

Stanford Chaparral

The Humor Magazine



**GOODNIGHT
MOONSHINE**

\$3.00
Vol. CVIII No. 6

BULLDOZER SCHOOL

This seven-day crash-course in bulldozing guarantees a long and illustrious future as a bulldozer driver. In this modern world of buildings and rubble, the new bulldozer driver must be prepared to bulldoze absolutely anything.

Day 1: The Basics

Our experienced instructors will start you off easy. After you learn how to put the bulldozer into its single gear (BD) you can use your training plows to push through all the bubble wrap your heart desires. By the end of the afternoon, you'll be bulldozing veal farms with your eyes closed. By the end of the evening, you'll do it with your eyes open.

Day 2: Bulldozer Finesse

Bulldozing is not just about application of overwhelming brute force. Some jobs require the precise touch of a brick layer. You'll spend the second day of your training at the bulldozer dojo until you can bulldoze a small pebble out of the hand of the bulldozer sensei. Should you succeed, you will be awarded a yellow belt.

Day 3: Bulldozer stunt course

You might think that a bulldozer is incapable of going through a stunt course normally suited for an F-1 race car. But then you'd be wrong. Loop-de-loops. Banked turns. Long straight-aways. These are no problem for the experienced bulldozer driver.

You simply need an intimate knowledge of the limits of your machine, as well as a strategy. First bulldoze the loops and then use the mashing apparatus to destroy the banked turns. Even with the softest spiked treads you'll have no trouble steaming through the wreckage.

Day 4: Spiritual bulldozing

Bulldoze the thing you value most in this world. Some people bulldoze their homes others bulldoze their Roth IRAs. The CEO bulldozed his family. Contrary to popular opinion, bulldozers are relatively people friendly. They just sort of slowly and powerfully push people out of the way. The symbolism is the important part. You need to be ready to bulldoze your wife and kids straight out of your heart.

Day 5: Bulldozer Economics

Bulldozing can be extremely lucrative, but you have to start planning early in your career to make it count. You must learn to get gigs bulldozing banks and buildings that manage mutual funds. The trick to getting there before everything is moved lies within clever contract negotiation.

Day 6: Bulldozer Negotiation

Sometimes people might not want the structures on their property cleared to make way for the future. All they need is the proper incentive. Most people don't like the possibility of their legs being bulldozed. If everything fails, you can always sell them some "bulldozer insurance."

Day 7: Bulldozer graduation

Throw your yellow hat into the air and bulldoze a magnum of champagne.

Day 8: Post-Graduate Study (optional)

Advanced students will have the opportunity to take a master class under six-time World Bulldozer Circuit champion Tex "Ram" Winters. They will learn to perform a wheelie.



All About The Love Shack

The Love Shack has 178 square feet of floor space and a six-and-a-half foot ceiling.

The Love Shack is set way back in the middle of a field. It was constructed in 1907 by a sharecropper named James Goodge. As soon as the structure was built, the previously fallow field began to blossom with teen drinking.

Over 300 names are carved into the walls of the Love Shack, mostly in pairs, but many in larger groups encircled by a heart.

Something about the Love Shack prevents the morning after pill from functioning as it should.

The "jukebox money" isn't used for music at all, but rather a dusty old futon with a magic fingers attached via frayed wiring.

On warm summer days, the scent of the Love Shack drives the dogs mad in the valley town below.

The Love Shack comes with a tiny unisex bathroom replete with a condom machine that has never been restocked. Some say it was never stocked at all...

On cold winter nights, a ghostly *sprechtesange* can be heard exhorting the shack's inhabitants to drop out of high school and reproduce immediately on the premises.

When the nearby bauxite mine flooded, an entire warren of rats came to live in the shack. They died in the walls and are now insulation.

Legend has it that the Love Shack was built upon the ruins of an ancient Seminole fertility shrine.

The sign says, "Stay away fools" because love rules... at the Love Shack.



DEFINITIONS

Hagiography: The study of saints, sainthood, and their patronages.

Hagiographers: Clerical or lay scholars devoted to the study of saints, sainthood and their patronages.

Miracle: An act that defies explanation by contemporary science. Its significance therefore defaults to contemporary religion.

Patronage: At Saintry University all Saints choose a "patronage" similar to a layman's major. Additional patronages are awarded through a merit-based system arbitrated by the Lord Jesus Christ as well as at the annual All Saints' Day Jamboree and Fun Run.

BECOMING A SAINT

When remembering the steps to becoming a saint, keep in mind the following acronym:

- C**atholic values and a clean life.
- H**oly martyrdom in the name of our lord.
- R**evue of three miracles.
- I**ncarnation after death.
- S**everal years of paperwork.
- T**a-da!

THE SAINT EQUATION:

$$S = (\dagger+3)^{\alpha\omega} + \int \pi(t)dt + \sum M_i - \star$$

Where the cross represents catholic value index, pi represents piety integrated over the candidate's life, add the sum of all miracles, and subtract the Zion Constant. This last term is what prevented Jesus from achieving sainthood.

SAINT DAYS

- St. Valentine's Day - Celebrate the birth of the patron saint of love, hearts, and candy.
- St. Patrick's Day - One of only seven holy days with the Church's blessing to get sick from drinking.
- Christmas - The day on which Saint Nicholas would get birthday presents. Jesus was born then too.
- Monday - The day of St. Greedy.
- All Hallow's Eve - The day before All Saints' Day is intended to allow you to explore other religions and mix-and-match what you like of each. Then you are punished.
- All Saint's Day - Yearly Picnic and Jamboree.

ALL SAINTS DAY JAMBOREE SCHEDULE

- 7:30-9:00 Continental Breakfast
- 9:00-10:30 New Saints' Orientation and Mixer
- 9:00-11:00 Champagne Brunch
- 11:15-12:15 Lunch Served
- 1:00-3:00 Fun Run
- 3:00-6:00 Workshops
- 6:00 Dinner and Keynote Speakers
 - + St. Aloysius, Patron Saint of Good Times
 - + God
- Between 3:00 and 5:00 Saints may seek audience with the Master of the Universe for the resolution of inter-saint disputes.

SELECTED SHORT BIOGRAPHIES



St. Boniface
Boniface was born in Padua of a slave girl and an extra virgin olive oil merchant. Boniface is one of the lesser known but more powerful of the canon. He secured his status as Patron Saint of Board Games by winning the InterSaint

Scrabble Tournament seven hundred and seven years in a row.



St. Jerome
Jerome was born in the third century. He is still alive, and spends most of his time in the Library of Congress, where he has been issued a special reader's card. His paperweight is the skull of a nosy eighth century librarian. No longer possessed of

much physical strength, Jerome's glare, though rheumy, is perhaps the most fearsome in the canon.



St. Agatha
Aggie is the Patron Saint of Party Tricks, and Special Patron by Courtesy to Non-Heathen Street Performers. Her popularity varies immensely in the realm above on and on earth, depending on the other entertainments available. Many more

serious saints find her frivolous and infuriating. Aside from levitating, St. Agatha can pull a Lamb of God out of her cowl and swallow her rosary, then pull it out her nose.



St. Christopher
The Patron Saint of Piggybacks, Christopher has been one of the most successful saints in expanding his patronages via Fun Run races, particularly in the cross country division. Christopher is also known in

saintry sporting circles as The Bearded Flash. Currently, Christopher is awaiting a decision from Above that he be named Patron Saint of Sturdy Calves. Failing that, he is hoping to be named Patron Saint of Aqua Socks.

PATRONAGES: QuickIndex

- Aardvarks St. Aaron
- Bumblebees St. Beezus the Bee
- Cats! St. Andrew Lloyd Weber
- Computers St. Isidore of Seville
- Dogs St. Bernard
- Endocrinology St. Steven the Pore
- Family Matters St. Carl
- Farming Implements St. John of Deere
- Girl Scouts St. Joan of Arc
- Hydrocephaly St. Jude
- Internet, the St. Isidore of Seville
- Long Distance Relationships St. Constance
- Japan St. Lemuel the Pervert
- Metallica St. Anger
- Missouri St. Jude
- Mt. St. Helens St. Lindsey the Usurper
- North Dakota St. Minnesota
- Pediatric Brain Cancer St. Jude
- Zeppelins St. Robert the Plant



BIOS CONTINUED

St. Betsy
Betsy was entrusted with the care of the Christ Child when St. Mary and St. Joseph went to the movies in Bethlehem. Saints love movies, so St. Betsy's services are in

almost constant demand. Betsy also earned her patronage over irritating insects when she babysat Baby St. Samuel the Clever, who later invented the BugZapper.



St. Theresa
While not yet officially a saint, Theresa is a shoo-in. Come on. She is like the LeBron of saints. However, as the most recently beatified, she has last dibs on the patronage.

When it comes time for her to choose, the best patronages will be taken. Experts in the Vatican and Vegas alike anticipate her winding up as the patron saint of *Deal or No Deal's* third season. Analysts expect her to remain in this capacity until the death and subsequent canonization of Pope John Paul II. At that time, she will likely become the patron saint of fast casual dining.

GRAY AREA

Is Jesus a saint?

No.
Do saints have magic powers?
No. Saints do, however, receive significant discounts on tickets at Cinemark Theaters, both for matinees and regular showings.

Do I know any saints?
While the phrase, "He's a saint" is bandied about these days, sainthood and beatification are bestowed only through the auspices of the Church. Chances are, you don't know a saint. Nomination forms, however, are available at some Sunday Masses.

