

STANFORD

# Chaparral



**BIG ROCK CANDY  
MOUNTAIN NUMBER**

Vol CX No. 6  
\$4.00





Dear Alex,

By the time you read this, you will see that your father and I did not attend your kindergarten graduation. This was a purposeful choice, Alex.

Last week on Tuesday, I requested that you wash the dishes before watching "Yo Gabba Gabba!" on television. You washed a coffee mug, left it on the sidebar by the sink without drying it off, and wandered away. Alex, by the next morning when the dishes weren't washed, I did it myself, defeating the point of delegating the job in the first place.

However, we gave you the benefit of the doubt, and next day I asked you if you would wash the dog. You took my \$25 anti-aging face wash off the counter, poured it all over Scotty's coat, lathered up, and did not rinse the dog. Seth, my husband and your father, had to wash Scotty when he found him.

I think you don't understand how families work, Alex. Our family is a partnership, and you have not been holding up your end of the contract. Seth and I will give you tasks that need to be completed, and when you don't complete them, we have to do it. That takes away time that Seth and I could spend doing other things, like attending your kindergarten graduation.

It isn't that we didn't want to come. I had blocked the time out in my Timekeeper. But then, yesterday afternoon, Seth and I asked you to balance the family banksheet. We gave you our tax receipts and showed you where the spreadsheets were on the computer. When we came back several hours later, you had completed no activity on our records and had instead finished a "Berenstein Bears" chapter book.

So, Alex, while you are graduating, I am tracking our financial performance, just like you should have done yesterday.

I am your mother, but I am also your boss first and foremost. This isn't a good way to interface with me.

Dear Reader,

My name is Kal Penn, and I'm a film and television actor. You may recognize me from my role as Kumar in *Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle*, or as Dr. Lawrence Kutner in the TV show *House*. I submit that I am the funniest Indian-American actor, and if you would be so kind as to read further, I would like to defend this position.

To begin, I posit that my only competition consists of Aziz Ansari (from *Human Giant*) and Jay Chandrasekhar (from *Broken Lizard*). This is unfortunate, and I wish that there were more Indian-Americans in the comedy business, but I think that this is a fair claim. While I admire both of these men and think that they are brilliant comedic actors, I think that by any objective measure I am funnier than both of them.

First, let's consider Jay Chandrasekhar. *Super Troopers* and *Beerfest* were both excellent comedies, but they both hit the same note: over-the-top and sophomoric. They've achieved minor cult status, but I would argue that I played the same game but better in movies like *Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle* and *Van Wilder: The Rise of Taj*. And let's not forget *Club Dread*, which was an unfortunate affair for all involved. I consider Jay a personal friend, but his work is too one-note and spotty to name him the funniest Indian-American actor.

Aziz has had more traditional success than Jay, starring in the MTV sketch comedy series *Human Giant* and the recent NBC series *Parks and Recreation*. Both of these series have had some very high points, and hold great promise. But neither of them has proven staying power, whereas *House*, the show I was fortunate enough to be a star on, has made over 100 episodes. While not strictly a comedy, *House* features at least as many jokes in one hour as either of Aziz's shows pack into 30 minutes. Additionally, Aziz has thus far been stuck mainly to one medium, whereas I have experienced great success in both TV and film.

Honestly, I think it's sad that I even have to compare myself to other Indian-American actors. There's plenty of room in the industry for all of us, and I'd like to be known as a great comedic actor with no qualifiers. That said, I do believe that I am the funniest Indian actor. I welcome any objections that you might have, but I feel that the argument I have presented in both convincing and robust. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Kal Penn

Kal Penn / AC



# Camp Synergy Pines

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Hiking and climbing and sailing, making friends until the end.  
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Welcome to camp, guys!"*

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- 8:15—Breakfast at the mess hall
- 9:30—Icebreakers
- 10:00—Morning ziplining
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  - Archery
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  - Client presentation workshops
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- 12:15—Working lunch
- 1:30—Afternoon ziplining
- 2:00—Afternoon classes. Choose from:
  - Sailing
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  - Giving the perfect elevator pitch
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# BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN NUMBER

## THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL VOLUME CX

### NO. 6



### WRITING CREDITS

2	Graduation .....	McCurdy
3	Letter from Kal Penn .....	Maier
4	Synergy Pines .....	Lyman, McCurdy
6	Now That .....	Old Boys
8	Firewhistle .....	Maier
9	Phantom Cashmere .....	Funk, McCurdy
10	We Built This City .....	Kemper
11	How They Met .....	Maier
12	Hobo Sommelier .....	Maier, McCurdy
13	Bones Zone .....	Katovich
14	The American Friend .....	Katovich
15	Pimp Smart .....	Katovich
16	Granny Slappers .....	Katovich
17	"The Wire" .....	Katovich
18	Markos .....	Katovich
19	Twenty Year Energy .....	Katovich
20	Welcome Back .....	Katovich
21	Middle Names .....	Maier
22	Cerebral Palsy .....	Scodary, Johnson
22	New Year's Babies .....	McCurdy
23	Dumb Boys .....	Maier
24	Weapons Sales .....	Maier
25	Two and a Half Men .....	Lyman
25	Lame Kid .....	Maier
25	Writers' Note from JJ .....	Maier, McCurdy
26	Heat Diseases .....	Maier
26	Addicts Speak Out .....	McCurdy
27	Baby .....	McCurdy
27	What Killed Your Father Day .....	Maier
28	Coupons .....	Maier, McCurdy
29	20-Year-Nap .....	Maier
29	Wordsmiths .....	McCurdy
31	Child Career Academy .....	McCurdy
31	To-Do List from JJ .....	Maier, McCurdy
32	T-Shirts .....	Lyman, Maier, Katovich

### ART CREDITS

1	Cover .....	Alterman
6	Cut Hand Off .....	Maier
11	Kosher .....	Alvarez, Meisel
28	Avogadro .....	Kemper



'09  
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  
Max McClure  
Emma Webster  
Will Atwood

'12  
Alexei Koseff  
Nick Gardner

Special Thanks  
Prodigy Press  
RJ's truck  
Tim Quirk

# The Stanford Chaparral

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MEGHAN MCCURDY '09 *Old Boy* PATRICK MAHER '09 *Old Boy*  
EVAN MACMILLAN '09 *Head Writer*  
KENDRA ALLENBY '10 *Art Director*

GARRETT WERNER '10 *Circulation Manager* JOHN LYMAN '11 *Business Manager*  
ANTHONY SCODARY '08 *Old Boy Emeritus* JOSH STARK '08 *Old Boy Emeritus*

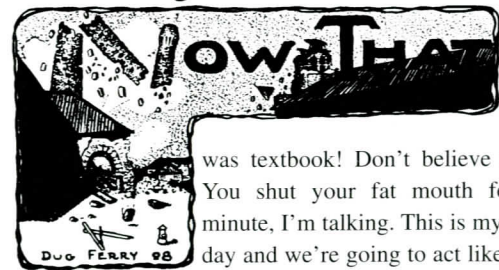
**Hammer Coffin**

LEO ALTERMAN '12	BERN FUNK '09	DAVID PARKER '11
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CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04	ANDREW HUNG '10	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
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	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



was textbook! Don't believe me? You shut your fat mouth for a minute, I'm talking. This is my last day and we're going to act like it. I've been here four years. What's to show for it? Let's open the old satchel here and comb through our collection. Here we have a piece of paper with a gold star. Let's keep digging. A webpage full of empty birthday wishes from people who couldn't be

further from meaning it. Nothing doing there. A thousand worthless connections to powerhungry, bloodthirsty, moon-faced men with heartland values.

Well. What about the old moogydonny, the macaroni, the "magazine"? The old refuge! What with all the nights and days and gray half-lit hours in between spent here, why, the coffers here must be full of goodwill at the conclusion of our time here in this golden hellhole. Maybe there'll even be a party! Maybe they'll have a cake with names in jellied icing! This Old Boy's lifting the lid. Can't hardly wait to see what's inside.

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there's no cake. And the party, there's no party here. The people, they're busy. No jokes in the coffer or coffins. And no cake. That's what hurts the most.

But what good is this place, anyway? It's a mess. Landlord wants rent, and he won't accept payment in mirth. The walls are papier-mache. We need a playpen--someone throws a wadded-up ball of paper while the children run amuck, untamed. One screams lustily in the corner in an intemperate tantrum indeed. Anyone in their right mind would be cheering to get out of here.

