


STANFORD

Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



CLOAK AND 
DAGGER NUMBER

VOL CX
NO. 2 \$4.00

Archers are Assholes

Picnics

Kyle: Wow, it sure is a beautiful day. Thanks for packing this picnic, Sandra.
Sandra: Oh, my pleasure, Kyle. I'm glad you were able to take off from work to relax!
Kyle: Yes, it truly is a blessing to be able to spend time with you, I love you so-
THWACK
Sandra: Oh my God!
Kyle: What the fuck was that!
THWACK
Archer: Merrily! Pardon my intrusion, but I have this field reservéd for mine practise!
Kyle: We're having a picnic here, man! Can't you go someplace else?
Archer: Behold, mine city permit!



Darts

Evan: Bullseye!
Ed: Shit, you're 'bout to close out.
THWACK
Evan: Oh FUCK
THWACK
Ed: The dart board!
THWACK
Archer: What ho! I've matched your eye of bull, sir, and topped it with two more! 'Tis custom for thee to bringst me a hand of barley wine!
Evan: You just destroyed this bar's dart board with your arrows, dude. What the fuck?
Archer: Pray do not force mine will to tellst thou twice.

Bake Sales

Madison: Brownies for sale! Help girl scout troop 305 earn money for our service trip!
Old Man: I would enjoy a baked good, young one.
Madison: Thanks, sir. That'll be a quarter.
Old Man: Score and five pence for thee. May I bear witness to the moneys yet reaped?
Madison: Uh... here's our cash box. We've only got about twelve dol-
Old Man: Ha ha ha ha ha! Mine guise hath fooled thee! 'Tis none other than I, the archer! Your riches now belong to the poor!
Madison: Hey give that back! We were going to-
Archer: Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Dubious Claims

"4 out of 5 dentists recommend Crest toothpaste."
The Problem: Dentists operate like a jury, not like a senate. A decision of dentists must be unanimous in order to be considered legitimate.

"According to Science, there is a strong link between habitual swimming and cancer of the larynx."
The Problem: The "Science" referenced to is actually a man named Robert Science, a notorious fabricator.

"In his sophomore film, director Chester Marsh has clearly listened to his critics. Marsh gives us a tasteful, visionary film that is incredibly touching."
The Problem: While this seems like high praise, it is actually a veiled way of pointing out that the director has no sense of smell.

"Despite having one of the least-expensive bullpens in the league, the Padres have an outside chance at making the playoffs."
The Problem: No one gives a shit.

Dear my employees,

Thank you for your good work this quarter. Together, we have made a lot of money for me. And if you're getting this inter-office memo, it means you weren't fired during the last round of layoffs! Together, we have weathered one cloud of the storm, and we deserve a celebration, and I've got just the occasion. This Friday is my birthday! Because we all deserve some fun, let's observe it together.

--Everyone should bake a cake and bring it to work on Friday so we can have a "Cake Tasting Contest" and decide who is best at making cakes in the company. I will stop by each office during the day and collect all the cakes and when I have picked the winner I will send out a memo.

--I'm going out to lunch! We will have an all-office poll to figure out where. Please circle one of the following options and put this memo on my assistant's desk so he can tally the totals.

- La Strada (Italian, I will have green salad and lasagna)
- Spice Coast (Indian)
- Hochan Hunan (Chinese)
- Ruby Tuesday's

--One of you will be chosen to take my daughter to her orthodontist appointment at 2:15. She has a lot of braces and they need to be tightened every Friday to fix her terrible teeth. She will not have brushed her teeth like she is supposed to after lunch so I will give you a toothbrush, so that you can make her brush them in your car before Dr. Kelson sees her. My assistant will pull a name out of his hat and he will send out a memo to let you know who is taking my daughter to Dr. Kelson!

--At the end of the day, everyone will wait to go out to the parking lot until 5:10 so that I can drive out right at 5 and don't get stuck behind anyone. I will provide all office managers with a taped Christmas episode of the Mary Tyler Moore Show so that everyone can watch 10 minutes of it while waiting for me to drive out of the parking lot.

James R. Towles
 CEO, EcoVegetable

CLOAK AND DAGGER NUMBER

THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL VOLUME CX

NO. 3



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8	Millard Fillmore	Lyman
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30	Staff Piece.....	Staff
32	Luxury For a Spy	Maier

ART CREDITS

1	Cover	Allenby
8	Millard Fillmore	Atwood
11	Gender Confusion.....	Alterman
18	Food.....	Alterman
19	Bacon.....	Scodary
25	Inner Demons	Alterman
27	Unexpected Exchange	Werner

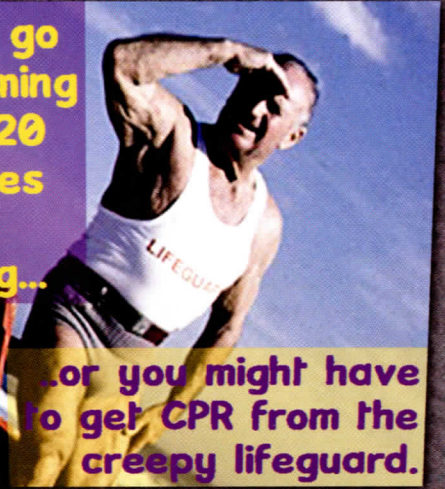
Healthy Choices

Don't do drugs



or your dad will
BEAT YOU UP
when he finds out.

Don't go swimming until 20 minutes after eating...



or you might have to get CPR from the creepy lifeguard.

DON'T SMOKE POT



YOU MIGHT THROW YOUR XBOX OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU'RE HIGH

Staff

'09

Bern Funk
Catherine Harrell
Jason Hreha
RJ Walz

'10

Ho Lum Cheung
Lovie Mallett-Hutson
Evan Scott
Liang Yun

'11

Abteen Bagheri-Fard
Garrett Dobbs
James Gische
Billy Kemper
Max McClure
Emma Webster
Will Atwood

'12

Leo Alterman
Josh Alvarez
Sam Coggeshall
Alexei Koseff
Josh Meisel
David Rosenthal

Special Thanks

Prodigy Press
RJ's truck
James P. Hohmann
Modern medicine
Antonio



STANFORD
Chaparral

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MEGHAN MCCURDY '09 **PATRICK MAHER '09**
Old Boy *Old Boy*

EVAN MACMILLAN '09
Head Writer

KENDRA ALLENBY '10
Art Director

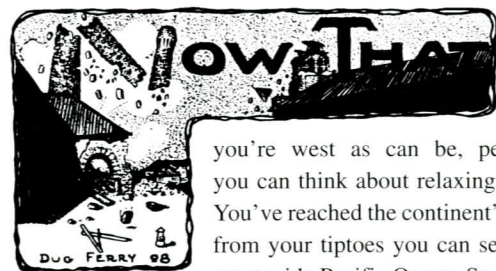
GARRETT WERNER '10 **JOHN LYMAN '11**
Circulation Manager *Business Manager*

ANTHONY SCODARY '08 **JOSH STARK '08**
Old Boy Emeritus *Old Boy Emeritus*

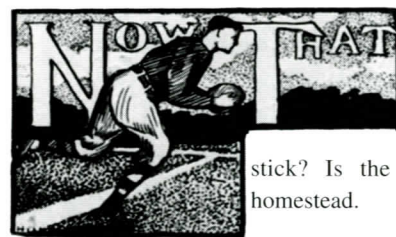
Hammer
Coffin

CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04	CARRIE KEMPER '06	HUETTER '03	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	DOUG KENTER '07	ANDREW HUNG '10	MIKE PIHULIC '06
JOSH CONSTINE '07	DAVID LAMPSON '00	KIEFER KATOVICH '09	TONY QUINTANA '09
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OWEN ELLICKSON '00	NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06	CHRIS CRANE '00	ETHAN SILVA '06
VICTORIA HARMAN '09	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	MATT HENICK '05	IAN SPIRO '04
MATT HENICK '05	DAVID PARKER '11		MATT STEINBERG '03
	DUSTIN PERKINS '00		CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
			ANNIE WYMAN '08
			STEVE YELDERMAN '04
			JACOB YOUNG '02

ESTABLISHED 1899
ADAMS '00
OCT 17
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS
WENZEL 1916



you're west as can be, perhaps you can think about relaxing a bit. You've reached the continent's end; from your tiptoes you can see that great wide Pacific Ocean. So take a deep breath and relax. Find yourself a patch of land and spread out a little. Be a settler. No, wait--don't sit yet. Pick up that stick. Do you see what I see? No?

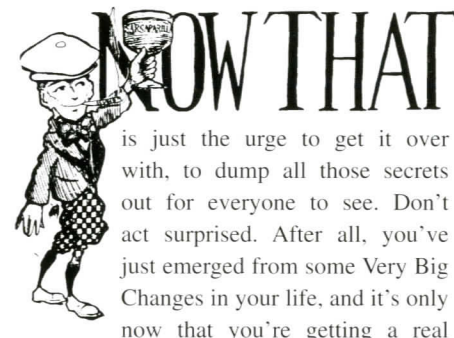


stick? Is the beginning of a homestead.

Your destiny is manifest and your cause virtuous, and now it's time to put down the bags you've been carrying. Perhaps you've gotten used to lugging them around, but trust me: they're heavier than you remember. And just what is this important luggage that's been weighing you down for

so long? Do you even remember? Souvenirs, seasonal wear, toiletries? Yes, some of those--but mostly secrets. Look inside, you'll see I'm right. There's that time you broke the Ming vase and let the dog take the blame. There's that time you cheated on your trig test. There's the time you--well, I won't even say that one. We both see it, plain as day. This Old Boy isn't one to judge, but you're sorely testing him this time.

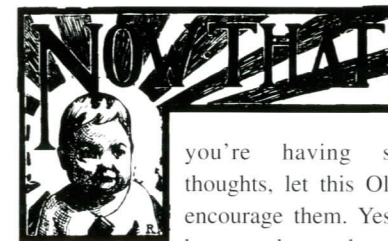
Seeing them all together, jumbled up inside your Louis Vuitton, you probably feel a little guilty. Sick, even. These are all your secrets? Quelle horrible. Before today, you probably thought you were a fine person, a very upstanding citizen. You committed yourself to the tenets of public servitude and never forgetting a birthday. While you were serving your community and being the best damn friend you knew how to be, how were you to know that all these skeletons were just lining up your closet, faces frozen in a grotesque, mocking rictus, just waiting to destroy everything you had so carefully worked for? Stop for a moment--do you feel that urge that's clawing its way up your body to clutch at your throat?



is just the urge to get it over with, to dump all those secrets out for everyone to see. Don't act surprised. After all, you've just emerged from some Very Big Changes in your life, and it's only now that you're getting a real taste of independence. Now is the first time that you have total freedom to Be Yourself. And what better way to purge yourself of those awful secrets than to own up to them? You like the idea, I can tell. Now! Where to unzip those bags? Where to neatly stack those toiletries? Where to shine up those secrets? But hold on a second. Take a look around you. It seems like everyone here has embraced complete openness; they've dropped their bags and never looked back.