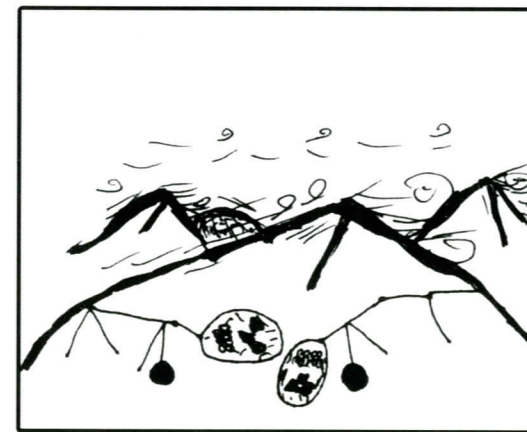
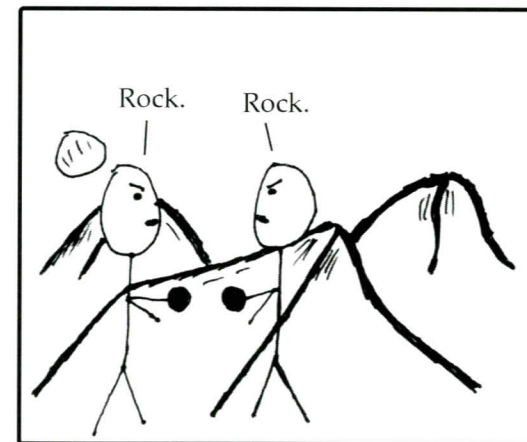
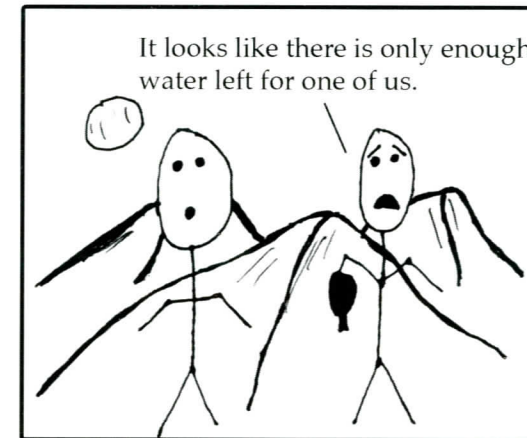
Stanford Chaparral

GOODNIGHT MOONSHINE NUMBER

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June 2007



Rock



WRITING CREDITS

- 2 Bulldozer School..... Mukhopadhyay
- 3 Love Shack..... Phillips, Wyman
- 4 Saints Scodary, Wyman
- 6 Now That Old Boy
- 8 Anniversary Mukhopadhyay
- 9 Defense Contractor Phillips
- 10 British Movies Scodary
- 10 Rappers Kenter, Phillips
- 10 Shogun Allenby, Phillips
- 11 Viral Video Stark
- 12 Eclipse Phillips
- 13 Quicksandstorm Phillips
- 14 Whale Phillips, Stark, Wyman
- 16 Vestiges Phillips
- 17 Cereal..... Wyman
- 18 First Aid..... Wyman
- 19 Trophy Scodary
- 20 PacMan Kenter, Scodary
- 21 Cool..... Phillips, Scodary
- 21 Shapes McCurdy
- 21 Limerick..... McCurdy, Phillips
- 22 Constellations..... Phillips
- 24 Wham-O Maher
- 24 Come Clean MacMillan
- 25 True Love..... Phillips
- 26 Staff Piece..... Staff
- 27 Diceman..... Kenter, Stark
- 28 Andyland..... Phillips, Scodary

ART CREDITS

- 1 Cover..... Scodary
- 5 Rock..... Scodary
- 9 Defense Contractor Scodary
- 10 Shogun Allenby
- 14 Whale Simmons-Duffin, Wyman
- 17 Cereal..... Simmons-Duffin, Wyman
- 20 PacMan Scodary
- 22 Constellations..... Allenby
- 25 Facebook..... Wyman
- 28 Andyland..... Scodary



Staff

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

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Therin Jones
Kat Lewin
M. Sutherland
Selena Simmons-Duffin

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Naveen Agrawal
Jack Cackler
Stefanie Demong
Sammy Franco
Sky McCarthy
Catherine Harrell
Jane Huang

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Kevin Townsend
Lovie Mallett-Hutson
Ross Raffin
Lindsay Sellers

Graduate
Andrew An
Andrew Peterman
Rolf Steier

Special Thanks
Ray + Dennis
Rish + Care
700 Hobos
Lel. Stan. Jun. Univ.
Storke
Field Marshal
Bristow

Extra Special Thanks
Sarah Silverman

The Stanford Chaparral

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DOUG KENTER '07 <i>Old Boy</i>	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07 <i>Old Boy</i>
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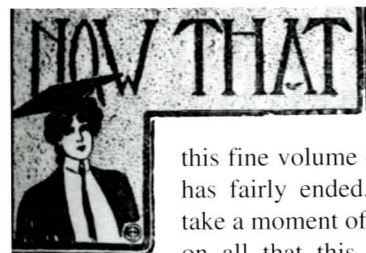
Hammer Coffin

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	SINI MATHKAINEN '09	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	JACOB YOUNG '02

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT REFLECTIONS ALL.

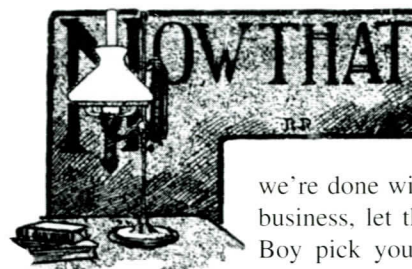
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED



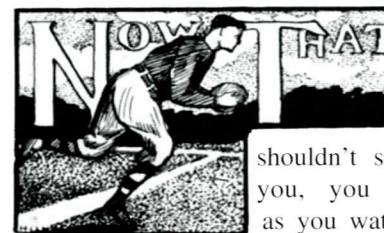
this fine volume of the *Chaparral* has fairly ended, why don't you take a moment of silence to reflect on all that this Stock Farm has done to and for you?



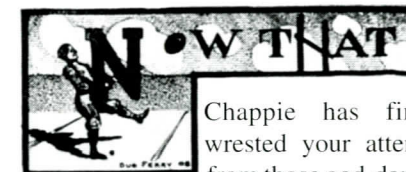
we're done with that business—as the Old Boy's former employer once said, "It's a *moment*, not a *minute*"—we've got lots to talk about. It's a wide world out there, and you will find yourself swathed in circumstance sooner than you might imagine.



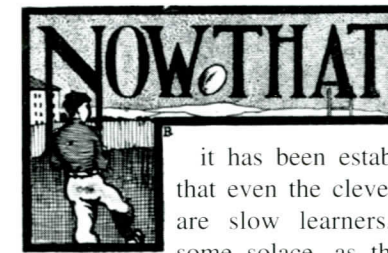
we're done with *that* business, let the Old Boy pick you up at the nape with his jaw and carry you down this winding road a little ways, 'till he finds a bit of shade under a tree, and comfort within the brush. It's been four years, or twenty-four issues, depending on your sense of time. Chappie *laughs* at this incessant passing of time, his head cocked, his eyes staring straight into the sun. His madness sends him every night to sleep with a silent fury, every day to rise with cool dispassion. For what use does a Jester have with metrics, standards, and reason? And who is the Jester, really, you ask yourself, as you hang from this gangly man's mouth?



shouldn't surprise you, you think, as you watch the Jester leap about in the dusty, dry hills. Chappie is older than anyone you know, and seems to get only tougher and less fearless with age. That twinkle in his eye hints at deep wisdom, which includes the wisdom not to call attention to itself. You find your gaze drawn to a collection of trinkets that an itinerant vendor begins to hawk a few yards away and your train of thought derails...



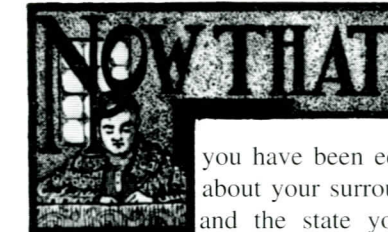
Chappie has finally wrested your attention from those god-damned hummels you've been obsessing over, it's worth noting that he recently started a fire, which, fanned by the oxygen-rich farm air and feasting on the willing brush all around, is rapidly encircling both you and him.



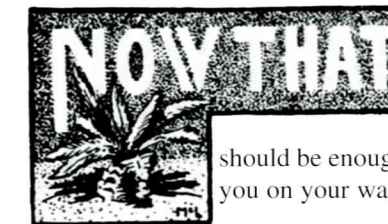
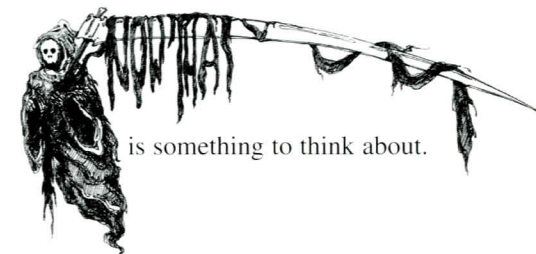
it has been established that even the clever ones are slow learners, take some solace, as the Old Boy hopes you have these last few years, in this fine *Chaparral* you now see roaring towards you; dying towards you. It has been there for you, whether you have acknowledged its scruffy, hardy presence or not, and it is ever forgiving, though it may not seem so at times.



it might be worthwhile to codify a new set of rules. Set up a new scaffold. Rearrange the reality you've been lazily existing in since you became a little bit older. For we are all moving somewhere, and the *Chaparral*, ever contrasted with the seemingly-mighty *Sequoia*, is now closer than ever to that very essence it feeds on and lives off. The old union of tree and shrub has never been more proximate, or more relevant. And so we all return home, even as we don't know where home is.



you have been educated about your surroundings and the state you now find yourself in, you have a distinct choice. You can climb the tree, ceding yourself to those firm but sticky branches, ever striving to be that star at the top. Or you can laugh at the tree and all those critters you now see climbing it, stay where you are, and be consumed by the holocaust all around you, the holocaust that this Old Boy can't wait to be incinerated in.



should be enough to set you on your way.



NOT YET, BUT SOON!