The Old Boy regards the squalid domain that is no longer his, and heaves a sigh.



world out there sure looks cold. Five years ago a man could walk out of this shithouse and immediately make millions selling coals to Newcastle, but now the counting-houses have all folded. There's no jobs. And here's a secret--the Old Boy, larger than life inside the tinderbox incubator we've come to know so well, doesn't do so good outside the amniotic sac.

Just look outside! Stepping out into the chill, lepers crowd the streets. An underpass mama staggers up. She holds out her hand; there's a tooth in her palm. She wants a nickel for it. Too scared not to, we pay up and move on, strange trinket at arm's length. God knows it might be the only charm in this stinking world.



"I want to remember this night forever."

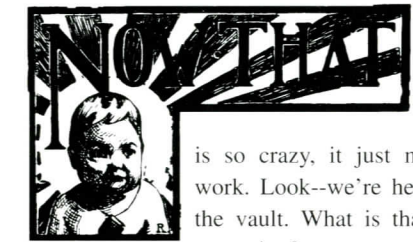


"You should cut your hand off."

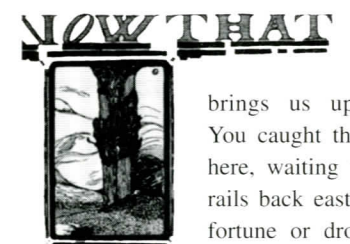
It's enough to make you sick. Why do we do it? Why does everyone burst out the gate and spend the next fifty years barreling headlong to the grave? Every two years, another milestone--corner office, pretty wife, coquettish mistress. Making partner. Babies go to Stanford, just like you planned it.

So what if we didn't? A different path perhaps. Maybe not a strict adherence to the letter of the law, maybe some moral shades of gray. Call it a scheme if you must--is it so different from the grand plans of the soul-sellers next door? They'll step on any back in their way, but it's perfectly acceptable if those backs are rungs on a corporate ladder?

So about this scheme. A one time gamble, in and out. Just enough to get on your feet. It's a sure thing, but there's a catch (of course.) Can't hang around the scene of the crime. Chin up, though, and bring that stethoscope.



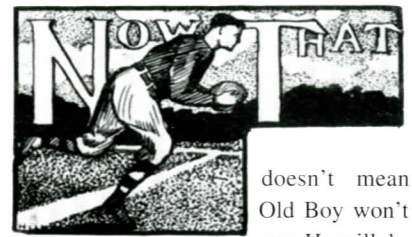
is so crazy, it just might work. Look--we're here at the vault. What is that, not a sign? Quick! Scoop the money up. Get all of it. Leave that bill, it's dirty. No no no no, it's good. We got it. Take the bag, jump the fence. You did it! Which way the trains?



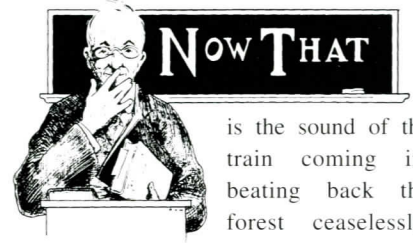
brings us up to now. You caught the Old Boy here, waiting to ride the rails back east to catch a fortune or drown in the

unforgiving Atlantic. By my timetable, we've got just a few more minutes together. Any last words? Now's the time.

Yes, those are fond memories this Old Boy won't soon forget. Advice? Nothing you won't pick up on your own. Sorry if that's curt, but it's the truth.



doesn't mean the Old Boy won't miss you. He will, but you won't miss him. The old Chaparral will chug along with barely a hitch. Few machines are able to change their own parts so well. Don't worry about this Old Boy--he won't be lonely. He's got himself as a companion, which is the very best kind of company there is.



is the sound of the train coming in, beating back the forest ceaselessly. No time for milling around, this train can't wait at the station; another is pulling in right behind it. Don't say you won't forget him--you will. But isn't it nice, anyway, to think you might not? The thought will sustain the old laugh hound for miles and miles to come. And there are many miles to come.

There he goes now as the train pulls out, face against the window, craning towards the horizon. Waiting for what's next.



TO: STUDENTS  
RE: FIRE WHISTLES

John Stockton High School

Dear Students:

This is your Principal. Last month you should have received a fire whistle through your homeroom. These whistles were distributed as a temporary cost-effective replacement for our broken fire alarm system. You were instructed to carry the whistles at all times, and to blow them if you saw a fire. Everyone who heard a whistle would then blow their own whistles, so that the whole school would be notified of the fire and everyone could evacuate in an orderly manner.

Unfortunately, students have not taken the purpose of the fire whistles seriously, and huge whistle blowing storms have been breaking out when there is no fire at all. Not only is this confusing and obnoxious, but it also trivializes fire safety, which is an extremely important issue. I have tried to trace these false alarms to a single student but it is very hard to do so. I would be willing to give you all the benefit of the doubt, but other incidents have led me to a very different conclusion.

I was walking through the cafeteria recently and I saw a student blow a fire whistle right in his friend's ear, then laugh about it. I would not call this a funny prank, though I have been informed that it is extremely common now. It could damage someone's hearing, and also it just cruel and not in any way clever.

I also witnessed some students misusing their fire whistles during a gym class. There was a basketball game, and every time an impressive play happened, students would blow their whistles, like to emphasize how hard someone had slam-dunked the ball or when someone put the ball in their shirt and then hit it so it came out and dribbled around a defender and did a layup. This is not even legal in basketball, and it's even more irresponsible to blow fire whistles when it happens.

I have even heard stories of students forming "whistle circles", where everyone crowds around and blows their whistles in a rhythm and someone in the middle fights or dances or sings. I hope that this is just a rumor, but knowing some of the hooligan behavior that goes on here I fear it's probably the truth.

In any case, starting tomorrow having a fire whistle on campus will be grounds for suspension. We will hold a fire safety class during homeroom, and you will all learn how to yell when there is a fire to notify people. My guess is that by taking away the whistle, crying wolf will no longer be any fun for you little snots. I hope you're happy.

Sincerely,

*James*

Dr. James Husk,  
Principal, John Stockton High School

Patient: BERGEN, HENRI (M)  
DOB: 6/20/50

**10/25/2008:** First appointment with Mr. Bergen for preliminary diagnosis of his condition on the recommendation of his dermatologist, Dr. Sperber. Patient describes intermittent sensations of having a soft object brushed quickly against his skin. He reports that the experience rather strangely pleasurable. As a result, he becomes distracted by the sensation several times during the day. Patient does not fit the profile for either Morgellon's disease or delusional parasitosis. Prescribed a low dosage of Pimozide and scheduled a follow-up appointment next week.

**11/1/08:** Pimozide failed to alleviate the condition, which intensified in the last week. Patient reports that the warm softness now permanently covers a patch of skin on his left arm roughly the size of a postcard. Sensations of sumptuous ecstasy have begun to accompany the episodes. Examination of patient's medical records reveals no family history of congenital neurodegenerative disease. I suspect he may be on the brink of a psychotic break; changed prescription to haloperidol.

**11/4/08:** Emergency visit from Mr. Bergen. Patient's condition caused him to lose control of his vehicle while experiencing extreme neuromuscular euphoria after touching his own arm. Patient often completely loses focus during conversation and looks away with a glazed expression. Has developed a motor tic compelling him to slowly rub his own upper arm while humming contentedly. Patient reports feeling "luxurious" and "elegant." I have recommended that he be voluntarily kept for observation overnight. Never in my 30 years as a neurologist have I witnessed such a condition.

**11/5/08:** During routine injection with a sedative, a nurse reported that patient became extremely distressed when a topical alcohol swab was applied

to his upper arm. Patient began sweating profusely and glancing around nervously. When asked what he was looking for, he replied that he needed to find the nearest dry-cleaner. Though shirtless, he appeared to be attempting to unbutton the front of his chest.

**11/7/08:** Patient appears to have the sensation that he is wearing a valuable garment made of fine material. His visual examination of his own skin now fails to dispel the feeling as it did before. Just as amputees often have the sensation of being unable to unclench a non-existent fist, Mr. Bergen appears to be unable to remove an invisible sweater. If I am correct, this is the first documented case of "Phantom Cashmere."

**11/11/08:** First attempt at psychosomatic therapy has failed. We asked the patient to attempt to remove what we have determined to be an invisible pashmina cardigan while playing footage on the screen of him taking off a real sweater. It appeared to work at first, but once the patient realized what was happening, he flew into a rage and required physical restraint and sedation.