So what's the problem? You wonder why you haven't joined them yet; perhaps, seeing them, you fear what might be left if you stripped it

all away. From one who has seen it all--your fears are not unfounded. Before you reach for that zipper, take a closer look. Just what secrets have these people set free anyway? This chap once blushed about his love of theater, now he talks of nothing else. And this lass greets strangers with her psychiatric history. And this one, so clearly a cut below smartwise: he's got nothing to be ashamed of. You haven't met that one over there? Let me tell you, she's not letting her supreme dullness prevent her from letting her voice ring out. Good for her, but how abject for us.



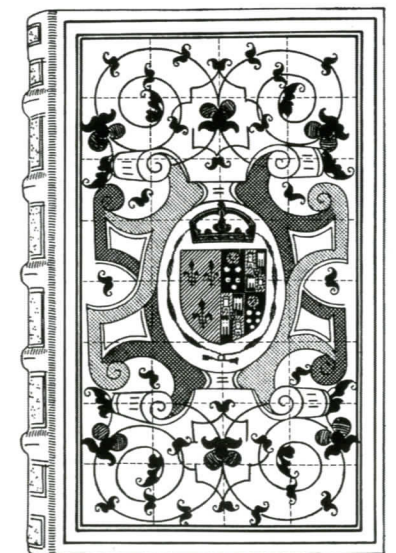
you're having second thoughts, let this Old Boy encourage them. Yes, your bags are heavy, but there's something to be said for carrying them. After all, they're your bags. Wouldn't you like to keep track of them, after all? Every seam, every stitch is the product of the life you've lived to this point; to leave them behind is to leave it behind. We've seen the merits and follies of splaying open your secrets to the world, so let us now examine the alternative you may never have considered. Look at that fellow over yonder. He's weighed down like a pack mule. It looks painful, to be sure, but what do you really know about him? Nothing, except that he plays his cards close to his vest. He keeps his secrets as well as any man ever has, and as a result there's nothing of him to hate and much to be intrigued by. Perhaps even much to admire.



looks like the faintest hint of a smile on his Sphinx of a face. Wouldn't you like someone to look at you that way? It might seem like a hard road, though; keeping your secrets is undeniably a lonely fate. But fear not, for there is someone who is more than willing to keep you company. That fellow we were just admiring--his burden is light as a feather compared to that of the venerable

Jester. For the Jester does not just keep secrets, he collects them. You might even say he attracts them. Wherever he travels, he keeps a cart of bags, boxes, cases, and trunks in tow, all filled with secrets terrible and beautiful, trivial and portentous. You could live a thousand lives and only accumulate half the secrets he has. And how has this burden worn on him? One look upon the Jester's distinguished visage settles that question. It is filled with cracks and crags, but don't let that mislead you (after all, the Jester is much older than you or me). His eyes still sparkle with wonder and mischief, and his cheeks still dimple when he laughs. The secrets swell within him, but he won't burst--as the centuries wane on he'll just grow grander, larger than life.

So drop those bags and let it all hang out if you see fit, but know that even though the pavement ends here, there are still paths leading far away, and should you scatter your secrets all over the side of the road here you'll never be able to follow them. The Jester is an able guide, and he is more than willing to show you the way. Be warned that there is no convoy, and the path's gradient is steep in places. But should you be brave enough to venture out with the Jester, you'll return with your bags stuffed to capacity. Walk with him a while, and once you've acquired those secrets, why don't you keep them? They are, after all, the only thing you can take with you to the grave. Live long enough with your secrets and you'll find one day you don't find them heavy at all.



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Millard Fillmore: The Biggest Tool at President High



<p><i>Tommy Jefferson's Diary</i> January, 8</p> <p>Sitting in study hall with no homework, I have taken to musing about the many socks of man. In recent months, for example, I've noticed it is fashionable for the athletes to wear their woolen material up to the kneecaps...</p>	<p>...but with the fancier, preppier boys, you will sooner find no material at all-for they prefer a sock cut slightly below the loafer...</p>	<p>...however, I've noticed that only dupes like Millard wear their socks at an unsightly medium length....</p>	<p>...man, those are <i>SUCH</i> medium socks...all scrunched around the ankle and shit. What a tool.</p>

If Kafka designed video games...

The Castlevania

You play as K. Belmont, vampire slayer. Ostensibly, your quest is to make your way through Dracula's castle and vanquish him. However, the first level, in which the player is required to gain access to the castle, is either impossible or so difficult that no player has had the patience to complete it.

Burrow Tycoon

You're in control when you play as a sentient mole-like creature building your own burrow. Add storage rooms, tunnels, trap doors, and secret entrances! What starts as an open-ended sandbox game turns into a study in paranoia, however, when an ominous presence begins to threaten the burrow you've built. You'll find yourself obsessively checking corridors and chambers in search of a menacing beast that refuses to show himself.

Hunger Hero

You start off as an amateur hunger artist, performing at small carnivals. Work to build your following and become a hunger star! Just don't let anyone find out your true motivations, or your fans might find your ascetic devotion less than impressive.

Meta MorphoSys

Traveling salesman by day, superhero by night. Play as Greg Samson, a man who wakes up one day with the ability to turn himself into an enormous insect. While in insect form, you gain access to powers that help you dispatch your foes, but watch out that the disgust of your family and your own self-loathing don't sap you of all your strength.

Escape From the Penal Colony

Take control of the Condemned, an ex green beret that has been framed for the murder of his family. Use your stealth training to make your way out of the mysterious prison, and learn the terrible truth about the gruesome fate of your fellow inmates. The engrossing plot takes a mind-bending twist when you begin to see the beauty of the execution method, and long for the ecstasy of release that only punishment can provide.

THE KENYON REVIEW

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Our 2008-2009 reading period starts September 15 and runs through January 15. All submissions received via our online submissions system during the reading period will be considered. The response time will vary according to the number of submissions received. Our goal is to respond to all submissions within four months, or sooner.

Please note: there is an important change for the 2008-2009 reading period. All submitted material will be considered *Review Online*. We have a waiting period between submissions that is essentially doubled online, more quickly than in print.

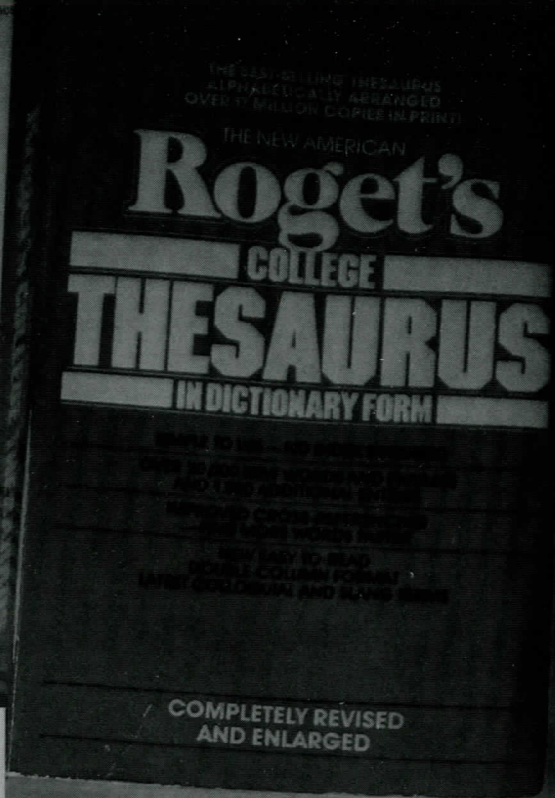
Though we'll be accepting some instances, both editorial decisions to accept or reject experimental in nature work. We urge all submitter genre during the reading period. After submitting, please time. The KR editors Nuts and Bolts: We consider short fiction and essays.

How to Become a Writer

The translation of human experience into an artful literary work. Writing is a careful craft that follows certain literary techniques. Most fields in creative writing (from academia and publishing) require a higher degree, including at least a Bachelor's degree in writing or an MA in literature, journalism, or a related field.

Steps

- 1. Consider all of the options. Not everyone can create a living from writing.



A Magician's Secrets

And voila, the card disappears.
The card is still in my left hand.

Now watch as I cheat death!
Not likely, my cancer has metastasized.

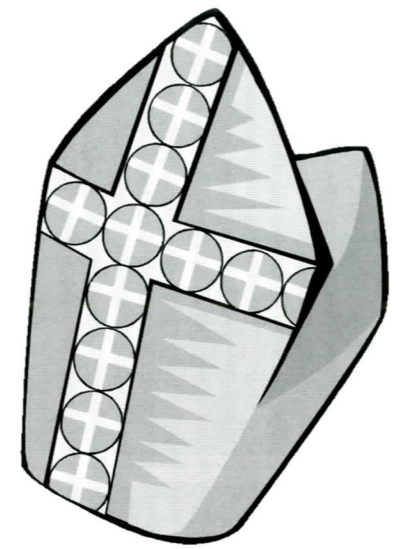
Direct your attention to my beautiful assistant.
She is my wife and she is cheating on me.

What's the secret? A magician never tells!
I'll tell if you give me cocaine in return.

Thank you ladies and gentlemen, you've been a wonderful audience.
I'm gay.