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Anniversary Gifts

During WWII, the battlefield demand for precious metals and otherwise valuable things skyrocketed. Traditional wedding anniversary gifts were the largest source of demand and by 1944 the average American celebrated 1.3 anniversaries a year. To prevent a crisis, the US government prepared a new list of anniversary gifts, as well as explanations and tips that worked with existing food rations and would prevent cutting into war supplies. But because of a sooner-than-expected victory in July of 1945, the list was never released to the public.

Traditional 1st anniversary gift: Clocks

New 1st anniversary: Freedom

Remind your wife how lucky she is to live in this country and enjoy the liberties and freedoms she does thanks to our troops at war. She'll be appreciative. If she isn't, report her to the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

Why? Ever since a grandfather clock filled with remote explosives made its mark as the new Trojan horse at the Battle of The Bulge, clocks have been an indispensable mule for incendiary devices. In a pinch, an Allied soldier on the frontline can stuff a mantle-piece clock set to the wrong time with a grenade and lob it into the enemy trench. The average German soldier's well-known relentless pursuit of perfection guarantees an explosion to the face.

Traditional 5th Anniversary: Candy

New 5th Anniversary: Half a Tin of Peach Preserves

There is nothing the wife will enjoy more than making you half a peach pie. Inquire at your local grocer for special half-pie tins 50% less expensive than normal tins.

Why? Candy was a crucial tool in luring hungry axis children into divulging locations of enemy bases.

Traditional 20th Anniversary: Coral

New 20th Anniversary: A Potted Plant

A healthy plant will provide the home with plenty of increasingly rare oxygen. Children can spend countless hours of fun watching it grow.

Why? In lieu of scarce tobacco or gum, weary soldiers gnawed on pieces of coral to keep their mouths from going dry and to pass the time. Although this quickly destroyed their teeth, it made the daily gruel ration a rewarding respite.

Traditional 25th Anniversary: Silver

New 25th Anniversary: War Bonds

Help send Fritz packin'!

Why? Silver was an essential resource for photographers. In order to keep American G.I.'s well-stocked with pin-ups, silver was rationed.

Traditional 30th Anniversary: Pearls

New 30th Anniversary: 500 grams of beef

It's no secret that women love beef. So this year, give her what she wants. With the latest bill sending all performing artists to war, she won't have anywhere to wear that dingy old pearl necklace.

Why? Until 1933, pearls were strictly ornamental in purpose, but that year Allied scientists developed the Pearl Gun, which can fire up to 100,000 incredibly high-energy Tahitian pearls per minute at fleeing Axis troops.

Traditional 50th Anniversary: Diamonds

New 50th Anniversary: Radon

Every day, Allied scientists discover a new use for radon gas. A sniff of radon will invigorate her T-Zone more than the most mentholated of cigarettes, and a single application of irradiated facial cream will send her jowls to the moon. Radon is truly the gift that keeps on giving.

Why? Diamonds are used to persuade axis prostitutes. Studies have shown nothing works quite as well.



A Message From A Mom and Pop Defense Contractor

These days, when you turn on the news, all you see is war and violence. From dunder-headed police actions to China's unexplained defense build-up. A lot of people are fed up, and I can't say we blame 'em. The military-industrial complex has gotten out of hand. We all know it.

I'm happy to say that McIntyre Solutions isn't a part of that. After all, what's so "complex" about good customer service? At McIntyre, we don't get all the juicy government contracts. Good riddance, I say. We may not have all the fast-talking salesmen and big-city wind tunnels you'll find at a Lockheed or a Raytheon. Well, I guess we got a little wind tunnel but we only use it for our boy Cody's Pinewood Derby racers and to cool Gussie's mock apple pie.

Gussie's my wife. She's a firecracker in the ballistics lab—and a dynamo in the kitchen.

We're committed to quality. We're willing to spend more time on you. If you need a fighter jet, we can get you a fighter jet. Not a problem. It just might take us a little longer. Hell, you try churning out planes when you're hauling your own titanium from the scrapyards in a wheelbarrow and working with a three-day-a-week mechanic who refuses to accept any pay because he thinks "we're family."

My grand-nephew Hank just got a baseball scholarship to Georgia Tech. Why in four years time he'll be coding us up some missile guidance systems, just like what the big boys got. We're real proud of Hank. You should get to know him, he's going places.

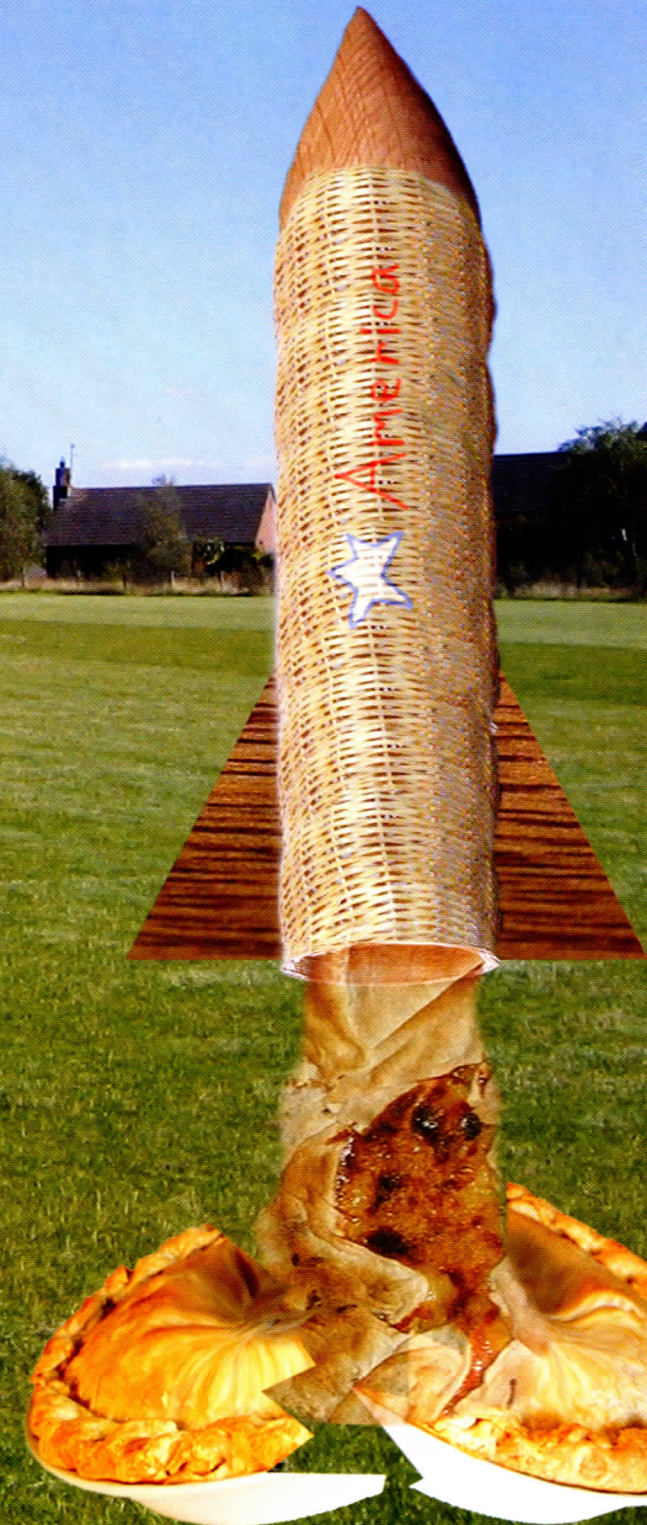
With McIntyre, you know what you can expect: personalized products fitting your needs. Nothing's more embarrassing than entering a peacekeeping coalition and finding out you've got the same surface-to-air missile arrays as the next guy. Just ask Australia.

Now there's a lot of gum-flapping going around about how we're traitors, how we'll sell to any half-baked revolutionary. They call us terrorists, and let me just say that's fiddle-faddle. We McIntyres have been helping people protect themselves for centuries. Our very first sale was to a "half-baked revolutionary." My ancestor Eustace McIntyre proudly sold a shipment of triangular bayonets to one Ethan Allen. But I'm sure you've heard all about his Green Mountain Boys. They're the actual founders of our country, after all.

So they can call what we do treason. Hell, I call it believing in people. And I believe in you.

With McIntyre, you get a fair deal, a firm handshake, and slice after slice of mock apple pie. Let's see if we can't work something out.

*"Good people, a good meal
Good gravy, let's make a deal."*



AMERICAN MOVIE vs. British Movie

- The Lion King The Lion Queen (P.M.)
- Jurassic Park..... Jurassic Garden
- The English Patient The Patient
- The Color Purple The Colour Purple
- The Patriot The Traitor
- Once Upon a Time in Mexico Once Upon a Time in France
- American Beauty A Clockwork Orange
- Top Gun Mr. Bean
- Love American Style Love Actually



SHOGUN WEDDING

Overweight Rapper



or
Sinister Industry Cabal?

1. Big Velvet
2. Big Pharma
3. Big Chocolate
4. Big Business
5. Big Bidness
6. Big Oil
7. Big Oily
8. Big Oilily
9. Notorious Big Oil

Rapper: 1, 5, 8, 9
Cabal: 2, 4, 6, 7
Both: 3

Viral Videos

Monster Dunk



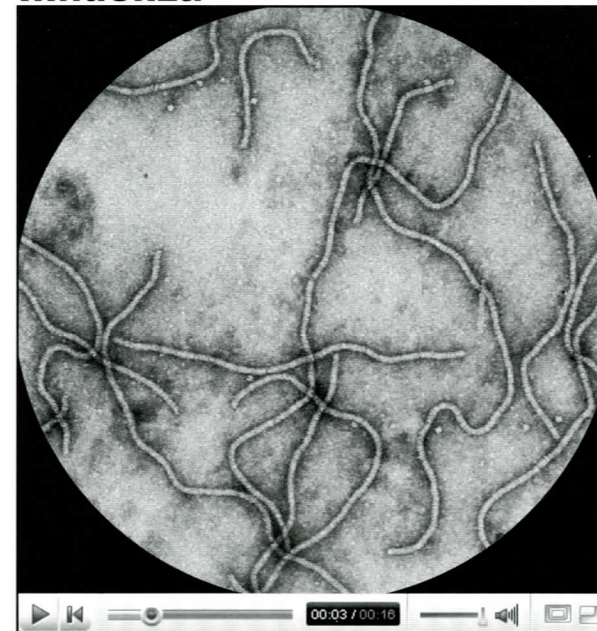
Description
Throws it down nasty over two defenders.