**12/23/08:** Patient has been permanently institutionalized for the past six weeks. Spends most of his time staring blankly at the wall, rubbing his arms with a smile of contentment. Refuses to eat, sleep, or converse with others. Doesn't respond to clozapine or resperidone. No clear course of action is indicated. Ordered palliative care.

**1/5/09:** Mr. Bergen died today at 3:02 AM. Nurse Mitchell made the rounds just before and noted no significant change in his vital signs. Nurse Mitchell reports that as she changed his IV line, Mr. Bergen woke, grasped her arm, smiled at her beatifically, and said, "I want everyone in the world to be as warm as I am right now."



# WE BUILT THIS CITY

## ...Rock and Roll

Though humble in its beginnings, the population of Rolling Rock proliferated in the 1950s. Tourism skyrocketed as the town started to market itself as haven for sex, drugs, and buffet brunches. Dissatisfied with the sinful direction in which their town was heading, many Rolling Rockers picked up their bags and left but were soon supplanted by a wave of British immigrants. The Brits soon became of jewels of the town – older residents simply couldn't get enough of their "charming rhythms," "delightful riffs," and "less abrasive voices." British style rubbed off on the younger generation, as crew-cuts and paper bags were soon replaced by mop-tops and Herman's Hermits lunchboxes. Today, the town is subdivided into multiple municipalities who share intense high school sports rivalries.

## ...Jazz

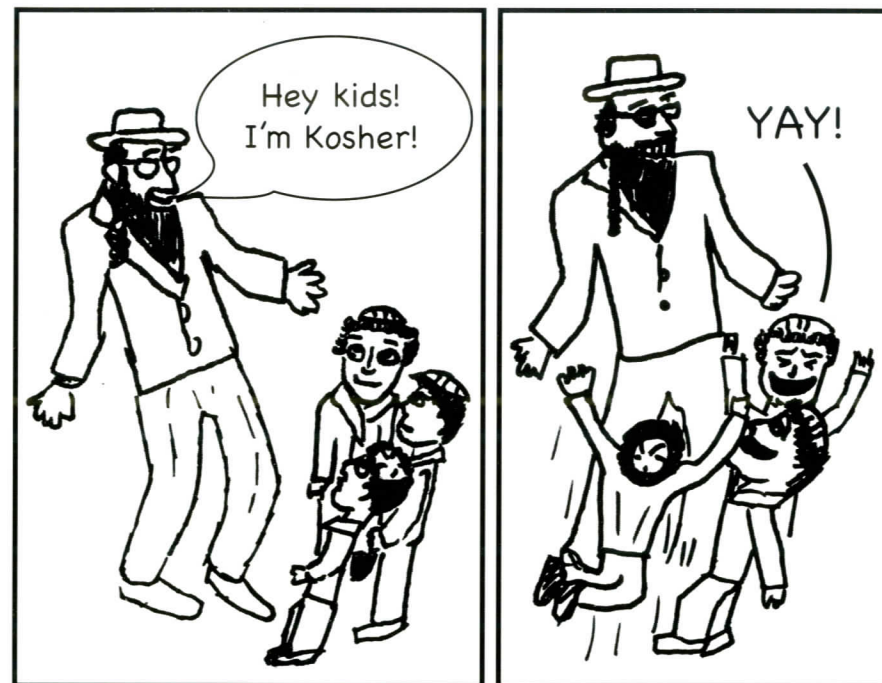
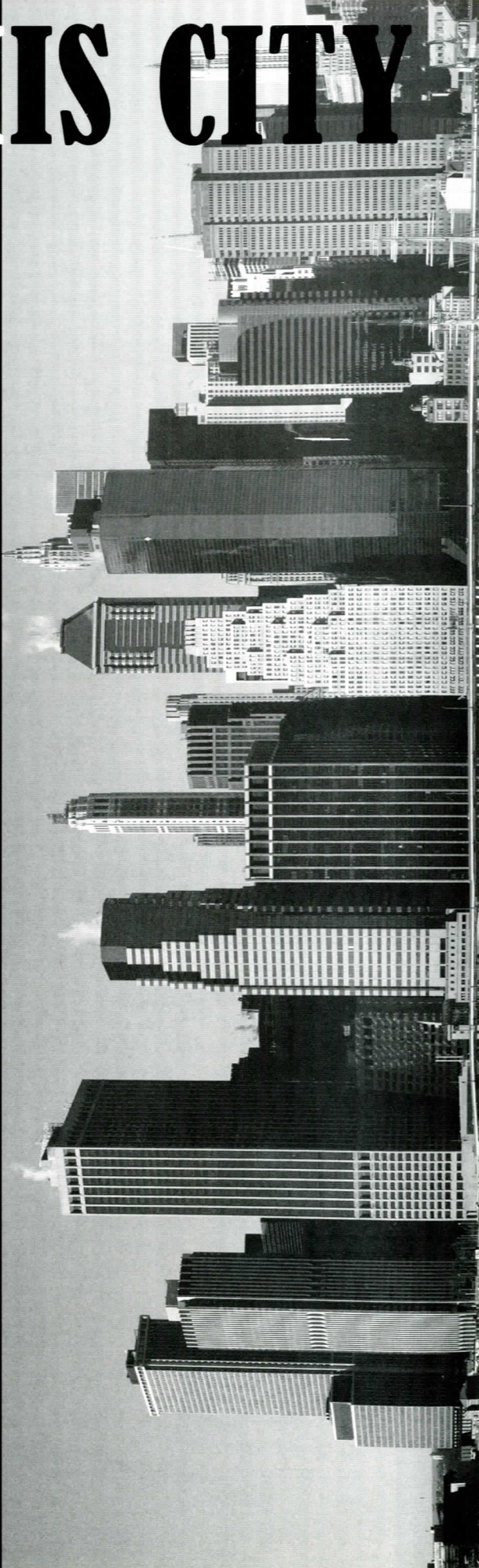
Famous for its swanky exterior and hip street signs, Jazzsonville has been attracting cool cats and flappers for nearly a century. Jazzsonville leads the country in Packard and sumptuous cigarette holder production, and though prohibited within city limits, Jazzsonville also boasts a booming bathtub gin industry. Despite government and police corruption, citizens willfully remain oblivious to the situation, content in maintaining their hedonistic ways and boundless optimism in the stock market.

## ...Techno

Technopolis emerged in the late 1990s as a dotcom boomtown. The city boasts the highest percentage of residents with graduate degrees, rectangular framed glasses, and Asian ancestry. Technopolis is also a leader in the sustainability movement, most notably replacing all of their street and traffic lights with glowsticks. Town festivals and parades are known to be stunningly visual, yet repulsively sweaty. Also, the cops are robots.

## ...Ska

Skasdale is a beautiful southern California beach community, known for easy times and unnecessary trumpeting. Residents are known for their unique sense of style, usually donning unbuttoned flannels or sweatshirts wrapped around their waists, complemented by pseudo-Rastafarian bracelets. Though known for their "chill perspective on life" and overall laid back attitude, Skasdalians are incredibly superstitious, known to knock on wood whenever the opportunity presents itself. The symbol of Skasdale is their iconic monument, a water tower emblazoned with "Save Ferris."



## Pod Castes

The Brahmins, holiest and closest to Moksha, are those who have transcended the Internet. Whether video stars or website owners, their fame has expanded out of the virtual world and verges on that of true celebrity. They are children of two worlds, and they are to be dutifully worshipped.

The Ksatriyas are below the Brahmins, but their online influence is still formidable. They reach their followers through a variety of formats, and their subscribers are many. They are both learned and fierce, and their content is carried far beyond the walls of their own village.

The Vaisyas are no strangers to RSS, but fame is not meant for them in this life. They are the craftsmen, and their happiness shall be found through toil and regular updates. It is an honest life and the virtual community could not function without the role they provide.

The Sudras are the consumers, not fit for creation of their own. They may comment, but anonymity is their destiny. In another life they may be vloggers, moderators, streamers, but today they watch, listen, and read with humility and patience.

The Untouchables are grandparents.

## How They Met

### Simon and Garfunkel

**Label Executive:** Paul Simon, meet Art Garfunkel. You'll be playing music with him.

**Paul Simon:** Whatever.

### The Beatles

**John:** Oh god, what did you do?

**Ringo:** I- I didn't mean to. He came out of nowhere! I just reacted.

**Paul:** You guys, I think he's...dead.

**George:** Oh fuck. FUCK!

**Ringo:** I swear, it was an accident! You guys saw! You have to back me up.

**John:** No way. I'm calling the cops and just telling them what happened.

**Paul:** I'm out of here. I don't need to be here.

**Ringo:** Listen you fuckers! We're not calling the cops. All of your fingerprints are on this tire iron. If I go down, you guys are going down too.