10 Most Common Misspellings of the word "Pope"

- 10) Plope
- 9) Spope
- 8) Splope
- 7) Pupe
- 6) Ppoe
- 5) Pops
- 4) Popse
- 3) Prope
- 2) Pobe
- 1) Poper



Job Aptitude Test Results

Name: Samuel Connor
Test Date: 1/15/09
Test Center ID: 9014-B

Jobs of Greatest Aptitude:

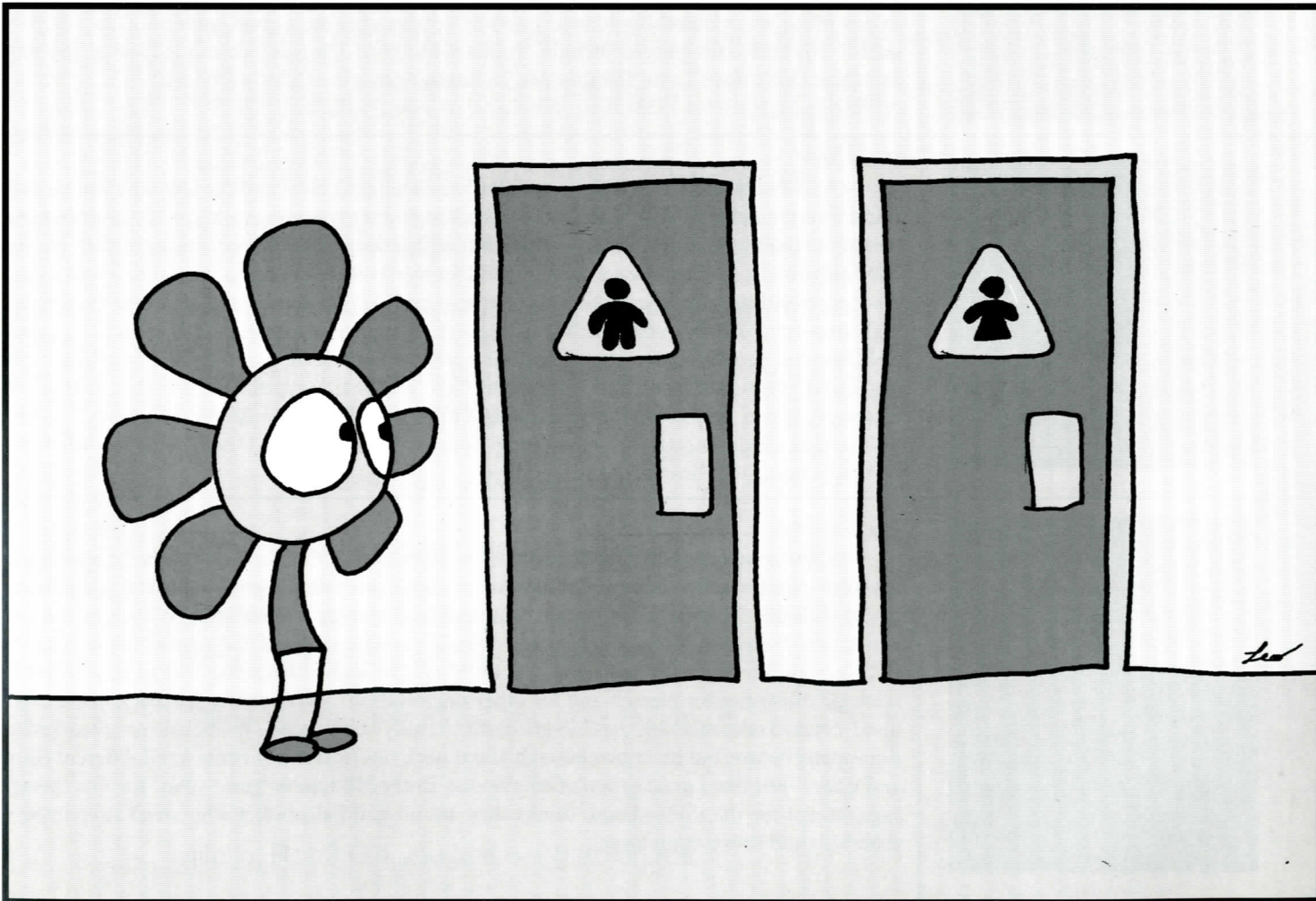
- 1. Above Ground Miner
- 2. Below Ground Miner
- 3. Undersea Miner
- 4. Jackhammer Technician
- 5. Lathesman
- 6. Prisoner

Jobs of Least Aptitude:

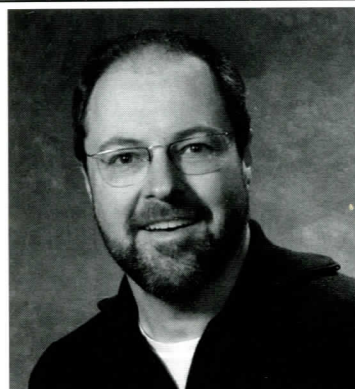
- 1. Writer
- 2. Sky Miner

Lake Wanaka Job Agency
PO Box 17250
Portland, OR 97201
Samuel Connor
1742 Tree
Portland, OR 97201

Pete the flower in: Gender Confusion

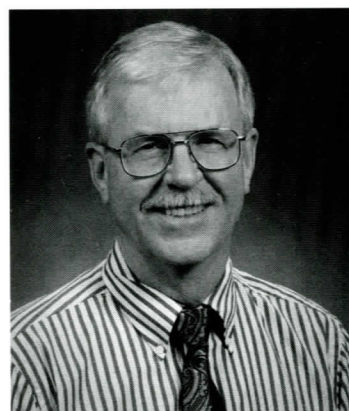


Speaker Hall of Fame Series



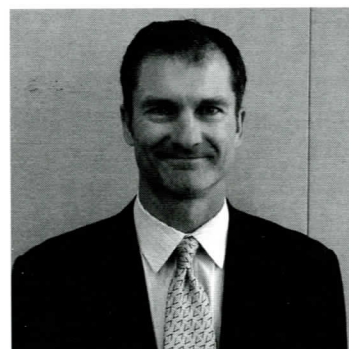
Craig Clark:

An acclaimed author, consultant, and motivational speaker, Craig Clark has delivered his insightful message to hundreds of organizations in the last 12 years. He believes people have one of sixteen personality types, but that an office can work past these individual differences to make teamwork awesome! Sign-up for one of Craig's half-day sessions and your employees will get a free report on their Myer-Briggs type, along with a crash course in effective communication among co-workers. You might be an ENTJ-- constantly designing strategies to accomplish organizational tasks; or maybe you're more of an ISTP, that strategic doer who's not afraid to get the job done, efficiently. Either way, your results will surely make you feel more like a unique individual than a cog in the wheel. Participants will receive free copies of Craig's three pamphlets, "Type-Talk At The Office," "Type-Talk In The Living Room," and "Type-Talk With An Introvert: A Great Way To Break The Awkward Silence."



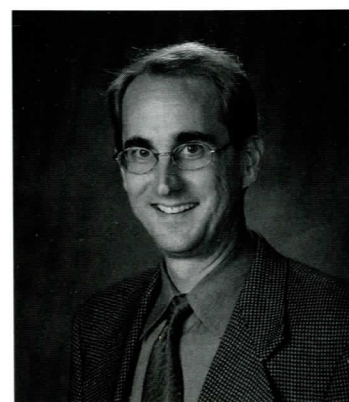
Richard Smalls, Jr.:

Richard Smalls thinks a good attitude has a lot in common with a good jump shot—his first coach taught him the value of both. That's just the beginning of this former college basketball star's inspirational story, which he's been spreading to organizations big and small since a knee injury ended his promising career. Richard has been called a molder of people, applying what he knows about leadership, teamwork, and the Myers-Briggs index to all sorts of businesses. Find out--are an INTJ, a "go-getter" who always drives it to the hole? Or maybe ENFP is more up your alley, an extrovert who follows through on tasks with a timely and accurate slam-dunk of a job, but without holding onto the rim for too long afterwards. Richard's message is that diverse types in one office space is nothing to worry about because, after all, a good team only has one point guard! His best-selling books include "Points Schmoints: The Real Scoring Is Passing The Ball," and "You Don't Have To Be Tall Like Me To Reach Across the Cubicle Divider."



Dex Filzer:

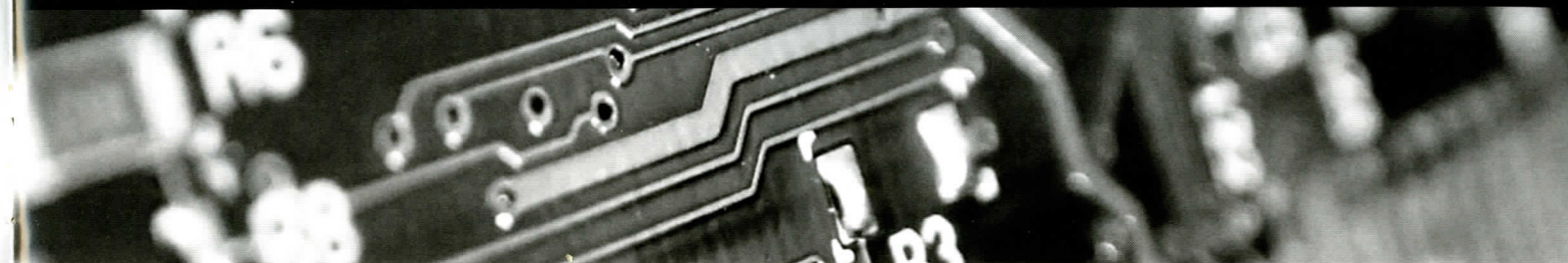
Dex Filzer spent 10 years playing with Christian Rock's Neut and the Eunuchs, but he won't mind if your employees don't jam. In fact, Dex's high-energy message is about the importance of beating to one's own drum, a mantra that's hitting big throughout the corporate sector! He may have only used a seven-piece set on tour, but Dex thinks there are up to sixteen different sounds resonating within your organization. Is your boss an ISTP, keeping everyone in tune even during high-pressure, unstructured, synchopated tasks? That's fine, especially if his team has a couple ENTPs—two people working to set specific goals for large-scale group deliverables in a highly organized, pleasurable way. The thing about these personality types, Dex preaches, is that only in ensemble can they record their hit song, "Improved Team Morale and Efficiency." With a unique take on the successful Myers-Briggs approach to teamwork, Dex Filzer is just what your company needs to rehearse for the Big Show.



Frank Gobbs:

Ribbing on everything from business casual to bosses, this speaker travels the nation with his fresh doses of office humor. Frank's routine has been called a great substitute for morning coffee: full of highly-caffeinated entertainment and creamy inspiration. With a father who constantly shot down his hopes for a motivational speaking career, Gobbs didn't follow his heart until he saw his Myers-Briggs score. As an ENTP, he knew his calling was to solve complex strategic dilemmas for himself and for other organizations with positive feedback, jocular-yet-good-natured reinforcement, and \$5 gift cards to Hollywood Video. Frank has never worked for a company before, but he knows enough about neck ties to say they come in all different colors and sizes—just like a great group of employees! Every MB type is "good vibes" for this cheerful sage, except for the ISFJs--Frank thinks they are no-good alcoholics who aren't supportive of their kids and drove mom away!