Ghostriding



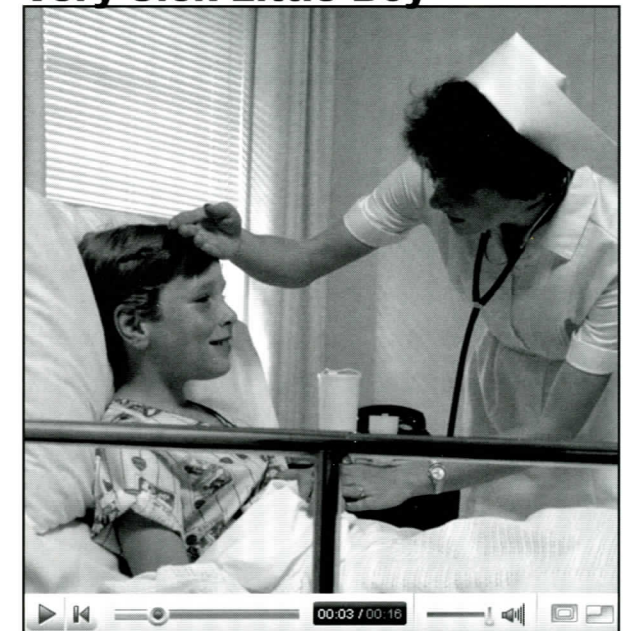
Description
Dancing on top of a car at 30 mph!!

Influenza



Description
Replicating inside the host.

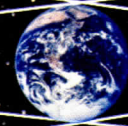
Very Sick Little Boy



Description
He has a fever, and a tummyache.

A third kind of eclipse.

Lunar.



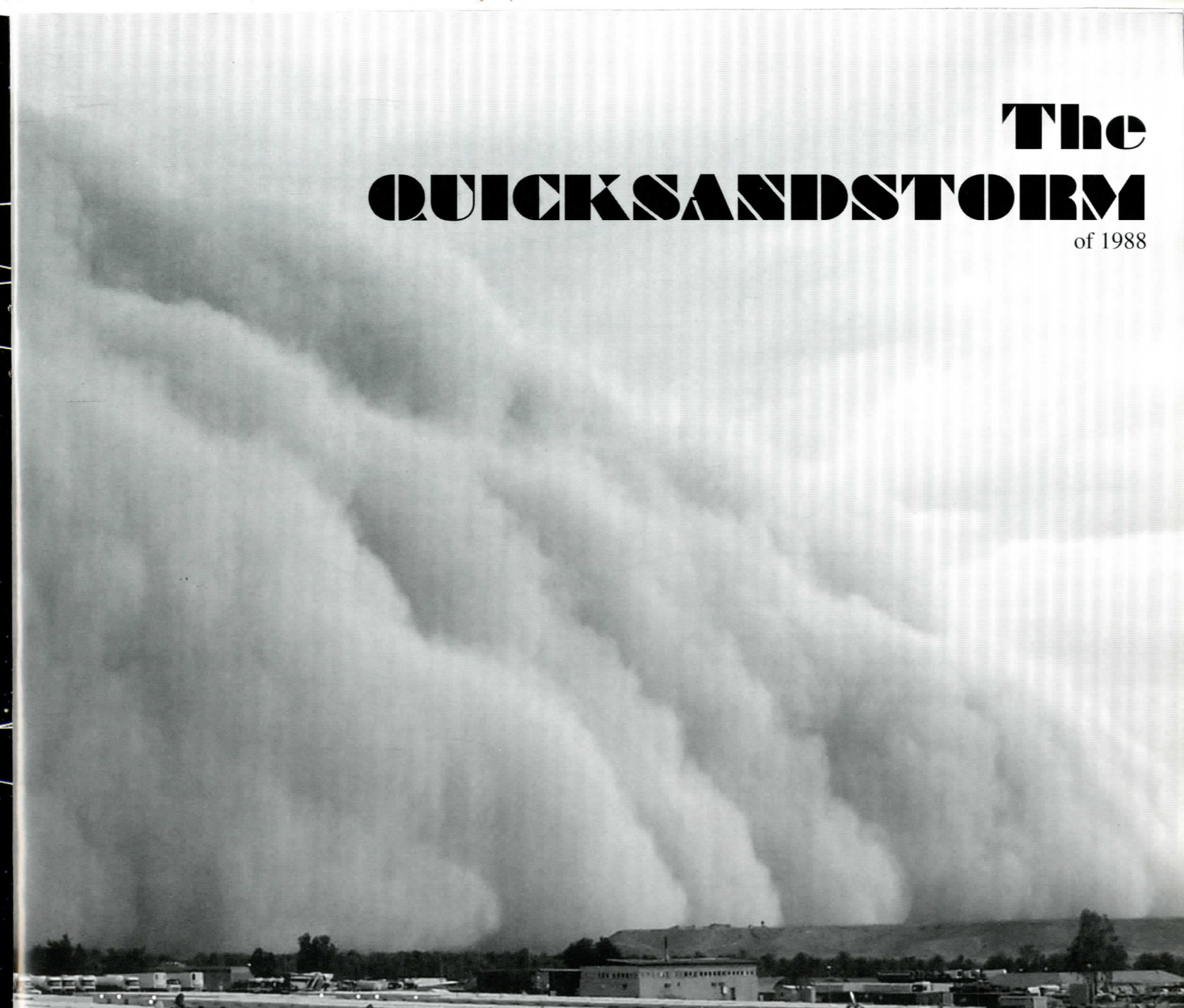
Solar.



Terror!

The QUICKSANDSTORM

of 1988



"People hear about the quicksandstorm and they think that it's no big deal, that it's the flash flood of sandstorms. Friend, that's not the half of it."

"Picture your standard wind- and drought-induced sandstorm like you'd see in Khartoum or Riyadh in the summertime. Now picture one of those, only instead of that nice fluffy cloud, there's a surging, near-infinite mass of quicksand coming at you at 200 kph. That was the quicksandstorm."

"We were on safari in the Transvaal. Suddenly we heard a thunderous gurgling behind us. A churning beige wall came roaring across the veldt. It must have been 300 metres high."

"I remember thinking we were going to be stuck inside like raisins in bread pudding."

"Not even raisins. Poppy seeds."

"There was a whole herd of cape buffalo sucked up into the leading edge of the storm. Everyone knows that statistically, those buffalo are the most dangerous animals in the world, but by the time they reached us, they had accepted what was happening and were just along for the ride."

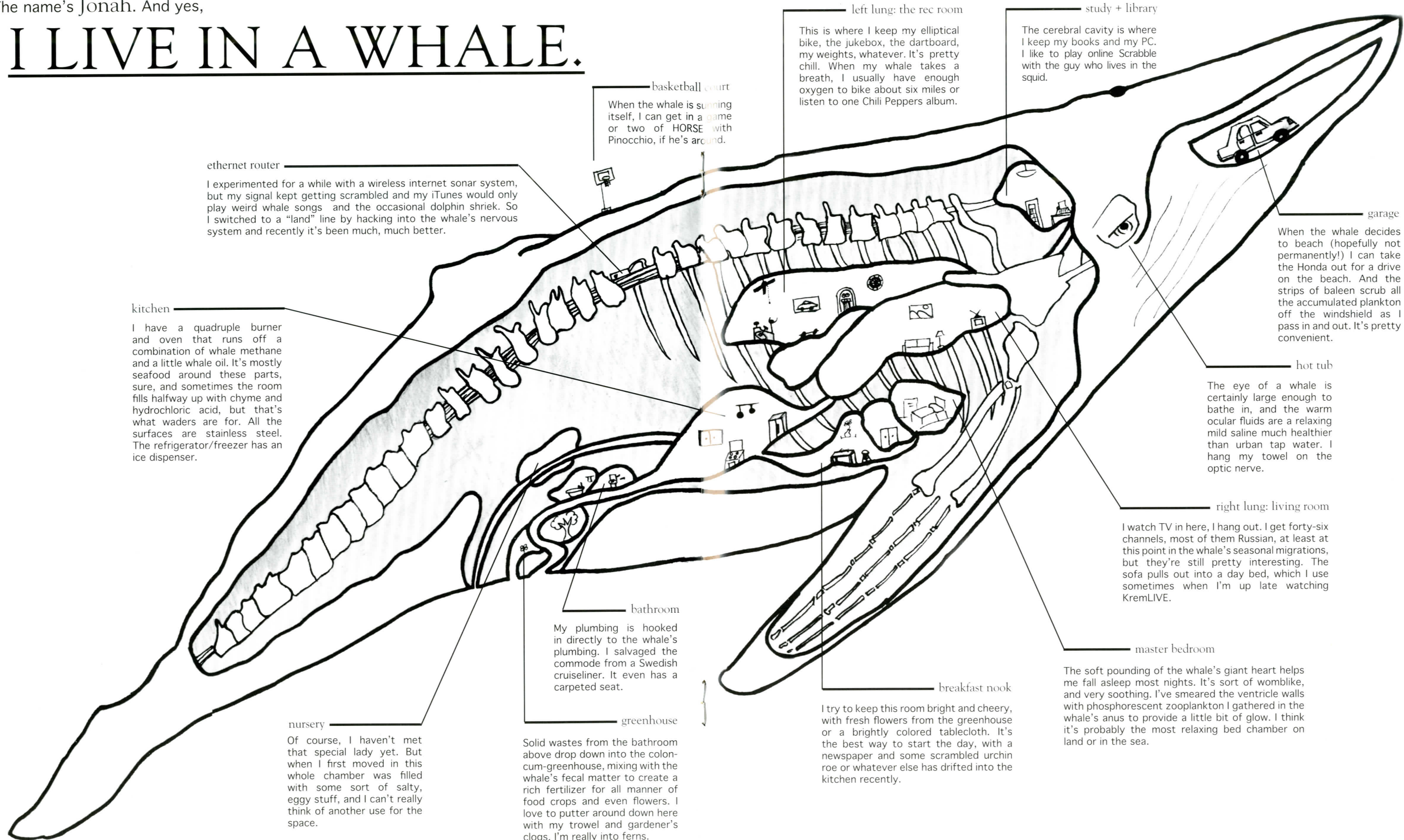
"The stuff was everywhere. It got into my shoes, filling them from the bottom up, slowly pushing my feet out. Our hot tub was filled to the brim with quicksand. It was ruined."