**George:** Well then what the fuck do you want from us?

**Ringo:** You're going to help dump this body, and then we're going to stay together until we can trust each other with this secret.

**John:** How the hell long is that going to take? Years? And how do we not rouse suspicions traveling in a group for that long.

**George:** Well...I can play the guitar.

### Hall & Oates

**Oates:** Who are you and what are you doing in my trunk?

**Hall:** [muffled cries for help]

### Crosby, Hall, Nash & Oates

**Crosby:** Oh fuck, we just killed the Beatles!

**Hall:** We can't tell the cops. We have to dump the bodies.

**Nash:** I can't play the guitar.



# The Hobo Sommelier

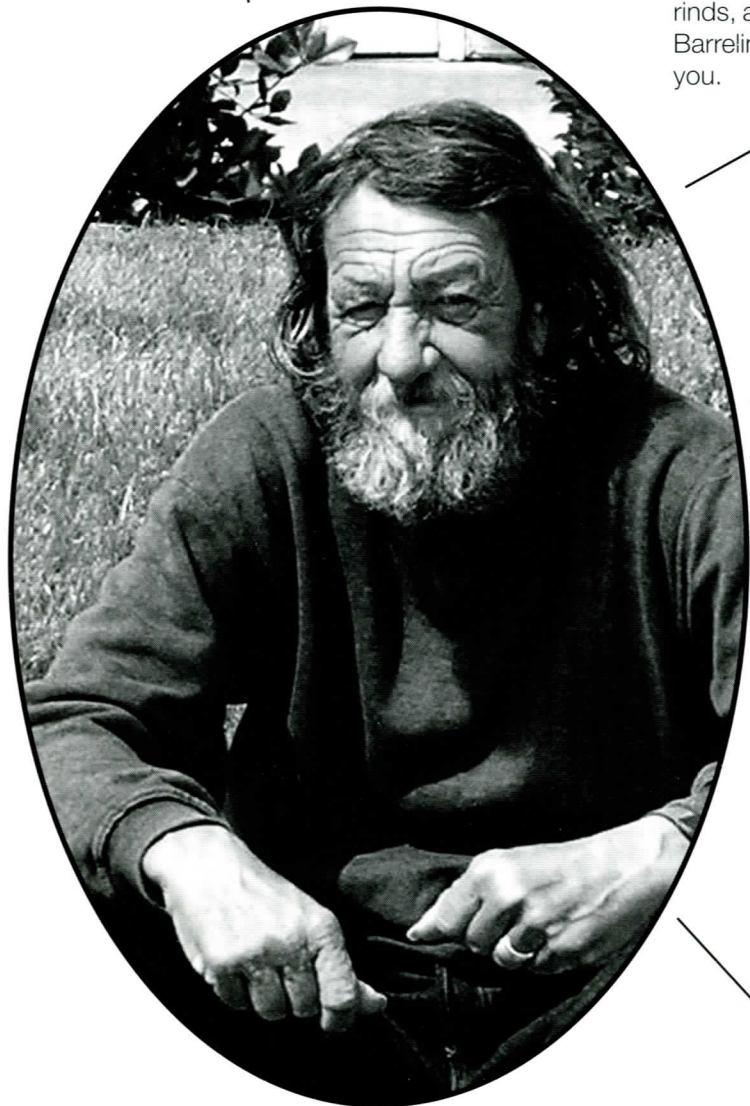
With fish? I like the **Drifterbeam Chuggernet**. It starts with a rich palate of compost, smooths into strong tones of shoe leather, and finishes with a light brush of fish decay, to pair with your meal. I recommend halibut or mackerel. Something strong. Something unforgettable.

When I eat tri-tip or filet, I want a strong red wine, full of pep and verve. This is a little vintage I like to call a **Junki Chianti**. Shake up the scag and pour yourself a full glass, there's no reason to hold back with this one. Take a healthy swig, you'll taste bologna, rinds, and stew all barreling down your gullet. Barreling, get it? A little sommelier humor for you.

Asian food, now that's a tricky one. Are we talking spicy? In that case, may I recommend a **Landfile Chardonnay**. This one is subtle, you'll get notes of boiled water and nickels. Perhaps even a hint of paste. I would follow this with a nice fruit cup, preferably less than two months expired.

A birthday dinner? Well than something sparkling is in order! One of my personal favorites is the **Railtie Brut**. It's a bit adventurous--some people get scared of the u-word, but trust me, the flavor works in this one. There's also some overtones of seltzer and apple skin that will complement a salty meal nicely.

A Kobe beef burger and thick-cut sweet potato fries, accentuated with kosher salt? Honestly, I'd have to go with **moonshine** on that one. Nothing goes with kosher salt like **moonshine**.



KIEFER'S

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SATURDAY  
7AM







MATT DAMON  
GWYNETH PALTROW  
JUDE LAW  
THE  
AMERICAN  
FRIEND

Identity Theft Has Never As Fun

Honored with 6 full Academy Award nominations, this hilarious European romp is the must see film of the decade. Tom (Matt Damon) is "the American friend," a master impersonator hired by European socialites to act as stereotypical American personalities at their parties. All is fun and games until Tom is hired by the beautiful Marge (Gwyneth Paltrow) and her husband (Jude Law) for a full month of American entertainment as they travel from country to country. On the way he encounters Freddie (Philip Seymour Hoffman), a sharp Frenchman skeptical of his authenticity. Hilarity ensues as Tom must juggle his American personalities, avoiding Freddie, and his budding attraction to Marge!