Technology Creates Confusion in a Relationship



Hello?

Hi Sarah, it's Rob.

Hey Rob, what's up?

Listen, I think we need to talk about our relationship.

Sorry, can you repeat that? I think the signal is bad.

We need to talk about our relationship. I think you have some hang-ups.

I'm not hanging up, my phone just isn't working properly.

No Sarah, I said I think you have some hang-ups.

Why are you hanging up?

I'm not hanging up. I think your phone is just breaking up.

Oh God, you're breaking up with me. Don't do this, Rob. I know I have some hang-ups but we can work them out.

No no no, I said you're breaking up.

Why would I want to break up with you?

No, we're not breaking up. I mean maybe we are, because of your hang-ups. I was just saying that your phone was breaking up.

What did you say, Rob? You're breaking up.

...

Hello, Rob? Did you just hang up on me?

Lullabies From Around the World

Poland

Sleep quietly baby
Remain safe in the night
Dream of Poland
Dream of the forests and lakes
Oh Polish baby!
The Russians will try to steal you
Awake in your bed unharmed
Do not let the Russians steal you



England

Go to sleep child
You've been a bad child
You've complained about supper
You've cried without cause
You've tried to seem innocent
But you know the laws
So sleep well tonight
And rest your small head
Tomorrow you're an urchin
A gutter for your bed



Japan

Small child,
You are going to sleep
You are like a machine
That is powering down
Are you a machine baby?
We cannot open you up and see
So perhaps you are a machine
This possibility
is a happy one



France

Little baguette
Your eyes are so fresh
Close them now and sleep
You love the world
You are unburdened by ennui
Like the night, this will pass



South Africa

In the jungle
the mighty jungle
the lion sleeps tonight
In the village
the peaceful village
the people sleep tonight.
The jungle surrounds the
village
You are too young to
understand
how terrifying that is



Russia

Hush tiny one
You must be strong
You must conquer the
cold
And accept your new
life
Forget about the for-
ests and lakes
Forget about Poland
You are Russian now
Russia is your home



Business Advice My Rich Uncle Gave Me

Buying Land:

"Buy as much property as you can, my boy. Even if it means spending every last cent you have and taking out mortgages on the rest of your property. Property is the key to success."

Advertising:

"Advertising? Are you kidding me? Don't waste your money on advertising. That stuff's overrated. The only thing that'll bring people to your business is pure luck."

Utilities:

"Avoid them. They just don't pay off. When have you ever heard of anyone getting rich off of owning an electric company? Never. And don't get me started on the water works."

Taxes:

"Taxes are a pain in the neck. The government may want, say, 10% of all your assets. Do you know how complicated it is to total up of all your assets? It's usually best to just pay the feds \$200 to forget about it."

Jail:

"You're going to be sent directly to jail, there's no doubt about that. Probably more than a few times. The thing to remember is to keep your cool. Really, it ain't that bad. Plus, something like fifty bucks can get you outa that joint, no questions asked."

Buying a Home:

"Buy a house! Buy two houses! Hell, buy a dozen houses! The more houses you have, the more money people are going to give you to look at them. Also, they should be green. Not that environmental mumbo jumbo. The color."

Religion:

"Every so often, God will give you \$200."

Establishing a Corporate Identity:

"Be the thimble. You can't be the car. I'm the car."

UNRATED EDITIONS

Armageddon: Deep Impact! Edition

1998's most disastrous sci-fi adventure has some molten new footage! After failing to destroy an asteroid doing what he does best, world-famous oil driller Harry Stamper (Bruce Willis) has only one option—and it's a death sentence. With 17 minutes of exclusive earth-shattering bonus scenes, see the ending you couldn't see in theaters: the oil-astronauts spare their leader and let the comet continue on its course, forcing America's first black president to make some difficult decisions.

Toy Story

In the tradition of Aladdin, The Lion King, and countless other Disney movies with subliminal sexual messages, Toy Story – UNRATED! delivers, to infinity and beyond! With over two minutes of scenes deleted from the original film, UNRATED! gives you a more intimate look into the lives of our not so innocent playthings. Highlights: Woody gets a buzz, Buzz gets a woody, and Mr. Potato Head gets some potato head! A must for any collector.

Deep Impact: ARMAGEDDON Edition

1998's biggest catastrophe film just got more explosive! This unrated version includes 25 never-before-seen minutes of humanity awaiting an asteroid the size of Texas, plus a heroic alternate ending. When the president (Morgan Freeman) allows only a limited number of citizens to wait out the disaster underground, the remaining population's only hope for avoiding destruction is a ragtag gang of oil drillers—the best in the world. See if they succeed, in a version the MPAA totally couldn't even handle!

High School Musical: Underspoken Cut

In case you missed this Disney Channel original, check out the re-release when it hits shelves next month. Also included on the DVD is the exclusive Underspoken Cut—a raw, unchoreographed, unedited extension of the original story. That means the same feel-good tale, but with MORE relatable teenagers, MORE monotone dialogue, and MORE social stigmatism for auditioning in the school play! Prepare for a zany new ending: the kids go to the big dance as planned, but none of them have professional dance training; they take turns pulling from a flask in the handicapped bathroom, then stumble through a DJ-guided performance of the Cha Cha Slide.

Ben-Hur: Uncircumsized Edition

The Old Testament gives us a miracle's worth of additional material in this new cut (or lack thereof). Specifically, there's two extra inches of foreskin and, from what I'm told, a higher incidence of urinary tract infections.

United States History
Mrs. Melly
Period 2, 3, 6

Very close Ryan
99%

Unit 17 Examination

- List the years of Franklin D. Roosevelt's terms in office.

1 - 1933 - 1937

2 - 1937 - 1941

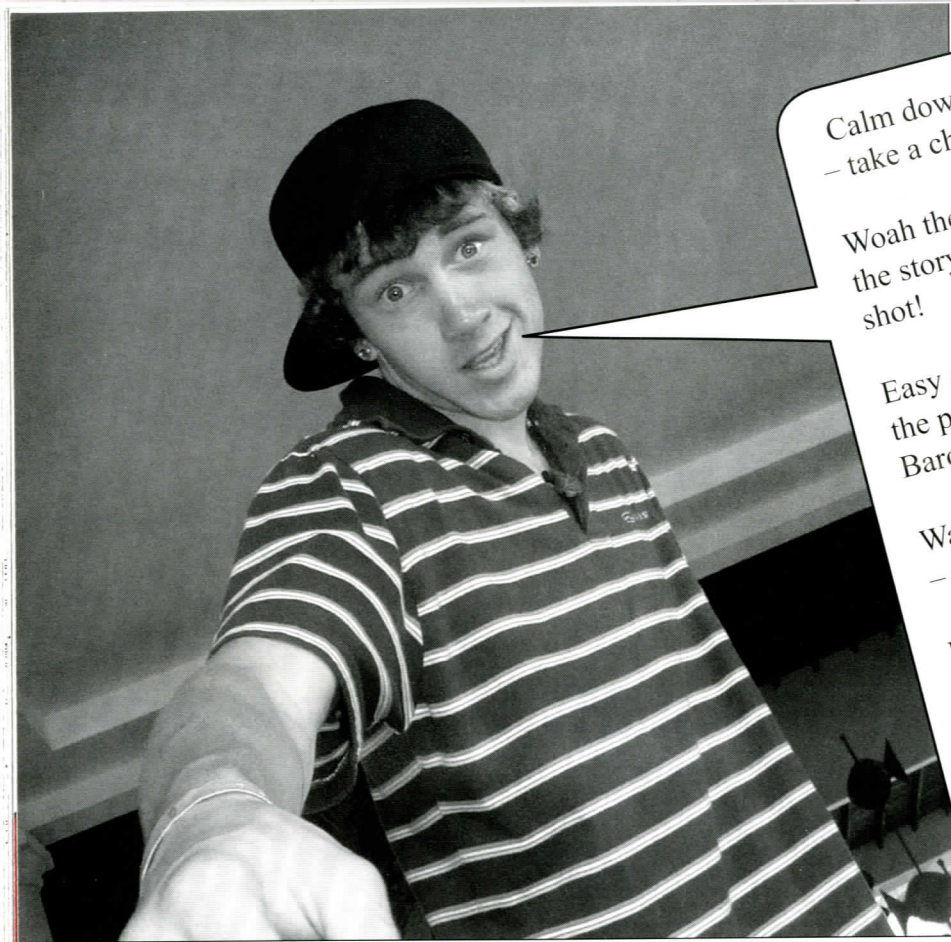
3 - 1941 - 1945

4 - 1945

- List the presidents, first ladies, and White House pets of the 20th century.

President	First Lady	Pet
William McKinley	Ida Saxton McKinley	Buddy
Theodore Roosevelt	Edith Kermit Roosevelt	Skipper
William H. Taft	Helen Herron Taft	Buddy
Woodrow Wilson	Ellen Wilson	Skipper
Warren G. Harding	Florence Kling Harding	Buddy
Calvin Coolidge	Grace Goodhue Coolidge	Skipper
Herbert Hoover	Lou Henry Hoover	Buddy
Franklin D. Roosevelt (1-3)	Eleanor Roosevelt	Skipper
Franklin D. Roosevelt (4)	Nancy Reagan	Buddy
Harry S. Truman	Nancy Reagan	Skipper
Dwight D. Eisenhower	Nancy Reagan	Buddy
John F. Kennedy	Nancy Reagan	Skipper
Lyndon Johnson	Nancy Reagan	Buddy
Richard Nixon	Nancy Reagan	Skipper
Gerald Ford	Betty Ford	Nancy Reagan

NO



Calm down there Broseph Stalin
 - take a chill pill!

Woah there Emily Bro-nte, where's
 the story structure? - take a plot
 shot!