"One minute Ma Antjie was standing beside me. The next she sank into thin air. We never saw her again. She wanted her ashes scattered over Lake Victoria, but what could we do?"

"When the muck finally settled, there was a quicksand dune where our farm used to be. Well, we Kolbs have always taken the hand dealt us, so we planted our crops. Damned if we didn't have a record yield. But it sank."

The name's Jonah. And yes,

I LIVE IN A WHALE.



ethernet router

I experimented for a while with a wireless internet sonar system, but my signal kept getting scrambled and my iTunes would only play weird whale songs and the occasional dolphin shriek. So I switched to a "land" line by hacking into the whale's nervous system and recently it's been much, much better.

kitchen

I have a quadruple burner and oven that runs off a combination of whale methane and a little whale oil. It's mostly seafood around these parts, sure, and sometimes the room fills halfway up with chyme and hydrochloric acid, but that's what waders are for. All the surfaces are stainless steel. The refrigerator/freezer has an ice dispenser.

nursery

Of course, I haven't met that special lady yet. But when I first moved in this whole chamber was filled with some sort of salty, eggy stuff, and I can't really think of another use for the space.

basketball court

When the whale is sunning itself, I can get in a game or two of HORSE with Pinocchio, if he's around.

bathroom

My plumbing is hooked in directly to the whale's plumbing. I salvaged the commode from a Swedish cruiseliner. It even has a carpeted seat.

greenhouse

Solid wastes from the bathroom above drop down into the colon-cum-greenhouse, mixing with the whale's fecal matter to create a rich fertilizer for all manner of food crops and even flowers. I love to putter around down here with my trowel and gardener's clogs. I'm really into ferns.

left lung: the rec room

This is where I keep my elliptical bike, the jukebox, the dartboard, my weights, whatever. It's pretty chill. When my whale takes a breath, I usually have enough oxygen to bike about six miles or listen to one Chili Peppers album.

study + library

The cerebral cavity is where I keep my books and my PC. I like to play online Scrabble with the guy who lives in the squid.

garage

When the whale decides to beach (hopefully not permanently!) I can take the Honda out for a drive on the beach. And the strips of baleen scrub all the accumulated plankton off the windshield as I pass in and out. It's pretty convenient.

hot tub

The eye of a whale is certainly large enough to bathe in, and the warm ocular fluids are a relaxing mild saline much healthier than urban tap water. I hang my towel on the optic nerve.

right lung: living room

I watch TV in here, I hang out. I get forty-six channels, most of them Russian, at least at this point in the whale's seasonal migrations, but they're still pretty interesting. The sofa pulls out into a day bed, which I use sometimes when I'm up late watching KremLIVE.

master bedroom

The soft pounding of the whale's giant heart helps me fall asleep most nights. It's sort of womblike, and very soothing. I've smeared the ventricle walls with phosphorescent zooplankton I gathered in the whale's anus to provide a little bit of glow. I think it's probably the most relaxing bed chamber on land or in the sea.

breakfast nook

I try to keep this room bright and cheery, with fresh flowers from the greenhouse or a brightly colored tablecloth. It's the best way to start the day, with a newspaper and some scrambled urchin roe or whatever else has drifted into the kitchen recently.

Human Vestigiality:

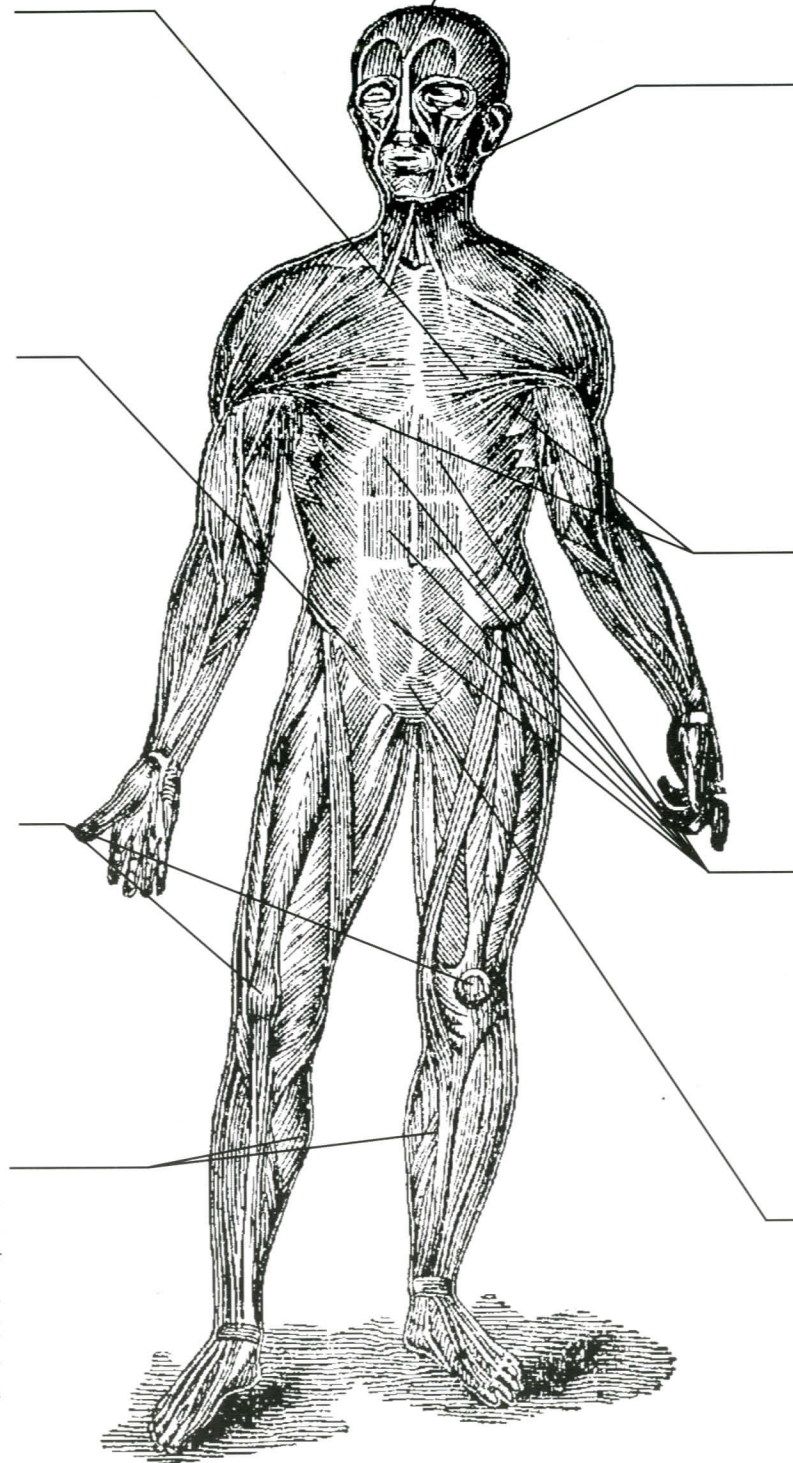
What was and what might have been.

The Left Lung: Today's doctors will tell you that we breathe with both lungs. And they're right. But back in the neolithic, when boys were boys and men were dragons, the left lung was used as a sort of carburetor for our fiery breath attack.

The Appendix: An inflamed appendix is the most dangerously useless part of the human body. Yet, it too has a noble past. As recently as the industrial revolution, a powerful pseudopod stemmed from our lower abdomen, aiding our ancestors in operating the unwieldy textile machinery of the day.

The Kneecaps: These loyal guardians of the cruciate ligaments used to have a broad brim, like a sombrero, to protect our comparatively weaker shins from the kicks of livestock.

The Calves: Before the plenty of modernity so degraded our bodies, we humans were a feast-and-famine kind of organism. The calves stored fat for lean times and long journeys; each lower leg was essentially a self-contained Bactrian camel.



The Third Eye: Stereoptic vision was a boon for mankind, affording greater depth perception for the stalking of prey and a larger field of vision. But the third eye was inward facing. For a time, man knew himself better than any other organism.

The Earlobes: Believe it or not, human earlobes were once prehensile, like a frog's tongue. Before our binaural hearing fully developed, the outer structure of the ear was invaluable for locating sounds, as the lobe would lash out and pull the source of noise towards the eardrum.

The Latissimus Dorsi: Lats. When we were kings, they were wings. Early flighted hominids were among the most feared predators in the Cretaceous world.

The Abdominals: While this muscle group is still useful for stabilizing the trunk, the abdominals once featured brightly colored plumage for mating display.

The Coccyx: The tailbone was once so much more. Fossils indicate that homo erectus had a barbed, segmented tail for self-defense and spearing fish.

Fig. 1: The Human Body, Stripped of His Glory

CEREAL MASCOTS

have terrible home lives.