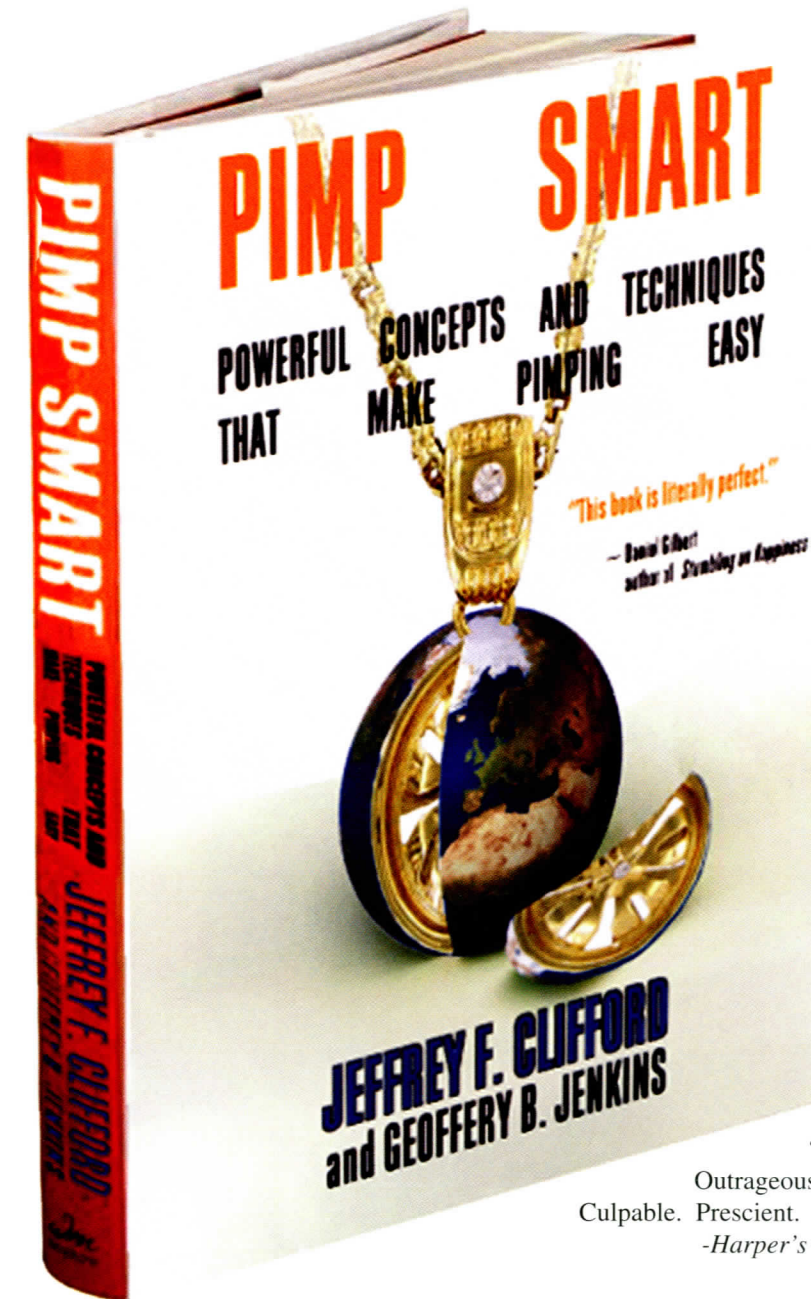
1999

MIRAMAX FILMS AND PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENT A MIRAGE ENTERPRISES/TIMNICK FILMS PRODUCTION  
AN ANTHONY MINGHELLA FILM MATT DAMON GWYNETH PALTROW JUDE LAW "THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY" CATE BLANCHETT  
PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN JACK DAVENPORT JAMES REBHORN SERGIO RUBINI PHILIP BAKER HALL  
CO-PRODUCERS ALESSANDRO VON NORMANN PAUL ZAENTZ MUSIC BY GABRIEL YARED COSTUMES DESIGNED BY ANN ROTH GARY JONES  
PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY ROY WALKER EDITED BY WALTER MURCH, A.C.E. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN SEALE, A.C.S., A.S.C.  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER SYDNEY POLLACK BASED ON THE NOVEL BY PATRICIA HIGHSMITH SCREENPLAY BY ANTHONY MINGHELLA  
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM HORBERG TOM STERNBERG DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MINGHELLA

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Teaser Theatrical Trailer
- Theatrical Trailer
- Inside The Talented Mr Ripley
- Making Of The Soundtrack
- My Funny Valentine Music Video
- Tuo Vu Fa L'Americano Music Video
- Feature commentary with Director Anthony Minghella

# PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY... OR IS IT?



Critics agree that Clifford and Jenkins' seminal exposé on pimping has turned conventional pimp wisdom on its head. Now you too can learn the unprecedented techniques that really can make pimping a walk in the park.

New in this edition:

- Why the Customer is NOT always right
- Don't front? Why "front bluffing" is better than no fronting.
- Real world examples of how higher paid employees can mean higher net long term worth.
- Having a "bottom bitch" and why delegating responsibility does not equal diminished respect.

## PRAISE FOR PIMP SMART

"Groundbreaking work... Jeffrey and Geoffrey are a force to be reckoned with. [This] book has literally shattered the "pimpin' ain't easy" tenants of Big Daddy Keynesianism."

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"Inscrutable. Indominable. Outrageous. Indolent. Implacable. Culpable. Prescient. Downright inconceivable."

-Harper's Magazine

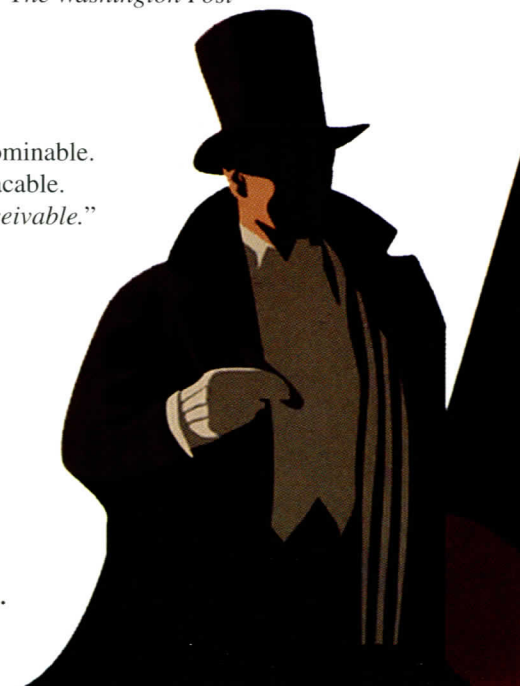
"Personally we find the book so dense it flabbergasts us. Despite the fact - or rather *because* of the fact we simply cannot understand the theories presented here the authors have earned our highest praise and confidence."

-People Magazine

"After I read this, I was like, 'weird!'"

-The New Yorker

BIG BAD BOOKS, INC.



"Thats right... he's American."



"In America divorce is actually quite common!"



"I wish I had shipped my Harley over. Did I ever tell you about the Hell's Angels?"



"Tom... You were fantastic as the New Yorker last night and we'd love to take you to Spain."



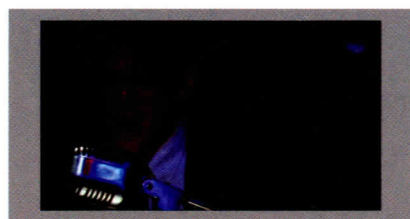
"Dickie I didn't know you had friends in Georgia." "Ha ha. You know me Freddie! I get around."



"You could be an actress. Are you familiar with American Idol?"



"'hella'? Thats interesting - I thought you said you were from Atlanta."



"To the windooooow. To the wall!"



"Cause I'm free - free fallin'!"



"Tom has informed us that in America only the rich go to the opera!" "Mother you're embarrassing me in front of Tom."



"I know you're a private contractor, but I'd like to hire you to be my American son full time."



"Do you like baseball?" "Do you like *baseball*?" "Do you *like* baseball?"



THIS SUMMER

GET READY FOR **SEASON 2**  
OF

# GRANNY SLAPPERS

... OR CAN YOU NOT HANDLE THIS  
**FIERCE GRANNY-SLAPPING ACTION?!**

With your returning hosts

**GUS**

GUS IS READY TO GIVE THIS  
OLD BIDDY A BACKHAND WITH  
THE FATHAND™!

**CHAD**

CHAD IS ABOUT TO TEACH  
GRANNY THE MEANING OF A  
PIMP SLAP!

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## "THE WIRE"

The year is 2161. NEO-Baltimore lies partially in ruins. Half the city is ruled by an unstable dynasty of mayors - the other, by warring pharmaceutical corporations. An elite detective force lies in between attempting to ensure peace for NEO-Baltimore's imperiled citizens.

Just when infiltration of the infamous Barksdale Corporation seems hopeless, a talented but troubled detective MCNULTY suddenly begins to harness a cyber-telepathic genetic trait known only as THE WIRE.

SEASON 1: MCNULTY and partner BUNK struggle to stop S.T.R.I.N.G.E.R.B.E.L.L. (Sentient Transforming Robotic Intelligent Nano-Genetically-Enhanced Replicant Black Emoting Learning Lifeform) Barksdale Corp.'s newest weapon. Things look grim until transient OMAR appears to aid them with his extensive arsenal of replicant-killing shotguns.

SEASON 3: PROTO-MARLOW has destroyed Barksdale Corp. with the aid of his minions CHRIS and SNOOP. All three are devastating cyborg war machines, rendering MCNULTY's THE WIRE temporarily useless! Luckily, MCNULTY's love interest BEADIE, a law-enforcing cyborg expert, and politically ambitious CARCETTI are able to revive THE WIRE just in time. But is CARCETTI as good as he claims to be??

SEASON 5: Criminal activity is eradicated from NEO-Baltimore.







# Markos

INTERNATIONAL  
LOUNGE/HOUSE FUSION  
SENSATION

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AT THE  
SHORELINE AMPHITHEATRE

...*memories* 9/11/09



## SET LIST

*Gems*

*Loving You Loving Me*

*Growing Pains*

*Fourth Chance At Love*

*Working Out Together*

*Memories*

*Two to Tango (Standing On My Shoes)*

*...So It's Over*

*Telephone (Whisper in My Ear)*

*Beginner's Luck*

*Life in the Flash*

*Diamonds Are For You*

*Hectares of Roses*

*Leaving Heaven (Back to You)*

*Withholding On Love*

*Hold My Hand (Crosswalks)*

## OPENERS

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**Anybody kno about 20 year energy???**  
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You are in the N00B Forum: If you are a total n00b or on drugs don't answer questions or you will be banned. Let the pros give the advice. We will know if you are new - answerers must have a 15 post minimum!

Page 1 of 22 1 2 3 11 15 Last

04-15-2009, 5:16 PM

MegaUszr1

New Member



Join Date: April 2009  
Posts: 3  
Location: Tuscon, AZ

Anybody kno about 20 year energy???