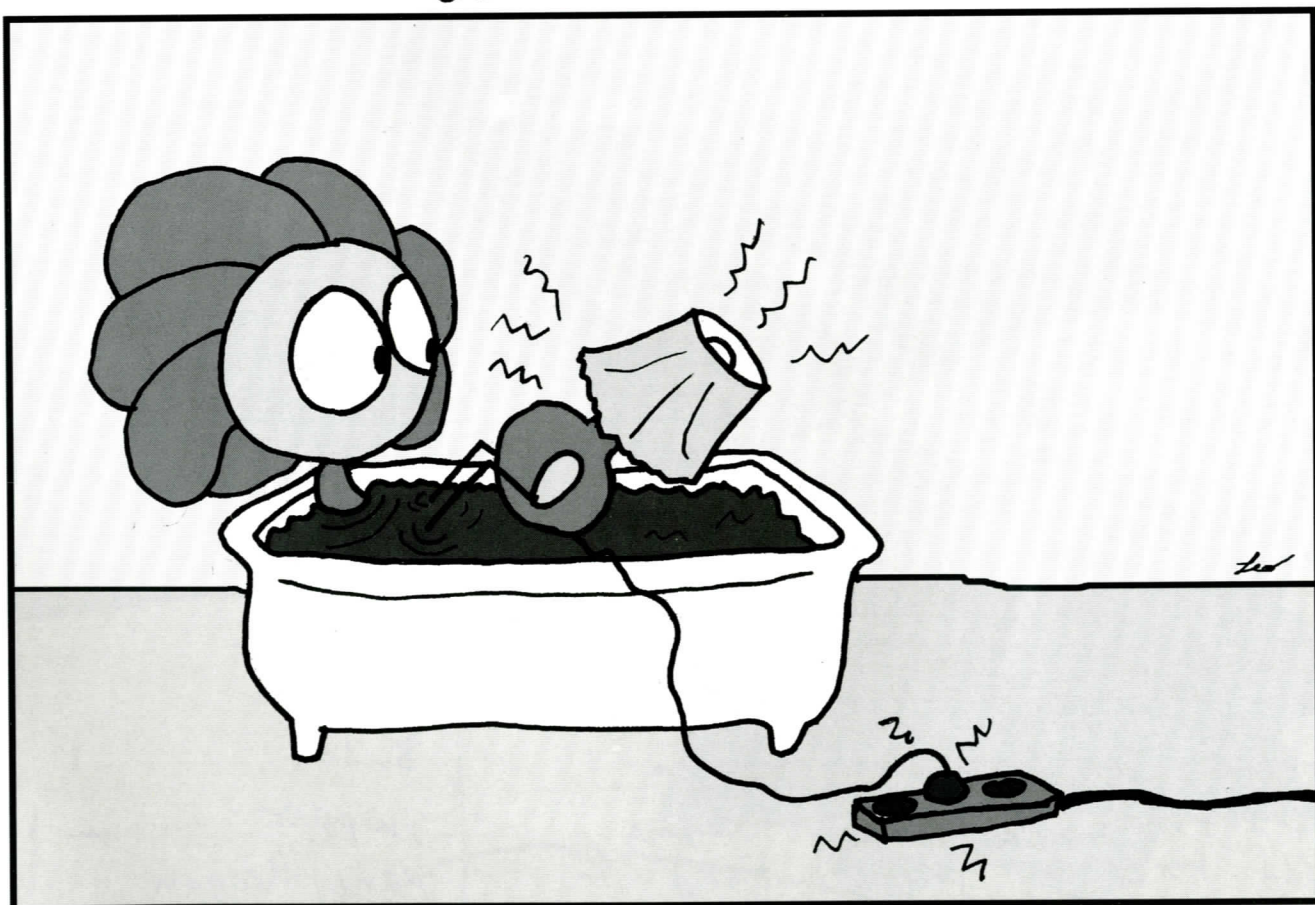
Easy on the lack of grandeur in
 the painting Van Bro-gh - take a
 Baroque toke!

Watch the addition errors Galilebro
 - take a genius intravenous!

Let's try being a little more pious
 there Saint AmBROse - take a divine
 line!

How 'bout more than a sentence
 there Brobias Wolff - take a short-
 story suppository!

Pete the flower in: Food



Secret Societies

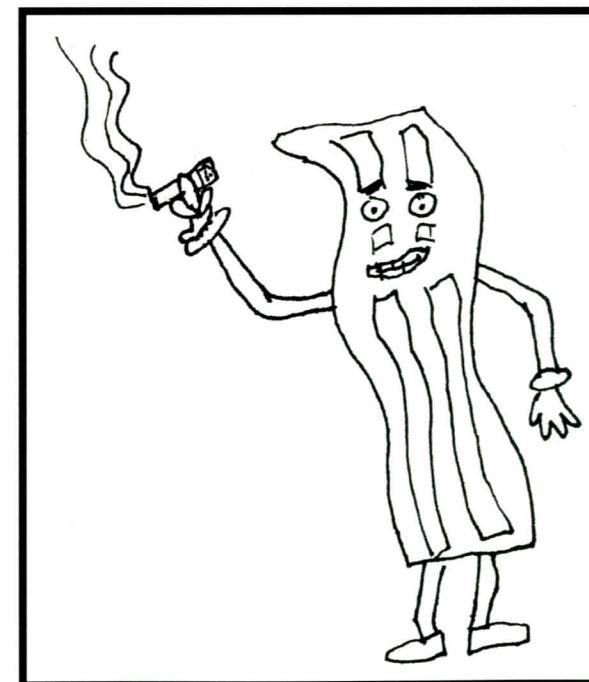
The Paparatti: Maybe you've heard of the paparazzi, who sneak around to photograph celebrities and sell those The paparazzi you've heard of are absolute small bones compared to the powerful, all-silent Paparatti. This elite, secretive group of photographers, so named for their resemblance to the elite, secretive Illuminati, are so good at their jobs and so secretive they are never, ever caught, and their friends and family don't even know what they do. Initiation rites involve 17 different telephoto lenses.

The Hawk and Scrow: Headquartered at Rutgers University, the selective senior secret society taps 12 senior men every year. Once they have accepted the honor of membership in The Hawk and Scrow and successfully passed the furtive rites of initiation, Scrow Men are gifted with a hawk talon they must keep with them all the time; the talon is used as proof that the man is actually a Scrow Man if his provenance or motive is ever called into question. Scrow Men devote their considerable time and power to controlling the Rutgers vending machine empire. All vending machines on the Rutgers campus, from Loree Gym to Douglass, are controlled by the society and vending proceeds deposit directly into The Hawk and Scrow endowment.

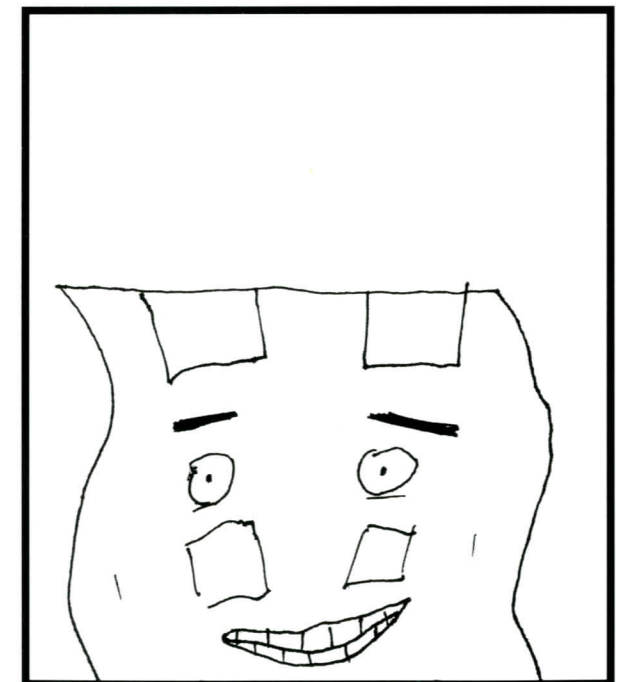
Knights Temperate: In the basement of the Dayton, OH First Congregational Church, the Knights Temperate meet each Tuesday night. This elusive group uses its power and influence to war against the demon drink. In Dayton alone, they have successfully lobbied to close liquor stores at 6:30 PM on Sunday nights. Each member wears a ring emblazoned with the society's logo and their motto, which translated from the Latin reads, "Lips that touch wine will never touch mine."

Slavemasons: The Slavemasons began as a society associated with the Freemasons--the first Slavemasons were the bondsmen who carried the stoncutting tools of the original Freemasons. To this day, the Slavemasons hold their meetings at Freemason lodges at the same time as Freemason meetings, as they are expected at various points to circulate among the Freemasons to serve refreshments and food.

The Brick and Mortar: Perhaps the nation's most secret secret society is the University of Phoenix's Brick and Mortar. Members are contacted and tapped over untraceable instant message; after the rites of initiation, members are given the address of and access to the University of Phoenix's secret physical campus, where students are allowed to physically attend class with physically present professors. Only Brick and Mortar students are ever privy to this knowledge; as far as the rest of the world knows, the University of Phoenix is entirely virtual.



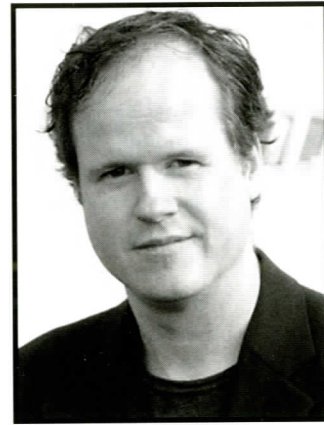
My wife always said the smoking would kill me.



But, the doctor says I'm cured.

Joss Whedon's thoughts on...

FEMINISM



I've always been known as a straight shooter, so I'm just going to say it: I'm a feminist. I've always been one, and I've never felt ashamed of it. I'm a feminist, and I'm a big one. And honestly, I think the gender inequalities in our society are inexcusable.

Our society likes to label women and put them in boxes, instead of allowing them to be the complex, beautiful goddesses that they are. For instance, in our male-dominated society, women are discouraged from being strong and independent. Movies, TV shows, and commercials portray women as helpless creatures who need men to do their fighting for them, especially when that fighting is against aliens or assassins.

I think that we shouldn't be afraid of strong, sexy women. There is nothing wrong with a woman fighting a battle for her boyfriend, and then afterwards holding her boyfriend (who she is significantly taller than) while he cries from all the excitement. In fact, I would be proud to be that boyfriend.

Some men will tell you, "Sure, I'm a feminist, but I just think that fighting an evil werewolf isn't a women's role." Well that's bullshit. If we didn't constantly discourage women from becoming sexy Amazonian fighters, maybe women would feel more comfortable expressing who they truly are. I also think it is a shame that even when women do become strong warriors, they feel they need to learn a traditional martial art. I'm a feminist, and

I believe that women should be able to learn a fighting style that shows off their sexy legs. It doesn't even have to look fake.