TONY THE TIGER

Frustrated dad. Tony's daughter showed up on his doorstep in 1984, claiming her mother was a prostitute from Los Gatos and demanding recognition. Tony, who has never told a woman that he loves her, gives Tina anything she asks for out of fear, misplaced attraction, and shame. Tina is growing up to be a slut.

TOUCAN SAM

Came out at 50. Sam was married and had four children when he decided to publicly acknowledge his partner, Hornbill Ted. Now Sam pays approximately five sixths of his royalties in alimony to a woman who has never forgiven him for the lies he told her on their wedding night.

OFFICER CRUMB

A broken soul. Office Crumb held the limp body of his beloved partner and only friend, Officer O'Reilly, when he was shot through the eye by the Cookie Thief in 2005 in a shoot-out in Daly City. Crumb then descended into a spiral of alcohol abuse and depressive eating, consuming bowl after bowl of CookieCrisp soaked in the milk of nostalgia and grief. He was kicked off the force and dropped from his agency when he hit three hundred pounds in 2006. Over the last four months, Crumb has struggled to regain his feet. He is currently employed as a part time security guard at the Safeway in Milpitas, California.

COUNT CHOCULA

Gambling addiction, crippling loneliness. The scion of a wealthy family of Transylvanian Royals, when he was cast out by his father for stealing rubies from the family coffers to play the ponies the Count had no choice but to peddle his ethnicity on the mascot market. Not one of his countrymen respects his New World wealth, and his empty Los Angeles mansion bears witness to the hollow pleasures of stardom.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

Never at home. The Captain's contract requires that he spend eleven months a year on the high seas. He has a three-month-old daughter whose face he's never seen. His four older children don't feel comfortable calling him father. His wife suspects - rightly - that he blows most of his shore leave in Costa Rica with the Chiquita Banana Lady.

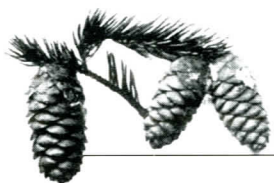
THE QUAKER

Frustrated dad. The Quaker's seventeen-year-old son, Phillip, has been arrested six times for petty offenses, including vandalism and public lewdness. Phillip is also involved in an inter-species relationship with Tina the Tiger that the Quaker finds profoundly disturbing. But the Quaker can't find a way to relate to his son or express his concerns, and his mounting anger and frustration lead him to pace for hours outside his mill. In February the Quaker kicked a stray dog off his porch, accidentally snapping its neck, and has since stopped believing in the Lord.

SNAP, CRACKLE, AND POP

Domestic partnership equilateral love triangle. Pop was diagnosed in 1985 and has since managed to keep his T-Cell count stable. Crackle is beginning to show symptoms of immunodeficiency but refuses to go in for testing. The house is full of jealousy, regret and blame. No one has spoken at the breakfast table since 1992.





An excerpt from

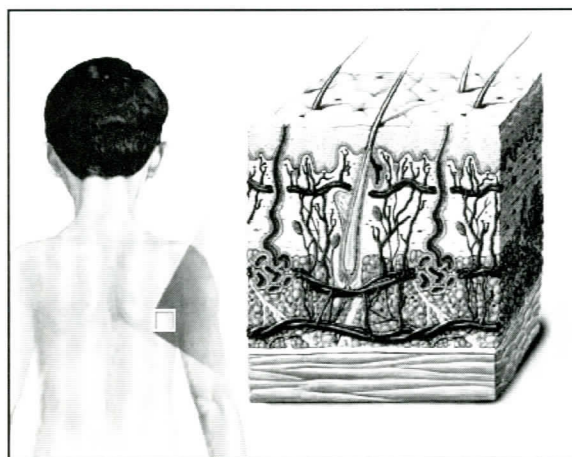
The Young Man's Wilderness Scouting Field Manual

CHAPTER 19: FIRST AID

§2.34: Burns. Second to Third Degree

Sub§ j.2: Skin Grafts

Sub§§ B: Suitable Graft Materials and Procedures



Human Skin:

Draw the No. 4 attachment blade of a standard-issue Scouting Knife across the Scout's kneecap (see *WSFM* Chapter 3 Culinary Arts, §81.2 Hardware Sub§ b.5 Detachable Slicers and Peelers). Make sure to catch the resulting flesh-swatch in a clean napkin or Scout Kerchief.

Once the sample is obtained, the burn site should be coated with petroleum jelly or a thin layer of mayonnaise. Lay the graft atop the site. A double-butterfly or two-thumbed fishnet stitch should then be used to secure the graft.

To obtain graft material from another Scout, the donor must be a close relative of the graft recipient, lest the new host dermis reject the graft. It is therefore recommended that all transfers from Scout to Scout be performed between brothers, blood or otherwise (see *WSFM* Chapter 19 Morale, §8.8 Ritual Woundings).

*Note - The following are not recommended for graft donation: armpits, eyelids, and those areas identified in the "Hands Off!" section of the *WSFM* (Chapter 5 Legal, §1.4 Misc), including the nipples.

Lichen:

Keep in mind this simple rhyme to determine if a lichen can be used as a graft:

Blue and purple - help to ease 'er.
Blue and yellow - oops! a seizure.

With the proper amount of shade and moisture, a symbiotic relationship may be formed between burn victim-organism and lichen-organism, resulting in a durable, mineral rich graft.

*Note - Lichen or moss grafts will thrive *only* on the north side of the body.

Bacon:

Care must be taken to wash bacon free of salt (and/or Maple or Applewood Smok-Flavr). Individual rashers may be overlapped or plaited to form a thicker sheet (see *WSFM* Chapter 2 Handicrafts, §4.5 Loomsmanship Sub § j.2 Basic Potholder Pattern).

The Son of a Trophy Store Owner

Moments after I was born, my father bronzed the umbilical cord and mounted it to a plain walnut base. The inscription read simply, "Great Job!" I understand my dad had quite a time making space for the keepsake in the old, crowded apartment.

By my second birthday, a YMCA opened across the street from dad's shop, and it seemed like suddenly they couldn't make the trophies fast enough. My family moved into a large house three blocks away. My father's only demand was that there were two rooms for every-one: a bedroom and a trophy room.

Dad had big plans for me. My bedroom was comfortable, and would serve me well the rest of my childhood. The trophy room, on the other hand, was over 600 square feet, adorned with an array of empty shelves my dad fantasized someday I would fill. He waited until I was old enough to explain the room and its importance.

I got all the easy ones early. First step. First word (mom). Twenty-fifth trophy. Then, my dad explained, I had to start working for them. When I first started school, having a dad who makes trophies was pretty fun, I have to admit. Although, at my friends' birthday parties, other kids would bring toys and games as gifts, while my dad would always wrap up a trophy. I remember one year he pressed me to reveal my best friend, so he knew upon whom to bestow "George's Best Friend: 1991." By third grade, I had no close friends.

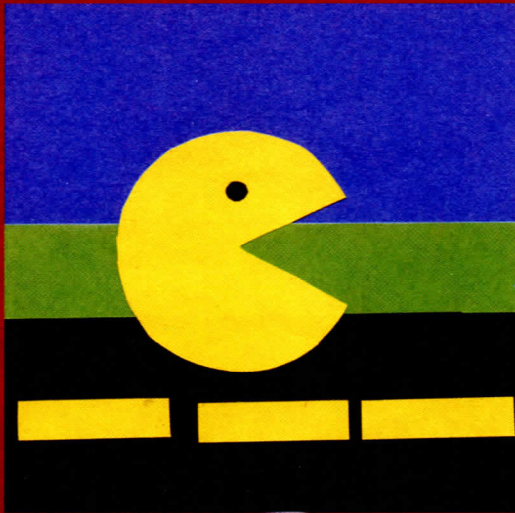
As you can imagine, my father was immensely competitive. In fourth grade, I did soccer, football, hockey, Taekwondo, rowing, biathlon, and baseball (fourth, fifth, and sixth grade divisions). He never missed a game nor an opportunity to alienate me. When my little league soccer team got third place for the season, our four-foot trophies dwarfed those of all the other teams.

In high school, I couldn't stand to be anywhere near my dad. I rebelled, choosing to do nothing that contained ranks or milestones. My first date was fated to disaster. My last memory of the poor girl is her running crying from our porch, leaving a trail of medals. From that point forward, all my girlfriends were secret girlfriends. I went off to college, and once I was gone, he and I never spoke once. I didn't see the man again until I was engaged.

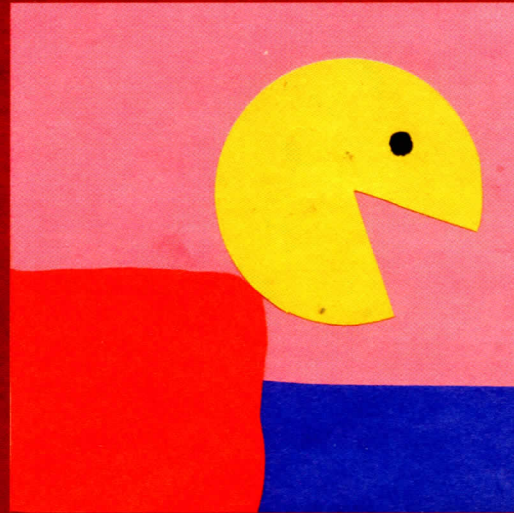
I returned to that old town and that old shop. The door chimes rang as I entered. I looked up at the questionably vast ranks of "World's Best Trophy Store" plaques, searching the room for my father. And there he was, speechless, next to a man-sized, oak trophy crowned with a steel goblet. His eyes were filled with tears; mom had certainly already told him the big news. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the four-inch, plastic novelty I had picked up in Atlanta. I gave it to him, and he read it: "#1 Dad."