Hay Guys, so i kno this is like a total noob question but my friend went out to the longs drug by my house and bought this 20 year energy stuff does anybody here have any expirience with it does it really last 20 years?? I am only 15 so im not sure if i shoud drink it but it sounds cool it says no crash later is that true??? my friend said he would drink it if i didnt but his mom is like a total bitch and if she knew he was on drugs for 20 years she would totally flip her shit LOL!! ill be on the forums all night i hope somebody know

U got drugs in Tuscon hit me up with a PM im redy to buy..... j/k j/k



TokeMonGREEN

legendary tokes



Join Date: October 2004  
Posts: 892  
Location: Saffron-cisco

Re: Anybody kno about 20 year energy???

HAHAHA oh man yo dude I am on 20 year energy right now!



Shit is crzy !! Naw bro just playin its been good



FF7F0r3v3r

Moderator



Join Date: February 2001  
Posts: 2132  
Location: Just Ask Me

Re: Anybody kno about 20 year energy???

Ok, first of all, try to learn some english. 20 Year Energy is FDA approved and legal - so technically not a "new drug". Some research shows there is in fact a crash, which users at Psychonautilus affectionately call the "midlife crisis", but which can be avoided by taking a second one about 17 or 18 years in to the first. I would personally recommend waiting until you are 19 or 20 years old to have the first one so that the initial "rush" takes place during your early 20s (and also so that the subsequent "crash", if you chose not to take another, happens when other people are having their real "mid life crises").

Currently: Catching up on some Naruto. Probably tokin'. DON'T piss me off or I will ban you.



Robot Grandma

Drug Afficionado



Re: Anybody kno about 20 year energy???

OMG WILL YOU PEOPLE EVER LEARN???

USE THE GODDAMN SEARCH BUTTON!!!!!! There are a million threads on this drink already.....

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FIND OUT!!!



**WELCOME BACK!**

**PLEASE  
SELECT  
A CHAIR  
TO BEGIN  
INTERFACE**



//SELECTION? ... [B]

INTERFACING... ..  
INTERFACE 100% COMPLETE!

**PERFECT CHOICE!**

**INCOMING TRANSMISSION!**

//ACCEPT TRANSMISSION FROM YOUR SON? ... [NO TIME!]  
RECALCULATING EXPECTED ACTION TREE... ..  
OPTIMAL PRODUCTIVITY ACHIEVED!

**CHALLENGER "JEAN PIERRE" APPROACHES!**

//ACTION? ... [CALCULATE SUCCESS]  
CALCULATING ... ..  
100% CHANCE OF SUCCESS (MARGIN OF ERROR = 0%)  
//ACTION ... [SEND TRANSMISSION]  
[YOU ARE 100 YEARS TOO OLD TO BEAT ME OLD MAN!]



EXITING THE BONESZONE...



## So I've got this theory.

A lot of my friends say it's crazy, but none of them can disprove it. My theory is that middle names always lie. I'm sure you've met someone, let's say someone named Kevin, and you thought to yourself, "Gee, he looks like a Kevin." Well let me tell you something: if you meet someone and their middle name is Steven, you can be sure as hell that he doesn't look like a Steven. For example, look at my friend Henry Maxwell Ross. You'll never meet anybody whom the name Maxwell fits less than old Henry.

Speaking of Henry, I have this other theory--All guys named Henry are tall. The Henry I just told you about? He's like 6'6". I know at least two guys named Henry, and they're both tall guys. It just goes to show. But back to middle names--it's more than just looks, too. I knew a woman whose middle name was Joy, and she was always sad. She never smiled, and just stayed in her house all day with her cats. I have this theory about cats, by the way. I'm pretty sure cats can't taste bread. I had a cat when I was little (I named the cat Billy "Tiger" Thompson, and it didn't even have stripes. See what I mean about middle names?) and I would always try to feed him people food to see what he thought. I gave him some crumbs of bread once, and Billy's expression didn't change at all. Then I tried slipping bread into Billy's food bowl the next time I fed him, and the stupid cat didn't even notice.

Billy was a good cat, though. I remember in the summer I used to lay out on my lawn with him and look up at the clouds. That reminds me, I kind of have this theory about clouds. You may not have noticed this, but I've been thinking about this for some time and I'm convinced that clouds all move backwards. You might say "Wouldn't it be obvious if a cloud was moving in the wrong direction?" Not if they're all moving in the wrong direction! Like this one time, I saw this big puffy cloud that really looked like John Quincy Adams, but there was something off about it, and I couldn't put my finger on it. Finally I realized it looked like John Quincy Adams from the back. He was moving the wrong direction! Speaking of John Quincy Adams, what about his middle name? Maybe I'm wrong, but I'm pretty sure that Quincy is a name popular among African-Americans. "So what?" you're asking. Well, John Quincy Adams was white, that's what!

## Just goes to show you.



# Cerebral Palsy Affects Us All

- A:** So, apparently cerebral palsy isn't that bad.
- B:** What?
- A:** I mean, a lot of celebrities have it.
- B:** Really? Like who?
- A:** Like Russell Crowe.
- B:** Ah, no shit? Wow, I had no idea. Any others?
- A:** Yeah, a bunch. Guy Pearce, Hugh Jackman, Geoffrey Rush.
- B:** Jesus. I always thought it was pretty crippling.
- A:** Even Nicole Kidman.
- B:** What? No, Nicole Kidman definitely doesn't have cerebral palsy.
- A:** She has the same kind the crocodile hunter had.
- B:** Wait. Are you just listing celebrities from Australia?
- A:** No, man. They all have cerebral palsy. It's a serious fucking disease. Mel Gibson has lived with it his whole life.
- B:** Okay, he's also from Australia.
- A:** And it killed Heath Ledger.
- B:** It's not a terminal illness.
- A:** It is if you OD on the palsy meds.
- B:** Where did you learn this?
- A:** New Zealand.

# TV Corner with Dianne Bryce



Dianne Bryce

It's no secret that cable is no longer just a place for cast-offs and syndication. HBO may have started the non-broadcast original programming boom, but now there are scores of cable networks offering their own dramas, reality shows, and sitcoms.

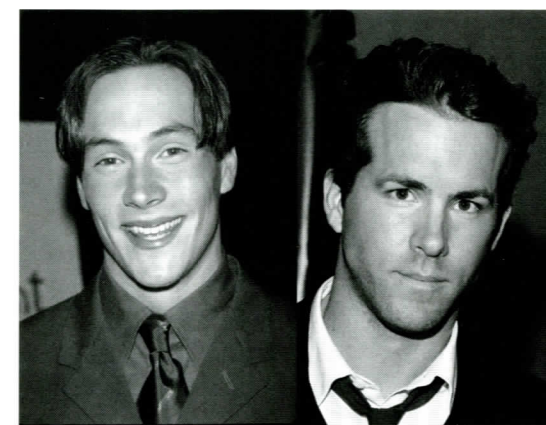
Which brings me to USA's latest offering, *Dumb Boys*. Now I'll confess that I wasn't particularly enthusiastic about this show, given that the commercials for it ran an average of three minutes and featured a laugh track running continuously. In fact, I was pretty reluctant to even watch the pilot.

Eventually I did get around to it though, mostly because of how USA has chosen to air the show. I'll normally leave my TV on even when I'm in another room, because I like the background noise. As a *Law & Order* fan, USA is a frequent stopping point when I'm channel surfing. Now for the average show, I can't tell a commercial from a theme song from a line of dialogue when I'm in the kitchen or the bedroom. *Dumb Boys* is not the average show, though.

The intro to *Dumb Boys* is a low, unnatural buzzing tone that is played about 4 times a second for a full minute. It's also extremely loud, and has a clipping sound that makes it seem like your speakers are broken when they're not. Needless to say, even when I'm in another room, I know when *Dumb Boys* is coming on, no matter where I am in the house. Often, the intro sound is so startling that I have to run into my living room before I remember what the awful sound is.

Now, if this happened, say, every Thursday at 6:30 PM, I would probably have been able to ignore it. But USA has decided to air the show four times a day, and never at the same time. So for the past two weeks, I've been dashing into my living room afraid that my TV is exploding only to find *Dumb Boys* greeting me.

The titular dumb boys are Tim (Ryan Reynolds) and Kevin (Chris Klein). As far as I can tell, there are no sets for the show other than the inside of Tim and Kevin's apartment, and I'm not sure whether this is a high-minded conceit or overwhelming laziness on the part of the production team. The pilot centers on the relationship between Tim and Kevin, who seem to be carbon copies of the same



Klein and Reynolds, the stars of *Dumb Boys*

idiotic character. There are laughs, though nowhere near as many as the laugh track recommends. I must say that I was fond of the "Awww, come on!" catchphrase, especially when Tim says it after accidentally stepping on his laptop.