You might be outraged to find out that throughout, my long, celebrated career as an auteur, I've been criticized for my feminist beliefs. I can't tell you the number of times that people have said to me "Joss, this is an incredible, witty script that you've written. I'll be quoting lines from it for months to come. But you need to take out the part about a team of sexy women in schoolgirl uniforms beating up hellbeasts and then arguing over who gets to kiss the nerdy guy named 'Whoss Jedon.'" But what I say to those people is that I'll never bow to the chauvinism and misogyny that are so prevalent in our culture, and I'll never apologize for being a feminist.

Anyway, that's just my two cents, take it or leave it. I know my positions are probably too progressive for today's society, but I wouldn't be surprised at all if in 100 years, when earth is a post-apocalyptic wasteland ruled by gangs of roving bandits (MY IDEA, back off JJ Abrams), many of those gangs are composed of sexy strong women. I also would not be surprised if they had short, balding boyfriends that they protect with really sexy kung fu. If that's not equality, I don't know what is.

HAPTOWN FUNERAL HOME & SUPPLY

Death is a stressful thing and funerals are a stressful time. Take the stress out by letting Haptown help with your next family death!

COSTUMES: Why dress your deceased loved ones up in their Sunday best when you can dress them up like an **EGYPTIAN MUMMY**? Headdress, linen wrappings, and jeweled canopic jars included in the set for the price of \$79.99. Or maybe your father was the king of the house, and you'd rather bury him in the **EDWARD IX TUDOR SET**'s luxurious velveteen robe with fur lining, crown, and handstitched leather booties. With scepter for \$109.99 or without for \$99.99. Come browse our incredible selection of styles and sizes in store today!

INVITATIONS: Are you really going to spend your time calling friends and family? Are you going to take out an ad in the newspaper? Get smart, Chucky! Let us print invitations and send them for you. Just supply us with age, name, date of birth, date of death, and cause of death (optional) and let us do the work of whipping up and sending out the invitations for the funeral services. We have a wide selection of tasteful and *fun* papers and prints--go with one of our predesigned invites or mix and match to create your own. It's *your funeral*.

SHIVA: Maybe you're Jewish and you just want to hang out for a week and think. We understand. We also understand the last thing you want to do is cook! Hire our **Shiva Sitter** to come take care of all those pesky household chores for you while you're grieving. Our **Shiva Sitters** are healthy, attractive people, and they can prepare a wide variety of kosher meals. They can do laundry with or without fabric softener, and they'll tiptoe around your house so quietly you won't even know they're there! When you call, please specify whether you would prefer a male or female **Sitter**.

TRIMMINGS: Whether you're having the services in your own church or in our convenient adjacent Haptown Chapel, all the balloons, ribbons, and crepe paper you could possibly need is right there in our store--for a small labor fee, we'll even help decorate. If you want one of those big pictures of your person's face to sit above the casket, we can do that too.



OUR SYMPATHIES
3870 Waldeck Street
Tel. (630) 651-9442

YOU HAVE NINETY SECONDS TO IMPRESS ME, JOHNSON.

We've been working on a great new script for a pilot! Think "sexy spy thriller" meets historical drama. Charlie's Angels meets Casablanca. "Bambi and Thumper" from Diamonds Are Forever meet T.E. Lawrence. It's the story of a man whose love for two exotic women embroils him in a tale of international intrigue at the height of the Suez crisis. Also, it will be a show about the Middle East, which is important for a network these days I think. You know, show that we're interested in entertainment AND the people of the world. Working title: LESBIONAGE!

SIXTY SECONDS...

Ok ok ok, here we go. I've got a group working on new docudrama ideas. What do you think of: "BIG HAIR, BIG DREAMS: THE BONNIE TYLER STORY"? Now it could be a bit tricky, since for some reason Prince already owns the production rights to her autobiography, but he's been pretty reasonable in the past, like when we wanted to do that "Miracle Worker" thing and he let us have it just for that cameo appearance in the deaf school scene. You want me to get him on the phone? I'm gonna call him right now for you. I bet he's there...

TWENTY FIVE SECONDS...

Oh Jeez, uh, "Kwanzaa in July" variety show spectacular? Ok, I know this one's a minefield, but bear with me for a second here. Mo'Nique goes home to the family farm for the 4th of July weekend, and for some reason LL Cool J is there...

THREE SECONDS...

uhhh.... did you know that the blue whale's tongue is as heavy as a fully grown male African elephant?

REALLY?

er, I think so...

THAT'S IMPRESSIVE. VERY IMPRESSIVE. WELL DONE, JOHNSON.

Thank you, sir.

The Sandwich Artiste

Customer: Hi, can I get a foot-long of that new Prime Rib?

Sandwich Artiste: Yes, I'll accept the commission.

Customer: Um...all right. Let's put that on sourdough with provolone. Can I get it toasted?

Sandwich Artiste: You've hired me to create a work of art, and what I ask in return is that you do not confine my vision!

[later, at the vegetable end of the counter...]

Customer: I see this sandwich comes with "the works," but just leave off the onions.

Sandwich Artiste: How dare you call upon an artist, and then refuse to let him work with his entire palette.

Customer: Look, sorry—but I'm allergic, I cannot eat a sandwich with red onions.

Sandwich Artiste: Well I cannot make a sandwich under such oppressive guidance [storms off].

Another Customer: ...I'll take a couple squirts of mayo, and just a dab of horseradish.

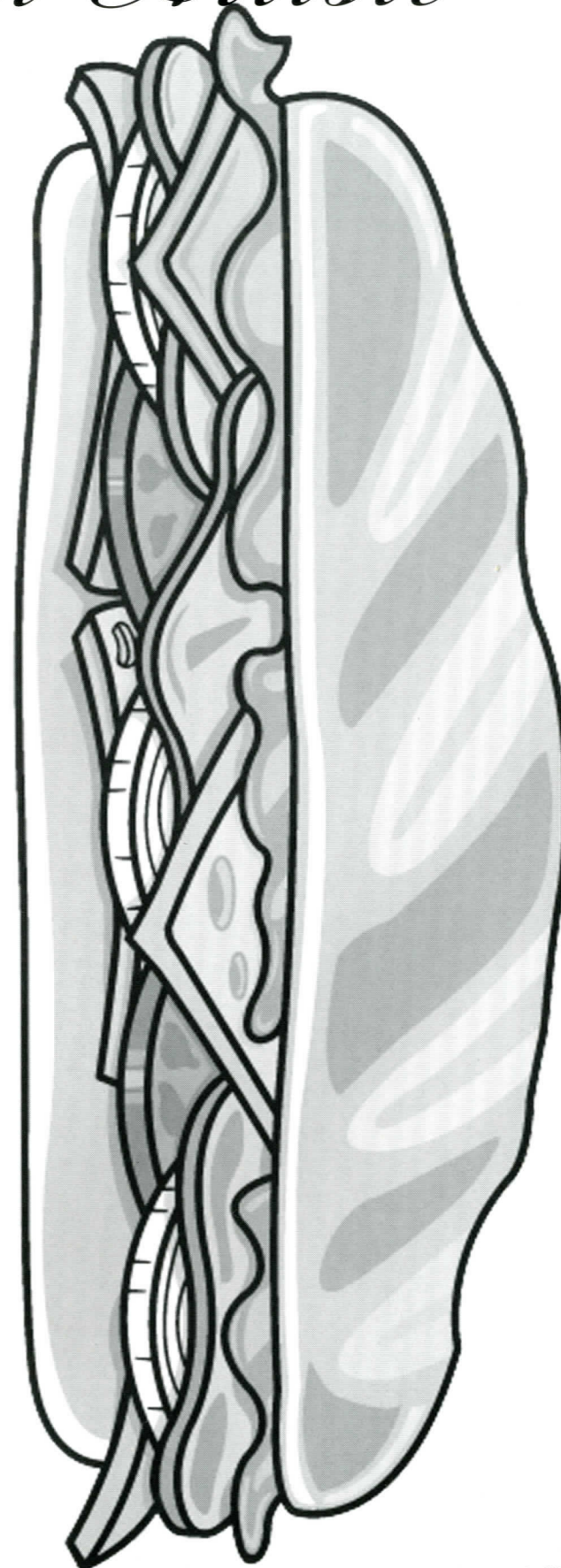
[The Sandwich Artiste pours both bottles into his hands. He starts splattering their contents onto the sandwiches with a series of wrist flicks.]

Another Customer: Stop! That's too much horseradish, already.

[He re-directs his flicks, increasingly emphatic, towards the sneeze guard.]

Customer On The Phone: Are you kidding me, asshole? I ordered this party sub three weeks ago, and I need it today! What's taking you so long?

Sandwich Artiste: Sire, an artiste needs his time. They didn't paint the Sistine Chapel overnight, did they?



E-MAIL ETIQUETTE

When sending formal e-mail, your signoff should always reflect the seriousness of your content and demeanor.

Dear Mr. Clancy,
Thank you for taking the time to meet with me about the sales position. Please enjoy your upcoming week in the Virgin Islands. Vacation is wonderful! I really enjoyed speaking to you and I hope to hear from you soon with regards to the position.
Sincerely,
Ray A. Higuera

When sending e-mail to friends or family, a signoff may not even be required!

Hey Nina,
I just wanted to let you know that I am planning to buy your son, Brad, a skateboard for his birthday. Please do not also buy him one because he will like a skateboard from his parents more than one from his uncle. Thanks.

But what about sending e-mail to informal business contacts or acquaintances in order to invite them to have a drink with you? Put them at ease with a reference to a beloved bar TV show.

Hi Stan,
It was great to hear from you! I just wanted to see if you were still up for a beer Wednesday night. Let me know!
Cheers,
Ray

When inviting a group of people to a large social gathering, sending one mass e-mail can be a real timesaver. Remind them how much they personally mean to you in your signoff.

