
Flave Master**

Spam.

**Javas O. Undistinguished,
Evidently His Real
Name**

Oatmeal. It sticks to your ribs, or at least to mine.

**Walter Haas,
Quaker**

In a world without flavor, nothing piddles away my time more than having to eat. My IV drip feeds me while I sleep.

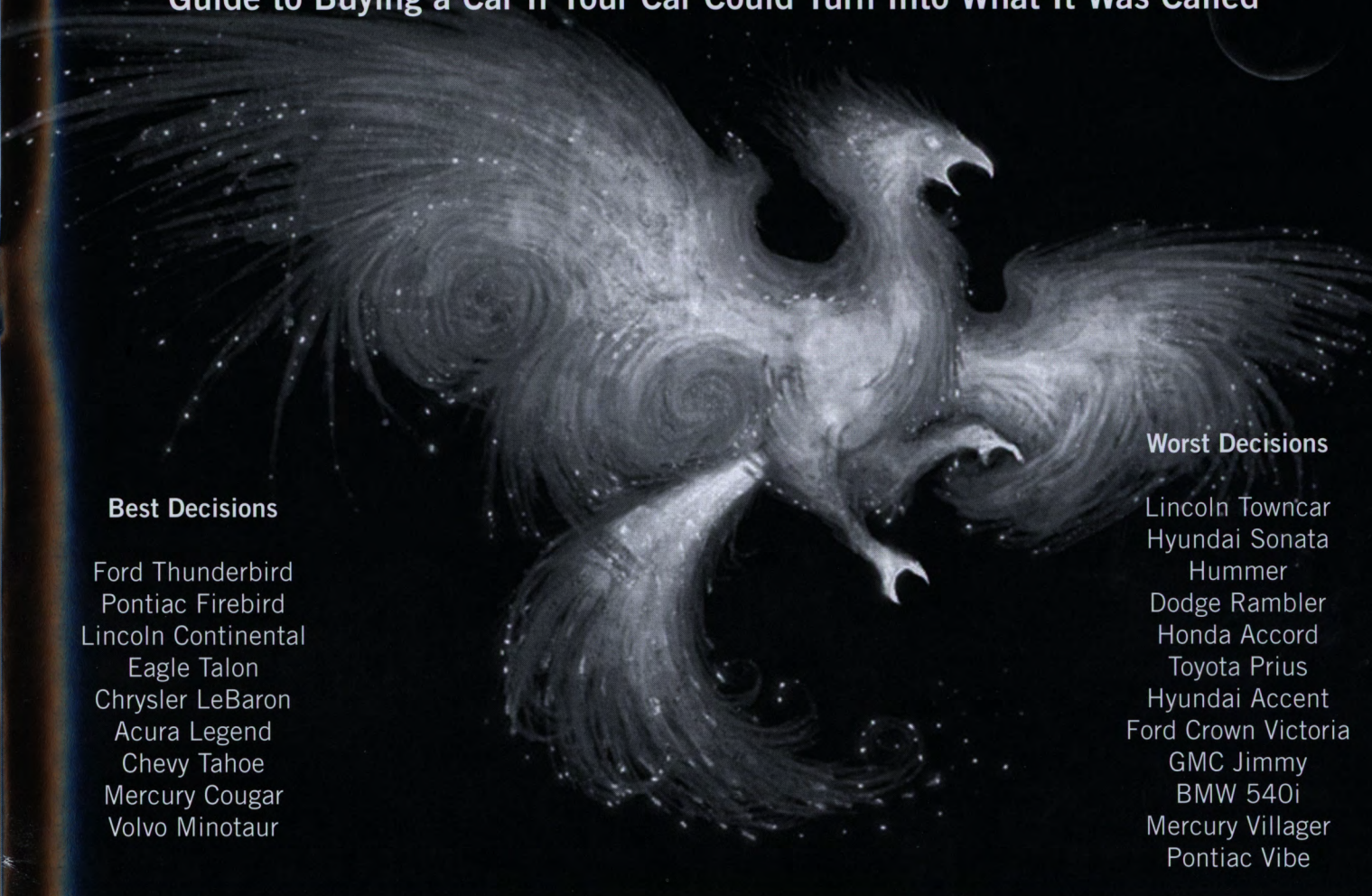
**Ethan Silva,
Unusually Proud of
Being Portuguese**

Not bangers, but rather mash.

**Annie Wyman,
In England**



Guide to Buying a Car If Your Car Could Turn Into What It Was Called



Best Decisions

- Ford Thunderbird
- Pontiac Firebird
- Lincoln Continental
- Eagle Talon
- Chrysler LeBaron
- Acura Legend
- Chevy Tahoe
- Mercury Cougar
- Volvo Minotaur

Worst Decisions

- Lincoln Towncar
- Hyundai Sonata
- Hummer
- Dodge Rambler
- Honda Accord
- Toyota Prius
- Hyundai Accent
- Ford Crown Victoria
- GMC Jimmy
- BMW 540i
- Mercury Villager
- Pontiac Vibe

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ホーツチックな
プレゼント!
5000 名様に当る。
今すぐ応募しよう!
このパッケージの裏面をこすり込んで下さい。



て時



うい較ノ???



secretす間



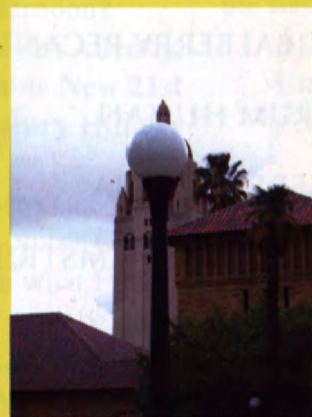
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道道



す3路



車車ら車