Interestingly, the second episode is wildly different from the pilot. It introduces Mr. Marsolais, the hulking next-door neighbor played by Brad Garrett. In the episode, Mr. Marsolais barges into Tim and Kevin's apartment, demanding to know where they've hidden his sugar jar. Tim and Kevin whimper in a corner while Mr. Marsolais spends 10 minutes ransacking their kitchen and threatening them. The laugh track plays constantly through all of this, though Tim and Kevin seem to be expressing real fear. When Mr. Marsolais finally leaves (without his sugar jar), a distinct sense of shame lingers in Tim and Kevin's antics.

This episode left a pretty bad taste in my mouth, and I can't really put my finger on why. It's been popping up in my dreams recently, and I keep hearing the helpless whelps that Tim and Kevin make while their home is being invaded. I've got no problem with mean or gross humor, but I guess I have no stomach for that kind of abuse. Fortunately, the third episode is free of such cruelty, and centers around Tim's inability to do anything but chirp when a girl he likes is around.

So what to make of *Dumb Boys*? It's certainly a fresh voice in the sitcom arena, though I'm still not sure where the writers are trying to take the series. I, for one, will keep watching, though there is something about the Mr. Marsolais character that makes me genuinely uncomfortable.

My name is Mary Cassidy, and I have had 7 New Year's babies.

Am I proud of my New Year's babies? What kind of question is that? What mother wouldn't want this brood?

For anyone who doesn't know, a New Year's baby is a baby born in the early hours of January 1st. My first New Year's baby was entirely an accident, but every one after that has been anything but. I put my mind to it that I would never have any baby that was not a New Year's baby and I have almost done that.

It's not easy, having 7 New Year's babies. In order to have a baby born in the early morning of January 1st, my husband and I need to conceive the baby at noon on April Fool's Day. We had a couple of near-misses in our early years of having New Year's babies. Several times I called Peter at 11:30 on April 1st to tell him that I was ovulating and he thought I was joking. "Ha, ha!" he said. He would hang up on me. Who would joke about ovulating? When a New Year's baby is at stake?

Well, Peter and I are not joking now.

I have another baby in addition to my 7 New Year's babies, but I don't count her in the tally. Peter and I jumped the gun on March 31st 5 years ago and as a result we had a terrible mistake born on December 22nd. I named her Heather. She was a huge disappointment. Heather knows it, too. She's fat for her age, very average intelligence, an incredibly plain face. She's nothing like my New Year's babies.





## Ordering a Meal at a Restaurant Fronting an Illegal Weapons Dealership

All right, so we're going to order two plates of sushi, two hamburgers, and three slices of apple pie.

**What? That's way too much food. Plus I hate sushi.**

No man, listen. This is the place I was telling you about. Ordering a plate of sushi here gets you an Uzi. And apple pie means a grenade.

**Well what about the hamburgers?**

Those are just hamburgers. For us to eat.

**I don't like hamburgers. I want a cheeseburger. Order that.**

No, man. A cheeseburger is a sniper rifle. You can't order that.

**Well how can I get a cheeseburger? What if I order a hamburger with cheese.**

I'm not...sure. How about you just order something else.

**Like what? How about Fish and Chips?**

Fish is a revolver, but you can have chips if you want.

**Let's just get our weapons here, then go get a cheeseburger at Vincent's.**

No, a cheeseburger at Vincent's is an eight-ball of cocaine.

**Fine, can we just go to McDonald's?**

Come on man, haven't you ever seen Super Size Me?



"What are you listening to, Steven?"



"These aren't headphones, they pressurize my ears so my brain doesn't explode."



"I'm listening to Green Day."

## Alternative Pitches for *Two and a Half Men*

1. An ineffectual, single father finally gets some help around the house when his brother, Hollywood badboy Charlie Sheen, moves in. At first, Uncle Charlie seems like he'll be a great influence on the smart-alecky 12 year old son. But it only takes two cocaine injections into his toe and one pants-less stumble down Sunset Blvd. before viewers get a fresh take on the classic "Who's parenting who, here?" sitcom.

2. An ineffectual, single father finally gets some help around the house when his brother, Hollywood has-been Emilio Estevez, moves in. When the smart-alecky 12 year old son hears the news he's a little disappointed it wasn't Charlie Sheen (or even Martin Sheen) moving in. Emilio brings a shitload of Mighty Ducks merchandise, though, and doesn't seem to mind when the kid and all his friends call him Gordon Bombay.

3. An ineffectual, single father gets a taste of his own medicine when he, his asshole son, and Charlie Sheen get strapped into a row of airplane seats and are forced to watch 5 hours straight of the shittiest sitcom on television.

4. Ted, Ned, and Reuben are three brothers. But not just any brothers: they are triplets! And not just any triplets: Ted and Ned are identical twins, while Reuben is their mutual dizygote, and also a midget. It is a pretty terrible sibling situation for Reuben, because the poor half-kid has way inferior genes, and also less in common with the other two. Their mother doesn't know what to do about it. Their father? Rumored to be Hollywood badboy Charlie Sheen.

Guys-

IT'S BEEN THREE SEASONS AND I REALLY DON'T THINK THE NETWORK WANTS US TO GO OVER BEN/NOEL AGAIN. WE'RE FINISHING THIS SEASON, AND I REALLY THINK IT'S BEST WE SHAKE THINGS UP--WE WANT TO GO OUT WITH A BANG, AND NOT A WHIMPER.

I DON'T WANT TO PULL RANK ON YOU, BECAUSE I THINK WE'VE BEEN AN AMAZING TEAM THESE LAST FOUR YEARS, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA OF WHERE TO TAKE THE SHOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO DEVELOP AND WORK ON TOGETHER. FELICITY IS GOING TO TIME TRAVEL.

I'M EXCITED TO DO THIS TOGETHER.

--JJ

PS--NOT NEGOTIABLE



"Look, dad, you're related to me, but you can't relate to me."



# Heat Diseases

You feel that stillness in the air? Air only gets that still out here in the desert, and it means that tomorrow is going to be hot as the devil's breath. You're worried about getting heat stroke? Boy, heat stroke should be the least of your worries.

Heat cancer--now there's something you should be concerned about. It's not going to attack you all of the sudden; no, it'll creep up on you, bit by bit, until it's too late. A man can only take so much of this treacherous heat before his skin starts to boil in slow motion. Sure, maybe you call it melanoma, but heat cancer by any name is a killer.

I hear you scoffing, but that kind of cockiness is how men end up with heat measles and heat pox. Never heard of those, have you? Well that's because few men ever survive to talk about those ailments. Ever seen a man's sweat glands just give up and explode? It's not a pretty picture. You die looking like a plucked chicken, how's that for funny? What's the difference between heat measles and

heat pox? The shape of the bumps, boy, pay attention.

Still think you'll be fine out there with nothing between you and that bastard sun? I just hope they don't find you out there, lying on the baked ground and babbling from the heat madness. You're damn right the heat can cause madness, what did you think happened when all that heat gets in a man's brain? Some Frenchman went to a desert and wrote a whole book about it, look it up. Yes, heat madness will hit you right quick, and if you're out there alone then you're a goner.

I used to be just like you. I thought I could just go out there and pay the heat no mind, I thought I was invincible. Then one day, back in the summer of '54, I out doing flip-flops and cartwheels all manner of acrobatics under direct sun. The heat got the better of me, and I ended up with a terrible heat fracture. That's why I need this cane. I consider myself lucky, though. That same summer, one of my friends died of heat attack--I don't even like to talk about that one.



Hey! It's been a really long time, man! No, yeah, I'm doing great. How have you been since daycare ended?

Baby Mozart? That's great. I was into that for a while. It was hard juggling that and Baby Einstein but last September I did a symphony, so I guess I'm done.

Anyway, man, you must hate this question by now but where are you going to preschool?

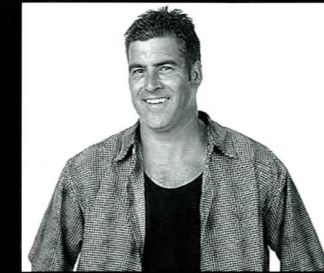
Precious Cargo? That's really nice. I heard people love going there. Congrats, man. Really great job.

Me? I'm headed over to the south side of town. St. Michael's. Yeah, I guess I was surprised--I never thought I'd get in. My parents can't really afford it, but I got a scholarship.