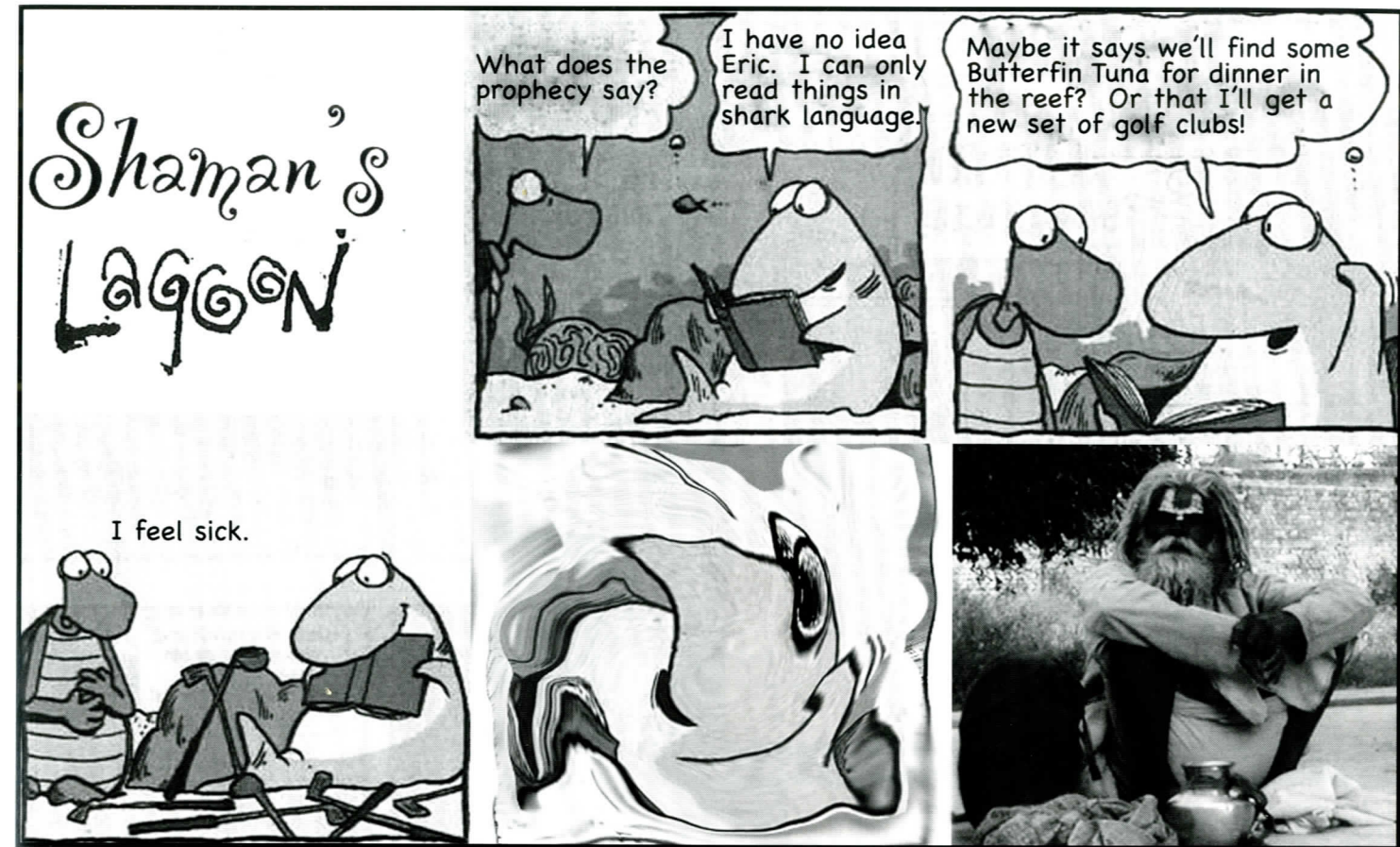
Hey all,
Just checking to make sure we are all going to Stacy's birthday party next weekend. Remember, it is a surprise!
Friends,
Ray

When you are sending an e-mail about nothing in particular, make sure your signoff reflects the lack of urgency in your message.

Carol,
Damnedest thing. I was walking through the park this morning, and saw a woman walking a dog with two leashes. Two leashes! Why does she need two leashes for one dog? It's just weird.
Seinfeld,
Ray

When e-mailing your doctors, always let them know you have an insider's knowledge of and respect for their job.

Hi Dr. Parkman,
I am just writing to let you know that I am no longer taking those creatine supplements so I think my next physical will be better.
M*A*S*H,
Ray



Pete the flower in: Inner Demons



A Dream Deferred

Kid: Mom! Mom! Guess what I want to be when I grow up!

Mom: What, sweetie?

Kid: An Australian!

Mom: Hmm... I don't know, honey, isn't that a little bit dangerous? Everything there is so poisonous, and I just don't know what I'd ever do if you got impaled by stingray. And I don't want you dealing with their invasive species problem when you should be settling down and giving me grandchildren. Why not be Swiss? Or an actuary like Uncle Darryl?

Kid: Awww... well, how about a Belgian?

Mom: What, so you can eat stroopwafel all day and have opinions? Go brush your teeth and get ready for bed, young man. They call that place "No Man's Land" for a reason, you know!

Dad: Oh come on, honey, advances in military technology have made prolonged trench warfare on the European continent a thing of the past! Be more supportive! I think we should be encouraging Junior to think independently about his future. Belgium sounds safe enough to me.

Mom: Well...

Dad: Plus, I hear the Belgians are becoming increasingly francophone these days!

Mom: I suppose that sounds fine. But I'm not paying your way through college if you're going to live next door to the EU headquarters, so you'd better get used to the idea of Antwerp, young man!

Kid: Aw, man! Antwerp SUCKS!

Dad: JESUS, Beth, let the kid have his dreams!

Kid: Yeah, if you're gonna be that lame, I might as well be Estonian...

Mom: How could you break your poor mother's heart and say a thing like that?

Dad: NO SON OF MINE!

Tales of Recovery

“I was a pack-a-day smoker for 17 years. I quit the day my dad died of Emphysema, cold turkey. It left a mark on me though. Whenever I'm talking to someone, I have to be messing with my keys or some other item. I just never know what to do with my hands now that I don't smoke.”

“Yeah, I was a pretty heavy cocaine user for a while. It took me a few tries to quit, but I've been sober for a few years now. It's the damndest thing though, I get really anxious about not doing anything with my nose. Come to think of it, that's probably why I use so many nasal allergy sprays.”

“Heroin nearly ruined me, but if you offered me some right now I'd have trouble turning it down. For the most part I've managed to move on and rebuild my life, but I still give blood 4 or 5 times a month. It relieves stress to have my veins doing something.”

“I'm a recovering alcoholic. Drinking used to control my life, but I don't let it anymore. Every day is a struggle though, and I find myself ritualizing a lot of my old alcoholic behaviors. For instance, every so often I'll come home and beat up my family, even though I'm completely sober. I guess I just need something to do with my rage.”

An unexpected exchange



fatass.



One Life. Triple Mayo.

JOHN CUSACK CAMERON DIAZ CATHERINE KEENER
BEING JOHN CANDY

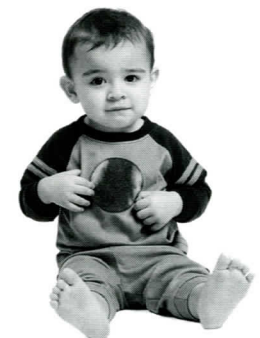
© Universal City Studio, Inc.

This is where it all happens. Welcome to my crib!

Over here I got a real nice pillow that cradles my soft spot just right. You want to feel it? It's right up here on my head. Yeah, that's real nice. Over here I got a nice blanket that my aunt made me when I was born. It's one of a kind. It's one hundred percent cotton. Don't be jealous.

Over here I got some bars so I don't roll out in the night.

Up here I got a nice mobile that I look at while I'm going to sleep. It's got shapes and colors. From Italy or some shit, Versace ya know? One day I'm going to be able to talk, because of this mobile. Word is bond.



SECOND-RATE CARNIVAL ATTRACTIONS

MARTY-GO-ROUND

Riders will be strapped into the seat of an average shopping cart and pushed around a track two to three times by a carnival worker named Marty. Marty is a pleasant man and for an extra token he will converse with you while on the ride; Marty has an up-to-date knowledge of current events and many great works of literature. If you prefer a more personal experience, Marty would happily speak to you about your life, friends, and family.
2 tokens to ride, 3 tokens to chat

DIZZY WHEEL

Riders will be directed to stand in the center of a large chalked wheel. The center of the wheel will be 3 feet in diameter and filled in with red chalk. A carnival employee will hold the rider's purse, coat, or other outer garments, and the rider will begin spinning in a circle in the middle of the wheel. If you step outside the bounds of the red center, you lose and you have to pay the rider operators 5 tokens!
2 tokens

BALL TOSS

Step right up! The player gets to throw three softballs as far as he can into an abandoned lot. The goal of the game is up to the player: aim for a particularly big dirt clod, or go for the all-time distance record (note: there is no record keeping in Ball Toss). You could even win a prize were it not for the fact that Ball Toss has no way of winning.
3 tokens

THE DUCK AND THROW

Riders will walk down a dark, narrow hallway. The black-painted walls have small holes cut into them at regular intervals and as the rider proceeds down the hallway, ride operators will throw punches through the wall openings, such that the rider must duck and scurry to avoid abuse. The further the rider gets down the hallway, the more strategically placed the openings become, targeting the head, neck, and kneecaps.
2 tokens

CANNED SOUP EATING CONTEST

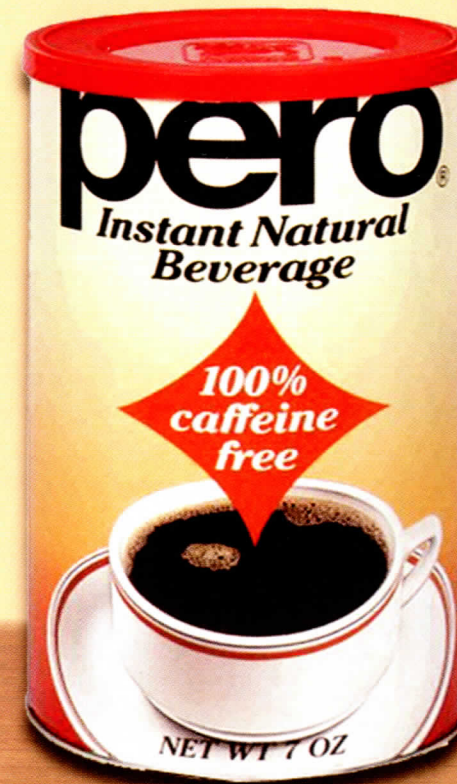
It's simple, just eat as much canned soup as you can stomach. Carnival operators will not add water, will not heat it up, and will not open the cans for you. If the player consumes more than five cans, he is pronounced a winner and will get to take the rinsed-out cans home with him.
3 tokens

CHICKEN SQUELCH

Have fun and help your neighbors at the same time! On the last day of the fair, come to the 4-H exhibition room and try your hand at killing some chickens. Every chicken you kill will you donated to the local homeless shelter. Be sure you bring your steady hands and your quick reflexes, as the chickens struggle.
4 tokens

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Pero: A better drink, for a better life



Dear respectable readers of Golfer Quarterly,

Would it surprise you to hear that after I woke up this morning and brewed my daily wake-me-up cup of Pero I was rudely interrupted by another damned senior citizen trying to invite me to one of their ice-cream socials? I know he and his friends are trying to get in all the partying they can before they're relegated to the confines of an "independent retirement community," but honestly! I'm thirty-four years old! It's not like I need to hang out with septuagenarians to get my drunk on.