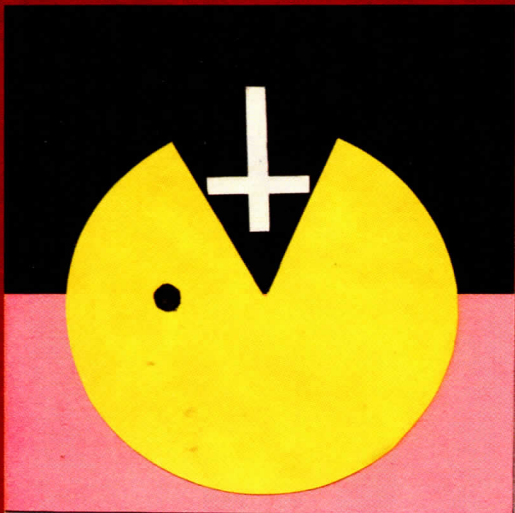
ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS



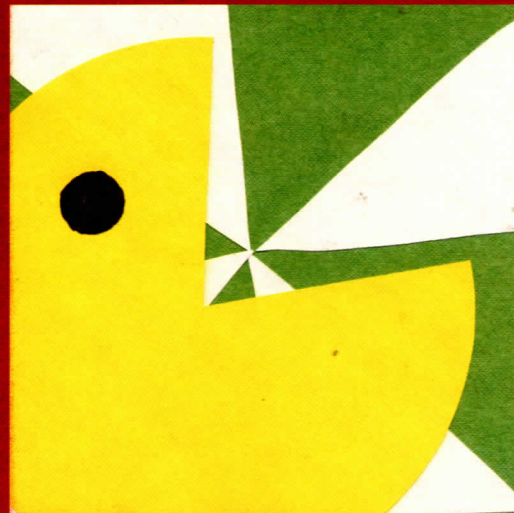
The Pac Man doesn't look both ways.



The Pac Man teeters on the edge.



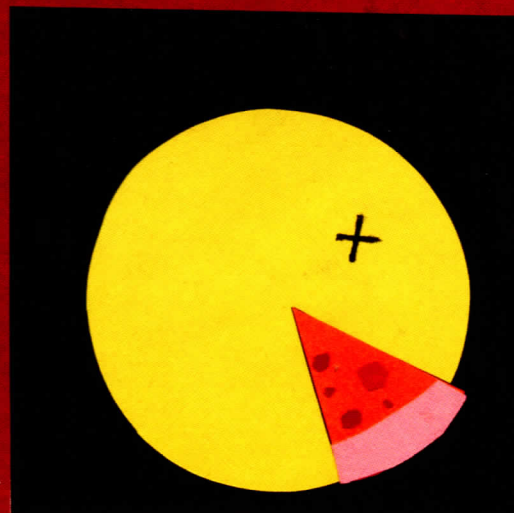
The Pac Man doesn't believe in God.



The Pac Man asks for trouble.



The Pac Man smokes one.



The Pac Man dies of pizza.

It is impossible to look cool while...

- ...drinking through a straw.
- ...sleeping on an airplane.
- ...answering a cell phone in your pocket while driving a car and wearing blue jeans.
- ...getting a haircut.
- ...carrying a lunch tray.
- ...performing spoken word poetry.
- ...cycling through your ringtones.
- ...parasailing.
- ...suppressing a sneeze.
- ...scratching an itch in the center of your back.
- ...choking on water.
- ...fast-pitching a softball.
- ...performng the Learner's Permit Shuffle: entering the driver's seat of your car while your mom moves to shotgun outside your high school in full view of your friends.

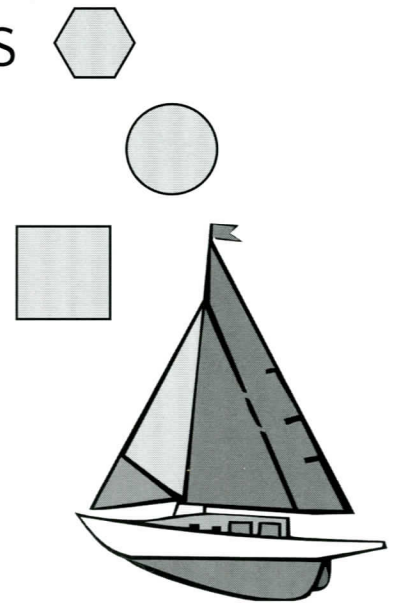


DANGER: Shapes

Hey, you, young sailor. I heard you talking--you worried 'bout the Bermuda Triangle? The Bermuda Triangle the least of your worries, son. You go in the Bermuda Triangle, you just disappear into the wildblue yonder and no one hears from you again. If you ask me, the Bermuda Triangle's the best way to go. Damn near peaceful as can be.

What's the worst? Son, ain't you never heard of the Cuban Ellipse? The Cuban Ellipse'll chew you up and spit you out in three damn pieces and you won't know which way is up and which way is Castro. You think we broke relations with Cuba for government dealings? Wrong. One two many world-peacin' diplomats showin' up on beaches in a damn right mess--gets to be more than people can take. Don't even mess with the Cuban Ellipse, boy.

All right, you want to stay near friendly shores. You think that's safe? You nodding your head 'cause you know? You don't know, boy. Anyone ever mentioned a little thing we call the Texas Octagon? The Texas Octagon is what they call a magnifier--anything that hits it gets about a thousand times bigger and angrier'n a bloodhound you poked with a stick. You know all those Gulf Coast hurricanes? Started out as little puffs of baby's breath wind before they hit the Texas Octagon. A little ripple in the current becomes a tsunami. You become a monster. The seas ain't right around here for fishin' or nothin' else, kid. You're better off staying home and landlocked. And whatever you do, stay away from Dead Man's Curve.



A Filthy Emoticon Limerick

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DIMEBAG DARRELL
(R.I.P.)



TESTICULAR CANCER



THE CHICKEN-FRIED
STEAK



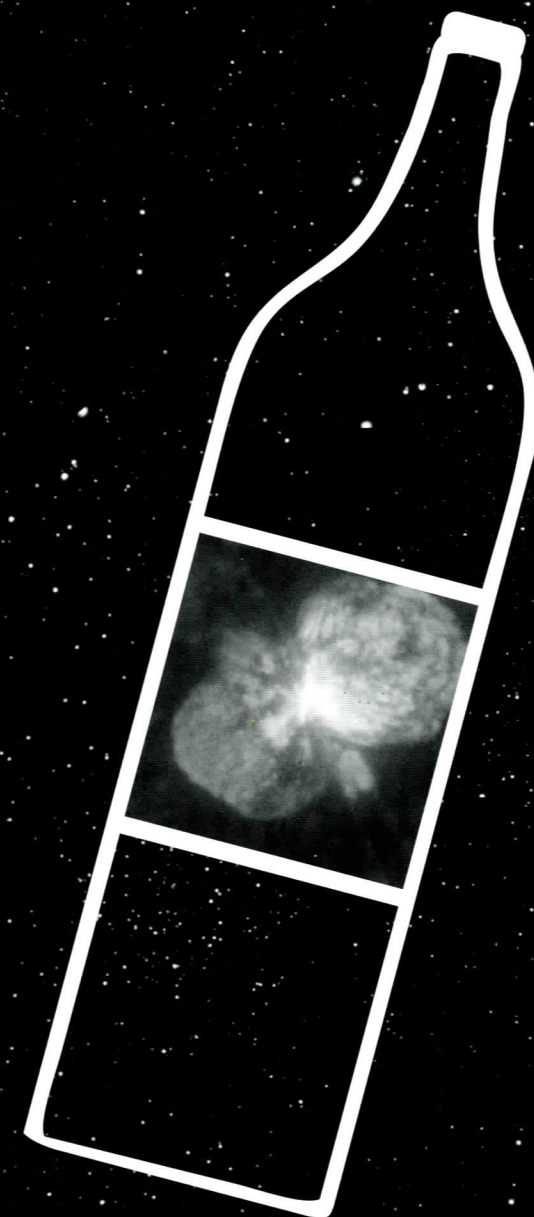
THE PARALLELOGRAM



THE BIG BOPPER



THE LITTLE
BOPPER



THE CHAMPAGNE
SUPERNOVA

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will outlive the stars in the sky.