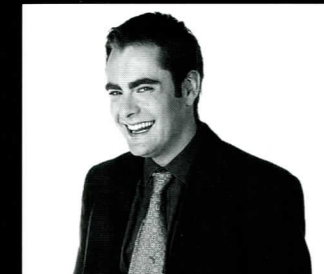
Yeah, I guess it's impressive. I know, I know, St. Michael's is number one, it's a pipeline straight into Heights Elementary School, graduates go on to read by age 5...but honestly, I'm not thinking about that stuff. I'm just excited about what's next.

Oh, you have to go? No, no, I get it. Give me a call this summer! I'll be around.

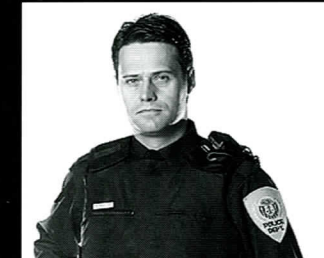
## How are you celebrating Do What Killed Your Father Day?



I'll be working in a coal mine, just like my pappy did!



Me? Three square meals of red meat and bourbon.



I'm gonna try to bring down the mob, even though they own half the department.



I'm doing home repairs with a cavalier attitude!



I'm going to marry a heartless bitch and keep my anger bottled inside.

## Addicts Speak Out

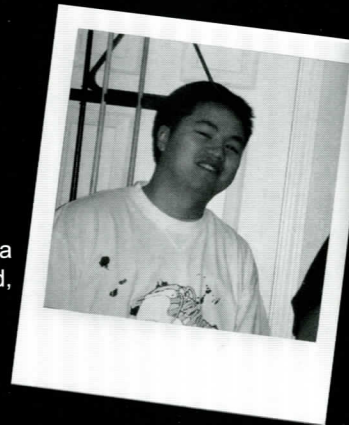


"I first tried heroin when I was 17. It felt great. Just great feelings flowing through my body, I can't even tell you how much I loved it. I just felt so relaxed and happy. I know it's terrible for me, and I know it's just chemicals in my brain, but it's so hard to quit when nothing else in the real world feels as good. I wouldn't be surprised if I stayed this way forever."

"People say you can't be addicted to pot, but I don't know, man. I love it a lot for a person who's not addicted. I smoke every night before I go to bed, to calm down. It'd be a strange day if I didn't have my bedtime smoke."

"I had my first dream when I was 5. I was riding a regular horse through a field of unicorns. I looked down and wished for it and my horse grew a horn right in front of me. Then we lifted off into the sky and flew above the earth and I flew over my house and saw my parents, like little shrinky-dink people in the window. They looked so happy. I cried tears of joy and my tears turned into beautiful gems with the milkiness of pearls and the shine of diamonds. When I woke up, all I wanted to do was go back. Since then, I've been dreaming every night, at least two or three times. It seems disgusting and indulgent, but I just don't know how I can stop."

"I drank my first water sometime as an infant. I'm from a family of addicts--I guess you could say I never had a chance. I've tried other drugs and water's not like them. It feels great when you first drop it--cooling everywhere, dry throat gone--but you feel back to normal really soon afterward. What gets people to stick with it, people like me, is the withdrawal. If I go more than a few hours without a hit I just feel awful. It's so bad now that sometimes after I've been outside or been exercising, I have to come home and guzzle gallons. All over my face, all over the floor. I must look pretty awful."



### ADVERTISEMENT

Hey Stanford:

Did you know that some of this summer's hottest *internships* haven't been filled yet?

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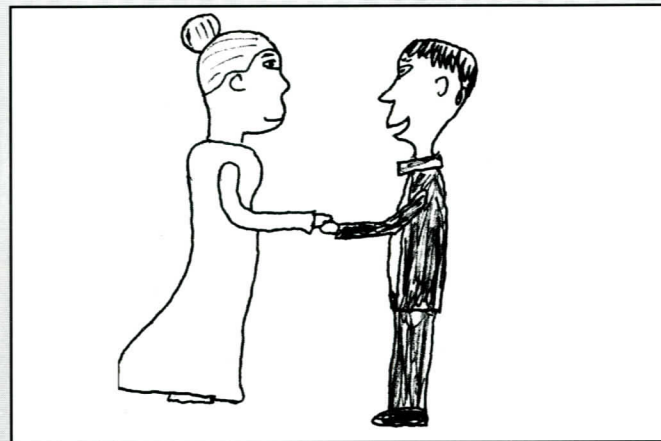
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"Well that was a wonderful evening!"



"Indeed. Here, I'll give you my number."



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# A man asleep since 1979 wakes up in 1999



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# “What do you do when you ride the rails?”

I do not ride the rails sir, and am affronted that you asked.

**Kendra Allenby,  
Rail Tycoon**

I'm more concerned with who's riding *my* rails, if you catch my drift.

**David Parker,  
Kendra's Riding Them**

Maverick: you don't have time to think up there. If you think, you're dead.

**Joshua Alvarez,  
Wrong Genre**

I cuddle together my bindle stick, filling my pants with borrowed church bread. After downing some bullets with some faceless rum domes in the jungle by the old tracks, I hop the midnight cannonball to Memphis. Twenty minutes in, I spot a pair of bogies to my three o'clock. After a foxtrot charlie of a

knifefight in a phonebooth with the MiGs, I find my bird bent and cherubs two, and in the last eye wink have no choice but to ride 'em.

**Anthony Scodary,  
Vernacular**

Generally, sleep, and see the country. I love to watch the countryside.

**Sam Coggeshall,  
Peacenik**

It's like Three 6 Mafia says: "I'm on a train and I got keys to the bakery / Gotta get myself a scone before I deal with your fakery"

**Kiefer Katovich,  
Crunchy Black**

Count cows and miles and babes on my knee.

**Meghan McCurdy,  
Junction Mama**

Me an' Jespin'll sit up against the wall, bang on it to find the weak spots. Every

car has a pattern key, find it and you can control the whole damn train. On the way from Topeka to Denver one time we got a hold of it, made the old girl stop and start like a brake vent. Most times Jespin'll sing a song, can't make out but two notes through the jaw tremors. Sleep in shifts to watch for lobbers, and the man on watch can see the ground sprint toward 'em and away from 'em.

**Patrick Maher,  
Traveling Man**

I work on my Woody Guthrie fan-fiction.

**Bern Funk,  
Lay Off That Whiskey**

I'm not sure if this is a reference to trains or not. If it is, then I pay close attention to announcements so I don't miss my stop. If it's not, then I'm very confused.

**Alexei Koseff,  
Binary**

Before riding any locomotive it would be prudent to not only purchase life insurance in case of the unthinkable, but also a novel of modest length in case it happens to be a rather slow demise.

**Mike Pihulic,  
Consultant**

Spit, mostly.

**Garrett Werner,  
Plain and Tall**

I while away the hours on my blues harp as the steel

chariot takes me and my bindle stick out ol' Californy Way. I'm just kidding; I get really nauseous on trains.

**Josh Stark,  
Folksy**

You know, to be honest, I'm really not much of a Rail Guy. Sure, there was a time in my life when I frequented them, but I was young; I was foolish. To be honest, though, the cheap thrills it provided me with never really satiated my desires. Yet still, I spent so many sleepless nights in bed, thinking about the next ride. There are times when I pine for those days I spent on the rail, but I know it's all for the best that I keep my distance. But what would I do, when I did ride the rails? Usually just count to myself. Out loud.

**Billy Kemper,  
Love This Guy**

I close my eyes and trust that the pain will wake me up.

**Doug Kenter,  
Sandman**

I only ride the rails during first-person shooters. There's usually only one train level per game; I hesitate to say it's always a boss level, but it was in Time Crisis 2.

**John Lyman,  
Subverting Expectations**

The real question is, "What do I do when I ride the rails?"

**Josh Meisel,  
Begging the Question**



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**ACCOUNTANT SCHOOL**--Math, math, math. Math is the most important part of your child's future as an accountant. Your child will be taught numbers, adding, subtracting, divisors, and spreadsheet-keeping. Older children will be tasked with keeping track of large sums of money and will be forced to work in the dormitory kitchen if any is lost. Most children who graduate go to work in the bookkeeping division of the International Olympic Committee.

**UNDERCOVER COP SCHOOL**--Any child can become a cop, but it takes early years of dedicated training to become an undercover cop. Undercover cops must be stealthy, smart, and willing to blend into seedy situations. Children will receive training in forensics, criminal pathology, and sociology as well as starting field training (guns) the day they enter the school. If child passes basic training, he or she will graduate to one of the other three schools so that he or she may prepare for an undercover assignment at the Olympics.

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