Anyway, I turned the good-for-nothing away and sat down in my trusty recliner to watch last night's Conan. Whenever I turn the VCR on all of the words are in Russian, but whatever. I can figure it all out by context. If it's one thing I've learned in life it's you have to adapt; When the great Johann Bernoulli decided barbarically unsubtle coffee was simply not fit for his consumption, he did not give up and sip tea for the rest of his days! No. He expertly blended a medley of malted barley, chicory, and rye into the steamy history-appreciative cup of Pero I'm enjoying as I write this letter. I was half way through the program—Conan was telling it like it is, as usual—when the same goddamn old-timer rang my doorbell again.

I made him wait at the door while I brewed my daily lunchtime cup of Pero, but when I finally came to answer his chiding wails the poor fool had already wandered to some other apartment. I stood in my doorway for a few minutes, feeling smugly triumphant and enjoying the deep musky flavor of my Coffee-styled beverage. The bastards never win. They never win because I'm smarter than them.

Yeah. So, I suppose my VCR finally wore out because when I sat back down for Conan's new Preparation H Raymond segment, there was nothing on the tube except the mocking blue glow of the auxiliary channel. This happened to me before, and I knew it was a battle not worth waging. Some caffeine-drunkards might have gotten angry, but I got even. I turned the dissembling gadget off and went to brew my daily afternoon

cup of Pero.

On the way to my kitchenette, however, a picture of me with my ex caught my eye. Alice was never one for adventures. Always the goddamn Starbucks lattes. Always the goddamn mugs of red tea. Maybe if she decided to live a little and give my relationship-bandaid cup of Pero a chance our relationship would have worked out. Maybe we could even have had children. Our first son would be named Johann. But the wretch just couldn't accept an all-natural beverage of greater purity than herself.

Oh for the love of god...

I decided against the afternoon cup of Pero and went to bed instead. Tomorrow will be a Tuesday. Conan's first guest is going to be Colin Farrell and he's going to have more Triumph the Insult Comic Dog. I like Triumph, he makes me laugh. I brewed my daily lullaby-substitute cup of Pero and tucked myself into bed. Maybe tomorrow will be better.

Sincerely,
An eternally loyal Pero enthusiast



We asked the staff...

“Who are you really working for?”

On good days I'm a life artist, a Lebenskünstler, scaffolding around the future me.

**Evan Macmillan,
Head Writer**

The Pharaoh. I probably shouldn't complain, but in my opinion his stance on collective bargaining is a shade regressive.

**Garrett Werner,
Circulation Slave**

Full disclosure: I work for both the hotel lobby and the after school special interests.

**Anthony Scodary,
Not R. Kelly**

I, I don't know what you're talking about! Don't shoot!

**Sam Coggeshall,
Shot**

I'm just so terrified.

**Kiefer Katovich,
Rightly So**

My dad. He's the worst boss ever!

**David Rosenthal,
Bonding, At Least**

The Stanford Daily.

**Alexei Koseff,
Damn Good Spy**

Myself.

**Kendra Allenby,
Independent and Proud**

His Excellency, President for Life, Field Marshal Al Hadji Doctor Idi Amin Dada, VC, DSO, MC, Lord of All the Beasts of the Earth and Fishes of the Seas and Conqueror of the British Empire in Africa in General and Uganda in Particular and the Most Ubiquitous of all King Of Scotland.

**Leo Alterman,
Vice Dictator**

Look, it's not about who you're working for. It's about who you're working

with. Networking. That's the key to success. I scratch your back, and then I scratch my own back. Open source thinking becomes open source doing. Business casual. Doing business in the cloud. Massively parallel P2P, Green Solar Green Machine. Sustainable supercomputers in space zero gravity zero lag zero point zero. I work for Safeway.

**Patrick Maher,
Taking Up Space**

Working for the weekend.

**Andrew Hung,
Got There First**

The weekend, but I am in no way unique in this respect.

**Bern Funk,
No Idea How Right He Is**

The last honest man in the world. He runs the cleaners on 5th street, and he always pays his taxes a month in advance.

**Mike Pihulic,
An Honest Man Himself**

I don't know. I don't finish my consulting interviews until March, but I'd like to get a good entry-level position with room for advancement. I'd like to help people, too.

**RJ Walz,
Still A Good Sport**

I'm working for Lilly, Lilly's working for Daisy, and Daisy's working for me. I'm set—who's gonna

fire their boss's boss?

**Josh Meisel,
Has It All Figured Out**

The Stanford Flipside.

**Josh Stark,
Unfortunate**

Why is it always undercover CIA dads who have the most lovable families?

**John Lyman,
Not Really Answering
The Question Per Se But
Raising An Interesting
Point Nonetheless**

The midweek. Less competition that way.

**Evan Scott,
Original**

A little bit of this and a little bit of that. I don't have any one particular boss; I have my finger in a lot of pies around here, and people know it.

**David Parker,
Key Player**

I tell my one boss that I'm working for the other boss that day, and I tell the other boss that I'm working for the one boss, and in this way I spend every day at my third job, which is working for a dream.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Blue Collar**

Stanford University Hospital. I am a transplantation fellow. Have you seen my lab coat?

**Sophocles
Alexopoulos, MD
A Real Doctor**

Hark!



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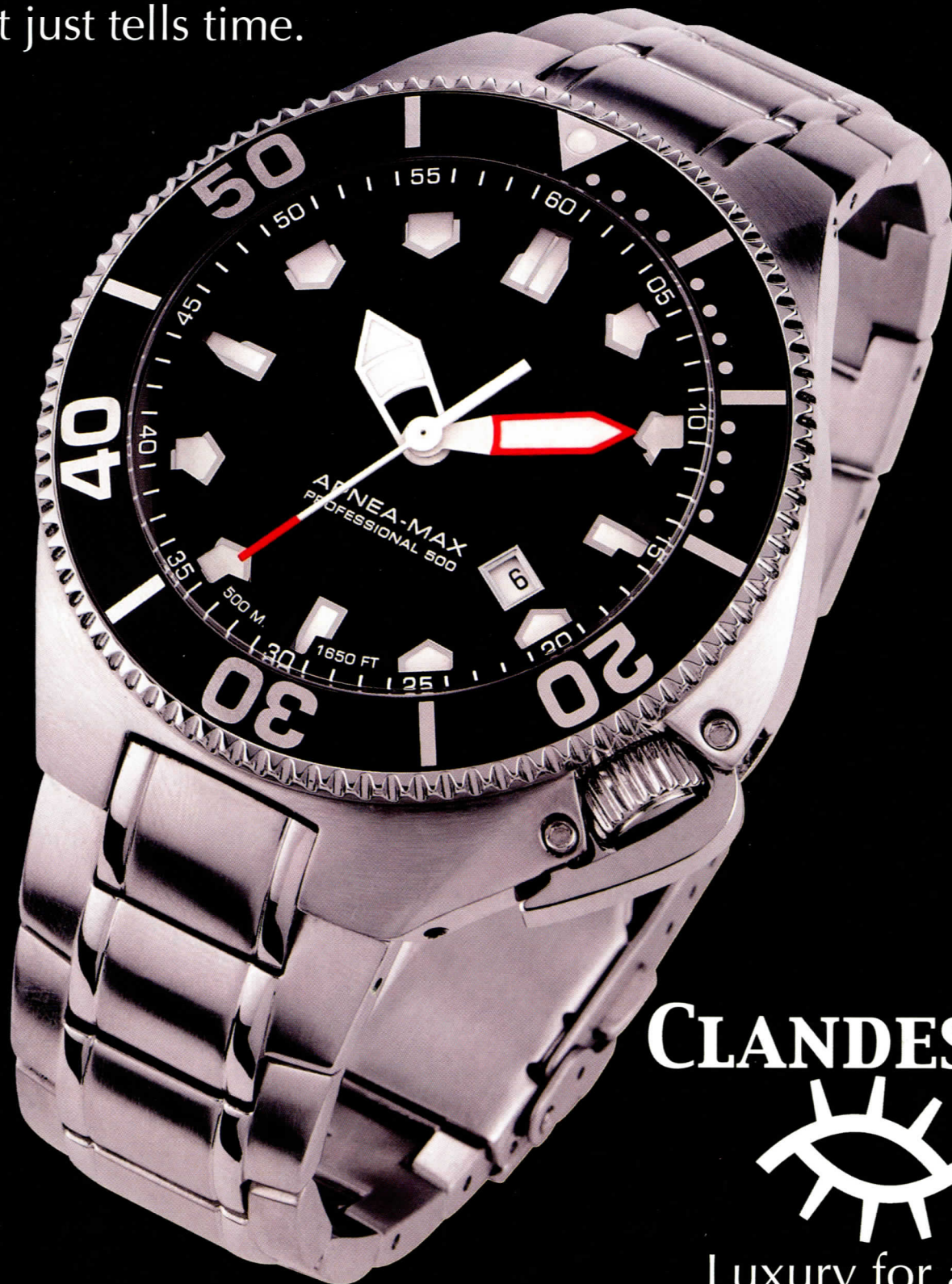
Luxury for a spy means...

It's not a phone.

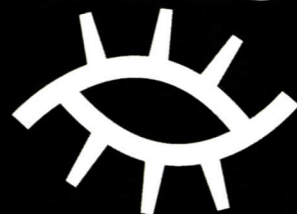
It's not a bomb.

It can't shoot a laser.

It just tells time.



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