COMING CLEAN

LANCE ARMSTRONG

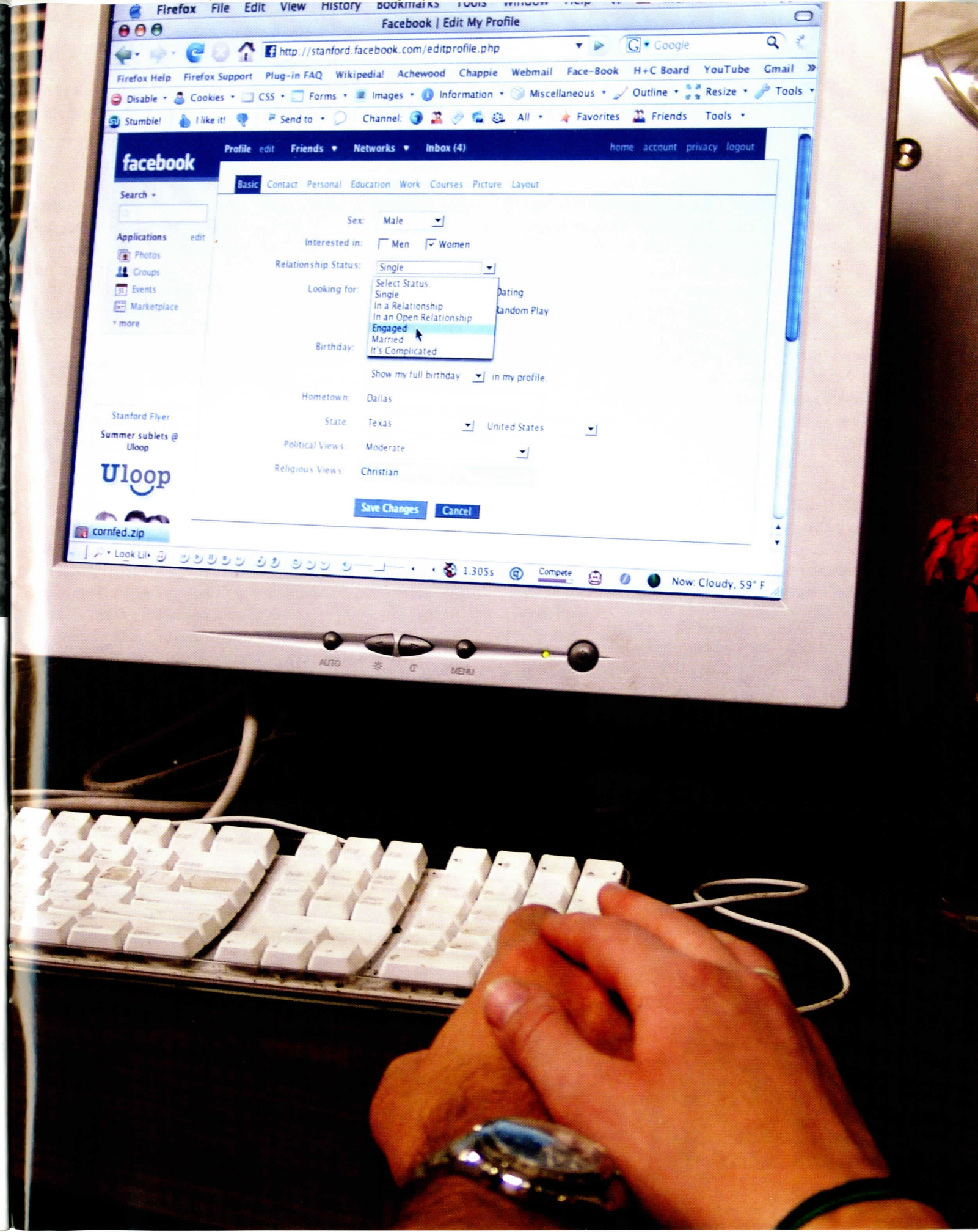
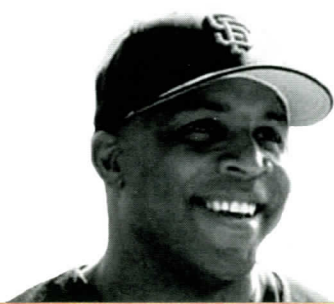
After I survived cancer, I was basically like "Fuck it—I am winning the Tour de France even if I have to cheat." Yet, even with the blood transfusions I was getting every day, I was still not fast enough to win. That's when I met this guy who said he could turn my bike into a motorcycle. At first, I was like, "C'mon. Don't you think people are going to notice?" But he said it would look totally legit. So I said "Whatever, I'll try it." Yeah, it took some getting used to—like remembering not to accelerate the bike uphill without pretending to pedal—but I got it down after the first Tour. Then, I became a seven-time champion.

BARRY BONDS

I was really struggling with my slugging, so I decided to bulk up. I started working out twice a day and eating lots of steak, but I kept striking out all the time. Then this guy came up to me after practice and said he could turn my bat into a motorcycle. I thought it sounded expensive. But he said it was free, so I gave him a few of my bats. My first game with the new bats I was slamming everything out of the park. Now, all I do is secretly put a little gas into the butt of each bat before the game.

JOE STEINER

A lot of people think that the horse I jockey, Silver Charm, won the Kentucky Derby because of doping. The truth is Silver Charm is actually a genuine drug-free horse. I am, on the other hand, a heroin addict. I became an addict after this guy turned me into a motorcycle. Yesterday I sold my muffler for more heroin. Hopefully my story will help us come together and restore the integrity of the sport.



We asked the staff...

“What piece of young adult fiction affected you most?”

There's a Girl in My Hammerlock by Jerry Spinelli. It got me really interested in gender roles and hammerlocks.

**Evan MacMillan,
Big Chocolate**

I would have to say *Catcher With a Glass Arm* by Matt Christopher. Never before had the pain of adolescence been so distilled so clearly as in Christopher's magnum opus about the crippling fear that accompanies a sports injury.

**Patrick Maher,
Undercover Quarterback**

I don't typically answer these any more, but I have some extra time in the Montreal Airport business lounge so I will take this opportunity to reflect on my influences. Ça cerais exceptionalment

difficile à soustimer l'influence du genre <<Short Baseball Fiction>> à ma vie. The single biggest influence is the fact that every game is the championship, every full count is a potential home run, and every face holds in it a single tear even in victory. I relate to fiction that reflects that reality, for me.

**Steve Yelderman,
L'Homme Sensatif**

That Choose Your Own Adventure where you can either flip to the next page if you want to keep on reading the Hardy Boys or close the damn thing and go outside to play baseball.

**Jon Eccles,
You Are A Shark**

The Face On The Milk Carton by Caroline Cooney.

I learned not to run away from my family in shopping malls or someone from a cult will kidnap me. And also all people with red hair are related.

**Victoria Harman,
Cookie Cruncher**

A Wrinkle in Time. I'm still looking for tesseract. And Mrs. Who.

**Kendra Allenby,
One Sic Puppy**

What do you mean “young” adult fiction...no young'uns in my adult fiction thank you very much. I personally think it's disgusting. Now, “mature” adult fiction, that's another story. Mmm.

**Andrew Hung,
Freshman Writer**

I really liked *The Trumpet of the Swan*, by E.B. White. There's one part where Louis the Swan severs the webbing of his right foot so he can communicate with the world by writing on his slate. That helped me a lot, given my own extraneous membranes.

**Annie Wyman,
Fowl**

I would definitely have to say the fourth book of the Goosebumps series by R.L. Stein, *Say Cheese*

And Die! affected me the most by far. While I don't really remember what the book was about, I vividly remember the puke sounds my childhood dog made as it choked to death on its 108 pages.

**Anthony Scodary,
All Choked Up**

Animorphs 1-24 and 37-52. 25-36 was a load of crap.

**Josh Stark,
Discerning**

I seem to remember a book wherein an adolescent is stranded in the wilderness with only a hatchet. I was stranded in the wilderness with only that book. I couldn't hit it against flint and make a fire or anything, but I learned a lot about how much there was to learn about myself.

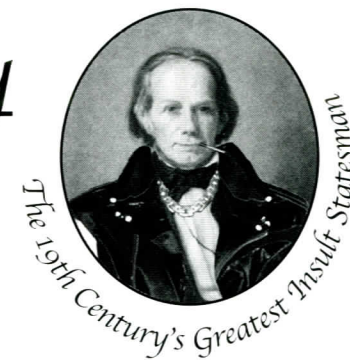
**Allan Phillips,
Introspective**

I thoroughly enjoyed the novelization of the film adaptation of *Super Mario Bros*. As a young veteran of all three genres (literature, film, and video games), I was astounded by how little was lost in translation from one to another. Experiencing the Mario Bros. narrative in three disparate forms was really nothing less than a crucible of psychosocial development. It also nearly drove me to insanity.

**Doug Kenter,
1-Upped**



Henry “Dice” Clay



Dice on The Corrupt Bargain

You know this cocksucker Andrew Jackson? You heard of this guy? [Congress roars to signal acknowledgement. The call-and-response dynamic is palpable.] He comes to me, tells me he's runnin' for President. You know what I told him? [Congressmen, in unison, scream “What did you tell him, Dice?”]

I told him, “Fuck no! Me an' my buddy, Johnny Quincy, we're gonna win the election, and then we're gonna piss on your house! Oh! [Hitches up the collar of his shiny silver blazer and flicks cigarette ash on the House minority leader, who spasms with frenzied excitement and glee.]

Dice on Nullification

This nullification shit...I don't understand this nullification shit. This fuckin' guy, Johnnie Calhoun, gets in an argument with Andrew fuckin' Jackson. [Congress hisses.]

These assholes are tryin' be fuckin' tough guys. I says to them, “Listen up jerks. You better get yourselves together or I'm gonna wax your sideburns with my dick.” They couldn't fuckin' believe it! [Congress can't believe it either.]

It's absolutely fuckin' unbelievable.

Dice on Finance

Here's one maybe you heard before. [Congressmen sit up straight and crane their necks in barely-contained anticipation.] Hickory Dickory Dock... [Congress erupts in raucous applause, causing a

thirty-second delay before Dice can continue the rhyme.] I went to my bank down the block [Hushed silence.] These fuckin' idiots at this place I'll fuckin' kick 'em in the face The National Bank can suck my cock! [Congress screams to indicate agreement and rejoices in the shared frustration. The National Bank is immediately abolished.]

Dice on the Missouri Compromise

So I was talkin' to a Senator...this fuckin' guy. He says to me, he says, “Yo, Dice. We're gonna make Missouri and Maine slave states.” Couldn't fuckin' believe it. Here I am fuckin' his wife [takes a drag from a cigarette and turns to assembled Congressmen, who cheer wildly]...I'm fuckin' his wife and I says to him, “You tryin' to fuck me? You tryin' to fuck me like I'm fuckin' your wife? [Standing ovation, bedlam in the Lower House. Daniel Webster pumps his fists in the air and whoops.]

Dice on Andrew Jackson

Fuckin' moron, this Andy Jackson guy. He got the nerve, the nerve to come tell me he's gonna raise the tariffs. Now I got John C. Calhoun on my ass, fuckin' keepin' me awake with his fuckin' telegrams. All fuckin' night. [Audience begs for more.] You know what I tell him? [“What?” the audience screams in unison.] I says to him...GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!!! [Congress immediately impeaches Andrew Jackson. Congressmen clamor for an encore. Dice puts out a cigarette on a photographer's forehead.]



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ANDY LAKE

MILONAKIS



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KING ROONEY



COTTON ANDY



WARHOL



SAMBERG



RICHTER SCALE



RICHTER



KAUFMAN



KAUFMAN COLDLANDS



LORD GARCIA



DICK



RODDICK



RAGGEDY



DICK FOREST



ANDY'S MOUNTAINS



START

